

It fosters wonder..



It links people across great distances quietly, like a game of paper airplanes.

It slows time.

Checking the mailbox becomes a tiny daily ritual.

Waiting for the mail builds gentle anticipation.

Mail honors small gestures. It doesn't rely on likes or algorithms.

There's something romantic about putting a piece of yourself into an envelope and sending it out into the unknown, and it arrives!

It resists urgency.

Letters, zines, and postcards, can be kept, reread, and revisited. They become tiny records of someone's thoughts and emotions.

Mail > instant everything

Mail lives on in drawers, shoeboxes, between pages of books, + hearts.

Mail feels like magic.

It builds an alternative community to the one found online.

Receiving something in the mail gives your mood a little boost.

♥ MAIL IS IMPORTANT ♥

Mail creates tangible connections.

It's a piece of physical evidence of our existence.

It's something special for you to keep.

A handwritten letter, or zine, communicates care and time. Writing, addressing, stamping, and drawing take effort. The slowness of it all is meaningful.



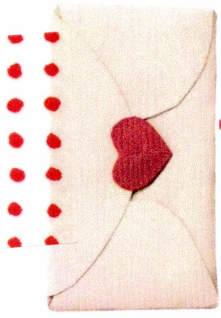
### THE LETTER, 1968

That he wrote it with his hand and folded the paper and slipped it into the envelope and sealed it with his tongue and pressed it closed so I might open it with my fingers.

That he brought it to the box and slipped it through the slot so that it might be carried through time and weather to where I waited on the front-porch step.

(We knew how to wait then—it was what life was, much of it.) So, when the mailman came up the walk and didn't have it, he might have it the next day or the next, when it bore the mark of his hand who had written my name, so I might open it and read and read it again, and then again and look at the envelope he'd sealed, and press my mouth to where his mouth had been.

—Marie Howe



toronto, canada



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