

# Freedom-Zine America

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## Community Reports

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[www.cepiaclub.com](http://www.cepiaclub.com)

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**NEW!!!**

**IN THE CEPIA CLUB LLC**

**Introducing our Schnazzy new  
WEBSITE. Check it out at:**

[www.cepiaclub.com](http://www.cepiaclub.com)

Also, beginning with the April 19<sup>th</sup> Show  
at the Planet Supply, the new and  
improved, even better,

**Cepia Trade Bazaar**

## Cepia Trade Bazaar MOVES & Notes from the Underground

### ***Cepia Trade Bazaar!!! And the Renaissance of Markets***

***Cepia Trade Bazaar*** has moved!! Now located in St. Croix Falls, WI (the city straddles US Hwy 8, WI State Hwys 35 & 87). ***Cepia Trade Bazaar*** is within the Planet Supply beneath the US Post Office, on the main downtown drag). A separate entity from The Cepia Club LLC-proper, ***Cepia Trade Bazaar*** sells a mixed-media of “awareness & activism” items as well as general merchandise for everyday use or simple luxury. From books and other literature, dvds and cds of “globalocal” artists, to apparel, accessories, finer foods, and more, from the many diverse things, a free-and-fair market emerges, for the public and customers to shop. ***Cepia Trade Bazaar*** specializes in home trade, fair trade, and local made offered world-wide at a competitive market price. The bazaar also carries

other mainstream items.

The trade bazaar format fits into the unique “community within a community” that is Planet Supply. At the bazaar, the connections form between buyers and sellers. Members and vendors of The Cepia Club LLC-proper share their listings, and their wares as well. But public participation in the “bazaar”-market will eventually make the “meeting of the free-minds with their free-markets.”

Want something? Have something? Looking for workers? Looking for jobs? The bazaar will start slow, from where it was at in Centuria, WI, in 2008, yet what could to grow into a real *brouse*, or an *agora*, in the style of a community market that connects globalocally. Variety, diversity, sustainable and efficient—these are the bedrock principles of the Post-Historical community market.

***Cepia Trade Bazaar*** is not a flea market. It is sort of a commodity, an

exchange place, a depository for the trade of equal value of the most valuable resources—what the land and people offer together or desire for the community. The bazaar is a place to check out, just in case. In the small space at the Planet Supply, a true underground railroad to the future of economic freedom is developing.

***Cepia Trade Bazaar***’s official opening at Planet Supply will take place during the Sunday, April 19<sup>th</sup> concert at Planet Supply.

Don’t miss it then or after throughout the following months.

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Notes from the Underground  
I Was Peeled  
At den Haus--**Alive!!!**

By Pi Kielty

*Into den Haus* I walked, a little nerved about a place so small with a crowd expected so large. Most people I recognized as strangers, genial and enjoying the March evening a few hours before the Ides. Though strangers, I saw in them future friends, potential friends, considering them no longer strange to me. Like the nameless faces, until I found a few I knew, I arrived seeking a merry time, though without the merry tonics or the grainy flavor. Among the new friends, more familiar faces, in expectation, arrived. I knew these by names given long and taken long ago. We all, everyone but a one or a few, attended to see the show heavy on ore, four friends to perform it. In the Underground of our skene, a world open for all, Peeled Alive took the stage after other friends rocked the Polk County in the opening act. And in our Underground, Peeled Alive appealed to our enlightened, inner long thought searching for the quick, hard sages.

The milling crowd welcomed them, building up for the first several, enjoyable severe songs. A slam jammed in the crowd, to no surprise. It was all friendly in the red, blue and green stage lights shining on the heros of the night, the dim gleam absorbed into the color sucking black wall. The music produced a magnified speed, a warped time in an narrow space, consuming all thoughts, sights, sounds, and soul into the dark hole of the stage, in rhythm as Brene spared no drum skins, to a pulse of our audience's million beats a

minute. Woodrow wearing a four-pointed star guitar that electrified and scringed as hummingbird hand-speed poured forth a good not absurd acceleration. From Brene's skinned head and Woodrow's ponied blonde, the energy dewed, shaken off in constant rivers of focus.

All added to the Focault motion, unending in a light-fast metronical pace. On the floor, the steady bounding backed as Cpyke pound-rumbled on his bass guitar, the noise of a deep baritone shout, in tune with only absolutely everything else happening. It is speed metal, at its finest, anywhere found. The three instruments, from perfected practice, perform not like instruments—guitar, drum and hot-wired bass. They, the guys, ARE the instruments.

Symbolic poetry, in 64Ksand times ten to the tenth, is complete and would suffice for itself. Concrete poetry, like a sightful Jackson Pollack painting, inevitably requires the image to complement the paint of the tone. Words constitute the bread of the meal, the delicious filler to water on a grateful table. And poetry, in any form, demands a poet. A band needs a lead, poet, a bard," and Bard, my fellow sojourner, screams in the midst of metallic modern quartet his poetic words. His rage is pozi- it is truth, as Peeled Alive believes the truth true. They don't rage to destroy, but they rage in physical plumes of power, pozi-, not posers. The rage rages against lies, labels, and libels of our age in civilization. The rage on words, even when not understood in clear, nonetheless spew the clarity, deconstruct the ills and abuses on all of us—We have had enough of hate and violence, ignorance and

judging. "Kiss your ass good-bye, Motherfuckers," yells Bard. The fear of our age is real, but turned around, the lyric means "Enough of this!! Stand up for what is right!!!!" Do we deserve to survive as a supra-society if our culture breeds us not to stand up for ourselves? Rock and Rage. Raise together our glasses, one of orange juice for me, and tip it back in brother-homme. "SOCIAL, MOTHERFUCKERS!!!!" We live among friends here. Exclude and shun no one in exchange for meeting a future friend. Roll it downhill ast its own quickening speed. Language opens doors. Speed metal makes us soar. Speed kills the slow, yet it resurrects us so everyone can finish the race in the higher time. Leave no one behind.

I thought I was done there, but wait! Wait! For the diamond crazies shining, Bard had forewarned me, your optimist chronicler. It summed up the life of the night for me in the Underground. The song "Echo-ed at the dizzy 300 Super-double plus record table speed. The happy purple floyd on overdrive, Cyd on prozac, tight and tuned on a vacuum wonder, drawing me inward. Mixed and mixed, in whirls of joy, it sang to me, I think. It does not toll. For my clear evening, Peeled Alive played me a aural  $E=mc^2$  (I'm such a square). My Pi unlimited, on a good trip jolly gimp, watching Peeled Alive play my new favorite song, at a quarter past midnight morning on the Ide.