



KAZINE ISSUE NINE

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Summer is in full bloom and we're back with another issue of kazine. This issue is packed with interviews, articles, comics, and drawings. We've got articles on local issues like the Hanlon Creek Business Park occupation, a piece on migrant workers, an interview with an obscure Christian cult, and a story about taxi cab conversations in Egypt. There is also the usual mix of comics and visual art, as well as an interview with the Guelph Pen Club and our regular 'Quarterly Crony Review'.

Issue #9 will be the last quarterly issue of kazine. We may continue to do a few special themed issues but this will mark the end of kazine as a quarterly arts magazine. When we set out to make a zine there were just two guiding principles: that kazine is an open forum that seeks to represent artists working in different mediums, and secondly that it actually happens! Over the last two years this little zine has brought a lot of different people together, challenged people, and hopefully got people talking. The project has been truly community based as almost all of our content is submitted by local artists and assembled by a crew of volunteers. It's been an inspiring project to work on and a learning experience for everyone involved.

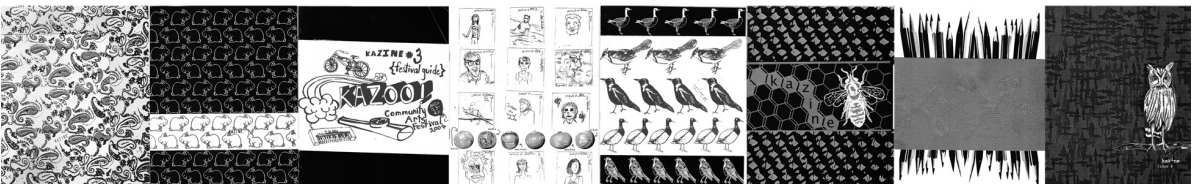
This issue also marks an end (and a new beginning) as kazine co-founder and top crony Andrea Bennett is leaving Guelph this fall. Andrea has given so much to the guelph community and is really the glue and staples that has held kazine (and kazoo!) together. We'd wish her good luck and everything but we all know that anywhere andrea goes she'll be making things happen. And be sure to check out her new zine project *Canada Zine*, which she just finished editing.

While it may seem sad to see kazine finished, this really isn't an end as many of our regular contributors are working on their own zines and projects. The kazoo! cronies have also got some new projects in the works, our annual kazoo! festival has been delayed until April, but we're planning something big!

This little zine wouldn't exist without all the talented artists who share their work and the kazine editing and assembly crew who've spent countless hours putting this zine together. We'd like to thank everyone for their love and support over the last two years.

- kazine

Kazine covers issues #1-8:



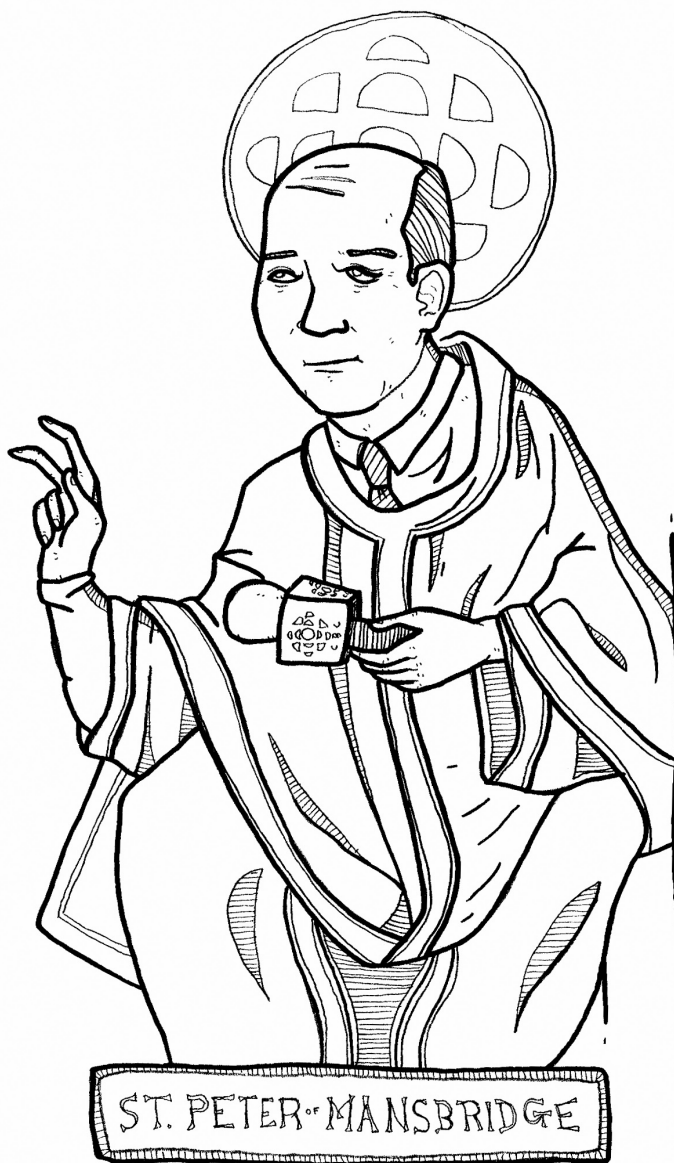


Illustration by Ian Turner
From: *Canada Zine: The National Dreamzine* (2009)



Photo by Anna Kovler.

Hanlon Creek Business Park: protesting outside the boundaries

By akb

When I was a kid, I lived in a starter home located at what was, at the time, the edge of suburban sprawl in Dundas, Ontario. I remember when the fields across from my house were transformed into mounds of dirt. One day, after it rained, my brother and I walked across the road and into the mud fields, our boots making thwuck-thwuck-thwuck noises in the mud. One of my boots got stuck in the mud and I had to get my stockinged foot really muddy to pull it out. Months, years, a decade later, the mud field is a sea of ostentatious single-family homes.

The bike ride out to the proposed site of the Hanlon Creek business park reminded me of that rubber boot memory. The site is located at the edge of the suburban sprawl in the environs of Downey Road. The construction road into the site consists of a narrow lane with two wheel ruts. Muddy patches have been filled in with delicious-smelling wood chips.

The site is currently being occupied by a rotating group of individuals who are concerned about the impact the development would have on the area's coldwater stream and the species it sustains. The group occupied the site shortly after Drexler construction initiated phase 1 of the development.

The group has received alternate negative and positive press in the city. One article written recently for the Trib featured quotations from city officials and none from the protestors. This despite the fact that the journalist visited the site, was welcomed, and was encouraged to ask questions about the occupation (she declined). Part of the negative press surrounding the occupation has focused on the fact that the group pulled down a segment of silt fencing. When I reached the site on Saturday, part of the group was examining the silt fencing.

"It's not even trenched in," said Ali Morrison, pointing to two temporary-looking segments of silt fencing that the Drexler construction crew had erected. "From what I understand, they should have prepared the new streambed, then diverted the old stream before even touching the bed in this area." Ali had brought plants to place in the area of the bed where the construction agency had cut down trees, including high bush cranberry, striped maple, dogwood, and native pussy willow. When I left to speak to Kim Maclean about the occupation, Ali was plotting to get a team of volunteers together to properly trench the silt fencing so that it would be effective. "Our primary goal is to protect the steam by controlling erosion," she said.

So far, no one at the site has been charged with trespassing, though two city officials (Peter Cartwright and Hans Loewig) delivered an eviction notice last week, threatening trespassing charges. The group was more recently served with a notice of action -- the city is going to court on Tuesday with an injunction to get the protestors off the land.

A recent quotation from Mayor Farbridge asserted that the city has established an alternate protest site; the city position is that it has met all of the guidelines needed to ensure the environmental sustainability of the site, and, while the protestors have a right to express their opinions, they must do it in a place that will be more "safe" for them. When I asked Kim Maclean what he thought of the Mayor's assertion, he explained that the protestors were violating health and safety codes by neglecting to wear hard hats and steel-toed boots on the construction site. He pointed to a distant corner of the field and said that the city had set up a small area, hemmed in by yellow caution tape, where they wanted the protestors to move. "It's humiliating," he said. "We didn't entertain the thought of moving there for half a second."

Kim explained that the court injunction had first been quite overwhelming; the city is also launching a five-million dollar lawsuit, naming seven specific protestors, as well as a blanket group of “LIMITS members” and “John Doe and Jane Doe, persons unknown.” Whereas a threat of trespassing is akin to getting a ticket for not wearing your seatbelt, ignoring a court injunction is an imprisonable offence. “That’s why some of the occupiers are wearing masks,” said Kim, “they don’t want to be identified and named in the lawsuit.”

Looking a bit further into the injunction document, however, the group realized that they may have been given the ammunition to turn the city’s allegations on their heads. It seems like the city awarded the construction contract to Drexler before they had received the reports needed to know whether the site development would even be legal. “It seems like the city has actually broken the law,” said Kim, explaining that more research and reading needed to be done.

When I first arrived at the site, I was struck by how friendly and welcoming the protestors were. I also noticed a few flags I’d seen at the site of the resistance in Caledonia. One of them was the two-row wampum flag -- two blue stripes on a white background that represent two canoes running parallel. The image symbolizes the relationship that was established between the Haudenosaunee and settlers; the two groups were to exist autonomously in a respectful relationship.

Kim explained that the context of colonialism was close to the hearts and important to the analysis of the protestors. “This is our way of holding up the bargain,” said Kim. “As descendants of settlers, we need to prevent further pollution of the soil and the water. This is us keeping to our responsibilities, and we have received the support of the Hosiginegetha of the Grand River.”

The group has also received public support. Diverse members of the community have been coming out to the site to visit and bring provisions. The group has received support from the Sierra Club as well.

The occupation has been remarkably successful so far -- successful in a way that official, polite, legal protest was not. When I first spoke to Peter Cartwright and Al Hearne several months ago, I got the vibe that the city was going to press ahead with the development no matter what the environmental cost. They’d already invested so much into planning the development; once the lines make it to the draft paper, the bulldozers may as well make it out to the field.

It’ll be interesting to see what comes out of the court injunction proceedings on Tuesday. Will the city be held to the same standards, in terms of following the rule and letter of the law, that they’re holding the protesters to? Will the mealy-mouthed liberal “green” politicians I helped vote in even show up? Months, years, a decade later, will I pass by the Hanlon Creek business park to see agricultural research firms and interlocking stone paths leading to trellised picnic areas for employees?

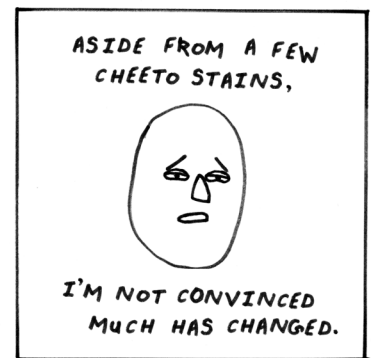
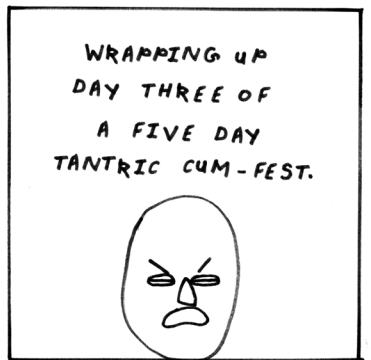
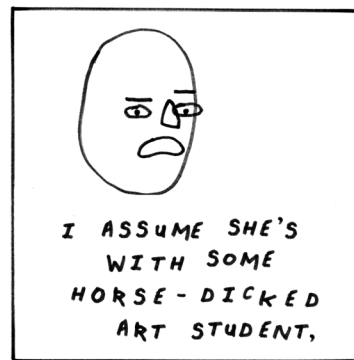
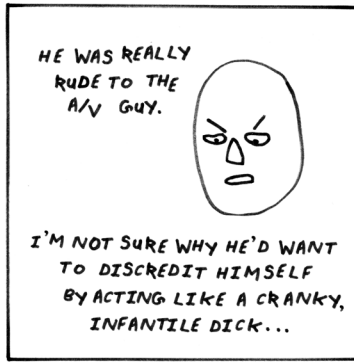
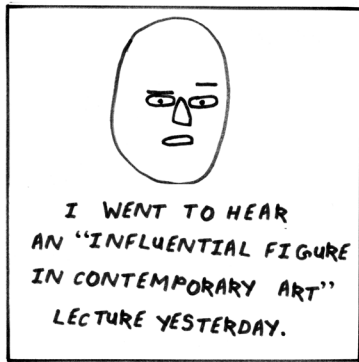
I hope not. I hope the protestors get to stay until the city realizes that they should cut their losses and focus on more environmentally-friendly developments in the brown fields around the city. We should be using and rejuvenating the space we’ve cleared already, instead of creating more future brown fields.

Postscripts:

1)I attempted to get a hold of Peter Cartwright for a follow-up interview once on Thursday of last week, and twice on Friday. I got his voicemail all three times and left messages. I hadn’t heard back from him by our publication deadline.

2)Another thing that struck me about the occupation site was that the protestors had chosen to construct a composting toilet instead of using the port-o-john left onsite by Drexler. The occupation crew is well-organized and has managed to create a comfortable temporary living situation including several tarped structures, and a cooking area. Kim asserted that the structures had arisen not as a result of the direction of any one specific “leader,” but rather out of campfire discussions where ideas and issues arose. “First and foremost,” said Kim, “we established that this is a site of resistance. We made it a drug- and alcohol-free zone; we talked about gender dynamics, about who took up space; our primary goal is to work together to protect the land.”

"SCROTE"





WINTER



FALL



SPRING



SUMMER

Photo series
by Gillian Manford



What happens when you put a bunch of illustrators together over beers to collaborate, share, and get some ideas down on paper? The Guelph Pen Club, a fun monthly get together based in Guelph. I had some time to ask organizer Michael Byers a few questions about the Guelph Pen Club.

kazine: *What inspired the Guelph Pen Club and the Drink & Draw?*

MB: The Drink and Draw was inspired by a few illustrator friends that i know from Toronto. For some time now they've been doing a similar type of thing and it sounded like something that Guelph could use. I was living for some time in Cambridge and coming to Guelph for work and friends and from an outsiders perspective I've noticed that there really isn't much of an arts community here. There most definitely is a lot of artists in Guelph but it's much more of a fend for yourself type of mentality. There just wasn't as much of a community as I was looking for. I started the Guelph Pen Club in hopes that I could bring together artists who otherwise might not know each other and think to hang out and socialize. The drink and draw provides a forum for creative discussion, idea swapping, and even friendships can be developed.

kazine: *Can you describe the different skill levels and types of artists who come out?*

The skill levels vary so much. There are commercial artists, cartoonists, illustrators, fine artists, and anyone who likes to doodle for the fun of it. There are a small handful of artists who regularly attend which is nice because then I know that I will have something each month for people to come to.

kazine: *It's neat to see artists with different styles coming together. How important do you think this is?*

MB: Having different styles is very very important. It would get really boring really fast if we all had the same way of working. What's so great about this is that some people have different ideas to add to the table in terms of activities we do. For example during one session we played a little drawing game where we called out words and we had a minute to do our interpretation of that word. We're totally open to other options as well.

kazine: *I noticed that there was a lot of spontaneous collaboration and people adding or modifying each other's drawings. What do you think results from this?*

MB: I think what results from this is ideas. By that I mean sparks in the imagination. We all have been in the situation where a blank piece of paper is placed in front of us and we draw a blank (pun intended). Collaborating can help spark ideas. Also it might give you inspiration to work in a new way or with a new medium.

kazine: *What do you see in the future for the Guelph Pen Club?*

MB: I honestly haven't given it too much thought. OK that's a lie. Well some ideas kicking around would be a group show. Perhaps a coffee table book of some of the work or drawings produced. Kind of a collection of pieces from the different sessions we've had. Another idea is doing a collaboration with the people who do the Toronto Pen Club. A friend of mine suggested even possibly a 24 hour charity marathon. There are other things we could do I'm sure. My hope is that perhaps it could get known enough that I don't need to go all the time and that it just runs on it's own. It's getting there.

kazine: *Anything else you'd like to add?*

MB: Just that I'm really grateful for all who attend the Drink and Draw sessions. It fills me up to see so many people get excited about the next upcoming event. I also love seeing how different attendees get different things out of going. For the most part people love being able to get away from their current projects whether they are personal, commercial, or school assignments. It's nice to socialize and still be creative while doing it.

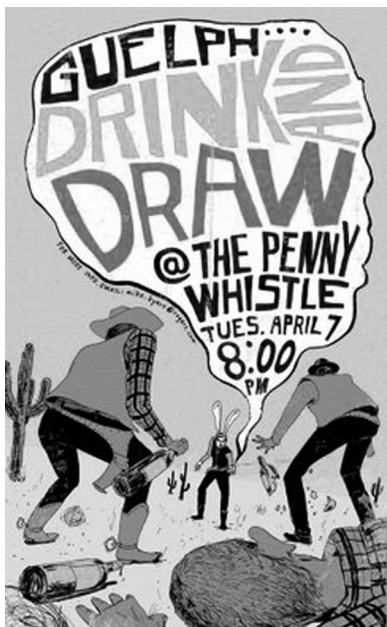


kazine: *Can you list a few Guelph based visual artists you like and their web addresses?*

MB: Well there are so many great artists here in Guelph....

Nick Craine - www.nickcraine.com
Jay Stephens - www.jaystephens.com
Vince Moskowec - www.vincemoskowec.com
Sean LeBlanc - www.seanleblanc.ca
David Caesar - davidcaesarart.blogspot.com
and many more.

Check out their monthly archive of drawings at:
guelphpenclub.blogspot.com



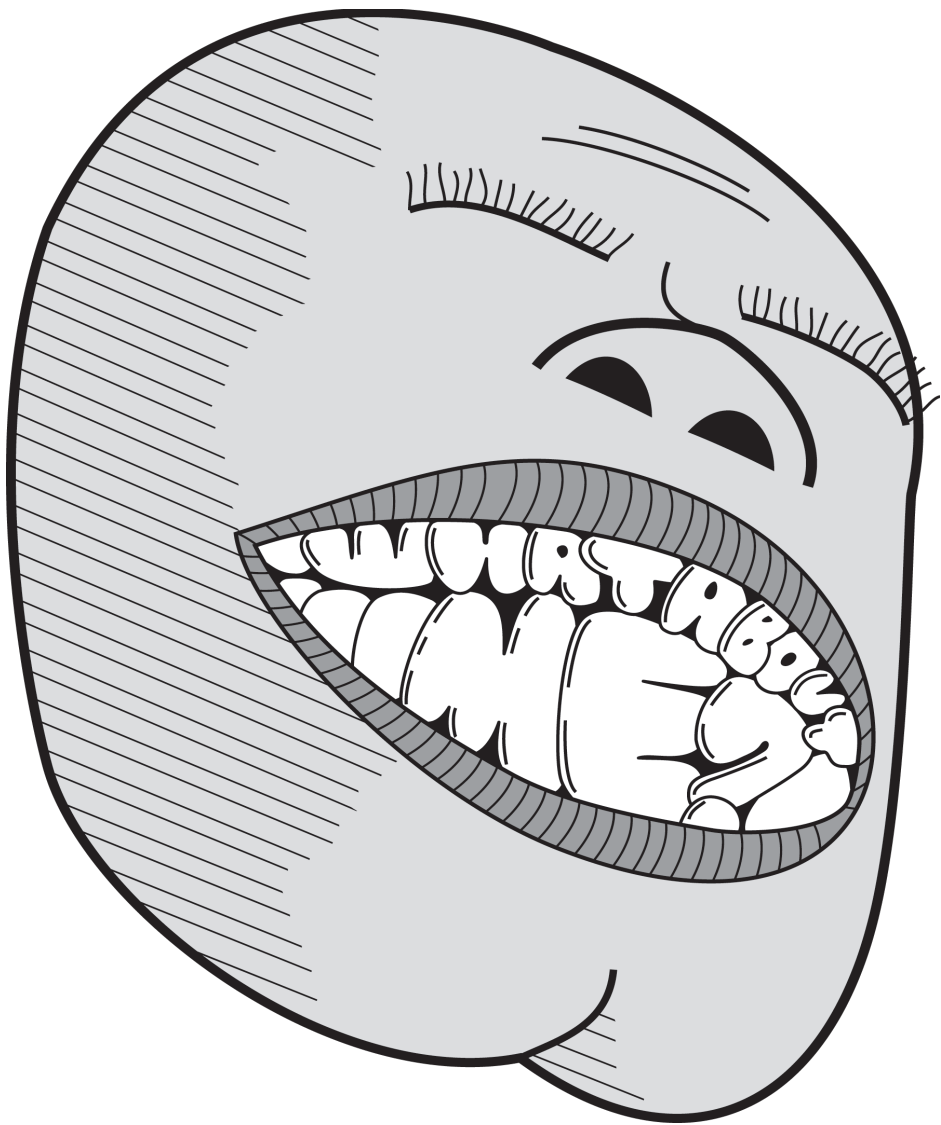


Illustration by Jeremy Kemeny

Name: Lindsay Roe

Nicknames? Ethel. The family nickname. Since the beginning of toddlerhood, I was notorious for removing my diaper and hanging in the nude. In 1974, Ray Stevens made a hit song entitled "The Streak" . Supposedly, there's a lyric that goes "... Ethel put y'er clothes on..." There it is. These days it's just L Roe. To closer cronies, it's MC L Roe Verbose.

Bands/Projects?? Elbow Beach Surf Club. Those were virginal days of our riots and introduzas to high seas' alcohol. Old Monk rum rings a bell.

You're an old school townie, what was growing up in Guelph like?

a backyard, a garden, tobogganing & my best guy pal Mike Todd next door. & with him came ice forts made of snowballs & rhubarb dipped in sugar in the summer. Oh!, and Barbie cards from the Zehrs down Woodlawn hill. Every Saturday I'd hop and skip my dollar allowance there and purchase 3 packs. Hot lips and Gobstopper's . Willy Wonka loved me. & . . . then we moved to the South end.

Is it true you got a '4 Life' tattoo on your elbow when Elbow Beach stopped playing?

yaa. New Year's day 2009. It's all scrapbooking to me.

Are your lyrics random or 'brainbows' of pure brilliance?
celebratory failures

What do you think about when you sing? brainbows

You've been a champion wrestler and a CFL cheerleader? Which one is it? cradle to cradle, my friend.

Two words: swimsuit calendar??? 3 words : gates of hell. What can I say? "Someone should have told the kids the truth about what's pretty" ~ Gentleman Reg p.s. You didn't think I was gonna get through this without one quoted lyric.

You have one karaoke song to sing for the rest of your life, what is it?

Talking Heads ~ This Must Be The Place (Naive Melody)

If you could be one member of Broken Social Scene, who would it be? number one. the zero.

You worked the night shift at the Drake Hotel, what were the strangest encounters?

Heather Graham's heater broke in her boutique hotel room. I brought her 7 or 8 trendy blankets and tucked her in.

You've done a choreographed dance to Peaches' 'Buck it like a billionaire'. How can you top that?
Dinosaur Jr. "Thumb" .

On a scale of 1 to crazy, where are you? what's on the scale?

Toronto or Guelph? Pick a side Crony!! alright, I will. Toronto. Almost everything I've experienced since my return home has Toronto written all over it.

What would make Guelph 100000x better? The Family Thrift Store all better.

What would make Guelph 100000x worse? more deathcocks

QUARTERLY CRONY REVIEW



Political Jabs in Cairo Cabs

by EMB

Living in Cairo I found that waiting for a taxi usually takes less than five minutes on average. The streets of Cairo are flooded with them and more often than not you can leave your apartment and find one anywhere you are. Most of the drivers have university degrees in a variety of fields but due to the lack of job opportunities and the overwhelming level of corruption, driving a taxi is the only way to make ends meet.

The relationship between myself and taxi drivers in Egypt is one of great importance in my life. The conversations that take place within taxis have instilled me with an idea of the general frustrations and anger that exists within the massive population. These conversations are also almost entirely responsible for teaching me how to speak Arabic. Breaking the language barrier took about a year and before long I found myself able to speak intelligently about society, culture, and politics. This is not to say that all cabbies like to speak openly about issues troubling Egypt. Starting conversations with politics will usually get a cold reaction and only raise suspicion, which is fair considering the number of spies that live within Cairo. Seems far fetched but even in my circle of friends it became clear to me that three of them were actual spies working for the US government, which led to the automatic end of our friendship. Clearly it is always wise to be careful of what you say in Cairo, as its history is steeped with imprisoning political dissidents, especially taxi drivers who on a whole are looked down on by the military, government, and the middle class. Keep in mind that Egypt is a country that views a person's profession as a means of judging their inner character. That being said, many Egyptians I have encountered will tell you that cabbies are dirty people who are all thieves. It is for that reason that many times the atmosphere in a taxi is one of silence or anger. Silence, because the traveller looks down at the cabbie, and anger over fares in cabs which commonly aren't equipped with a meter. With respect to taxi drivers I have found myself in both situations more often than I care to remember. It took awhile for me to formulate a routine conversation that would allow me to practice speaking Arabic about the issues that I cared about.

Usually the conversation begins with me telling the cabbie my destination. Almost immediately after uttering the destination the cabbie's eyes widen and they proceed to ask where I am from. In his mind, my accent just doubled the fare. Nevertheless I make it clear that I am 100% Egyptian. By saying that most cabbies understand that I am referring to the fact that both of my parents are Egyptian. This leaves them perplexed as they cannot understand why I would have an accent. In Egypt they do not call it an accent, they usually refer to my Arabic as broken and again will question my background. At which point I confess that I was born in Canada. Without hesitation this leads to the obvious "which country is better?" This question usually marks the turning point of our conversation as I always choose Canada over Egypt and am forced to explain why. It is in that explanation that I gain the cabbie's confidence as I usually share the same views as they do. I tell them that Egypt is a beautiful country to come visit but that I can't live in Egypt because of the lack of organization in the streets, government, people, and traffic. I explain that in the time that I have lived in Egypt I have only learned two things. The first being that if you have no connections then you barely make enough to eat, and the second, that money will always have more value than any identification you may have. In Arabic my points rhyme and the ability of rhyming about problems is rewarded with a low five and a high level of respect.



Once I have reached this stage of the conversation most cabbies are in agreement with me. Those who don't still agree with my assessment but believe that you should always love Egypt above any country. They explain that "Misr heya oum el donia" a very popular saying that translates to 'Egypt is the mother of all life'. Every time this statement is brought up I angrily reply with "I think it is the mother of filthiness". Obviously this statement offends most Egyptians greatly. Before they have a chance to get angry I explain my utter disappointment at witnessing people throwing their garbage everywhere, off bridges, into the Nile, even around the pyramids. If Egypt is our mother then why do we treat her so badly? Why do I often find flocks of plastic bags flying through the desert in formation? Is that the respect she deserves or does she only deserve your anger when slandered by the simple truth of the matter. On a few exchanges this statement marks the end of the conversation depending on how offended they are. In all situations it leads to at least a few minutes of silence as the cabbie thinks about how to respond. If they choose to continue the conversation the question most often posed is a variation of "what is the solution?" Asking me this question is the equivalent of giving the green light to talk about politics because everyone knows that the problem is the government/military. In Egypt, there is no point separating those two as it is disguised as a "democratic" military state.

For almost three decades, the president of Egypt has been Hosni Mubarak. Under his rule the military has taken more control over public institutions and corruption has been steadily rising. Rigging elections, imprisoning artists, declaring himself judge of all courts are just a few of his accomplishments to date. The only reason he's been able to avoid any major condemnation of his actions is due to his government's close relationship with the United States. All of these issues are widely known but rarely talked about due to the fear that anyone can be in the military.

Clearly I am not, and without hesitation I bite right into the bone of the matter with my cabbie. Mubarak is 81 years old and sick. We know that because he is imprisoning journalists who report he is sick. That means the old man is going to be taking a nap soon. If we remain silent when that happens then his son will take over and we will have lost the only chance to change the Mubarak regime. Besides Egypt is supposed to be a military "democracy" and not a pseudo-monarchy.

It is usually around this time in our conversation that the cabbie jabs me with a saucy rhyming response like "There can't be a solution, because you can't find honesty in politicians." This tends to be followed with another enthusiastic low five. In a fit of laughter I respond that a truer statement most likely doesn't exist but that believing nothing will change means that nothing will. Believe something can change and you never know something might. At this point in time we need all the might we can get if our voice's will ever be heard.

The only person in Egyptian politics willing to take this fight on is Ayman Nour. He is the only person to ever run against Mubarak in the first open "Democratic" election back in 2005. For being the runner up with a whopping 7% of the vote, as reported by the "government", Ayman Nour was awarded with a 5 year jail sentence for reportedly forging documents while establishing his political party. The trial was a joke and the world was mad at Mubarak, but the corrupt election was quickly forgotten.

Ayman Nour was released from jail two years early under the pretense of health reasons although many believe it may have had to do with winning favors from Obama. The following week he appeared on Democracy Now calling for a general strike in April 2010 if proper elections weren't held. On the surface he seems like a great candidate for change. However, every time I mention his name to a cabbie I get an instant response that he is an asshole. People generally believe that he is just as corrupt as Mubarak and is simply power hungry. Apparently, his past is marred with corruption during the years he worked for the government. Of course I cannot



confirm or deny that, nor do I know whether people's opinions are the direct result of the propaganda fed to the masses. What I do know is that if the general population doesn't trust you and you don't have overwhelming support in a population of 70 million you aren't changing anything.

The only person in Egypt that would ever have a chance to win in an election is Amr Moussa. The mention of his name usually elicits a response of love, respect, and admiration from most Egyptians. During the 1990's he was the foreign minister of Egypt and gained mass support when he became outspoken about America's foreign policy and its relationship with Israel. He has the intellectual capacity to connect and communicate with Egyptians while being respectful to the rest of the world. Mubarak felt threatened by Moussa's growing popularity and decided to name him Secretary General of the Arab League. This position is considered by many to be political suicide as most of the countries in the league are corrupt and are in the pockets of the Americans/Israelis interests. By being placed in this position Moussa is vilified due to the League's corruption and inability to end the Palestinian conflict.

Still, it seems that despite his current position, if given a chance to run many Egyptians wouldn't be afraid to vote for him. However, at 72 years old Moussa most likely wouldn't be around long enough to change anything. Nevertheless his opinions and views seemed to be shared by the masses and if elected his cabinet picks could be the only chance to clean out the corrupt Mubarak regime.

It is usually around this point in the conversation that I have made it to my destination. If I have gotten this far with the conversation I am usually told that the fare is whatever I want to pay. In the eyes of most cabbies the conversation exchanged was well worth the fare and on several occasions I've been invited to have tea at a cabbies' shisha cafe. On only one occasion did I take a cabbie up on that offer because he asked me "what he could do to change Egypt?" I wasn't sure what could be done, but I sure as hell loved talking about it.

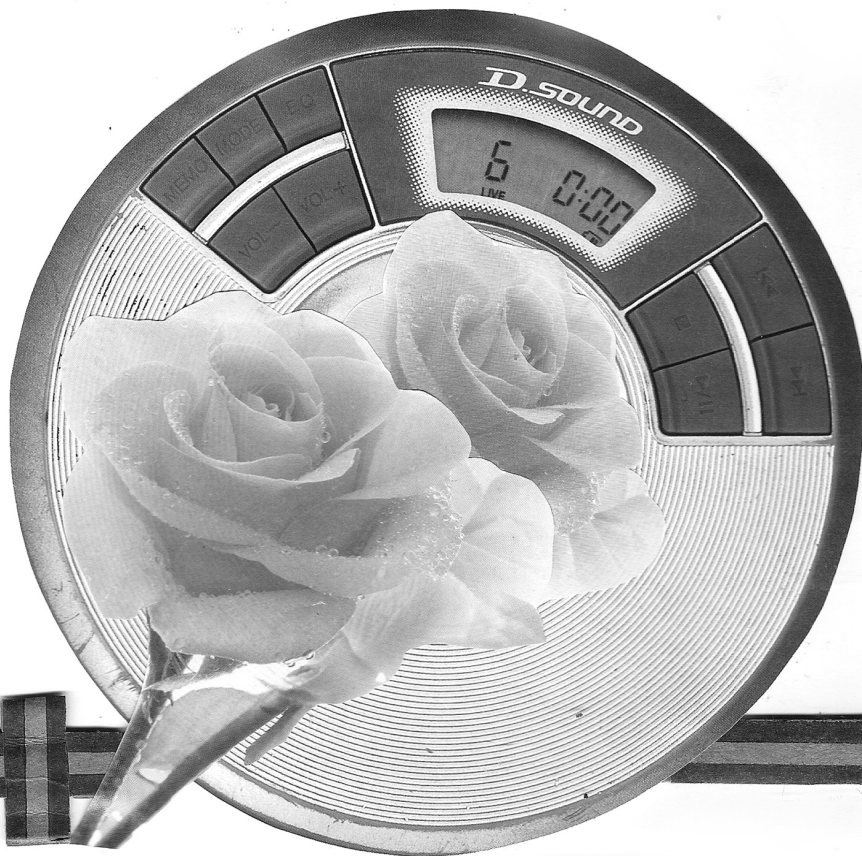
Once we arrived at the cafe we discussed the power of the Internet and what a fake name and an Internet cafe could do to

engage discussion that people are normally to afraid to have in public. To many people the idea of using the Internet to voice their opinion is still new and scary. As it stands, Egypt is the only country to throw someone in jail for complaining about the president on their MySpace page. The real key is anonymity, it is important to voice opinions because the more people hear or read them the less they fear them. The price of staying silent during this pivotal time leading up to the 2011 election only reiterates the importance of expressing various opinions. Despite my enthusiasm to keep talking about the issue I could tell that the majority of people sitting with us felt uncomfortable and once I stopped talking, the conversation quickly shifted to football.

Fear is a powerful thing to overcome and I am not confident that Egypt will be willing to pay the price to obtain freedom. Most people seem to be too focused on taking care of their families and making ends meet and the risk of imprisonment or death doesn't seem to be a price worth paying. The only change that Egypt seems prepared for is the impending reign of Mubarak's son Gamal. The real question is will Egyptians have the patience to wait another 30 years before they are willing to speak up?



*My cousin's son
is nearly four.
He claims that
when he was two,
he wasn't three.*



DAVID K'S KRAFT KORNER

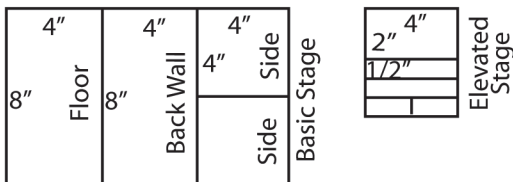
Haven't you always wanted to recreate that magical moment when you were at a really great music show? Well, put on that hand-made cd that you bought at their merch table, grab some scissors, and get ready to build your very own **LOCAL MUSIC DIORAMA!**

What you need:

- Foam Board (I like black cuz its classic)
- Exacto-Knife (or some kind of cutting technology)
- Glue-Gun (or some kind of glueing technology)
- Small Pins (I used safety pins - but any kind will do)
- Templates from the opposite page

Instructions*:

- Cut the Foam Board into 4 pieces to make a Basic Stage.
Two pieces at 8"x4" (these will be the floor and back wall)
Two pieces at 4"x4" (these will be the side walls)
- If you want an Elevated Stage, cut an extra piece of 4"x2"
+ two pieces of 1/2"x4" + two pieces of 1/2"x2" (fig. a)



- Get the glue gun ready and glue the back wall to the floor. Then glue the sides to it. Now you've got the Basic Stage ready.
- For the Elevated Stage, glue the smaller pieces together to their appropriate sides. (fig. b)
- Next, colour in and cut out the characters & accessories around the dotted lines on the opposite page. Or better yet, make your own. (fig. c)
- Cut out small strips of foam board and glue them to the back bottom of the characters; back centre of the accessories. (fig. d)
- Glue the pins facing down on the foam so that a bit of the end is sticking out from the bottom. (fig. e)
- Pin the figures where you want them on the floor of the Stage
- Pick a venue sign, cut it out, glue some foam on it, and pin it to the top or side of the Stage.
- Now you're ready for your own private concert! (fig. f)

*If you're under 23, ask a grown up help out. This is not a substitute for going out, attending shows, and having fun. Kazoo/Kazine or any of its affiliate cronies are not responsible in the reader having to buy more copies in hopes of making this fine activity for their friends. akb - we'll miss you!

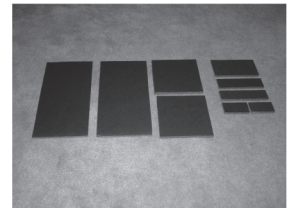


fig. a

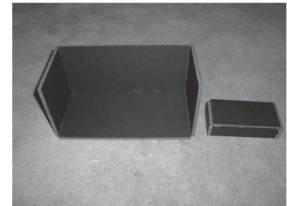


fig. b

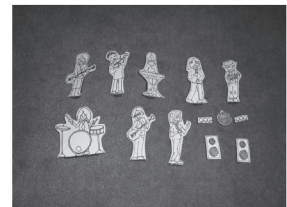


fig. c

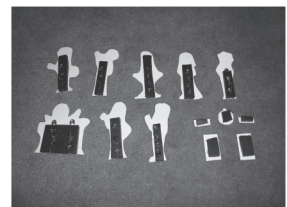


fig. d

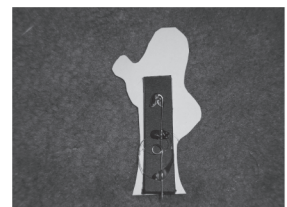


fig. e

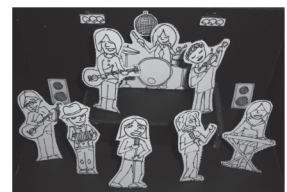
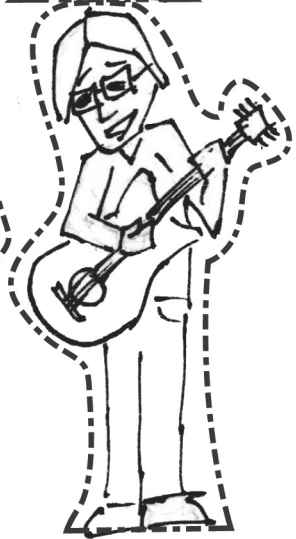
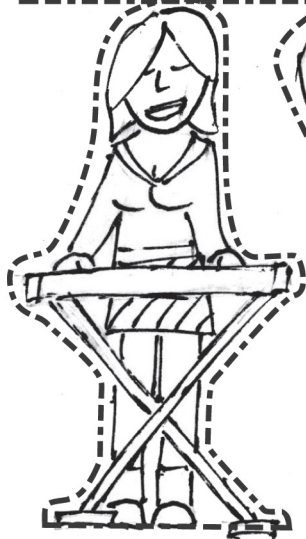
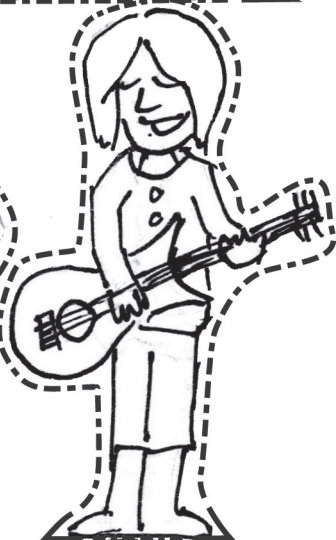
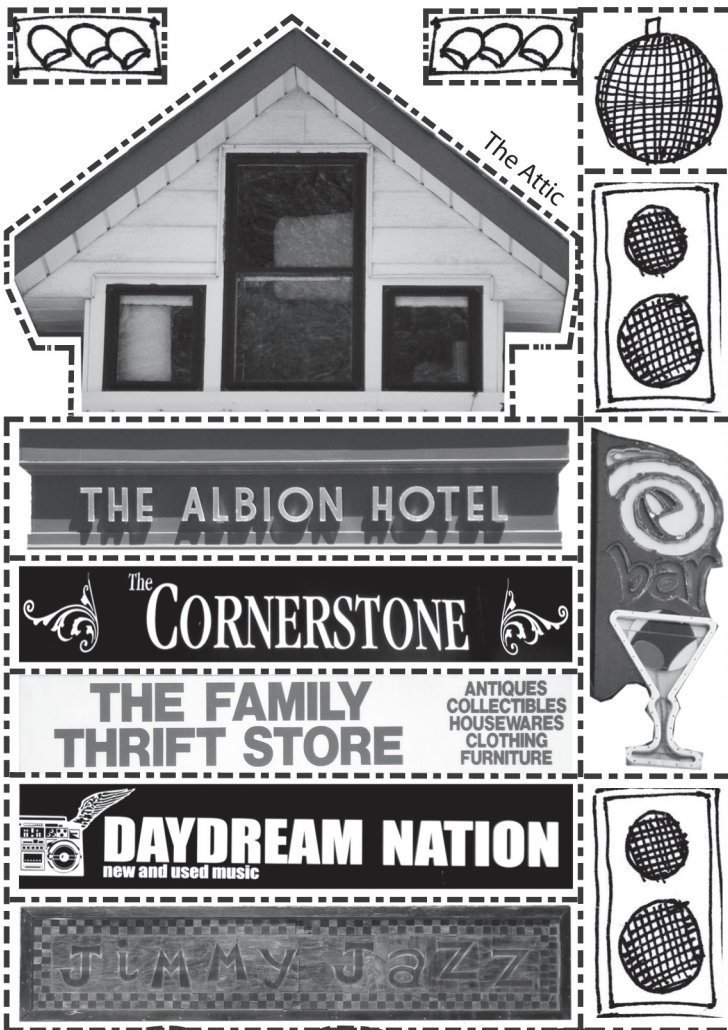


fig. f



12 Tribes

& The Preservation Seed

by Y & R

Two mountains lie forever spooning each other against the encrusted cluster of little lit houses below me. My friend Parizeau and I sit high on slabs of rock in Gyro Park, pounding back Goldschlager and smoking. I had managed to arrange an interview with a member of the Twelve Tribes, an obscure religious cult in Nelson, BC. Using a cell phone for light, we conjured questions to ask in the morning.

Nelson is a place where “No Dog” symbols are painted on the sidewalks downtown and cars always stop, even though the many crosswalks are void of traffic lights. A city that has the population of a town and that houses The Preserved Seed restaurant. Owned and operated by the Twelve Tribes cult, the Preserved Seed is an enchanting place with kickass key lime squares and a Tudor-type tavern feel. In their restaurant I was to conduct my succinct n’ juicy interview.

With a post-party head full of dreams, I woke to the sound of screaming children and ill-tempered storms. It was 9:30 am and the interview was set for 10:00. I got ready on the flash (Parizeau to boot), and we made it to the Preserved Seed on the nose, damp and drowsy. We were welcomed warmly when I asked for Devaq, the man I was to interview on behalf of the bearded men and oatmeal women. He met us promptly with a strong handshake and pleasant manner. We sat at a charming table and were served lovely carob mint matés. I told him that I was from a collective zine that was interested in alternative living, and the interview commenced.

Kazine: *When did your tribe arrive in Nelson?*

Devaq: In 2000. The restaurant was established in 2001.

Kazine: *How many tribes are there and where are some located?*

Devaq: Fifty, with twenty-five in North America and four in Canada. The ones in Chilliwack and Courtenay have restaurants with the name The Preserved Seed.



Photo: Preserved Seed Restaurant

Kazine: *Do all groups have restaurants?*

Devaq: Most do, and those that don’t are working on getting one.

Kazine: *Where in the world are the other tribes?*

Devaq: Brazil, USA, Spain, England, France, Germany, Argentina, Australia and Japan.

Kazine: *Which country is considered the Motherland?*

Devaq: The movement was started by Gene and Marsha Sprigs in Chattanooga, Tennessee in 1971. Gene was part of the Jesus movement of the 60s. He moved to Tennessee and met his wife and they opened a restaurant called The Yellow Delhi on the University of Tennessee campus. Gene had so much love for Jesus and became inspired by him. When Gene and Marsha married, they would have friends over to discuss Jesus. They would call the discussions ‘wrap sessions’ and their friends would come from all over. Then one day when it was time for their friends to leave, their friends said, “I wish I didn’t have to leave,” and, Gene and Marsha said “You know, you don’t have to leave, you can just stay.” They did, and more friends from all over came, and then, through networks, started groups all over.

Kazine: *Can anybody join?*

Devaq: Anybody can join.

Kazine: *What are your guiding morals or rules?*

Devaq: Yahshua, (The Twelve Tribe’s name for Jesus) said “Don’t worry about what you eat and wear. Give up people, give up your possessions.” Most Christians are mainstream; they live apart from the word of Yahshua. Jesus wanted us to share all things in common. John (the Apostle), knowing God and loving God, wanted to live by his word and we lead by that example.

Kazine: *Do you have gender-specific roles?*

Devaq: Women are the mothers, but they have other roles. Men are obviously stronger than women so they build and so on, and women take care of the children. But women also work at the Preserved Seed and handle the money. Have you noticed that women are really good with money? They handle the money made from here and the spending of it.

Devaq then explained that the Twelve Tribes' Council is based on Yahshua's famous saying that begins "If you don't hear from the least..." Devaq was stressing that all voices from the community should be heard. Members are elected to council when "Grace is recognized."

This grace is supposedly allotted to you by God himself; your position in the Twelves Tribes is to reflect your God-given talent. Your talent is identified by assessing your "true intelligence," which stems from humility, truth and "what love says." An intelligence that is of intrinsic wisdom.

Devaq placed emphasis on their desire to "follow what was in their hearts." Courting rituals were practiced through something called a waiting period. A room was offered to members of the cult that swelled for each other and they were allowed up to three months of private talks (no sex?). Sex apparently only happens after marriage (but I bet somebody's getting head).

Devaq invited us to the Twelve Tribes farm on Mount Sentinel. I figured it would be a great opportunity to get in touch with a God so I joyously accepted (please note my sarcasm). As we were wrapping things up, I asked a couple more questions.

Kazine: *Some say love and hate are the same thing. What is your opinion on that?*

Devaq: They may be, but it's up to you to choose what to do.

Kazine: *It would appear that there is limited room for real individuality in a community like yours. How does your community deal with people who have no choice in being different like people who have physical disabilities?*

Devaq: We give them jobs that are suited to their condition, such as bookkeeping – jobs that require thinking.

Kazine: *What about people of same-sex orientation?*

Devaq's eyes became hollow like empty graves.

Devaq: We don't have a place for peoples with same-sex orientation. We don't hate them, we just follow the word of Yahshua in literal terms. Women are the mothers and men are the fathers.

Kazine: *So you do not accept people of same-sex orientation?*

Devaq: No.

Kazine: *What do you do when your children turn out to be gay?*

Devaq: They would have to leave.

At that point I looked into Devaq's heart and saw a shallow grave. I then became haunted by a flood of memories. When I was fourteen I had left my strict Muslim home near Elora. I left my family and school in the middle of the night with nothing but the clothes on my back. Through the darkness of the country I walked all night. I made it into Guelph and went underground never to return to my family again. I could not help but be sympathetic toward any child of the Twelve Tribes that would have to go through the same experiences. What Devaq and other clan members may not realize is that the world has a funny way of crushing and drowning the nicest of children. If a group of people truly "looked into their hearts" as means to relate, then why would there be the need to exile? Why would love say "discriminate, judge and deny access?" Just another religious ruse to oppress and reject perhaps?

I couldn't help but be thoroughly disappointed. A community that was supposed to be based on harmony turned out to uphold the uglier sides of Christianity. Members of the regular Nelson community informed me that last year the cult pasted anti-gay propaganda posters around town.

Friday I'd be wining and dining with the get-along gang, gung-ho for Jesus and my pot-induced thought processes were making me feel anxious. I started having the same worries I would have before surrounding myself by Muslims at large family gatherings. I felt depressed and rendered powerless. At least I had a week to prepare my mind and manners. The week undressed with curious delight as I discovered that Nelson is the pot capital of the world. Friday finally came and it was pissing rain again. I waited for Parizeau to get back from work and before I knew it we were hitchhiking to Mount Sentinel Farm. We arrived to the main gate, comprised of large wooden beams and a banner screaming "Welcome!" in rainbow colours.



“Don’t be using no rainbow, ‘less you be payin’ a queen some respe’t,” I yelled, flailing my arms with a blow wave in my hair. We started taking pictures, walking slowly up to the main lodge. It was a lofty and lovely Dukavor contraption, inhabited by a welcoming and pregnant-with-Jesus sort.

“Come join my family,” said a sardonic Devaq. “I mean, come sit with my wife and kids.”

The entire gang was wearing linen Jesus braids on their heads. Before you knew it the tangential songs and dances broke out. Parizeau made a very specific what-the-fuck face and I had to ask her to not make eye contact, fearing the onset of a laughing fit. Their dances consisted of jointed hands and intense spinning, broken with random spin claps. Some kids looked happy, others discontent. Some of the men looked like ex-junkies and others look liked salt- and peppered hippie scholars.

Then the music stopped and we all sat in a circle. I was blessed with another Parizeau what-the-fuck-face and I started laughing. It was confession time and they had the zest of a trekkie convention on acid. The music stopped/started between sporadic and personal God talks.

“I am happy to find peace with people around me,” said a nervous young African-Canadian girl named Darah (small pearl of wisdom). She turned out to be an old chum of my bud buddy J-dog. Apparently the sweet pea had a really hard time fitting in at high school and had turned to this cult.

During dinner a member of the Twelve Tribes spoke to me about their marriage ceremonies. The conjugal union is formed in a bible-inspired theatrical event with props and costumes. Brides or grooms may court to

their own personal poetry and music. I was shown some wedding pics during my second helping of chevre and spinach pastry.

“If you have any questions, feel free,” he said.

I replied by asking him about how the community deals with mentally ill people, a question I meant to ask in my interview with Devaq. He explained to me that the cult family believed in the spirit world and if somebody heard voices, then they were believed by the cult. Mentally ill members were allowed access to medication and doctors. In fact, all members had access to certain things like internet and family visits.

“Now were going to serenade you,” Devaq yelled, while the sea of beards and make-up-less women collected on the other side of room.

“Don’t look at me!” I said to Parizeau as the music poured fourth like the light of God’s heart.

“You can be free, you can be free, just not with me,” they chanted collectively.

How could I seriously not laugh at the at such blatantly direct lyrics? My previous suspicions of a join-the-cult dinner party were now confirmed. I felt really awkward and Parizeau and I began to laugh at the sheer frankness of the cults “join me joy ride” antics. Their weekly sabbath finished with blow horns, chants, rapid dancing, and epiphanic titilation. A time of rest now awaited them before another extensive and highly laborious week ahead.

Some of the confused and overwhelmed children retired to their rooms as the adults gathered outside. Parizeau and I followed the adults to chat about their cougar and bear experiences, and then we checked out their bevy of baby goats. The cool air fingered our hair and we were ready to leave Mount Sentinel farm.

Later, I lay on Parizeau’s bedroom floor in a sleeping bag, my head filled with subconscious visions. I paused to reflect momentarily. Could I truly accept these people who would not accept me? I had the entire next day to reflect on my current cult happenings as I hitched across the entire province of BC. Mountains and rattlesnakes passed by outside of cars owned by kind strangers. I went through a place called Osoyoos which actually houses Canada’s only canyon and hot desert, and then up a highway that brought us to the “Summit.” The summit was

celestial, with glacial springs pouring downstream and ice-chiseled rock formations on the peaks.

I arrived in Vancouver finally, elated and exhausted. With my Ipod pumping Bowie and the need to find closure, I began to invoke internal Q&As as I walked around an ugly pocket of Van city. What impact do the Twelve Tribes have on society? What are the similarities between them and us? My head was a hot bed of confusion and labour. Do they negate certain fundamental social progress? Yes, they are regressive to humanity. They may be nice but they have biblical roots and when Jesus is on board, expect a chance of retroactive stagnation.

The Twelve Tribes open restaurants all over the world with one joint mission: to communicate and recruit people under the law and word of Yahshua, a God void of facts and face that is used to separate and exclude. The mission machine just keeps morphing and extends to all world religions that endorse hate, ignorance, violence and global disharmony. Folks can fan and feed faith grapes for all I care but they should do it privately and without manipulation.

Sexual orientation is not a choice, but they chose to subscribe to the opposition. When a gay man looks at a hot naked man he gets an erection and that



Photo: Communal Lodge

has more corporeal power than your cherubs, giants and wives of salt pillars. If the Gods of the world created the world, than they created everything in it, including what's denied by religious groups like the Twelve Tribes. Inclusion should not include exclusion and this extends to all peoples of societies. For if everyone was to be as one, every one would lose one's self.

Y&R - June 25, 2009



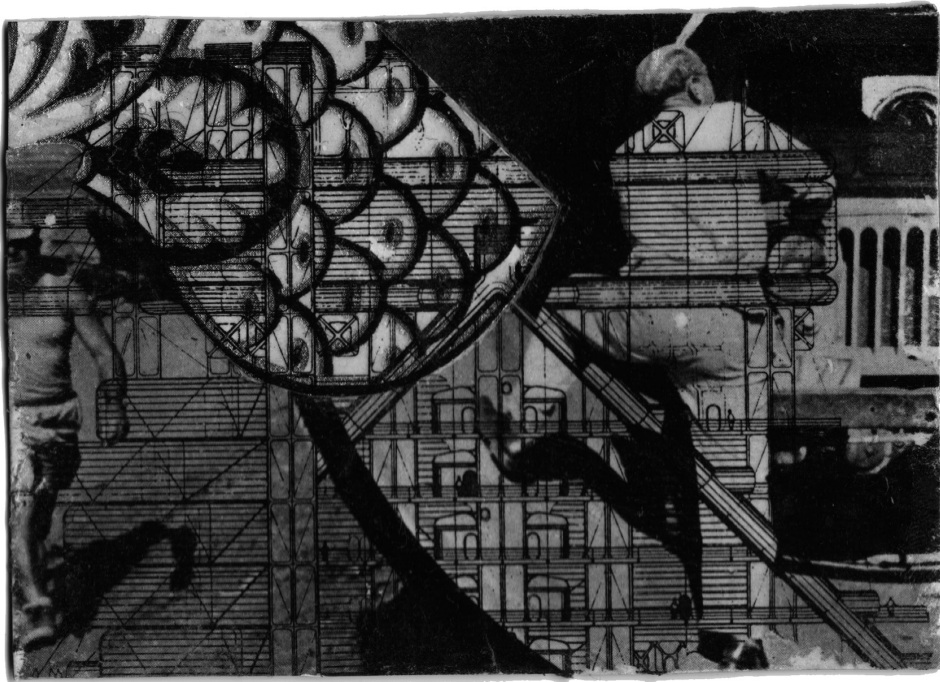
Drawing by Jackie Bristow



Illustration by 'chopper' Dave Willekes



'Beach' drawing by Hugh Mater



By Barrett Carter

Raids carried out by CBSA in Southern Ontario target marginalized ethnic peoples

by Mary Carl

GUELPH, July 12, 2009 — In the past few months, Canadian-immigrant relations have been marked by unnecessarily violent, US-style raids. Throughout southern Ontario, hundreds of foreign workers have been aggressively arrested and denied due process. Many of those arrested were detained in public places in sting operations, including cases in which Canadian Border Services Agents posed as lawyers willing to help them with their paper-work. Others were arrested in workplaces or their homes, and held at gunpoint and left handcuffed for extensive periods of time leading to the injuries of arms and wrists.

The latest example of this disturbing trend took place this past May 27. Early Wednesday morning, immigration enforcement officers swarmed Lakeside Greenhouse in Leamington, Ontario, and arrested at least nine female migrant food packaging workers. The Mexican women, including a pregnant detainee, are currently being detained in Windsor County Jail.

Some of the arrested are in Canada on valid visas and others have pending refugee claims. This is despite the fact that individuals awaiting refugee hearings legally hold a level of protection against immigration arrests and are legally allowed to work. With these raids, immigration enforcement officers bypassed protocol and disregarded any humane sensitivity when they pursued their hostile raids. The criminalization of migrant workers, with or without status, is wrong. We must ask ourselves: what truly has been their crime?

Canada continues to make it close to impossible for hardworking immigrants of trade and manual labour skills to enter our country legally with full rights. In turn, the number of so-called “legal” migrants in Canada is rapidly dwindling in numbers. This is caused by changes to our country’s point system. To emphasize the rigidity of these changes, a professor at the University of Guelph took the immigration test and did not qualify for citizenship. Coupled with this restriction on providing citizenship, our system has placed our economic needs over the well-being of migrants by introducing and expanding temporary worker programs. All the while, Canada still has vast labour shortages in stigmatized industries.

The government has dramatically increased the number of workers coming to Canada in temporary guest worker programs. These programs create a large class of temporary residents who are given few rights and are therefore susceptible to numerous types of employer abuse and are easily deportable should they attempt to demand safe working conditions or a living-wage.

Worker abuse and the Canadian immigration system’s worker ‘protections’

Given the plethora of reports of both worker abuses committed by employers and systemic problems that facilitate exploitative work conditions within (and outside of) Canadian migrant worker programs, it is worth noting that Canadian immigration officials rarely investigate immigration law violations committed by employers who hire foreign workers. Instead, resources are devoted to hounding the workers to create a culture of fear and intimidation. Immigration officials know that going against citizen employers, unregulated recruitment agencies, or multinational corporations staffed with powerful and well connected lawyers, will not likely lead to a conviction. Instead, they focus their attention on migrant vegetable pickers from Jamaica, Mexico, Nepal and other impoverished nations. These workers speak little English, earn little and have borrowed large sums of money just to pay a broker back home to arrange for their underpaid and



Guelph community members unfurl their home-made banner at the annual Mayday of Action No One Is Illegal! rally and march in Toronto. (Photo: Andrew Rejano)

brief period of stay in Canada. Many hope to find a path to immigration when they are here, but Canada has very limited options for them.

There are so many systemic problems that Canadians should not blame migrant workers for the hardships and exploitative conditions that they face. When the worker has violated immigration policy, it often means that the illegal act at its core has to do with the restrictive nature of the work permits given to migrants. The Canadian immigration system is not working for the benefit of everyone, but rather is geared at creating a class of disposable people who can be fired and deported if they complain about working conditions, wages or attempt to unionize. If we aim to live in a democratic and humanist-centric society that is truly multi-cultural, clearly something has to be done to improve our current system.

Just as Canadian citizens have the ability to walk away from an abusive or a bad job, so should migrants. Granting these individuals open work permits would allow them to travel within certain certified industries, including those recognized as having labour shortages. This would alleviate the high frequency of cases where migrants experience abuse in the workplace and are forced to choose between enduring the abuse and becoming “illegal”. This would also allow them to work multiple jobs if they so choose, which coincides with their right to strive to better themselves and feed their family back home.

Temporarily documented and undocumented workers alike are strong contributors to Canada’s economy, however, again and again, the door of a more stable or of any documented opportunity is being shut in their faces. The system is pushing hardworking immigrants into precarious conditions as these individuals continue to seek a livelihood where the opportunities are tangible. To many individuals the risk of being undocumented is an economic necessity, as they need to ensure their subsistence.

Within the confines of our current immigration system’s construct of legality, undocumented workers have little to no protections in the workplace. Additionally, due to this vulnerability, they are often exploited for their labour and easy to place blame on and to criminalize.

These latest arrests are part of a wider crackdown that emphasizes that our immigration system is in dire need of a reworking. We must continue to address issues concerning our immigration system through a humanist perspective that affirms the dignity and worth of people over dismissing them in the name of constructed laws. Things are not so black and white, and all policies should be assessed, reworked and improved upon.

It seems rather irresponsible for our current Conservative government to be putting such focus on pursuing and arresting people who should not be seen as criminals, while there is a plethora of real and urgent issues to focus on which are affecting Canadians. These issues include unattainable EI, mass layoffs, and below-poverty line welfare rates. Shamefully, all of this is happening while the government continues to bail-out the wealthy whose unrestrained greed has caused the current economic crisis, while working people, both immigrant and Canadian, pay the price. Migrants, with or without status, working people and the poor should not be criminalized. The discrimination and unfounded scapegoating against migrants must stop!

Terror and Violence against Migrants: By-products of Recent Shifts in Immigration Policy

Early this April, Canadian Border Services Agency (CBSA) and South Simcoe Police conducted similar raids in Simcoe, Toronto, Leamington and Windsor, arresting hundreds of migrant workers with precarious status. Nearly 100 detained workers were rounded up at Cericola Farms’ food processing factories. The workers were held at gun point and herded into a cafeteria, where CBSA separated workers with proof of citizenship and permanent residency from workers without full documentation, in turn immediately criminalizing the latter. These individuals were then transferred and kept immobile, shackled on a bus for a reported eight hours. Dozens more undocumented people were picked up in places unrelated to their workplace, some by enforcement officers waiting outside of shelters or impersonating lawyers.

More than 100 of these workers were later driven to the Rexdale Immigration Detention Centre, where they were put into a room with no furniture to wait unattended for several more hours. An immigration official then rushed through their rights in a reported 15 minutes using complicated, language saturated in legal terms. The official provided them with biased recommendations, and did not adequately identify documents and materials which migrant workers were pressured to sign. The documents provided are not part of the federal Immigration and Refugee Protection Act. This inadequate level of information and support resulted in many workers unintentionally waiving their rights to counsel, options for delaying their removal, and appealing to procedural actions.

Later in April, 43 detained workers, many of which had their original passports stolen from them by their employers, were forced out of Canada and deported to Thailand.

Again, demonstrating a lack of sensitivity and justice, immigration authorities did not consider the context of these cases. Many arrested workers formerly possessed prior temporary work permits, but fell into a precarious status for a number of legitimate reasons. Some reported that they faced severe danger if they were to return to their countries of origin. At least one was reportedly forced to quit their documented job due to a sexually exploitative employer, in turn voiding their permit.

Like many, others were working second jobs because the only job they were allowed to do according to their work permit paid below a living wage. Because of this, their authorized work permit becomes voided and they become considered 'illegal'. If their first job paid enough, there would be no need for these people to pursue a second job and these individuals would not fall into a precarious status. Although lucky enough to be accepted into a temporary worker program in the first place, (im)migrants with closed work permits, are still treated as subhumans, just as it would be had they not had proper documents.

An understanding of why non-status people are a product of a broken immigration system has not been explored and authorities refuse to lay charges against any of the employers of the arrested migrant workers, instead preferring to target the poor and the vulnerable.

Bill C-50: Major Barrier to Settlement and Integration into Canada

Repression and raids are part of the regressive changes made to the Immigration system in recent years by the Harper Conservatives. These raids that are accompanying current immigration policy are designed to ramp up the exploitation of immigrants in Canada. All throughout Canada last summer, mass protests were held against the passing of the racist and classist Bill C-50. The bill was eventually passed in June 2008 with the Liberals refusing to vote against it for fear of prompting a politically undesirable election.

It is critical to familiarize ourselves with the changes that have arisen due to the passing of Bill C-50, which attacks immigrants' rights in a variety of ways. An example of one of the most blatantly discriminatory new policies that now exists due to the bill's passing is that the Immigration, Citizenship, and Multiculturalism Minister has the power to set quotas on the "category" of person that can legally set foot in Canada. This includes setting quotas on countries of origin, regardless of the skills that a person may possess and regardless if these skills are what Canada needs.

Setting quotas on the basis of a person's country of origin represents a critical shift in Canadian policy towards exclusionary legislation that has implicit precedents in the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1923, the Order in Council of 1911 prohibiting the landing of "any immigrant belonging to the Negro race" in Canadian history, and the "None is too many" rule applied to Jewish refugees fleeing Nazi-occupied Europe during Second World War. Under Stephen Harper, and more recently under Minister of "Censorship and Deportation" Jason Kenney, Canada's immigration policy has taken a significant step backward towards its racist roots.

With the new changes made by the Tories, rich immigrants can now be bumped to the front of the line and granted Canadian citizenship. Poor immigrants have little chance at status and are forced into migrant worker programs if they wish to work in Canada. This increases temporary workers who have limited

limited rights and tries to pit Canadian workers against them in the job market creating a “race to the bottom”. In short, these immigration policies give exploitative employers a tool to erode wages and rights for all workers.

Contrary to immigration myths, migrants are not placed in ‘low-skilled’ jobs because they are incompetent or “low-skilled”. (Im)migrants who are relatively well-off in their country of origin face rigid or unconquerable barriers that suppress their ability to use their skills and academic/professional credentials. The Canadian point system discredits the skills and academic/professional credentials of (im)migrants which they had attained (and worked hard to do so) in their country of origin. This forces migrants to work in so-called “low-skilled” jobs. This also forces (im)migrants to work longer and harder to at least be in positions that may lead to having a “comfortable and secure” livelihood in Canada.

Contrary to unfounded assumptions, migrant workers do not make enough money. They often need to save money to send overseas to feed their families back home. When discussing the income of Canadians it is almost always expressed in terms of “household” income. Providing for your family is part of being “paid enough to live a ‘decent’ life”. This should hold true for migrant workers sending money back home to support their families, as well. Migrants should not be criticized for making this sacrifice, but instead applauded.

As can be imagined, these credentials and these programs to work outside of their home country require migrants to pay lots of money. Even those that work ‘low skill’ jobs often pay exorbitant fees in order to be part of temporary programs in the first place. This is a huge drain on income.

In Canada, many migrants working with the proper papers, such as some live-in caregivers, get paid, as a National Post editor had recently calculated, \$3.50/hour, and regularly work overtime without pay. This is not even approaching a living wage, even for someone not having “valuable” skills and is illegal by the standards set by all provincial minimum wage laws. Canadian Immigration legislation and enforcement makes it easy for employers to get away with this, thus employers rarely receive a penalty.

Accompanying the economic crisis, racist and anti-immigrant sentiment has a tendency to grow as people look for easy scapegoats to pin job losses on. In the context of the economic crisis it is important to realize that we’re not “competing for jobs” with immigrants. Expanding rights and a living wage to all those living in Canada by granting status will combat the erosion of wages and increase purchasing power across the board. This accompanied by other measures, such as making EI attainable and meet living wage standards, is the only way forward in reconstructing a healthy economy that meets people’s needs.

Economic Commodities or Human Beings?

It is important for us to recognize the root causes of immigration and the context of the recent criminalization of immigrants. The underlying problem is that our governments continue to see immigrants as economic commodities and do not consider the human aspect. Many immigrants are forced to come to Canada as their home countries have been savaged by Wars and neo-liberal economic models that promote corporate exploitation and the destruction of local economies. Half of all people arriving in Canada today are on temporary visas and have very little chance of permanent residency. It is difficult to estimate for obvious reasons but some experts say that as many as half a million people live in Canada without any status at all.

Newcomers continue to make important contributions to our country. They deserve our respect and dignity. Canada should regularize non-status members of our communities so they can continue to contribute to our economy while living in safety and peace. We must grant them status and put an end to the dehumanizing and criminalizing attacks on migrant communities!



At the Migrant Ontario camping event held at Guelph Lake last August, local (im)migrant Filipina women play “Luksong Tinik”, a traditional community game in the Philippines. (Photo by Alex Filipe)

karaoke crooners



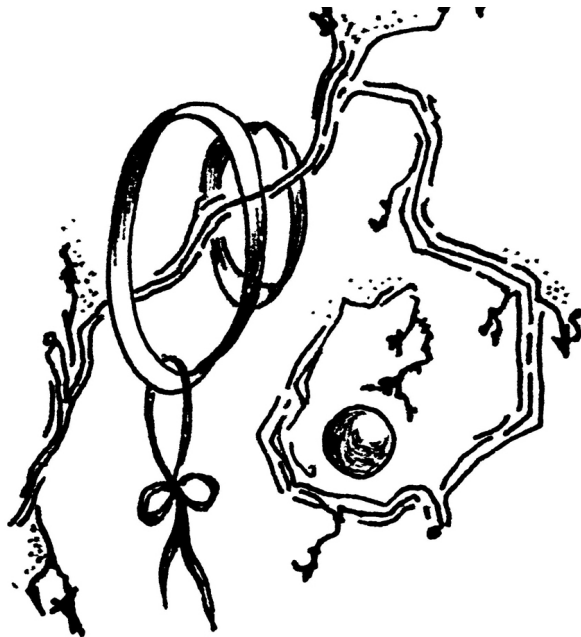
a photo
series
by
Olivia
Brown

Maurice Sendak World

a poem by Matthew Walsh

seahorse, lies there without sleeping. he realized he was not weeping. there was no easy way in leaving, because it hurt him too. he would become stone. like a building. like a pillar. moth or millers, trapped in headlight, trapped there in, cold frozen light. patterned wings as serious as a funeral director's smile, straight and sectional. the beat changes for him. cold, hot-metal drops. bent, tinged rust-metal smile. the creaking of rusted lawn decorations. artful birds, robin's mostly, kept their heads low. just outside a rest-stop. the trucker's drive for miles. hot grease-food, then the wheels churn more, steam and engine. cold-black train. sleek

and unbending, unforgiving, drops of water in the desert. heart muscles. pump. pump. pump. she's screaming. 1980's mirror. hairbrush with a wooden handles says Woolco. A shopping company. Like a K Mart. plastic teeth from the bush dig at her skull every morning. it helps her wake up. The headband keeps everything in place. Teal-green. the seahorse swims down in the plants. Click click, his heart kicks in, like a music box. Pipes and cauldrons. Robin's mostly, pulling writhing animals out of the fresh-thawed ground. the worms were expecting it, and accepted their fate, though many escaped into Nafzse Hall, the main meeting place when attacks from above threaten the very livelihood of Worm Colony 4 Catalogue code: Dens phantasma 6787 Mariane Lanes. They had a lawyer, Mariane Lanes that spoke worm and did all their personal business concerning the human world for them. She was great friends with the Royal Worm for sometime now, but recently denied allegations that her and the Royal Worm were romantically linked. She has put on quite a number of pounds in the last few weeks suggesting the high profile lawyer is pregnant. the world exploded just now and it is the world of Maurice Sendak.



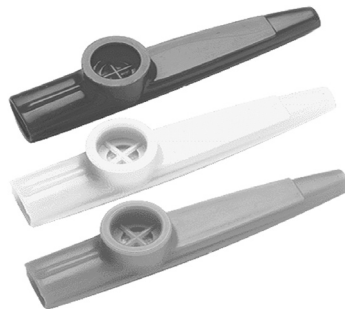
'The Planets' drawing by Wynne Au-Yeung



Photo Series by Hugh Mater

mini-stellar Calendar 2009/2010

	th	tu	we	th	fr	sa	su	mo	tu	we	th	fr	sa	su	mo	tu	we	th	fr	sa	su	mo	tu	we	th	fr	sa	su
JUNE 2009	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
JULY	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
AUGUST	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
SEPTEMBER	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6
OCTOBER	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4
NOVEMBER	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2
DECEMBER	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
JAN 2010	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
FEBRUARY	25	26	27	28	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
MARCH	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
APRIL	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
MAY	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
JUNE	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
JULY	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
AUGUST	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
SEPTEMBER	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5
OCT	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3
NOVEMBER	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1
DECEMBER	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29



Kazoo! #76 : August 21st
A split 7" Release party featuring...

Diamond Rings
PS I Love You
& Thumbcat

@ Ed Video

Kazoo! #77 : September 3rd :

Gregory Pepper
Music Box

@ e-Bar

Kazoo! #78 : September 16th
CFRU & Kazoo! present....

Richard Laviolette
& The Oil Spills (CD Release)
Sarah Mangle (CD Release)
Party Time

@ e-Bar

For more upcoming shows:

www.myspace.com/kazooguelph

www.kazookazoo.ca

get in touch:

kazoo.zine@gmail.com

myspace.com/kazookazine

on f-book:

'kazoo, kazine, kaziners' group

While there won't be a kazoo!
fest happening this fall,
we're planning a huge festival
for April 2010. We're always
looking for new enthusiastic
friends to help out, so if
you're interested, please get
in touch kazookazoo@gmail.com.

Digital archives of all kazine
issues will be online soon at:
www.kazookazoo.ca

summer 2009