

HEMOGLOBIN

8/07

fun

#4



It's a Friday afternoon and I'm sitting on the floor amongst the chaos of half-unpacked boxes and suitcases sleep deprived and nursing a steaming cup of earl grey while I try to sort through the miscellaneous debris I've collected over the past decade or so.

I've spent the last seven or so months in limbo, and I'm not entirely sure if that's a metaphor.

When the share house I'd been living in with friends for the last three years dissolved late last year I didn't have a lot left under my feet. In the year preceding that it seemed a lot of what - and who - I thought I knew just evaporated, so when the time came to move I had very little to keep me anchored emotionally.

I guess my stuff became my anchor, giving me the impression of a home base as I scrambled once again to figure out what "home" meant to me.

After six months in a dodgy, falling apart sharehouse with an equally dodgy landlord, combination new housemates/old friends somehow landed a ridiculous old mansion in a ritzy dick suburb, so now I have two (hopefully stable) years ahead of me to attempt to rebuild the foundation of my life.

The last six months have felt like purgatory, like I'm stuck halfway between heaven and hell, trying to prove that I'm worthy of something better. I don't know what any of those things actually mean, what worthy is, how to prove it, to whom and what "better" actually looks like. I just know it wasn't that.

uglyzines.etsy.com
guttersniper@protonmail.com

I also make a 1/8 illustration zine called Brainwreck, and a collage/poetry zine called Strange Devices. If you'd like to swap zines, let me know! I love new penpals!

Thankfully, this move seems to have jolted me into... something else.

Truthfully, my life is a fucking mess, but this is the first time I years that I feel like I'm actually in control of the mess. I'm surrounded by friends who care about me, I have a vague idea of what I want in life, and a much more solid idea of who I am as a person than I did six months ago.

As I sit here in this beautiful house with its seven different kinds of wallpaper its faulty wiring, its ridiculously large balconies, I wonder what it would be like to set down roots here. To let myself sink into the soil here, to curl in on myself like a seed for the rest of winter before stretching upwards towards the sunlight when spring comes.

A lot has happened in the last year. God, two years even. I haven't really had the time or space to process it all. Maybe this is my chance to hibernate, ruminate, marinate or a bit, before moulting and leaving the past behind me, where it belongs, once the warm weather and spring rain

returns.

There are two more months of winter left, and I know they will be a challenge. I've been on three different kinds of antidepressants in the last 6 months, and it's only in the last week that the latest one, Pristique, seems to be helping my

suicidal urges and relentless depression. I've spent the last two or so years searching for a therapist equipped to deal with complex trauma after my old one retired from psychology, and have spent around

three years seeking an assessment/diagnosis for Autism Spectrum Disorder. I continue to be baffled by the inadequacy of our healthcare system, and this is one of the major factors contributing to my suicidal ideation.

For now though, I'm trying to find a balance between ruthlessly hurling all the junk I've had to transport between houses off this oversized balcony, and gently letting go of the memories and feelings contained in said junk.

I started this zine with the idea of challenging myself to "just get it out there," to write every week and just get it onto paper and out where people can read it. I also intended it to be *somewhat* light, but given that it's me I'm not sure how light that's actually going to be. So, I'll settle for short and cathartic.

So hi. I'm Quinn, I'm 25, and I live in Melbourne with my beloved housemates/friends and my darling

asshole of a cat, Molly.

Thanks for reading my zine, and I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it.