

three hours late...

SHERBERT MAGAZINE NUMBER THREE : THE JOBS ISSUE

CREATED BY PEOPLE IN DENVER AND ELSEWHERE FOR PEOPLE EVERYWHERE



welcome.

YOU ARE HOLDING THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF SHERBERT MAGAZINE.

the jobs issue

CHRIS MCNALLY

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document duplication

words & images VINCENT COMPARETTO

Like many young desperate post college pre-reality artists I spent a stint in limbo and subjected myself to employment from the creative slave trade document duplication asylum that we all know as Kinko's. I cleverly attempted to promote my potential as a designer through the use of their facilities, however nothing compensated for the Orwellian order that I painfully dealt with on a regular basis. The only saving grace was the ability to make collages on the job in the self-service copy area that I managed...poorly.

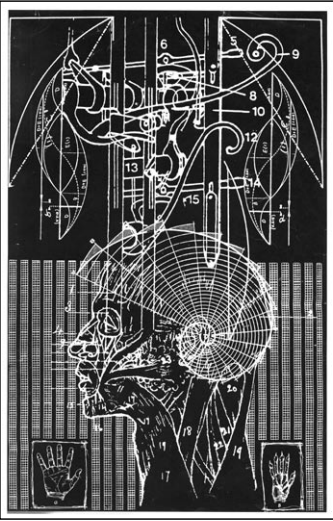
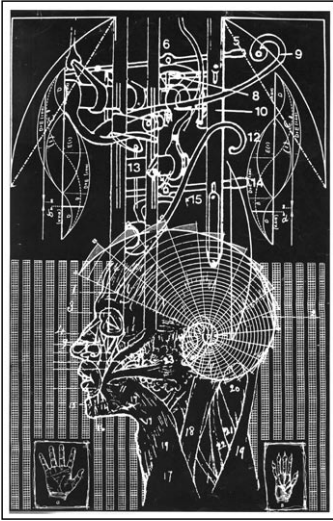
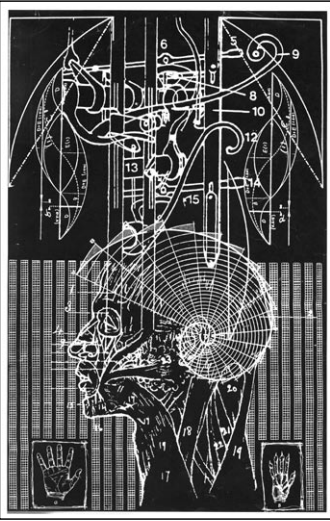
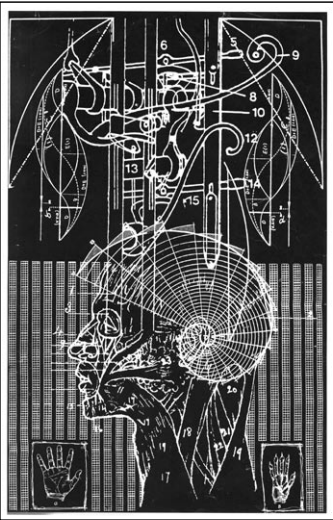
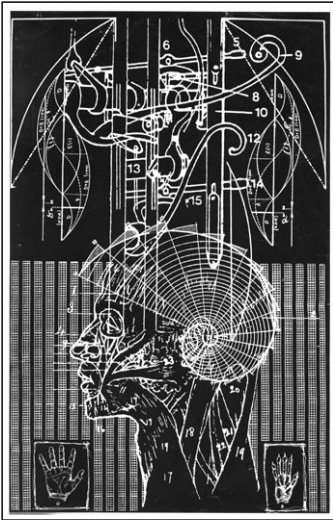
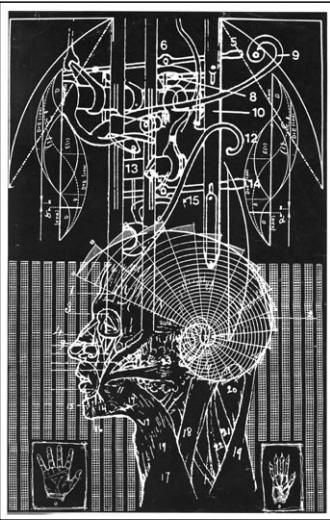


IMAGE CREATED AND DUPLICATED IN THE SELF SERVICE COPY AREA, 7/30/96

PERFORMANCE COUNSELING STATEMENT

CO-WORKER NAME Vin Comparetto DATE August 1, 1996

POSITION/TITLE Computer Services Assistant

DATE OF HIRE _____

DEPARTMENT/STORE Boulder II

SUPERVISOR Peter D. Van Vorous, Computer Services Coordinator

The above-name co-worker is being counseled for the following performance/conduct problems:

Dependability

Problems/Behaviors

- Vin continues to not complete forms correctly. He forgets to use the CSD tracking number, asking for customer signature to begin work, pricing, entering jobs into the production log, incorrect ringing up on the POS.
- Vin was 2 hours late to work on 7/30/96. He had moved earlier in the month and did not tell anyone his new phone number or address. We did not have any way of reaching him to find out why he was absent or when he would arrive.
- Vin tends to have a narrow focus, or tunnel vision. For instance, phones will ring without him answering them; long lines appear at the counter without him acknowledging customers within the required 10 seconds; order taking takes too long; overall, he tends to concentrate on a single task rather than the entire departmental and customer needs.
- On July 30, Vin did not complete a refund correctly, instead re-ringing in the sale and ended up being short in his deposit.
- On July 30, Vin left an uncompleted sale on the screen, causing the other co-worker to ring things up on Vin's drawer, and causing the other co-worker to be out of balance.

The time-frame allotted for improvement of this co-worker's performance/conduct problems is from August 1, 1996 to entire time employed at Kinko's. Special exception is for powerpoint tutorial which is to be completed by September 1, 1996.

The time-frame allotted for improvement of this co-worker's performance/conduct problems is from 6-14-96 to ON GOING Date

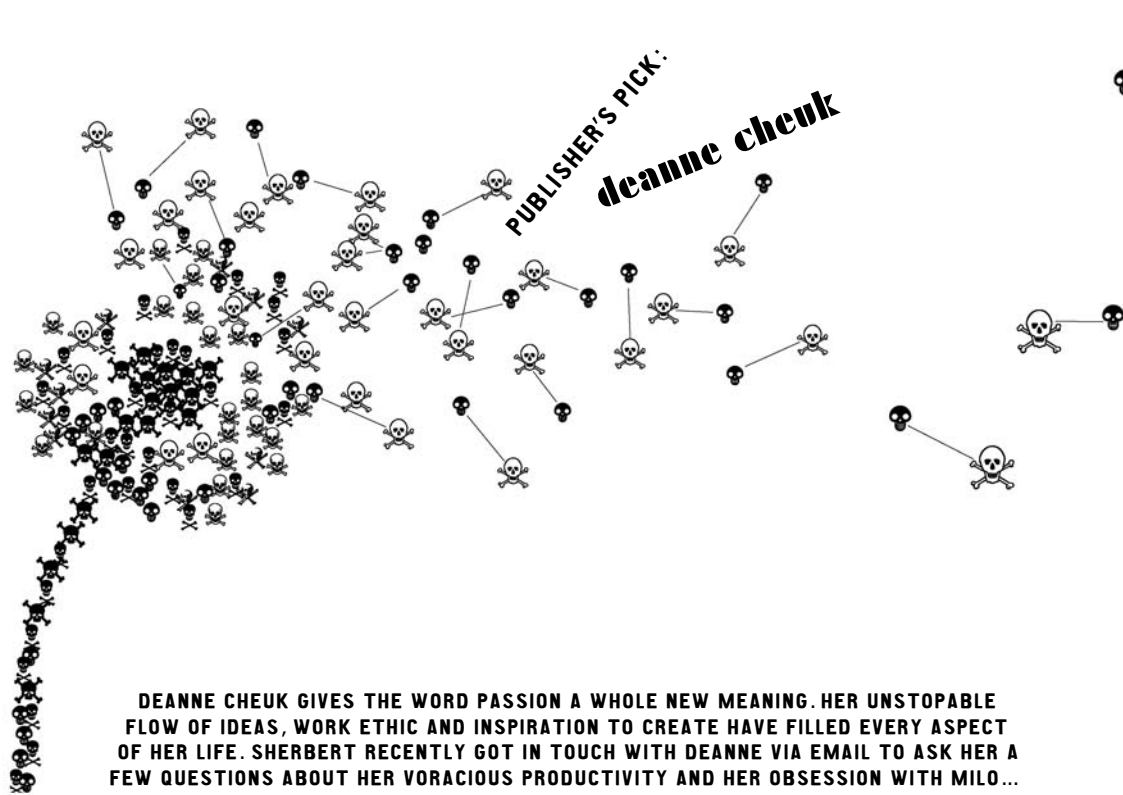
The consequences which will occur if the co-worker fails to achieve these objectives within the allotted time-frame are:

- ☐ The co-worker will be placed on Special Evaluation Status.
- ☐ The co-worker will be placed on Decision Making Leave.
- ☒ The co-worker will be terminated from employment.

CO-WORKER COMMENTS:

Vincent Comparetto
Co-worker Signature Date

Peter D. Van Vorous 8-2-96
Supervisor Signature Date



SHBT: Hello and welcome to the “jobs” issue of SHERBERT magazine. How are you doing?

DC: Pretty good thanks.

SHBT: For starters and for those who may not know much about you, let’s get the basics: Where are you from, where do you live, and since this is the “jobs” issue what do you do for a living?

DC: I’m from Perth in Australia, I moved to New York 18 months ago where I now live and work as a graphic designer and illustrator.

SHBT: Growing up in Perth, what was the transition like living and working in a real laid back atmosphere to living and working in the fastest city in the world? Do your friends and family in Australia question your sanity for wanting to move to NYC? Do you miss Perth sometimes?

DC: Perth is very laid back and quiet, so coming to New York for me — I felt like “Where have I been!!?” I think my family and friends are happy that I am so happy here, I definitely miss them all of the time, but I visit at Christmas so I don’t miss the city yet.
The transition to working for next to nothing for clients with no budgets to working for big advertising agencies and working with multi million dollar clients and budgets — that was a big change and I am still constantly surprised by it, but I love it.

SHBT: Tell us about some of the personal projects you have going on outside of your commercial work.

DC: I publish a little “book” which I call a “graphic zine of inspiration”, it’s called Neomu, I am working on a clothing line with 2 friends which will be launched in 2003, I am working on a painting for a group show at Deitch projects in NYC opening December 14, 2002 and 2 pieces for a group show in Spain in February, 2003. And there are 2 magazines and 4 books I’m doing new illustrations for.



interview **DANIEL WEISE**
answers & images **DEANNE CHEUK**

SHBT: Your work ethic is insane, with all the projects you have going on, where do you find the drive to stay focused and continue to come up with the original, thought provoking ideas and amazing images for each and every project you are part of? Or do you consider a lot of what you do, something you would be doing in your spare time anyway even if you weren’t lucky enough to do it for a living?

DC: Well, I haven’t had any spare time for so long that I don’t know what I **WOULD** actually do if I had it... I actually spend a lot of my time working on illustrations for books and magazines which most of the time don’t pay anything — I don’t **HAVE** to take on those projects as usually I really don’t have the time — but I see them as an opportunity to make myself make something new. As far as coming up with original ideas each time, if I didn’t have my work as an outlet for my ideas I would probably go insane. My mind is always ticking with too many ideas; I need to get them out so I can think about something else...

SHBT: Would you ever want to phase out the client-based work you do, to concentrate more on developing the personal projects you have like Neomu, a plenty products, various clothing and art collaborations, etc.

DC: No, I like to do everything at the same time! Plus I have to fund Neomu, which is non-profit.

SHBT: Describe a typical day in the life of Deanne Cheuk [If there is such a thing.]

DC: Imagine me sitting in front of my computer. The End.

SHBT: Describe the perfect day in the life of Deanne Cheuk [There has to be such a thing.]

DC: Hmm..... I like things as they are right now.

FUN QUESTIONS:

SHBT: When you were a little girl what did you tell people you wanted to “be” when you grew up? Did you ever imagine yourself where you are right now?

DC: I wanted to own a newsagent so I could get Archie comics for free. That could still be a good life for me actually... and I never dared imagine I would be here now, I am constantly surprised by it all.

SHBT: If you could have any job in the world, doing anything you wanted what would it be and why?

DC: A Pirate - BOOTY!



SHBT: What is the weirdest, best or worst job you have ever had?

DC: Selling doors, door to door... what ad is that from again?

SHBT: Top 5 favorite albums

DC: I don't listen to music anymore.

SHBT: Favorite work time snack.

DC: Milo.

SHBT: For those that have no idea, please describe what is exactly so good about a tall glass of Milo.

DC: Spoonfuls of chocolate! Yum! I put more Milo in than actual milk...

SHBT: Have you ever used the expression “The marketing money was billed into the corporate overhead.”?
[I heard this while at the coffee shop while working on this interview]

DC: No and I am not even sure what that means...

CHECK OUT SOME OF DEANNE'S PROJECTS.

WWW.NEOMU.COM WWW.APLENTYPRODUCT.COM

OOOH'OOOH' flossy mcgrews

words & polaroids **JENNA WILSON**
photos **JOSH LEVY**



AT LAST, A SATURDAY NIGHT THAT WE WERE ALL AT HOME, AND FOR ONCE WE THOUGHT OF KEEPING IT THAT WAY.
AND THEN, THE PHONE RANG.

We drove through puddles towards a light flooded doorway, piled out of the car, and all leaned in to see. A photo shoot was in progress, the current subjects: a tattooed man in full medieval dress along side of a ZaZa Gabor look alike. Next up, Elvis and a hippie chic.

We slid along a 10 ft resin-cast elephant, salvaged from Denver's dead amusement park, made our way past the bright lights and for longer than a moment just stood there.

Stood there at the mouth of a fantastic, chaotic, costume cavern. Rounds and rounds of costumes in every shape and material possible lay before us, over us and along side of us. Masked mannequins that wore do's



solely made possible by the malleable nature of spun plastic peeked out from walls decked in hats, jewels, feathers, beads and metal bras. Mini bleachers supported lines of shoes that stood at attention or completely askew, waiting for another pair of feet to wiggle themselves in and fit.

Squinting to make sense of it all, movement was detected through the camouflage. Mannequins came to life and were milling through sections with thought provoking titles such as; good priest, good nun, prairie dresses, and vikings – they were switching persona in moments. A circa 1980’s cheerleader walks past me and suggests a much-too-small-for-me Chinese dress; I opt for the solid gold dancer look instead. For hours we were swallowed up and in the belly of Flossy McGrew’s, a 13 year old south Broadway costume shop. Her decadent insides provoked us to explore our every whim, fantasy and identity.

At 3 am only a few of us remained. I reluctantly took off the last of my getup and noticed a tiny woman with raggy jeans, a contagious gold smile and purple hair walking towards us. Until now it hadn’t occurred to me to ask how we were afforded this magical evening. And here she was, the reason for it all. Our brief but animated conversation had me intrigued, inspired – I needed to know more about the soul behind this south Broadway costume shop.

Three months later, I came back to talk with Sue Gustafson, owner of Flossy McGrew’s. My questions were naively fixed and guided by my impressions of that spontaneous summer evening. And yet, when I entered her office and looked around at the nest of treasures that breathed life and death and eccentricity, leaving only enough free space to house a table and two chairs poised for conversation, and just happened to glance over my shoulder and into the glassy eyed, snazzy-hat-wearing-plaque-mounted baboon head...I settled into one of the chairs and just took it all in for a minute.

At that point, the most fitting question in the world seemed to be, “Tell me a little bit about yourself...”

From as far back as Sue can remember she was immersed in business, her parents owned a successful specialty leather goods company in the 40’s and 50’s. As an only child she spent a considerable amount of time alone, a time to which she attributes the beginnings of a highly active imagination. Her independent and free disposition was encouraged by her eccentric uncle and the two quickly became partners in crime. Together they frequented antique stores, had a pet skunk, attached over1500 nickel cadmium batteries to various household items and



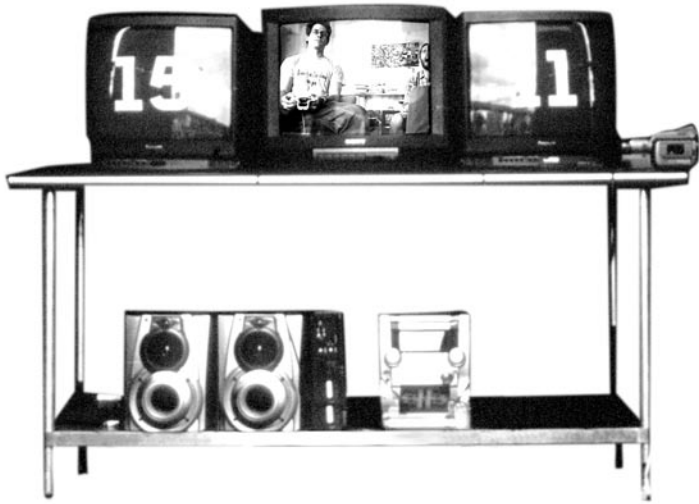
bred 50 chickens in the front room. The influence of her uncle’s interest in the odd, his collector mentality and knowledge of antiques instilled in her an appreciation for multiples, the unusual and things with history and integrity.

As an adult Sue opened Grandpa Snazzy’s one of Denver’s few true antique hardware stores. The store just celebrated its 30th anniversary. While running Grandpa Snazzy’s she opened a yuppie goodwill and soon after found that the cliental and merchandise left much to be desired. And so when she received a call with an offer to buy out “Broadway Revue” a costume shop that was closing its doors, she decided to take the risk and take it all. In an effort to house the new acquisitions, Sue kept the normal things upstairs and the oddities downstairs. She recalls, “And wouldn’t you know, people continually wanted the strange stuff! I thought to myself, I’m on to something.” From that day forth she made a pact to buy only the ugliest, weirdest stuff she could find - Flossy McGrew’s was born.

On what it’s like to own and operate Flossy’s, Sue lights up and gives a sense of the production, “I set the stage with my back drop, get my actors in place, and open the doors to see if it works...and it does.” And if the life size horses in various costumes, the pumpkin headed monster playing a banjo in a wheel chair, or the decadent mannequin drowning in a giant shoe are any indication of the truth, then it’s safe to say that the Flossy McGrew’s production is the work of a creative mind that sees positive potential in most everything. Sue confesses that she is “challenge motivated”, a motto that has kept her interests diverse and one that has continued to inspire her. Her voice lowers dramatically and she says with conviction, “So, it’s not a job. When it becomes work, I am not going to do it anymore.”

Sue currently lives with her much adored six “dog-children”, spends a fair bit of time watching one of her 2000 B-rated movies, swears by her diet of nicotine, caffeine and candy and sheds some light on her gold teeth, “I always wanted to be like the turkey farmers that my Dad hung out with - they all had gold teeth.” In her spare time she is working on yet another project, her dream house, a haunted church on the edge of downtown Denver.

When I ask how she manages it all, she says with a smile, “I create worlds within worlds and they all seem to work together somehow.” One thing is clear: **HER LIFE IS HER LIFE’S WORK** - magical!

words **CARY MURNION**

Row - Games

$$\begin{bmatrix} 0 & 0 & 0 \end{bmatrix} + \begin{bmatrix} 0 & 0 & 0 \end{bmatrix} = \begin{bmatrix} 0 & 0 & 0 \end{bmatrix}$$

IN THE SUMMER AND FALL OF 2000, Jonathan Milott and Cary Murnion engaged in a competition. The competition was started because a particular video game was consuming too much of their time and was interfering with their jobs. The name of the game was Soul Calibur. So the two of them devised a way to put an end to their “obsession.” The rules were: 2 players, the first player to win 20 games would be crowned the final “grand champion” and after the competition was won the video game would be retired forever, never to be played again.

The competition took 3 months to complete. **THE FINAL SCORE WAS JON: 20, CARY: 16.**

They decided to videotape the competition, but didn't tape the video game on the screen, they taped themselves and their reactions while they played. The taping began with a score of 6-5, in Jon's favor. Over 7 hours of footage was shot.

In the summer of 2001, they were asked to show these 7 hours of footage in an art exhibition held at the Empire Stores in Brooklyn, NY. It was an outdoor event with food and music events going on in conjunction with the art displays. They had their display set up in the archway of the building so that people would walk by and watch throughout the day as the competition got closer and closer to its final score.

2 days before the installation they were informed that this was a “family” event where kids and their parents were going to be watching their display. This put a kink in their presentation because, as would be expected during an intense competition, they both cursed profusely and loudly throughout the 7 hours of footage. The organizers of the art exhibition made it clear that no curse words could be heard or they would not be able to show their footage.

The solution was to go through all 7 hours of footage and write down the time code of every curse word uttered. Then at the event itself, one of them would sit next to the display and mute the sound at each curse revealing time code spot. Below are the time codes of the 482 times that Cary or Jon cursed over the 7 hours of competition.

WWW.STAYHONEST.COM

TAPE 1: CURSE WORDS:

2 PLAYERS, FIRST TO 20 WINS.

PLAYED OVER A PERIOD OF 3 MONTHS.

(OCT - DEC, 2000). SAME GAME. SAME LOCATION.

TOURNAMENT, GAME IS RETIRED - NEVER TO BE PLAYED AGAIN!

be your own boss

words & illustrations THOMAS PANCAKE



I GOT MY FIRST JOB WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN. BEING AN ALL-AMERICAN BOY, I OF COURSE WORKED IN FAST FOOD, AT WENDY’S. I PRIMARILY WORKED AT NIGHT, AND AS ALL WHOUDINI FANS KNOW, THAT IS WHEN THE FREAKS COME OUT.

PLEASE NOTE:

If I were a talented writer, I’d weave together a clever tale, which would take place over a week or so and involve all of my wacky co-workers. Instead, I’ll give you a couple of brief descriptions to get you started, and even a couple of pictures, after that you’re on your own. The people I worked with sound like they belong in a quirky off-beat situational comedy about working class people who are kind of sad, but also funny, with a dignity and character all of their own, but I promise they are real. As an objective, handsomely pancake shaped SHERBERT journalist, I couldn’t embellish even if I wanted to.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL, EVEN FOR A BURGER.

Every night as I clocked in, I got an earful of disgust from the married-at-seventeen, punk rock vegans. Working at Wendy’s was apparently the perfect source of rent money and eternal angst.

“OUUEEE BUDI!”

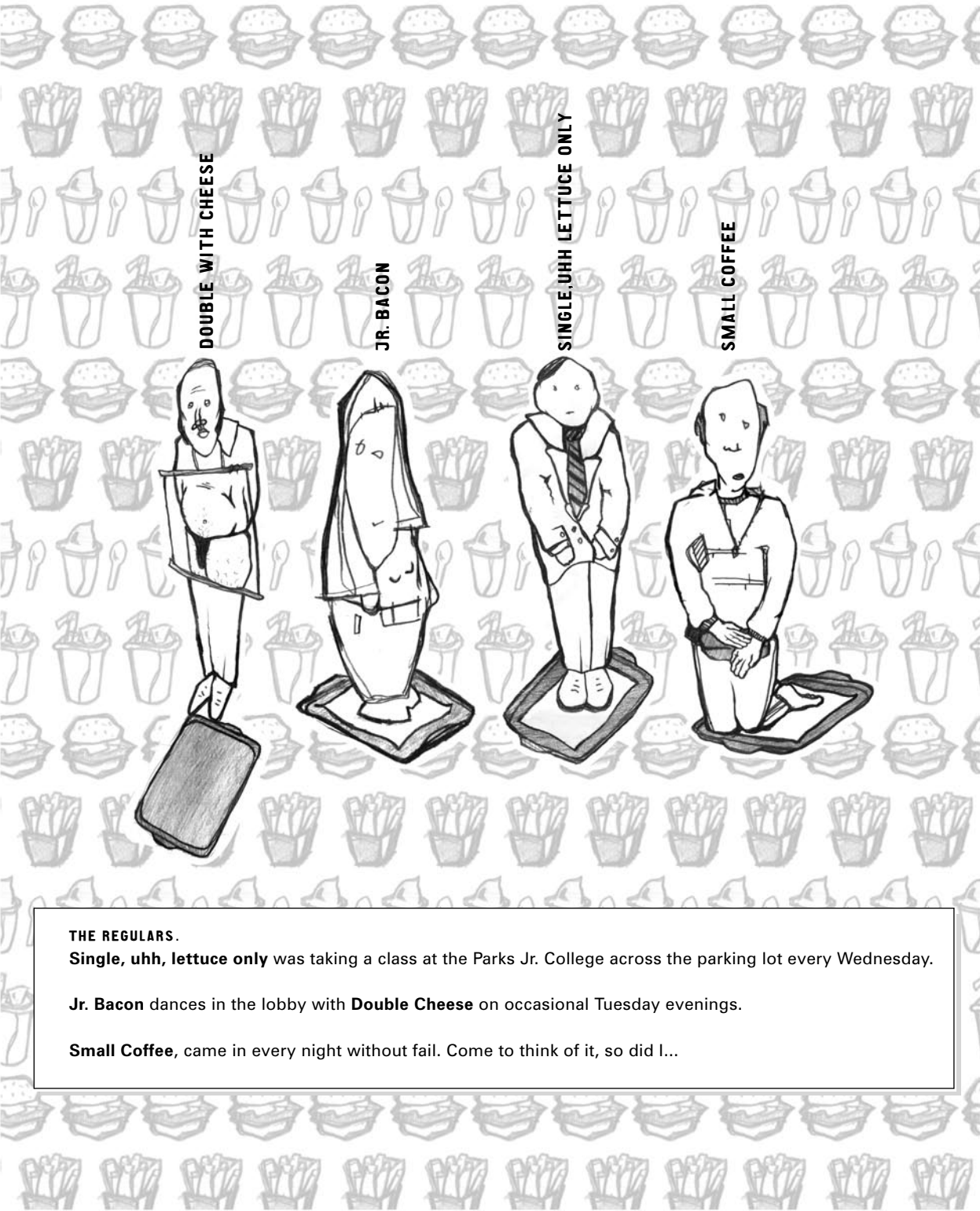
said big fat Lou, who was convinced that he was as pretty as Prince and dumped most of his paychecks into the rims on his car, a purple convertible Chrysler LeBaron. They weren’t too popular in 1992 yet, but I’m sure he has neon lights underneath it by now.

THOSE FUCKING RUSSIANS WERE ALWAYS TRYING TO STEAL OUR TORTILLA TOSS TECHNOLOGY.

The tortilla toss was a game that Andy and I invented. The object was to take the tortillas from the salad bar, and throw them back and forth like a frisbee for as long as you could before they would fall apart. Each toss and catch counted as a point. The team with the most points wins. The first annual Filipinos vs. Americanos Olympic tortilla toss challenge was Ramil (Ramil was a short little man, who drove a boomin’ Geo tracker. It was always amazing to hear him rap “I got a man” by Positive K in his thick Filipino accent. I think he joined the Army.), so Ramil and Jeb vs. me and Andy. Regan was referee and he believed whole heartedly that he was the second coming of Jesus Christ. Lucky for all you fervent patriots, the Americanos won, but many suspect Regan, Son of God, was cheating for America.

QUALITY CONTROL.

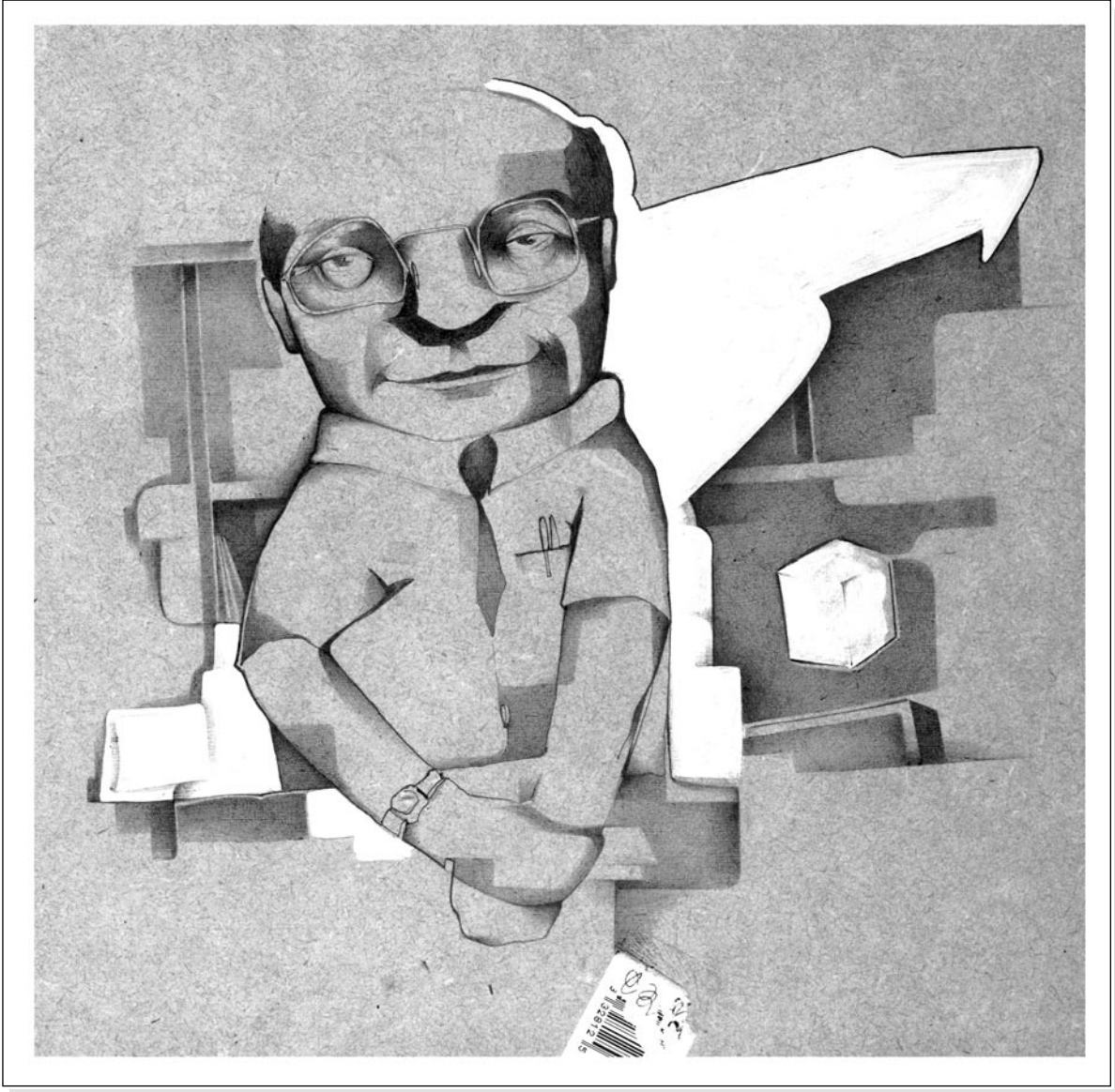
The manager who hired me was also a coke dealer and his own best customer. Whenever a customer of the hot girl variety came in, he’d announce that he needed a “quality check at the drive through” (or front counter, or wherever she happened to be). I admit, I always checked them out, but I was fifteen, he was fifty. I was more a thief than a pervert, and I admit that I stole (and sadly, still have) a set of table and chairs from the dining area. It was fun. Of course, my sense of craftsmanship wouldn’t allow me to ignore the important details, such as making sure to get the salt, pepper, sugar, ashtray and the propaganda poster which hung above it too. Remember kids, a job worth doing, is a job worth doing right.



THE REGULARS.
Single, uhh, lettuce only was taking a class at the Parks Jr. College across the parking lot every Wednesday.

Jr. Bacon dances in the lobby with **Double Cheese** on occasional Tuesday evenings.

Small Coffee, came in every night without fail. Come to think of it, so did I...



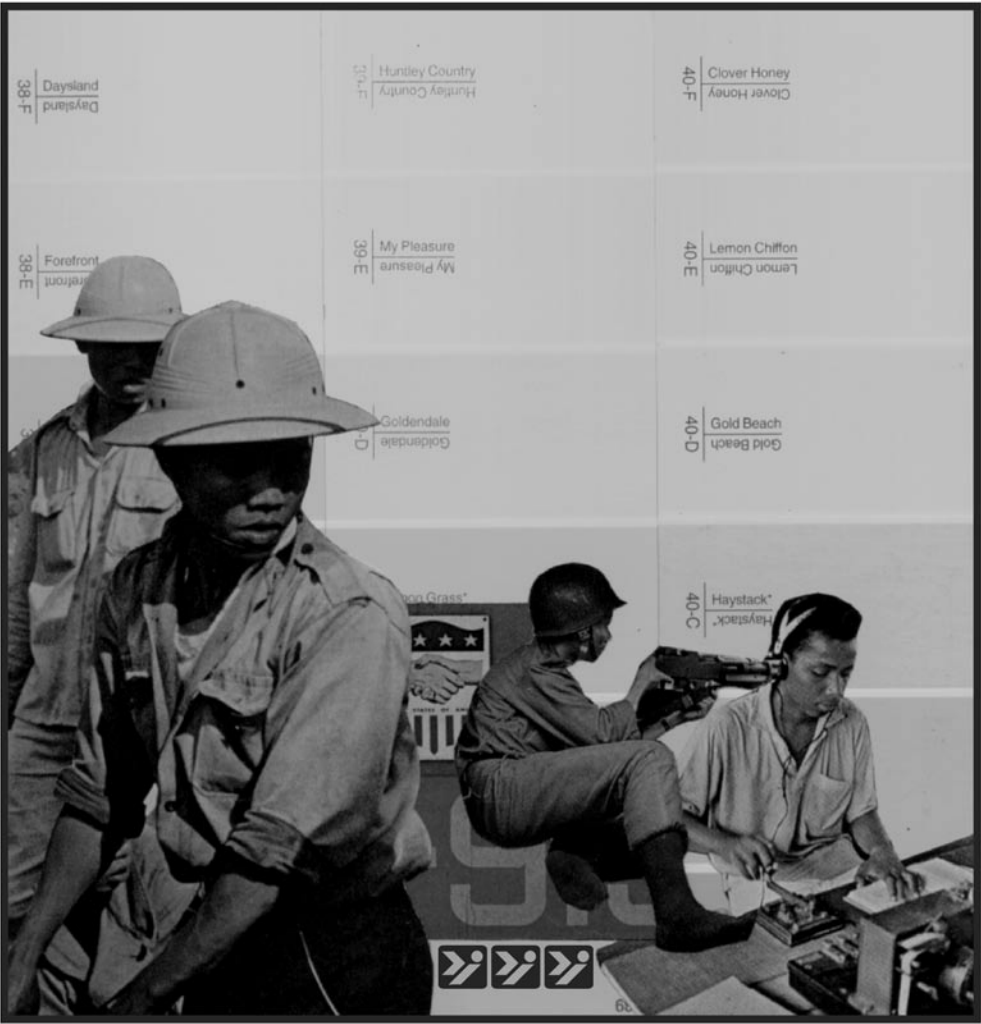
JIM DARLING

*the man at the post office
has no wrists.*



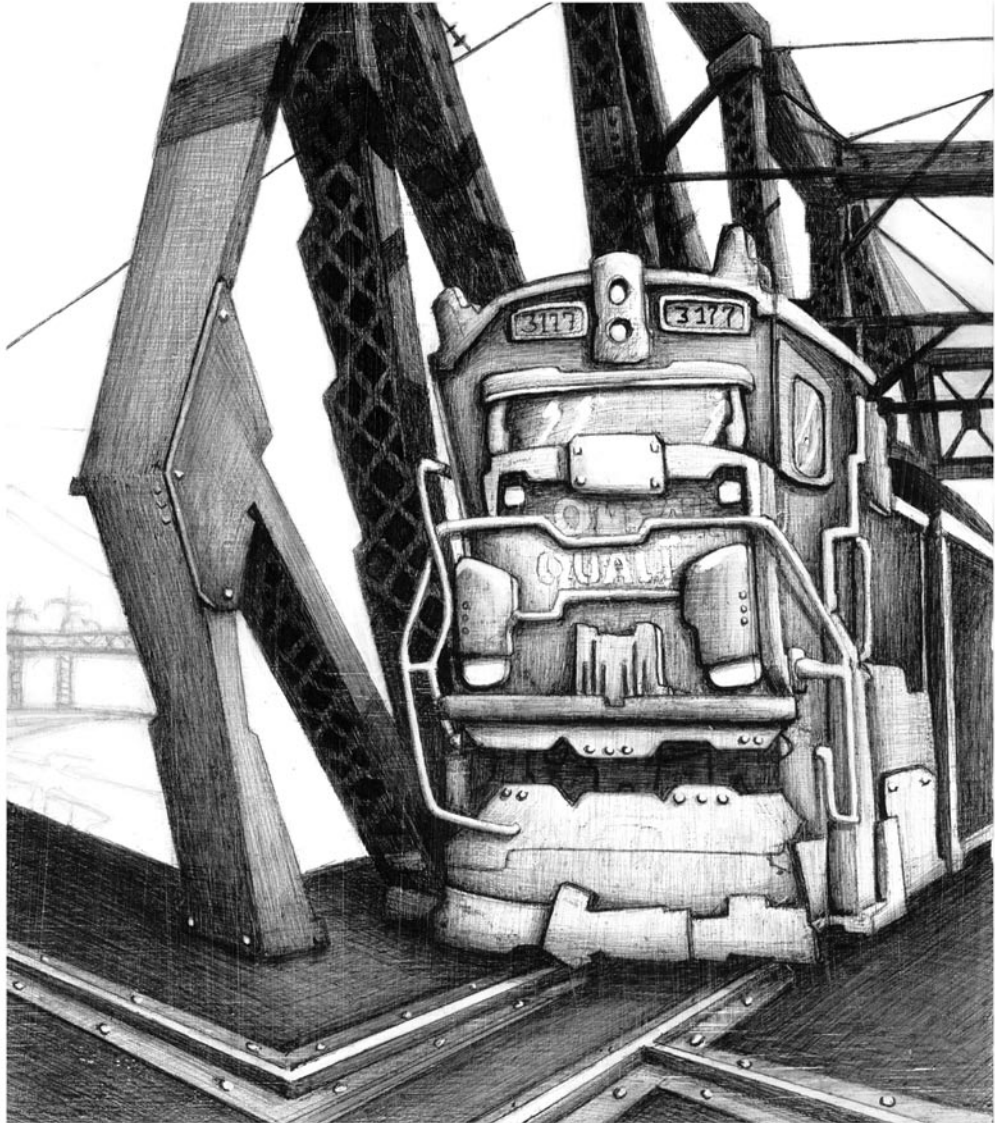
TINA ANDERSON

*italian ice in the summer
sounds good.*



JOSH IVEY

sometimes I feel overwhelmed.

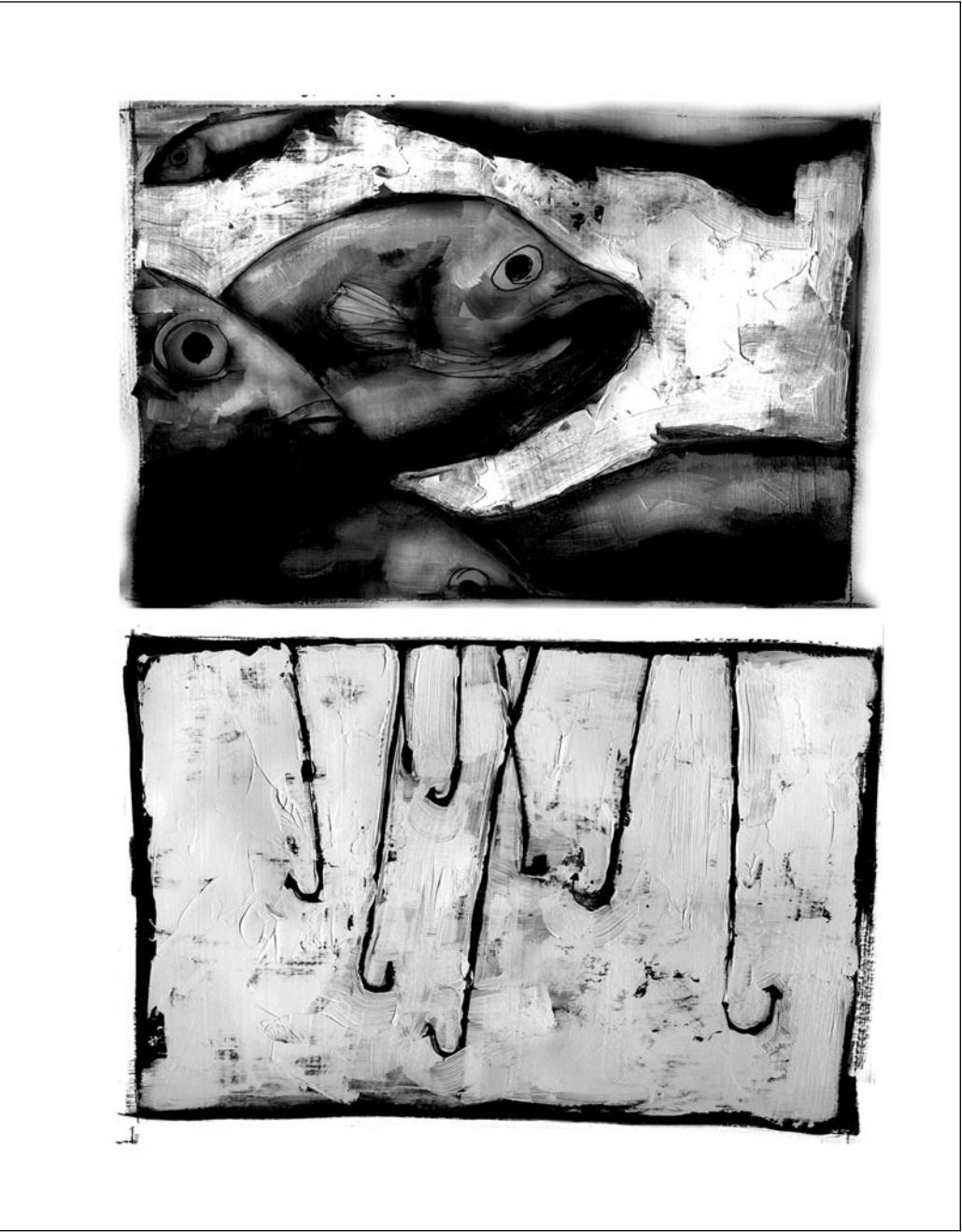


EUGENE GOOD

*the view from up here
is awesome.*

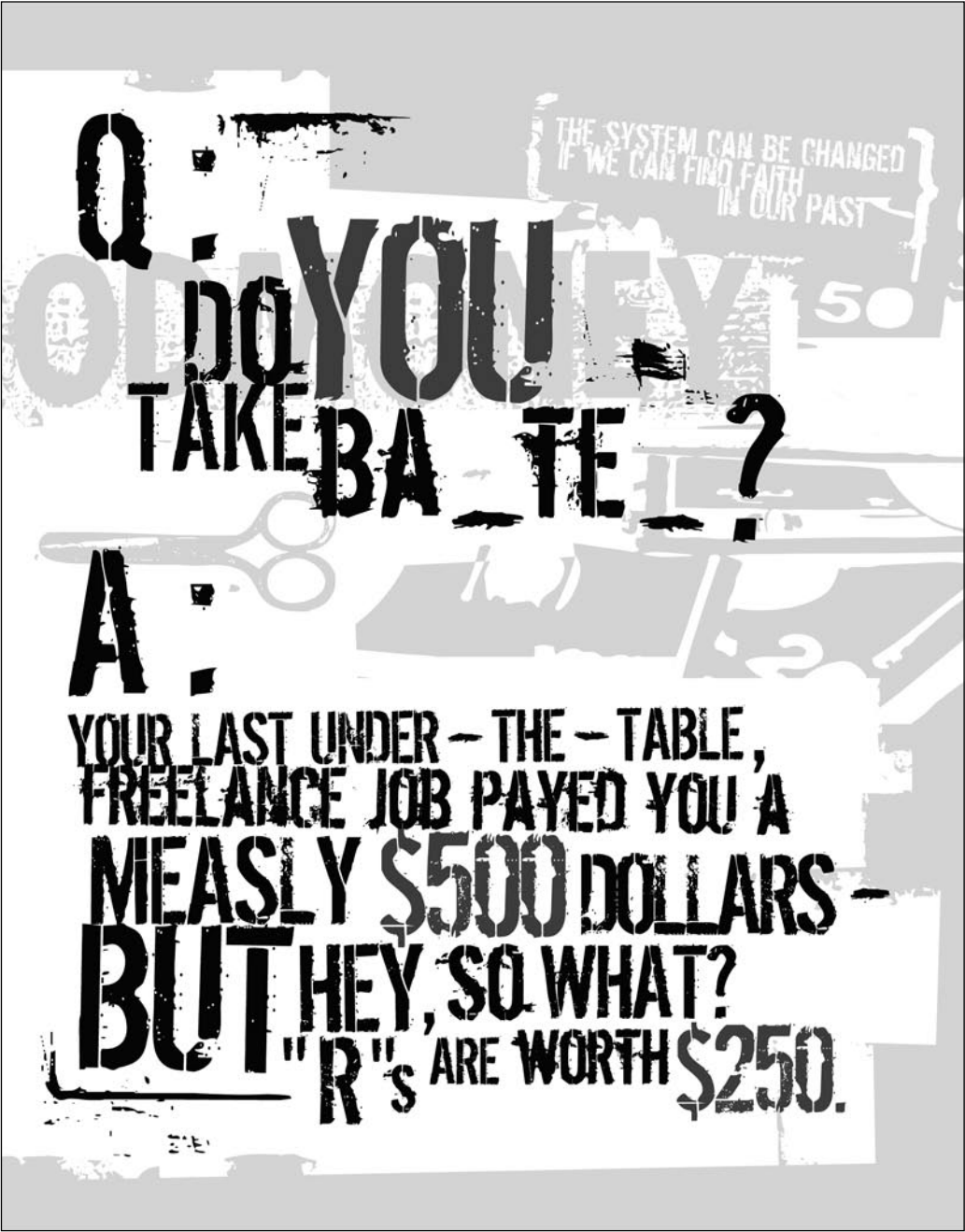


EVERY
LOVES
AS
SILVER
LAINA



MIK GATSPY

I love the ocean.

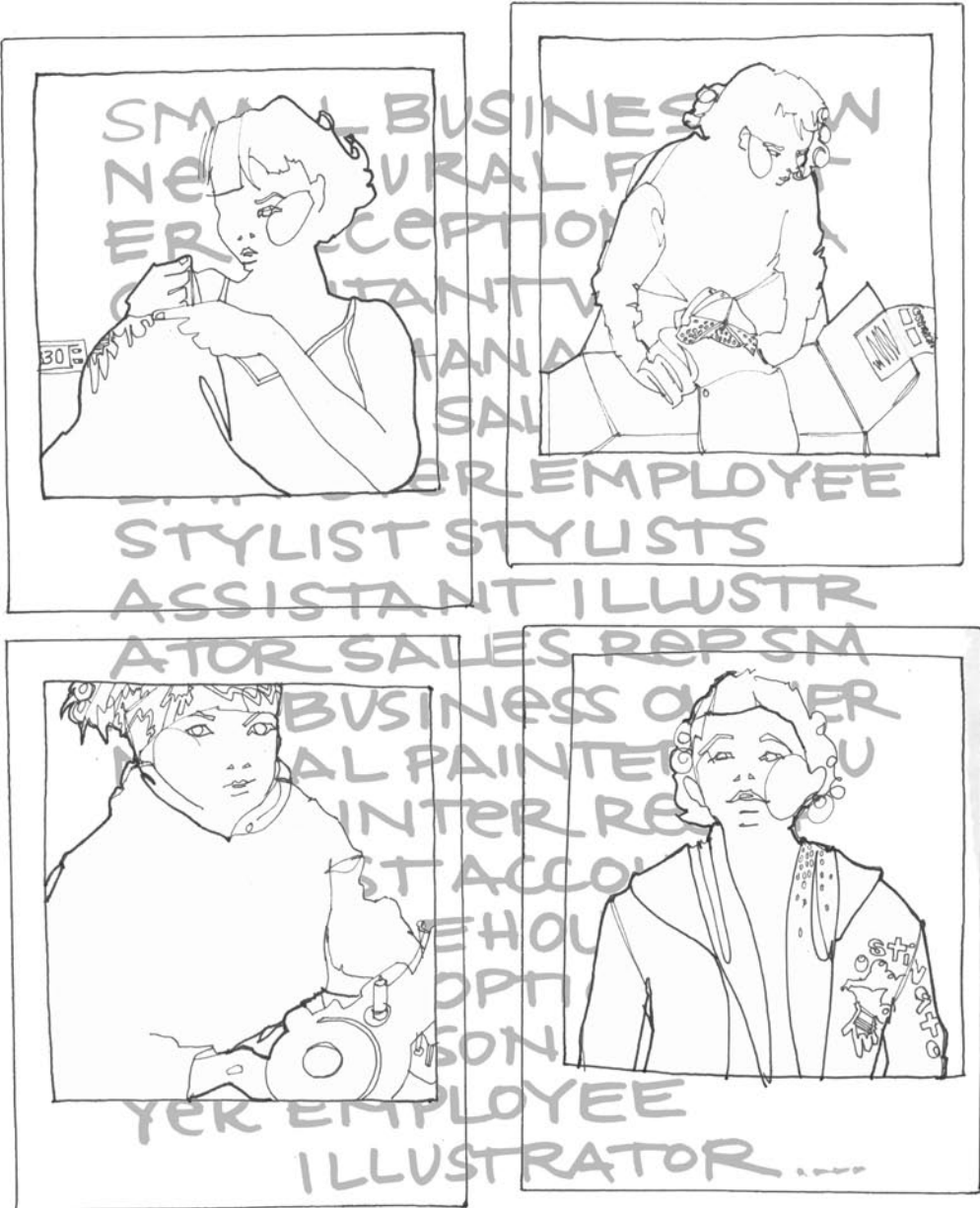
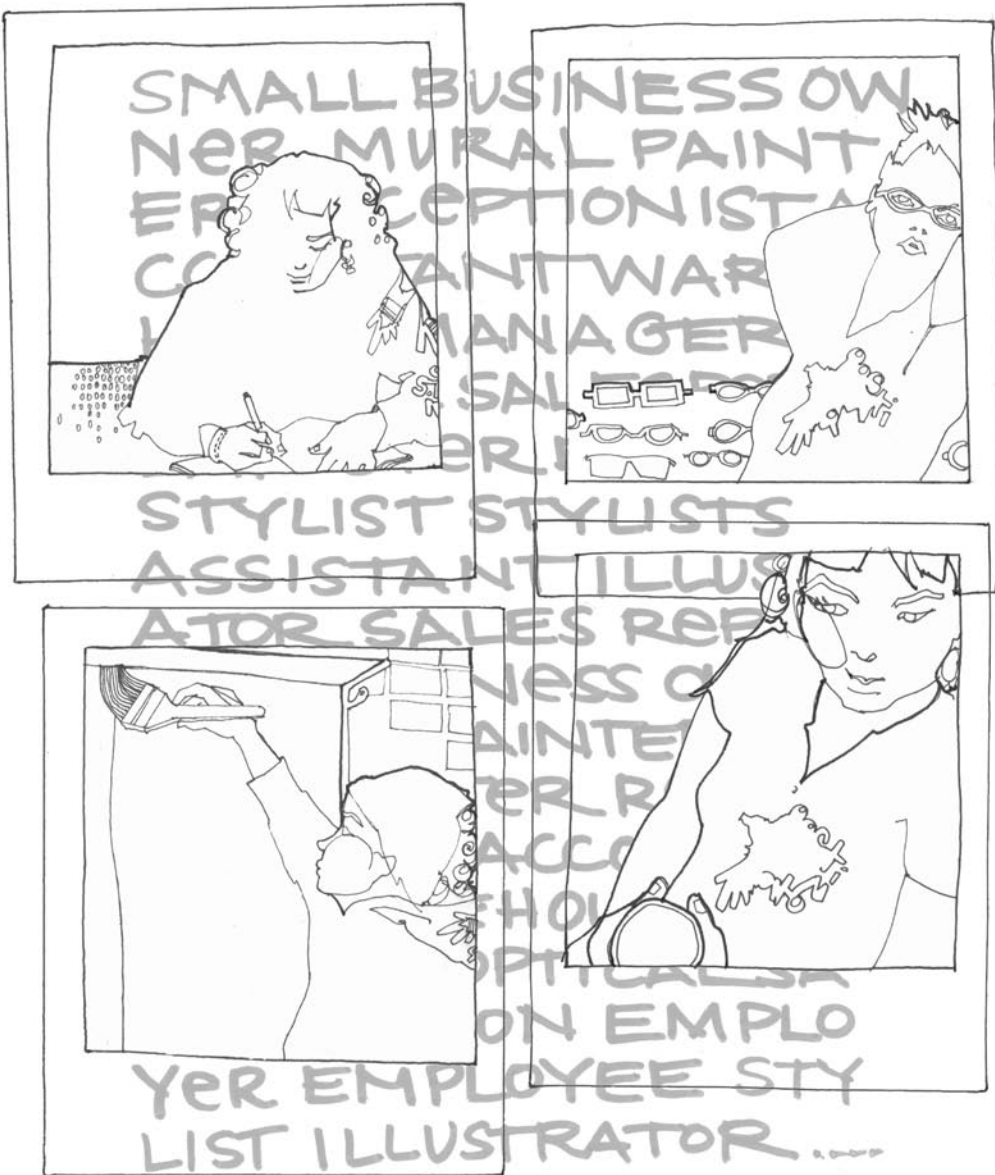


BRIAN OLIVIA

It's all about the hustle.

what I did last year...

illustration MARILEE SWEENEY



my day in a nutshell

words **ANTHONY ILACQUA**



THERE IS NOTHING I HATE MORE THAN OPENING MY EYES IN THE MORNING. Indeed, nothing is worse than waking up, except waking up and having to be somewhere, and worse still having to be somewhere when I’ve already slept past the time I needed to be there. I missed another appointment, and there was no sense in getting out of bed. I was more than late, Rene was already gone, and I didn’t have to take a piss, so there was no sense in getting up. No sense in waking up. No sense in any of it. And as inane as that may seem, I couldn’t get back to sleep.

Echoing from the alley, my old and dear friends. The trash men. If there was any profession I could think of at that moment it was the profession of the trash man. I would get on the earliest route possible and make as much noise as I could pissing off everyone in the neighborhood. What vindictive little pukes, I thought. I fumbled around for the phone.

“What city please?”
“San Francisco.”
“What listing?”
“Business listing for waste disposal.”
“Do you have a name?”
“Yeah, I’m Thomas.”
“Thomas?”
“Yeah.”
“I don’t have a listing for a Thomas Waste Disposal.”
“No kidding?”
“Do you have another name?”

I could have played the game with this girl all day.

“Only at night, thank you.”

And there were no words on the other end. She hung up, can’t say I blame her. If I really wanted to go down and see who the trash men were, I’m sure their truck would have had the name on it, a phone number and probably a web address. Instead I put the phone back on the nightstand next to the Red Vines. I wanted one, but a smoke sounded better. I lighted one.

Smoking in bed seems so white trash, and really I would be repulsed by anyone who does it. Except myself, of course. I wouldn’t make a habit of it if Rene didn’t leave an ashtray on the nightstand. It was her ashtray, which I cleaned everyday. She didn’t approve of my cigarettes, so I washed the ashtray out every morning. I didn’t approve of her little pipe and the pot she smoked in it. I suppose I have nothing against marijuana, just

because I don’t like it, doesn’t mean it’s bad. Really. I hated Rene when she smoked, she became some lifeless blob. Perhaps that’s the way she really is and I never notice until she’s stoned. At any rate, it was a newly rediscovered habit of hers, and she was making a consorted effort to smoke it every night before bed.

I stopped thinking about it. Why bother? I thought about another smoke, and a cup of coffee. The trash truck was about two blocks away, and would you believe they were even louder?

Getting up I kicked Rene’s clothes around looking for mine. I laughed a little deciding what to wear. I selected the same clothes I wear everyday. They smelled a little dirty, sweaty and smoky and damp, dirt worn and comfortable. Only the socks were clean, and on the pile of dirty socks I tossed yesterday’s. I put them right side in first, a habit so hard for me to get into. After brushing my teeth I descended the stairs.

Bank of America (Or B of A) was the first stop. Kelly, my favorite teller smiled. “You’re up early Thomas, what’s the occasion?”

“Trash day.”

She already had the fifty dollars on the counter, a twenty, two tens and a five and five ones, and a card for me to sign. She had stopped asking me if I wanted an ATM card, or any other banking services sometime last fall, and our conversations were pretty limited after that. “Thank you.”

“See you tomorrow.”

First the Muni, then the bookstore, then a new pack of smokes, then the coffee. House coffee shot of vanilla. I read the first chapters of the latest novel and then looked through the paper. Which movie would it be today, or more appropriately enough which theater today? Then the Muni again, then the theater, lunch somewhere along the way. After the movie, the Muni again and then a cup of coffee, at the afternoon coffee shop. Then home with little more than ten dollars in my pocket, and little more than a half of an hour before Rene’s homecoming. Then dinner, then a drink, then bed.

That was my day in a nutshell. The only thing changing day to day, the socks, a new book and a different movie (although I would occasionally see a movie more than once, I once watched Mars Attacks six times).

Rene would spend her time a little more diligently. There were five organizations that loved her; she was a professional volunteer, five days a week, eight hours a day taking the weekends off.

I can’t say I knew exactly what she did with her weekends, they were without me, can’t be breaking the routine you know? Honestly, I can’t really say what she does with her days either, she’s in the paper sometimes and the mention of her organizations. I respect, but I have no interest in helping others. But I do know she spends her evenings with me, and goes to bed a few hours before I do.

The bedroom smells like her, her soap, her perfume, her lotion, her clothes, her pot, her body. It smells good, believe me, and after she’s been asleep for a little while it is even better. I take off all my clothes before hitting the sheets, and once there I take off the rest of her clothes. She has no problems sleeping with clothes on, but if you ask me, only dead people sleep with clothes on, so I help bring her back to life every night by stripping her. Once in a while she wakes up and helps me, but more frequently now she just helps while still asleep. Once she’s naked, I cuddle up to her and drift off to the sleep I never wanted to wake up from.

job flow

words & photos MICHAEL CARDUS



I'D LKE TO BEGIN BY DEFINING A FEW OF THE TERMS THAT ARE REFERRED TO IN THE INTERVIEWS THAT FOLLOW. I WORK FOR A 3PL FIRM (THIRD PARTY LOGISTICS FIRM) CALLED USCO AS A LEAD DOCK SUPERVISOR. USCO IS CONTRACTED THROUGH BIC TO MANAGE THEIR FACILITY. THE FACILITY, LOCATED IN CHARLOTTE NC, SHIPS OVER 85% OF BIC'S PRODUCT. BIC USCO IS A FAST PACED SHIPPING AND RECEIVING ENVIRONMENT COMPLETE WITH THE HIGH PRESSURES AND STRESSES THAT TRICKLE DOWN FROM TOP-LEVEL MANAGEMENT RIGHT ON TO THE ENTRY-LEVEL POSITIONS. SEVERAL OF MY ASSOCIATES ARE VOLATILE AND CONCERNED FOR THEIR JOBS IN TODAY'S ROUGH ECONOMY. THE BIC USCO FAMILY IS CURRENTLY EXPERIENCING A RENAISSANCE OF SORTS, THE SENTIMENT OF WHICH IS REFLECTED THROUGH ANIMOSITY THAT IS DIRECTED TOWARD THOSE IN UPPER MANAGEMENT. I HAVE FOUND THAT VARIANCE IN THE DAILY ROUTINE LEADS TO CONCERN WITH MOST OF THE EMPLOYEES.

STEVE COWARD

ONE OF MY EMPLOYEES IS A VETERAN OF VIETNAM. HE IS FULL OF LIFE AND STORIES FOR DAYS.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
Steve Coward

HOW OLD ARE YOU?
With some underlying pride of accomplishment he says
51 years old.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU WORKED AT USCO?
Steve is a temp that works through USCO's temp employee contracting company, Adecco. For his own reasons he does not wish to be hired on. I have worked here for 11 months, I am a shipping clerk.

WHERE DID YOU WORK BEFORE USCO?
I was a computerized brake operator for crown forklifts. *I have no idea what that is.*

WHAT IS THE MOST ENJOYABLE PART OF YOUR DAY?
With pugnacious boom, I used to love coming here and doing my job. But the man done turned me around, he lied on me.

Steve had a recent disagreement with my supervisor, Bob, he is a little jaded.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT YOUR JOB?
Relating to the people, sharing stories and dealing with the customer.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE LEAST ABOUT YOUR JOB?
With a quiet snort he proclaims, My Supervisor. *Who I add, is NOT me. I am considered a Lead, which is directly under a supervisor.*

IF YOU COULD PICK ANY JOB IN THE WORLD WHAT WOULD IT BE?
Working in the ministry doing God's work.

IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WORK WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING WITH YOUR DAY?
I would find a way to help those less fortunate than myself, elderly people and the sick.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE ARTICLE OF CLOTHING THAT YOU OWN, AND WHY?
My draws because they keeps my butt warm.

SHARON DYE

A LOVELY NEWLY-WED NAMED SHARON. SHARON IS ONE OF THE MORE CARING ASSOCIATES AT OUR FACILITY.

NAME?
Sharon Dye. *She says with a smile of love, spelling it out for me with amorous glee.*

AGE?
After informing me that one should never ask a lady her age she conceded, 37, I am an auditor at the BIC USCO facility.

TIME SPENT WORKING AT USCO?
3 years.

WHERE DID YOU WORK BEFORE USCO?
Oh lord, so many places. I ran from temp agency to temp agency then worked for the post office for a while and settled here.

FAVORITE PART OF YOUR WORKDAY?
Staying busy with audits all day makes me happy.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT YOUR JOB?
Probably my paycheck. *She glanced at me for a nod of approval.*

WHAT DO YOU LIKE THE LEAST ABOUT YOUR JOB?
A lot of things in this facility are run unfairly, I blame the management.

IF YOU COULD PICK ANY JOB IN THE WORLD WHAT WOULD IT BE?
I want to work with people and help people, BUT NOT CUSTOMER SERVICE!!!

FAVORITE ARTICLE OF CLOTHING AND WHY?
Sweaters I love sweaters all kinds of sweaters especially the really soft ones. What are they called Mike, do you know? *I respond, "Cashmere?" "Yea" she says "MMMMM I love cashmere, but it's so itchy."*

SCOTTIE HUNTER

SCOTT IS WHAT WE CALL A LUMPER, OR A PERSON WHO LOADS TRUCKS, SCOTT IS A LUMPER FOR FED EX EAST. SCOTT IS JOLLY AND EASY TO GET ALONG WITH PLUS HE IS HERE EVERY DAY.

NAME?
Scottie Hunter

AGE?
37

HOW LONG HAVE YOU WORKED AT USCO?
Mike I do not work for USCO, I work for Fed Ex East, I have worked for them for 3 years.

WHERE DID YOU WORK BEFORE USCO?
Mike, again I do not work for USCO. Before I worked with Fed Ex I was on the receiving dock of Bigger Brothers, then I drove a truck for two years.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PART OF YOUR WORKDAY?
Coming to the BIC facility and loading your freight. *One thing that I am responsible for is to ensure all the freight is properly loaded and the drivers are working to capacity.*

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT YOUR JOB?
I have no direct supervision, I am my own bossman.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE THE LEAST ABOUT YOUR JOB?
My dislike is that I cannot stay here and load full time.

IF YOU COULD PICK ANY JOB IN THE WORLD WHAT WOULD IT BE?
To own my own business and wear a suit and tie. *When I asked him what kind of business he would like to own he responded,* I don't know, just to wear a suit and tie would be enough for me!

IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WORK WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING WITH YOUR DAY?
Travel and fish, I loves to fish, and spending time with my kids, *he says with a smile and a twinkle in his proud fatherly eye.*

JEFF MANNING

LAST BUT NOT LEAST: WITH QUIET TREPIDATION I APPROACH THE OFFICE WITH A SHEEPISH VOICE LIKE THAT OF A CHILD GOING TO SEE THE PRINCIPAL TO BE PADDLED, JEFF, YOU GOT A MINUTE? SURE MICHAEL, COME ON IN. SWEET SUCCESS IS MINE.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
Jeff Manning

HOW OLD ARE YOU?
40 and I am the Distribution Manger of North America for BIC, *I say to him nerdishly, “WOW I did not know you were all of that.” He smiles.*

HOW LONG HAVE YOU WORKED AT BIC?
BIC? Umm 10 years.

WHERE DID YOU WORK BEFORE BIC?
Roadway express lines I was a receiving production then terminal manager. When I could not go any higher I left and came to BIC. *It would be hard for him to get any higher, he is a very tall man.*

BEST PART OF YOUR WORKDAY?
Determining the daily plans.

WHAT DO YOU ENJOY MOST ABOUT YOUR JOB?
Watching the reports and seeing the productivity progress.

IF YOU COULD PICK ANY JOB IN THE WORLD WHAT WOULD IT BE?
Playing basketball in the NBA. I played the European Pro league for about one year then my knee blew out. I had several operations on it and now have 6 screws placed in my knee, *I asked him if metal detectors went off when he walked through them?, No, they used to but now bone has grown over them with time.”*

IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WORK WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING WITH YOUR DAY?
I would open my own franchise like McDonalds or Dunkin’ Donuts, something like that.

the opperative loses a head over a bagel

words DUNCAN BARLOW

DEDICATED TO THE VOICE OF LAIRD HUNT

Everything started with a simple bagel. That is – for all practical purposes – all anyone needs to know at this juncture. I have been instructed to deliver the information on a need to know basis, and considering this instruction – an instruction that was delivered to me with such severity (and I am quite aware of the consequences – these consequences being death or finger mutilation) that I would not act against them; but might act against my better judgment in a moment of passion (in the arms of a he/she/it) or for another salt bagel. It wasn’t necessarily a perfect bagel (a bagel like one might see on the back of magazine or in a dream) rather it was discolored and tasted as if it had been lumped in with the garlic bagels, and seeing as I have never enjoyed garlic bagels, with the exception of one time when I was stranded in a men’s room and had no other sustenance, but it was *my* bagel and no one should have eaten it. My job, the job which I’m not at liberty to name or categorize because I am only allowed to disperse information on a need to know basis, was not worth losing over a bagel – especially one with such a cross contaminated flavoring. I was in the process of removing the skull cap of my, how shall I put this, my patient (although he/she/it isn’t much of a patient) when the bagels arrived. Since it is common knowledge that one shouldn’t leave the skull cap open on a body, especially one squirming as much as the aforementioned he/she/it, because the flies will lay eggs into the brain crevices and then the brain will grow wings and start to fly around, usually finding its way to the police (where they hook it to a brainometer and read its thoughts and trace the thoughts back to our warehouse) I took a bite of my bagel; I concluded that I would finish my bagel after I got all the information I could out of my patient. Had I known that someone would apprehend my portion of the bagel run, I would have put a weight on the top of the brain (a trick I learned on my first trip to Las Vegas) and finished my salt bagel. As it is not customary for a man in my position to let a bad deed go unpunished, I took it upon myself to find the culprit of the crime and treat him/her/it to a lesson or two. My employer has strict policies against any employee exacting revenge or delegating a punishment unto any other employee; there are certain channels that one must use to have a problem rectified, and, although I am usually a rule abiding person, I found it difficult to refrain from my investigation (and later interrogation and disposal) of the criminal when I had an empty stomach – I have low blood sugar. My employer, the one I am not at liberty to announce (due to my strict orders that I am not to disclose more information than is needed to know at this time) was unimpressed by my abandonment of my patient, and when the police arrived with a winged brain, I knew that, not only did I need to wipe the blood off my hands, but I needed to run and hide; and I did hide, I hid well, so well in fact that no one could find me. A week later my employer happened to find me, hiding in a ditch, I had been eating grass and drinking water out of used soda cans I found along the side of the interstate. He/She/It informed me that I had violated the golden rule and that my position had thereby been terminated. As I was unaware of the golden rule (I too was often on a “need to know basis”) I asked what the golden rule was. He/She/It informed me: One may never (even in the event of an emergency), leave his/her/ its post to exact revenge on another team member, especially if the post is deserted in the interest of self preservation; one is here to serve the organization. I was taken back by the splendid nature of the rule. So much so that I didn’t hesitate to accept a ride with my employer. Had he/she/it not presented such a fabulous rule to me, I might have used my mental resources (few that they may be) to hide under another inanimate object. But that wasn’t the case, and it will never be the case again, as I sit here in a new warehouse. I smell bagels. I suppose they’ll eat when they’re finished.

I BEGAN THESE INTERVIEWS WITH A QUEST TO LET MY COWORKERS SEE A DIFFERENT SIDE OF MY LIFE. SURPRISINGLY, I WAS EXPOSED TO SIDES OF THEIR LIVES THAT I HAD NEVER KNOWN BEFORE. PEOPLE ARE TOO OFTEN DEFINED BY WHAT THEY DO AT THEIR JOB AND NOT WHAT THEY DO AS PEOPLE. AFTER THESE INTERVIEWS I BEGAN TO VIEW MY EMPLOYEES AND SUPERVISORS NOT JUST AS WORKERS FOR BIC/USCO, BUT AS PEOPLE WITH LIVES, LOVES AND FAMILIES OF THEIR OWN. SOME HAD A PASSION TO HELP THE LESS FORTUNATE, SOME HAD DREAMS OF GRANDEUR NEVER REACHED AND SOME WERE TOTALLY COMPLACENT WITH THE DAY TO DAY ROUTINE. I WAS REMINDED THAT THIS IS JUST A JOB, NOT A LIFE. AND YET, WE ARE ALL MADE OF EVERYTHING THAT ENTERS AND LEAVES OUR LIVES DAILY - THAT OUTSIDE THE BUZZ BADGE CODED DOOR, AFTER WE PUNCH THE TIME CLOCK AND DRIVE HOME, THEN SLEEP AND WAKE AND RETURN TO OUR WORK-STATIONS, TIME PASSES. LIFE PASSES AND FILLS US WITH THINGS THAT FOLLOW US TO WORK AND THE CYCLE CONTINUES. IT MAKES ME THINK A LITTLE BIT ABOUT WHAT MY FRIEND VINH ALWAYS SAYS, “MIKE - GET OFF YOUR LAZY ASS, AND DO.”

- MIKE



welcome to the workforce, kid.

A TRUE STORY BY BOB KRONBAUER

Delivering newspapers to the folks in my neighborhood proves to be more difficult than I first thought it would be. Remembering each of the 67 houses that I have to deliver to is easier said than done, and I often wind up at the end of my route with three or four papers sitting in the rat trap on the back of my bike along with a confused look on my face and an index finger scratching my temple. The paper route is short lived.

I go to work with my dad as an electrician’s helper for the summer. I have to try to get up at 5AM each morning in order to run around sweeping up sawdust from his drill and sometimes running wires through the holes that the drill has made and I mount the odd switch or plug. My attempts at getting up at 5 often fail and my dad ends up firing me and hiring my sister to take my place.

There’s this half retarded, 55 year old lady named Pam who works the same shift at the Caribou Press as I do and she always tells us super extra disgusting gross sex stories about what she does with her not retarded husband in the bedroom. My job is to pick up huge stacks of newspapers with my feeble arms and strap them into bundles. I call in 5 minutes before my shift one night and say “I can’t do this anymore, I’m not coming in tonight... or ever again” and my boss says he’s coming to my house to kick my ass right away. I tell him he’s a stupid fuck, hang up the phone and hide out in the basement. He doesn’t show up to kick my ass.

Tri Star gas station is an independently owned and operated outfit that happens to be right across the street from the town’s sewage plant. The first couple of weeks working there I almost can’t bear the intense smell of human waste, but after a little while I get immune to it and it just seems to disappear. The only people who smell shit anymore are my friends when I see them after work. They nickname me “shitpile”. Attached to the station is a laundromat that I clean. A stripper comes in one day in a hurry for some reason so she pays me twenty dollars to fold her thongs and bras and package them up in her suitcase for her when she comes back. She never comes back and in a week the articles of clothing are tossed into the lost and found pile. I wonder if she is lost as well. I’m pretty sure she is. Eventually I can’t stand smelling like shit any more so I quit. They say “We were about to fire you anyway.”

Granville and Avery Esso is the only gas station in Canada that doesn’t have a canopy covering it. It’s also the only station that is completely full service. Gas pumped, oil checked, window washed even though it’s pissing rain most of the time. There’s an old dude who is friends with the owner who comes in to tell dirty racist jokes every day. I give him the cold shoulder and never laugh at his “humor” but he doesn’t catch on because he’s an ignorant bastard. I trudge through eight months of drench and then I quit. Nobody threatens to kick my ass.

Electronic Arts’ Quality Assurance department seems like a dream job - testing video games all day - until I spend 98 hours a week in front of a soccer game that I don’t understand (because it’s in Japanese), trying to find errors in the menus for ten weeks straight. Ten weeks, I have no weekends away from it, and the stock value of the company depends on getting that game ready for market as soon as possible. I occasionally fall asleep with the controller in my hands and my feet propped up on my desk. My supervisor (who is younger than I am walks spends his days downloading porn and flicking me on my ear. I ride the bus an hour each way and when I get home I barely manage to find time to kiss my girlfriend (who is sick and almost dying) goodnight. My girlfriend has a close call and I decide I need to quit in order to do something closer to home, where I could work less hours a week and be near her more. I quit the video game testing job and she dies. I cry for a really long time.

I still cry every once in awhile, but this tall can I have in my pocket, and the one that I hold in my hand, they numb this pain almost as much as I want them to. This cardboard shelter that I’ve set up near the popular shopping area makes people feel almost as sorry for me as I do, and my job is now to play on their emotions and suck as much money out of them as I can. These dimes and nickels and sometimes quarters eventually add up to more tall cans, and more cigarettes, and more small pleasures (which I’d rather not list here) that I indulge in which might make this all go away, if only for another few hours.

WELCOME TO THE WORKFORCE, KID.

photo: Bob K.



so you want to be a model?

words LINDSAY BOURGET

I’m standing in front of a group of Japanese businessmen in a glass conference room lit from all angles. All of their eyes are on me while I stand there in a bikini...stunned, jet-lagged, and a little nauseous. One man breaks the silence with a heavily accented, “Welcome to Japan.” This is my first casting as a model.

Two months previous, I’m perfecting my T&A concept sketches for Coors Brewing Company. One month previous I’m aligning text for a small Denver newspaper. At this point, to be quite honest, I’m bored and un-loyal to my work. I drop by a local modeling agency and miraculously fall into the hands of an agent with an exponential amount of faith in me. Two months later, after my first test shoot, I’m on a 15 hour flight to the other side of the planet, Tokyo.

The concept seemed surreal, the city even more so. The castings consisted of an abundant flow of models lining up one by one to show their books and pose for a Polaroid or ten. If the client was pleased, a group of assistants would work quickly to dress, pin, and adjust the intended costume to their body. I found myself bowing involuntarily in the process, both respecting Japanese people’s sincerity and patience, and realizing my inability to distinguish their commands from their whispers.

Groups of us would line up giving the client a chance to see every possible flaw in comparison to the next. The models I encountered were a mix of old and new, all with different accents, a couple inches taller, and painfully beautiful. They looked familiar because they were. These were the women that stand in magazines, on billboards, and stare from the sides of buses. Some of their stares are much colder in person. It may be that we’re all direct competitors, or that we don’t always speak the same language, or the fact that this is an industry that consumes

and pampers girls as young as 13. Whatever the case, it’s hard to see how a room saturated with such well-traveled girls has such little conversation outside of short-term locker room gossip. But I smile, bow, say “Domo,” and try to ignore the head-to-toe stares on the way out (meanwhile a girl with high-waisted jeans is fed to the wolves).

When people say modeling is hard, they’re referring to the toll it takes on your head. Markets are constantly shifting ideals for new faces (some prefer mine, some don’t). What can I do to enhance my position? Not much. You have to be ready to pick up and start over at the snap of a finger, often times putting obligations on hold. There’s a great deal of pressure and demand in the industry; hence insecurities build for the ill prepared... often times self-destruction is the result. I’ve met my challenges, but when put into perspective of life outside of this fantasy-based bubble, I feel nothing but guilt when listing the negative aspects. After all, I’ve been fortunate enough to have encountered amazing countries and cultures, and have met extraordinary people. When compared to my previous clock-in & out daily cycle it seems like there must be a catch; it’s too good to be true. My only real prerequisite for the job was something I inherited from a long line of gangly ancestors and a good coagulation of sperm & egg. I have to enjoy something like this while it lasts since it’s so short lived and impossible to control. For the time being, it beats the hell out of aligning text.



call for entries

SHERBERT Magazine is currently accepting submissions in the form of design, illustration, photography, painting, 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 Magazine issue #4, is on the following theme: “What are you doing?” The “Pastimes” issue. [Things you do in your “spare” time, to pass the time, when you’re not at your job or reading the “jobs” issue.]

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”x11” or smaller in size. Please keep written submissions to 1200 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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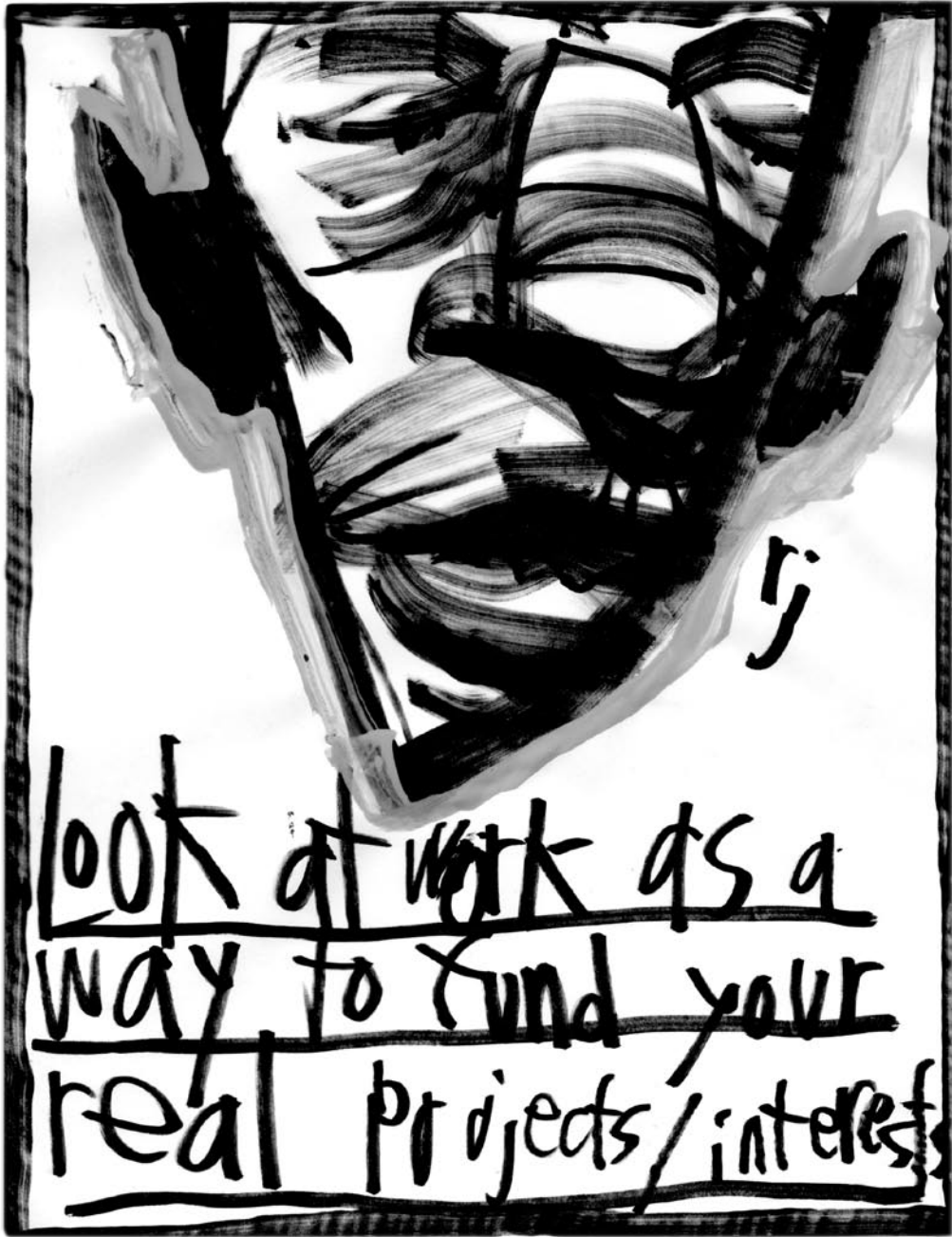
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ISSUE 2 CORRECTION: We try and make as few mistakes as possible, but last issue we misspelled contributor Tony Bacchiocchi's name, so if you have issue 2 please correct it. Sorry Tony.

SHERBERT Random:
I was waiting for a customer service representative to answer the phone and help me with a banking issue the other day, and after only a few minutes someone answered the phone: "Hello this is Jeannine, How may I delight you with my customer service today?" I told her that was the first time I had ever been asked that, and it didn't seem to phase her. I solved my banking problem, and thought about her introduction for the rest of the day....



RICH JACOBS



