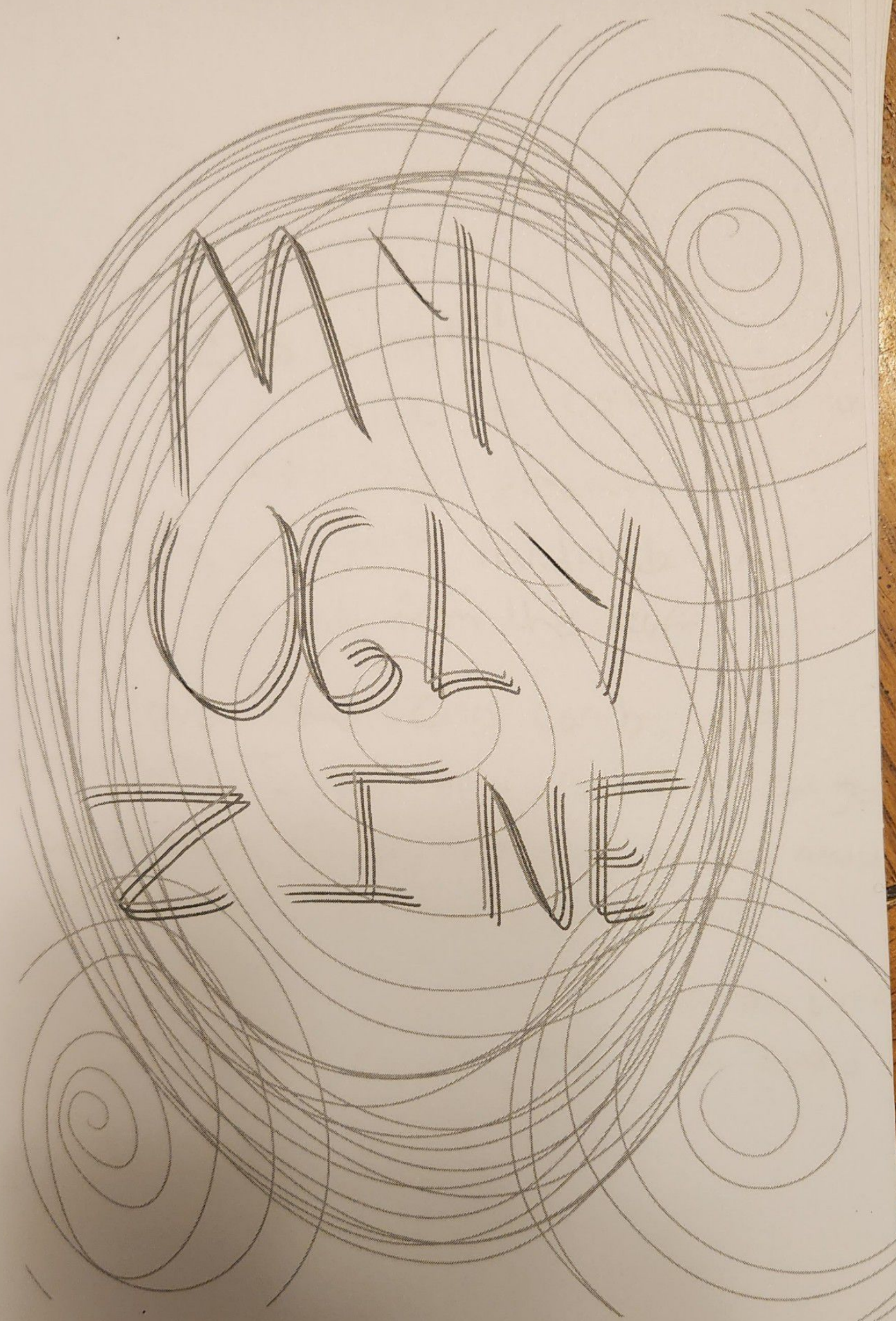


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I love zines. So much!!

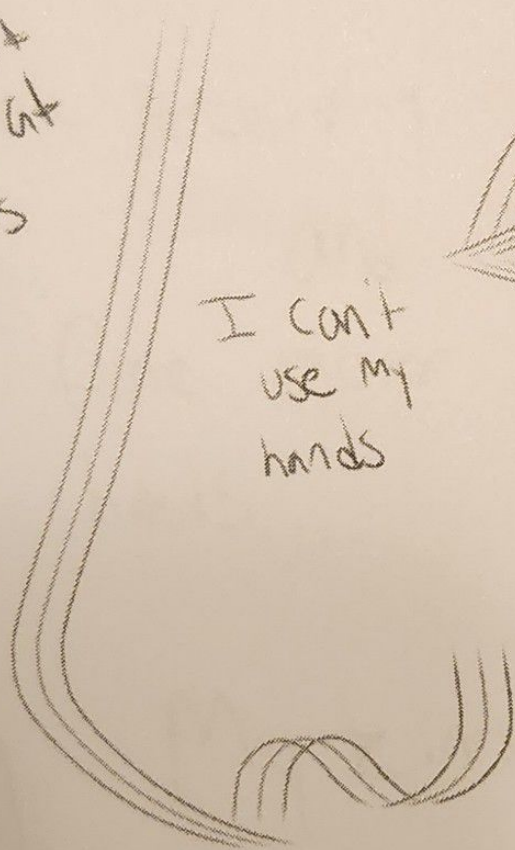
I love the concept. I love making physical art, something handmade and clearly from the heart.

I love that zines can be about anything. I love how creative you can get with them. I love thinking of new ideas, new ways to communicate my thoughts, beliefs, desires.

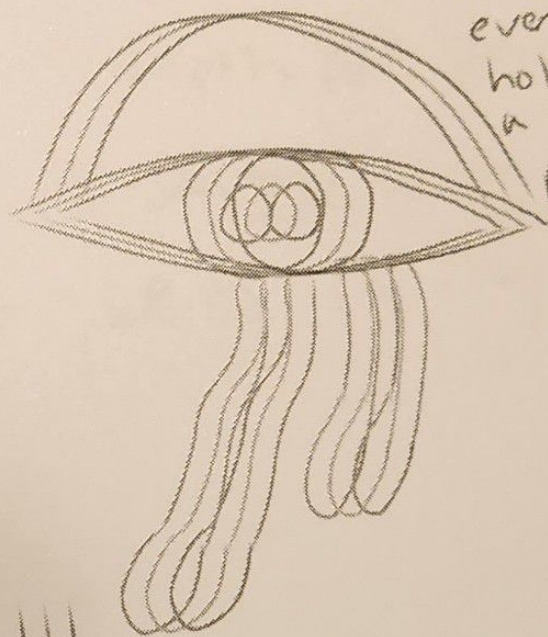
I love the work and the reward

But it feels
Weird, too,
Sometimes....

I'm not
good at
this



I can't
use my
hands



I can't
even
hold
a pencil
right

I can't fold well

I always get
ink on my
hands no
matter
what



I WAS diagnosed
with dysgraphia
when I was 11

It's a lesser known learning disability
that affects handwriting

I also have
trouble perceiving depth and space

and I struggle with
fine motor skills in my
hands

SO... My zines aren't very
visually appealing...

For a while, I
was really self-conscious about
it.

As a kid, I
was relentlessly
bullied for my disability.

I had learned to only
be ashamed.

All I was capable
of seeing —

flaws. In my writing,
my work, and myself.

I've always struggled
with seeing the positive.
Worse, with caring too much.

I wasn't able to
see zine making for what it was - an
art form focused on physical connection,
creativity for creativity's sake, independence, community.

I don't have to be
PRETTY APPEALING & UTE AESTHETIC GOALS



I

JUST NEED
TO CARE

ABOUT

SOMETHING.