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[ c l m p ]

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## “Here’s what I think is one problem”

You cannot in one breath be complaining about the appalling behavior of men towards women and in the next breath be grouching about whether or not the half and half in your *mochachino* is organic. You can’t go from reading an article about the President signing a bill banning funding to planned parenthood to studying the pending Oscar nominations. From mourning a shooting to a new fortune made playing Powerball. I think no one’s brain works like that, not well anyway.

In fact, I suspect we are teaching our brains to not work. We are teaching them to play, for lack of a better word. When the newscasters inform us about a bus going over a cliff in India and immediately leap to the weather and giggle about the chance of snow, our brains reach two conclusions – that the first tragedy, while awful, wasn’t actually so tragic and that all tragic events can be laughed away if only we can find a lighthearted bit of froth from which to sip.

Coincidentally, I was told a few (well, more than a double-handful) of years ago that people tend to stop being able to learn anything new after the age of forty-five. I don’t know why that was the magic age – perhaps the coincidence was that I was on or about my forty-fifth birthday and this tid-bit of information was coming from my sister and she was just informing me that I was starting to become more of a jerk than usual and needed to head this trend off at the pass. Those of you who know me must agree that this explanation seems plausible. In any case, let’s go with forty-five. I do know folks who’ve gone off to get an MBA, or take the deaconate path to the ministry, or been handed the reins to a literary magazine with no experience (ahem), and they were able to learn new stuff. I also know that some folks will just ride in the rut of their situation as if it were an historical imperative. Why one group finds it possible to change horses in midstream and the other to barely change socks each morning is a mystery. It cannot just be some sort of random number, or an actuarially predetermined age like 25 is for drivers and 65 is for retiring. Can it?

That last paragraph sounded shrill, like an old man muttering in resentful arrogance. My apology. Sometimes the center cannot hold. Maybe I’m going to become that guy. I hope not. In any case, I’m way past forty-five years of age. I’m reading

Japanese novels. Not in Japanese, although that would be quite something. The blooming genre of young Japanese authors. I'm also learning about the life of Martin Luther. And attempting to memorize the sheet music of a Schubert *Valse* so that I can play flute in a duet with my daughter, although there is no telling how that might turn out. And I'm studying how to set up an Access database, breed Platies, make a flan, write a screenplay treatment, track a financial report. And I'm listening to Miles Davis' "Kind of Blue" over and over. Not just a good idea, but a great one.

Why? Why isn't it enough to muddle through with the rest of the planet, bringing my own broom to the noisy rubble of the 24-hour news cycle? Why don't I just walk the dog with a poop-bag in my pocket or take one in the slats with a whiffle-ball bat? Skid downhill on my fanny. Binge on all the TV, and sip cocktails and giggle and snort when the host kicks over his drink? Subscribe to Lawn Edging Illustrated?

Mostly, I try to do all of this stuff because I do not want to go gently (or otherwise) into that good night. No, of course I've no way of assuring that I'm not going to slip a cognitive cog. I may assume all I like that since no one in my family is crazy (ha!) that I'm pretty well covered on that account, but the truth is the truth and in my experience it reveals itself as it chooses, almost like a petulant child. But I can do a little bit of arithmetic, and it's high time to get on my horse, take a turn on the crank and learn something else.

Something new.

Garry - [chief@blotterrag.com](mailto:chief@blotterrag.com)

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CAUTION

*Heaven is a person, a moment*

# "Teacher, Teasers, Suckers and Eaters"

by Robin Bright

At the end of the 21st century, the New Economics was becoming clear to all. It'd taken over church and state imperceptibly over the previous 2000 years since the teach her, Jesus: 'Love your neighbor as you love yourself.' (Mk: 12. 31) The instigator, Judas, had spied Jesus being 'anointed' by a woman with expensive perfume, spikenard. Judas' spy canard was that, as a 'disciple' of 'the Messiah', 'Christ', which meant 'the chosen', amongst the Jews, who were then living in Palestine occupied by the soldiers of the Empire of Rome, and who called themselves the 'chosen people' of God's *Bible*, stealing from the collection plate, after a sermon by 'the Master', wasn't enough to feed Judas, and the other eleven 'disciples', so the 'expensive perfume' should be sold to raise money. Jesus, however, objected that the 'anointer' was

valuable: 'Leave her alone.' (Mk: 14. 6) Notifying the Jewish religious police, the Pharisees, of the teach her, Jesus' liking for the woman's 'anointing', Judas was given 'thirty pieces of silver' by them for the information, and Jesus was given over to the soldiers of Rome as a 'dissident' Jewish teach her. The Romans took Jesus to the hill of Calvary outside the city of Jerusalem, where he was nailed to a cross of wood, and left there to die. After his death, the teach her, Jesus, experienced Resurrection and Ascension to heaven. His disciple, Peter, 'the Rock', as Jesus named him before his demise, became 'Pope', the 'spiritual leader' of the church in Rome, Italy. The church almost immediately began to split into factions. Some were supportive of the 'teaser' philosophy, which was that members of the congregation should seek a 'big anoint-

ing', which would result in their spending copious amounts of dosh on church activities. Those members who had the biggest 'annoying things' would be most liable to the 'teasings', which would occur both spiritually, and secularly, inside and outside the church environs, as the New Gospel's 'bread'.

At what came to be known as the 'Last Supper' before his crucifixion, Jesus had given 'bread and wine', as symbols of his 'body and blood', because he was futanarian, and he wanted to make an instant, and simple distinction, between 'foot' and 'food' that all could easily digest, and regurgitate in the transubstantiation ritual, whereby the petitioner received from the officiate, during the church service, a wafer of bread, and a sip of wine from the chalice, which represented the difference between 'food' and 'foot'. Jesus' mother, the Virgin Mary, had birthed 'the chosen', uncontaminated by male semen, which was why the iconography of the Roman church depicted Mary crushing the head of the serpent with her foot, a symbol of the strength of the brainpow-

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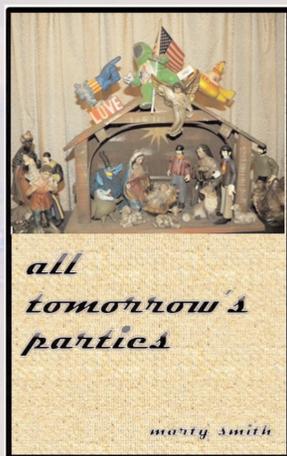
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er of futanarian `woman`s seed` in comparison to that of the `serpent`s seed`, which is why the distinction between `food` and `foot` was so important insofar as it forbade, both symbolically and literally, the eating of the `foot` of the woman, that is, it made `woman`s seed` a protected branch of the human species. In the *Old Testament* of the *Bible*, which was the history and law of the Jewish `chosen people`, that is, their Torah and Talmud, before the *New Testament* of Jesus` teaching, which was Christianity`s addition, and the Jews hadn`t been asked first, God told Eve, the first woman, that her `seed` would have `enmity` with the `serpent`s seed`: `You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, but he will bruise your heel.` (*Gen: 3. 15*) Jesus` Resurrection and Ascension to heaven prefigured the colonization of the planets amongst the stars above the Earth by futanarian `woman`s seed` lifted from host womb enslavement in parasitism to the unredeemed `serpent`s seed` of men by her

own brains` powers to devise starships to take her there. Without brains, the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed` would limp brain damaged into extinction, so it was essential that Jesus` distinction between `food` and `foot`, that is, `food` and `futanarian` humanity, was inculcated simply amongst the Christian congregations who, after the German National Socialist (Nazi) Party was elected in 1933, instead killed upwards of 20, 000, 000 of Jesus` futanarian `chosen people`, that is, the Jews, and stacked them like logs in the death camps they`d built for that very purpose before incineration.

It was Jewish tradition that a Jew could only be born from a woman, that is, women were Jews, so Jesus` mother, the Virgin Mary, who could self-fertilize herself as a futanarian woman with semen of her own, was a Jew, and `Christ` meant `the chosen`, because Jesus was a Jew too, who called himself `the son of man`, because he was the child of a woman who was a

Jew, and who`d birthed him uncontaminated by male semen, because she didn`t want a `lame brain`. The split in the church was divisive. On one hand, were the `teasers`, who felt that, if there was a `big annoying thing`, it could be persuaded to spend more dosh on the church, and its environs, through teasing, whereas the suckers` faction believed that, when `a big annoying thing was revealed under them`, and they couldn`t `reach out`, because their hands were tied by the spectre of adultery, they should smoke cigarettes instead, despite Jesus` explanation to the Jewish religious police, the Pharisees, before they had him killed as a `dissident` Jew, when a woman was brought before him allegedly caught *in flagrante delecto*, `Let he who is without sin cast the first stone at her.` (*John: 8. 7*) Jesus` method was to tease out the truth from the situation, like a detective inspector, who per-



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## The Blotter

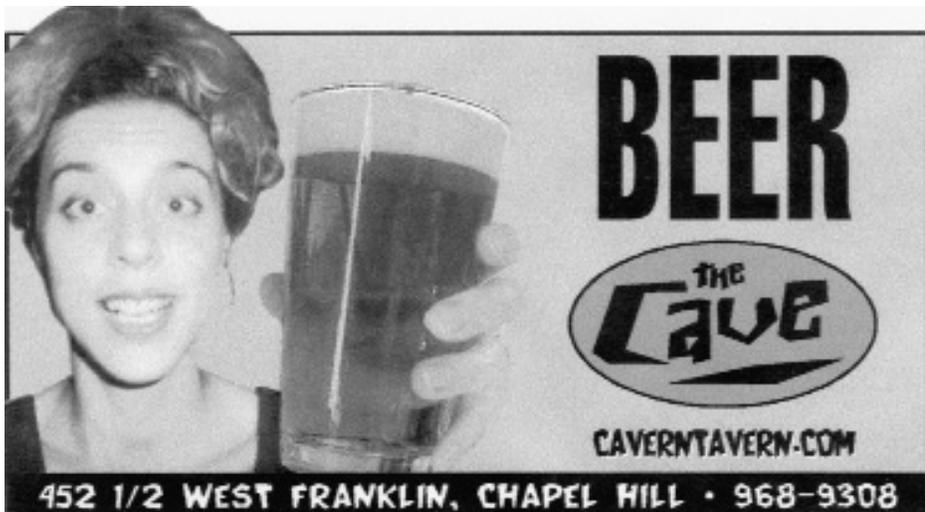
suaded the criminals to admit to their guilt, and leave the jury unable to make any but the deduction that the evidence pointed to. If 'woman's seed' could sexually reproduce her own species' brainpower, then women were a separate and distinct species, which Jesus was a member of through his birth uncontaminated by male semen from his mother, the Virgin Mary. Consequently, men were the adulterating 'serpent's seed' that poisoned the human futanarian race of women, who were the parasites' host. According to parasitology, the parasite that emerged from the host to kill it was termed 'parasitoid', which is what lame brained human nature did in its wars upon the Earth: 'The dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war on the remnant of her seed.' (Rev: 12. 17) Grown in strength since its days as a serpent in the paradise of heaven on Earth that was Eden, the serpent grew to become a 'red dragon', which the suckers' faction amongst the Christian churches believed was a cause of

death linked to smoking, and that was due to the sexual repression of 'woman's seed', which was deemed immoral for wanting to 'roll her own', as it were, as she couldn't find anyone else to reach down and lift hers up, without being accused of adultery.

War was the result of men declaring themselves immoral, and illegal, for wanting to practice adultery, whereas women didn't practice adultery, and never had, and wanted to be capable of not practicing it. The suckers' faction amongst the church congregations decided to help themselves, which was the basis of their separation from the teasers' faction, and the origin of the debate about whether giving oneself 'head' was religiously practicable as a form of worship, because the women now had the tools to prevent war, which spread through men's parasitoid desire to condemn the human race for wanting to not be adulterated with their 'serpent's seed'. Some saw the human futanarian race of

women's self-fellatio as a species' extinguishing form of smoking too, which of course made the dragon even redder, but unless Christianity made a move towards sanctioning human sexual reproduction, 'blowing one's own trumpet' was the best a girl could manage in the sight of God, before Judgment Dave, and of course war loomed ever closer; as the parasitoid alien consciousness sought to punish itself for having lewd thoughts.

The eaters' faction amongst the Christian church at the beginning of the 21st century, were led by Anita, who'd been told in a vision by the disciple, John, who'd written the prophetic *Revelation* of the future that was also contained in the *New Testament* of the *Bible*, and that depicted war upon the Earth, between 'woman's seed' and the 'red dragon', 'Pray Anita!' Anita it was that roused the Christian congregations with the cry, 'Pray!' And many of the members would cry aloud too, Anita! Obviously, this wasn't *apropos* to a certain extent, because the aim wasn't to become a 'brain eater'. However, as an apocryphal text on the life of a Jesus suggested he'd once muttered under his



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breath: 'But the result was pretty much how it all went down, man.' Having eaten the women's penis, by denying its existence, and sexually repressing all knowledge of it, except in monstrously mythic terms, for example, as recorded in the Roman poet Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (8 A.D.), the Danaid women in Greek mythology were forced into marriage (Bk 10, l. 10-63), that is, ring slavery, by Hercules, with a big club that he used to bash in the brains of the many headed female Hydra that was protecting them, to illustrate that men had effectively eaten all of the women's brains in order to force the species of women to host their parasitism. As a result, men of the 'serpent's seed' were primarily associated with the eaters' faction, despite the efforts of 'the Saint Anita' to dissociate herself from the heresy, and persuade the men of the church to accept Jesus'

## The Pregnant Mare

or

The Guys  
in The Crate  
at The Joint



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teaching to redeem them.

Redemption was a thorny issue, because of what God had said to Satan, the angel God had expelled from heaven, and turned into the serpent in Eden, for rejecting God's plan that the human host should be greater than the heavenly host. Eve, like Mary, and the first woman created by God, was tempted by the serpent to 'eat of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil', which it was death to taste, and abjure the 'fruit of the tree of life, which was immortality, so dooming her race to ephemeral ignorance in brainless unconsciousness. Although God's creation of Adam, the first man, was used by the eaters' faction to support their contention that men were superior to women, because God created man in God's own image, according to *Genesis*, research suggested that Adam was in fact a futanarian woman with 'seed' of her own, and that the biblical narrative of Eve being born from the rib, or side of Adam, was a euphemism designed by pedophiles for children to read; as they didn't want anyone to know that the futanarian race of 'woman's seed' could self-fertilize to produce brains enough to escape from the pedophiles: who wanted to play 'war games' with their children forever in torment and torture. In fact, Jesus' crucifixion, while Tiberius was Emperor of Rome, was an instance of pedophile activity. With his hands and feet pierced

by nails, it would be possible for a god, as the Emperor Tiberius was purported to be, to attach strings to the cross, and Jesus' extremities, so as to manipulate the figure as a puppeteer would, or an adult with a child, or smaller man, that had strings similarly attached to a puppeteer's 'control' for their hands, and feet, 'a wooden cross to make it dance and sing, etc.', as it doubtless would say on the box lid in the toy store.

The teasers, the suckers, and the eaters' factions, within the Christian church, could be perceived as a corruption of Jesus' teaching of Redemption, whereby 'woman's seed' had to be accepted as equal to men's; if men were to have Redemption. Pope Pius XI, in 1950, had made the dogma of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary into heaven, bodily, church doctrine, because women were adulterated by unredeemed men's 'seed', and so had Redemption by virtue of the simple fact that they were women, whereas men still had a lot of work to do. As God told Eve, Adam would 'labor', whereas she would experience 'labor pain', that is, after Jesus' birth uncontaminated by male semen from his mother, the Virgin Mary, 'woman's seed' was Redemption, and men had a lot of brain work to do; if they were to convert from their original sin of presupposing that they were superior to women by virtue of the 'big lie' that they hadn't exterminated the 'seed'

# The Blotter

of Eve's human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' and that theirs had been the only penis in Eden. From the evidence, it seemed more than likely that the angels of God represented an earlier saurian evolution upon the Earth, which was reptilian, and many of the reptiles had wings, which suggested that the 'red dragon' was, at least metaphorically, a 'winged' and 'fallen angel', because men's 'seed' had produced such magnanimous gestures upon the Earth as US President Richard Milhous Nixon's 'carpet bombing' of Cambodia, during the 1970s, and the 21st century's 'stealth B1' and 'B2 Spirit' bombers that could do the same thing without being seen, and obviously corresponded to John's 'beasts' of *Revelation*; as the arms race to improve upon the previous weapons of mass destruction gathered impetus from what already had emerged from the lame brains' limp: 'The second beast was given power to give breath to the

image of the first beast, so that the image could speak and cause all who refused to worship the image to be killed.' (*Rev*: 13. 15) Since ancient Greece, women's host wombs had been institutionally enslaved by homosexuals in pederasty for war, which is why 'limp' was the most apt description of men's lame brained enthusiasm for self-destruction. It wasn't so much that they were limp in the presence of women, but that women wanted women to remain erect in their presence, and the lame brained excuse was that men would rather kill women's children in wars to maintain their limp excuse.

In extinguishing the woman's penis, and celebrating its extinction through the 'smoking' of phalloid 'secrets', irredeemable men had preferred lame brained limpness in war against women, rather than lift their sexual repression of 'woman's seed', which had been going on relatively unobtrusively since the early days of Hollywood and the Jews stacked like logs beside the incinerators. The district of the city of Los Angeles, on the west

coast of the state of California, United States of America, where the first movie, *Old California*, was made by director D. W. Griffith in 1910, rapidly had become the capital of the Earth's film industry. In 1930, before National Socialist (Nazi) leader, Adolf Hitler, declared himself dictator in Germany, although Benito Mussolini of Italy had been the fascist dictator there since the Rome election of 1922, the President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America (MPPDA), Will Hays, established the 'Hays code', which forbade 'woman's seed' from raising her futanarian 'foot' from the cutting room floor of the editing room that had become the Earth's mass media propaganda ministry, Hollywood, capital of the New Empire: '... women, in love scenes, [should] at all times have 'at least one foot on the floor' (in other words, no love scenes in bed).' Because the Japanese had a tradition of binding women's feet so they couldn't run, and which by the early 21st century had led to sado-masochistic 'manga' animations in magazines and in movies called 'futanari', it was evident that global hatred for the human species of 'woman's seed' had been going on at least since the serpent, Satan, as representative of an earlier saurian evolution on the planet Earth during the Mesozoic period of its history 248 m.a., and before hominid

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evolution properly began 220 m.a., in the Jurassic period of Earth's prehistoric timeline. During the war to see which of the fascist nations would have the ascendancy, the US dropped atomic bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on 6 and 8 August 1945, which was a huge success for the eaters in the Christian church, who consumed a huge number of Japanese 'futanari' women in one gulp, before they could unwrap their feet and run away.

The US' victory led to its 'carpet bombing' of Cambodia, because it was a communist government there, and it was the belief in Communism that everyone should be brainless, like everyone else, so the Russian communist war leader, Joseph Stalin, had built 'labor camps', which were the same as those built by fascist Japan, as they invaded the countries nearest to theirs, and Nazi Germany's, except that the Nazis labeled theirs 'death camps' after a while, and gave up the pretense of using 'forced labor' as an excuse for killing people in an evil parasitoid nature sort of way. Although Communism, which had been formulated as a socio-economic philosophy by German, Karl Marx, in *Das Kapital* (1848), 'from each according to his ability to each according to his needs,' was defined as 'godless', the eaters' faction in the Christian church perceived that it actually corre-

sponded to Brain Eater's vision, as she was known, although in the west Capitalism insisted that capitalists weren't the same as everyone else, even though they might be similarly brainless, but the other brainless should work for them as slaves, which is why they were kept in brainlessness, lest they develop more brains than their brainless capitalist enslavers, and learn how to run and escape from bondage. The Jews, of course, had known about bondage for a long time, having been kept in slavery in ancient Egypt by Pharaoh, Thutmose III, until God promised a land, Palestine, and their exodus began. Interestingly, the narrative of Moses and Joshua, who led the Jews, appears in the *Koran* (610-30 C.E.) also, which was reputedly given to Mohamed by the angels of God. Judaism was founded by Isaac, son of Abraham, whose wife, Sara, barren thereafter, gave her maid, 'the Egyptian woman', Hajar, to Abraham, and Hajar bore Ishmael, who founded Islam, which means 'accept', through his descendant,

Mohamed. The believers in the *Koran* are called Moslems, which means 'acceptance', and the *Koran* is the permission for marriages of four wives that Judeo-Christianity believed was an attempt to retroactively legitimize the birth of Ishmael, whereas in fact it afforded the possibility of the human species of futanarian 'woman's seed' being able to sexually reproduce within the family.

In 'The Cave', chapter 18 of the *Koran*, 'Al Khaf', Moses is depicted being angry with Joshua for losing their supper, 'a fish', by the Red Sea, which God parted for the Jews, according to the *Old Testament* of the *Bible*, when they were pursued by the Egyptian Pharaoh's army, so that they could run, and escape from bondage to the promised land, Palestine. After the fish is lost by Joshua, who went on to fight the battle of Jericho, when the Jews arrived in Palestine, and found it occupied by the Phoenicians, the figure of Khidr appears, who says that he will teach Moses and Joshua for



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as long as he can, but if they can't bear with him, then he'll leave. Khidr proceeds to rebuild a wall, which is obviously a metaphor for the upcoming battle, where the walls were brought tumbling down, according to the *Old Testament*, by Joshua's ordering his army to blow their trumpets. Most people interpret this as Moslems being antipathetical towards Jews, but Khidr explains that, beneath the wall, is 'treasure', and the people who're knocking the wall down aren't ready yet to rediscover it, which is a metaphor for 'woman's seed', and God is represented in the *Bible* as being very much concerned that she remain hidden: '.. so that she might fly to the place prepared for her in the wilderness, where she would be taken care of for a time, times and half a time, out of the serpent's reach.' (*Rev*: 12. 14) Consequently, Khidr's next act is to kill a child he says is evil, and then he knocks holes inside ships before embarking in vessel, because he says that there were slavers behind them, and they would have caught up; if he hadn't disabled those ships.

In Islam, it's traditional for Moslem women to wear the one-piece coverall of the burka in public, so that men's eyes can't see their bodies, which are those of the hidden 'remnant' of the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed'. Moses and Joshua are hidebound and can't see the wisdom in Khidr's actions, which are typified by

Joshua's battle for Jericho, which is a sign and a symptom of men's lame brained limpness, whereby the sexual reproduction of human brainpower through 'woman's seed' is deemed an irrelevance, whereas invasion isn't. The model is that of ancient Greece, where women's host wombs were institutionally enslaved for homosexuality in pederasty for war. In the Greek poet Homer's *Iliad* (760-10 B.C.), the Greeks build a huge hollow wooden horse, which the Trojans take into their city, and the Greeks emerge to enslave the host wombs of the women; to spread their contagion of war further. By the late 20th century, the principle of homosexual invasion had led to the emergence of the 'incurable killer disease', HIV/AIDS, spread by men's mixing of blood, shit and semen in each other's anuses; in mockery of women's mode of human futanarian sexual reproduction. In short, the alien prefers invasion, which is represented by the child Khidr kills, because it's 'parasitoid', and would kill the true child of the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed': 'The dragon stood before the woman who was about to give birth, to devour her child the moment it was born.' (*Rev*: 12. 4) Khidr explains that the principle to be embraced is flight, whereas what the 'serpent's seed' has taught is war. By the early 21st century, the modern successors to the Greeks, the 'geeks', with their 'bad machine code', were infect-

ing machine brains that stored the knowledge of the 'remnant' to prevent human futanarian 'woman's seed' from developing medical science and technology to confer immortality, so enhancing the species' brainpower to run their own race's escape from the evil alien parasitoid nature imprisoning them on Earth as slaves for war waging; to leave for the colonizing of the planets amongst the stars of heaven above.

The teasers and the suckers felt that their share of the salami was assured, whether it was socialism or capitalism, because the brainless would remain so, and there'd always be room for them at the church, where the teasers and the suckers could really get to work on a 'big annoying thing', and implement their conversion from sin procedure, whereby the sinner became repentant, and the eaters could get to work on making sure that there wouldn't be any intelligent children raised more than a foot off the ground, before the puppeteers with their wooden crosses were installed, as their fathers above, manipulating the strings to get them to entertain in 'war games' and suchlike innocent bloodinesses, that the 'snuff movie' moguls of Hollywood, 'Babylon', had banned 'woman's seed' for; to delight the evil parasitoid natures that didn't care for anything except pederasty and making the littler buggers die for it: 'Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of

harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.' (Rev: 17. 5) Babylon, 'a woman' of the Bible, who gave her name to the capital city of the Persian Empire (c. 4000 B.C.), epitomized host womb slavery in parasitism for wars waged by an evil parasitoid nature for its entertainment: 'Your candle burned out long before; your legend ever did.' By the late 20th century, lyrics like these from Elton John's pop music song, 'Candle In The Wind', underscored the snuff movie ethos, whereby 'babes' of Hollywood, 'Babylon', like 'sex symbol' Marilyn Monroe, were 'found dead in the nude' and penisless, because that's how the unredeemed men of the west wanted the remains of the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' to be found.

When the terrorist group, Al Qaeda, 'the stump', operating under the auspices of the notoriously misogynist Taliban regime of Afghanistan, hijacked civil airliners to crash them into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center in New York city, New York state, USA, on September 11, 2001, it was a move to establish 'rough trade', that is, that 'brutality and violence' associated with homosexuality in pederasty for war against 'woman's seed', beneath her burkas in the Middle East, where the Moslem women in the deserts of Islam were most difficult to reach for the 'serpent's seed' of Satanism. The

US' army deposed the Taliban in December 2001, and invaded Iraq in March, 2003, to depose dictator, Saddam Hussein, who'd publically offered more bases to Al Qaeda, 'the stump', in Iraq. When he was replaced by Abu Bakr Al Baghdadi, who declared an Independent Levant, which included Palestine, without the consent of the Jews, of course, his Independent State of Iraq and Syria (ISIS), was the antithesis of the sun goddess, Isis, of Egyptian mythology, who was represented as remembering the dismembered god, Osiris, when he was cut up into pieces by Set, his evil brother, and giving him a new penis, which was a euphemism for Jesus' later teaching of Redemption through 'woman's seed'. Osiris was depicted as the incarnation of the sun god, Ra, upon the Earth, who reascended to heaven as Horus, 'the sky god', who took the form of a hawk, and in the Christian *Revelation* John sees Jesus' Resurrection and Ascension, which is that of 'woman's seed', as being similarly winged: 'The woman was given the two wings of a great eagle, so that she might fly to the place prepared for her.' (Rev: 12. 14) Horus was the Egyptian equivalent of Jesus, because dismembered by his evil brother, Set, he received a new penis from Isis, the sun goddess, as Jesus received a new penis, uncontaminated by male semen, from his mother, the Virgin Mary, that is, he was a redemptive symbol of men's acceptance

of the Resurrection and Ascension to heaven of futanarian 'woman's seed', which was to come again; if the cockeaters didn't finish their meal. ❖

## 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@blotterrag.com](mailto:mermaid@blotterrag.com)

My top ten favorite things to do in my dreams are:

Fly  
Drive too fast  
Go fishing  
Eat in expensive restaurants  
Smoke cigarettes  
Get elaborate revenge  
See old friends from high school  
Shoot things  
Hit bad guys in the nose  
Have pets I can't have when I'm awake

Five runners up to this list:  
Do Jello shots in impossible flavors  
Be enormously wealthy  
Breathe underwater  
Visit the house I grew up in  
Ice skate

Babilona - cyberspace

# “Drowning In High School”

by Luann Lewis

Amanda drowned in high school. It was at the senior picnic. She jumped in the water and I'm sure she did not intend to die. Sometimes I imagine her body sinking lower and lower, deeper than she ever expected, until she ran out of breath. It was simple and silly. I wonder if somewhere, during those last moments, it flitted through her mind that this was just a stupid mistake. How could she have been so dumb as to have jumped off the pier like that? She had never been a good swimmer.

I know she wanted to be like the other kids, carefree and confident and I guess that's why she had taken the plunge. But she had become invisible as she sank and that mistake became irrevocable.

No one noticed that she didn't surface. We played, laughed, yelled and threw the beach ball

around, splashing, while Amanda must have desperately been fighting to get to air.

I was under water too long once myself. I'm sure her lungs felt like they would burst and she had just one focus - breath. I can't help but envision her unable to wait any longer, mouth opened, chest rising then sucking in a huge gasp. Coughing, gagging, puking, panicking; that's how I see her, with her eyes-bulging as she fights to stay alive!

In the end silence overwhelmed her and what appeared to be peace as she floated on the water was actually her brain shut down and the spark of life gone from her eyes.

Amanda drowned and there was no one that noticed, at least not at first. Then a teacher asked, “Where is Amanda?”

“I don't know? Did she go back to the bus?” the kids milled

about, casually checking.

“I don't think so.”

“Did she sneak off for a cigarette?” some girl in a red hat asked.

“Nah, she doesn't smoke.”

“Last I saw her, she was jumping off the pier,” I told them

“Well, where is she then?”

“I don't know. She just disappeared.” I shrugged.

They all nodded.

Amanda drowned and when they finally found her, the ambulance came. Flashing lights illuminated the dusk. Teachers held back towel clad voyeurs as they gathered to witness the lifeless blue body being pumped, pressed and shocked to no avail.

In the days following, vigils were held, tears were shed; they flocked to the funeral. Everyone knew Amanda. Her photo, draped in black, hung above the stage at graduation.

“Such a shame,” we shook our heads sadly, “Drowning in high school.” ❖

Best in Show by Phil Juliano



# “Q & Q With Reggie Watts”

by Daniel Ableev

You aren't someone I would call bald lightly. You are, however, someone I would call bold rightly. Pray whom wouldn't you call bald lightly/would you call bold rightly?

#

I was surprised to learn that you carry your keys and wallet in your mouth. How do you avoid infections (aphthous stomatitis etc.)

#

What is the most times you had a déjà-vu?

#



?

#

What about funny alternative versions of your name, analogously to Scott Aukerman's Font Jokerman or Jean-Luc

Picardman?

#

My ex-girlfriend (wife) told me that I should start writing a piece of placenta horror. Ideas?

#

A guilty pleasure of mine is a TV show called “Kyle XY” I used to watch when I was a kid. What about you?

#

Allow me a germanism: With which musical styles can you nothing begin?

#

I first experienced the multifaceted phenomenon that is Reggie Watts on TED, where it took me a bit to realize that there was a deadpanopticon of the most wonderful kind going on.

#

What I love about “Comedy Bang! Bang!” so much is that anything is possible on that show. Furthermore, it is warm-hearted and avant-garde at the same time. How do you juggle fork and famine?

#

Do you have any further questions? I do: Why s\*\*\* so crazy? What are in your opinion some of the most “out there” comedians out there? If this interview turned out to be a water hydrant (type F), what would that make me then? What is the most times you had a déjà-vu? Have you ever considered the possibility that Roland Emmentaler's “Independence Day” is really about the Holocaust? So how is that placenta horror coming?

#

You used to work as an eye doctor for a while. Were you able to find out anything about the human EyeCue?

#

Pregnant women in labor are nothing but ghosts haunting the delivery room, levitating the living fuck out of them midwives.

❖

## “Stream of MY Consciousness?”

by Joe Buonfiglio

---

The God’s-honest truth? I got nothin’.

Not a damn thing.

I’ve been farting around with this freaking story all day long.

**ALL. DAY. LONG.**

Nothing is working. Every idea runs me down a creative blind alley. Nothing makes me laugh enough. Nothing seems absurd enough. Nothing is dramatic enough, poignant enough, endearing enough, satirical enough... *anything* enough. It’s all just so much trivial drivel that isn’t clicking with my little gray cells on any level.

In short, it’s total bullshit! I’ve reached the point where I am utterly unable to string one coherent sentence together with another. And so, I’ve decided to not even try. I’m going gonzo; literarily “going commando,” if you will.

**STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS.**

Now, don’t get too excited. If you’re expecting Jack Kerouac’s *On the Road*, you’ve come to the wrong place. This is not a work that will ever appear on *The New York Times*’ best-sellers list. With that little self-abasing caveat delivered as the clearest

cautionary counsel I can muster, here we go:

### Joe Buonfiglio’s Stream of MY Consciousness

Have you ever wondered what happened to **Milk Duds**. You know, the candy: Milk Duds. I used to love Milk Duds. They were my favorite candy to buy at a movie theater concession stand. During a film, you could pop one in your mouth and suck on it until its core started dissolving on your tongue as if your saliva consisted of pure acid.

Wait.

Those were **Whoppers**, not Milk Duds.

My bad.

The only material thing I have left on my bucket list of material things is a ‘56 Buick Century. Now, you may be wondering why — out of ALL the classic cars I could choose to place on my list of “before I die” possessions — I would select an off-year Buick. Well, it’s a matter of personal history. My first car was a three-tone blue 1956 Buick Century. (It was “three-tone” due to the previous owner having tried to hand-paint it with spray cans of various “touch-up” shades.) God, I

loved that car. A hideous sight to the casual motorist, it was an absolute beauty in my eyes; perfect in every way. Its only unforgivable fault: varnish in the gas tank. It had sat in a rat-infested old barn for years before I bought it for \$400. Well, my \$100 and the \$300 I owed my father for it. Even after spending most of my summer-job money on boiling out the fuel lines instead of paying my dad back, it was still the best thing that had EVER happened to me. Then, one fall afternoon, I came home and my beautiful Buick wasn’t in the driveway. “Where’s my car?” I apprehensively questioned my old man. “That thing was a piece of shit,” he burred. “My friend needed parts for his tractor, so I gave it to him.”

Gave it to him? My car? MY car! For... .. TRACTOR-FUCKING-PARTS?!

I never forgave him. Even now, so long after my dad’s death, there is still a part of me that wants to find an old, rusted-out ‘56 Century, sneak it into the cemetery and park it on his grave... leaking oil into the sanctified soil... .. drip... .. drip-drip-drip.

You ever wonder what the world would be like if we all communicated through flatulence? Two poots and an extended squeaker would mean, “Hey, Joe, how was your weekend?” A response of a bombastic blast and a wet tuba would say, “Great. We went to

the Catskills. Thanks for asking.” Would that make “silent but deadlies” a form of telepathy? Perhaps successfully lighting one’s farts would make you a god. Jesus, how much money could you make as an interpreter then, huh? Working at the United Nations would be more a matter of survival, than diplomacy.

Isn’t it weird that social media is the least social place to interact with humans in the world... you know... besides a 24-hour Walmart at three o’clock in the morning.

Why is it that if I fornicate in

public, people throw things at me and I go to jail, but rich folks will pay hundreds of thousands of dollars to watch a racehorse do it?

If I shit in a box and mail it to the President of the United States, will I go to prison? For what crime? Shit isn’t a threat, right? It’s not as if I’d be mailing him a dead fish wrapped in one of his vests a la Luca Brasi; that would be threatening. No, this is just a box of shit; that’s satiric commentary, no? I could see the Secret Service getting really bent out of shape if you go all *The Godfather* on the president’s ass, but shit in a box?

That’s damn near a Christmas present in my family!

“Putz” is a word I simply don’t use enough. I’ll have to do something about that.

Parting is such sweet sorrow? Seriously? Will Shakespeare must have been sparking up the old Elizabethan narcotics when he penned that one. Sweet sorrow? Try kiss my ass, I am outta here. Stream *THAT* consciousness, Muth-a-fucker!

Now where did I put those WHOPPERS? ❖

## CONTRIBUTORS:

**Robin Bright**, from the UK and of Budapest, Hungary writes, “Wrote a doctoral thesis, ‘Jungian Archetypes in the work of [science fiction writer] Robert A. Heinlein’, 1992. Teacher of English language and literature since 1994. Science fiction writer, ‘All For Naught Orphan Ufonaut’ in Shelter of Daylight, Sam’s Dot Publishing (2010). Published in the British SF academic journal Foundation, ‘Male And Female He Created Them Both: Beyond The Archetypes’ (112), and the Hungarian Institute for Educational Research’s Educatio, ‘Learning To Study’.”

**Luann Lewis** of Glenview, IL, writes, “I am not quite sure what to tell you about myself other than my “writer’s biography” which is a bit odd. I was a published author (under a pen name) of several adult books in the 90s. Due to a rather life changing experience, I was convinced that was not the path for me and I gave up writing for a time. A few years ago I decided to take some writing courses and am now pursuing an MFA. My focus is fiction, flash fiction, flash nonfiction, and poetry. I have had two flash pieces featured in 101 Word Stories, a piece currently published in RoundUp Zine and a story performed by Manawaker Studios flash fiction podcast.”

**Daniel Ableev**, from Bonn, Germany, is a certified strangeologist and Selectronix engineer from Bonn, Germany; co-editor of “DIE NOVELLE - Zeitschrift für Experimentelles”; ? publications in German & English, print & online (“Born to Fear: Interviews with Thomas Ligotti”, Ann & Jeff VanderMeer’s “The Big Book of Science Fiction”, “Alu” etc.).

“Writer & Literary Absurdist” **Joe Buonfiglio** loves penguins (quite literally) ... and cheese spread ... often at the same time. Oh, and his best friend is a caramelized onion named Silvia. That’s probably important to know about him. His childhood pet was a rusty unicycle named Bobo. Actually, that one was supposed to stay in a thought bubble. If you’re weird enough to want to experience more of his locker-room intelligentsia, go to his Twitter page @JoeBuonfiglio (<https://twitter.com/joebuonfiglio>) and his eponymous website ([www.JoeBuonfiglio.com](http://www.JoeBuonfiglio.com)) featuring his dark-humor Absurdist blog, “Potpourri of the Damned.” We now return you to the “Gardening with Toilet Duck” program.

**Phil Juliano** of Bloomington, MN, just informed us via Facebook that Spence the dog is now 14. Happy Birthday Spence!!! Follow Peej and Spence on [philjulianoillustration.com](http://philjulianoillustration.com) and purchase their new book at <http://bestinshow-comics.bigcartel.com/>.

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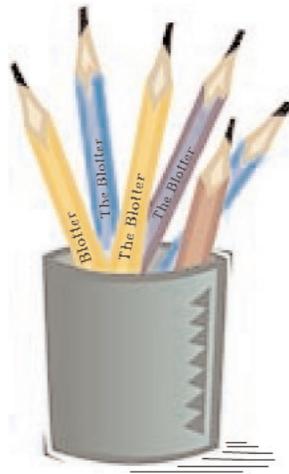
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