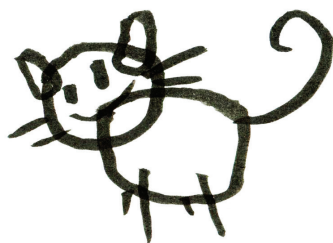
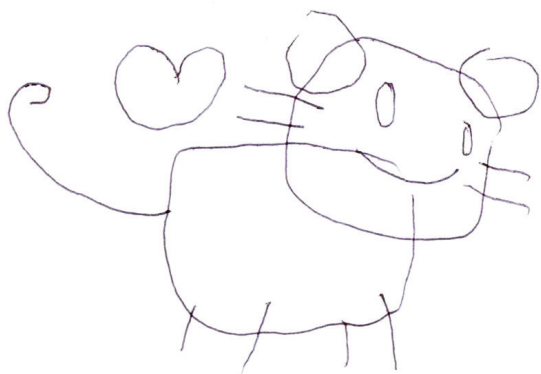


TAMAZINE

VOL "ONE"

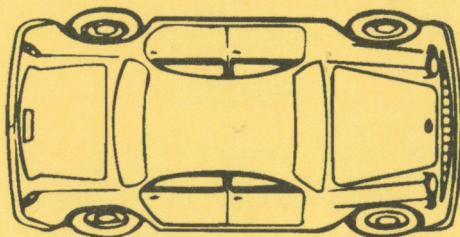
by old keis



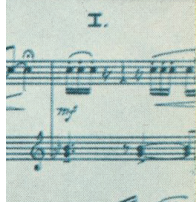


IF YOU CAN SURVIVE
DAMAGE: FEBRUARY
YOU WILL SURVIVE ANOTHER
YEAR

CUSTOMER DID NOT WAIT FOR INSPECTION



"X" INDICATES EXISTING DAMAGE



THOUGHT AND MEMORY

The cerebral cortex is the brain's most elaborate center, where sensations are registered and voluntary actions are initiated. It has been called "the seat of all which is exclusively hu-





Dear reader,

This is a font I made in 2010 from my handwriting. Seeing it feels like stepping into a time capsule. It's more than just the shape of the letters; it's a snapshot of who I was when I wrote them. Looking at my old handwriting, I remember a past version of myself who had different

priorities and ways of seeing the world. I remember someone who wrote as small as possible and who bought pocket sized sketchbooks because she wasn't confident enough to create on a larger scale. The cartoonist Lynda Barry has written about handwriting having a sort of "accent," but how does one begin to describe the accent of nostalgia? Or of past lives? *deep

Similarly, zines serve as time capsules, capturing moments in my thinking before they morph into something else. It's reassuring to have these tangible markers, reminding me that change is constant but that nothing is lost, just transformed and cyclical. As I create more zines, I look forward to tracing my evolving creative interests, working with ideas that still resonate, and discarding what no longer feels like me. Maybe this year, I'll make a new font. A confident font. A font that poops wildly and farts proudly.

What's the deal with volume "one"?

Technically, the last zine was TRAUMAZINE. Restarting the series under the zine's proper name now feels right.



Selling



VISIONS

of

contemporary

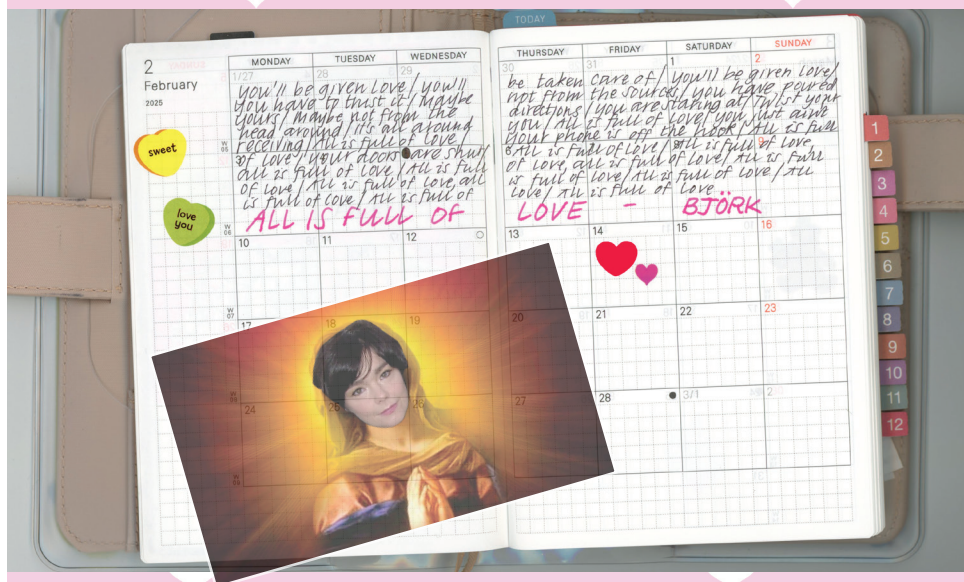
REVENGE



"My experience is what I agree to attend to."

– William James
The Principles of Psychology, Vol. 1

I've seen this quote floating around Tumblr a billion times. It doesn't mean much until you catch yourself stuck in worry about the future or lost in rumination on the past. Does making zines feel silly? Absolutely. But the process helps me inhabit my time the way I choose, giving my attention to things that bring me joy.



The lyrics to "All Is Full of Love" by Björk also don't feel particularly insightful, until you're stuck in a car by yourself for 6 hours on the way to San Francisco from Los Angeles. With all your playlists exhausted, you turn to other forms of entertainment like mentally unraveling every past romantic relationship. In my 30s, reflecting on 'failed' relationships often means coming to terms with the possibility that I'm expecting too much from people... or maybe the love I'm seeking comes from other sources, whether it's watching Clive Barker's *Hellraiser* (1987) on my iPad with Chuchu or snuggling with a tiny kitten named Freya.



The third annual #NoSkinNovember returns November 1st 2025.



This photo was taken after she exhausted herself from destroying all of my worldly possessions.



SELF-SOOTHING

FT



POSTING THRU IT

DRAFT
DRAFT
DRAFT

HOT GIRLS CRY
TO CARLY SIMON
BEFORE 10AM
ON A WEDNESDAY

is a peekaboo into
the eschaton

~~scribbles~~
~~scribbles~~
~~scribbles~~

ORIGINAL 

DRAFT
DRAFT
DRAFT



Look

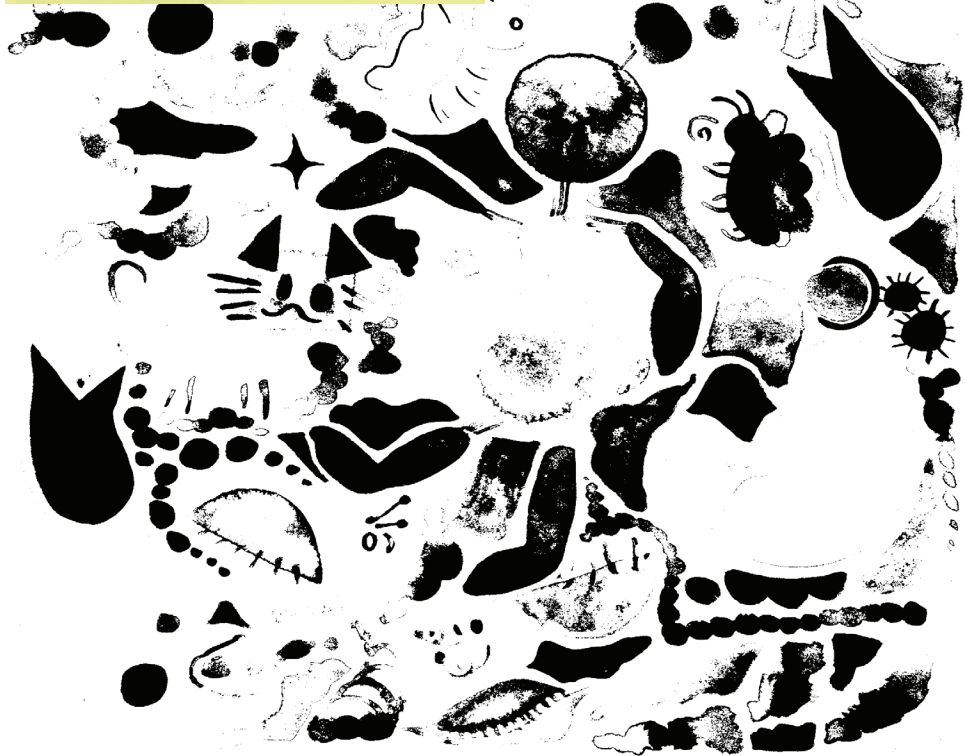
therapist
likes the term
"psychosis"



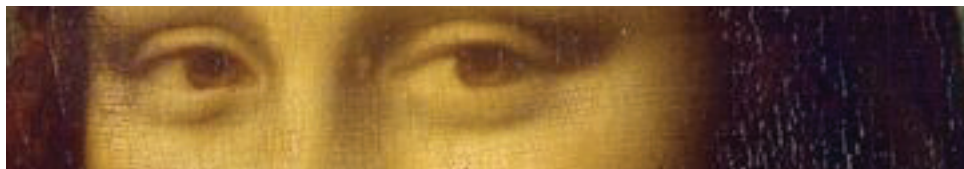
PRO TIP FOR
LIFEHACKERS:

Therapy.





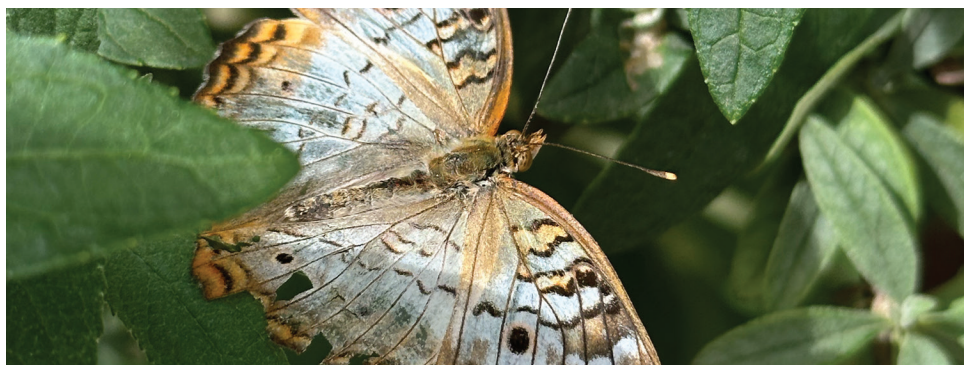
The one up there was inspired by a phone conversation I had with my friend about what we'd be doing if we didn't have to work for a living. Long ago, when I worked as an insurance underwriter and found out that Franz Kafka also worked in the industry, I liked to imagine that we were psychically connected--I, too, was a tortured artist imprisoned in a beige cell and one day I, too, would write depressing existentialist literature.

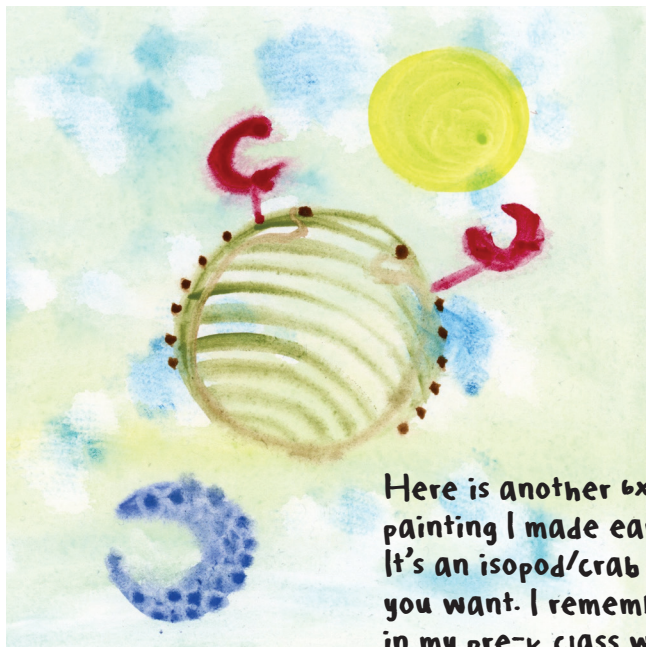


I'm not saying any of that to dismiss the very real differences in quality between entry-level and professional art materials, but simply that anyone with artistic vision is capable of making a masterpiece with a #2 pencil and Crayola products. Nice materials are designed to be used. I deserve to use nice materials and so do you (well, maybe, you might actually suck).



A lost soul spotted a block east of the Natural History Museum.





Here is another 6x6" watercolor painting I made earlier this month. It's an isopod/crab thing, or whatever you want. I remember this one kid in my pre-k class who would always ask me "who" I was drawing. I never knew how to answer her. My many years' wisdom prepares me for the question today. The figure in this painting is named Daphne.*

*I'm lying

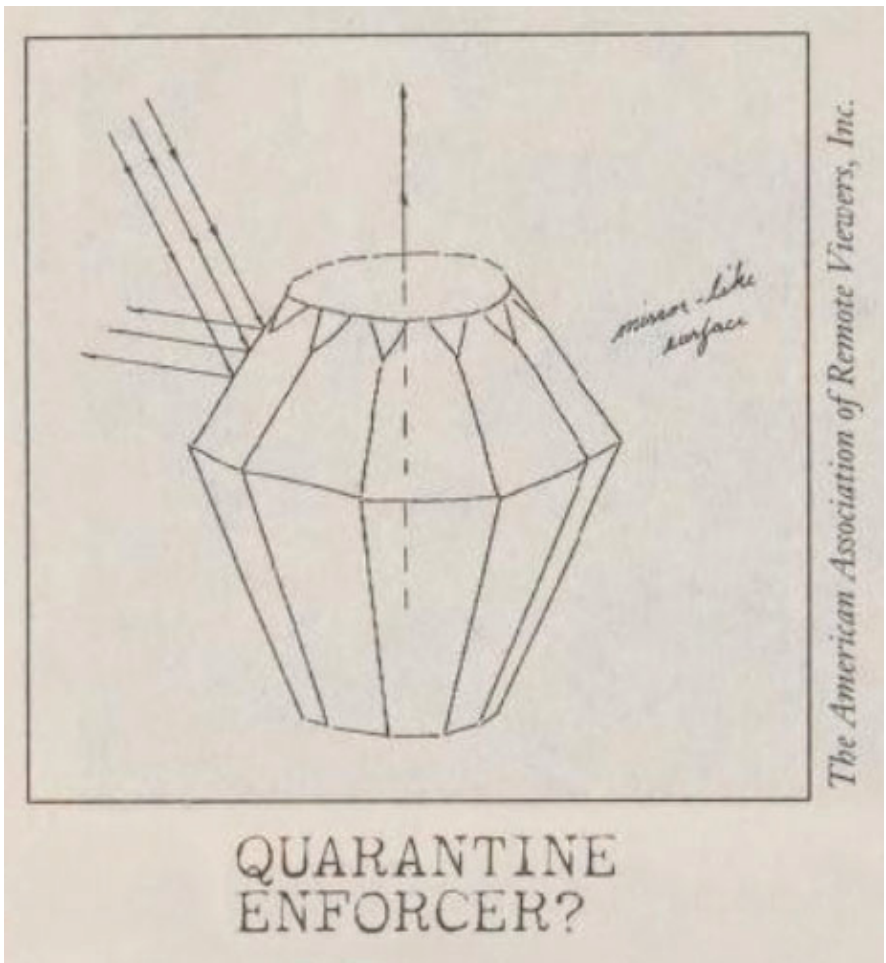
I like David Lynch's approach to these questions, too. RIP.



-Believe it or not, Eraserhead is my most spiritual film.
 -Elaborate on that.
 -No.

David Lynch got a lot of his ideas from dreams and his meditation practice. When I'm looking for inspiration for my projects, I tend to make a mess and then I make collages. I source most of my collage material from used books and trash. A couple years ago, I briefly went through a phase of making collages using text from UFO conspiracy books--my favorite of which was *Alien Agenda* by Jim Marrs.





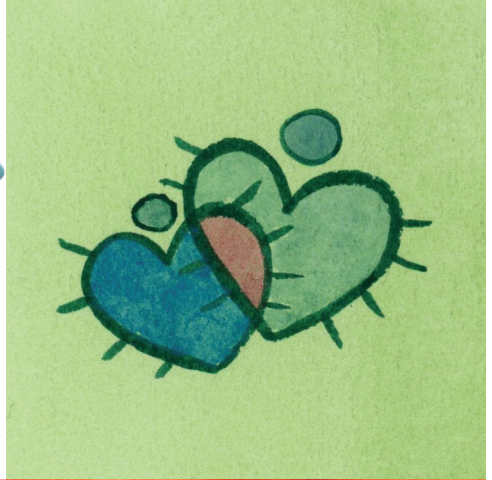
I found my copy of *Alien Agenda* on the ground beside a dumpster in Burbank, CA in early 2020. When I flipped through its pages, the first thing I saw was a diagram for a “quarantine enforcer.” For reasons I don’t need to explain to anyone who lived through 2020, finding this diagram felt oddly appropriate.

Apophenia (*/æpəˈfiːniə/*) is the tendency to perceive meaningful connections between unrelated things.^[1]

The term (**German**: *Apophänie* from the Greek verb: ἀποφαίνειν, **romanized**: *apophaínein*) was coined by psychiatrist **Klaus Conrad** in his 1958 publication on the **beginning stages of schizophrenia**.^[2] He defined it as “unmotivated seeing of connections [accompanied by] a specific feeling of abnormal meaningfulness”.^{[3][4]} He described the early stages of delusional thought as self-referential over-interpretations of actual sensory perceptions, as opposed to **hallucinations**.^{[1][5]}

Apophenia has also come to describe a human propensity to unreasonably seek definite patterns in random information, such as can occur in **gambling**.^[4]

goodbye



Here are some sigils for your personal use. There was a fourth sigil but it was ugly and had menacing energy. I erased it using Photoshop and replaced it with cat stickers.

xoxo old kels