

UNBOUND

Issue No. 8 | January 2021
"Black"



UNBOUND ARTS
COLLECTIVE

UnBound Arts Collective is a collaboration between womyn, trans, and nonbinary creatives working to share the voices and works of the marginalized, with an emphasis on the intersecting disadvantages faced by black folks, indigenous folks, and people of color globally. We aim our collaborative efforts at dismantlement of patriarchy, racism, and imperialism through educational and artistic projects, both local and global.

For more information or to view our other projects or past issues of the zine, please visit unboundartscollective.com

If you have any questions or want to learn how to submit your work to this publication, please contact us at info@unboundartscollective.com

This zine is best viewed in a pdf reader such as Adobe Acrobat viewing two pages with cover view toggled.

The UnBound Team

LASHONDA LOVE *executive director*

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LEXIE DUNGAN *art lead*

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Interested in joining UnBound Arts Collective? We are always looking for bright and motivated people to join on as blog writers, artists, editors, social media assistants, and more! Simply email info@unboundartscollective.com and let us know why we should have you on the team!

Cover Art

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Fonts

Cooper Black
Buenard
Zeyada



All graphics were sourced from [Canva](https://www.canva.com/).



NoniCakes is a local online bakery, serving all gluten and dairy free items (and sometimes vegan too!!). We serve mainly the North Columbus Ohio area, we also have products available at the Brown Bag Deli in German Village!

Find us at NoniCakes.com



  Blackwomenforthewin.com
[@QueensVillageCincinnati](https://www.instagram.com/QueensVillageCincinnati)

Queens Village is a supportive community of powerful Black women who come together to relax, repower and take care of ourselves and each other.

Queens Village is an initiative of Cradle Cincinnati, a collective impact organization that fights high rates of infant mortality that disproportionately affect Black women in Cincinnati and beyond. We center Black women's voices on changing not just racial disparities in birth outcomes but also the conditions that drive inequity in maternal and infant health.

We provide a safe space for Black mothers to support and be supported by their peers, to connect, to relieve stress, to process trauma and to build a better world together for ourselves and our children.

LE FAE ROUGE



Le Fae Rouge is run by Jamie, who is presumably a creative collective of fae in a trenchcoat. They make and specialize in comfortable, sexy underwear and accessories for folks all across the gender spectrum, including, soon, a gaff adaption to our standard underwear cut that externally looks identical to the non-gaff pairs AND has been touted by our sample testers as “the most comfortable gaff I’ve ever worn I never want to take it off”.

 [La Fae Rouge](#)

 [La Fae Rouge](#)

 [@lafaerouge](#)

Would you like to see your business, personal brand, or organization here or on the Resources page of our website?

Reach out to info@unboundartscollective.com for more information on how we can promote your work or business!

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Dear Zinesters,

With the current state of the world, I am finding it increasingly difficult to find the right words to say to introduce new issues of UnBound. I remember sharing the submissions promo and themes on my social media and eagerly tagging all of my art-inclined friends to remind them to kindly “flex their creative muscles” for me this month and responses were... mixed.

Choosing to theme this issue around the color black and the various concepts and emotions we associate with it was an intentional choice during these times of darkness, but also may have been too on the nose for the absolute bleak situation the world would be in as we moved into 2021.

As I am writing this, the world deaths from COVID-19 have spiked past 2 million, there are somewhere around 4+ variants/mutations of the virus spreading (one discovered right here in my hometown), and the US has been thrown into one attempted coup and domestic terrorist attack with word that more armed attacks are planned across the country ahead of Joe Biden’s inauguration day.

A dear friend of mine who is featured in the pages of this issue told me “I’ve been living in the blackest black. The lack of humanity [in reference to housing evictions] surrounding me is about to destroy me”. Other friends echoed similar sentiments about various situations in their life. About feeling sapped, drained, hopeless. The consensus has been that we are all trying to survive.

I write this as half of the zine team are just trying to do their best, the other half of us working on this issue as the world seems to fall apart. I have frequently wondered at the importance of this issue. Wondered if it felt worth it to ask people to take the time and energy to create anything just for the sake of creating. How can we be expected to make art when we are trying to make it through the day? There’s something about a hierarchy of needs there and art often feels like a luxury.

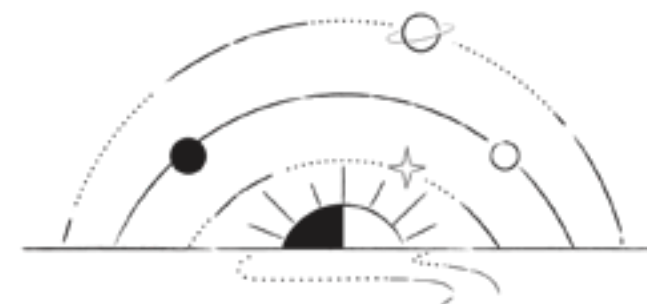
I don’t really know where this rambling is going this time around, but I feel like you need me to say something. Anything to let you know that I am here. You are here. We are here together. Fuck! That’s just a Beatles song. Maybe it’s best if I don’t continue to ramble. Instead I will leave you with the words of a friend:

“I thank you for caring enough about all of us to do something about it [how dark this year has been]. Helping others is always what has kept me going because I often don’t care enough to help myself. Something about knowing someone else is relying on me gives me the kick in the ass I need to live. I am so happy to help you in your endeavors that light up hundreds of lives”

To our zinesters, our readers, our partners, and our collaborators past and present, thank you for caring enough about us to share in this community and in this collective. This space is a canvas and YOU are the ones lighting up hundreds of lives with everything that you do. The entire team here at UnBound feels a responsibility to hold space for and with you for as long as we possibly can.

Stay safe. Stay healthy. Give love and be grateful for the love given to you.

Lashonda Love



Astrological Advice for White Supremacists

ARIES (MAR 21 - APR 19)

Stop worrying if beating a cop with a Blue Lives Matter flag feels a bit off. You don't have time to be critical of anything when you're staging a coup with several thousand other bearded jackasses who feel slighted because an orange bigot told you that's how you should feel. #Notallcops are the cops you believed them to be. Consider using sick days for the whole insurrection rather than PTO. Burn democracy down on the company's dime.

GEMINI (MAY 21 - JUN 20)

As if a no-fly list could keep you and your Christian romance novel book club away from taking back your country! You and the gals should think about renting a Winnebago. Tie a pink WOMEN FOR TRUMP flag to the top, pack a cooler full of canned wine, cue your Spotify DC Talk/Jars of Clay playlist, and you're well on your way to reinforce white supremacy. Get a pedicure from someone who doesn't have the luxury of working from home.

LEO (JUL 23 - AUG 22)

Do not wear a mask to the revolution. Even if your grandma is on oxygen for the rest of her life, even if your neighbor has lost all taste and smell, even if the hospitals are so full your elective colonoscopy was cancelled, even if the funeral home your cousin runs has no room left for the bodies, even if your children have asthma and you're a smoker and you spend all your free time loitering around frontline grocery clerks at the Main Street Kroger, don't wear a mask. The pandemic isn't real. You want your fellow revolutionaries to see your (white) pride. Super spread that, why dontcha.

TAURUS (APR 20 - MAY 20)

Horns are the right fashion choice. (Get it? RIGHT!) If you can join the fight against Satanic pedophiles operating out of small business pizzeria basements, you can certainly rock a set of horns. If you want to stand out in a sea of red, white, and blue fascists, wear little else than that set of horns. I promise, suffering the cold, bare-chested, will get you your pick of the ladies. Live free or die!!! Q the cameras!!! Viva la Roseanne Barr!!!

CANCER (JUN 21 - JUL 22)

Don't cry because you couldn't find Nancy Pelosi's office; smile because you took a huge crap in a stairwell of the People's House. And then sacrificed a new pair of Wal-Mart gloves to smear your own feces on the walls of that stairwell. And then, on the way down the halls of democracy, added a shit mustache to a statue of another white dude who was once in charge of things. And then used your other glove to wipe your butt, just like Antifa wipes their butt with the Constitution. USA! USA! USA!

VIRGO (AUG 23 - SEP 22)

Are you a cop, Virgo? Because you have to tell me if you're a cop. Maybe you should tell everyone you're a cop. Consider bringing your badge to the coup so that other cops will know you have a right to enter the Capitol. But what if you get fired, you ask, for the time you illegally entered a government building as a different handful of cops (Did you show them your badge?) tried to keep you and your friends out in the cold. No worries. The police union has your back. You will likely end up chief!

LIBRA (SEP 23 - OCT 22)

Even though it will make it easier to be identified by your ex-wives when your face is broadcast live from the Senate room floor, wear your camo and Nazi patch best. Bring your bear mace and your everyday mace. If your boots aren't steel-toed, they ain't it. This is the first time you'll meet your Parler friends in real life, and you want to make a good impression. Prepare a list of conversation topics: have you ever planned a kidnapping before? How many guns can you conceal on your body at a time?

SAGITTARIUS (NOV 22 - DEC 21)

Proud or boogaloo, black and yellow or Hawaiian print, no matter the boy—what matters is you show up. What matters is you have your boys' backs, in a totally not homoerotic way, that you support the hopes and dreams of the only boys you've ever shared your own hopes and dreams with: the dream of a tricked out, forest green, doomsday prepper Humvee, and a race war. Tell your wife you'll have another wedding anniversary next year. Don't tell her you spent a thousand bucks on tactical gear off of Facebook marketplace.

AQUARIUS (JAN 20 - FEB 18)

Look, Aquarius, you don't have to put boots on the ground to be a patriot. You can stay in your yuppy, downtown apartment. You can clock out of your corporate day job, heat up a Hungry Man frozen (the one with the damp brownie) and chow as you mine the dankest corners of the internet. Roast every progressive on Twitter who "hates the President" because he "incited violence." The Socialists are weak, pathetic. Antifa lurks. Women you don't know will get abortions and THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE. Roast them, too. Throw racial slurs at strangers on social media. Tell them this is your country. Send them death threats so they understand how serious you are. It is your duty, Patriot, and your God given right to stop the tyranny of the radical left and Joe Biden. This country has been taken over, and you are not going to take it anymore.

SCORPIO (OCT 23 - NOV 21)

Oh, Scorpio—when you find yourself in times of trouble, Tomi Lahren will comfort you. Speaking words of wisdom in her recent memoir *Never Play Dead*, Tomi says, "You can be fragile like a flower or fragile like a bomb! The choice is yours." When the US Marshall comes to escort you and your mom off the Frontier flight, go limp like a plucked daisy. If that doesn't seem to help, let loose some guttural screams so everyone knows your rights are being violated, all because of a little ole weekend trip to D.C.

CAPRICORN (DEC 22 - JAN 19)

Girl, I get it! Capricorn Nazis need love too! Times have been tough on Righter, the conservative dating app; how's a bottle-blonde Aryan supposed to land a husband when the mens are all hopped up on storming government buildings? If you don't find love near the Washington Monument on your way back to your hotel, maybe you haven't been putting out the right vibes. When you get back to whatever state you're from—Nazism knows no bounds—make sure you're hanging out in the right places. The SS (separate soulmate) you're looking for may be watching the fight at Bdubs, pandemic be damned.

PISCES (FEB 19 - MAR 20)

You're in a cult.

Sam is an Anti-racist, Anti-Capitalist queer who earned her MFA in Creative Nonfiction from that fucking Buckeye school in 2017. She writes, teaches, and marches in Columbus, Ohio.

Find more of her writing at

www.theamericandreamstartshere.com

(spoiler alert, it doesn't).

Samantha Tucker
she/her



Kate Tandoc

Kate is an artist and animator living in Melbourne, Australia. They create work both digitally and using a variety of traditional mediums. They are an artist that uses their work to express their emotions and experiences in their lives.

   [@tandoc](https://www.instagram.com/tandoc)
tandoc.weebly.com

Sarah McCoy

she/her



@sparkle_trash_arts

This series is entitled "SICK" (2020 self-portraits shot with a Sony a6000).



I've been sick my entire life - physically from the minute I entered this world, and mentally from age four when I caught my first glimpse of depression.

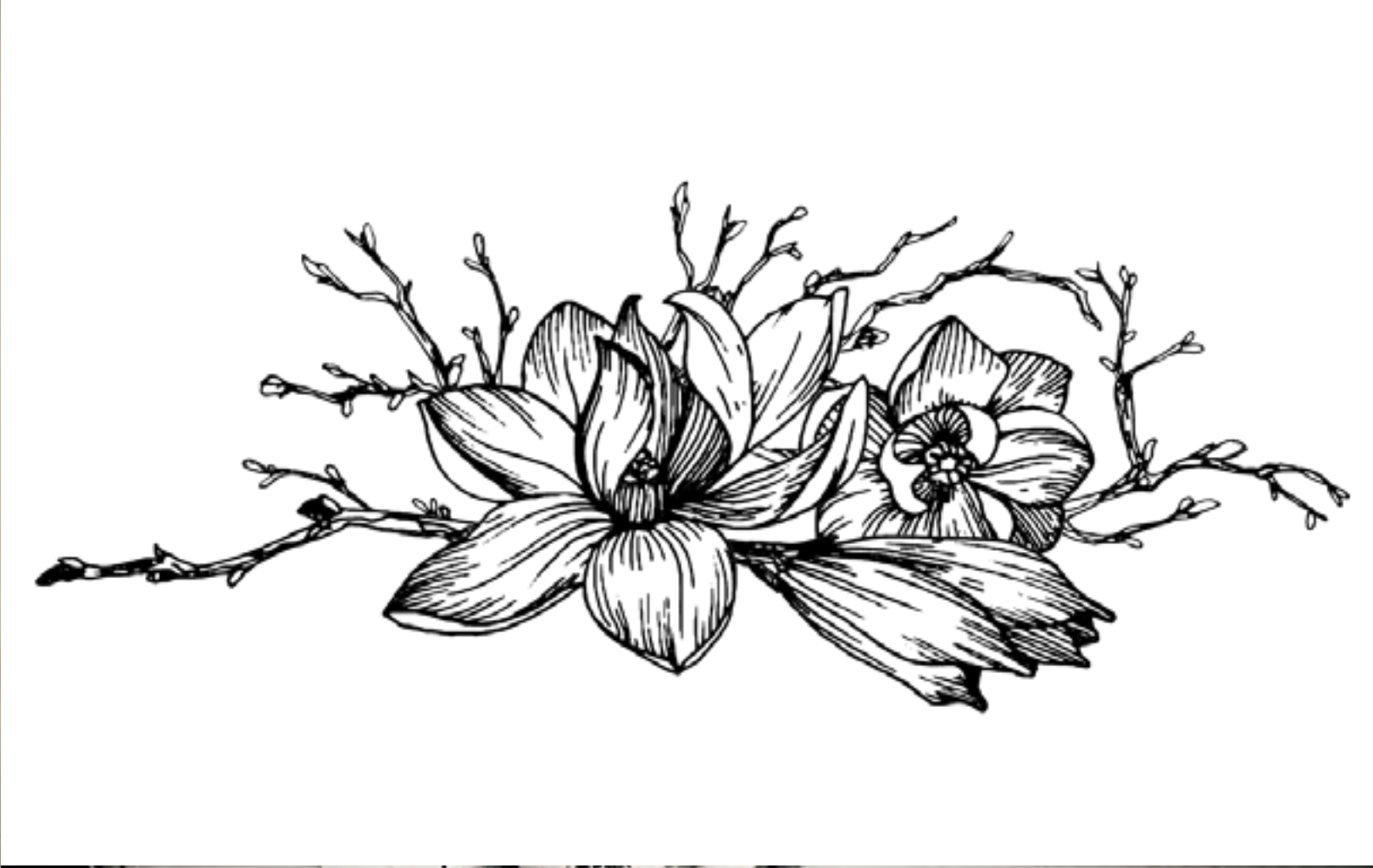
Despite the fact it's my own body, my own shell wracked by illness, I've often felt the sickness emanates from somewhere in the shadows, somewhere BLACK I can neither comprehend nor explain.



I started holding on to all of these pill bottles a few years ago after realizing how insane and confusing it is to be chronically ill. It seemed as if the bottles were literally a part of me. I look ok on the outside, but my body and mind are a total wreck, and oftentimes it feels as if no one believes or knows how to help me. The bottles provide a visual representation, which is one of the only things keeping me (relatively) sane.









The Difference

By: Chere R. Hampton

Let me tell you the difference between Black and White. It's more than just color. It's more than just race. It's an aesthetic aversion or fetishization of all things Black. Black people are stigmatized and automatically stereotyped in this world as being some sort of genetic anomaly. For centuries, non-Black people have been fascinated by our genetic makeup, our mechanics, our bodies, our organs, our brains.

Fueled by bad science, false assumptions, and overall ignorance, the world has perpetuated the worst myths about Black people. Not all of us are exceptional athletes. Not all of us can dance. Not all of us are great in bed. We're just like everyone else. Our blood is just as red as yours, the difference is, more of our blood has been shed in the name of hatred, ignorance, and fear, than yours.



Black people are overpoliced in this country. People seem to think that we're out of control savages who need to be supervised. We cannot walk down the street, minding our own business, without being asked why we're there. Our children can't play outside and be children without being harrassed. We can't shop in stores without being followed. We are tired. We are frustrated. The difference is, you get to live your lives without the same worry. Your children can do anything, even break laws, and get rewarded. We can comply with law enforcement officers and still be murdered, and then blamed for our death. So, when you ask why Black people run from the police or don't put up their hands when prompted, I say, the difference is you can interact with a police officer and still be alive after the interaction. We're likely to be shot before we're even questioned.

No matter how many times we say Black lives matter, we are countered with why should a Black person's life matter more than anyone else's? The difference is we are saying a Black life should matter. It's not about the importance of Black lives over other lives, it's saying that Black lives should matter in the first place. That Black lives deserve consideration. Black lives deserve to be lived. Black lives deserve recognition and appreciation. That's why we're marching in the streets. That's why we're raising our fists and our flags. We deserve to be seen. We're here. We deserve a chance to live, just like you.

Black people are tired of your shit. We're tired of being falsely accused of stealing phones that you left in an Uber. We're tired of being called nigger. We're tired of being harrassed. We're tired of you harassing our children. We're tired of you not letting our children be children. Black children don't stop being children when they're twelve. If I have a twelve year old son who is six feet tall, he is still a child. He's not a grown man and he deserves to be a kid no matter how big or how small he is. Our daughters deserve to not be fetishized and sexualized before they reach puberty. Our daughters deserve a chance to be free, beautiful and loved. Our daughters deserve to not be thrown away. Our daughters deserve to be heard. Our daughters deserve to be searched for if they go missing or are taken. Our daughters deserve love and respect.

“Black people are tired of your shit.”

So, when you ask us, why is everything about race, my answer is because it is. I wake up Black every day of my life. I wouldn't choose to be anything else. I love my Blackness. I'm proud of my Blackness. The difference is, that you don't love it and you need to do the work within yourself to figure out why. We're here. We're not going anywhere. This is what you wanted anyway, so you have to deal with it. Learn to live with us. Learn us. See us. We are not the problem. You are.

Chere R. Hampton (**She/Her**) is a queer Black author and poet who lives in Columbus, Ohio. She writes haiku, poetry, fiction, and non-fiction. She believes her work tells the stories of her people that haven't been told yet, and also says the things that people don't have the courage to verbalize. Her writing can best be supported by donations through her CashApp (\$cherehampton) and Venmo (@goblkphoenix).



@goblkphoenix



Chere R. Hampton

writtensuicide.wordpress.com

Holly Williams-Richards

she/her **And In The Silence I Was Taught Of Your Love (2020)**

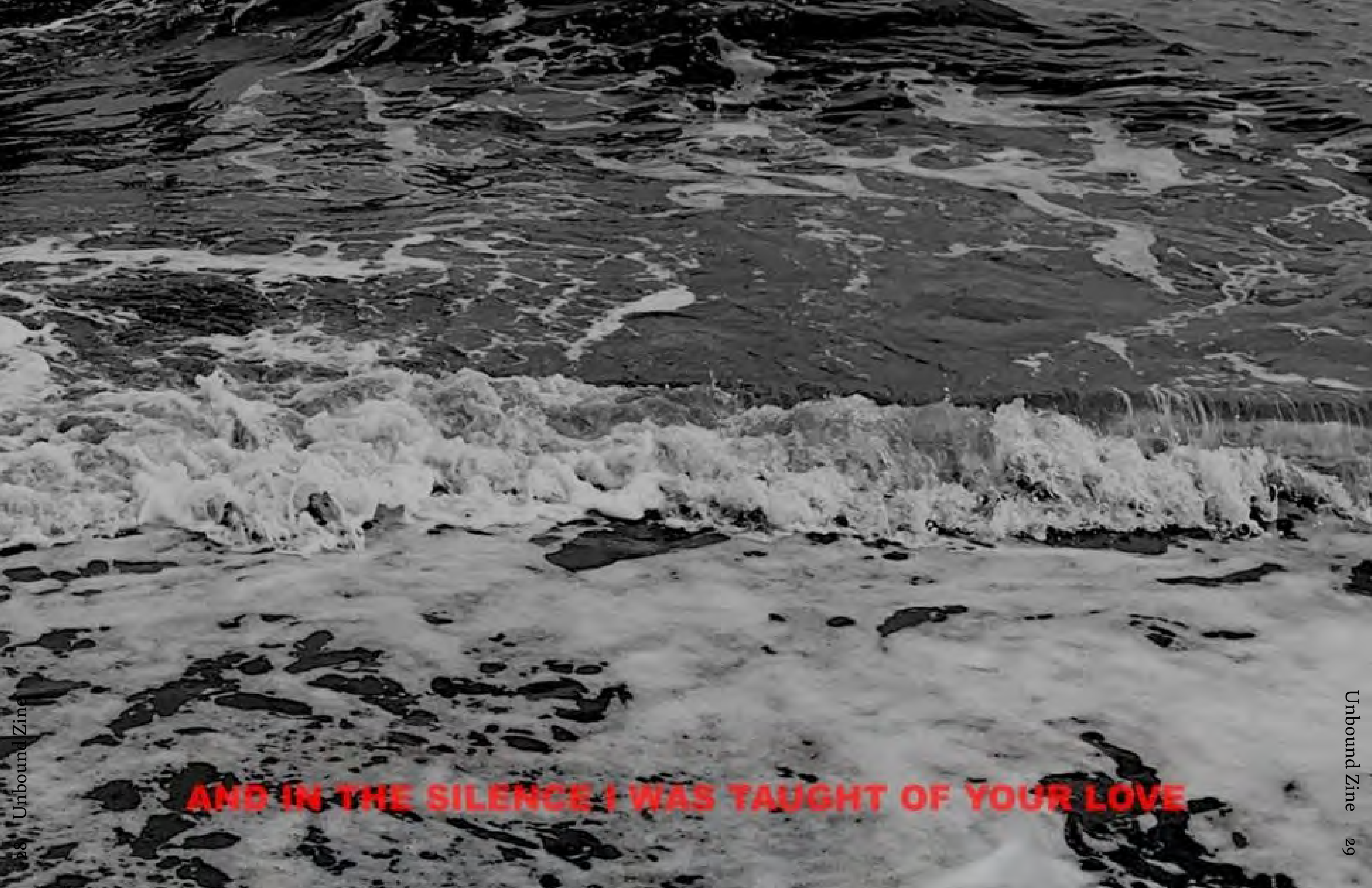
I'm an artist and curator currently working in South West England. I make work as a cathartic process to help myself heal through my own previous traumas. I've learnt that walking and being amongst nature is my greatest healer and I want my practice to reflect that. My work explores ideas of place or spatiality and its connection to our emotions and past trauma. My work is embedded in my own emotional intuition and is largely driven by works of poetry written on location.

This work, And In The Silence I Was Taught Of Your Love, explores the bizarrely anchoring experience of heartbreak and makes connections, with this experience, to different bodies of water. Each line of the poem is placed upon a still which is taken from a film following a river in North East England to its exit into the North Sea. It aims to expose the process of healing through heartbreak, following it to the moment in which a sense of freedom is re-gained as the relationship is no longer a source of darkness. The work can be seen in its official order below but may be separated into individual stills as required.



[@hollyw.richards](https://www.instagram.com/hollyw.richards)

hollywilliamsrichards.co.uk



AND IN THE SILENCE I WAS TAUGHT OF YOUR LOVE



FLOATING IN GLACIAL RUN OFF

YEARNING FOR STILLNESS

SEARCHING FOR WARMTH AMONGST FROST

FOR YOUR LOVE WAS NOT JUST QUIET



NOR HIDING FROM THE LIGHT

IT RAN INTO THE ARMS OF ANOTHER



FAR FROM MY DYING BIRD SONG

Lashonda Love

any/none

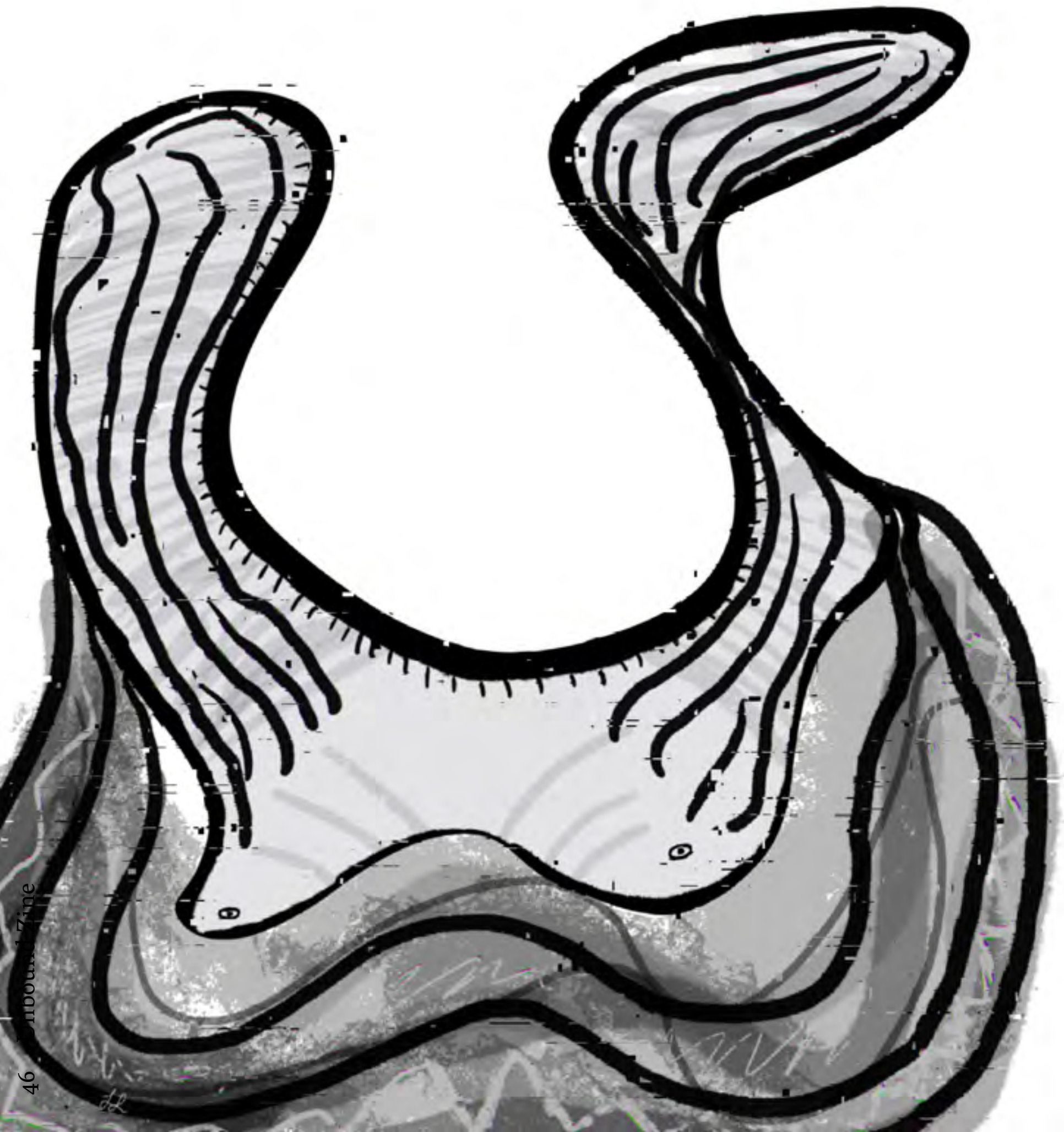
Lashonda is an all-around creative and activist born and raised in Columbus, Ohio. She holds her B.A. in Music Performance from Denison University and is the Executive Director of UnBound Arts Collective. As a queer, pagan, woman of color raised in a low-income, trauma-affected household, Lashonda centers the intersections of identities as well as trauma storytelling in their works and projects.



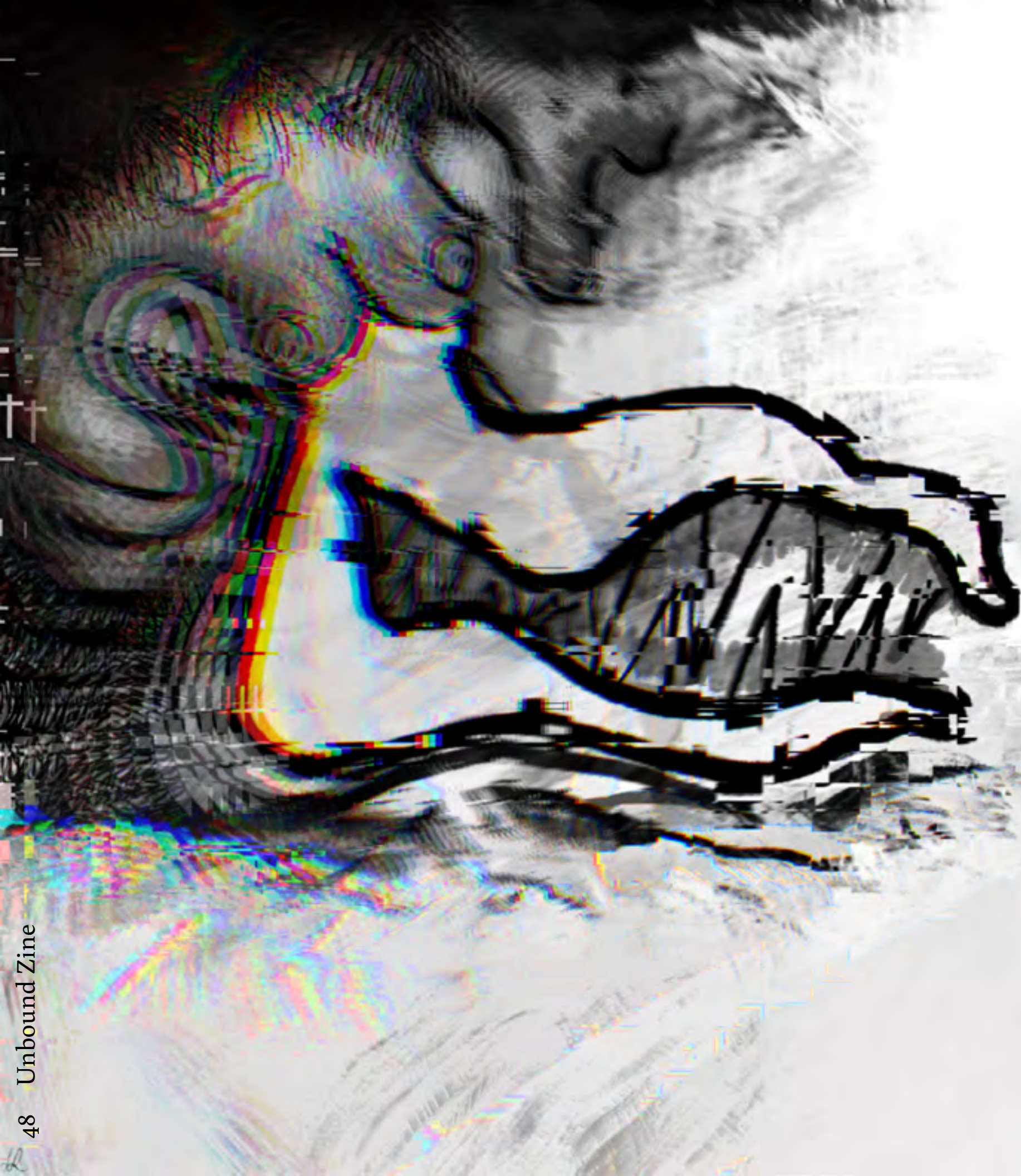
[@lashondalove_](https://www.instagram.com/lashondalove_)

This series is entitled “Static” and is an autobiographical exploration of trauma and PTSD. Each piece is a meditation on one of a myriad of emotional states and often debilitating symptoms I have encountered in relation to processing my childhood sexual trauma and experiences with abusive relationships and friendships.





MY CHEST FEELS TIGHT
I CAN'T BREATHE



HE TOOK WHAT HE WANTED
IM SCARED OF WHAT'S LEFT

LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE

PLEASE LET ME GO

Fuck you, the capitalist!

PLEASE LET ME GO

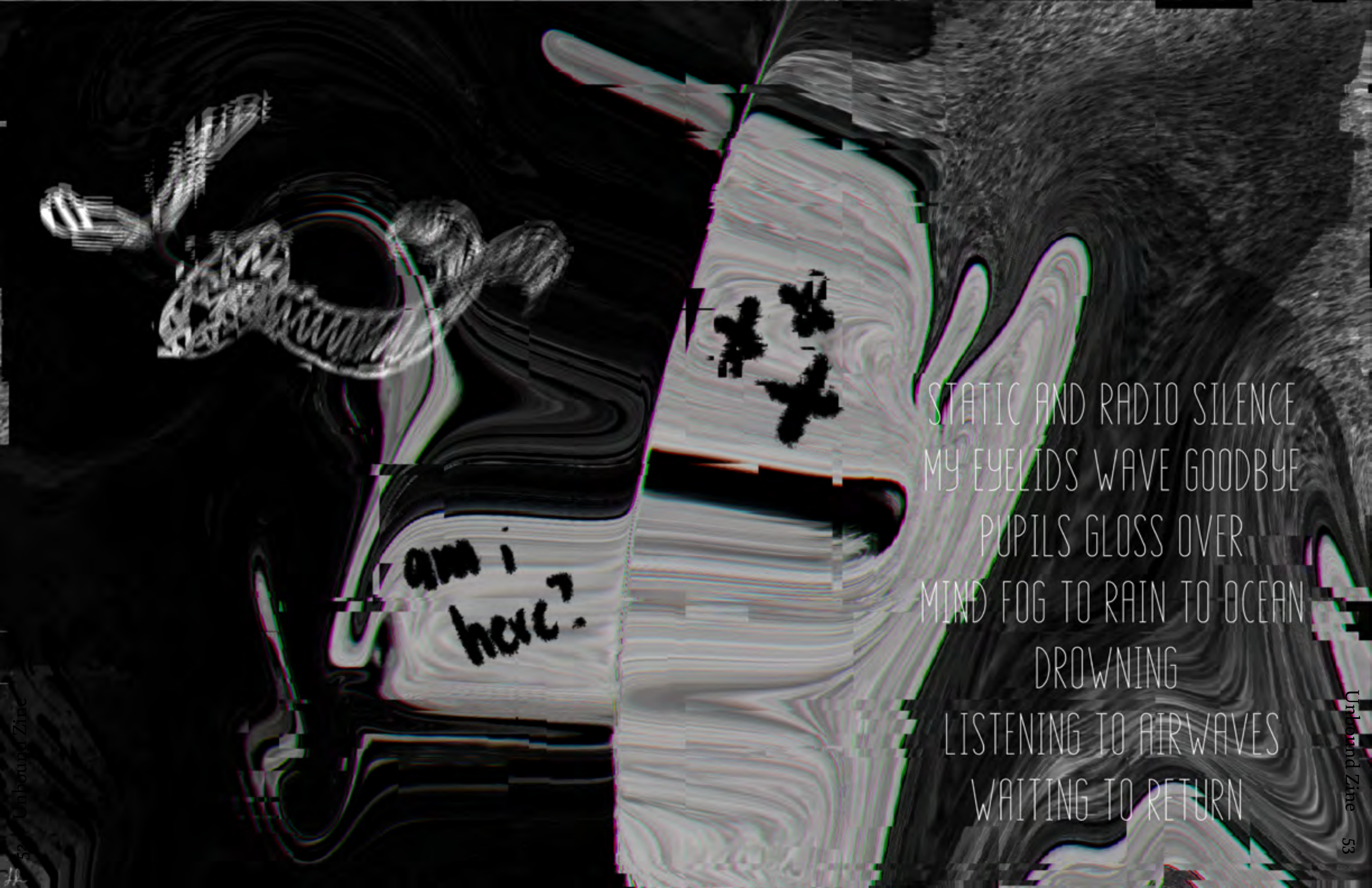
PLEASE LET ME GO

PLEASE LET ME GO

PLEASE LET ME GO

Fuck you!





STATIC AND RADIO SILENCE
MY EYELIDS WAVE GOODBYE
PUPILS GLOSS OVER
MIND FOG TO RAIN TO OCEAN
DROWNING
LISTENING TO AIRWAVES
WAITING TO RETURN

Chelsea Sally

She/Her

 [@Somesallysoul](#)

 [Some Sally Soul](#)

“Stop your digging, drop the shovel that is causing you calloused hands.
Climb out of the grave you’ve been making deeper for yourself.
Aren’t you alive?

Look down to your feet and become aware of where you are.

Focus back to these present moments that you’ll never have again, as these are
the ways of the living.

It’s not your time yet, to go back to the dust from which you came.

Stand up, brush yourself off, and learn how to make mountains out of your
grave sized mole hill.

Death is only around the corner, creeping nearer daily.

Frightening, mysterious, and promising.

Life is fleeting and an opportunity only given once.

Live it. Be free. Be spectacular. “









Like black and white, we see life and death as a dichotomy. That we exist or we don't as if anything in this universe is remotely that binary. Sometimes we're grey. Sometimes we've been effaced and left with nothing but emotion and a whisper of a memory. We relive our routine with all its suffering. And we all eventually forget the trauma that led us to the repetitive habits. It all just becomes normal and one day, you'll forget the routine while the world forgets you.

Maybe the slow progress into nothingness should be upsetting, maybe I should be horrified at the thought that death is a lengthy and prolonged affair. Somehow, I'm comforted. Somehow, knowing that what I feel is so strong it lives on until I can't remember why it happened in the first place, makes life more worth living. Believing that everything I am will one day be forgotten and dissipated into my surroundings gives my existence meaning. The nothingness is a comfort.

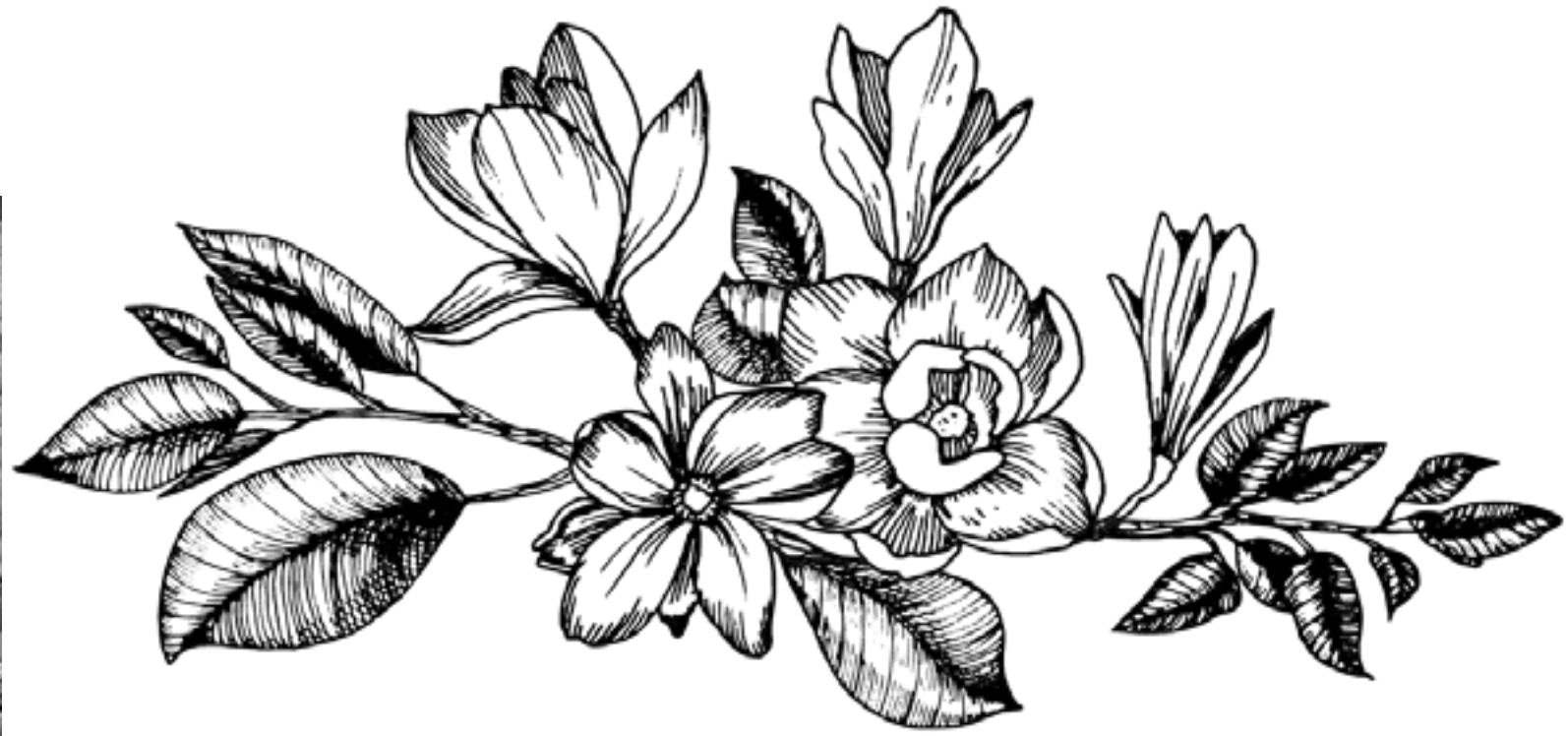
“Somehow, I'm comforted.”

This piece is a representation of forgetting and being forgotten. It was inspired by The Haunting of Bly Manor's Lady of the Lake (cannot recommend that show enough). In a sense, creating this has locked me out of the sweet release of truly being forgotten. Maybe that in itself is a statement.

Enkfi is a 24 year old Black, trans, disabled artist with a propensity for yelling at liberals. Living in Naarm, in so-called Australia, they like horror, correcting white historians, and succulents.



Eli Mercury
she/her



[@dorkyhoneybee](https://twitter.com/dorkyhoneybee)



[@elimercury_](https://www.instagram.com/elimercury_)







OH OKAY CUZ
I THOUGHT AN
"All Lives Matter" ASS
BITCH SAID SOMETHING

QUESTION
YOUR
ORDERS

WE CAN SHARE
DIFFERENT
OPINIONS
ON TV SHOWS,
CELEBRITIES, COURT
AND EVEN FOOD
BUT NOT ON
HUMAN RIGHTS

BLACK
LIVES
MATTER

MAKE
LISTS
AND
ID

RI
NO

IT'S ALSO
AN EPIDEM

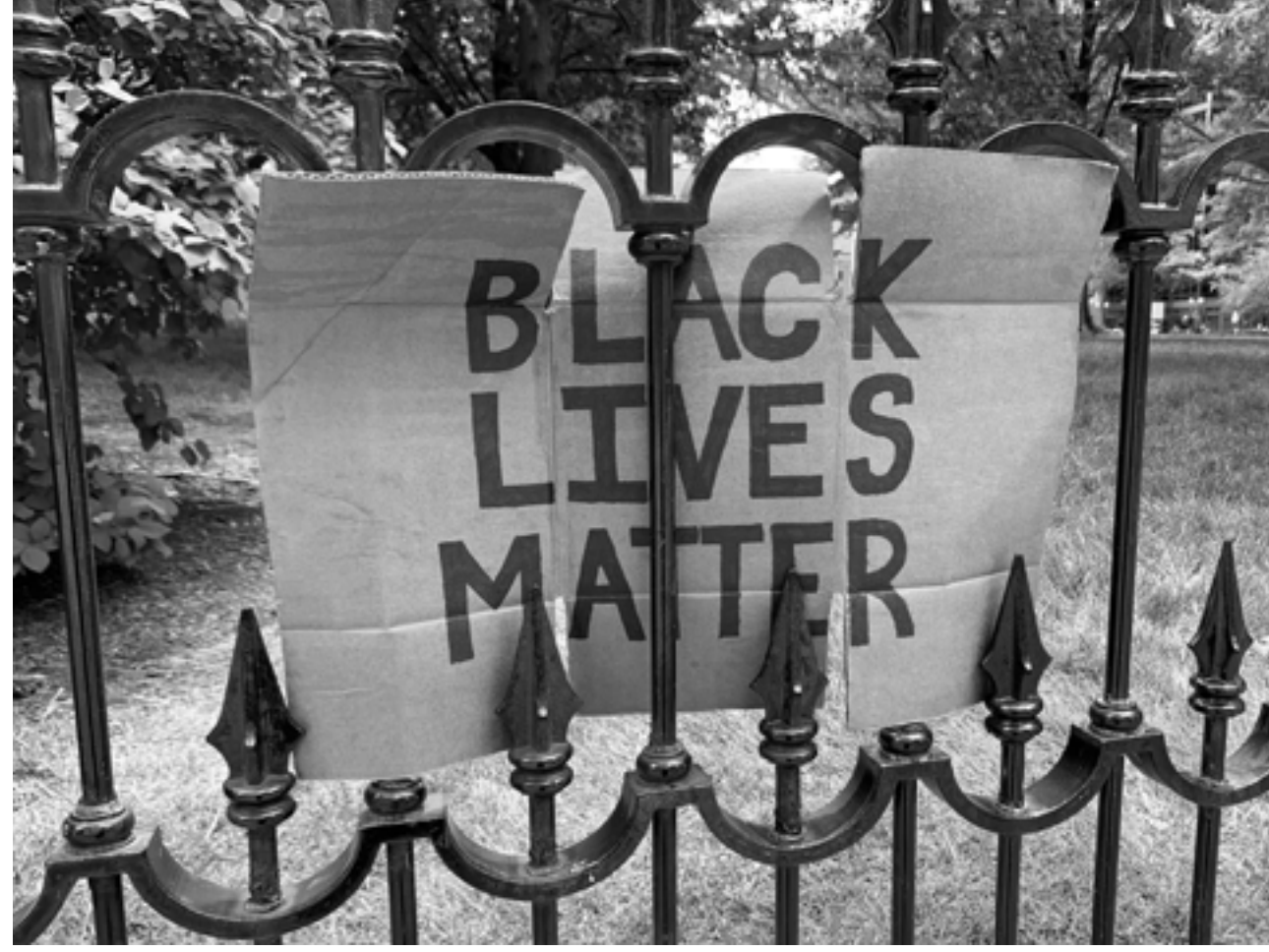
THEY SAID
HAVE YOU
LISTENED
BROTHER
POOR BLOOD

ENOUGH
IS ENOUGH
VET YOUR
LETTERS!

BLACK
LIVES
MATTER

PRESCOTT
4

PRO
white

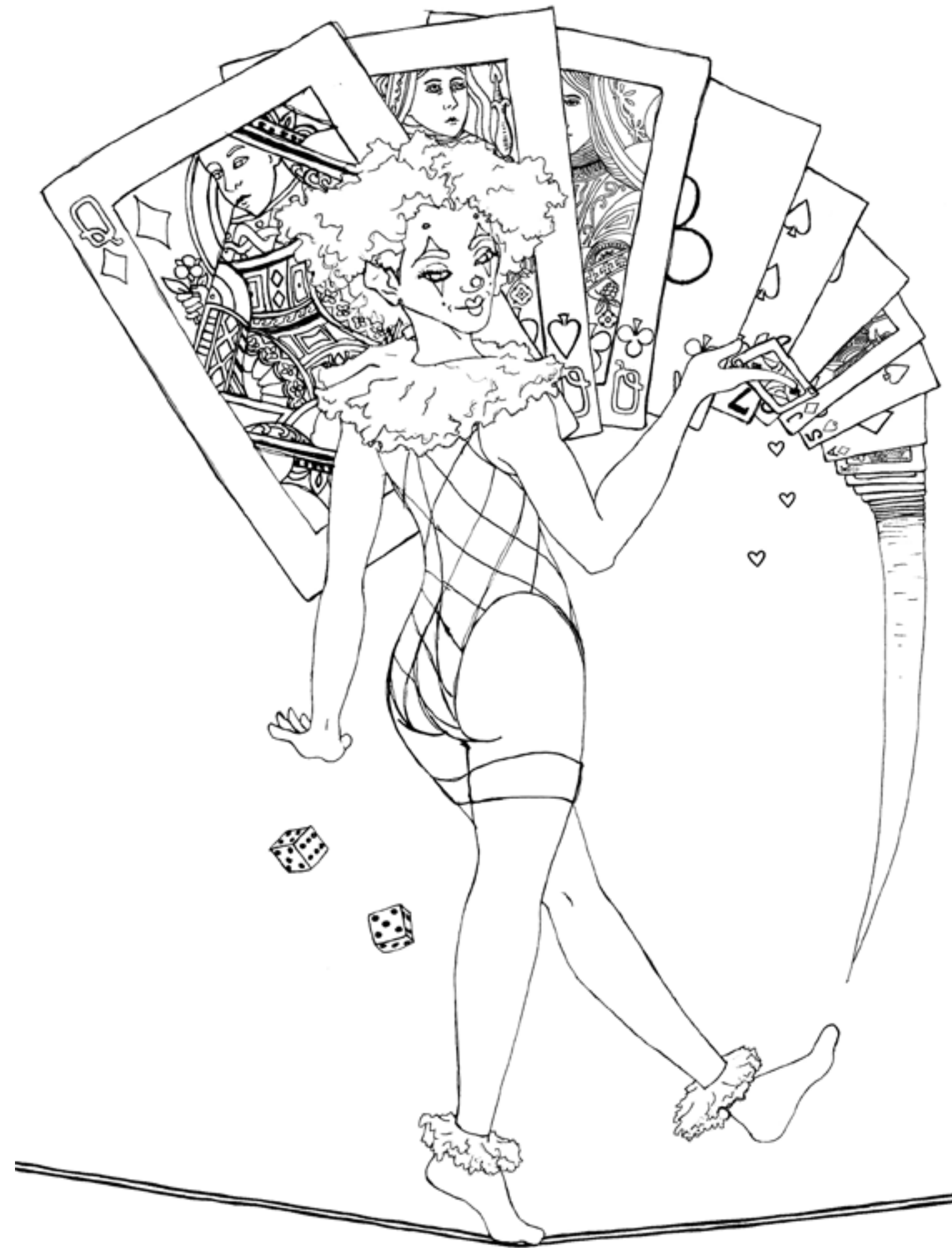


Lexie Dungan

she/her

“Lexie is a queer, radically feminist artist based in Pompano Beach, Florida. Her work includes paintings, comics, animation, photography, and physical installations among many other projects. Some of her current projects include collaboration on a mixed-media fantasy novel as well as collaboration on a story-telling project where she uses comics to represent interview experiences of people of color.”

Colouring page available for download at unboundartscollective.com/current-issue



Dear *UnBound*,

I feel like I'm lost watching what all of my POC friends have been going through this year and the hypocrisy of the rest of society and all the racists and I want to know how I can be a better white ally for them. I've been following black activists and donated to a lot of the funds for getting protestors out of jail, but I am not sure what else I can do because I am scared to go to rallies or protests.

Sincerely,

Anonymous

Dear *Anonymous*,

I first want to acknowledge for you that, although this is an advice column in a magazine, I am still a woman of color accepting the burden of educating you on allyship. I want to make you aware that black women and black folks are consistently made to bear the duty of educating white folks towards our liberation. So the first advice I can offer to you is to shift your perspective. A lot of white allies sit around and sort of twiddle their thumbs waiting to be told how to be a good ally. Waiting to be told how to participate in movement and revolution and resistance. The reality is that white supremacy was created by white folks and is maintained and supported by systems and structures also created by white folks. Folks of color can not and should not be responsible for dismantling this system. White people need to take accountability and step up. Use all the tools white supremacy affords you - your privilege, power, and right to a voice - and bring other white folks into action with you.

When you can think of white supremacy as something YOU created that only YOU can solve, you start to bring that onus to learn and act onto yourself rather than black folks who are already burdened by the effects of oppression.

So first, change your mindset and realize this responsibility is on you and asking black folks to educate you is a significant burden on them. It may be hard to accept, but you are inherently racist. Your position and power and privilege dictate that you must come to terms with that. "The racists" you mention are not separate from you. You are all in the same boat, but you can choose to be anti-racist while they choose to double down on their overt racism. Accepting that you are racist, whether knowingly or unknowingly, doesn't make you a bad person, it just lets you get over yourself and your part in this so the real work can begin. It primes you to be a better listener when black folks have criticism and notes for you and your allyship.

Ask UnBound

Dear *UnBound*,

I really want to start sharing my art on my instagram or facebook. I've even thought about making art videos showing my process or just submitting something to your zine, but I feel crippled by the idea that my art isn't good enough. I don't think anyone will like it or care about it. How can I get over that feeling and start sharing things?

Sincerely,

P.B.

Dear *P.B.*,

The best way to start anything... is to start. Who gives a shit if anyone will like or care about your art. Do you like it? Do you care about it? Do you think this hard about whether someone is going to like that picture of your 12th dinner this month or do you just post it because it looks fucking delicious and you can't resist sharing it to social media?

Your art is delicious. It's scrumptious and juicy and waiting for you to snap a pic and upload it with a quirky caption. If you can't bring yourself to make a post just yet, start sharing things to your stories (people have to click on your stories and choose to watch them, so you know for sure those people already care enough about what you are posting to take a look).

If all else fails, make a separate art account with a pen name and start sharing work willy nilly to that account. Use all the hashtags. Get seen by strangers. Practice makes perfect and maybe you'll see enough strangers giving a shit about your beautiful work that you can suck it up and start sharing it on your personal pages!

My second piece of advice is to recognize that black folks have already laid out the work for you in as many free resources as there are stars in the sky. Utilize Google, your local library, and social media to find readings, research, and works by black intersectional feminists. Read up on everything you can pertaining to race, the black experience, and white folks' part in racism, oppression, and dismantlement of those systems.

The third and final piece of advice I have for you is to not get paralyzed in the study of race and oppression and forget to fucking take action. Again, there is a ton of information out there on the internet that tells you exactly what you can do if you don't feel comfortable doing X,Y, Z. I'm not even going to touch on the part where you are too scared to go to a protest (because your white privilege allows you to stay out of harm's way should you choose to do so). Reading and studying are a lifelong process and if you wait for the day that you have learned "enough" information before you start taking action, you'll die of old age before you join the movement. So just start taking action and keep studying. Get real loud and outspoken with your white counterparts. You don't need to tag your black friend on that facebook comments section for their input (that's inconsiderate unless you asked permission to take that black person's time, energy, and joy that day). Black folks will tell you real quick if you're doing it wrong. Listen and adjust.

Sincerely,

Lashonda - UnBound Team

As for submitting to this zine, DO IT! Do it as you, as someone else, anonymously - who cares? Rip that bandaid off because the scariest part is worrying about all the different things that could go wrong. So what if someone says your work is the worst garbage they have ever seen? Seriously. So what? They could be sitting in their parents basement making art with moldy cheese and are you really gonna let that person convince you one way or another about the value of your work? Ain't nobody got time for that.

Value is subjective. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. All that good stuff. Just fucking share your art. Fear is too exhausting.

Sincerely,

Lashonda - UnBound Team





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