

*Look, Ma! Charles Evans, Laine Cunningham,
Martin K. Smith, Joe Buonfiglio,
Phil Juliano, and The Dream Journal*

The Blotter

August 2015

MAGAZINE



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"Object Lessons"

In that way that we tend to have for changing things for no reason other than to say we have, they call them "Teachable Moments." I suppose that it sounds more proactive, interactive, progressive, and less....unintentional. When I was young, I thought of the "object" in object lessons as actually meaning "objective" as in there was a real point (an objective) and it was achieved without bias (objectively).

Object lessons were moments in life that supposedly infused an individual with some experience they didn't have before, occasionally using hard knocks. Loss. The agony of defeat. When I was a child, they sometimes happened by accident, or at least without malice of forethought. Taking a turn standing on the pedals of my bicycle, over a bump, and suddenly I'm flying. But people cannot fly. Boom. Object lesson? You tell me: sit on the bicycle seat, take turns a bit more carefully, somebody needs to invent helmets for bike riders, don't spend money on orthodonture until a child has passed a certain age/temperament. (My god, how did my parents survive this? They must have decided that of my sisters and I, if two of us made it out of childhood alive it was acceptable odds.)

Teachable moments, perhaps on the other hand, are those tidbits of useful time where a parent shouldn't be looking at Twitter, or watching TV, or power-napping, but rather having a chat with their children. They shouldn't be arguing moments, or exercising or running errands or unwinding or checking the news-moments. This may seem intuitive, but I have discovered in the fullness of time that almost nothing is such. Often, teachable moments come at a time when something is happening, something observable by both parent and child. An event that can be contextualized.

Assume that I made mistakes when I first took charge of the home-front. It's an easy assumption, I knew almost nothing. I just latched on to little hands when crossing the street, made personally sure safety belts were buckled before starting the car and tasted all the food to see if it was too hot. Easier that way, than to let them be run over, thrown from the car or burn their tongues. But as my girls get older, my ability and temperament for telling them - ahem, teaching them - what is going on in the world and how they should handle it, what they should learn from it, is steadily countered by their own capacity for rejection of all things parental. In other words, they are growing up and developing a skill for making (I hope I hopeIhopeIhope) rational decisions about things. Evidence so far shows that their choices are mostly good choices. Of course, it's still early - call it the quarter-house turn of the long race to adulthood (at which point, I am

told with reasonable assurance, I will have very little influence at all.)

And I am not alone - my wife and I have friends wading through this same, fairly deep, patch. I would call it a fun-house ride or a roller coaster, but I don't want you to take away from this that there is anything remotely silly about it, exciting for excitement's sake. Yes, we love our children. Yes, we want them to grow up balanced and self-reliant. Yes, we want them to be safe and healthy. No, we don't know how to ensure all of these factors in the set called Growing Up in the modern Venn Diagram of life. And, damn it, it doesn't seem funny at all.

Note to self: It is, actually. Funny I mean. In that way that watching a toddler clobber their father in the nuts with a wiffle-ball bat is funny. We laugh, and bite our lip at the same time, because no matter how poor our memory is, we all remember what it's like to be clocked in the slats, and we all look forward to laughing when it's not our turn to be the target. My own mom and dad went through this. I was going to use the word "suffer" but I honestly don't know that they were all that worried about my outcome. Like I said, I have two pretty, smart (well, pretty smart) sisters and maybe my folks were just hoping for the law of averages to be obeyed (you know, in that same way that the speed-limit is obeyed on the interstate.) So when I decided to go down a hill on a sled, or in a wagon, or on a skateboard, or in the back of a station wagon, they survived. After all, they'd told me more than once what the outcome of such shenanigans (and a host of other less transportation-related events) might be.

The truth (as I see it) is, it takes all of the patience, stubbornness, long-term-memory (of our own youth) and humor we have to keep from behaving like lunatics - keeping them locked in their rooms, home-schooling, delivering meals on compartmented metal trays, making all decisions for them, permitting no electronic access whatsoever to the outside world. And why not? At least from my perspective, the outside world has gone full-on bull-goose loony.

Hog-wild, like lyrics from some old Stones' song: love and hope and sex and dreams. And driving. And college, and working and boys. To live in this town you've gotta be tough tough tough. And of course there's only me to help steer them. Sometimes my wife helps, but it's hard when you blow your credibility shouting for them to come in out of the rain just because there's a little wind. And lightning. (Well, there's that.) But mostly I think it's my job to wander through the darkness for them, looking for one honest...anything. Staying just a bit ahead of them, hoping that I might point out the pitfalls. The deadfalls. Niagara Falls.

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CAUTION

Oh, still crazy after all these

Paper Cuts: Books You Should Have Read

Off The Record - David Menconi (Writers' Club Press, 2000)

by Martin K. Smith

Not long ago I wrote a novel, *All Tomorrow's Parties*, set mostly in the local music scene here in our part of North Carolina. (It's available at www.wileequixote.com, Hint Hint. Call Now – Operators Standing By!) While working on it, I figured that, with so many creative people hereabouts, there were bound to be other locally-sourced novels orbiting the same topic; and wanted to see what the “competition” was up to. So I asked Ross Grady, who's been

doing a local music show on WXDU for Elvis-only-knows how long, for recommendations. To my surprise, Menconi's book here was the only one he knew of.

David Menconi is the rock critic for the Raleigh *News & Observer*; and “off the record” is of course a journalism term. He may have wanted to refer to “record” as in turntables too, but if so, he did it so subtly that I missed it. Anyway, “off the record” is all the juicy stories reporters might hear backstage or over late-late night beers, but which the storytellers will deny, with lawyers attached if need be, should the reporter actually report them. For example: “on the record” would say that Famous Rockstar Q has been hospitalized for Exhaustion. “Off the record” would be whis- pers that the circumstances of Q's

“exhaustion” involved five Eurasian strippers, a sling, a trained goat, Reddi-Whip and chocolate sprinkles, and a mound of cocaine the size of a deluxe Marshall amp. Journalistic ethics are a theme in Menconi's book: staying “on the record” about Q keeps insider access accessible and paychecks coming, but going off it and pointing out that he has a Serious Problem, might save his life. At what point do you let your human responsibility outrun your professional ambitions and / or your check-book?

Not surprisingly, one of the main characters in *Off The Record* is a rock critic: Ken Morrison of the “Raleigh Daily News” [translation: *News & Observer*.] There's also a club owner: Bob Porter, a vet with traumatic war memories, who



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runs *Each*, a popular-with-bands Raleigh venue. [Translation: any of several Raleigh clubs in the '90s. It's not described much save for being in the warehouse district by the railroad tracks, though "fortunately, most of the bands that played there were loud enough to drown out the passing trains."] There is a concert promoter, Gus DeGrande (née Giuseppe DiGiacomo) of Grandiose Productions, who is A Blob Of Evil Sleaze:

Gus's tentacles seemed to reach everywhere. Rival promoters frequently turned up as targets for out-of-nowhere IRS audits, invariably at a time when cash flow was tight; or the subject of a fire department inspection (or an anonymous bomb threat) on the one night of the month they exceeded their building's legal capacity. A band's instruments and gear might turn up inexplicably missing, or a group might arrive at a venue to find it burned to the ground...When all else failed, DeGrande could fight

with figurative as well as literal fire. If anyone had the cojones to book an act he wanted, he'd simply bury them – schedule acts that would attract the same audience immediately before and after his competitor's show, and undercut their prices...Bands were never happy about being used as pawns in his turf wars. But he was a troll that everybody, one way or another, had to pay.

And then there's Tommy Aguilar, leader of TAB [trans.: Tommy Aguilar Band] – whose habits include "lying, cheating, stealing, wearing dresses (or nothing at all) onstage, acting crazy, frequently smelling bad," not to mention smashing guitars and tape players if they develop a "hostile attitude" towards him; "nevertheless [possessing] a near-lethal combination of charm, talent and entertainment value" – i.e., a batshit crazy but brilliant musician.

The notes and tones and syllables he'd been throwing into the air hadn't

drifted away at all. Instead, they clustered behind the crowd for a surprise attack, waiting only to be summoned. Tommy began to strum a bit faster, taking his guitar from jingle-jangle to chukka-chukka as Ray took up a pair of brushes and stoked the tempo by drumming on his cymbals. Line by line, the tension built. Less atmospheric and more distinct, the words and music weren't so much floating as taking flight....After arranging everything just so, Tommy snapped it all into place and sent his concoction into orbit. He reared back and escalated from a soft




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croon to a hell-hound shriek that made every hair on the back of every neck stand up...

He has TEMPT ME tattooed on his knuckles, left and right respectively, because he likes how they look when cupping fangirls' breasts. His dad committed shotgun suicide when Tommy was four, causing his mom to take up permanent residence in an asylum. He wants – in a way he can only dimly comprehend or articulate, but passionately yearns for – rock star godhood; but of a transcendent pure kind that will leave him forever innocent, free of any corruption or guilt. Even Gus, Evil Sleazeblob that he is, picks up on it:

So Tommy Aguilar could want to be a star, without seeming like he wanted to be one; an important line to walk in the world of underground rock bands. He was hardly the only performer who wanted it both ways, the perks of stardom without the stigma of "selling

out." But his orphan's craving for guidance and approval added still another layer of complications... To Gus, Tommy's ambitiousness had the feel of a dutiful son fulfilling an unwanted obligation. It seemed to be what everyone else expected of him... If the audience let him down and didn't come around, well, that couldn't be helped. But what he really wanted was for someone else to step in and orchestrate the whole thing – million-selling albums, magazine covers, the works – and then take the blame for the inevitable, ensuing corruption. Either way, Tommy himself would be off the hook.

Oh, BTW: Tommy's also a heroin fan.

So one night Ken wanders into Bob's club, hears TAB, is blown away, and says so in his column. He hopes that if they score fame, he'll get professional kudos for helping them do so – be their "critic of record." Bob,

who thinks they're the best thing he's heard in his six years of running *Each*, offers to manage them and gets them their first tour. He also waxes a subtle father / mentor / protector feeling towards Tommy, one trauma-ed soul recognizing the pain of another. Gus, seeking like Alexander new worlds to conquer [trans.: new prey to screw over and get rich on], wheels, deals and steals them away, offering recording contracts and stadium shows. Ken and Bob reluctantly take Gus's employment offer as acolytes to the TAB machine he creates, trying to still the feeling they've betrayed Tommy – a feeling that only increases along with Tommy's heroin intake. Should they say nothing and stay aboard the lucrative gravy train; or tell everyone "Unless this guy gets some help there is going to be a serious train wreck," at serious personal risk? [trans.: Gus is not unwilling to have people killed]. And Tommy, poor fuckup Tommy – under all the pressures, his angels and demons pull mercilessly at opposite ends of his psyche with the ripping force of two diesel locomotives. There is indeed a train wreck; and not everyone makes it out alive.

I suspect that Menconi has a sizeable reservoir of off-the-record stories he's drawn on for the book. There are realistic scenes of the drudgery and shabby horrors of indie-rock touring, knowledgeable glimpses of newspaper-office habits and practices. However, its largest and most educational – slash – distressing



feature is its wide no-illusions portrayal of how The Music Industry works: the ways club owners, critics, promoters (sleazeblob or not), the media, and record labels all semi-incessantly weave themselves around the artists. (Bob likens musicians to the infantry: first to die in battle and last to get paid.) Or perhaps, the way it used to work before the Internet. Since *Off The Record* was published in 2000 it most likely was written in the 90s. Computers are barely mentioned save as tools for research or office work. There's no YouTube, Twitter or texting to help spread TAB's gospel. (And the bars still allow smoking.)

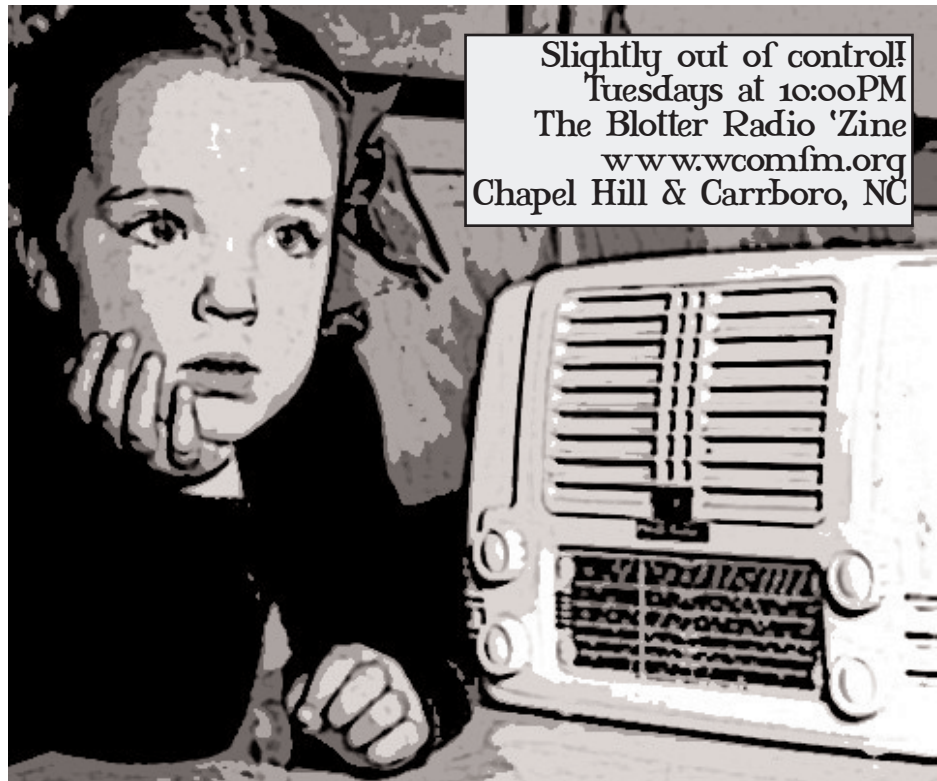
The North Carolina background is minimal, a handful of names: Raleigh and Cary, UNC and its radio station WXYC, the Duke Coffeehouse, the Vertigo Diner (it used to be in Raleigh but I can't recall where). Other entities more involved in the plot have coy aliases. "Rock Slide" = *Rolling Stone*. "Bounce" = *Spin* (I think). "Cashbox" = *Billboard*. The Raleigh "Enormodome" = PNC Arena, most likely. After all, we wouldn't want any Gus-types suing Menconi for slander, now would we? Anyway, it's not important; too much local color might've slowed down the tale.

And a well-told tale it is, indeed. It has the pace and plot twists of a good thriller. It's narrated in the dry sardonic world-sadness voice of a Raymond Chandler noir, along with some deliciously dry sardonic humor.

The characters, their dialogue and desires, are all depth-ful and credible, the women just as much so as the men. (In one scene TAB's bassist Michelle gets Tommy by the balls, literally, and for well-deserved reasons. "You go, girl!" I said.) Tommy is a touching, tragic figure almost in the classical sense: despite the best efforts of those around him, because of who he is he can't not fuck himself over.

I've only skimmed the surface of all the good stuff in here. You'll read of corporate skullduggery, insurance fraud, faked CD barcodes, sinister drug dealers, gunplay (funny how those two go together, isn't it?); self-satisfied sexists deflated; S&M, concert riots, junkies doing faceplants into various restaurant meals, and more. When I'd finished it, after two evenings of binge-reading, I

wanted to raise my lighter to it in proper rock & roll appreciation, until my husband reminded me that it was a library copy. Does it compete with my novel? Not at all. They're two different tales, with one subject in common: a devotion to live local music. *All Tomorrow's Parties* is an outsider / fanboy's view, from out in the audience. *Off The Record* takes long experience from onstage and backstage, from touring van and rehearsal space and record-industry offices, and from all the human crap that can happen there, and puts it on the record. [Translation: I'm still jealous.]



Five Minutes With: Marion Grace Woolley

by Laine Cunningham

Ed Note: Great Blotterfriend Laine Cunningham - novelist, essayist, analyst of all things publishing - sent us another of her short interviews. We're thankful and jealous in almost even measure: that she runs into the coolest people and has the presence of mind to hit them up for insights into their own writing experiences. Our thanks to her.

Laine Cunningham: Tell me about the idea for *Those Rosy Hours*. What sparked the seed concept?

Marion Grace Woolley: *Those Rosy Hours at Mazandaran* is a reference taken from Gaston Leroux's novel *The Phantom of the Opera*. It refers to a period in the Opera Ghost's life before the Paris Opera House was built. As a young man, Erik is said to have travelled extensively, learning to throw the Punjab lasso in India,

and eventually becoming playfellow to the daughter of the Shah of Iran. It's a story that is hinted at, but never fully told.

LC: How did the idea develop once you'd latched onto the seed?

MGW: In the grand style of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*, it was really about taking a very minor character from a much loved classic, and putting her centre stage. The existence of The Persian in the original novel, and reference to both the Sultana and 'those rosy hours,' would suggest that something deeply significant happened all those years ago.

The first part of developing the plot involved working out roughly when those years ago actually were. By taking the completion of the Paris Opera House as an anchor, and assuming Erik, the Phantom, must have played a part in building it, I was able to

work backwards, leaving him enough time to meet Christine and to have left home at an early age. That brought me to around 1850.

From there it was a case of researching the times. Thankfully, there was a vivid cast of historical characters to draw inspiration from.

LC: What was the part you enjoyed most about writing this work? Was this in line with your other works or was it a surprise?

MGW: Growing up, I always wrote stories to entertain myself, but it wasn't until around 2008 that I attempted to write my first novel. I was a VSO volunteer in Africa, and there wasn't much to do in the evenings. I didn't have a television, radio, or many books to read.



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Up to now, most of what I've written has been practise. It's been about me exploring my interests and my style of writing. I've dabbled in horror, historical fiction and romance. I've learned something from each novel I've written, yet when I look back on them, I see so many of the mistakes writers make in the early days. With *Rosy Hours* I feel as though I have finally come of age.

Marion Grace Woolley's novel *Those Rosy Hours at Mazandaran* is available through Ghostwoods Books. (OBTW, check them out at ghostwoods.com)



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Rest rooms were always "down the hall." I don't know why - coincidence, destiny, punishment-karma for some earlier life behavior - but they were never next door to my classroom, or just across, or a mere hop and a skip. And restrooms had their own bogies - those older boys who, even in elementary school, hung there looking to put the hammer down on some unsuspecting (or even suspecting), twig-armed youngster. So I never went to the toilet. Not at school. I drank half of my mandated pint of cardboard-carton milk, and heaved the rest into the big galvanized trash-barrel. Nobody saw. If anybody taller than four-feet-two-inches cared, they never piped up about it. I could pee later, at home. I could get into a crap-routine that prevented the need to evacuate my bowels during reading or arithmetic or library or gym. I never asked for a hall pass, never raised my "caught short here," embarrassed hand.

Now, however, I dream about it. A too-late cup of coffee, a cool one watching the west coast game, comes back to haunt me. My bladder is a tough old bird, it can take a fair amount of abuse and still do the job for which it was so elegantly designed (or just evolved into after one too many saber-toothed lions made Fred and Barney soak their deer-skins after being chased up a tree.) But I'll tell you this for nothing - someday there's going to be an event of Noah-esque proportions if I have another of those dreams where I have to politely ask Miss Gerhardt if I can go to the sandbox and then make the long linoleum stroll to the boys' room to stand in front of a porcelain god and try and make an offering, all the while wondering if some snaggle-toothed neandethal is going to come up behind me and thump me for my lunch-money. A man can only successfully drag himself out of REM sleep so often. Something has to give.

B. B. - cyberspace



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Two by Charles Evans

"thread 38"

mate for life, return to
the nest to sleep, grow
old. or share thoughts with
the contented, boneless creatures within
our pillows. we do not

dare to wake them. trees
sicken. we animals sleep, surrendering
ourselves to our unfortunate sentience,
trapped; be it within the
sorrow itself or the loose

pieces in the dying harmonium
in the parlour. the children
were emulsified and devoured for
the holidays. shooter and victims
alike are buried, funeral homes

overwhelmed with families and innocents
seeking a solace which does
not exist. a ghostly milk
jug haunts our refrigerator. yet
again, the armageddon math failed

us.

"thread 43"

in what church, what furrier's
studio were you wedded? bound
now by sharing dream secrets
what dream secrets have you
shared? tying thy nuptial chains

and prayer beads the furrier
hums hymnals. you have no
home now save for the
boneless wedding bed, the quiet
second life. the grim cage

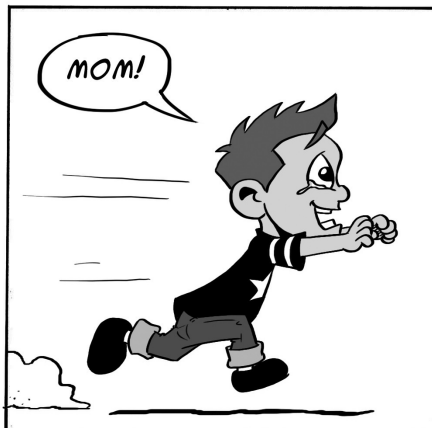
the first life, gnawing upon
the walls, the trilobites in
the asphalt, animals in other
garments, like the killer eating
the dead man's brain. awaken

my bloody pillow; i cannot
sleep without you. love and
nothingness are the same. we
crossed many borders just to
come in to warm our

hands.

Best In Show

by Phil Juliano



"thread 66"

by Charles Evans

we are lovely, have such
pretty televisions, lived this way
for centuries before the word
vampire even existed. will our
love, my dear, be remembered

as brazen or brave? strays
hide disgraced tomatoes, shore plaster
shaken from th wall for
later use. our nerves are
still learning. i am a

dream th bottle won't forget.
our ghost is not old,
needs time to grow. trying
to warm its hands in
th sink, it burps, is

farmed, then squeezed for juice.
we sneak in & out
of bed, doze off during
staring contests, let th sky
go dark b/c we lost

track.

Christian Thompson

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"Why I'd Make A Really Bad Drug Mule"

by Joe Buonfiglio

I could NEVER be a drug mule. It just wouldn't be a good idea. It's not for a lack of enjoying product, mind you. If that over-stuffed condom could just leak eeeeeeeever-so slightly, that would be just fine by me. You know, not enough to kill me; just make me forget what country I'm in for a couple of days.

Now looking at my ass, your first thought is going to be "Damn! This guy would be a natural as a drug mule." But no, you'd be wrong. It would never work. Here's why...

The first hurdle is born of my primary profession; I'm a writer. That means I suffer from the "writer's curse." No, that's not indicative of me working in McDonald's until I'm 70 years old just to keep the lights on, the cigs in my pocket and the Irish

whiskey next to my keyboard. Don't be such a smartass. (Although, in all likelihood, that will probably be my fate.) The unspoken-until-now truth is that I'm talking hemorrhoids. And not just any hemmies, *writer's roids*; honkin' big suckers. Hemorrhoids the size of ostrich eggs. Hemorrhoids that come with their own zip code. Hemorrhoids that view a tube of Preparation H ointment as some sort of quaint aperitif. You just can't stick a sex-balloon stuffed with China white up there; it won't work. Even if you could, you'd need to hire a professional salvage company in order to have even a modicum of hope of extracting it outta there. So don't even think about it. I'm not bleeding out just so some rich Hollywood prick or greasy skid row junkie can get high; not at any price.

I can only stretch my dignity so far.

On top of the obvious unseemly medical quandary, there is also the whole "no sense of direction" thing with which to contend. Because let's face it, without a GPS, I'd have no fucking clue as to how to get home from the supermarket, let alone make my way from some sweltering, god-forsaken South American hell-hole back north to mother 'merica. God only knows how many souls were saved when I was kicked out of the Coast Guard Academy back in the days of my youth. Me skipper a Coast Guard vessel?

"Captain Joe! We're receiving a desperate SOS from a sinking ship just north of us! What are your ord— Are you flipping a

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The Blotter

coin?”

A good drug mule needs to know the difference between north and south. It's just a necessary skillset I do not possess.

Another thing crucial to being a proper drug mule is to be relatively nondescript; your physical features should be commonplace, unremarkable, unmemorable in every way. The authorities should take one look at you and not give you a second thought.

Me? I look like a cross between a pedophilic mall Santa and someone recently placed on the terrorist no-fly list. Airport TSA agents take one look at me while I'm innocently placing my electronic devices and my shoes into the x-ray bins and they salivate. There I am in the security herding-line right next to a hundred other hapless schmucks forced to do the exact-same thing at the exact-

same time, yet it's me they can't wait to bend over and shove the old latex glove up my nether regions in order to extensively and uncomfortably explore some inner quest to uncover illegal party favors during my cavity search they've unceremoniously raised to the level of maniacal spelunking.

I actually look as if I'm hiding something ... always ... at all times. This is not a good quality in a drug mule. A drug mule should not look like ... well ... a drug mule. This brings me to the grand finale...

When I get nervous, I sweat.

No, you don't get it. I mean I sweat. I really sweat. A fucking lot. As in I excessively excrete perspiration. Moist. I'm really, really moist. I'm just ... wet.

My driver's test, exams of any kind or duration, my wedding, book and script pitching, public speaking, private speaking... Shit, I even sweat if I don't know the answer to a question when I'm watching fucking *Jeopardy!* Can you imagine me being grilled by the authorities at the border?

“Okay, Mister Boo-wan-figgy-leo, are you entering the country today for business or for pleas— Hey, are you okay?! Jesus Christ, your clothes are fucking soaked! Are you having a heart attack or something? Pull your car over there next to the Border Patrol K-

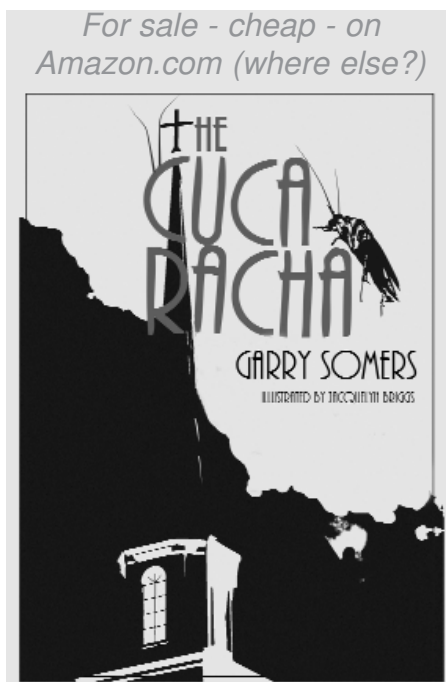
9 units and we'll have the doc check you— Oh my God! Did you just shit yourself?!”

So if you need a drug mule, look elsewhere. I have no intention of winding up spending the next twenty years being Big Bubba's big-house boiler room backdoor bitch simply because I didn't recognize my own vocational limitations. The only thing I'll be trafficking within the confines of my rather rotund posterior is the eventual byproduct of the “Grilled Stuft Nacho Big Box” from Taco Bell.

Hey, you “Live Más” your way and I'll live it mine.

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Joe Buonfiglio's absurdist-humor blog “Potpourri of the Damned” is found at: <https://potpourriofthedamned.wordpress.com/>



continued from page 3

Because the other thing about an object lesson - a Teachable Moment - is that you have to survive it to learn from it. Don't run in the hall makes sense. Don't run in the minefield? Also pretty good advice. Stay away from boys! lacks that easy to follow logic for most teenaged girls, mine included. And "They smell and are often moderately-to-severely dumbass," while true, lacks credibility coming from my mouth - the mouth of a (self?) righteous father. So I look for an object lesson or a teachable moment or some simple tool (ironic choice of words, considering) to help me crack the code on landing this plane (damn all mixed metaphors, anyhow.) And hope that they're OK, when they let go of my hand, walk down the sidewalk, turn the corner at the end of the block.

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CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles Evans makes things, writes stuff, and resides somewhere. he has lived a life, more or less, and will continue to do so for a reasonable amount of time. to see additional work please visit www.charlesdevans.com

Martin K. Smith is our *Capo de tutti capi*, publisher of The Blotter Magazine, producer of The Blotter Radio 'Zine (on wcomfm.org on Tuesdays at 10:00PM), author of the novel *All Tomorrow's Parties*, and a fair country gardener. It is an honor to be his friend.

Laine Cunningham is an author, novelist, columnist, editor, teacher, sponsor (of our recent novel contest) coffee-lover, and friend. We haven't seen her in a while and miss her face.

Joe Buonfiglio is our "Guest Columnist" for the summer, because we thought you could use a little funny in your lives. He writes, "After a stint in LA promoting a number of dark-humor screenplays with absurdist inclinations, I'm now in the southern writers' paradise of North Carolina. With my ever-growing flock of Twitter followers (just north of 7,800 at the time of this writing), my weekly absurdist-humor blog Potpourri of the Damned attracting lovers of humour noir, pitching the dark absurdist-humor sci-fi/fantasy book-manuscript THE POST-APOCALYPTIC DINING GUIDE: An End-of-Days Search for American Haute Cuisine and the Meaning of Human Existence, currently crafting a compilation book derived from the most humorous posts and comments uploaded to my various social-media outlets, as well as a soon-to-be-completed speculative screenplay based on a beloved cartoon from the late 1960s, my literary Muse keeps a never-ending flow of writing projects continually in the pipeline. As a true believer that "content is king," downtime is not something I find myself with in great supply these days."

Phil Juliano Is a husband, and Dad, in Minneapolis. He's hard at work on many projects, including a graphic novel.



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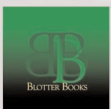
A Southern college town and its thriving local music scene,
where the music's neither "sacred" nor "profane" so long as it's
good...

A lost tape of a beloved band's legendary show...

A record label, poised to break big, which certain people want
to be part of - by any means necessary...

Two visitors, whose own music has been muted by regrets over
long-ago bad decisions: Chuck McDonough, former grad student,
who skipped town after learning things about himself he couldn't
face; and Penny Froward, whose attempt to help a friend in
danger almost destroyed another woman's life...

A mysterious will by an unknown hand; and murder...



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(publisher & book reviewer, "The Blotter Magazine;" contributor to the "Urban
Hiker;" former host of "New Frontiers" and "Laugh Tracks" on WXDU - FM,
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