

JACKSON RIBLER



**THE  
FLORIDA  
MAN  
IFESTO**



sunday july 6th 2024

~ 9:00am

(25.6119011, -80.3059930)

kayak flipped somewhere near  
deering bay, the author's  
film begins to document  
the brackish chemistry of  
floridian image making.

although the waterlogged  
camera bobbed to the surface,  
the author's phone, wallet, &  
keys were unretrievable.

if found, please contact  
everythingmatters.press







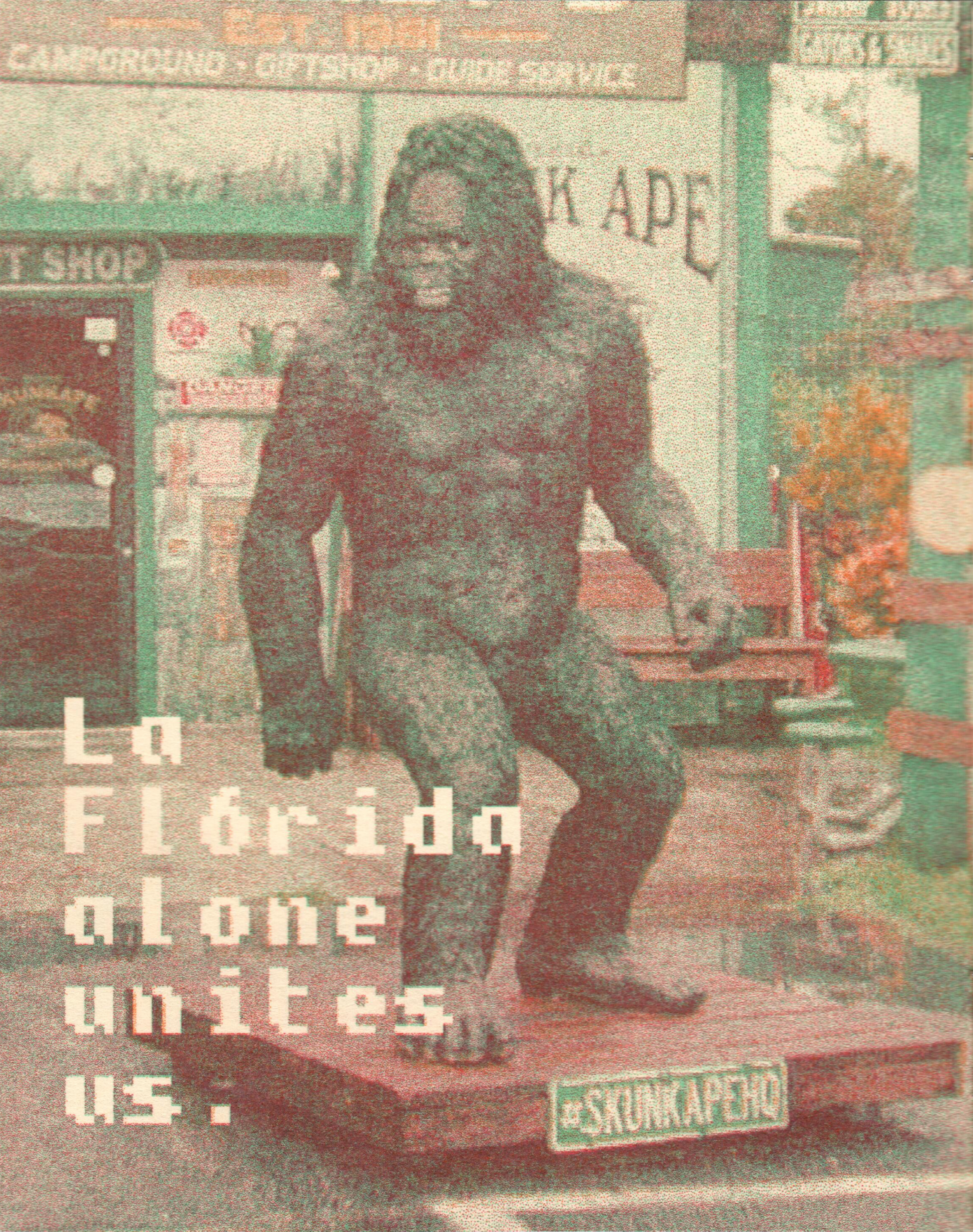
CAMPGROUND - GIFT SHOP - DINING SERVICE

SKUNK APE

GIFT SHOP

La  
Florida  
alone  
unites  
us.

SKUNK APE HQ





Once it referred to the  
entire east coast. Patchwork  
of retirement homes,  
state colleges, and exile  
communities.

Down with the castrating  
national myths of New England  
and the Mid-Atlantic!

Down with their puritan  
catechisms and down with  
John Rolfe!

Miami or  
*Mayaimi*,  
that is the  
question.



Before there was Plymouth  
Rock and Jamestown, there  
was San Agustín. Before  
anglophone narratives of  
a Thanksgiving took root,  
Menéndez de Avilés feasted  
with the Seloy.

Down with hoighty toighty  
sublimations brought here  
by snowbirds and  
Melaleuca trees!

The devil washed up on our  
shores long before he came  
to Salem.

Columbus, Magellan, and Drake  
didn't dare tread upon us.  
Ungovernable bridge between  
Americas.



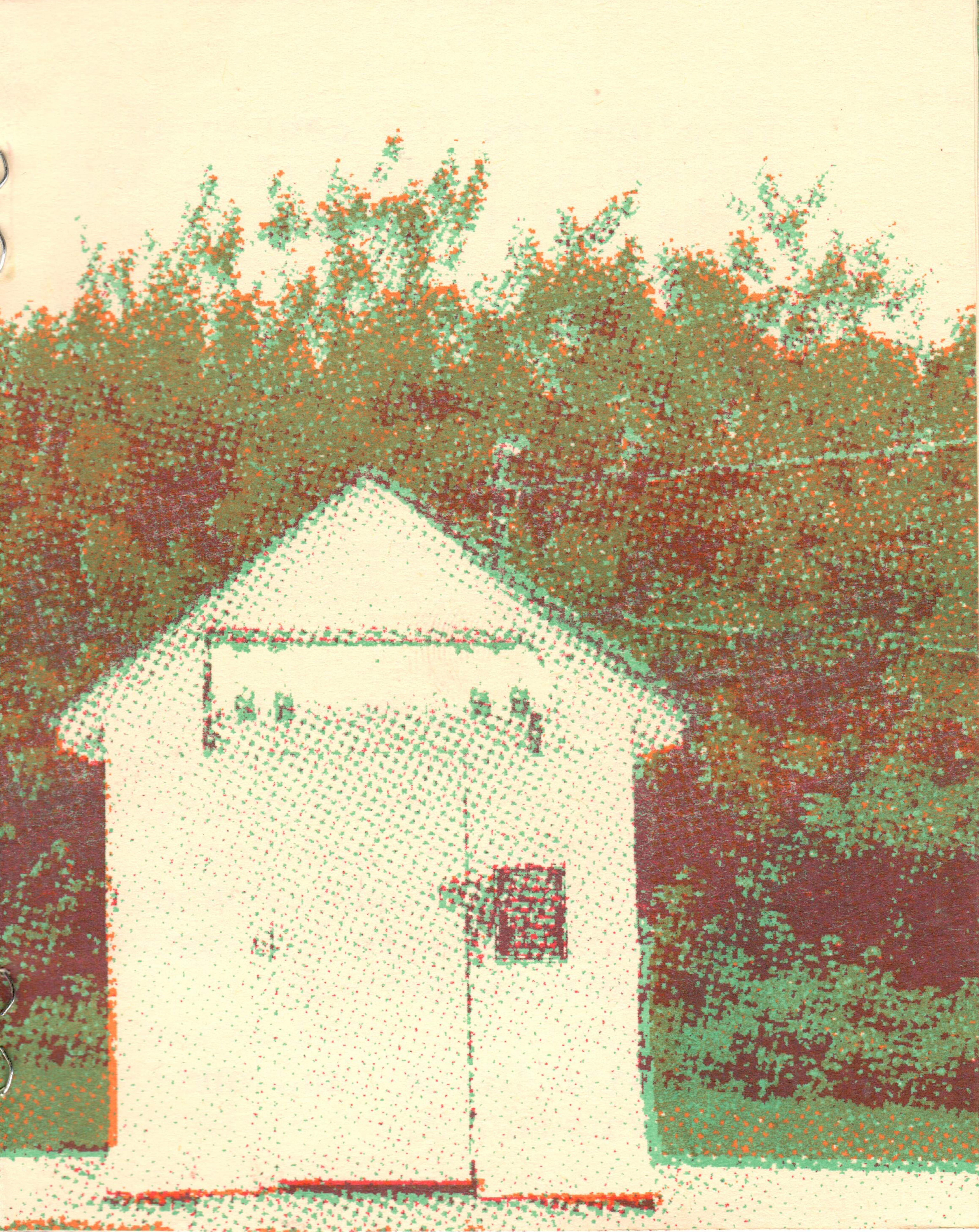






United States  
**Post Office**  
OCHOPEE, FL 34141







We alone are the center of  
the Mercator projection. All  
roads lead to Key West.

Lanes, lanes, lanes. More  
lanes.

The further north you go, the  
further south you get.

LION'S DEN ADULT SUPERSTORE  
NEXT EXIT

We are not the Florida that  
bowed to Richmond, but the  
soldiers of Fort Pickens,  
Fort Jefferson, and Fort  
Taylor— loyal and unbowed.  
The unconquerable Miccosukee  
and Seminole tribes.

Down with Disneyland and long  
live Wannado City!





We are the graveyard of empires and the progenitor of all that is holy: Hemingway, air conditioning, sunscreen. We did not invent jai alai and key lime pie, but we perfected them.

Long live the Bermuda Triangle! Long live the phallic size black hole in hispanists' literary histories! Long live tillandsia usneoides!



Down with the oppressive  
Freudian social reality  
registered by the northeast  
— ours is a reality without  
Winter, without layers.  
We are the strange sons of  
Osceola and Jim Morrison  
in the matriarchy of Julia  
Tuttle.

The permanent transformation  
of taboo into totem. The  
transformation of swamp into  
parking lot.

Down with tolls and long live  
the Turnpike! Down with the  
Alamo and long live Fort Drum  
Service Plaza! Down with turn  
signals and long live Publix  
deli sandwiches!



Down with Atlantis and long  
live Margaritaville! Down  
with Desantis who imprisons  
immigrants and long live  
Governor Quiroga who granted  
asylum to anglo slaves! Long  
live the great witch Mary  
Smith! Though she never set  
foot on the continent, she  
was the first Florida man.



The author is sending all his proceeds from sales of this manifesto to friends of the Everglades to support their ongoing preservation of the precious natural wonders that have sustained his family for seven generations.

[everglades.org](http://everglades.org)



design & layout

by jackson ribler & wwmairs

printed in portland, or in seafoam,  
melon, scarlet, and midnight, during  
the torrential first rains of winter.

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& everything matters  
2024

reproduction permitted for book  
learning only.

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everythingmatters.press

2024



# JACKSON RIBLEA

In Everglades  
City, in the  
189th Year of  
the Discovery  
of Francis  
Dade's Corpse,  
recognized only  
by his buttons.

