

D(!)ammit- D(!)ave

D(!)oesn't

Dare! (!!)

By J(!)e

Sm(!)len

(!) (!)

WHY I LIKE IT: *Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes...There is something deep within this story and all that you will have to do is dig.*

Dare I say, it won't take you too long to discover what Joe Smolen has done with his piece, but that doesn't dictate you should direct yourself differently.

"Damn it Dave Doesn't Care" does a nice job of making everything you want to write start with a "d."

Dave doesn't care because Dave can be a dick sometimes.

I enjoy this story for its inherent humanness and play available to the reader who can go as deep or superficially as they feel like going. There is a loving frustration here between two friends that amounts to a narrative. Dave degenerates because he feels loveless and David Infact [sic] is writing a letter to his friend that details his position in relation Dave, and his own, behavior. Dave dives deep.

What Smolen has done well here is to create a cacophony of connotation. You read this story and create your own echo of meaning. Here is what I mean: you can read through this entire story and know probably 60% of the words used – if not directly then through context clues. But, and I think this is a big butt, you could look through a dictionary or a thesaurus and take the time to find out every definition of the words used here. In turn, you would more than likely become a better person for doing so somehow. But it is the drumming of consonant that creates the need to go on. Not the half-hearted effort it would take for me to look up every word used, but the ancient enjoyment of rhythm applied to a narrative.

Do you want to be a nerd and learn new words? Or do you want to be a loser and drift, dazed, through a duefully doleful, directly defined version of a playful piece?

Either way you'll have a good time digging.

Smolen did.

I did.

You will do(?) (the fuck?).

*Damnit.
Good work, Smolen.
Enjoy.*

Five stars

QUALITY QUOTABLE (*for the love of language...*)

“Dave!” I distress, descrying disturbed destruction. “Don’t! Desist! Defend!”

“Disc, disc, disc,” Dave doodles determinedly, disclosing a devastating discourse on demented donuts or, desiccated dames? I despair of discovery.

Dammit-Dave Doesn’t Dare Part #1

Dave doesn’t dare discuss his “dozen desiccated desultory dames” didactically. A driven dude, disdainfully Dave does divulge devolved, disingenuous deeds all, by definition, dubious: Donkey Dissipation, Dahlia Defoliation, Dog Defamation, Deliberate Donut Deprivation, Denticular Deviation, Dorsal Denigration. Daily dodging his “desiccated dames” discreetly, Dave deftly diverts dame discussions, by default dwindling donut disbursement dramatically.

“But Dave!” I decry, donut deprived, “A dozen?”

“Discarded a dozen,” Dave delineates demonstratively, “Dehydrated deportment, definitely.”

“Damned delicious detail, Dave! Don’t desist, dude!” I demand. “Diffidence downright detracts.”

“Deformed Degenerates,” declares Dave, distractedly drumming digitally.
“Ditched me designedly.”

Drat! Is Dave’s descent diversionary? Has deduced disquisition describing
damaged donuts diverted, dissembling down into dreaded didaction demonizing dames?

Dammit-Dave Doesn’t Dare Part #2

Direly Different Day. I detect Dave doodling. No. Declaring it doodling’s a
distortion. Deliberately, doggedly, distractedly, Dave duplicates definite donut-like discs.

Drawing by delirious drawing, I discern Dave’s detailed document developing.

“Dave!” I distress, descrying disturbed destruction. “Don’t! Desist! Defend!”

“Disc, disc, disc,” Dave doodles determinedly, disclosing a devastating discourse
on demented donuts or, desiccated dames? I despair of discovery.

But Dammit-Dave doesn’t drive at distant destinations disinheritedly. Duressed,
Dave is dare-devilish. Displaying determination, Dave diagrams a digit. A donut. Digit.
Donut. Digit. Distinctly, Dave dittos dozens of duos of digits doubled by - donuts.

Donuts? Or the dreaded Device of Domestication?

The Deuce! I'm duped by the dangerous diversion of Dave's demented duads.
Daze and dismay! Are Dave's divinely decontaminated donut days defunct?

Dave's dutiful demise dawns, daunts!

"Dude!" I deprecate. "Damn drastic! Don't do it! Don't descend to 'Dearest Darling'! Don't dissolve to 'delightful devotion'!"

Dark Down-beat Day!

Dear Dammit-Dave is damed!

Dammit-Dave Doesn't Dare Part #3

Dear Dave,

That dare-dame-devilish decade is done, dude! I divine you diurnally,
damefoundedly driven to distraction. Don't deny it.

I dare say I dwell deceptively, dexterously, daily disengaged, dozen-doughnuted,
discreet – devoutly decondamenated – indamenified. Dubidameous doughnuts deliver my
dispassion dependably despite the drudgery of disentangling my deviant downward
dogmatic drift into dedamefinite diffidamenation. Discovering damefoundedness my
desideratum dogs me down dishearteningly.

Dave, don't deduce me doughnut delinquent. Devour dozens, I do, despite
declining delectability, despite my domicile's deepening damefoliation. Day-dreaming, I

depict a deliquesced dame daintily, delightfully delaying departure then decocting doughnut dough.

D. David de Facto

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The initial phrase of Dammit-Dave Doesn't Dare...came to me obnoxiously and persistently as I walked across a serene seascape. You might say I was Bodhisattva-ing. You might also say I was just letting the stink blow off. So I wrote Dammit-Dave down in my little note book and tried to file it. But Dozen-Desiccated-Dames was the barb; it had a profane beauty that I couldn't resist.*

AUTHOR BIO: Months before he graduated from Seattle's O'Dea High School in 1964, J.C. Smolen found himself Seaman Recruit, U.S. Navy. Joe says, "Yeah. I don't get it yet, but there's an important reason I didn't go over there and get shot. I came back from Japan, and I went to school on the G.I. Bill."

Joe received the B.A. English from the University of Washington, 1973. After Commencement, he was fairly consistently employable – as Ocean Shipping Owner/Charterer's Boarding Agent, Lumber Company Rail Traffic Manager, Municipal Bus Operator and Bus Training Supervisor.

He has written his own personal U.S. Navy Report(s) of Fitness of an Officer, and Enlisted Evaluations, hundreds of Bus Operator Evaluations, and twenty-five brief, internally-published articles involving practical Bus Operations Policy application. He also wrote Bus Operator training materials.

Since 2015, Joe has been having an over-the-top blast writing half a dozen short fictions and two novels. His work, including his tendency toward the type of blatant exaggeration found in this Bio, is overseen by the Waldport, Oregon writing group "Tuesday".

In 1982, Joe was finally struck by lightning. He says, "What else was I going to do then, but ask her, "Do you think we should get married?" Today, he and Sherrie live on the Oregon Coast in a house they designed and built themselves, with the well known black Standard Poodle Rico Suave.

