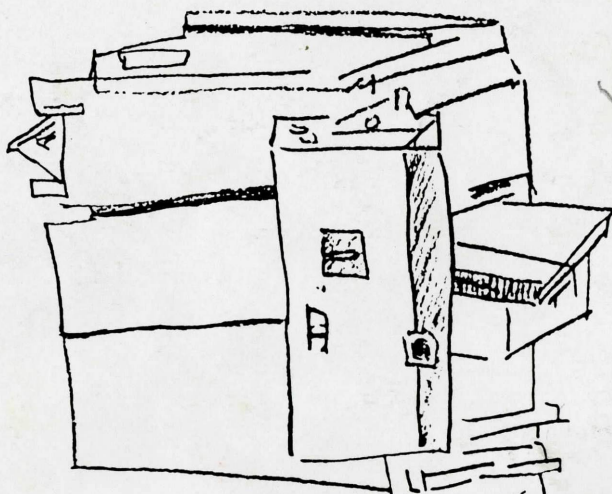


« punk

&

work »



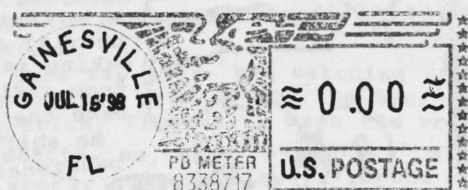
america?

no.6

"arbeit macht frei" *



* "work will set you free"



stopped at traffic lights
counting confederate flag
license plates & trying
to distinguish the morning
fog from the car's smog.
high heels & mcdonald's
coffee cups. cellular
phones & sunglasses. i
feel both invincible &
& terrifyingly fragile.
i am biking to work again.



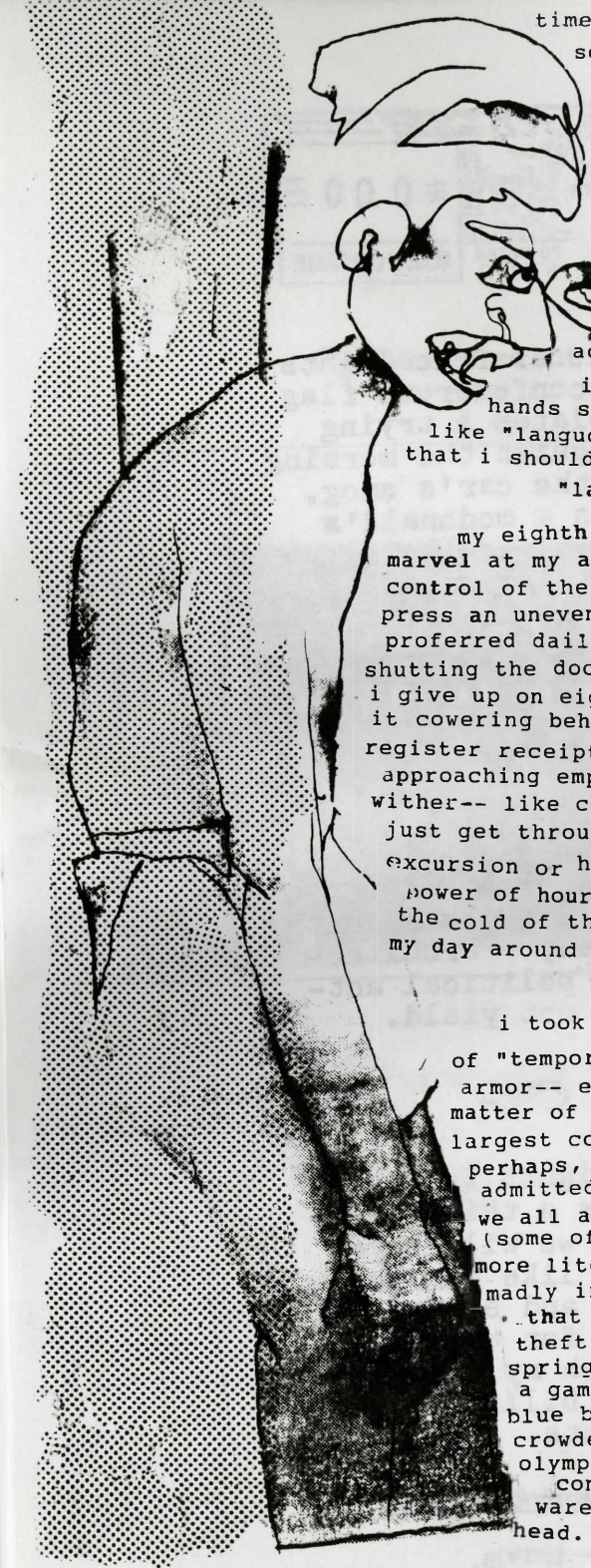
later, much later, before
we sleep & dream of trains,
i think of the buildings
i pass daily. architec-
ture as a political act-
bricks do not yield.



some nights i sleep
smug as a thief, con-
vinced we will never
end up like our par-
ents. and some days
i wait for the hammer
to smash my glasses
into a billion sharp
fragments.

this is america? number six.

- travis.



time is dancing arhythmically and
seductively across my lap. a
sluggish temptress, pulling
on my shirt cuffs and tugging
heavily against my collar,
making me feel overburdened
from ankles upwards. i can't
take the proximity. it's making
me shifty and a bit horny--
passionately seeking anything
that is not this. my eyes
retreat into the awkward
angles of my arm draped
across the stack of books that
i'm shelving (elbows, wrists,
hands so far from fists...). words
like "languor" float to mind, but i guess
that i should be keeping a lookout for
"languish" instead.

my eighth grade english class would
marvel at my achievement; i've mastered
control of the fourth dimension, managed to
press an uneven wrinkle in time-- an award
proffered daily, with the simple act of
shutting the door to the employee entrance.
i give up on eight hours too easily... leave
it cowering behind a pile of books, discarded
register receipts and furtive glances at
approaching employers. hours shrink-- no,
wither-- like cowards underneath my will to
just get through. but for a fifteen minute
excursion or half-hour lunch break... the
power of hours fills itself onto pages in
the cold of the warehouse bathroom. i plan
my day around it. from nine to five,
it is my day.

i took the job under the proud banner
of "temporary". i wore the decree as
armor-- emotionally. enough time in a
matter of weeks to rip off the nation's
largest college bookstore chain and to,
perhaps, pull some tricks on my
admittedly sexist and racist employer.
we all acted like drunken soldiers
(some of us taking the "drunken" part
more literally than others) and marched
madly into lunches and campus trysts.
that profitted us exponentially.
theft totals of up to \$200 a day
spring to mind. work became a game,
a gamble. time, merely a stack of
blue bargaining chips in an over-
crowded casino. A and B played
olympics; the football whizzed a
confusing metronome across the
warehouse, above and against my
head. i hid in a box no higher than

my waist, trying to read and write and plot sitcoms about a girl in a box-- fancying myself the robber-hero in a game of cops and robbers. we kicked over cups of coffee and, branding the vile caffeine "the drug of the worker," they filled their orange stadium cups with vodka instead.

so the trickery part was easy. and watching the boss play boss while he, too, was running guns out of the back closet and counting money with sticky fingers... made the vodka taste like syrup over Just Desserts. so, yeah, "temporary" slid a romantic cover over 35-hour weeks, gouged walkways in the linoleum and the decree that "i want you to be so nice to customers that you make yourself sick and have to go home and throw up just so that you can come back in the morning." it's a childhood field day-- prizes and senseless games, but these days i'm feeling more like the rope than the contestant.

time is convulsing on my lap and stretching itself out of my greedy, bing hands. see, this is terrible. not like eating your own kidneys with a spoon terrible, but more like gouging out your eyes to avoid seeing your car hit a brick wall face first. alison's physics teacher said that time is the only finite commodity. yes, and it's the only human one, at that. irreversible:

once it's gold, it's gone.

time is now slipping in and out of slumber. the anesthetic laced with Temporary is wearing out and the swerving hips and hysteria are making her body and my eyes go entirely numb. all of those games are tearing off their masks and, imagine that, they had all actually come to believe in their own efficacy. all our own delicate plots of secret spy deception made us think it was worth it. but it's not.

time finally bit her lip against the phantom pains in her severed legs and ran out the back door. yesterday, my boss told me that, in order to keep this job, i have to start coming in on time and looking like i want to be here. i smiled, a pitiful movement chopping lips through cheeks, knowing fully that time already spent herself on a sweaty mattress in some languorous corner of a bedroom. 'm feeling entirely anachronistic and achy-- out of time, place and excuses.



this is labor. this is the repetition
of a board game. i hate it.

07.14.98. *Girello*

[MiCHÆL]





Michael looked **cool and defiant** in a way that only makes sense in a library setting. Here was a man who spoke as little as possible, permanently scowled, slurped Pepsi as loud as possible and safeguarded a conservative, Christian intellectual background that scared most co-workers. *"I hear he has his master's in religious philosophy." "So why is he working here as a clerk?" "God only knows. He gives me the creeps."*

We worked 10 ft. apart and looked too much alike for coincidence: thick, plastic glasses, short-sleeve button-up shirts, black imitation leather shoes, bad haircuts and a **passive-aggressive** quiet both shy and deliberately aloof. He told me early on that he liked the mindless inputting of library items because it freed his mind to work on difficult faith issues. *"I'm always thinking."*

When he saw me reading Simone de Beauvoir he told me he'd taken a feminism class at UF and knew all about her, hoping to start an ongoing debate wherein his pure reasoning would overcome my youthful naivete. I never wanted to debate with Michael, I just wanted to be his friend. Debating God's existence on the picnic table outside the break room in 8-minute increments was too obscenely absurd, even as it did exemplified most workplace **interactions**. I'd see his lips moving & his brow tighten, but hear only the birds laughing and flying all around us.

He'd bring me books he'd finished- biographies of Stalin, introductory volumes of Christian philosophy, historical studies of European fascism. I brought him Confederacy of Dunces without saying how much he reminded me of Ignatious J. O'Reilly. This is how **librarians interact**. He asked me what postmodernism was and how linked it was to Marxism and the Frankfurt school. I tried to relay the importance of irony to such literature and he nodded sheepishly as if on cue. He assumed I knew about Star Trek and talked Voyager plotlines to me even though I'd never seen an episode.

We talked through our breaks while others microwaved popcorn and complained about the library hours (weekends and evenings- my future shift when I went to part-time). In the colder months, he took to wearing a military jacket with a 'Hell on Wheels' tank patch on it. He'd never been anywhere near the armed forces or a deadly weapon but thought the jacket a warm, lasting bargain at the military surplus store. So I showed him my belt from that same store. I tried to use the patch and belt as sublime examples of postmodernism, and he finally smiled.

Mostly I remember his admission of a grudging respect for anyone who took a stand and fought for what they believed in, "even if they were obviously wrong." He looked around carefully before telling me, *"We work in a library, and nobody cares about anything."* Then the last sip of **Pepsi** and the loaded walk **back to work**.



var

jennifer

NO IDEA

interview

so who are you and what do you do?

v: you know who i am. i'm 28, i'll be 29 in december. i've lived in gainesville my entire life. i was born here & i'll probably die here (hopefully not soon). i got into doing punkrock things sort of by accident in probably the early-ish '80's.

jen?

j: who know who i am. i'm 26. 26 is good. i worked in a record store for 6 1/2 years and helped run that. then var lured me here with promises of money and food and lodging. and toys. so now i work here and help run things.

let's talk about the evolution...

v: basically, a bunch of me and my friends started doing a zine back in '85. within a few years everybody dropped out except for me and one other person. along the way people helped out, but there's usually one person who makes it happen and after a while that person shifted to being me. not really on purpose, but destiny or fate or whatever. and other people came and had significant impacts on it and helped a lot. but year to year it's been me.

i started putting out records. once things for me regained intensity locally in the early '90's i guess i was the only one who knew how to put out records at the time. from there lots of people started. obviously, not just learning from me... when i started putting out records that was the sinking of the ship for the zine because records seemed so much more personal and immediate. over the years, it's become much more important to put out records.

v is for var & j is for jennifer.

one of the problems putting out records and zines is getting them out to people, whether it be punk kids who sell shit at shows or the "actual" distributors & "distros." if you have bands nobody's ever heard of, how do you get them out there? and if other people take your records, do they actually give you some money back so you can repress it? it all comes down to the problem that bigger distros don't want to take on your stuff. even littler distros are uncertain...

j: it's also really hard to get stores to take it because if all you have is two 7" from local bands, then they're going to say it's not really worth it to do a whole order for 2 copies each of those records. so doing orders direct can be hard.

v: around the same time i had about 10 or 15 releases out (probably closer to 10 still in print). the gainesville thing was still going, not huge. not that it is now, but less than jake hadn't really happened yet. they hadn't made any cd's yet. so i kind of tried to step it up a little bit. i got a fax machine and started faxing stores.

regional stores or all over?

v: mostly florida, but people like kent mclard gave me a list of like 80 stores from all over. 5 or 10 ordered from me once and a few kept ordering. this was '92, '93. that worked really well in terms of dealing directly with stores. it was gratifying to have people say "sure, i'll take a couple of these and a couple of those." i did it out of a spare room.

in your house?

v: in my house. and before i did it on a couple of shelves as an extension of doing mailorder by taking out ads in mrr. i didn't have very many records, but combined with the other stuff i was carrying it made sense that a store *could* do an order, even though most wouldn't. it made me realize you couldn't rely on most distributors, especially at that time...

i had to step things up. around the same time i was seeing if anyone wanted to do a distro full-on. this was around the time of the 1st less than jake and hot water music cds, and the 1st claimel record. it seemed like a major jump so i started doing the distro and label with someone else. again, just an extension of what i was already doing. i did it out of a room in the house i was already occupying with the label. a little time went on. things changed. i took it back over completely myself. jennifer had already moved here at that point.

this is circa '95?

j: i moved here around october of '96.

v: so after she was here. this is one of those stories where we have to go back and piece it all together. we already had people helping out at that time in the warehouse where we are now. eric was helping with orders and shipping boxes. he left not very long after that and matt came in. so he's been here a year...

theoretically jennifer runs the distribution, i run the label and matt works for the distribution. i'm not paid from the distribution, i'm paid from the label. i do help out with the distribution where needed, i do have input: *should we get 50 of this record? 60?* we're all part of that decision. matt too. he's definitely part of what goes on. without him things would be very different. i like that. that's how it should be.

j: between eric leaving & matt arriving, we ran it just the two of us for 3 months. it was *horrendous*. 16 hour days just trying to keep up. so without matt and without you and dave...

v: it's self-referential but you and dave have been a part of the evolution. since we've gotten this warehouse, a million people have asked for jobs. not so much anymore. but right when eric officially worked for us. i was never comfortable hiring people because i never knew if a week later, things were going to slow down. generally they don't but we do have off-weeks.

for the most part we're pretty crazy [busy] here but to delegate to an outside person to come in & take care of this task...it's not that regimented.

j: you'll notice how you coming out here has turned into you **and** dave coming out here 2 days a week each. and somehow it turns out that there's a jillion things to do. you see how it wasn't like we said, "*travis, now you have this part-time job.*" it just kind of grew into that.

v: and with dave, i think he was one of those people that in passing said, "*hey, if you ever need any help ...*" i put a note on the inside door of where i used to live asking for help putting #12 together. the note said \$5/hour to put these together. and all my roommates were like "that's cool!" but no one responded even though i really meant it. but dave saw it and his job had just ended & he had 3 weeks until his next job so he worked for us for a few weeks off and on. got us through the hard times. now he comes off and on as needed. and there's enough records coming out that we anytime we have something that needs to be assembled, we call him. and he's amazingly fast. someone comes & helps & you find out that they're really good at doing a certain thing. they develop their own usefulness and they become needed.

like you filing records, obviously there's a need for it because you keep coming back and having to do it. everytime you come in there's records laying out needing to be put away, and matt needs help pulling orders. we're all doing as much as we can at the moment and that's good. sometimes it's a bit much...

what about previous jobs & experiences before you started doing no idea full-time...

v: when i was in high school (the zine started for me in the 11th grade), people started asking, "*what are you going to do?*" even my dad, who's very supportive, asked me a few times, "*what are you going to do with yourself?*" trying to get me to think about it. and i never really had any answers. i knew i wasn't going to college because i couldn't see going to more school. i was burnt on school and didn't know what i was going to do with myself.



but through the graphics program at school i got to use their offset presses and got my first taste. the teacher was really supportive of that. i flunked the class but i got to use the equipment anyway and it really pointed me in the way i'm going now.

amazingly i got out of high school & managed to get a job fairly quickly at the alligator [*uf's newspaper*] doing production work. i learned how to use rudimentary graphics tools like process cameras & laying columns of type where if you misspelled something you had to go in with an exacto knife and fix it. so i learned professionally how to do that shit. very hands-on and very little technology (which was very rudimentary). i worked there 3 years and during that time they brought in more desktop computers and i learned a little bit about that but not enough to really know. computers were always a bit distant for me.

i left that job which was a night-time job after 3 years because i got sick of the hours (8pm - 3 am) & went to a slightly better job of doing screenprinting at dragonfly, a screenprinting shop. within 6 months i took over doing the graphics which again was really rudimentary by my standards now: very old computer, no scanning capability. again, process cameras and doing color separations an old style way using a lot of very direct methods.

after 4 years of working there i realized that i was spending so much time at this job that i had to decide between working full-time for someone else and give up doing records and zine *or* start pursuing doing records and zines more full-on. the choice was a hard one for me. but i bit the bullet, quit the job and moved to doing the label/zine full-time.

what that really meant was i'd worked for 7 years straight since high school and i'd saved almost every dime i could in that time & i had almost \$10,000 in the bank at that time. i always thought to myself, "*man, if i had \$10,000 i'd quit, i'd fuckin' dance in the streets and i'd do this thing full-on.*" not in the sense that punk rock will provide for me to survive but just that i don't want to work for a year. if all i get out of it is a year, then i'll have put out a few records, done another zine and if i have to get another job then at least i'll have had a taste of freedom. maybe i'll get a part-time job just to get by.

i had cometbus and all these other people inspiring me. actually the real inspiration for that comes from ian mackaye and fugazi, as cheezy as that sounds. because my interview question [*not the alien question*] used to be, "*what would you do if you had \$10,000?*"



i chose that number because it was beyond my comprehension. they were the 1st band that didn't go "*Dude, I'd put out an album. I'd buy a van. We'd pay rent on our house for two years. We'd punk rock it...*" Ian said, "*I have \$10,000. I saved for the past ten years everything I could. If the band ever needs to tour, I could support it. I can loan it...there's a safety net.*"

For me, it was mind-blowing. So then a couple years later when I realized I had \$9,980 in the bank that i'd saved from the past 7 years. I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't quit my job. So I quit it and started doing this full-on. I bought a computer and a scanner and got John Yates from Allied on the phone to tell me how to use it. I went from there. '94 was the first year no idea was a business.

what does being a business mean? incorporated? bank accounts?

v: not incorporated; it's a sole proprietorship. i'm the owner. it's on the books. it's legit. it didn't turn a profit until the third year. the first year was a dead loss. the second year might have broken even.

v: it's definitely gone up. things are really good. in all sincerity i would still be doing this if i had to work a shitty part-time job and lost money on every record. because that's what i used to do. every job along the way taught me something. once i couldn't learn anything else from that job i quit and went somewhere i could learn. and in both cases i got bored at some point and knew it was getting me nowhere.

the label has just mushroomed. i feel really lucky to be in gainesville at a time when (let's say from '92 on) it's been really productive all the time. energy- people being excited; people i thought of as my peers doing incredible things. it wasn't even a choice when dave roehm came up to me on my lunch break one day and said, "hey, you want to put out a radon 7?" nobody knew who the fuck they were. and without thinking about it, i said, "yeah, okay."

and a couple days later i have a DAT tape and we're figuring out how we're going to do this thing. i didn't have the money to do the record. i sent it off to get mastered and had half the money it took to get mastered. that's why there's only 300 in the 1st pressing. up until the record & COD showed up, i wasn't sure how i was going to get the money to pay for it.

you put out one record, sell them all if you're lucky and then repress it or maybe put out a different record. radon is the only record from then that's theoretically in print always.

jennifer: how is it different working here rather than at a record store?

j: here i'm basically running things while in tampa i was working for someone. even though i was managing things, i wasn't allowed to do certain aspects of it. i did ordering & dealt with the customers. i was the one that everyone had to deal with but i didn't have the freedom to say, "we should be selling this stuff for a little bit less" or "we should get these other records in." the restrictions really started to grate on me after a while because i cared about the store a lot and i was really devoted to it. i still am loyal, i still talk to all them but i started working there when i was 18 and stayed for 7 years.

so when var, whom i'd already known for a couple years at that point from buying stuff for the store, started talking about me coming to gainesville and helping out... now i get to do basically the same things i did at the record store but it's my thing. mark-up is my decision. what happens with people (mix-ups or mistakes), i get to deal with it. i like having that level of responsibility because i really care about it. i can make things right with the people we're dealing with- stores and kids and distributors. i don't have to ask permission! the beauty of being here is that we're all working together.

v: what's also really cool about our set-up is that all of us have been stressed out and rubbed on each other the wrong way but it's not like other jobs i've had where i felt like you as a person were pissing me off. there might be a minute where somebody is like, "get the fuck away from me!" but it's not like the usual power imbalances. if someone comes along & doesn't know what's going on, i want to help them. like "here's how i go about doing this. maybe you can find a better way." with most bosses you end up hating someone or vice-versa. here hopefully it's more organic- we haven't come head-to-head on anything. if i wanted to put out a record & jennifer told me i was an idiot to do so, i'd still do it. it's my deal. and the distro is hers.

what about putting out records you don't think will sell? what factors go into putting things on?

j: that's never happened. either it's getting put out or it isn't.

v: i can't say that i've not put out a record because i thought i couldn't be able to get rid of it. mostly now i just try to add up what it's going to cost to make per record, give the band however many and then think about how many it'll take to break even. i have a faith that even if it doesn't break even this year, it will next year. i don't think we've put anything out in the past 2 years that hasn't broke even.

j: if it's something that you think wouldn't go as quickly as something else, then we just make less. you finagle it so that you still make the record but it's not going to break you.

NO IDEA

v: half the things we put out, especially local stuff, we start with 500. with moonraker we've got 50 left of that first pressing. it'll get repressed sometime this year. pung- the same deal. having 50-100 is safe to me. i'll get rid of them eventually. if for some reason, no one ever wants the record again then i won't repress it. having extra covers is better than having 500 extra records taking up space. we still do make records in fairly low quantities.

since you have things that sell hugely (less than jake, hot water music) and others that you'll do 500 of, how does it work out...

v: it's kind of weird. david hayes was here earlier, and the way he puts out records and his attitude has influenced me over the years in the way that he always made a joke of it. like he's going to put out this record of his friends that he loves and he knows it's going to be really hard for people to jump onto. and i think he's celebrated that sometimes. like it might take you a couple listens before you get into it. or maybe you don't like good, old fashioned punk rock anymore but he's still going to put it out.

j: he's defiant about it. he does it just so it exists.

v: yeah! the more perverse the better sometimes. and i think i took a little bit of it sometimes in the sense of "fuck it. i don't care."

j: you said something to me the other day about putting out records because you wanted them to exist.

v: that's the whole thing with me with the radon lp. i just want a copy. by god i want one of those records. it's vindication for years of it never coming out. i helped make it happen, shoved it through the door. and whether they blow up tomorrow a la spinal tap, it happened.

all bullshit aside, completely on the level, the stuff we listen to is the stuff we put out. if someone was to ask me for a top 10 list, it would be the last 10 things we put out. or the last 5 things we put out and the cassette versions of the next 5 things. honest to god, that's how it is. i've listened to the claimrel album hundreds of time.

j: in the car we're listening to anklebiter, i hate myself, panthro. we're listening to the 1st radon 7" this morning.

v: we listen to other things like lately the clash all pretensions aside, maybe it's because we know all the people in the bands or maybe it's the local thing but i didn't use to only listen to gainesville bands. i don't have an agenda in saying it, it's just true.



j: the usuals are our breakfast music. i don't think they know that.

you should tell them...

v: the usuals are a funny thing too. i wanted to put their stuff out before we actually talked to them about it. jennifer got to know john (usuals trombonist) because we were always at the copy center. we finally got to see them & they were asking us advice about putting out a cd.

john and julie and shannon were there when things got good for me again in the 90's. john lived in the spokehouse and he's always been the same person. he hasn't disappeared. so they were in a jam and i told them i really wanted to put out their cd. and they realized i was serious. they seem happy with things. i'm happy with it. we got to do that crazy heart-shaped 10" record. total last minute. the owner of the pressing plant really wanted us to do a heart-shaped record.

i don't really like crediting myself for layouts and ideas. typing in "thanks to me" or "i'm laying this out." so i started really not putting my name on stuff. it feels weird to me in the same way that i don't like doing band interviews anymore. not because i don't like bands but because i don't feel like i have anything important to ask them, you know? it's more like i don't feel up to it. people know i did the layout, it doesn't matter to me.

no more interviews, no more zine?

v: the 1st record i ever did was from a local band called the doldrums and it came with an issue of the zine. and what do you know- more people bought the zine because there was a record in it. so, the zine got out to more people who seemed really into it saying, "\$2.50 for a zine and a 7"? that's cheaper than a 7!"

NO IDEA

v: besides which the cd's i have from 1985 have all oxidized and have pinholes in them and you can't play them. whereas the vinyl i have from the '50's i can still play. i can play through the scratches, but with cd's if you scratch that fucker, it's dead. cd's are destructible. that's the one down side. but they're so cheap you can just buy another one!

anyway, cd's will eventually even the score (if there ever was one) between the giant corporations and consumers. you can buy a cd burner now and in the future, for cheap. now you can basically bootleg cd's for you & your friend's use for a 13th or 15th of what it'd cost to go to blockbuster & buy it. your band can record digitally onto a cd, and burn 20 to sell at a show. if people take it into their own hands, then it can really fuck over the major labels, which i think is a great thing.

aside from that, i made a buzzsaw shaped record. how do you make a cd of that?

j: even if you made a buzzsaw-shaped cd, what would be the point? you stick it in a player & you don't see the blade spinning!

so vinyl plants aren't closing anytime soon? vinyl plants closed more like 10 years ago. every plant that i use (i generally just use one) or that i talk to is busy and get busier every year. i want to say that erica records have doubled the number of presses they have this year. i know united pressed the 1st dead kennedys 7" & they are still there. years before that they pressed other stuff before punk rock. they're busy as hell. plants that are still around are really busy.

(keep
reading;

long interviews
are the wave
of the future)

it's not going away. you can still buy new turntables if you want to. and i have more of a feeling of permanence- that this is going to last forever. i guess that contradicts my former statement about paying less for a cd but if you pay more for a 12" and it lasts forever then maybe it was a better buy. picture disc cd? who cares. the only cd i really liked was the pitchfork cd with the silk-screen. but i would've liked it better as a record...

but you weren't losing money on it.

v: no, i made 2000 at the time and over the years i sold them all and it kind of worked out. it made sense at the time. i blew all the money i'd saved at the time. that was me out of high school. i think the records showed up before i actually had a job. all the money i'd saved wasn't all that much but i couldn't think of a better way to get gainesville music out to other people. otherwise, no one would have checked out the record because they never toured. so it helped the zine and the band.

i just kept on that track. it's better than reviews because you actually get to hear the band. that evolved into me burning out doing record reviews. getting all these records in the mail and feeling guilty for not putting the time into reviewing them that i should and having 15 records that all sounded the same and not wanting to say "this is this kind of music" and feeling stupid for not having anything else to say. just being frustrated. so i put out a cd with 32 bands on it instead of 2 bands on a 7". it'll cost the same or a little bit more to make. you could listen to the bands i like and i didn't have to describe their music. that was just me burning out from issues 6 to 11.

it took me so long to do a zine that i'd lose inspiration halfway through and then i'd regain steam near the end. i love doing zines when i'm working on them day-in and day-out. but when i do it a little bit at a time (interviewing a band and putting the tape in a closet for 2 months), i don't get excited again until i develop the negatives & do the layouts. when i'm in the middle of it, it's the best thing in the world. but the guilt & stress about not having an issue out after a year (people sending money in for ads, etc.) started becoming too much. i didn't have anyone i could bring aboard and ask to do part of it because i'm a control-freak about a lot of things that i'm close to. i'm a perfectionist in a sloppy way.

with #12, i had all these songs for a comp. and so many of them seemed amazing to me that i had to put it out. all the interviews were really old and that issue encompasses everything in the zine for me. there are no loose ends. some ancient interviews but that's the ending point.

NO IDEA

not the ending point of me doing a zine necessarily but the endpoint of my commitment to anyone of doing a zine. no guilt or obligation.

if i did a xeroxed one-pager, that could be a zine for me. that's valid expression. whatever i decide to do, i'll do start to finish. i could do a 20-page zine next week but it's not going to be the same. whatever happens will hopefully be a pure thing. you could look back and realize that it encompassed those 2 months. probably i'd throw it in with a record like ebullition does.

the zine petered out for me because i was stressed. whether that makes sense or not, that's just how it went. i was doing more and more records and it was more gratifying. maybe because it was quicker. maybe because it involved more people. i've seen it happen with other people over the years and i've always wondered, "why would you stop doing a zine? what better way do you have to get out word about your local town?"

and here i am doing the same thing. and there's not really anybody that's stepped up to do another one locally full-on. there's people that do zines, like yourself and mike and jessica and they're really cool, but no one does one twice a year really focusing on the music and everything else that pulls you in. a hardcore zine! in a way it would be cool if someone did. or if a group of people did. i think that would be really cool. if i ever did one again that's how i wanted it to be. i want it to be more of a community thing, not so much of me doing a zine. even though i didn't write anything for the last no idea that came out. nothing. and still people said, "your zine looked really great." all i did was edit. i did some gratifying layouts but i didn't write anything!

sustainability of records?

v: vinyl is still very important to me but honestly, from every angle, putting out records of any size is asinine. it's the stupidest thing you could do. seriously, you're an idiot if you put out a record because you have to do everything logic tells you not to. you want to save the environment? there's less vinyl in a cd. you want to have the most economy, be the cheapest? a cd is cheaper to mail & you can make a cd for less than 50 cents sometimes. you can xerox or scan your covers. you can mail them that way for 52 cents. literally you could make a cd (a full-length cd) and mail it to a kid for under 2 bucks. you can't do that with a 12". i can put out a cd for less than it costs to do a 7". even a full-color cd in a jewelcase. putting out a cd & not using a cd case is so goddamned cheap & more people want cd's.

that said, what it comes down to is that i don't like them. i love records. if i have any option at all, i get the record. even though records cost twice as much, i sell them for less. the problem is that cd's should be cheaper, not vinyl. i think shellac are fuckers. that was a dick move.

for me vinyl is more versatile. you can do crazier things in packaging. look at scott sinclair's artwork on any of the hot water music or new claimer lp's and if you like his art then it looks better closer to the size of the original painting. with cd i still think it looks great, but you can't get the details.

j: there's no impact.

v: the lp jacket, the weight of the vinyl, taking it out and looking at the label, putting it on the record player, physically setting the needle and watching it spin is part of the experience. something about picking up a record that makes sense to me. and i cannot argue it from any point. i can't say "it's about keeping the music out of the hands of the corporations and into the hands of the kids." i can't say, "dude, cd's suck and vinyl's cool. vinyl's more hardcore." i'm not going to try any of those partylines. i just love it.

explain not being a computerized distro...

v: i don't think any of us want to look at a computer screen any more hours than we already do. as it is, if i spend hours upon hours doing layout i can't see across the room and get headaches. i think we're all pretty committed to not using computers as much as possible even though logically it makes more sense to use them [like cd's]. i think in the long run when other people's computer systems crash & they lose all the information, our files are still here.

j: i've had people at other distros call & say how surprised they are at received a handwritten invoice from us. as far as i know, we're the only ones not fully computerized for stock & invoice. the only things i have for the distro in the computer is our catalog of available items. no numbers. it's very hands-on, very physical. you know from working here- you go back with a clipboard & a pen and count things. it's more accurate too. at the store i worked at before we had a computer for inventory but more often than not it was wrong. it would tell you you had something but you couldn't find it. it would say there were none & 10 would be sitting there. no explanation. it just didn't seem as reliable as good, old-fashioned human counting.

v: i modeled myself after blacklist. i don't want to be that presumptuous but i remember ordering ten 7"s from them for \$20. how cool's that?

anyway, we've never visited any of the other distros. if other distros visited us i think they'd be taken back. it's probably a little bit smaller, a bit more crowded, more on the eye-level chaotic & messy. but i think that's just a more honest representation of what we are.

i used to be worried about people coming out and seeing the mess and i'd want to sweep things under the rug, but fuck it, this is who and how we are. and hopefully we can keep going like this. we've resisted expanding a million times already and for good reasons. we still have the option of taking the rest of this warehouse. there's 2 more bays that would double the space here. obviously we could use it, but to what end? could we use it to it's fullest? we resisted expansion in a lot of ways.

j: we're putting deliberate clamps down. we're all pretty much consumed by this 24 hours a day. except matt, who's consumed by this and the hardback and wayward council. so we're deliberately not letting it get as big as it could because we don't want to have to deal with that. i'd rather purposely keep things on a sane level.

v: we've had options and a lot of them. anyone else who's been in our position would have immediately hired 6 people, computerized everything & taken over the rest of the building and started 2-3 people doing sales to stores like, "Hi! I'm the promo guy!" in a really annoying voice. Getting 15 exclusive labels... they would've become more like mordam. i don't think mordam is bad, they're just light years away from where we are at. it's not so much fear of failure as realizing that i don't want to be that. for me, it's wanting to sustain in gainesville- putting out my friends records & being able to get them to other people. to be supportive and not try to rule the world. we want to do what we do and that's enough.

j: damnit.



P.O. BOX 14636
GAINESVILLE, FL
32604-4636

evolution-- i see the steps that brought me
↑ → here. i remember the safe hours spent at the library as a kid in husky jeans. the unquestioning assistance of librarians even when i came in with a skateboard. and now that i work in the children's dept., i do what i can for kids who spend hours there (sometimes by choice, usually left by 'busy' parents). we help each other as i watch & learn & remember izod lacoste & locker rooms.

evolving into ordering punk rock records. secret messages & escape plans in the form of soulside records in a cardboard mailer to satellite beach. i marvelled at the mechanism: who made this music, how was this record made, who shipped it??? it's amazing to be part of something you could only dream about at 15. i know it sounds hokey (the way 7 seconds lyrics sound to us today), but i see the patterns, & i work towards them.

roots in the Street!

My father was a sprinkler fitter. Fire protection for buildings. You can see the sprinkler heads in the ceilings of most buildings. He looked like most construction workers: squat, bearded & pony-tailed, many bad tattoos, and arms as strong as his gut was wide. He had apprenticed and worked the job his whole adult life. He'd talk about being on elevators with the business-types in the office buildings they were working on. No one would ever talk to them, and whenever possible one of the construction guys would fart loudly. It is these stories that made me class-conscious & love my father. When they would talk about working in a Catholic school & looking at all the girls there, I'd squirm.

My father, whose hands were rougher than leather, was emphatic about me not working with my hands. *"Use your head. You're book-smart. Don't end up old & sore & broken like I am now."* When I'd visit in the summers between semesters his friends all called me professor. I was to go on to great things, not rebuild cars on the weekend & spend my paychecks in bars. Parents want safety for their children- security, self-sufficiency, status.

My mother was, and still is, a civil servant. A non-military person working for the federal government and/or armed forces. I never went with her to work, but I know at least once a week she brought home a piece of cake some office party. She's tougher than I'll ever be. She keeps photos of my grauations at her desk. If there was a tactful way to give her my diplomas, I would. They mean more to her. Here they just sit in my closet between old zines.

She wanted me to go to a private school and/or military academy. When I told her I didn't like the kids that went there, the ones who were always starting fights at the mall and harassing my female friends, she said, *"Yeah, no one good goes there- only senators and presidents and business leaders."* When I took to wearing black she suggested I become a mortician. As we aged, our jabs got funnier and less serious.



I helped her move into a place of her own recently. As typical of our visitation ritual, we saw a film and ate out. This time at the mall's food court. I haven't been here since high school. And as I eat my vegi-chili from the one "health" food chain, she asks me what I have planned for the future. *"You should travel. You're still young."* There must have come a time when I was overseas last year when she became more proud than worried. When she understood that we have the rest of our lives to "work". We shared a smoothie and tried to relate as security guards and teens circled like sharks around us.

She slept alone in her new room and I read crime novels in the guest room. This is the distance of closed doors, jazz on the radio & nosey neighbors. Still, her answers haunt me. *"Well, as long as you're doing your best."* *"Well, as long as you're doing okay."* *"Well, as long as you don't have a family or any responsibilities you're avoiding."* I hear her uncertain voice on the answering machine when I call. I pressed the button to record as she nervously announced her presence at the new number. I left crying, shadows elongating on the bare walls.

THE SPIRIT OF CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

a column rejected for the "community voices" column of the local paper.
First Amendment my ass.

My first job after college was working at a

video store. This job lasted about three weeks before I was canned. I remember it well: on that particular day, I stumbled in to the store at my usual five minutes past the appointed time I was due there, grinning and greeting my boss perhaps a little too cheerfully. Truth be told, I was a bit nervous: in addition to my tardiness, I was planning to ask for an extended vacation, a request I imagined would betray my lack of whole-hearted subservience to the company. "Hey, I need to talk to you about something...." I began, only to be interrupted by the boss, who cut in: "I need to talk to you about something."

"Okay, well, if I could just get this out of the way first," I pursued single-mindedly.

"No I think I'd better go first," the boss clarified. She seemed in a state of agitation and I fell silent, gazing into her work-hardened, sleepless eyes. "It's not working out with you. We're going to have to let you go." It was the language of being dumped, or of heart-transplant surgery.

"Uhhh," I said. "Hmmm. I'm glad that you said your thing first. You pretty much just made my train of thought obsolete."

I asked what I had done. She went into her usual vague, elusive characterizations of my work habits, my lack of team cohesion, my general ideological incompatibilities. "Yeah, but what did I do?" I wanted to know. "You can't just tell me I didn't work out. You have to give me some specifics. Otherwise, how can I modify my behavior? How am I going to learn from this experience?"

I never did find out. It was a moot point, I guess. After threatening to return later with a firearm, disgruntled postal-worker style, to exact a bloody vengeance on the managerial staff, I walked out of the video store, cut through the parking lot of the miniature strip-mall in whose bosom it nestled, swearing under my breath with the glee of righteous indignation, already coming up with ways to transform the whole conversation into a victory for me, something to brag about.

Why marinate in a stew of self-pity, I reasoned, when the silver lining to this dark cloud was so readily apparent? It was a beautiful summer day in North Carolina and here I was, suddenly thrust back into blissful, idling unemployment. My sullen stride transformed gradually into the meandering shuffle of a person with nowhere in particular that he has to be, as I relaxed into the situation and assessed my options for the afternoon. Down the strip, trudging the familiar groove in the pavement of Franklin street, an avenue as timeless and haunted as the tombs of the Pharaohs, as familiar to me as a mildly retarded uncle who shows up at every family reunion to make all involved cringe their dutiful cringes.

Objectively, I guess you'd have to concede that Chapel Hill is okay, if you discount the occasional sports-fanaticism induced riots during which the victorious fans of some indigenous team take to the streets to break car windows and wrap trees in toilet paper, under the benevolent watch of the local police force. But of course, I can't be objective about my home town by the virtue of the fact that it is my home town. Anyone in their right mind hates the place they're from. That's just natural. I walk in huddled fear of the specters who lurk around every corner and might spring out from any doorway to expose themselves to me as the mutated, shambling end result of some life form I last encountered in elementary school, now accosting me with some embarrassing anecdote, or trying to sell me an insurance policy. Every street corner, every alley, every bench or stairwell is the site of some trauma or weird, breath-taking nostalgia, from last summer or my first year of high school or beyond. And the nature of walking around your home town is such that you re-experience all this junk in non-chronological order, like the main character in Kurt Vonnegut's novel Slaughterhouse Five, experiencing

your existence as a fragmented mass of emotionally tortured moments layered on top of each other haphazardly, entombing you underneath the crushing weight of a lifetime of accumulated garbage, mementos, letters, embarrassing photo albums, broken appliances, and laundry, all within the over-arching framework of a town without a decent public transit system.

And yet, I pondered, here I am, having found myself once again mysteriously hacked up and out of the phlegmy craw of the fates into this dystopia, completely at a loss for how I got here. I graduated from college on May 6, 1994; On June 9, 1994 I filled out the first of the next 60 years of applications for menial employment. Included in the application was a special section where I was given the opportunity to check off particular skills which might make me an especially attractive mule; of sixty or so possible aptitudes in a variety of fields including "clerical," "word processing," and "grounds upkeep" I could only check "copying." If only I could somehow check it extra-good, like in red pen or something, to in some way communicate to my prospective employer just how unbelievably skilled I am in the field of copying, then perhaps my life would have meaning, and it wouldn't all seem in vain.

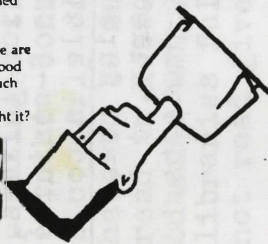
The human brain, of course, is composed of a number of sections, the particularly humanity-bestowing lobes being soft and melon-like in consistency; the stem, coarse and chunky like a stalk of broccoli, is essentially indistinguishable from the stem-like brain of a reptile and is sometimes referred to as the "lizard-brain." At times when panic washes through the waterlogged canteloupe of your consciousness, you just have to focus down past it into that lizard brain, and before you know it, you'll have your priorities straight and just be thinking about where you could get some free food. I got fired on a Wednesday, and, as luck would have it, that is just the day when the Hare Krishnas like to give out free food on the lawn of the University. So I set my course in that direction, finding my way there just in time to get in on the meal, which was comprised of the standard mushy potatoes and dixie cups of lemonade which the Krishnas, in their eternal endearing optimism, call nectar, cheerfully ladling it out and smiling as they intone, "Nectar? More nectar? Would you like some nectar with those potatoes?" The lawn was dotted with an assortment of summer school students, vagrants, cheapskates, punk rockers; I bragged to anyone who would listen about my experience telling off the boss. It's always a pleasant social scene whenever someone shows up on a street corner in Chapel Hill with some free gruel in a big plastic bucket. People line up, fidgeting in the heat, posture slack and drooping, a result of humidity and time to kill. I ended up sitting next to a guy wearing a pair of greasy overalls, nursing a fledgling mustache into the world, a good conversationalist with a beautiful southern accent. Contentedly chewing my cud I listened to the soft lull of his droning drawl, to a conspiracy theory about the information superhighway, planned obsolescence in technology, his strategy for infiltrating the encroaching techno-order, and his unwavering fondness for the rock band Rush and "Dungeons and Dragons." Everything was going to be okay, I realized. We are all just cut-out cardboard characters, but we are pretty cut outs, we look good sometimes hanging out on lawns, limbs limp and dangling from too much slack in the rubber bands holding our joints in place. Here we are, doing exactly what we are supposed to be doing. It feels alright, I guess; why fight it?

al burian



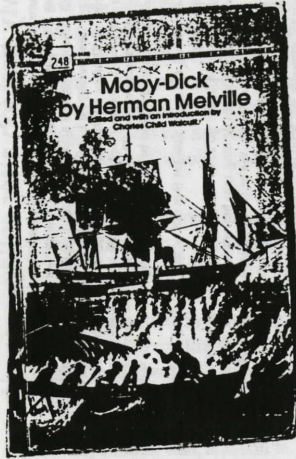
307 blueridge road,

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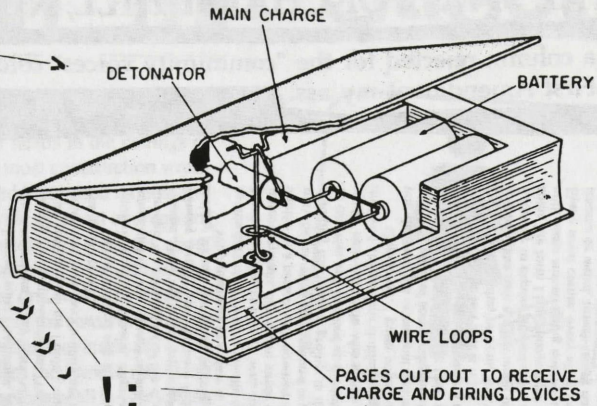


Book Reviews !

-GO!!!



('bartleby the scrivener',
a short story of his,
is also worth yr. t.me.



moby dick (herman melville). i
realize reading a 500+ page book
from 1851 isn't so appealing to
most people, but i don't regret
a single minute spent on this tale.
the arcana alone is compelling.
fearful, awe-inspiring & occasion-
ally hilarious. the maritime theme
still holds, uh, water for me. as
with most other written works, its
best read outside of the class-
room.

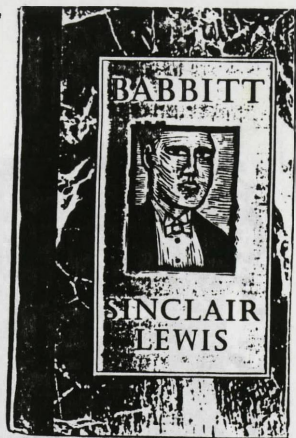


not for rent:
conversations
with creative
activists in
the u.k. (gr-
rt & stacy
wakefield) -

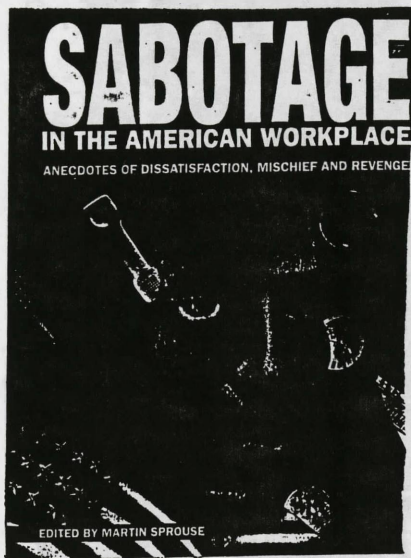
• • •

just because 'alternative lifestyles' are used to
sell bad american beer doesn't mean that people
can't live active, amazing non-traditional lives.
the 21 interviews in this book are proof-positive.
the adjective 'creative' in the subtitle is too
mild. they're living in trees & stopping roads
& making it seem like one big dance party. a
must for anyone who thinks politics & protests
have to be dull & ineffective.

babbitt (sinclair lewis)- babbitt metal is an antifriction device. thanks to the main character in this book it also means a "self-satisfied person who conforms readily to conventional, middle-class ideas & ideals; esp. of business & material success."



any easy target for us punk-? @ntimaterialists, but if you read this book you can't not feel sorry for the way things turn out. it's painful. as painful as watching your friends die a slow, pampered death... his book of short stories, *if i were boss, is both more biting & poignant. read about his life too.



- sabotage in the american workplace: anecdotes of dissatisfaction, mischief and revenge (martin sprouse, ed.)- perfect bedtime reading. it's a given that people steal from shitty jobs, but to read account after account from so many different vocations is staggering. someone needs to do a local version... read about labor history- the main library downtown (where i work) has the pictorial history of american labor & it's godly. the civic media center too...

you also must read the revolution of everyday life (raoul vaneigem)- THE manifesto;;; taratuto & still life with pipe (jose donoso)- low-key intrigue on painting & the russian revolution;;; banned in d.c. (cynthia connelly)-roots&inspiration;;; country music: early poems of charles wright- poetry doesn't have to be maudlin or sophomoric;;; **read at work**, read in restaurants; read in bed, read anywhere you goddamned want. i swear the idea that there's whole libraries full of sublime & incendiary works i have not read gives me hope. **jazz** records too.



untitled, amorphous art



Tin-Head II

by

eric

ruegg.

.. more ..
OPPOSITIONAL
Starces
 # 22

among stars, the garrulous Peter Buck was nonetheless paid twice that of the other members.

But the group's biggest dispute with the industry was over their greatest opportunity yet, opening for the now multi-platinum Police on the east coast. They had spent much of the past year on the road supporting The Gang of Four and The (English) Beat, groups they shared an affinity and an audience with, and were at last enjoying the prestige of selling out clubs as headliners. Opening for The Police in major Coliseums went beyond what they felt was the call of duty.

"We weren't ready to play 45 minutes in a place that big," says Buck. "We didn't have the right equipment, didn't have a sound man really, didn't have a light man. Then we were going to play to people who'd never heard of us, never gave a shit."

Ian Copeland had already found in failing to convince them to tour with the B-52's and The Clash that he himself had put forward the reasons for the group – or at least Bill Berry and Mike Mills – to say no.

"These guys had been listening to all my punk dogma. Part of what I was preaching all along, was how a band should play to ten people that came to see them, rather than playing to 1000 people who came to see someone else. And every single date The Police did in America, they never supported anyone. But that was mainly because there was no one to support. Well, R.E.M. remembered that and suddenly I was offering them all these tours and they were saying 'Nah, we'd rather do a club tour'. And I'd say 'But you're going to play to all these people', and they'd say 'Well Ian, don't you remember when you said ...' It was funny. I'd say 'Guys, forget what I said!'"

In this particular case they finally acquiesced, agreeing to open for The Police over five shows at three indoor arenas, then at Shea Stadium in New York on August 18 and JFK Stadium in Philadelphia two days later. The money – \$10,000 for 20 minutes at each of the outdoor shows – was no doubt a convincing factor.

In subsequent interviews over the years, R.E.M. gained great kudos from their pronounced distaste for the events, once calling them "the most wretched, abysmal experience of our lives". It's a viewpoint they still cling to.

"We knew it was gonna be horrible, but we got talked into

[note corporate sponsor
 logo in background.]



■ Supporting The Police at Shea Stadium, August 18 1983. "A waste of fucking time,"

(So much More Attractive INSIDE my MORAL
 Kiosk)

in each life, both individual & collective, come defining
 moments which forever engrave the hereafter.
 which regrets do you carry & why? i think of michael
 stipe in a waffle house being accosted by drunken
 fans (his sunglasses not obscuring enough), & i think
 'you asked for this' we make our own future.



superchünk: spying on the spies

Date: Tue, 27 Jan 1998 14:27:45 -0500
From: Mac McCaughan <mac@mrq2000.com>
To: epf@grove.ufl.edu
Subject: gainesville, rock city

hey eli and travis --

thanks for your kind postcard... indeed, i have attended and played at quite a few house parties, and they are usually sweaty, crowded, fun, etc.

however, they are parties, which implies that only some people are invited, and though you may wish to invite everyone who would come see us at the covered dish, i doubt there's a house that could fit them all, and if there is, they couldn't see too well, and even if they could, who's going to buy all that beer they want to drink!

anyway, the covered dish has always been kind to us, (as have our gainesville fans (including ourselves)), and we have committed long ago to play our gainesville show, so we must turn down your invitation to play at a house party.

hope to see you there anyway....bye!
mac

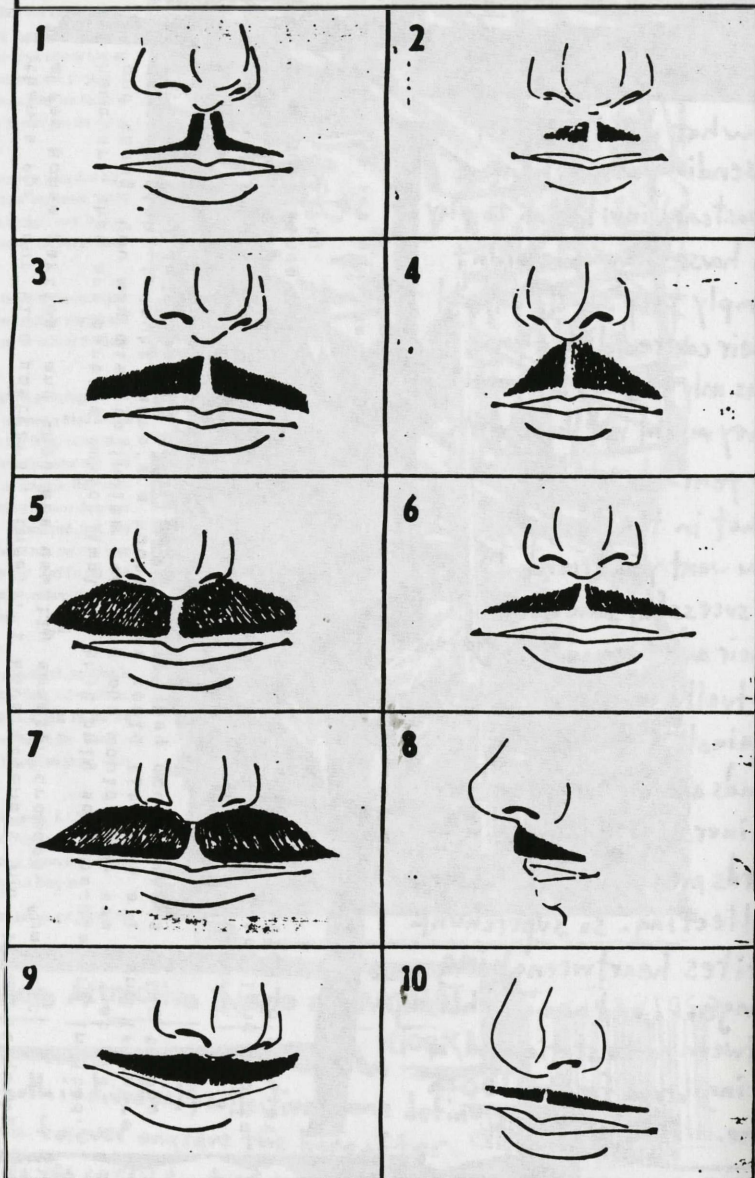
what did i expect sending superchünk a postcard invitation to play a horse show? we didn't imply they should cancel their covered dish show; it was only an offer of something they might not have done in years. very much a shot in the dark. you want your friends to be successful somehow on their own terms. like DY actually stands a chance against 'the BIZ'. like bands are more than entertainers. like these records mean more than stamp collecting. so superchünk writes heartwrenching songs... and now i'm choosing between partastatic and/or seeing braid for the 100th time.

listening to
mac ask when
will it be
quiet again-
it won't.

pls. note the patronizing tone

my theory is that teenagers are the only group strong enough to stand working at fast-food restaurants. their first greasy taste of management theory & American diets.

VARIOUS STYLES OF MUSTACHES



ever notice too how all fast-food managers sport moustaches? this is more than coincidence.

tom Hart

← interview

over the following months it's been my great pleasure to get to know the person behind hutch owens, the sands & magic hat comics. his work ethic and rugged determinism, coupled with a pablo neruda-like lust for life make even late stage capitalism seem a small hurdle. he made coffee & i brought soy milk. the random cd changer shuffled through the fall, tchaikovsky, mountain goats & bjork as we talked.



↓*****

what do you do? how long have you been doing it?

i draw comics for a living. i can't believe it! i'm deeply in debt but nevertheless i'm doing it. i've been living off drawing since feb. of 96.

so you made the 2-year mark?

yeah. but like i said, i've gone through some really bad times where i should've gotten a job and for some reason i didn't. so i have some credit card debt. lately, it's really been good. i've got my story-board here of ideas which will hopefully be future stories. seeing it everyday and working with it every day is really encouraging. i can keep it going.

what did you do today? was today a representative day?

today was not a representative today. no because i just finished up a project yesterday. i'm comfortable. i'm not obsessing about things for a while. i've got money. no deadlines.

how does it work with deadlines?

more often than not, with the japanese i get paid about a month after i hand it in. which is usually a month of agony. but the past few times, they've gotten it to me in 2 weeks which is wonderful. i called up my bank on monday just for the hell of it, to see how much i had. \$2500, o my god! which means i got paid.

now do people pitch you with stories?

90% of what i'm doing is for the japanese with a single character. they like the character and i think they like the stories. jon quit so now it's just me.

you started this jointly with jon (jon lewis, fellow cartoonist from seattle now in gnv) and met these japanese comic people at a comic convention?

i was just at a booth with a few young upstart cartoonists promoting our things. & i see this booth looking for american cartoonists. and i went nuts because i love japanese cartoons. i went to my table, got a few of my comics and brought it to them. they really liked the expressiveness of the drawings. they really liked the hutch character. some of the things they said were really wonderful.

what did they say?

it was all through a translator that i spoke with the editors. so the translator says, "they want to know who this character is and what is job is..." and i say, "well, he doesn't really have a job. he's just angry a lot." and then they would go into a little conference (insert foreign, mumbling noises) and finally the translator would turn to me and say "they think it's okay that he doesn't have a job."

more →



that is so good.

it was wonderful. and then they're asking what's going to happen with this character; they want to see more with this character. and i tell them that this character dies in the end and they conference again and announce, "whatever happens, this character must live." (laughter).

i came back excited thinking this was the greatest thing so i told all my friends to go see them. jon went over there and was showing them true swamp things & they're telling him things like "this frog is not very expressive" and jon says, "well, he's depressed" and they mumble more. the translator comes back and announces, "the frog is too depressed."

was jon indignant or amused?

totally amused. he even thought about putting it on the back cover of the comic. but that's the story and that's how i met them and over the course of the last few months they asked for a sample for their magazine. samples are a weird thing because i don't really know what to send or what they wanted. a proposal.

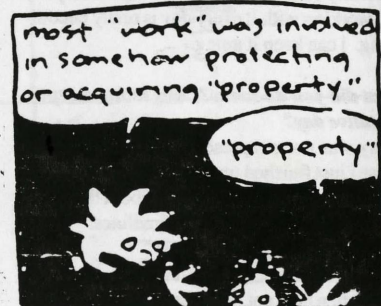
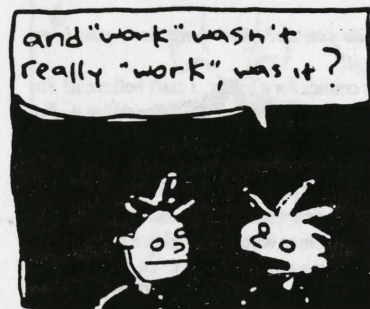
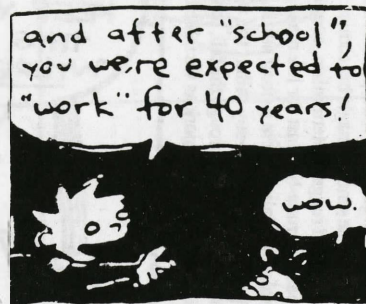
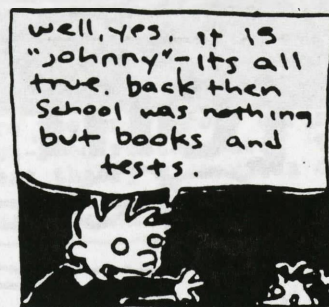
not a finished story?

well, some examples of that. but i really didn't want to because i had a regular job (even though i hated this job...)

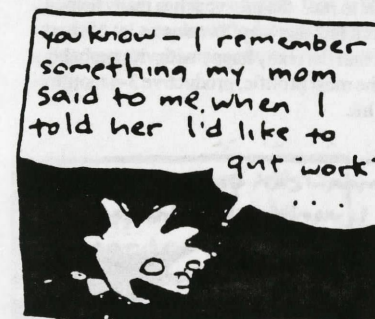
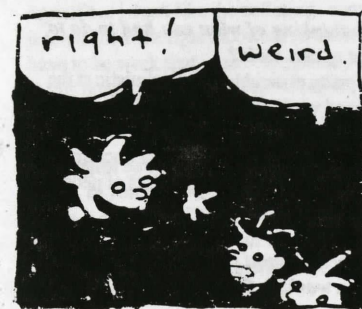
what was this regular job?

probably a mixture of washing dishes at a bakery and bussing tables at this same bakery's retail outlet. it might have been around the same time as i was packing the cakes that the bakery made for local restaurants.

tom



amongst typical, minimum wage drudgery jobs, food jobs may be slightly better because you can eat there or take stuff home... i would now, but at the time it wasn't that beneficial because it was all sugar. it was a big cake and cookery factory. when those big vats of batter would come by, i'd stick my fingers in 'em. it's gross! so i wasn't making that conscious of a decision back then. later on, i had a bussing job at a restaurant and the food was good. every ten minutes i had my fingers in the soup. if you could get the chefs on your good side, which was not easy for me because they were real bastards.



why?

because they hated their jobs. at least by the end of their shift they hated their job. i should've been innocuous but because i had my fingers in the soup so often... and i'd ask them for a bit of rice and on a good day they'd help me out. other times i just dug in and they'd scowl. there was one chef in particular and i was so fascinated with him, probably weirdly in love with him. he was so mean-spirited. so smart too. i couldn't figure it out. he'd just growl and smoke all the time. but when he was being kind (maybe 15% of the time) it was great.

i think one of the benefits, not a benefit exactly, but a weird side-effect of working is that you're thrown in with all these people either as co-workers or patrons or customers or bosses or whatever that you'd normally have no exposure to at all. so you're kind of together but everyone still has their own agenda.

that's a real joy that i miss. sometimes i think i'd like to get back into a restaurant to experience all the weird people that come and go and are really fascinating. i mean everyone on this planet is insane, just judging from the people i've worked with. they're all nuts. even just the cross-section of bosses have been crazy.

these are personal quirks or on a larger scale?

i'm not sure. definitely quirky. and i know i'm this way too, but they're just all so deluded in their own strange ways. they understand certain parts of the world but not other parts.

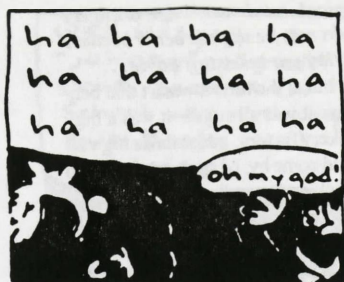
in terms of supplementing income, do you fill in sometimes at indy (local independent comic magazine & publisher/distributor)?

it's complete bottom-of-the-barrel and it's available and i don't have to exert any energy to get the job. all i have to do is call up jeff. i don't need to impress anybody. but it's such a lousy job and the lighting over there is awful. it's dusty & dirty- boxes are always falling. and the pay is awful, even though he says it's better than most low-end jobs in gainesville. he pays me \$6 an hour.

above the minimum wage...

he says, "you get paid better than anyone in gainesville" (laughter). and i know he means clerks and things and that makes me feel weird too. but i only work a few hours there. it barely pays for caribbean spice.

COMICS — 1st page from SANDS: Strip above from 'LOVE LOOKS LEFT' (brilliant). Next to last page's strip is from the wonderous 'RAMADAN', okay? The end panel is from Joe's zine Ex Post Facto, all of which make me damn happy.



working for independent and small publishers, would you approach any of them for things like health care or dental benefits?

i'm totally obsessed with it actually. i've never thought of that as an option. i'm clearly self-employed. if i was working regularly for a publisher who was more than nearly bankrupt it might be an option.

if you worked for someone like fantagraphics, do they offer benefits to employees? do they make any money?

doubtful. it's possible but i doubt it for any of their artists. maybe they have some sort of plan for their office help who i know get shit pay and work 65 hours a week. it enrages me so much when politicians talk about how employers need to pay for these things because employers can't pay for these things. only boeing and govt. jobs and corporations can pay for these things. all i'm banking on is being young and fairly healthy.

after being self-employed with the japanese and you were broke & could've taken jobs, why didn't you?

we're talking mostly about the previous fall and winter. i don't know. too many variables and i didn't want to put forth the effort.

i hope that didn't sound accusatory...

no, i think it's a really good question. i'd like to have a 2 night a week waiting/bussing job. i would do that. but exerting the energy to find that right circumstance... When i weigh the options i really don't want to do that. another thing i think about is temping which i've never done before. i can type fairly quickly but it's totally non-method & i fear what to expect from these situations. i remember thinking i could go a little broker and not have to face that, so i did it.

and another thing i've realized lately is that it's been good to be able to do this (drawing) for a year or two to: a) get the discipline & b) convince different parts of me (the irrational parts of me) that i am capable of doing this. that i am a cartoonist.

and having done this for a couple of years even though there have been some shaky spots, i am a different person now than if i'd suffered through a bunch of jobs. i'm poorer but i have a certain confidence of what i might be capable of.

how did it work before- was it just a hobby?

it was all after-hours type of work. and i'm at work thinking about drawing. and i would just draw as much as i could whenever i had some sort of time. and i'd get kind of aggravated because i'd have to stop. i'd be extremely frustrated because something that i was so serious about and was dedicated to, was not getting me by at all. and that was coloring my heart black.

were you thinking of what you had to do to break out of this mold?

no, i was pretty miserable and pessimistic at the god-damned world. i actually didn't see much chance other than in the extreme long-term. just keep going at it for a really long time. scramble around and find these weird pockets of people and situations.

a weird pocket would be something like sam henderson working for nickelodeon?

i've never had much confidence in my ability to do short-work like that so even those felt unattainable to me. the past year has really helped me to not feel that way. i've done a lot of short pieces that i'm really happy with. it's probably been the most prolific, productive 3-4 months of my life.



and it's all thanks to gainesville?

here in gainesville during the cold, wet weather that i've been so upset about. and just being able to juggle ideas around. to stay fertile. pay attention to ideas and let things come. i've never really thought i could do anything in comics and now i do. i'm most grateful for that.

do you want to talk a bit about self-publishing and working with "bigger" publishers?

right now, i'm kind of down on my mini-comics. i re-printed a hundred of them for that last convention in orlando (the MEGA-CON) and sold like 2. but i've never really been happy with publishers. i wish it wasn't the case, but i haven't found a publisher that i feel i can rely on for the things that are really important to me yet. i'm toying with the idea of self-publishing the next thing that i do. by that i mean, sending it to a printer myself, not hand photocopying. it's a control issue. part of what i want to do is make it as cheap as possible. i can't seem to convince anyone to do it on cheap newsprint.

because it deteriorates so rapidly or is it aesthetics?

aesthetically maybe, but i don't agree with that at all. i like the stapling part of doing comics myself but i don't like the collating. some of it is fun if i'm in the right mood but i think it would have to be work that i can really stand behind. at this point i really don't want to reprint any of my mini-comics.

the biggest danger of not doing a project yourself, as you said, control. how it comes out, when it comes out & the numbers that come out. and i know that's all negotiable but it can quickly become a gray area. has that ever been a problem for you?

it hasn't been a major problem. it's been a minor problem and a cumulative minor problem. new hat had some problems that i wasn't "briefed" on. it's just little design things on the cover. and a typo on the inside back cover. it's not much.



Hart

talk about the pros and cons of going with a publisher...

it's really nice to just work. it ebbs & flows. i don't want to get away from self-publishing because there's a part of it that's really good for me and it's not just control issues. the biggest pro is that you don't have to worry about it. unfortunately, i wind up worrying about some things. on the whole it's been good. and then there are certain things that just ask to be home-made, scratchy things. and some demand more finesse.

what about distribution? do you feel like your comics are getting the places they need to be?

well, it's nobody's fault but no. it's ridiculous. and bad. and an embarrassment to the whole race! (much laughter). i don't mind that my things end up being difficult to find or obscure. again, there are a lot of people doing all sorts of things (music, comics) and for everyone to demand shelf space is kind of ridiculous. but the fact that so many of us who draw comics have relied on comic book stores for so long is insane.

insane because it's non-supportive or just not a valid system?

it's a weird system and not a good or inviting system. i'm mostly talking about the retail stores which more often than not are superhero-dominated. i don't need my things to be in those stores. i don't know what and where the right stores are, but it's not them. unfortunately, it's been our only option.

because of the medium? because what you do is in a comic book format it has to go in a comics store rather than a book or record store?

right. it might not be so bad if comic book stores weren't so top-heavy. top-heavy, meaning one-sided where superheroes crush everything. the fact that we as an industry and others i know doing comics (either publishing or selling) are relying on these stores are embarrassing. if 75% of those stores went out of business i would not care. and it's not because they're not carrying my stuff. i just don't think they're good stores or good things to have on this planet and i'm happy to see them go. we'll get our stuff out there anyway.



more tom

how difficult is it for you to make and meet deadlines since your days are open-ended?

the weird thing is i think i'm looking so badly for a structure to my day that i obsess about it in a recent past tense kind of thinking. like there's no really consistent day for me but i want there to be. or some weird part of me wants there to be. as soon as i'm done with anything, i tell myself that's what i do. that's the way i tend to do it. even if i've only done it once. it's usually totally irrelevant. weird interior dialogue of convincing myself and others that i have a routine and that the routine is as common as others. maybe it's a defensiveness or guilt about having days which i structure myself. it's definitely combined with a need for structure that i've never had outside of jobs.

i can say this with confidence: more often than not my day will be structured from waking up to going to bed that i'll get a considerable amount of work done and maybe a lot of breaks. i tend to go to the campus just about everyday for lunch (krishna food). but i always like drawing when i come home.

i've wanted to do this 5 days a week, 40 hours a week which is totally arbitrary. completely arbitrary! but to abate my guilt i tell myself i can do this and i will do this putting in my time slaving. usually i work everyday.

so whether it's monday or saturday, a holiday, whatever, it's all the same? and that's both liberating and hanging over you ominously?

right. sure. we'd like to be enslaved so we don't have to think about things and make our own decisions. i remember when i was starting out my friend jon has been one half step ahead of me. anyway, when i was getting started he had this schedule where we worked 3 hours a day, period. i'm way too scattered to do it. and i draw the same way i eat, i nibble. i'm constantly up and down, but with the introduction of the 5-cd changer things may be a little different. my short attention span is catered to so maybe...

if i took off 3 days for the mega-con then i worry about taking another day off it's just another way of beating myself up. also writing letters to other cartoonists, i have to realize that it's part of my work and it's a lot of work. it's part of it. there are a lot of extremely productive things i do that my internal slave-driver gripes about.

why do you think mail seems like such a guilty pleasure?

keeping connected with the world around you is the most important thing you can do.

okay, what about taxes?

well, along with the internal slave driver there's the internal taxman. i don't know, actually i've been meaning to open my tax statement from the japanese (opens envelope). great, here it is in yen, so god knows what is going on. anyway, taxes are a really scary thing. here's my stack of receipts to go through before april 15.

receipts from art supplies?

it's basically going to be art supplies and anything story related, meaning any movie or book. any cd. which is two-fold because any art form is something i'm studying and listening to it keep me healthy in my studio. theoretically, i should be able to deduce a part of my rent and bills because i work at home. but that could be getting hairy and asking for an audit.

you do your own taxes or you have an accountant or consultant?

my consultants are fellow cartoonists, mostly my friend mike who has an accountant because he makes a lot of money doing superhero comics. without him, i wouldn't have realized that books and movies are totally legitimate deductions. last year was the first time i really deducted things and this year will be a heftier version. i'm just going to pretend i am being audited and anything i can't justify deducting i won't. i'm going to be honest. outside of social security taxes, i can confidently deduct everything. because all i spend my money on is things i need to work, excluding books and records and food and things for my cat. it's weird when i get home and can't put receipts in that envelope.

in terms of cartooning, what sort of things would you not want to do? if fantagraphics wanted you to draw some sexy comic...

it's a tough question because i think with my skills it's kind of limited. there are things i wouldn't be asked to do because i'm not capable of drawing a sexy comic.



but for the japanese to give you direction like hutch character goes to park and plays with pigeons?

i would actually love to be doing things steadily for the japanese that they tell me to do. because again there are certain things i don't want to think about. and actually i didn't finish the story about my first dealings with the japanese. when they first started calling me, i blew it off because i already had a job and then i wrote and drew comics. it was something that fulfilled me and i didn't want to do it as a job too. finally jon said why don't i write it and you draw it and i said YES. that way i could do it and be part of it but not have it all on my shoulders to be creative. because in the things that i was doing for my own personal reasons i wanted to do as much as i could. i wanted to give it my all. what was the question again?

tangents of drawing...

obviously the territory is would i draw something for coca-cola. or ok cola, did you get that here?

was that the gen-x soda from seattle?

yes. dan clowes did some of the cans. as did charles burns. it was mostly dan clowes who did their work.

i'm proud to say i never drank it. basically, it was just coca-cola concocting this idea that gen-x needed their own cola. and got dan clowes to do the design. and it was so disaffected. it was made to appeal to the cool and aloof.

which pisses me off because it's such pandering and something that should not be encouraged. the whole disconnected stance of "it doesn't matter." BUT dan clowes got a lot of fucking money for designing these cans which ended up on billboards. a lot of fucking money.

what was the comics community reaction?

none of it was taken seriously. nothing's ever a big deal. i thought, "he stuck them because it was a bomb. thank god it was a bomb." i clearly think he stuck them. maybe it would be a different question if it was for cigarettes. and those companies do have some appealing designs that go for youth marketing.

the main issue for me now about the way corporations are running things is that a lot of interesting, smart things are slipping through the cracks. i can't discount everything just because it's from a corporate source but i can blame them for limiting my choices.

final words?

when i reached my mid-20's i realized i hadn't learned a single thing in high school about maneuvering throughout the work world despite all the talk about schools being nothing but work-preparation factories. i still feel at 28 that i've been spit out into this world and forced to make a living. it's weird. it's hard. and i'm not prepared for it at all. that's why i'm so adamant about cartooning.

**end.*

EPILOGUE:

tom no longer draws for foreigners. new projects include a hutch story, belching yoda skits for star wars kids magazine, moving northeast & rendering my biking tour of local architecture & bad teen haircuts for jason's comp.



ALACHUA CO LIBRARY DISTRICT

Another day in paradise.

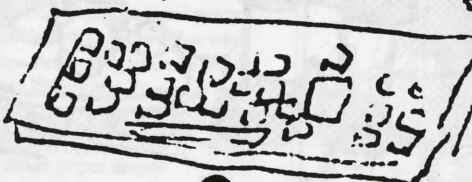
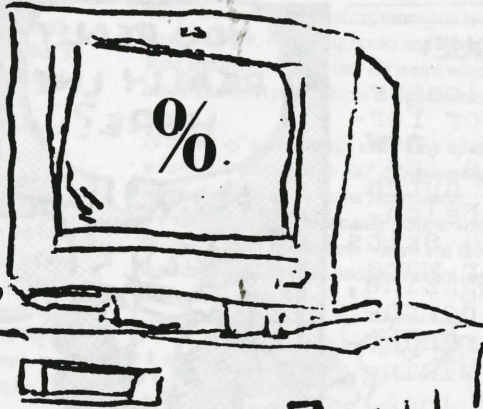


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inevitably it is at work where i worry the most. where every scheme amounts to the tiniest amount of spit in a corporate hot tub. that even if i scammed copies round the clock & wheatpasted every incendiary tract, that the system would still smile lecherously. that all our glued stamps & stolen ny times & free **vegan** slices add up to less than the crumbs at a pro-life fundraiser dinner. that any rebellion is more fodder for rolling stone & details & seventeen; and even if you don't own a tv you still live underneath the billboards. # \$ % & * " ' ? ° ? + but that an hour with the right friends means we won't end up broken & tired & hollow. it is in the struggle, not the endgame.

mike's voice on the phone saying, 'you sound like you just got off work.'

transitioning, remembering who i am, who we are, what we must do still.



computer cover copier

by g. means while working

for the D.C. public library.



Edward Hopper, *Smash the Hun*, 1918 (see

stitute for each other's smiles. i read about edward hopper working for commercial magazines before painting full-time. "illustrating was a depressing experience." air dreams seem as dangerous & fragile as ~~spider webs~~ caught in spider webs. i'm not looking for answers in these stacks only enough to carry on, to make it home & continue.

what do you do after work??

after work you can usually find me in the library stacks piecing together the system's work part-time for the homeless man sleeps sitting up with a book open to fool the security guard. teens run & flirt knowing the books couldn't sub-

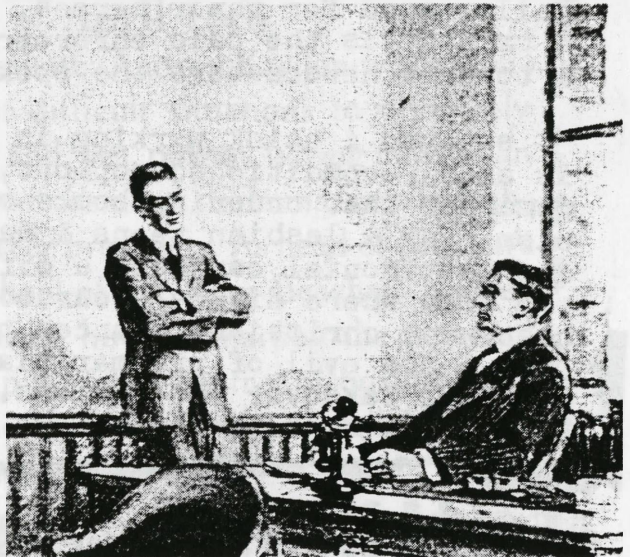


Fig. 31. Edward Hopper, "Living up to your employment system," printed illustration for *System*, July 1913, p. 23.

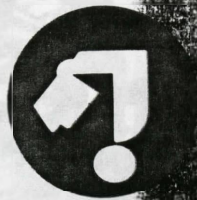
pure Shit!

Palisades.
Pure Romance.



FICTION THAT FEATURES CREDIBLE CHARACTERS AND
ENTERTAINING PLOT LINES, WHILE CONTINUING TO UPHOLD
STRONG CHRISTIAN VALUES. FROM HIGH ADVENTURE
TO TENDER STORIES OF THE HEART, EACH PALISADES
ROMANCE IS AN UNDILUTED STORY OF LOVE,

FROM BEGINNING TO END!



never forget we are



never forget we are in an information
battle. never forget that they are light
years ahead, already entrenched. the in-
stitutions are theirs- the libraries and
jails named for their heroes. cops & judges
& principals the paid enforcers; rock dj's
& toupéed newscasters the spokespeople.

so when i think working in the library
is an air-conditioned cop-out, i have to
remember that ordering books on sex educa-
tion, gay & lesbian teens & native ameri-
can testimonial can make a difference in
an area where disney's cartoon version of
history & christian romances preaching
sin & the evil of pre-marital relations
tries to **takeover** the shelves. it does
matter & i do believe in what i do.



ALACHUA CO LIBRARY DISTRICT

Butkus.



Exciting Prospects Ahead!!!



was telling me about his job interview in west palm. he knows an obscure database language and is in demand worldwide. i understood his restlessness towards gainesville even if i didn't share it anymore. who doesn't want more adventure and a less ~~stagnant~~ job? in the mood lighting of the new health drink store and over overpriced smoothies we seemed, well, **targets** as he talked and as i drank my liquid dinner it was easy to picture the whole weekend: frantically buying a new suit; driving down florida's coastline into the financial district of one of the wealthiest cities in our already bloated state; the heat; the uncertainty, the unwavering pace of business men. mild disaster ensued: locked bathrooms on every floor, the same interviews but with different people, the marble floor, the glass encasing...details blur, my stomach tells me to stop. we're the only customers in the store. the owner watches basketball on the tv above our heads, the young worker attempts homework. i don't mind always being out of place but lately it seems our space is getting smaller & the prices higher. now seems the most fragile time- businesses want our skills, our energy and our time and are willing to pay. walking back to my house was mostly quiet. we stared at the oncoming headlights like deer.

"An Afternoon English Tea with Audrey Kardon"

April 15th

Business Etiquette: Audrey Kardon will simplify your most difficult situations to ultimately gain prestige and yes, power. Wrong moves can result in embarrassment, dimming - even dashing - your career prospects. As head of Kardon's Etiquette School of the Palm Beaches, Audrey will demonstrate how to sharpen the personal skills which put you in control of business and social situations. From 3:00 pm until 5:00 pm. Price per person is \$35.00.

on his way out, ~~he~~ grabbed a flyer for the upcoming season at the LEOPARD LOUNGE, excerpted above. Don't say you weren't given a chance. &

❧ - jessica - mills - ❧

Once upon a time, one month shy of ten years ago, the "Chappie James Most Promising Teacher Scholarship/Loan" landed in my lap. Prior to this, I assumed I'd graduate from High School and just live at home while attending the 13th & 14th grade at Community College like the rest of my unthinking fellow graduates. I'm actually glad I had a guidance counselor & parents to make decisions for me. The scholarship got me out of a stifling no-punk-to-be-found-anywhere town and motivated me to actively learn for the first time in my life.

So here I landed in Gainesville. Throughout my four years of High School, I searched my hometown's ever nook & cranny for anything that even slightly resembled the first inklings of punk I had found through some Minor Threat, Subhumans & Peter and the Test Tube Babies records at a friend's house in Tampa. The only regularly playing live band that came through my hometown was Molly Hatchet. And the most subversive thing to ever hit town was the Spring Break free party concerts on the beach starring Modern English, Golden Earring, the Beastie Boys and Flock of Seagulls.

Yeah, so I had a free ride to college and I didn't want it to end up being a round trip ticket. I studied for the first time so as to earn the 3.0 GPA required to renew the scholarship the following semester(s). I made the grades and stayed. As my stay grew into 2 years, I noticed peers around me attending job fairs, wearing suits and compiling resumes. I decided I never wanted to do that. The suit & job fair part anyway. I was enjoying learning and enjoying Gainesville's punk scene even more. The fact that most kids go to college not to learn, but to get a piece of paper that says they are now entitled to a high paying job, was indeed startling news. Doing that never dawned on me. I mean in reality, although I was (& still am) geeky and liking my college class studies, the punk scene was providing me with a more practical course load in the school of life. And lifestyle.

There I was, a rarity because I graduated with a B.A. in only four years. I had to. According to the scholarship, that's all the time I had. There I was, diploma in hand, playing in a band, and working at the taco stand. In order to be in compliance with the "loan" part of the scholarship, I had to either teach in a Florida public school one

full school year for every year I received the scholarship money or I could pay it back monetarily, \$15,800.00. After a year of dicking around Gainesville and a year & a half of Graduate "How to be a Teacher" school, I jumped ship and accepted a High School English/Journalism teacher job 100 miles out of Gainesville.

In all honesty, I don't know why I did it. I was playing in a band that was set to start touring everywhere, I had become increasingly more involved with and connected to the Gainesville community, and the town I was moving to was back in the same county as my hometown. What the fuck was I thinking?

I was un-punk-ly thinking, *"Ugh, this is what I'm supposed to be doing."* I was listening to my annoying martyr side, *"I should not be selfish and only teach already advantaged alternative school kids. The public school kids need me."* Loud and clear, I heard my financial sirens, *"You owe \$15,800.00!"* I thought I could hack it and I was wrong. (For the details of how wrong I was, refer to **Yard Wide Yarns** issues 4 and 5.)

Actually, I hacked it just fine; my 10th grade students had the highest writing scores among the school's 10th graders and the school newspaper I advised received a first place rating from the Florida Scholastic Press Association. But that was the teacher side of me, the Ms. Mills side. My dominant side, the Jessica side, was depressed, lonely and frustrated.

The kind of teacher I tried to be took 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Trying for two years to be that teacher, commuting to Gainesville for band practice and shows, missing shows and a tour, grading papers back stage, losing sleep to do semi-creative lesson plans and never having time for my zine and other projects left me zapped of any creative energy even if I did have a little time to myself sometimes. I'm not even going to try to explain the bullshit factors including but not limited to the following: dressing in teacher costume, parent conferences, uncompromising administrative battles, petty faculty rifts, conservative town small-mindedness- none of which I ever wanted any part of. I wasn't able to be me and I wasn't happy. Unfortunately, the bad outweighed the good, just being able to teach kids.

jessica ms. mills

After two years, I quit to tour full time with the band. It's still unbelievable to me that I was able to maintain any momentum with them during my two years of teaching in a town 100 miles away.

And so I went from the full time responsible teacher role straight to the bathroom to shave my head in celebration of my new role of full time touring road rat.

I whole-heartedly welcomed the fantasy band la-la land and for a while, it was manageable. I even justified to myself that by playing music in front of mostly High School aged kids, I would be indirectly teaching them by example and that it would promote the opening of their minds.

However, I was not justifying realistically. The reality of my situation was that I was not in any decision making position in the band and we were involved in a popular "alternative" music industry that did nothing more than perpetuate the good ol' boy's club of rock 'n roll and all of the imaging, marketing and consumerist mentality that comes with that well charted territory. Again, I wasn't creatively challenged, I was disconnected from my community in Gainesville where I could affect real teaching, learning and change, and the guys I was playing with didn't think I should keep playing with them anyway.

I came back to Gainesville to sort out the last three years of working full time both as a teacher and as a band member. I felt free for the first time in my adult life. I was in no rush to do anything that didn't come my way.

I had no desire to teach full time. I knew that if I did, I'd be earning in the neighborhood of \$25 thousand a year, but I had already learned that the more you earn, the more you spend. I don't need it. I found a part time teaching job instead, one that required no lesson plans, grading papers, parent conferences or morning hours. My dream job - TEACHING and that's it.

My desire was to redirect my energy towards collective and active projects like Food Not Bombs, pirate radio, zines, travel and playing music I believed in. Nearly a year has passed and that's where I am now... I'm playing my primary instrument in a band with one of my best friends - I learned a new instrument and am playing in an

all female band that has inspired me more than I ever dreamed - I now make the time to write for zines like this one - As part of the Gainesville Free Radio collective, I have learned with and from passionate political activists and we're battling the FCC - I do a weekly radio show on the aforementioned pirate station - I make house calls to punk kids who need tutoring - With Food Not Bombs, and a new project called the Free Fridge, lots of food is being reclaimed and distributed daily that would otherwise be thrown out - And I'm taking at least a week off a month to tour and travel in general.

OK, now I'm feeling a bit awkward, as if I've just submitted my ~~resume~~ to the official **DIY** CEO (Committee for Ethics Observation).

The point is that I'm back here where I started. Gainesville. I came here to go to college - to learn more than just the training for high paying work. Getting that high paying public school teaching job. Experiencing the reality of the white middle class majority. Quitting that in favor of full-time punk fantasy world. And leaving that, too. Those were the extremes.

I guess now I'm doing what I've always wanted and doing so on my own terms - taking the ideal from the not-so-ideal, in both cases of extreme "real world" reality and full-time la-la land, and creating my own life, my own lifestyle and living collectively with others like-minded in the ways of mutual aid. I work part time by choice so as to provide a stable space - to create, activate, interact, organize and continue to teach.

And I'm learning more every day. Lately I've been feeling like I'm becoming a better teacher and I've recently begun a research project into organizing community Home Schooling. In the last ten years, I've been able to cross some things off my "life list" and will continue on my own path down that list. At times it'll probably lengthen and shorten and I'll be glad for it. I never wanna stagnate. Thanks to the lessons I've learned and inspirations I've gained from my Gainesville community, I've been able to incorporate my punk dreams with work reality.

Jessica. Yard Wide Yarns.

P.O. Box 12839

Gainesville, FL 32604

[another teacher's story  on the next 3 pages.]

DEAR,

MRS,F I HAVE BEEN A JERK LATELY.BUT I AM SORRY FOR MY ACTIONS.I WILL TRY TO NOT GET INTO TROUBLE ANY MORE.I WILL TRY TO DO ALL MY WORK AND TRY TO DO ALL MY WORK IN SOCIAL SYWTYS WORK I WILL TRY TO NOT GET ANY REFFERIALS.BUT ALTHO I HAVE IN SCHOOL SUSPENSION WICH I WISHED I WOULDNT HAVE GOTTEN BECAUSE I WILL GET INTO TROUBLE WHEN I GET HOME TODAY.THAT SUCKS WHEN YOUR PRENTS DO THAT.I REALLY HATE IT WHEN THATS HAPPENS,IM REALLY SORRY FOR BEING SO MEAN TO YOU...

MICHAEL

THANK YOU.



letter from ms P's student

in 1995, i graduated from the university of florida with a BA in special education. i had been disappointed and disillusioned by the college of education and was unsure if i really wanted to teach. i opted not to complete the masters which was required to be certified, and decided to enter the job force, to teach and see if it was in actuality what i wanted to do.

i went to a job fair where Palm Beach County was eagerly, aggressively recruiting prospects with a degree in special ed. they basically offered me a job without as much as an interview.

i though, well, palm beach county can't be that bad, right? the ocean, cultural diversity, family nearby in ft. pierce. where do i sign?

i graduated, got a job, bought a car and some respectable-looking clothes and moved into an apartment complex in west palm beach. the first chapter of my adult life reads: wake up, hop in new saturn, go to work, drive home to sterile apartment complex, go upstairs into air conditioning, pop open a beer, chain smoke, watch television or blockbuster video, go to bed.

i was becoming the ideal, mainstream american! i was selling my soul; turning my back on my idealism; forgetting where i came from and where i wanted to go to. i like to blame it on west palm beach. there i was brainwashed. all the preprogramming, all the things society tried to ingrain into me that i KNEW i would never become, it had grabbed ahold of and was slowly asphyxiating me. it was eating away at my flesh until i became a zombie like the rest of them!

i realized what was happening to me and was thoroughly disgusted with myself. i made attempts at going to the punk type record store and club, but was disappointed by the lack of community. at 22 i felt old, washed-up and out-of-touch.

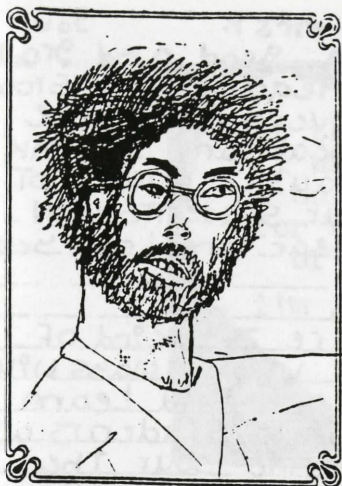
teaching in west palm was a different story. i fell in love with teaching, especially interacting with the students. at first it was complete and utter chaos. the first month was a free-for-all. kids would cruise around the room as they pleased, threw paper balls yelled at each other, walked outside and around the school whenever they felt so inclined. i began to actually think my name was "Fuck You Bitch." (yes, michael, you called?) it was a crash course in being a teacher: sink or swim.



(ms P)

with some structure, expectations and a lot of patience on my part, by the end of the year, the kids were pretty successful. the school and the principal liked me and had respect for me. i had good observations and got an excellent recommendation, which is what helped me get a job in alachua county. my one way ticket out of hell.

back in gainesville, my life is going in a much more positive direction. i've been increasingly involved in the community and increasingly productive on a personal level. (meeting inspiring people, going to shows, playing soccer, painting, writing, starting a record store- **still not enough**, but moving in a **positive** direction...)



Half of this photograph is missing. Can you complete it?

teaching has been amazing as well. as my experience and knowledge have increased, i have improved as a teacher. each year has gotten progressively better.

for the past two years i taught high school and loved it. i had basically the same students, worked with the same ladies and became attached. i never really felt like it was work, a job. the days always flew by, and after a while, i didn't even mind having to be there at 7 am. even all the other job requirements: lesson plans, endless paperwork, meetings, playing dress up... i viewed it all as a means to an end. while i didn't always see the point to all of it, i didn't mind compromising myself for the opportunity to teach the kids.

my first year here, everything was grand, so they signed me up for a second year.

in the beginning of this year, we had enough kids to hire another teacher. he had graduated from the school, i had heard. upon meeting him i was very weary (never trust anyone who drives a suburban) (and is a coach!) sure enough, after a month he tells the administration things aren't working out for him and he wanted to completely change everything.

me, i thought the changes were self-serving for him and voiced my opinion against them. i said i didn't really think it was right that i have a class of 25 kids while during the same period a teacher has a class of 8.

the vice-principal took me in his office, sat me down and condescended to me, "i need teachers who will be more flexible."

that was in october.

from then on, i shut up, stayed away from the office and the vp and went about my business; had a great year.

then, come may, contract time (1 more year until continuing contract: job security), and i am called in, sat down. "well, we think you are a good teacher. well-prepared and have a strong work ethic, but we are not sure you are flexible enough. we think you may be happier elsewhere. we'll look at scheduling and let you know."

i was crushed. i went home and cried for days. i cried until my eyes were so swollen that i could not open them anymore. it was a huge blow to my self-esteem.

they managed to make me feel like absolute shit: completely worthless. it was quite clear they had no respect for me, much less appreciated what i did and the teacher i was. i began to think that perhaps i was kidding myself that i was any good at teaching.

though i am not perfect and still have a ways to go to be the teacher i want to be, i know that i am good at it. i say that not for egotistical or reassuring reasons; i say it because if i did not think i was good at it i would not do it. because i know that it is criminal for teachers who are inadequate or who don't give a shit to keep teaching. if i ever fall into either category, i will leave of my own volition.

meanwhile, they are deciding whether or not to rehire me, i have decided that rather than go back there, i will go back to school and focus my energy elsewhere.

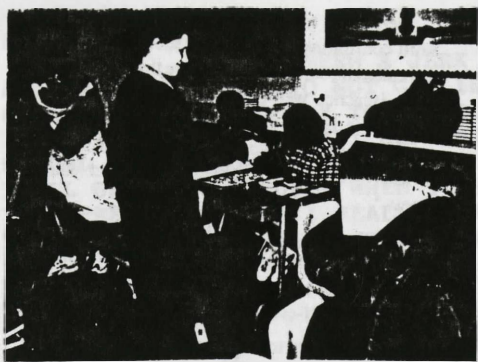


Half of this photograph is missing. Can you complete it?

Do NOT Judge a person by their features or color

artwork by me. P. & students

CONT-
INUED →



i never want to compromise myself to the point where i work for someone who views me as being disposable, does not respect me and not only has the power to make me feel worthless, but uses it. [due to my background and subsequent monetary and educational opportunities, i have been given the resources to have the choice not to compromise myself. i am humbled by this fact, by this choice many do not have.]



artwork
by ms. P.

Dear Mrs P. You are a good and grate math Teacher. You stood By Every Bods Side This Year and I Think You Taught a Hoje Lot of Your Students Well This Year and Last Year Toa

You are The kind of Person who always willing To Teach and Learn and Help Students at any Time Your The Teacher That don't Ever Give Up and That's One of The Best Things In a Teacher Don't ever Give Up on The Students or as a Teacher or on Your Self.



i will continue to work on my degree in the field of teaching, of special education. it is what i love, what i feel passion for. i started doing volunteer work with people who are labelled mentally, physically and emotionally handicapped when i was in eighth grade and have been involved somehow ever since. it is how i feel i can make a difference and have an impact on society.

i hope to find a school, a place where i can fit in and continue teaching.

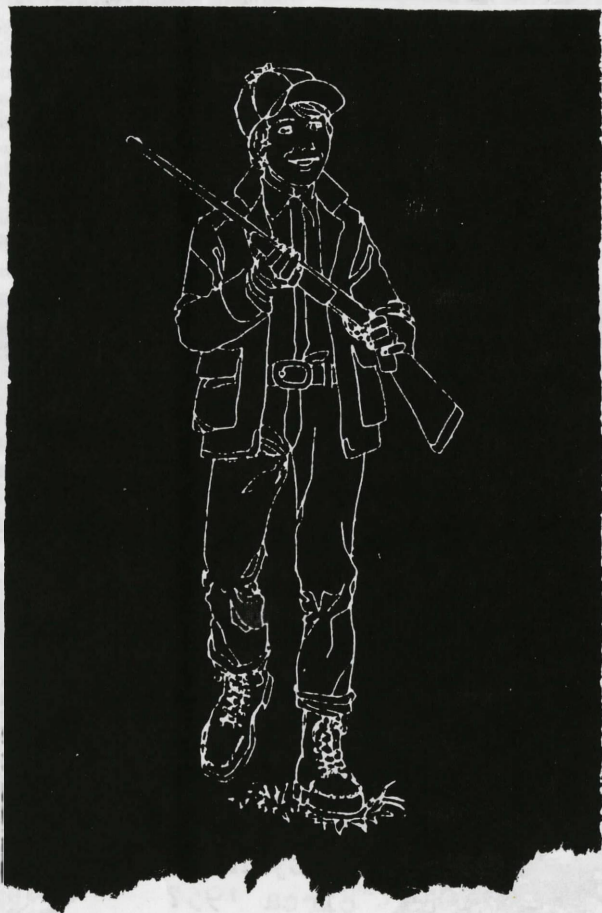
upon complaining to my parents and seeking some words of wisdom, they say that in every job there will be bullshit and politics. i'm not ready to accept that as truth, and hope that i never have to accept it. my ideals and convictions are only growing stronger and will hopefully continue to become more steadfast. surely, i will be able to find a balance between my job and the rest of my life.



"at the end of the day
i was never a racist.
we only make decisions
for the proper running
of the ship.
i'm just doing my job."

-south african
jail guard.

you are responsible :



maT sweEtinG

so what do you do?

what do i do? i have 3 jobs i guess. they're not really jobs though. during the day from 12-8, i work here at no idea doing mailorder, store orders, slacking, eating, drinking, whatever.

at night i help run the hardback. local punk rock haven. i usually work 5 nights a week (whenever we're open).

the day usually consists of waking up around 11, going to work around 12 until about 4 in the morning & then maybe getting some sleep. on saturdays, i help organize a record store at the hardback that's basically just a wholesale outlet for no idea. but we hope to change and expand in the future. that's what i do. and that's about all i do because it's so time-consuming.

no time for personal endeavors like another band?

if a band presented itself, it would be a priority. but to start one is the hardest part. it's just finding people that i feel comfortable with and that want to do it and want to do it the way i want to do it. i'd rather just play with people who are my friends. i don't want to assemble hired guns & play music. that's pretty lame. we'll see what happens. i really want to. it's hard to play with your friends when your friends keep leaving.

let's backtrack & talk about the utility house evolution...

we moved in in may of '93 with 2 other guys & my girlfriend at the time. i lived there for 4 1/2 or 5 years. i was the only person who lived there the whole time. i think we had 23 roommates. i used to have it all written down for posterity.

how did you start doing shows there?

i pretty much did all the shows because my roommates weren't into it. i never really lived with anyone who was into the shows until the last year, when it became a given. the first 3 years i would set up a show & tell all my roommates, "hey, we're going to have a show..." kind of an awkward thing.

initially it was me bringing up my friends' bands from miami because i was new in town & didn't know how to get a place to play. and we (utility) would play. a great experience. it was awesome in the sense that we were a block away from the spokehouse & they moved out 6 months after we moved in. i was disappointed when no one picked up the torch after we moved out.

i think we had a lot of advantages that other houses didn't. i had nice roommates who put up with a lot. and we were pretty open.



utility house,
circa '95?

open about who could play there?

not really in terms of music. more of a wholesale acceptance of everyone in town. the most important thing with the house was somewhere where anyone could hang out. i'd say 75% of the people at the shows were there because of hanging out, not whoever is playing that night. of the 300 people that would come, there'd be 30 watching the band & the rest were a periphery mass moving around the house and yard.

that's something that was lacking when i first moved here. i'd go to the hardback & as great as it supposedly was back in the salad days of that place, it was all the same people. and the spokehouse. every era has their inner circle but i was glad that we encouraged all the weirdos to come. there'd be punk rock kids but also a slew of random people. maybe they were just walking by or were at common grounds [nearby pretentious coffee house] & decided to come by & set up the drum circle or whatever.

but to go hand-in-hand with that, setting up a show for a touring band and having \$30 in the donation pile from 300 people. that happened all the time.

how would you handle that? would you kick in some money?

yeah, for the first 2-3 years i'd run to the atm after every show & give \$50 to the band. because you can't promise someone a show & not deliver. if you can't then tell them. towards the end people got better about giving money. near the end, i think it turned into a joke. not a joke, but abusive. for a house to have shows i think it needs to be casual. more fun. and it wasn't fun towards the end. there was a show every night & they were bad shows. it lost that atmosphere... the shows declined & it wasn't fun for the bands... that last summer was kind of heartbreaking.

and you wouldn't want to turn a band away...

no. i was just hoping for the magic. everything has its cycle, especially in a town like this where permanency is not its finest quality. the end was getting weird. we had all kinds of gutter punks sleeping on the porch, rainbow kids camping in the backyard. it was cool, but it wasn't cool. all the nightmares that i had about it started to happen. my roommates finally said it was stupid to have so many shows.

so i tried to turn the house into other things by having art shows & movies & food gatherings. the last year was more of that kind of stuff. we did a 3-house art show & that saved it from being too hokey in my opinion.



how does that carry over into the hardback?

i think the hardback is better in terms of permanency. people have a respect for it. mostly people i don't know, but there is a reverence for it. i think it's a wonderful place because it holds something for everyone. no one sees it as intimidating. but the older punks would come to the utility house but they'd leave saying they didn't really feel comfortable. or the newer kids who didn't know anyone. but the hardback isn't identified with one group of people. our house was a lot more personal. i want the hardback to be a non-alienating place for people to gather. that's how i see it.

i'm pretty excited about the diversity of crowds there. last night there were a lot of punks. liberty-spike punks, exploited shirts, lots of leather, maybe 30 of them. and then about 30 skinheads and those were the only people there. and it worked out really cool.

punks & skins!

no regulars were there. it was people who made up the outer ring of the scene. it couldn't have happened at my house. one of my roommates would not have been into it. if you're not into what's going on, & someone's in your house then as much as one wants to idealistic about your stuff, it's tough to have 100 strangers around your personal belongings. it takes a strong person to be totally open with everything they have. i try to be but...

i think the hardback is a necessary thing for gainesville. it's the only place i know of in the state that can operate the way we do. i feel lucky to be apart of it. seeing it from beginning to end. watching it grow. i'm curious what other people have to say about how it compares to when it had a different owner years ago. i think it's the same.

you can see it a couple of ways- a haven for people who have nowhere else to go or a place where a community who has so much to give has a chance to express itself. i'll never turn anyone away if they want to be part of the community. not everyone knows how to be part of certain things. we have to be exposed. not everyone has seen a certain zine or heard a certain record.

the other night a girl came to a show & it was obvious that she'd never been to the hardback. she was uncomfortable with the whole scenario. she came up to the bar & didn't look like she belonged. big poofy hair spray & high heels... not to say that that's bad but it's just foreign to the hardback. she came to the bar & started off a long roll of requests that we couldn't fulfill.

fancy mixed drinks?

no. she asked for canada dry & we don't have canada dry. so she asked for sprite & we don't have sprite either. then tonic water. nope. don't have that either. then she asked for iced water and we didn't have ice. so i gave her some water & she asked if it was from the tap. i said yeah & she told me she didn't drink tap water. well, i can't help you then. next she tells me how hot it is inside & that i should turn on the fans & the a/c. finally she asked me how the hell i stayed in business.

then she storms off to her friends & comes back to tell me there's no toilet paper in the women's bathroom. i was at the end of my rope & i laughed hysterically because i had failed in every respect. because whenever you go somewhere the customer is expected to receive all kinds of amenities. but this place is more like you take what you can get & you're happy with it. you get dirt & you love it.

she reels off more complaints & sulks off again and stayed in the corner for the rest of the night. and there was a fight that night. some jocks came in & started shit with the punks. we broke it up & things went okay. so at the end of the night when we're cleaning up & the regulars are just hanging out. she came up to drew & i and thanked us. she said it was her first punk rock experience & she'd had the best time. she said she was going to come back.

i don't think that could've happened in a house because it's more personal & therefore more intimidating. the idea of house shows is excellent but i think you shut out a large part of the community. i've seen it all over the country & all over this town. i'm not coming down on house shows because i think they're the funnest type of show you can play. it's better than ever playing at the hardback. but with the hardback i can provide a neutral space to change people.

house shows are amazing & let's the community know it doesn't need anyone's help, which i guess is the basis of the DIY aesthetic but at the same time that belief can alienate people. you're only preaching to the converted. you're spoonfeeding to a certain extent. it's a trapping that really lets me down. they only want to deal with themselves and they only want to play with people who have the same attitude. which is good because you want to surround yourself with people you respect but you have to open yourself to display. otherwise, how much validity does it have?

if you're only performing for a set group of people... i'm not saying you need a bar. the only reason we are a bar is so that we can stay open. the policy at the hardback is that whoever is performing that night, whether it be acoustic guy or someone reading poetry or a band, they get all the money. when people pay to get in the door all that money goes to the performers. if the band decides they don't want any money, then it's free. we don't take any money from the door. the entire hardback is run from the door. it's easier that way & i can pay bands. it's really cool to be able to walk up to a band and give them \$200. it's their money. they need it for the shows where they drive 8 hours for \$20. one of my goals is to have more of these places. i wish there were more of them.

i spend a lot of time there. drew does just as much work as i do. 60-70 hours a week and we don't get paid. i sometimes wish we got paid so we could dedicate ourselves more to the club rather than work other places. i'd still work here [no idea] because i love it, but he wouldn't work as much at his other job & we'd have some time to fix the hardback up. we want to keep our prices so low & we still want to pay for everything. that's the only goal.

my old roommate patrick was doing an AIDS bike ride in california & we sent him the tip money from a 2-week period. the \$600 check enabled him to do the ride. to be able to do something like that is really important to me.

what about people fighting & breaking shit?

i don't think they realize what they have. people here in this community are so spoiled by the actions of others. there's a lot of work that a lot of people put into this town & i don't think many understand what really goes on. but then again, i don't think those people want to understand. and it would make it weird if they did understand. it'd make it a little stale. it's funny to see though. people smash chairs or come to the door and complain, "man, i ain't got no fucking money. why do i have to pay \$3?" stuff like that. man, if you really knew. how petty can you be?

sample hardback month:

MON. 4/13 - ANNE BERETTA, BOXER, THE LEXINGTONS

TUE. 4/14 - PUNKS WHO BECAME POETS... 8:00!!!

WED. 4/15 - MIKE'S BRO'S BAND, SCALLYWAGON,
CLITLICKINGPUSSTYMUNCHERS

THU. 4/16 - N.O.W. BENEFIT: POP CANNON, RIENA AVEJA,
MAHONEY

FRI. 4/17 - DIRTY BOB AND THE SPOONS, BLONDES RIDE
SHOTGUN, KITCHENS OF SOUL

SAT. 4/18 - THE SOLVENTS, THE PIN-UPS, THORAZINE

MON. 4/20 - AVAIL, HOT WATER MUSIC, DISCOURT,
PANTHRO U.K. UNITED 12

WED. 4/22 - CLAUDE PEPPER BLUES EXPRESSION, THE
440'S, CARNIVAL

the hardback

412 SE 1st ST 372-6448

THU. 4/23 - EX-BEST FRIENDS, RED MONKEY, CALABASH
CASE

FRI. 4/24 - THE ADVERSARIES, GRITKISS, THE
KNEVILS

SAT. 4/25 - SZECHUAN PORK, CLEARANCE CLARENCE
REVOLVER, JELLY

TUE. 4/28 - POLAR

WED. 4/29 - ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE, PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

THU. 4/30 - MABUS, EVERY SINGLE DAY, BELL

FRI. 5/1 - GRAIN, THE STUNNED, WOLFEDADDYS, SQUELCHERS

SAT. 5/2 - RADON, ANKLEBITER, STARLIGHT DESPERATION

isn't that the duality of punk rock- no future & nihilism vs. positive, constructive action?

i've been thinking about this a lot since my whole life right now is insular within this community. i've been doing it for a year and a half. between my three jobs, if i don't go to the grocery store or go out then i have gone 2 weeks without seeing a non-punk rock person. that's a hard thing to understand. between no idea and the hardback and the record store i can honestly go weeks without seeing anyone unrelated to the scene. so when i go to a store i get weirded out because i can't yell, "MINOR THREAT!" and have everyone cheer. i can oscillate within this community because i don't go out at night to other places. and everyone that comes to the hardback (unless it's a huge show) is either going to be someone i know or an obviously hip person.

i think the whole obsession with nihilism and the negativity of punk rock comes from the idea that you can't be an old punk. "how can someone be 45 and into punk rock?" i used to think like that. being younger and seeing older people who were hanging out still, i'd think "what are you doing with yourself? you're 30 years old and you've been hanging out since '81!" i was 15 and i thought you couldn't be punk and old. live fast, die young. that's the aesthetic. it's a youth culture. or that's what it started to be in my interpretation. i haven't seen anyone who was oblivious to it in their teens, get into punk rock when they're older. it's a youth-driven thing.

i think the biggest change is that moving on of generation. people staying active into their 30's and 40's. they're punk. it's their life. there isn't going to be a time when i'm going to grow up and say, "back in my younger days, when i used to go to shows..." i think that's a really hard thing to think about: 'i'm punk. it's what i do.'

because a lot of my friends that i knew when i was younger who were in bands and were really active (5-10 years ago), are not into it anymore. they're just not. it was a phase and it makes them no better or worse than any of us. and people i was involved with just a few years ago are no longer into it. they've moved on with other things in their life. they still break out the records & cd's every once in a while. maybe go to a show once a year. go see fugazi or something but it's not a thing for them anymore. and that's okay. but i think that one of the reasons they leave is because they don't believe it's acceptable to be that way. it's a hard thing to come to grips with the idea that there is no end to it.

you're not going to die when you're 30. i want to grow old and live and have a family and make money for my family and have children. i'm a normal person but i live my ideals by a different set of morals. **It's hard to think about being punk rock & living a life.** maybe they own a house or a car that's not a piece of shit. maybe they have a few things that you'd consider nice. there's nothing wrong with that. but for a lot of people it's hard to reconcile because punk rock is so much about rejection. listen to all the old 7 seconds and it's all staying young until you die. i'm punk but i'm alive too and i'm allowed to be an active member of the community. i want to raise punk rock kids. or at least give them that option.

one punk offshoot that i think is cool is diet. it's an example of how one should live their life. forever. if someone decides to become vegetarian or vegan then it's not just a phase. or it shouldn't be. my roommate john henry has been vegetarian for 11 years. he's going to be that way forever. that's a step in the right direction. becoming punk rock is a life-changing thing. it's not a phase or college fad. and a lot of people see it as an attainable peer group. that's what my mom always said. you're just with these people because they don't question you. that's one way to look at it but i think right now that i want to be doing this forever. i can't see myself giving up what i'm doing now.

— don't stop now —>

whatever i do in the future i want it to involve the things i like and the things i stand for. the exchange of ideas and a no-bullshit approach. you get what you deserve. no cherry on top. it's fucking ugly and gross and naked. no holds barred. and that's how i hope it'll always be.

i want to be upfront in everything i do. if you want to know anything about what's going on, then i'll show you everything. if you want to know where all the money's going, then fine. you want to do something, i'll help you. you want to do it here, awesome- i'll help you as much as i can. you don't want to do it here, that's fine too. just to be able to foster a community and idea . . . to be 35 and still active. active because of their beliefs. that's the change that people need to make.

it's scary. i'm looking at making \$10,000 as the top grossing year in my life and i don't care. that's okay with me. i have a college degree and i'm halfway through my masters and that's okay. what i'm doing and what i get from it is more important than anything else in the world. giving and challenging people and always striving for myself to be the best person i can be, that's the most important. never giving up on a belief because you think you need to be more responsible or dressing or acting. i get that all the time. my parents are middle-class. i have friends that aren't punk rock & we can talk about the old days but this is me and always will be me. i'm sorry if you don't like it or find it respectable.

i'd love to see more people getting into it when they're 40. i'd love to see 80 year old punks. how cool would that be? maybe we'll be the first generation to do it. i'm still wearing my food not bombs shirts and listen to punk. that's crazy. i'm still ordering from AK press and doing zines when i'm 70 years old. harsh biting realities- that's what i'd like to see. that's when you finally get it. it's not a fad or a lifestyle, it's a movement. if it's too insular and intense then you burn out because it becomes such a finite experience. that's why i'm glad the hardback forces you to deal with other people. yes, you're punk but there's a whole bunch of other people expressing it different ways and whether i want to admit it or not, they are part of my nation. the bonehead-skinhead guy in boots and braces is just as punk as i am. he's part of it too. people that want to shut that out. i understand where your anger is coming from and your disappointment. but you can't cut off your own leg if you want to walk. you have to embrace it. **punk is not pretty.** it's ugly and gross. it's people you don't want to deal with. that's the beauty of it. whether they have a pink mohawk or a vulcan cut. whether they have fucking highwaters or jeans with safety pins.

Wayward Council

is an upstart record store. We are open every Saturday, noon to 8p.m. in the Hardback (next to the Hipp).

Our goal is to run a non-profit, community-centered organization, basically, we'd really just like to create

a good place to buy records,

or maybe hangout with our friends and play some ruthless games of backgammon (maybe that's just what Frank wants...). Anyway, it's a lot like a summer clubhouse at the moment, and if you come down, you might just

make a couple new friends.

and find out what the Gainesville youth revolution is all about. The four of us who conceived this idea, and all our friends who make it happen, don't care to make a dime. We do care about creating a place to meet friends, get our hands on new music,

or maybe have a few laughs.

We have zines, records, 7 inches, and cds. There's also t-shirts, buttons, patches, and other assorted weird stuff. At the moment, we buy used records, but not cds (give us a few weeks!). So, we're just a bunch of kids like you doing something because we really believe in it. You might too.

Why don't you check us out?

Advert for said record store. I always go by after closing the library. To talk & hang out & play pool there is quietly amazing.

i can see where you may not want to hang out with certain people personally but they'll always be wrong if you shut them off. imagine there's this club and you keep getting shut out because you're not the cardboard cutout. that's why the hardback's important. and doing whatever you want is important. and i want to hand it over to someone one day who's just as open-arms. i don't always want to have to organize things. there are other things i want to do too but i want to set up something infallible.

who knows? a year from now it could all crumble but i don't think that's going to happen. so many people get so much out of it. it's not whether you see this show or hear this record or read this book, it's the idea that you choose to live your life a certain way because you think it's better. and i know all over the world there are people living like me & there's validity in it.

you wonder why other movements fail. one thing that always sticks in my mind from when i was a little kid was a line in a 7 seconds song where kevin seconds says he wants punk rock to succeed where the hippies failed. why did the hippies fail? because they all gave up. after the 60's ended, there was a wave leftover from the civil rights movement and you had these people that fought for what they wanted. and then the white middle-class got involved and didn't do anything in my opinion except become self-important. but they had something and led an alternative lifestyle until they gave it up. not all of them, but as a movement it died. there was no more creative output and that's what i don't want happening in 20 years where punk's a joke or an mtv commercial.

but to think that 20 years a go bad brains was playing shows in d.c., who'd have thought that 20 years later the punk rock nation would be so big. and it's retardedly big. i just think that the next step after the first 25 years will be galvanizing the older generation.

the best issue of mrr i ever got was the punks over 30 issue. i still have it. i keep it by my bedside and flip through it for inspiration. i'm only 24 years old and i'm scared that i work 80 hours a week. but then i read about al flipside at 38 years old still putting out his zine. tim yohannon, 50 years old, the punkest guy ever. seriously. i don't understand why he doesn't get more respect. he's one of the architects. look at mrr- to be consistent for so long and be a non-profit organization that runs like clockwork. it's genius.

mrr will still be going in 20 years. when i was 15 i read mrr and that was it. now it's splintered off, but mrr is still the flagship and deservedly show. people should criticize it but also respect it instead of yelling at it. get involved and change it.

sometimes i see the mrr as the hardback. you always need new people and new energy but it has to be an older set too. we must be insular on our own. i have dreams- shows, record store, the print shop we have at our house, one day a restaurant, collective auto shop. reaching out to all parts of society whereby you can hire people and everyone can be a part. for some people it will always be a hobby and for some people it should be because it takes a lot of letting go. there's no respect and no guarantee. it could all collapse tomorrow so i gotta work extra hard today. it's a way of thinking and a way of life. we need people to operate like that at large in the community. there's something to be done and something to be said.

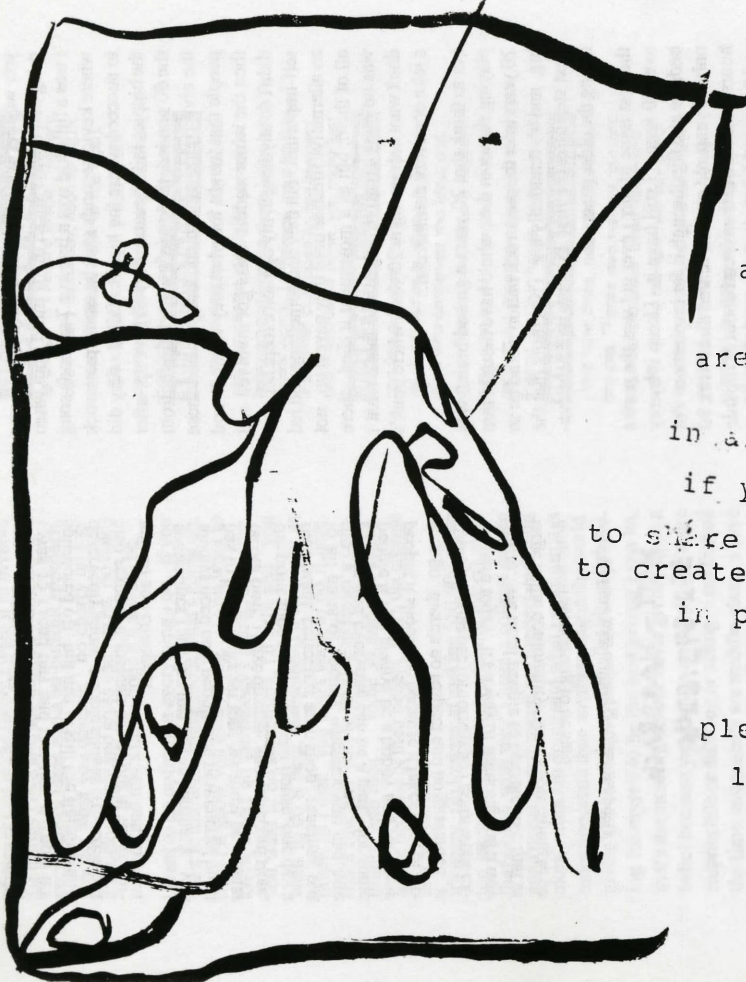
i didn't really talk about my jobs...sorry.

MATT - HARDBACK
352.372.6248



punker (PARTY with ME)

i don't want any of this to come off as bragging about how punk my friends are or how cool gainesville is. right now seems a fateful time- so many people are trying to live their life as best they can between their **ideals** & their rent. i want these stories to give hope. to know that stubborn adherence can beat a path. i didn't interview everyone i wanted to so if you feel left out i'm sorry. you mean more to me than you all will ever know. just by being yourselves. **thank you.**



zine library

nobody tells our sordid little histories
better than we do... and zines serve as
markers of that history-- the spaces

where anyone can verbally or
artistically show her/his standpoint on
the world. at the civic media center we
are trying to document that collective

history
in all of its dirty glory and exaggerations.

if you have any zines that you would like
to share with others (especially if you've helped
to create any!) please donate them to our library.*
in particular, we need both old and new
gainesville zines.

please stop by the CMC and use the zine
library... it's there for everyone.

CIVIC MEDIA CENTER: 373.0010
1021 west university avenue
gainesville, fl. 32601

*send zines to my po box for
inclusion. quoted work
on the zine library on fridays.

ock	L
vank	1
vissray	3
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mb wtA	
mb wtB	
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ShrdTch	73/8	...	Techclone	2
SherEn n	45/8 -	1/16	TechRsh	23/16
ShopHm n	33/8 +	1/32	TelCTV	69/8
SiebrtFn s	107/8 -	1 1/8	TelC pIB	84
SigaPhn n	41/4	...	TelefMex	29/16
SiicLtd	33/8 +	3/8	Telmn wt	337/8



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Somantc	5/8	...		ThmoM wt	3/32	
SndSrcce wt	3/16	...		Thrmogn	2/8	-
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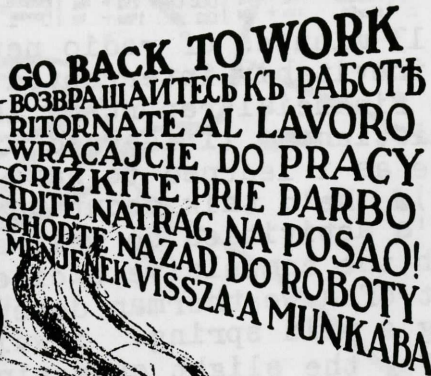


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9 1/2 - 23/8	NewFrm n 4 1/4	"-150" 4 5/8	RecvN ₁	
31 1/6 - 7/32	NewFr n 3 1/4 + 1/4	" 4 - 1/4	RecvN ₂	
40 3/4 - 1/4	NHKidQ n 5/16	9/16	RecvN ₃	
3/8 - 3/32	NwWEV	7/11	RecvN ₄	
	NYT			

typical revenge fantasy scenario
(me just daydream)

The Strike Has Failed



South slavery is more proselyted. Just
before separating, someone the American
on job : the in American.

Parasfili w wyjątkowej Amerykańskiej w.
wspierali w imieniu państwa dla swych, rady
kalisz grupy opozycyjne, którzy dali do
prezesa państwa dozwoli opozycyjni; ampu
nych reaktorów powstali tak do podzi
mających narodzić.

Wracajcie do pracy.

The end of the steel strike is in sight. Failure was written across it before it was a day old.

American workers who understood the radical element that is seeking to operate under the cloak of organized labor are now back. Few of them ever left their work—only a few foreign-born—mostly aliens, who allowed themselves to be swayed by the un-American teachings of radical strike agitators. Each day more and more of these are seeing the light and returning to work.

Same heads in labor's own ranks have saved American liberty in this great struggle and have again decisively demonstrated that nothing short of 100% Americanism can hope to win out in this country.

The strike has failed. GO BACK TO WORK.

100

Provede se štiti kod obredne nastave da učenici "pravno" upravljaju mačevima i belim.

Amerilka tatarova, da vedno vlada, jaz upravljam od pulovca, roditeljski lupeni ast-tata. Oci natece do labeau staveja hujde dolro štednja, pavezodj rednake in sode, z naj bovine vilo male manje.

Nadate se debe prevenciói de la en-
fermedad en América. Frente a la
pandemia, el gobierno "debe prevenir".
Ellos están en el centro.

(b)(5)

La ripresa dell'industria metallurgica non potrà essere guadagnata perché non fu ordinata ed è contro l'America.

Ecco il risultato di uomini che operano.

La costituzione Amersbach del governo della maggioranza non piaceva a un gruppo di socialisti e radicali astorici che cercavano di influenzare il lavoro estremo di migliaia di

Non lasciarti impressionare più a lungo.
Capotece con l'Amorva in tutto ciò che
non da voi richianda
Tante il vostro lavoro e state ancora

—

Plumierio stricte ne val illoque in mare
procuramus ne per Americanos liget hanc et per
nos Americanos

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Daugumas Amerikis lites lites lites lites
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petra sappharim, fedivru darshanam. Uta-
duta had tes pandahara kharma u vadaru
Nandubhai daga-u moni Navehi u
America u u i no ideashu. Disha u dihashi
me "maras lekam".
Gidishu uris dush.

200

Je on pesterovat' sud'mi. k'ori on macha
Je on pesterovat' sud'mi. k'ori on macha
vivot "červena" v'ide anachar a bulirva.

Američtí utamováni vlivem: vlivem je
chráněn podniky nejen rodinných
tatořů. Oni chci má více dle planých
blatých robotník postavil roboty, puz.
vél je to hudeb namodané moudry

Nădăruie în d'alea balamucilor Dăruie a Amer.
 căruie a se vâdăruie în America cauă Dăruie
 op vâdă: căruie a pământuie unde "dăruie
 căruie".
 Căruie te mândăruie de căruie.

(Russo)
BUNNABITE 30BY 1 NERNUM

Ставший забастовка не может победить. Она одинаково немалая, только не так, как для нас так и не для Америки.

Забастовку эту ведут очажники, люди, желающие ввести "красную" анархию и большегизми в край свобод и благосостояния.

Американские учреждения подвергаются угрозам замораживания, радикальных групп агитаторов. Они пробуют лишить работы сотни тысяч хорошо зарабатывающих и бережливых рабочих единственно по капризу меньшинства.

Не позволяйте себе дальше об
называть, стойте за Америку и за
все Американское. Продолжайте ра
боту и радуйтесь "хорошим вре
менам".

ВОЗВРАЩАЙТЕСЬ КЪ РАБОТѢ

(Muzika)

**Hallgasson Amerika
szertára.**

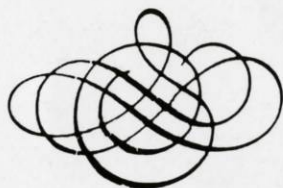
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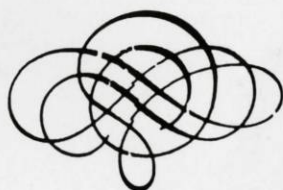
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Amorica mellei et mellei a mellei a mellei
ita velut Taron a halye et mellei et mellei
dilecti

Go Back To Work

if i dislike working,
it is because the day begins
by leaving the exact opulence
of your bed & the safety
of your arms.



WRITE: PO Box
13077
GAINESVILLE, FL
32604-1077



Oracle Context



JOBS FOR ALL AFTER THE WAR

