

invisibly ill



a magazine based on experiences of invisible illnesses

ISSUE 01



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Thank you to all those who continue to believe in me despite my limitations. Especially the collective at AKA Artist-run centre in Saskatoon, who supported my idea and aided in the distribution of this zine; making it both free and accessible for the Saskatchewan community.

<https://www.artisticdaydreams.com/invisibly-ill-zine>

ig: @gabbydasilvaart

I am so tired.
no, I am exhausted

i have held a disability since 2018. a mostly invisible disability. a functional neurological disorder. i remember initially refusing to accept it. refusing to announce it as part of me. refusing to learn better practices to best care for my new self.

but now i embrace it. accept it as my own. shout it from the rooftops when given a chance.

avoidance was a huge part of my struggles to get here. but what has changed beyond my own self growth? *what has changed beyond the knowledge i have learnt and shared within my circles? has the community embraced accessibility? has my community changed with me? if not, what am i doing to help my community learn along with me? am i doing enough?*

I decided to start this zine as a result of both frustration & exhaustion. Having been kicked out of a major art event in my hometown for appearing overly intoxicated, no one listened to my pleas of disability. My everyday slurred speech and shaky body were no match for the abled voices that argued against me. This event, however, was not the first, or even the tenth time that I was assumed unable; just the most recent. And as an emerging disabled artist, I have had enough.

invisibly ill is a magazine for those, like myself, who hold or have experiences with invisible disabilities.

-Gabby Da Silva, creator of
'invisibly ill'

Poetry of Mine

“eyes on me
eyes on me
how will I ever be
who I want to be
eyes on me
eyes on me

but ears are never
listening”

“yes it's hard to do basic
tasks like brushing my
teeth and washing my hair
but have you ever thought
maybe it's because i'm tired
of lacking both stamina and
control or maybe it's because
the handle is too broad to
fit inside my weathered
grip or maybe it's because
whenever i raise my arms
to scrub my head it feels like
fireants as my nerves revolt
so please do not judge me
by thinking i do not value
my self worth for i do
maybe even more
than initially planned”

“*My loved one
can stay but no
way can I
They say I am too
unable
Leave now or else
They say the cops
will be called*”

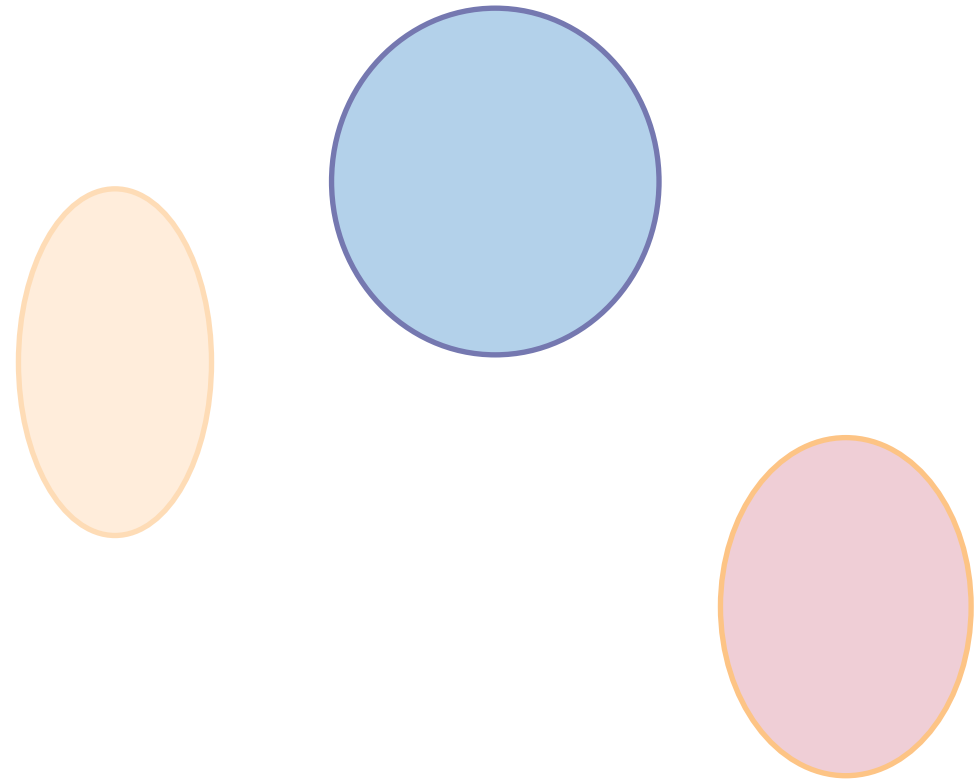
“If I raise my voice,
I *must* want to fight.
If my voice cracks,
I *must* be unstable.
If I try to grab
validation,
I *must* be guilty.
Even validation from a
loved one,
Oops!
I still *must* be *guilty!*”

“Dont criticize me
Dont think this is my doing
It is exhausting
Trying to explain myself
Everyday
Day after day
To people I may never see again
Just cause I wanted to order a pizza
Just cause I wanted a photo to
remember the night by
Just cause I appeared intoxicated
Just cause I was trying to be
proactive
It is exhausting
Trying to explain myself
When majority of the time I'm
still not heard”

disabled, creative

unlike other social identities, having a disability is the one social class that anyone can suddenly/ unexpectedly fall into even with no prior history or knowledge.

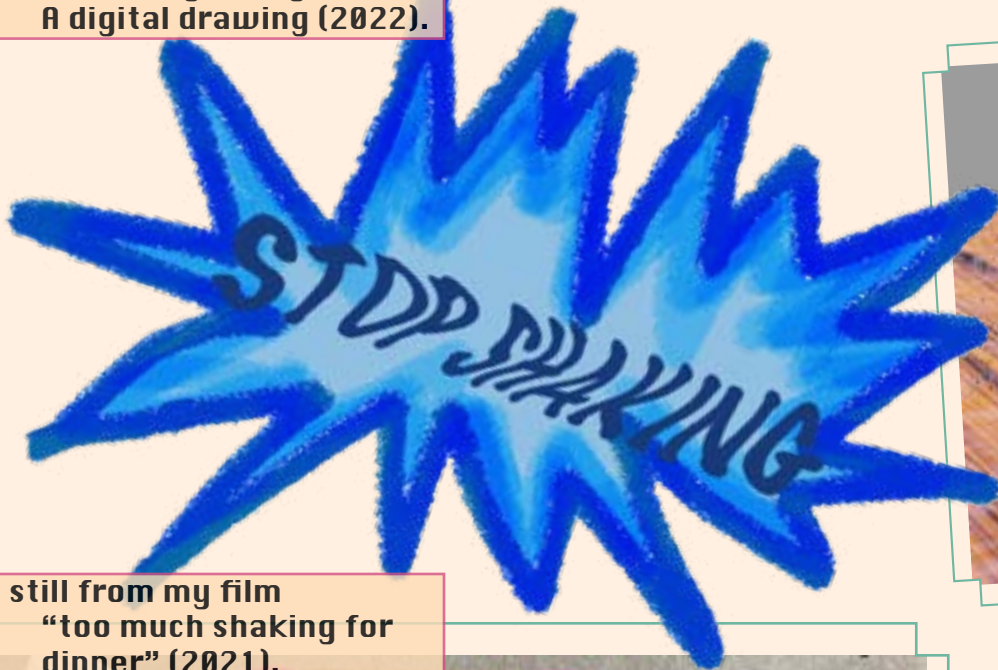
draw! Draw yourself a character HERE. your passions. your (dis)abled self. a lollipop. a balloon, or a snowman. DRAW YOUR DREAM SELF. OR draw yourself as a multi-headed monster. JUST draw! squiggly lines or fine details. draw anything! EXPRESS YOURSELF FOR ALL THAT YOU ARE and clear your head of any unwanted stress <3



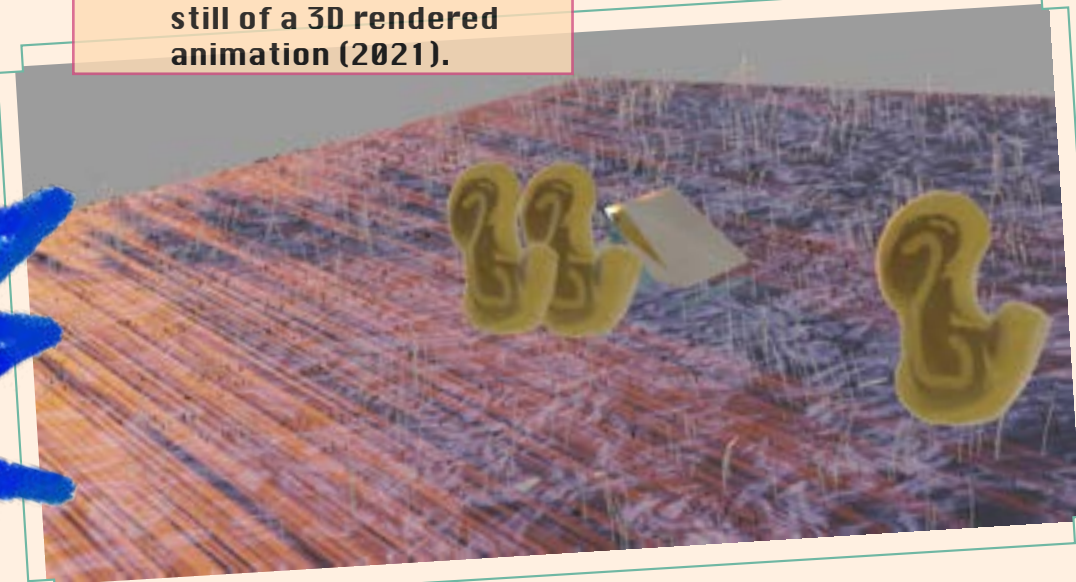
**I believe art making heals me,
but it can also leave me bed bound
for weeks after.**

Stills of Art

>> “Stop Shaking Gabby,”
A digital drawing (2022).



>> “ears at sunset,”
still of a 3D rendered
animation (2021).



>> A still from my film
“too much shaking for
dinner” (2021).



>> A still from my film
“Breadcrumbs” (2021).



Fill in the _____!

Here I am, laying on
the _____. It
is _____ and
familiar. I am unsure
of the time, the lights
are _____.

There is a
familiar scent of _____ drifting through the
air. A _____ I do not recognize approaches me,
and asks what I recall. I close my eyes, _____,
begging myself to remember. I see..._____. Let's
try again. I see... come on, _____, you can do it!
Think! _____! My breath _____ shakes. My
voice refuses to _____. Refuses to _____
me. My _____ are _____. My brain is
foggy. Someone else comes by while I lay here, on the
_____, checking to see if I am _____. Maybe

Ways to Play <3

Solo Play: Fill in the blanks how you feel fit!

Multi-Play: Without any context, ask a friend for random words to fill in the blanks. Bond over the results!

There are no correct answers

they will _____ better than the last _____.
There is a faint _____ in the background. I feel like
a _____ character on its _____ life. I do not
wish to be here anymore. How much _____ until
someone finally notices that I am not _____, I just
need some _____. I am not going to lay here forever,
just give me a few more _____. Everyone processes
_____ differently;
everyone. So, if you are
thinking that there
must be someone
who believes you,
there is.
I believe you.

invisibly ill

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**if you, or someone you know has experiences with invisible illnesses or disabilities, and would like to share these stories to *invisibly ill* please feel free to share!
it is through collaboration and a mutual understanding that change is made.**

