

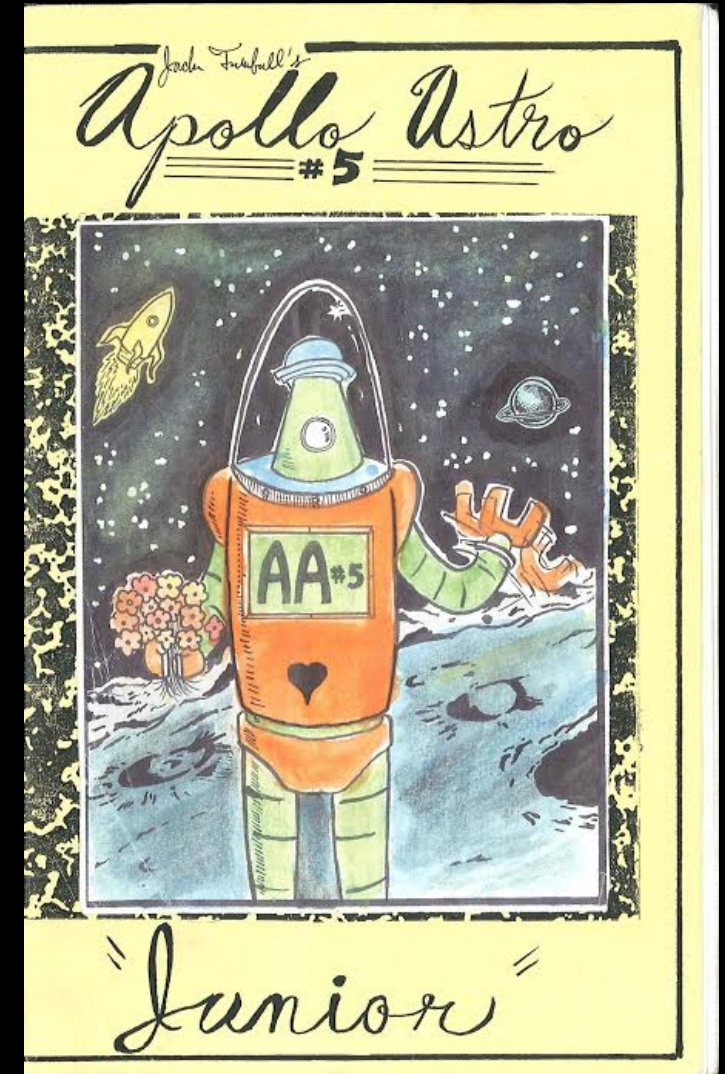
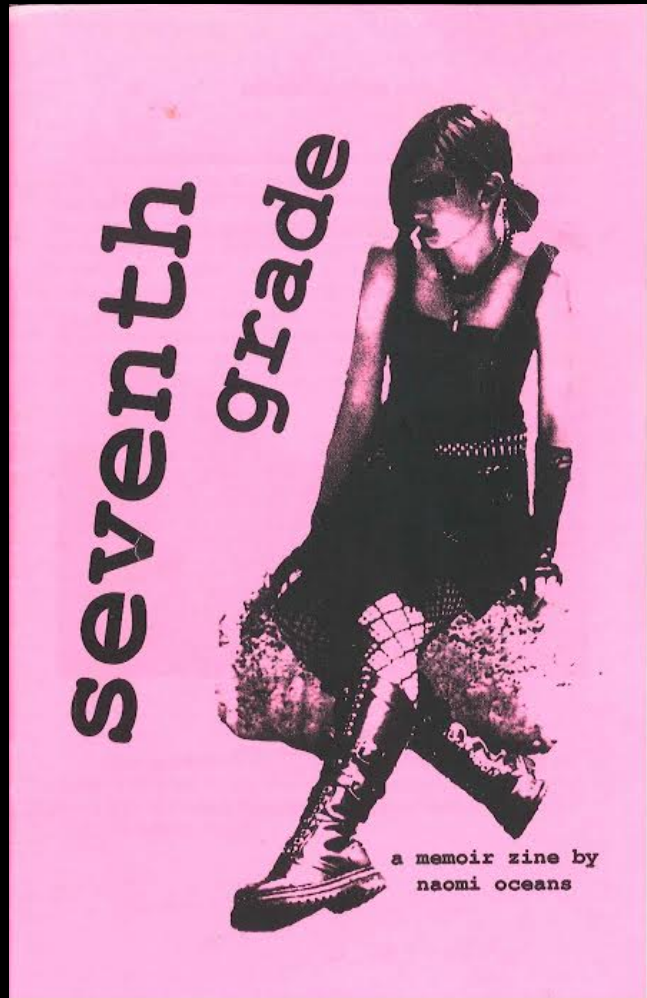
Cataloging Zines in an RDA Environment

ALCTS Cataloging & Classification Research Interest Group

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Zines?



Images from the University of Miami Zine Collection and the Firefly Zine Collection

Cataloging zines will test your mojo.

BECOMING ONE *with nature*

It was the second Wednesday, of the second week, of the first month of our new year, 1998. Ani just adopted a driver's license, and the rest of us were fresh out of adolescence. We decided to drive her car until we reached the eerie depths of Savannah, Georgia. We were on a quest for two things: turn of the century ghosts, and the meaning behind our petty existence. Legend had it that Savannah Georgia was the crown jewel of the south when it came to resurrecting the souls of the dead.

It was 6am. I wanted to overhaul our vehicle with food, itching powder and philosophy books. I thought eating, intelligence and comic relief were our core resources. Ani wanted to bring along smoke paraphernalia. Janeane said we didn't need substances to aid us in our quest for determination, just a naturally inane mentality. She didn't want any books or drugs, just the capacity to be artistically eccentric and talk about how an earth ruled by man will marginalize our existence because someday a man made of grids is going to dominate our planet.

Ani begged to differ. She was a guinea pig for an artificial imagination. I didn't need drugs for amusement, I just needed food. I had a childlike knack for seeking pleasure in the world's most irrelevant aspects, and besides that, I loved to eat. We packed a cooler filled to the brim with organic fruit juice, alcoholic refreshments, and soy-nut butter and strawberry jelly sandwiches. We were partially health-conscious, and at the time, that was enough for us. The trunk was full, and we embarked on our almost aimless journey.

Janeane was morbid, although ambition was enveloped beneath her grim exterior. Ani was openly airy and chirpy, but the conflicts that lied beneath were piercing her insides. I had just gotten out of a one year relationship, and avoiding drama was my main concern. I wanted everything to seem exciting to me, especially free food. Together, we searched for ghosts and a new hope.

The hours and minutes weathered down to plateaus of nonsense. We were no longer experiencing a quest or an adventure, but a mindless routine involving gasoline, staring, sneering, and ridiculous mileage. We searched for incredible points between our home in south Florida and the Georgia coastline, but to no avail. The only stimulation tickling our fingertips was awaiting the next mid-sixties soul song playing on our radio. But by the time we reached the fifth hour of our trip, Otis Redding was playing consecutively for so many hours that smashing the car stereo with a cro-bar was all the ambition we had. We were beat.

We visited Jake and Kaz, two distant friends who lived on towns not far-flung from of the road we traveled on. Ani anticipated guidance on how to mend a broken heart. I anticipated an answer on why we were all put on this earth. Janeane anticipated knowing if sadism was morally incorrect. But all we got was hits of marijuana, a joyful smirk from Kaz, and a sweaty embrace from Jake. Our perspective was bleak by now.

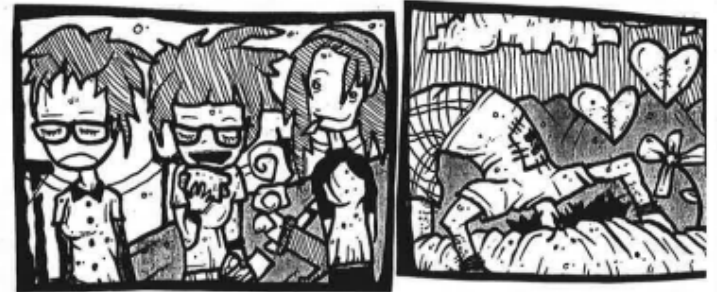
What was the worst thing for three girls to encounter after losing every ounce of determination that was left searing in their bloodstream? An empty tank of gas, and that was exactly what we got. I was secretly happy, because it gave me the chance to piss on the face of technology and ride my bike around the flat plains of northern Florida. Janeane was irritated because it was the thirteenth of January, and this probably meant the beginning to a streak of bad luck. Ani was excited to sit on a patch of grass and

allow her youthful, cloudy substances to overpower her inert mental state. We stared off into space and questioned why us? When all we wanted was a concrete meaning of life, some southern ghosts, and a constant niche. Was that too much to ask for? We didn't think so, but perhaps our gas-tank did.

A sly grimace escaped my face when I grasped the concept of how glorious nature was. Ani smiled at the lack of buildings surrounding her space. Janeane enjoyed smog, but liked the idea of the grass smelling like cow shit. That moment we found inner strength. Ani was undeniably a fighter, I was a forgiving pacifist, and Janeane was a masochist. Together we created the perfect chemical reaction to overcoming lethargy and long walks on wastelands. The best way out of our ditch was right through it. Because Janeane was gleefully accepting of pain. Ani had a fist in one hand and a knack for independence in the other. I had a smile from here to Texas because some fresh baked pies were probably waiting for me on the other side of my problems.

Stoned out of her girlish sanity, Ani turned to me and smiled. "I found it. It was right under my tires and we were driving over it all along. We deserve to be punished." She said to me.

"Dirt and Horse shit? We've basically been driving over remains of polluted grass that became dirt roads in the last ten years."



"No, silly. The bare grounds planted by our beloved mother earth. The fundamental unit of what makes us survive as self-sufficient human beings!"

"Were driving over the seeds of nature that plant our profane existence?"

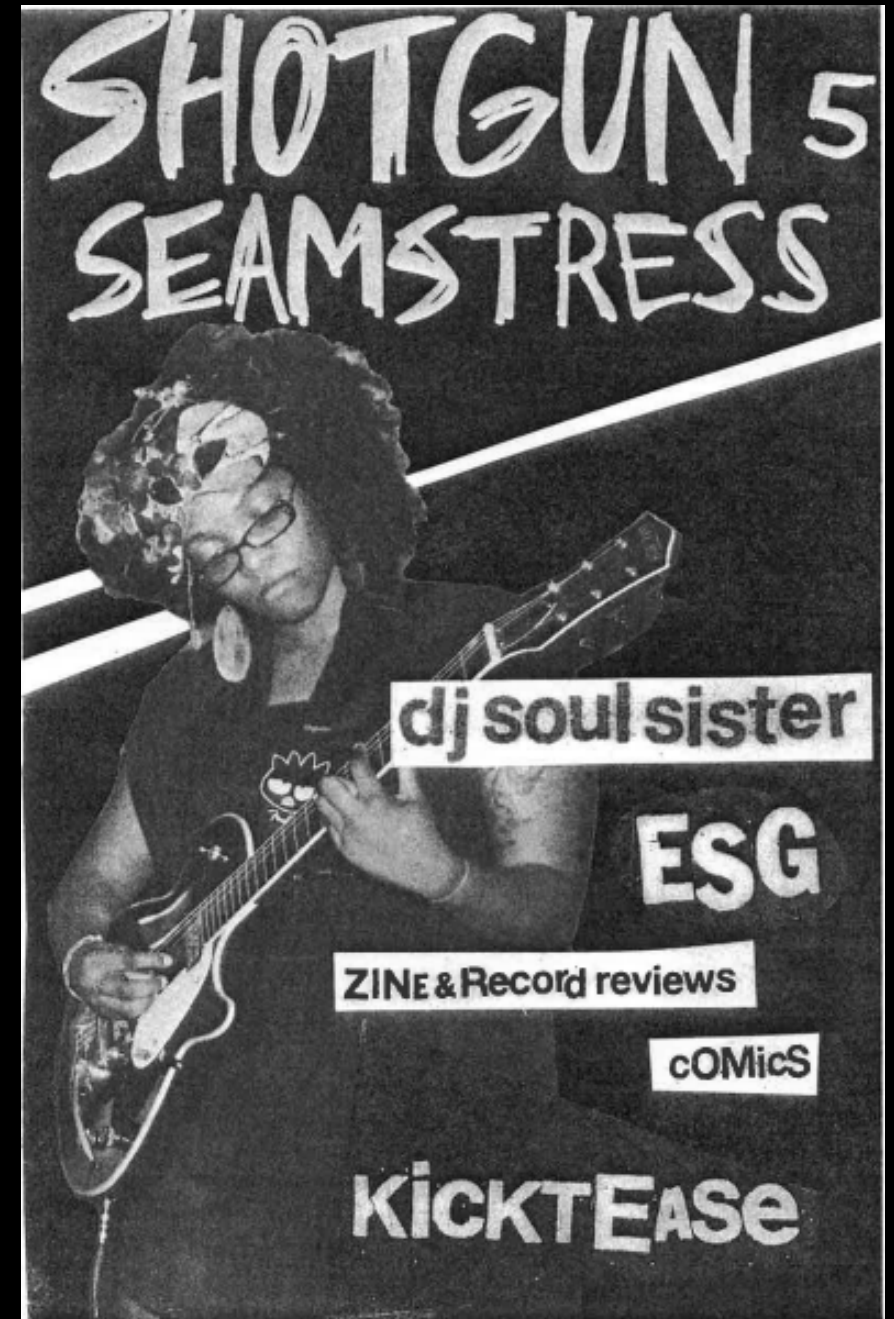
"Yes, dammit. So lets stop surrendering to the superficiality of driving a car, embrace our soil, and learn how to live again."

We never made it to Georgia, we never found ghosts, I didn't sink my teeth into an eggplant casserole, but we gathered something far more conquering. I learned how to be easily amused again and excitement now came to me by the drop of a hat. Ever since that day, I visited less shopping malls, began growing my own food, became conscious of the world around me, and felt ten times better to be human. Ani found optimism and decided a fist and swollen eyes were weaker than a determined heart. She hasn't cried over spilled milk, or bought canned vegetables since, and it sure felt good. Janeane hated the soil, but the idea of sleeping on dirt made her smile. And since that night she learned to merge a love affair with pain with optimism and self-sufficiency. It was the first time she was excited over a merry scheme. That night, every five minutes was like a new day. And it wasn't because of the drugs, but because of our new anticipation to be alive. From then on traveling was so much more than turn of the century ghosts.

How does RDA stack up?

Allison Jai O'Dell, "RDA and the Description of Zines: Metadata Needs for Alternative Publications," *Journal of Library Metadata* 14, nos. 3-4 (2014): 255-280.

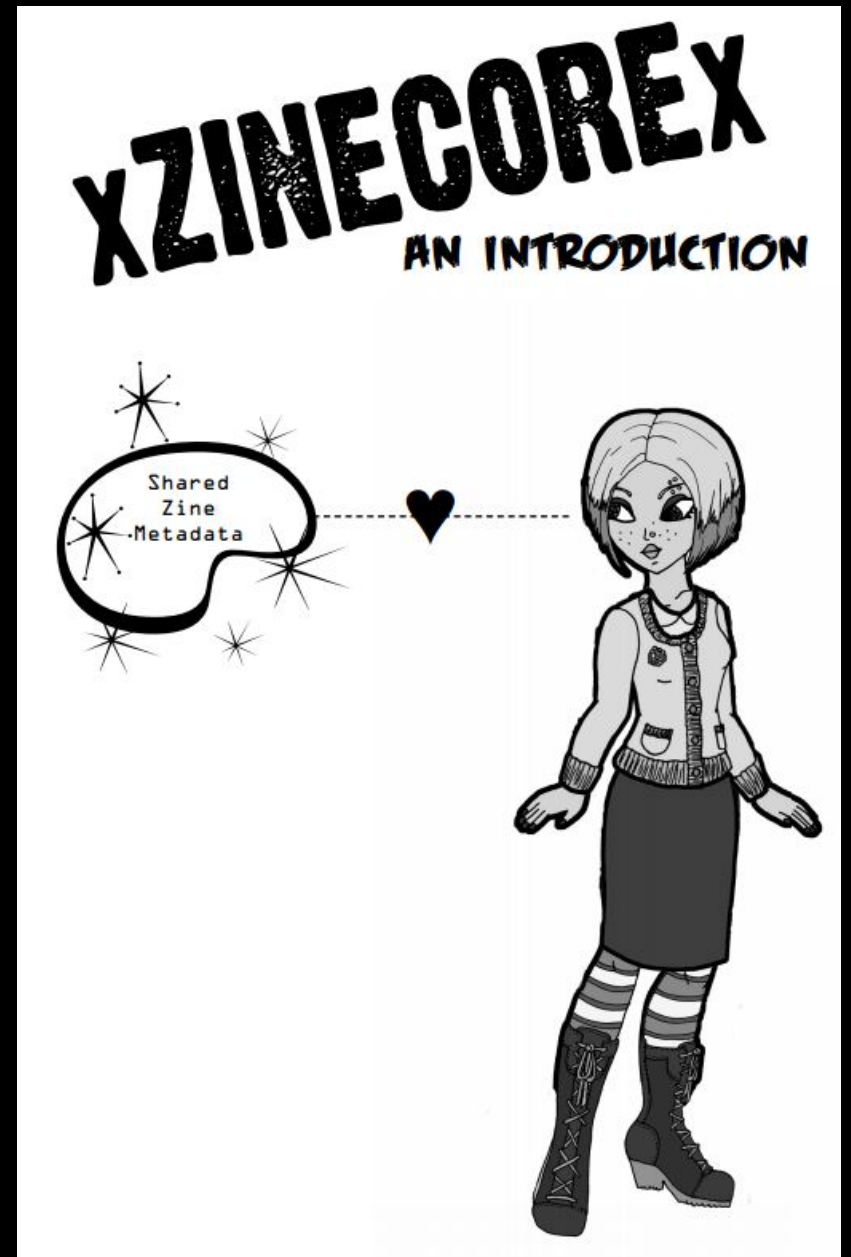
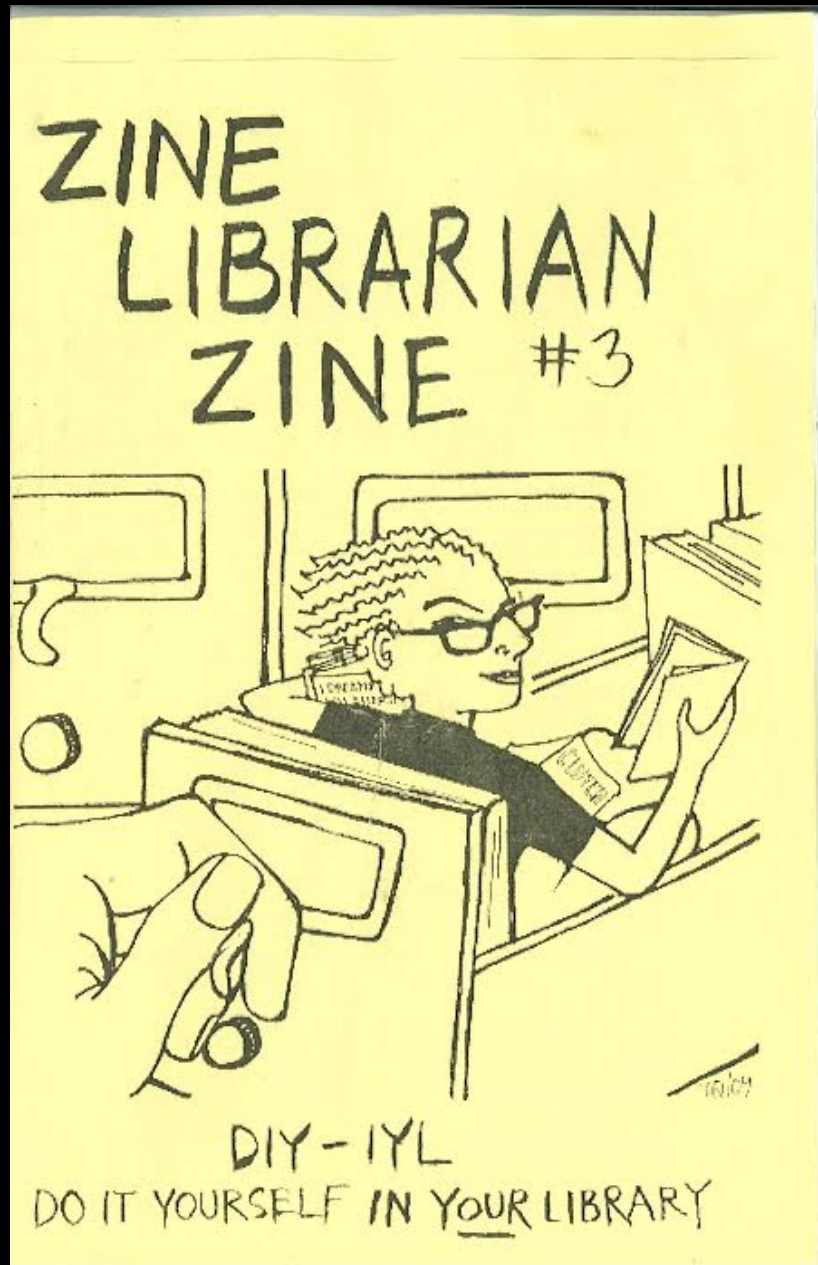
<http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/19386389.2014.978235>



How does RDA stack up?

title changes, collaborations, pseudonyms,
pirated content, privacy needs, copyleft,
social context and audiences, handmade
materials, discourse among communities...

ZineCore and the Zine Union Catalog



Questions?

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BURN BRANDON #3

September 1999

Welcome to issue three. This is the biggest and best issue yet, with lots of new contributors -- including a couple of anonymous writers.

One of the anonymous submissions is on the subject of computer hacking. The author of this article really wants to stress that the article is for informational purposes only. If you try this stuff, you might get into big trouble. We accept no responsibility if you get busted.

Of course we are always looking for new people to keep things fresh. We still need a reliable photographer.

If you want to be part of the next issue of Burn Brandon, just write something and lay it out the way you want it to appear in the magazine. When you are finished with your page, just drop it off at Sound Idea (our meeting place) or give it to someone who works on the zine.

On the horizon is the possibility of a Burn Brandon benefit gig. Just one good show with all of the proceeds going to the zine could be enough to put out the next three or four issues. That's still in the talking stages. For more information, come to the next meeting. The scene is what you make of it. Do something.

Burn Brandon is a free zine and we don't accept advertisements.

Cover art by Amanda Gafford

Zine meeting: Sat Nov 20, 4:00 PM
Zine meeting: Sat Dec 11, 4:00 PM
Deadline for next issue: Fri Dec 17, 4:00 PM
Issue #4 on the street: Sun Dec 19!
Meetings at Sound Idea

