

## ZINE REVIEWS

great cassettes she devoured back in those days; however, aside from a surprisingly accurate thumbnail drawing of Tina Turner's *Tiny Dancer*, the zine morphs into a story about memory, sound, and even grief. Once closed, the final square of the back cover leaves readers with one final image: a drawing of the fabled Walkman itself, wherever it currently may be. (Jason Luther)



### Car-Stoppers

Artzine, *Temporary Services*, 36 pgs, Half Letter Press, [microcosmpublishing.com](http://microcosmpublishing.com), \$8

Of this we are certain: the pictures that comprise nearly the entire “Car-Stoppers” zine by Temporary Services are meant to be art. I’m less certain about why the residents who created these car-stoppers were so limited in their imagination. Even the name of these photographed objects is without frills: “car-stoppers” stop cars, full stop. Truth in advertising.

The introduction explains the need for car-stoppers on the corners of Chicago’s narrow, residential alleys. They prevent cars from bumping into garages and pipes. Services explains that these protective objects are necessary given the alley’s value as a low-key modern day agora. Save for this two-page prologue, the space between the covers is filled with photos of these little pipe savers. We are afforded just enough context to make these pics truly intriguing.

I’ve interpreted the minutiae among car-stoppers to reveal whether the owner is kindhearted or crabby. If painted yellow, the car-stopper alerts the driver that they might accidentally back into the building. And we wouldn’t want that. If red, there’s an assumption that a devil-may-care driver will intentionally careen into it otherwise. It’s a colour that silently promises to apprehend and prosecute. The pillars have no use for aesthetics beyond a diagonally-striped

sticker posing as government authority. Stolen-valour infrastructure. The concrete bump on the ground screams, “Excuse me, I don’t mean to startle you, but take care not to crash into the corner and nick your lovely paint job.”

I do wish the car-stoppers themselves were treated as art and am surprised at the lack of creativity rendered. I see chips and scrapes but not much graffiti or stickers. I wonder whether any of them at least dress up for Halloween. Within is only a fraction of those that Service has photographed, which leads me to believe that many more are even less vibrant.

Temporary Services is committed to being one of the proletariat. An art collective of the people. But I think if they’re being honest, they might admit that these photos invite us to judge the folks with car-stoppers. I’m a fan of art that features gritty, everyday scenes which is why I keep going back to this zine. Or maybe I’m haunted by the mystery of the single car-stopper photo taken in Fort Worth, Indiana... (Jen Bonardi)

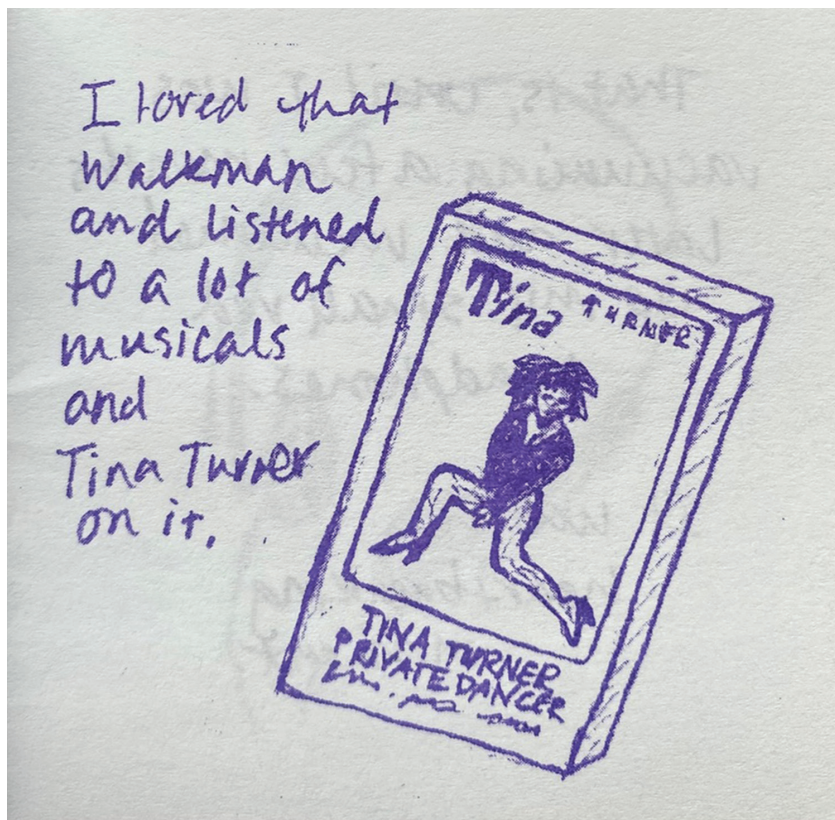


### Crowdfunding for Designers

Infazine, *Craiton Berman*, 28 pgs, [craitonberman.com](http://craitonberman.com), \$10

Is entrepreneurship antithetical to the DIY ethos? Not for Chicago-based designer Craiton Berman. In *Crowdfunding for Designers*, Berman outlines an inspiring — and, quite frankly, increasingly necessary — approach to creativity that questions whether the labour of design must always be in service to others. At the same time, like Ayun Halliday and fellow Chicagoan Marc Fischer, Berman

excerpt from **A Brief History of My Walkman**  
by **Alleson Goldfinger**





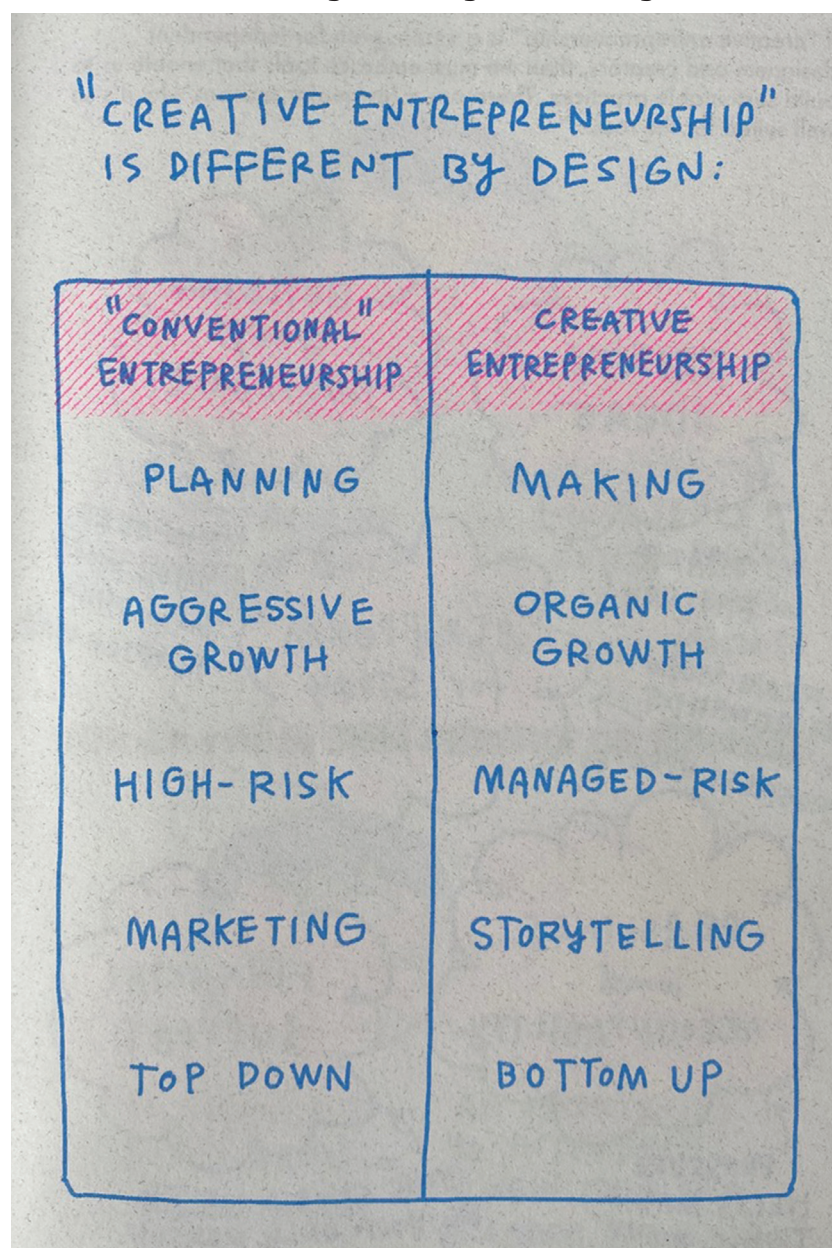
is a realist, jettisoning the all-or-nothing purist rhetorics of DIY to develop a theory of “creative entrepreneurship.”

Such an approach leverages storytelling (rather than “marketing”) to communicate a passionate, authentic idea that serves as a point of connection among folk in a community, not unlike zines do. The only difference is that the point of connection comes with an ask. And if you want to see your most original, unbridled ideas materialize, you’re going to have to accept that money is a genuine constraint. Or maybe in the context of crowdfunding, it’s an affordance

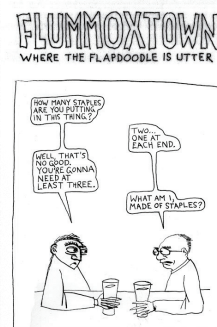
— a legitimate excuse to promote your projects to friends and strangers, to ask them to believe in you. The attraction to crowdfunding as a self-publisher, it seems to me, is that it refuses to equate capital with profit or competition. Instead, it reframes it as a necessary component that can turn abstract ideas to actual objects. And Berman certainly has the chops, having run 15 Kickstarter campaigns that have netted more than \$350k, connecting him with thousands of supporters.

This zine, printed via a vibrant three colour riso, is a condensed version of

excerpt from **Crowdfunding for Designers** by **Craighton Berman**



lessons prepared for college seniors in Berman's Entrepreneurial Design course at the University of Illinois at Chicago. This experience allows Berman to conceptualize several clear and succinct frameworks on everything from goals to rewards to fulfilment. I'd be surprised if you could find a better guide on crowdfunding for zinesters anywhere. (Jason Luther)



### Flummoxtown

Comic, Yawn Temisev, 26pgs,  
instagram.com/yawntemiseva, \$10

At the risk of sounding like Gene Shalit, Flummoxtown left me flummoxed. Yawn Temisev's comic collection left me more with a feeling of intrigue than it did any truly spurring positive or negative reaction. Maybe that's a good quality in and of itself.

In one comic, a maniac with a YouTube channel implores his friend to watch a video about the Chris De Burgh song "Don't Pay The Ferryman," while a waiter verbally assaults them with a series of hops-based puns. In another, a man outlines the best technique for buttering toast. After this, an eight page obituary of a multi-hyphenate drones on with various titles and identities.

Are these strips funny? Not really, but I admire Temisev's commitment to milking each joke until the reader goes, "okay I get it." Whether intentionally or not, there's a lot of humour to be had in committing to the bit. As such, it's the longer strips in Flummoxtown that work better than the shorter pieces. The joke in a two page strip entitled "What is Henry Fonda's On Golden Pond character played Fredo Corleone," lands, but that's about it. I like a nice high-concept joke as much as the next guy, but even something like that is a little more "huh" than "ha."

I'm intrigued by Flummoxtown. It appears to be Temisev's first effort, and while not totally successful, I'm interested to see where they go next. (Graham Sigurdson)