

The Journey Continues

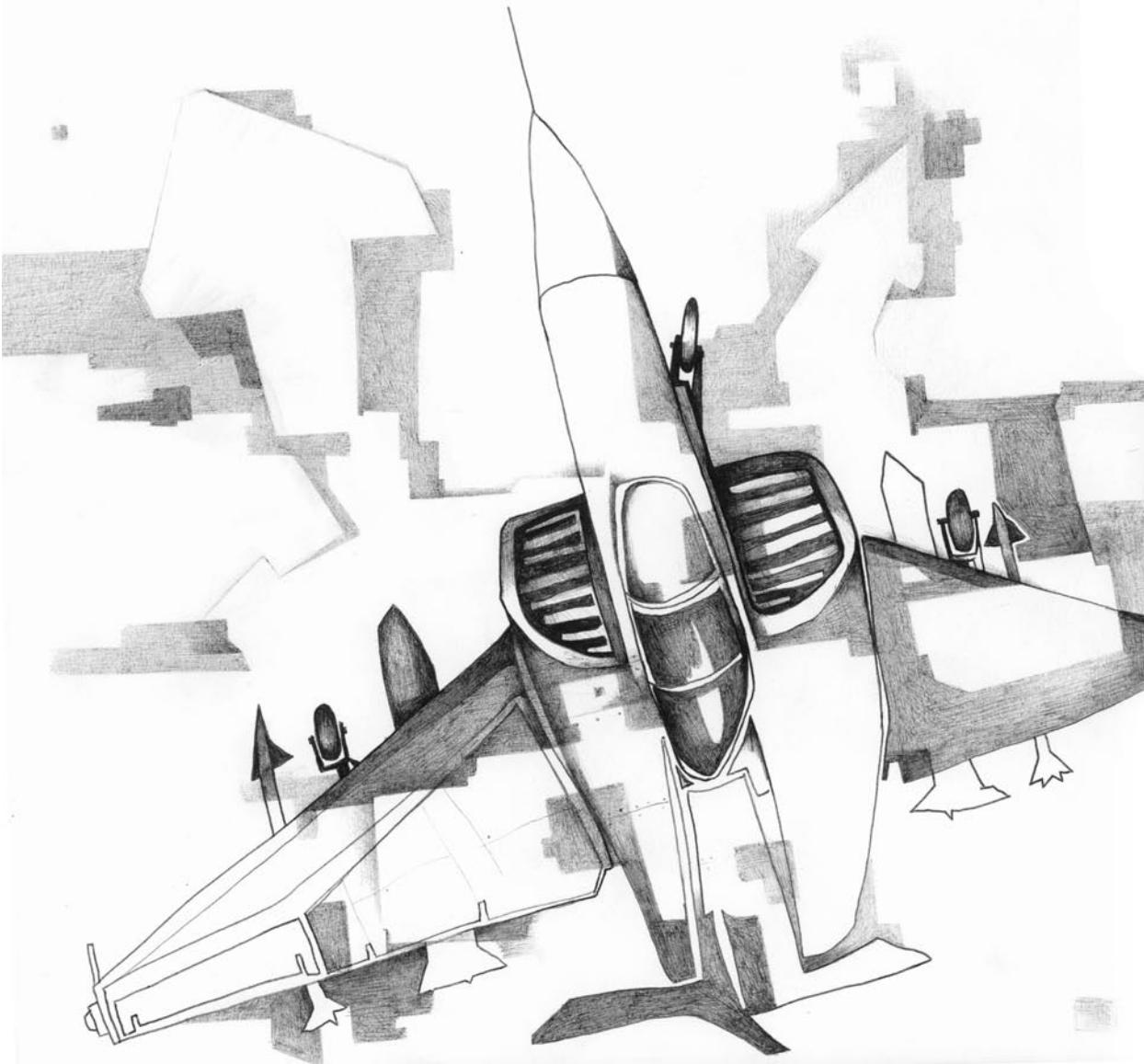
SHERBERT MAGAZINE NUMBER TWO : THE TRAVEL ISSUE : 3 DOLLARS

CREATED BY PEOPLE IN DENVER AND ELSEWHERE FOR PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

— 500 —



HELLO



Welcome to the 2nd episode of **SHERBERT Magazine**

THE TRAVEL ISSUE

Thanks.



34 pages of images and words.

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Air Totems

I hate to fly. I am not in control of the situation, I can't see where we are going, and it freaks me out every time I am stuck in one of those flying metal tubes. I'm getting better, but given the chance, I'd much rather drive everywhere. Just ask my old car, which logged a meager 233,000 miles over ten years.

My freaky superstition started with my first flight in 1996, and what better way to start your flying career than with an 8 hour trans-Atlantic flight to Holland? On that flight, clutched in my sweaty palms, was a little wooden box filled with trinkets that my then-girlfriend had given me. Gripping it tightly to my chest while singing along to Superchunk, I made it into the air. Once things settled, the small box of trinkets went into my pocket, but just before I landed, it came back out and I landed safely.

On every flight I have taken since then I've had something in my pocket or on my person. Usually it's from the girl that I'm dating, or, in times of single status (i.e. more often than not), I will bring something that a loved one, like my dad or brother, has given me. My air totem is my protection from harm, protection from anything going wrong. Each time up or down, I close my eyes, grit my teeth and think about those I love. I reflect on my life and think about whether I could say that I've led a full life at that point; I wrack my brain for possible words left unsaid or loose ends left untied.

In October 2000, my girlfriend moved back home to California and I was faced with the challenge of forced air travel. If I wanted to see my sweetie, I had to get on that stupid air sausage and put my life in the hands of another. I logged a lot of flight time over the next year, more than I had done previously in all my life, and believe you me, it was nerve-wracking. Each trip had me sweating bullets. But in February 2001, I received what has continued to be my best air totem thus far: a small, smiling plastic squeeze toy in the shape of a heart.

Appropriately, I named it Mr. Squeezey Heart. Mr. Squeezey Heart has become my full time air travel buddy. I've seen more airports with him than with any human counterpart. My ability to take out my panic and terror on that little squishy toy has been a godsend. It's seen me through about 12 different flights in the last year alone, the most airtime for any of my totems, and it has never let me down. No matter how hard I squeeze, he keeps smiling back reassuringly, letting me know it'll be all right.

Recently, I had to explain all of this to my best friend Tony, as it was the first time I had ever actually traveled with someone on a plane. For the last 7 years, I've always traveled solo with my secret travel totems. Tony stared at me curiously and made fun of me as I rolled this little squeeze toy in my hands and soaked the hell out of my shirt. I attempted to run through its history, but Tony just stared at me, as if to say, "You dumb, pathetic creature." I may be too superstitious for my own good, but as long as I have these little totems in my hand, I'll breathe a hell of a lot easier.

Open Road:

tonight I was followed by creepy man in creepy truck.



Pacific Beaches:

no matter how random your travels are, everything you see has been calculated.



I've never had a problem remembering my dreams. Never. I'd tell you this recurring one with the talking wolf that I used to always have as a child if you asked me to. Or maybe you'd rather hear the one about my mom's friend trying to feed me pink berries twelve years ago. Or the one that I had in tenth grade involving my ex-girlfriend and my best friend plotting against me. They come fast and furious and I remember every single detail of every single one of them. Usually they involve completely absurd and random activities or excursions, flying, and me running away from something. Always running away from something.

These dreams fucking haunt me.

More recently, the nightly travels into another dimension have become more frequent, more absurd, more disturbing and, most of all, more something I'm trying to get away from. Like I said; they fucking haunt me.

So I started a little club. A group of five-or-so friends whom I'd type my dreams out for every morning, so that they might have a piece of the pie, or so that maybe I wouldn't have to eat so much of it that it made me sick to my stomach.

On the following page are some excerpts from the first (and most likely last) two months of the Pillow Hugger's Dream Club mailings. Typing them out didn't end up making them any less frequent or disturbing, so I'm considering booze before bed.

Plenty of booze before bed.

February 23, 2002

...the original Night of the Living Dead restored in full color in my head. Macabre dreams of a mass murderer and some more ghostly evil spirits and stuff. Corpses with their skin falling off chasing me and some girl who I was supposed to be protecting. Flying from a village full of dead people who hid other dead people in the walls of their homes...

March 8, 2002

...I met up with an old friend whose dad looked like Chuck Norris and while trying to put his number into my cell phone it kept messing up and showing the wrong number on the screen. I cursed at it and the words "POTTY MOUTH" came up on the screen. I said "Fuck you! Just let me put the number in!" and it said "BE NICE"...

March 21, 2002

...we camped on the side of a hill and ended up helping some kids kill their evil step-father. The stepfather was an old, rotting pine tree and we killed him by tipping him over, rolling him down a hill and then extracting his stump from the ground. After this, we ran into a kid who was in a wheelchair who joined our travels. I looked over at one point and thought I saw the kid ice skating by himself but it turned out to be him sitting on top of my dad who was sliding along the ice on his back...

March 22, 2002

"...Do you wanna woopsy toopsy?". I thought that she meant have sex, but I wasn't positive so I said "Sure." and we got into my car to drive back to my house. My mom was in the car driving. Driving badly. We were about to crash into this fence so I pulled the e-brake from the back seat and we slid to a halt. We got out and played football...

March 28, 2002

...I walk outside and ask two pretty girls if they'll help me, and they laugh at me. I look down at the sidewalk and there's a tiny jet plane with a midget inside. I point at it and tell the girls they should check it out as it zooms away super super fast. I follow it in the air and soon realize that the only way I can fly is backwards and on my back. My flying power starts to go away so I walk to the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea and jump off hoping that I'll get it back. Instead I hit the sea and decide to learn how to breathe underwater. My attempts are unsuccessful....

April 2, 2002

...thinking I'm naked walking around the hallways of my old school late at night when there's nobody there. Looking down and realizing that I'm not naked but am using a black Fourstar bandana as a sort of diaper...

April 10, 2002

...a woman butts in front of me at McDonalds resulting in me being beaten then framed by security and chased by half of a strange small town. I'm asking people in the street to stop so that I can jump over their heads to prove my innocence...

April 15, 2002

... but it wasn't me in any of the dreams. Instead it was like I was watching a movie where this middle-aged fat guy was the star. The only "good" thing that happened was the end of it all where the fat guy escaped all of his troubles: he dove headfirst off of a bridge into a river that ended up only being half a foot deep. He got buried upside down from his head to his waist in silt and had to wriggle his way out, laughing the whole time...

April 23, 2002

...they're becoming foggy and less frequent. Perhaps it's for the best; some nights I feel like I get no rest because my brain is just banging out all of these abstract thought patterns and I'm usually running (or flying) from something in them anyway. This isn't to say that the Pillow Huggers Dream Club is dead, though.

As Andy Jenkins and Aerosmith would say: "Dream on".

Publisher's Pick

Green Lady & Huntergatherer

So, you think your 35 minute commute back and forth to work is a pain? Or maybe it's more of a hassle to hang out with a good friend because they have moved to the other side of town. Well, you might rethink your dilemma if you knew Todd St. John and Gary Benzel. For the past 9 years, in addition to working full time design jobs, Gary and Todd have been responsible for the many facets of the Green Lady Project. The project started while the two attended school in Arizona and was based around a small clothing line that featured smart conceptual graphics. A few years after the formation of Green Lady, career decisions separated the duo with Gary remaining on the West coast in San Diego and Todd ending up in Brooklyn. Over the past seven years, despite the distance, the collaboration continued. In that time the Green Lady project has blossomed to include numerous products, posters, exhibitions, commissions, and both national and international notoriety. Gary and Todd have shared similar success in the commercial design world, both running their own independent design businesses and doing work ranging from TV commercials to music packaging for a variety of high profile clients. And, as if this success wasn't enough, the two have recently launched another full featured art project under the name HunterGatherer [HUGA] that includes a clothing and product line, as well as incorporates commissions and installations in various venues around the globe. The two have also opened a retail store in San Diego called *igloo* featuring the Green Lady / HunterGatherer products and a variety of other innovative product lines, books, posters and magazines. SHERBERT Magazine recently caught up with Todd and Gary via email to ask them a few questions about their unconventional situation...



HUGA EXHIBITION - 222 GALLERY - PHILADELPHIA - FALL 2001



GREEN LADY VS. KINSEY - ARKITIP/ALIFE SHOW - NYC - SUMMER 2001



HUGA EXHIBITION - REDFIVE - SAN FRANCISCO - SPRING 2002

SHBT: So you guys have been doing the long distance thing for a while now. What, if any, difficulties do you still encounter being so far apart?

GL/HUGA: The logistical stuff of having to fax or email everything. Also just the stuff you don't think about...when you're not in the same place a lot of stuff doesn't always get communicated right away.

SHBT: Do you primarily just collaborate on the Green Lady and HUGA projects or do you help out with each other's commercial projects as well?

GL/HUGA: Primarily we collaborate on the product and art side of things, but whenever possible we try to collaborate on client-based work as well...which is actually fairly often.

SHBT: Would you be able to collaborate as effectively without the internet?

GL/HUGA: No, we wouldn't. Although we probably use the fax even more, as we draw stuff a lot, and it's faster to fax.

JUN-14-2002 12:13 PM HUNTER GATHERER

7189230909

P.02



HUNTERGATHERER 2002

SHBT: I'm sure that over the years working so far apart has had less of an impact on the common goals that you share, but at some point I would assume that you would need to be in the same room for certain aspects of the collaboration. At what point during a project do you find it necessary to meet?

GL/HUGA: We work on stuff together pretty much all the time. We tend to meet up more for events than for work...when we do a show or go to meet with someone in another place.

SHBT: Do you have any tips for the frequent traveler that make your travels easier?

GL/HUGA: I wouldn't say we even travel THAT frequently, but I guess travel light...and remember to stretch often, so you don't get deep vein thrombosis. (I'm mildly hypochondrical)

SHBT: Alright last one. You are offered the opportunity to go anywhere in the world by any means of transportation with one person whom you admire but have never met. Were do you go? How do you get there? Who do you bring along?

GL/HUGA: It would be good to travel on that 747 that carries the space shuttle around with Carl Sagan.



everyone loves word association

SHBT: GL / HUGA:

itinerary / / schedule or reservation

luggage / / gorillas

lines / / can move quick sometimes

metal detector / / old guys on the beach sifting through the sand

tool belt / / tool belt

2805.51 miles / / that is a far distance

airline food / / isn't all bad

waiting rooms / / before you get in somewhere

hotels / / motels, holiday inn

toll booths / / take checks?

vacation / / sounds good

Check out the original and thought provoking work of Green Lady and HunterGatherer at the internet addresses below.

www.greenlady.com

www.huntergatherer.net



The cabby with the pit-bull face smiled widely and said something in Portuguese; you get the sense that you are about to be taken care of. You are vacationing in Rio de Janeiro with your best friend Benj and it seems you are the only two Americans in Brazil. There are an abundance of Speedos here. People are bronze. Hair is dark. Children and stray dogs wander about in sporadic bursts of independence and neglect.

Where is the nightclub? *Onde ha discoteca?* I feel like going dancing. *Apetece-me ir dançar*. You have a phrase book that is the most valuable item on your trip. It helps you bargain for mangos at the local market. If you were a junkie, it would tell you how to ask for clean needles. *Tomo cocaine de vez em quando*. I use cocaine occasionally. Benj is your compadre, your accomplice. In life you share many moments as unique as this, and, if you are in Rio and you could pick any dance partner in the world, it would be Benj. He tears dance floors up. He absorbs the energy, the bass, the aesthetic, and then expels it like a volcanic flatulence of disharmonious retardation. He's ruined weddings. He clears dance floors like a rabid zamboni.

The cab drives slowly along the coastal road. Palm trees rise above street lights and beaches with white sands. The youth runs amuck at all hours in Rio. They play games that you wouldn't have thought of because you had toys and television growing up. The evening is alive with culture. Men in small groups with radios playing. Women selling candy, cigarettes, and their bodies on the street. Your head is out the window feeling the breeze on your face as Benj recites phrases to ease his social graces at the club. *Danca comigo! Vamos tomar um copo!*

Approaching the club you realize that this is going to be a very special evening. Three separate items fill your pockets: the phrase book, a wallet with very little money in it and a Yashica T4. The name of the club is "Help!" Was it named



after the Beatles song? Were you to be assisted in some way? Did you need help? Yes, you very much did. It was a mystery how they came up with the name but it seemed to fit - in a foreign mistranslated sort of way.

A large group of beautiful dark skinned women are waiting out front. You see, prostitution is not only legal in Brazil, it's encouraged. The glorious phrase book had an entire chapter dedicated to dealing with prostitutes. I want to make love to you. *Quero fazer amor contigo*. It helped tourists with the social intricacies of paying for sexual intercourse in a foreign country. *Vamos para o quarto a cama*. Lets go to bed. This particular club seemed to be a Christie's for prostitution, catering to only the finest women and the most discerning clients, except well...for you and Benj.

Many of the really pro looking girls just sauntered in with a smile and an affirming pat to the broad shouldered bouncer. You and Benj are not comped - as a matter of fact an idiot surcharge would have been acceptable. You get away with paying the full fifteen dollar cover and enter a dark lobby with mirrors, glittery walls and vinyl seating. Suddenly you remember your camera and realize that this might not be an acceptable place for tourists clicking casual snap shots. The bouncer frisks you rather aggressively considering the tightness of your jeans. He produces the Yashica and holds it before you like an incriminating piece of evidence. You shrug your shoulders and smile innocently. He smiles, stuffs the camera back in your pocket and embraces a beautiful local patron.

You proceed up the lighted steps. The dance floor is everything you would expect: lavish, overdone, humongous. A grid of lights and effect-processors litter the ceiling prepared to rain technology upon you. Everything is gleaming, from hoop earrings to exposed shoulders, sequence tube tops, white leather pants, golden rings, ice cubes, bourbon. Bad things happen here, yet the trashy elegance seems beautiful. Young women with arms crossed size us up as we walk by and they sip amber drinks through thin red straws. Older men with cigarettes and sport coats assess the situation with smiles. A woman in a perfectly tailored suit walks in as if she owns the place. You think, yep, she is in charge. You make eye contact. You begin to approach the dance floor with hesitation. She boldly walks by you, her shoulder brushing against your arm. Finding her spot on the dance floor first she removes her sports coat. Standing there dumfounded, you think, "Let's do this." *Vamos Dançar*.

So the moment between walking out on to a dance floor and actually dancing is awkward. As you step your gesture slowly accentuates and should gracefully become some type of interpretation of music. Not so in Benj's case, he immediately digs deep into his cache of hilarious dance moves. Within minutes he's doing the Running Man mixed with

jumping jacks. He's pointing at strangers and nodding furiously, he's pointing at his feet as if they were being controlled by a twisted puppet master. You concentrate and gracefully make an ass out of your self while Benj works hard at it, his left foot gliding across the marble. These beautiful women are eager to dance near you, smiling, winking, even appreciating your dance moves. Then it hits you, "Oh, right...they are prostitutes and want my money." It feels empowering never the less and as the rampant sexuality filters through the lights, smoke and bass you feel infected by some invisible airborne virus. You sway, you shake, you move, you groove, and in the distance Benj makes love to the air with violent pelvic thrusts like a Rhino in heat. It's beautiful. It's disgusting. The bouncers look concerned. Women begin to point and laugh.

Then the ambiance begins to darken, the lighting becomes streamlined and the women are moving in slow beautiful motions. This has to be documented. You must share these images with others, so you pull the Yashica T4 from your pocket and begin snapping hip shots with careful aim. You make sure to disengage the flash as you don't want to look obvious. European men frozen in hilarious states. Women in low cut white pants frozen with their eyes closed and fingers snapping. Bright red fingernails. Strobe lights flash. The woman in the suit notices you. She waves her finger from side to side giving you the friendly, no-no. But then you notice a striking Asian woman in a traditional red silk Geisha dress dancing in a beautiful manner. She is pulling the light towards her with her arms. The smoke surrounds her as a halo of light accentuates her dark hair. You have your shot and you take it, but the flash is engaged. A lens focuses automatically and as the light races towards her at one-hundred-and-eighty-six-thousand miles per second you contemplate the moment. The flash fills the area. It could be a beautiful photograph. How was Benj doing? A split second passes and as the light from the flash dissipates she looks over at you. Film is emulsified. She makes eye contact, her arms fall to her side. Stars crash. A knot slowly grows in your throat. She storms towards you with a determination driven by anger and rage. A verbal Portuguese scolding. Would she attempt to confiscate the Yashica T4? This could get ugly. You notice the woman in the suit smiling, saying I told you so with her eyes. You begin to take steps backwards. The Asian woman pushes you with both her hands. *Queria a conta por favor*. Check please. She has a vicious scowl and is yelling at you in Portuguese with teeth as tightly clenched as her raised fists. You struggle to compliment her. *Estas lindo*. You are beautiful. *Desculpe*. I am sorry. *Estas lind....* Her left hand firmly clenches your throat, not necessarily a choke hold as much as to steady your head. As adrenaline races through her veins her hatred for you escalates at the same rate as your attraction for her. She slowly brings her fist back and then, like the hammer of a gun, she lets you have it. As her fist slams against your cheek you realize that you did in fact deserve this. As you fall, you worry about her, her life, her family, you picture her playing with children. Mom wouldn't be too thrilled that you were getting your ass kicked by a prostitute in

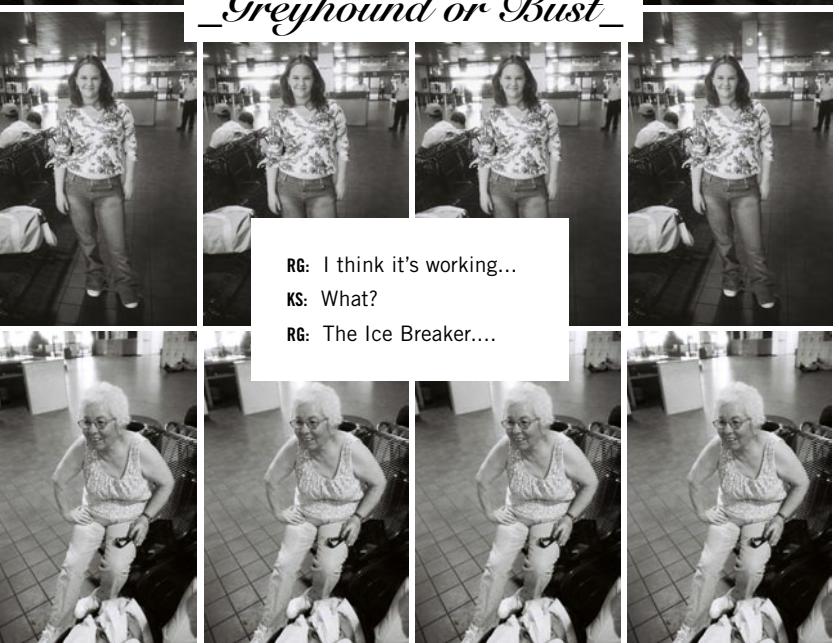


a nightclub in Rio. Come to think of it Dad would not be too anxious to share this story with the fellas at work. The feel of the cool marble is comforting as you momentarily lay on the dance floor. What an impressive right hook. *Eston apaixonada por ti.* I'm in love with you, is whispered on cool black marble.

You rise to your feet and begin to get the hell out of there. What if the bouncers found you? They would assuredly drag you outside and remove your spine in much the same fashion as they would remove the film from your camera. You run upstairs quickly, scanning for following mastodons. Benj seems content talking to his new female friend. "Benj we have to leave...like now." The woman politely stands up, offers me her hand and in decent English says, "This must be boyfriend, Vincent." Boyfriend? What the hell was Benj telling her? "Yeah I'm Benj's boyfriend...uhmm...I am sorry but we have to leave, it was nice meeting you." I grab Benj and explain to him our urgent predicament. "So, what the hell was that all about...Boyfriend?" Benj explained, "Well, I wanted to do some research on the whole prostitution thing, so I figured as a friendly homosexual American skateboarder I could get more answers, you know it's really quite fascinating..." Benj continues to explain the intricacies of prostitution in Rio as you avoid a few bouncers and finally get the hell out of "Help!" Help, ha the name really made a lot of sense. You stand on the street at four in the morning, watch a taxi zoom by, "*Taxis!*" you yell. Benj walks into the middle of the street and yells, "Yo, Taxi!" One immediately pulls over to the curb.



Greyhound or Bust_



One early Saturday morning, SHERBERT Magazine sent out two scouts, one bilingual with a tape recorder, the other with an eye and a camera.

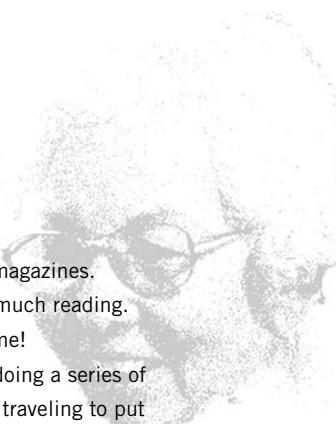
The mission: to document Greyhound travelers venturing to and from Denver, Colorado. The simplicity of the questions asked surprisingly turned in to a personality game. The answers were interesting yet mundane, sort of like time spent waiting for a bus...

Flo

A: A what?
 RG: A magazine.
 A: Oh, I don't buy magazines.
 A: Well, I don't do much reading.
 My eyes bother me!
 RG: Actually we are doing a series of interviews about traveling to put IN the magazine.
 A: About traveling? Oh I don't really travel.
 RG: Aren't you taking the bus?
 A: Well...yes I am taking the bus but that is all the traveling I do.
 RG: Is it o.k. if I just ask you a couple of questions?
 KS: They are really simple questions.
 A: Well, I don't know if I'll answer, but O.K.
 RG: What is your name?
 A: Do I have to tell you that?
 RG: You can tell us whatever you want.
 F: You can call me...FLO!
 RG: What is your age?
 F: 74
 RG: Hometown?
 F: Here, Denver.
 RG: Where are you going Flo?
 F: Pueblo.
 RG: How often do you take the bus?
 F: Never, seldom, I really have no reason to.
 KS: Why are you taking the bus?
 F: My husband is having eye surgery.
 RG: Do you like taking the bus?
 F: I'd rather not. I'd rather drive.
 KS: Well here is a question for you.
 What is your favorite kind of car?
 F: Car?...MY CAR!! A Mercury Tracer!

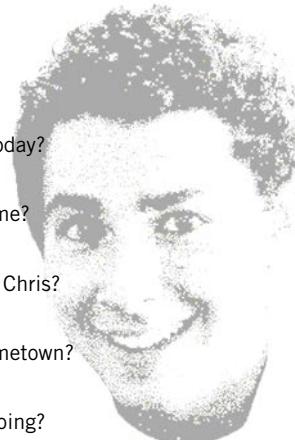
FLO:

Skeptical, protective, secure, unenthusiastic, no frills. MERCURY TRACER

*Chris*

RG: How you doin' today?
 A: Rad!!
 RG: What is your name?
 C: Chris
 RG: How old are you Chris?
 C: 21
 RG: What is your hometown?
 C: Albuquerque.
 KS: Where are you going?
 C: St. Paul, Minnesota.
 RG: How often do you take the bus?
 C: This will be my second trip on the bus. My first trip, I was getting back from studying in Italy and I was supposed to fly back to Minnesota, but I didn't have enough money to get a flight, so I took the bus.
 RG: So why are you taking the bus this time?
 C: I am going to see my girlfriend in Minnesota, pick up a car there and drive back.
 RG: Do you like taking the bus?
 C: I mean it is not bad, I like it, it takes longer but it costs less, especially if it's last minute. It is perfectly fine, I don't mind sitting on a train or a bus for a long time.
 KS: What is your favorite kind of car?
 C: My favorite kind of car? That is a tough question. I'll answer it this way, if I get a car, when I get a car, I would get a Jeep. It's like sporty, but it's not trying to be an SUV, it's not a Volkswagen or a van, but it is still cool to travel around in, go camping and stuff.

CHRIS:
 Open, friendly, cool, informative, sporty...(but not trying to be an SUV), exploring the world, a traveler.
 JEEP

*William*

RG: How are you today?
 A: Pretty darn good!
 KS: What is your name?
 A: William!
 RG: How old are you?
 W: Sevennnnty nine, no seventy,
 no wait a minute, seventy-eight!!!
 RG: Hometown?
 W: San Diego, Minnesota. East of St. Cloud.
 KS: What is your destination?
 W: I'm going back home!
 RG: How often do you take the bus?
 W: Oh...I don't know if I'll ever take the bus again, with my leg as it is, I have to sit up front so I can stretch it out... "Special Handling" they call it!
 RG: Why are you taking the bus?
 W: Because I don't want to go to Chicago.
 You see the only Amtrak I can take is going to Chicago and I don't care for flying.
 RG: Do you like taking the bus?
 W: I like taking the bus, it's all right but it gets too long for me and my leg.
 KS: What's your favorite kind of car?
 W: What??
 RG: Your favorite kind of car?
 W: Well, anything that RUNS!
 W: I don't care just as long as it is nice and clean. I've only had two cars in my life.

WILLIAM:
 Stern, simple, rural, kind, polite, practical, concerned.
 ANYTHING THAT RUNS

*Amy*

RG: What's up?
 A: Just waiting.
 RG: What is your name?
 Am: Amy
 KS: Hometown?
 Am: Fort Morgan, Colorado.
 RG: Where are you going Amy?
 Am: Fort Morgan. We were going to the hot springs in Glenwood but because of the fires we had to leave that same day.

RG: Oh, I'm so sorry.

RG: Well, do you like taking the bus?
 Am: Yes, because trains and planes, they're like all rickety and stuff. I don't know, I've taken the train and planes but I feel safer on the bus.
 KS: What is your favorite kind of car?
 Am: Ohhh my god.....A Cadillac.

AMY:

Classy, wise, solid, beautiful, confident, smooth and subtle, knows what she wants.
 CADILLAC



Whether it's due to circumstance, finances, or a disability, we here at SHERBERT Magazine realized that bus transportation is a necessity, even in our modern world, as a means of getting from point **A** to point **B**.



Love at First Sight

The Denver Hearse Association

Members of the Denver Hearse Association would argue that driving a hearse is the only way to travel. Described as an ultra mellow “floating along the road” type of ride, and one that will not get you anywhere quickly or reliably, hearse owners maintain a firm and smug commitment to their temperamental and unconventional vehicles. And, you might be wondering, given the hearse’s primary function, what is the intrigue with possessing and driving a hearse for leisure? Luckily members of the DHA were gracious in shedding light on their history and passion for life via the hearse.

It was a windy spring evening when I pulled up to the curb of a typical house in suburbia. I knew I was in the right place as I approached, yes you guessed it, the two hearses parked out front. I cautiously inspected the pristine, gargantuan vehicles and knocked on the door. Greeted by Jeff Brown and Drew Adian, current president and vice president of the Denver Hearse Association respectively, the two proceeded to set the stage as to what draws an individual to hearse enthusiasm.

Jeff Brown has always been intrigued with cars and motorcycles. At the ripe old age of 26 he has owned 27 various vehicles. Jeff fell in love with his first hearse at the age of 17 when he spotted one in front of an old farmhouse. Jeff pulled a quick U-turn in the middle of the country road and flew out of the car to take a closer look. Despite its flat tires and mud covered body, the hearse won Jeff’s heart instantly. Jeff’s fascination was furthered by the uniqueness of the design, details, quirkiness, and individuality of the vehicle itself. Six months, a lot of work and money-saving later, Jeff bought and completely rebuilt his first hearse, a 1960 Cadillac Superior full-window combination hearse, more fondly known as “Angel.” Currently he also owns a 1973 Cadillac Superior Landau 3-way hearse with burgundy mo-hair interior named “Charlotte” and recently picked up a 1968 Pontiac Superior Landau end-loading hearse, no name yet, but “Fang” is pending. Ironically, Jeff is also looking into a career as a funeral home director, an interest that he assured me is unrelated to his interest and love for hearses.

Drew Adian’s interest in hearses was initially peaked twenty years ago by the hearse featured in “Harold and Maude.” In April of 2000 Drew read an article in the Denver Post that featured the DHA and its members. Drew was thrilled to learn that so many hearse owners lived in Denver. At 45 years of age, married with 3 kids, Drew knew (much to his wife’s chagrin) that he had waited long enough and decided to go for it. He now owns a mint condition 1972 Cadillac Superior Landau 3-way with black interior, whose name, “Hector”, was carried over by a previous female owner. On the outside Drew’s clean cut style and family man status might make him a seemingly unlikely candidate for hearse enthusiasm yet, similar to Jeff’s story he claims that it was love at first sight. Drew’s wife despises the hearse, his kids on the other hand, love to play in the back with friends from the neighborhood, a wild image when you think of it.

So, it’s not too hard to imagine that one or two people might share an interest in hearses, but how in the world did a community of devout hearse enthusiasts wind up in Denver? Founded in 1994, the Denver Hearse Association was formed by Zach Helm and Jeff Brown after they met through the sale of a hearse, at that time the DHA consisted solely of the two vehicles. Zach and Jeff knew from experience that it was nearly impossible to find information on hearse related



resources and recognized the benefit of building a community to share findings, tips, hearses for sale and to educate others curious about hearse culture. 6 years later the DHA continues to grow, now boasting a diverse membership of 40 plus, hosting "meets" on a regular basis and offers a web site that can answer nearly any question you might have about the many different types of hearses and their curiosities.

At the conclusion of my interview with Jeff and Drew I was invited to join the DHA for their second annual Easter egg hunt at the Littleton Cemetery. On a sunny Easter morning I stood and watched as a variety of hearses pulled up in a line approximately 200 feet long. The meet proved the hearse owners to be proud of their vehicles and the left open doors invited a show and tell that clued me in on the surprising detail and particulars that each hearse possessed. My conversation with the DHA folks was an overwhelmingly lighthearted one, not one obsessed with death, dying or the dark side as you might think.

Here are some fun facts provided by members of the DHA:

- * When driving a hearse you can never just "run out to the store to pick up some..."
- * The attraction to driving a hearse comes with a little bit of love for the celebrity status; an inevitable reality when driving one of these beasts around town.
- * Parallel parking... You might say there is a bit of a learning curve involved in operating a hearse, these vehicles redefine the meaning of the "blind spot."
- * Hearses are considered to be a "Professional Car" and exist in the same family as limos, fire trucks, ambulances etc.
- * A "daily driver" refers to a hearse that is used as the owner's primary mode of transportation as opposed to a hearse that is taken out for the occasional cruise.
- * A half an hour commute to and from work racks up nearly \$100 in gas money per week.
- * Hearse drivers become auto mechanics by default and can expect to experience multiple and various mechanical problems per week.
- * The ratio of mechanical failure to smooth sailing make road tripping a risky business, however due to the limited availability of hearses in a given state you may have to travel to get the most desirable deal or a specific model.

* Hearses can weigh up to 7,000 pounds.

* Hearse drivers often name their cars and are attracted to and enamored with the personality of their vehicle.

* When owning more than one hearse, true love usually is bestowed on a favorite hearse, and it is not uncommon to find an owner who buys and sells his or her other hearses on a regular basis.

* Hearse owners will tell you if their car is male or female. When I asked how one might know the specific gender of a vehicle, the response, "you just know..."

* When owning more than one hearse, be aware that jealousy issues arise between the two beings; if the owner does not attend to the jealousy issues, an upset hearse may completely stop working for no apparent reason at all...

Aside from the extensive conversation that the show and tell provoked, it was a sight to see as both adults and children peppered a vast field of tombstones in search of hidden eggs. In this surreal picture, my thoughts traveled beyond the immediate setting and I imagined these vehicles at day to day locations: the drive in fast food joint, the mall parking lot, driving to Nebraska, squished between a Focus and a Honda on Capitol Hill or cruising through suburbia. The strangeness of the thought reminded me that a hearse, despite its original intended use, is in fact a transportation vehicle. Simple as that. Which got me thinking...maybe the Denver Hearse Association and its devout members inadvertently provide a more realistic, insightful, and whimsical approach to the fact that, yes, we will all be six feet under someday, but in the meantime let's enjoy the realities and quirky strangeness of life as we know it.

For anything and everything you might want to know about the **DHA**, hearses and hearse ownership visit the **DHA** web site at:

www.denverhearse.com

*A special thanks to **DHA** members for their willingness to share their hearses, culture and ideas with SHERBERT Magazine.*

Fear of Flying

I grimly look at the gate and back at you. I'm still hugging your little frame at the ticket counter, stealing every last breath you exhale. Squeezing you hard against my chest so that I can't ever forget what it feels like to hold you. And in the four steps it takes to reach the door, I can't stop reliving it. I can still smell your perfume and taste you on my lips.

Once I pass through the line I'm on the hot concrete, the air fouled with jet fumes and the curses of baggage handlers, I want to turn around and locate you. I want to know if you are crying on the way to your flight. If I were to find you, grab your delicate arm, turning your body around into my waiting embrace, would you let yourself go, let me steal you away? Or would the look on your face read shock and panic as if a stranger has overtaken you?

Two strides closer to the plane, the noise and stench of the jet engines is gone. Not fading, not softer, but gone. I can't feel the heat anymore and everyone has stopped moving, including myself. It's all very surrealistic for a moment, but I'm not there. I'm holding you on the beach while we stare through the fog at the Golden Gate Bridge, the gray wisps engulfing the nude yoga students practicing at the waters edge. Then I'm in one of the thousands of plush hotel rooms we've shared. I can feel every curve and turn of your body against me, trying to force all of the air out from between us. Yet one more time I'm boarding a plane heading in the wrong direction, alone.

Before I can tell what is real and what is or is not actually happening it's all blurring. I'm bent over ready to puke. My hands attempt to rest on my knees, but they are dissolving, too weak, so I'm clenching my pants where my knees should be. I can feel the volcano in my stomach rumbling at first. The eruption is only seconds behind, but I know it's not enough to clear the top of my throat, let alone my mouth. That would at least buy a little time. A clean-up job by an angry airline employee and maybe even a trip to the bathroom where I could hold my head under a running faucet and drown these gritty tears. I can feel the bile top out in the back of my esophagus and the acidic burning as it again rolls down into the magma caverns in my stomach. I try to spit. I try to spit to rid myself of the sharp taste now on my tongue, but it's a long stingy one that remains attached to my lip. I can now see it dripping, stretching down to the tarmac. The wind is back and whips the web-like saliva around my head and into my hair where finally it detaches from my lips. It's a disgusting picture.

Suddenly the world comes back into full volume like a carnival ride lurching into its spinning, twisting motion. The air chokes me and I can see the hot concrete in the distance flickering. The engines seem louder than ever. I'm sweating, all the way through my shirt, yet I'm so cold. Through my tears I can see the flight of stairs up to the door of the Buddy Holly/Big Bopper plane. I can see the attendant, but can't tell if it's a smile or grimace on her face as she watches me stumble for the bottom step. I want to scream, to beg her to stop the ride, to let me get off 'cause I'm going to be sick. But she won't even slow it down, she is definitely laughing and the pilot is revving the engines making the propellers blur and then vanish. I try one more step, but I've got to stop. I must pause to let myself find where I just was. I manage to find that little spot inside of me that saves and stores and replays all of my visions and sensations of you, for without them I am lost. I can once again feel that place inside of me where you live and I know that I will be, even after all of this, O.K. I trip once or twice before I'm inside the airplane, yet it's better than having to look into all of those waiting faces.



Three Stories

"I may be wandering, but I'm not lost" was my motto for my last year of travels through India, Nepal and South East Asia. Friends and family back home would question my motives for jetting over to the opposite side of the world on a one-way ticket with no plans and only a few guidelines. In other people's eyes I was wandering aimlessly and clearly searching for something...anything. But that wasn't the case, because you see, while I was away, I never once felt lost. Okay, there were a few times I took a wrong turn down the wrong street. But my overall feeling and being was one of wholeness, solitude and perfect understanding. I knew exactly where I had been and was confident with where I was going...even if I didn't have that location or destination pinpointed on a map. I'll tell you what though, the "I may be wandering, but I'm not lost" motto has developed into a new meaning for me since I've returned home: because I am not wandering, I am lost. I really live to travel. I feel most in my element, when I'm out of my element. I'm a junkie who needs an over stimulus of all my senses...new knowledge, sounds, tastes, sights, smells and climates. When I'm traveling, I'm totally open to whatever may come my way. I'm living life in the moment, not dwelling on the past or worrying about the future. When I'm traveling, I am aware of my connection to others and the world at large. I feel alive and human, aware of my immortality and need for survival on a day to day basis. I travel with my home on my back, searching for a safe place to lay my bed at night. By day, I'm navigating the markets and food stalls, seeking out nourishment that doesn't leave my intestinal track full of parasites and protozoans. And yes, this is fun. I'm not traveling right now, so, I don't know where I'm going, but here's a glimpse at where I've been.



Trekking * April 13, 2001 * *Ulleri, Nepal*

My personal favorite - the chicken butt series. I encountered this school girl along a section of trail on the Annapurna Circuit. Everything is carried on the head over in this part of the world. Makes sense I guess, center of gravity and even distribution of weight. I saw large pieces of furniture and entire chicken coops being carried in this manner, only hung from a rope strapped across someone's forehead. Looks like this soon to be ill-fated chicken got in a bit of cloud gazing time before reaching its final destination.



South of China Beach * July 5, 2001 * *Hoi An, Vietnam*

No one could be seen in either direction, except for these women combing the surf with their scooper/net contraptions. They would scrape the first inch of sand and uproot little clams. This lady came towards me to give me a piece of her mind. I'm not sure what the exact argument was since she was speaking in Vietnamese, however, I think it had something to do with the fact that I was taking photos. I managed to charm her by rattling off every Vietnamese word I'd learned. I'm sure I said something along the lines of "one, two, three, little bit, yes, thank you." She then stopped yelling. I smiled really big, and then she lost it, laughing. I mean, she was laughing hard for like the next five minutes as she walked back down to the water and resumed her work. I can still hear her laughing!



Camel Safari * December 31, 2000 * *Jaisalmer, India*

Too bad I can't include a sound byte of this prehistoric animal bellowing/gurgling/roaring. I'm quite sure the big dinosaurs sounded similar to the camel. This beast was my ride for three days as we took a camel safari close to the border of Pakistan and India. Four Westerners and two camel drivers. Definitely a highlight of my travels. My camel had some serious attitude, always bellowing or biting. Luckily he never munched on me. I saw that twinkle in his eye though...he had other plans for me - such as the time he almost ran me in front of a TATA truck! I'm over it, really.

Guatemalan Beauty

Day One : September 10th, Year of Our Lord, 2001

Dah-Duh-Duh-Dah-Duuuh-Dah-Duuuh-Dah-Duh-Duh-Dah...my sweatshop made shoes hit the narrow cobblestone street, 15a (venida), Quetzaltenango. Dunh-Duh-Dah-Duuuh-Dah-Duh-Dah. First light of day on the heels of my shoes; I'm out.

By midday little Victor was at my school to greet me and sell me things.

"A Victor! muy pronto! pero no hoy, pronto te prometo."

The path to my bar is a maze. I pass several huddled men who held their palms to the sky more in supplication than for the pittance I may give them. Right turn. Mujeres de la calle are out tonight as they are every night, waiting for less than gentle men. Left turn, and straight on.

"'gy!"

They were all expecting my presence that night, and what a grand night for life it was. Afterward, I didn't mind walking home in the rain; the alcohol was still in my veins, the final song the whole bar sang was still in my head, "Se me olvido otra veeeezzz, que solo yo, te quise!" and Fernando the dancing bartender - a Guatemalan Cheers; another day in my personal paradise.

Day Two : September 11th, Year of Our Lord, 2001

Dah-Duh-Duh-Dah-Duuuh-Dah-Duuuh-Dah-Duh-Duh-Dah...my sweatshop made shoes hit the narrow cobblestone street, 15a (venida), Quetzaltenango. Dunh-Duh-Dah-Duuuh-Dah-Duh-Dah. First light of day on the heels of my shoes; I'm out.

Then, in the light of the morning sun, like a disturbing sound of a familiar harmony broken, an acquaintance told myself and the Englishman, the news of death from the general direction of two towers in the north.

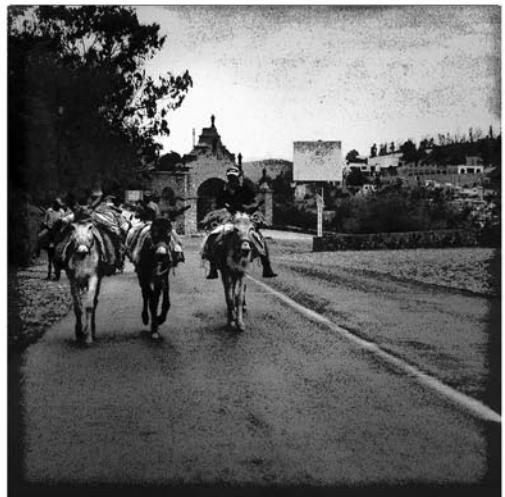
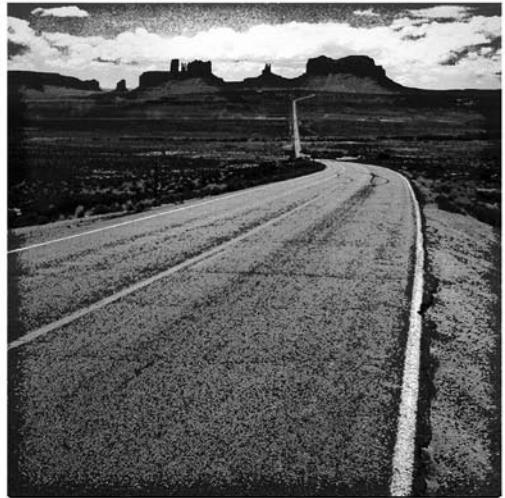
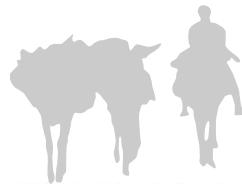
How that day passed I could scarcely say. I could tell you that I went to school but didn't learn any Spanish, though I spoke it all day. I might say there was an American Embassy meeting, but it wasn't real. It was a day like the Caribbean Sea, clear to the bottom, no illusions of what's happening underneath. *"En agua mas claro, quiero ver la vida..."*

Miguel Hernandez once related, "In the clearest water, I want to see life."

The same men I had passed sitting with their palms to the sky were now standing when I came round; one palm on their heart, the other outstretched to hold my hand. Right turn. They seemed more hurt today than yesterday eve, when they realized it had been two days without bread. Yet their eyes held something for me. They offered me compassion from an empty stomach, filthy face, bare feet, and clear eyes. I wasn't the reluctant emissary of prosperity, I was trapped without liberty and cradled lovingly in the hands of the meek. "But we're here to help you" said a whisper in my head. Left turn, and straight on. I was no longer that symbol, but a man cloaked in black, with a miner's face and death hanging around his head like a halo of charcoal. There were several of us dark shadows mocking the summer sun by roaming the streets of Quetzaltenango in patterns of familiar American sidewalks.

At Cheers there were no more World Cup arguments, no more Monday Night Football debts to be paid, only the familiar liquor, CNN, and small Victor, glassy eyed by my side asking, "Atienes amigos in Nueva York?" It wasn't raining on my walk home.

I fell asleep that night under a mess of blood and war in my head, yet I slept soundly, for my final thought: "when all is done, I do believe that Victor shall inherit the Earth."



Adventures in Ritual



Entertain the thought

and without hesitation a mutual

YES, yes.

Prompted by the idea
a vague sense of destination
and driven by
that feeling...

**

Note the time:
5:30am, 11:30am, 3:30pm.

We thought we had everything,
and in some respects,
we did.

Hey, do you have the...?

And did we remember to...?

And what about the...?

Three trips minimum

and always the perfect amount of too much.

Last destination before departure,

twenty-two dollars and fifty-four cents of unleaded.

**

windows down
sink back
feet up
Deep breath fills my lungs with delicious air
and my body with energy re-directed.

I look around at my cohort(s).
I think to myself,
they feel it too.

**

windows up
The speedometer swears we're moving at 75 miles per hour
I gaze through the glass disbelieving.
(super 8)

Ocean of barely toasted yellow,
avocado that's been in the fridge for a day,
skies of smoked lavender,
skies of the thinnest or maybe the bluest blue,
burnt orange bruises sighted on silver weathered steel,
asphalt at high speeds bleeds a seductive blue grey...
Good thing I'm not driving,

I'd fall in love and
right off the road.

Smiling out-loud,
I catch a glimpse of myself in the side mirror
I am surprised at the sight,
"heellooo true self" that smile says to me,
"haven't seen you in awhile..."

**

(Polaroid)

My thoughts turn to inventory:
black wings, white wings, faux fur coat, tiara,
red shoes not worn today, suitcase, snacks, lighter,
makeup, cheap beer, thrift store dress, sweater,
fuzzy slippers, tennis shoes.

This combination of things wouldn't exist
without the hybrid of our experiences,
alone, together, now and before.

**

With no stopping point acknowledged,
the collective consciousness senses
our arrival is near.

**

Bounce down a dirt road, fishtails for fun
abrupt stop claps dust
and suddenly the desperate need to stretch.
Door(s), trunk, back gate, thrown open:
run through field
dodge cacti
it's cold out here
perfect light
not for long.

**

(35mm, long exposure, wide lens)
Spontaneous art direction
and thoughtful composition
she is responding to and led by
we are responding to and led by
our pre-conceived notions
and this very moment.

(T4)

Catches us red-handed.
Tempestuous and unsuspecting wind
tangles us up in our clothing,
she brings rain and a:

change of plans
change of direction
change of hands
loose the way
back on track.

Further down the road
higher up now,
looking out,
turns to looking in.

**

Out of film
out of light
back in car
on our way.

**

Windows down
wind whipping through hair.
Sleepy heads lean on friendly shoulders.
Track housing slowly, and now faster
the city rises to meet us.
We have lived on the same street
for nearly three years now,
I have never noticed
the second house in from the corner before.
A big smiling yaaaaawwwwn,
a thank you to each contributing noun.

Let's do that again.

Alone, together,
self and other,

I can assure you,
we will.



* *

The

Sherbert Travel Toothbrush Holder

Keeping your smile so fresh, so clean...

One of the greatest hassles of traveling occurs shortly after you have arrived at your destination. You pee'd, took your shoes off, stretched out, and almost finished unpacking when you suddenly realize, "Oh shit! I've no place to put my toothbrush!" You panic, remembering the last time you balanced your blue Oral-B soft bristle on the outside of the sink only to have it knocked over and into the toilet by the clumsy oaf-of-a-traveling companion named Erich Scott Lehman from Pennsylvania.

Fear not, trendy reader of SHERBERT for we have provided the SHERBERT travel toothbrush holder for your user enjoyment. Designed with the spiffy traveler in mind, this little baby can definitely hold one toothbrush, and possibly more. And, not only does it look totally fucking amazing, it will also aid you in your fight against cavities!

After tons of last-minute testing, both Tony and assistant, Mofo, made this thing functional. That's right folks, it actually works, which means you should run out right now and buy another issue of SHERBERT to cut up.

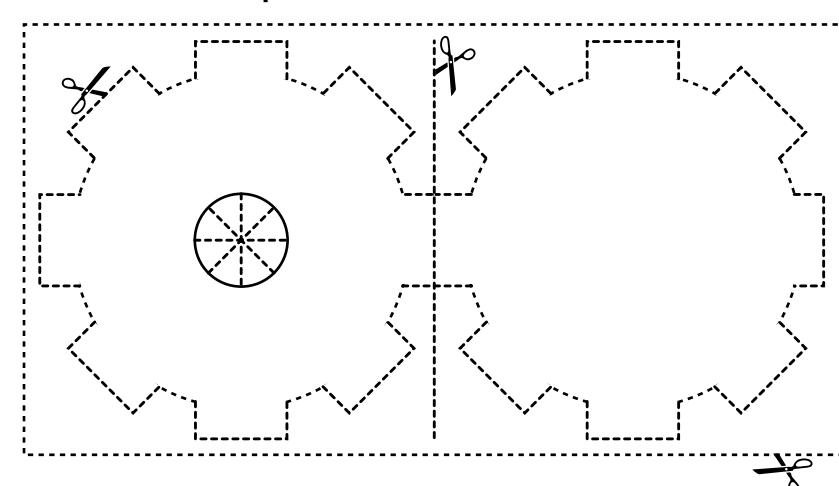
How to make the magic happen :

1. Remove the facing page from fabulous SHERBERT Magazine.
2. Carefully remove the top (A) and the bottom (B) of toothbrush holder by cutting along the dotted lines made by the box. Fold page in half width-wise and cut along tabs to separate top and bottom pieces. Be sure to cut out the hole for your toothbrush on the top piece (A). Gently score along the circular line and bend tabs in, away from printed side.
3. To create the body of the toothbrush holder (C), cut along the dotted lines and gently roll the paper into a cylinder, overlapping the two pieces. Tape the seam together with clear tape. For added durability, a toilet paper tube can be used as support to wrap the page around.
4. Place top and bottom onto the cylinder, making sure the tabs go on the inside of the tube. Tape the pieces on.
5. Insert toothbrush and voila...you are ready to travel!

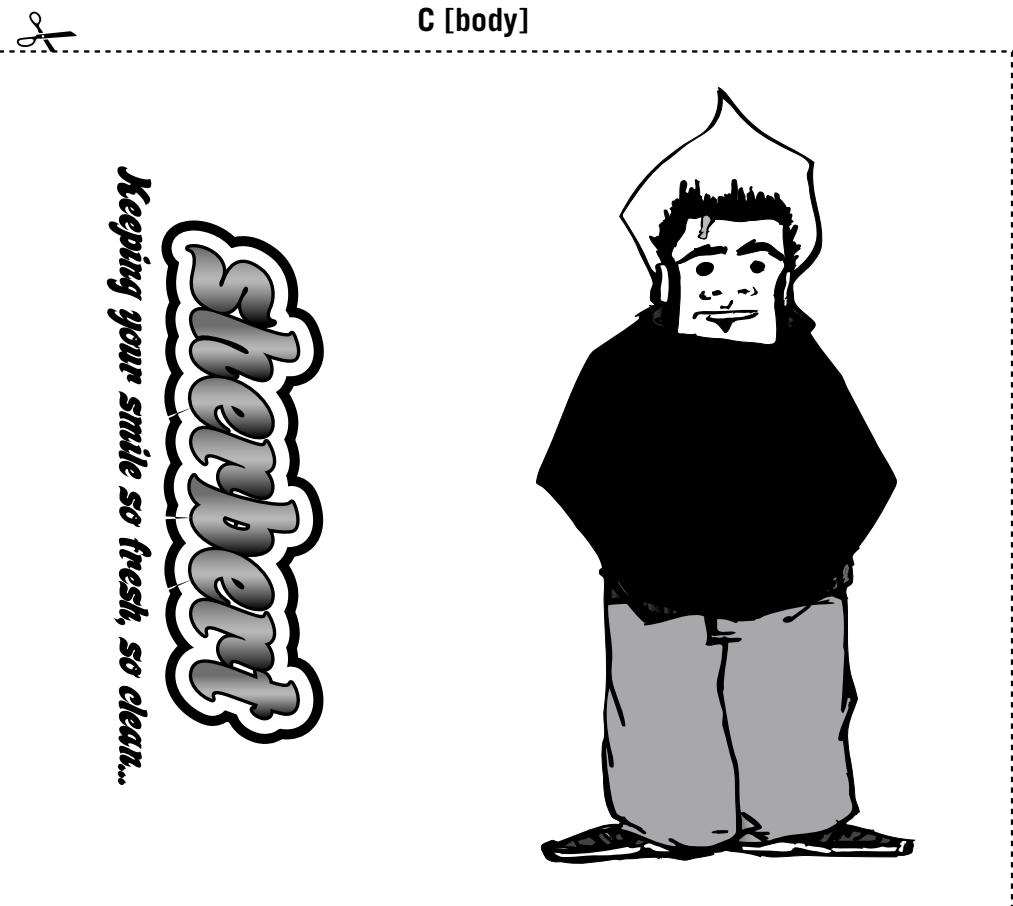
Helpful Tips :

- * To ensure super-waterproof action, cover the page with clear packing tape.
- * Use a fresh #11 x-acto blade.
- * SHERBERT Magazine is for reading only. Do not use SHERBERT Magazine as toilet paper, no matter what the emergency.
- * If you wipe your butt with this mag, you will get a rash, and your pooper-hole will fall off.

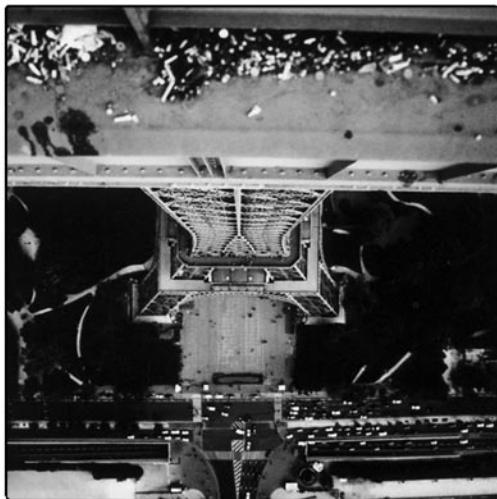
A [top]



B [bottom]



C [body]



blink blink Ramble

Start

BLINK BLINK
FLUORESCENT BRAIN DRAIN
TRAIN TRAVEL TO MIND UNRAVEL
STATION SCREEN STARE GLARE
DILATION EYE
CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE
I PUT MY IDEA THAT
FEET ON THE CEILING
FEELING DON'T TRIP ON YOUR
CHANDELIER FLIP HAND ON YOUR
MAGAZINE HIP BREAK AND RETIRE
EARLY MORNING ALARM NOT
GLORY NICE TO MEET YOU AND
YOUR STORY IS WHAT I'LL
KEEP IT CENTER PAC-MAN CHOMP

TO OLD GROUNDS STOMP
STREET WALK STRANGER TALK
READ SIGNS OUT LOUD IN THIS
SHUTTLE TO CONCOURSE
BE A LOCAL BLEND CROWD
AROUND AND TIP ME I'M
SILVER AND ROBOTIC YOUR
ANTIBIOTIC IS WEAKENED BLAME
THE ALTITUDE NOSE BLEED NEVER
SERVED WITH CLEVER MEATLOAF DING
DINNER IS UP SUP HI HEY
YALL IS YO WHERE DID I JUST
GO TO THE BATHROOM FEEL AT
HOME MINT AND A HINT OF YER
INSIDE ECONOMY WHEELS ESSENTIAL

LOST THEN FOUND THEN LOST
POTENTIAL OF GREEDING BANK
DEPLETING COST STING TAKE A
LONELY THUMB UNDER YOUR
WING IT BABYSITTER BLUES CLUB
CLUNK HEAD THUNK THINK BOOK
KILGORE TROUT CHARACTER TRIP
OVER SIDEWALK HOOK RIP LACE
TRAVEL TWO INCHES CLUNKY
CLOCKWISE STEER RIGHT NEAR OLD
PHOTOS SIGHT THIS GREY MATTER
MATTERS MOST TRY FRIGHT FALL
BACKWARDS WITHOUT SIGHT BELIEVE
IN FRIENDS MORE THAN
MIGHT HAVE TO CALL IT A NIGHT
I'M ON MY WAY

End

Call for Entries

SHERBERT Magazine is currently accepting submissions in the form of art, design photography, illustration, fiction, non-fiction, lists, interviews, reviews, previews, and any other creative contributions that can be represented on paper. Each issue of SHERBERT Magazine revolves around a theme and submissions should adhere to the specific theme in some way.

Current call for entries, SHERBERT issue # 3, is on the following theme:
"Where's my job?" [havin jobs, gettin jobs, not havin a job, weird jobs, etc.]

SUBMISSION INFORMATION:

When submitting work in the form of illustration, photography, design, or paintings, originals or professional scans are best. Keep in mind that SHERBERT Magazine is a black and white publication and color sensitive work will not reproduce well. If the submission is created digitally please email the submission or mail on zip disk or CD. Visual submissions are accepted at 8.5"x7" or smaller in size. Please keep written submissions to 1500 words or less. Written submissions are subject to light editing for quality purposes and final changes will be reviewed with the contributor. If you would like to have your submission back, please enclose a s.a.s.e with it. By submitting work you are authorizing the publisher to include the piece in any upcoming issue of SHERBERT Magazine. Please contact SHERBERT Magazine for any additional information concerning the submission process.

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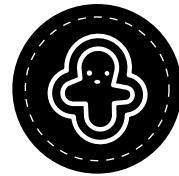
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GOODBYE

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