

*Take me out with the crowd! Hot weather with John Oliver Hodges;
Crisp crackerjack with K. F. H. Drick; a seventh inning stretch; a snack with Larry Holderfield;
5 Minutes With and The Dream Journal.*

The Blotter

July 2008 MAGAZINE



THE SOUTH'S UNIQUE, FREE, INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE AND ARTS MAGAZINE

visit www.blottermag.com

G. M. Somers.....Editor-in-Chief
Martin K. Smith.....Publisher-at-
Large, Treasurer
Matthew Boyd.....Micro-fiction
Editor
Lewis Copulsky.....Publishing
Consultant
Brace Boone III.....Director of
Development
T.J. Garrett.....Staff Photographer

Advertisers and Subscriptions Contact:

Martin K. Smith
M_K_Smith@yahoo.com
919.286.7760

Submissions and Editorial Business to:

Jenny Haniver
mermaid@blotterrag.com

Garrison Somers, Editor-in-Chief
chief@blotterrag.com
919.933.4720 (business hours only!
you may call for information about
snail-mail submissions)

We don't need no press releases.

We don't need no thought control.

No dark sarcasm.

Cover art: "Great-Grandpa Dick
Galvin and Babe Ruth" from Richard
Lewis' family archives. See centerfold
for more!

All content copyright 2008 by the
artist, not the magazine.

The Blotter is a production of
The Blotter Magazine, Inc.,
Durham, NC.
A 501 (c)3 non-profit
ISSN 1549-0351
www.blotterrag.com

Checklist

Here at the homestead everything is green. The stobs and broken branches of winter, that worry me about my own family's impact on our little fifteen acres, have shot forth with new shades of life and hope and quiet, and our woods is once again a bower of leaf and needle. Gone the sound of cars braking, idling and accelerating at the intersection at the top of the hill. Every ripple of breeze brings a green inland wave sloshing on our shore.

Am I mistaken, or are there more songbirds this year? Surely not more in the whole of Chapel Hill, or the entire South, but it seems that there are more here within my earshot. Warblers hidden just outside my window. Sparks of yellow shooting by like too-early fireworks, goldfinches grabbing at the thistle seed Kristin placed in a feeder hung from an iron hook near the driveway. A mockingbird working his repertoire, high in the broken trunk of the old sweet-gum that died during the hurricane of '96 and which crumbles slowly like some Norman castle as each subsequent storm worries away at its bark and branch. The housing construction in our area that still goes on despite credit worries and woes has made our woods a haven for music.

The chickens lay as if there is a war on, with "Can Do!" apparently tattooed inside their pea-wit skulls. I feed them young green weeds, mostly, and cracked corn, so they cost very little to keep happily clucking away. I have a bench sitting in front of the coop, about 30' by 30' of wired-in yard, so that I can sit and watch them do chickenish things, like scooping holes in the dirt to bathe, and pestering each other for what seems to be no reason, (as sisters will do in my experience).

Watching chickens is good work if you can get it. From time to time a hen will go inside the hutch to relieve herself of her burden. This is worth waiting for. Eventually everything is completed, and she squawks as if someone has stolen her purse, to which the rooster, who is a scoundrel, responds with his morning wake-up call, which gets the other hens grumbling and galloping about the yard, probably wondering what time it is, and where is the bomb-shelter, for here come the Stukas. It all sounds nothing else like the big scene from Wagner's Die Walkure, which for all of you operaphobes is the piece that Colonel Kilgore, played by Robert Duvall, broadcasts out of the Hueys as the air cav attacks the VC-held beach in Apocalypse Now. Then some chicken-code is given and everything settles back down again, with the girls looking for bits of corn and the occasional beetle that wanders inside the yard, and gossiping one to another in that quiet cluck of a contented hen after a job well done. Anyway, I give eggs away, freely,

like Gracchus feeding bread to the mob at a Forum BYOB. Recently I received a container of home-made chocolate chip cookies, made with gifted eggs, and as my friend Doug always says, who's hurt by that?

Down by the pond I've broken the beaver dam again this morning, because I must. Beavers are better and more productive workers than ever I saw at IBM, and if you want to keep the road from washing out during a thunder-boomer, you have to break the dam each morning. It's a little frustrating, but as Doug also says, it is what it is. I mean, you can't get too mad at a beaver. Once in a great while, a beaver family will pick up and relocate to a less annoying neighborhood, like someone who tires of the teenager who lives next door and who chooses every sunny Saturday afternoon to ride his mini-bike in the back yard, turning great donuts of grass and dirt into the air with that two-cycle engine whining at some impossible set of revolutions with a sound that seems to peel the very paint off the side of the house, all the while playing his radio out the bedroom window, as if he could hear it at all. But for now it appears that my neighborhood pond is the only game in town, and so it is a battle between my iron rake and the beaver's iron will. What the heck, I need the exercise.

I've finally refilled the propane tank for the grill. Gave the whole contraption a scrub down, too. Some spiders were taking up residence inside the rightmost burner, and there are a fair few acres of filth-buildup in the catch-pan. Nothing that can't be thwarted by Formula 411 (which is what I call surreptitiously calling Mom and asking her what to do.) Bathroom cleaner, the bubbly stuff, she recommends. And elbow-grease. OK, then. All winter, I had used an old cast iron Lodge fry-pan to do chicken and pork-chops and such, and it worked well enough, I suppose. But there's something about being outside and lighting a fire (even a blue-flamed propane one) and sitting back in a canvas chair and watching the smoke rising through the walnut tree leaves and scattering the early-summer mosquitoes, and seeing a bumble-bee lumber past looking for a bloom to bother, and staring back at a squirrel who sits up on his haunches as if deciding how he likes his London Broil.

So summer is upon us. Very nice.

Garry - chief@blotterrag.com

We often use Bobco fonts, copyrighted shareware from the Church of the Subgenius. Prabob. We also use Mary Jane Antique and other free-ware fonts from Apostrophic Labs and other fonts from other sources.



The Blotter Magazine, Inc. (again, a 501(c)3 non-profit) is published in the first half of each month and enjoys a free circulation throughout the Southeast and some other places, too. Submissions are always welcome, as are ad inquiries.

Subscriptions are offered as a premium for a donation of \$25 or more. Send check or money order, name and address to The Blotter Subscriptions, 1010 Hale Street, Durham, NC 27705. Back issues are also available, 5 for \$5. Inquire re same by e-mail: chief@blotterrag.com.



CAUTION

Don't be fooled by this month's issue one little bit. You don't want to bring us home to Mother, because we'll sneak into the kitchen after everyone's in bed and eat spoonfuls of peanut butter without washing our hands.

"French Drain"

by John Oliver Hodges

She's got some age on her, they say, watch her pry open a hot oyster. Hey Fly, they say. Bring that'n up here.

You want a cracker to go with it?

Naw, they say. I like my women raw.

Fly ups the steps onto the porch, they reach out their tongue, wiggle it. Fly claps her knife glove between her kneecaps, pulls out her hand, reaches fingers into the shell and, careful, unplucks the slimy gray island from its anchor.

Did'ja find a pearl? they say.

Fly holds the wet oyster high, her skinny arm arching

through the porch shade into a hot spot of sun, the oyster dripping.

Hey, what you doing? Fly's daddy wants to know.

I'm seeing inside it if there's a pearl.

You know there aint no goddamn pearl in there, Fly's daddy tells her.

No need to get all mean about it, Fly says, drops the slimy sack into their mouth, her fingers brushing the tobacco-stained hairs shooting up. Fly slips up the glove from her pinched knees puts it on, hops down the steps. At the fire scrapes the heated oysters off the grill onto a paper plate. Straddles the picnic bench grabs hold of the oyster knife.

Good Lord, they say. Hubert, you gone have to buy Fly some new shorts.

Shit, Fly's daddy tells them. Her mama got a whole thrifty full of shorts.

She outgrown them'ns.

That girl got shorts, Fly's daddy tells them.

I'm just noticing, they say.

You'd best to keep your eyes offen my daughter's thighs. Hey look, here come that boy I was telling yall about.

The thumb sucker?

Name of Steve. Zone daddy backed over'm with a meat truck. One operation after another. Poor boy dont know what he is. He lost the sensitivity. I would shore hate to be Richard, knowing I'd done that to my son. I heard Steve telling Fly he was to have a sex change one day iffen he ever got the money.

I always wondered how they did that, they say.

Shush! Fly says. Dont be talking like that when he gets here. He's sensitive.

Steve cuts over the road, the green tint of his hair looking swirly of rubber lures in the wide open sun.

I mean, what do they do? they say. Cut the wanger off?

I reckon, Fly's daddy tells them.

Then what do they do with it? they say.

I told yall! Fly shouts, unstraddles the picnic bench, ungloves her hands, hurries up the steps sets down the plate of shucked



They told you that nobody likes a smart ass?

That's because they never met
The Raleigh
HATCHET

We are one wicked little music, art and pop-culture rag.

Revel in the unrecognized and ridiculous with us.

We like you.

Available at select locations and on the web at www.raleighhatchet.com



BLUE BAYOU CLUB

106 South Churton Street
Hillsborough, N.C. 27278
919 / 732-2555

www.bluebayouclub.com

GONNA HAVE **BIG FUN** ON THE BAYOU!

oysters. Kisses her daddy warmly on the cheek hurries down the steps to the fence wired up with hubcaps one end to the other. The fence is thick heavy with aluminum disks mildewy and old. Behind the house hundreds of dusty no-shine caps clutch the fence, wired. In the yard caps stack up like old coins in the corners. The caps snake through the grass, spines in the weeds made of Cadillac, Buick, Honda, Mazda, you name it, Daddy Hubert has your cap.

Fly waits at the gate one hand clutching the curve of a chrome-spoked Pontiac cap. I got some killer, Steve says, walking up to her.

Close your eyes and open your mouth, Fly says.

What?

Shutup, do like I say, Fly says.

Steve closes his lids.

Oh, that looks cool, Fly says. His lids are painted up with black shadow with pink glitter on them. Now dont open till I tell you. Fly lifts the hand from her side, opens her palm. Two oysters gray and raw and wet sparkle in the light in it. Fly shoves the sacks quickly into Steve's mouth.

Oh shit, Steve says through the oysters, his lids twitching, his cheeks puffing out.

Fly laughs, soft first off, then loud. Swallow! she cries happily.

Steve spits the oysters out opens his eyes in time to see them hit the walk, first one, then the other, splack splack. Gross, he says. You know I'm a vegetarian, Fly.

I forgot, Fly says.

Now I'll be tasting oyster in my mouth all day!

Serves you right for being a snob.

I aint no snob.

Daddy Hubert leans over, his belly hanging down between his thighs, snaps open the large white cooler, reaches into the ice. Anybody? he says.

Sling one over here, they say.

Cans pop. The church up the road has let out. Some of the families are walking home, passing by in front.

You know what Jesus said up on the cross, dont'cha? they say.

He said Father, why hast thou shed my blood, Daddy Hubert says.

No, that aint right, they say. Old Jesus was looking off across Jerusalem and he said, Hey Peter ol' boy, I can see your house from here.

I'm gone, Fly shouts from the gate.

Come put your damn shoes on, Daddy Hubert shouts, but Fly and Steve are gone, already crossing the hot road. They are on the sidewalk behind a woman pushing a baby buggy and Steve says, Did you ever think about stealing some-

body's baby, Fly? You could just reach in there, grab it and run off into the woods with it.

Hush, Fly says. She can hear you.

Dont you ever think things like that?

Some thoughts is private, Fly says. Some thoughts is best left unsung.

I dont believe in censoring myself, Steve says. I only got so much time left. I'm on the clock, remember? You need to be nice to me, Fly.

When was I ever not nice to you?

Just now when you told me to hush. I aint got enough time for somebody to tell me to hush, Fly. I'm on the clock.

You know you aint going to die, Fly says.

I dont die on the table I might do it myself. You never had somebody stick a tube up your ass, Fly. You got everything perfect in your life. You caint say jack, as prissy as you are. If you was me and could see you through my eyes, you'd know how stupid you look when you think everything in the world is roses and wine.

Looking for an Artist?

find a great artist @...

Are you an Artist?

expose yourself @ ...



...The Raleigh Artist.com

www.theraleighartist.com

The Blotter

Well I forgive you for saying that because I know you're just jealous, Fly says, but if you keep on I'm going back home. You can smoke your killer. Aint no reason for me to be insulted and injured.

See, that's just what I'm talking about, Fly. Sometimes I think you're just like everybody, always wanting to shut me up. Dont you even know I'm desperate?

Fly stops walking. Looks back the other way, at the bright cars moving slow in the sun, her house a few stone-throws gone, several hubcaps along the fence glinting quietly, the willow tree weeping heavy green. She's about to walk on, but Steve grabs her arm. Okay, he says, I'll do like you told me and shut my face. I just wish I could trade places with you.

Fly giggles. I wouldn't mind being you for a day, she says, and they cut into the woods. The path winds down over a creek, a watery trickle where they sit, dangle legs. Steve tells Fly of his fun yesterday, dousing the school gym doors with gasoline then lighting a cigarette before throwing a match at it.

I knew that was you, Fly says, looking down at his puffy basketball shoes, the laces undone hanging down further. Fly imagines little people hanging onto the torn ends of the laces, dropping into the water, tiny splashes.

Steve pulls the red Marlboro pack from his fat canvas jeans. Puts the joint to Fly's lips, lights it for her. A breeze blows. The creamy blooms of dogwoods light up like butterflies in the branches.

Shit, Fly says, passes the joint to Steve.

What?

I told myself I wasn't going to get stoned no more.

They laugh.

Daddy Hubert tells them of his fishing boat days. When I got hired on, he tells them, all I did all day long was bait the hooks. I was the master of it. They had me doing it because I was faster than everybody else. I was the master.

You got to get you some new jokes, they say.

Dont you wanna hear the punchline? Daddy Hubert tells them.

Fly watches the water float by. Just think if you was a little man hanging on to the end of your shoelace, Steve, she says. That water down there would be about more than you could handle.

I'd grab me a little twig and go surfing, Steve says.

They laugh.

Twenty hours a day, Daddy Hubert tells them. My hands got all bloody and tore up. I got that salt sickness, you know, how after too much salt you get that fungus? I thought my goddamn arm was to fall off.

Fly stares off now. That lets him know he can do like he likes to, rubbing his lips along her neck and smelling her skin. The softness of his mouth presses her ear. A shiver runs down her spine. Fly wiggles, holds her breath, waits for the next little joy to pass through her all by itself. But Steve is already licking her lips, trying to get her to kiss him back. Hey, she says.

Take off your shirt, Steve says.

No, Fly says. You aint doing it right.

Why? You showed me before.

That was different, Fly says.

No it wadn't.

Are you getting jealous again?

Course I'm jealous, Steve says.

I'm too stoned, Fly says, and Steve goes to sniffing, and when she looks at him his mouth is twitching, and he begins to cry. Fly looks down at her dirty toes spreading them apart to see the water flashing between them. Crybaby, she says.

You wadn't always so mean like this, Steve says. I cant believe you called me a snob.

You're trying to make me feel sorry for you, Fly says. My, how you carry on.

You know I'm a vegetarian, Fly, Steve says. What were you trying to say by putting them oysters in



CARRBYRRITOS
Burritos, Tacos, Nachos and Margaritas!

Mon thru Sat 11am-10pm - Closed Sunday - 933.8226
711 W Rosemary St. Carrboro www.carrburritos.com

my mouth? I thought we were friends, Fly. Why are you doing this to me?

I've had about enough of this, Fly says, and Steve grabs her wrist. Just stay with me one more second, he says, and puts his other hand on her breast.

Happy? Fly says.

No, Steve says.

Fly slaps Steve's hand off her, gets to her feet.

Steve slumps his shoulders over, makes of himself the sorriest sight.

Go on, he blubbers. But dont expect to see me never again no more.

You know you aint going to kill yourself, Fly says.

Oh yes I ham, Steve blubbers. I got it all planned out.

How? Fly says, looking down on him, poor thing.

Dont go, Steve says.

No lie, Daddy Hubert tells them. She was from Brazil with nothing more'n a regular old nut she said was a goddamn thumb off a mummified chief.

Chief Brazil Nut, they say.

Said it was a magic charm could heal all the ailments under God you spoke into that there little hole was poking out of it. I'd been having a spout of rheumatism in my arm bad, and my shoulder, but no way was I to, you know, put my mouth up near that, so I said, lady, won't you talk to it for me?

Fly's shirt is in Steve's lap.

Oh Fly, Steve says, presses his ear to Fly, hears Fly's heart pumping inside Fly. That calms

him. Steve hears Fly's blood scrape the walls of her veins. He imagines himself inside Fly.

Now you happy? Fly says.

They laugh.

Ever heard 'bout that farmer man had three daughters? they say.

Which one would that be? Daddy Hubert says.

A man come to the door said my name's Freddy, I'm here to pick up Betty, we going for spaghetti, is she ready?

Steve licks Fly.

What if somebody was to come along? Fly says.

Steve sticks his tongue in Fly's bellybutton brings his huge hand up along her thigh like he's going to try and finger her.

Fly laughs. This is out of the question. She pushes Steve's stoned head away, grabs her shirt and runs, putting it on as she runs. Fly flies down the trail through the woods into a young scrub pine thicket, the needled branches lashing against her. A pair of wings would come in handy. She'd spread the bones apart way she spreads the bones in her feet and hands apart. In her mind she sees the many lakes and sinks and broccoli-topped stretches of bush and tree, a misty cloud now and then obscuring her view, she dipping earthward to avoid collisions with unseen turkey buzzards, hawks.

They laugh.

Fly nears the arm of sand cradling Dismal Sink, hears them.

Next boy comes to the house and says my name's Chuck.

Fly breaks into the clearing, sees them huddled about the hood of a Pontiac painted gold and green

with red sparkles throughout, the car jumping slightly from the woofers in the trunk, the tweeters in the front bright, aluminum-foily.

Fly thinks she ought to wait for Steve. But they've seen her. They are unshirted, and glisten. If she turns they'll think she's afraid. She puts her best foot forward. White girl, she hears one say, and they unravel, spreading apart as she approaches.

I'm Fly.

They laugh.

Daddy Hubert shakes his head watching the girl on roller skates leg down the walk like something you see on the Olympics. Just watching that shit makes me tired, Daddy Hubert says.

She got a dapper crapper, I'll giver that, they say.

CAT'S CRADLE



<p>MO 6/16**(\$8/\$10) MARIA TAYLOR/JOHNATHAN RICE W/NIK FREITAS</p> <p>WE 6/18**(\$15/\$17) INGRID MICHAELSON W/GREG LASWELL</p> <p>FR 6/20 BOXBOMB W/MAX INDIAN, OSO</p> <p>OPTIMO, WILLIE BREEDING**(\$1)</p> <p>SA 6/21 ROONEY W/LOCKSLEY, THE BRIDGES**(\$13/\$15)</p> <p>WE 6/25**(\$15/\$17) DEMON HUNTER W/LIVING SACRIFICE +</p> <p>TH 6/26**(\$12/\$14) mewithoutYou W/MAPS & ATLASES, GASOLINE HEART</p> <p>FR 6/27**(\$6/\$8) SUMMER REGGAE JAM</p> <p>SA 6/28**(\$28/\$30) IRIS DEMENT W/JASON WILBER</p> <p>SU 6/29 FLICKER ATTACK OF THE 50' REELS</p> <p>TU 7/1 HARRY AND THE POTTERS **\$10/\$12) 6:30 SHOW</p> <p>SA 7/5**(\$18/\$22) DIRTY SOUTH FEST: LOWER CLASS BRATS, MURPHYS LAW PATRIOT + MORE</p>	<p>SU 7/6 BORIS W/TORCHE AND CLOUDS**</p> <p>SA 7/12 THE CLUB IS OPEN LOCAL MUSIC FEST: RED COLLAR, LUD, AMERICAN AQUARIUM, FUTURE KINGS OF NOWHERE**\$7</p> <p>SU 7/13 THE CLUB IS OPEN LOCAL MUSIC FEST: I WAS TOTALLY DESTROYING IT, SHAKERMAKER, SALVO HUNTER**\$7</p> <p>FR 7/18** DUBCONSCIOUS</p> <p>SA 7/19 NC GIRLS ROCK CAMP SHOWCASE (AGES 10-17)**\$5 OR DONATION</p> <p>TH 7/24 HIROGLYPHICS (SOULS OF MISCHIEF, PEP LOVE & CASUAL) W/BLUE SCHOLARS, KNOWBODY, MUSAB, PRINCE ALI**(\$15)</p> <p>FR 7/25 TILLY AND THE WALL W/RUBY SUNS**</p> <p>MO 7/28**(\$16/\$18) SHE & HIM FEATURING ZOOEY DESCHANEL & M. WARD</p>	<p>TU 7/29 IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE (HIP HOP)**(\$12/\$15)</p> <p>FR 8/8 SARA LEE GUTHRIE AND JOHNNY IRION**(\$10/\$12)</p> <p>TU 8/12**(\$15/\$17) THE HOLD STEADY W/LOVED ONES</p> <p>FR 8/15**(\$20/\$22) THE FAINT</p> <p>SA 8/16**(\$16/\$18) THE MELVINS W/BIG BUSINESS</p> <p>SA 8/23**(\$16/\$18) ARROGANCE</p> <p>MO 9/29**(\$17) STEREOLAB</p> <p>FR 10/17 CHATHAM COUNTY LINE**</p> <p>TU 11/13**(\$16/\$18) BADFISH W/SCOTTY DON'T</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ALSO PRESENTING</p> <p>KOKA BOOTH AMP.</p> <p>SA 7/26 AVETT BROTHERS</p> <p>FR 8/8 WILCO W/BON IVER</p> <p>TICKETS THRU KOKA, BOX OFFICE + TICKETMASTER, AND CRADLE OUTLETS</p> <p>DISCO RODEO</p> <p>TU 7/29 WOLF PARADE W/WINTERSLEEP</p> <p>SU 10/5 THE BLACK KEYS (ON SALE 6/13)</p>
--	---	--

CATSCRADLE.COM



The 1898 "A"

Top Row: B. Moylan

John O'Neil

Middle Row: Ivans

Front Row: Gus K

John Moylan



"Marion Boy Marions"

John Cook, O'Dell,

Wick Galvin

; Albert Coley; Brogan;

The Blotter

I gotta dig me a hole, Daddy Hubert tells them. Ever time the washer gets run I get me a damn lake in the yard. Daddy Hubert leans over, braces himself on the large white cooler, and stands.

They get a couple beers and follow Daddy Hubert down the steps to the side of the house where the shovel leans against the asbestos siding. Daddy Hubert makes an X in the sand with his big red toe.

X marks the spot, Daddy Hubert says. Now dig me a hole.

Steve clears the trees sees Fly do a backwards flip.

They clap.

When Steve gets up there Fly says This here is Steve, talking like a black person. He my home-boy.

Hey Steve, they say, and light the pipe hand it to Fly. They hold the lighter for Fly and she sucks the flame into the bowl.

Hold it, they say.

Fly hears bells. The bark of a tree leans over Dismal Hole. The bark comes close in her eyes, the tentacle shadows spreading in the wood, cracking it up, as if the tree might be hollow, holding black air inside it in the colors. Fly exhales, sits down in the sand.

Her first time, they say.

Now if she was to got a couple more ass bones, they say. She need to got some titty too, man, shit, fire up that pipe. Are you waiting for the rapture or some shit?

That's right, Daddy Hubert says. Put that shovel in there, you damn son of a bitch. I had a bush over there on that fence but that damn water come out and drowned it. I dont guess I'd fare too well with a bunch of bleach and powders poured over me.

You got to build you a French drain, they say.

That's what I'm doing now, Daddy Hubert says.

This aint no French drain. This here's a hole. You gun come out here one night fall right in it and break your neck. A French drain is when you fill it up with rocks and the water seeps down but you aint got no hole to fall into.

All I got to do, Daddy Hubert says, is back up to the train tracks and fill me up the bed with rocks. I been meaning to have Fly dig that hole going on three months.

Steve puts his thumb in his mouth.

Goddamn, they say.

They laugh. He got a little thang, they say.

I dont care, man, he ought not to do that around here.

Steve puts his other thumb in to go with the other.

Goddamn, they say.

Oh, it aint nothing but a little thang, they say, and help Fly stand up.

Damn, Fly says.

They pick off her 3D glasses, put them on.

Steve pulls his thumbs out of his mouth.

She your girl? they say, smiling.

Daddy Hubert says, You know why black people dont buy aspirin, dont'cha?

Why?

They're goddamn sick and tired of picking that fuckin cotton.

How much you pimper fo? they say.

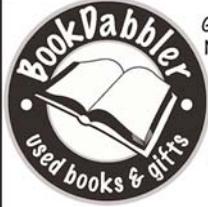
A billion dollars, Steve says.



BOOTLEG
magazine

the area's source
for art, music &
culture journalism,
fiction and random
profiles of life

www.myspace.com/avenuemagazinepresents



Great selection of used books
New books 20% off list price
Greeting cards & gifts
Locally owned

1821 Hillandale Rd,
Loehmann's Plaza, Durham
919-382-8448

M-F 10:00 to 6:30
Sat 10:00 to 4:00

www.bookdabblers.com

**CREATIVE
METALSMITHS**

Kim Maitland

117 E. Franklin St., Chapel Hill
919-967-2037

www.creativemetalsmiths.com

Weekdays 11 - 6 • Saturdays 10 - 5 • Sundays 12 - 5

She could suck a lotta dicks, they say.

Leave Steve alone, Fly says.

They laugh. Aint nothing wrong with small ones, they say.

Steve yanks the paper glasses off their face.

The days of slavery is long over, Daddy Hubert says.

You know howcome black people likes to eat raw liver? They say.

I never was aware anybody liked to eat raw liver.

It's because they're trying to turn that raw liver into a war liver.

They pummel Steve.

That aint true, Daddy Hubert tells them. The black race comes from a long line of cannibal headhunters. They was born into war, but then the white man come along with shotguns and packed'em into the boat, gavem something new to think about.

Stop it! Fly screams, and bites them.

They scream.

Steve bleeds, pulls Fly through the warm sand with him towards Big Dismal Hole. I cant believe you, he hisses.

Skankass ho! They shout.

They broke my glasses, Fly says.

I cant believe how stupid you are, Steve says. Dont you even know what they was fixing to do to you?

They are loading into their car now, getting into their swirly Pontiac (the Poor Old Negro Thought It Was A Cadillac). Now they are driving away.

They could sure try, Fly says smartly. I busted that one in the nose with my elbow. I bit that tall one's finger. That's when they dropped me.

Fly dont even like me, Steve thinks, and grabs her.

Ow, Fly says.

Steve wants to knock down Fly. So much stronger he is than Fly. It wouldn't hurt so bad, just knock Fly into the sand, teach Fly to listen better, the stupid crack ho. If he could do to her what they were fixing to do to her he would do it to her, he thinks, and wouldn't be a thing she could do or say about it. He would bust her all up to hell maybe, if he wanted to, he would, just for being so stupid, and he would make Fly cry.

Steve loves Fly.

They laugh.

Steve lets go Fly's arm.

Fly studies her arm. Later it will look bruised. Fly looks like she's fixing to fly off again, so Steve grabs her shirt, rolls her down into the sand.

Steve! Fly screams.

But Steve has got Fly's elbows pinned into the sand by his awesome knees. Steve pokes Fly's chest with his two index fingers painted pink at the nails, up and down, rapidly, giving Fly the Chinese Anguish. It's not like he's doing anything bad to Fly. Fly screams, but this is laughter she is laughing. This is joy she is having. Steve is giving Fly this joy, and the sunlight shines against her wet teeth, causing them to sparkle, stupid girl. When Steve stops jabbing her, Fly's laughter turns to moans. But take this, you! Fly screams. Fly cries out with these tears of pleasure so loud because she is healthy.



Haircuts • Color • Highlights

ALTERED IMAGE

Hair Designers

1113½ Broad Street
Durham, N.C. 27705 **919-286-3732**

Over twenty years at your service

Redken • Paul Mitchell • Rusk

BEER

THE CAVE

CAVERN TAVERN.COM

452 1/2 WEST FRANKLIN, CHAPEL HILL • 968-9308

Five Minutes With: David Shenk

by J. H. Herring

David Shenk is the author of “The Immortal Game” (Doubleday, 0-385-51010-1), a history of chess and an exploration of its effects on the progress of the human condition. The full title, in keeping with today’s trend toward the lengthy, is “The Immortal Game: A History of Chess, or How 32 Carved Pieces on a Board Illuminated Our Understanding of War, Art, Science, and the Human Brain.” Chess players are not the only ones who will love this book (once they get past the sub-title) — the author himself was only a casual chess player before he started to research this project. Shenk has also written “Data Smog,” about the modern-day problem of information overload, and “The Forgetting,” concerning the imminent epidemic of Alzheimer’s Disease.

He makes many interesting points in “The Immortal Game,” as much about the history of human societies as the history of chess. For instance, he observes that while chess has been used through the centuries to reinforce social structures (such as the feudal Three Estates), it has itself been an agent of change in those relationships.

He states that “Any tool that encourages new ways to think is inherently subversive because it challenges the intellectual status quo.” He is, of course, right, so we thought we’d ask him what he thinks of a really revolutionary tool, which also encourages new ways to think — the internet.

Blotter: How do you see the internet, with its unprecedented “many-to-many” model of publishing, changing the status quo? What long-range effects, positive and negative, do you see it having on people? On societies?

Shenk: I certainly wouldn’t presume to have a full answer to that question, but I think we can now confidently say that the Internet is going to have a large effect on *everything* - business, culture, politics, food, health, education, parenting, friendships, everything. Way too many positive and negative effects to list. Some of the positives: It gives voice to the voiceless. It saves us time. It enables micro-communities to thrive without geographical boundaries. It will be a huge boon to the disabled. Some drawbacks: The waves of information we have to constantly wade through; the increasing distraction in our lives and the vanquishing of quiet moments and unwired places; the end of patience; the total surveillance culture that is approaching very quickly.

B: Do you think that being in the habit of flexible, orderly thinking, as chess players strive to be, will help to abate data smog, at least for individuals? Do you see it as a possible hedge against the onset of Alzheimer’s Disease?

S: That’s unprecedented — three of my books in one question! I don’t necessarily think that serious chess study has a lot of automatic fringe benefits. But I think being casually acquainted with the principles of the game and enjoying its many intellectual and creative lessons can definitely help expand one’s mind in all sorts of interesting ways.

B: Many people are fascinated with the idea of “the chess prodigy” and the sometimes spectacular world of great chess players — Bobby Fischer’s rise to fame, and his later, less noble exploits; the 1993 movie about Josh Waitzkin (“Searching for Bobby Fischer”); Garry Kasparov’s defeat of, and eventual defeat by, Deep Blue; the incredible Polgar sis-

ters, and so on. While not everyone can rise to such stratospheric heights of chess play, you point out research that suggests that most people can become very good at just about anything, if they’re willing to invest a great deal of practice and effort. Do you think the time-honored “Nature vs. Nurture” argument might now be settled, that “talent” is really mostly hard work? That just about anyone can become an expert in just about any field, if he or she works toward a goal for ten to twenty thousand hours?

S: My next book is all about this issue. “Nature vs. nurture” is a false paradigm. It doesn’t exist. It turns out that the two actually cannot be separated. They are constantly intertwined and interdependent. Genes are not tiny blueprint plans dictating our talents and foibles; rather, they are more like switches that get turned on and off by environmental stimuli. Nature and nurture interact constantly, from the moment of conception to a person’s last breath. For an entire century, we’ve been dramatically misled about how genes work, what IQ means, and how people get really good at stuff. Success is developmental — it is a *process* and not a *thing*. I don’t mean to suggest it all comes down to hard work; there are a lot of other elements. And I’m not saying biological differences don’t come into play — they do. But what we’ve been taught — that some of us have specific God-given or gene-given talents and the rest of us are genetically limited in what we can achieve — that’s just not right. There is no musical prodigy gene, or soccer-scoring gene, or math genius gene.



The reservoir of potential in the vast majority of human beings is immense. What we need to do is figure out how to tap into some of the *unactuated* potential.

B: At the end of "The Immortal Game," you describe a kind of revelation you had during your research — that chess can help us understand our fragmented, distracting, fast-paced, short-attention-span world; that it can rescue us from our reflex of *not* thinking, helping us avoid reliance on beliefs by keeping us in the habit of thinking; and that it can be a "thought tool" to help us come to grips with complex, modern problems. Would you elaborate? Should we require school children, in every grade, to study chess? The man in the street? Political candidates? World leaders?

S: I do think chess is one very useful thought tool, and that it can help school-kids learn how to think analytically and strategically. I would discourage obsessive chess study because it can divert the mind away from a rich, full life. But in moderation I think it's marvelous.

B: Do you see chess as a useful tool for helping us deal with data smog? How, specifically?

S: Not really.

B: Do you see connections between "The Immortal Game" and your book "The Forgetting"? Between "The Forgetting" and "Data Smog"?

S: There are connections there, for sure. It's not all one big master career plan — I just write the books I'm interested in writing — but I do think there are a lot of common themes. I'm interested in how the mind works. I'm interested in how technologies/tools/metaphors help us understand who we are and what we can become. I'm interested in how we ensure that intellectual progress doesn't lose sight of basic human ideals.

B: Can you suggest other "thought tools," since not everyone plays chess? Can you suggest things to avoid, like television?

S: Reading is a great tool. Writing. Acting sillier than your five year old is a good one. Playing loud music. Cooking. Asking unanswerable questions.

B: Out of time. Thanks.




The NightSound Show

Weekly internet radio featuring **your music, poetry, essays & short stories**

listen + submit
nightsound.com/radio

Noah's Ark Kennel and Cattery
Boarding & Grooming

1217 East Franklin Street, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514
Telephone: (919) 932-7322

Hours:
Mon & Fri: 8 am - 5 pm
Tues - Thurs: 8 am - 4 pm
Sat: 8 am - 3 pm, Sun: pick-up by appt.

Owner/Manager
Lynn Patterson

YOUR 2008 RESOLUTION:
become a drummer
you know how to drink
and dress like a rockstar,
now learn to play like one!

Rock Solid Drum Lessons



919-619-9829
www.MattVoorisDrumLessons.com

the CORNBREAD of JOY & SORROW

(Ed. note - we offer this tid-bit to you for your summer hunger, from our faithful friend Larry Holderfield.)

Because I'm exhausted and hungry, I decided that tonight would be a great night to make cornbread and share it with you.

First, pull up Willie Nelson on iTunes.

Preheat oven to 425 degrees F.

In a large bowl mix together:

1 cup cornmeal

I used to crave cornbread when I was living in Paris, on the Cour de Rohan. But it's not so easy to come by the ingredients there. After much searching, I found farine de maïs in a bio shop. It was intended as baby food, but the texture was right.

1 cup self-rising flour (or 1 cup all-purpose flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, such as Clabber Girl, and one teaspoon coarse salt)

Ah, Clabber Girl. Introduced in 1899 to replace the use of clabbered (or soured) milk, it's a powdered mixture of corn starch, baking soda, anhydrous sodium aluminum sulfate, and mono-calcium phosphate. That cute young

siren on the label has been enticing me with her plate of biscuits ever since I was old enough to stir the bowl for my grandmother.

Then melt a pat of butter with 1/3 cup vegetable oil in a 9 or 10 inch cast iron skillet (this serves to soften the butter and grease the pan). Let cool. In a smaller bowl or large mug, mix 1 1/2 cups milk (or buttermilk—add a teaspoon of lemon juice to regular milk to make faux buttermilk), stir in 2 eggs, the cooled oil/butter, and possibly a minced clove of garlic.

My wife and I recently adopted two hens, Betty Lou and Ms. Cackles, when a change in zoning laws evicted them from their downtown coop. Now they live in our hen house, a converted eighty-year old concession stand that once belonged to the local minor league team, which played in the cow pasture next door. Now the ladies get regular visits from Buddy, our local Gallus gallus Lothario, and we get fresh eggs almost every day.

Add wet to dry and stir until you have batter. Pour the mixture into the skillet, lightly sprinkle it with fresh ground black pepper or red pepper flakes, and bake in the oven about 25 minutes or until golden brown.

I drove into the Capital City early one morning to enter my cornbread in the State Fair. I visited my old college coffee shop and then stood in line to register while watching the sunrise. I hadn't received any paperwork for my entry, but the ladies working the table quickly put me right, got me tagged and labeled, and sent me off to the communal fridge to await judging.

Serve with butter or beans or collard greens or fried chicken or honey or...

Sadly, I did not win. The notes from the judge implied that my cornbread was slightly underdone, but I think they were put off by the garlic. Even a week later, when I stopped by the Fair to visit my entry, it still smelled good to me.



The Army Box

by K. F. H. Drick

All that I can hear is cadence
 Cadence in my goddamn brain
 Drowning out my ringing ears
 and urging me to go insane.
 Cadence in my goddamn brain
 trumps my rhymes with marking time
 Dress and cover miss my mother
 easy now, don't lose your mind
 Easy now, just listen closely
 stop your thoughts and keep in step
 keep your mind on pavement only
 and just remember left right left
 RIGHT inside the box of structure
 LEFT myself across the line
 how I fucked her, write another
 rhyme to purge the pass of time
 The time, it creeps and kinks in sequence
 like slugs unsalted in the shade
 I crouch and squeeze my chin to knees
 and watch as I am made unmade.

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.

mermaid@blotterra.com

Years ago I visited a friend in Maine and one night I dreamed I was walking in the woods and suddenly there was a tree so HUMUNGOUS that it filled my entire field of vision. I was terrified and fainted, (I never faint). When I got up the next day I was still shocked and afraid to look up! I told my friend and she said "BE the tree." This seemed terrifying but when I tried to put myself in the "position" of the tree I burst into tears and felt that the tree was showering down love. The dream was and is the most vivid of my almost 70 years.

C-M - cyberspace

CONTRIBUTORS

John Oliver Hodges was guitarist for Hated Youth, whose music can be heard at myspace.com. His short stories have appeared in *American Short Fiction* and other journals, and are set to appear in *Other Times*, *Neon*, and *Heavy Glow*. He lives in Oxford, Mississippi.

Our **Dr. Lewis** found this cool stuff in a box he was unpacking in Hawaii, and shared it with us. After his semi-pro baseball career, great-grandfather Galvin became a councilman in Perth Amboy. Lewis, on the other hand, is currently either surfing on the North Shore, or delivering babies, both legitimate past-times.

J. H. Herring likes ribeye with gorgonzola and helps out about the place, but is otherwise shy and doesn't want anything else said about him. "You know," he tells us, "it's not paranoia if they're really out to get you."

Larry Holderfield is an artist, storyteller, cook and gentleman farmer, with the emphasis on gentleman.

K. F. H. Drick is a native of Raleigh, North Carolina. A graduate of UNC Chapel Hill, he studied international politics and philosophy. He currently serves as an officer in the US Army.

the indie Brooklyn, NY

THE INDIE presents a multicultural perspective to current sociocultural issues by providing a community-based monthly newspaper.

THE INDIE
 61 Dunwell Ave.
 Asheville, NC 28806
 (828) 505-0476

<http://indiebonfires.blogspot.com>



The 29th Annual

FESTIVAL

for the

eno



July 4, 5, & 6, 2008

10am – 6pm Each Day West Point on the Eno Durham City Park

Featuring over 100 contemporary and traditional performers on five stages including: the Old Ceremony, Girly Man, Dex Romweber Duo, Chatham County Line, Bombadil, Webb Wilder Band, Claire Holley, Jason Ringenberg, plus many, many more...

Plus a juried crafts show featuring over 90 of the Southeast's most talented potters, jewelers, metalsmiths, woodworkers, painters, sculptors, glass & fiber artists.

And Backyard Chickens, Hands-On Clay, the "Trash-Free" program, Biodiesel/Solar/Clean Energy Demos, Paddling Activities, Games, the West Point Mill, the Sustainable Home & Garden area, and other activities go on and on.

Tickets on Sale Now.

Folks under 13/over 64 are free.

Advanced sales begin June 1,

\$13 - one day pass / \$30 three day

At the Gate, \$15 - one day pass / \$35 three day

For schedules, tickets or volunteer info, please visit: www.EnoRiver.org

She's A Keeper

Not just fish-wrap. The Blotter is the finest stories and poems, art and essays from all over, lovingly crafted by folks whose only goal is entertaining you in spite of yourself. They're not in this for crass money and fleeting fame, but they wouldn't say no to a meal. So sit down while we fry this baby up.

Why aren't you reading

The Blotter?
MAGAZINE

www.blotterrag.com

