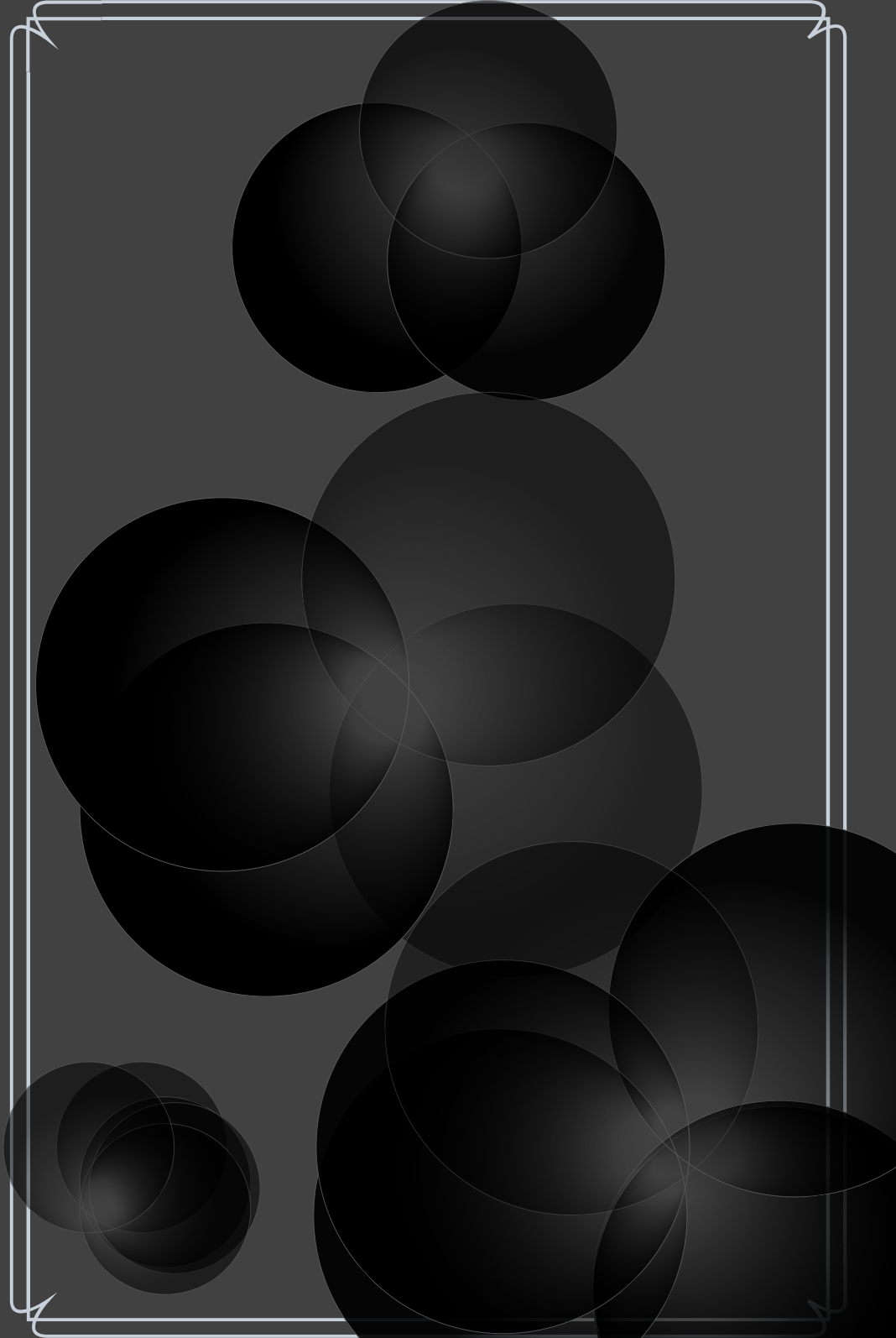




# Better Left (Un)Said

Use this space to introduce your advocacy and share some details.

By: Sadie Kim



Dear Readers,

I invite you to engage. To engage with the space in this zine in whatever capacity you feel you are able to.

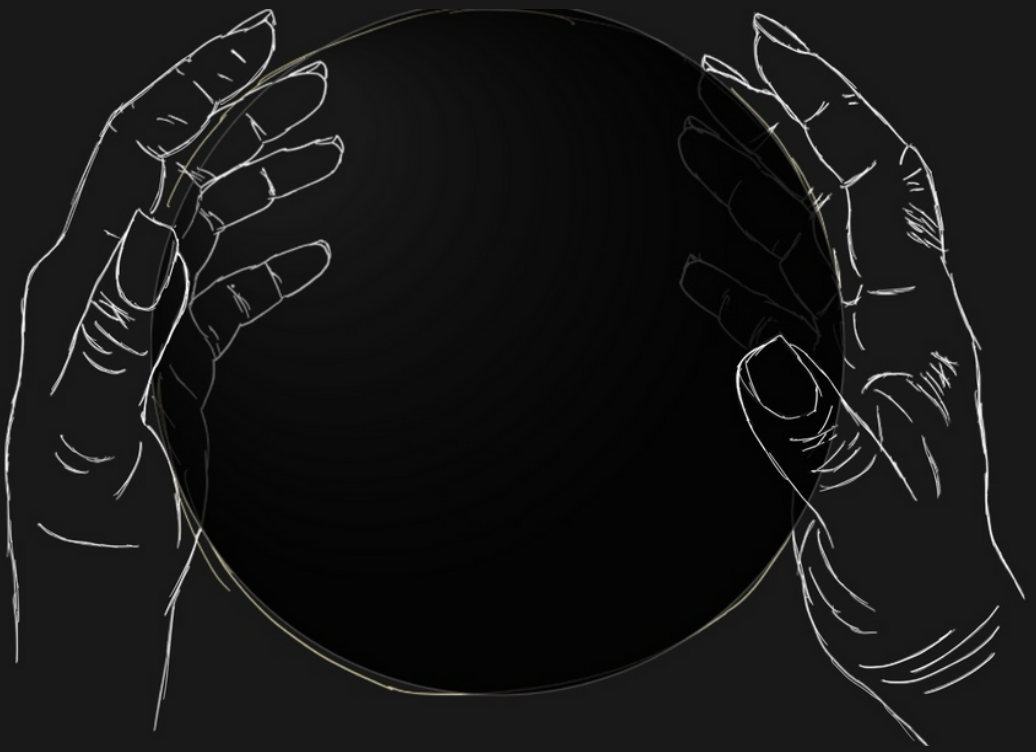
I ponder the idea of how to learn more about disability rights activism and the inescapable darkness that is weaved throughout it: Ableism, eugenics, continued systematic discriminations against disabled bodies, lack of consent with institutionalization, and so much more. We need to be learning about the dark parts just as much as the positive parts as I found myself finding out new information about the US's dark past with eugenics and even Haverford's very own connection to the movement.

And as an ode to my undergrad time at Haverford, one of the skills I could not fathom before coming to here is the ability to hold space. To hold mental space for someone, physical space for those that accessibility does not come as easy to, everyday space for inclusive practices, and metaphorical space for the heavier, darker history of disability studies so that it does not consume you. Holding space is something that did not feel possible, but very much has come into focus as a first year during the era of COVID isolation and even now with various political, humanitarian crisis across the globe. Holding space has become an instrument in my toolbox to aid in better understanding and learning about different communities and respecting the opinions of others.

The inspiration behind this zine lies in the poem known as Zong! by NourbeSe Phillip. It is a book-length poem that details the horrific, traumatic history of a slave boat that threw 130 enslaved Africans overboard to collect an insurance on “lost cargo”. A lawsuit ensued following, but tragically focused on the monetary loss instead of the loss of life. It does so by creating an anti-narrative, leaving intentional spaces on the pages of the poems to signify haunting of space and the retelling of a story that cannot be told (but must be). This was Phillip’s way of starting a conversation that is sensitive to the traumas being articulated both for those who withstood them and those who are learning about them.

Since then, space continues to be a central theme everywhere. Space operating as a physical representation, lack of ink, what was left unsaid, and respecting disabled bodied spaces. It has continued to weave a web, serving as an interconnecting spool tying underserved and discriminated against communities. Through this zine, I hope to use its more accessible, more casual mode to offer a space to engage with the lived experiences of and embodiment of the history of disabled bodies expressed and understood through space in a physical, temporal, and metaphorical sense.

Warmly,  
Sadie



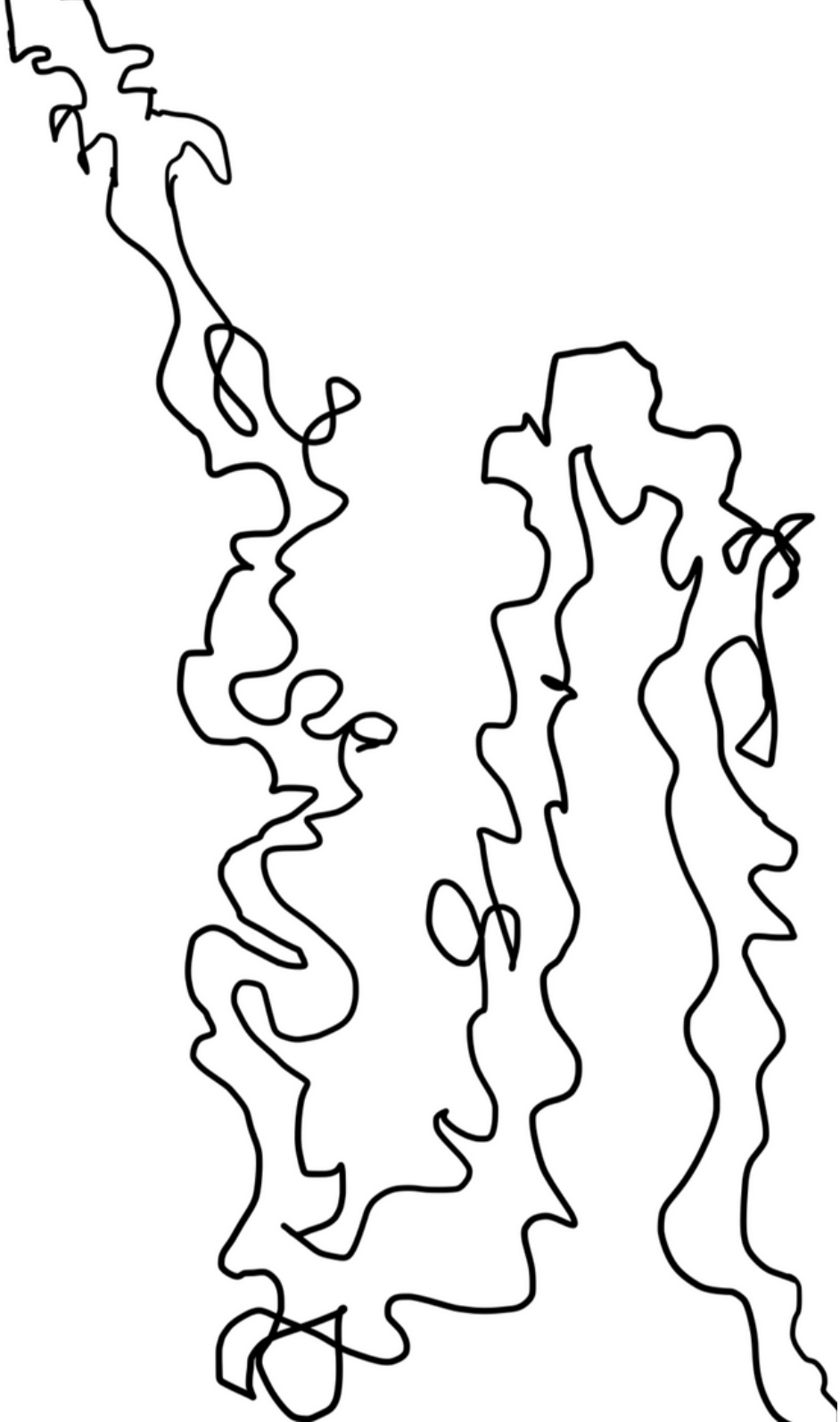
# An Ode to Holding (Space)

I'm not exactly sure when I first heard of the concept of holding space. But, I do know that it is a skill I want to continue practicing. The thoughtfulness and intentionality behind emptying your own thoughts to consider something you are trying to process is something rare in our everyday lives, ruled by the capitalist definition of productivity and time-efficiency. Being able to sit solely with the ideas grown out of this

space is a privilege and I have found such space in classes like Critical Disability Studies and others at Haverford.

In drawing this modeled off of my own hands, I had an urge to continue filling it with lines and ideas inside the space. But, I fought against the urge and tried to make my lines more sparse. I invite you to fill the orb of space with whatever you feel needs to be there.







# Monster

P<sup>A</sup>L

S I E D

G  
O  
L  
E  
M

Asymmetric

~~Normal~~

Abled

People with Disabilities  
Disabled People