

THE TIME WE ENJOY...

SHERBERT MAGAZINE NUMBER FOUR: THE PASTIMES ISSUE

CREATED BY PEOPLE IN DENVER AND ELSEWHERE FOR PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

WELCOME.

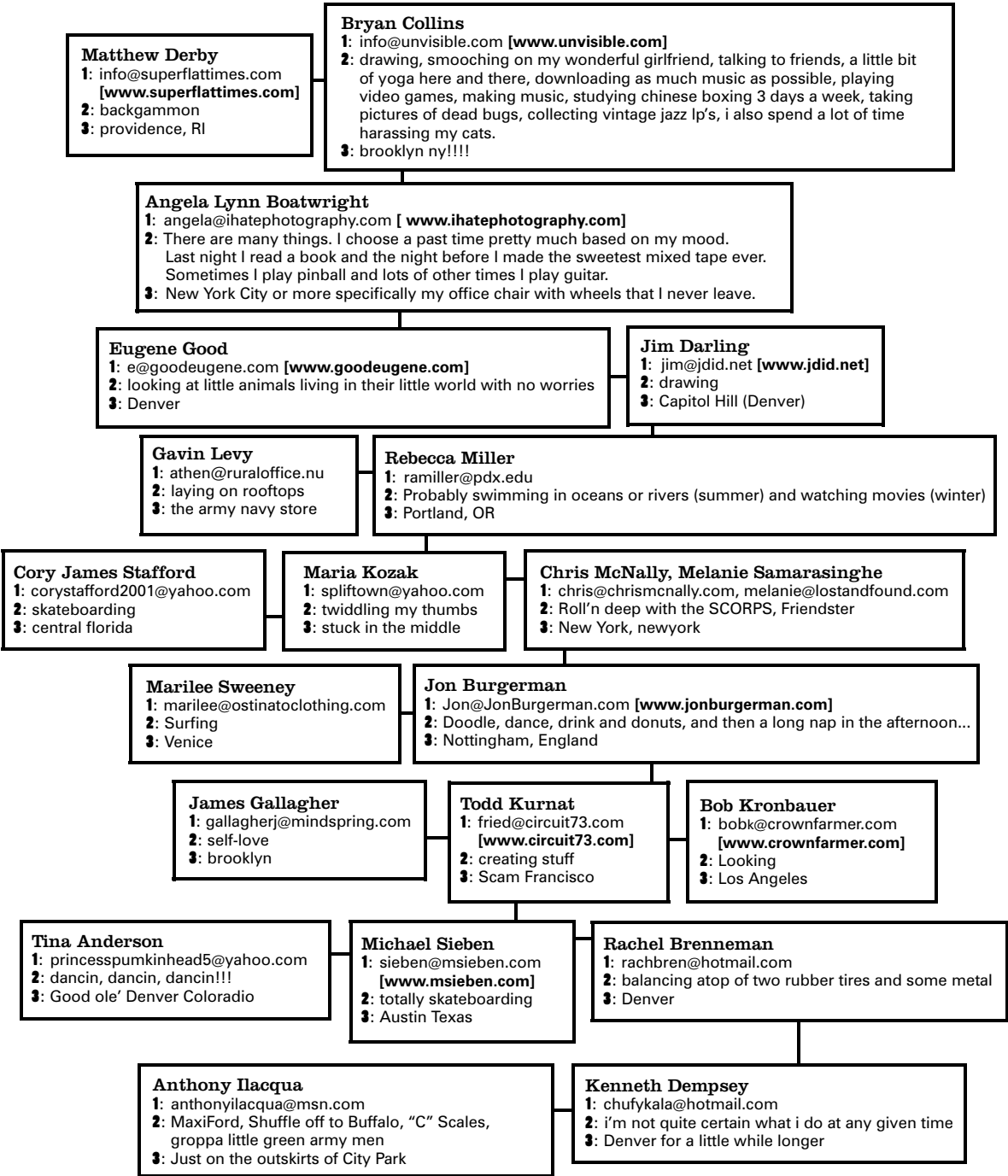


stop what you're doing. take a break. this is the fourth issue of SHERBERT magazine.

THE PASTIMES ISSUE

CONTRIBUTORS INFO

- 1: contact
- 2: favorite pastime
- 3: location



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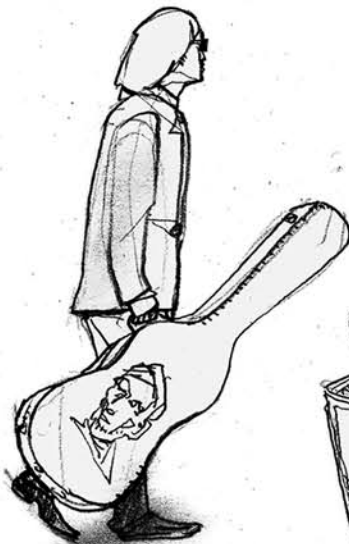
Low Key

his stencil decorates the area



Chronic Hipster

he changes his look
he changes his friends accordingly.



The Insatiable
Collector

everyday, she has a new item to search for.

Glamor Jinny to be in fashion, you've got to be
on top of these things



T.V.
Theo
fictional
characters
are more
satisfying
than real
ones.



Old Man Wise

he waits for someone
to bestow wisdom upon.



People Watching

Everyday, the passer-bys
present an endless
source of fuel for my
wild imagination.

PUBLISHER'S PICK - PETER BERGMAN

words&images - daniel weise [*is* agent]

Every time, and I mean every single time, I tell someone about the things my friend Peter Bergman does in his spare time, t

to believe me, sometimes. You see, the things Peter does in his spare time are not normal, well at least not by most people's definition of the word. Most people think of spare time as a time to relax, catch a movie, hang out with friends, read a book, play video games and so on. While other slightly more ambitious people take up hobbies like model trains, gardening, building bird houses, golf, etc. And then there are others that do the things they really want to do in their spare time, they pursue their passions or as the case is a lot of the time, what they went to college for. I usually like these people the most and they are usually the most interesting to hang out with. These people are aspiring artists, writers, musicians, clothing designers, filmmakers, etc. Most of them hope that with enough determination and hard work, someday they won't have to work their normal jobs and will eventually make a living doing what they love to do. I think that's great and I admire those people a lot. Some of them may very well make it and become famous people that we can say we knew before they were famous. Peter Bergman on the other hand has little to no aspirations toward fame and fortune. In fact he is quite sure that no one will ever pay him for the things that he spends most of his free time pursuing. And he is totally fine with that.

When Pete is not at his job, he is constantly working on his "activities." One such activity consisted of weeks of attempting to submit a classified ad to a local paper stating that he would pour a gallon of bleach into the ocean unless someone called him and told him not to do it. This activity saw completion when a newspaper employee called and told him they would not run the ad, and after much debate asked him herself not to pour the bleach into the ocean, thus completing the activity. The only way anyone would ever know about this activity would be to ask Pete about it. If asked he would pull out a folder filled with documentation and tell you the story, but only if you asked. For another activity Peter spent weeks taking polaroids and leaving notes on white Volkswagen Cabriolets in his neighborhood praising the vehicle owners high level of class and superior automotive taste and requested a ride in their extremely stylish automobile in exchange for lunch. Pete went on one ride. Pete will show you the polaroids and tell you the story about that one as well, if you ask. One of Peter's most thorough projects consisted of picking 10 random people's addresses from two random cities in the USA and writing them personal letters while on vacation in Europe. Upon returning to the US Pete traveled to the two cities and visited those people, documenting the entire process in a film entitled "An Address".

Pete really enjoys his activities and always wondered if anyone else would be interested in doing similar things. So as another activity Pete decided to start an "activity club" and called it the Institute of Sociometry. The Institute, or *is* as he calls it, was founded on the basic criteria of "analyzing individuals and how they relate to groups." Now with a philosophy like that pretty much any activity can fit. As part of his club Pete sends out in-depth info packets requesting individuals to join the club and share their activities with him. Most people don't really get it, but some do and over the years the *is* has gotten some members. People that join are sent ID badges, *is* diplomas, and little walking eyeballs on their birthdays. But getting people to join and participate is just another one of Pete's activities. No money is made and there are no member fees, the club only meets every 4 years at the "Sociometry Fair" which Pete organizes primarily by himself, and most members don't even go. This is why most people don't believe me when I tell them about Pete. He doesn't really have a goal or a motive for doing what he does. He does these activities because he wants to, they keep him occupied, they give him stories to tell when he meets new people, and so on. When people finally believe me when I tell them about Pete, they usually get real excited and tell me about some weird project or idea they have always wanted to do. The cool thing about Pete is he actually does it, I think that's fucking great. Long live the *is*!



Pete has

Bible dressed as an evangelist while sitting or standing on a box labeled "featured speaker." He's about halfway through the "Good Book."



[above] Pete assembling, folding, hand stamping, and addressing, about 200 envelopes inviting is agents to participate in the "Sociometry Fair 2004." According to Pete about one third of these will be sent back to him by the Post Office because of wrong addresses, and about 5 or 6 people might respond with interest in participating. Long live Peter Bergman!

for more info on Peter or to join The Institute of Sociometry go to www.sociometry.com

THE STICKS

words - matthew derby



When the girl was born, the parents were both happy, but, just hours into her life, it became clear to the mother that the father was happier about the birth than she was, and for the mother this was not right, that a father should be happier about the birth of a daughter than the daughter’s own mother, and so the mother became fierce and demanding, doting over the girl obsessively while the father sank back further and further into the far corner of the hospital room, behind the wall-mounted television, sulking while relatives padded in and out, placing cheap, fluorescent plush animals at the foot of the bed while the mother held the girl. The father was sickened by the sight of the plush toys, and imagined them cascading out of the tiny hospital room window and onto the street below, where they’d be crushed by the traffic. He began to think about how fundamentally his life had been trivialized by the stuffed animals, how little agency he would have in the girl’s life; how, to her, he’d amount to little more than a distant accumulation of anxieties. He would haunt her life like an on-screen monster.

do, like arranging blocks, or drawing, or tumbling in the back yard. Instead she would sit or stand for several excruciating hours at a time, with a dull, whitened look on her face.

“Thi
the girl was standing.

“There must be a doctor who can -” the father said, but stopped, failing to find the words to finish the sentence.

The mother found a doctor, a woman who dealt with children and their problems. The mother brought the girl to the doctor one morning while the father was at work. The doctor asked the girl to sit inside a white room with tall ceilings.

“Dear
and there, clumped in a scattered pile, were the sticks. “You can do anything you want with the sticks, just touch them or break them or blow on them. Whatever you want to do. I’ll be back in awhile to help you out of the room, okay?” The girl nodded, and proceeded to sit on the floor across from the stick pile. The doctor and the mother watched the girl through the one-way glass.



“She really doesn’t do anything,” the doctor said, betraying her amazement. “I thought this was something you treated,” said the mother. “Well, usually it’s an exaggeration,” said the doctor. “Usually, the parents are trying to make the thing more than what it is. But here you are, making so little of this. I’ve never seen it before. The child does nothing.” Her voice soured as she said this last bit, as though she were accusing the mother of having done this herself to the girl.

After the visit with the doctor, the mother took the girl to a local chain restaurant for an ice cream sundae. They sat side by side in a yellow booth. The girl’s placemat had puzzles printed on one side. “Go ahead,” the mother said, lighting a cigarette, “why don’t you draw a silly face on that clown?” The girl picked up a green crayon, but only held it gingerly in her palm, as if it were an insect. The mother exhaled behind her into the next, empty booth. “You’re not going to draw a silly face, are you?” she said. “You’re never going to draw me a silly face. You’re just going to keep taking up space in our house, aren’t you? Just hogging up the whole house with your nothingness. I hope you’re happy.”

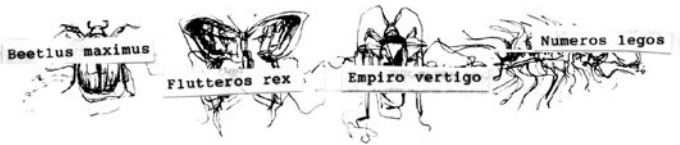
The girl put the crayon down slowly. The mother, in her quiet fury, read this gesture as an act of defiance, and readied what she would say next, but the waiter arrived with a sloppy, weeping sundae, gory with caramel sauce. “Aren’t you a pretty girl?” the waiter said, bending at the waist. When the girl did not respond, he said, “Oh, we’ve got a shy one.” The mother nodded, looking away. The waiter retreated to the kitchen, leaving in his wake a crisp, metallic scent that made the mother think of horses.

Seven years later, the girl would recognize this smell on the thick neck of a boy at one of the summer activity camps her parents sent her to in order to stir up an interest in her, get her to do something. She was close to the neck of the boy, and she smelled the metallic scent, and the boy said, “there are some things that I can do and there are many things I can’t, but this one I’m not sure about” and she told him to stop talking and pulled him in as close as possible. Maybe she wanted to crush him.

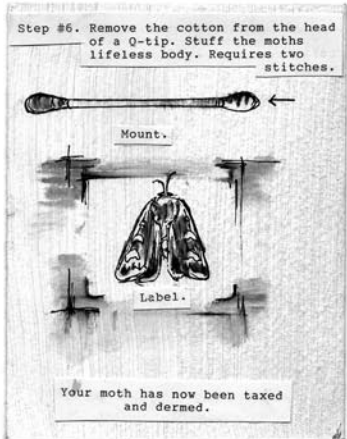
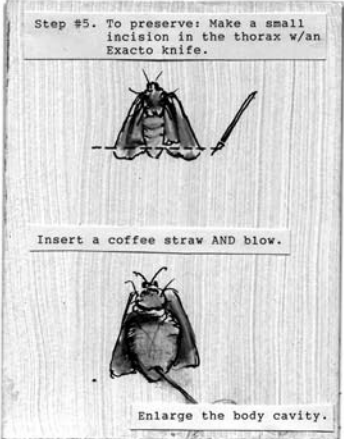


A BUG'S FATE

words - kate sugaski : images - maria kozak



Every kid in the after school program at Bennett Elementary always looks forward to Friday's science project. One particular day their presence was graced by renowned CSU professor Boris Kondradiev. The Russian giant was armed with several species spanning several classes of Arthropod that were alive and kicking, as well as four of the world's largest bugs [not so alive and kicking]. As you can imagine, nothing riles up a bunch of kids like a room full of creepy crawlers. Apparently Boris had done this before because he kept the wee ones at bay with his humorous anecdotes and mischievous threats, most of which would be punishable under state and federal law.



Sidenote: Timmy is an adorably awkward, blue-eyed, blondhaired, lispy bucktooth third grader with a lot of heart. His sister Jessica is the smallest girl in the world.

He oohed them with arachnids and aaahed them with insects. Throughout the presentation an eager little Timmy had repeatedly raised his hand to inform us that he "had heard about that." Maybe the kid shouldn't have been held back after all. Further proof of this occurred whilst Boris was promoting conservation. Little Timmy again raised his hand and asked, "if conservation is that important, why do you kill them an'then put their names under them?" Mr. Kondradiev answered his question with the classic "in the name of science" spiel and trail off.... Timmy just said, "he had heard about that too."

Moth Collection for Beginners

Step #1. Locate an ample light source.

Step #2. A Kevorkian Mixture. In a bucket, fuse soap and H₂O.

Step #3. Hold the bucket in close proximity of the light source.

The light will reflect off the bubbles, the moths will drown themselves.

Step #4. Empty the contents of the bucket on a concrete surface with access to the sun.

Collect moths.

Step #5. To preserve: Make a small incision in the thorax w/ an Exacto knife.

Step #6. Remove the cotton from the head of a Q-tip. Stuff the moths lifeless body. Requires two stitches.

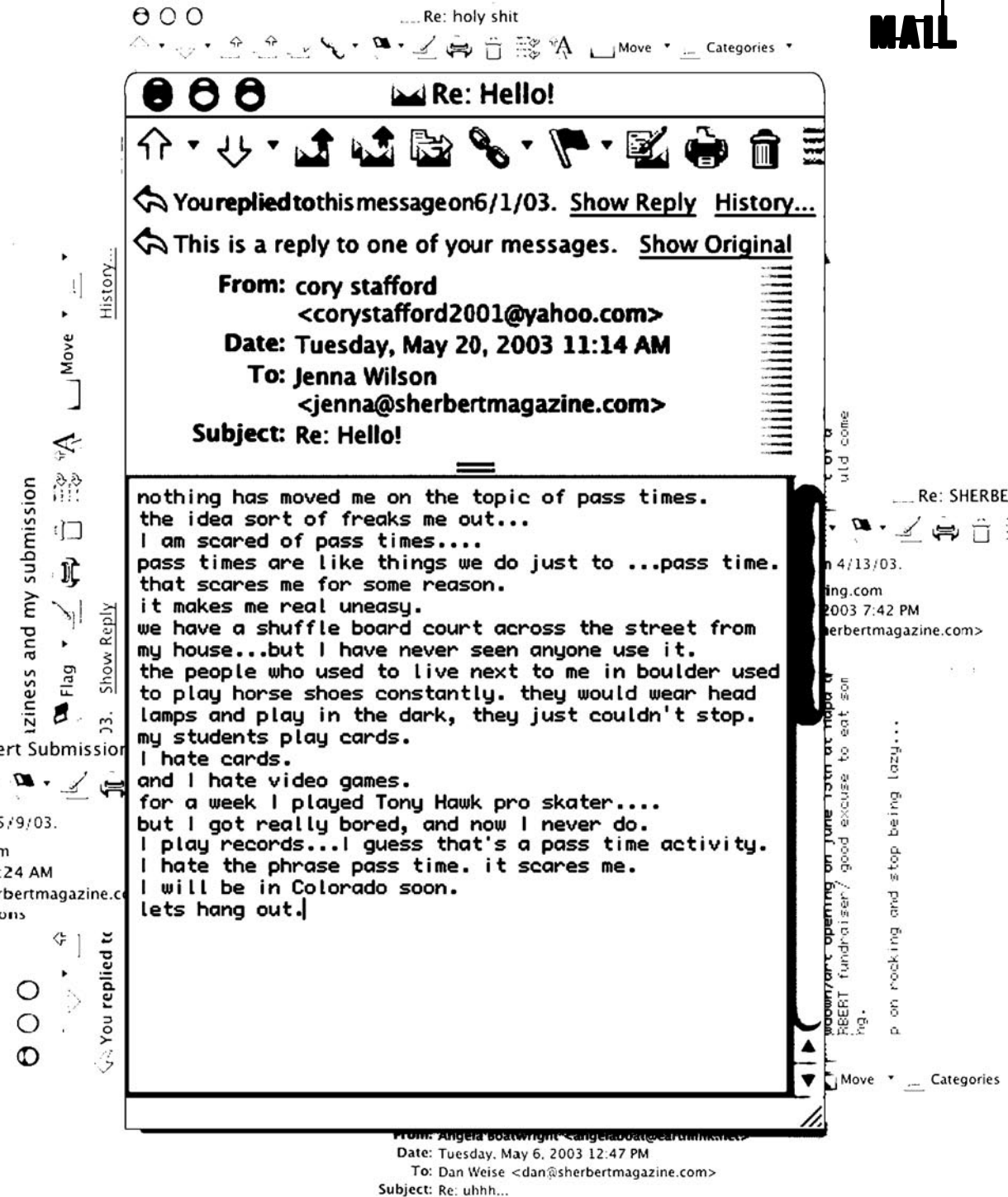
Mount. Label.

Insert a coffee straw AND blow. Enlarge the body cavity.

Your moth has now been taxed and dermed.

words - anthony ilacqua

And this is exactly how it happens: The flat tire - the bad neighbors below me with the bad music echoing up - the bad neighbors next door who seem to fuck constantly - the barking dog. It's the loud refrigerator humming, nearly broken and the ragged busted windows letting the particulates and dust from Lincoln Avenue invade and sully up my windowsills. And believe me this situation is only the canvas, all taunt and dressed of a painting *I could* paint which is the sheer agony before the fit of absolute rage when at my desk my mind feels frail, and I've forgotten everything I meant to write down to start the worst American novel yet. Then the pen breaks, because I snapped it in half, and if I've learnt anything at all about the writing of the worst American novel which will never be written, it is this: Pens are easier and cheaper to replace than typewriters. And these days all writers, pseudo-writers and wannabes all use computers which perhaps lend some sort of self-importance, they're probably just as easy to break. Me, I just fill with rage, and break pens like it's some sort of pastime. I've broken every type of pen imaginable; plastic, wood, metal and a couple of times, glass. Forty-two stitches on 16 occasions, numerous bruises and one unlucky time, a broken finger. As a result I never really get one single word written. That's not to mention I've got a tremendous preoccupation with my bad neighbors with their bad music and squeaky bed springs, and the very notion that their refrigerators work and that all of their windows are intact. Which brings me back to the frustration and the pens, all broken, plus I think a serious lack of imagination, tenacity, and here's my declaration to the world and most especially to my less than impressive high school guidance counselor: my complete lack of discipline. Which leads me to think I should find other things to do, listen to bad music too loudly, fuck all day, become a refrigerator repairman or a glazier. And to be sure, it wouldn't help me so much anyway... I do not have a mind to be a good or even a poor mechanic since it bores me terribly, and I'll never be able to afford a stereo system because I'll never be able to hold a job as a glazier since all I want to do is write the worst American novel yet. The other point, well I simply do not have the libido to fuck all day, and since the fits of rage hit me so fiercely when I get the lack of self assurance at not being able to do well at it, I may want to avoid sex altogether. Really, think of what I do to a pen... And perhaps that's the way to start this story: I don't know how to do it, or what to do, but I sure know how to break a pen.



SWEET, SWEET SPARE TIME

(or lack thereof)
words&photography - angela boatwright



My Walkman doesn't work anymore. I've had this particular Walkman for about a year or so with no major hassle and now, all of a sudden, the tape player doesn't work. I can still receive radio, but who needs that?

My stereo receiver doesn't work either. I keep a pretty big cassette collection right on top of it therefore suffocating its insides. The right speaker still works but the left retired some time ago.

My T.V. hasn't really performed up to par since 9/11. I don't have cable and therefore my reception tends to be fuzzy and spattered. My Dad bought me rabbit ears once but the cats quickly broke off the ends rendering them useless.

The only light bulb in my bedroom expired the other day. I dragged one of my cheesy photo-floods in from the living room so that I could read my National Geographic before I went to bed. Aside from the first two minutes in the morning, I only see my bedroom at night.

I have absolutely no idea how to work my sewing machine. My mom bought it for me well over five years ago and I have yet to figure it out. I still sew by hand.

The dentist told me that I have receding gums. He said there is no cure and that they will only get worse over time. I will eventually have to have them reformed surgically. I have to brush with sensitive toothpaste that tastes like licorice.

My guitar needs to be intonated so badly that it won't even tune. See, it has a Floyd Rose and because of this it acts like a prima donna, making me set it up each time the weather changes.

Every time I disconnect from the internet my computer automatically logs back on...immediately.

I left my cell phone charger in Los Angeles last week. I thought going without a cell phone for a short amount of time would be a relief. It wasn't.

I ran out of toilet paper yesterday.

I just dropped a glob of peanut butter in my filing cabinet,

I can't stop eating crackers...

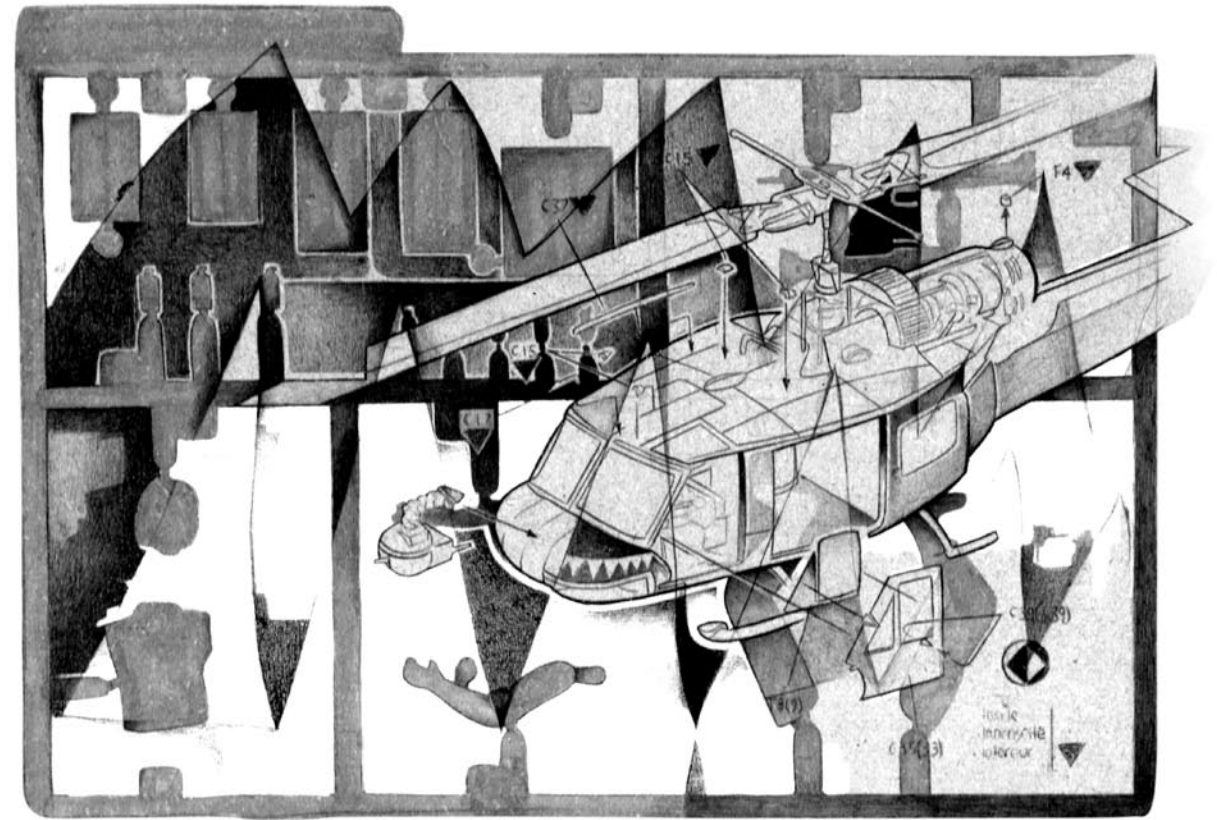
it's just about time for a...



michael sieben



eugene good



jim darling



PAST TIME MANIPULATIONS - SECA - MAY 1978



Jonburgerman





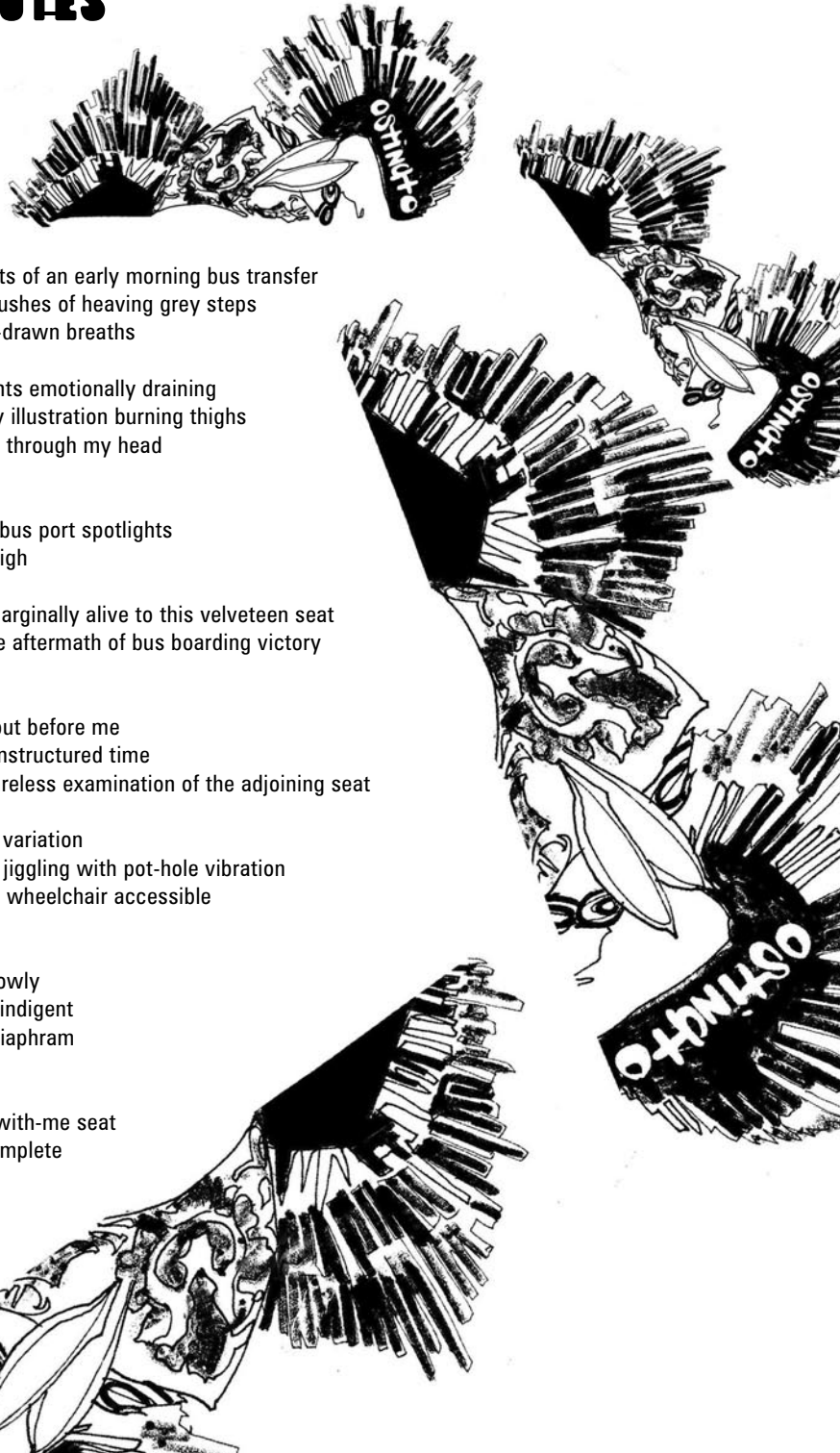
tina anderson



jenna wilson

THIRTYEIGHT MINUTES

words&image - marilee sweeney



In the smoldering moments of an early morning bus transfer
between the deep hush hushes of heaving grey steps
I struggle to connect half-drawn breaths

Stringent industrial solvents emotionally draining
solutions seventies safety illustration burning thighs
bad ankles frustration run through my head
as I sprint

In the ephemeral glow of bus port spotlights
I sweat for that on-time high

six forty-five brings me marginally alive to this velveteen seat
slumped triumphant in the aftermath of bus boarding victory
I sip time alcoholic

Thirty-eight minutes roll out before me
a black paved carpet of unstructured time
I spend each minute in careless examination of the adjoining seat

Maroon and amber stripe variation
rows of stubby mohawks jiggling with pot-hole vibration
nubby grey washable and wheelchair accessible

Half reclined
I realize I am breathing slowly
sweat cooled and calmly indigent
cavalier as I expand my diaphragm

Yeah
it's my whenever's-cool-with-me seat
it's my let-me-breathe-complete
throne
I am the B bus queen

A FEW THINGS I LOVE TO DO

words - rebecca miller



note: it's good to keep a list so you have something to do when you're bored [start your own list]

- 1 - Rubbing cat's ears between thumb and forefinger until small growl is emitted from said cat.
- 2 - Chasing pigeons: They're pretty slow, so I chase them a while. They stagger around on their skinny little feet until they eventually get it and then fly away. When at the beach, you can catch me after the Seagulls. They usually take off faster and more frantically. It's more of a rush.
- 3 - Chasing people: Really I'm just following them closely, trying not to attract too much attention to myself. I enjoy bringing a friend with a camera along.
- 4 - Pretending to steal a bike. This always gets a roar out of someone.
- 5 - I used to go shopping with a fake accent and language. My favorite memory is when a friend and I convinced a mall sales clerk that we were from Japan.
- 6 - Chipping paint, wood, or synthetic siding. This has therapeutic and gratifying qualities. It can make one neurotic, but it's great for frustration.
- 7 - Playing Simpson's Road Rage game with a group of 5 or more people (all night) so you can get the new cars and new players faster than if you were alone. Beer is involved so it's kind of a double pastime.

[or add to this one...]

SOCIAL SCULPTURE IN SPARE TIME

words - gavin levy : doodles - jim darling

A. "Without the contemplation of death, there is no life."

George Bataille

B. Sometimes it seems that we want to forget and be apathetic...But I'd rather draw...It just makes sense to draw because in these days with so much information being transmitted, it's as if others and other spaces are drawing through us. Joseph Beuys had this concept of social sculpture in which everyone was an artist and that the world was in the continuous process of being formed. We do this, in part as human beings, by communicating. Thus nothing ever really dies, since everything is affecting. I can watch a film by Godard and wash my dishes differently. This is even more true for us now because there are so many messages being exchanged. And with this excess it becomes even more difficult to retain identity. Thus drawing becomes a way to interpret the codes that we are receiving and transmit them back into the living sculpture.

C. "Sometimes when I draw, I am really writing, and when I write I am really drawing." Jean Cocteau

D. Drawing is fame...Drawing is an action like cooking eggs...I like to draw bike racks...Some used to say that drawing was good because it was easier to get people to take their clothes off.

E. The surface is where we draw because I haven't got an airplane to draw in the sky. On the surface anything can appear. Fantasies can be lived out. You can say anything you want to. You can make people say interesting things like "leak fixer." You can put a soldier on a rocking horse breathing fire. Just put some love and care into what you do so families and friends can enjoy them too.

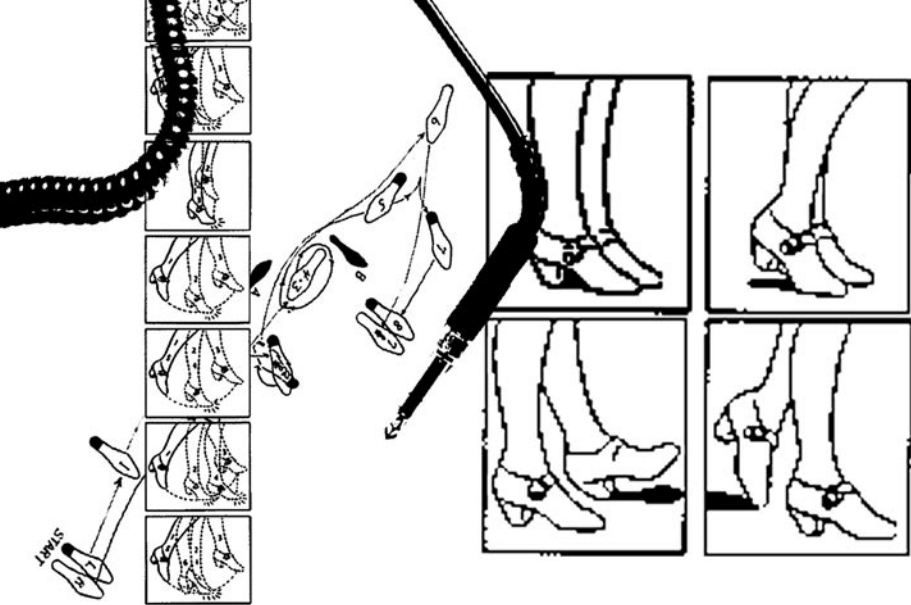
F. drawer for life, whether i like it or not

F (1). my favorite drawings are those that are not supposed to be drawn...the rusting car, milk cartons, the floor of barber shops, a messy kitchen, a skier on a mountain of fresh snow.

G. a drawing machine is a phonograph...Stan Brakage drew on film...Richard Long drew on the landscape, walking on it over and over again. Revok has drawn on highway overpasses...people in the backseat draw on the fogged up windows of your honda...Henry miller drew his life repeatedly...Lebbeus Woods draws cities...Siah and Yeshua Dapo ed drew on tape.

H. telephone chords, electrical tape, newspapers, cardboard, ink, light, blood, urine, seamen, shit, letters, rocks, old tires, denim jeans,

(end)



LISTEN HERE

words - rachel brenneman

Lazily strolling along the boulevard you hear an enticing beat that lures you out of your bored trance and magnetically pulls you off of the street. The groovtastic groove begins to envelop you as your gaze falls upon heaps of records and CDs that stare back at you pleading to be taken home and freed for the sole purpose of entertaining you, yes you. From a distance you see, could it be, no... yes!...the listening station, however, currently occupied by a large Rastafarian. You take a slow walk around the store, keeping a sly eye on this prized position, flip through some records, a wink and a smile at the clerk, patience...patience. At last, your chance. Moving quickly, confidently and with stealth you make your way to the spot.

Oh the selection. Shall it be the ladies of Jazz, the latest greatest hip-hop grooves or a bit of house to temp your tummy? You don the enormous headphones, take your pick and off you go to the euphoric world of sound. The music fills your ears and the bass pumps through your veins. Before long your head bobs, your foot taps and you try desperately to keep the dancing-maniac-within at bay. To no avail, she refuses to be ignored. Hips pulsate, arms begin to gyrate and the next thing you know a personal dance party has begun. Spotlights drop from the ceiling and beam down upon you. The crowd is screaming for more, chanting your name. Track 10 is a smash hit, and has successfully convinced you of your hip nature, your cool style and that you are finally ready to quit your day job. A tap on the shoulder and it is clear that your rock star debut has not impressed the lanky-megadeth-t-shirt-wearing store manager who suggests that it might be time to let some other customers get a piece of the action. Ok, alright....



FIRST DATE

words - kenneth ryan dempsey

essentials

In the aftermath of an unusually brutal snowstorm in late October, a black man in a baseball cap and long winter coat robbed a department store, fleeing with a white-female accomplice, leaving the police to search the open winter landscape, while I found my keys and left to pick up Ashley.

The fortunate circumstance was that the streets were virtually empty (devoid of humans) save one foot of wet snow. Unfortunately, I was actually less than enthralled with the whole matter. Nevertheless I managed to pick her up without getting her feet wet (we both had inappropriate footwear as not to disturb the style we'd deemed attractive) and a brief, hazardous drive later, we arrived at the restaurant.

the trial I: the split

Parked, and attempting to find a suitable path through the snow to the front entrance, we were stopped in our tracks, literally, by a slow moving police vehicle, that came to rest a few feet in front of us. It was here, where our feet ceased to move, that the whole affair started.

"Where are you goin' tonight?"

"There." We pointed to the restaurant less than 30 yards away.

"May I see your licenses?"

It occurred to me then how peculiar (strange) it is to formulate an imperative in the shape of a polite request.

We did as he asked. He retreated to his radio.

He was a rather unimposing man, attempting to cut a larger figure (it wasn't needed). Shorter than me (I'm the light side of average), common build, typical hair cut, and of no discernable age, neither young nor old; after calling us into headquarters he came back. In the meantime (we hadn't moved an inch) Ashley and I had a little chat:

"What's he want?" she asked me.

“I have no clue.” I responded with a hint of uneasiness which surprised her. Our curiosity, confusion, and fear began to eat up more space.
“Where’s your car?” the officer asked me as he handed us our identification.

Something should be noted here before I progress: Understandably, the average normal Black American is naturally distrustful of police. In addition, the most hateful glares I’ve ever received were from stony strangers when I was with a white woman; romantic or not, assumptions are made. “Never put yourself in the hands of the police.” is what I was taught, and what I heeded. All culminated into a dread of what was next. However, I was very curious, and I’d determined the best way to deal is not with incredulity, but politeness. Thus, I decided to make use of my curiosity. I’d developed a rather useful skill for such tense and tenuous occasions (fights, arguments, negotiations, etc.) that would allow me to stay calm and react, yet observe and satisfy my curiosity: I split in two.

the trial II: impromptu trial

There were two me’s now. I left an impostor behind to respond to stimuli and answer questions. Meanwhile I’d floated about the theatre and taken a very nice (comfortable) seat on the ledge of an adjacent building to watch the play.

“Where’s your car?” He handed us our identification. My Shadow dutifully pointed to my unremarkable car, “that white one there.” Officer Miller, I’d read his name by now, walked over to my car and shone a flashlight in it to take a look around. From my perch above I could see we were about to be joined by another policeman.
“Where’ve you guys been tonight?” Officer Miller questioned.
“Well,” my Shadow began, “...I was at my apartment then I picked her up and we drove here.”
“Where do you live?” The question directed at us both.
We gave our addresses and pointed in near opposite directions.
“May I see your licenses again please.” He shared them with Officer #2. Then they both looked in my car with their flashlights. Officer #3 arrived. From the ledge I saw he was an older gentleman that looked disinterested and annoyed with the whole thing. He set himself apart from the other officers with disdain; it was he that finally told us what was happening.
“Earlier tonight, about thirty minutes ago, a black man wearing a baseball cap and long winter coat, robbed a department store,” he nodded “across the street. He escaped with a white female, and was thought to be heading this way. We were searching for him when Officer Miller came upon you two.” My Shadow was indeed wearing a long winter coat and cap. It is also true that my Shadow is black, and his date, wasn’t.
“Look,” he continued “I know it wasn’t you, but just hold tight for a little while longer” Our feet hadn’t moved, but they were soaked.

I assessed the situation from my seat above. I determined we were to be tried without our knowledge, by men who liked and played the odds. We stood centered in an informal courtroom under nightshade and stuffed with snow, where the mere likelihood of guilt was the prosecutor’s only requirement. My Shadow began to worry as I looked on.

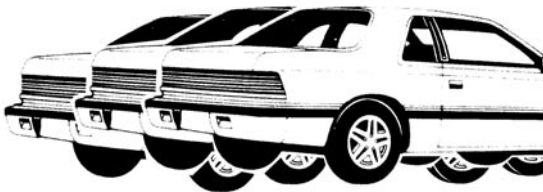
the trial III: star witness

There were now four police cars. Shadow thought of the worse case and tried to move the stars to insure it wouldn’t happen. I sat forward with great interest. The older officer, told us of their new plan, their star witness. The other officers gave him a dirty look; he told us anyway. “They’re going to bring by the sales lady who saw them...” she was to be driven by in an unmarked car, “...but she only saw them from behind.” I spotted the vehicle from the ledge slowly turning into the lot, now lit like a car sales place from the four pairs of police headlights. They moved us into position. Poor Shadow found it difficult to walk; he and Ashley hadn’t moved in over an hour. The white SUV, with its deeply tinted windows, stopped in front of us. “Turn around please.” one of them said.
I hopped down and joined Shadow for the moment. I heard the slow crawl and crunch of snow under the tires behind me. I could feel the Earth turning just then. Suddenly, it was gone, and Officer Miller told us she didn’t recognize us (she didn’t recognize our backs really) and we could go. I couldn’t help thinking, “How could she tell?”

in the wake

“Shall we?” I looked at Ashley, and motioned toward the restaurant.
“God yes!” she said. The police force had quickly disbanded, their criminals’ trail colder than our feet.

We happened to be seated near Andrew and Eric, high-strung twins with whom we worked. We related the short version of what had just occurred, when Eric noticed our feet were and calves were soaked. “That’s bullshit!” Eric shouted, attracting too much attention. I shrugged my shoulders and went back to my tea, and she back to her coffee.



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 #5:
The "Childhood" issue.

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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 single page size [8.5"x7"] or as a double page spread [8.5"x14"]. 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 your piece. 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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ISSUE 3 CORRECTIONS: We mispelled contributor Brian Oliva's name wrong. If you have issue 3 please fix this mistake. Sorry Brian.

SHERBERT RANDOM: I'm going skateboarding.



michael sieben



sept 2003