

*Not just another brand new year
Maureen Pilkington, Thabo Mooke, Radio, Holly Day,
Chelsea Mungal, Phil Juliano, and The Dream Journal*

The Blotter

January 2014

MAGAZINE

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[c l m p]

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w w w . c l m p . o r g

"A brief, open response to those who tell me I'm not a serious person"

The problem is that every day we're getting older, uglier, weaker, grumpier. The good thing is that young people are ignoring how ugly, old and grumpy we are. In fact, they don't care about us at all, having written us off as self-ish, self-absorbed, and on the wrong track with regards to what's important in this world.

The problem is we don't understand all of the new technologies or entertainments or why the news media seems so much dumber than it ever was before, and why it hurts when I do this and how come the government, well, don't even get me started!

The good news is that Florida, or Texas or some other place that we're all eventually going to go is probably going to eventually attempt to secede from the Union, and there'll be no Lincoln to stop them. It will be like the best reality TV ever. And then they'll just use a big old virtual chainsaw to cut Florida off at the Okeefenokey Swamp and they'll float off into the Caribbean. This will be followed by a catastrophic _____ (please fill in with the disaster of your choice from the following list: hurricane, drought, financial scandal, explosion, plague of locusts, rats or snakes.)

The problem is we barely pay attention to our children's education, except when we teach our children our bad habits. Teach? Ha! Force feed. Paint every pore with gold paint until they suffocate. If we are mean, our children will be mean. If we hate, they pick up on our hate. If we are late, our children are probably late. If we eat too much or watch too much TV or don't bathe quite often enough, our children are likely to have those same habits. If we are angry, if we drive angry, if we play angry, our children will, too. If we curse, they are cursed.

But the good thing is we can fix most of our bad habits. It's not easy, we're not likely to have an intervention by any friends we have left and most of us are too proud to change, or to think that we need to change. But we can. We can understand that our hate most likely was given as a gift to us by our forbears, like our language. And if not, there's no good reason we can't turn off the TV, and at least sit outside while our children swing on the swing or even badly toss them a football to chase after. We can read to them, even a comic book. We can lower our voices when we're frustrated by traffic, the weather, the economy. We can hold a thought in our head instead of releasing it into the world. Having said all that, there's a really good zombie vampire love story that takes place at the end of the world with this really cool car-chase. Tonight on TV, sponsored by Exxon, Goldman-Sachs and Fox News. Skip it.

And the problem is that we can't quite figure out what has happened to the world, why there are so many problems and why they cost so much to fix and why we are expected to bear the brunt of that cost, and why we have that world in our face every day and how come it's more often than not some fairly bad news that is out of our control. Can't we just leave it? Or say something about it once, and then leave it? Even when there's nothing

to say, someone is saying it, again and again, and it jolts and wears at us, like ungreased gears turning and burning without ceasing. *Why is that?* we ask again and again. *It's too late for you to understand*, we are told. You should have paid attention during statistics class. What? I didn't even take statistics! Well, there you go.

But the good thing is that with all of this *what in the world?-it's all about the world-one big world* stuff at least we're no longer quite as certain that we are alone at the top of every food chain and alone deserving of the grace of God and his abundance of wealth. Little by little, an eensie-weensie stumbling baby step at a time, we're becoming less selfish. That makes it ever so much easier to be a parent and teach our children how to behave less like monsters and more like the people we'd probably like them to be. Isn't that good news? Now take your fingers out of your ears and stop saying "la-la-la" won't you?

The problem is that the world is a very complicated place and we all seem to see things or hear things or even occasionally read things at the same time or pretty damned close, but always from different perspectives, like the blind men touching the elephant, so that it creates a level of instant conflict between people that used to be tempered and assuaged by time's own stolid passage and the luxury of space. Hence the seemingly constant feeling of road and every other kind of rage, and the almost inevitable clinical depression that we all assume as a badge of honor.

The good thing is that we can overcome our anger and unhappiness, either by ourselves with attentive practice, or by disarming the us-bomb. Read that however you choose, and then forget it. The truth is that misery requires company. I understand your frustration with your job, your spouse, your children, your pastor, your commute, your weight, your financials, your pain, your situation, your jealousies, your inadequacies. I get that you're tired of hearing "get over it." But go forth and get over it.

The problem is that many of us have screwed our lives so completely into the ground that things often look impossible to fix. Job/skills gone, finances in the ditch, children are monsters, spouse's an endless bitch. None of it your fault or anything, but there's so little hope.

The good news is that despite the sisyphusian rock-rolling enormity of most problems, there are always three possible action plans, and one of them is remarkably easy: do nothing. The other two, a tad more complicated, are do something well or do something poorly. At least life is simple this way. And doesn't that make the decisions easy? Of course, the carrying out of decisions is, more often than not, difficult. But one thing hasn't changed, you old fogey. Work is its own reward. You will do well to remember this, grasp this concept firmly with both hands.

Whew! That's enough for now, I think.

Garry - chief@blotterrag.com

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CAUTION

Could it be our boy's done something rash?

“Hunter”

by Maureen Pilkington

Nell was in the shower, a makeshift shower similar to a large plastic container shoved into the corner of the bathroom. She reached for the shampoo and knocked the bottle of “Scent Off” from the shelf. The top popped, and the smell of artificial pine trees filled the stall. She stuck her nose outside the plastic shower curtain for fresh air. She heard the voice of the Scranton news anchor from the T.V. in the bedroom. It was 6AM, September 10, 2001, the first bead in a string of beautiful fall days. The cream on top of all this blue sky: Troy was leaving, on the sly, to head to the Ruby Range to catch another one of his Bullwinkles.

A breeze caused the cold shower curtain to stick to her body. Nell figured, if she stayed in the shower long enough, he might be gone by the time she got out. He was going on the Q.T. from the plant, because he didn't have any vacation time left. She heard him on the phone, calling in sick with an early flu that would keep him out for several days.

Nell looked forward to her

time alone. She was going to bang away on her upright, make cheesy olives, have her friends over for Sangria with the chopped up fruit. Now when she greets the customers at Wal-Mart, no one will be asking her about her unhappy face. With Troy in the pristine and untouched, there will be a salve in her joints as she fetched carts, checked receipts, eyed the shoplifters that were eyeing the goods, giving them her Nelliest of looks. How often she gave customers an ear, listened to a request that bloomed into a problem sister-in-law, a sick spouse. It was surprising the conversations she found herself in, the advice she offered. Her talent to assist and heal came from experience: she considered herself an expert on suffering.

Soaping up her leg for a shave, she imagines Troy being dropped by an inexperienced bush pilot that he would pay cash to—for secrecy—in the remote and rugged.

An unguided hunt, the way he liked it. She can see him hunched over a fire with the small tin pot of beans, nestled in some God forsaken mountain range. Wolf, wolverine, black bear, and caribou hundreds of feet away from him.

In the strip of space between the shower curtain and plastic wall, she saw Troy searching under the sink, slapping bottles out of the way, reaching for the Imodium. His stomach was as sensitive as a baby's. He stood up slowly, getting off one knee, then the other and turned around, so much like a Grizzly she wondered how she never saw the likeness before. She stuck her head back in and watched the shadow of his mass approach her.

He pushed the curtain aside. “I'm leaving in ten,” he said, his stutter temporarily gone. “For all you know, I have the flu so bad I can't get my head off the pillow. If any shit head asks.”

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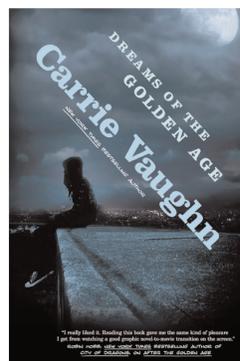
GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

JANUARY 10-12 (Fri-Sun) Local sf convention **illogiCon** at the Raleigh-Durham Embassy Suites with guests of honor Mary Robinette Kowal and Lawrence M. Schoen, authors Laura Anne Gilman, John Kessel, Gail Z. Martin, James Maxey, and more.

JANUARY 17 (Fri) Raleigh's Quail Ridge Books hosts **Carrie Vaughn**, bestselling author of the Kitty Norville urban fantasy series, for her new superhero novel *Dreams of the Golden Age*. 7:30 pm.

FEBRUARY 1 (Sat) Chapel Hill's Flyleaf Books hosts **Wendy Webb** for her ghost/occult novel *The Vanishing*. 11 am.

FEBRUARY 21-23 (Fi-Sun) **MystiCon** in Roanoke, VA with author guests Todd McCaffery and A.J. Hartley, and media guest John de Lancie (“Q” from *Star Trek: The Next Generation*).



“Will do, but I’m freezing my bahoongas off.” Nell pulled the curtain closed.

Troy opened it just as fast. He came in bare chested, his sweats on, the tiniest beads of water in between the hairs of his beard. He pressed his thumb on the top of her arm. “P-P-Powerful,” he said patting the backs of her arms, her thighs, the parts he loved to pick-on. She believed Troy’s lifetime of stuttering turned him into a bully, low self-esteem and all that. Classic case, but she didn’t care enough to read up on it. Kind of too late. He undid his pants and lifted her slightly so he could get himself inside her. The floor sank to the bottom and surely it would topple over with their overweight selves. She smelled the oily solution on his hands from wiping his 300 Magnum.

When he was done he pulled his feet out of his sopping pants and left them in the stall. He walked over to the sink, wiped all of himself with the face cloth, grabbed the box of Imodium and started down the hall.

“Don’t forget, Neller, don’t forget what I told you to say. Only if asked.”

“Flu, flu, flu. Can’t get your head up. Stuck to the pilla,” her head sticking out of the curtain

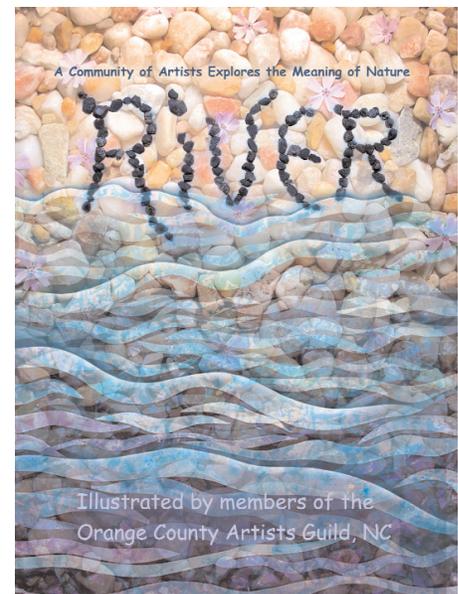
the way an actress does in those old movies, the steam around her heart shaped face. She studied the trail of water as she pressed the palm of her hand on her breast to cushion the throbbing.

Years ago, when Nell had her last miscarriage, she and Troy were driving home from the hospital and she asked him: what’s so great about traipsing around in the middle of nowhere? “Neller, all your s-s-senses get into the act. I can’t do the words right, but it’s all so untouched—a small Outfitter’s SuperCub—at 1-1-less than 1,000 feet—the s-s-sound of it flying is so g-g-god damn obvious. Even a f-f-frog rubbing his fucking legs is obvious. And, the wolves, the sound of them h-h-howling at night slices right through you.” It took forever for him to get this out, just like Nell planned. She needed to zone out, after all she had been through, so she asked him a question in the only subject he’s interested in, the only thing he will talk about. Nell thought stutterers were just plain old antisocial and that’s why he liked being in the middle of nowhere.

The next morning Nell felt the excitement walking into Wal-Mart, getting ready for her day that would just get better, returning home tonight to friends and sangria.

Maybe it was the lighting, like a casino, the jingles and noise. “Hey Sebastian, party at my house tonight,” she sang it over to him. She got to know him through the “mock” shoplifting night for employees. Sebastian made most of the announcements over the speakers with his old DJ voice. That’s what she liked about this greeter job, people like him, people you could talk to, get real deep with. Wal-Mart’s fluorescent lights were turning her on from the inside, right around the valves of her heart.

She found a little girl



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The Blotter

watching all the televisions. “Who are you with, you little Gretel?” The girl looked up and raised her hands; she must have been about five. Nell, surprised, picked her up. One of the service skills she learned in the training seminar was to be proactive rather than reactive, and this kid needed her. The little girl pointed to the T.V. and soon all the customers were crowding the aisle, watching the special broadcast. Nell looked at the customers’ faces, not being a T.V. addict herself, and knew something was very wrong.

Sebastian came to her putting his arm around her and the girl, as the reports showed the United States under attack in New York City. “Must be the Middle East.”

He moved on down the aisle as if he was being controlled by another being. Everyone was speechless as the first of the Twin Towers at the World Trade Center started to collapse. Nell pressed the child’s face into her shoulder so she wouldn’t see people jumping from the windows.

Nell was determined to keep her head during the chaos, it was her job, and more importantly, she had a lost little girl to return to her parents in the confusion, as customers ran out of the store and into their cars. She went to find Sebastian to ask him to make an announcement about the lost girl. How could her parents not be frantic? Especially now? With all the

sudden noise, would the announcement be heard? She was so darling, so ready to be Nell’s friend. She sat with the girl in the waiting booth for her parents to come and claim her. It was just like Nell’s old imagination to see herself as Queen and the girl as her princess daughter, overlooking a kingdom in turmoil.

She closed her eyes to block out the horror depicted on every single television in the store. And, with her eyes shut she saw Troy, alone in the Ruby Range. She couldn’t tell anyone he was there because she was under strict orders. Within an hour of the attacks, the F.A.A. had reported that all airports had been shut down and all air traffic had been halted nationwide. And, would everything go back to normal, or was this the end of the world? If anyone asked, she would just say he abandoned her.

Sitting in the Waiting Booth, the girl on the miniature chair next to her, Nell imagined Troy opening his mouth, unable to get a word out. Could he sense that all was too quiet? That he may never be picked up? She thought about the string on his sweatpants that was never tied, his beard that needed to be trimmed, the small box of anti-diarrhea medicine, the three emergency ration bars, 2,400 calories each, the wolverines and Dall’s sheep, moose and bear. And, how a pack of wolves howling in the mountains can really break the silence of the wilderness.



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The Blotter's *fifth* Annual Long Form Fiction Contest for Novella and Novel length works

As always, the purpose of our contest is to provide a venue for writers to have their work read and commented on by our editors and judges. Additionally, the winner of this contest will have his/her work published here on these pages. And last but not least, the winners will receive a monetary prize! (Award monies are provided by the prize sponsor and the entry fee for the contest helps offset The Blotter's costs.)

Our pre-reader judges are handsome, upright citizens. Our final judge is smart, and can break a board with her foot.

Transparency is very important to us, and we make every effort to remove any conflict of interest situation from going down in our contest. Blotter volunteers and their family members and/or employees are prohibited from entering our contest.

To enter the contest, please submit your work with a \$25 entry fee by check or money order to: The Blotter Magazine, 1010 Hale Street, Durham, NC 27705. Entries must be received between November 1, 2013 and February 28, 2014 (you see, we're already giving you an extension, so don't put it off!)

Your entry must contain the following: no less than 10 pages, no more than 20 pages of the opening of your novel or novella, (or subject/character-connected short story chapbook) typed & double-spaced, without your name. On a separate cover page type your name, snail-mail and e-mail addresses, telephone number, the title of your novel or novella and a one page synopsis of your novel or novella. Remember, you have to have the entire book written, so that if and when you win, you can show us the rest!

BONUS: Enter the writing contest AND get a year's subscription to The Blotter for only \$30! (Regular annual subscription donations are \$25 total and you don't even get to enter a writing contest with that price!)

And we have way bigger prizes!! \$1750 in cash divided proportionally over first, second and third place. How cool is that? All placements, including honorable mentions, will receive an award certificate, proof positive of your success as an author, suitable for mocking your sophomore English teacher, who always wondered how it was that you graduated at all.

Our contest will be run in line with the rules of ethics and mechanics recommended by the Council of Literary Magazines and Presses, as outlined in their 2006 monograph on the subject. You can't view for free, but you may purchase the monograph entitled "Publishing Contests: Ethics and Mechanics" through the CLMP at <http://www.clmp.org/about/monographs.html>. This is the document we have used in coming up with the rules and conditions of this contest.

So that's it, then – the clock is ticking and you should be typing!

The Dream Journal

real dreams, real weird

Please send excerpts from your own dream journals. If nothing else, we'd love to read them.

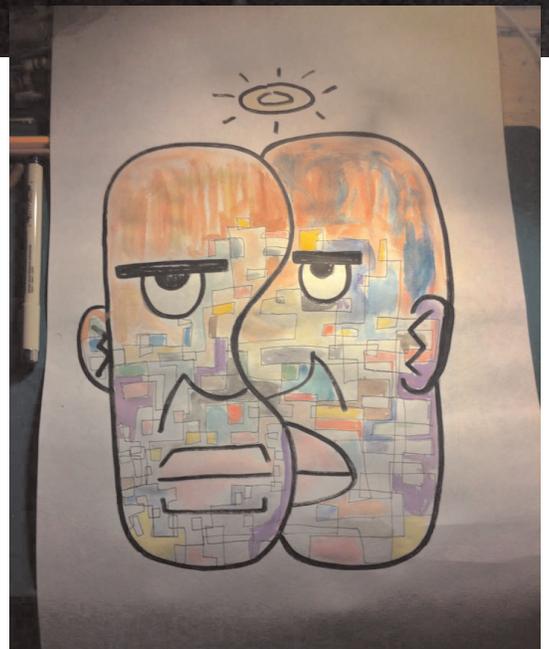
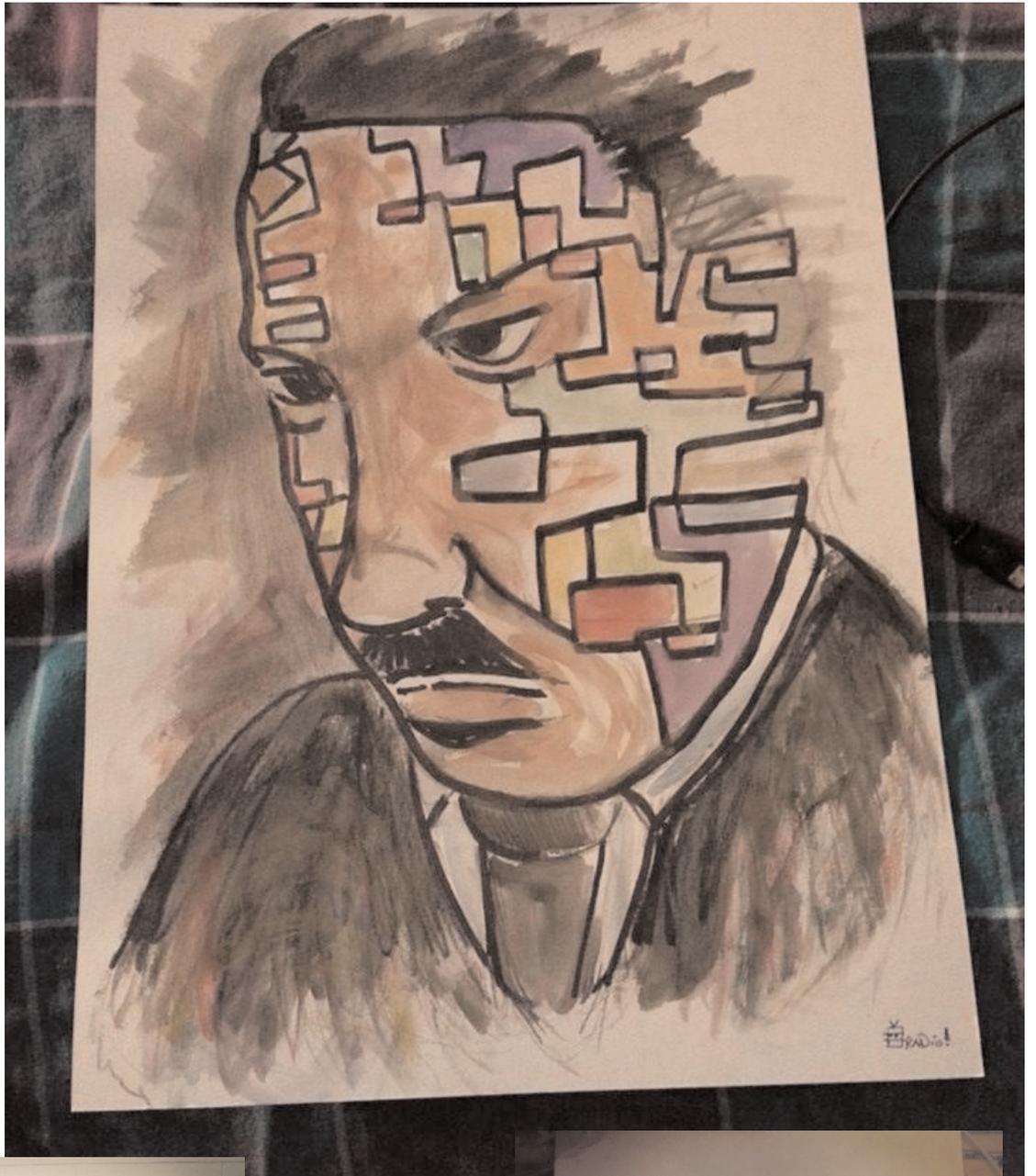
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Out of the Box

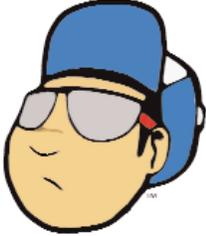
I am locked in a small cell with an open door.
 I am afraid to look outside for fear of being confined even more.
 Suddenly I take a risk and run outside and jump into the air.
 I breathe in the sky and think if I'm caught I don't even care.
 But I am caught and locked this time inside a very small box.
 I hear the sound of the top closing. I hear the sound of the locks.
 I cannot move. I cannot breathe. This feels like something Satanic.
 I am losing control. I am near the edge of a claustrophobic panic.
 When suddenly I relax
 and fall into some inner space
 where I feel safe, quiet. No fear. No fear at all in this inner place.
 Now I am grateful for my tormentor who is forcing me to see.
 The way out of the box is to stop fighting, let go, and just be inside of me.
 I realize now that I am awake but not moving because I want the dream to return.
 Instead I am getting up to go to the bathroom to forget what I just learned.

Michael B. Owen - cyberspace





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“True Story”

Here’s how it happened. Diana and I went over to this guy’s house that she really liked, on the chance that he would have sex with her. Just to make sure that Shannon would have sex with her, we both got drunk on Kailua before going to his house so that he could take advantage of her. Noticing how fucked up we were, he invited us into his house, got us really stoned, then had sex with me.

Diana was pissed. The whole time we were doing it, she was outside the bedroom door, knocking and howling, “Let me in, you guys! What are you doing?” She wouldn’t even talk to me on the way home.

Now, this would have been the end of it, except that the next day, she wanted to go back to his house to see if he would have sex with her, and she wanted me to come with her. I don’t know what the reasoning behind this was, except that maybe I was supposed to tell him that since he’d already had sex with me, he should have sex with Diana this time. Anyway, I went back with her, and again, I ended up having sex with Shannon . Except this time, one of his friends was hiding in the closet, and when Shannon was done, the friend came out of the closet and fucked me, too. Shannon just kept saying, “Be cool, okay?” while it was going on, and so I was cool. Diana was passed out on the couch downstairs while this was happening, of course—I think she was hoping someone would take advantage of her while she was asleep.

So the next week, school started, and somehow, everyone at school found out about me. For the rest of my freshman year whenever I walked down the hall at school on the way to class people would whisper “Skank! Skank!” over and over as I passed by. There was horrible graffiti about me all over the school. Probably once a week, Shannon would accost me on the way home from school, sometimes alone, sometimes with friends, and basically say, “You did it once. What’s the problem?” Who can argue with that reason?

I started trying to find ways to make myself so ugly that Shannon wouldn’t want to fuck me. It wasn’t until this kid I skateboarded with shaved my head into a really lopsided Mohawk with my father’s beard trimmer that Shannon and his friends finally left me alone. Now, instead of having sex after school, I was getting beat up by the “true punkers” from school about once a week. One chick even broke her hand on the back of my head and had to go to school the next day with her hand curled into a blue claw, which I thought was hilarious.

So this is why I stopped trying to attend school and became a writer instead. There’s only so much snickering behind your back and dirty notes in your locker that a girl can take, and I was done with it all. I didn’t even know that I wanted to be a writer then—all I knew was that when I was writing, the rest of the world was gone. I wrote in an echo chamber. I wrote in a black cave. When I was writing, I couldn’t hear or see or feel anything around me. It was beautiful.

Two by Holly Day

“The Importance of Having a Regular Writing Schedule”

by the time I was fourteen, I had already developed a writing schedule: I'd get up, head over to my friend Nathan's house, get totally stoned on his mom's pot, and sit and watch HeMan cartoons for a couple of hours. Usually around noon, Nathan

would start masturbating to Legends of Kung Fu, and I'd take that as my cue to grab my skateboard and head to the park or the beach, someplace quiet where no one would ask me why I wasn't at school.

I'd spend the next three or four hours writing poetry and fiction on whatever paper I found in my backpack, just long enough that I could get home at the same time as the kids who actually attended school got home. I only mention all this

because writing classes always state how important it is to establish a writing schedule, and stick to it, and I am proud to say that except for the rare times that I did make it to ninth grade, I developed my writing ethos very early on in my career.

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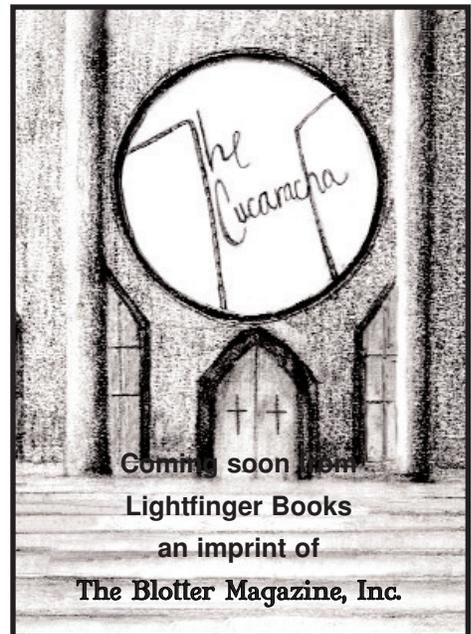
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“What’s in this Africa Day celebrations shit”

I never had a thought that I would ever say it without clenching my teeth;
What’s this Africa Day celebrations shit is all about.
What’s there for me to celebrate
When your great-great grandfather lent d a hand to his heartless Caucasian enslaver
To ship my great-great father and mother on a cruel voyage across the blue waters of the ocean
And enforce my great-great father to toil on the master’s vast cotton fields,
Under the scorching heat of the sun
And whipping his sweat filmed back like it was just a game of rodeo
While my great-great grandmother was forced to wash the anus of another woman
Warped and lying in bed sick with wealth.
What’s in this rot you call Africa Day celebrations
When the dry beds of rivers have turned red and crevassed
When the desert sands of the continent are covered with skeletons of my fathers, mothers
Brothers and sisters like snow on the belly of Siberia.
What’s this Africa Day celebrations shit is all about
When the legacy of Kenyatta, Nkrumah and Lumumba has been eroded by voracious politicians
When the ideals of Mandela, Sobukwe and Mbeki are but hollow.



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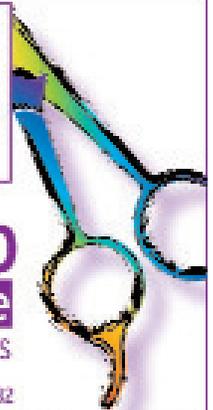
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NEW LOCATION!!



“In front of the mirror”

Are we are not really the same,
Does the darker shade of my blue skin makes us different
And does the pale coloration on you make you believe we are different
Does the protruding nose, green eyes like those of a cat
And hanging silken hair make us different in front of the mirror
In front of the mirror we are different
But we are man and wholly are the human race

Two by Thabo Mooke

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“Idle”

By Chelsea Mungal

I sit paralyzed by my own indecision and fear of moving off this micro suede island. I know that by ignoring my physical thirst I am only refusing to address a deeper deprivation. One leg out of the blanket to stay cool, and one leg insulated to keep from freezing. Something is missing but I also feel clotted with thought. The television screen, an echoing chamber for primetime propaganda, high school shooting coverage competing with squawking housewife drama. I kill the noise with one reluctant click.

I consecrate a fashion bible by tearing out a colorful tampon ad. Apparently, I can have style in my vagina. I lick my lips, maraschino red. The saliva only satiating them temporarily, the salty salve dying a lofty death in central air conditioning. I am idle to what's before me because I fear that a decision, a conscious stab would result in internal bleeding not a fallen beast.

Then I realize there is someone in the kitchen, already up and about. He is requesting my drink order, catering to my thirst, catering to my one desire. He obliges my world above the chair rail level, casually plopping ice cubes in my privatized ocean, not knowing how he has read my mind. He rustles about in the pantry and charmingly clears his throat. Ah, to be young and idle and me.

Best In Show Comic



by Phil Juliano

CONTRIBUTORS:

Maureen Pilkington hails from Rye NY. She writes, "I just completed my manuscript FLOAT AND OTHER STORIES THIS SIDE OF THE WATER which was a finalist in the St. Lawrence Book Awards. After working in book publishing as a Subsidiary Rights Director, I received an MFA from Sarah Lawrence College. My fiction has appeared in *Ploughshares*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Confrontation*, *Orchid Literary Review*, *Santa Barbara Review*, *Bridge: Art & Literature (Chicago)*, *Red Rock Review*, *Pedestal*, *SNREview*, *Patapsco Review*, *Miranda*, *The Stonetable Review*, *Marco Polo Quarterly*, *SECRETS: MSR 2012 FICTION ANTHOLOGY*, and others. I am the founder of a program that places authors in our inner city schools of New York to teach writing. Currently, I'm working on a novel that takes place in Provence."

Holly Day is a housewife and mother of two living in Minneapolis, Minnesota who teaches needlepoint classes for the Minneapolis school district and writing classes at The Loft Literary Center. Her poetry has recently appeared in *Hawai'i Pacific Review*, *Slant*, and *The Tampa Review*, and she is the 2011 recipient of the Sam Ragan Poetry Prize from Barton College. Her most recent published books are "Walking Twin Cities" and "Notenlesen für Dummies Das Pocketbuch."

Radio revealed: My name is Johnny Collins also known as Radio the artist, an artist from Kernersville North Carolina. My artistic style comes from being inspired by pop art, graffiti and cartooning, using different elements of many other forms of art, meshing them as my own. Media of preference is mostly watercolor and ink, using this type of medium to create the artist ideas and visions that come from my mind.

Thabo Mooke of Pretoria, Republic of South Africa writes, "I became involved in writing during my high school days and was influenced by my domestic worker mother to read for leisure. In 1976 during the dark period of the struggle against apartheid in my country I started writing poetry and I was published in a vibrant literary magazine, *Staffrider*, but it was soon banned by the authorities. I started working as a freelance reporter for various newspapers around Pretoria. I obtained a certificate in TV scriptwriting and worked for a TV station as reporter, news producer and head of news. I founded a community newspaper which I am currently its publishing editor and obtained a certificate from Rhodes University's Sol Plaatje Institute for Media Leadership. I am researching for my first novel."

Chelsea Mungal writes, "I am a recent ECU grad of the English and film studies program (aka film critic in training). Maintaining my own wordpress film blog called *Filmcricket*, developing several poetry and non fiction projects based on my suburban teen angst and storyboarding some alternative children books. I hope to acquire a journalism internship in the triangle area, snowballing that experience into a stimulating career writing about what I love, film. Also, to do my part for the environment (bc my husband is in parks and rec) and to stimulate local business, I make an effort to shop consignment, refinish antiques, and buy used dvds and books from my favorite culture hub Edward McKay." She lives in Raleigh, NC.

Phil Juliano has been cartooning for over twenty years. His comic strip, "Best In Show", is a visual interpretation of his daily life and struggle to find his place in society. He's a beer snob, baseball fan and avid outdoorsman, usually all at the same time. "Best In Show" is currently being featured in several newspapers and magazines and is syndicated by MCT Campus where it is distributed to college and university newspapers across the country. Along with his comic strip, Phil creates humorous illustrations for magazines and books as well as custom Matchbox car designs. He is an active member of the National Cartoonists Society and lives in Minneapolis with his wife Rachael and their two dogs, Spencer and Sierra. Tony and his zombie friends live next door. To see more of Phil's work go to www.bestinshowcomic.com

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