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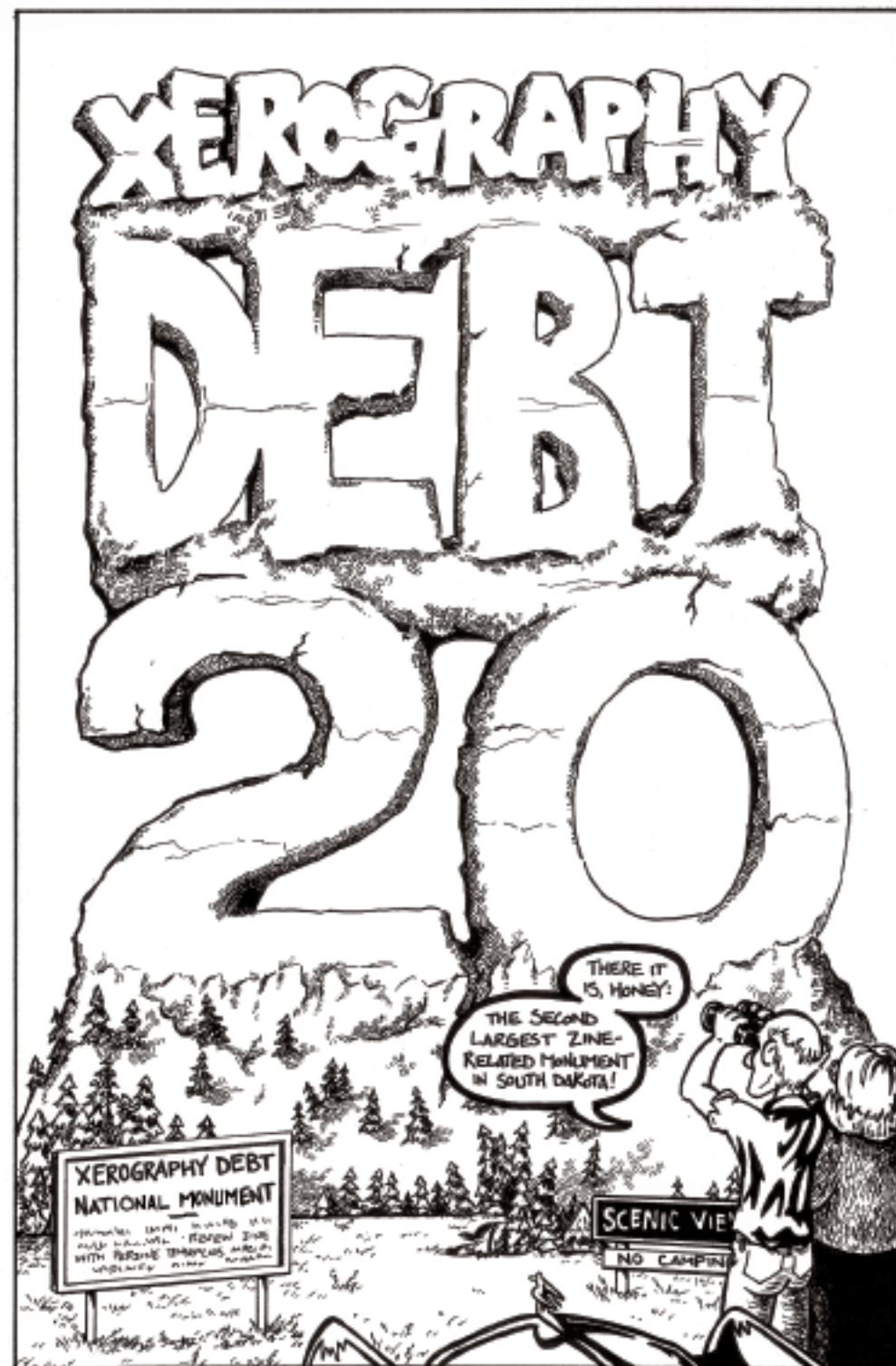


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**XEROGRAPHY DEBT C/O DAVIDA GYPSY BREIER
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XEROGRAPHY DEBT

ISSUE #20 OCTOBER 2006

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INTRODUCTION

I thought after 20 issues, yet another milestone, I would be filled with witty commentary for this introduction. Alas, I am not. The more I want to say the less comes out.

We've been hearing about "the death of zines" for at least the last 5 years. First it was F5 disappearing. Many of you reading this are scratching your heads going, "What the hell is F5?", so obviously its demise was not the death knell. Then many alarmists rattled the sabre of the internet. What the internet has done for zines is clear out many of the publications comprised of in-jokes between 16-year-olds. They have MySpace for that now. So here we are, a solid decade past the boom period of the mid-90's. Look around you, there are many reviewers and reviewees that have been active for the last decade (or two) and many newbies.

If a review zine is a canary in a coalmine, then I think you can rest assured zines are alive and well.

Happy reading....

Davida
October 2006

BASIC STUFF YOU SHOULD KNOW

If this is your first issue, **XEROGRAPHY DEBT** is a review zine for zine readers by zine writers. It is a hybrid of review zine and personal zine. **XEROGRAPHY DEBT** has its own freestyle approach. It is all about communication, so each reviewer has used the format or style most comfortable to him or her. Also, each reviewer "owns" the zine in a communal sense. We are individual artists and writers coming together to collaborate and help keep small press flourishing.

Do your part by ordering a few zines from the many reviewed here and, if you self-publish, please consider including some reviews in your zine.

XEROGRAPHY DEBT'S reviews are selective. To explain the "system": Some reviewers choose to review zines they have bought or traded with, some review

zines that are sent to **XEROGRAPHY DEBT** for review, and some do both. Also, I buy zines at Atomic Books (my local zine store), as well as zine events, so if you see your zine reviewed and you didn't send it in, that might be where I found it. Generally the only reviews you will read in here are "good reviews." Constructive criticism is given, but basically we don't have the time or money to print bad reviews. If you sent your zine in for review and don't see it listed, wait a few months and see if it appears in the following issue. I read and then distribute the zines to the reviewers about two months before the print date. If the reviewer passed on reviewing your zine, it will be sent out again for the next issue. So, each zine gets two shots with two different reviewers. Ultimately, many of the review copies stay in the **XD** archives, but some are donated to zine

libraries. Occasionally mistakes happen, postal or otherwise, so if you have a question about a zine you sent in for review, please contact Davida at PO Box 11064, Baltimore, MD 21212 or davida@leekinginc.com. XD is available for free online (some reviews and artwork will only be available in print) or paper copies can be ordered for \$3.

If you have an event, announcement, or project you would like to share, please get in touch. The lack of paid advertising within these pages is deliberate. Despite reviewing our friends and lovers, we try to be somewhat objective and free to do as we please. Needless to say, this brings up the point of needing some help to keep the machine running...

SPONSORS

We see **XEROGRAPHY DEBT** as the PBS of review zines. It is by us, for us, with no financial incentive - just a dedication to small press. If you have a few spare stamps or dollar bills to help support us and the zine community, it would be most appreciated.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NEW ORLEANS CRAFT MAFIA ONLINE STORE

The New Orleans Craft Mafia is pleased to announce the debut of its online store at <http://www.neworleanscraftmafia.com>. The web shop features handmade products from NOCM members in a variety of categories such as jewelry, clothing, accessories, decor, and more. There is even a special category for New Orleans-inspired goods. The New Orleans Craft Mafia was formed in June of 2005 and is comprised of several artisans who share in a love of art, fashion and craft. The group is part of the international collective of Craft Mafias, which formed to offer their members support, promotion and fun while encouraging the entrepreneurial spirit. The thirteen unique craft women that make up the New Orleans Craft Mafia are all committed to the economic reconstruction of their great city in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. Please support New Orleans artists by visiting <http://www.neworleanscraftmafia.com>.

5TH ANNUAL NEW ORLEANS BOOKFAIR - MARK YOUR CALENDARS

The 2006 New Orleans Bookfair is now officially less than 6 months away. All you out-of-towners need to start planning now so as to be sure to make it to this year's bookfair which will be Saturday, October 28th at Barrister's Gallery in New Orleans. The bookfair is an annual celebration of independent publishing featuring small presses, zinesters, book artists, authors, anarchists, weirdos, and lots of good times. To learn more check <http://www.hotironpress.com/bookfair.htm>

CD PROJECT

Do you like making and receiving mixed CDs from people or hearing new music? Participate in the CD project!

Here's how it works. There are three requirements. You have to have access to a CD collection or MP3s. Next, you have to be able to burn songs onto a CD. Third, you need to be able to create a CD within a three week time limit. If you are interested, reply to junieingeorgia@hotmail.com by November 15th. Include your full name, a mailing address, a list of your three favorite songs, musical artists or albums, and a list of any kinds of music that you don't like. (Please keep in mind that there are lots of types of music. If there is something you hate, please be specific. If you are open to any kind of music, you don't have to list anything.)

On November 15th, you'll be assigned a random stranger. You'll have three weeks to make a CD for them, based on their preferences. (Or you can completely ignore the preferences and expose them to all sorts of new music.) Sometime during those three weeks, you'll receive a CD of your own from someone else!

COLUMNS



MAIL ART BY GIANNI SIMONE

3-3-23 NAGATSUTA, MIDORI-KU,
YOKOHAMA-SHI
226-0027 KANAGAWA-KEN JAPAN

GLOOMY SUNDAYS

About the strange and wonderful things I find in my mailbox.

Do you like horror stories? Lately I find it increasingly difficult to find good ones, especially when it comes to movies. It seems that coming up with engaging, original plots is getting harder and harder. Even so called J-Horror (the recent new wave of films from Japan that became popular worldwide thanks to *The Ring*) has reached a cul-de-sac. Oddly enough, some of the people who have recently provided me with the best bad vibes are sound artists...

Take, for example, Mark Sonnenfeld. Many of you should at least know his name because his booklets are often reviewed in a number of zine review zines. Mark has been very active in the mail art and experimental poetry circuits for many years now, but I recently discovered a new side of his creativity, when I found in my mailbox *Experimental Tape New Jersey #2* that he produced together with the mysterious Ghostly Bus. *ETNJ#2* is a slow-burning piece of suspense. Mark & GB

avoid any loud noise, instead insinuating themselves into your ears with muffled sounds, strange voices, ringing telephones, and a robotik funk riff. This tape was the ideal soundtrack while reading the truly dreadful *Gerald's Game* by Stephen King, one of the few writers who can still make the hair on my neck stand.

The never-resting Sonnenfeld even collaborated with Ken Miller, another mail artist who likes to play (with) music. Miller added a catchy bass riff to a street recording of Mark's *A Red Shirted No Friends*. The quiet main theme blends wonderfully with Mark's plain recitation. Only in the mid-section things go a little crazy, when Ken juxtaposes two different vocal tracks and starts experimenting with music, but always in a very soft way.

Miller's usual stomping ground, though, is his almost one-man-band SinDex Industries—formerly (un)known as Sinister Dexter—through which he explores and sometimes abuses American musical tradition. Particularly good is the anthology *Fifteen Years (1984-1999)* in which you will find, among other things, weird blues songs; rock songs whose lyrics were pulled at random from a car repair manual; a couple of more atmospheric tracks; great versions of Beatles and Clash songs; and an effect of Ken's invention called "Miracle Earache" which according to Mr. Miller, "along with producing the worst feedback imaginable, picks up several channels of AM radio. The album's notes, by the way, are as hilarious and good as the music.

As every horror fan knows very well, the best stories often are the ones that deal with everyday life and ordinary people. In this sense one of the best recent projects I

stumbled upon is the *Quotidian Assemblages* 3-CD series edited and produced by Hal McGee. For those who don't know him, Hal is a senior member of the huge D.I.Y. tape network that originated in the 70s and developed worldwide with more than a few contacts with the mail art community. Hal had the brilliant idea to invite a wild bunch of Mad Professors to create audio works based upon ordinary everyday sounds. Loren Steele, for example, shows you how a not-well-oiled window can upset your nerves. G.X. Jupitter-Larsen's plain field recording of the Paris metro acquires new sinister tones after last year's London bombings. Mystified's "Pan Pan Pot Spoon" is all in its title, but the overall effect is as spooky as a Tibetan thriller. And then you have evil washing machines, undigested breakfasts, dog-walking gone wrong, apocalyptic radio news...

Perpetually house-moving mail artist and poet Jessy Kendall is another person who likes all-round playing. As Marcel Herms wrote in the third issue of his excellent zine **RIGODON** regarding Jessy's CD *Rough Ride of Crafts*, "It's always a good thing when you can't immediately pigeonhole a record. Like this one." Jessy uses a bunch of fairly conventional instruments on his release, but the end result is quite unconventional—not as creepy as I would like though... It jumps from voice-experiments to a synth-bass-based psychedelic jam to some weird loops. But its experimentation is always soft, and quite entertaining. Among other things, Jessy publishes a couple of interesting zines: a monthly collection of his poems and **ANSWER SHIRKER**, which features other people's works, some in color. His letters are very interesting too.

When not working on **RIGODON** (US\$ 7.00) (a publication mostly devoted to noise & experimental music), Herms himself loves to torture your ears and brain with his usually very loud productions. Check them out at your own risk.

As I mentioned earlier, you don't have to escape into the realm of ghosts and monsters to get your daily dose of horror. In this respect, the best CD that recently found its way into my mailbox is without doubt Franetta McMillian's *Reveries of the Solitary Walker* (US\$ 10.00). Among these very well produced songs (actually more poetry with music) you will find scathing condemnations of past and current American politics, and of contemporary society; a sad, moving tale of domestic violence; a clever send-off of fanaticism, fundamentalism and terrorism; and a piece that could be defined as pro-euthanasia. Actually there is much, much more in this excellent album, including seven instrumentals, and not everything is as bleak as I make it sound. Indeed, the overall mood is one of hope.

Okay, back to the classics, let me mention quickly a tape I made some time ago. *The Overlook* is a reworking of *The Shining* (yes, King again). A friend of mine recorded excerpts from the novel, which I mixed with old music from my own collection—nothing original—mostly alternative rock (e.g. Cassiber and Art Bears) and other strange music (Pierre Henry, Negativland). It's quite rough around the aural edges, but all in all it's satisfyingly dark. If you want to give it a try, send me US\$ 4.00 or an equivalent trade. Thank you and good night.

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IT MEANS IT'S WANK BY JEFF SOMERS

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"So what does that mean? It means it's wank." - Vic Flange, www.fleshmouth.co.uk [now defunct], describing my zine.

IF A ZINE FALLS IN A FOREST AND NO ONE SEES IT

In which your humble columnist wonders about the most dreaded of all reactions to a zine: complete and total apathy.

FRIENDS, let's quickly review the motivations for putting out a zine in this dreary, imperialistic age:

1. You actually think no one has ever printed the word fuck in public before and think your publication will touch off an underground revolution

2. You have a bunch of hee-larious inside jokes with your sparkling, one-of-a-kind friends and figure if you can keep them laughing for hours every night whilst hanging out at the Circle K, the rest of the universe would benefit from your stylings

3. You have no friends and a strong desire to cut yourself ritually, and zining is like having a diary the whole world can read, meaning the Chosen One who might actually understand you can find you and take you away from it all

4. You woke up in Mexico wearing a funeral suit and bearing a fresh tattoo of a wolverine, and have no idea how all these stapled booklets with your writing in them came to be in your living room

For the record, I generally claim #4 but it's really #2 for me.

Now, no one puts effort into anything without expecting some reaction. You may be one of those obnoxious pricks who does everything in their lives purely for the reaction, or maybe you reserve that kind of expectation for the big projects in your life that might reasonably attract such attention. But the fact is, no one does anything as labor-intensive as creating and sending out a zine without hoping for a reaction. Love it or hate it, our zines are out there so you can do a spit take when reading it, or at least send us a nice email either complaining or praising our work.

Or, of course, review it. Reviews are the main way zines are acknowledged publicly, so most people seek reviews of their zines. I've written about the various reactions to bad reviews, good reviews,

and everything in-between previously in this space, but let us wonder for a moment about a horrible situation: You spend some months or years putting together a zine, you send it out to the waiting world and settle back to see what it thinks of your handiwork, and then... nothing. No reviews. No one, anywhere, takes the time and trouble to say something about your work.

This is, doubtlessly, worse than a bad review. In fact, I'd submit that bad reviews are actually pretty great. They give you great taglines for your sad, pathetic advertisements; they instill a burning desire to show the world that often results in greatness; they, at the very least, acknowledge your zine's (and, by extension, your own) existence. Oh yes, there are worse things than having someone call your zine the worst waste of time they'd ever experienced, and that would be that same person not even bothering to write anything about your zine.

You can't, generally, guarantee a review. You push your zine out there and then sit back and enjoy the calming sound of crickets, drink heavily, rail against the unfairness of it all, and then sit down at your desk and start work on issue 2, which you are determined will be so mind-blowing that cargo cults will be based upon its teachings. Most zines, I think, do get reviewed somewhere, due to a combination of the following truths:

1. Some zines use reviews as filler and just grab whatever's on their desk at 3AM when they discover there are three blank pages at the end of the damn issue, so odds are eventually your zine clings to their sweaty palms at the magic moment!

2. Many zine reviewers, volunteers most, take their responsibility to review widely

and fairly very seriously, and so make an effort to find obscure zines or zines that maybe are not their first choice to review.

3. It's hard to judge a zine by its cover, so, coupled with #2 above this means that by the time well-meaning zine reviewers realize your zine is so boring it doesn't actually exist, it's too late: They've spent time on it, and so a review will probably be written.

This knowledge, however, just makes it worse if your zine doesn't get reviewed, though. I mean, if the odds are that every zine gets a review from someone, somewhere, and eight months out you've yet to discover one for your own bastard offspring, what does that mean? That your zine is somehow more boring and less noticeable than every other zine ever produced in the history of DIY publishing? Probably. That's the horror of the situation, and just about any review—albeit incoherent or mean-spirited, or completely clueless—is better than the yawning chasm of complete disregard. I'd rather have my zines all mailed back to me wrapped around dead rats than get no response at all.

Actually, when you consider the article I could write about getting my zine sent back to me wrapped around a dead rat, that would actually be kind of cool. So there you go: You have just read an essay by a man who thinks getting dead rats in the mail would be cool. Don't judge me.



AN INDEPENDENT CRITICISM OF ZINES BY ILYA ZAYCHIK

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"...they resigned themselves to using the current coin of language, the commonplaces of plain narrative, of anecdote...even the sincerest grief had to make do with the set phrases of ordinary conversation. Only on these terms could the prisoners of the plague ensure the...interest of their hearers."

-Albert Camus, The Plague, Vintage Books Edition 1972, Translated by Stuart Gilbert

My love affair with zines began approximately four years ago when, predictably, I started one myself. The thankless toil appealed to me; the finished product—my product—felt like precious metal in my hands. The tangible nature of the saddle-stitched booklet yields a unique satisfaction. Anyone can do this, I thought. Since then, purchasing and reading zines has proved to be one of my most rewarding addictions.

However, I have tended to avoid zines of a political nature. As a reader, I find them uninteresting. I have seen few original ideas or well-defended arguments in this sphere of zines (*Immerwahr's Investigations* and *Spies' Abort!*, though not wholly political in content, I note as exceptions). My boredom as a reader is not merely a symptom; it goes to the root of

the problem. It is the author's duty-above all else-to 'capture the reader.' If he fails to accomplish this, he has failed as an author. When I am not being engaged by the author; he or she takes my passivity for granted, and does not craft thoughtful arguments. I intend to show why this is the case, why the reader's interest in the work is so critical, and what could happen if we lose sight of this. There is something profoundly troubling about a lack of originality, and a mental laziness in supporting fairly provocative political positions.

What is the defining characteristic of a zine? It is a completely independent process. There is no outside pressure from bosses, advertisers, co-workers, editors, distributors, or readership. Most importantly, there is no profit to be made; paying the rent does not hinge on zine sales, thankfully. You write what you want, make as many copies as you want, and give it to whomever you want. This seems as close to independent as possible. Also, you make connections with real people doing the same thing you are. There is a real solidarity there. This is liberating; this is fulfilling; this is the appeal of zines.

But 'independent' seems to have taken on another connotation. Presumably, if one resorts to zining, it is because one has something to say but does not want those opinions compromised by the pressures facing established outlets of expression. One of these pressures—perhaps the only one that matters—is the financial one, which zinesters avoid and subsequently reject as a corruption of ideals, or artistic freedoms. Whoever pays a writer, or artist, necessarily exerts some influence over the content of the product. This predicament is faced by Mainstream Media, but not by Zinesters. Therefore, Zinesters stand in opposition to Mainstream Media. The former may feel marginalized, under-represented, silenced, or ignored (these are all words I encounter repeatedly) by

the latter.

However, what they lack in money, Zinesters compensate for with complete creative freedom, independence, and artistic integrity. The step from here to an entrenched political position is a simple one: since profit-driven capitalism is a core principle of the United States, zinesters cast themselves opposite the country itself, or at least its current incarnation. They are influenced by money, we are not.

Money = enslavement = moral bankruptcy = bad = them;

No money = independence = clean conscience = good = us.

The solidarity that we may have felt for each other shifts from the act of independent, decentralized zine-making to some monolithic, anti-American, anti-corporate political message which supposedly follows directly from zine-making, and corresponds to the profit-free interests of said zinesters. In other words, because zinesters are not in it for the money, they—and consequently the medium itself—must oppose those that are.

I am not citing some conspiracy—this is simply what I observe. I defy someone to send me a zine which deals with political issues or international affairs and takes a thoughtful and critical position in support of the United States, or, God forbid, Israel; or at least questions some basic assumptions about the worldview put forth by Chomsky, Said, or Zinn, to name some common authors. (The only one I have ever encountered was 'On Being A Jew,' by David Solway. It felt like a breath of fresh air. I devoured it on the spot in Pages, in Toronto. I would have bought it, but it was prohibitively expensive—almost a dollar a page). It is as though there is no attempt made at debate, at defense of a position. Sometimes it seems to me that what is being sought is a collective pat on the back, or a unanimous 'yeah, right on!' from

an imagined community, brought together by the same acts in a productive process.

It seems absurd to posit that only the Mainstream Media, or Amerikkka, is affected by this phenomenon. I see it plainly with zinesters. There is nothing implied in the term 'independent,' a bulwark of zine ethos, that suggests any kind of political platform. There is no foundation to assert that anarchism, communism, socialism, capitalism, or any other ism necessarily follow from financial independence, much less that it should follow. It is likely that many zinesters share many political views, but it is absurd to assume that they all share all views. There is no perfect union, and therefore can be no catchall platform. Since there can be no catchall platform, no author can take his audience's opinions for granted. For confirmation, one need only look at the two major political parties in the United States. Their major defect is an inability to represent the broad range of American viewpoints. In order to succeed each must dumb down its platform to the lowest common denominator. Since zinesters are not faced with such a pressure, I do not see why they have to stoop to such a level.

If any outsider picked up a smattering of political zines, I would find it difficult for him or her to label them independent, since there is no diversity of opinion. There is no condemnation of other governments' censorship practices, no criticism of any other society (unless it happens to be Israel, which is a mere puppet of the United States anyway), no mention of mass killings or human rights abuses by Russia, Turkey, or Venezuela, to pick blindly from a thick list. Of course, there is a veritable plethora of elements to condemn in American society and government. I do not intend to embark on a patriotic digression. The United States is a country like all others, with its mistakes and successes, its positive and negative aspects, its corruptions, and its multiplicity of viewpoints.

It is popular to emphasize a multiplicity of narratives in analyzing a situation—historical, political or otherwise. Perspective reigns supreme. Any slice of history, any piece of news, is infinitely complex, as there are always infinite readings. The old saying that 'history is written by the victors' is no longer valid. Even the 'losers,' as Tom Petty sagaciously noted, get lucky sometimes. They have voices you can hear. It only requires some research. No event of any kind can be believed uncritically, since everyone who is involved in, or relates that event, alters it. This is why we should consult multiple and varied news sources when a story breaks, including blogs. Still, it is impossible to consult all of them, and so we must concede that we cannot grasp an event in its entirety. Take, for example, the Cold War. On the surface, no conflict appears easier to diagnose. Inspect a little more closely, however, and it is impossible to maintain such a rigid barrier. Theoretically, no version, no perspective, can be better than any other, just like no human life is intrinsically more valuable than any other. For this reason I seriously question understood meanings of charged words such as 'independent,' 'alternative,' or 'radical.' There is no one function that churns out a single answer, no perfect Venn diagram, no great cause and effect red string that runs through historical and political events, no lone method of explaining things. Similarly, there can be no single manifestation—positive or negative—of 'independent,' and consequently no uniform opinion which must characterize 'independent' artists.

As with historical views, so, too, with present ones: yes, Mainstream Media is dominant, and zines are marginalized, insofar as the former has a greater quantity of resources and readers. But there are two problems with this excuse. First, marginalized is a highly transitory term. Depending on the scope of analysis, those labeled marginalized oscillate

radically. This is why I attack zines for this tendency—it is my scope of analysis, the group from which I feel marginalized. It is incumbent upon zine authors to attempt to include me, because authors—no matter how marginalized—must assume that readers do not agree with them; readers must be won over.

Second, 'marginalized' viewpoints do not replace accepted ones. This is a grave and dangerous error; totally rejecting one and accepting the other leads to the creation of a parallel dogma, one which is no more or less accurate a version of events than the 'dominant' one. Being 'marginalized' does not make one 'right' or 'wrong'. There is no one-size-fits-all politics for marginalized groups. Why pretend otherwise? Why does there seem to be a lexical checklist to ascertain if someone is with 'us' or against, good or bad?

To think that a marginalized community (by which I mean not represented in Mainstream Media) cannot create its own marginalized members is a delusion. To assume that no tacit censorship or exclusion can take place lacks vision and self-criticism. I find the uniformity of opinions and the acceptance of those opinions as fact to be particularly egregious in political zines. For such an 'independent' institution, supposedly cleansed of the 'animal spirits' of profit-seeking media outlets, our behavior is no better than those we condemn. We are worse, since we have nothing to lose. A government's official statements I can understand—there are many pretenders to the throne. But what do truly 'independent' creators safeguard by playing to the crowd? There is no financial or public relations risk; no one is gunning for a zinester's job. Do we risk losing our 'alternative' status by questioning tenets of 'alternative' doctrine? How many adherents does it take for something to no longer be called 'alternative'? Are we afraid of being brandished sell-outs? I

would hope readers of zines are thoughtful enough to look past the clichés and pay attention to a point being made. Of course, that point has to be made.

The most important lesson Borges taught me was that authors can never take readers for granted. When we do so, we grow dull in our thinking; we forget that readers may disagree, and those readers deserve a sharp, interesting argument, not a recitation of slogans comparing America to Nazi Germany or some such nonsense. From here it is a short step to excluding debate, and when we attempt to out-shout an opponent instead of proving or compromising, we are no better than a Mainstream Media we vilify.

One need only look at the U.S.S.R., Iran or Cuba to see how anti-profit, anti-capitalist, anti-mainstream rhetoric can be a front for the most brutal crimes. When there is no challenge to our ideas, we become lazy. Our language becomes corrupted, as Orwell wisely noted. We descend into buzz words, manipulative language, and unclear-yet intuitively understood-meanings designed to elicit an emotive, as opposed to an intellectual, response. Of course, I am not saying zines are at this point, far from it. However, let us not assume, as Frank Zappa sarcastically noted, that 'it can't happen here.'

THE REVIEWS



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DAVIDA@LEEKINGINC.COM

When last we met I had just had a kid. That kid is now 8 months old and full of the kind of goofy fun that changes everything. He is gnawing on something he probably shouldn't be as I type this, but after he brought his rattle toy down rather hard on my face a few moments ago, I decided working on these reviews might be a fine idea.

It might be a while before the next **LEEKING INK**, but I am thinking about it (for whatever that is worth). #30 is still available and is a retrospective issue of my last decade of zinemaking.

ZINE WORLD #23: A READER'S GUIDE TO THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

ZINE WORLD is back from its hiatus. Jerianne and her staff have been spending the time reading hundreds of zines and want to tell you all about them. Lots of news stories about our ever-infringed civil liberties. Always a great place to find new reading material.

\$3 US; \$4 CAN; \$5 WORLD

48 pages/letter

Jerianne

PO Box 330156, Murfreesboro TN 37133

www.undergroundpress.org

UNDERWORLD CRAWL #4

Notes from Nowhere

I had seen issues of **UNDERWORLD CRAWL** pass through XD headquarters, but realizing that the publisher was the same person behind **FUCK AND FIGHT** and **BARRELHOUSE**, made me snatch **UNDERWORLD CRAWL #4** for my stack. This text-dense mini offers a handful of essays, some of which offer personal introspection and some simply question those around the writer. The writing is nice and crisp. I would have liked a few more stories where the author was an active participant than simply reporter.

\$1

40 pages/mini

R. Lee

PO Box 1421, Oshkosh, WI 54903

rleemail@gmail.com

OPUNTIA 61 & 61.1

#61 offers a fascinating (at least I think so) history of envelopes. #61.1 offers reviews of mystery books set within the publishing industry. Always an edifying favorite.

\$3, trade, letter of comment

16 pages/ digest

Dale Speirs

Box 6830, Calgary AL T2P 2E7 CANADA

MY BIRTHDAY TRIP TO THE OUTER BANKS

This is a wee travel zine about Niku's trip to the Outer Banks with her girlfriend. This is cute (in a good way!).

\$17/40 pages/mini

msfilms@hotmail.com

JUGULAR Vol 1, Issue 2

I struggled with writing a review for this zine. There is a fine line between offering criticism, writing a bullshit review, and being a mean old zine hag. I am going to try and be brief - given the audience this zine aspires to reach and the mission statement, it is going to be hard going, because I found myself alienated by many of the editor's statements. It aspires to

offer progressive political and social commentary, but what I can only assume are narrow social-economic experiences and young age of the editor hamper those attempts. The text screams white middle-class college student whose views are not challenged beyond recreational verbal debate. I would also suggest the editor get into some deeper discussions about race beyond the ivory towers of a suburban university setting. I don't think that is who you want to be, so start learning beyond your university's (and family's) boundaries. \$2 or best offer
52 pages/Digest
Matt
PO Box 153, Linthicum, MD 21090
The_jugular_zine@yahoo.com

WITH HEART IN MOUTH #4

WITH HEART IN MOUTH is also by a middle class college student, but is everything that **JUGULAR** isn't. I met Anna at a zine reading at the Baltimore County Zine Library. I was intrigued by her reading and traded with her (eventually, as I didn't actually remember copies of my zine that night). She has evidently spent years trying to understand her interior landscape before trying to figure out and fight the exterior one. She talks about race and labeling from an entirely different perspective, one that has changed over time based on her experiences. She also offers criticisms of *Bowling for Columbine*, finding flaws that many liberals are likely reluctant to point out. Enjoyable, thought-provoking read.

\$? At least a couple bucks/
60+ pages/digest
Anna Whitehead
1361 Monroe St., NW,
Washington, DC 20010

THE SECRET FILES OF CAPTAIN SISSY #5

I had heard about **THE SECRET FILES OF CAPTAIN SISSY** for years and even had

people recommend it to me, but somehow never picked up until now. The opening story about getting a concussion totally sucked me in (I too once experienced the loop of the same questions over and over after I hit my head). His work and experiences with the United Steelworkers of America show first hand how noble intentions often clash with real people. And now I recommend it to you....

\$3/72 pages/1/2 size
Microcosm Publishing
P.O. Box 14332
Portland, OR 97293
www.microcosmpublishing.com

MIRANDA #15

I feel bad because just about every review of **MIRANDA** in **XD** has been written by me. The reason is simple - if another reviewer is going to get my copy it is going to be from my cold, dead hands. This is simply a favorite. In this issue, Kate shares her family planning decision that involves husband Bruce going under the knife. She writes eloquently about her pro-choice views, her first overnight trip away from her youngest son, and a much beloved tree house.

\$2/28 pgs/digest/trades
Kate Haas
3510 SE Alder Street, Portland, OR 97214
bruceandkate@juno.com
www.mirandazine.com

I HATE THIS PART OF TEXAS #5

This zine from a New Orleans-based writer was a pleasant surprise. An example of a great personal zine - offering experiences and observations about life in general. My favorite line was when John described the waiting area at Charity Hospital, "It's not unlike sitting and waiting at the Greyhound station, really, except here everyone's brokenness is out in the open." I loved that line. I wish more zines like this turned up in my mailbox.

\$3/40 pages/1/2 legal

Microcosm Publishing
P.O. Box 14332
Portland, OR 97293
www.microcosmpublishing.com



KRIS MININGER

CALLE OBISPO 4 BAJO, PLASENCIA 10600,
CÁCERES, SPAIN

¡Hola! Que tal estais cabrones? Muy bien. Me alegro. Yo? Pues... Fenomenal! Como siempre tio! Ummm... Hello there. I asked Davida if I could write a few reviews for this issue just so I could shamelessly plug my own zine in this little introduction here. Um, what I meant to say there was that I recently received a big, fat envelope full of zines from Australia that I (and probably most folks reading this) have never heard of before and that I feel are definitely worth a look.

And now for the shameless plug. My wife and I publish the zine **EXTRANJERO** (which means "foreigner" in Spanish). The latest issue is subtitled "tales of life and travel by a big, dumb Yank and his Spanish wife" and that pretty much sums it up.

Send \$2 or trade (or, if you're really down on your luck, an interesting letter will do just fine) to: Kris & Lola, Calle Obispo 4 bajo, Plasencia 10600, Cáceres, Spain.

Oh yeah, before I forget, I also send reviews of (mostly) European zines to **ZINE WORLD: A READER'S GUIDE TO THE UNDERGROUND PRESS** which, I have just been informed, will soon be up and running again with a new issue (#23) after a short hiatus so the editor could give birth. Send

all comments, inquiries, subscriptions and, of course, items for review to: **ZINE WORLD**, PO Box 330156, Murfreesboro, TN 37133-0156. Or check out www.undergroundpress.org.

AFTERMATHS (2005)

\$4, 60 pages, mini
Anwyn, 12 Dennis St, Northcote 3070,
VIC Australia.
anwyn_@graffiti.net

The introduction starts, "this zine is largely concerned with the recent disintegration of my closest friendship." Most of the zine is made up of what appear to be diary entries, random thoughts & fragments, and poetry, all of which sticks pretty close to the theme of losing one's best friend. Some of the poetry is Anwyn's own writing which, upon a second reading, is more powerful than I gave it credit for at first glance, and some excerpts of Sylvia Plath's work. It's held together with a rubber band and there are different size pages unfolding this way and that way which make this zine a fun read. Overall, it's kind of rough and sloppy, but in a very sincere, compelling sort of way.

In Anwyn's own words: "In my other life/I would have dressed/in spangles and feathers./At fifteen/I would have/flown to New York./Lived on my wits/like a music-hall rent-girl;/tangoed with strangers/for change,/for the sake of it;/skin-glittering late nights/too lustrous for words." Hmm...Not bad!

WESTSIDE ANGST: #7

\$3 or trade, 30 pages, large
Ianto Ware, 1 Kanbara St, Flinders Park,
S. Aust 5025, Australia.

This is a super text-heavy zine with little cartoonish drawings of trees here and there to give your eyes a break from all the writing. I spent quite a few evenings working my way through this one. It's absorbing and humorous and, despite the

title, not really angsty at all. Ianto's personality really shines in this zine as he writes about falling in love, graduate school, travelling, giving a couple of talks about zines and much more. He writes in this down-to-earth style that makes you want to hang out and drink beers with the guy and listen to some of his funny self-deprecating stories. On one page he has me laughing as he rambles on about how much he loves Motörhead, and on the next page he's talking about the re-writing of identity in the rise of the English novel or picking apart a passage from Michel Foucault's *The History of Sexuality!* And he somehow manages to keep it all down-to-earth and lively.

You can tell that Ianto spends a lot of time working his thoughts out on paper and really enjoys doing so. He concludes this zine with, "I'm sitting here at the end of another issue with my faith in things somewhat restored. I write these zines, and I get all worked up over them, and when I've finished writing one, I have actually learnt a lot. I'm not sure if that comes through in what I've written. Probably not. The process is largely personal. But the world seems to make more sense having put it into words, having taken that blur of being alive and mashed it into this shitty little zine you hold in your hands." . Hell, send this guy \$3 AND a trade.

DAS PAPIER KRIEG: SPECIAL EDITION: COMIC DEPICTIONS OF REAL LIFE CONVERSATIONS

\$2 or trade, 16 pages, digest

Ianto Ware, 1 Kanbara St, Flinders Park, S. Aust 5025, Australia.
kanbara@senet.com.au

This one had me on the floor giggling uncontrollably. It's a simple, straight-forward collection of short comics with titles like, "Evan is afraid of man love," "An eventful trip to Officeworks with Ann to

photocopy zines. There were some complications," and "Evan says something stupid to Martine". It's all very tidy and well executed, but over way too fast. Ianto draws the characters in exactly the same position in every frame but with different t-shirts that have laugh-out-loud funny things written on them.

Funniest one-liner: "I think you're manic depressive!" Response: "I just broke up with my girlfriend!" The characters reminded me of some people I hung around in college. And, boy, am I glad I am no longer in contact with those people!

ROOTS & BRANCHES: #2, February 2006

\$3, 28 pages, digest

Joel, PO Box 108, Unley SA 5061, Tandanya Bioregion, Australia.
madhorsemanofmarrakesh@yahoo.com

The editor describes this zine as "a kind of personal archaeology". This one has a nice, earthy, brown recycled paper cover and a cool centrefold which pops out to reveal some extremely detailed drawings of the editor's garden, complete with detailed notes explaining why what is growing where and what he hopes to achieve and improve for next season. It's kind of intense for someone (like me, for example) who knows very little about gardening except for the fact that digging up potatoes is extremely rough on the lower back. (I know what I'm talking about here...)

But despite the zine's title, the other pieces in here have nothing to do with gardening.

The first piece, for example, is about how Joel's family belonged to "an intensely conservative, fundamentalist Christian church" for the first nine years of his life. This organization, Joel tells us, was essentially a cult and his family managed to escape its clutches before it was too late. He doesn't do any half-assed ranting

against religion or any of that sort of thing, but instead writes very openly and charmingly about the experience.

Other pieces which I enjoyed here: an insightful piece about the gentrification of Unley, where Joel lives, and a piece about participating in a protest in Adelaide in response to a visit by Donald Rumsfeld. This is an insightful, witty, well-written zine and I'm getting on this guy's mailing list.

THE STICKMEN & OTHERS: #1 & #2

\$2, 16 pages, digest

Available from: Sticky Zine Distro, PO Box 310, Flinders Lane Post Office, Melbourne, Australia.

OK, this is just silly. The publisher, Masan, says, "Hey, I had to do this for a school project and I thought it sounded cool so I decided that since I'm not good at drawing but enjoy doing it I'd make a bunch of comics and other crap.". That's the spirit! Unfortunately, these two zines look like they were made in about 15 minutes total. However, I'm pretty sure, after reading them and getting a feel for the author's sense of humor, that this is intentional. That being said, I still giggled quite a bit and even laughed out loud once.

But, honestly, this isn't for everyone. You've got your stick figure bank robbers, stick figure ants, stick figures with top hats... and you've got lots of silly lists like "Top 10 Reasons to Spit," and goofy quizzes like "Are you a fish?". And who knew that "I hog a Regents crown" was an anagram for "George Washington"? The things you learn reading zines...

YOU: various issues

\$/, 1 page, various sizes

Luke, c/o Sticky, PO Box 310, Flinders Lane Post Office, Melbourne, Australia.

A whole bunch of these bizarre **YOU** zines fell out of the big, fat envelope from Oz. The publisher, Luke, is apparently the

mastermind behind Sticky Zine Distro and this is his zine. Each issue comes in a paper bag which has the word "YOU" stamped on it along with some other decoration (stickers, spray paint, etc.) and is stapled shut. Some issues come in tiny, little bags. Others come in big, brown bags that you would be given after buying vinyl at the local record store. After you've worked your way through all the staples along the top edge you will find a sheet of paper inside addressed to "Dear You," followed by a letter. It's a very voyeuristic reading experience. It's like finding a personal letter that someone has dropped in the street and was only meant for a specific person's eyes.

Some issues are sad. Some are flirty. Some are neurotic. Some are humorous. Here's an excerpt: "Dear You, We went for the 20 week ultrasound on Thursday. After seeing the baby on screen at the first ultrasound a few weeks ago it didn't blow my mind quite as much. It's a strange experience seeing the baby on screen because what you see is not actual size, I know that sounds really basic but seeing the baby on a wide screen tv makes it look like there's a monster in there. I keep finding myself wondering whether in 80 years time the baby will be able to travel back in time and visit itself in the womb at my band's cd launch..." Nice concept. Cool little zine.



QUISMADA

2837 FENWICK STREET
GRAND PRAIRIE, TX 75052
WWW.PRISONMUSIC.BLOGSPOT.COM
WWW.AFFORDABLEPORTRAITSBYQ.COM
QUISMADA1968@SBCGLOBAL.NET

They thought they stole my freedom, but they left me with a pen. That's my latest philosophy and I applied it fairly well, if I do say so myself, when presented with a deadline for my first zine review column. I had zero zines in my Buddhist monk possession and I needed some in a hurry. So I picked seven zine editors using the random fate system, applied my sanity saving pen and begged for a zine. Expeditiously. Each letter, of course, carefully labeled with the disclaimer: "I'm a freakin' prisoner!" There are some people who don't want their zines in the hands of a prisoner and I can't fault them. If you see a homeless person covered in filth and stench you're usually in no hurry to go shake their hand. Fortunately, my pen carries little odor and the zines came. Expeditiously.

My own zine, **PRISON MUSIC**, suffered a mortal blow when my distributor and secretary found new employment, but **PRISON MUSIC** has begun an electronic renaissance via the Blog. Check it out if you can because as Hollywood has discovered lately, prison can be a real interesting place. Well, in a morbid kind of way. Also, if you're interested in a gift portrait for mom, visit my portrait website. Mention the word "zinester" and receive a 20% discount.

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #20

KAIRAN II by Gianni Simone
3-3-23 NAGATSUTA
MIOORI-KU, YOKOHAMA-SHI
226-0027 KANAGAWA-KEN, JAPAN

22pp. Digest. I'm sure a good letter will get you a copy, but send a couple of bucks or I.R.C.'s. It's worth it.

KAIRAN (Mail Art Forum) is a zine that covers a different aspect of Mail Art with each issue. It's usually a compilation of articles, interviews, and graphics edited by the infamous Gianni Simone. If you've ever had even a passing interest in Mail Art, this zine is an encyclopedia for it. **KAIRAN II** is exclusively dedicated to Visual Poetry (AKA: Concrete Poetry). It has interviews, articles, and samples of Visual Poetry. If you wonder what Visual Poetry is, this zine is a wonderful introduction. One contributor, Geoffrey Huth, said this: "Every visual poem is a text that demands to be read. Even if we can't read it, it warns us that reading is essential to its significance." I found that to be a relief because I couldn't read half of the visual poems I saw. I found them a lot like an abstract painting; they attracted my eyes and stimulated my thinking, which unless I totally misunderstood, is the whole point. Like all Gianni Simone produced zines, **KAIRAN II** is pure quality. Expand your imagination with this one.

WATCH THE CLOSING DOORS 35
by Fred Argoff
Penthouse L. 1170 Ocean Parkway
Brooklyn, NY. 11230
24 pp. Digest. \$2.50/\$10 cash for next 4 issues.

Fred Argoff is a New York City subway train conductor. Talk about the perfect job for zine fodder! No wonder **WATCH THE CLOSING DOORS** is up to issue #35 and counting. This was my first taste of this zine and I liked it. This man definitely seems an authority on NYC transportation history, there's plenty of that in this issue,

and then some accounts of human interaction on the famous subway which appealed to me the most. Case in point, people are sometimes dumb but rarely dull. This is a good looking zine with plenty of pictures of trains and their stations. Though it's obvious this zine is written for a subway riding readership, Fred Argoff does his best to include those of us who've never had an opportunity to try those underground trains we've seen in a thousand movies. Now is your chance to ride one.

MR. WALLOW 2
by Kenneth Shaw K-58396
A1-129L NKP-PO BOX 5000
Delano, CA. 93216
12 pp. _ \$2.50.

Mr. Wallow is the cartoon alter ego of California prisoner, Kenneth Shaw. The entire zine is done in comic strip format and completely illustrated by hand. I absolutely loved the drawing in this very clean looking zine. Mr. Wallow is a prisoner who keeps abreast of current events and voices his take. Included is an interview with George W., fresh from the sewer and a comic strip titled, "The Pink Bunny Blue Dog Show." I liked this part of the zine. The drawing alone in this zine is worth \$2.50 and yet it's also a well put together zine. Recommended.

OPUNTIA 60.5
by Dale Speirs
Box 6830
Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2P 2E7
16 pp. Digest. \$3/TRADE/letter of comment.

This makes the 4th **OPUNTIA** fraction I've read and I've enjoyed them all. **OPUNTIA** is published in 5 separate volumes for each numbered edition. For example, 60 is sercon, 60.1 is a review zine, 60.2 is an index, 60.3 is an A.P.A. zine, and 60.5 is a perzine (my favorite). This is an intelligently written zine by a confident

Canadian named Dale Speirs. He's not a man to bite his tongue, I think, but he does his research and gives a well written essay on a variety of subjects. 60.5 is a perzine and only required memory for research. It's a one article zine that tells us about Dale Speirs' youth experiences as a cowboy. Yup, a cowboy, but not like the ones you see in the movies or Nashville. A photo shows the cattle drivers and not a one bothered to wear the famous cowboy hat. This is Dale Speirs' account of what a real cattle drive is like (horseless!). An entertaining tale and it's worth a read.

ZEN BABY 16
by Christopher Robin
P.O. Box 1611
Santa Cruz, CA. 95061
52 pp. full sized. \$2/\$5 for 3 issue subscription.

I think the title **ZEN BABY** is meant as an irony or sarcasm because this zine is quite the opposite of Zen. For a patient set of eyes, this zine can be a wild and enjoyable ride that will possibly shock a laugh. The cover is a busy college that is but an introduction to the hundreds (thousands?) of magazine clippings inside. I mean it when I say busy; it took awhile just to find the zine title. I'll admit this zine confused one at times with its infinite clippings, but buried beneath the chaos, I found some quality writings. It has poetry, stories, tributes, zine reviews, and letters, all by a number of contributors. I really believe **ZEN BABY** carries many a hidden gem for the patient reader.

EXTRANJERO NUMERO CINCO (#5)
32 pp, digest, donations, trades, nice letters
Kris and Lola , Calle Obispo 4 Bajo
Plasencia 10600, Caceres, Spain

If you haven't caught the **EXTRANJERO** craze, you're missing out. For my money, this is one of the most entertaining zines

going. **EXTRANJERO** is Spanish for “foreigner” and that’s exactly what the tall Yank, Kris, is; a misplaced American living in the land of Spain with his Spanish wife, whom he met in Ireland. If that doesn’t make for an interesting scenario, then nothing does. And as much as I love Kris’ writing, I like his wife Lola’s even more. Neither of these two takes themselves too seriously and I have yet to read an issue without laughing (I’ve read all 5). I’ve no doubt that both Kris and Lola find their marriage a growing experience. I think a majority of Americans would find the culture shock too much, but Kris is a free spirit and Lola is a down to earth soul. You really need to join them and their adventures in the land of Spain.

IS THIS LOVE?

18 pp. digest, \$2.00
1611 Newsome Rd.
Bellville, TX. 77418

This heartfelt zine asks the question: If you could choose between wealth, wisdom, and love, which would it be? As you can guess from the title, the newest member of the zine community, Tommy Duncan, makes his choice loud and clear in a personal kind of way. Tommy tells us some stories of his search, shares some of his poems and does so with a light-hearted style of writing that might give the reader a sigh of content. Included is some original art and a few awesome zine reviews; uh, no, I’m not just saying that because of the wonderful review he gave my zine... Okay, maybe, but I’m only a human zinester. **IS THIS LOVE?** really is a nice read and like a good per-zine should, it gives you a good sense of who its author is; in this case, a warm, likeable man.



ANNE THALHEIMER

160 N. MAPLE STREET, FLORENCE, MA 01062
MOTES@SIMONS-ROCK.EDU

In the time since the last **XD** hit the stands, I quit my sucky day job and got an awesome new one working for an online vintage reproductions fabrics retailer. And I really will finish **BOOTY #20** one of these days. Really. I’ve just been trying to prepare for the MA Red Ribbon Ride (which will be done by the time you read this) and juggle a few smaller projects including—but not limited to—a Soap of the Month Club (for the herbalist for which I’ve been interning; have a look for yourself at www.acadiaherbals.com), joining the Easthampton City Arts group (I’m at: http://www.easthamptoncityarts.com/pages.php?which_page=listing_artist&which_user=179), and more banjo-ing. Yup.

DAVEZINE v.11 (Jan. 2005)

Story by David G. Cookson
Art and cover by Josh Kagan
P.O. Box 23568
Baltimore, MD 21203
DaveCookson@excite.com
\$2, 36, digest, trades? back issues?

Well, while the cover claims, “all DAVE all the time” the inside letter to the editor explains that the zine is actually all “about Loretta the meter maid.” (He then follows that statement with “**DAVEZINE** has been in operation for ten years now, and is kept alive by enthusiastic fans like you. If it dies, that will be your fault. My hands are clean.” Oo-kay.). In all honesty, this zine

didn’t do that much for me, personally, even though the only thing that I think might need improvement is the fact that there is a fair amount of wasted space in the zine (which might be advertising space; I’m, not sure). The cover is in color and the composition’s clever enough, but the story just didn’t catch me, I guess. It’s not that Dave isn’t an effective writer; the story’s been edited and the structure’s well-planned, particularly the way the ending echoes the beginning. It has solid closure and there are funny moments in the story. But I found it weirdly off-putting that the most common insult characters came up with for this evil meter-maid was “bitch” (which is used to the point of excess) to describe this ticket-happy meter-maid and I found myself kind of skimming toward the end. Maybe it’s this particular installment; if I had read other issues I might have learned more about Loretta and had more of a framework for her character, or if the letter from the editor had more background about why Loretta, why a zine about this meter-maid, what made him develop this character. That said, if you’ve recently gotten a parking ticket slapped on your windshield, this might be the perfect zine to read.

OPUNTIA 60.5 (April 2006)

Dale Speirs
Box 6830
Calgary, Alberta,
T2P 2E7, Canada

\$3 cash “for a one-time sample copy”, trade for your zine or letter of comment, no small checks, USD OK “at par value”, “do not send mint USA stamps.” 16 pages, digest size (but the long way around).

So you know (which I didn’t!): “Whole-numbered **OPUNTIA**s are sercon, x.1 issues are reviewzines, x.2 issues are indexes, x.3 issues are apazines, and x.5 issues are perzines.” So, this issue is a perzine (hurrah!), and it’s about cattle! No

kidding! Apparently the author grew up in “rural Red Deer” and his father (who was a veterinarian) kept a herd of beef cattle, and this issue is something of a memoir. I have to admit, it really grew on me. At first I kind of inwardly groaned, thinking of a road trip not too long ago from Vancouver to Calgary where the rallying cry became, weirdly, “Alberta Beef!” in very bad accents to break up the very, very long drive. Calgary wasn’t my favorite stop on that trip. But **OPUNTIA 60.5** is charming and interesting and vivid. There are pictures from this time in the author’s life, early 1970s, and it’s not only a basic explanation of what a cattle drive is and how it worked the way they did it, but also a little insight into the author’s father as well as how times change. There are great lines, particularly some of the subheadings for the story (like Goddamn’ tired of punchin’ cattle) and some of the ways that Dale describes things.

MRS. NOGGLE (one-shot mini-zine, June 2006)

“It’s a one-shot mini zine done in 24 hours. It’s about marrying my best friend” Jolie the Drama
77 North 500 East
Union City, IN 43790
joliethedrama@hotmail.com
joliethedrama.bravehost.com
\$1 US, \$2 everywhere else, 32 pages, 1/2 digest, trades OK

THE DRAMA #5 (May 2006)

“the alphabet issue”
Jolie the Drama
77 North 500 East
Union City, IN 43790
joliethedrama@hotmail.com
joliethedrama.bravehost.com
\$2 US, \$3 everywhere else, 32 pages, digest, trades OK

I’m going to review these two together, as they arrived together. Both have an interesting concept; one’s a 24-hour zine

and the other's a themed issue. I was excited to see them because those are both things I've wanted to try, and it was also rad to hear from Jolie, who I used to trade zines with ages ago and to hear how she's doing; it's been a loooong time since I've heard from her. At any rate, I enjoyed both of these zines for fairly different reasons. It was charming to read in **MRS. NOGGLE** about how Jolie and her best friend Jamie (now her husband too!) fell in love, even though I had little to no idea who some of the major players in the whole drama were. It's cobbled together from livejournal entries between May 2005 and January 2006, and provides a fairly straightforward autobio narrative. And they got married on Halloween, which I just think's kickass and totally the way I'd do it if I were a marryin' kind of gal. So it was a punk-rock kind of sweet love story, which I like. **THE DRAMA #5**, on the other hand, made me nostalgic for the days where I traded and wrote to people and was really into the whole zine-making community. Jolie was one of those folks who was always publishing, always had something interesting to say with her autobio writing, and always fearlessly cut right to the center of whatever was on the table, be it body image or dealing with self-esteem or drinking. I particularly liked that she reprinted some pieces from **BABELICIOUS**, which is probably the work of hers with which I'm most familiar. It's old-school zine making, cut and paste with some of the margins cut off and not all the pages the same size. It's home-made and punk-rock and I like that.

SPUNK #8 (Fall 2005)

"the journal of unrealized potential"
Slow Burn Press
P.O. Box 55336
Hayward, CA 94545
\$, 38 pages, full-size perfect-bound.

Visually very different from **MRS. NOGGLE** and **THE DRAMA #5**, **SPUNK #8** is a solid,

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #20

sturdy book-like zine, "published sporadically" without computers and printed in an edition of 1000. Subscriptions are free, but "donations of cash or postage stamps are greatly appreciated." I was actually really excited to find this one in my stack of review zines, just because it seems like one of those titles that always name-checked in reviews, or when I'm trading letters with another **XD** reviewer, but I don't remember having seen an issue first-hand. It's full of a variety of different things, from articles about time capsules, to essays about mail art, to original compositions to a piece called "Art Monster" which I found interesting even though it had statements such as "But the bulk of Ph.D.-sporting writers of academically correct literature today are as bland as toast, except in the eyes of those who would butter them up." Clever phrasing, but I found the anti-academic vibe unpleasantly off-putting (being one of those Ph.D.-sporting writers and all) even though I also really liked this idea and thought it a captivating idea for a zine project: "zinesters must write about each other." Interesting, great "old time" feel to this work. I'd be curious to see another issue.

FEMINIST COLLECTIONS, v. 26. n. 4

(Summer 2005)

A Quarterly of Women's Studies Resources, Published by Phyllis Holman Weisbard, Women's Studies Librarian
UW System Women's Studies Librarian
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<http://www.library.wisc.edu/libraries/WomensStudies/>
write for pricing (varies if you're inside WI, or a library, or an organization-the whole system's pretty complicated), back issues \$3.50

50 pages, full-size bound.

As long as we're on the subject of academia, I found myself laughing when this zine appeared in my stack. It's been a long time since I found myself cracking the cover of any quarterly study of anything, but I was interested to find that there were zine reviews included, along with book reviews, even though I found the tone of the zine reviews kind of challenging (which isn't necessarily a bad thing; just really different from the timbre of most reviews). Reading this zine felt like slipping back into an old winter coat accidentally discovered in a box of clothing unpacked months after a hasty move. It's long on book reviews, which are interesting and effectively composed, and is introduced by a thoroughly charming Editor's introduction. It's obviously reading geared toward feminist academics, but I wouldn't limit its readership by stating only feminist academics would get something from it. Still, you definitely get the feel that it's a publication attached to an institution rather than a single-author work; it feels professionally printed, not handmade, though great care and concern obviously went in to its creation.



MATT FAGAN

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Welcome to my little corner of **XEROGRAPHY DEBT**. My name is Matt Fagan, and I'll be your host for the next few pages.

Years ago, when I started writing for this operation, my only real contribution to the zine world was a fiction-heavy perzine called **MENISCUS**, which I continue to publish (though less frequently) today. But this particular issue marks a certain milestone for me: it's my fourteenth issue of **XEROGRAPHY DEBT**, and I have published fourteen issues of **MENISCUS**. Which means that, as of now, I have officially tied myself! In all honesty, I'm not sure what the significance of that event might be, but it seems important to me. Considering that it's been a year since the last issue of **MENISCUS** and other projects continue to take up more and more of my time, I expect that **XEROGRAPHY DEBT** will quickly surpass me, and I won't be catching up any time soon. Between my painting (which actually brings in a few bucks from time to time) and being co-owner of the best comic book store in Chicago, it's just not as easy to churn out the stories anymore.

Real life aside, the main cause of **MENISCUS'** slide into infrequency is that I branched out with several mini-comics, and then an ongoing comic serial called **LOVE**. That's about Jack and Pokie, a couple of guys in love who live in Chicago and do stuff. There are four issues of that now, and it takes a heck of a lot longer to draw forty pages than it does to write them. Well, for me anyway. I'm not all fast and effortless like those cartoonists you see on the TV.

Recently, I printed up the first volume of **ADVENTURES IN SERVICE**, which collects the exploits (some previously published in **MENISCUS**, but many new) of "Hobbeson and Chives - Crimefighting Butlers in Love and Battle!" That's a very silly comic strip about a duo of super-powered butlers who fight villains and monsters and occasionally serve tea. Maybe it's working in a comic book store that makes me think in terms of comics lately, but that's where

most of my creative output has been going. It seems that the bulk of my writing—other than scripting comic strips—has been here, in **XEROGRAPHY DEBT**. And that's pretty cool. Also, sometimes Davida lets me draw the covers, and they always turn out better than the ones I draw for my own zine.

YOU IDIOT #4

Digest-size, 28 pp., \$2

Nate Gangelhoff

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I've come across Nate Gangelhoff's work from time to time since the first issue of **PICK YOUR POISON**, and I can happily say that **YOU IDIOT #4** is my favorite of all his zines I've read to date.

The theme of this issue is Satan, and Nate provides a personable, incredulous look at several topics. While the satanic theme offers plenty of room for exploration, the success of Nate's articles rests in their specificity; he keeps each segment brief, tight, and focused.

The first article is, broadly, about Christian Rock—a topic that is probably quite alien to many of his readers, and worthy of much head-scratching research. A lot of you have likely had a friend or acquaintance in your youth who preferred (or was parentally urged to refrain from listening to anything but) this particular alternative to real music. I myself was once taken (by the children of a friend-of-my-mother's whom I'd never met) to see DC Talk, which was a trio of white Christian rappers whose name stands for "Decent Christian Talk", apparently. And in junior high or high school, I remember hearing that one of the more "popular" Christian Rock groups of the day (Petra maybe?) had filmed a music video at a beach near my hometown. Anybody with a more detailed knowledge of Christian Rock than that has a leg up on

me going into the article.

But **YOU IDIOT** provides only the sketchiest overview of the subject before delving into the very bizarre phenomenon of Christian Rock groups which come under attack by extreme fundamentalists for spreading the works of Satan. Nate provides armchair-philosopher commentary while citing actual published essays with titles like "The Satanic Roots of Rock" and "Christian Rock: Blessing or Blasphemy?", alongside testimonials from young Christians telling horror stories about how Christian rock music led them astray. It's an entertaining read just because the true stories are so incredibly ridiculous. When not simply recounting and juxtaposing the various source material, most of Nate's writing in this particular article consists of snarky asides, but he does sum up the whole mess perfectly with this:

"When certain bands come under fire from religious groups, it at least seems like a logical reaction. For example, when the group Rigor Mortis sings "We force you to kill your brother/ Eat his blood and brain/ Shredding flesh and sucking bone/ Till everyone's insane/ We are pestilent and contaminate/ The world Demonic legions prevail", it does not come as a surprise for esteemed Christian scholar Donald Phau to deride said lyrics as "Evil"... But when they turn their sights on stuff like Amy Grant and DC Talk - artists that have actual lyrics like "Praise Him, Praise Him, I want to spend my whole life praising him/ Jesus is awesome! He is so great" - it's a little harder to understand the outrage."

Nate's other stories in **YOU IDIOT #4** cover Harry Potter book-burnings; the mayor of Ingliss, Florida who composed a letter banishing Satan from her town (on city letterhead), sealed copies into four posts and placed them around the town in order to ward off demonic influence; the resurgence in popularity of exorcism in the modern day; and baffling claims about the

occult origins of such toys as Smurfs, Pokemon and My Little Pony.

In his foreword, Nate refers to several stories that were cut from this issue, citing lessons learned from his previous publications which turned out, in retrospect, to be overly long. It's a valuable lesson for any zinester ("The message 'Macho Man's rap album is not very good'", Nate concedes in the introduction, "Could have, in hindsight, been conveyed in a sentence or two; six pages wasn't really necessary.") But he also indicates that he might do a follow-up to this theme issue at some point, which would be welcome, because this one left me wanting more.

FREE, BLONDE AND 21 - A MARY BETH HUGHES FANZINE

Digest size, 18 pp., \$2

Stephanie S.

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www.marybethhughes.org

Author/compiler Stephanie S. accomplishes exactly what she sets out to do with this zine (a fanzine in the truest sense): she teaches you about actress Mary Beth Hughes.

Hughes was a blonde bombshell in the forties, a hard-working actress whose big stab at fame didn't really pan out. She graduated from window-dressing and secretary roles in 1940 as the female lead in a movie whose title this zine adopted: **FREE, BLONDE AND 21**. Only a few stepping-stones seemed to lie between Mary Beth and stardom, but somehow that real break never quite materialized. As Stephanie notes, she was "cast as the bitchy 'other lady' in A-films... and leading roles in B-movies."

Of all the credits discussed in this zine, the only film I have seen is 1944's *I Accuse My Parents*, which I recall only dimly. But

according to Stephanie, Mary Beth Hughes shines with true talent in even the seediest movies - certainly enough talent to capture the imagination of a girl in Fort Worth, who has taken it upon herself to spread the word.

The zine provides enough glamour photos and film reviews to tantalize anybody who might be swayed by the story of a b-movie actress, and enough gushing hero-worship to really make you wonder just how amazing Mary Beth Hughes actually is. If you like film zines, forgotten movies or fanzines in general, **FREE, BLONDE AND 21** is a great addition to your library.

TRAVELS THROUGH ELSEWHERE CINEMA #3

2006 Park City Blowout

Digest-sized, 16 pp.

I can find no evidence of contact information anywhere on this zine.

Research showed that Atomic Books has it listed for \$2 and that the editor's name is Josh Slates. That's the best I could do.

This is a zine about the Sundance film festival, and it was a pretty interesting read. As a full-time film buff and occasional film snob, (and also as someone who is never going to be attending a film festival like Sundance, Slamdance, or even Tromadance) I appreciated that **TRAVELS THROUGH ELSEWHERE CINEMA** offered a firsthand account of several film screenings that simply felt more personal and honest than one you might read published in a "proper" film journal.

The specific articles cover films like *Bashing*, a slow-moving Japanese film about a woman who endures ostracism back home after a trip to Iraq to do charity work. The screening our author attended was virtually empty, and the film itself largely ignored. Outside of the author's impression of the movie, the main gist of the article is Y's comparison with

Sundance-winner *In Between Days* (the author clearly prefers *Bashing*), and a few pages along is a backup article about a screening of the winning film which drives the point home.

There is an interview with director Todd Rohal about his new 35mm feature film *The Guatemalan Handshake*, a surreal but apparently beloved movie that has had famous difficulty securing distribution. Todd makes for an entertaining subject and he, like the other interviewees in the zine, also provides some funny insight into the hard-core tactics of the Sundance Cops who swarm through Park City trying to keep anybody from advertising their films without the proper permits.

My favorite part was the interview with Benjamin Folstein, who makes short silent films with cheap sci-fi effects and live musical accompaniment. His is the requisite guerilla story, a rogue filmmaker who sets up in a parking lot or on a sidewalk and projects his film with no permits at all! Damn the law, says he, before packing up his equipment and disappearing into the night. He sounds like the kind of guy whose career I could really get behind.

SCISSOR SOCKET SHOCKER ZINE #1

Digest-sized, 44 pp., Free (donations only) or Trade

Jennifer Farley
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This is a compilation zine, with several contributors providing content under the editorship of Jennifer Farley (author of last issue's **TRYING ON HATS**). Like any zine in this format, there will probably be some stuff that you dig and some stuff that you don't, but unlike most zines, **SCISSOR SOCKET SHOCKER** begins with a full-page tribute to Darrin McGavin. The recently-

deceased octogenarian actor has appeared in countless movies and television episodes, including a memorable turn in the classic children's film *A Christmas Story*. But McGavin will forever be remembered for his role as the curmudgeonly, credulous and undissuadable newshound Carl Kolchak, who turned two TV movies and one season of a series into a cult phenomenon that continues to win over new fans some thirty years later. That series was awesome, but Darrin McGavin was even better, and I'll really miss the guy.

Jennifer herself contributes an introductory letter to get the ball rolling, and conducts an interview with singer/songwriter Greg Pherigo. She also provides album, film, and zine reviews at the end. In between we get photography; a story by Joshua Pollack about growing up as a Jehovah's Witness and being taught about the Satanic origins of Smurfs; poetry; and more. Jennifer's reviews read as generally fair and insightful, though she seems (if this is possible) even more personally offended by shameful grammar than I am.

Anthology zines depend on a lot of outside forces for success, and this is a promising debut for **SSS**. Without knowing how much material she actually had to choose from, Jennifer Farley has definitely exercised a successful level of quality control over the submissions. She has compiled an intelligent, highly readable zine that has a lot of variety and keeps things moving along at a steady clip. Most important of all is her attitude; so far, Jennifer is really gung-ho about the whole prospect, looking forward to **SCISSOR SOCKET SHOCKER** thriving as a sort of community center for writers and artists of all stripes. She's eager for submissions, so check out her zine and web site, and then become a part of the process yourself.

DILDO - A ZINE WITH A.D.D. #1

Digest-sized, 24 pp., \$2
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The most accurate description for the tone of this zine is "noncommittal". Nadja is a young girl (she dropped out of high school and got her GED this year) and it sounds like this zine was mostly a way to fill her time. Accordingly, the content is pretty unfocused and it sounds like it was written by someone who dropped out of school not for valid personal reasons but because she didn't want to be bothered. In her introduction she mentions her mother, dropping out of high school, this zine, college, music, drawing, having gall bladder surgery, and her love of the song "Big Balls" by AC/DC, all in one breathless paragraph that employs the word "tooken" and reveals almost nothing about the author except by inference. I don't know if her zine's subtitle is a reference to an actual condition with which Nadja is afflicted, but at the risk of sounding insensitive, I suspect that it's more of an apology than a treatable condition.

Personal zines written by young teenagers can be either a joy or a chore to read, and sometimes both. The frustrating thing about **DILDO** is that I can't accurately answer the question of why it exists. There are moments when Nadja seems genuinely excited about her zine, and hints at her understanding of the possibility for growth and communication. But repeatedly, she also mentions that she may or may not be bothered to proceed. On the final page of **DILDO** is a call for submissions (therein referred to as "random crap") that ends with the promising declaration "I hate to write so the more I get from other people the less I have to do."

But if you hate to write, and feel so terribly

unmotivated, what possessed you to make this zine in the first place? And why should I want to read something that you didn't even want to write?

These are the questions I faced not only as a reviewer, but simply as a reader. There is an article that is more or less supposed to be "The History of the Dildo", which really ought to have been a personal account of what she thinks dildos mean and how that influenced her to name a zine after them. Instead, it comes across as an encyclopedia-researched essay, one which describes Priapus as "a Greek god of ancient Greece." Like her introduction, this essay left me knowing nothing more about Nadja herself, except what I gleaned from her grammar and content choices. I couldn't tell why she had decided to write the article, or what she was trying to communicate.

The poetry, too, was surprisingly impersonal (and trust me, I have both read and written my share of high school poetry.) The concert reviews actually provided the most revealing insights into the author, but they were a long time coming. There is also a story about Twinkies.

The real shame here is that Nadja, who apparently doesn't have the patience for such things, actually went to all the trouble of putting this zine together... but sort of missed the point. And despite how little of herself she shares in the pages of **DILDO**, one thing I can tell from the zine is that Nadja is definitely the kind of person who could benefit from this process. She is lacking something in her life - she knows it and I know it. Making this zine is a gesture in the right direction, and I hope that she can see that too. Maybe the act of putting her words on paper and sending them into the world (no matter how mild and impersonal those words are) will give Nadja some perspective and let her see that communication of a much deeper and

more meaningful nature is possible, and that she could do that with her zine. If she really wants to. In the end, it may turn out that being a zinester just isn't the right means to an end for her, but she might never know for sure if she doesn't put more of herself into her stories.

She doesn't specifically say anything about trading in here, but this is a girl who could sure use some. If anybody out there has a zine to spare, Nadja needs to learn some more about the community. Especially perzines, I think, but anything will do. She's trying to speak out, but she isn't sure what to say.

WHUDDAFUG #2 and #2.5

Digest-sized, 24 pp. and 28 pp.

respectively, \$2

Anthony Abelay

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In the previous edition of **XEROGRAPHY DEBT**, I wrote a lengthy and somewhat critical review of Anthony's first issue of **WHUDDAFUG**, which he apparently took very seriously. Whenever I read a zine like Anthony's, it puts me in a somewhat precarious position. The publication marked Anthony's return to zine-making for the first time in years, and bore all the unmistakable signs of that return. My goal as a reviewer is not to be a simple back-patter; I try to offer encouragement as well as honest feedback, which can provide advice for both the author and potential readers.

I always hope that the author of a zine will be able to take my comments in the spirit they were intended, and in Anthony's case we were on the same wavelength. He recently sent me copies of **WHUDDAFUG #2 and #2.5**, and according to his introduction in issue 2, I must have hit the nail on the head with that review. He refers to my criticism as exactly the kind of

motivation I meant it to be. Not to be dissuaded because some reviewer didn't love him unconditionally, Anthony has done exactly what I hoped he would: he regarded his premiere issue as a personal milestone and kept right on moving. I hoped he would take advantage of the discipline that constant writing and regular zine publication would teach him, and he has - you write because you have a zine, you publish a new zine because you're writing so much! It's a cycle that will keep you from falling out of practice, from getting rusty. And his primary problem was that Anthony knew he needed to be writing, but for some reason he hadn't been doing it.

At the end of his first issue, Anthony was finally giving us all-new material, the stuff he was writing now, and that was where his voice became happiest and clearest. With his second issue he keeps the trend going, providing short observational prose about his daily life, family, and sense of the past. The act of creating and continuing this zine seems to have had the effect of making Anthony's writing less critical and despairing. Clearly there are still speed bumps in his life, but now that he is writing more regularly, the zine has become a place for him to work those problems out.

The stories in **WHUDDAFUG** are not life-changing, but they are interesting, often quite well-observed, and you will probably recognize yourself in them too. Issue two has some very nice thoughts about appreciating your environment by actually walking around in it, a depressing story about his daughter's class trip to view the lighting of a Christmas tree at a local strip mall, and many other glimpses into the family activities of a man trying his level best not to live an unexamined life.

WHUDDAFUG #2.5 consists of one very long story that would have made up the bulk of issue two, except it got so big that Anthony had to move it into its own

apartment. This is surely the most ambitious undertaking yet attempted for this zine, detailing a long night on the town that serves as something of a vision quest for the author. He leaves his family behind in Fremont and journeys into his old San Francisco stomping grounds to get back in touch with his youthful roots, and the result is a strange visit to the past, peppered with observations about how people and geography either do or do not change together over time. Like some of the other, much shorter stories in **WHUDDAFUG**, this story occasionally frustrates by becoming suddenly less personal just when you wish it wouldn't, as though Anthony is still grappling with the difficulties of exposing himself so completely to an audience of strangers (and, by consequence, exposing his wife and daughter as well). But who could blame him for that? They can be a fragile balance, these personal zines, and Anthony is finding his own way. One thing I can say with certainty: Anthony has made reference to the "real" writing that he pursues as part of his lifestyle balancing-act, and as I read more of his zine, I become increasingly interested in knowing what that "real" writing might be.

MUSEA #150 June 2006

7 x 8-1/2, 8pp., free

Tom Hendricks

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musea.us

hunkasaurus.com

Some time ago, Tom devoted an entire issue to the design of a proposed art center for Dallas. I never read that issue of **MUSEA**, but from his description it sounds rather implausibly grand, so this time around he proposes a much more realistic art center and spends eight pages giving us the details.

I'm not really sure exactly how I feel about Tom's art center, to be frank. On the one hand, his intentions seem altruistic. Tom's center would try to be all-inclusive, provide all sorts of spaces for exhibition and performance, and a library not restricted to visual art but also music, film, design, and more. He sounds determined to make the best deal for the artist, be as unconcerned with money as possible, and truly celebrate independence as much as classicism.

Which is all well and good, with a few sticking points. First, there are quite a few restrictions. More than once, Tom writes passages about how anything goes, but then lists a few exceptions. And they aren't really bad, it's just that when somebody tries to sound so free-wheeling and then says "but not too much of that," it makes me wonder whether this is the Dallas art center or just the Tom art center. Not that the Tom art center wouldn't be great! I'm just saying.

The real problem with the center outlined in **MUSEA** may be that the space is simply too idealized. He's hypothetically utilizing a warehouse space, but unless it's a damned huge warehouse, the libraries of images and books and music that Tom wants will, in real life, take up more room than he allotted, particularly if he wishes his patrons to have any space in which to comfortably enjoy them. And while his commitment to providing a low-cost art center without profiteering is quite admirable, its success hinges on having lots and lots of people who are equally committed, and tons of donors, and there would have to be plenty of patrons there all the time. Maybe that would work, and if it did it would probably one of the coolest places you could ever go, but while I read this zine I had my doubts. Perhaps I'm just a pessimist. Send Tom a donation and find out for yourself! Seriously, if it did work, he'd be a bloody hero.

WATCH THE CLOSING DOORS #34

Digest-sized, 20pp., \$10 for 4 quarterly issues

Fred Argoff
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This issue is devoted to the IRT (or Interborough Rapid Transit). As usual, your subway curator Fred Argoff fills the zine with photographs, descriptions, and plenty of history.

The thirty-fourth installment of **WATCH THE CLOSING DOORS** is a virtual tour along the IRT. As you travel with Fred, he points out the sights and describes the stuff you can't see, including information about stations that have closed down, and strange quirks of unusual stations. He even recounts conversations overheard between other passengers on the trains!

Maybe that sounds awfully specific, but it does make for a good zine. The key is that Fred is a good tour guide, and he loves his city. If you've never read this staple of the underground, what's keeping you?

SECRET MYSTERY LOVE SHOES #5

Quarter-sized, 60pp., a couple bucks!
Maria Goodman and Androo Robinson
2000 NE 42nd Avenue #303
Portland, OR 97213

When you live in a city like Chicago, there are days when all you deal with is a bunch of dickheads. It just comes with the territory. But when you have experienced enough of these days (even if you have some fewer-dickhead-days in between), you might start to think that it's normal. That this is just the way people are. People are dicks. What began as a furrowed brow becomes a full-fledged sourpuss that never quite relaxes, and pretty soon a little black cloud has gathered in the space above your head. You start to wonder how long it will be before you run out of choices

and just have to beat to death the next sorry son-of-a-bitch that looks at you cross-eyed.

Then you get a copy of **SECRET MYSTERY LOVE SHOES** in the mail, and remember that some people are just awesome instead. Maria and Androo always leave ya feeling better than you did when you started, and who the hell else can you say that about, huh? It's impossible to read an issue of their co-authored perzine and not want to hang out with those two, because they obviously have a great time living their lives, and once in a while I need a little extra of that.

Their first stories are about Larry, the pet rat that Androo and Maria recently adopted (and reading about the extravagant, multi-leveled mansion they built for him took me back to a certain many-chambered mouse contraption I once constructed in a disused attic room, with terraria, soda bottles, translucent vacuum hoses and wire and duct tape. Ah, rodent friends!) In Maria's account, the rat was mostly Androo's idea, and might have had something to do with his childhood obsession with Dungeons & Dragons. He is quick to butt in and accuse her of slander, but it still remains unclear whether or not Androo really wanted to name the rat "Swordmaster". After illustrating a backup page about some of Larry's quirky habits, Androo then contributes a story about the awesome ukulele Maria got him for Christmas, and the zine is off and running! Look, I don't want to just go through and name all the stories, because that would be boring and kill some of the fun, since there's just so darn much in every **SECRET MYSTERY LOVE SHOES** that it's always a joy to discover its many secret treasures.

Past readers will remember Maria's "Ask Soapy" feature, so I don't think I'll spoil anything by mentioning that it's in here. But for everyone else, I'll just make a few

cryptic comments about the rest of the zine, designed to pique your interest:

Cryptic Comment #1: There is a story called "Shakespeare and Jake and a Blackberry Shake" that has a really fun bike ride and a runaway dog. And there's sex at the end! (Crap! Did I ruin it?)

Cryptic Comment #2: Can you think of a movie that has both Dana Plato and Bigfoot? Androo can!

Cryptic Comment #3: Name a gourmet product that comes in the following flavors: ginger, grass, clouds.

Cryptic Comment #4: Boggle is not for everyone.

Listen, the important thing is that **SECRET MYSTERY LOVE SHOES** is full of great little stories, and pictures, and Androo's shockingly attractive handwriting. This is a zine that makes you feel good without hurting anybody, so you ought to just send them a letter or something. They're nice folks.

MODERN ARIZONA #8.5

Quarter-sized, 28 pp., 25¢
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myspace.com/joeunseen

The second "point-five" issue on my list today, this zine came about because **MODERN ARIZONA** author Joe Unseen has always wanted to make a tiny zine, and he hadn't published anything in a while. As a personal challenge, Joe gave himself seven days to complete a quarter-size zine, and the result was **MODERN ARIZONA #8.5**, which is just like a humorous perzine... only smaller.

Quick personal stories about rocks from Arizona and outer space; a trading catalogue purchase called Skeleton Boy; and the sort of stupid fun you can have

when you come across a discarded pile of dry ice. There's a great one about a scat porn video acquired by an ex-roommate, which has disappeared and returned to Joe's life over the last several years, its scatalogical legend growing along the way (the story is not quite as graphic as the video, but it's enough to make you think twice). Some political thoughts and zine reviews round off this robust little offering.

By his own admission, **MODERN ARIZONA #8.5** took longer than his one week deadline, but it is a smashing success. From Joe Unseen's perspective, it allowed him to complete a project and it fulfilled his goal of making a tiny zine. From a reader's perspective, it's chock full of stories and it's only a quarter! Holy moly!

FISH WITH LEGS #10

Digest-sized, 32pp., \$2
Eric Lyden
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First off, gotta say "kudos!" to Eric for making it to the big ten. There are fewer and fewer of us who make it that far, and it's not to be trifled with. Congratulations, Eric and **FISH WITH LEGS!** If you can see him from where you're sitting right now, give him a big kiss. But don't tell him that I said to do it.

Issue ten is the second part of Eric's alphabet series, as he writes a story to coincide with each letter of the alphabet. This one covers I is also for Ideas, which discusses ideas for zines that he'll never do, to P is for Phun Phacts (which is a thinly-veiled excuse to repeat one of his popular regular features, but it's a great list so I guess I can excuse it).

Each letter-story is great on its own, but Eric is such an engaging and funny writer that he takes every one of them in some strange, unexpected direction. The meaty

middle story, M is for March 19th and 20th 2005, is a wonderful example. It's ostensibly about the Boston Zine Fair, but in this particular piece Eric proves himself to be the king of tangents. Every tiny detail about his (admittedly monstrous) ordeal of getting to and from the fair, not to mention the actual fair itself, seems to bring up a different memory or observation that he needs to relate. And each one of them somehow turns out to be funny and relevant, or weird and uncomfortable, but always worth reading. In M, Eric gives you tangents within tangents, and still brings you back around for a satisfying conclusion.

The awesome thing about **FISH WITH LEGS** is that besides being a consummate entertainer, Eric Lyden maintains the intense self-examination of a personal zine. He never shies away from questioning his own beliefs and motivations, out loud in these pages, even when it doesn't paint him in the most positive light. That way everybody, himself included, can laugh along and learn a valuable lesson at the same time.

KUNG FU GRIP! #2

Digest-sized, 56 pp., \$4 (includes postage)
Paco Taylor
7730 E. Broadway #925
Tucson, AZ 85710
paco@kungfugripzine.com
www.kungfugripzine.com

In his first issue, St. Paco gave us a loving look at the era when "Kung Fu Mania" was sweeping America, filled with recollections of his own childhood alongside stories about important events and cult figures of the time. With its second issue, **KUNG FU GRIP!** begins to branch out, possibly becoming slightly less personal, but never losing the personable tone or consistent perspective that made this zine such an excellent read in the first place.

What I found most fascinating in the latest

KUNG FU GRIP! is the story about an all-girl graffiti group from Toulouse. It isn't just a wonderful tale, but also gives some insight into the history of graffiti as an art form, and how these particular artists fit into the timeline. It wasn't a primer or anything, but I'm not personally that educated when it comes to street art. This article provided exactly the right amount of context and perspective to let me appreciate what these young ladies had accomplished. The fact that their illegal pursuits have led to a certain degree of fame and financial success is a nice happy ending, but their origin story is really what hooked me. It's one of those art stories that inspires me, that fills me with envy and admiration at the sheer moxie of it all.

Aside from kung fu itself, I would say that street art is the most commonly recurring theme in **KUNG FU GRIP!** Like the first issue, this one also devotes several pages to wide-angle photographs of wall graffiti, as well as various stickering projects. There is a brief biography of cartoonist/street artist/comic creator Vaughn Bode that celebrates his short life and his enormous contributions (accidental and otherwise) to graffiti art in particular and underground art in general. Again, as someone not too familiar with the nuts and bolts of the genre, I recognized Bode's work without really knowing what it was, or its true significance. I appreciated the way Paco lined it all up for me, and I really felt like I learned a lot.

Paco's talent as a storyteller is responsible for making all the disparate articles in the zine feel like part of a whole. From stories about distinctly modern events to one about a man who died thirty years ago, he ties everything together with a unifying voice. The zine is not all about the seventies, but somehow each of these articles ties into that part of our shared past. It doesn't hurt that Paco hasn't lost the sense of fun and wonder that he had

back then. When I finished reading this zine, I felt really satisfied, and I also wanted to make some stickers and put them up all over town. I still might.



JULIE DORN

PO BOX 6584, MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55406.
JUNIEINGEORGIA@HOTMAIL.COM

It's September, and I'm ready for autumn. I miss wearing my closet full of coats, breathing in crisp evening air and seeing the first of the leaves turn. I'm much more productive when I'm not sweating my fool head off.

Life has been full of ceramics classes, making preserves and camping trips. Who knows what the future holds? A new library zine? More art projects? We'll see.

MIRANDA: MOTHERHOOD AND OTHER ADVENTURES #15

\$2, digest, 28 pages
Kate Haas, 3510 SE Alder Street,
Portland OR 97214
www.mirandazine.com

There's nothing quite like the happiness I feel when I see an envelope from Kate. This long-time zinester and mother of two dishes up one of the best, most consistent zines out there. In this issue, Kate describes the decision of her husband's vasectomy, dealing with cursing children, being a pro-choice mother, a vacation to visit her sister (husband and kid free!), book lists (how does this woman read so much?), a family-friendly recipe and The Motel of Lost Companions, where she

recalls a long lost friend with such vivid detail that my Swiss cheese brain sighs in envy. As usual, **MIRANDA** is delightful (my husband and I fight over who gets to read the stories out loud), personal and well-written. (Why not get a year's worth...for you and your friends?)

PERPETUUM MOBILE

Volume 3, issue 1: April 2006
Free, digest, 32 pages
c/o Claire Patterson, 1026 North Calvert Street, #2, Baltimore, MD 21202
Also available electronically from perpetuummobile22@hotmail.com

PERPETUUM MOBILE is a poetry, fiction and photography zine published twice a year.

Most of the poems are the standard fare. There were a few that I enjoyed—"Undressing with Company" by Maggie A. Beetz and "The Lone Ranger" by Dan Cuddy. Most didn't leave a lasting impression on me, although I'm pretty damn fussy when it comes to poetry. But hey, it's free! Why not give it a try?

INDESTRUCTIBLE

\$5, paperback, 96 pages
Christy C. Road
Available through Microcosm Publishing,
PO Box 14332, Portland OR 97293-0332
www.microcosmpublishing.com

INDESTRUCTIBLE is the 15th and final issue of **GREEN ZINE**. Described in the intro as "inspired by teenage rabble rousers, charming sluts, daunting bastards, high school, Miami, Cuba, and early nineties punk rock," Christy covers a lot of ground. She shares stories from early junior high through the end of high school, dealing with friends, ethnicity, gender, masturbating, feminism, sexuality, conformity, crushes, zines, drinking too much, death and surviving the prison of the public education system. Her drawings are incredible; in fact, for me they steal the

show. I only wish I could capture so much subtlety and power with ink and paper. They add so much to the depth of the characters, and help pull the story along.

I enjoy Christy's writing style—slightly raw and in-your-face, but still very accessible for people who had a more sheltered version of being a teenager. (Like me.) She's a tough gal, and she experienced things back in high school that most folks don't even think about until college or after. I highly recommend this zine. It's a great total package and well worth the cash.

SUPPORT

by Cindy Ovenrack

\$2.50, paperback, 64 pages

Available through Microcosm Publishing, PO Box 14332, Portland OR 97293-0332
www.microcosmpublishing.com

Cindy, creator of the fabulous zine, **DORIS**, has created **SUPPORT**, a zine all about supporting people who have been sexually abused. (The beautiful cover is done by the aforementioned Christy Road of **GREEN ZINE**.) This zine is jam packed with helpful, realistic, non-patronizing information on how to deal with the challenging emotional and physical aftermath of abuse. It also includes suggestions for folks who have never been abused and who are trying to understand friends or partners who have.

Because experiences are so subjective, there are no easy answers. **SUPPORT** contains a range of voices: male and female, straight, gay, bi and transgendered, partnered and single. Sometimes the authors echo each other. Sometimes they contradict. Such is the way of things. People are complicated. Abuse is devastating. It takes a long time to sort through it all and negotiate boundaries, sexuality, partnership, support systems, self-care and just getting through each day.

If you ever wanted to understand what someone deals with after they have been abused, or are trying to live with the affects of abuse, this zine is a wonderful resource. Highly recommended.

MUSEA #147: TOSUKE'S TAX

Free, 8 pages.

Tom Hendricks, 4000 Hawthorne #5, Dallas, TX 75219

<http://musea.us>

MUSEA is a little zine about art that boasts no advertising, no government grants and no sponsors. (Although I know many zines that don't have those things either.)

Dedicated to all the Katrina survivors, Tom reprints "Tosuke's Tax," a version of the Japanese tale of the wise old judge, Ooka. It's a great story (I won't say too much about it-it's only 4 pages long-I don't want to ruin it.) Get your own copy and see for yourself. (It's free!)

HUMAN WASTE #1

Brent Moore

PO Box 1551

Yerington, NV 89447

\$2, digest, 40 pages

Brent's description of **HUMAN WASTE** is "a 40-page masterpiece (of shit)." That pretty much sums up the mood of this zine. If you feel like being really, really depressed, and pondering the futility of work and life in general, and think that most people are brainless, zombie cogs in the machine, and like seeing drawings of people shooting themselves in the head, then this zine is perfect for you! Brent goes to work at a dumpster factory, hates every moment of it, comes home to an empty house, watches too much TV, and sounds like he's miserable most of the time.

I respect his use of this zine as an outlet for his creativity and frustration. I remember my summers of working at the factory, when I hated everyone, and felt like I would go crazy if I had to stand there one

more minute and make idle conversation with the moustached mean ladies while watching the onion rings whiz by on the conveyor belt. I remember the crusty, bitter guys at the foundry, with numb hands and burn scars as rewards for their labors. I get that. But damn, there's only so much I can read before I just want to either weep or chuck it across the room. I kept hoping that Brent was using some artistic license when describing the bleakness of his life. If not, I worry about you, Brent. Why not get a different job? Or find something to make your life more satisfying or rewarding? Brent has some visually interesting drawings. Maybe he can focus on art and making zines to raise out of the hell he seems to be in now.

EMERGENCY #5: THE OCEAN AND THE HILLS

\$2, digest, 54 pages

Ammi Emergency, 831 Elysian Fields, PO Box 259, New Orleans, LA 70117

Ammi is moving, so email her first for address info at ammi@softskull.com

I've been a big fan of **EMERGENCY** for a while. I have every one, including the "embarrassing" first issue. I've long admired Ammi's poignant prose and her dedicated punk rock lifestyle. She lives fiercely, and not enough people do that. **EMERGENCY #5** shows a more mature side of Ammi, one that I find equally compelling and brave. When I wonder what happens to punk kids five or ten years later, I can think of this zine. She's got some great lines in here: "One morning I wake up, very suddenly, inside a life. This house, this hairstyle, this hole in my shirt. It is a sensual reawakening, like tunneling out of a giant peach."

"If you meet people because you're all vegetarians, and then you stop being vegetarian, what are you? What do we call ourselves? What do we eat now?"

Like previous issues, she writes about her

lively friends, her younger years in the suburbs, and of working as a bike delivery person. In this issue, Ammi treads the murky, complicated waters of gender in all of its confusion and glory. I love her tales of "Deviant Cabaret." I love that she's trying to create "a space where people can't determine each other's genders and, better yet, have stopped trying." I think it's a rare thing to have an environment where this is even possible. For most folks, gender is always an issue, whether that's conscious or not. Ambivalent gender will usually be met with curiosity or resentment (or both). But I appreciate people like Ammi, who try to break it down and change the world. I wish more people could be so bold, and open to blurring those socially-constructed lines.

Overall, **EMERGENCY** is a great zine and I'm happy to see that Ammi is still sharing her interesting life with us.



ERIC LYDEN

224 MORaine ST., BROCKTON, MA 02301

ERICFISHLEGS@AOL.COM

Hello, fellow zine lovers. I must admit, it's a very gloomy day outside. It's one of those end of summer type days where it's kind of cool out and you just can't deny that fall is coming and you're gonna have to put away your shorts and dig out your long sleeved shirts. Plus I got no mail today... there are zines I'm waiting for that I'm sure will pop up in the mailbox sooner or later, but... get this, I bought a book off of Ebay for \$4 and

I think the seller was scamming me. He had a 99.9% positive feedback rating, but it's been over 3 weeks and the guy hasn't responded to my messages. How fucking lame do you have to be scam someone out of \$4? I dunno, man, I just find dealing with this type of thing to be very frustrating. But you know what I don't find frustrating? Reviewing zines. So that is what I will do...

MARSHALL ARTS- A B MEDIA COLLECTION

This is a pretty interesting idea- it's a zine, a DVD and a CD all in one package. The zine was **CASH FLAGG #3**- 8 full size pages of movie reviews (which I liked even if he did like *SUPERSIZE ME!* which everyone knows was a giant piece of shit aimed at idiots and people who like to think everyone but them is an idiot. The guy ate at McDonalds 3 times a day in inanely huge portions. Of course it made him sick. The backlash towards the movie wasn't pro McDonalds, it was just that most people know McDonalds isn't healthy and are able to eat it in moderation and are insulted that this guy thinks we're stupid enough to consider the notion that McDonalds isn't healthy to be a revolutionary notion.) There's also a one page story about his friend Jere's quest to find the hidden Cherry Coke at his job's vending machine. Good zine, well written, funny. Although if you're going to do a full sized zine you should just out one staple in the upper left corner. Stapling it down the side makes it feel more ziney, but it's harder to read. Then you have a CD called *Code Words*, written and performed by the zine's author, Brian Marshall. I was kind of dreading listening to it, but I figured I had to at least listen to a couple of songs so I could at least say for sure it sucked. But damned if I wasn't shocked to listen to it and find it was really pretty good. It was mostly punk songs and... I've heard worse. Then we come to *Zombievision*, the DVD portion of the set. I was expecting it to just be Brian and his friends making stupid,

badly acted, no budget short films and... yeah, that's what it was alright. My favorite was Dracula vs. Smashbot even though I can't figure out what Dracula was doing outside in broad daylight. The gays in the military one was a bit too long, but made up for it by opening with a Bill Hicks routine and closing with the rarely heard full version of "Real American" aka Hulk Hogan's theme. The Bush's speech one also could have been shortened by about 30 seconds and made the same point, but it obviously took a ton of work to edit. The whole package is \$5 and well worth it. Send the cash to Brian Marshall PO Box 1004 Danbury CT 06813-1004
cashflagg@hotmail.com

THE INNER SWINE VOL. 12, ISSUE 1

So are there really people out there who don't read **THE INNER SWINE**? If there aren't I can only assume it's because they just have no interest in it because it's been reviewed in every review zine at least half a dozen times. No only that, but once you get on Jeff's mailing list it is apparently impossible to get taken off. A little while back I made contact with someone who has fallen out of the zine scene and she said that she hasn't read any zines in a year or 2 or 3. Except of course for the copies of **INNER SWINE** that continued to pop up in her mailbox every 3 months like clockwork. Where Jeff gets the money for this is a mystery to me. He seems to trade with pretty much everyone, but I have to think that most of the people he trades with will never send him anywhere near the number of zines he sends to them. Anyhow, the theme of this issue is booze which... actually, booze could very easily be the theme of every issue of **TIS** because drinking and pantslessness are 2 of the main recurring themes of this zine. To tell the truth the funniest part of the zine was a letter from 2 people named Dave and Michelle who actually seem to take what Jeff writes in the zine seriously which is

really sad on many levels. Honest to God, I have no idea how these dopes can survive in this world w/o seeming to have any sense of humor to speak of. **INNER SWINE** is always a great read and this issue is no exception. Send him \$2 or a trade and you'll probably have a spot on his mailing list for life. Jeff Somers PO Box 3024, Hoboken, NJ 07030.
www.innerswine.com
mreditor@innerswine.com

LEGAL UNDERAGE PORNOGRAPHY #16

No, this zine contains no porn, underage or otherwise. This is a double issue, one half focusing on shame, the other on sex. Quite frankly, if you're putting together a humor zine and you can't make these two topics funny then maybe it's time to get out of the humor zine business. Happily, I found both sides of this issue to be funny. A few bits fell flat with me (the bit on the *Maury Povich Show* should have and could have been much funnier. It's just such a ripe topic but...quite frankly a real episode of Maury is funnier and more pathetic than anything in this article. But I really enjoyed Alex's Super Private Journal and NE Delehanty's Random Complete Thoughts (possibly because they're kind of similar to my own Fun Facts) (speaking of which, the Hella True Facts on the bottom of every page are pretty funny) and the Golden Age of Honesty also made me laugh. Good stuff. The world needs more humor zines. Send \$3 to AGB International PO Box 60822 Reno NV 89506

WHEREWITHAL #3

I liked this zine. I didn't love it, but I certainly liked it. After reading it I read the note Emerson included with it and it claimed the zine was only 12 pages long, but to me it felt like it was longer than that. Not in a bad way, it just felt to me like I read more than 12 pages worth of material. My favorite pieces were the closing piece (the anecdote about the toad was

seriously heartbreaking.) and the opening piece which included a bacon joke that I should have known better to have found funny, but I did. Yeah, good stuff, well worth the \$1. Send \$1 (no unsolicited trades) to Emerson Dameron 2525 W. Augusta Apt. #1F Chicago IL 60622
edameron@gmail.com
fallofautumn.com/community

EAVES OF ASS #5

This issue is subtitled "Fuzzy Recollections and Snarky Observations of the Autonomous Mutant Festival." The Autonomous Mutant Festival...well, quite frankly it sounds like one of those gatherings, where a bunch of upper middle class white kids all get together and do drugs and pretend to be poor freaks and outcasts. That's not how Craven describes it, but that's really how it came across to me. Sort of a Burning Man for people who think they're too cool for Burning Man. Then again it could just be that this thing sounds like it would appeal to hippy types and I just fucking hate hippies. Based on reading Craven's account I know this thing would not be my cup of tea, but I really enjoyed Craven's observations. He doesn't white wash it to make it look like the greatest thing ever, but he doesn't really focus on the negative either. It's well written all around and an interesting look at an event I quite frankly would never attend. Send \$2 or a trade to Craven Rock PO Box 20692 Seattle WA 98102
eavesofass@yahoo.com

DOUBLE DEUCE by Aaron Cometbus.

Y'know, this Aaron Cometbus guy is pretty good. I've never paid a whole lot of attention to him before, but I've been on a **COMETBUS** kick lately and if you're curious about him this book published by Last Gasp would be a good place to start.



ILYA ZAYCHIK

4 RIDGECREST DR., W. ROXBURY MA 02132
OTHER.INVESTIGATIONS@GMAIL.COM.

Ilya Zaychik is the founder of **OTHER INVESTIGATIONS**, a new magazine which can be seen at www.stationaery.com/oi, and <http://otherinvestigations.blogspot.com>. He can be reached at other.investigations@gmail.com.

MONDAY NIGHT

Sharon McGill, co-editor
8 X 5; 48 pages; \$3
Issue 3, 2004
www.mondaynightlit.com
mondaynight@yahoo.com

Perhaps my own eventual dream realized, **MONDAY NIGHT** is produced by a group of Oakland-based writers who used to meet on Monday nights to share their works. Issue three is the first issue that included 'outside' talent. Of talent there is indeed no shortage. More poetry anchored in images than I can usually stomach, but, on the whole, no complaints. It is not hard to see that the contributors hone their craft and sharpen their skills. Maw Shein Win's pieces are great, 'Death in Transit,' by Rupert Estanislao and 'Land of Roses', by L.J. Catto are two works that stood out, not to diminish the rest of them. One humble complaint regards the somewhat haphazard placement of art; on the rare and doubtless precious pages on which it does appear, it lacks—with the exception of the cover picture—quality.

MOTION SICKNESS

By Carolynne
6 X 5; 28 pages; \$2
2005
xbikexpiratem@yahoo.com

Solid collection of prose poetry, short essays and poems about city living, mainly in New York. Biking, skateboarding, and drinking are prominent themes, and most images are rough ones of shoestring living and traveling. Many of the poems are love poems, but in a concrete setting; that is, in an apartment, or at a bar, or on the street. Such poems often breach the overly-emotional comfort zone by making the sun's reflection of a piece of broken glass an obvious, and tedious, metaphor for a relationship. Nevertheless, Carolynne does not fall into that trap, and the surroundings are present, but not intrusively so. Even in poems where Carolynne just muses about general ideas, the setting of her life is always present. Additionally, the picture on the back is both cute and horrifying.

SLEEP TICKLES/COME THRU

By Blue Okoye
10 X 6; 40 pages; \$3
No-Dachi Comics
2004
okehi@hotmail.com

Undoubtedly one of my favorite writers, zine or otherwise, Okoye comes through with an awesome production. Half-prose, half-comic, our hero details his time in Hong Kong, teaching himself to draw comics while living in a warehouse. The writing most resembles Henry Miller, uncannily so. This is to take nothing away from Okoye: the way he describes the city, the lurid nightlife, a smooth player plagued at every moment by a sickening self-doubt, exasperation bursting at every seam, the very fibers of life pounding out from every sewer grate and wafting from every putrid noodle stand. The sentences wind on and on, like thoughts exactly, and you are left

less with a sense, than a feeling. The diction, the tone, it sucks the reader in on this thrilling existential journey where very little by way of exciting events takes place. The comics I enjoyed less. They were futuristic and violent and macho, and somehow the soul-searching asides didn't jive with the gun fight in a club. I don't know if he still has any copies available, but I know I am clinging to mine for dear life. I know he is coming out with a new book soon—look out for it.

ROUND

Georg Pedersen, co-editor
7-1/2 X 4-1/2; \$2; 39 pages
Issue 3; Spring 2004
www.roundonline.com

To declare a theme for an issue of a magazine may or may not be admirable, but to devote one's self to a specific one certainly is. The theme of this issue of **ROUND**, predominantly an online magazine out of Boston, is Correspondence, and the dozen or so short pieces all pull their weight. Either they are letters, postcards, or pieces about letters; in sum, a thorough exploration of the idea. They vary from lyrical to expository, yet maintain a sincerity and simplicity of expression. The illustration and layout I also found phenomenal (there is no staple, event!), very creative and generally complimentary to the pieces. Look for the comic, 'Message in a Bottle.' The online version is good, but I would like to see more print copies, since so much of the presentation is lost in the former medium.

UNCOMPRESSED HAPPINESS: 1

Karley Meabrod, Lesley Robin, editors
8 X 5; 32 pages; \$2
www.myspace.com/uncompressedhappiness2005

This zine from recent New Yorkers Karley Meabrod and Lesley Robin touches on subjects ranging from pet rabbits, hipsters,

subway suitors, homeless boyfriends, and switching coasts. It's a fun, humorous read, and the design is all over the place: drawings, collages, photos, different fonts, layouts, and backgrounds—the list goes on. I enjoyed 'Bugs' and 'I'm New Here', by Karley the most. It seems like the pair are genuinely having a good time putting it together. The CD they included featured some pretty good musicians; I have to confess that this was my favorite part of the zine. I heard they have released another issue, which I hope to receive soon in the mail.

FOREIGNERS, AND OTHER FAMILIAR FACES

By Mark Rich
Small Beer Press
www.smallbeerpress.com
June 2003
8 X 5; 68 pages; \$5

One of the most thoughtful books of fiction I have read in a long time. All nine stories by Mark Rich contain some element of the surreal, science-fiction, or fantastic. More, I would say, in the realm of science fiction. Still, Rich tells his stories with humor, sobriety, or urgency, as the case dictates, but never losing sight of his characters, which are dynamic in their entrapment, and desperate in their attempts to escape. The best stories stuck to those bulwarks, plot and character, a category to which 'Idiosyncronicity,' 'Mrs. Hewitt's Tulips,' and 'Take Me' belong. Also, Rich relies heavily on nature metaphors: grass, leaves, gardens, wood—the process of natural growth figures prominently in the collection. His characters, by contrast, all seem stunted in some way, stuck in a rut only a powerful imagination—the author's—can relieve. I leave the reader to draw further parallels.



MAYNARD WELSTAND

C/O PERSIAN SLIPPER

PO BOX 66303, BALTIMORE, MD 21239-6303

BARRELHOUSE ISSUE #2: PUS DRUNK

\$2.00 PPD.

23 p.

Written by R. Lee, illustrated by Dug Belan.
P.O. Box 1421 Oshkosh, WI 54903

A perfect union of illustration and written content, this powerful, yet comic, angry-young-man story is everything Nature intended for a zine and more. Its brutal honesty about inexplicable, insane, youthful rage and frustration brings back memories of my own self-destructive, bile-filled past. Those of us who have experienced profound horror of an uncontrollable tongue that can move others to violence know the weird sense of power and dread, and purposeless conflict that everyday life can bring. Oh yeah, and laughs.

THE DRAMA FOUR

US: \$1/trade Outside US \$2.00

20 p.

Written by Jolie Drama.

77 n. 500 e. Union City IN 47390

joliethedrama@hotmail.com

Confessions of a woman who still has Daddy issues (and don't we all?) Has an unpolished, high school notebook feel that is appealing. Reminds one of a childhood friend left behind when that friend went boy crazy, and then got into booze and weed and she stopped being your friend, but you wondered what became of her.

This zine is it. It's a brave exhibition of self-loathing, combined with determination to come to terms with the past and find a way to recover.

WATCH THE CLOSING DOORS #35

No price given

24 p.

Edited by Fred Argoff

Penthouse L, 1170 Ocean Pkwy

Brooklyn, NY 11230-4060.

A must-read for train/subway freaks. Full of delightful details and anecdotes of current and historical trains and the odd creatures that ride them. You can't find this material anywhere but in a zine. Favorite bits include 1946 IND subway map and a story of the first subway ever built in NYC, Beach's pneumatic train. Twas a great idea squelched by fat cats at Tammany Hall.

OPUNTIA 59.5 Jan 2006

\$3.00 (US residents, please send US\$3 cash only)

15 p.

Written by Dale Spiers

P.O. Box 6830 Calgary, Alberta, Canada
T2P 2E7.

Farm life and practical living details from the 1950s and before is told in a personal tone, sort of like an uncle revealing family secrets that no one else will tell you, but always with propriety. Combination of history book and family album, engrossing and extremely readable.

IS THIS LOVE? VOL 1.

\$2/maybe trade

16 p.

Written by Tommy Duncan

840433 Rte. 1, Box 150,

Tennessee Colony, TX 75884.

Clumsily formatted zine contains autobiographical anecdotes that explore friendship and love. Stories are well-told, meaningful and bittersweet. There is a

longing for a simpler time and for mental expansion and enlightenment. Warning: this contains poetry. 4 poems that are good, but with revision, could be excellent. This may be enough to put off the poetry-dislikers. The type-overs and lack-of-finish make the content harder to access.



GAVIN J. GRANT

176 PROSPECT AVE.,

NORTHAMPTON, MA 01060

WWW.LCRW.NET; INFO@LCRW.NET

Gavin J. Grant runs an indie press, Small Beer Press, and for the last ten (10, huh) years has put out a twice-annual zine, **LADY CHURCHILL'S ROSEBUD WRISTLET** (www.lcrw.net). Originally from Scotland, he was imported to Northampton, MA, in 2002 and ever since has been bouncing from there to conventions and road trips. His to-be-read stack is at once horrifying, inspiring, never-ending, and a salve.

MISHAP

No.21, \$3/trade, half-letter, 52pp. Ryan, POB 5841, Eugene, OR 97405
mishapzine@yahoo.com

This is excellent from the pirate raccoon on the cover to the satirical and hilarious Scene Police Squad report on Ryan from the "Department of Homeland Security Office of Self-Deprecation". Ryan's greet point by point comparison of two extreme perspectives on his life is thought provoking at the least: is he the Myth (an "Anarchist") or the Reality ("Voter card, job, pays taxes"); or is something in between,

something beyond the simple definitions? One thing he definitely is, is funny. Wait, a second thing: smart. Don't miss the wide-ranging book and zine reviews. Ryan's a punk (an optimistic old fogey somewhere between 25-35) and talks about what punk is to him, "If punk means anything, it means trying to support each other." Which is always the most unexpectedly beautiful aspect of punk. That it's not about the uniform or the music, but the attitude and the ability to look beyond the self to the society beyond.

YOU IDIOT

No.4, \$2, half-letter, 28pp. Nate Gangelhoff, POB 8995, Minneapolis, MN 55408
pickyourpoison.net

This special issue of the zine that's "Debating the Obvious Since 2002" is on the "Secret Side of Satan". There's an excellent piece on Christian rockers that not only goes far deeper into the scene than Stryper and well beyond irony. Funniest piece might be "The Devil's Toys" (yes, My Pretty Pony is there), although "Harry Potter: a 'Crucial Victory for Satan'" comes a pretty close second. Maybe it's a draw: that latter piece doesn't even have to try to be hilarious. Harry Potter: first step on the path to the devil. (Luckily the anti-Potterites haven't read the God-killing Philip Pullman or James Morrow books!)

FOR THE CLERISY

No.65, January 2006

\$2/trade, letter, 12pp.,

Brant Kresovich, PO Box 404, Getzville, NY 14068-0404, biggestfatporker@yahoo.com

Brant reads widely and points us to the good stuff along the way, as well as occasionally fingering titles to avoid. This is great stuff for any reader: another reader whose taste can be followed and mapped onto. This time about half the pages are devoted to 2005 film coverage-which reminded me of some films I still haven't seen.

JUGULAR: A JOURNAL OF HUMAN NATURE AND SOCIAL COMMENTARY

Vol.1, No.1, Winter 2006
\$2/trade, half-letter, 66pp.,
Jugular, c/o Matt
POB 153, Linthicum, MD 21090
The_Jugular_Zine@yahoo.com

Courting controversy is both a hard row to hoe and a tightrope walk. In his Mission Statement and Introduction, Matt and Assistant Ed. Jessica say **JUGULAR** wants to foster discussion of "the important stuff" and "piss people off—ALL KINDS of people, regardless of affiliation, class, race, gender, or chemical composition—but not hurt anybody." The important stuff includes fiction and poetry and a manifesto, a call to arms to the youth of today (rise up off your myspace page!). Hands down the best piece is a page-turner essay with photos by Jessica Morsell, "Mucking through the swamp: Fighting hurricanes with the Red Cross." In October '05, Jessica was one of 27,000 Red Cross volunteers in Louisiana and saw the system break down as the Red Cross tried to merge their Disaster Assessment Services with Client Casework. It's an amazing insider view into the disaster within the disaster response.

LADY SCIENTIST

No.1, November 2005
\$2/trade, half-letter, 33pp.,
Susan P. Bustos, 398 Bloor St. W.,
Toronto, ON, Canada, M5S 1X4
info@ladyscientist.com

Susan is the eponymous (a biochemistry grad student) and gets right into it in her first issue: where are all the heroine lady scientists? Marie Curie? Sure, but how about some more modern names? Rachel Carson? Fantastic work, but still, a while ago now. How about Nancy Wexler: who in 1983 with her colleagues found the gene marker for Huntington's Disease? **LADY SCIENTIST** is full of solid info like this, but

it's not in the slightest way dry. Very enjoyable "Non-Exhaustive Review of Potential European postdocs" where Susan and husband tour Spain, Germany, and the UK looking at universities. Looking forward to the next issue already.

OPUNTIA NO.60.1, March 2006

\$3/trade, half-letter, 16pp.,
Dale Speirs, Box 6830 Calgary, Alberta,
Canada, T2P 2E7

An APA (amateur press association—the "papernet"!) zine full of letters, zine and book reviews, and a longer piece, "Money for Nothing", on books (fiction and nonfiction) on economic crashes. One book review seemed of especial interest to zinesters: One Hundred Years of the Fossils (\$15, Guy Miller, 2951 Archer Lane, Springfield, OH 45503). Dale uses this to point out, "Punk music fans think they invented zines in the 1970s, Trekkies think they invented them in the 1960s, and mail artists in the 1950s. Zinedom actually arose in the middle 1800s, when the first cheap printing presses for home use became available." Wow! There's more (including Lovecraft looting the NY Public Library!), but you'll have to order the zine (and the book).

THE INNER SWINE

No.11(3), Sept. 2005
\$2/trade, half-letter, 60pp.,
Jeff Somers, The Inner Swine,
POB 3024, Hoboken, NJ 07030
innerswine.com

Jeff claims to have no time for anyone else and only put out the zine to get your money. Make him happy: send him a couple of bucks. This is the Minutiae issue and has the usual appropriate amount of arrogance, attitude, and omnivorous attention to detail as ever. There's also plenty of fiction, sketches, and even the occasional poem. All that's missing is a table of contents.

FANZINE FANATIQUE

No.?, Date?, \$?/trade,
half-letter, 8pp.,
Keith A. Walker, 6 Vine St., Lancaster, LA1
4UF ENGLAND, UK

A review zine, this issue of which is devoted to the British science fiction convention, "Concussion." Keith, a science fiction fan, wonders if fans are being ignored by the writers and publishers in the field. He reviews most of the programming and notes that at a panel, "Fandom-A Safe Space", one panelist said it was more the "big name pros who are the greater menace", comment which has extra weight given the events on stage at the recent Worldcon. (Harlan Ellison's attempt at physical humor—groping the presenter, Connie Willis—not only spectacularly failed at humor but also provoked a genre-wide conversation that was a long time coming.) Given that, the interior illos ("by Ophelia's Art") are an odd juxtaposition.



STEPHANIE HOLMES

3005 GLEN RAE, AUSTIN, TX 78702
OURGIRLSUNDAY@YAHOO.COM

I moved to Austin and back to Texas after spending a year in the Midwest. I'm in graduate school, and I'm happy yet slightly afraid that the floor is falling out from underneath my feet. Fear of failure. Fear of Flying. A zipless... Provocative. Unemployed. Frustrated. Excited. Reading defines my days, so far. The expanse of these days, on the start of week three of

my new un-schedule, makes me feel a bit like a Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. It is early September in Texas, so I pretty much have my choice of perch. Lots of Tin to see. Lots of Hot to feel and experience. Lots of roof on which to land. Today, I checked "not willing to relocate" for the first time, in a long time, on a job application. Will I ever be content? Closer yet.

ORGA(NI)SM is a travel and perzine about the author's life in Japan. It's a wonderful blend of essays (one to note is about the first Western immigrants in Japan) and personal accounts including modern tales of healthcare in Japan, people watching on a train, memories of cultural integration by revisiting the author's stash of personal letters, and interactive lists (report of communication between author and readers) about free things to do and have in the city. Also includes contributions from two of **XD's** own, Bobby Tran Dale and Brant Kresovich of **FOR THE CLERISY**. Highly Recommended. Yes, Gianni, you've enticed me, and hopefully I've convinced others. Send issue one, please. 45 pages/digest/\$4 U.S. or 3 IRCs postpaid worldwide.

ORGA(NI)SM #2 (Winter 2005) First Contacts, a personal guide to Tokyo and all things Japanese. Gianni Simone, 3-23 Kanangawa-ken, Japan: jb64jp@yahoo.co.jp

JOLIE DRAMA JUST LIKE A GEMINI

Small. DIY. Lots of vintage clip art and tiny handwritten essays. Writing is a way to relieve the mind, however, writing is just one of the many tools for Jolie Drama who was beginning to hemorrhage friends—like Truman Capote at the end of his career—due to all her confessional writing. Now, she confesses that therapy is a vice. Jolie isn't completely through with recounting personal tales, though. There is talk of break-ups and the end of overanalyzing herself. She's also dealing

with addiction. Picking up the zine is like stumbling across a modern-day Lolita's diary. Recommended for reality TV fans and DIY fans of cut-and-paste. 15 pages/mini zine/order zines via www.livejournal.com/users/joliethedrama. Jolie Drama, 77 N. 500 E. Union City, IN 47390 joliethedrama@hotmail.com

HERMANA, RESIST #5 IN MY DEFENSE ON BEING. Noemi writes that she is shy about this zine, but I think it's because she has basically bled on the pages with the honest hope that she will help or inspire someone else. She sheds her feelings and her inhibitions, speaking about why she is an activist, how she is trying to raise socially aware children, and what she is fighting for. In addition to her own tales of struggle and liberation, she continues to illustrate her feelings through raw and poetic vignettes about domestic violence, and she responsibly includes contact information for those who need aid and checklists of symptoms of unhealthy circumstances that warrant help. Recommended for people who want to empower others or help themselves. 40 pages/digest/order zines at csdistro.com. Noemi Martinez, P.O. Box 621, Edinburg, TX 78540 U.S; noemi.mtz@gmail.com

HAPPY LONER #2 This bilingual zine is more French than English, this time around. However, there is still plenty of grazing material for those limited to reading the English-language sections. The zine is as charming as ever in appearance and tone. The letters section reveals an upset in Iza's life that she admits changed the focus of the issue, which was originally slated to be about how a **HAPPY LONER** can be happily coupled. I am very interested in her perspective on the topic. I hope that essay pops up in a later and happier issue. For fans of the first issue, there is a quirky

"how to" on stealing salt and pepper shakers from restaurants, recipes that use herbs to enhance simple dishes and snacks, and another story or two about Iza's friend, Marcel. Highly recommended. 20 pages/digest/\$3 CAN, \$4 US and \$5 INTERNATIONAL. Iza Bourret, 5591 St. Laurent, Levis, QC GOV 3V6 Canada; girl_w_cat@yahoo.com http://www.geocities.com/girl_w_cat

HOW TO SURVIVE HEART BREAK: A MANUAL is a tiny, well-written zine. The zine is honest even from the beginning--where the author warns that if you are not currently ailing from a broken heart, it may be best to tuck this zine into a back pocket or bureau drawer and wait for the creeping dread of heartbreak to return. If lady luck shines on you perpetually in the love department, then be a sympathetic friend, and lend it to a friend in need. Note before you give it away, there is a humorous appendix on the dangers of befriending an artist and becoming a muse. I have a feeling that the author is wise beyond his years. Recommended. 18 pages/mini digest/\$3 plus shipping. Order via www.literatureisnotdead.com. Literature is Not Dead 5305 St. Albans Way Baltimore, MD 21212 futurescribe@gmail.com

THOUGHTWORM #13 Sometimes, I feel like **THOUGHTWORM** is a guidepost. Now I, like Sean was about a year ago, am navigating a city while simultaneously cursing and smirking at the unknown variable of unemployment. The upside is that when you are in the right place and something catches--a job, a community, a relationship--it's quite possibly permanent. It's an anniversary issue. **THOUGHTWORM** recounts thoughts of being in existence for 10 years and announces a coming change in appearance. Redesign? Complete Web version? Inquiring minds want to know. Highly recommended. It's a great zine to

turn the pages of and hold. Digest, 48 pages, \$3. Back issues \$2. Sean Stewart, 3600 Buena Vista Ave., Baltimore, MD 21211; sean@thoughtworm.com www.thoughtworm.com



DAN TAYLOR

PO BOX 5531, LUTHERVILLE, MD 21094
WWW.DANTENET.COM
DANTE@DANTENET.COM

Though I've lived in and around several major cities--Philly, Pittsburgh and Baltimore--I've never had to deal with any kind of rodent problem beyond the occasional mouse or two. And, after reading **INFESTATION!**, the special vermin-tastic edition of WP Tandy's **SMILE HON, YOU'RE IN BALTIMORE**, I'm glad my rat-free streak continues. Previously, my only real run-ins with the four-legged fiends were limited to the stuff of urban legend (see the issue's brief description of the mythical Cat-Rat of Pennsauken, NJ) and B-movie mayhem (the brilliant post-apoc zaniness of *RATS: A NIGHT OF TERROR* directed by the one and only Bruno Mattei), neither of which prepared me for the many encounters between humans and rats described in the 44 pages of this interesting theme issue of Tandy's excellent publication. Among the tales of rat fishing, grease-filled dumpsters, exterminating fathers and more, it's Nemetz's colorful description of the battle between rats and man for supermarket supremacy that had me laughing out loud even while the graphic depictions were

making me a tad itchy-skitchy. (Full disclosure time... Tandy is a good friend, frequent drinking companion and contributor to my own zine, so take what I say with a grain of salt but believe every word.) \$3 from PO Box 11064, Baltimore, MD 21212. Or check out www.eighthstonepress.com for more info.

It seems fitting that a zine about rats be followed with a zine about food, since without one you can't have the other. Like its titular ingredients, Tim Miller's short but sweet **BREAD AND SALT: A ZINE OF FOOD HISTORY** usually leaves me satisfied but wanting more and issue #3 is no different. There's a certain food and the media theme running through this issue, and why not? It seems that one of the quickest ways to celebrity these days is through a show on the Food Network, so Miller's pointed editorial about the changing direction of the channel is filled with a bit of history, some wry commentary and, as he admits, some preaching to the converted. But that doesn't make the zine any less worthwhile. Along with book reviews that actually make me want to seek out the volumes discussed, Miller takes a look at the almost forgotten world of soda fountain culture and dishes recipes for such decadent-sounding treats as the Bismarck, Mount Vesuvius, and Regatta Pride. Always an enjoyable and informative read. \$2 from Fork 'n Spoon Distro at whammyindustries.com.

Among the stacks of perzines, food zines, movie zines and indie comics that I receive in trade or for review, I generally get one or two publications that remind me of what the zine movement was (and sometimes is still) all about. When **LIVING FREE #133** (!) showed up in my mailbox it was one of those moments when you could almost smell the passion coming off the pages. Consisting of four letter-sized sheets stapled together in the upper left corner,

folded over and mailed, **LIVING FREE** is the kind of zine we'd all be doing if blogs and the internet hadn't made it easier to just throw our thoughts (worthwhile or not) on-line for the masses to read or ignore. Editor Jim Stumm fills the publication's pages—laid out by hand I might add—with letters from readers, a look at the debate over the future of digital TV, websites about recreational vehicles, a list of Libertarian newsletters, newspaper articles, books the editor read, related news topics, ads for like-minded individuals and even a kitchen tip on how to peel tomatoes. Talk about wide ranging content! \$12 for 6 issues (about a year's worth) to Jim Stumm, Box 29, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223.

I'm not even sure how the first packet of stuff from R. Lee ended up in my post office box, but I've commented on his stuff—namely, the hysterical comics **FUCK & FIGHT** and **LIQUOR PIG**—in these pages before. I recently received some more goodies featuring Lee's sharp, funny writing and I feel like I must share them. Not just because they were sent to me but because I think they're that good. **PUS DRUNK**, a follow-up to the aforementioned **LIQUOR PIG**, finds our sociopathic narrator working for a landscaper who seems like a real world version of Ned Flanders, the religious but lovable neighbor on *The Simpsons*. Filled with colorful characters, fights, cursing and even some obsessive serial killer fantasies, **PUS DRUNK** is another laugh-out-loud entry from Lee and illustrator Dug Belan. Lee also publishes **UNDERGROUND CRAWL**, a slice of life look at the world in "the heart of nowhere". Issue #3 is devoted to 'Nightcrawlers', those workers who willingly trade away their days for the relative calm and isolation of the night shift. Anybody who has worked for a living can identify the villains, heroes and anti-heroes from their various labors within its

pages. Issue #4 takes a more free-form approach to observing daily life, but the results are no less interesting. Lee works his own observations into such tales as a friend who doesn't wear underpants, the mine field of familial relations, and a funeral that's packed with lies and weirdness. But isn't that every funeral? Do yourself a favor. Stuff \$6 in an envelope and send it off to PO Box 1421, Oshkosh, WI 54903... you'll be glad you did.



BROOKE YOUNG

SLC ZINE LIBRARY
210 E 400 SOUTH, SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84111
BYOUNG@SLCPL.ORG

At this point in the year I always begin waxing nostalgic for summer, especially since I never feel like I take advantage of all that summer has to offer. Really, I should have squeezed in a few more hikes, a few more barbecues, and at least good day trip to the desert. In reality, I love fall. I like the cooler temperatures, the excitement of kids going back to school, the purpose filled days, and watching the world prepare for hibernation and snow. Hope your fall rocks.

SUGAR NEEDLE

The greatest culinary invention created by man is an oft debated topic. Was it when people discovered they could turn milk into cheese, thereby extending the life time of the milk (which would be a major coup if you lived 10,000 years ago in Iraq)? Was it when someone decided that flat bread

with tomato paste and should be called a pizza and sold on every street corner across the world? No. It was when people started using honey to make candy some thousands of years ago. Candy is the single greatest culinary invention of all time and I am glad Corina Fastwolf produces **SUGAR NEEDLE**, a zine that reviews candy from around the world, to back me up. When I was in England this summer I became addicted to Tiramisu Kit Kats, but I had no idea that there was some place on Earth where I could get Red Wine Kit Kats. Sweet! This issue of **SUGAR NEEDLE** even has an interview with Amy Sedaris and a review of *Cromartie High School*, one of the few mangas I read. Oh! And I totally almost forgot the seriously cool small wall calendar that came with this issue. I have the calendar hanging at my desk so I always know what the teeny tiny date is.

Send \$2 to Corina Fastwolf/ PO Box 66835/
Portland OR, 97290

SLUG AND LETTUCE

SLUG AND LETTUCE is kind of like a test to make sure your eyes still work. It's a zine that has so much good stuff to put into each issue that they have to make the type really small, which is alright, I just have to make sure I am wearing my glasses. Music, specifically punk music, makes up the bulk of this newsletter, but the columns that are included are interesting and well written. My favorite column was about nutrition and I am pretty sure I was scolded for not eating enough vegetables.

Send \$3 for a 1 year subscription or \$1 for single issue to Christine/ PO Box 26632/
Richmond, VA 23261-6632

MEND MY DRESS

This zine totally rocks the old school zine aesthetics. You know those zines where the background is annoying and distracting from the text, which is just

some lame poem that you weren't interested in anyway? Well, this isn't one of those zines. In fact, the lay out is really great and the poetry is not lame. In fact all the writing is pretty spectacular. Neely Bat Chestnut has had a rough life and her zines reflect that, but I never felt that all hope was lost and hope is often difficult to convey. Issue #2 is all about trying to understand the meaning of what the word "home" means by examining all the places she has lived. It's a gimmick that works remarkably well and I hope Neely continues to write zines far into the future.

Send \$2 to Neely Bat Chestnut/ 6653
Carlton Ave S./ Seattle, WA 98108

CALL & RESPONSE

Gianni is just cool. I wish I was Italian living in Japan writing zines in English. Well, I probably don't actually want to be any of those things, but I sure can admire Gianni for living the dream. This zine is awesome from start to finish, with descriptions of Japan and other zine related nuggets of goodness. Frankly, if you don't want to read Gianni's zine, I'm not sure we could ever be Bestest Friends Forever.

Send \$4 to Gianni Simone/ 3-3-23
Nagatsuta,, Midori-ku, Yokohama-shi, 226-0027
Kanagawa-ken, Japan/
jb65jp@yahoo.co.jp

OPUNTIA 59.3

You gotta give Dale Speirs all kinds of big props for publishing 59 volumes of his zine. Really, that takes all kinds commitment and there should be some kind of award given to him at some swanky fundraiser. My absolute favorite thing about this issue of **OPUNTIA** is that Mr. Speirs reviews many of the zines he has recently read and he has mini conversations with the person who wrote the zine, which I found charming. Also, he discusses articles he has read in esoteric journals (such as the

Journal of World Prehistory) and I am just enough of a serious dork to want to find out more about lead concentrations in human bones during the Byzantine era.

Send \$3 to Dale Speirs/ Box 6830/ Calgary, Alberta/ Canada T2P 2E7

MUSEA #149

Speaking of long running zines, **MUSEA** has been publishing for a long time too. Another award should be given to Tom Hendricks at the same swanky fundraiser that Dale Speirs is going to. This issue is billed as an "art exhibit in book form," which is a pretty accurate description. There is a pencil drawing on each page with a title underneath that usually gives an idea of what the drawing is really about. The effect occasionally reminded me of an Edward Gorey alphabet, but I can't figure out why I made that association. I don't think anyone would consider the subject matter or the art style to be reminiscent of Edward Gorey, but he popped into my head. Anyway, despite the little peek into my psyche, I admire Tom's dedication and his passion for creating free art.

Send a SASE to Tom Hendricks/ 4000 Hawthorne #5/ Dallas, TX 75219/ tomhendricks47@cs.com/ http://musea.us



FRAN MCMILLIAN

PMB 170, 40 E. MAIN ST., NEWARK, DE 19711
MARYBLD@AOL.COM

Well, things have certainly calmed down since my last batch of reviews. I survived the company reorganization, my friend

survived brain surgery, and my parents' health has improved. About the only bad thing that's happened is that the latest issue of **ETIDORHPA** has been delayed because I now have a car payment for the first time in a decade. That, along with school, has forced me to be very frugal. Anyway, on with the reviews...

TIME IS THE PROBLEM #4: This latest issue of Jim's excellent zine is a tribute to letter writing and its great rewards. Jim features choice correspondence from a life of letters beginning with J. Edgar Hoover's curt response to a young Jim's "national security" question. There are letters from poet Lucy Boston, science fiction writer Zenna Henderson among others. Reading this inspired me to begin to whittle down the pile of unanswered letters on my desk. It's a shame Jim's zine only comes out once a year. Jim Lowe, PO Box 152, Elizaville, NY 12523, Trade or letter

KUNG FU GRIP! #2: St. Paco's second issue features articles on the pop history of the Adidas Superstar sneaker, French graffiti artists Miss Van, Kat and Fafi, a tribute to cartoonist Vaughn Bode and a term paper for hire about the Iraq War. The layout is clean and attractive and the writing and artwork sparkle. Definitely worth the money.

Paco Taylor (checks to D. Taylor, 7730 E. Broadway #925, Tucson AZ 85710
e-mail: paco@kungfugripzine.com, web: kungfugripzine.com, \$4.00 postpaid

FISH WITH LEGS #10: Sometimes a zine just happens to hit your postbox at just the right time and this free-ranging alphabet issue was exactly what the doctor ordered. This thoroughly enjoyable issue covers everything from Eric's infatuation with *What's My Line?* to the Boston Zine Fair and beyond. He's right: there is a chuckle in almost every paragraph. Good reading. Eric Lyden, 224 Moraine St,

Brockton MA 02301-3664, e-mail: ericfishlegs@aol.com, \$2.00 postpaid

TROLL POCKET #1: This debut issue contains Christian's record of his temporary escape from LA to San Francisco in text and photographs. There's the story of the sea lions that took over Pier 39, a Henry Rollins concert, shopping in the farmer's market and praying at St. Dominic's. Although I wished for more text, I liked this zine's homey feel. Also, some of the photographs are great. I look forward to seeing more.

Christian Walker, 9903 Santa Monica Blvd. #245, Beverly Hills, CA 90212

HUMAN WASTE #1: The plot of Brent's comic is rather depressing. A poor soul is rudely awakened from his nightmares, gets dressed for work, watches bad TV while eating a stale cupcake for breakfast and goes to a job way worse than anything Kafka could dredge up from his tortured imagination. But the artwork...wow!! Especially the dream sequences. Definitely not light reading, but still a surreal thing of beauty. Brent Moore, PO Box 1551, Yerington, NV 89447, Trades: maybe, \$2.00

GO METRIC #20: This meaty zine consists of band interviews and pieces about music, short comic fiction, and lots and lots of music reviews. My favorites: The Antichrist's livejournal postings which reveal it's not easy being evil, an "interview" revealing Paul Wolfowitz' secret life as a punk, and "The Longest Eight Minutes of My Life" about the worst cover track on the worst Elton John album ever. (Sadly, I actually used to own this album and it's as bad as Jesse Mank says.) Go Metric, 801 Eagles Ridge Rd, Brewster, NY 10509, e-mail: gogometric@yahoo.com, Subscriptions: \$10/ 5 issues, \$15 for Canada and Mexico, \$20 for the rest of the planet, Checks to Mike Faloon.



NOEMI MARTINEZ

PO BOX 621 EDINBURG, TX 78540
NOEMI@HERMANARESIST.COM
WWW.HERMANARESIST.COM

SCRAPPY: A CRAFTY ZINE FOR SCRAPPY PEOPLE #1: STITCHES

msfilms@hotmail.com
Price: \$4

This half size, handbound in yarn with a cute color cover is packed with 18 full DIY projects. I think me and my son River are going to try the t-shirt pillows. Making the kitchen apron looks neat too. I like zines that are crafty and teach me how to make stuff. But sometimes you don't really get what the finished product is or the materials are way hard to find. Niku, of Ms. Films DIY Guide fame, delivers a fun little zine. If the \$4 price tag is too much for you, you can always split it with a friend or see if your local zine library has it.

FERTILE GROUND #13

Stacey@fertilegroundzine.com
www.fertilegroundzine.com
Stacey Greenberg, 2084 Court Ave., Memphis, TN 38104
Price: \$2

I haven't read an issue of **FERTILE GROUND** in quite some time and issue 13 was an enjoyable read. I like reading about the other experiences of moms. I can't say I ever could relate because it seems that the life I live as a mom and those of other mom writers is totally different. I have never hired a babysitter, simply because I can't afford it, and my children don't attend

Montessori. Nevertheless, we share a desire to raise revolutionary kids. I enjoyed reading Stacey's "You Are What Your Kids Eat" by Stacey and Cindy Heffron's piece on her son having Asperger's Syndrome was informative. Amanda Soule writes a piece on a banging wall that sounds like something awesome my kids would love-if we had a backyard.

EYECANDY ZINE: SPRING ISSUE: EAT ME

eyecandyzine@gmail.com
www.eyecandyzine.com
Eye Candy Zine, c/o Sage, PO Box 37488, Philadelphia, PA 19148
Price: \$3

I must say I'm biased because Sage, who puts together the Eye Candy Comp zine as well as runs Sweet Candy Distro, a zine library; is super "sweet", cool and is a mama who's teaching her DIY ethics to her smart & sassy kids. The spring issue is definitely a tasty read. It's kid friendly too with such recipes as peppery cheese bread and pumpkin empanadas. You'll also find an interview with Steph from Whammy Industries as well as music, zine and movie reviews.

TROLL POCKET: #1 AUGUST 2006

Christian Walker, 903 Santa Monica Blvd. #245, Beverly Hills, CA 90212
Price: \$1 or trade

TROLL POCKET is a half size 16-page travel zine. Christian goes on a trip to San Fran and this zine is a compilation of her notes and photos. Christian says this is a personal zine but I would venture to say it's a travel zine, but I guess we'll find that out when we see the next issue. There is some prayer & reference to prayer in this zine, as well as a review of another zine I really like, Sarah Rose's **TAZEWELL'S FAVORITE ECCENTRIC**. I really don't know what to think of this zine. The writer thanks God every day for sending M to their life, and is a big fan of Henry Rollins. Form your

own opinion: "As I prayed, I remembered that we are here on this earth to do many things. One of them is to love one another."

EAST VILLAGE INKY #29

ayun@ayunhalliday.com
www.ayunhalliday.com
Eye Candy Zine, c/o Sage, PO Box 37488, Philadelphia, PA 19148
Price: \$2, back issues \$3

The **EAST VILLAGE INKY** has always been an enjoyable little read. I've always liked the portability of the size and how reliable it is in terms of coming out with new issues. For those that have never picked up an issue, she is a New York mama, raising 2 kids with her husband. It's all handwritten and includes the cutest drawings.

ROCKS AND BLOWS #2 (Feb. 2006)

rocks_and_blows@yahoo.com
Eye Candy Zine, c/o Sage, PO Box 37488, Philadelphia, PA 19148
Price: \$2, back issues \$3

At first I think this zine was like those zines that are fiction but make it seem real. It was because he was very straight about past heroin addiction, the stories and incidents he gives us aren't so we can feel sorry for him or anything like that. He just presents us with scenes that played out. David says it's a "short story memoir zine." I like it; I like the way the stories are written out, even funny at times, in snippets showing us bits and pieces of his life.

AXIS OF EVIL BANQUET: INTERSECTION OF RECIPES AND POLITICS

Lauren@galateaspants.com
www.galateaspants.com
Price: \$2

This unique zine features recipes from Iraq, Iran, North Korea, and Venezuela and starts each section with the history of the country and how the US played a part in

their history. Interesting concept.

NO SNOW HERE #9 & #10 by Nadia

no.snow.here@gmail.com
www.galateaspants.com
Price: \$2

Nadia's zine is one that I have only recently been introduced to, and I'm glad I did and wonder why I never have encountered it before. She writes about being an Arab-American and the racism and judgmental reactions she encounters. This is a multilayer zine and one that I am so glad to have read and carried. It's one of those zines that makes me glad that I am still doing my distro and writing my own zine; one of those zines that I wish was more known. You must read this.

MEND MY DRESS

Neely Bat Chestnut, 6653 Carlton Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98108
Neely_ohara@helloworld.com
Price: \$1 + postages US, \$2 Canada, \$3 world, or trade
28 pages, half size

This zine deals with sexual assault and abuse. While some people think this might be a topic that has been exhausted and written to death in zines-the fact that zinesters are still writing about it tells us sexual assault is not going away. Nelly writes about her abuse because "maybe it will help someone else along the way. Maybe someone will understand and maybe some one else will take on the challenge and healing."



KATHY MOSELEY

1573 N. MILWAUKEE AVE. #403
CHICAGO, IL 60622
SEMIBOLD@EARTHLINK.NET

The worst thing about doing the layout for **XD** is that let myself slack on writing my reviews until the last possible moment. I even considered letting myself off the hook for writing them at all, but then I realized I had about 2 pages to fill to make the pagination work out evenly, so reviews I will write. It's good for me. It makes me think about my opinion and force myself to commit to it. I have a problem with waffling. I may think I like something, but then someone will bring up reasons A, B and C why they don't like it, and then I think, "Well, maybe they are right, maybe I shouldn't like it." Or vice versa. I guess it's better than being a stubborn mule who won't consider anyone's opinion besides their own (George W. Bush, I'm looking at you), but there's nothing wrong with sticking to my guns when I like something or when I don't. So there.

ROCKS AND BLOWS #3

Another really excellent issue from David. I've really had no experience with drugs whatsoever, so reading his zine is always a big eye-opener for me. He could very easily present these stories in a way that would emphasize their shock value, but I don't think that's his agenda. He just wants to tell you what he's been through, what he was willing to do, and the distorted sense of priorities that develops when someone is addicted to heroin and/or crack. The first

story in this issue is fiction, but it obviously draws on his real-life experiences, and it's pretty chilling. Another story that has nothing to do with drugs and comes from his childhood was very painful to read. It's about trying to solve a problem and everything you try just makes it worse and worse and it just spirals out of control in a young person's mind. Very vivid. I highly recommend this zine.

52 pages, digest size. \$2.
David Frank
1002 W. Montrose Ave.
Box 194
Chicago, IL 60613
rocks_and_blows@yahoo.com
www.myspace.com/83851867

PRESSED BETWEEN THE PAGES #1

If your zine is only 12 pages long, it should all be really good stuff, and thankfully this is. Most of the pieces are what I would call very short stories, and there are a few poems too. Alan's writing is full of beautiful imagery and lots of wistful emotion. I only wish there was more. Hopefully I won't have to wait long for issue #2.

12 pages, digest size. \$1 in the US.
Contact if interested in trading or to work out postage outside the US.

Alan Lastufka
PO Box 254
Manhattan, IL 60442
alan@fallofautumn.com
www.pressedbetweenthepages.com

TAPE REELS FOR EYES #2

A very interesting presentation—a normal digest-size zine bound inside an oversize cardboard cover that creates a protective envelope around it. The pages inside are filled with dreamy narratives, almost all having to do with two topics: making a long-distance move from one side of the country to the other, and spending lots of time outdoors, observing and marveling at the natural world. The combination of

handwritten and typed text is accompanied by photographs and sketches. The handwritten portions were very difficult to read, but otherwise I enjoyed this.

40 pages, digest size with oversize cardboard block-printed cover. I couldn't find a price listed anywhere. \$1 or \$2 seems sufficient.

Rick Visser
1 Stephanie Drive
New Milford, CT 06776
tapereelsforeyes@hotmail.com
www.myspace.com/tapereelsforeyes

TROLL POCKET #1

This is Christian's first zine, and it's another one of those zines that I wish were longer. It's all about a road trip from LA to San Francisco, which included a ride on the always-entertaining SF bus system, a visit to the Palace of Fine Arts, a few days in a rural cabin, and seeing Henry Rollins perform. Better-than-average photocopying nicely shows off the photos.

16 pages, digest size. \$1 or trade.
Christian Walker
9903 Santa Monica Blvd. #245
Beverly Hills, CA 90212

WATCH THE CLOSING DOORS #33

A classic in the world of zines. You can always count on Fred to capture the essence of the New York subway with his keen eye for observation and endless knowledge of the system. The best stories are always about the crazy passengers. This time around we also get some history on the Cleveland public transit system.

24 pages, digest size. Four quarterly issues for \$10
Fred Argoff
Penthouse L
1170 Ocean Parkway
Brooklyn, NY 11230-4060

PLEASE REVIEW MY ZINE . . .

Title:

Issue #/Date:

Contact name:

Address:

e-mail:

website:

price: \$__US/ \$ __Can/Mex / \$__World

trades: yes / no / maybe

size:

page count:

description:

Please copy or cut out and attach to your zine (really, it helps)

**IF YOU WANT YOUR ZINE CONSIDERED FOR REVIEW,
PLEASE SEND IT TO ONE OF THESE FINE FOLKS:**

Please don't send more than two copies of your zine in for review. You can get a sense of each reviewer's tastes by reading their reviews in this issue and decide who might best appreciate your zine. Also, please indicate that the zine is being sent for review and enclose an info sheet (see page 48).

Anne Thalheimer (Booty)

160 North Maple St.
Florence, MA 01062
motes@simons-rock.edu
I would prefer feminist-ey stuff. I like auto-bio and comix, but will read just about everything aside from weirdo porn zines. No prisoner mail either, please.

Dan Taylor (The Hungover Gourmet)

PO Box 5531
Lutherville MD 21094
editor@hungovergourmet.com

Davida Gypsy Breier (Leeking Ink)

PO Box 11064
Baltimore, MD 21212
Davida@leekinginc.com

Fran McMillian (Etidorhpa)

40 East Main St., PMB 170
Newark, DE 19711
marybld@aol.com
Lit zines, perzines, artzines.

Gavin Grant (Lady Churchill's Rosebud Wristlet)

176 Prospect Ave.
Northampton, MA 01060
info@lcrw.net
Literary, perzine, political, cooking, etc!

Eric Lyden (Fish With Legs)

224 Moraine St.
Brockton, MA 02301
ericfishlegs@aol.com
Per zines, comic zines, anything that seems to have any sort of sense of humor. No poetry zines! I'm also not too into political zines, but I can appreciate them when they're well done.

Julie Dorn (Junie in Georgia)

PO Box 6584, Minneapolis, MN 55406.
junieingeorgia@hotmail.com
Perzines, comics, zines with obscure or unusual themes.

Kathy Moseley (SemiBold)

1573 N. Milwaukee Ave
PMB #403
Chicago, IL 60622
semibold@earthlink.net
I love a good perzine! (But I'm not averse to zines about art, travel, DIY and pop culture in general.)

Matt Fagan (Meniscus)

1573 N Milwaukee Ave
PMB #464
Chicago, IL 60622
hadmatter@hotmail.com

Noemi Martinez (Hermana Resist)

PO Box 621
Edinburg, TX 78540
noemi.mtz@gmail.com
feminist, personal, poc written, recipe/DIY, fiction, academic; not music

Ilya Zaychik (Other Investigations)

4 Ridgecrest Dr., W. Roxbury MA 02132
other.investigations@gmail.com

Stephanie Holmes

3005 Glen Rae, Austin, TX 78702
ourgirlsunday@yahoo.com
I like cooking zines, perzines, travel zines, activist zines, parenting zines and comic zines.

Kris Mininger (Extranjero)

Calle Obispo 4 Bajo,
Plasencia 10600,
Cáceres, Spain

Quismada

2837 Fenwick Street
Grand Prairie, TX 75052
quismada1968@sbcglobal.net

Please note that although this is not a prison address, the zines will be forwarded to a reviewer that is currently incarcerated.

SUPPORT XEROGRAPHY DEBT!

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Davida Gypsy Breier, PO Box 11064, Baltimore, MD 21212
PayPal to: davida@leekinginc.com