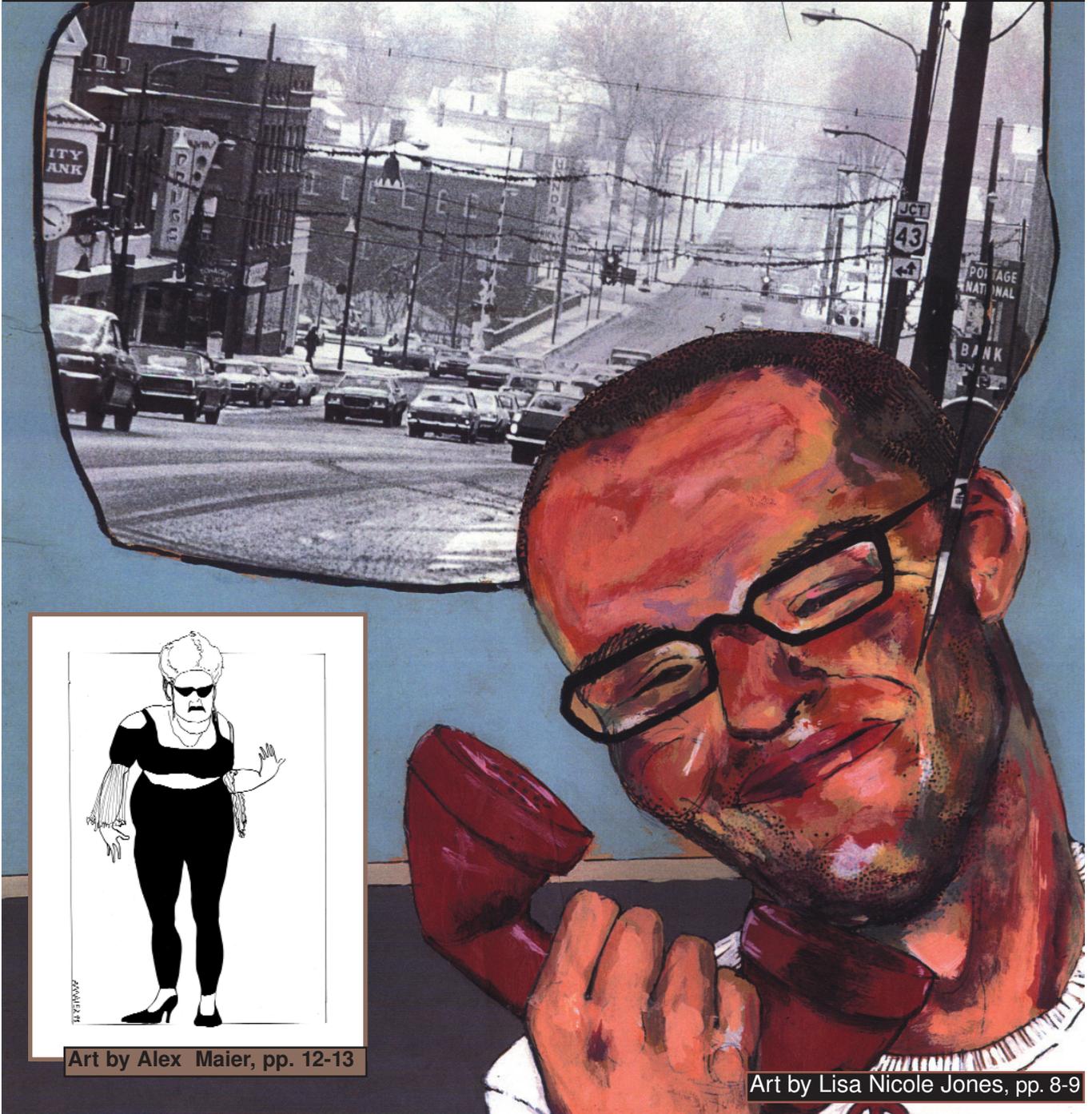


The Blotter

Magazine
www.blotterrag.com

The Impeccable Not-Doings of Mr. Squirrel

Free in Asheville, Athens, Atlanta, Chapel Hill, Charlottesville, Durham, Greensboro,
November 2006 Hillsborough, New York City, and Raleigh



Art by Alex Maier, pp. 12-13

Art by Lisa Nicole Jones, pp. 8-9

In this issue: Two art spreads! One by Alex Maier, one by Lisa Nicole Jones. Prose by Charlie Geoghegan-Clements, Tressa Yellig, and Peter Clarke. Comix by OneNeck and Allen Sessions. Plus, of course, the ever-lovin' blue-eyed Dream Journal.

The Blotter is:

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of the Year
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*This magazine may contain typos or
bad words*

Items Worth Mentioning

from the desk of Johnny Pence

Better Late than EVER!

Well, cats and kittens, this month's issue is a week later than we wanted it to be. But let's not talk about whose "fault" it is, okay? We can play the "Blame Game" all day long, but it won't make the magazine come out any sooner. I mean, say that some of it could be my fault, and okay, I'll own up to *some* culpability in all of this, just identifying that fact doesn't change anything.

So let's not indulge in finger-pointing about this. Sure, some of it's my fault, but some of it's *your* fault too, and we can move past this like adults.

Dictating Your Social Calendar

We're tuned in to a lot of cool stuff happening this month. First of all, you have to check out the **Taz Halloween & Friends** show at the **Blue Bayou** club in Hillsborough. If you live in the 'borough, in Chapel Hill, Raleigh, or even Greensboro, you *should* know what a great club it is. If you don't, shame on you. Carolinians must also get out to see the roller girls any chance they get. You are very fortunate to have that piece of high culture so easily accessible.

Georgians of Athens or Hotlanta, swing in to the **Athens Comedy Experience** at **Stan's Bar and Grill** on Baxter Street, Athens. I think you might lose your mind.

But far be it from me to tell you what to do.

Be Thankful for What You've Got

In this season, I think it's important to remember: Though you may not drive a great big Cadillac, with gangster white-walls or TV antennas in the back—in fact, you may not have a car at all—but remember brothers and sisters, you can still stand tall.

It's not the material things, it's your innate ability to dig the scene with a gangster lean. Just be thankful for what you've got. (Apologies to William Devaughn.)

And if you've got enough, you might share with folks who don't. That's all. Happy Thanksgiving.

—ediot@blotterrag.com

Like on a Postcard

by Charlie Geoghegan-Clements

All he ever wanted to do was skateboard, the stupid idiot. He'd just cruise around without ever doing a trick or anything, just sort of riding around like he was lost, or looking for a ramp to launch off. We'd see him going back and forth in front of the house just rolling and rolling. It was all uphill back to his house. He'd lean into the hill like the way big quarterbacks in football lean when they run real fast, except he moved real slow all the way back up the hill home, smiling upwards all the way.

He gets home from his office every night at six and walks all slow into the house and comes outside again dressed in those idiotic neon green jam shorts that they wear in the old shows like *Fresh Prince* and *Saved by the Bell* that my dad makes me watch 'cos he says all the shows today are stupid and look like something a kid in Japan should be watching. His kids sit inside clouding up the windows with their breath, watching him roll by and by and up and down. Mrs. Jackson comes outside and yells to the idiot that dinner is ready as he passes the house "Bill! Bill!" and he'd make one more lap and then stand away from his skateboard, not even kick it into his hands like high-schoolers sometimes do, and look at it

on the ground, all still like, pick it up, lean it against a wall and go inside for his dinner like a kid, just like me, just like his kids who never want to play with him.

My dad said the guy is just trying to have fun but his fag-goty kids won't play with him. My dad always says stupid stuff and he never has fun anyway he just sits in his lawn chair or in the den. Mr. Jackson's kids don't skateboard and he is always out there dressed like an idiot rolling up and down the road every day until dinner. And after dinner when mom is driving me to soccer practice he'd mow the lawn or rake or hammer things together like dads are supposed to do.

I effing hate soccer but my mom says I need to make friends and stop playing with my dolls all day so she makes me go and all I do is stand on the sidelines while coach Rex yells at the other kids like they're his children. My dad says he's a good coach that people have to be stern with kids because we never listen like little a-holes. Mr. Jackson never yells at his kids 'cos they're so quiet and never hit kids like I did when some a-holes put hashbrowns down my shirt in the caf and stood laughing at me while the grease soaked through my stupid shirt.

I don't play with dolls, by the way—I have action figures.

The Dream Journal

real dreams, real weird

Smoke Gets In Your Eyes

I dreamed I was watching an interesting old noir picture with some good detective-style intrigue, anti-heroes, violence and depravity that were a little too much for the time, etc. It wasn't Bogie, maybe Robert Mitchum.

Then, in the middle of all this, the detective revealed himself to be a tough old guy who is the janitor/custodian where I work.

He was smoking a cigarette (quite natural both for the real guy and the detective) and slowly blew out breaths of smoke with his hands cupped to various parts of his face.

Thus, he could blow smoke directly onto his nose, mouth, eyes, ears, etc.

With each exhalation, he would blow away a feature of his disguise, revealing that he truly wasn't Mitchum but this real-life janitor. He was also revealing all he knew about the mystery. Everybody was tangled up in some awful conspiracy and they were just losing it as the detective spilled what he knew. It was shocking, the best part of the whole movie.

—J.P., Athens

Please send excerpts from your dream journals to Jenny at mermaid@blotterrag.com. If nothing else, we love to read them. We won't publish your whole name.

I have the entire mansion that the X-men live in that my dad got for me for Christmas and I make them have good days. They have breakfast that Professor X makes for them and then he trains them all day and never sits alone in another room and then he makes everyone in the mansion dinner and they all eat together telling stories and then Professor X stands at the door of their big bedroom watching to make sure none of them have bad dreams.

I'd give anything to not have to see Mr. Jackson ride his skateboard back and forth in front of his house with his kids just sitting inside, not even playing with him, while he's got that bigole grin on his face

like he's the happiest man on the earth and he never just sits in the lawn watching cars and yelling like my dad. The Jackson kids are so stupid. They're in my grade but go to the Catholic school for smart kids that love God in town and they never play outside and wouldn't play with me but didn't make fun of me like the kids at my school did when I asked but they just sort of shook their nice-shaped heads no, but I'm cooler than them at least I don't go to stupid Catholic school so why shouldn't they want to play with me? They're stupid a-hole faggots with a freak dad.

And all he does is roll around smiling to himself. The kids in high school all do tricks

and flips never moving more than a few feet but Mr. Jackson rolls and rolls by and by without another care, not worried about anything. Here he comes now down down down not even pushing off the ground, just rolling by not too fast with enough time to slowly turn his head and raise his hand like on a postcard to wave at my dad who's sitting on his lawnchair and looks straight at Mr. Jackson but doesn't even nod his head as Mr. Jackson just rolls by down the hill and to the bottom where he'll turn around and push push push leaning back up towards home.

They told you that nobody likes a smart ass?



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The Pussy Patrol

by Tressa Yellig

The red velour of candlelight filtered through the ends of our cigarettes, bra-less, bold and beautiful, positioned appropriately around the round rubric of a wooden table older than my smile, there, in the front window, the proposition was born: the men we loved and hated in a town where the inevitability of an overlapping lover was requisite to some association with good taste in music and a penchant for cheap drinks and attention. The fault was ours and it was untamed! Jodie just returned to town, perusing chance numero

dos with Mr. B, and I had just shed his roommate, Ben, somewhat unwillingly. We were not supposed to like each other. Instead, to the chagrin of those overlapping Ben's and Brad's or Joe's, etc, we were here, amongst the others, the girls who were always front and center. Though I was the newest one, the youngest one, the impression of my station was one of necessity within the group. *Elles me manquaient.* The Del Rio was a townie spot, the kind where strangers would remain so unless introduced by someone who was already part of the family, a voucher. The

bathrooms were repainted monthly to make new room for local rant and sister-speak anonymously or synonymously with the single-word names that replaced identity, especially if you were an Ann Arbor native. I was not. Despite the newness, we fit together – round peg, round hole.

I had black hair then, not naturally, but because it was more mysterious and rare. These things were important, when I needed to be more po-mo, more eclectic, and more effeminate than the average student/townie from out of town. It was amazing the way

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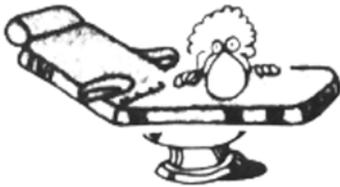
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that some suddenly thought I was Ukrainian, which meant little other than the sudden accumulation of an ethnic background contrary to the average Midwestern white girl standard. Others said I resembled Björk with my light skin and voice framed in dark thinness, punctuated by two very full cheeks. This I enjoyed. Being creative and mysterious were aspirations greater than removing “foreigner” from my status downtown, not to mention “precious” as a new component of my introductions. I had entered through a musician, the same. A jazz-trumpet Brahman who could smell my sense of vulnerable necessity like a wine with heavy breath, the stain on my lips like tickets I’d already purchased to hear his one line song of the marvelous, of descent. We wrote exquisite corpses:

soaked in the deep purple of an overtly offensive nonsense blah-blah, blah-blah, blah-blah, blah-blah blah blah is all I hear, what I say a smell what I feel Amelia’s pint glasses, as you stare into her beautiful, clear, blue eyes that hide behind expectation, masking the realization of the postulations: the iniquity of free human beings are not capable of controlling human behavior, it stretches and bends soft and blue raspberry is a worthless flavor invented to have

blue candy,

Passed around the bar, he got heavy, I resisted, gave him my number, and we chewed on the end of the line for months. He had a sparkled and translucent voice. His was a miraculous initiation into the real world of a saucy sweet and silent threat that got me to remove the black from my hair, the heel from my shoe, and my self to Colorado, for trade, but back to the story.

I was in the greatest living situation of my entire rental career, living in an uniquely hexagonally shaped, second-story apartment with the woman I most admired, Laura, and my favorite homosexual boyfriend, Jeremy. Both were acutely aware of the placement of every accessory and fly-away hair that I possessed and were experts, specific to this situation, of making this mock-family unit more than successful. I was in heaven. Though its walls were crumbling white, the window in my room opened onto a roof. It was my close-to-home retreat, jungle paradise, voyeur station #1, and smoking capital of the apartment. Sexy! Days spent lounging in damp underwear, the weight of the wet air, an impenetrable blanket of sloth I could not remove. Restrained to the cigarette marathons and late-night trips to the lake, this was home.

The other girls were different though, which is why I was not with Laura or Jeremy that night. I needed something dangerous, or at least the allure of

something dangerous, and wholesome discovery was something better left to the home. Though her support was necessary in the creation of the Pussy Patrol, Laura's overlapping relationship with my troubled trumpet lover had made her inclusion impossible. We were still friends, roommates, coworkers, and I was suddenly absent. Scandalous irony, however, in that she was the only one with a sewing machine. Fair trade? I wanted the anti-romance sublime.

The rest worked in code: Lola, the J-Machine, L Factor and, of course, myself, Mama T. Nothing would walk ahead of us. We abandoned our loyalty to Ann Arbor's broken heart smorgasbord, our effeminate sinew, something to the tune of a female Leroy or Foxy Brown in camo gear and red lipstick. On your knees, bitch! And what was more important, they were crusted with a collected history here. History I could appropriate for a vigorous hip and tongue in exchange for a symbiotic switch of integrity that would salvage the newness they lacked and the bonds I'd built via the boy.

"Cruelty behind it all. Doped Animals."* I, vicious, lascivious, lovely...too.

I can't remember who got the idea first. Lo wanted to start a ruckus, I encouraged it. The weak of spirit laughed, the four of us ordered pitchers. We

went to the fabric store with little in mind, the revelation of camouflage was a surprise and a given. It was only one party at Lo's surrogate-strumpet-with-hair-shaved-into-devil's-horns-screaming-hallelujah's house. Though we disguised our motivations differently, there was really only one man in mind. Strangely, one to whom we had all fallen prey, the one Laura was "exploring a relationship with, with the possibility for love," the one I was still convinced I would grow old with, the one I still believed in. There is a divinity in forgiveness that is akin to blindness. Perhaps, I should mention, the party was next door to The Carriage House, his home. God, I needed to

know my breaking point!

Lady of the Underlove took me for a ride, it was a charm, I was, too.

With a developing water artillery, purple aviators, and strips of raggedly sewn camouflage to use the "other" artillery that would secure us entry, to any party or scene, guaranteeing access to those we wished to publicly decimate. We told ourselves revenge was most likely secondary to getting laid or creating a legend.

Fortunately, Lacy lived relatively close to the target scene. It was our rendezvous. It was a place for permanent-markered tattoos, main lining Jameson, and warming up. Jackets were not an option, though it was

cont'd. p. 10

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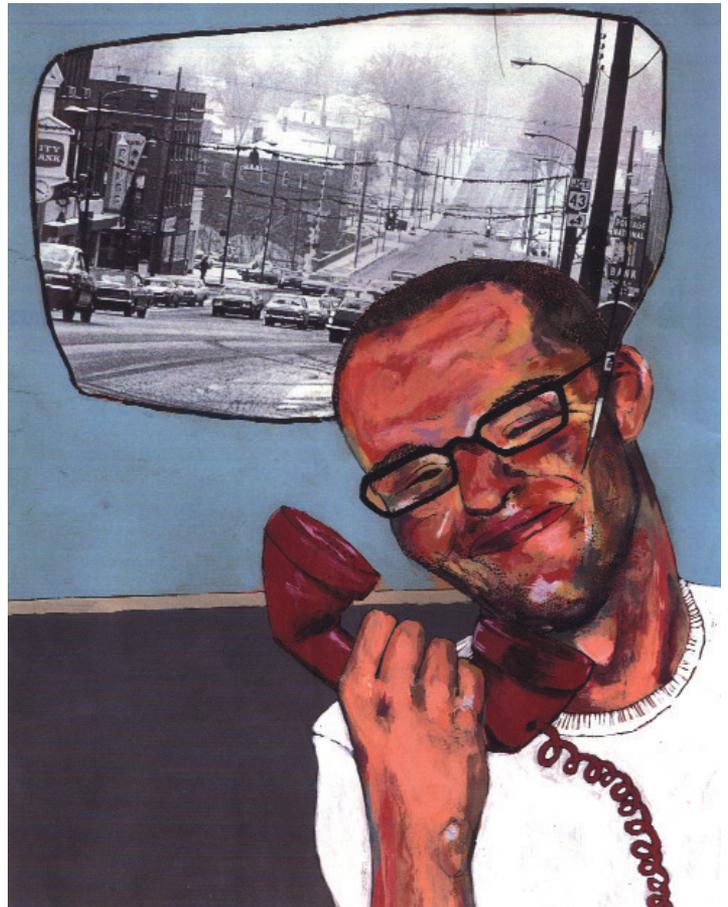
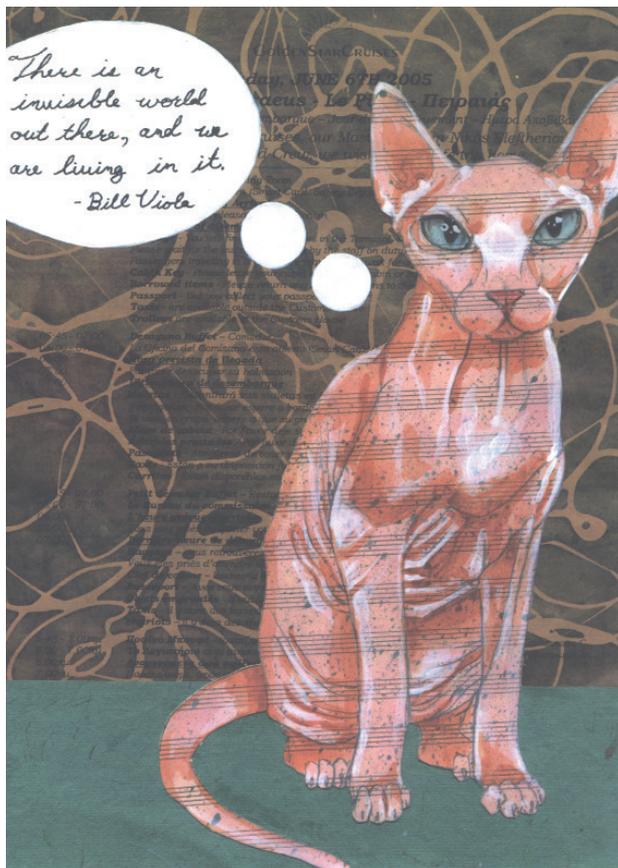
* Joyce, James, Ulysses (4:0349)

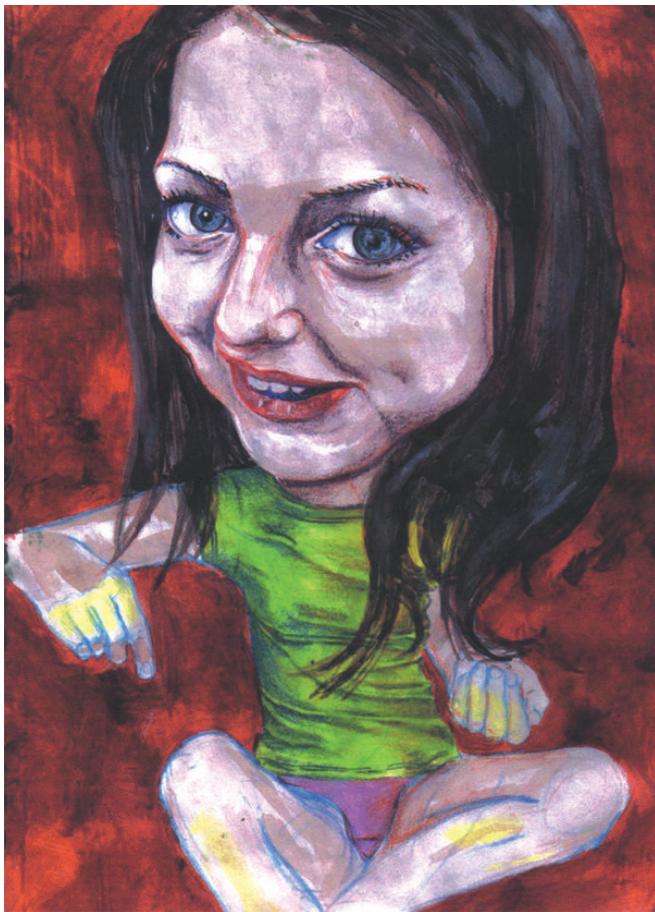
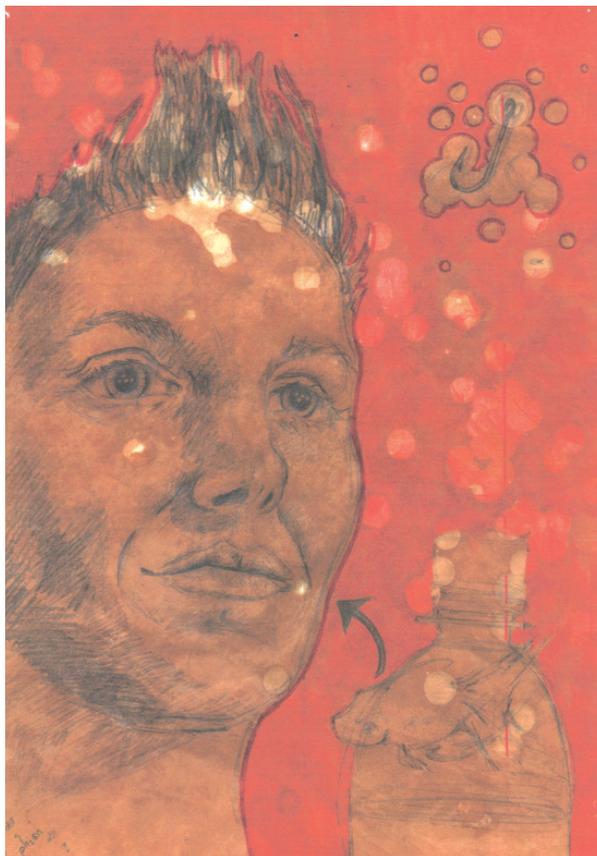
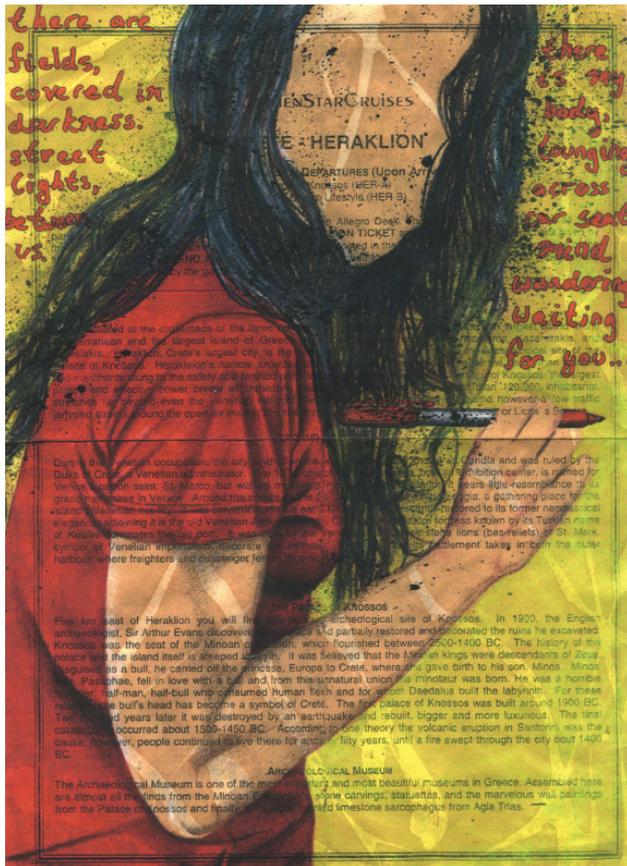
Lisa Nicole Jones

"One of the greatest miracles of life is that we will never have all the answers, and there is always more searching to do."

Lisa Nicole Jones is a painter born and raised in Chapel Hill.

lisa_is_art@yahoo.com | 919.943.9304





wet and cold, we were bigger than that, impenetrable. Björk's "Army of Me," blasting in the background. Cat calls all the way to the attack, it was dark, and we didn't need to be invisible. The inevitability of no return came at the top of the front steps, CHARGE!!! Door, hallway, splash, kitchen, Dustin, smoothie, AHHHH, quick, up the stairs, bathroom, reconvene, new plan. Operation:

don't get water on the DJ equipment and go! Then the Jameson really started kicking in. The girls thought we were crazy, the guys wanted our tops to fall, we wanted to dance, and Ben was not there. We danced, screamed, occasionally tortured those that touched or looked too long, those that passed and did not look, those that needed wetting and it was still love.

In the game of touch and

go, I could smile backwards and still look pretty.

Still, the night was young, there was potential in the air, it was a delicacy. The little animal in me was raging again. The scene was crawling with more, a hunger, we all felt it. To the carriage house! I led the Pussy Patrol out of the party, through the mud, in front of a patio full of frisky-faced fans, fingers extended; all of us silently marched into the house. No one tried to stop us; this had been long overdue, in recognition of every time he said "no," every time it "was you," every time we let ourselves laugh in front of anger. On the first floor he was home. Eyes split wide, the little man crouched on the carpet. His escape stratagem flashed brilliantly, though we were patient, I had first hit.

Spliiioooooosssshhhh! He jumped. I fell, gun to the lip, kick back, he was on me! The gun was taken, the others ran. Coily, submission was my only tool, silly man who thought I caved. I knocked out his ankles, took the gun that fled his hand and ran. It was enough.

I hid in the bodies on the patio. Jeremy, my savior, provided diversion among the strangers, his friends. Laura stayed at home and slept, her inner beast was resting. Mine couldn't sleep.

The requisite lullaby came with the realization that I was being eaten from the inside out, could swallow her whole

A Cartoon (?)
by OneNeck



star intact, the amazing similarity between love and a lack thereof, the way we are able to convince ourselves that if we believe strongly enough we can believe enough for two, or more. One evening becomes a microcosm of the impossibility of the "out loud," the symphony of release. Goodnight, little missionary, the night or the mare, both were no longer

part of some grand Godiva-slaughter fantasy that kept me from accepting my separation from this town, the scene, the bar, the boy. I knew the connection between intelligent animals and the intuitive faith in a noise that translated, "silly girl, silly lover," came shrapnel squirming in my bottom drawer, waiting for another tour.

They Think by Peter Clarke

Jesse says: If there are two things that go together in this world, it's martial arts and big game hunting. I love wild animals. You name it, I've killed it with my bare hands.

Alison says: Dear Jesse, I hate you and I think you smell like rotten garbage. I do not appreciate you beating me up. It hurts. So it would make me ecstatic if you rolled over and died. Or fell down a stairwell. Or crossed a freeway blind during rush hour. Please die quickly. Or a slow and painful death. Love, Allison.

Jesse schemed, determined to win the young beauty's heart. One night he came to her window, guitar strumming, singing, My sweetheart Alison, dear little one, for some good loving I've a-come. Alison, Alison, Alison! My sweetheart Alison, don't think you've won, I ain't leaving 'til I see the morning sun. Alison, Alison, Alison! My sweetheart Alison, no need to run, just bring me some love. Alison,

Alison, Alison! There were many verses.

Alison fumed with crossed arms and smiled in a malicious way. The window was open but the blinds were drawn. She didn't peek. She didn't even stand. Listening just a little, she sat and waited, thinking.

Finally, leaning forward, she selected some music to play and played it very loud. And then she listened through that drowning heavy metal until it was the only noise.

Jesse walked home slowly, murmuring a sad song and strumming lightly on those sad guitar chords. He had already planned what songs to play on the walk home. He'd considered that even before composing the love song. But he didn't play all of the songs he'd planned out. The walk was not so long and he knew so many sad songs.

Alison felt satisfied. Not leaving 'til the morning sun, hm? she mused, even laughing a little.

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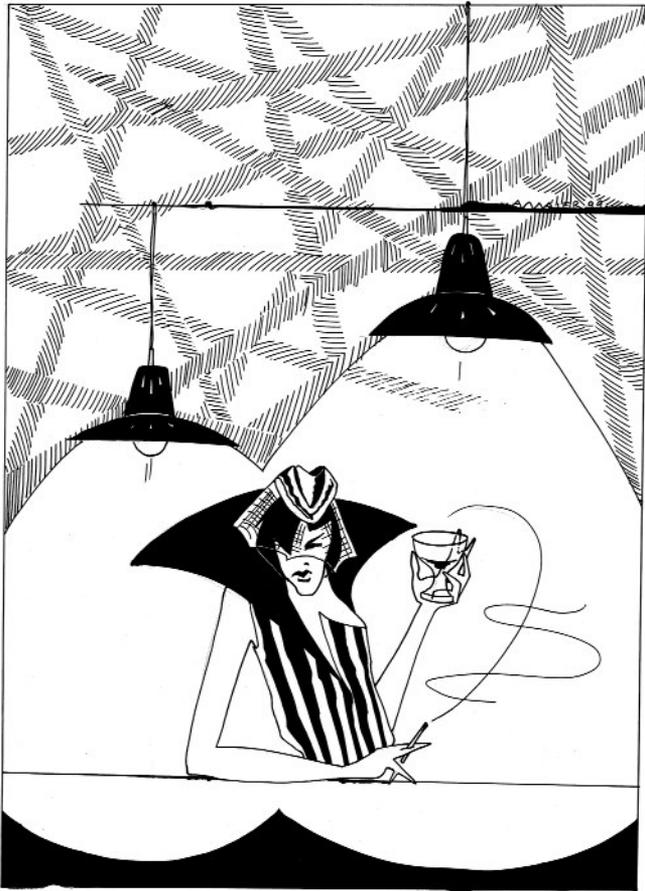
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cont'd. p. 15



One for the Road

Punk Girl



Landing

Bar Stool



Universal Mom



Alex Maier



Alex Maier [AMAIER] is a graphic artist who moved to Raleigh, NC from Berlin, Germany. To make things more interesting, Alex isn't actually German, but Ukrainian, from Kazakhstan.

She likes all things elegant and laconic and it shows in her art. You can visit her web site at amaier.net where you will find drawings from the past eight years.

Scared Beauty

Then she returned to her business. She was reading and seemed quickly to be absorbed. But after a few minutes she felt hungry and went to the kitchen to look around, faintly humming her love song.

Jesse climbed into bed with many reflections in his mind. He needed a new scheme. His eyes closed and he let his thoughts go wondering. A smile grew on his lips as dreaming pictures flashed in his sleepy head.

Alison lay awake late into the night. She didn't know why. She was tired. She wanted to sleep. But she lay there on her back, not quite feeling comfortable, not quite able to keep her eyes closed.

Jesse thinks: She just likes to be hunted.

Alison thinks: He just likes the hunt.

Charlie Geoghegan-Clements ("Like on a Postcard") is in Rhode Island. Wakefield, that is.

Tressa Yellig ("The Pussy Patrol") moved from Georgia to North Carolina to NYC, frightened to find the Blotter in each place.

Peter Clarke ("They Think") is a psychology and philosophy student at Western Washington University. He has been published in *Cracked Lenses*, *Hobart*, *Elimae*, *Locus Novus*, *The Square Table*, and *Denver Syntax*.

OneNeck is a crazy Scottish cartoonist.

Allen Sessions ("Alternator") recently doodled 17 years away as a molecular geneticist. He now doodles and does carpentry in Raleigh, NC.

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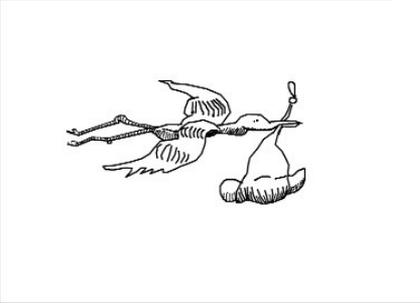


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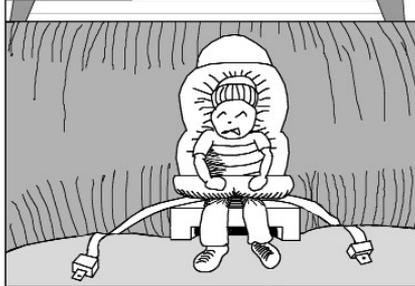
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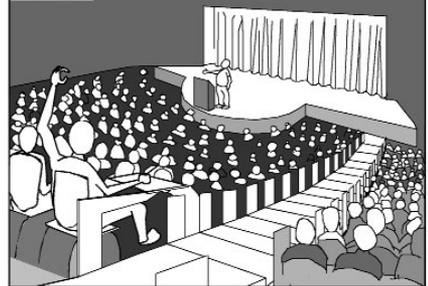
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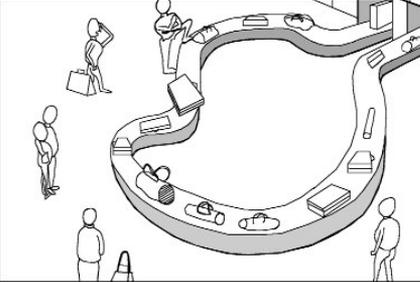
WHEN DECISIONS WERE MADE FOR YOU



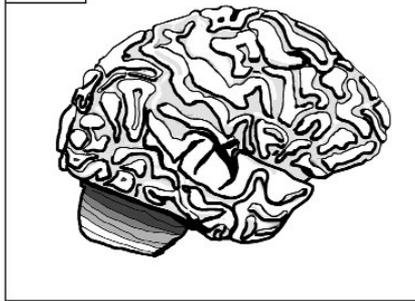
AND YOU WERE TOLD HOW TO THINK



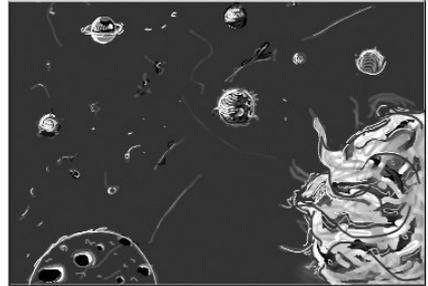
AND SENT OFF TO WORK IN THE NEW WORLD ECONOMY.



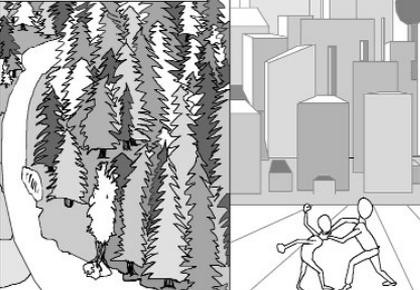
BUT...



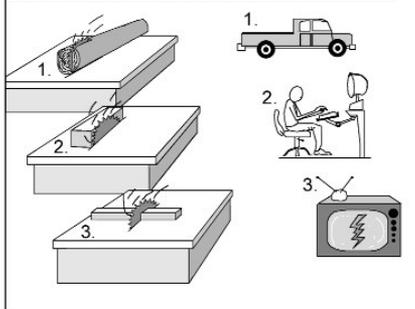
FOR EVERY PATH TAKEN ANOTHER PATH IS IGNORED.



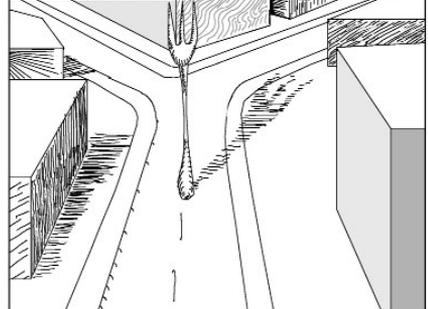
DECISIONS HAD BEEN MADE WHERE TO LIVE



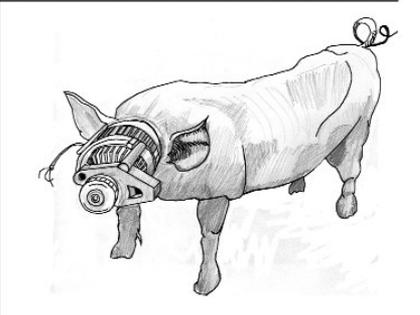
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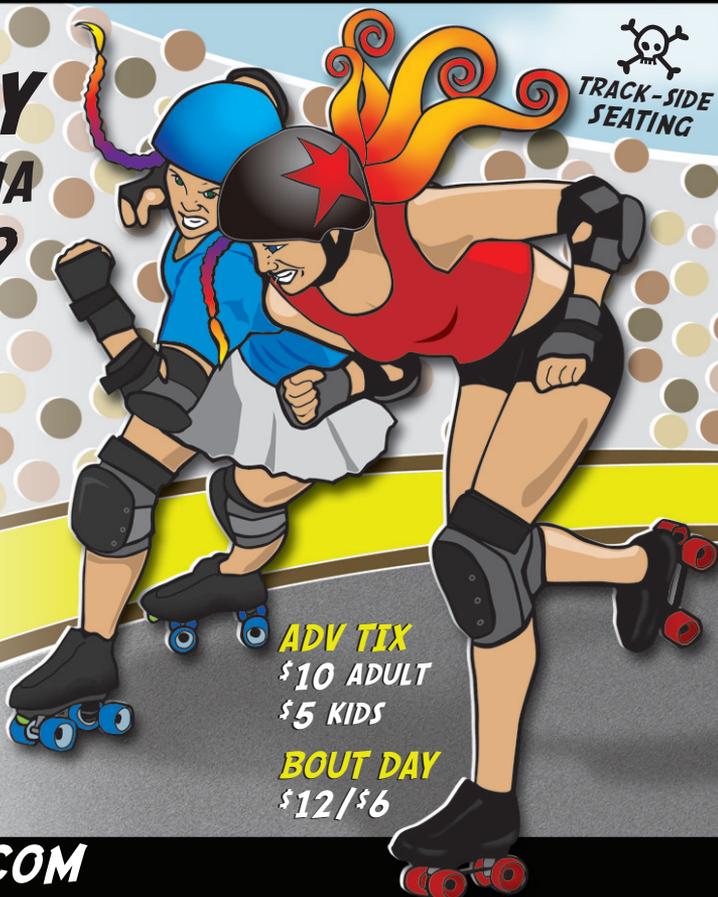
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