

DOVOR



"Welcome to 98.1 THE BUCK, Ohio's #1 radio station. For Valentine's Day we're fielding YOUR most romantic stories. Looks like we already have a caller. You're on the air!"

"Chester here. Long time listener, first time caller!"

"Chester! What's your romantic story?"

"I quit my job at Golden Corral to see Whitesnake at the Six Flags in '87"

"Let me guess – you had a date with your future wife?"

"Well, they had a song called 'Is This Love' and I wanted answers."

"And what'd you find out?!"

"That Dave Coverdale works the hell out of a crowd!"



MORPHEUS talking to NEO

After this, there's no turning back...

You take the BLUE PILL. The story ends. You wake up in your bed...and believe whatever you want to believe.

You take the RED PILL. You stay in wonderland... and I show you how deep the rabbit hole goes.

You take the ORANGE PILL. You continue sitting but your cold symptoms are temporarily alleviated. You wake up the next morning but you are still sick. So you schedule an appointment with your doctor.

You take the BLUE PILL with the VGR label. The story turns sexual. You go up to Trinity and ask if she notices anything different. She glances down and is appalled at the protrusion coming from your sweatpants. "This is worse than the sequels," she says. She demands you to leave. You do. You are ashamed of the pills' false promise of confidence. You lay in bed and think "dating in 2700 is confusing". 8 hours pass and the stiffness hasn't changed. You call your doctor. You roll out of the ER dickless... and believe whatever you want to believe.

You take the SMILEY FACE PILL. You direct message a club promoter on Instagram for the location of tonight's rave. You obtain the address. You Uber to the warehouse already drenched in sweat. The DJ is spinning fire tracks. None of which you recognize. You scream into the abyss "LIFE is but a grand DANCE" but you're vigorously grinding your teeth so no one understands. You tell the bouncer you love him. He is homophobic so he throws you out... and I show you how deep the rabbit hole goes.

You take the WHITE PILL. The story turns dark. I'm addicted to pills. Could I please get your doctor's number?



I Fucked a Rock by Billy Wonderful

To whom it may concern,

We didn't make love. There was no kissing or soft touching. From an outsiders view the whole thing would've looked like a business transaction, especially if a business transaction looked like a grown man fucking a rock--because that's what it was, and that's what I did. It wasn't good, but it was enough. I wanted to know what it could give me, and that was an amenable looking hole borne into a mound of Earth older than time itself.

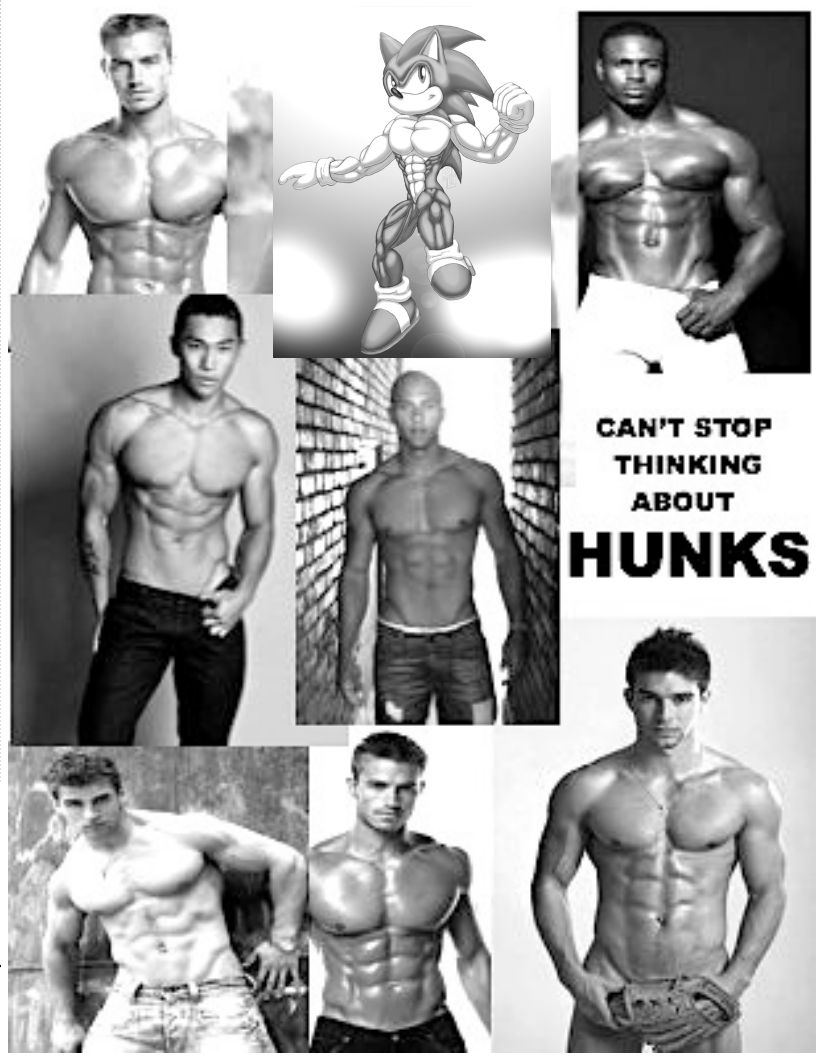
I don't know what it meant but I know that it's over. There will be no love letters with traces of perfume or stamps of lipstick. My only remembrance is a lost sense of need and these horrible genital scars.

Tonight I look up at the stars and wish that they might bring me whatever it is I'm looking for, because I sure as hell didn't find it buried three inches inside of a geode.

To love, to the mysteries of time, to the great unknown; come unto me. Free me from myself.

We didn't make love. I just fucked a rock.

Yours,
Billy Wonderful



DOLLOP is a (small) humor-centric zine that a bunch of friends decided to make. (dollopzine.weebly.com)

All work was inspired by the word: **“INFATUATION”**

We want submissions! For submission info...

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Four score...

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For early morning chats...

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(NO AFTERNOON CHATS ALLOWED)

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