First the good news – when issue #22 came out, Patrick was still in the midst of his cancer treatments. In early October, we learned he was in remission. It took a couple months for him to recover from chemotherapy, but by January we were on our annual anniversary vacation and appreciating life from a whole different vantage point. Thanks to everyone who wrote and expressed their concern. Also, Garnet turned two in February!

Change, as always, is still brewing in the zine world. The paper vs. web debate rages on, as does perzines vs. blogs. In many ways these venues can and do co-exist, but at the same time I see the number of zines I receive dwindling. The general demographics of zinemakers and their overall productivity seem to be changing too. Most of the youngsters, the would-have-been next generation, have moved to the web. Many of the zines that I have loved for years have editors undergoing changes in their personal responsibilities (i.e. kids, older parents, jobs) and are publishing less frequently. I know that personally I haven’t published an issue of Leeking Ink in two years, the longest gap since I started the zine in 1995. (I do have plans to get the new issue done in the coming months.) The main people I see publishing semi-consistently are the people who have been at this for at least 15-20 years, are past the major life changes, and don’t view the web as a spot for natural migration. However, as long as postage and printing costs continue to rise, the future of paper as the dominant zine media remains uncertain. Regardless, it is the reading that matters, not how or where it is done.

To XD’s readers – how do you feel about the paper vs. digital changes? Are you online or have moved to online only? Why? Do you have more readers or more reader feedback? Back in the day, zines were only part of the obsession; letters from total strangers were the other part. Has e-mail wiped that component out? If you are a paper devotee, why? Responses will be published in a future issue.

Until next time…

Davida

February 2008
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 or paper copies can be ordered for $3. If you are reading the online version or downloaded the PDF, don’t be shy about sending in a donation.

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.

This issue’s supporters include: Wred Frights, Kris and Lola, Clint Johns, Christopher Robin and AJ Michel.

---

**COLUMNS**

**GIANNI SIMONE**

3-3-23 NAGATSUTA, MIDORI-KU, YOKOHAMA-SHI
226-0027 KANAGAWA-KEN JAPAN
JB64JP@YAHOO.CO.JP

**GLOOMY SUNdAYS**

**ABOUT THE STRANGE AND WONDERFUL THINGS I FIND IN MY MAILBOX**

Museum of Temporary Art

In the world of contemporary art, everybody only seems interested in talking about marketability, auctions and the rising price of paintings. Long cherished words such as “creativity” and “self-expression” have been replaced by the new catchphrase: “art = investment.” And yet there are still people who reject the dog-eat-dog attitude of most professional artists and emphasize instead the communicative, collaborative aspect of the artistic practice. I’m talking of course of the international mail art network that for almost 50 years has mostly flied under the radar of the art establishment. While in the art world everything seems to have a price, mail artists embrace trading and gift culture. And while the pompous rites of the art with a capital $ are consumed in ever bigger, cathedral-like museums, the mail artists are satisfied with much more modest, intimate spaces. Among them, one of the more peculiar and interesting “places” is the Museum of Temporary Art (MoTA) that you can find… in the living room of Benjamin and Debby Böhm in Tubingen, Germany. “The idea for the museum was born by chance in 2000,” Benjamin explains, “when I found in a super-market a 50 x 40 x 10 cm box with 33 small drawers that immediately reminded me of those Fluxus kits from the 60s, and decided to give it to Debby as a birthday present.” Debby suggested they may use it as a “guestbook” – visitors could take something from the box and replace it with something they carried on them. But that was only the first step: Benjamin’s other great love is Dada – the European group of anti-art terrorists who at the beginning of the 20th century turned many traditional artistic assumptions on their head – and their playful, iconoclastic attitude. So he proposed to turn it into a full-fledged museum, with a director (Debby), its logo, rubberstamps and other museum-related paraphernalia. Then they decided to go global and started posting calls in the Internet, making this an ongoing project. As Benjamin explains, “anybody is invited to send us a contribution – by mail, of course. There are no juries and everything is accepted, in typical mail art fashion. The only condition is that the object cannot be bigger that 4 x 4 x 8 cm – otherwise it wouldn’t fit into the drawer.” “Also,” adds Benjamin, “don’t forget to send along the exhibition sheet that everybody can download from the museum’s Web site [www.museum-of-temporary-art.com], because the stories behind the objects are as important as the objects themselves.” The MoTAs collection currently amounts to nearly 800 pieces (they are thinking of organizing a great retrospective exhibition when they reach 1000) and includes both traditional artworks and found objects that remind us of the infamous Marcel Duchamp’s “ready...
mades.” “Most of the contributions,” Debbi points out, “are linked to a memory or a particular occurrence. This gives them a special value, and that is what we love about the whole project.” The MoTA, of course, can house only 33 exhibits at a time (hence the term “temporary art”). This means that every time a new contribution arrives in the mail, the oldest one is replaced (on the Web site, you can always have a look at what currently is in the museum, together with all the descriptions). So what happens to all the pieces after they have had their 15 minutes of “fame”? Debbi reassures us that “we don’t sell them but keep the whole lot in our archive.” Like most people who are active in the mail art network, they are not professional artists (Benjamin is a computer programmer; Debbi works for a book publisher). They are into it only because they like it, and the MoTA can be considered a labor of love. They are always open to collaboration and welcome anybody, regardless of his or her artistic skill. To contribute to the project, you only have to send something (you can check out the Web site for inspiration) together with the exhibit sheet (please write in English or German) to the following address: Museum of Temporary Art, c/o Debby Böh m, Lange Gasse 25, 72070 Tübingen, Germany. In exchange you will receive a copy of your exhibit sheet and one of the object your contribution has replaced. Not only that, once every 100 exhibits, they send to all the participants a beautiful full-color catalogue (I just found one in my mail box). All this, of course, is for free, in the best mail art tradition. Have fun!

(You can check Benjamin’s other art-related works at <www.ben-at-work.com/en>.
You can read more amazing stories, zine reviews, etc. by yours truly at <http://glowy-sundays.blogspot.com>. Do you prefer paper? Write to: Gianni Simone, 3-23 Nagatsu, Midori-k u, Yokohama-shi, 226-0027 Kanagawa-ken, Japan, or contact him at <jb64p@yahoo.co.jp> and ask for his mail art zine KAIRAN. Gianni also publishes ORGANISM, about Tokyo and living in Japan, and CALL & RESPONSE)

JEFF SOMERS
PO BOX 3024, HOBOKE N, N J 07030
MREDITOR@INNERSWiNE.COM
WWW.INNERSWiNE.COM

IT MEANS IT’S WANK

“So what does that mean? It means it’s wank.”—Vic Flange, www.fleshmouth.co.uk (now defunct), describing my zine.

YOUR BOOK SUCKS

In which Your Humble Correspondent learns that there is always someone out there who thinks you suck.

FRIENDS, I published a novel in 2007. I may have mentioned it; for a period of time I was leading every conversation with the news and wearing T-shirts I had made with the phrase I PUBLISHED A BOOK WHO THE HELL ARE YOU printed on the front. I also answered every question with “I don’t know, did you publish a book this year?” which often made no sense, and usually irri- tated whoever I was speaking to the point of physical attack. Since I am often attacked when speaking to people—or, more accurately, trying to speak to people—this didn’t really bother me.

The most surprising aspect of this experience was that some people didn’t like the novel. I mean, like, really didn’t like it. I expected some caveats buried deep inside the rave reviews, a few grippers who felt they weren’t earning their pay unless they found something to complain about. Now, most reviews of the book were positive, honest—as a faulty metric I can offer the Amazon.com reviews of the book, where 10 out of 12 reviews were 4 or 5 star—but there was a couple of reviews that, boiled down to their essence, said This book sucks.

Now, I’ve been getting bad reviews pretty much my whole writing life. Heck, in my zine I reprint every review I come across, so I’ve seen plenty of bad reviews. You’d think I’d be used to it. In one sense, of course, I am—bad reviews don’t bother me, because I’ve long ago become comfortable with two simple facts: Not everyone’s gonna like you or your work, and just because someone’s a critic doesn’t mean they’re right. Of course, they might be right, so there’s no point responding or arguing, or even muttering to yourself about it in public whilst clutching a bottle of something wrapped in a paper bag (trust me on this). But if I’m so used to bad reviews, and so sanguine about getting them, why was I surprised to have a couple show up concerning my novel? It’s simple: Publishing a novel and putting out a zine are completely different writing experiences, at least for me.

I don’t know how you put out a zine—your kind seems a little fishy to me, and you probably do your zine all wrong, with all sorts of commie shit mucking up the works, yes? Damn hippies. Desktop Publishing has really soured the zine waters, you ask me, when any two-bit hustler can make a zine. Myself, I put out a zine the all-American way: In a bubble of isolation, blind-drunk and half-naked. This means that while I am writing and laying out the zine, I get almost zero feedback about the material. I wouldn’t want feedback, actually; the zine is meant to be a gonzo exercise in writing, just me throwing words onto the page, constructing opinions and playing around with ideas. I know sometimes this approach doesn’t work perfectly, and I don’t care.

If you’ve never self-published writing you don’t care if anyone appreciates, man, you are missing out.

As a result, each issue of the zine hits the streets pretty much perfectly formed from the depths of my brain, never having been touched by any critique or feedback. It’s pristine. Sometimes that means it’s as terrible as it can possibly be—a sort of perfect terribleness—but that’s okay. When the reviews come in and point out some bit of terribleness in the issue, I don’t much care, because I released everything straight from the vacuum, so some bad reactions are perfectly understandable and expected.

With a novel, for me, it’s a little different. By the time a novel actually gets released to the waiting world, it’s been read and beaten on by several different people, usually more than once each. The sucker gets read, kid. I have people read it to give me objective feedback on how it works, and my publisher and agent read it to make sure they’ll be able to sell it. Everyone gives you feedback. And, unless I’m especially drunk that day, everyone usually tells me they like it. If someone really hates the book, it usually doesn’t get as far as being actually published—sadly, a terrible book will get shite canned no matter what else is going on.
That's why it's surprising, in a way, to hear bad reviews of the book. By the time it gets out to the waiting world, I've been told by many people I trust and rely on that it's good. This never happens with the zine: With the zine the only one telling me it's good before it comes out is McEgo, the imaginary leprechaun that taunts me all the time, trying to trick me into responding out loud so they'll take me away to the hospital again. You can imagine I don't put much stock into McEgo’s leathery whispers. So when the zine gets bad reviews I kind of figure it was inevitable, since I wrote 85% of it the night before, a bottle of Wild Turkey on the desk and the Descendents blasting on the stereo. With the book, I just spent 12 months revising, tweaking, and weeping over it. Getting a bad review is kind of shocking.

Not that I lose any sleep over bad reviews—there's always another half-assed essay to write for the zine, and I'm not a young man any more. And those bottles of Wild Turkey 101 wear you down, after a while. I just wish I could stop shaking.

**The Reviews**

**Stephanie Holmes**

3005 Glen Rae, Austin, TX 78702
ourgirlsunday@yahoo.com

It has been great hearing from various folks in the zine community, some have become pen pals passing through corridors of my life during the last three or four years. Shout to Sean at Thoughtwurm and Gianni at ORGANNISM, two of my favorites absolutely, but there is a lot of great work out there and I appreciate reading about it all. I've been busy working as a librarian and taking classes toward my MSW (master of social work) degree. The goal is to be a therapist. It's been a long road, but I'm excited to see how it all unfolds and not in a hurry to finish. I wouldn't trade it for anything. Ok, I would trade the experience for millions of dollars. Maybe.

**DIET SOAP**

**#1 (November 2007)**

Cover price: $5. A 4-issue subscription is $20. You can send money via PayPal to: money@dietsoap.org. Or, if you'd like to send money some other way, email mkhobson@dietsoap.org for more information.

"This author is the most paranoid person ever," I blurt within reading the first two pages. But the trick is that I cannot put this down, and I end up reading the surveillance issue from cover to cover. **DIET SOAP**, with its headlines including the brief history of cakes and cake-making that is more about covert listening devices and surveillance measures and less Betty Crocker happy homemaking, is the equivalent of reading the well-written diary of the neurotic person you have a raging crush on. Recommended.

**THE HUNGOVER GOURMET**

**#10 (spring 2007)**

Cover price: $3 ppd. (in US) and $4 ppd. everywhere else. For updates visit the website: www.hungovergourmet.com or the blog at www.hungovergourmet.blogspot.com.

**THE HUNGOVER GOURMET** "Crab-Tacular" issue was a lot of fun as it usually is. I enjoyed the "WE HEART BURGERS" special section (In and Out Burgers rock!), and the other notes about familiar haunts including some of my semi-regular spots scattered about the Outer Banks. I have to say that your waitress sold you wrong at Howard's Pub. You should have tried the Oyster Shooters (Oysters, hot sauce, and your favorite brew) and the fried conch. It's just a hole-in-the-wall, I admit, but it's full of nostalgia for the barefoot 'Bankers. Also next time: try Mama Kwan's (go for the junkfood platter) or the OBX Brewery, which has great brews and good food last time I checked. My local friends still find themselves taking home growlers and calling themselves regulars. It's all about the dialogue with **THE HUNGOVER GOURMET.**" Read it and keep Dan eating his way through the world, so we can learn all about the best places without the added calories at least until those New Year's resolutions fade. Always a Classic.

**FRESH BREATH OF MINT**

**#3 (fall 2007)**

Cover price: free. Contact: www.myspace.com/mintrecords or for direct zine inquiries contact: shena@mintrecs.com.

I love Canadians, so this quirky, Canadian, Indie music zine from Mint Records was right up my alley. I fell in love with Cub and tried to purchase the band's stuff online. RIP. But, I agree the band was a good one to honor as a labelmate of famous Mint albums including Neko Case. This edition also had a very entertaining retro read about one writer's brush with Curt Cobain/Courtney Love/Nirvana. The purity of the writer's innocent and nerdy approach won Courtney Love's heart and landed the writer with up-close and personal backstage access. I love Love, but I'm sure she wanted to reclaim some innocence via this encounter in a vampish fashion. Regardless of the outcome, the duo kept up their famous incoherent aesthetic, and it made for some entertaining reading post hoc. (Or was it all a fantasy? I want to believe it was a real account from the writer). There are too many good features to capture in a capsule review, but all I have to say is that I want to be a “Mintern” and become Canadian—even secretly so. Recommended.

**THE LION IN A TEACUP**

**#1 (September 2007)**

Cover price: $3 ppd. U.S. and $4 Canada/Mexico. Contact: Tabby Kaye, P.O. Box 471343, Chicago, IL 60647 or e-mail at editor@lioninateacup.com.

**THE LION IN A TEACUP** is about teaching in an urban Chicago setting. It takes a rare bird to look beyond statistics and manage to smile and start each day fresh. Tabby Kaye illustrates this strength through her daily interactions, which include viewing teaching as a “revolutionary act” and looking beyond the shells of angry young men and seeing people who have needs. **THE LION IN A TEACUP** is a soulful, honest, and multi-genre zine that incorporates essay, nonfiction dialogue, and poetry as its primary forms of expression. This honest zine takes the teaching documentary “Chalk”...
to a whole new level. Recommended for teachers, social workers, and everyone else working to make a difference within the lives of individuals with needs.

FRAN McMILLIAN
PMB 170, 60 E. MAIN ST., NEWARK, DE 19711 MARYBLD@AOL.COM

I’ve been busy these past few months trying to get my teaching certificate and caring for my aging parents, especially my father, who had a series of small strokes over the Christmas holidays. Sleep? What’s that? I can’t remember. Free time? Huh? Luckily, I got a few good zines in my mailbox to help lighten the load.

GOING POSTAL No. 1: GOING POSTAL is a new zine focusing on zine and mail-art history. Lots of familiar names here. Christoph Meyer of 28 PAGES LOVINGLY BOUND WITH TWINE contributed the cover art. There are also essays by Dale Speirs, John Held, Jr., and our editor, Davida Gypsy Breier. Lots of interesting stuff here including an article on Irving Stettner, the late publisher of STROKER, one of the first zines I ever read. GOING POSTAL, Calle Obispo 4B, Plasencia 10600, Caceres, SPAIN price: none listed, but I’m sure a fair trade or something to cover postage will suffice.

JOHNNY AMERICA No. 5 Fall/Winter 2007: First of all, this is one of the best looking zines I’ve seen a long time. Silk-screened covers and a clean and very attractive lay-

out. I spent a long time admiring it before I started reading it. JOHNNY AMERICA is basically a lit zine and a damn good one at that. My favorite selections were the short stories Hello by G.D. Ward about a father who becomes somewhat of a superhero and Spring Soda in a Combat Zone by Tommy Waldron about a very unusual contest prize. Jonathan Holley/ Emily Lawton e-mail: johnnymerica@johnnymerica.net website: www.johnnymerica.net price: $8 US, $10 Can/Mex, $11 World (And no, I didn’t forget the snail mail address. There was only an incomplete one on the zine review form and I’d recycled the envelope in which the zine came long ago.)

FOR THE CLERISY No. 70: FOR THE CLERISY seems to be one of those zines that’s gone from print to electronic form. I’m not sure how I feel about that, being partial to things I can actually hold in my hands, but I understand why it’s happening. Broadband internet is expensive as is postage and printing. Many creative people cannot afford both. That said, the latest issue of Brant Kresovich’s long-running zine (15 years!) came to my e-mail box in the form of a very readable PDF. This issue is more of a book review zine focusing on mysteries. While I recognized plenty of the authors reviewed, there are also plenty unfamiliar, but potentially worthwhile writers mentioned. And what better guide to introduce you to it all. Brant Kresovich reads more (and reads much more thoughtfully) than any person I know. Brant Kresovich, PO Box 404, Getzville, NY 14068-0404 e-mail: biggestfatporker@yahoo.com.

SUGAR NEEDLE #32, June 2007
Corina Fastwolf
P.O. Box 66835
Portland, OR 97290
$2 16 pages, half-legal (pamphlet?) size trades okay, but “good trades & trade for cool candy”

Oh, SUGAR NEEDLE, how I’ve missed you…..” How pleased was I to discover that your Easterly SMEESTERY correspondent, Phlox Icona, is an Art-o-Mat creator as well (artomat.org/home.html)? This issue sports discussion of saltwater taffy, the candy reviews include “sherbet fountain” and awesome chocolates (just get the issue and check it out to see what they review), plus some fabulously funny-named international candies. There’s also an interesting interview with Dishwasher Pete. Most lovely of all, their disclaimer: “Warning: reading our zine rots your teeth…”

OPUNTIA 61.1 (June 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). As a reminder: “whole-numbered OPUNTIAs are sercon, x. 1 issues are review zines, x.2 issues are indexes, x.3 issues are apazines, and x.5 issues are perzones.” So, this issue is a review zine, and it’s from June 2006. Whoa. I’m still adjusting to 2008. Anyway, I’ve only read a perzine issue of OPUNTIA before, which I enjoyed greatly. After that, I wasn’t quite as smitten with reading reviews, but it’s nice to see that some of the same snappy subheadings are evident here as well. All of the works reviewed were totally new to me, which I liked, and the writing’s still as vivid as ever.

BIG FUCKING DEAL #3 (March 2007)
Marc Parker
2000 NE 42 Ave #221
Portland, OR 97213
$7, 16 pages, half-size, trades?

Every once in a while I get a zine where I read it and think, How on earth did I not know about this, given all the people I know in Portland who do zines? I kind of love
BFD, what with these adorable daily comics about little life things (which, in truth, some of them are kind of big-deal things): love, work, funky eyeglasses (check out the pictures on the back cover) and biking and being broke...I’m totally charmed by the damn thing. I love it. It’s one of the few zines I’ve picked up recently and read the whole thing in one slow, careful sitting. Go get yourself a copy already.

ANGRY BLACK-WHITE GIRL #1, October (?) 2007
Nia King
3441 Fillmore St.
Denver, CO 80205
oxette@riseup.net
$1, half size, 20 pages, trades only for zines with similar themes

Angry Black-White Boy is one woman’s account of her experiences talking with people, possibly inspired by Adam Mansbach’s Angry Black-White Girl. It is unique to me as a mixed race person”

Bill as “a perzine about experiences of women in prison.”

ANGRY BLACK-WHITE GIRL (a title possibly inspired by Adam Mansbach’s Angry Black White Boy) is one woman’s account of her experiences talking with people whose questions reveal a limited understanding about people and identity that’s rooted in racism, misunderstanding, and binaries. Nia is also the editor of MXD (see review last issue); her piece “Ethnic, or something” appears in both places. She’s a strong writer, her work packs a punch—especially with sentences like “I am the end product of generations of self-hating light-skinned Black folks trying to bleach themselves out of the gene pool.” Her writing always makes me think, and one of the things I quite liked about AB-WG is her “Mixed Reviews” section (including mention of Mansbach’s work), which is inclusive—zines, novels, and so on—and made me want to do more reading.

YOU KNOW BETTER #2
Betsy Houston
262 Gates Ave #2R
Brooklyn, NY 11216
isabel@isabelsparkle.com
$2, 40 pages, 1/4 size, trades maybe

I love it when folks fill out the little sheet with all the information for reviews. It is helpful, and every once in a while it’s totally lovely. Check this out: described by its author as “prose bits + pieces and collaged images from a queer girl in Brooklyn. Some longer, some short. Some connected, some not. Ambent, thoughtfull, unafraid” YKB #2 is a compelling compact read and that description is totally right on. In reading these pieces, like sketches of people, I feel like I’m only getting a little, little bit of a much larger story. It’s contemplative, it’s curious, and I really enjoyed reading it, particularly because it leaves a great deal unanswered (which, you know, I like).

TENACIOUS: ART AND WRITINGS FROM WOMEN IN PRISON #13 (Fall 2007)
V. Law
PO Box 20388
New York, NY 10009
vikkimL@yahoo.com
$2 US, $3 Canada and Mexico, $5 world, half-size, 28 pages. Trades = email first to ask. Free to women in prison, cost of postage (2 stamps) for men in prison (“your $2 will support sending free issues to incarcerated women across the United States”)

I actually was really pulled into this zine. It’s a compilation of art and writings by women either currently or formerly incarcerated nationwide, compiled, simply, for what they are: stories from incarcerated women. This issue includes pieces about harassment from prison guards, a visit with the child given up for adoption, having HIV and hep C in prison. Since the pieces are reproduced here nearly verbatim (they do not publish women’s individual cases, charges, or court experiences), and without any context other than the women’s own words, you get a vivid sense of these different women’s voices. Part of this zine’s goal is empowerment, to encourage each woman to find their power of her own voice. (Upcoming issues include a mother’s day issue and a future issue dedicated to domestic violence and the stories of women facing time for acting in self-defense against their abusers.) Recommended.

TREES AND HILLS: NEW STARS (October 2007)
Edited by Daniel Barlow and Colin Tedford
www.treesandhills.com
$3.52 pages, half-size, fancy color cover, trades probably OK but contact first

New Stars is the third collection by the Trees and Hills folks, collecting comics by a number of artists in Western MA, Vermont, and New Hampshire. This issue, devoted to the Soviet Union’s launch of Sputnik in 1957 and to mark its 50th anniversary, includes stories about space travel, the Challenger explosion, and Twinkies in space. As ever, there’s a lot of weird, wild, different work packed into these 52 pages.

MENISCUS #15 (Halloween 2007)
Matt Fagan
c/o Brainstorm
1648 W. North Ave
Chicago, IL 60622
haddmatt@yahoo.com
myspace.com/menisceusenterprises

This little wonder showed up in my mailbox as a trade, and it’s ridiculously cute. Not all about cavities (though there is this gorgeous hand-cut cover tooth-heart design going on; I love it when zines have a little funky handmade flair), this zine (I’m not sure if it’s a first issue or an ongoing series...
or what) is well worth your time. Cute comics, quirky possible autobio experiences, it’s charming and easygoing and I thoroughly enjoyed reading it.

Uneven Pavement Press
o/o Claire Patterson
1026 North Calvert St. Apt 2
Baltimore, MD 21202
perpetuummobile22@hotmail.com
free, half-size, 36 pages, trades…? (email for information)

Published tri-annually, they accept open and fixed form poetry, short fiction, and non-fiction (about 2000 words), as well as black and white art in any media. It’s kind of a quirky Baltimore-inspired zine, with evocative images and distinctive poetry. (I’m not sure if it’s still publishing though…)

FOR THE CLERISY / GOOD WORDS FOR READERS v.15 no. 70 (Jan 2008)
Brant Kresovich
Biggestfatporker@yahoo.com
kresovich@hotmail.com
(I got this one as a PDF attachment)

THE PAMPHLETEER (24 NOV 2007)
Wonderella Printed
Ed. by Clint Marsh
PO Box 10145
Berkeley, CA 97708
Wonderella.org
$5 (sample copy; 10 issue subscription $40), 8 pages, oversize

I’m going to review these two together, since they got me thinking about publishing and e-zines and blogs and such. THE PAMPHLETEER operates as a “peek” into Wonderella’s publishing, discussion about pamphleteering, and, in the words of Clint Marsh, the editor, “satisfy[es] my jones to print and mail publications regularly to interested readers.” Marsh writes about the joy in printing and publishing, and it was such a contrast to the new FOR THE CLERISY/GOOD WORDS FOR READERS, which came in as a PDF and is, basically, about joy in reading. I spent a little time as a result thinking about e-zines; like Marsh, I found that I prefer them in print even though I’m taken with the idea that attaching them to an email is so much easier, so much simpler…even though for me it seems like that loses one of the qualities I love so much about zines. Getting an e-zine felt weirdly impersonal somehow, even though I’ve read and liked FTC/GWFR in the past, and this one wasn’t an exception (it’s about mystery, thriller, spy, and suspense books). But, you know, opening an attachment to read a zine was…it was weird. It felt weird.

SMILE, HON, YOU’RE IN BALTIMORE #9
edited by William P. Tandy (Nov 2007)
PO Box 11064
Baltimore, MD 21212
www.eightstonepress.com
wpt@eightstonepress.com
$3, 36 pages, half-size.

Oh, I still love it. I have this thing for Baltimore and every time I pick up a copy of SMILE, HON… I’m reminded of what a charmingly weird place it is. This issue includes funny cop stories from “Johnny Law,” a fabulous interview with Jennifer B. Bodine, daughter of noted Baltimore photographer A. Aubrey Bodine, and stories about unreal, very-Baltimore, neighbors by Benn Ray. There’s poetry, there’s photography; what’s not to love?

SMILE, HON, YOU’RE IN BALTIMORE #10
edited by William P. Tandy (Nov 2007)
PO Box 11064
Baltimore, MD 21212
www.eightstonepress.com
wpt@eightstonepress.com
$3, 36 pages, half-size.

I’ve sold some paintings this year. And a collection of my comics was collected into a 192-page page book called LOVE OMNIBUS and published by somebody other than myself. I even built some pretty awesome papier-mâché masks. But none of these accomplishments meant a damn thing. No, it’s the zines that really matter, and at last I am back in the game. Having finally published a new issue of my perzine MENISCUS, it is with less guilt and a diminished sense of charlatanism that I submit for you the following reviews:

WATCH THE CLOSING DOORS #33
Digest, 20pp, $10 for four quarterly issues
Fred Argoff, Editor
Penthouse L
1170 Ocean Parkway
Brooklyn, NY 11230-4060

In WATCH THE CLOSING DOORS #33, Fred conducts another series of tours through what may seem an impenetrable labyrinth to the casual user: the New York subway system. But this is Fred’s world, and he occupies not only the subways of today, but also the underground of New York’s past. In every issue, subway history mingles with true tales of riding the rails in the 21st century. With Fred Argoff, even though the city is pulsing noisily all around, you’ll never forget the adventure waiting just beneath your feet.

CRIMEWAVE #16
Magazine size, 40pp, $4
PO Box 980301
Ypsilanti, MI 48198
linette_mark@crimewaveusa.com

Zinesters having babies: it’s a hot new trend that I’d like to recommend to all you aspiring self-publishers out there. If you’ve got any doubts, just grab a copy of CRIMEWAVE #16 and catch up with Linette Lao and Mark Maynard.

I first discovered this excellent collaborative zine ten years ago, when I moved to Chicago. It’s more or less a perzine at heart – all of the pieces in CRIMEWAVE, from true stories to recipes to honest-to-goodness celebrity interviews, have a genial, personal tone. The recurring contributors through the years (Doug Skinner and Greg Hischak spring immediately to mind, but there are many more that I am unjustly ignoring) have helped to create a style of voice that is uniquely CRIMEWAVE… on which I have missed during the zine’s recent hiatus.

In fact, it’s been so long since the last issue that mark and Linette have had time to have a daughter, name her Clementine, and then let her have three birthdays! For this first return to the fold, some of their kid-related stories are of the pregnancy and new-arrival variety, but there are also more recent (and largely incident-free) tales of family travel and fun. Clementine has been welcomed into the CRIMEWAVE family; her presence is felt throughout the issue, but for all the change she’s wrought upon the lives of her loving parents, CRIMEWAVE endures, intact, the same enjoyable read that it’s always been.
Mark provides a wonderful interview with one of my favorite TV personalities, Mr. Peter Falk, and another with Dexter Romweber of the Flat Duo Jets. The issue gives an overall idea of what the past few years have held for Mark and Linette, and concludes with the results of a party-slash-contest in which family friends celebrated the birth of Clementine by competing to create a cocktail named in her honor. It’s good to have you back, CRIMEWAVE.

AGRICOLA ST. ZINE
Digest, 8pp., 50 cents + stamps or $1 ppd
Candace Mooers
2453 Agricola St.
Halifax, Nova Scotia
B3K 4C1 Canada
candace@ckdu.ca
For her first effort in two years, Candace took part in a 24-hour zine challenge at her local library. The result was AGRICOLA ST. ZINE.

Candace tells the story of how she recently witnessed a shooting that occurred at the end of her block. She relates what little she saw, and then the bureaucratic aftermath of repeating her statement to various officers, verbally and in writing.

I don’t know a great deal about law enforcement in Canada, but what follows is a rather summary judgment of the powerlessness of the police force to affect any real positive change. The assessment is bleak and seems, given the evidence presented, to be unfairly negative. The last half of this very short zine is devoted to a generalized meditation on the role of the police in society, and on the nature of the forces that create and shape what Candace perceives as the criminal element.

The problem I had with this zine is that it felt like all of these observations were coming from someone whose actual experience with authority doesn’t extend far beyond the sort of interaction she described in the first couple of pages. I could be wrong, but if Candace has personal history with criminals or cops that has earned her the position of judgment, she doesn’t share it here. This is not to say that her assessment is inaccurate, only that she doesn’t back it up. I wished there was more here.

Candace does indicate that she wants to do a follow-up issue on the role of police in communities, so if you have a story or perspective to share, get in touch with her. This zine is a fine start, but could do with another point of view.

FISH WITH LEGS #11
Digest, 32pp., $1+stamps, $2, trade, “whatever”
Eric Lyden
224 Moraine St.
Brockton, MA
02301-3664
ericfishlegs@aol.com
I just re-read the copy of FISH WITH LEGS #11 that Eric sent me months and months ago, and this is just a damn fine zine. It’s the final issue of the alphabet trilogy, but don’t worry: unlike Star Wars, the third part of Eric’s trilogy doesn’t suck. Sorry. It was a cheap shot, but I am a petty man.

Anyway, in FISH WITH LEGS #11, Eric tells stories ranging from P is also for Dr. Phil to the inevitable Z is for Zines, so unless issue 12 goes On Beyond Zebra, the alphabet is finished.

Eric’s stories are fun to read because his writing talents are so sneaky. Oh, you might think you’re reading just another perzine, but there is more to his style than geniality and a conversational word choice. I can turn to just about any page in FISH WITH LEGS, read a few sentences, and be sucked in. Can’t put it down. Curse your black heart, Eric Lyden! The seductive prose of this east coast scribe claims another victim.

One pitfall that writers face is a desire not to alienate their audience, and as a result they may softpedal their opinions to achieve wider appeal. Zine writers might also be unsure about how much of themselves to put into their work; our medium can be uniquely personal and you need to be sure of where your boundaries are.

Eric’s stories never shy away from a determined point of view. He states his opinions unequivocally, and if he ever worries about whether this turns off the popular kids, he doesn’t let it show.

I admire a man who isn’t afraid to say what he believes. Opinion and perspective make these stories crackle, whether Eric is writing about a squirrel in his apartment or attending a professional wrestling match. Send a couple of bucks to him and pick up whatever new thing he’s published. And write a letter, Eric is a nice guy and would love to hear from you.

COUGH #5
Quarter size, 20pp., $2
c/o Tina
PO Box 604
Moss Beach, CA 94038
myspace.com/coughzine
coughzine@yahoo.com
This is the second issue of COUGH I’ve seen, and once again it’s the cool DIY stuff that I really enjoyed. CD and show reviews are most useful for locals, but anybody can benefit from a do-it-yourself screenprinting guide. Also, it’s slightly strange to find a little article about the intrinsic hazards of piercing guns, in the same zine whose previous issue had instructions on how to make a tattoo gun. I’d be willing to bet that if you compared the dangers of a professional piercing gun to a homemade tattoo gun, it’s the latter that would lose.

Anyway, COUGH is a decent read, but it’s kinda weird that she stopped accepting trades and raised the price to two dollars. I feel like maybe Tina got burned by someone she has the e-mail and myspace contacts listed, though, so despite the no-trades rule she put on her review form, don’t be afraid to contact her and ask, on a one-to-one basis, if trades might be acceptable anyway. It’s worth a shot.

FAKE LIFE #3
Legal size, 36pp., $1.50/trade
c/o Mike
5666 Split Oak Lane
Tallahassee FL 32303
This is a straight-up punk zine, and its primary purpose in life is to love the Florida punk scene, and teach you to love it too. So, FAKE LIFE mostly consists of band interviews and show reviews.

It bears mentioning that I actually read all the interviews and reviews, because they were written in an interesting way. So often I find my mind wandering when I read stuff like that, but FAKE LIFE isn’t bullshit, it’s punk – by punks, for punks. Also, rants and shit. If you’re planning a trip to Florida, order up a copy before you head down there.

NARCOLEPSY PRESS
Randy Robbins
PO Box 17131
Anaheim, CA 92817-7131
I’ll be reviewing three titles from Narcolepsy Press, so let’s get started with NARCOLEPSY PRESS REVIEW #2. That’s right, metaphiles, I’m reviewing a review zine
in the pages of a review zine. Wrap your brain around that nugget.

There are a lot of possible approaches to reviewing zines. Some focus on the ones they get really excited about, some offer constructive criticism for writers that they think have potential, and some writers try to warn you away from zines they hated. I guess the real measure of success for a review zine is whether it makes you want to read the zines therein reviewed. In the case of **Narcolepsy Press Review**, Randy does exactly what he sets out to accomplish: he got me excited about the zines that he was reading!

Even before I was halfway through, I was flipping back to make notes about people I wanted to contact. Randy’s zeal for zines that he was reading!

---

**INDIGO #16**

Digest size, 24pp., $4
Michelle Aiello
PO Box 180143
Chicago, IL 60618
indigozine.com

Michelle Aiello has been publishing her perzine INDIGO for a decade, but the roots of her obsession go back much farther than that. She got involved as a pen pal when she was just eleven years old, and on e of the great articles in INDIGO #16 chronicles her experiences exchanging letters with other kids, all over the world. She writes with fond nostalgia about Friendship Books, a lost art form that even had its own abbreviated vocabulary. If reading about friendship books doesn’t make you want to share one, you don’t have a soul.

Long-distance communication also led to the love of Michelle’s life. Her relationship with Montreal resident Dan has been developing for years, and in this issue she opens up about it like she never has before. It’s obvious that writing about these experiences, in this public forum, is not always easy - but they’ve both put a lot of work into their relationship, and telling the story must help to validate their efforts. Dan even lived in Chicago for the duration of a work visa; to read of his return to Canada, and their ongoing efforts to be together, is nothing short of inspirational… especially since it seems to be working!

Michelle is a great gal, who has become a real-life friend to me over the years, and she is a die-hard friend to zinesters and do-it-yourselfers everywhere. You want to read her zine.

---

**MAYNARD WELSTAND**

**CONTACT VIA XEROGRAPHY DEBT**

---

**TIME IS THE PROBLEM, ISSUE #5, 2007**

No price given, 32 p.
Jim Lowe
P.O. Box 152
Elizaville, NY 12523
Print only

Lyrical, mystical, philosophical, gently poetic poems and prose. This little zine is bordering on masterpiece. Its deceptively simple and clear writing is endlessly thought-provoking. There is well-hewn poetry that is totally accessible to us non-literary types. Relax, it’s only a few haikus and one poem. The Verse Adverse can skip them…. Lowe captures that delicate balance of the sweet-sorrowful apex upon which all human relationships hinge. Our fragility, silliness, and durability are all explored here, and you will do some heavy lifting intellectually, but you won’t even feel it, I promise.

Identity, dreams, death, loss, love and humorous self-knowledge are all covered and somehow, by reading and comprehending it (for the writing is so clear and easy), you’ll feel like a genius after reading its pages.

**DREAMS AND VISIONS : A DIONYSIAC QUARTERLY, NO. 2**

No price given, 38 p.
Dan Todd
8361 W. Moses Dr.
Tucson, AZ 85735
Print only

There are some excellent essays here that explore how much trouble we are in environmentally and socially. It’s all very true and very scary. The rants will work a passionate reader into a froth any barista would be proud of. The laconic reader will sigh and perhaps self-medicate after reading these pages.

Writing quality is excellent, but can border on the polemic without solutions that are workable. My favorite essays are “The ominous decline of bees” and “Build your own ecovillage” but there are many others that are engaging and interesting. There are some great poems, too. My fave is Illusions, which is a song lyric. To take the material to the next level of transcendence that I seek, it would be nice if the author could find a way to connect to the audience instead of taking the soapbox stance. After all, we are probably all granola-crunching lefties in the audience, so there isn’t much persuading that needs to happen! I’d like
Dan to go for real solutions that everyday folks can work towards. If that isn’t possible, then a sense of connection and humanity would be quite the thing to strive for. First class writing here has potential to be f-ing brilliant.

GAVIN J. GRANT

150 PLEASANT ST., #306
EASTHAMPTON, MA 01027
WWW.LCRW.NET. INFO@LCRW.NET

Gavin J. Grant runs an indie press, Small Beer Press (lcrw.net), and puts out a twice annual litzine, LADY CHURCHILL’S ROSEBUD WRISTLET (lcrw.net/lcrw), from Northampton, MA. The internet is such a never-ending hubbub of feedback that it’s a relief to read all these zines. Getting a zine printed and distributed takes a higher level of involvement than putting out an ezine. It doesn’t make these paper zines automatically better, but they do natural automatically fit into my bag. These zines were mailed to me by our glorious editors, vinzesters, or were picked up at Atomic, Quimby’s, Poopsheet, or some other vendor of the finest intellectual luxuries and curiosities. There are lots of writers: thankfully there are still readers.

SHOES
No.5, $2, quarter-letter, 58pp., Nathan, PO Box 1986, Coronna, ONT NON 160, Canada Nathan has to take a bus ride to visit his family (he doesn’t quite make it back on time to see his sister have a baby) and in the meantime writes up his trip, some of the people, he meets, and the how and why of where he’s going. His father (and many other people in their town) works in a chemical factory and hopes that he’s strong enough to survive it, unlike some of his family and co-workers who’ve succumbed to illness and cancer. (If only personal strength had anything to do with cancer.) He also reviews the movies on the bus (mostly rubbish, what a surprise) and the books he reads, including a couple of zines. Nathan’s a personable and hopeful writer who, despite sitting on a bus for a while, manages to be more active than passive.

DIET SOAP
No.1, $5, half-letter, 40pp. No address given except info@dietetsoap.org

This is the first issue of Doug Lain’s intentionally provocative zine (relaunched after a sixteen-year break!) now put out by Lain, M.K. Hobson, and Robin Catesby. This issue is focused on “Surveillance” and the second will be on “Gender”—check dietsoap.org for future themes. Two of the best pages are hand-drawn maps of Harlem and Greenwich Village in New York City with locations of privately-owned, state-owned, and police-owned surveillance cameras. The rest of the zine mostly consists of some good weird fiction on the topic which, while not quite living up to the nonfiction, is pretty fine.

DOROTHEA
No.1, $1/trade/free to prisoners, quarter-letter, 22pp., Mike Baker, 5666 Split Ok Ln, Tallahassee FL 32303 gomek@comcast.net

These short-short stories were written in the months following Mike’s mother’s death—so we’re not talking sweetness and light for the most part. Mike has a great line in his introduction, “I have al-

ways been a liar.” Which is a line so good and basic to the writing of fiction that he repeats it as the very last (handwritten) line of his afterword.

YOU CAN WORK ANY HUNDRED HOURS A WEEK YOU WANT (IN YOUR UNDERWEAR)!!
$1.50, quarter-letter, 36pp., Microcosm Publishing, PO Box 14332, Portland, OR 97293

I found this hilarious, edifying, and even occasionally inspiring. According to microcosmpublishing.com, it was written by Joe Biel, Alex Wrekk, Franco Ortega, Marc Moscato, Siue Moffat, Peter Aaron “Thug” Green, among others. No matter who is behind the writing, it’s fascinating stuff to see something so anti-intuitive and so unlikely to succeed do just that.

WHORES OF MENSA
No.2, $4, letter, 28pp., www.whoresofmensa.com

Mermaids! Half-man, half-fish stories. As weird as it sounds and as much fun. Go: get.

PSIONIC PLASTIC JOY
No.11, $1, half-letter, 22pp., Jason Rodgers, PO Box 138, Wilton, NH 03086

If you believe in UFOs, magic, conspiracies, and so on, this would be for you.

Hey folks, I’m back from my East Coast tour (ask to see my pictures), rested up, and getting my life together. Maybe I’ll put out another DWAN before I leave the country (or maybe I won’t). In the meantime I’ll be translating very ziney poets like küçük skender (“Alexander the Little”): my hands! I have no other government but you.

EXIT 63 BLUES LUST FOR LISTS #6
A typical entry from EXIT 63 #6: “November 2 / 1. worked all day / 2. did pilates / 3. cleaned a lot / 4. felt lost.”

After praising EXIT 63 #1 a few XDs back for putting the “interesting” events in life on the same footing as the commonplace ones, I mentioned that I still wanted to hear more about his ducks. Matt obliged in a letter (but not in #6): “The story of the Ducks goes like this. In the spring, I ordered a dozen fertilized duck eggs over the internet. It takes 28 days to hatch ducks. You have to turn them twice a day and keep water in the incubator. Of the dozen 7 hatched, but one of them died a few days later. I ended up with five hens and a drake. They grew up over the summer and the next spring they started laying eggs. I hatched more in my incubator and they made nests and hatched some on their own. Now I have enough that I don’t even bother to hatch ducks. I am not having the same success with chickens however. They are a little bit harder to hatch. I must admit that I love

...
to feed my ducks every day. I find it very rewarding. That’s the story of the ducks. Thanks for taking the time to read my zine.”

Matthew Bodette, 6466 Vt Rt 125, Vergennes VT 05491 USA; $1 or 3 stamps or trade.

THE MATCH ISSUE NO. 105 and ROAD MAP FOR A RELIGION OF VIOLENCE … THE KORAN

First of all, let me say that I’ve never liked THE MATCH or zines of its ilk. Pedestrian, dogmatic, obsessed with the evils of the world. Tedium reading.

Not that I don’t more or less agree with them. I mean, religions in general are evil and states coerce, control, and commit all kinds of violence. But that said, writers in THE MATCH often argue from ignorance and in ways that betray their own principles.

An example:
The editor of the ROAD MAP tract overlooks Muslims’ own resistance to fundamentalism and denies their self-identification: “It is not accurate to speak of ‘fundamentalist Islam’. There is either the Islam that is founded on this book, the Koran, or there is something else—some other religion—which has nothing to do with this book at all.” The writer deliberately ignores the centuries of debate and discussion over the meanings of the Quran and in fact denies any human agency in response to history: The Quran “leaves absolutely no room for any latitude, any ‘interpretation’, any individual opinions.” (And just in case you haven’t realized how arrogant this writer is: “with the Koran, comprehending the whole thing is a relatively trivial exercise.”)

Another example:
The editor of THE MATCH seems to deny any relationship between imperialism and language, instead echoing the rhetoric of English-only and anti-immigrant people: “I need to address [a reader’s] remark that English threatens the existence of all other languages. You sure wouldn’t say that if you lived here in southern Arizona.” Among the forces holding English in check: “Some phone ‘menu’ systems make you push a certain button for English.” The editor likes to universalize from anecdotes: “At one time, I had extensive contact with natively bilingual adults … I began to see that most … were really only about three-quarters fluent in two languages.” The editor ridicules bilingual speech, perversely overlooking the role states play in standardizing language and policing linguistic boundaries: “Classic example of a natively bilingual’s conversation that I once noted down: ‘Fuimos en su truque (truck) pa’ comprar some ice cream.’” (And again, all from a standpoint of arrogance. On Native American and other minority languages: “… can languages that have BEEN nowhere and are GOING nowhere be criticized? … Is a child who is raised to speak natively an obscure and dying language that lacks modern capacity, and is therefore subjected to life-long disadvantage as a result, beyond the bounds of comment?” On the supreme utility of English: “I wonder if anyone can in reality come up with even one instance of a thought that can’t be translated readily into English.”)

I’m not saying that standard English doesn’t have strategic uses, but I am saying that it would not exist for long without standardized education and other state support. Nor am I a big fan of organized religion. But much anarchist thought itself—with its utopias, its calls for breaks with tradition and purification, and its condescension toward anyone who hasn’t accepted its “truths”—is something like modern religion, especially the fundamentalist sorts. To me it’s a little shocking that an anarchist would try to define a huge group of people according to a single book—in the case of ROAD MAP a translation of the Quran—rather than by looking at how those people—in this case the ones who call themselves Muslims—actually live their lives or by talking to some of them and finding out how they define themselves—an approach that would be much more in keeping with an non-authoritarian approach and principles like self-definition and free association. In fact, ROAD MAP basically reiterates the authority of a printed object, repeats the assertions of our domineering leaders, and ignores the many creative ways Muslims have responded to the problems of authority, hierarchy, and narrow-mindedness in their societies.

Overall, THE MATCH sounds suspiciously like mainstream media, or like Christian conservative propaganda, or like Qaddafi’s GREEN BOOK. http://www.mathaba.net/gcc/theory/gb.htm

For THE MATCH or ROAD MAP: Fred Woodworth, PO Box 3012, Tucson AZ 85702 USA; free, but donations accepted—no checks. But I recommend instead the writings of anarchists who concentrate on what can be done and what has been done to live an anarchic life (for instance, A COMMEMORATIVE HISTORY OF THE MINNEHAHA FREE STATE, reviewed in XD22).

WATCH THE CLOSING DOORS 41
There’ve been enough reviews of this in XD for you to know what it’s all about. I just want to note that this particular issue, 41, is devoted to abandoned subway stations, a topic worthy of its own zine title altogether! Fred Argoff, 1170 Ocean Pkwy Penthouse L, Brooklyn NY 11230-4060 USA; no price, but try sending $2 or a good trade.
details that are decades old but fresh as yesterday. **LIVINGPROOF** catapulted me back into Atlanta, seeing bands at the Echo Lounge (now closed), waiting tables and having a decent social life. Those days are gone with my boring life now, but it was great to revisit the music scene that made such a difference in my existence years ago. Even if you don’t know a thing about music, or have never heard of Rainer Maria, **LIVINGPROOF** is still enjoyable, smart and thoughtful.

**ALL OUT POINTLESS, RANDOM & MUNDANE. STEW**

Benjamin Castle
PO Box 581412
Minneapolis, MN 55458
jellycakezine@yahoo.com
$1 or trades, 24 pages, digest

To understand what is going on in this zine, it’s important to read this sentence from Ben. “I understand that I’m asking a lot from the reader [asking that you overlook the fact that what **JELLY CAKE** is; it being no more than random and mundane acts of everyday life of two fictional characters told in a non engaging and randomly written format], and to enjoy it at face value.” **JELLY CAKE**, the previous zine by Ben, was too confusing and random. According to reviewers, it had too many characters, not enough storyline, many grammatical and spelling errors and too many inside jokes. Ben reduced the characters from five to two, changed the names of three characters, changed the setting, changed the format of **JELLY CAKE** to a personal zine written by two characters instead of a magazine written by five, and changed the title to **JELLY CAKE** : A NEW BEGINNING. Now Ben is again changing **JELLY CAKE** (I think) into **ALL OUT POINTLESS, RANDOM & MUNDANE. STEW**! If that description seems as clear as mud, yes, well, I tried my best.

After many pages of explanatory paragraphs about **JELLY CAKE**, Ben’s writing process, his screenwriting classes and other stuff, the zine seems to be about Estelle and Helen. **AOP, R&M.S** contains lots of random information about the two characters, including email/text messages, report cards, video game collections, and personal essays by Estelle and Helen, all in about 6-point font. There were times it felt like I was reading an old **SLUG & LETTUCE**, squinting and feeling like my head was about to explode. As a reader, it’s difficult to be confused after 24 pages. (And please don’t use such small font!) I have a very short attention span, and sustaining my interest when there’s no cohesive storyline or context for much of this zine makes it hard to give a winning review. That said, I think the concept is ambitious. I hope that after a few more issues, Ben finds a way to continue the storyline of Estelle and Helen in a more reader-friendly way, without compromising what he was trying to do in the first place.

**GOING POSTAL! #1 (Summer 2007)**

Kris Mininger
Calle Obispo 4B
Plasencia 10600
Caceres
Spain
maybe $2?, 30 pages, 8½ x 11

Hi everyone! I love collaborations, and this zine is a good one. **GOING POSTAL!** gathers essays, drawings and reviews from 15 independent publishers and zinesters, including Davida (our fantastic editor) and other **XO** contributors. Christoph Meyer, of **28 PAGES LOVINGLY BOUND WITH TWINE** fame created the great lino print cover envelope attached the **GP**! The purpose of **GP**! is to explore different aspects of zine and mail art history. It even comes with citations and suggested reading. I love this! A diverse group of folks and a very interesting read.


Graham Lovelis
3234 Broadway #5
Long Beach, CA 90803
info@thewritetypers.com
thewritetypers.com
S2, no trades, 20 pages, digest

Two brothers write poetry/fiction and create **THE WRITE TYPERS**. Of the two, I liked issue #2 better. Truthfully, there were many times while reading **TWT** when I said to myself, What the fuck is going on here? It still happened in issue #2, but the flow felt better. Even if I didn’t understand the point of some of the poems/stories, they still felt right when I read them in my head. I also liked the statement on the last page. “If you were planning on throwing this in the trash can, please don’t. Give it to your uncle, feed it to a bird, or make origami. Or leave it where you found it for another.” Graham and his brother aren’t trying to write hot-shot or super cerebral literature. They just seem to enjoy the creative process, and whether other people like it is almost immaterial. (I mean, it matters if people buy the zine or not, but I suspect they’ll keep writing anyway.)

**HOBSON’S CHOICE ZINE #2**

908 Woodhill Trail
Augusta, GA 30909
hobsonsochoicezine.com

**HOBSON’S CHOICE** is a literary magazine. According to the website, **HC** is “generally gritty” and influenced by sex, drugs and rock n’ roll. This zine is also a mixed bag. I did feel like most of the pieces were works in progress, and some were better than others. I didn’t really enjoy Robin Marin Komie’s rape/murder story (especially when I was on the bus reading it), and didn’t understand “Chuck the Pandas Into Space” at all. The ending of “Psychonaut Lovers” by William W. Wraith worked well for me though.

I try not to diss fiction/poetry zines because I know it’s hard to find an audience that won’t say “I hate poetry/fiction zines.” That said I wish either **HC** or **TWT** had a shining gem I could recommend with delight, but at best I see great potential. Again, I think that as the pieces get more polished, **HC** will be a good vehicle for getting emerging writers’ work out into the literary community.

**FUZZY LUNCH BOX #11: The conjoined twin issue (Summer 2007)**

Laura and Deborah Nadel
309 Cedar Street, #34
Santa Cruz, CA 95060
LauraNadel@aol.com
www.myspace.com/fuzzylunchbox
S2 + 2 stamps, some trades, 40 pages, digest

As the subtitle implies, Laura and Deborah are twins, and in issue #11, every piece was written together. All in all, I really liked **FUZZY LUNCH BOX**. It was silly and sarcastic, and perfect for reading on the bus (my true zine test.) Laura and Deborah describe the humorous deauchery of “Australia’s Thunder from Down Under,” (yes, the Vegas male-stripper show) plus highlights (and research surveys with extensive analysis!) from the Portland Zine Symposium.

I always wanted a twin, and if I had one, we would giggle and get wasted and take trips to Vegas and make a zine like **FLB**.
LISSTY #2
Maria Goodman
PO Box 303, 2000 NE 42nd Street
Portland, OR 97213
mariasoapy@yahoo.com
$2, 38 pages, digest
As always, Maria’s zine is hilarious and sweet, the cover is lovely and it inspires me to publish a zine again. LISSTY makes me feel like I just read a long, fabulous letter from a fun friend.
In addition to witty banter, haikus, and lists of random but interesting information, Maria and her partner, Androo (from SECRET MYSTERY LOVE SHOES and CRYPTOZOA) critique and scrutinize found grocery lists. I love it. Highly recommended.

MIRANDA #17
Kate Haas
3510 SE Alder Street
Portland, OR 97214
oceanreader@gmail.com
www.mirandazine.com
$2, 20 pages, digest
I know I say this every time, but I really do love MIRANDA. It’s smart, funny and poignant EVERY TIME. Her consistency is truly amazing. Kate describes her experiences in a Waldorf School, writes an ode to her son’s hair, book reviews, recipes and stray thoughts. My favorite part is “The Motel of Lost Companions,” where Kate shares a story of a long lost friend and their adventures together. Highly recommended.

THE EAST VILLAGE INKY #35 (July 2007)
Ayun Halliday
PO Box 22754
Brooklyn, NY 11202
ayun@ayunhalliday.com
$3, 20 pages, half-sized
Writer, mother and adventurer Ayun Hal-
iday publishes another issue of EVI. She shares stories of her family’s recent trip to Yugoslavia (Oh, to have had a family vacation there instead of the places my family went. The Ripon Good Cookie factory can’t compare to Eastern Europe as a 10 and 7 year old.) Each issue of EVI is chock full of charming drawings, conversational storytelling and “Advice to the Fathers” by her husband, Greg Kotis. A zine that’s truly an institution. Recommended.

LADYFRIEND #10: THE FRIENDSHIP ISSUE
Christa Donner
PO Box 6571
Chicago, IL 60680-6571
$3, 60 pages, digest
Another true love of mine: LADYFRIEND. I just can’t say enough good things about this zine. Every issue of LADYFRIEND revolves around a theme and this one is friendship, particularly empowering female friendship. Every piece is solid and wonderful, and I’m continually shocked at the diversity that appears in each issue. (I swear that after ordering LADYFRIEND, I have to resend Christa money because I gave my copy away to a friend—and my friend becomes addicted to LADYFRIEND, too!) Highlights include an interview with Andrea Wenzel, creator of Madam Pink, a Ghanaian superhero, a personal story from a friend of Iris Chang, author of “The Rape of Nanking” who committed suicide, and great art. Highly recommended.

HUMAN WASTE #4
Brent Moore
PO Box 7182
Bend, OR 97708
$3, some trades, 40 pages, digest
Another zinester who has developed a consistent style is Brent with his zine HU-
MAN WASTE. Dark, sarcastic and heart-stompingly sad with evocative drawings, HW usually makes me want to curl up and cry a little. Issue #4 departs slightly from the normal form—instead of containing one or two stories, this issue gathers 36 quotes paired with sinister, monstrous or psychedelic drawings. I wish that Brent would have identified where the quotes originated. I’m guessing that most come from musicians or actors, but some context would have been nice. Not light reading, but good drawings and food for thought.

FEAR NUTTIN’ BAND - Limited Edition EP
Hello XD readers. Wanna hear something kinda cool? Many issues ago in this zine I reviewed the book CRAIG KINGSBURY’S TALKIN’. Well, some months ago the author of the book, Kristin Henshaw-Kingsbury got in touch with me, thanked me for the nice review and said that she had a whole bunch of zines up in her attic she was looking to get rid of and asked if I wanted them. Well Hell yeah I did. The gem of the collection was roughly 15 or so issues of PATHETIC LIFE which ceased publication before I got into zines. Excellent zine. There were some other good zines in there, but nothing as good as PATHETIC LIFE. I wonder what ever happened to Doug. I heard somewhere he got some kind of decent job in publishing, but I don’t know. Nice to read about a guy whose grooming habits are even worse that mine. But you don’t need to read review zines to read about 15 year old zines, do you?

DFREAM#S & VISIONS: A DIONYSYS QUAR-TERLY #1
Yeah, this zine. I dunno about this one. It’s made by a prisoner which always impresses me, but the content… I ain’t feelin’ it. There’s a lot of talk about how we can and should live a better, more fulfilling life than we are now and what’s wrong with the world, but it ain’t quite my cup of tea. The article “US to be placed under martial law by ‘09” was interesting, but on the whole… I dunno, if it’s the kind of thing you’re into you should check it out, but if you’re not into the subject matter (and it’s
a safe bet of you don’t even know what the
title means you’re not into the subject mat-
ter) this won’t convert you. Best of luck to
the guy, but it’s not for me.
40 pages. half sized. Send $2 to Thomas
Marc Hoy #99733-012, FCI Tuscon PO Box
23811, Tucson AZ 85734

ROTTEN LIFE #5 Hey, how do ya like this?
I just noticed that this zine features an
interview with Laura Nadel who does the
zine FUZZY LUNCH BOX (a zine you should
be reading if you’re not already.) Anyhow,
in the interview they ask her what her fa-
favorite zines are and she is kind enough to
mention my own FISH WITH LEGS. Huzaa.
Always nice to be mentioned in any con-
text. Of course someone forgot to put in a
comma so it looks like the name of the zine
is FART PARTY FISH WITH LEGS. Oh well.
Who am I to complain about missing or
misplaced commas? This is another pris-
sonian zine (though apparently he’s gotten
out since the zine’s publication.) and actu-
ally features some writing by the author of
the previous zine I reviewed. This is a punk/
anarchist zine and it’s pretty typical of that
type of thing. It’s quite good though the in-
terviews all seem more like the interview
subject answering e mailed questions than
actual interviews. Pretty good, especially if
you’re into the punk/anarchist scene.
53 pages. half sized $3 or trade to I Press
On Zine Distro PO Box 1611 Santa Cruz, CA
95061-1611

PLACeBO JAne #2 - See, now this the kind
of zine I really like. Just a hodge podge of
entertaining stuff. Some personal writings
about her experiences in SF State (funny),
some movie reviews (also funny though I
haven’t seen any of the featured movies)
pages from a diary the zine’s author found
(which is always funny though you do have
to hope the poor author of the diary never
finds out what happened to her innermost
thoughts) a serious piece on the worst day
of her mother’s life (kinda stuck out. Didn’t
quite fit the tone of the rest of the zine
she wrote it for a magazine writing class
she was taking and for the most part it’s
never a good idea to put things written for
school in your zine.) Overall I really enjoyed
this zine.
36 half sized pages. Send $2 or a trade to
Meredith Acne PO Box 7747 Berkeley, CA
94708 placebojane@hotmail.com

HUMAN WASTE #4 - I don’t know what to
make of this one exactly, but I like it. It’s ba-
sically full page black & white drawings of
people with quotes (mostly relating to the
music or entertainment industry) industry
on the bottom of the page. I don’t know
what to make of it exactly, but I enjoyed it.
40 pages. half sized $3 or trade to Brent
Moore PO Box 7182 Bend OR 97708

EAVES OF ASS #6 THE MUSIC ISSUE - This
is another good one. It calls itself “the mu-
sic issue” but funny thing is it isn’t really
about music. It’s more about how music
is made and of course it would probably kill me.
¡Me cago en Dios!

Shameless plug: My partner Lola and I pub-
lish the zine EXTRANJERO (which means
“foreigner” in Spanish). We also recently
finished the first issue of a new zine called
GOING POSTAL! which is a contributor-
driven project designed to explore different
aspects of zine and mail art history, among
other things. (The first issue has lino print
cover art from the hands of Christoph Mey-
er!) Send trades and/or donations to: Kris
& Lola, Calle Obispo 4B, Plasencia 10600,
Cáceres, SPAIN.
Earn your small zine出售的:
RIGHT. On to the reviews:
NOT MY SMALL DIARY #13 (2006): “Luck of
the Draw”. I’ve had this for several months
now but just got around to reading it. And
what can I say, it’s amazing. The editor,
Delaine, has quite a knack for search-
ing out and finding great artists for her
NMSD-themed comics compilation zines.
The theme this time around is “Lucky/Un-
lucky” and the two volume set showcases
the work of over 60 artists. A two volume
set! 80 pages in each zine! And there are
personal touches like shoelace binding
and real playing cards attached to the front
covers as well. The whole package is so
well put together and so incredibly pleas-
ting to the eye that it hurts my brain. And
the price: $6. Is that all?? Contact: Delaine
Derry Green, 1204 Cresthill Road, Birming-
ham, AL 35213, USA. Or try: delangel3@
hotmail.com or check out: www.mysmall-
webpage.com.

LOSERDOM #16 (June 2007): “The Inter-
views Issue”. It’s always a pleasure when
the postman delivers something from my
old stomping grounds—Ireland. Tearing
open the envelope, the first thing I’m greet-
ed by is a kick ass 3-color lino print cover
of a couple of dudes cycling. Then on to the
interviews: there are laid back chats with
Angus of the now defunct Irish zine SMEG-
MA, Joe Dunne of the Dublin Food Co-op,
G.W. Sok of the Dutch band The Ex, drum-
er Neil Turpin of the Leeds 6 D.I.Y. music
scene, and lastly, a talk with Limerick band
Sea Dog. Interspersed throughout the in-
terviews are tons of well-drawn comics
(mostly about cycling), a brief but informa-
tive trip report to Brighton & London, and
the whole package is rounded out by 7 full
pages of zine reviews. And I almost forgot,
twine binding! Get this now! Price: 3 euros
or trades. Contact: Anto, 3 Crestfield, You-
ghal, Co. Cork, Ireland, but email first to be
safe: loserdomzine@gmail.com. Or check
NARCOLEPSY PRESS REVIEW #2 (July 2007): This is a new zine review zine. As it states on page 1, “Comprehensive, opinionated reviews of zines and underground press”. And that it is. But wait! There’s more! We also get artwork by the editor’s children, readers’ letters, an entertaining piece of nostalgia by the editor entitled “my musical history,” comics, tons of ads for other DIY projects, news clippings, cut & paste craziness and loads of personality. 28 pages of sheer joy. Available for “$2 or trade, stamps or a cool letter” from Randy Robbins, PO Box 17131, Anaheim, CA 92817-7131.

(If you throw in an extra dollar or two Randy will probably throw in a copy of his son Tanner’s crazy MR. DESTRUCTO & DESTRUCTO JR. comic or a copy of Randy’s other zine YOU’RE AN ANGEL, YOU LI’L DEVIL which is all about Randy’s obsession with Devil Girls. Hoongah!

LOFGEORNOST #88 (August 2007): “A Portuguese Palimpsest.” This 8 page corner stapled zine is “produced for private distription through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and limited circulation outside the FAPA”. This issue is a trip report to Portugal. Castles, monasteries, history, archeology, local cuisine, rental car troubles – it’s all here. (However, a photo or two would have been nice…) I suppose the best way to describe this zine is, imagine if Dale Speirs of the zine OPUNTIA went to Portugal. You’d get a trip report very similar to this. There is so much information packed into this short zine that I feel like I just completed a college course entitled “Intro to Portuguese Culture.” Send a trade or donation to Fred Lerner, 81 Worcester Ave., White River Junction, Vermont 05001, USA. fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu.

READERS DIGRESS! #6: “An Irregular Zine For The Irregular Mind.” This is an odd little one. It’s an anarchist humor zine made up of short monologues like the following: “The epithet ‘dumb blonde’ could have been invented for Ray Doodlebug. He was the type of chap who thought that a cockscomb was a device used for tiding a gentleman’s pubic hair. Nevertheless, when ‘his’ country’s clarion call was sounded he was fly enough to hide behind his father’s compost heap. “Die for ‘my’ country?” he asked. “I’d much rather it died for me.” I like it. Send donations, stamps, or a nice letter to Dean, c/o Readers Digress, 15 Dartington Walk, Leigham, Plymouth, Devon, PL6 8QA, UK.

MINESHAFT #20: “Mining the depths for unpredictable visual and literary ore!” Full disclosure: I’ve been a subscriber to this publication since the very first issue. In this issue we have cover art & poetry by Billy Childish. We have comics by R. Crumb, Jay Lynch, Robert Armstrong, Kim Deitch, Fly, Aline Kominsky Crumb, B.N. Duncan, Frank Snack, Art Spiegelman, and more. Co-editor Gioia gives readers a trip report to the Alternative Press Expo in SF and the Museum of Comic and Cartoon Art (MoCCA) Festival in NYC. There are fascinating readers’ letters, and the whole 56 page package is beautifully offset printed by Grass Roots Press. Well worth every penny. ISSN. Adults Only. Gioia Palmieri, c/o Mineshaft, PO Box 1226, Durham, N.C. 27702, USA. www.mineshaftmagazine.com. $6.95 or 3 issue sub for $18.50 (USA) or 3 issue sub $28 (World).

OK, the next 3 reviews are not zine reviews; they are reviews of books related to zines. These are not new books, but I was able to track them down fairly easily.

First up, GUINEA PIG ZERO: An Anthology of the Journal for Human Research Subjects edited by Robert Helms (245 pgs, Garrett County Press, 2002). I missed that whole boom period in the 1990s when zines were getting all that coverage in the mainstream press. GUINEA PIG ZERO (no longer being published) was one of those zines which got its fair share of attention—from journalists, talk-show hosts, doctors, and even a couple of lawyers for a research unit that got a bad “report card” from one of its guinea pigs, etc.

The book is divided into 3 sections: “Research Unit Report Cards” gives human research subjects a place to voice their opinions about the quality of particular hospitals and research centers that regularly run drug studies. (This information is no longer up-to-date, but when the zine was still being published I’m sure this was very useful information for human guinea pigs looking for the next paycheck.) Section two is entitled “The Treadmill of History” and was my favorite part of the book. This fascinating and, at times, gruesome section covers human experimentation throughout human history. You’ll learn about, among other things, the skeletons in Benjamin Franklin’s closet, human experimentation in the Gulf War, the Nuremburg Code of Ethics, and about the tragic death of human guinea pig Jesse Gelsinger.

Section three, “Literature,” contains fiction and poetry related to guinea piggery. There are two pieces by Octave Mirbeau (one of which is gloriously entitled “The Enema”) which editor Helms has translated from French. This section also contains an absorbing piece by Helms (who contributes about half the writing in the book) concerning a visit to a community of lepers in India.

I don’t know what else to say. I’ve never had any interest in earning a living as a human guinea pig—I have an incapacitating fear of needles—yet I loved this book. It’s incredibly well-researched and well-written. It’s packed full of information I doubt you can find anywhere else; and it contains a lot of great photos and illustrations. So head on down to your nearest independent bookstore and look for a copy of this book. If they don’t have one see if they can order one for you. Or, if you live way the hell out in the middle of nowhere like I do, ask some friends in Philadelphia to bring you a copy during their next visit to the Olde Country.

Next up, DUPLEX PLANET: Everybody’s Asking Who I Was by David Greenberger (170 pgs, Faber & Faber, 1994). I’m sure most of you readers have heard of the zine DUPLEX PLANET. If not, here’s the deal: editor David Greenberger started working in an all-male nursing home back in 1979 as an activities director. He began conducting interviews with the residents and publishing the results for their own entertainment under the title DUPLEX PLANET. Unfortunately, the residents weren’t very enthusiastic about David’s little project. (He found most copies in the wastebasket about 10 minutes after handing out the first issue.) However, David took a few issues home with him and his friends loved it. A zine was born.

This book is a hilarious, moving, and vastly entertaining collection of nursing home residents’ answers to David’s questions. The questions are simple and to the point: “How did you meet your wife?” “What can you tell me about the Beatles?” “Why is music important?”

“Did the future turn out the way you thought
It would? “What’s the most important thing to teach a child?”

There are also photos of the residents so you can put a face to the answers. One resident answers the question “What is a snake?” with the following gem: “A snake is a, well, a, like a snake is like a fish. It’s in the animal world.” I wonder if he’s any relation to George W. Bush…

And last but not least, NO MORE SHAVES, also by David Greenberger (159 pgs, Fantagraphics Books, 2003). This book has the same premise as the previous book but with one twist—all the answers the nursing home residents gave to David have been illustrated by a wide variety of cartoonists. The cartoonists include, Daniel Clowes, Jeff Johnson, Tim Hensley, Holly Jane Zachary, Paul Nitsche, Rick Altergott and Dean Rohrer among others. THE DUPLEX PLANET: EVERYBODY’S ASKING WHO I WAS book was enjoyable, but NO MORE SHAVES is far more enjoyable with the visual element of comics added to the mix.

So, like I said before, head on down to your local independent bookstore and try to get your hands on these fine publications. They are well worth your time and money.

Until next time,
Hasta largo

**PENTHOUSE L. 1170 OCEAN PARKWAY, BROOKLYN, NY 11230**

Stop the presses (almost literally!) Somewhere along the line, my packet of zines for review got lost/misplaced/eaten by someone’s dog in place of their homework. Rather than putting down her foot and declaring, “Fuhgeddabout him!” Davida generously offered to delay this issue of XD a tiny bit and rush some zines to me—in return for which I promised to whip up some reviews on a double-ASP basis. A couple of these zines have passed before my gimlet eye before. But you must remember that I’m a New Yorker, and as we say around here, waddaya gonna do? So it’s time to dive into that packet (which the Post Office managed to deliver, although it had been nicely shredded by the time it was squeezed into my mailbox) and see what’s going in the world of zines this time around…

First, there’s FOR THE CLERISY. If the title puzzles you, then you know it’s time to reach for the dictionary. The clerisy consists of people who like to read, and this zine caters very well to that whim. Volume 15, No. 70 (January 2008) focuses on the tasty genre of mystery/thriller/spy/suspense writing. You might expect to see the names of heavyweights such as Fleming and Simenon included in this batch of reviews, and in fact you do. But if you aren’t familiar with Margery Allingham, for instance (or the hero of her series, Albert Campion) then don’t worry, you will be soon. Then go and get some comfortable shoes, because the next issue is planned to cover travel writing. From Brant Kresovich, P.O. Box 404, Getzville NY 14068-0404. It’s also going PDF, so you can contact Brant at biggestfatpoker@yahoo.com

It’s big and it’s professionally printed, but all you have to do is open it up and you know that CLIP TART #5 is a zine. Right from the introduction, I knew this was going to be a zine I could relate to, when the editor explains that she knows she’s got an issue when there are enough pieces gathered and the mixing together can begin. She says, and I believe I can quote, that it’s “dedicated to exposing the unconscious foundations of reality through individual revelation.” I knew there was something strange about reality! Stories, poems, juicy little literary knick-knacks, all blended together with some truly wild art (if you are old enough to remember the late 1960s, it’s possible that the term psychedelic may occur to you in flashback form)! No price listed, but it’s a major production so be generous for heaven’s sake, from Susan Boren, P.O. Box 66512, Austin TX 78766.

Ah, MUSEA. The zine dedicated to the ongoing arts revolution, which has installed my own BROOKLYN! in its zine hall of fame. However, this does not in any way compromise my objectivity. I point this out in advance of saying that I happen to like this zine very much; it’s right in line with my own sensibilities. Here we have brand new issue no. 161, the Snow Issue. Two stories and seven poems all revolving around the theme of snow—only totally appropriate to the season. Or, to quote from the story titled Blizzard, “Snow, snow, snow, and more—more snow.” And, like the snow that falls from the sky, it’s free, free, free! To join the revolution, simply express your interest to Tom Hendricks, 4000 Hawthorne (#5), Dallas TX 75219.

Next up, there’s OPUNTIA, the coded zine. If the number is whole, it’s sercon. .1 issues are reviewzines, .2 indexes, .3 apazines and .5 are perzines. This way, you can request issues on the subjects of greatest interest, you see. Delivered to me this time out is issue 64B, featuring a piece by the editor on the origins of life. Might as well go straight for the biggest possible question! This is followed by titles of related interest he’s seen in the literature (in this case, some light reading you might want to pick up on, say, urban aerosols and bacterial populations… or perhaps crop seed spillage along roads. Or how about musical intervals in speech?) Not your average zine, but then, zines aren’t your average literature. I say, go for it. $3 cash for a one-time sample, zine trade, or letter of comment. From Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7.

Once before, I reviewed THE INNER SWINE, and believe I urged that you not deny your own inner swine, and latch onto this zine. So, hey presto, here’s a copy of Vol. 13, Issue 4 for me to peruse. And I suspected I was in for a treat—right there on the cover: TELEVISION! The glass teat that destroys the world… And a rant about baseball on television, with which I found myself involuntarily shouting, “Huzzah!” And then the piece de resistance, WE ARE ALL DUMB: The End of Experts. Indeed, sir. Indeed. If you didn’t rush $2 for a copy of this zine last time, then you made a mistake. Don’t make an even bigger mistake; get on the bandwagon. From Jeff Somers, P.O. Box 3024, Hoboken NJ 07030.
Finally out of me this time, issue #5 of LIVING PROOF. I haven’t seen previous issues of the zine, but I gather that it’s a perzine. This particular issue, however, departs from the “usual” format, and focuses on music. Specifically, now-defunct bands like Rainer Maria whose music has been important to the editor. The writing style is easy, in fact, you feel like you’re hanging out and chatting with a friend. Unfortunately for me personally (given the subject matter), I felt like I was on the outside looking in. S3 or trade from Andrew (hey, some people have last names, and others don’t), P.O. Box 14211, Chicago IL 60614. 

I obsess enough about putting together my own zines. So I feel properly bad about the own zines. And then I found copies of THE OJAI ORANGE in my stacks. I didn’t remember holding onto them. At first glance they looked like a standard zine, but what was inside surprised me. Imagine, a zine written by someone who was there at the beginning of the Village Voice and has written a weekly column for there for 51 years! An unpretentious zine that fits into that medley category of personal essay, politics, reprints, comics, and more. THE OJAI ORANGE has been published for the last six years, but this was my first exposure. That was what it took me to get off the mental couch and get back into the game. Thanks for that, John.

OJAI ORANGE
I haven’t read all the issues he sent yet (there was a pile), but so far they hit a sweet spot that I am seeing less and less of these days. There are columns, opinion pieces, reprints, memoirs, and more. John is now up to issue #56(!) and all his issues are online (http://ojaiorange.com/), as well as in print. He is also posting his autobiography online. The article about his time at the Voice and Norman Mailer’s quirks were great. I’m just sorry it took me so long to find out about this one!

28 pages/digest/$1-2
John Wilcock
P.O. Box 1359, Ojai, CA 93024
www.ojaiorange.com;
johnwilcock@sbcglobal.net

MENISCUS #15
Seeing the latest MENISCUS in my mail was something of an inspiration. It is on my short list of favorite zines and I knew I read one in a while, but “a while” in zine time is rather flexible. Matt had been busy working on other projects and this was his first issue in two years. It helped get me motivated to work on LEEKING INK.

In this issue Matt deals with evil drivers as a bicyclist, reviews bad movies (that I might entertain seeing), travels a bit, prints a whole lot, and has a book published. Recommended!

26 pages/digest/$3
Matt Fagan c/o Brainstorm
1648 W. North Ave., Chicago, IL 60622
www.myspace.com/meniscusenterprises;
hadmatter@hotmail.com

MURDER CAN BE FUN #20
MURDER CAN BE FUN is one of the great zines from the heyday of zines. I thought it was defunct and was delighted to find a new issue at Atomic Books. I had told someone about the famed deaths at Disney article and was going to pass the issue on, but I’ve decided I’m not that decent of a person. This issue is mine in all its morbidity goodness. While the issue is “new” it is mostly a compilation of articles that were done for other magazines and an update of “Waiting in Line to Die” (which he acknowledges is everyone’s favorite MCBF story).

48 pages/digest/$2
John Marr
P.O. Box 640111, San Francisco, CA 94164
Johnmarr1@yahoo.com

GOING POSTAL
Kris did a great job soliciting and compiling articles about the histories of mail art and zines. There is one weak piece, but in the full interest of disclosure I know that author was punchy with exhaustion and writer’s block—the article is mine. Don’t let that dissuade you, the rest of the issue is EXCELLENT! Kris’s story about his introduction to zines and his correspondence with Irving Stettner, one of the old-timers of indy lit, was especially strong. Contributors include Dale Speirs looking at a history of zines, Kris interviewing Arthur Moyse, John Held, Jr. speaking about Mail Art, Robert Helms and subversive photocopying, an academic look at perzines and the sense of self and identity by AJ Michel and Steve Bailey, and more.

30 pages/letter/donation/trades
Kris Mininger
Calle Obispo 4 bajo, Plasencia 10600, Caceres, España
www.myspace.com/thetickeysmickeys

LOWER EAST SIDE LIBRARIAN WINTER SOLSTICE SHOUT OUT 2007
An annual journal/essay/lists from Barnard Librarian Jenna Freedman. She turned 40 this year, went vegan, rode in Critical Mass, read a whole lot and more. One of the things that was interesting in this issue was Jenna’s exploration of what it means to be an older activist. Most activist cultures are very youth based and the nature of activism that the older generations partake in tends to shift. However, I imagine living Manhattan and working at a college she is more exposed to the youth-based side of things.

60 pages/digest/$2/unsolicited trades to library workers only
Jenna Freedman
521 E 5th St, Apt 1D, New York, NY 10009
jennafree@bigfoot.com

HUMOR TIMES #188
This isn’t strictly a zine, but then again what is these days? Hell, it is on newspaper and makes you want to think and laugh, so that is enough for me. A monthly collection of editorial cartoonists, including Dan Piraro’s Bizarro, Lloyd Dangle’s Troubledtown, Ruben Bolling’s Tom the Dancing Bug, Jim Siergey’s Cultural Jet Lag, and Mike Baldwin’s Cornered. They
also feature columns by Will Durst and Jim Hightower.

20 pages/tabloid/ $3
1 Year Sub (monthly): $17.95 US, $30.95 Canada, $49.95 World
James Israel
PO Box 162429, Sacramento, CA 95816
www.humortimes.com; info@humortimes.com

ESTRUS COMICS #5: KISS AND TELL
I enjoyed these well-produced comics of Mari’s romantic encounters. The writing and illustrations do an excellent job conveying the awkwardness, disappointment and often gross aspects of love, especially young love.

48 pages/digest/$5, $7 World
MariNaomi
PO Box 640811, San Francisco, CA 94164

ZINE WORLD #25
Simply put, if you are reading this, you should also be reading ZINE WORLD.

48 pages/letter/$4US, $5 Canada
PO Box 330156, Murfreesboro, TN 37133-0156
www.undergroundpress.org

MUJINGA #13
The review form describes this as a perzine, which it is, but it is also political in the sense that the personal is the political. A cut & paste feel, Bertrand explains his love/hate relationship with Rotterdam and his activism. Personally, I like to hear how other people live and think, especially internationally. Reviews and an interview with DJ and record producer FFF.

28 pages/A5 digest/trades
Bertrand Le Mujinga
Email for mailing address: spaceman@mujinga.net
www.mujingga.net

I probably had three times as many zines in my horde, so I apologize to everyone I did not review. I’ll do better next time. One last thing, I did indeed finish LEEKING INK #31, so trades (or orders) are welcomed.

1321 N. MILWAUKEE AVE., #403
CHICAGO, IL 60622
SEMBOLD@EARTHLINK.NET

It’s been one of the hardest winters in quite some time here in Chicago. I am very much ready for it to be over. I have many wonderful pairs of shoes, and I’m tired of wearing nothing but snow boots! And it’s snowing again, even as I write this. Sigh.

TIME ENOUGH AT LAST: A READING LOG 2007
A.j. is one of my long-time favorite zine writers. Like me, she is a constant reader, and for the past few years she has published an overview of her yearly reading to share with us. And she doesn’t limit it to just books, but includes zines, comics and graphic novels too.

36 pages, mini. $2 US
A.j. Michel
PO Box 877, Lansdowne, PA 19050
syndprod@gmail.com
www.syndprod.etsy.com

KING-CAT COMICS AND STORIES #68
What can I say about KING-CAT that hasn’t already been said? I just love it, it’s one of my eternal favorites. John has a wonderful storytelling sensibility, economical drawing style and acute powers of observation. He takes the time to look at the world around him, and notice the small things that most of us completely miss in our hurry to get from A to B. This issue is particularly poignant, as it includes John’s remembrance of his beloved cat Maisie (a familiar character to all King-Cat readers), who recently passed away.

36 pages, digest. $3 US
John Porcellino
PO Box 18888, Denver, CO 80218
www.king-cat.net

AUGUST IN HARVEYVILLE
One of my fantasies is to be able to go to an artist/writers’ retreat for a month someday. No distractions, no day job, just peace and quiet and time to write. Chantel was able to do just at the Harveyville Project in Harveyville, Kansas. She shares her day-to-day experience in the small-town environment, her writing process, and many of the poems that resulted from her stay there. Aside from the oppressive August heat, it sounds like a fantastic experience.

57 pages, digest.
$2 US/$3 everywhere else/trades okay
Chantel G.
PO Box 1483, Lawrence, KS 66044

LION IN A TEACUP #1
Tabby recently traded her career in the law profession for that of a high school teacher in Chicago. I know a few Chicago teachers, and this is not an easy task under the best circumstances. When you are dealing with “inner-city kids” and all the related difficulties, it’s definitely not the best circumstances. But Tabby’s goal is to find the human beings behind the stereotypes, and she never gives up. For every bleak story that seems like a lost cause, there is another that makes up for everything. If you’re interested in educational issues and/or city life, I’d definitely recommend this. Very well-written and thoughtful.

20 pages, digest. $2 S, $3 Canada/Mexico.
Trades considered.
Tabby Kaye
PO Box 471343, Chicago, IL 60647
editor@lioninateacup.com
www.lioninateacup.com

SUBALTERNATION #6 & #7
Nathan describes SUBALTERNATION as “rambling on the local independent art scene.” #6 in particular focuses on indie band Chandelle, based on Kaua’i, but planning a relocation to Southern California very soon. #7 finds Nathan himself relocated to California from Hawaii, but still doing a lot of traveling. He reviews recent indie music releases by Olivia, Rocky Green and once again, Chandelle.

#6 - 6 pages, mini. #7-10 pages, mini.
50¢ each, stamps or trades okay.
Nathan
PO Box 51245, Pacific Grove, CA 93950

YOU KNOW BETTER #2

40 pages, mini. $2 US. Trades considered.
Betsy Housten
262 Gates Ave. #2R, Brooklyn, NY 11216
isabel@isabelsparkle.com
www.isabelsparkle.com
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 the info sheet on the following page.

Anne Thalheimer (Booty)
8 Clark St., Apt. 2, Holyoke, MA 01040
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
Lit zines, perzines, artzines.

Fran McMillian (Etidorpfa)
40 East Main St., PMB 170
Newark, DE 19711
marybld@aol.com
Lit zines, perzines, artzines.

Gavin Grant (Lady Churchill’s Rosebud Wristlet)
150 Pleasant St., #306
Easthampton, MA 01027
info@lcwr.net
Literary, perzine, political, cooking, etc!

Gavin Grant (Lady Churchill’s Rosebud Wristlet)
150 Pleasant St., #306
Easthampton, MA 01027
info@lcwr.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)
3455 Blaisdell Ave. #13
Minneapolis, MN 55408
juniingorgia@hotmail.com
Perzines, comics, zines with obscure or unusual themes.

Kathy Moseley (SemiBold)
1321 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)
c/o Brainstorm
1648 W. North Ave.
Chicago, IL 60622
hadmatter@hotmail.com
myspace.com/meniscusenterprises
I like cooking zines, perzines, travel zines, activist zines, parenting zines and comic zines.

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

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

SUPPORT XEROGRAPHY DEBT!

☒ Please send me a copy of XEROGRAPHY DEBT #22, I’ve enclosed $3 (#23 is due out in December 2007)
☒ I’d like to subscribe for 1 year (3 issues), I’ve enclosed $9 (Start me with #__)  
☒ I just want to help support XEROGRAPHY DEBT, I’ve enclosed $__  
☒ Please list me as a supporter  
☒ Please keep me anonymous

Mail your check (payable to Davida Gypsy Breier), cash, or stamps to:
Davida Gypsy Breier, PO Box 11064, Baltimore, MD 21212
PayPal to: davida@leekinginc.com