

School and other fears with Kalman Applbaum, Manning Kimmel,
Suchoon Mo, Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois, James Croal Jackson,
Jim Zola, Phil Juliano, and The Dream Journal

The Blotter

September 2011

MAGAZINE

Here's what pops up in a general
online search: a thing belonging
or appropriate to a period
other than that in which it
exists...

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

visit www.blotterrag.com

Follow me on
 Twitter

 Like Us On
Facebook

G. M. SomersEditor-in-Chief
Martin K. Smith.....Publisher-at-Large,
Treasurer
Marilyn Fontenot.....Director of
Development
Laine Cunningham.....Publishing
Consultant
Brace Boone III.....Marketing Advisor
Richard Hess.....Programs Director
T.J. Garrett.....Staff Photographer

Subscriptions Contact:
Martin K. Smith
M_K_Smith@yahoo.com
919.286.7760

Advertisers 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

919.869.7110 (business hours only! you
may call for information about snail-mail
submissions)

Marketing & Public Relations Contact:
Marilyn Fontenot
marilyngfontenot@gmail.com
919.904.7442

COVER: "back to school, front of class"
from our archives.

Unless otherwise noted, all content copyright
2017 by the artist, not the magazine.

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

[c l m p]

Council of Literary Magazines & Presses
w w w . c l m p . o r g

"Magnificent Anachronism - Part 1"

I have a summer cold. It's just one of those things, but I have to admit that because I associate colds with winter, it's probably troubling me more than it should. So I've just taken cough medicine with codeine, and you may read into that what you will.

I'm not alone when it comes to finding anachronism akin to literary fingernails on a chalkboard. But I do suspect that we're a small club, not particularly chatty with one another and all behind on our dues. I understand. Anachronism just doesn't occur to everyone as something needing attention.

Let's define it, shall we? Here's what pops up in a general online search: *a thing belonging or appropriate to a period other than that in which it exists, especially a thing that is conspicuously old-fashioned.*

Well, first of all, that seems almost deliberately obtuse. And by that, I mean wrong. For a thing to be an anachronism, it must be unable to belong in the period in which it exists. So it must, by all logic, not be "conspicuously old-fashioned," but the exact opposite of that – a new fashioned thing that cannot be there. Like a fleeting glimpse of a Casio wristwatch on a child waving at the 54th Massachusetts Volunteers marching into Savannah in one of my favorite movies.

Apparently there is a cottage industry collecting snippets of video of all of the continuity errors, technical flubs, wandering grips and gaffers and time-and-place errors in the history of Hollywood. The implication being that at least a few folks actually have a grasp of what does and doesn't belong historically in a movie and they like the humorous results. And some take their business very seriously. Umbrellas in ancient Troy and kilts in 13th Century Scotland (I didn't know that one. Hell, none of us knew there was a Scotland until the 1950s Gene Kelly movie *Brigadoon*, which is probably Gaelic for trousers, anyhow.)

But the truth is that movies suffer under the withering eye of historical accuracy, because that's not even why they exist. If it can't be told in two hours, scrap it. If it can't be told to a wide audience, scrap it. And editing a movie to prevent Leonardo DiCaprio's Howard Hughes from ordering chocolate chip cookies in 1928 is expensive. I mean *yikes* expensive. Sorry, Toll House...

Writers, on the other hand, have no such excuse. They inhabit a world of their own creation – even if they choose a real world, with real history and timeline and details. There is no committee that has to approve what their characters say, what they do and where they go. So an anachronism is unforgiveable?

No, don't be silly. It's just a mistake.

But for me, the student of both writing and history, it's...offputting. The problem is, however, that discussing them is a perfect example of getting your panties in a wad. People who don't know history well, and therefore don't much care about the error, think you're an Know it all.

Jerk, for trying to spoil it.

A bit of an ass who finds some fault in everything.

And that's a problem, because they're all...ahem...true. Or at least partially (read substantially) true. But it's not my fault. Someone has to be that person who fixes mistakes.

Here are a couple of examples that have crossed my Christian Hulsmeyer invented (based on study and research by Heinrich Hertz from seminal work on electromagnetism by James Clerk Maxwell) radar.

I was reading a pretty good book about an alternative mid-20th century history. Don't even get me started on what kind of goat-rodeo you create when you have pertinent smoking-gun details in an alternative history (in the subset of speculative fiction, it is the strange, backwards trousers wearing cousin to science-fiction. Ahh, but I love it so...) because once you break the timeline with a "what-if" you have to suspend your planar thinking that many seemingly unrelated changes are also probable as well as possible. Anyway, in this volume it was the 1930s, and a major character was on a ship and feeling seasick, and took Dramamine. The alarum of curiosity went off in my head. Dramamine wasn't invented in the 1930s. It existed, but not for motion sickness. And I looked it up. Bingo. Late 1940s.

Why on Earth, you may ask, would you look *that* up? Who cares when Dramamine was invented? And worse, just shut up, because you're ruining the story for me.

I'm sorry, but there's a point here, and of course and unfortunately it requires a bit of explanation. Did you know that Lord Nelson (the British admiral who fought the French in the Napoleonic wars) suffered from seasickness? If you've ever been even a little bit seasick, you will know that this had to have an effect on his...cognitive reasoning during difficult situations, just as migraines had an effect on George Patton. T. E. Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia) suffered from motion-sickness riding camels. And there was no medicine for all of the men on ships on June 5th, 1944, in the English Channel storm just before D-Day, any more than there was a medicine for the Spanish army in the Armada in 1588.

How did I know about Dramamine? Because Pop didn't have Dramamine (or scopolamine, before it was branded) available to him when he needed it to fly home from Guam in '46, and, boy, did that

continued on page 15

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



in the Great State of Georgia!



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.

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

Unresolved chords

"Teddy Holland, Graphomaniac"

by Kalman Applbaum

"Look, I agree that your husband may be a sick individual. But the policy doesn't cover mental illness. No one wants to touch that anymore. In the end it's an actuarial problem. Mental illness is the new tooth decay. Everyone's losing their minds. And graphomania? Did you see the article in the *Times* saying that 81% of people think they have a book in them? What if we had to pay out medical for all those crazies—pardon my French—how would we make money? Hm?"

"Can't you make a distinction between major clinical and mild graphomania? My husband is refusing to go to work. He'll soon be out of a job," Mrs. Holland pleaded into the phone.

"I wish I could help you, Mrs. Holland. Try Writer's Anonymous. I understand they have a twelve hundred word program for breaking the habit."

The last person Mrs. Holland wanted to call for help was Teddy's older brother, Charles Wilcox Holland. Charles Wilcox was Chief Marketing Officer at Goldman Sex, the largest purveyor of pornography on the internet.

"Charlie, you know I hate asking you, but he's your kid brother."

"Last year it was root canal. Two years ago it was plane tickets to Dad's funeral. Now this? Where is this going to end? I'm cash strapped. I can't keep propping him up. He should have thought of this before choosing to become a—hard for me even to say it—a *teacher*."

"You're right, Charlie. But you have to help. There's risk involved. Now it's just a visit to the psychiatrist, but if this goes on he'll be howling at the door for food—your door, Charlie. He's been missing work. This

can end badly."

"Christ Jesus! This is why I vote Republican."

"You're a man of true compassion, Charlie."

"Five hundred dollars. After that you're on your own."

"I would prefer not to," Teddy said.

"This isn't a joke. D'Arcy called to warn me that Pilsner is already recruiting for your replacement. You've got to go back to work, and you must get medical attention."

"I'm not sick."

"Well then why aren't you at work? Who's going to pay the baby, feed the rent, meet the insurance? We can't on my income. You're not being reasonable. It's enough you ignore me and slink away to your computer to write god knows what all night and every weekend. But when an obsession gets in the way of making money, that's mental illness. I Googled it. Please!"

Mrs. Holland wept.

"Don't cry, sweetheart. I love you. I just—"

"You just what? Teddy, I'm frightened. Please go to the doctor. Just once. For me and for Ethel."

"I prefer not to...but I will. You're right. I am fixated, and I suppose I must be unhappy. I wouldn't want to harm you and Ethel."

The psychiatrist wore a lab coat. He had a fake tan.

"My checklist confirms it.

Friendship, loyalty, nostalgia; and the joy and healing power of music...

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...

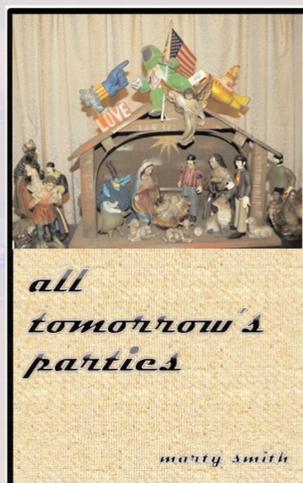
Blotter Books presents:

All Tomorrow's Parties

by Marty Smith

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

Available in print or e-reader at www.wileequixote.com



You are suffering from Type II Graphomania. Fortunately, there's a new medicine approved to treat it. You're a lucky man, Mr. Holland. This pill will work so well you'll not only stop feeling the urge to write, but you may even be relieved of the desire to read. Not bad, eh?"

"Are there any dangerous side effects?" Mrs. Holland asked.

"No, no, this medication has been around for 25 years and there are no reported side effects whatsoever."

"I thought you said it's a new medicine," Teddy said.

The psychiatrist looked up from his adding machine.

"You weren't listening. I said the medicine is newly approved for this condition, not that it's a brand new medicine."

"How long will it take to start working? My husband's been refusing to go to work."

"Oh, I didn't know that. School Refusal Syndrome, hmm, let me see..."

The doctor turned to his computer and typed in a few words, clicked the mouse.

"Let's add a mood stabilizer, shall we? I'll sign a note to the principal. Anything else? Teddy?"

"I'm not so sure there's anything wrong with me. I mean, I've wanted to write ever since I was a boy."

"Ah, well, there you have it. It's now confirmed. You're suffering from two syndromes at once, it's chronic, and you're in

denial. Trust me, Mr. Holland, you are a very sick man. Take these pills and you'll be just like the rest of us, I assure you."

"How long will my husband have to take the pills, doctor?"

"First we invent a cure, then we label it a disease, then we publish research, and finally we encourage compliance. The brief answer, Mrs. Holland is, for life.

Call my nurse every three months to renew the prescription.

Anything else? That'll be six hundred dollars."

Mrs. Holland stopped worrying and learned to love the pills.

Within a week, Teddy was back at work, and he quit staying up late at night, writing. In fact, his lifelong insomnia went away. He flopped in bed soon after dinner and awoke only in time for work the following morning. On weekends he slumped in the couch and watched television.

The best thing about the pill was that sex was better than ever, at least for Mrs. Holland. Not only was Teddy no longer distracted by his writing, but

when they made love the pills turned him into a kind of priapic superman. In the past he'd always gotten too excited too quickly. Now he stayed so stiff that it took all that Mrs. Holland could muster to tire him out.

She sent a handwritten thank you to the psychiatrist. She recommended the branded pills to all her friends. She called Charlie to thank him and she told him about the pills, too. He said he planned to start selling them through his website.

"Glad we could take his mind off that damned book fetish of his," he added.

But Teddy was less convinced about his newfound happiness. True, he was sleeping better and had fewer obsessive thoughts about his failures as a writer. He'd written two novels, dozens of stories, a play, and a new libretto to "The Barber of Seville." But he'd only ever published two stories, the ones that he thought were the silliest, and for these he received no pay and not even hard copies of the magazines that printed them. Those

FROM CREATION TO CONTRACT



Ghostwritten/rewritten over 200 projects

Editor and publishing consultant with twenty years of experience helps you capture attention from top publishers and agents. Queries, proposals, developmental help and more for fiction and nonfiction.

Laine Cunningham
WRITER'S RESOURCE

Toll-free 866-212-9805
writersresource.us

20% off

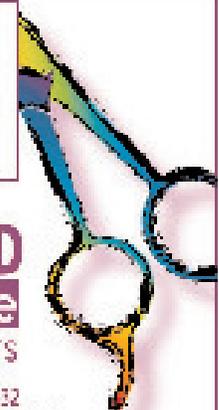
Your first haircut
at the new salon
with selected styles

**ALTERED
image**

Hair Designers

Appointments: 919-286-3732
500 Fuller Street Durham, NC 27701
www.alteredimage11.com

NEW LOCATION!!



The Blotter

he had to buy himself. He kept them above his writing table as encouragement, but really they sat there and mocked him, more like.

In that sense he was relieved from a burden. But as the weeks passed he began to feel empty inside, the way he did when he was twelve and his mini schnauzer, Mitty, ran into traffic and got run over. To take his mind off his sorrow, he wrote his first short story. He called the story "Traffic". There were no dogs and no cars in the story, but the souls of children who had lost their pets, holding hands together and floating through the streets of Pittsburgh looking for them.

He dared not tell Mrs. Holland about his decision to come off the pill, but he feared she might find out because he'd revert to his old habits of not sleeping and of becoming too excited too quickly when touching her under the covers. He solved the second problem by thinking intensely of sad things. Once she fell asleep, he'd

get up and resume writing.

"Teddy. I know you've stopped taking the medications," she said late one night, coming into his study as he sat at his computer.

"Oh? What makes you think that?"

"I counted the pills in the bottles."

"I'm not a very good liar. That may be my problem as a writer."

"Why did you stop taking them?"

"The pills took away my will to write but not the craving to express myself."

"Why can't you express yourself to me? I'm here to listen to all your problems."

"I don't write just about my problems, but about, about, I don't know, just things running around in my head."

"I won't push you to take the pills again, but will you at least sign up for Writer's Anonymous? Teddy, I'm afraid of what will happen."

"Teddy Holland, graphomaniac."

Thus did each person in the circle introduce him or herself. Many had the same disorder as Teddy, but it expressed itself in different forms. Others confessed addictions to musical composition, painting, or attending poetry readings.

Listening to the others, Teddy thought he must be a mild case. There were people in the room who had composed hundreds of works for the stage or orchestra that would never in a billion years be performed. One screwball wrote a 215,000 word novel about a whale. The first sixty pages, he confessed, didn't even mention the whale but only described the fishing boat that the whale would later sink. The man lowered his head in shame.

"Well at least yours was a whole whale. I wrote 30,000 words about an old man trying to catch a marlin," someone else

The Pregnant Mare or

The Guys
in The Crate
at The Joint



Garrison Somers

art by Susan Connors

Give it a read - on Amazon!

BEER
THE
CAVE
CAVERN TAVERN.COM
452 1/2 WEST FRANKLIN, CHAPEL HILL • 968-9308

www.blotterrag.com

called out.

Everyone laughed.

There was a social worker at the head of the group who listened patiently to their introductory confessions. She handed out small notebooks of graph paper.

"I'd like you write four words along the side of every page in your notebook. Here are the words: Fear, Love, Anger, and Pain. These are the four emotions. Every time you feel one of these, I'd like you to place an X in a box next to that word. I want you to try to do that instead of writing or composing or drinking or whatever else you've been doing until now to express your emotions."

Teddy quit Writers Anonymous and went back to writing. He kept his job teaching high school, but six months later Mrs. Holland divorced him anyway. She moved away from Pittsburgh and took their daughter with her. After this, Teddy wrote just one more story, called "Marriage." He never married or wrote again. ❖

"The Roller Girl"

by Manning Kimmel

Man she was a beautiful trainwreck. This little lady with a big smile and a whole lot of attitude. You had been warned. But you didn't wanna listen as you smiled at her and she smiled back. This girl melted your heart made you want her instantly. Even when everything went wrong.

You'd heard about her being on a roller derby team. She had quit doing it by the time you met her, but you'd seen some pictures of her in her outfit. Foxy and feisty. You'd heard how she had won the "Best Jammer" award a couple of times.

The first time you built up the courage to ask her out she turned you down. The two of you were sitting in your car outside a metal show and were smoking some pot. She hesitated, then said "no", and that "her life was too complicated". But it seemed like she wanted to say "yes". She felt so bad about it

she bought you a drink and gave you a hug.

A month after that you were in a similar situation but she started kissing you. Probably one of the sweetest moments in your pathetic excuse for a love life. SHE...WANTED...YOU...and it meant a 1000 times more because of that.

You were damn near in love when she suddenly got mad and dumped you. A sad day indeed.

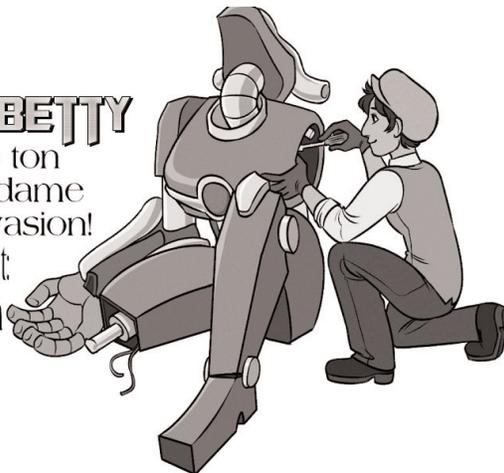
But in true bipolar fashion she got sweet again and a couple months later you had a romantic night. Everything seemed like it was gonna get better.

Then you went downtown with her and some friends. You were trying to go see CAGE THE ELEPHANT but it was sold out. So you guys went to a bar and grill to hang out. She yelled "Feed Me!" and you got her a basket of fries. She ate a few of them then suddenly smiled and kissed you.

Her friend showed up and she ran over to give him a hug. In doing so she accidentally knocked his beer out of his hand. Then she started cry-

ADVENTURES OF MECHABETTY

It's up to the two ton dynamite cyborg dame to stop an alien invasion! download the podcast free at:
www.mechabetty.libsyn.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

The Blotter

ing.....and yelling.....and he took her outside to try and calm her down.

He was holding her arms and trying to get her to relax. Some nearby idiots made some stupid comment and she broke free and charged at them. You grabbed her by the waist and stopped her from kicking their asses.

Her friend looked after her as you got the car. You drove her to another friend's house as she balled her eyes out and called herself a worthless loser. You tried to comfort her and tell her otherwise.

Her other friend let you guys crash in her spare bedroom. She asked you to go get her purse so she could take her pills. You did....then she hugged you and asked you to stay with her. You curled up next to her and told her everything was gonna be okay.

On the 4th of July you had a really good day. She picked you up and you went to a fun party. Your friends had lots of booze, food, and fireworks. They

took you two to a field and lit up the night sky.

Then you two got back to your house. You guys did a shot of liquor then she walked off. A minute later she came back and kissed you. Then she started dragging you into the bedroom. You made love to her as fireworks went off in the distance.

After that it all went downhill. A month later she abandoned you without warning. You were so drunk and tripping so hard you wanted to start a riot. You strapped on your boots and stormed downtown to start a fight...with anybody...and everyone...because you were hurting so bad and wanted to lash out.

Halfway there you calmed down and came to your senses. You were still sad but you didn't contact her again.

For the next year you only saw her at shows and parties. She was usually nice and gave you a hug. But you knew it was over for good.

The last time you saw her was at an 80's party. She had her

hair sideways like a "valley girl". Even though you hadn't seen her for a long time, she walked across the room, gave you a hug, and talked to you for a little while.

You didn't see her again for a year.

The next time you heard about her was when she committed suicide.

There was nothing you could have done. That's what everyone told you. The hardest parts of the funeral are seeing her elderly Dad's face and watching the coffin as all the mourners individually put a small shovelful of dirt on it.

"Goodbye Rollergirl" you say as you pass the shovel to a member of her roller derby team. They made T-shirts with her picture in skates and her jersey number.

You wanted to be her man. You wanted to save her. You must've loved her because it hurt like hell. But she didn't love you. You were just a BOY TOY. Something for her to play with then throw into a box until she got nostalgic.

The truth hurts more than crucifixion sometimes.

But she left a permanent scar on your brain. And even when you're on your deathbed you're gonna remember the good times. She ran her skates across your mind and left tracks all over it. ❖



Small batch t-shirt printing. Locally pulled in Durham, NC.

<https://durhamshortrunshirts.wordpress.com/>

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@blotterag.com

The seat was so comfortable!
Wider than an airplane cage,
with a place to put my feet.
Amazing. I cuddle in for
the long haul. But suddenly,
thunder outside was as loud
as the Computer Generated
Image explosions and rum-
bling inside the theater.
What the...? Then, the cur-
tain-wall seemed to shake.
Holy crap! Tornado! I
thought.

Nope, just mom opening the
door, coming back from the
refreshments stand with my
Junior Mints.

Who nods off during
Wonder Woman?

Dopey or Sleepy, your
choice - cyberspace

"An Old Man And The Old Septic Tank"

by Suchoon Mo

an old man used to live
in an old farm house
by a tall cottonwood tree
by the river

he died there alone

people came to say goodbye
and burned the house down
but left the old septic tank alone
it was full



**NIGHTSOUND
STUDIOS**



*"Who gave these idiots
microphones?"*
Tuesdays at 10:00PM
The Blotter Radio 'Zine
www.wcomfm.org
Chapel Hill & Carrboro, NC



The Blotter

“Hostel”

One of his kids is in Africa
He wanted to work for a nonprofit
but the nonprofits won't hire him
because he doesn't have a college degree
even though he knows a lot more than any
college graduate

He grew up unschooled
meaning he could learn what he wanted
or nothing at all

After seventeen years of that
he went to college
He had prepared himself well
but his judgment was faulty
like that of so many seventeen-year-olds

He went out behind his dorm
with one of his friends
and set a pile of his socks on fire
He didn't consider it a symbolic act
No one really knows
what he considered it

He got suspended for a term
After the term was over
he decided not to go back
Maybe that was the symbolism of the act
He decided to go to Tanzania instead

He couldn't get a job in a nonprofit
so he decided to start a youth hostel
He rented a huge house and began renting out rooms
some by the night
some by the week
some by the month

There was so much going on in that house
no one could keep track of it
even if they'd wanted to

“300”

He was trying to lose weight
He'd ballooned up to 300 pounds
At Princeton he'd been a sleek rower
He'd even been part of a feature in *Time Magazine*
but he started to fill out in middle age
and there was no finish line for that process
as many of us have found out

The key to weight control is hunger—
you've got to make hunger your friend
You have to feel it
You can't ever eat to satiation
You always have to leave a little bit of an edge
You need to leave food on the plate

But that's not the way we live in the USA

“Borneo”

He is 72 today
 One of his ex-wives is a homeless schizophrenic
 I remember her from before she succumbed to the disease,
 so smart and sexy,
 and so close to the edge of reason
 that she was almost paranormal in her comprehension
 She understood me in a way that was captivating
 and humbling

His second wife
 took the e-mail handle *Happy Mommy*
 She became the kind of psychotherapist
 who manipulates eye movements
 to remediate post-traumatic-stress-disorder
 She didn't understand me at all

His children are far flung
 One is in Borneo
 right on the Equator
 She's observing orangutans
 and fighting a fire that threatens their preserve

She's critical of the professional Borneo fire brigade
 They don't have an American work ethic
 Don't they understand the danger that the animals are in?
 The animals don't have fire brigades
 The animals have no insurance

**“Three Henry Young Poems”
 by Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois**



Three by James Croal Jackson

“Consuming Raw Chicken”

can be severely detrimental, but don't panic—salmonella can be killed. You must know its internal temperature. If not fully known, your risk of distress increases. The dark tunnel. The bones. If you suffer from adverse effects, you will know within seventy-two hours. Chills, fever, fatigue. Hallucinations. If there is blood in you, inform your doctor immediately. He may request a sample to determine if you are alive, if symptoms are what you're even there for.

*The Blotter Magazine
is happy to assist
in sponsoring:*

¡QUE VIVA!
A HOPSCOTCH DAYPARTY
**FREE ROCK'N'ROLL
& COLD BEER
ALL DAMN DAY.**
SEPTEMBER 8th
SLIM'S / DTR

227 S. Wilmington St.
slimsraleigh.com

JOHN HERRING

Full Service Copyediting / Proofreading
Developmental Editing

johnherring.net/editorial
jherring@yahoo.com
954.971.5785

Novels / Nonfiction / Dissertations
Theses / Essays / Articles / Web Sites

"Gunshots"

On one of our nightly walks
of less and less talk,
gunshots punctuate the air,
puncturing our silence.

I hold my palms over your ears
when an ambulance passes us,
its siren shrieking into our void,
lights turning us red

like there's any lust left.

"Pale Horse"

hang a horse
watch her body pale
& slacken

I want a California girl
thin legs
skin smooth as shale

the horse
my gallop from
stable

a race
no one
will win

"Reverence"

by Jim Zola

Cicadas moonwalk across the lawn,
wings too gooey for flight. Their buzzing
drowns us. I think of Henri Fabre
crawling after crickets and grasshoppers.

I too study bugs in my house
with military intent. Zero
tolerance. They lurk in dark cabinets,
bide their time. One morning I find

a praying mantis stuck to the back
door screen. Not wanting to disturb
its prayers, I stay inside for days
and feel a kind of reverence.

I lean in. I listen.

Best In Show by Phil Juliano



continued from page 3

change his life. Hated flying from that moment onward.

If you have some spare time, give scopolamine or hyoscine a *google*. Made from Deadly Nightshade. First written up in 1881. Lots of important uses. Lots of scary side-effects. But on the World Health Organization's list of essential medicines. It's also called the most dangerous medicine in the world. Holy crap. That's kind of cool.

Anyhow, a major character can't solve a problem with a solution that doesn't yet exist. It was intended as a nice concrete detail, but it went wrong in the application.

So what? you ask. So it's off-putting to me. What's the big deal with such a minor mistake?

I guess my point is *who's reading historical fiction?* People who ask "what's the big deal about not knowing your history?" Or people who want me to find the mistakes and bring them to their attention.

Or some third set in the Venn Diagram that I haven't even considered, because I was busy taking cough medicine. Yeah, that's a possibility, too.

Oh, shut up, will you?

Garry - chief@blotterrag.com

CONTRIBUTORS:

Kalman Applbaum, of Evanston, IL, is a medical anthropologist and international drug safety and pharmaceutical marketing expert. He is co-founder of Data Based Medicine (rxisk.org) and author of many publications on the subject of psychiatric drugs. He has also published short fiction in venues such as *The MacGuffin*, *American Athenaeum* and *Harvard Square Editions*.

Manning Kimmel is a guy who works in too many directions. In addition to writing, he is the singer/songwriter of the demented comedy rock band RAW DOG. He's also done many paintings and has acted in low-budget horror/comedy movies. He lives in Raleigh, NC.

Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois has had over twelve-hundred of his poems and fictions appear in literary magazines in the U.S. and abroad, including *The Blotter Magazine*. He has been nominated for numerous prizes. His novel, *Two-Headed Dog*, based on his work as a clinical psychologist in a state hospital, is available for Kindle and Nook, or as a print edition. To see more of his work, google *Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois*. He lives in Denver.

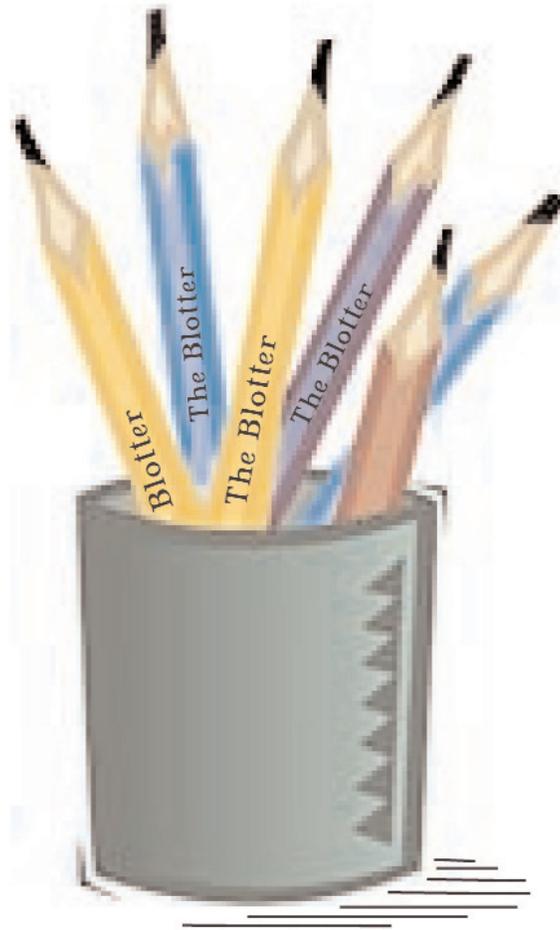
Suchoon Mo is a retired academic and a Korean War veteran living in the semiarid part of Colorado. He writes poetry and composes music. Some of them appear in literary and cultural publications.

James Croal Jackson is the author of *The Frayed Edge of Memory* (Writing Knights Press, 2017). His poetry has appeared in *The Bitter Oleander*, *Rust + Moth*, *Cosmonauts Avenue*, and elsewhere. He edits *The Mantle* and is a former winner of the William Redding Memorial Poetry Contest. Find him in Columbus, Ohio or at jimjakk.com.

Jim Zola has worked in a warehouse, as a security guard, in a bookstore, as a teacher for Deaf children, as a toy designer for Fisher Price, and currently as a children's librarian. Published in many journals through the years, his publications include a chapbook — *The One Hundred Bones of Weather* (Blue Pitcher Press) — and a full length poetry collection — *What Glorious Possibilities* (Aldrich Press). He currently lives in Greensboro, NC.

Phil Juliano of Bloomington, MN, recently informed us via Facebook that Spence the dog is now 14. Happy Birthday Spence!!! Follow Peej and Spence on philjulianoillustration.com and purchase their new book at <http://bestinshowcomics.bigcartel.com/>.

Hey, you!



Yeah *you*. We said over the years we'd work for food. Writing stories like you've never seen before. Poetry to make you claw out your heart, put it in a pasteboard box and post it to your lovelorn gal. Artwork better than any philistines deserve. Every month like clockwork. *All for you*. But now Daddy needs a new laptop and baby wants a microphone. So you have to ask yourself: can you kick a buck or two to the cause?

<https://www.patreon.com/BlotterMagazine>

It's Free But It Aint Cheap