

Andy Tubbesing
Can't Get There From Here

Skid row, the wrong side of the tracks, the bad part of town. Call it what you will, this place has seen better days. If it's not being dismantled or demolished, then it's simply falling apart. Only to be cobbled back together (again) for reuse.

The talented, the ambitious, the lucky, they high-tail it out of the barrio, seeking fabled lands of level floors and glazed windows and reliable wheels. They're few, though, and far between. Most stay. There's a pull to this place, a siren-song that hooks you. That dismantles you and cobbles you back together again. For worse usually, for better occasionally, but for reuse every time.

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Caution Advised At Bidwell's Mercantile

Beware sharp objects at Bidwell's Mercantile. And beware Bidwell. The robber baron of resale, they call him. From Maoist soda-pop signage to portable Gamera reruns to faux-wood tiki statues, that man will sell you anything. Heck, if you're not careful, he'll sell it to you twice. Now that's recycling.