

Ultimately, the name of the publication was voted on by the core group of editors, and the content creation began. The first issue came out at the beginning of June 2014, and the readership has only grown since. Alex and Rick

more than enthusiastic to take on the but Alexandria, Rick, Jason and Chuck were needed. It seemed to be a tall order at the time, group of editors contributing only when be largely submission-based, with the core downtown. Eventually, he wanted the zine to to the sense of community that was prevalent positivity in the publication to bring attention toward the area. He wanted to emphasize response to the media's dismissive attitude on creating a monthly zine about downtown's underground art, music and cultural scene, in August, Georgia. Adams Mitchell was intent the upper level of Nacho Mama's in downtown cultural enthusiasts met for a hearty meal on

On May 22, 2014, a small group of even printed the first issue from computers at ASU, which was a painstaking process on printers that did not print on both sides. Eventually, Adams began interviewing and featuring a different artist each month, and recruiting each individual to create their own unique Creases cover. In January 2015, zine stands were introduced, which increased circulation tremendously. A Facebook group was also created, and a PayPal donation button was added to the site to help offset printing costs. Creases has always been a labor of love for us. We want to encourage people to perhaps create their own zines or comics that use the same uniquely foldable format. We have always sought to create original and engaging content in order to attract the most diverse readership possible. We want to thank everyone for an exciting inaugural year, and we are excited for all of the adventures to come!

The GREASES Story

If you tuned into our website in the past couple of months, you may have stumbled across a few live tracks from SKULLBUCKET. You may have also suffered a neck injury from headbanging along to their particular brand of beer-soaked party thrash with touches of doom and stoner metal. SKULLBUCKET puts on a fun-ass show that will put a smile on any metalheads face who loves to have a good time. In addition to a split with OhOBRRds, they have teamed up with Battle Shakk Records to produce a full length album that will be slam packed with more of that sweet, sweet, swampy thrash. Grooves this good can turn any pocket-protector-wearing bean-counter into a BR-chuggin', mohawk-rockin' psycho.

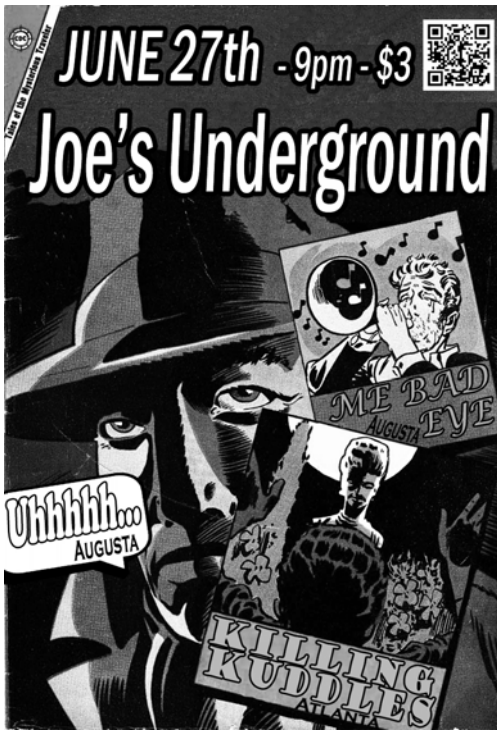
SKULLBUCKET



So why even bother writing a review of a CD you probably won't hear? Because it's a catalog of some of the best damn music from this area. Von is one hell of a song writer, and puts all us more extroverted artists to shame. He seems content to record it, throw it out, then walk away. Sowing a seed of musical genius, then not even staying around to see if the crops yield. Maybe he already knows it will. If tracks such as "Road", "Woods", and "Bag of Bones" on this album mean anything, he'll be leaving this area soon. You might not know it now, but there's going to be a big hole left here when he's gone. Okay, maybe that was a fat joke, but I don't care, I think he'd laugh at it. Hear a track on creasesaugusta.weebly.com

What a freaking liar. Well, there's a good chance you don't know Von Holmes, or even if you do, you have no idea what I'm talking about. Von Holmes (Billie Vacation, De-Evolutionaries, Death Wolves, etc) has been recording tracks left and right, not to tour, not to advertise, just because he damn well could. What we consider the normal way to hear music (following an online link) doesn't work for this new album, or many of his songs. If you didn't bump into him while he had a CD, or hunt him down to get tracks, you're out of luck.

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CREASES

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JOE'S OPEN MIC
Tuesdays @ 9PM
 144 8th St, Augusta, GA 30901



Joe's Underground Cafe

everyone welcome, anything goes.



Why They Should Not Make Any More

"Friday The 13th" Films
 An Editorial by Chuck D.

I did have a review for this month, but it will have to be saved for next month, due to our loving and thoughtful boss wanting to do a theme dealing with the number 13. So yeah, now you get to hear me bitch about Friday the 13th... HAZAH!

The Voorhees family; never such a tale of true tragedy, revenge, teen sex and hockey masks has ever been told - or wait, yeah the fuck it has. The slasher genre may not be dead, but the Friday movies have definitely overstayed their welcome. Don't get me wrong, I love most of the original films, but the formula has been repeated, copied, abused, and parodied. The series has been recreated in almost every slasher film that's pumped out weekly on shelves of Walmart.

I understand that Jason is a horror icon and that this formula was the original creator of the aforementioned franchise, but the genre has been beaten and bludgeoned to death, much like Jason's victims. Friday the 13th parented thousands of shitty slashers and genre anything but a joke. I don't entirely blame Friday the 13th, but that does not excuse them from making YET ANOTHER REBOOT. Those damn Hollywood motherfuckers wanting to make another damn thing we've seen a thousand times, and the most likely worse than the Michael Bay shit-fest that was the remake.

So to sum up everything here, I think it's safe to say the Friday the 13th series is DOOMED... THE RE ALL DOOOOMED... OOOOOOOHHHHHHOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH



(continued from last page...)
 subject matter in an untraditional way to hopefully create an organic, cerebral, yet emotional experience for the viewer.



What's your next step? Where do you want/hope to go with your work?

I plan to stay busy, and work with other local artists on whatever projects we can imagine. I love exploring the possibilities and limits of visual communication. My main focus at this time is merging aspects of biomedical imagery, aesthetics, and outsider art.

You can view *Jessie and Savannah's exhibit right now at Artist's Local 1155 (1155 Broad St) until the end of June.*
 To read the entire article, go to <http://creasausangusta.weebly.com>

Samsara Sorrows

Heavy hearted harness hardens.
 Beats breathing for all I can see.
 Severed sevens make an unlucky me.
 Mirrored mire meekly mimes.
 Tones intone a tremored tide.
 Samsara sorrows only borrow
 peace for a time.

Emily Middlecat

JESSIE HARDY

Who or what inspired you to be the artist you are now?
 I began to take art seriously when I was around 10 years old and I saw the work of Frida Kalo. Her portraits were so heart felt with love and sadness. Suddenly I didn't just want to draw flowers and dragons. It enabled me to convey the various feelings and thoughts that I had problems communicating in the verbal or physical sense.
 For your current installation, where did you want to take the viewer?
 The current exhibit is based off of several aspects of my recent (past three years) human experience. I dabble in many branches of science and philosophy, and consider myself to be an existentialist. I am usually grounded by my Thanatos instincts, if you will... Not in the traditional sense of fear and rage that is noted in Psychoanalysis, but a more productive, love oriented form of anxiety and appreciation for the human endeavor, and ultimately our mortality. I wanted to convey sensations through textures, emotions through colors, and present a familiar, almost morbid After viewing the show, we were able to get a few questions out to Jessie, we hope you enjoy discovering this new artist.

Augusta is no stranger to interesting artists, and we are fortunate to see a lot of new and inspiring pieces born in this area. For our 13th issue, it was kismet that I ran into Jessie Hardy and her decadent installation of macabre set up in Artist's Local along with Savannah L.S. Both artists combining their efforts and providing an exquisite show of guts and beauty, but this is no exhibit that exists for shock value, it's one that displays the beauty of the creative mind, and the innovation that new artists can bring to the Augusta area.

"No," my usual first thought after waking - "I am not going to work today," "I am just going to lay in bed," "I wish I were dead;" all lies and the result of impending agoraphobia combined with apathy and disillusion. I can see a few empty pill bottles.

"The good doctor is going to be pissed, I am still three weeks away from getting my scripts refilled," I thought to myself as the reality of my self destruction set in. The pills do nothing for the anxiety and depression except numb it for a short while. I am not even sure if they even do that, the xanax usually takes care of any memory of the effects.

I stand and notice that the floor does not greet my sore feet with its usual cold, hard kiss. I felt like I was floating. "I must have took way too many of those lil' buggers last night, I must have really wanted to die," I thought to myself as I turned around and saw a chillingly familiar body sprawled across the dirty, frameless twin mattress lying on the floor. One hand was open and reaching out, stiff from rigor mortis.