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The Blotter

September 2009

MAGAZINE



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

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Brace Boone III.....Marketing
Advisor
T.J. Garrett.....Staff Photographer
Lewis Copulsky.....Publishing
Consultant

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!
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Front cover "Ignatius Reilly and Dr.
'Bird' Cooper, catching up on their
reading on the streets of Narlins."
See page 13 for a double-dog-dare.

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Listing to Port:

It may well be too hot and humid for coherent thought. Let's see. I need to relax and noodle about things I really like. Tell me if some of these are yours, or send me a note with some of your own.

I like my own spaghetti sauce (the secret is fresh greek oregano picked directly from the garden). I like American novels from the 1960's, not necessarily the big-names like Mailer and Updike, but ones that might have been read by workaday folks sitting on a train coming from Long Island or Connecticut into The City. I like Autumn afternoon sunshine dappled through what's left of the leaves, just prior to a first cold snap. I like sipping sugary, gone-cool coffee when I'm in a writing groove. I like swimming slow lazy laps across a pool after a full day sitting in the office on conference calls. I like listening to Benjamin Britten or Aaron Copland on the radio outside in a beach chair, occasionally leaning forward to re-find the station. I like wearing ancient blue-jeans over boxer shorts, and stepping outside in same to check what the weather's doing this morning.

I like the confident yodel in the morning of my rooster that lives in a coop down the hill, and the legato strum of frogs by the pond just before sunset. I like the crackle in the crust in fresh loaf of French bread, and homemade pimiento cheese with a tang of jalapeno pepper. I like coming to bed when my wife is already snoring contentedly. I like washing gardening dirt off my hands with Lava soap. I like the banged up deck of cards you find in a drawer at a beach house, and playing solitaire as if there were nothing else in the world more important to do. I like getting up when I'm just about asleep because my brain chose to release a great idea for a story or poem. I like stirring the chili pot and tasting and adding just a touch of something else. I like sitting in a canvas chair and staring up at clouds wobbling across the sky. I like seeing women in their Sunday hats.

I like a good game of catch with my daughters, and talking about tonight's baseball scores at bedtime. I like walking on a treadmill to the beat of a Charlie Parker riff, head down and daydreaming about being twenty-five again. I like driving on country roads in Maryland. And Virginia. And West Virginia. I like old cartoons on TV, and napping while old cartoons drone along on TV. I like reading poems aloud, but not very often, and I like the deep cold of midwinter, but only if I can stay under the covers. I like how my old cat sits quietly in my lap, as if I were his entitlement, his property.

I like the hypnotic hush of the ceiling fan in my bedroom, and the second movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony for aural sex. I like wearing low-top Chuck Taylor All-Stars without socks. I like my eggs over-easy, and three or four strips of crispy bacon, a couple of slices of wheat toast and butter and quince jelly, if you have any. I like sitting on a park bench, watching squirrels patiently unlock the secrets of pine-cones. I like the three Kevin Costner baseball movies, and the rumble of surf one block back from the beach at Edisto. I like perusing the dictionary and looking

at coffee table books about Impressionist artists. I like washing pots in the kitchen sink, and vacuuming in the morning after the girls have gone to school. I like waking everyone up to come see the first snow of the season.

I like a glass of Stout and the funny noise that the Guinness can makes when you open it, and the cleverness of that thing in the can that makes the funny noise. I like fishing even when nothing is biting, and dressing up to go to a concert. I like sitting down in a comfortable chair in a bookstore with a handful of potential purchases. I like watching people jump off a diving board into the pool. I like napping on the train after a day at work, knowing that the conductor will wake me up at my stop. I like making beef and barley soup on a January Saturday afternoon. I like when hummingbirds find the feeder I've put out for them. I like playing Night Baseball with my poker buddies, and standing around the grill arguing about politics. I like when my wife wears sleeveless summer dresses. I like the scent of her perfume, the name of which constantly escapes me. I like old British comedy television shows.

I like root beer barrels, and carrot sticks and peanut butter on a spoon. I like that long-distance isn't so expensive as it was when I was little. I like not text-messaging, and not facebooking, and not tweeting. I like hunkering down in a coffee shop with a good read. I like playing chess with my daughters, and knowing that someday they are going to beat me every time. I like trying to outsmart the deer in my garden. I like that they always outsmart me, every time. I like the taste of lime jello. I like when I dream about catching a big fish, and my uncle is there in the dream, grinning and patting me on the shoulder. I like the Friday after Thanksgiving, and the Thursday before Easter – ask me why sometime. I like looking at photographs. I like talking about etymology. I like writing and reading and thinking about writing and reading.

That's a good start, I think. Plenty to choose from. Now where's that canvas chair?

Garry - chief@blotterrag.com



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The Blotter Magazine, Inc.

(again, a 501(c)3 non-profit) is an education concern. Our primary interest is the furthering of creative writing and fine arts, with the magazine being a means to that end. We publish in the first half of each month and enjoy a free circulation throughout the Southeast and some other places, too. Submissions are always welcome, as are ad inquiries.

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CAUTION

*Someone old, someday
new, something borrowed
and somewhat blue - for
which we, as ever,
apologize.*

"Tampa Treasures"

by the Students of H.W. Blake High School

THE TAMPA THEATRE

By Whitney Burke

On the Monday after our Spring Break, my classmates and I went to the Tampa Theatre. This landmark has been open since 1926. Surprisingly none of the location's artwork in the theatre has been replaced over the years. Back in the day, it only cost twenty-five cents to get inside of this grand venue. Many people visited the Tampa Theatre for special events; however, one factor that makes photographers frustrated about the theatre is that the lighting is very low. Because of this, their pictures will come out dark, however if the photographers use the flash some of the texture will not be shown.

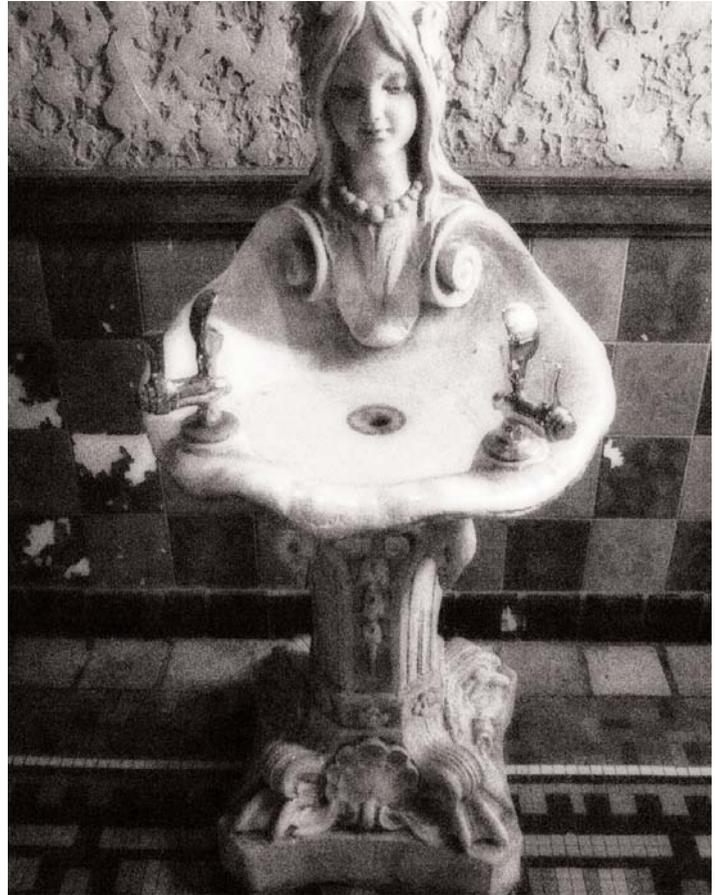
As we were walking around photographing the art work, my throat became a little dry. I asked Mrs. Ballard if she knew of any water fountains. Just as I finished my question, out of the corner of my eye I saw the most amazing figure! It was a water fountain, but not an ordinary water fountain; it was an awe-inspiring statue of a lady. I was so stunned by the beauty that I forgot about my thirst! That is when I decided to take a picture of this ornate water fountain. There are about six fountains within the

theatre, but this one was the most special to me. Some of the aspects of this fountain that I liked were the sweet female face, the incredible sculptured base and the two little polished chrome drinking bubbler

heads.

This water fountain was so amazing; it was indeed a site that I believe that will never forget.

I thoroughly enjoyed being at the Tampa Theatre!



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AUDREY FLACK SCULPTURE/COURTHOUSE

By Angelique Ordonez

Once in a while I stop by the courthouse on Twiggs because my mother works in the eight-story building to the left of it. Before I go to see my mother at her job, I go to the courthouse's cafeteria, there I

always take a glance at the Audrey Flack sculpture, but I didn't really notice its beauty until I photographed it.

Thinking about the workshop that I was in prior to the field trip, I recalled the term "point of view". I kneeled down and photographed the statue looking up. The sculpture seemed larger than life and the building behind it

appeared round. I also liked that I could see the sky. I really wanted to capture that because she seems like she's opening her arms offering what's beyond.

Through my research I have found that Audrey Flack is a pioneer of photorealism. She is also nationally recognized for painting and sculpting and has worked in major museums around the world. Ms. Flack holds a graduate degree and an honorary doctorate from Cooper Union in New York City and a Bachelor of Arts degree from Yale University.

The sculpture is designed to create a strong public entrance to the courthouse; the artwork allows reflection upon the idea that "truth is embraced in all of us." Audrey Flack's sculpture at the entrance to Edgecombe Courthouse reflects the dignity and beauty of archaic Greek sculptures, while also seeking to invent the new ideal 21st century woman.



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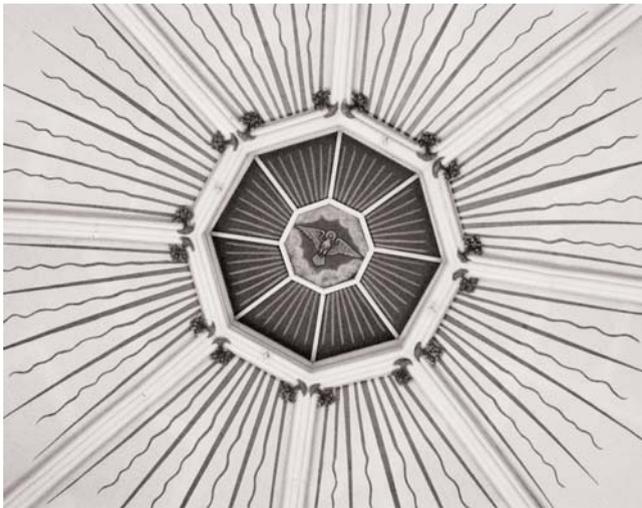
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SACRED HEART CHURCH

By Caitlin Visnovec

Prior to arriving, I imagined what Sacred Heart Church would look like inside. Would it have colorful stained-glass windows with an altar right in the center? Would it be filled with beautiful paintings, sculptures and pews?

When I arrived, huge oak doors greeted me. I was filled with anticipation of what I was about to witness. I stepped in and realized it looked almost exactly as I had pictured it, only more impressive because I was actually there. I was stunned at how breathtaking it was.

A woman spoke to us about the history of the church. There was no music playing, and everyone was

sort of in a trance. Amazed and interested, they hung on every last word that came out of her mouth. She spoke of how the church, located on 3515 N Florida Ave., was founded in 1860, with the first cornerstone laid on February 4, 1900, by Reverend John Moore, a Bishop of St. Augustine.

The pipe organ in the back was installed in 1957, and there was no heat or air until 1959. I looked around as I listened to her and realized all of the important events, such as marriages and baptisms, which had taken place there. On this day it was fairly empty, except for a few workers doing a bit of moving and renovations; that didn't take away the affect it had on me at all.

The one thing that really caught my eye- my favorite feature- was the exquisite cathedral ceiling which reminded me of the ceiling of a house I used to live in; however the one in the church was much more marvelous. I photographed one incredible aspect of the domed ceiling which had wavy and straight lines in a radial design emanating from a dove in the center.

Visiting the church was an incredible and wonderful experience. It was nothing like I had ever seen before ; I'll never forget it.

SACRED HEART CHURCH

By Veronica Kellum

"For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life."
John 3:16

On April 13, 2009, I had an opportunity to visit the Sacred Heart Church in downtown Tampa. I learned that the Sacred Heart Church has been in existence for over 100 years. It is a Polish Roman Catholic parish church that has enriched the quality of life in Tampa. A lot of things in this church are in memory of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

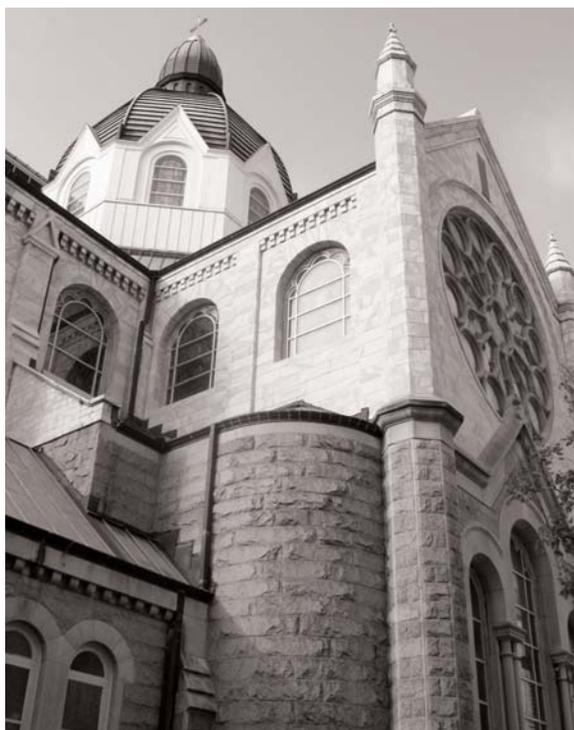
During my visit, I observed the beautiful architectural design on the outside of the church. As I approached the building, I thought about how lovely my pictures would be because the church had such an attractive structure.

While standing outside the church I felt a heavy breeze across my face and my bangs got in the way of my vision. As I looked up, I saw the cross that towered above. Circling the granite and white marbled steps, I noticed the beautiful layered design of the architecture. Looking at this gorgeous structure reminded me of such buildings as the Twin Towers because one has to really look up to notice the beauty and magnificence of such a site! I thought I was dreaming while walking into the church and noticing the stained glass windows that were glowing with sparkling color. Each window had detailed pictures describing Jesus going through pain for his people.

If you ever find yourself near the Sacred Heart Church, take

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looked at the church, I realized that there must be something different about the architecture. After strolling around the church, I sat down to listen to historian who was describing the history. Surprisingly, it was very interesting and enjoyable! With the light shining through the windows, I could tell that this church was special.

As I continued to walk around the church and take pictures, I stopped and looked to my left and I realized that there were some images of the Bible stories that I had grown to love portrayed in the lovely windows. I

found out that the windows on the left illustrated Bible stories while the windows on the right were traditional stained glass windows. The specific window that drew my attention was the one that depicted Jesus praying in the garden of Gethsemane. This story in the Bible has always been my favorite, because even though he was being sent into certain death, he still took the time to pray.

My visit to Sacred

Heart Church was awe-inspiring and it changed my perspective on life. If you ever go near Sacred Heart Church, whether you are on your way to work or you are going there for your morning service, I advise you to slow down and notice the tiny details of this grand and majestic landmark.



a moment to notice the church's true majesty!

SACRED HEART CHURCH

By Nikki LaMay

It was on a cloudy and serene Monday morning that our Urban Teaching Academy class visited Sacred Heart Church. On our trip we visited the heart of downtown Tampa, where Sacred Heart Church is located; completed and dedicated on January 15, 1905. The beautiful Romanesque style drew me closer to the intricate details of the classic church. The stained glass windows caught my attention immediately! These windows were specifically designed for Sacred Heart Church and were manufactured by the Mayer Company in Munich, Germany. They were drawn in a renaissance style of single-point perspective, and are rendered in rich colors that enhance the picture in each and every window.

I carefully ventured into the sanctuary, feeling a spiritual presence overwhelm me. When I



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The Blotter

LA SEGUNDA BAKERY

By Marq Patton

Have you ever smelled the inside of a bakery? Have you ever met the people working behind the counter? Have you ever wanted to know what lies beyond the swinging door?

“... One loaf of fresh bread please!”

On a warm April afternoon, I was given the chance to open the swinging door of that bakery and find out what was cooking that



smelled so fresh. As soon as I opened the door I got an overwhelming whiff of the steamy aroma. Suddenly my body felt like I was passing a McDonald's with an empty stomach!

The floury kitchen of La Segunda Bakery exemplifies the organized teamwork that it takes to get a job done. I would compare it to any busy restaurant where the workers have to cooperate to please their customers.

Here in Tampa, La Segunda Bakery was opened in 1915. The Cuban bread's recipe originated in www.blotterrag.com

Cuba and was brought over by the current owner Tony's grandfather. He came to the United States when Cuba was at war.

Tony's grandson mentioned that the last step in process before the dough turns into delicious Cuban bread is to place the palmetto leaves on top. Tony's method of baking this scrumptious bread has been in the “Cuban way” which keeps the tradition of La Segunda Bakery alive.

LA SEGUNDA BAKERY

By Joshua Brown

“ U M M M — UMM” is what you will say once you stroll into the La Segunda Bakery. Upon entering the store front of the bakery, I saw a variety of delicious pastries: some were jelly filled doughnuts and cinnamon rolls. Mr. More,

the third-generation baker, took me to the back of the bakery, where the essence of the fresh dough carried through the air. Mr. More mentioned that his grandfather started the business in 1915 and the bakery still uses the same simple ingredients: water, flour, yeast, and salt.

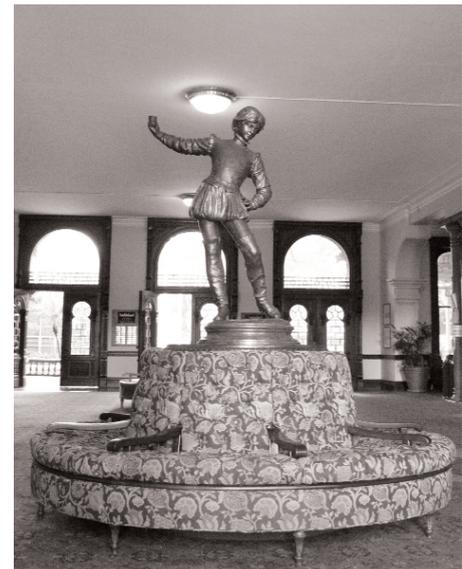
As I walked through the back of the bakery I saw about 16 people working. They were all assigned to wear white hats. Every time the workers were done with one rack of dough they screamed out something that only they could understand!

I learned from Mr. More



that they use three big fans to cool the bread. He said if they did not use the fans, the bread would not rise, and in turn the bread would come out flat. The bakery makes about 8,000 to 9,000 loaves of Cuban bread a day. The mixer they use holds between 800 to 1,000 gallons of dough. To make the bread have a distinctive crack on the top, they put a couple of palmetto leaves on it. The leaves come from the wash tank out back where they store them; these leaves are purchased from a special picker that goes into the woods to secretly retrieve them.

My picture shows the simple way that the bread is still made — all by hand, the same ingredients in a non-air conditioned space. After experiencing the warmth of the bakery, it is no wonder why the



fans are so large! I'd like to know how many workers plan their detoured routes through the bakery just to cool off! I would!

THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL

By Mekka Mason

The Tampa Bay Hotel was built in 1891 and is a quarter of a mile long. That fascinates me because the building has been standing strong for over 100 years. Henry B. Plant built the hotel because he wanted to attract tourists. The hotel consists of a ballroom for dancing, music rooms for concerts, and large dining rooms to enjoy meals. In the 1800's the hotel would have balls, tea parties, and organized hunts during the winter social season. The three million dollar hotel was furnished for about \$500,000.

Mr. Plant and his wife would make special trips across the world just to furnish the place. Sadly, Henry B. Plant died in 1899 and the hotel had a series of managers in the years that followed. The building was vacant for about two years until the city of Tampa purchased it when The University of Tampa outgrew its facilities. Part of this grand place is the Henry B. Plant Museum, which is filled with furniture, porcelain, mirrors, and sculpture.

The moment I entered The Tampa Bay Hotel, I saw a bronze looking statue. It caught my eye because it looked like a little girl posing for a photo shoot. The cute young lady appeared as though she was offering me a drink. I loved her attire: a balloon dress that bunches above her knees, with high boots that appear to be leggings. Many girls today wear similar clothing to their school prom; the style reminds me of the '80's.

Right then I knew I had to have a picture of her!

MINARETS

By DeShun Carrington

"Do not pass go. Do not collect 200 dollars!" This is what I thought when Miss Gianna Russo said that Mr. Henry B. Plant was the ultimate "monopoly player". When I asked her about what she meant, her answer was that it was just a metaphor; Mr. Plant, the founder of the former Tampa Hotel (now known as the University of Tampa's Plant Hall), was the ultimate "go getter."

For example, Mr. Plant had ownership of many railroads which were the way that most people traveled back in the nineteenth century. These railroad tracks came to the front of the Tampa Hotel and the guests just got off the train and a luggage carrier came and took their bags to their rooms.

Even though this was a bi-winter resort with many formal balls and tea parties, the hotel saw tough times after Mr. Plant died in 1899. The City of Tampa purchased the hotel and attempted to run it after the many managers had tried and failed. The City of Tampa refurbished it in the mid 1920's, but due to the Great Depression, they had to

sell the décor and close its doors forever... or so they thought!

Then the great University of Tampa came to the rescue; in 1933 when the city entered the property lease with the university and set aside a part of the Plant Hotel so that visitors could appreciate the roots of building. Presently on the ground floor of the Plant Hall in the south wing is the Henry B. Plant Museum, which showcases the artifacts and antiques that were saved.

One factor that makes this place so unique is its Moorish minarets. The minarets have been described as Turkish or Middle Eastern, made of stainless steel, which are highly polished. Since the sun was just over the horizon, the rays reflecting off the shining minarets were so pulchritudinous. The contrast of the minarets against the landscape made my picture was striking.

In conclusion, these minarets are the heart and soul of the University of Tampa. If the "go getter" Henry B. Plant was still alive, he would be impressed not only by how well it flourished after the Depression, but by the way that this hotel is still part of our city's history as a glorious landmark.

✍





COLUMBIA RESTAURANT

By Edward Jackson III

On a beautiful spring morning, my class decided to tour many historical landmarks located in the heart of Ybor City. One of the better places we visited was the oldest Spanish restaurant in the United States. It has 1,700 seats and 15 dining rooms - making it one of the largest restaurants in the country. The Columbia Restaurant was founded in 1905 and is now under

the control of the fourth- and fifth-generation family members with over 100 years in business. Classified as one of the best restaurants in the United States, the Columbia's food consists of classic and modern Cuban cuisine which is still enjoyed by the local residents, visiting tourists, and prominent dignitaries.

On my visit, I sampled roast pork loin "A la Cubana" which was cooked to perfection and served with a delicious marinade. The main dish was presented with a side of black beans and yellow rice along with sweet plantanos. While I was eating my scrumptious meal, I noticed the unusual chair on which I sat. It was a tall, charcoal-colored chair with large crafted stones within the iron bars. It presented unusual symmetry which starkly contrasted against the ghost-white table cloth. I had to snap this photograph; it portrays my great experience at the Columbia Restaurant which included outstanding food and beautiful interior design.

COLUMBIA RESTAURANT

By Lester Morales

The Columbia Restaurant is the oldest and most honored Spanish restaurant in the United States and one of the largest Spanish restaurants in the world. With a capacity of 1,700 people, taking up 52,000 square feet in Ybor City, the historical and stylish restaurant still stands on East 7th Avenue and has been a Florida tradition since 1905. This amazing restaurant is in the fourth- and fifth- generation of ownership; its uniquely tiled murals attract anyone who passes by.

As I entered the beautiful double doorway, the Cuban flavors of delicious rice, beans and pork enticed me. The server looked so professional; I could smell the food whiffing by my nose as the he approached me.

The food was great! After I finished my meal, I had to take a





tour around this big restaurant to see what else was in it. As I walked around, I wondered: How did it used to look? How many people have they served during so many years of business? There were bars, wine galleries, 15 dining rooms with different types of antique styles and many other public and private rooms for guests that wish to sojourn for a party or a meal at the strapping restaurant.

The decorations caught my attention when I looked up at the second story. From the second level, I saw that the architecture was the best style a restaurant could have.

I had never seen a fountain inside of a restaurant! Thus I captured the image.

THE CUBAN CLUB

By Sylvia Braddy

In 1917, the Cuban Club opened the doors of its neoclassic clubhouse. On that day, a group of distinguished Cubans led by Rafael and Salvador Martinez Ybor, sons of Ybor City founder Vicente Martinez Ybor, formed El Club

Nacional Cubano. The Cuban immigrants of Ybor City and west Tampa had been organized into more than forty patriotic clubs to raise funds and coordinate support for liberating expeditions to Cuba. In 1902, the leaders of the Cuban Nacional Club decided to reform the club's charter and changed its name to El Círculo Cubano. In 1914, the club allowed the wives and children of members to join.

The tile, located on the floor of Tampa's Cuban Club caught my attention. As you look beyond the spiral rails, do you see the tiles? If you look closely, the tiles look like an optical illusion. Does it look like tiles, or a mountain of rolling dice? Actually the tiles in the club are very old; it's called Neo-Classical design.

When you were little, do you remember having blocks that you stacked up and then knocked down? I did. With that said, this image is what I remembered when I saw the fabulous tile floor of the Cuban Club in Ybor City. If I was a child back in the Cuban Club's history, I would have jumped on the tile as if I was playing hop scotch! In taking the picture, I studied the tile, capturing the whimsical disappearing act into the light.



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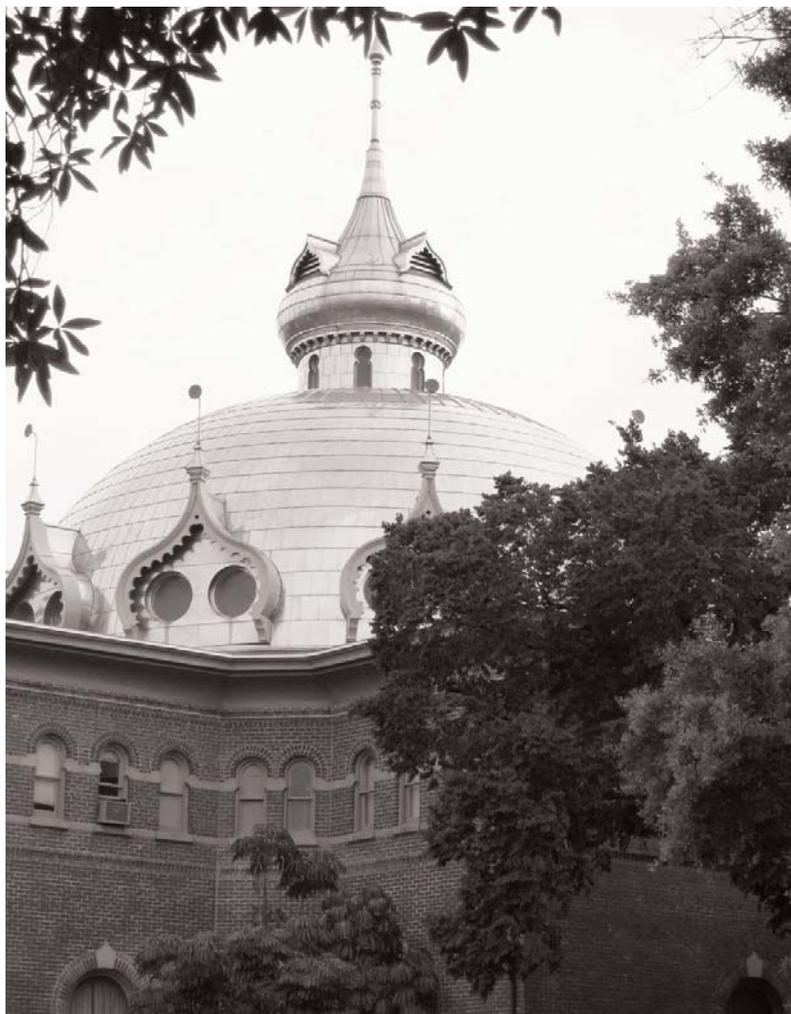
UNIVERSITY OF TAMPA

By Adalberto Robles

The first stop on our fieldtrip was the University of Tampa. I usually saw it at a distance when I rode home from school, but seeing it up close was breath-taking. The one site that caught my eye was the Dome. It looked immense and dominant over everything it surrounded. I wondered what the Dome had seen over the years; perhaps many rich and famous people have walked under this structure..

In listening and participating in the tours, I found out that this building was the first of its kind. It has four and a half floors and is a quarter-mile long. During the fieldtrip, I learned that the building has a Middle Eastern style. It was fascinating to discover that Henry B. Plant spent \$2,500,000 just to build the hotel, and the furniture cost \$500,000 back in the 1890's. When Mr. Plant died, the three million dollar hotel was given to the City of Tampa. When business started to slow down, the owners gathered all the furniture together and sold what they could; the items that they could not sell were secured in the building. Soon after, the small college known as the University of Tampa rented the building. Eventually the building sold to UT for only \$124,000.

The University of Tampa is beautiful, more than what it seems



to be: students just walk around the university as if it were an ordinary school. From this experience, I have learned that the University of Tampa and its imposing Dome is indeed a stunning place, and I hope

I can go there when I graduate from high school!

UNIVERSITY OF TAMPA

By Victoria Burlarley

Surprisingly, this lovely air conditioned building is not the same as when it was first opened by Henry B. Plant in 1891. The original building was a grand hotel which opened only in the winter, because without air conditioning, it was unbearably hot during the Florida summers. Mr. Plant was responsible for bringing tourism to the Tampa area when he built, what

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is now, The University of Tampa.

He was also responsible for the development of many modes of transportation in the Tampa Bay area; including the building of train tracks and bringing steamships to our ports. He connected his railroad to New York and built a shipping port near Mac Dill Air Force Base. He even had his own line of boats that gave tours throughout the Caribbean. When he was ready to visit the hotel, his personal train car brought him right up to the main doors to check in.

Sadly during the Great Depression, and after Mr. Plant died, the city of Tampa auctioned off most of the ornate furniture and art work that he and his wife had purchased, while traveling abroad to furnish the hotel's 511 rooms. What was not sold at the auction was locked up in the building and abandoned for 2 years.

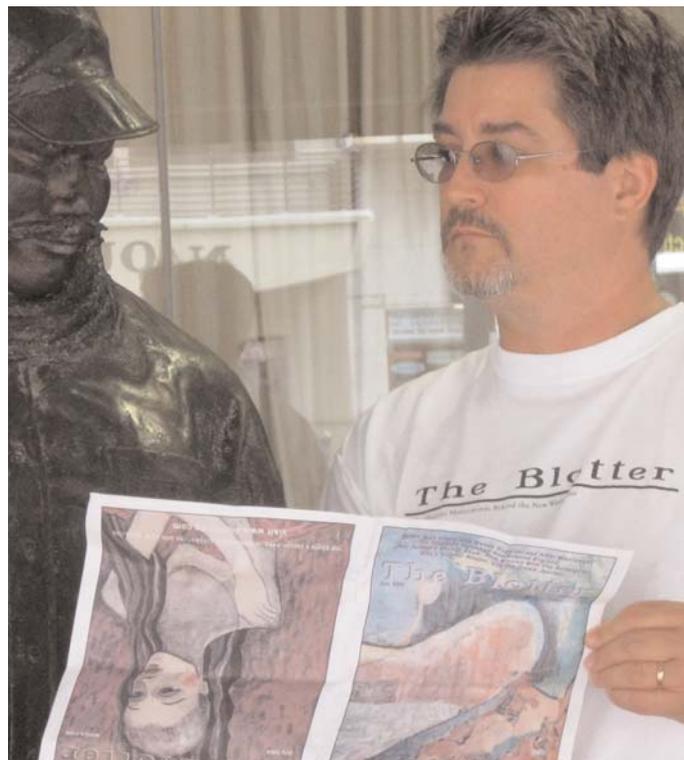
The hotel was soon to be revived when The University of Tampa was established by Frederic Spaulding in 1931, first known as Tampa Junior College. In 1933 Mr. Spaulding decided to expand the scope of the junior college and move its location to the then defunct Tampa Bay Hotel. In 1941 the city of Tampa signed a ninety-nine year lease, for a dollar a year, with the university. The lease excluded the southeast wing of the hotel to allow for the housing of the Henry B. Plant Museum which now allows visitors to get a glimpse into the hotel's historic past.

UNION STATION

By Alannah Willis

Located at 601 Nebraska Avenue, the beautiful brick building that houses Union Station was built in 1912. It closed once in 1982 due to needed renovations; it reopened in May of 1998.

Got a happy-snap of you and The Blotter in a cool place? Fire that bad boy off to readers@blotterrag.com. We'll share with others, somehow, in the magical social network functions that not-so-insidiously pervade our society, and you'll become famous,



maybe.

This train station was donated to the city of Tampa by the CSX Rail Company, which later took back the titles after forgiving the mortgage. The station was named for the many different rail lines that converged there and allowed passengers to transfer trains therefore creating a "union" of rail lines.

The inside of Union Station is huge - with a soaring ceiling and a row of balconies halfway up the walls. Wooden benches are scattered across the marble-tiled floor to allow passengers to wait in comfort. Two wide ticket counters dominate one end of the room, while a glass case on the other side holds historical artifacts dating back to the station's birth. The last wall is lined with glass doors offering a view of the steam-filled train yard.

As I passed through these

doors, two security officers directed me to the unused part of the yard - a lonely stretch of tracks that holds a small collection of broken-down train cars. Resting on a bed of rough gravel, one long silver train car captured my eye. It hulked over the rest of the yard immediately drawing my attention. I circled it with my camera - going around and even under the car - looking for something distinctive to photograph.

As I reached the back of the car, I noticed the thick steel door barred by formidable locks. It looked so forbidding - not at all as if thousands of people had passed through it to ride the train to destinations where they might find a vacation, a romance, or a better life. In fact, the whole car seemed dead.

As I snapped the photograph, I wondered: Have any travelers passed through this door? Or,



was it used only by workmen carrying crates or traveling trunks? Whoever had used this door in this train car left behind only the ghosts of memories embedded in the sleeping steel.

Union Station is entwined into Tampa's history.

TAMPA THEATRE

By Victory Fipps

Sword fights, children, and operas: all of these words come to my mind when I think of the Tampa Theatre. One can enjoy this unique building from the outside, but on the inside you will receive much more than just your ticket purchase. Your imagination will run wild just trying to put words and pictures to describe the theatre! Because the buildings around it

have grown and the theatre itself hasn't changed, you may feel as if the little theatre has been bullied by the bigger buildings that surround it.

The theatre was built in 1926, by John Everson as one of America's most elaborate "movies palaces." The Tampa Theatre today is a fiercely protected and generously supported landmark. Inside the theatre audiences are transported to a lavish, romantic Mediterranean courtyard replete with old world statuary, flowers, and gargoyles. The overall ceiling display is the nighttime sky with twinkling stars and floating clouds.

The most unique aspect of the theatre is the Tampa sign, complete with thousands of lights and an old 1900's look. I think this sign could light up the whole street and people coming from miles away could find the theatre in the night. It really made me think of the TV

broadcastings of *Show Time at the Apollo*, with its sign that lights up the television screen, which is then followed by the charismatic presentation of Kiki and the show's emcee. As I passed through the ticket booth I vividly thought of how many famous names have debuted on the marquee outside of the building. Looking only from the outside you can begin to imagine the wonderful world that lies beyond the ticket booth. Even though I have had multiple visits to the theatre; I will never underestimate the creativeness of the design!



CONTRIBUTORS

Our friend Lori Ballard wrote to us, "I just went on a field trip with a group of freshman high schoolers on a project called "**Tampa Treasures**". We took 16 kids who are in an Urban Teaching program, taught them photo basics, gave them digital cameras to use and then



took them around to various historic sites in Tampa. We are putting an exhibition together where we will display not only one photo from each kid, but we will also include a page from their journal where they had to write about the sites. I thought the writing and photo combination would be perfect for The Blotter." *Yeah, you read it right. Freshmen!*

Phil Juliano is a good sport, considering everything. You know what I mean? *I know!*

Call for Entries!

The Blotter Long Form Fiction Contest for Novella and Novel length works

Just in case you were waiting for fine print...

Or

What you need to know to decide if our contest is right for you:

1. The purpose of our contest is to provide a venue for writers to have their work read and commented on by our editors and judges. Additionally, the winner of this contest will have his/her work published here on these pages. And last but not least, the winner will receive the monetary prize of \$500.00. (FYI, the entry fee for the contest helps boost our ability to give a prize of this size and any excess funds we collect will help this lil' rag to keep on truckin'. Nobody's getting rich off these fees, rest assured!)
2. Our pre-reader judges are intelligent and highly proud of their educations. Our final judge is smart, well-read and mean as a snake. But we told her that she could be the final judge and what can you do?
3. Transparency is very important to us, and we make every effort to eliminate any conflict of interest situation from going down in our contest. In that light, Blotter volunteers and their family members and/or employees are prohibited from entering our contest.

So, with out further ado...

To enter the contest, please submit your work with a \$25 entry fee by check or money order to: The Blotter Magazine, 1010 Hale Street, Durham, NC 27705.

Your entry must contain the following: no less than 10 pages, no more than 20 pages of the opening of your novel or novella, typed & double-spaced, without your name. On a separate cover page type your name, the title of your novel or novella and a one page synopsis of your novel or novella. Remember, you have to have the entire book written, so that if and when you win, you can show us the rest!

But WAIT! There's MORE!

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

Once again, first prize is \$500, plus a "library" of books selected by The Blotter (many signed by the authors). Second prize is \$125, again with a "library" of recent releases. Third prize will be just the "library." All placements, including honorable mentions, will receive an award certificate, proof positive of your success as an author, suitable for mocking your sophomore English teacher, who always wondered how you graduated at all.

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

Whew. God, I'm exhausted.

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

I ran away, with the family van as my escape vehicle. Sun going down, I found a campground, pulled in next to a VW "microbus", already set up for the night. I was too close, so I tried to maneuver myself away from their door, but knocked some of their gear over. I got out to apologize. "Knocked over" suddenly meant that I'd knocked someone's stuff over a dirt cliff. Two girls and a guy staring at me. I told them that I'd fetch everything back up - then I saw the USC Gamecocks sticker on their window and said, "At least I'm not from Clemson," and suddenly everything was OK. One of the girls had to help me back up the cliffside with my recoveries. On top, it was like a caravanserai, with tents and lots of people talking and relaxing. The person sitting next to me wanted to know where I was going and why. I couldn't explain that I was running away and I didn't know where to. I felt like it would have been nice to be happy, but I couldn't be. I had the feeling that I was in the middle of an event - a tent-event - but that I wasn't at the main-tent-event. I realized that somewhere in this caravan, T.E. Lawrence was meeting with Anthony Quinn and explaining to him that he didn't have to fight the Turks and influence the outcome of World War One, but would do it because it pleased him. I, on the other hand, was not discussing how I ran away from everything stressful in my life in a slightly scratched family van. I thought to myself how vague and dismal this was - a metaphor for being in a backwater life.

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Presented by: St. Joseph's Historic Foundation, Inc.
Proceeds to support the operation and programs of the Hayti Heritage Center.



ERIC BIBB

Friday

SEPT. 11 / 7PM

(doors open at 6pm)
St. Joseph's Performance Hall at Hayti Heritage Center, 804 Old Fayetteville Street, Durham, NC.

PERFORMERS

(7PM) JON SHAIN TRIO
(8:15PM) JASMÉ KELLY
(9:30PM) ERIC BIBB



JASMÉ KELLY

Saturday

**SEPT. 12 /
1PM- MIDNIGHT**

(gates open 12 noon)
Historic Durham Athletic Park / 428 Morris St., Durham, NC.

PERFORMERS

(1PM) VALENTINO PIEDMONT SHEIKS
(2PM) ROY ROBERTS
(3PM) DELTA MOON
(4:15PM) HOME-MADE JAMZ BLUES BAND
(5:30PM) THE LEE BOYS
(6:45PM) COOL JOHN FERGUSON
(8PM) ZAC HARMON
(9:15PM) TROMBONE SHORTY & ORLEANS AVENUE
(10:30PM) ELVIN BISHOP



ELVIN BISHOP



TROMBONE SHORTY

Final Tid-Bits: Welcome to *To The Bone*, a tasty little literary treat coming out of Chapel Hill. Always good to see something new in print. Check it out on their website www.tothebone.net and pick up a copy. Also, there should be copies of *talking sidewalks* around town as well, and online at www.talkingsidewalks.com. And, the folks at *Staccato* - edited by our friend Matt Boyd - have found their way back into publication! As we promised, we're going to give them back their name, and be advocates for their success and so on. They'll be looking for your microfiction submissions, all you scions of brevity. Check them out August 10th at www.staccatofiction.com. So plenty of things to read - I don't want to hear any of you saying, "I'm bored." Got it? Good!