

June 2009

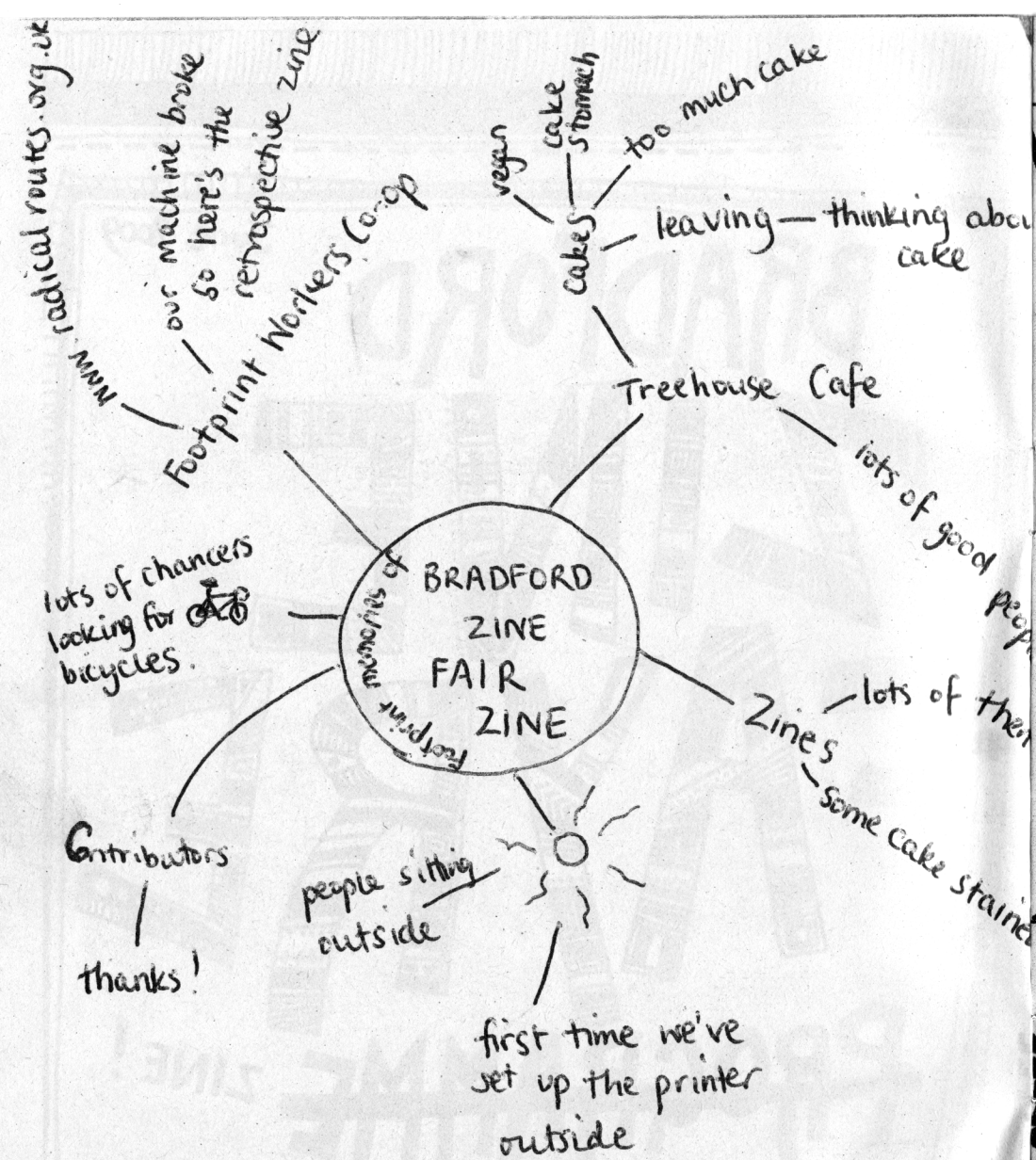
BRADFORD

ZINE

FAYRE

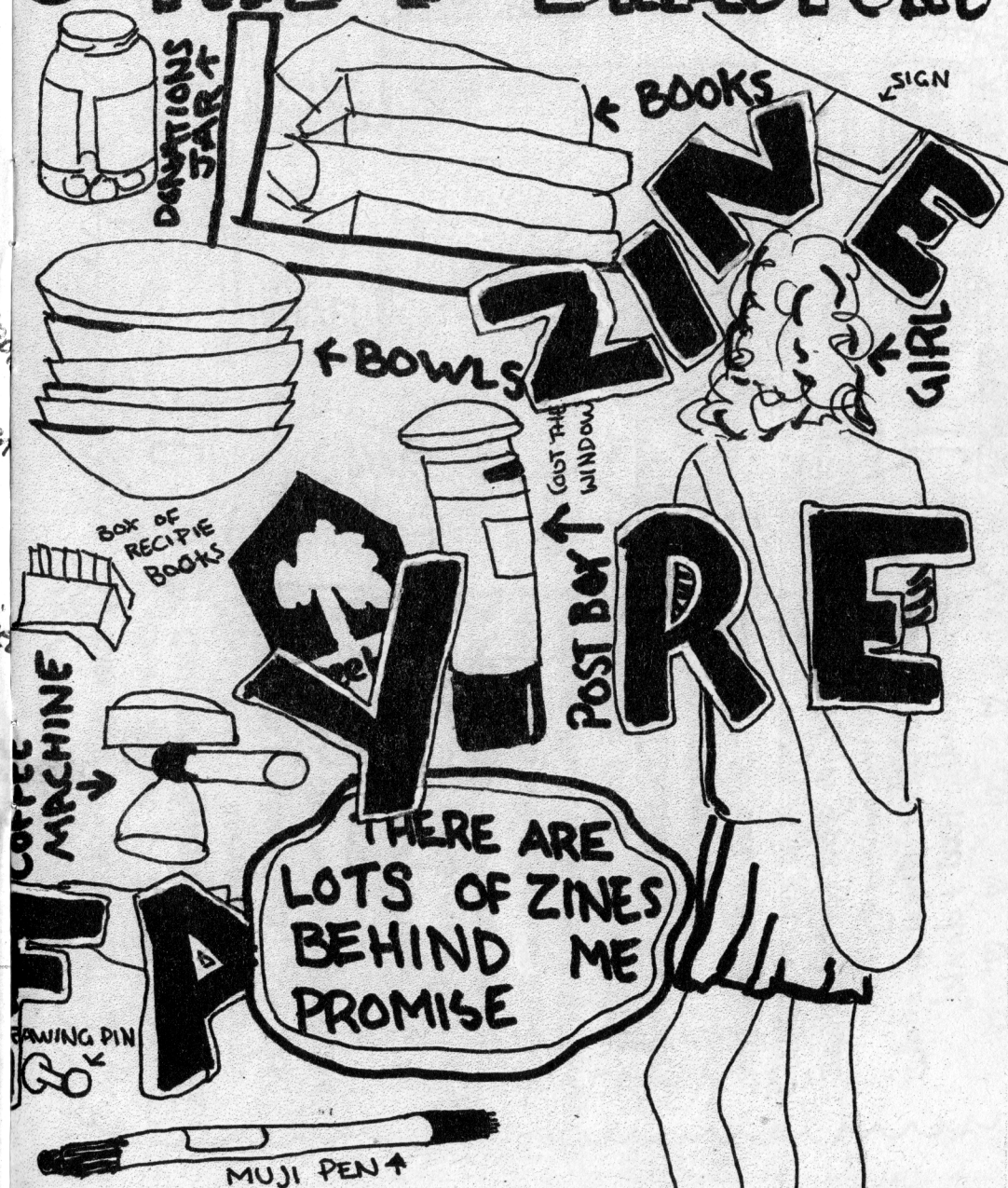
~~PROGRAMME~~ ZINE!

previously zine+day.



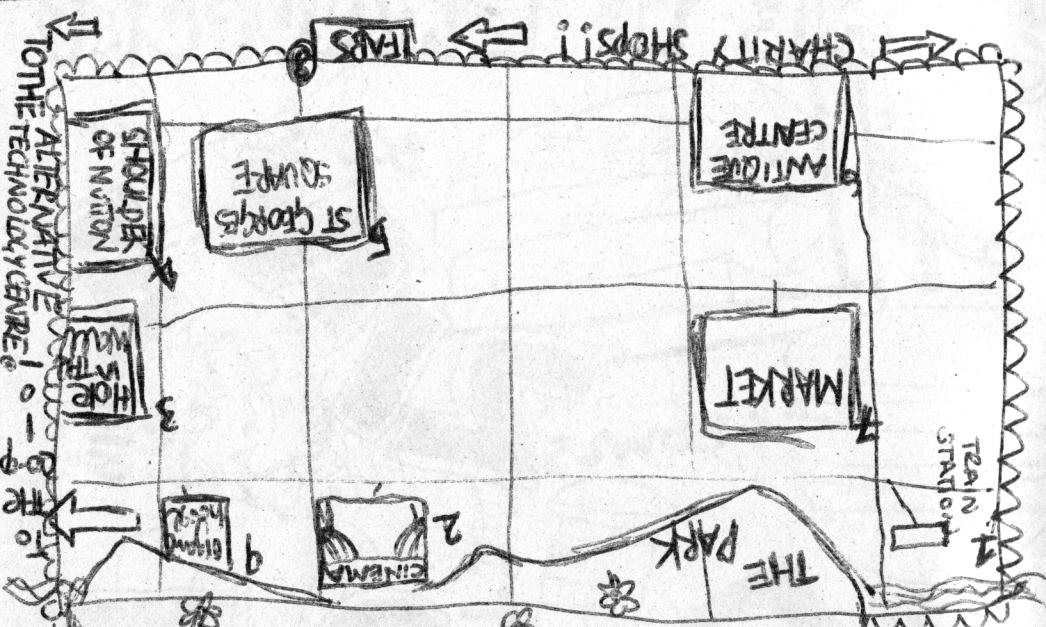
A few notes from Dan, Cath and Sz  
from footprint workers group

# WHAT I CAN SEE @ THE 1<sup>ST</sup> BRADFORD





# HEBDEN BRIDGE



- ① Train station - important! - how you get in & out of HEBDEN!
- ② CINEMA - Shows lots of cool political films! Look on Internet for listings
- ③ HOLE IN THE WALL - lovely pub with lovely ales, open mic on a THURSDAY!
- ④ SHOULDER OF MUTTON - lovely pub night in the centre, come & say hi to KATIE who works there
- ⑤ THE SQUARE - lovely place to sit with shops around it, sometimes markets, bands + Theatre in the Summer!
- ⑥ ANTIQUE CENTRE - Big old stuff!
- ⑦ MARKET - Wednesday - flea market
- ⑧ Tuesday - Normal Market
- ⑨ FABS - On local cafe - fgs are lucky enough to go out in HEBDEN - This cafe is great for breakfast - (unless your vegetarian or vegan)
- ⑩ Organic house - ethical fairtrade vegn friendly food + drink!

It's over some an idea as being in the zone was too good to pass up - and yet the idea of drawing or writing something filled me with DREAD. Why? Because I have dysgraphia - essentially the medical version of ~~shitty~~ shitty handwriting.

My brain is shitty at sending signals to my muscles making me stutter, clumsily trip over my own words and make one writing faster than this turn into a scribble

This lack of finesse and skill makes having the confidence to try and have a go at Zine-making pretty damn difficult!

But what better time to start than the Bradford Zine Fayre?

Will 5-11

P.S. sorry about the handwriting!!

P.P.S. This is the 1st time I've handwritten in about 2 years



My life's in forward motion,  
I feel no negative emotion,  
I've gotta get on,  
Gotta get on  
That train to somewhere.

My life's in backward motion,  
I feel no positive emotion,  
I've gotta get off,  
Gotta get off  
That train to nowhere.

## **a cautionary tale of public transport romance**

Bus journeys to work can be soul destroying; the same people getting on at the same stops and the same time every day, all wearing the same grim expressions, all dreading another day of boredom and monotony. All dreaming of a different destination, hoping the day ends quickly, waiting for the weekend. Ipods, metros and poker faces. Everyone looking straight ahead, making no eye contact with the same people they make the same journey with five days a week. Even though a word is never spoken everyone understands each other and what they want; to be left the fuck alone. It's an unspoken rule just to let everyone be, all you need to know each other is which stop each of you get on or off.

Bearing this in mind I was surprised one morning when a cute red haired girl I'd never seen before seemed to be looking straight into my eyes at the bus stop. She got on the bus before me and glanced at me again and I was left wondering what the hell was wrong with her? Maybe she just had a lazy eye? Maybe she was actually looking at a pair of shoes in the shop I was standing in front of? Maybe she hadn't been commuting on buses long enough to know the rules? Maybe she was just a bit mentally retarded? Either way she'd messed with the status quo, I didn't know what to think.

Glances quickly turned into smiles and we'd have this little ritual of smiling at each other first thing in the morning when

when her Black Prince didn't turn up but no words were ever spoken. It was all a tad bizarre and I decided one day that I'd have to talk to her, even if it was just to find out what the hell she was smiling at.

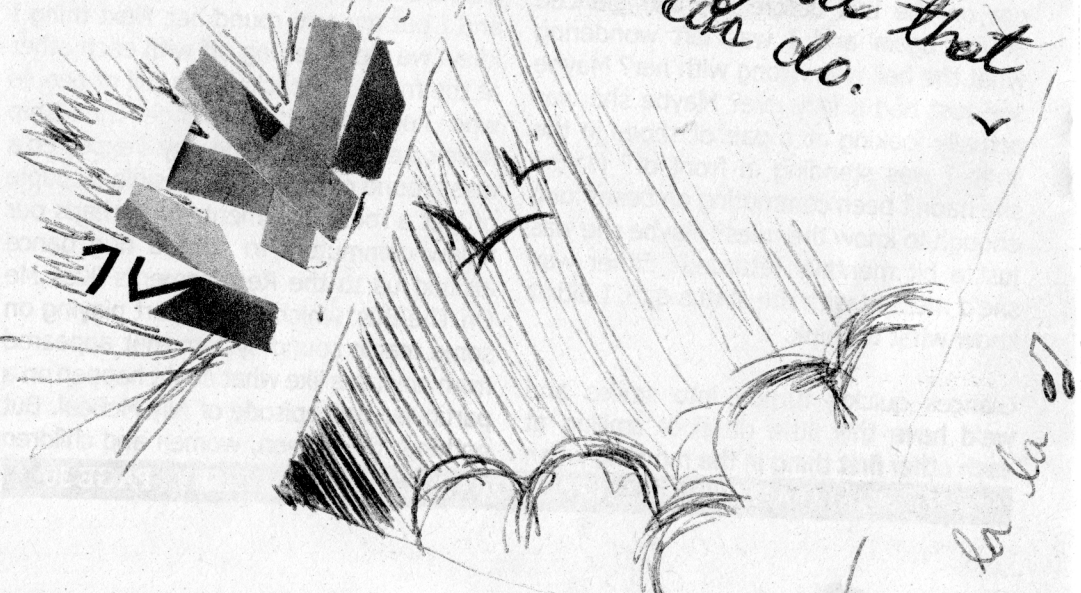
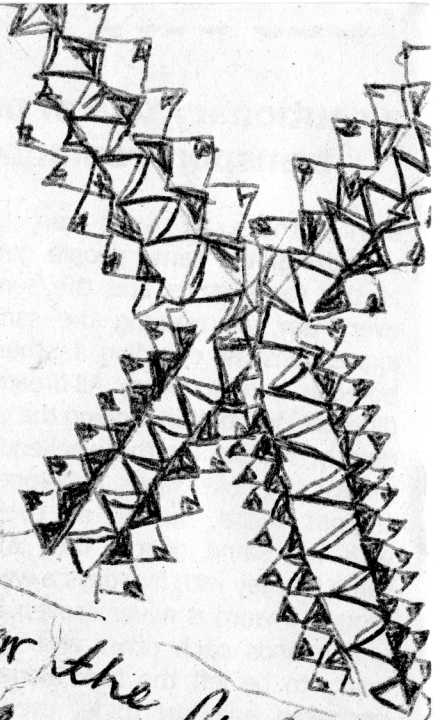
A couple of weeks later after building myself up to talking to her and then backing down a fair few times the usual double decker bus had been replaced by a single decker bus meaning that I'd have to sit next to someone rather than having two seats to myself. This would usually be a nightmare, everyone just wants space and silence in the morning but I'd had enough white Russians and bitters the night before this particular day and in my still tipsy state I found the courage to sit down next to and actually talk to this girl I'd been calling Bus Stop Girl or BSG for the last couple of months. We'd already half broken the number one commuting rule by glancing and smiling at each other, why not blow it the hell open by actually talking to each other.

This chatting carried on for another week or so until one day she said she was feeling a bit ill and so rested her head on my chest and I put my arm round her. Next thing I knew we were getting off with each other at the front of a packed bus full of people who had seen this strange friendship develop every step of the way. I expected a mass round of applause, possible a couple of 'get a room' comments or perhaps our fellow commuters to start a hug dance around us to the Replacements 'Kiss Me On The Bus' which would start playing on some magic sound system that appeared from nowhere like what might happen on a particular bad episode of Ally McBeal. But nothing; these men, women and children

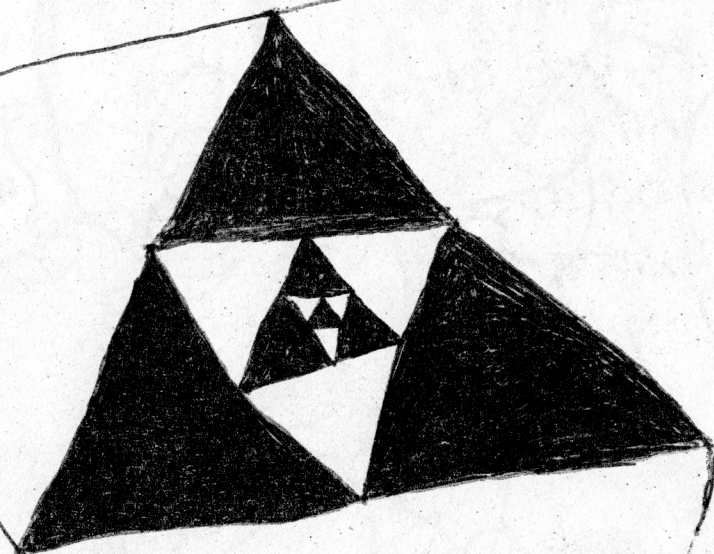
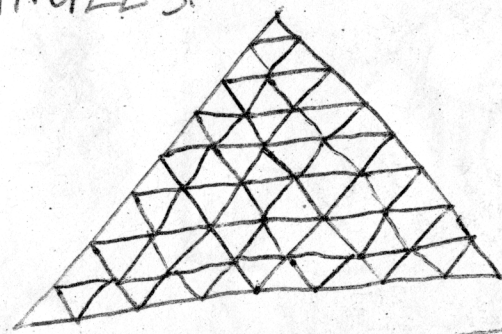


live for those that  
love you, ✓  
for the ones that  
think you true,  
for the heaven that  
smiles above you,  
& awaits you coming to,  
for the sight that  
lacks assistance,  
for the wrong that  
needs resistance,

for the future is  
the distance,  
for the good that  
you can do. ✓

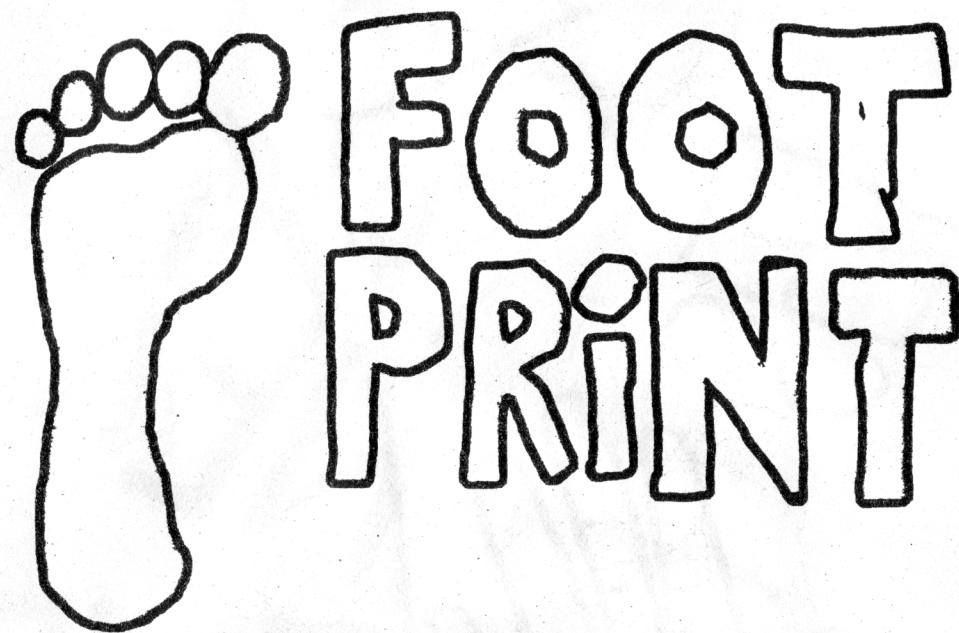
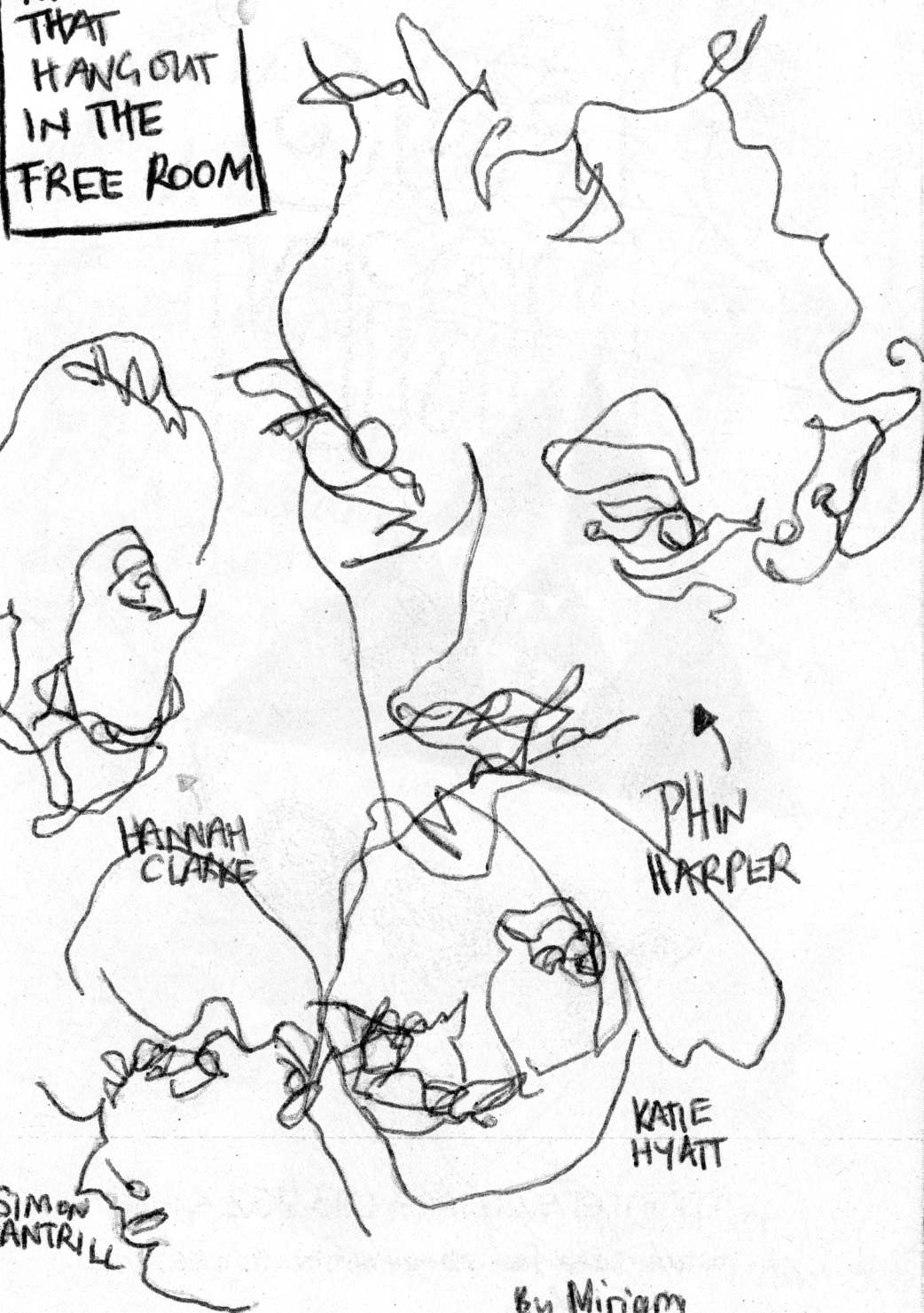


of TRIANGLES.



So. Yeah. This was a pretty bollocks page. But you  
just read it. Who's the fool now, eh?  
Sam R.

THOSE  
THAT  
HANG OUT  
IN THE  
FREE ROOM



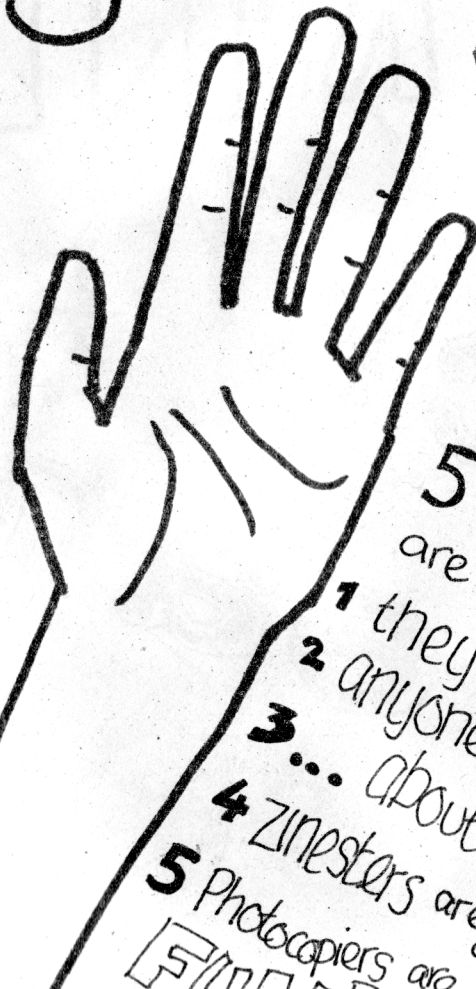
FUCK  
vean

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Zines - Flyers - Posters - Cd Wallets - and now Websites from £35 / year



# LET'S GO NEXT TIME



- 5 reasons why zines  
are truly amazing!
- 1 they are made for love ~~not~~ money
  - 2 anyone can make one ...
  - 3 ... about ANYTHING!
  - 4 zinesters are the best kinds of people
  - 5 Photocopiers are
- FUN!**