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# The Blotter

magazine

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## “Movies”

My wife and I agree on many things. Not films. It’s not that she only likes “chick-flicks” and I watch “guy-fare,” although she frequently does and I often do. Our tastes overlap. Sometimes. All good, right?

Well, no. There’s another issue.

Backstory: K selects most movies we watch together. For you husbands married for a little or a long time, this is “common sense,” and it took me a while to recognize that this, and to watch whatever she selected without complaint (or worse: scene by scene film-school analysis with color commentary. Like a boxing match.) Much better to just let the motion picture run its electronic course. In our time-together, therefore, I’ve seen some real turkeys, some forgettable light frolic, and the occasionally terrific film. So what, you may ask, is the problem? K almost never stays awake through the whole movie. About a third to a half of the way in. Sometimes she even nods off during the opening scenes, the wide-angle shot, with the orchestra rising to crescendo. She picks a movie, I do the watching, she can’t remember if she’s seen a movie before (mostly because she hasn’t) and then, down the road, she picks it again and we (ahem, I...) watch them again, which is fine if it’s a good one (and we have kettle-corn,) and not very good if the movie sucked badly the first time we (again, just I) watched it.

*So what?* I guess, in the grand scheme of things, it’s no big deal. Except that sometimes I would like K to watch one of my film selections. You know, so that we don’t diverge too much in our “golden years.” Not that I’m overthinking this, (I am!) And like I often do with other situations with this level of import – I have a plan. I know from experience that she will probably never watch all of the movies I like, certainly not from beginning all the way to end, with a Q&A period to follow over hazelnut lattes.

My plan: I’ve made a list of movies (well, just the important clips.) It’s a “why they are my favorites” list. If you’ve seen them, I think you’ll know why I picked these bits, and if you haven’t, well, don’t read any further - I don’t want to spoil it for you.

And now, for the person who doesn’t have time for a whole film but wants to see the most phenomenal bits, Garry’s list – totally out of order and out of context.

- The first 17 minutes of “The Best Years of our Lives.” What it’s like to come home again (sorry, about that Mr. Wolfe) and wonder if you’re alright.

- The first 26 minutes of “Saving Private Ryan.” Overcoming quite reasonable fear in order to do what must be done.

- The last 7 minutes of "Spartacus." Love for what someone stands for.
- The blueface scene of "Braveheart" through the battle right up to Mel Gibson shouting "Bragh!" The human child in us standing up to the bully.
- The red dress girl scene from "Schindler's List." We so often just watch with curiosity while evil rolls on.
- The Bill Murray hacking away at the flowers with a scythe while he pretends he's golfing scene from "Caddyshack." How to be not at all handsome and yet endearingly crazy.
- Steve McQueen's motorcycle ride in "The Great Escape." When you can't fight the bully, make him chase you long and hard.
- Bogie talks to the pretty girl at the roulette table and her husband wins a couple of games so the police chief will give them the documents to get to America in "Casablanca." Doing the right thing, when it counts.
- The John Travolta paint-can walking scene in "Saturday Night Fever." Everyone wants to look that confident just once in their life.
- Kevin Costner saying, "It's my father" in "Field of Dreams." Because sons should love their fathers.
- Sam Neill and Laura Dern see dinosaurs for the first-time scene in "Jurassic Park." Childlike wonder, one last time.
- The German girl singing at the end of "Paths of Glory." Putting off the inevitable for one more moment.
- The Duke shouting at Robert Duvall "fill your hands, you son of a bitch" gunfight scene in "True Grit." When I'm old, I hope I'm brave, and they have a good soundtrack for me.
- The McQueen/Yul Brynner driving the hearse up boot hill scene in "The Magnificent Seven." Doing the right thing, just for the fun of it.
- John Wayne walking Maureen O'Hara home from the train station scene in "The Quiet Man." Never let society get in the way of your marriage.
- The *Tonight* reprise prior to the rumble in "West Side Story." Music can be magic.
- The Painless Pole suicide scene in "M\*A\*S\*H." First, and last, time I ever cared for cynical humor.
- The Omar Sharif walking home from the civil war to Yuriatin through the freezing snow scene in "Doctor Zhivago." Put your personal problems into perspective.
- The driving in the sports car to Katherine Ross's wedding scene from "The Graduate." How fast would you drive for love?

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in the Great State of Georgia!



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CAUTION

*but you refuse to understand...*

## “Weeds, or, When Weeds Take Over the World, Will We Still Eat, Fly and Be Merry?”

by Chila Woychik

---

Weeds are the price we pay for climbing over an orchard fence and sneaking off with someone else's fruit, claims the book of Genesis. It's a heavy topic that makes one wonder whether green delights such as *Cannabis sativa* are really weeds, or if we've been spraying the wrong ditches all along.

### *Cannabis*

Sugar Bob, the deer, wanders a marijuana farm in Oregon, eats the discarded cannabis leaves, the occasional bud, and then lays down for a nap, sometimes on the farmer's own bed. A deer high on pot and snoozing next to you: a vision of the afterlife?

Half of all Americans have taken drags off the good giggles pipeline, a “higher” percentage than in any country other than Zambia. Why Zambia? I'm not sure, but their *uluwangula* is puffed with such abandon there that the wacky-tabacky clouds probably arise in an incredibly wide variety of bong shapes and sizes. In one of the eastern provinces of that African nation, tribal chief Madzimawe stated that “residents would collaborate with the police services and do their best to arrest the drug dealers.” Time to find a better hiding place for all that laughing grass, Zambians.

The context escapes me, but not long ago my son began explaining to me how to roll a handmade cigarette. Maybe it was because of the large can of tobacco we still hold for him on top of one of our cabinets. “I know how to use rolling papers,” I told him, a little

surprised at his naïveté. He looked shocked. “*What?* Have you ever rolled a cigarette, Mom?” “Umm, no.” I was stuck between the proverbial rock and a grassy place. “Mom!” he exclaimed, “You know how to roll *bud?*” Well, *dub*. I was a 70's child, Child.

I smoked my first joint in high school, that seedbed of self-identity and dissent. It was easy to get. And when a pair of libertine brothers moved in from a larger city bringing their dinky dow wares to that rural Illinois community, it was even easier. They were rebels. They were trouble. But their weed was good. We smoked it in cars before or after school, in homes when parents were away, in all the usual clandestine places. Our heroes smoked it: Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, the Who. Who were we to deviate from such coolness; follow the leader! Jive loaf! Gold star mooster!

### *Devil's Weed*

Ajit strolled around our small acreage with us, admired the expanse, the hills, and the valley below. His words were complimentary. He was exuberant. He eventually came to something on the ground near his feet, and asked, “Is that sheep sheets?” I looked down at the scattered pebbles, and when I finally got his meaning, I chuckled and said, “Yes, that's sheep sheets.” Our herd grazed in a distant pasture. He walked a little further then suddenly shrieked something in his native language of Hindi. There it stood: a plant with pointy leaves, white flowers, large seed pods, and prickles all over it. “Devil's Weed!” he

then said in English. “People eat the seeds in India when they want to kill themselves. They go crazy and jump off cliffs or shoot themselves.” *Datura stramonium*. It's also called jimson weed, locoweed, hell's bells, and others (there's a clue in there somewhere). There in all its infamous glory, it stood. I had no idea it was poisonous, but now I mow it down mercilessly, always thinking about Ajit when I do, and being careful not to inhale even a stray piece of thrown leaf or stem or seed, always slightly afraid that I'll begin seeing purple cattle as I'm driving away on the mower.

One internet site talks about how useful it can be for getting high, but also warns of the very real danger of bad trips and suicidal tendencies because the user simply can't shake that devil off his back. It's an entheogen which some use in their spiritual quests, and for medicinal purposes such as a pre-surgery distraction in more remote, under-civilized areas. One guy said in another internet article, “the only substance I ever happened on that scared the mother-loving bejesus out of me was *Datura*.” I'll take the morphine, please, and work to send the devil's weed back to him to whom it belongs. And when all is said and done, the Big Dude Upstairs has some explaining to do.

### *The Carrot Twins*

We were lazing along our usual rural driving route when I turned to my farmer and said, “You realize that Queen Anne's Lace (*Daucus carota*) and Poison Hemlock (*Conium maculatum*) are easily confused, don't you?” I had been studying and was anxious to share my newfound knowledge. “In fact, a person can safely eat the young root of the wild carrot, Queen Anne's Lace, but Poison Hemlock's root, which looks much the same, will kill

you.” My farmer looked my way, eyes wide with questions. A long pause followed. “It’s not that I’m planning on feeding you either one,” I continued. He laughed a little timorously, one of those *is there a subliminal message here for me* laughs.

Several acres at a nearby park flashed small white flowers swaying in the late-July breeze. The plat was large and impressive, heaven-like for its stretch and beauty. Do animals dig down to get the roots, I asked the man. If they’re hungry, will they seek out the little carrots? He didn’t know; I was the one doing the research. Maybe there are enough other things to eat here surrounding this lake, I said. These were definitely Queen Anne’s Lace. They have the distinction of having the hairy legs in the family. Check the stem, and if it’s “hairy” you’re safe. As an added bonus, the little black seeds are a natural contraceptive. I say it’s a woman’s most versatile friend.

### *Bulrush*

One must wonder if our foremothers ever boiled up a batch of bulrush roots. When salted and added to wild carrot, did it make a meal, or did the carnivores in the family ask “where’s the cat in the cattails?” The Australians call them *cumbungi* and the Kiwis of New Zealand, *raup*. Here, we simply say cattails, those tall rigid stems with a scorched hotdog-looking thingie on top. When the hotdog gets old, it releases its fluff to blow in the wind and scatter its seed. Cattail down. Think of it as you would any other kind of down: in pillows, dolls, furniture. In a pinch, it can even be used in life vests for floatation.

Baby Moses floated in a skiff of bulrushes. Bulrush down has been used for sanitary pads. A torch or candle can be made from the stem and head.

Hats, mats, flour, rope. A homesteader’s dream, a lost wanderer’s salvation.

### *Water fern*

Warning, Will Robinson, the contagion has spread! *Salvinia molesta*. The name says it all: it’s the great molester of waterways by inhibiting their air and light. It has jumped the fence and now ranges seemingly everywhere with ease. Call it the mother cell of all mother cells as it divides lickety-split and creates thick mats of floating infestation on lakes, ponds, streams and rivers. Somehow these aggressive plants, once only used in aquariums and garden ponds, escaped their little cloistered Brazilian haven, and the rest, as they say, is a still-evolving history. Its only enemies seem to be the giant gourami (a breed of fish) and a tiny weevil, the long and the short of it.

There *is* an upside though, as this extremely fecund floating water fern is proving to be effective in inhibiting human cancer cells while ignoring the surrounding healthy cells. One down, one to go.

### *Triffid*

A horde of ten foot tall walking, clacking, ruthless, tripod-like creations make their way around the world, wreaking havoc on first one country then the next. Giant Venus flytraps of sorts which use stingers to inject unsuspecting victims with deadly venom. Imposing, erect, plant-reptiles with fangs. Scary! Horrible! Unimaginable! And they’ve invaded the entire known world! If John Wyndham hadn’t been such a good fiction writer we’d be deprived of this grueling look at a mortiferous weed-monster inching its way across the globe in a mad quest for ultimate domination. This is classic fantasy and

the curiosity holds us there.

~

Weeds luxuriate just so, sprung up and fierce along these fence rows, across every inch of ground, in swale and parcel and garden and million dollar estate. But I’m admittedly a weed novice. If I had to live off the land for long, I’d surely poison myself by eating the wrong thing, or starve to death from wanting to avoid eating the wrong thing and so not eating at all. I’d succumb to despair because folk wisdom has long since departed from me, but in reality, we’ve never been close. A set of Foxfire books sits on my shelves, a set I’ve always meant to read but never quite thought it important enough to begin. With an eventual apocalypse looming in my mind, however, I’m consuming each new episode of *The Walking Dead* like it’s a syllabus for survival, yet even those seldom talk about weeds. What *do* they eat? It’s a defect in the discourse.

When climate change has warmed and watered the earth to the point of weed-mania hyper-growth, when the world finally collapses under the weight of endless chemical spraying meant to deal with so many growing things deemed a pain in the neck, and when we’ve completely forgotten how to harvest dandelion greens for our salad, how to collect purslane for toilet paper, how to pluck cattail down and insert it into our panties when the new moon cycles ’round again, how to wander the woods and find health and healing, Weed Armageddon will have occurred. In the end, the weeds will have won, for the world of weedcraft is strong. Are weeds the ultimate evil geniuses? Will they be earth’s last survivors? When it gets to that point, as my dad would say, it’s curtains. ❖

# The Dream Journal

real dreams, real weird

Please send excerpts from your own dream journals. If nothing else, we'd love to read them. We won't publish your whole name.

Same night – three differentish dream episodes: Some kind of science experiment – I have to believe, although it could just as easily have been my channeling a teenaged boy. Why do we do these sorts of things in our dreams - that we would never even consider while awake? Is that the answer to the question, that dreams permit our worst selves to act out? Anyhow, I'm getting rid of fire-ants by quickly digging in the mound with a post-hole digger and the ants keep climbing up the handles and I have to bash them on the ground and then try to get one or two more scoops out of the hole before they do it again, while also making sure that they are not finding my shoes and biting my ankles. Deep enough and I am now pouring gasoline down the hole, then trying to create a "fuse" mechanism - batteries and wires and other things I don't really understand when awake, and of course it all caught fire too soon and I and the other miscreants (who didn't help me dig or make the fuse, and the ants themselves all had to run away while there was a large, oddly silent, explosion and much flame flung around (from the gasoline?). Flames caught my wife-and-I's wedding album on fire, for reasons I am unable to explain, which I then tried to snuff with an old towel, like they do in movies, but it burned and that was what I knew was going to be the thing that actually got me in trouble, not the ants nor the explosion. \*\* I am driving on a busy road somewhere, and have to pull over to look at a physical map. Obviously, this takes place in some past that no longer exists. The kids are in the back seat, but they're not little, and I don't know why they're not sitting in the passenger seat and helping me navigate, or even driving so that I can take a nap before we get wherever we're going, so there's some sort of time-place conflict going on here. The busy road I am on suddenly becomes fully trafficked and people in their cars - commuting home? - are trying to find their ways around whatever is causing it. Meter-maids of some sort are pulling up to those cars which are breaking the law by getting out of traffic (again a ?) and two of those pull up to my car and get out. I hope to explain to them that I wasn't intentionally trying to circumvent the rules, but was just hoping to figure out where I was and so I open my door, wallet in hand, not to pay a bribe but to accommodate the police with my driver's license and then at my door is a very young person in uniform who begins explaining to me that they need to see my license (already in my hand?) and other things I cannot hear over the prevailing noise and I interrupt and ask if they can repeat what they just said. The other meter-maid tells me to be quiet, that they are only going through the motions and are not going to give me a citation but have to look like they are for all of the other drivers so no one can accuse them of favoritism. The meter-maid takes my wallet, shuffles through the different documents just stuffed in there, and then adds a business card that has her name and phone number on it - (flirting?) - and they both leave. \*\* I am pulling back into traffic now, and the front seat of the car is messy with all of the papers from the glove-compartment that I pulled out looking for my registration and insurance for the traffic stop. It is late afternoon and will be dark soon, and very difficult for finding my way according to the map, which is unfolded, under my feet. I gently merge with the other traffic, slow-going up to a bridge that crosses an unfamiliar river, and suddenly there is a car next to me, skidding past, out of control. I do not dwell on it, however, because there is another car in front of me which has slammed on its brakes and is also skidding, although the road is dry. I avoid hitting it, but the other car – the first skidding one - slams into another. The driver is furious - with me, it seems, for having been what he thinks is the cause of his mishap. He leaps out of his car and stomps over to mine, pulls open the driver's door and stares at me with his angry, bearded face. He looks precisely like me. Stares some more at me, fuming and gritting his teeth. I say nothing, waiting for the violence. He closes the driver's door to my car without slamming it and leaves. I kick the map from beneath my feet so it doesn't catch under the accelerator or brakes and drive slowly away. The traffic has dispersed enough for me to get over the bridge and I follow the road – a highway, really, until it comes to an intersection, when I wake up.

Charlie - cyberspace

## “all jail is 8-11-21”

all jail is  
 is a place that breeds criminals  
 all jail is  
 is a place where people are trained  
 to feel like a lower class citizen  
 all jail is  
 is a place to learn politics for the  
 next time you are in jail  
 all jail is  
 is a place to punish people  
 stupid enough to get caught  
 without trying to make sure  
 they have the skills  
 to never return  
 all jail is  
 is a way to make sure  
 inmates will always  
 fear men in uniform  
 all jail is  
 is target practice for those new recruits  
 in their new crisp uniforms  
 so they will be brave in the sight of true fear  
 all jail is  
 is a joke  
 since when you get out  
 after paying your debt  
 you still have to pay for that debt  
 with a black mark  
 on your name  
 for the rest of your life til you die  
 all jail is  
 is the place to go back to  
 after you can't get a good job  
 since that black mark won't fade  
 and crime is the only answer  
 all jail is  
 is the home away from home  
 for the people that society  
 doesn't want in their neighborhoods  
 all jail is  
 is an archaic hierarchy  
 that should have been abolished  
 years and years ago  
 all jail is  
 is a repetitive cycle

## Six by Matt Wall

of producing more lifetime criminals  
 all jail is  
 is a repetitive cycle  
 of producing more lifetime criminals  
 all jail is  
 is a repetitive cycle  
 all jail is

## “simpler than suicide 8-11-21”

I was wondering  
 if it would be  
 simpler than suicide  
 to tell her  
 what I really thought  
 tell her  
 what resentment I had  
 tell her  
 the years of anger  
 tell her  
 how much I crave solitude  
 tell her  
 how I'm cheating on her with myself  
 tell her  
 that it's over  
 tell her  
 that I'm sorry  
 tell her  
 that I'm a coward...

nope  
 it certainly  
 wouldn't be

## “ask and ye shall receive 8-13-21”

I passed a sign on the freeway  
a little sign  
someone hung up on an overpass

the sign read:  
ASK JESUS FOR MERCY

then I said  
ask Jesus for money?  
okay J, I need some  
fucking cash  
STAT  
I'm driving on 4 bald tires  
the gas bill is ten days late  
I already missed the fist post  
at the track,  
in fact  
with this traffic  
I'll be lucky to get there  
before the fourth  
but please for the love of god  
if you're giving away the green stuff  
lay it the fuck on me

then I saw the sign again  
on another overpass  
I wanted to apologize  
but really  
what was the use

## “I miss L.A. 8-15-21”

L.A. has life  
an energy  
up here  
up the mountain  
where it's supposed to be quiet  
if a dog barks  
it puts you on edge  
but L.A.  
there are so many noises  
it's a symphony  
all of the loud sounds  
motorcycles

big rigs  
horns  
stereos  
gunshots  
screams  
sirens  
ghetto birds  
fights  
even barking dogs  
it's all a philharmonic

all of that noise  
is woven together  
to make a quilt  
of sound  
that envelopes you  
you can snuggle up in it  
feel safe  
warm

this audible onslaught  
is the pulse  
the heartbeat  
of life  
soul  
violence  
passion

it lives and breathes  
procreates  
more madness  
more noise  
more murder  
more beatings  
more death

L.A. is alive  
it can't die  
no matter how awful  
it will ever become  
it will never die

## observations at zubies 8-15-21

my sister wanted to meet me  
for drinks

at Zubies Dry Dock  
in Huntington Beach  
I would rather be shot  
but agreed  
the place was packed  
loud

many middle aged white republicans  
trying hard to act as young  
as they remembered being  
so fucking long ago  
the women had bleached or frosted  
hair  
the men just nodded at the loud  
squawking of their wives

with not a single  
mask in sight  
DELTA VARIANT BE DAMNED!!!!

every stupid woman in there  
spoke as if they were a cast member of  
Friends  
“Oh My Gawwwwwwd!” they would shout  
“na-uh!” they would shout  
“right?” they would shout  
they would shout  
and shout  
shout

these loud women  
dressing younger  
talking younger  
making themselves  
look younger  
hiding their ‘hi, Helen’ arms  
hiding their necks  
that they haven’t had the skin of  
pulled back yet

on the other end of the bar  
younger men  
were pre-gaming  
by shucking oysters  
hoping that it would keep  
their cocks hard  
with all the booze and coke  
that they’d ingest  
just to be able to  
strut down Main Street  
looking for loose women to bed

I, on the other hand,  
pretended I could hear  
my sister talk  
watched a horrible MMA  
that looked like  
3<sup>rd</sup> graders being forced to fight  
surrounded by 6<sup>th</sup> graders  
drank my overpriced bad red  
hoping that this  
wouldn’t be the day  
I go that killing spree  
that I’ve been hankering for

## looking for Abby 8-16-21

I don’t know who you are  
or where you are  
but I feel like  
I’ve known you for years  
because every time  
I text the world “baby”  
to anyone  
my fat thumbs  
and autocorrect  
get together  
and decide that I  
must be talking  
to someone named  
“Abby”

Two by Dale Cottingham

“All The Rage”

Can you make that happen in orange? But  
that too proved too much. Then  
there was the harmonic novella we lived in,  
commodious until abruptly it wasn't, you  
walking out leaving me in my fuzzy house shoes  
crossing away from that punctuation mark  
that seemed to stain me  
like my tattoo that I got right after that  
because I needed to make a statement.  
I showed it to others. They made their comments  
which is all the rage in these parts,  
this age of criticism. Well,  
I'm now on the highway outa of town  
just to clear my head and  
I tune in to Tradio:

C: I'm selling baby clothes, a whole rack of 'em.  
fifty dollars. 235-5513

A: Thanks. Tradio.

C: I have a lawn mower to sell. Doesn't start.  
Ten dollars. 848-4458

A: Thanks. Tradio.

C: I'd like to trade what I have  
for the next new thing. 216-8249

Think of those numbers. Everyone  
has some. We must like them.  
We use them in airport queues  
or to buy drinks at happy hour.  
I'll have a gin and tonic.  
You look divine. But she said  
she has other plans. Then much later  
I'm dreaming the same dream:  
I'm young, I'm on the back porch  
hammer in hand with a stack of used lumber,  
listening to the moan as I pry nails  
from where they were hammered home to.

## “Scenic Route”

Chin up. It's good to be on a search.  
Those empties I tossed off? In my mind  
they're still at roadside, even if  
they end up recycled into better  
iterations of their lives than what I knew.  
Good for them, I think,  
as I also think of some former pleasures I've had,  
or the necessity I've felt for an antidote  
to counteract imposed conditions  
such as a sudden wind shift  
when I've had to shuck former essential ideas  
and turn a new leaf.

Time now  
to look ahead on this road, as I grow  
more distant from you, only highlighting how much I've lost.  
I wonder what you are doing,  
think about texting you,  
but then another clarity comes: I am on my own.  
it's always been this way, it seems.

I pass through upper reaches  
into where some headwaters are,  
where the streams at first gain a pulse,  
like a dream or a line I've held in my mind,  
it gathers momentum,  
and I think: Yes, I want to be pure,  
to have hope, and love.

Then after coming all this way I stop  
to look at the scenery, the low hills,  
the way the hazed valley makes a vista,  
admire the rooted grass, how it sways in wind.  
And I smile because I could have done so many other things,  
like going to the movies, watching the NFL,  
with the promise of a TV dinner and so much more.  
I think I'll keep going a while longer.  
After all, I'm only a traveler passing through.



continued from page 3

Paul

Newman saying *are you stupid? The fall will probably kill you* in “Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.” Real friends help friends keep from getting killed by posses.

- Faye Dunaway smiles and says *we rob banks*, in “Bonnie and Clyde.” Because bad girls are fun, but we don’t go on crime sprees with them.
- The Al Pacino shoots the cop in the restaurant with the toilet-pistol scene in “The Godfather.” The benchmark against which we gauge all revenge.
- The Peter O’Toole goes back to rescue the man across the *anvil* desert scene in “Lawrence of Arabia.” You must fix the things for which you might later be responsible.
- The fixing the CO2 air filter, *you, sir, are a steely-eyed missile-man* scene from “Apollo 13.” Everyone, even the nerd, can be a hero.
- Leonardo DiCaprio shouting *bang on, Rose!* as the bow of the ship goes under scene in “Titanic.” Empathy. You will hold your own breath, too.
- The Ed Begley racist rant when the other jurors turn their backs scene in “12 Angry Men.” Sometimes even fools can recognize a fool among them.
- Rod Steiger shouts at Sidney Poitier, *I got a motive which is money and a body which is dead!* in “In the Heat of the Night.: People can change. Even older people.
- The student’s mom’s funeral scene in “To Sir, With Love.” And so can young people.
- The Stanley Baker saying, *the Welsh can do better than that* scene from “Zulu.” Courage is being five seconds slower to run away from danger.
- The *we don’t need no stinking badges* scene in “Treasure of the Sierra Madre.” Greed is, unfortunately, universal.
- The Steven Boyd growl, *It goes on, Judab!* after the chariot race scene in “Ben-Hur.” Love sometimes shows up as hate.
- Gregory Peck’s Ahab shouting, for hate’s sake, *I spit my last breath at thee!* scene in “Moby Dick.” Hate sometimes shows up as madness.
- The Matthew Broderick saying, “If this man falls, who will take his place” pointing at the soldier holding the American flag scene in “Glory.” There was a time where patriotism was... something.
- The crop-duster biplane knocking down Cary Grant scene in “North by Northwest.” If you gotta have a chase, well make it a good one.
- Marlon Brando saying to Rod Steiger, *I coulda been a contender...* from “On the Waterfront.” What *catharsis* is.
- The Marlon Brando saying, *what kind do you got?* scene from “The Wild One.” What rejection of flawed authority is.
- The Marlon Brando madman’s monologue scene from “Apocalypse, Now.” What self-examination is.
- The taking apart of HAL while it’s singing *Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do*, scene from “2001, A Space Odyssey.” Technology is not magic. Most problems can be fixed.
- The Luke and Obi-Wan in the saloon scene from “Star Wars.” Racism is something you are taught, folks.

- The Clint Eastwood talking about “free ones” with the scar-faced whore in “Unforgiven.” Be kind, even if it’s difficult.
- The gunfight in the rock-quarry scene in “Dirty Harry.” Not all endings are what they seem.
- The Alec Guinness realizes that William Holden has come back to blow up the bridge scene in “Bridge on the River Kwai.” On the other hand, some endings are precisely what they seem.
- The pinging torpedo scene at the end of “The Hunt for Red October.” You have time, but don’t waste it.
- The bicycling boys flying chase scene in “ET.” Grow up, but don’t stop dreaming.
- The Tom Cruise . . . *galactically stupid* shouting at Demi Moore scene in “A Few Good Men.” Yes, you will have to apologize. Get ready to do it.
- The *He Liebs Mir, He Liebs mir Nicht* Springtime for Hitler scene in “The Producers.” Laughter conquers everything.
- The farting around the campfire scene in “Blazing Saddles.” I promise, laughter conquers *everything*.
- The Clint Eastwood, Telly Savalas and Donald Sutherland swaggering towards the Tiger tank scene in “Kelly’s Heroes.” You can be brave, if you look like you are.
- The Stallone chases after manager Burgess Meredith right after shouting at him scene in “Rocky.” You can be humble, if you actually are.
- The Burt Reynolds looks directly at the camera, breaks the fourth wall and wiggles his eyebrows scene in “Smokey and the Bandit.” Don’t take anything too seriously, especially yourself.
- The McQueen hugs Hoffman, then turns and jumps off the cliff into the ocean scene near the end of “Papillon.” A good hug makes up for a lot of lost time.
- Matthew Broderick sings “Danke Schoen” scene in “Ferris Bueller’s Day Off.” Never miss an opportunity for karaoke.
- The Anthony Perkins says “A boy’s best friend is his mother” to Janet Leigh scene from “Psycho.” No matter how nuts it feels, it’s true.
- The buffalo hunt scene in “Dances with Wolves.” Teamwork!
- The Katherine Hepburn steers the boat past the Germans only to end up in the rapids of the river scene in “The African Queen.” Share responsibility, enjoy the rewards together.
- The Tom Hanks and Robert Loggia stepping out chopsticks on the floor-piano scene in “Big.” How cool would it be if you could play Mendelsohn right now? I mean in a store, on a toy piano?
- The Richard Dreyfuss sculpting Devil’s Monument in his TV room scene in “Close Encounters of the Third Kind.” Do your homework steadily, so you’ll be prepared for the big test.
- The home video scene at the end of “Philadelphia.” Nostalgia is based on the pain of memory.
- The woman gives Jimmy Stewart her compact mirror scene just before he takes off in “Spirit of St. Louis.” Thank everyone who helps, even a little bit.
- The Gary Cooper *today I am the luckiest man on the face of the earth* scene in “Pride of the Yankees.” I mean it. Thank everyone!
- The first 5 minutes – all music and biplanes flying – of “The Blue Max.” Find beauty in the darkest moments.
- The Nurse Ratched discovers the ward is a party-mess scene in “One Flew Over The Cuckoo’s Nest.” Find humor in the unfunniest of places.

- The *stand up, your father is passing by*, after the trial scene from “To Kill A Mockingbird.” Remember to give respect where it is due.
- The ‘Tracks of My Tears’ dancing while high scene from “Platoon.” Dance when the music plays. Tomorrow it might be too late.
- The Tippi Hedren comes in from being attacked to find the cowering diner patrons in “The Birds.” When people are afraid, don’t argue why.
- The Robert Shaw talking about how he was on the USS Indianapolis scene in “Jaws.” Tell your old stories well.
- The George C. Scott shooting at the German airplanes with a pistol scene from “Patton.” Do something crazy from time to time.
- The last 6 minutes of “Driving Miss Daisy.” Keep your old friends closer.

So, your own list might be different. Should be. That’s how we humans roll.

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## Contributors

**Chila Woychik** (she/her) is originally from the beautiful land of Bavaria. She has been published in *Cimarron*, *Passages North*, and others, and has an essay collection, *Singing the Land: A Rural Chronology* (Shanti Arts, 2020). She won Storm Cellar’s 2019 Flash Majeure Contest, Emry’s 2016 Linda Julian Creative Nonfiction Award, and double-finaled in the 2019 Barry Lopez Creative Nonfiction Contest (Cutthroat). She currently tends a small farmstead and continues to be enamored with the concepts of time, nature, and truth. [www.chilawoychik.com](http://www.chilawoychik.com)

**Thaddeus Semsel** was born in Stamford, Connecticut in 1969 and was raised on a small farm in Athens, Ohio. After attending art school at Ohio University, Thaddeus dabbled in satirical music, stage lighting and theater before beginning a career as a chef that included working several years in North Carolina at various venues including working as a contract chef for the Carolina Hurricanes. After returning to Ohio, he immersed himself as a production artist and volunteer for Passion Works Studio in Athens, Ohio and is there to this day. His style of art is heavily influenced by artists such as M.C. Escher as well as Roger and Martin Dean and is linear and detailed, with an eye for the psychedelic. He enjoys traveling abroad and experiencing life to it’s fullest. You can find his art on Etsy at [TaDArtDesigns](https://www.etsy.com/shop/TaDArtDesigns) and often vends in the Southeast Ohio area.

**Matt Wall** is Southern Californian poet / writer / singer/songwriter. His poetry collections *The End of Everything* and *Fingering the Mundane* can be found at his website [www.ihatemattwall.com](http://www.ihatemattwall.com)

**Dale Cottingham** of Edmond, OK writes “I am of mixed race, part Choctaw, part White. I am a Breadloafer, won the 2019 New Millennium Award for Poem of the Year and am a finalist in the 2021 Great Midwest Poetry Contest.”

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AND HIS 13 RULES FOR HOW TO SURVIVE A GLOBAL PANDEMIC  
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**Joe Buonfiglio**

Does living through  
a global pandemic seem  
**WEIRD?**

Well, hold on.  
Things are about to get a lot  
**WEIRDER!**

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