

The Art Of Zines

By [Stephanie Cubbin](#)

In this post Stephanie shares a beautiful and thought provoking zine created by a group of creative Sixth Form students. Through curation and design students have amplified their voices collectively and have taken ownership of their work. This could be an exciting project for students interested in editorial work or those who like to use their creativity to make their voice heard.

"A definition of the zine is often self-published, counterculture and small in circulation. Many are anti-authoritarian and therefore by in large, attractive to teenagers as a way to explore their own cultural identities and creativity.

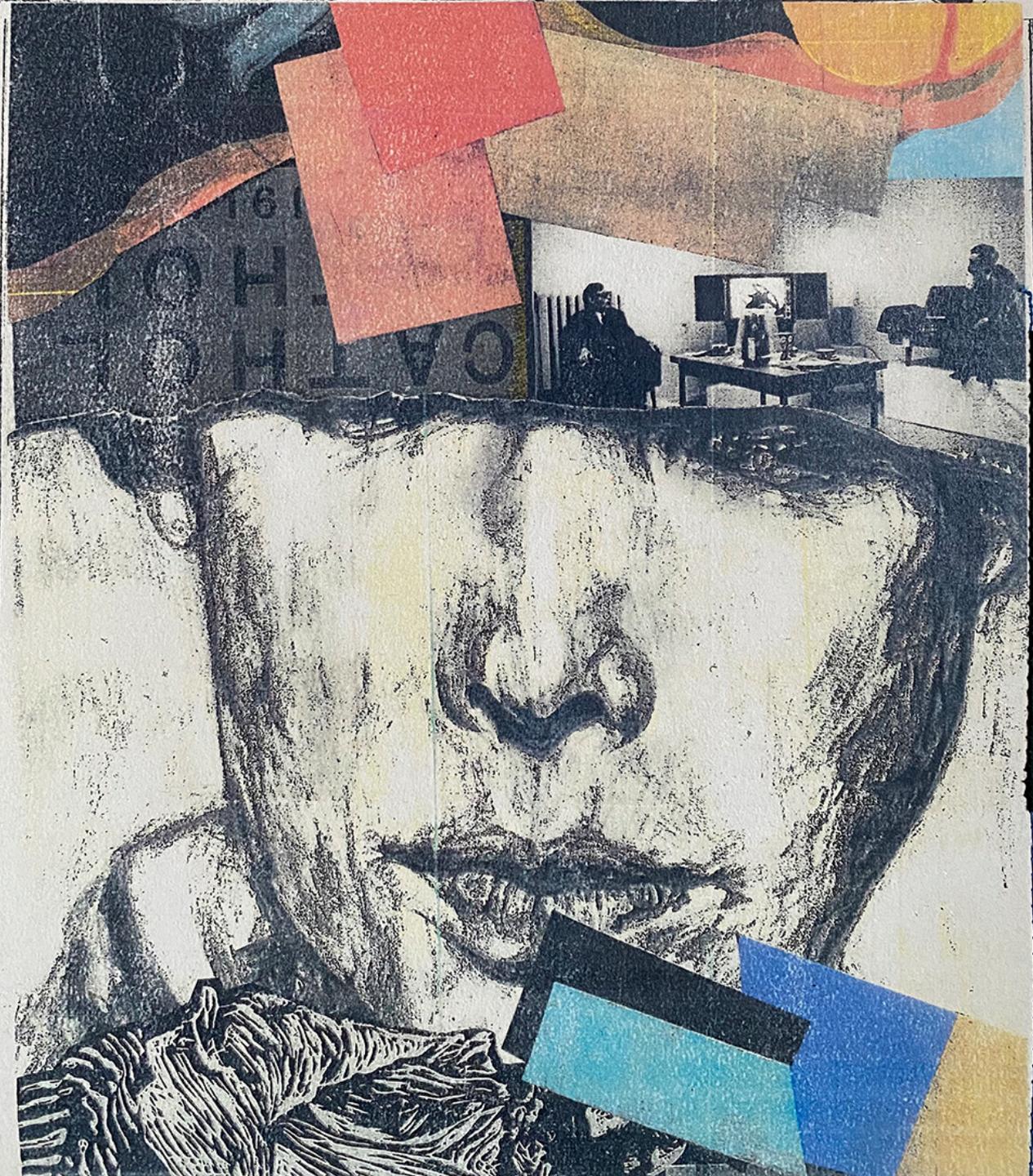
My brilliant colleague is a collector of old discarded books and magazines, and the development of the zine came from her finding a way to use all the wonderful adverts in the donated Oxfam books. This, with a cohort of art students that were excellent creative writers too, saw the beginning of the sixth form zine."

ZENNA

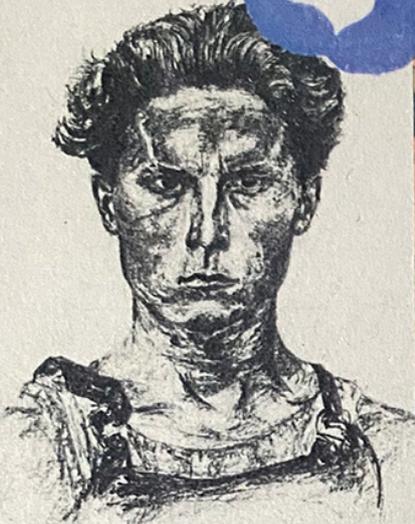


THE MOON IS BLUE

\$3.60



The first Zine 'Zeena' involved selecting student artwork, collecting vintage imagery, using their drawings and paintings from their current project, and then digitising it. The layering and presentation of visual imagery is all completed digitally. The process is repeated for further issues, using the format again and again and the cutting and layering of imagery is an important part of the process.



IWP



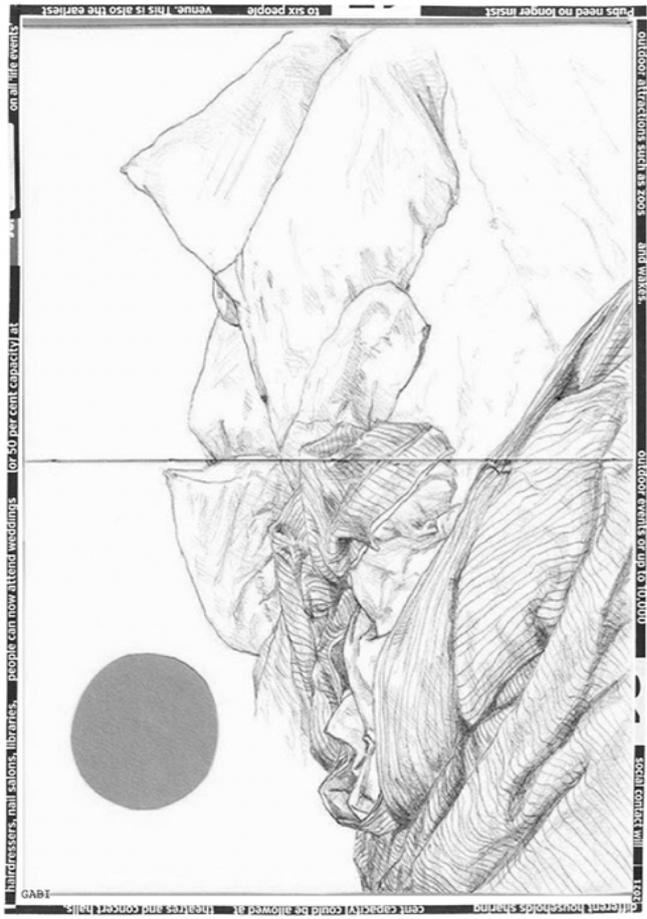
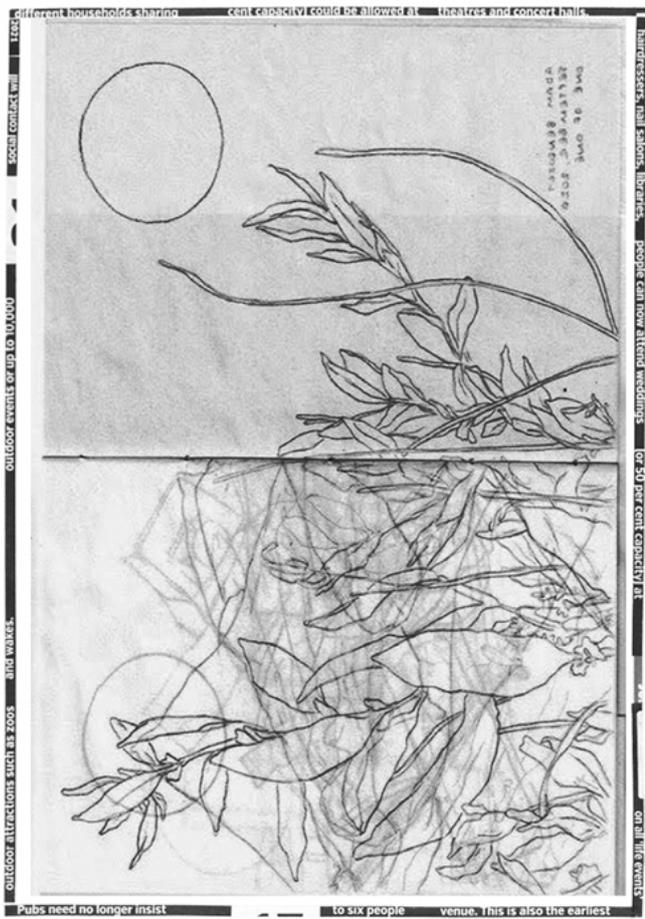
AN OUTSIDER'S EYE, OH TO TRY ON THOSE EYES
WHEN INVISIBLE HANDS MOVE ALONG HER SIDE
EYES NO LONGER SEE.
DID THEY EVER REALLY LOOK?
I TRIED ON A PAIR, I TRIED AND YOU CAN'T.
YOU CAN'T SEE HOW
WHEN ONE MOUTH HAS FOUND ANOTHER
THE EYES, HER EYES, NEVER ROAM.
STILL THESE FACES SIT ~~MADE~~ ^{AT} EACH ANGLE
YET STARE BLANKLY IN AVOIDANCE.

with for
eyes a
little more



IWP





A DOT RUNNING FOR THE DUST

FRIDAY SKY - BARE HEAVEN

AND AROUND YOU - ARTHUR RUSSELL

EVAN THE WITCH - RADIOHEAD

DEAD EDITORS - MASSIVE ATTACK

RED SWITCH KNIVES - NF DOOM

RELAXING - NICHAGU AND THE SHAPES

EYES OF THE WORLD - GRATEFUL DEAD

WISHED - FISH

CROSS BONES WYLE - CAT POWER

The students use this graphics skill in their art coursework books, developing more sophisticated collaging and layering with their secondary resources. Images from photocopies of books cut and drawn into, old manuscripts and sheet music to music printed onto and magazine images used to support the text that has been created by the students.

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COWARD-McCANN



This did not help boost Marilyn's confidence and image of herself however, since she described Marilyn Monroe as a character, someone completely alien to herself. Amy Greene, wife of Marilyn's personal photographer Milton Greene, once described a scenario which perfectly demonstrates the extent to which Marilyn put on a character:

"I'll never forget the day Marilyn and I were walking around New York City, just having a stroll on a nice day. She loved New York because no one bothered her there like they did in Hollywood, she could put on her plain-jane clothes and no one would notice her. She loved that. So as we were walking down Broadway, she turns to me and says 'Do you want to see me become . . . I didn't know what she meant but I just said 'Yes'—and then I saw it. I don't know how to explain what she did because it was so very subtle, but she turned something on within herself that was almost like magic. And suddenly cars were slowing and people were turning their heads and stopping to stare. They were recognizing that this was Marilyn Monroe as

if she pulled off a mask or something, even though a second ago nobody noticed her. I had never seen anything like it before."

What did it mean to 'become Marilyn'? It meant putting on a show intended to reel people in and leave them wanting more, an intention that was fulfilled far beyond the confines of Marilyn's short lifetime. It meant fitting a stereotype, the constant typecast of the dim blonde bombshell, despite the fact that Lee Strasberg, the proponent and teacher of method acting, believed that she had talent. It meant being Frankenstein and Frankenstein's monster, the creator and the creature, painfully aware of the separation between her mental state and physicality, leaving audiences fascinated by their subliminal awareness of this contrast and duality within her. The woman who's I.Q. was almost equal to that of Albert Einstein knew that she would never be known for that, she knew what the public and producers wanted to see, and that was her body. Ultimately this intense pressure only added to her poor mental health, as well as miscarriages, multiple divorces, and constant public scrutiny.

The controversy surrounding Monroe's later years, such as her behind the scenes manner throughout film productions, her drug abuse, her affairs with the Kennedy family and her death, is another reason why she remains so compelling over 50 years after her death. There is nothing a curious mind loves more than a mystery, and Marilyn Monroe is a prime example of one that we can never hope to solve once and for all. Of course Marilyn Monroe left a legacy of beauty in her wake, with each photograph (whether professional or candid) regarded as a work of art, her quotations plastered upon thousands of websites and bedroom walls, and her style channelled in at least one celebrity photo shoot a month. But it is easy to forget that she was more than a just the face of *Playboy* magazine, she was human; she was broken and vulnerable, but she rose to a point of fame that almost crosses into legend. Her intelligence and depth of thought may not have been easily captured through a lens, but her spirit and passion was irrepressible. And although she was fatally flawed, what better personal role model is there than someone who, despite being labelled as a sexual object by so many, created her own path and independent definitions for herself? To me, there are none that are equal to Norma Jean, not even close.

FINAL
DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER
5¢
Vol. 54, No. 26 New York, N.Y., Monday, August 6, 1967
WEATHER: Partly

MARILYN DEAD



Suicide squad

ACTORS run the show

SOCIALIST-PLAYWRIGHT

SAIETY CHORUS GIRL

Theatre in Prison

7

DREAMS—contd.

DRYNESS, Internal parts of (Of parts usually moist)

Waking (While awake with reflections)

Misfortune, of (bad luck)

Falling.

From high places

Events of the previous day

Continued after waking

Death, of

Vexatious

Disease

Fantastic.

Mental exertion

About the

Murder

Nightmares (cf. DREAMS, frightful—947)

Unremembered

Vivid

DUST, Internal, sensation of
Water

DRY SENSATION, Internally.

EXIT



EXI

A 6-WEEK SEASON OF PLAYS in
REPERTORY — MAY 6-15
THEATRE INCORPORATED
Richard Aldrich, Managing Director
has the honor to present
LAURENCE OLIVIER RICHARD BLYTHE
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OLD MAN
THEATRE COMP
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JOYCE REDMAN, MARGARET BURNETT, JONATHAN
GEORGE HELLW, ENA BURTON
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CENTURY THEATRE
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LONDON THEATRE
OFFICE

The Zine has been recently given a revamp and a new name - the Anchoress. Currently students who are interested in an editorial career or those that want to speak out around areas of interest find themselves drawn to the zine as a way to make themselves heard. There is always an appreciation for exciting art and students approach their peers asking to use their work. A collective voice. Currently they are now thinking of selling the zine to their peers to make the printing of it sustainable and even get some extra materials for their creativity.

This man's problem is big—
real big!



all that distinguishes our time, came far more
from here than anywhere else.

To Whom it May Concern

I am writing to inform you
I am writing this so you know
As writing is the only method I have,
My long lost love.

No longer do I long for long winter days
Badge clad name attached to the white fibres of my laundry chest.
Your signature yellow.
No longer do my eyes light up to the cheque you hand me,
Mortified pleasures on the metaphorical Shoreditch.
No longer are we in love, old friend.

No more will I carry out the maze-like coffee tasks in your heated dungeon,
No more nothings made to perfection according to lists, to scales,
No more everything numbered from one! To one hundred!
No more waltzes in the sun as I explain the various parts of me you try to
purchase,
I am one.
The apron I wear bleeds. English tea and the stench of desperate want.
Spring approaches and I know this love affair must end.

No longer will we dance slowly,
As my tears are shed as I shy away from your gaze,
As I stack coffee cups in the order
You tell me I must. My angry face pointed poignantly to the corner of the
room.

No more! No more!
You turn your iron-bar face three hundred and sixty degrees behind a trans-
lucent black shield.
You love me from afar.
I shield myself behind my eyes, from the wrath.
You love me in monochrome.
You love me in synth sequences.

In broken love we are tainted.
In broken love the broken bleak bond of modern-day is real.

Salem Khazali



As a department, we are working to expand the variety, experience and understanding of what art and creativity is. Any opportunities to widen the experiences of students to work cross disciplinary is part of our vision and ethos.

Suddenly the shops stopped and the crowds dissipated. I had reached the end of the street and could see a metal bridge in front, the penultimate crossing before the end in front. I could see nothing beyond except blue, a blue that seemed to scoop under the street where I stood, though I had no way of knowing if that was the case as my view was half severed by the unassuming beige wall in front. At once noxious fumes pervaded my senses and I glanced left to see a towering ink factory with thick, viscous tendrils seeping heavenwards from sulphurous barrels, once beige now almost black, patches of a lighter hue poisoned and distorted by the gas. I looked down at my hands to see the string of sausages I was carrying had become greasy and mould flourished on its exterior. I had traveled all this way seeking for a place

to cook them and now they were ruined. My face was creased with anger as I heard a rumbling groan in front of me. A convoy of police cars crossed ahead, parallel to the wall, slowly as if from a funeral. Their gleaming metal outsides mocked the gross decay the ink factory was committing. Emotionless they proceeded. "How dare you come in white and red!" I desperately cried, but what I said next was forgotten.



nns, blacks, greys a

THE COMPOSITION,
PERMANENCE AND PROPERTIES



JACOB'S PILLOW





Website: <https://stephaniecubbin.org>

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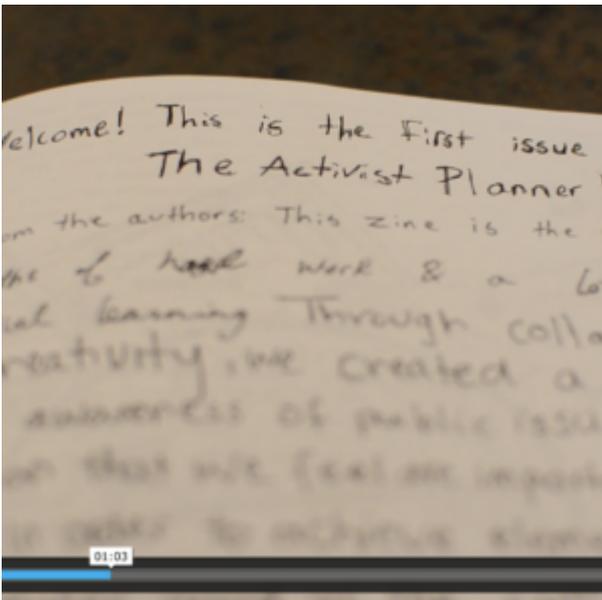


[This is featured in the 'Print & Activism' pathway](#)

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