

Behind the Zines

#14

A zine About
zines



September 2022

Intro

Issue #13 of Behind the Zines was kind of unique, for a couple of reasons. For one thing, it was the first issue that doesn't contain any of my writing. I didn't even have room for an introduction! Secondly, it was the first issue that I sent away to be printed, rather than folding and stapling every copy myself. I know some people think that having your zine professionally printed takes away some of the street cred. But the people who think that usually print 20 or 30 copies of their stuff, not 200 or 300.

I am happy that BTZ sells enough copies that I don't have time to staple them all by hand. I'm also happy that enough people want to be involved that I end up cutting my own pieces to make room for theirs. THANK YOU. Keep sending me submissions. This is a group effort.

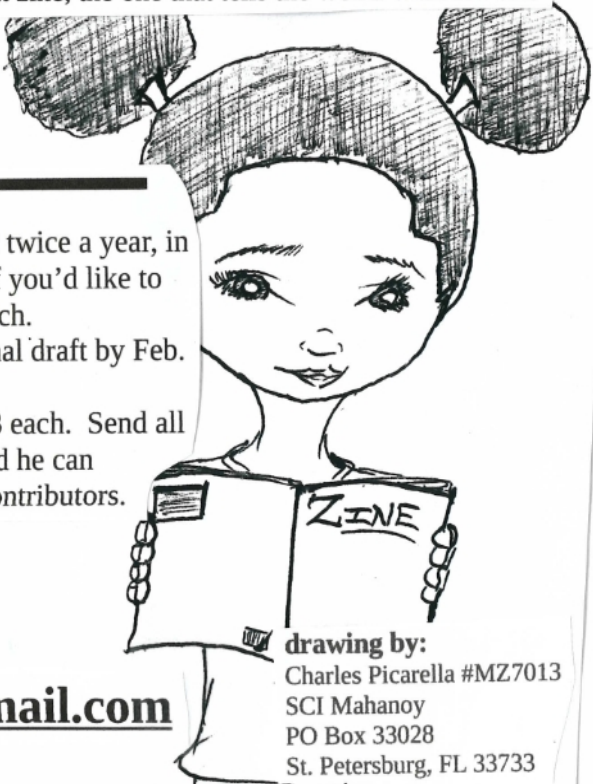
As we try and push our way out of a pandemic, as women lose reproductive rights here in America, as Putin rapes and kills innocent people in Ukraine, and as so many other hardships come down all around the world, I know that this zine is not too important in the grand scheme of things. But I feel so honored to be part of the zine scene, and so happy every time I put out a new issue of BTZ. Let this be your inspiration, let this help ignite your creative spark. Let this be just a little dab of glue to help hold our scene together. Then go and write a new issue of your own zine, the one that tells the world what it's like *to be you*.

-Billy McCall

Behind the Zines comes out twice a year, in March and in September. If you'd like to contribute, please get in touch. Submissions by January, final draft by Feb.

Back issues available for \$3 each. Send all correspondence to Billy, and he can forward it on to the other contributors.

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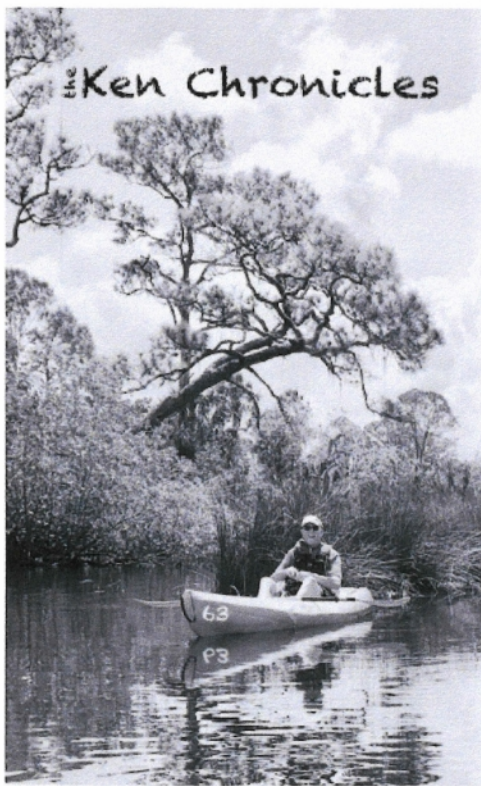


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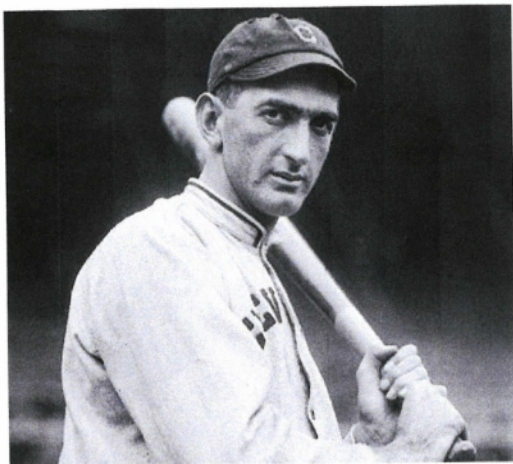
If You Build it... By Ken Bausert

Finding the inspiration to write can sometimes be difficult. At one time or another we've probably all been sitting at a computer or typewriter agonizing over the fact that nothing is popping into our heads. Obviously, we all welcome that moment when something clicks and we're driven to put it all down on paper (or pixels) before the magic is gone. I remember several times when I was lying in bed and an idea hit, prompting me to get up, go over to my desk, and record it before it was lost. Being able to write things that satisfy my creative muse can be gratifying but sometimes elusive so I grab it while I can.

I have an ongoing feature in my *Ken Chronicles* called, "People, Places & Things (That Aren't There Anymore)." I like to put it together in that order, writing about a person who's no longer with us before the other two. And, while it would be easy to just pick some well-known figure and write about their life or accomplishment, I prefer them to have some sort of personal interest or connection to me. I was recently working on my next issue and already knew which place and thing I wanted to include but I couldn't come up with a person whom I was satisfied with writing about this time.



I then came across an article in Sports Illustrated, all about the recent baseball game played by the Chicago White Sox and New York Yankees at a new field constructed on the site of the Iowa cornfield where the movie, *Field Of Dreams* was filmed. It mentioned Shoeless Joe Jackson, a pretty interesting character by himself, and his connection to the movie, and I knew I had my person to write about. I happen to be a lover of Baseball Lore, have seen and enjoyed the film (*Field Of Dreams*), and was excited by the coincidences that were pointed out in the article. The White Sox defeated the Yankees through a walk-off home run in this most recent game and it turns out that Shoeless Joe Jackson, playing for the 1919 White Sox, was the first player to ever hit a walk-off home run against the Yankees. I thought that was pretty awesome and, after putting this current article together, I felt a real sense of fulfillment for finding these facts and incorporating them into my Chronicles.



As zinesters, we have a slight advantage over those people who have to write for a living; if they don't perform, they can't put food on their table. If I'm out of ideas I can simply walk away, do something else, and wait for the right moment to hit. Obviously, we all enjoy writing or we wouldn't be creating zines in the first place. Or, perhaps, we have an agenda and writing is the best way to convey our ideas to other people. Either way, we gain personal satisfaction when we're able to write something that we're happy with that also is of interest to our readers.

For the latest issue of The Ken Chronicles, email Ken at passscribe@aol.com

Photozine Statements

by Ed Tillman

Recently, I was looking over my much-neglected zine review blog, The Faceville Review. I was thinking about reviving it – and I may still – however, what struck me was a basic criticism I had for almost every photo zine I had reviewed. Each review contained some form of “I wish I knew more about these photographs.”

Now I am not here to preach. As a photographer myself, I know that we would like our images to speak for themselves. Further, as a dyslexic and a visual kinda guy, I HATE writing dang artist statements. However, as a fan of photography and as a zine reader, there are a few things that I would like to be clued into as I look at a photozine. So please take this article in the helpful spirit with which I offer it.

First, what am I looking at? Just tell me straight up, what are they?

“These are photos from my iPhone 4”

“Scans from 35mm Kodachrome slides”

“Digital photos from a toy camera that I printed and hand-tinted with colored pencils”

Second, give us some sense of when and where

“I took these when Los Angeles was in pandemic lockdown”

“My grandpa took these on a trip to Europe sometime in the 70s”

“Satellite Beach, Fla. July 4, 2014”

Now, if you are pen shy, you can stop right there. At least I have some context for the images but if you want extra credit, try 3 and 4.

Third, a quick line or two about why you were drawn to the subject

“This was the last summer my high school friends and I were together, and I wanted to document our friendship before we went our separate ways.”

“I am in a creative drought, so I photographed my toenail clippings for one year.”

“Here is every dessert I ate in March.”

Fourth and last, Anything else you want to add. Albeit terse, please.

“Prints are for sale in my Etsy shop.”

“I hope to continue the series next year.”

“The picture of my Aunt Rose won a local photo contest.”

And DONE! See that wasn't so bad, was it? So to recap, here is a simple example of an artist's statement for a fictitious photo zine:

“This series of photos was taken in the summer of 2018 when I worked as a roadie and photographer for the retro-punk band ‘Skinny White Dudes.’ The color images were taken with my Canon D7 and the black and white ones with my vintage Kodak Brownie Starflex. We played in and around Fort Smith, AK and Birmingham, AL.”

Aca-zine-ia

by Anna Gecko

I'm the kind of nerd who reads academic articles for fun. Since my university still grants me access to journals over the summer, I figured I'd look at some zine-related research and report back!

Fife, Kirsty. "Not for You? Ethical Implications of Archiving Zines." *Punk & Post Punk*, vol. 8, no. 2, 2019, pp. 227–242., https://doi.org/10.1386/punk.8.2.227_1.

The whole thing about zines is that anyone can make them, right? They don't require institutional credentials. Yet zines are records -- primary documentation -- and so there's an institutional interest in archiving them. A zinester maintains some control over who has access to their zine... but if their work is archived by an institution, the creator loses that control. Fife examines how researchers can ethically approach both the physical zines and the zine community.

As a personal note, I'm enjoying Fife's *Adventures in Academia* zine series.

Baker, Sarah, and Zelmarie Cantillon. "Zines as Community Archive." *Archival Science*, 2022, <https://doi.org/10.1007/s10502-022-09388-1>.

Where the small details of everyday life may be overlooked in institutional historical work, zines create space to record lived experience. Here, Baker and Cantillon demonstrate how. They organized a compilation zine, *See You at the Paradise/Ketch Yorlye Daun Paradise*, about the Paradise Hotel on Norfolk Island, Australia. The result is a zine with the purpose of keeping a historical record.

Hall, Suzanna. "Fashion Torn up: Exploring the Potential of Zines and Alternative Fashion Press Publications in Academic Library Collections." *Library Trends*, vol. 70, no. 1, 2021, pp. 51–71., <https://doi.org/10.1353/lib.2021.0013>.

One of the first zines I ever considered submitting to was called *Hot Nonbinary*. It was meant to be a celebration of nonbinary existence, including fashion. I don't think it was ever actually published, but the idea still holds a place in my heart.

Zines are good for that, providing space for marginalized communities. Hall's article examines the implications of that: how zines fill in spaces that "mainstream" magazines overlook and how libraries can provide these alternative views for their readers.

While doing this literature review, I felt a kind of pride.

These zines didn't start in academia: the zine communities existed, and academia paid attention.

There's a power in doing it yourself. Rock on!

How To Cite A Zine in MLA!

Author's Last Name, First Name, *Title of Zine*. [Zine], Volume or issue number. City of publication. Year of publication.

For example:

Gecko, Anna, *Jade Vine*. [zine], issue 1. Honolulu, Hawaii. 2016.

Making zines on the cheap

by Heather Andhercats

Part of the reason that I love making zines is that they are affordable and anti-establishment, a true egalitarian art form. I love that they are also their own form of currency and since they can be made cheaply, I can afford to give them away to my friends. But, like everything else, the price of photocopies is more than it used to be. One thing to know about me is I am all about a deal. Rule of acquisition number 3 clearly states: Never pay more for an acquisition than you have to. (DS9 fans, you get me.) And I couldn't agree more. Money is stupid and capitalism sucks *and* that is the system we are stuck with, so I'm here to tell you how to game it with regards to getting your zines made for cheap or free.

Printing:

Investigate your local library resources! The Kansas City public library allows you to print up to 100 black and white pages on plain printer paper per day. (You can bet your ass that I was there every day for the last few weeks leading up to KC zine con.) They don't let you print on cardstock, so I couldn't print my covers, but it still saved me a bunch of money! Even if your library doesn't offer free copies, they often have them at below market prices and they have tables where you can sit down to collate, staple and fold if you want to. (They also don't play bad music, like every other place that I have ever made photocopies!) Some libraries are cool and let you pay using your library card instead of having to bring a bunch of cash to feed the copier. (Thank you Evanston Public Library North Branch! My preferred place to print when I lived in Roger's Park, Chicago.)

In addition, the UPS store offers a bulk discount for copies, I think it has to be over 500 pages to get the good price, but when you're printing double-sided, the page-count adds up fast! They also use the honor system and let you tell them how many copies you made at my local store; sometimes I'm more honorable than others. I may on occasion forget to mention that my color pages were double-sided, if they ask, I will tell, but if they don't, that's fine with me. Docucopy is where to order prints online, I haven't used them yet, but I hear good things from Liz Mason. Canva is good for getting color prints online. They charge the same price for double sided as single sided, I don't know why, but you can make that work for you! (but make sure you have your images at 300dpi because they print at high resolution and you will get pixel ghosts if you don't!)

Layouts:

The catch to the free printing at my library, or cheap printing online is you have to have your zine proofs in digital format. For us old school style zinesters that can be a challenge, but saving money is good motivation. I got a used scanner at my local creative reuse store for \$10 and scanned everything. My guy got me a cracked version of Photoshop 5 and InDesign 5 for free illegally on the internet, and it's old but it works! Any program where you can adjust your dpi and do page layouts will do, make sure all your images are at least 300 dpi so they print good. I have had better luck printing at lower resolution; high-res printing reveals the flaws, but low res is like that beauty filter that smooths out your wrinkles. Canva is good for doing digital layouts legitimately for free online, but it's more limited than my pirated copy of InDesign.

Cardstock:

Zines look and sell better when they have cardstock covers! I now get my card stock almost exclusively from my local creative reuse store (shout out to ScrapsKC!) They have bundles of assorted colors for like \$4, you won't find a better deal than that anywhere! You can also get a big box of staples for \$0.50, the same box will cost you like \$9 at Target, fuck that! See if there are any creative reuse shops in your area, mine is literally my favorite place. Also, always check the clearance section if you are in a store that sells paper! I have randomly gotten some sweet deals on cardstock that way.

Printers: Free is always the best price.

In addition to the side of the road, I recommend checking the free section on Craigslist, Offerup, or your preferred local online marketplace-whatevers. The catch with printers is that ink is stupid expensive, and if you decide the page-yield by what you paid for ink, it can end up costing more than going to a copy store. Do your research before committing to a printer. Your wallet will be glad you did. I dream about owning my own photocopier, a big old xerox machine, and never having go to another stupid FedEx, OfficeMax/Depot, Staples or UPS store ever again. They have taken a lot of my money, and I have scammed them as much as I could in return, but I'm ready to start the next chapter of zine making where I can do it legit for free at the library and also at home for cheap.

Setting Your Price

by Billy McCall

The three hobbies that occupy my free time are zines, punk rock, and graffiti. It's no coincidence that these three things are all equally unprofitable. Sure, it's *possible*. Certain zinesters create that one product that goes mainstream, certain punk bands are played on the radio, and certain graffiti artists have clothing lines being sold in malls across the world. It happens, but not too often.

And that's part of the charm, right? Their unprofitable nature is what keeps them pure. Mainstream products try to appeal to as many people as possible, which means they are refined to the point of blandness. But zines just exist. As a creator, you just make the thing you want to make. Maybe someone will read it, maybe not. And as a reader, you have to read a lot of zines you don't like to find the ones *you do like*. All of this is part of the process, part of the culture.

So, how do you decide upon a price for something people might not want? Something people may have never heard of. It can be tricky some times. And I certainly don't want to be the "price police." **You set your prices however you want**, I don't really care. But if you are struggling with that new issue, here are a few things to consider.

Effort – How long did it take you to make this? How hard was it to create? Some people write and rewrite, then cut out each line or each word, gluing them down in a creative layout. Some times a zine is just a few drawings that are copied and done. I don't believe in calculating all the hours and trying to figure out, "Well, if this was my job, and I was getting \$10 an hour, then I need to sell these for...." This isn't my job, it's my hobby. *But*, certainly some zines are easier to make than others, and it's okay to reflect that (going either direction) in your price.

Cost – The cost of your supplies always has to be a factor. This includes, on small levels, things like tape and glue and scissors. But if you are doing something special, like printing on cardstock, or screen-printing your cover, then there might be other costs. It can be tough to calculate. Price of copies is easy to calculate. If a zine costs you \$1 to copy, then

charging \$2 or \$3 seems fine. By charging \$2 for a zine that cost you \$1, that extra money covers the other random supplies, and makes up for any copies you are giving away to friends and in trade.

Location of Sales – This is one thing most people don't consider until after they are already selling their stuff. The location of sales matters because it determines how much money you are actually getting back in return. If you sell someone a zine for \$5, in real life, then you put \$5 in your pocket. If you sell it online then you will likely pay some sort of fee, so out of \$5 you are probably only making \$4.50 or whatever. Plus you need to decide whether or not to pay for shipping, or have them pay for shipping. Plus you need to pay for envelopes, etc. Then if you sell in a store, you'll only get between 50% and 60% of the cover price. So a \$5 sale is now only bringing you \$3. If the zine cost you \$2.50 to make, then you are basically breaking even. Which is okay, but just keep all that in mind when setting the price to being with.

Uniqueness – Maybe your zine only costs \$1 to make, but it comes with a cool sticker. Or it's about a topic that is extremely specific. Maybe you, yourself, are in some unique situation. Zines made by marginalized people tend to sell at higher prices than run-of-the-mill punk zines by white dudes. Don't get me wrong, I love punk zines by white dudes. I mean, I'm a white dude who writes punk zines. But when a zine is coming from some totally different angle, I'm willing to pay a bit extra for it. Most people are.

Your Situation – And ultimately, only you know what you need to get out of this. Are you broke and need the money? Are you financially comfortable and don't give a shit about money? One friend of mine does full-color zines and charges \$2 each for him. WHERE IS HE GETTING FREE COLOR COPIES!?! I don't know, and I don't ask. There's a zine called "Something for Nothing" that has been around for 20 years. He's never charged for it. You'll get "something" for "nothing," all you have to do is ask. And he ain't rich. But he accepts this as his love, his hobby, and he expects to lose money doing it, no big deal. For me, I want to at least get back my costs. But I will lose money on some projects, if I am expecting to make more on something else. The main thing is for you to feel like both parties got a good deal when that transaction is completed!

Luddite? Luddite!

“Any system that reduces the world to numbers can only be held in place by weapons.”

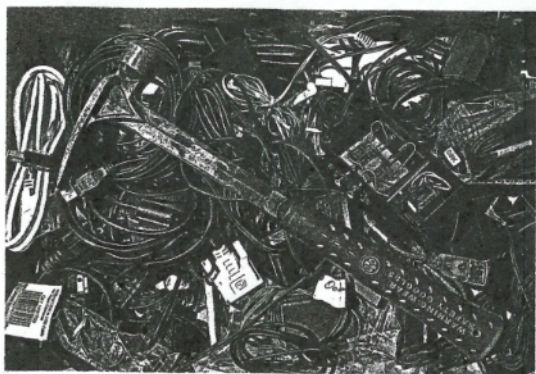
—David Graeber, *Debt: The First 5000 Years*

Beyond being a punk and a zinester, I'm not much for self-labeling, not much for joining strict groups with a lot of rules. But the more I read about them, I think I'm a Luddite.

The origin of the term is still in contention, but the broad strokes were that it was a machine-breaking movement that appeared in Britain during the first Industrial Revolution. Between 1810 and 1812, England was at war with Napoleon. Wars are stupid, expensive, and fueled by lower class bodies. The British upper and middle classes, since they didn't have literal skin in the game, backed the government's war. Unemployment and inflation spiked to pay for implements of killing and destruction. The lower class—the essential workers who actually made things—had few options for meaningful protest, so they started smashing and sabotaging their bosses' looms, printing presses, grain processors, you name it. Because to get the attention of the upper classes, fuck with their property. These protests were so successful and the movement was so widespread that for lengths of the war, there were more British soldiers fighting the Luddites on English soil than there were fighting Napoleon's forces on the Iberian Peninsula.

Today, Luddite is a broader term. Technology, to me, is like inviting a hard drug addict you don't know right into the middle of all of your conversations, giving them the keys to everything you own, and thinking everything's going to be fine. I'm just not that trusting. Technology's something I try to limit my exposure to, something I'm very leery of. I have serious moral and ethical concerns that technological inventions have evolved to control us, rather than serve us. Stuff as ubiquitous and seemingly mundane as FICO scores (for your credit rating), Instagram (for your popularity rating), and Google ranking (to see if you exist online) are all run by proprietary, trade-secret-protected black boxes of digital calculations. They're algorithms—math recipes—owned by multinational corporations who harvest the data of you, me, everyone who's ever been online, applied for a loan, or opened a social media account.

I'm not a technophobe. I'm techno-hesitant. I voluntarily engage in simplicity and actively resist consumerism. And this is where zines come into play. When we started *Razorcake* in 2001, we made investments in computers and software. My handwriting is terrible. The charm of using a typewriter to type 112 pages correctly-enough every two months held no appeal, so bare bones computers it was. And is. Twenty-two years later we intentionally do the absolute minimum upgrades. This is by design. I actively challenge the assertion that when a new technology floods a society's consciousness, the previous technology it's "replacing" is made "redundant" because of "inferiority." It's rarely an improvement on what already exists. Most often, it's a reshuffling of a deck (like when supermarkets move their sections around to force you to take different paths through the store). I resent being controlled by technology. I resent the early retirement of perfectly great technology—like zines—solely because something new and shiny has come along.



Here's a quick example. In the early 2000s enough people bought into the promise of webzines, predicting and then betting on the demise of all print media. Name me one kick-ass purely webzine from that era and bring it up on your electronic device that has access "to everything." Go ahead. I'll wait... In the meantime, I can name fifteen great print zines from the same era. And, oh wait, they're hanging out in my library, ready to be re-read. They didn't get deleted.

I have a real hard fucking time believing that modern industrialists like Bill Gates, Elon Musk, Mark Zuckerberg, and Jeff Bezos have society's best interest in mind, as can be seen by how poorly they treat unions, the terrible employee equity (gender, ethnicity, and pay) in their corporations, and the fact that they're far more interested in shooting white cocks into space than developing technology that reinforces inclusion and sustainability. It's also bothersome that they get treated as very wise because they developed more invasive measures to separate people from their resources and privacy, but I

get it. Capitalism is a financial theory based on domination and depletion. These technology companies aren't here to do good; they're here to make as much money as possible every financial quarter.

So back to zines and why they remain important and vital. The counterintuitive good news is that they're low profile and based on a "dead" technology. It's been proven that it's really difficult to make money from them, so private equity firms aren't interested. You can write whatever you goddamn want in them, which is liberating. There's a freedom of being air-gapped from the internet, a freedom of not being considered a viable commodity. Zines are a constant reminder to be wary of any technology where you have to limit your own agency to participate. They also teach self-reliance and how to resist both technological aggression and authoritarianism (which comes in the form of the corporations' secrecy about their decision-making processes).

So back to the original Luddites. Upon further investigation, it's a gross oversimplification to say they hated machines and feared technological advances, that this is the sole reason they went nutso-smasho on the office copiers of their day and that's the end of the story. It's that the new technology was deployed in such a way that it deprived people of a livelihood overnight, people who'd spent their entire lives developing skills—often continuing a generational legacy of artisanal work. And they also had so few alternatives at their disposal. Voting wouldn't work, as there was no ballot to be cast against private enterprises. Short of widespread revolution or murdering their bosses, working people had few means of resistance at their disposal. Machine sabotage was one of them. They were given one "option" and it was licking the shit end of the stick. Skilled labor was indiscriminately herded into rote factory servitude via the Industrial Revolution. Technological advances themselves weren't the problem, per se. The problem was technology's glove over capitalism's fist. The problem was the dildos who owned the technology, how they deployed it, and the fact that they were the ones who largely benefited from it at such a high human and ecological cost.

Sound familiar?

—Todd Taylor, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042

Selling Out to Big Stapler

by Liz Mason

As children some people play with dolls or matchbox cars. Me and my friends, well, we played with office supplies. It stands to reason that, as a zine publisher, office supplies would be something I would have a special interest in. And a stapler, as something that binds my work, I would treasure it as one of the most iconic tools of the trade. In fact, my co-workers and I posted a comedic long-arm stapler duel video (see the IG: @quimbysbookstore), arguing about what was the most iconic zinester tool (scissors vs glue stick I think the joke was) and then off camera you hear the voice of reason who suggests it's a stapler. Because duh. It makes further sense, then, that I would decide to get a tattoo of a stapler. When I finally decided to get it done, of course it had to be a long-arm stapler (in most instances as of late the world calls it a long-reach). And of course, on my arm. Long-ARM stapler, get it? And it would have to be an ARM band, because ha ha funny, right? The idea is to have it be like an office supply ouroboros. (An ouroboros is the image of a snake eating its own tail, a symbol for wholeness.)

For the source photo, I literally emailed the tattoo artist (Su Houston @su_n_zoots) a screenshot from the Office Depot website of a long-arm stapler. I also brought the stapler with me to the appointment. I told her that even though the stapler was grey, I wanted it to be purple, which I joked was the girly version of grey. We toyed with different aspects of the image. Initially I liked the idea of there being marks coming out of the head of the stapler, as if it's in action, a take on the snake eating its own tail. I got the idea from a tattoo of my husband's, where his take on an ouroboros was a dog barking at its own tail, wrapped around his bicep. For aesthetic reasons, the artist and I decided to mix those marks, though the artist did say if I wanted to add those later we could do that. When she finished I was thrilled. The tattoo is lavender with accents of dark purple on places like the paper guide and the stapler feet.



I posted pictures on social media. On Twitter I wrote "New tattoo reveal! My trusty Stanley Bostitch long-arm stapler. The perfect reach for an arm band. I love it so much. It's like an office supply ouroboros," with further explanation on Instagram: "Ain't nuthin' wrong with a Swingline, but this one was baby's first long reacher, so it has a special place in my copy-scam-photocopied heart."

Bostitch, the actual company that makes the stapler this is modeled on, retweeted me and responded "Love it!" then DMed me to tell me how much they enjoyed my tattoo. They asked me if there was anything they could send me. I should mention that I'm an idiot who doesn't really have a full grasp of Twitter so their message (and their response to my initial Tweet) sat in my inbox for a week before I even noticed it.



Apparently, you have to approve messages from some hidden spot if they're not from people you follow on Twitter?! Everyone else knows this except me. Anyway, I was like "WAIT WHAT?" when I finally saw their response and message.

So I spent some time ogling staplers at their site in the middle of the night the same way that other people look at porn. I muttered things

like "Oooooo that one can go through 40 pieces of paper!", "Look at the size of that saddle stitcher daddy!" "A B8 PowerCrown Flat Clinch Stapler?! HOT MAMA!" You get the idea. I wrote back and profusely thanked them, also telling them about the 4 different staplers I was most enamored with, adding that I didn't think they would actually send me all four of them, but those were ones I really liked.

In the mean time, they must have done some light stalking because a guy from Bostitch actually came into Quimby's when I was working and gave me his card. He was like, "We love your stapler tattoo. We've been trying to get hold of you. We want to do content with you," which I thought was hilarious because I don't know what that means, and I can guarantee nothing will come of it, seeing as how that was weeks ago. But what do you know? They sent me a big box of all 4 staplers, and it was glorious.

I did a ridiculous unboxing on my IG, and the joke my friends won't let me live down is that I am now a stapler-fluencer, as if that means anything. But one box of four free staplers does not an influencer make. It has not resulted in further interest in my zines. Nor has it increased my followers on any social media. No, I have not noticed an influx in my online store.

But, SINCE YOU ASKED,

here are the staplers I received from Bostitch:

-an actual booklet stapler (not a long-arm; there's a V-shaped arch where you rest the fold of your zine, designed for center stapling. Alex Wreck of Stolen Sharpie Revolution and Portland Button Works has a nice Sailor Jerry-flash style tattoo of this one. Go holler at her about hers.)

-PaperPro Spring-Powered Heavy Duty Stapler

-an electric stapler! IN BLUE, YOU GUYS.

-the aforementioned B8 PowerCrown Flat Clinch Stapler

When I did the video, my Cul-de-sac co-conspirator Julie, the person I spent the most amount of time playing office with as kids, said, "You are a BOSS. Now let's go downstairs after work to the bar and get some drinks and Ritz Crackers," to which I responded, "First I must throw this invoice in the inbox, paper clip the memo and sign in triplicate with three different color pens. Ah there we go. It's quittin' time. Fill 'er up with Mountain Dew on the rocks and snap into a Slim Jim at the bar."

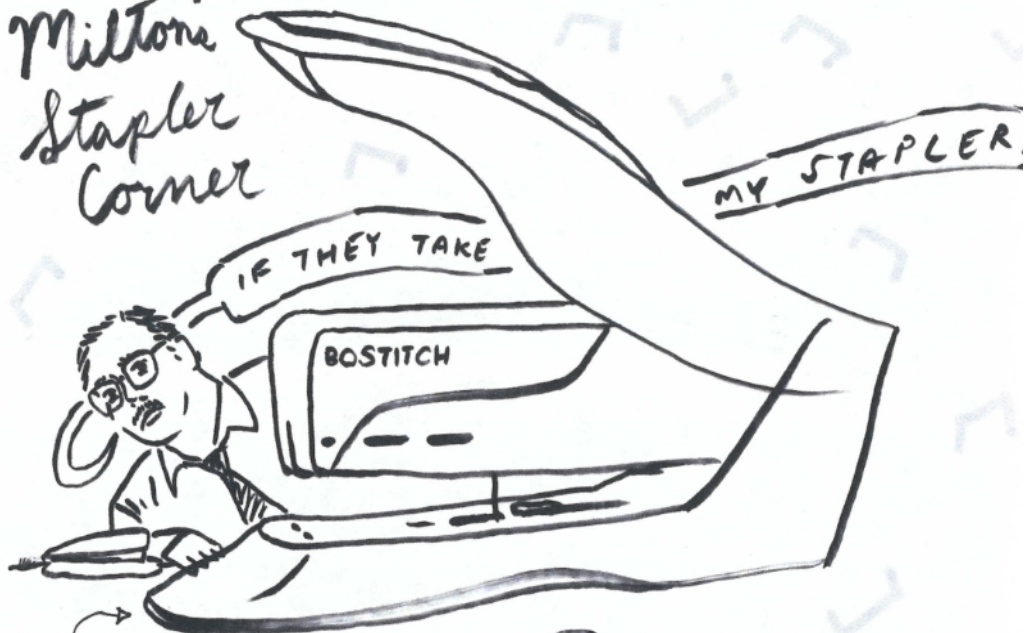
It is also worth mentioning that when I posted a link to my livestream on Facebook, John Marr weighed in. No, not the guitarist from the Smiths — that's Johnny Marr — though that would be weird and hilarious. No, John Marr, who wrote the zine *Murder Can Be Fun*. He started a nice 'n' nerdy thread about how saddle stitch staplers are actually better than long-arm staplers, which I appreciated. Now I have both and I have a hunch that in spite of my tattoo I'll probably get a lot of use from the booklet one. I won't have to move the paper guide the way I would with the long-arm ones.

My co-workers assume I will supply the store with a fancy stapler. But we can't have nice things at work because they get destroyed. So the saddle stitch and electric stapler (IN BLUE! IN CASE YOU FORGOT) both stay home. The PowerCrown

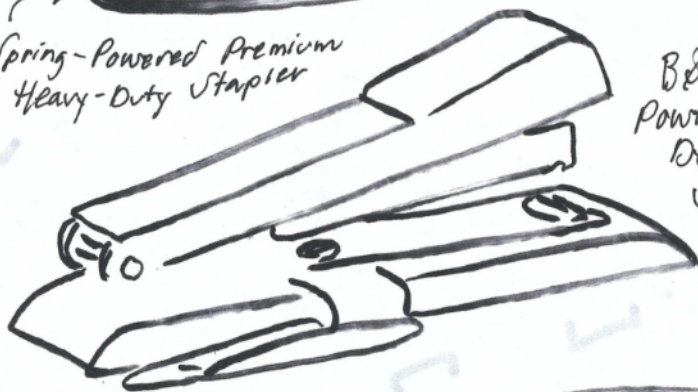


takes special expensive staples so that's a no go. I tried to donate the heavy duty stapler to the store but the staples were so hearty and big that the edges of them were poking back up through the front of the paper, because they're for bigger jobs. So guess what? All the staplers are for me, at home, where I will horde and caress them in the middle of the night forever and ever AMEN.

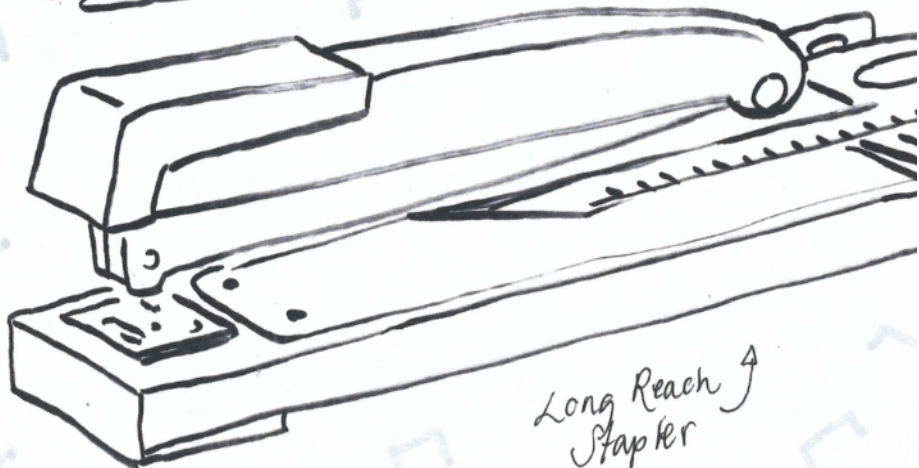
Milton's Stapler Corner



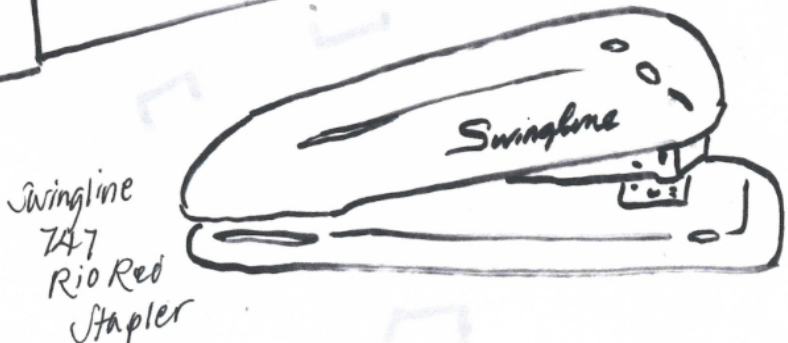
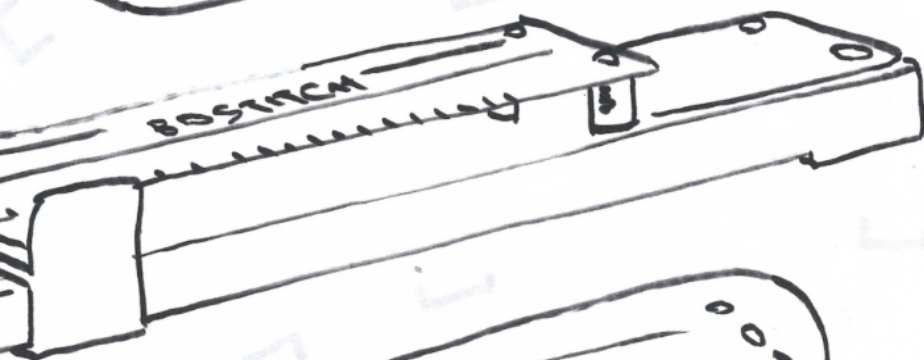
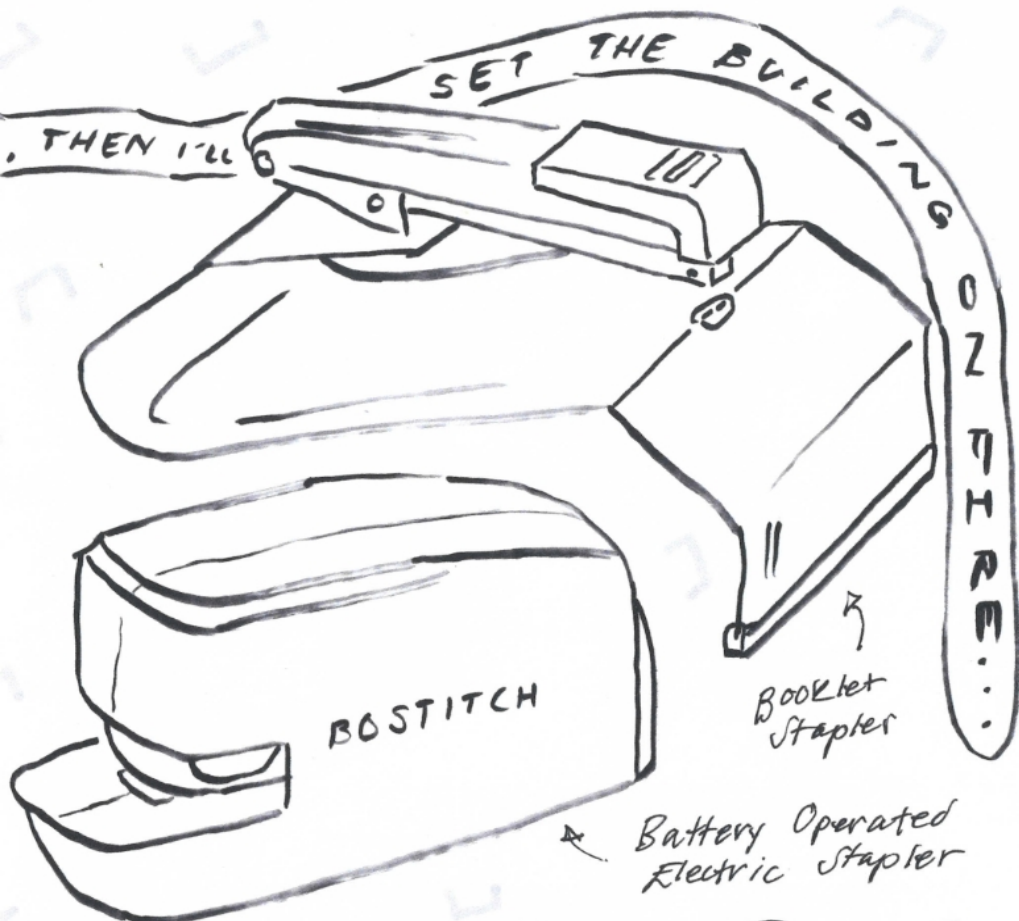
Spring-Powered Premium
Heavy-Duty Stapler



B8
Power Crown
Desktop
Stapler



Long Reach
Stapler



How to Earn your 60%

by Burf Quimby

The purest form of zine distribution is bartering. But there are also ways to distribute your zine in exchange for money. **Etsy** and **zine fairs** being the two most popular. There are **zine distributors** who will sell your zines by catalog. A few **bookstores** also take zines on consignment. This article is specifically based on my experience doing consignment at Quimby's in NY. Not every store has the same policies. Even between our two stores there are differences in how we deal with consignment but hopefully some general observations will be instructive.

Quimby's Bookstores have been selling any zine sent to us for over three decades. We don't have a jury process. Anyone who wants to send us their zine gets shelf space. It is exciting to imagine someone choosing your zine out of the hundreds we carry. We get readers who come to the store just for the zines as well as those who discover them for the first time. You will not find a more zine-friendly environment.

Before you send us your zine though you need to ask yourself a few questions.

Like: Do you understand what consignment is? Many people confuse it with commission. A commission is when a *sales person* takes a percentage on the sales they make. Consignment is when a *store* pays a percentage of the sale to the creator *after* their zine has sold and only pays for the ones that *have* sold.

Do you have an ounce of business sense? You need to keep records and you need to keep in touch, which sounds easy enough, but based on the number of people who wait years to contact us or don't remember the name they put on the agreement they *lost*, I must warn you that it ain't. I get it. Being creative and being organized are not always compatible talents. Our agreement requires you to take responsibility for shipping. We pay the expenses of keeping our doors open. It requires you to ask for an accounting of what we have sold and for payment. We cannot be expected to contact all of you with that information. The mere thought of it makes my head hurt.

Most bookstores deal with a small group of vendors that carry a large selection and keep their invoices to a minimum. This is why so few of them do consignment. Making you responsible for checking in is one way to make it more manageable.

So, is that a deal you can handle? You are going to have to go to the post office and pay to ship your zines. You are going to have to fill out the agreement *correctly*. You are going to have to remember a couple of months later to send us an email asking for an accounting and then you are going to have to contact us again for the next accounting a couple months after that and again a couple months after that and so on until either all your zines are sold or you ask us to return them to you for which *you* will pay the shipping. I hope the answer is yes, but there's no shame in admitting that is a lot of bother and consignment is not for you.



Do you expect to make money selling your zines at Quimby's? We will pay 60% of the retail price of all your zines we sell, and we do sell a lot of zines, but on average only a handful will sell more than the initial five copies we start with. With shipping considered, there's a good chance you will lose money. Of course, if your goal is to make money doing zines,

not only are you doing them for the wrong reason, you are deluded. It isn't impossible, but very rare. The authors who *do* make money generally publish new zines regularly, use every form of distribution available to them, and have at least an ounce of business sense.

Again, I hope the answer is yes. Yes, I want my zine to be seen. Yes, I believe there are people out there who are going to really dig my zine and have their worlds rocked. Yes, I can be reliable and organized. Because we want to make your zines available to our audience. We cannot get enough of them. My intention here is to explain not discourage.

Every day we get to make people happy by taking the zine they have worked so hard on and putting it on display and by giving them money for zines we have sold. Even if they lose money they are thrilled to know someone, a stranger, bought their creation. It is totally worth it for us and for you.

I will close with two items that have nothing to do with consignment. Just because I'm afraid this was too much about commerce and zines, always a fraught conjunction.

I am so proud when someone is inspired by the store to create a zine. This year, the mother of an old colleague visited, a great aficionado of books and bookstores, and she was enthralled enough by the selection of zines that she returned a few weeks later with her *own* zine which she based on her library and her favorite books. I was so impressed I invited myself over to her apartment to check it out and we have since become good friends. My other favorite thing is when some punk kid of no discernible gender plops down on the floor for three hours reading poetry chapbooks, buys a \$1 button on the way out and tells me my store is amazing. That is sterling.

Here are some stores that take zines on consignment!

Atomic Books

Lionstooth

Blue Stockings

Printed Matter

Desert Island (Comics)

Dale Zine

Wasted Ink

Quimbys

Wonder Fair

Underground Zines vs Underground Movies: My Love Affair with Opposing Mediums

By Scotty Leonard with the @lilyyellowtags crew

The first zine I produced was a compilation of 60 pages created by about 25-30 artists with the very specific intent of being read while really fucking high. The first underground movie I produced was a compilation of 60 different one-minute shorts created by over 100 filmmakers with the intent of being viewed while really fucking high. That being said, the process and reasoning for both was almost diametrically opposed.

The *Compendium of Nonsense*, my first zine, was created in secret while I was bored and on-the-clock. I had gained an interest in zines and surrealism while exploring The Internet Archive, and I thought, "Fuck it. I could probably bang one of these out too." I purchased a pamphlet stapler that could staple a "maximum of 15 pages" (or 60 pages if you're doing 4 pages to a sheet bookfold style on Microsoft Word), so 60 was my goal. I reached out to all my friends who were artists/photographers/writers for any work they'd created that they figured probably wouldn't ever be released, and I banged the whole thing out in my spare time over the course of 2 weeks. I released it under Creative Commons 4.0 so that 1) I wouldn't have to worry about paying royalties to the many artists if I sold a copy and 2) if a few people liked the project, they could self-release their own copies of the project without me having to ever put in more work than I already had. This way people could potentially make their own money distributing/remixing/reusing the work, and I wouldn't have to give a shit.

A few months later, COVID-19 hit, and while I was at home, I was no longer able to print the zines on my boss's dime. On the flip side, I had a lot of time to devote to my true passion - filmmaking. My buddy and I were smoking weed and watching a curated playlist of funny YouTube videos when we had the idea of creating our own video experience for viewing with your friends while under the influence. I'd always wanted to make a feature film, but my love of short-form video creation and my outrageously tiny attention span made this endeavor quite difficult. If we broke the movie up into 60 pieces, and played on the Power Hour YouTube video drinking games, perhaps I could trick myself into creating a feature film in the process. Quickly I realized that the project would be guaranteed more viewers if more creators contributed, as each filmmaker would have a full circle of friends who would watch the stupid thing just to see their friend's one video. And because we were in the middle of a pandemic, there were a LOT of bored people looking for anything to do with this newfound and unwanted free time. Two years later, *Flower Hour* premiered to an almost packed theater at The Guild Theater in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Only like 5 or 6 people walked out, too!



So now I bet you're wondering something along the lines of "What do these projects have to do with each other?"

Well, for starters, I made both of these projects, and each led to a long line of experiments within their respective mediums. I've made several films and zines since. They're all crap. But they're my crap, and I love them.

So why get into both zines and filmmaking? Why not just focus on one or the other? Well for one thing, zines can be made discretely when I'm being paid to do something else at work. Heck, I'm writing this article at work right now! On the other hand, movies are a lifestyle; I created both *The Space Between Dreams* and *Avoiding the Void* while living my actual life. They have this documentary/vlog-like feel, even though many of the scenes are entirely fabricated or misrepresented. I may be living my life, but I can present the scenes any way I wish.

On top of that, the audience experiences of the two mediums are entirely different. You as a reader can open your zine to any page, skim it for a minute, and forget where you left it. Alternatively, you can read every page, turn back and forward at will, and re-read as many times as you wish. It's up to you to decide how your experience plays out.

In contrast, a movie is an immersive experience. Once you hit play, that thing is moving (hence "movies"). Unless you pause between every shot, or get up and walk away, it's up to the filmmaker to decide what your experience is. On the other hand, if your friends are talking over the audio or you have to get up and run to the restroom, you can miss vital moments that can't be as easily revisited as the pages of a zine. Once that ride starts, you have to hang on tight.

When deciding between mediums, it's important for me to take a few critical factors into account. Do I want to create a hypnotic, ethereal experience that can be shared by friends, or a more personal object that can be engaged with physically? Do I have a few months or years to work on it, or only a few weeks, days, or hours?

Conversely, how do I want to distribute the project - online or into the physical world? I suppose both can be distributed on a multitude of platforms, but distributing a movie physically includes hoping that someone has a DVD player or hoping they keep the QR code I created, while distributing the zine physically includes handing someone a zine or leaving it somewhere to be purchased or picked up. On the flipside, watching an internet video is oftentimes far more appealing than scrolling through a PDF on your phone or laptop.

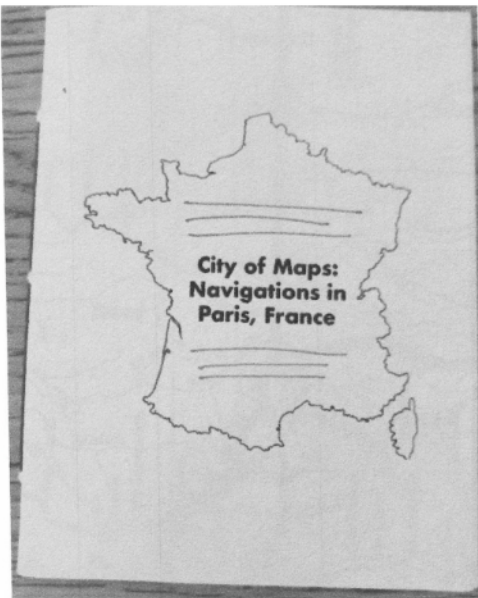


What I'm trying to say is, these two mediums fill up two halves of the same cup. One is (relatively!!!) cheap and easy and fun to pass out, and the other is time-consuming and arduous but creates dreams for people I may not even know. But the best part of both mediums is they're ALL UNDERGROUND and ALL ME, BAYBEEEE!

Scotty Leonard is an underground artist who has made zines like Just Go For It and NothingComics, as well as movies like Danksgiving and Avoiding the Void. You can find his work at www.lilyyellowtags.com

Brief Detours

Interview by Danny Noonan



On a month-long trip to Paris, Delphine Bedient would leave her phone behind as she made her way through the city. To guide her she made hand drawn maps of where she needed to go. Those maps are collected in her zine, *City of Maps: Navigations in Paris, France*. Each map is accompanied by a short, paragraph-sized story printed on tracing paper that places the map as the

background. This abstract journey through the city sparks the reader's imagination and gives them the feel of the place without the overwhelming details of a photograph.

Before this trip to Paris had you made maps for yourself?

Occasionally. I'm not very fond of GPS navigation and at the time I didn't have a smartphone, so it was necessary when visiting unfamiliar areas.

Did anyone see you using your maps? Did they have a reaction?

Not really. The beauty of using hand-drawn maps is that they are inconspicuous. Whereas tourists with large city maps look obvious, drawing my own maps allowed me to zero in on a specific area and navigate it without drawing attention to myself.

Did you ever get lost?

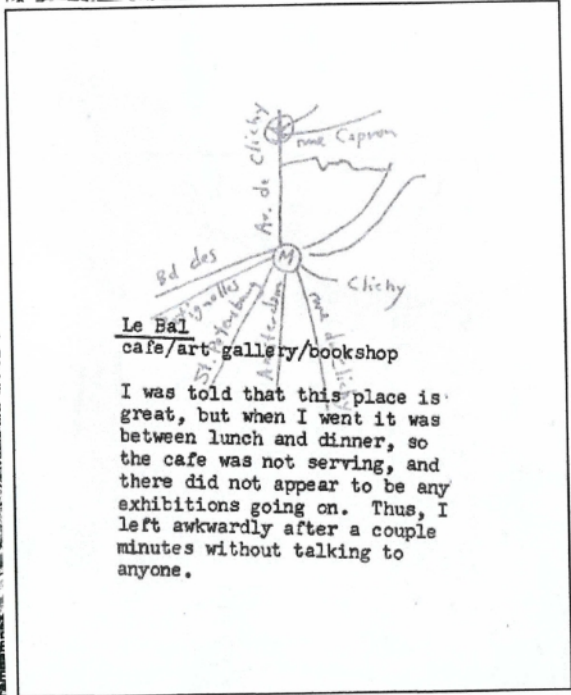
I'm sure I did, but during this trip I never needed to be anywhere very urgently, so any cases of being "lost" were merely brief detours from where I imagined I might be going.

Have you continued to make maps like this after publishing the zine?

Occasionally, but only when traveling. The work that went into this book was the result of spending a month in Paris, and I'm not usually able to take trips as long as that.

The stories you wrote to accompany each map are so concise, have you thought about writing longer tales of your trip?

No. Short and concise writing resonates with me much more. Adding in extra details to create length doesn't seem necessary, and can sometimes distract from the point.



City of Maps: Navigations in Paris, France is available from quotidianpress.storenvy.com

The Ever-Evolving World of Zines

by Joshua James Amberson

In 2008, I started a zine distro out of the basement of the now-laughably cheap (and very rickety) group house I lived in. Even though it was the middle of a recession, somehow the distro grew fairly quickly, brought along a bunch of friends, changed its name to Antiquated Future, and 14 years later we're still around, packing thousands of orders each year. One of my favorite things about running the distro is seeing how zines change over time. From carrying well over a thousand zine titles over the years—and receiving several thousand zine submissions—to tabling at countless zine fests around the U.S., I've been able to watch dozens of trends and mini-eras come and go. Through the distro, I've been able to check out more zines than I could have imagined even laying eyes on as a zine-obsessed rural middle-schooler in the mid-1990s.

While the zine scene is one of the few vestiges of pre-digital culture that still has micro scenes that exist in a single region, city, or small town—and one of the beauties of zines is that no one can ever be an expert on the current state of zines as a whole—I've noticed some big shifts in the past 14 years that I think hold true in most places. Most obviously, perhaps, is the general rise in the production value and graphic-design quality of the majority of zines. In part because of this, there's also a rise in zine retail prices. (The latter also seems to be a response to rising printing and paper prices, as well as a rejection of the old “you can't make money off your zine” mentality.)

But the shift I've paid the most attention to is one that, for me, brings up more interesting questions of how we think about and define zines. The change is between what I see as the two broadest categories of zines: **series zines** (any zine that keeps the same name over the course of numbered issues or volumes) and **standalone zines** (any zine that doesn't intend to have future issues and is usually about a single topic/person/history/theme). It's not that there aren't still plenty of series zines, but what I feel fairly confident in proclaiming, given years of observation, are these three things:

- 1) Standalone zines far outsell series zines now and have for a while.
- 2) Series zines are doing more and more themed issues, often with the word or phrase of the theme being prominently displayed on the cover, so that they're styled (and often read) a little more like standalone zines.

3) Many of the existing series zines are either long-running series, or are new series made by people who have been making zines for 10+ years. (In short: series zines are often being made by people who aren't new to zines and who are often a little older.)

Back in 2008, we carried a fair amount of standalones, but they seemingly weren't what most zine buyers were looking for at the time. A lot of people would order a few different series zines and then a single standalone zine. I remember talking to a few people about this at zine fests and I recall several people explaining that they liked zines on particular subjects, but it wasn't usually as satisfying of a reading experience for them as a series zines. At the time, "blogs on paper" was a common way to explain a zine to someone new to the medium. Most blogs, like most zines, were the chronicling of a person's mind over time. Even if the blog or zine wasn't especially personal, we as readers still got to witness evolving lives, interests, and research dives that we could follow along with as the years went by. But most zines I see today aren't like blogs on paper.

Looking at the Antiquated Future bestseller list from last year might be helpful. In the top 20 are 13 standalones.

They have titles like:

How the Pandemic Made Me Rethink Gender
Is It Just Me or Are We Nailing It?: Essays on BoJack Horseman
Radical Nuns: A Feminist Fanzine and Coloring Booklet.

The first thing that sticks out to me is that zine titles are mirroring the current trend in book publishing: a title and subtitle that explains exactly what the publication is about. On our list of bestselling standalones, only two are a little mysterious (*Range* and *Self-Guide*). Everything else is pretty clear and straightforward. This is a lot different than the zines we were carrying back in 2008, and it's radically different than the zines I was reading in the mid-'90s—zines that thrived on mystery and intrigue.

Of the remaining seven bestselling zines, three are series zines that don't use numbers and operate more like a series of standalone zines than a traditional series zine (*Shit's Fucked: A Positivity Guide*, *Shit's Fucked: Another Positivity Guide*, and *Gina and Joe Talk About Queer Horror*). Two are numbered series that also read more like standalones (*Covers #2: Stories About Musicians*; *Jicks Zine, Vol. 1: On the Solo Career of Stephen Malkmus*). One has a subtitle that explains exactly what the issue's theme is

(*Basic Paper Airplane #13: The Cassette Tape Issue*). And only one is a numbered zine operating without a theme—but even that uses a subtitle to explain its general approach (*The Thread #17: A Memoir/Personal Zine*). The classic series zine as I know it (series title, issue number, no subtitle) is wholly absent from the list.

I'm aware that, by this point, most readers are probably expecting me to spew some old-timer garbage about how zines aren't what they used to be and how the current generation of zinesters have ruined the medium. Far from it! In many ways, standalones have broadened the readership of zines in a way I never could have imagined. They're accessible, easily translatable, there's no barrier to entry that comes from a writer speaking to a pre-established audience or referencing previous issues, and they have a clear purpose. From customers reaching out over the years, I've come to believe that a decent percentage of the Antiquated Future audience buys their first zines from us, often without even knowing they're buying a zine or what a zine is. They see an affordable publication about a subject they're interested in and pick it up. These people likely never would have discovered zines without the entry point of a clear-titled standalone.

Part of what fascinated me about zines in the '90s was the mystery. Anyone could have their own little magazine and reveal as little or as much about themselves as they wished. They could be as self-referential as they wanted, and not worry about having to speak to a broad audience. But this is exactly what kept a lot of people away. To me it felt like something fun to figure out, but admittedly it was still often confusing and there were many times where I did feel left out, where I felt zines were a secret club and I wasn't invited.

I had a roundabout education in zines, given that I lived in a rural area of Washington State where no zines were being widely produced, I had zero friends who even knew what zines were, and no internet. I was clueless as to what was popular, so I just mail-ordered whatever sounded interesting from reviews in the backs of other zines. So, aside from *Factsheet Five* and *Zine World*, all the zines I read in the '90s are completely absent from public zine memory (and, in most cases, my own memory). One reason I dropped off from reading zines as I shifted from middle school to high school was that I couldn't easily sell my friends on them, in large part because they often didn't see the point. I sometimes wonder what it would have been like if there had been more standalone zines back then—something I could point to that would have made more sense to the people around me—and whether that would have meant zines would have stayed a part of my life throughout those formative years.

To try and determine when standalones began to outsell series zines, I dug up some old distro newsletters. The oldest one I could find was from 2011, and out of the fifteen new and restocked zines, only one was a true standalone and almost all of the series zines didn't have a subtitle. A newsletter from a couple years later, in 2013, had another 15 new and restocked zines, and there were only two standalones and only one series zine with a subtitle.

But then, a year later, things changed. The 2014 bestsellers list suddenly has 13 standalones in the top 20. Thinking back, I remember this as the point where boutiques started springing up around the U.S. and, for the first time, began reaching out to us. Before this, most fancy little gift shops thought we/zines as a whole were a little too rough around the edges. But now aging punks and counterculture folks were the ones starting these shops and, combined with the gradually rising production value of zines in general, suddenly our zines were reaching a new audience. So maybe 2014 was really the year things changed in the zine world and maybe, in part, as much as I hate to suggest it, the change was a response to market forces. Standalone zines (and series zines styled like standalone zines) just sold a lot more copies all of sudden.

You might notice I'm careful not to say one experience is better than the other. That's not just because I don't want to offend anyone—to me, they're two fully different, largely incomparable reading experiences. But here's where the question of how we define zines steps in. Because, with standalones being more prevalent, I think we're losing the idea that following a title over time is part of the zine experience. In the past, even if series zines weren't a person's favorite type of zines, everyone knew it as a feature of zines that made them unique from how we most commonly read books or magazines. So maybe this is the point where I unleash some brief zine old-timer, "things were better back when" nonsense. Because I would like to advocate for this mentality to slip back into the culture. Not a full shift, just a slight rebalancing—a small nudge back to the idea that we follow a mind on the page over time.

This doesn't have to look the same as it always has, though. The aforementioned *Gina and Joe Talk About Queer Horror* zine and its continuing "Gina and Joe Talk About" series is a great mix of both worlds. For those of us following along, we get to see the two authors develop as writers and thinkers. But each issue is focused enough that it can easily be read without any knowledge that it's part of a series. It forgoes the issue-

number barrier—a lot of people feel like they need to start at issue #1, even though many first issues are often more like a rough pilot episode and zines really get their footing on the second issue—so a reader can start anywhere. It's by no means the only zine that's ever done this “it's a series that announces itself through part of its title rather than an issue number” approach, but I think they're doing it in a way that really melds the series and standalone mentalities well and could serve as a great template for others to use.

Now, there's an easy argument that we already follow standalone writers over time through their various titles, and I agree that this happens. But I think it's in a different way. The writer isn't working within the same idea of connectivity, the web of zines past and present sharing the same name and guiding principles. I love how dropping that baggage makes for more precise, distilled zines. But I do sometimes miss the connectivity, the feeling of opening an issue and being placed into a living world, a bustling landscape of now-familiar characters, objects, and ideas.

While writing this, I recalled that I'd made a tucked-away page for my zines series, *Basic Paper Airplane*, on the website I use for my existence as a “professional” writer and thought I should reference that for clues. On it, I say: “I like to think that every issue of *Basic Paper Airplane* is a unique experience, different from the others that came before. And I still have the same idea behind the zine: launching something small and simple into the world and seeing where it lands.” Essentially, I'm making a series of standalones with the thread of connectivity being a particular frame of mind. Maybe I'm making a case for a thing I already do (isn't that so often the way things end up?): a middle path between these two broad directions of creating in the zine world.

So, what is this thing you just read? Well, maybe you could look at this as a report from the generally not-mentioned business-y side of zines. Or a persuasive essay that makes a case for just a little bit more connectivity between the zines we each choose to make. Or maybe it's a manifesto without any firm ideology. Or perhaps it's just a story about how I came to fall in love with a feeling that I only received from zines. They're all possible paths I cleared here but didn't choose—much like I didn't choose whether to make a series zine or a standalone zine.

zine

REVIEWS

by e.war

www.erinwar.xyz



Many Gods No Masters by Elliott Stewart
half letter size 48 pgs • porchbeerszine@gmail.com

Part research zine part perzine *Many Gods No Masters* is an introduction to a few of the influences in Elliott's life, such as Manannan Mac Lir a sea god that can remind us to live life to its fullest and to not forget to help each other along the way. Each writing is quite personal and easy to relate to, I found Elliott's writing about grief especially validating and helps make exploring the unfamiliar comfortable. Not necessarily for just pagans but for anyone interested in alternative belief systems that help hold us all together. Assembled in classic simple and legible cut & paste fashion, Elliott has taken care to offer a content warning for each piece of writing. Also check out Elliott's other zine: *Porch Beers* which is in it's 3rd issue.

Pushing Past Positivity: An Introspective Triptych

by Jordan Underwood

3x half letter sized • www.jordanunderwood.com

Each zine printed in black and grey ink on beautiful lavender paper focuses on a facet of living in a fat body. The first *Fat Vanity*, second *Fat Liberation*, and the last *The Weight of it All*. Each includes an insightful and original essay, elegant and handsome photographic portraits of the author, and a compilation of contributions and comments from Jordan's instagram following. With strong and fearless content the one staple holding the pages together and a sew in page are overlooked. I very much loved the clear and detailed disclosure at the beginning of each zine, because we all have a very different levels of privilege and disadvantage and it is important to inform folks how those things intersect with each other. Living in a fat body can be isolating. Lived experience can be nuanced and different for each life lived but some things hold us together and together we can be stronger and Jordan finds us a place to be together.

ALA Zine Pavilion Report

By Ayun Halliday, Chief Primatologist of the East Village Inky

Caught a Megabus from NYC to DC to table at the American Librarian Association Conference's Zine Pavilion for one night and two days. Got a text en route from my friend Sandye, calling it a sad day.

I was like, "Who died while I've been attempting to discreetly fold a brand new mini zine of X-rated, amateur, found drawings on this Megabus?"

Thusly did I learn the Supreme Court had overturned Roe v. Wade.

That silly little zine I'd been folding, *Dirty Drawings In a Library Drawer*, was the hit of my table, possibly because I decided the \$2 price tag I set was rather steep, and started giving them away free with purchase, or more often than not, just free.

Naturally, the Roe v. Wade situation was on everyone's mind and lips...and the line I usually share when people ask me about the origins of my long running zine, *The East Village Inky*, felt kind of... off. Yes, I needed a creative project to replace my low budget theater "career" after becoming a mother by accident (twice) ... but I could have called it off, legally, had I been so inclined.



Anyway, people were nice - librarians almost always are - and freaked out by the news, and as is usual at these types of events, single-mindedly pursuing as many pens, executive stress balls, Advance Reader Copies, mints, doughnuts, mini flashlights, stickers, bookmarks, and assorted gew gaws as they could cram into their impressive collection of branded totebags, also free. I get it. I feel the same any time I scam my way into a press pass to Comic Con in NYC's massive Javits Center...and then I get home and wonder what possessed me. I showed uncharacteristic restraint this weekend and still I went home laden like a burro (with stuff I'd brought to sell, alas!) From a business perspective (not that I have much of one) the world's largest library conference is perhaps not the greatest venue for selling zines, though I'm very appreciative of all the work the organizers put into it, and that they somehow managed to get us zinesters in sans exhibition fee.

Our little "pavilion" was positioned as something of a distant outpost in that soulless corporate hanger, located far beyond the A-list publishers and author signing booths, the guy who was giving away cocktails, and the pen of live therapy bunnies. (You gotta have a gimmick.)

As with any zinefest, I think one has to steel oneself a bit psychologically, and accept that the briskest trade will likely go to tables with eye catching, pop culture drenched objects that aren't zines and cause people to squeal while opening their pocketbooks. Yes, even - especially - if one is paying out of pocket to stay in a hotel because one isn't there on some library's dime and one doesn't know anyone in DC anymore...

...except that now one does! I may not invite yourself to flop on his couch, but my table neighbor, Carlos, of the Mt. Pleasant Library (and their famous "What's More Punk Than the Public Library t-shirts) started to seem like a legit new friend after the first couple of hours we spent sitting next to each other.



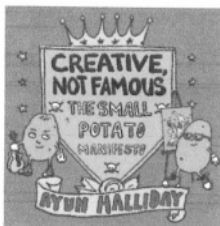
And I had a ball taking a field trip with some dozen or so other Pavillionistas to the Martin Luther King Library Jr. Memorial Library, where we were treated to a peek at the DC Punk Archive and an after-hours test drive of the slide that connects the 2nd floor children's room to the lobby.

And how great to see some DC area zinely peoples I've corresponded with over the years, several of whom I'd never had occasion to meet in the actual flesh. Most of them turn out to be librarians or library adjacent in some way or another.

Yes, my suitcase was pretty heavy with unsold wares on the Megabus home, but I knew the job was dangerous when I took it.

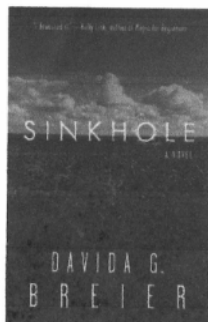
The real value came from engaging with my community, expanding my zinely circle.

Books by Zinesters!!



Creative, Not Famous – by Ayun Halliday
(of East Village Inky) Rather than trying to get a million anonymous followers, just generate a core group of dedicated supporters. Interviews with dozens of awesome people about why this way is better.

<http://ayunhalliday.com/>



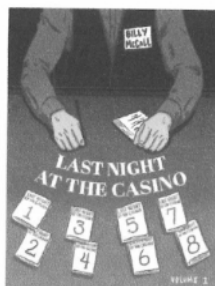
Sinkhole – by Davida Gypsey Breier
(of Xerography Debt) A mesmerizing, darkly comic coming-of-age novel immersed in 1980s central Florida. Lies from the past and a dangerous present collide when, after fifteen years in exile, Michelle Miller returns to her tiny hometown of Lorida, Florida. She's forced to confront the death of her best friend, but what if everything she remembers is a lie?

<https://davidabreier.com/>



Adventures in Athletics – By Markell R. West
(Of Just a Jefferson) Written by our favorite grammarian, this is a collection of sports stories, written by a person who is not exactly a professional athlete. Read about Markell playing basketball as a teen, arguing with her brother over how to score bowling, about her not really understanding how volleyball works, and so much more. Lots of short, hilarious, and ridiculous stories.

iknowbilly@gmail.com



Last Night at the Casino, Vol. 1 – By Billy McCall
(of Behind the Zines, LNATC, etc) For over 10 years Billy has been documenting what it's like to work in a casino through his zine "Last Night at the Casino." This book compiles the first 8 issues of that zine, and adds some brand new content as well. Over 300 pages of gambling madness.

iknowbilly@gmail.com

What Kind of Zine Do *You* Make?

daily or **diurnal** - having a daily cycle or occurring every day

weekly or **hebdomadal** - of or occurring every seven days

biweekly - occurring twice a week

fortnightly - occurring every two weeks

monthly - occurring every month

bimестrial or **bimonthly** - occurring every two months

biannual or **semiannual** - occurring twice each year (*Behind the Zines!*)

semestral or **semestrial** - occurring every six months

annual or **yearly** - occurring every year

biennial or **biyearly** - occurring every second year

triennial - occurring every third year

Of course, no matter how many words we invent, there will always be confusion. For example “biweekly” might mean twice a week, or every two weeks. Same with “bimonthly” or “biannual”.

But let's be honest, most zines are:

aperiodic or **nonperiodic** - not recurring at regular intervals

These terms were nabbed from:

<https://www.vocabulary.com/dictionary/periodical>