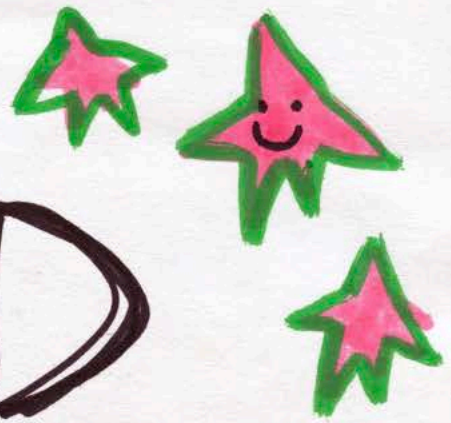


ISSUE

1

2GÜD



made by mols & carah

they/she

she/her



hey girlfriend!

1987



BY THE WAY, IT IS PRONOUNCED GOOD. SAY IT 10 TIMES FAST AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY. ALL PRINTS MADE IN MIKE SILVA'S CLOSET AND ALL LAYOUTS ARE DONE BY ME, DERF. IF YOU ACTUALLY THINK OF IT THEN YOU MAY WISH TO SEND ME YOUR ADDRESS A STAMP AND MAYBE SO ME COLORED PAPER. IF NOT THEN CLOSE THIS RIGHT NOW AND GIVE IT TO YOUR GIRLFRIEND AND TELL HER TO WRITE ME. DERF: [REDACTED] CAMPBELL CA 95008

INTRODUCING


2 GÜD

2 GÜD is a quarantizing. Sarah and I have always been on the ~~same~~ ^{same} creative wavelength but the shitshow that is the world now finally inspired us to collaborate. I don't know what 2GÜD is going to become but it started out as a tribute to my Dad's zine GÜD. Hopefully you stick around!



M O L S





like mols, I literally have no clue what this will be. all we know is that ZGUD will be a mash of .. everything. art, music, & whatever is happening in our brains. expect both nothing... and everything. just know that it'll be Zgud for you B)



S A R A H



As a man moves up...



MUSIC WILL HELP

What I've been
listening to

Tiny Spark - Brendan Benson
A Real Man - Sleater Kinney
Work It - Missy Elliott
California - Mike Kroj
~~Crucial~~ Cruel Summer - Taylor Swift
Lifestyles... - Track Star
I think UR a contra - VW
Mirror Kissers - The Chibs
Maggot - Sinterer
The 'birt - Waxahatchee

- MOIS

WHAT I'VE BEEN
LISTENING TO ☺

FEELS BLIND - BIKINI KILL
LIMBO BITCH - SAMIA
FUK SHIT UP - BLATZ
SEETHER - VERUCA SALT
PROTECTIVE BOY - SKATING POLLY
THE BUG COLLECTOR - HALEY HEYNDERICKX
23 - LIZZIE SNOW
NEEDLE IN THE HAY - ELLIOT SMITH
SOMEONE - DAISY
BOOTLEG BABY - KURO MI

- SARAH

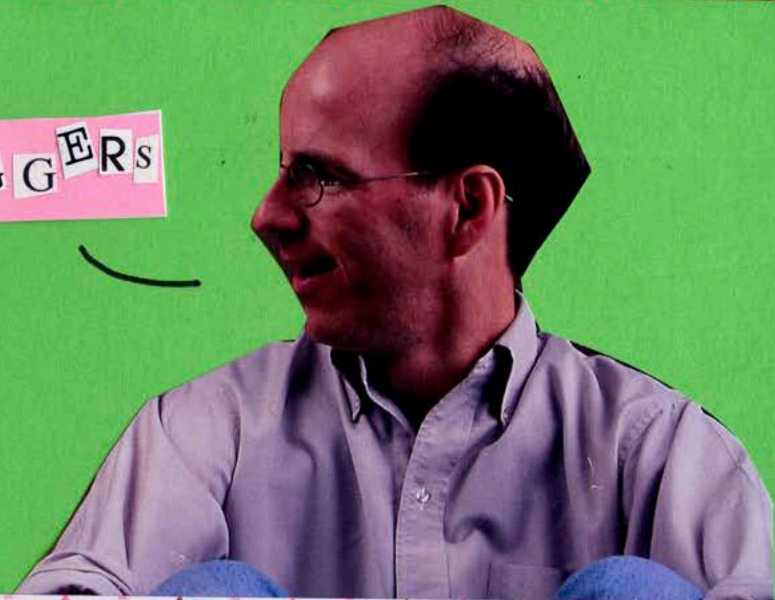
DANCING FEELS GOOD

WHAT DOES ART MEAN TO YOU?

WRITTEN BY SARAH

as a first-gen asian american woman, there are a lot of perfectionist ideologies and high expectations that've been placed onto me since I was a kid so when I create a piece of work, a lot of these expectations tend to get in the way of my process. I get stuck and forget that art isn't meant to be perfect (at least that's what I think) it's meant to express and confront, and I think that's what really drew me towards wanting to make a zine. there's no real pressure to make some flawless masterpiece, and if anything, chaos and imperfection is what you want. the mess and absurdity is the art! what the reader pulls from the pages is what's important - not how neat the spreads are or how "good" it all looks and art like this is something that I find that traditional art forms may struggle with achieving, because it's not the technical skill or training of the artist that's important, but rather the energy, emotion, and overall feel of what the artist is trying to communicate. it's a type of intimacy and connection that their audiences can resonate with

POGGERS



and so I think that's what I kind of struggle with remembering a lot what makes an artist "great" is not their skill or talent, it's their grit you can be the most talented artist in the world, but without perseverance to fight through all the setbacks and "art blocks", there's nowhere to really take that talent and it's not just grit that makes an artist great - there's also authenticity. art is a form of self-expression and communication what are you trying to say? what do the people need to hear? it's crucial that when we create a piece of work, it is true to ourselves. otherwise, what's the point in making it in the first place? to have it be mass produced again and again to be sold in the furniture aisles at target?

spare me the misery

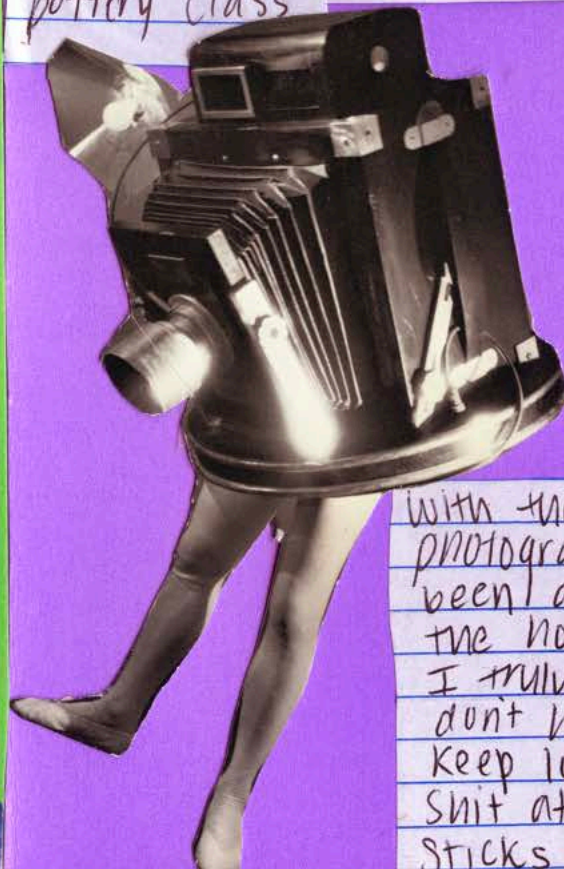
WHATS UR THING

BY: MOIS

Throughout my entire life I've been surrounded by creative - music and art making aunts, uncles, and family friends. As I grew older I saw my peers find their creative hobbies. I had a close friend that was an amazing artist, one who was great at writing, and one who could kick ass playing guitar. But, I had nothing. I tried karate, school band, church choir, and nothing stuck.

I spent hours sitting in bed contemplating my life purpose knowing that at some mysterious time in my teenage-hood I would find a hobby that fulfilled me. That "a-ha" moment never came. But, a long process of trial and error did.

It started out slow. I bought disposables for trips to Disneyland and shows. I had my dad customize them with colored gels over the flash. I didn't think much of it until I started counting down the days it would take to get the film back (2 weeks if you send them from Walgreens). I could actually see myself progressing which was something I could not see in 3rd grade band or a parks and rec pottery class.



With the help of my dad's photography expertise I've been able to cultivate the hobby into something I truly enjoy. If you don't have your thing keep looking for it, throw shit at the wall until it sticks. Hell, it took me 17 yrs

1008



Questions??



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