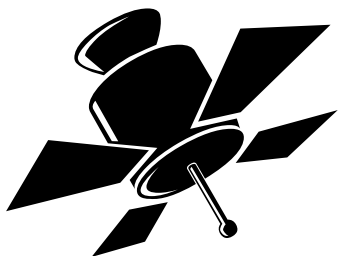


CONGENIAL TELEGRAM NUMBER 02



WRITE A POST!

You can make a new blog, but maybe you already have one that you've forgotten. I bet your web browser remembers the password. Go log in. Write a paragraph. Hit the post button.

When it's been a long time since the last time, you might be tempted to apologise, explain your absence, promise to do better. Don't. Just write about today, this moment. Describe the scene outside your window. Share a fact you learned. Jump into the RSS feed.

by Jess Driscoll on August 01, 2019

Since I made CONGENIAL TELEGRAM 01 last month, I've restarted my email newsletter and sent two issues. So now that it's time to make 02 of this zine, I'm stuck. I'm thinking about how—and why—it's different.

I have a blog. I have an Instagram account. I have an email newsletter. I also have this zine.

What goes where is an extremely online problem. I used to make blogs for every project. I used to own too many domain names. But here is how my internet world makes sense to me today, in the summer of 2019.

On my blog, I post short pieces of text daily. They are written quickly, impulsively, and sometimes posted late. Currently, for the month of July, I'm writing a zine review every day. In June, I wrote poems. Next month—I suppose I'll figure that out in a week.

On Instagram, I post photos. That sounds obvious, but because my blog is so simple on the backend, I didn't want to deal with images, too. So I'm back on a social network. I'm enjoying it again. I post my art—pictures of paper—and selfies.

I'm going to make this zine because I promised myself I would. Because one doesn't have to write every day to call oneself a writer. But one does have to finish what one starts.

There was never a question that I would be a writer. Whether I would make money from my words—another problem all together. I'm still working on it. But I know how to better be a writer in my thirties than I did in my twenties. Mostly, I think that's the brain meds.

But it's also the 37 years I've spent putting words on the page, one after another.

In email, I write a letter to a list about what's going on. It's a personal update, as well as a literal letter of news. When I have a book or a show, I'll announce it everywhere, but there first.

In this zine, I'm going to write about writing and zine about zine-ing. I'm obsessed with process. I want to see inside artists's sketchbooks and writers's notebooks. I save everything that's ever been cut out. I tack rough drafts to my wall.

I'm going to make this zine every month, I said, because I've been writing (most) every day on my blog since I returned from the XOXO Festival last September. If I can write a post a day, surely I could manage a zine a month?

Except today is August 01. I started this issue last week, picked an icon for the cover, wrote three pages, figured out what lesson to put on the back page, and then I stopped. Three pages left, but I couldn't write them. I couldn't fill them. I couldn't decide what I wanted to say next.

I'm a lifelong journal writer. When I was young, I had a diary with rainbow-coloured pages and a lock. When I was a teenager, I covered spiral-bound notebooks with photos printed off the internet. In my twenties, I tried every book in the store, looking for the perfect one, the one I could buy again and again.

In my thirties now, and sometimes it feels like the only thing I've learned is that the perfect notebook is the one in your bag. The other day, I was at my parents's house before I discovered my notebook was at home. It's not a good feeling.