

BEFORE THE COURT OF THE JUDICIARY OF



In the Matter of	)	
_____	)	
Circuit Judge of the	)	Court of the Judiciary
Fifteenth Judicial Circuit	)	Case No. _____
_____	)	

MOTION FOR PROTECTIVE ORDER

Judicial Inquiry Commission of

by and through counsel, and

Rules of Civil

Court for a

proceeding

protective

the Commission

Commission respects

1. On \_\_\_\_\_

complaint against Respondent based

numerous acts of judicial misconduct con-

stituting a lack of confidence and

eroding the public

2. On \_\_\_\_\_, Respondent served the

Commission with Respondent's Notice of 30(b)(6)

video of \_\_\_\_\_ Judicial Inquiry

in which Respondent states she intends to

**CALL FOR 2024 CHAPBOOK SUBMISSIONS**



Something Involving A Mailbox!  
Chapbooks for 2024, aka SIAMB! #12  
ISSN 2693-7433  
© 2024, SIAMB!  
Tulsa, OK  
<https://siambzine.com>  
@siambzine on IG  
[zine.siamb@gmail.com](mailto:zine.siamb@gmail.com)

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. This will also necessitate approval from the contributor, to which the copyright reverted upon this publication.

For information about permission to reproduce selections from this zine, please contact the publishers by email at [zine.siamb@gmail.com](mailto:zine.siamb@gmail.com).

Cover art by D. Marise

For what you will create.

# Something Involving A Mailbox!

## 2024 Call for Chapbook Submissions

### Contents

Titles as of April 21, 2024 . . . . .	4
Introduction . . . . .	5
In Memoriam . . . . . <i>D. Marise</i>	7
Dog Nip Ripple . . . . . <i>Sir Princess Brutus</i>	9
Our Mission . . . . .	15
Our People . . . . .	15
Negotiable/Example Chapbook Details . . . . .	16

### Titles as of April 21, 2024

---

1. **PHANTASMAGORIA** by Jourdain Barton, *It is a bit of blood, a bit of hair, a bit of bone. It is a doomsday clock and a whisper out of time.* Poetry
2. **SIAMB! Lit Mag #7**, *A lit mag loosely themed around "Through" published in March 2021.* Poetry, Fiction, Visual Art
3. **SIAMB! Lit Mag #9**, *A lit mag loosely themed around "Rebirth & Return" published in July 2022.* Poetry, Fiction, Visual Art
4. **Scissortail Sings: Solitude and Friends (SIAMB! #10)**, *A lit mag of creators local to Tulsa, OK published in December 2022.* Poetry, Fiction, Visual Art

All titles available online at [siambzine.com](http://siambzine.com) while supplies last.

# Introduction

---

This is a call for submissions for chapbook-length, mostly completed-to-finished works and collections by authors in Tulsa, OK and the surrounding areas.

This publication marks a shift in SIAMB!'s focus from literary magazines to local press for artists. In 2024, we are focusing on collections of poetry, fiction, visual art, memoirs, and essays, as well as novella-length pieces and very likely other categories we didn't know to dream up in this introduction. Lengthwise, we're looking to publish books (complete with an ISBN number) of around 100 pages at this size. All details are negotiable. Art first—specifics afterwards!

As a far-from-exhaustive list of examples, we've added a piece from each of SIAMB!'s editors. These pieces, along with work we've published in our online catalog, will hopefully give some idea of the work we are interested in. We are, in particular, seeking work on how to navigate being in this world that touches our hearts—and this, of course, can include genre work, though it is not well-represented in our current catalog.

We are looking for completed chapbook-length work/collections to publish. Artists will retain copyright; previously published work can also be considered. SIAMB! will pay per copy printed, and the artist will have the option of buying copies at cost. There are a lot of options and details that go into publication that would absolutely bog down this zine. We're happy to talk through them one-on-one.

Our goal is to support, uplift, and work with artists as they create the work they want to see in the world. Please send your five-ish sentence pitch to [zine.siamb@gmail.com](mailto:zine.siamb@gmail.com) and up to a five-page sample/excerpt of some of your favorite work to be published.

—*Sir Princess Brutus & D. Marise*

SIAMB! Editors / Collaborators

April 21, 2024

[siambzine.come](http://siambzine.come)

This page unintentionally left blank.

# In Memoriam

–D. Marise

---

PO 34122 was eliminated by due process last night, surrounded by family, [redacted], and its dependable companion, a can of wasp spray. It is survived by its plaintiff and defendant, the sole two who will be singing its name for years to come.

Known for its bright smile and slightly hypocritical nature, to be in PO 34122's shining presence was to be safe and protected by the letter of the law, a true rarity these days. But then again, what good is a piece of paper when the defendant has a gun? PO 34122's real power was fear: would the fear of violating it be enough to prevent further violence? Nonetheless, PO 34122 was never concerned. It did its job and took care of its family. It tightened its universe to include only those immediately surrounding it and refused to cross state lines. It was an Okie down to its pulp.

Plaintiff [redacted] is mourning the loss of her beloved: the stamped and signed bundle of papers featuring in detail the accusations brought against the defendant, as well as both of their last known addresses and general physical features. She fought tooth and nail for PO 34122's birth, even though she knew the physical, emotional, and financial toll would be great. Although PO 34122's elimination was predestined, the plaintiff prayed that the defendant would breach the terms of their contract, so her PO could live just a little longer. And her illusion of safety could continue.

When the plaintiff held PO 34122 for the first time, hope and horror became one. There it was—her very first restraining order. The most well-respected, not-at-all-bulletproof legal document in the United States. PO 34122 proudly decreed that should the defendant violate its contract, say by appearing within a football field's length of the plaintiff or threatening her, she will definitely, most likely, hopefully be protected and believed by law enforcement.

Her name and address were now inscribed next to the defendant's, immortalized in the Oklahoma court records system that can be accessed by literally everybody. Was she nervous that having her current address on public record could be an open-season invitation to other stalkers? Of course not! PO 34122's matte finish absorbed her fear and always offered the

simplest response: “There’s no point in worrying until he does something else. Then the real work begins.”

We thank PO 34122 for its single year of service and the imaginary force field it projected around exactly one person. Its legacy is unparalleled. To honor its memory, we ask that you donate to your local domestic violence centers or volunteer to accompany survivors to their court hearings. Or you could just not stalk, rape, and abuse people and end this epidemic at the source.

PO 34122’s body will be preserved in the home office of [redacted] after an intimate celebration to commemorate its expiration. The plaintiff will never cremate, bury, or destroy PO 34122’s remains, as they could be further evidence in a future trial against the defendant.

We will remember PO 34122 not just for its year of service, but also for its steadfast belief in the system, so that future POs may continue to create paper-thin sanctuaries across Oklahoma.

AVE ATQUE VALE



# Dog Nip Ripple

–Sir Princess Brutus

---

Jack was down in Windsor, OK for a friend’s mural installation. It wasn’t his usual idea for a weekend, but then again, it was good to get out of his comfort zone and exist in the daytime. The churches were a bit much, as were the clean streets and the spendy-but-mediocre brunch cafes with empty patio seating (too hot, too humid). The city had clearly priced out all of its talent (or never had any) and imported it from Tulsa.

His pup Akihl was also out of her comfort zone. She was hyper collie-mix with a childhood in quarantine, so had no socialization early on. Jack took twice as long to make it from his car to Nathaniel’s mural as it should have. He kept playing Frogger with all the well-behaved huskies panting in the heat.

Nathaniel passed Jack an F5 with ice still dripping from the cooler. “I’m surprised you actually made it down here.”

Jack cracked open the beer. “I wouldn’t miss it for the world!”

Jack called Akihl back and shortened her leash as she raised hackles at a grinning and tail-wagging husky. He smiled at its owner, who scowled and dragged the husky away. “You could have made a friend!” Akihl just growled and licked Jack’s face.

Nathaniel took Jack on a tour of the murals ending with his own—an Elton John-esque character on a reared bronco with hooves straddling the moon and Venus.

“He’s getting out of this solar system, huh?” Jack said.

“He already has—he was on Voyager One’s Golden Record.”

“You’ve done good, man,” Jack said as he stared up at the twenty-foot-tall mural. The background was all stars, but each was a unique pattern.

*“Yeah, you can pet the pup.”*

The stars were other faces, all different. He squinted up at one of the larger ones, trying to make out its features.

*A shadow fell across Jack and Akihl’s grass.*

Ah, Ziggy’s signature lightning bolt showed up once Jack got a good look at the face.

And Akihl snarled and barked and yanked on the leash. By the time Jack was pulling back on her leash, she was nipping at a child’s heels. A little boy and his father had come over.

“Akihl! No! Down!” Jack pulled himself along her leash until

he wrapped his arm around her belly. She allowed him to pull her back, but kept barking and snarling as Jack wrapped his fist around the leash at her collar and kneeled next to her.

“I’m so sorry, are you alright?” Jack asked, looking from the boy to the man.

“What the fuck’s wrong with your dog? He can’t be in public if he’s going to bite my son!” The dad screamed. He took a step backward and pushed his son behind him.

“That’s why she’s over here on a leash,” Jack said. He was petting Akihl who’d calmed down after the son had stepped back.

The man glowered and grabbed his kid’s hand. “Your dog is a monster.” He turned and stalked off with his son in tow.

Jack watched them head across the field toward the medical tent. The son kept running to catch up, and Jack heard a brief whine float over the field: “Daaaad, you’re walking too fast!”

“Whoops, I gotta keep a better eye out for people,” Jack said, turning to Nathaniel.

“That was a little rough, dude seems pissed.”

“Yeah, we should probably take off. It was good to see you, man, and nice work on the mural.” Jack leaned down and scratched Akhil’s ears and nuzzled her face. “It’s ok pup, you’re ok. I love you.”

Jack said goodbye to Nathaniel and a few other friends around, then headed out with Akhil on a short leash back towards the van. As they crossed the field, Jack heard a distant call. Then another.

“Hey!” The man stalked back up to Jack, dragging his son along. “Your dog bit a hole in my son’s pants. How are you going to fix this?” he demanded.

Akhil bristled and Jack knelt down to pet her in an embrace. “I’m sorry, man, I’ll pay for a new pair. How much were they?” Jack pulled out his phone as he asked, “Do you have Venmo?”

“I don’t know offhand, we’ll need to check the receipts,” he said.

“Want to text yourself and you can let me know?” Jack held out his unlocked phone. “My name’s Jack.”

Mark grabbed the phone and texted himself, *New pants for Burtle*, then handed the out-of-town dude’s phone back. “You better get your dog out of here, it’s dangerous.”

“No problem, man, we’re leaving now.”

The dude with his vicious dog pocketed his phone and walked

off with his mutt.

“You better or I’m calling the police!” Mark hollered after him. He grabbed Burtle’s hand and stalked off to their car. That was enough dealing with degenerates for the day.

It was a mistake to bring all the out-of-town people here. Some of their art was ok, but not worth the headache of their vicious dogs. And anyway, Windsor had its own high school students and empty-nesting wives to fill all the walls in town. They didn’t need to put up with these people.

In the car, Mark pulled out his phone. *Get your shitbag dog out of my town*, he texted the dude.

Back home, Mark bellowed from the foyer as he kicked off his shoes: “Jennifer, you won’t believe this asshole at the festival. His dog bit Burtle!”

“What?!” Jennifer hurried in from the kitchen wiping her hands off on a hand-towel. She gave Burtle a big hug and started looking for bites.

“I’m ok, Mom, it just bit my pant leg.” Burtle said, pulling away from his mom’s fussing. “I just want to watch some Toonami.”

“Sure, honey,” she said and patted his head. Burtle ran into the living room.

“Look at this shit,” Mark said, shoving his phone in Jennifer’s face. “This is the asshole,” he said, crossing his arms and staring as his wife took his phone.

She scrolled through the long text exchange. Her husband sent a lot of his usual texts—no punctuation, one thought spread over several messages—and had gotten multiple-sentence responses from Dog Bite Jack.

Jennifer scrolled through the messages. Most of them were reiterations of her husband telling Jack his dog was a monster and needed to stay home, before moving on to telling him to put his dog down for everyone’s safety. As she was reading, a new message came in:

*I highly recommend you take this issue to your therapist, because it has nothing to do with me or my dog.  
I agree my dog should not have nipped your son and I take full responsibility. I’ve tried to come to a solution with you, but you refuse.  
I highly recommend you work on this fixation on*

*being combative, and needing a winner and a loser in every story. I expect most of your relationships, from work to your wife to your son, would benefit from you trying to find solutions with people.*

She handed the phone back to her husband and nodded as he exploded in a new bout of rage. He stalked into his office and slammed the door, ranting about dog laws and suing the dude for every scrap of denim he had. Jennifer went to bed early with her mind racing and full of incoherent thoughts. She didn't wake up when her husband came to bed.

The next day, her husband and Burtle went shopping at the Men's Warehouse. "He'll buy Burtle a whole suit and pay my consulting fees for the time!" her husband vowed as he left the house.

It wasn't until that afternoon that Jennifer's thoughts began to coalesce and organize themselves into sentences. The dude's recommendation settled around all the fights she'd had with her husband over the years. It felt like the missing puzzle piece that made the years make sense. Or, maybe it just turned the table a little bit and she saw how they all connected.

Back in OKC, the holiday parties at her husband's work had always been tense, then he'd been promoted early to Branch Manager when his insurance company opened an office in Windsor. She'd wanted to stay where they had family and friends, and had no complaints against the neighborhood or school for Burtle. But he'd dismissed staying—it would hurt his career and Burtle's college chances to stay. He'd reminded her for years that she'd tried to hold her family back whenever they'd disagreed.

Jennifer saw her husband's combative approach over and over in the following weeks.

The dude paid \$120 for a pair of slacks but refused to pay for the rest of the suit or the \$100 per hour consulting fee her husband tried to charge him. Her husband printed out all the texts and receipts, a dog-trainer testimony from a friend, and assembled it all in a binder. He gradually lost interest and didn't get around to actually filing his case at the courthouse.

She tried hinting at therapy, but he dismissed every mention with a snort. She dropped it, fearing he'd latch onto it and drag it up like he did with her wanting to stay in OKC. She made copies of all the texts from the Dog Bite Binder for later, in case

he threw it away.

Church had a women's group she started going to, and she did get sympathy, but that was all she got. The ladies traded stories about their husbands and treated them as the price to pay for a house and kids and grandkids. Stories always ended with some form of, "At least I've raised some great kids and they're doing great." Jennifer seemed to forget that part, so they'd add: "And just think of the gorgeous daughter-in-law Burtle will bring home to you."

After a discouraging few months, one of the quieter widows, Betty, caned her way over to Jennifer's car after the group. "You seem to be asking for something else here."

Jennifer nodded slowly, wary of what she might be admitting. The group was clearly focused on voicing frustrations, then going home.

"I love my sons, all ten of them," Betty said. "I have lovely grandchildren, and I miss Harry dearly. We were married 50 years before he passed, but I'm also at peace now in a way I never was before. Part of me wonders what could have been different in my life."

Jennifer opened her mouth to speak and closed it. Betty patted Jennifer's shoulder and caned her way back to her car.

The Divorce Lawyer read through her husband's text messages and dropped the stack of papers on his desk with a whistle. "Did talking with his therapist help?"

Jennifer chuckled. "He doesn't have one."

"Didn't think so," he said, leaning back in his chair. "What's the chance he'd go to one to save his marriage?"

"I'm not sure."

"Would you bet your divorce on him refusing to go?"

"Bet?"

"So, if the divorce filing lists marriage counseling as an ultimatum and he refuses, the case is all but closed."

"What if he goes, but I still want to divorce him?"

"That'll depend on the therapist's testimony. If he really tried and you were unreasonable, it could hurt your alimony and custody pretty badly. But it could help if he was unreasonable."

The Divorce was finalized within a month as her husband stalked out of the first session in disgust. Jennifer moved into an apartment and followed her middle school dream of welding at the local trade school. It took a while, but Burtle finally adjusted to having two homes.

It was his first year of high school when Burtle started to put his parent's voices into context. His mom had always said his dad did the best he could for him. His dad always said his mom was awful and selfish. He felt silly for not realizing it earlier, but maybe his mom hadn't meant his dad's rants were in his best interest. Maybe she meant his dad paid for any sports Burtle wanted to play and showed up to yell at the referees every game.

He started hanging out with her more after that and she taught him to weld. She'd moved into a house in southern OKC, and they made sculptures in her backyard. In his third year, his dad was getting worried Burtle might not go into business and might go into the trades instead. He might have been right, until Burtle came home and his mom brought him into the backyard to meet someone—a dude in a denim jacket with patches and a black and white collie mix, panting in the heat with a ball in her mouth.

Jack was pretty sure Burtle wouldn't want to meet him, but she'd insisted and he was a sucker for optimism. So there he was, in her backyard, and the moment her son opened the screen door, he felt like the Harbinger of Hell.

Her son was back inside within five minutes. Where his father was combative and explosive, Burtle was sullen and shut down—if he wasn't going to change anyone's mind, he was going to make it painfully clear his wouldn't change either.

She and Jack stopped seeing each other after that, but kept in touch. It had been a fun story, to reconnect years later over the catalyst of her divorce, but they didn't have that much in common. No hard feelings, but her relationship with her son got better after he left.

Jack got one call, late at night, years later from a very drunk Burtle. It was brief, slurred, and all he said was, "I almost lost my fiancé. I had a long talk with my mom. I'm not sure I'd have known to ask her if she'd stayed with my dad. So, thanks I guess?"

*Click.*

## Our Mission

---

SIAMB! was born to be an artist-first endeavour, whether that was the initial zines put together by Brutus, the later literary magazine issues or the foray into book publishing that led to this call for submissions. It has always been about creating the physical object the artist wants in the world. For that reason, we do not have guidelines about who and what we want to publish. SIAMB!'s pages are open to people of all walks of life, sexualities, identities, etc.

## Our People

---

**Co-Editor: Sir Princess Brutus** (he/him/his) wandered around in academia for a decade, bounced around on adventures for awhile and is now settled in some sense of the word with his pup Hika. He likes dancing and building and code and writing and reading most genres.

**Co-Editor: D. Marise** (she/her/hers) is a freelance writer and editor laying down roots in Oklahoma. She leads the Whitty Writers Club in Tulsa and enjoys writing whatever comes to mind. When away from her desk, you can find her climbing trees or grooving to some slap bass.

## Negotiable/Example Chapbook Details

---

First and foremost this a collaboration between the author and the publisher, SIAMB!. The author will retain copyright of the content, and agrees not to republish the work in its entirety for one year following the date payment is sent to the printer. Individual pieces or excerpts are fine within the first year, and anything goes after that.

Upon review of author's email, SIAMB! will request full manuscripts of current progress for a final acceptance decision. The author retains creative control with collaborative editing with SIAMB!. Either party may rescind acceptance up to the payment to the printer. The author can provide cover art, or work with SIAMB! to develop it.

SIAMB! will market the book as it does for its catalog, which is generally but not limited to Instagram promotion (\$50 of paid IG promotion) and tabling at events. The book will be available online through our store and at local tabling events. The book will not be available online via Amazon.com or Bookshop.org; it will only be available from SIAMB!.

SIAMB! will print 100 copies via Publisher's Graphics in Illinois. Full color pages are available. SIAMB! will pay the author \$2 per copy printed at time of printing for each run. SIAMB! will keep the book in print until the author declines additional printing. SIAMB! will retain the right to sell any current stock if the author declines additional print runs.

Additionally, a limited edition via presale with a local printer is an available option, but not required.

Please note that SIAMB! will not use in tandem with or sell the author's work to AI models.

The author will be given 5 copies at time of initial printing, and will have the option to buy additional copies at cost (generally less than \$5). Additional copies purchased after printing will be at \$10 per copy. We have historically sold new titles at \$20 per copy.

To submit, please send a five-ish sentence pitch and upwards of five-page excerpt to [zine.siamb@gmail.com](mailto:zine.siamb@gmail.com). At this time we are only accepting submissions from local authors in Tulsa and surrounding areas.