cover art:
1 Ugly Boi
Deniz Berberoğlu
@thishappendcauseiwasbored
For the beautiful, for the ugly, and for anybody in between.
Dear reader,

What is “ugly”? Is it an inescapable concept, predetermined deep within our boiling blood? A metal chain with roots dug far beyond our resistance or control? Is it a vat of twisted images and sharp quirks which naturally repulse and disgust? Is it our greatest fear? Or, simply, a part of who we are?

Is “ugliness” some sort of distraction? A reason to care about the trivial or a scheme to sell plastic products? A reason to sell ourselves away from what truly matters?

And do we each see the same things as being “ugly”? Or do some of us find beauty in what is cast away? We let “ugly” tremble, begging against sidewalk edges on cold winter days because “ugly” is unworthy to us. We hear “ugly” echo in silent bathroom stalls, and we only feel bad for a beat before spitting hideous words at the next boy. We don’t let “ugly” sit with us, be with us, be heard until ugliness pounds against our skull as we lay down to sleep at night. And we don’t splash “ugly” across the magazine covers we hand our daughters. We never did.

But is “ugly” just a word? A manmade list of supposed imperfections? Is “ugly” learned or taught? Can it be challenged? Forgotten? We regurgitate an endless list of differences the world has chosen not to celebrate. We let the world decide we are unworthy of love and happiness. We let “ugliness” spew from the mouths of those we’ve put in place to protect us. And we fall at their knees because we are unworthy.

Because we are “ugly” too.

To the artists, if “ugly” is the worst we can be called, then we are invincible. We are hideously brave. Disgustingly kind. Sickeningly brilliant.

Thank you for daring to challenge what it means to be “ugly”. For making art without fear of offending or disgusting others. For being unapologetically who and what you are despite the words which could be used against you.

For choosing beautiful words. For choosing ugly words. And for choosing everything in between.

I hope we choose to go on an adventure.

Much love,
Rebecca McLaren

*All work is the property of its original artist. Thoughts and opinions expressed in the works of this publication belong to each individual and independent author.*
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BIG UP
BIG NOX
TOO
“PRETTY UGLY” cont.
Model: Yassa @yassayassayass
WAHALA WOMAN
Jinx (HIJINX_ENSUE)
@thefemmechaotic
Donald Trump is not nice
Hunter Waswick
@monochrome_elephants
www.hunterwaswick.com
-54 degree index
Hunter Waswick
Not Fuckin’ Lady Like

Nic F. Anderson | yungmiga.com

I’ve been told that ladies do not start fights,  
they do not have tattoos,  
that they do not have piercings and always wear pretty shoes,  
that they do not make a fuss,  
nor do they disagree,  
but that most of all,  
ladies are pretty and dainty.

I don’t believe everything I hear,  
and have more than one piercing in my ears.  
I have art inked into my skin  
I am not dainty,  
I cause a fuss.  
I argue, I debate and I sure as fuck love to cuss.

My thick thighs touch and I have hair,  
So much hair on my armpits and legs,  
I do not wear a bra because it restricts my boobs.  
I like button-ups, oxfords, and “men’s” boots  
But none of that makes me gross, ugly, or trash,  
Come on now, don’t be upset that  
I can grow a baby mustache.  
But all of that makes me,  
me!  
That is just how I am.  
I am me and I am happy.

I was born this way and forever like this I will stay.  
I am not lady-like and that’s okay.  
I don’t want to be your cup of tea.  
I don’t want to be your generic,  
Cookie-cutter bride-to-be.

I am who I am  
So please  
Just let me fucking be.
“DYING FOR ME IS EASY, LIVE FOR ME INSTEAD.”
monday morning (Painting 2019)
Kirsten Opstad
@kirsten_opstad
kirstenopstad.no
FRANKLY, IF YOU ASK ME, I’D MUCH RATHER BE SUPERNATURALLY UGLY THAN NATURALLY ATTRACTIVE

Supernaturally Ugly
Sofia Lesage
@inkblotdemon
EVE

SKIN | @skinpace
Trigger warning: The following piece deals with subject matter related to sexual violence.

It slithered all around her like a snake coiling around its prey, slowly but surely squeezing the life out of her, her eyes dimming into a haze.

A heavy weight loomed over her her limbs began to grow numb. She laid there, pressed against her own bed, the snake hoping that she’d succumb.

Burning red marks scorched her skin, the arms on her hair began to raise. A cold yet warm wet feeling on her ear, she was paralysed all she could do was pray.

As she sealed her lips shut, salty tears welled up in her eyes. The people next door not realising what had been done, they continue to move on with their lives.

The snake had left its crime scene slithering its way out of her door. The girl stared blankly towards the ceiling and she felt nothing anymore.
White silence filled the air
and the moon filtered through the curtains.
She slowly got up from her bed
and washed herself,
washed what was hurting.

She turned the shower tap off
and wrapped herself in a towel,
thен peeked into the bathroom mirror
and began to tremble and howl.

For what she saw was not herself -
but a battered and beaten soul,
who had been disrespected and violated
she felt nothing in herself
but a gaping hole.

There was no woman nor human being,
the snake had left skin and bone,
during its euphoric high
and ultimately,
her torture,
in her own home.

She felt like an empty shell,
and curled herself up naked on her bed.
For what difference would it make if she had no clothing on,
it would just happen all over
again.

SKIN ©
SKIN THAT I WEAR
JUCA MAXIMO
@JUCAMAXIMOART
JUCAMAXIMO.COM.BR
SKIN THAT I WEAR (CONT.)
JUCA MAXIMO
insecure
Tahirah Coleman
melty
lucia ceta
@luciaceta
luciaceta.tumblr.com/
‘Am I Beautiful?’ is a self portrait shoot about my struggle with my appearance especially in the face; I have very strong European features which did not bode me well for most of my young life. I have a big Italian nose and a strong brow, plus a chubby face and I constantly am asking my self and others am I beautiful? I wanted to put myself out of my comfort zone with this shoot, choosing angles I normally avoid on the daily and having light make up opposed to a beat face, to show not only my mental relationship but to also represent someone of the ‘non-ideal’ beauty standards, as I rarely see someone looking like me in the media let alone someone who is called beautiful.

Photographer/Model/Stylist: Sofia Wilkinson-Steel, @sofiawilkinsonsteel
Photographer Assistant: Abigail Woodroofe, @abbiewoodroofe
MUA: Linda Azma, @odd_turtle
Hair Stylist: Ryn Zhan, @ryn_zhan
hässlich & hässlich
Nathan Sands
@sands_depiction
sandsdepiction.wordpress.com/
scream (black) "our inner self is dark and is longing to be released."
John Delfino  |  @nemo_delfino  |  john-delfino.com
untitled
Tiana Gaudio, @tianatakespoetry

when I wash the blood from my hands
the palms are still stained pink

raspberry juice running down
my love-line like a vein

they say your ring finger runs
straight through to your heart

mine pumps loud as I scratch harder
to rid the feel of you from my body

the water runs red
whirling down the sink to disappear

I want to lick at the indents of my hand
just to taste what you left behind

wonder what is said now about
girls whose hearts are slaughtered

it might not matter since what’s under
my nails won’t wash away
Creatures from the forest
Wanda Fraga Sánchez
Thermography of a Furby
Jessica Bansbach
@tarotfuryandchill
tarotfuryandchill.tumblr.com.
ghostliness
Jillian Lynch
@jilljlynch.photography
Patrick The Ugly (mixed on canvas 10x10cm)
Jimmy Rivoltella
@Jimmy_rivoltella
jimmyrivoltella.com
I don’t like your lemonade
Its bitterness makes me
Queasy to my stomach.
I cannot swallow it
Without regurgitating it
Back up
And being disgusted
By the sight of it.
The paleness of your liquid
Is unappetizing.
You try to make it look appealing,
But you cannot.
Its lack of sweetness
Does not please my palate.
You consistently try
Over and over again
To get me to savor its
Smell
Taste
Color.
But, there is no way I will ever
Enjoy your
Lemonade.
BATHSALT

What the hell is wrong with you people?
Why always me?
Get wet at the shower
Passionate to be wilder
Looking for desire
Water become fire
Trust to the lust
Fuck the skin and dust
Own sake and pleasure
Toucher and finger
Licker and whisper
Sucker and kisser
Lover and seeker
Masturbate on bath
Sweat and salt

Svkmatra
@demitism
musesondemand.com/m/671
"A new skin becomes mine. It works against my form. My form simultaneously rejects it. The skin in question contains materials designed to shape, control, or conceal the physical category of women, as well as other materials that mimic the body. It is accompanied by a body soundscape, born from the process of making this work. "To Fit" reconsiders the body and its relationship to space.

There is freedom in rebellion, but also a struggle to accept myself as “against”. Existing in contrast to societal expectations may lead to judgement from the outside world. Is it easier to conform than to live in fear? To rebel is to be strong, yet also, vulnerable. Many of the garments used in this work are intimate, even designed to resemble skin. The fabric is questioned through material manipulation as performance. I shed a wardrobe that doesn't honor my body and breathe to the fullest of my form."

Duration: 25 minutes
Beautiful
Mallory Thompson
@malloryexplores
“The Chapel was a work of scenographic research focused on the representation, obedience, agency and identity of women within Catholicism.

The Chapel, measuring 8ft x 6ft x 10ft was designed on the basis that it would mimic a holy place typical of a chapel. It would be large enough to host a small group of visitors. It would be bright pink, welcoming and ooze kitsch femininity. Although attractive, it would appear alien and out of place in its site-specific location due to its fey and other worldly presentation. Apprehension and anxieties would emerge at the idea of entering The Chapel due to its internal ambiguity and/or due to unwanted contact with the abject entrance of human hair and skin. The Chapel would interrogate and challenge perceptions of beauty, gender binary, matriarchy and feminine association. The interior would perform as a grotto for participants within the space. The interior would be segregated and confined away from the none participants (the exterior spectators). The interior would display submitted voices and would provoke curiosity and empathy for those sentient women exhibited. Lines between purity and womanliness would become blurred, although this consciousness would be drawn from inherent knowledge triggered by The Chapel.

My own involvement with Catholicism was the initial catalyst for this auto-ethnographic research study, being that I was raised in a Catholic home within a nuclear Catholic family. I practiced Catholicism and attended Sunday ceremonies weekly. I also alter served for the local parish until the age of thirteen. It became apparent during my time with the church that the few religious female figures worshipped during services did not inspire or represent myself, nor that of any other women I knew. This unrequited love for the Catholic Church inspired the creation of The Chapel so I could reinvent and reconfigure a space that hosted all Catholicism fails to offer women and I. This way I could create a version of the Church that honours the female experience, meanwhile gesturing the ways in which Catholicism is equally as monstrous as it subjects women to be.

The Chapel intended to provoke and challenge the Catholic faiths representation of women and womanliness with abject realities.”

Visual Art/Words: Claire Doyle @klairedoyle | Photography: Helen Newall
The Chapel (cont.)
you're undecipherable (cont.)
WE KNOW COOL
Jinx (HIJINX_ENSUE)
@thefemmechaotic
For so long, I have refused to see it
wanted no association, of any sort

my hair must be tousled leaves
not knotted roots and stumpy vines

my teeth must be sea-worn pebbles
not amber tombstones, cracking wide

my lips plush fruit in taste and style
not snarling bitter barbs of wire

But here I am, a collection of rust,
hair growth, fresh scabs and rivets

Here we all are, walking in chains
of wool and meat round loaded bones

ugly bloody and living, for so long
I refused to speak its name

for fear it would drag me down too
to the depths of an acid stomach

whisper not our name

Human

An Uncertain Destiny
Collage The World
@collagetheworld
society6.com/collagetheworld
Handmade Collage. 17 pieces of paper and tape. #NoOneIsUgly
THE DESERT (CONT.)
YOU'RE SOO UGLY

LUCIA CETA
@LUCIACETA
CETA.TUMBLR.COM/
“This is a caricature about how football turns people into irrational beings, yelling at the tv screens or in the stadium and how football also distracts them from real and more concerning issues like politics or ecology.”

“It's part of my expression when I major issues about image & struggling looked beautiful since was young after bullied, because of a quiet kid, my lead disabilities, a 'hideous' appearance..."

Football head
Sara MF - KSAMF
@ksamf
behance.net/saramarf24e6
When I Looking at the Mirror
Meghan LeVaughn
@meghansdreamdesigns/
twitter.com/TheAnimeDreamer/status/1082764693452791810

Am I Ugly?

I have self-imagined and put my self-esteem to be important since I was young. I was always burning myself and my insecurity.
WHY AM I SO U**Y?

YOU ARE SO KIND AND SMART AND CREATIVE AND LOVING AND DRIVEN AND IMAGINATIVE AND BRAVE AND SOFT AND FULL AND THAT IS YOUR BEAUTY!

U**y
Savi Ross
@sureasshig
“Visual media has conditioned us to think all stories are about beautiful people. Really most of us are somewhere in the middle. Pretty and ugly. Pretty ugly.”

Pretty Ugly
Kirixin
@kirixin
kirixin.com
Ugly Thoughts. (1 of 2)
Matthew Penado
@transrebelde
Portrait Colors
Juca Maximo
@jucamaximoart
jucamaximo.com.br
Portrait Colors (cont.)
THERE IS BEAUTY
SAVI ROSS
@SUREASSHIG

TO MY YOUNGER SELF,
THERE IS BEAUTY IN
THE UGLINESS YOU
THINK YOU EMBRACE
BUT WHY CARES
ABOUT BEAUTY ANYWAYS?

DO IT FOR ME.
YOU HAVE ALL MY
LOVE.

SIGNED,
YOUR FUTURE SELF

YOUR HEART
WILL SOFTEN
AND YOU’LL
SPEND YOUR
SUMMERS ALONE
LOVING ALL THE
COMPLEX PARTS OF YOUR
MIND AND BODY AND
SWEET SOUL.

SPEAK PATIENTLY
WITH YOURSELF—
GOOD LUCK.
KORTAL MOMBAT
COLLAGE THE WORLD
@COLLAGETHEWORLD
SOCIETY6.COM/COLLAGETHEWORLD

“KATIE HOLMES CHASING GNOME INTO REPTILE MADE OF TEXTILES. RIPPED AND CUT BY HAND.”
"You should post more pictures of yourself!"
Sherry Wang
@sherry.png
watering the plants
Marinna Shareef
@mahrinnart

“these images show the "ugliness" in mania and depression.”
A Few Quick Questions
Marisa Cho | @marisajcho

How does it feel
To wish people ill
How does it feel
To wish masses were killed

How does it feel
To want a gun in your hand
How does it feel
To want to fire at will

How does it feel
To hate people's love
How does it feel
To love walls and not doves

How does it feel
To form values on hate
How does it feel
To twist the debate

How does it feel
To shut people out
How does it feel
To despise colour without doubt

How does it feel
To hope women die
How does it feel
To not care if they cry

How does it feel
To murder the planet
How does it feel
To abuse and plan it

How does it feel
To only care for yourself
How does it feel
To hoard all the wealth

How does it feel
To always have to be right
How does it feel
To be on the other side of the fight
The Metamorphosis In-between
Szilárd Juhász
@juhaszil
love is

Model: Christina D'Alessandro
Photographer: Natalie D'Alessandro
@whoistinadal
Roar of a Wounded Lion (left), The Look (right)
Mosaku
@s.mosaku
docs.google.com/presentation/d/1_5PMOH1mi8OfUCa0TQlyEVBiG2dNXqMnx_byQ912NYM
UNTITLED
ALEX G
@SCREAMING_PINEPPLES

CANDYLAND
MARINNA SHAREEF
@MAHRINNART

“THESE IMAGES SHOW THE "UGLYNESS" IN MANIA AND DEPRESSION.”
this is what happens
When your Child is left alone

"To those who felt bullied in school..."
"... Be careful, ugly people are not always the ones we think."

---

(Left), P.S. (right)
Laura Masson
@laura.art90
lauram.net
THE DEMIT

What the hell is wrong with you people?
Why always me?
The heart with a dark hole
You covered it by me
The brain is out of control
You say whispered by me
Acting cruel
You say posessed by me
Doing sins with your couple
You also blame it on me
When you're flying so high then fall
It's dragged by me
Even bad things happen but have no idea at all
God dammit, because of me!

Svkmatra
@demitism
musesondemand.com/m/671
HELP! I'M ALIVE!
EMILY ADAMS
I'M LOSING MYSELF
Sky Offering
Thom Locke
blurb.com/b/9223997http://www.blurb.com/b/9223997
untitled
Rastko Vidović
@rastkovidovicart
tumblr.com/blog/rastkovidovic
Restorative
20x16 inches acrylic, 2018
Katherine Leung
leungart.com (password: leung2018)
Ugly me
Dimitri Litzinger
@dimitri_litzinger
dimitrilitzinger.com
I'M (NOT) UGLY

i'm (not) ugly | kattrina m | @thelittlemoonbi | tumblr: @the-girl-who-daydreams

I look at all that bae
poison.
scars either... but at least
in the mirror and think.

I'm ugly,
what do I have to
god,
get rid of all those
get rid of all that shit?

I'm ashamed of it, and I can't
in the mirror and think.

I'm sitting in their laps? That's
everything else is okay.

hella bony and hurt people
not.

the greatest either-

or it's those

me.

what about my flat ass?

but

that's not

that's

people actually believing

in those? They are

f**k, why

are
eurocentric standards
she looks back a lot
sometimes she has to remind herself she’s still very young
she looks back and sees a hopeful kid
she looks back and sees someone struggling with their identity at a young age
while acting like she knew exactly who she was
growing up with such religious standards
growing up not having personal space
growing up with anxiety and not having a clue what anxiety was until she turned seventeen
she once burned her hand because she was so anxious making a cup of noodles
pulling her hair at twelve years old thinking it was something only she did
being judged over listening to a pop song
actually struggling with her sexuality while everyone is going with what’s on trend
took her forever to finish high school
but she did it
she looks back and doesn’t like what she sees
a girl that tries to please everybody
and in return
receives nothing but more sadness
i still see that girl everyday
she’s still hurting but getting better
she sees light for herself
she’s not bitter
nor is she angry
she doesn’t look back too often anymore

- jn
Feel Shitty, Look Pretty
Rebecca Emily
@re_prints
rebeccaelmily.net
“Feel Shitty, Look Pretty” is a print edition created by screen printing makeup onto make up wipes. The phrase “Feel shitty, Look pretty” comes from years of battling depression and anxiety while also trying to put ones best face forward. This piece questions repetitive self care routines and their correlation with mood.
REFLECTIONS WITH THINKING
ALONGSIDE A FUNGUS
Luke Young | @ragealien

Which fountain of information did he slide in on?
The crooked twisted one with wayward lines?
And on and on...

While he ignored
Passively
Yet concertedly
The effort of seeing himself peeled

Like a lotus leaf
Petal
Upon
Petal
Floating free on crystal waters

There is no doubt
Man and womenkind
Descended from monkeys,

Not apes mind you,
For vegetarian peace seems
Non-biological to say the least

Even if a dead rival baby or two gets eaten
Just to send a message –

Instead we are
a bickering chatter

Over food,
bones,
flesh,
toys,
living quarters –

Shows our true nature,
Minus useful tail and
Dexterous feet
WHAT IS UGLY?
WHO IS UGLY?
THEY IS UGLY?
WE IS UGLY!
UGLY IS EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING!
UGLY IS LINES AND GROVES
ADJECTIVE OR DESPAIR
WHO US AS MORTALS DECIDE WHO OR
IS IT UGLY.

YOU SEE.

YOU SEE.

YOU SEE.

YOU SEE.

YOU SEE.

YOU SEE.

YOU SEE.

YOU SEE.

YOU SEE.

YOU SEE.
"TIME TO GROW, TIME TO CHANGE, TIME TO MAKE TIME FOR YOUR FRIEND."
JOHN DELFINO
@NEMO_DELFINO
JOHN-DELFINO.COM

“STOP DRAWING ATTENTION TO YOUR MOUTH IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET BRACES”
TIANA GAUDIOSO
@TIANA_FRANCES
“From a first look, this art represents more than meets the eye. From a visual, it is a portrait with words on it, but the meaning behind the words is what makes the art the most powerful. This art is inspired by the many anti-bullying campaigns that showcase students with all the things that have been said about them. There have been many videos where words are thrown and the emotion surrounding them deepens. However, what’s different about this work is that it’s based on the self, its not based on words from others. The words on this page range from Attention Whore, Ugly, Fat and more. They represent words that have been thought of versus words that have been said. This piece is made to represent the phrase, “you are your biggest critic.” Individuals are always the most critical of themselves. Despite how perfect someone’s life appears to be on social media, they are always the most critical to themselves. The portrait was done in a studio with a light projected at the front of the face. This was made to represent the idea of the spotlight. Putting yourself on social media is almost like standing on a stage with a mask. The mask hides the face but the individual is still exposed to the audience represented by the followers. This work serves as an examination of the self. When words are used some are passed by but others seem to be held onto. The words Attention Whore stick out and are behind the head of the portrait. This was done because this is the only word that was not thought of internally, until it was said. It became so impactful that it was continuously thought of, it’s a word that’s stuck throughout all creation, throughout everything else. It’s been embraced. But words are not everything.”

FLAT ASS  ATTENTION WHORE
MUSTACHE?  UNIBROW
BAD SKIN  TOO TALL
TOO PALE  GREASY
UGLY       HAIR
PIZZA      FAT
FACE       SMALL
BOOBS
Blue
Vilte Fuller
@viltefuller
blurry lines
Shapeless
@shapeless_art
shapelessart.tumblr.com/

debilitate
Shapeless
“I don't think you come into this world thinking you're ugly—it's one of the many additional lessons I learned mainly at school. Growing up, I seemed to always be the ugly friend. My teeth were crooked, I was the tallest before the other kids, and I was weird. Eventually, I became comfortable in my ugliness, so to speak. I indulged myself in anything that went against the norm, and felt a sense of pride when the popular group (I referred to them as "the Plastics") called me emo.

Going through an emo phase provided me with many rich, although embarrassing, memories that I've become very nostalgic of: the music that made my parents cringe, the colourful hairstyles and emo makeup I was never allowed to get, the edgy lyrics I used to inscribe on every notebook I owned. All these things played a part in who I am today.

Looking back, however, I can see that a good portion of the time, I was filled with anger at the world for having made me aware of my "ugliness" (maybe this is why I felt comfort by the edgy and depressive music I despised them, talked badly about them at any chance I could, and tried to distance myself from them. I spitedfully referred to as being "too normal". Ironically, I was acting towards them the way they acted towards me: I judged them for the clothes they wore, the music they listened to, and their seemingly dull interests.

Perhaps we could have made more friends if we were *both* more open-minded. We were at opposite ends of the Plastics and the Emos, with both sides too caught up in juvenile ideas of a social hierarchy. I think growing up ugly benefitted me in the long run, at least in terms of my humility and acceptance of non-mainstream things, but my childish attempt at revenge against my "enemy" was all in vain. I realize that we were just all ugly in our own ways.”

Infectious
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I was the one who had a black spot on their forehead, the one who had pimplies on their face, the one who spoke. I was the one who was not popular kids

I was the one that I have
piercings
and these things

The people that
were the dressing songs).
from a group
of people I perceived
as very cool, and their

I was the one with a stale mate,
and cliques.
and the acceptance of

I failed to

and caption (left)
Dina Baxevanakis
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WE ARE
Luke Young

Swilling every drop
Snot gazing at
Dripping all
The Grand
It’s all grins.
The Grand
Once the
A look at

We are not
Hollow the
Though by
To give the
Hordling by
Picture period
Providing
Enlarged
Altered in
Squeeze at
Sausages are
Fast food
Full of care
Admitted
But what
They are still
“Tonguewell”
Fueling across
White creases
Tread mill
Weight lift
Changing
ARE UNIQUE, DREADFULLY UNIQUE

Excorient by the shovelfuls
Gazing at the wonders we have made
Liquid aluminum from orbit
Road Canyon collecting mercury
Fondling down
Dest sowing used for the Greatest autopsies
Rib cage is removed
What lurks reveals
nothing but suppositions
Through and through
Blood filled at certain points
The illusion of content
Bodies
Perfect images of hideous deformities
Us with silicon fantasies
Body parts
Images
Fat one out
And fish tacos

Oncogenes
Deli delicious
Do taste-buds know?
Susceptible to rapid “brainwashing”
Washing” rather
Addictive orgasmic falsity
I am stuffed obese teddy bears
I am running
I am Otto while the inner rots on

Remnants of star goo
Reconstituted milk powder from the celestial mother
Al-lat Asherah Anath Aditi Aphrodite Artemis Aine
Anu Arianrhod Airmid Aidin Alectrona Akka Alfradull Astrild
Atla Atai Ane Ausekls Apis Anahita Aha-Njoku Annallja-Tu-Bari
Amaterasu Ame-No-Mi-Kumari Am-No-Tanabata-Hime
Aisha-Qandisha
Alalahe
Flowing through culture
Carvings, cravings and supplications
Bow before the great unknown
Scientific instruments in hand
Sand filled
Time holds no man captive
Vanishing consciousness’s claimed by Aditi
Fed back to us through fallopian tubes
Wagged in front of digital screens
Displaying ourselves to ourselves
Until we recognize nothing of what is left
Conversing to a sky quiet of words
Bathing our melanin
Genes get boubled out through bushy eyebrows
Almond eyes
Or other original identifiers
Before collapsing upon geography
Setting the bones
Lain to rest in treasure horded graves
Where Grendel lies awake
Ever hungry
Ever fed
all too much
“exotic girlfriend de

The images are of
deals with the concept of ugly stereotypes, specifically racial stereotyping.

of both the physical screen printed form and the original digital drawing.”

exotic girlfriend
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