

February 2020

vol 4

# HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???



what if i die here???

a zine by

Ray & Shay Daylami-Frost

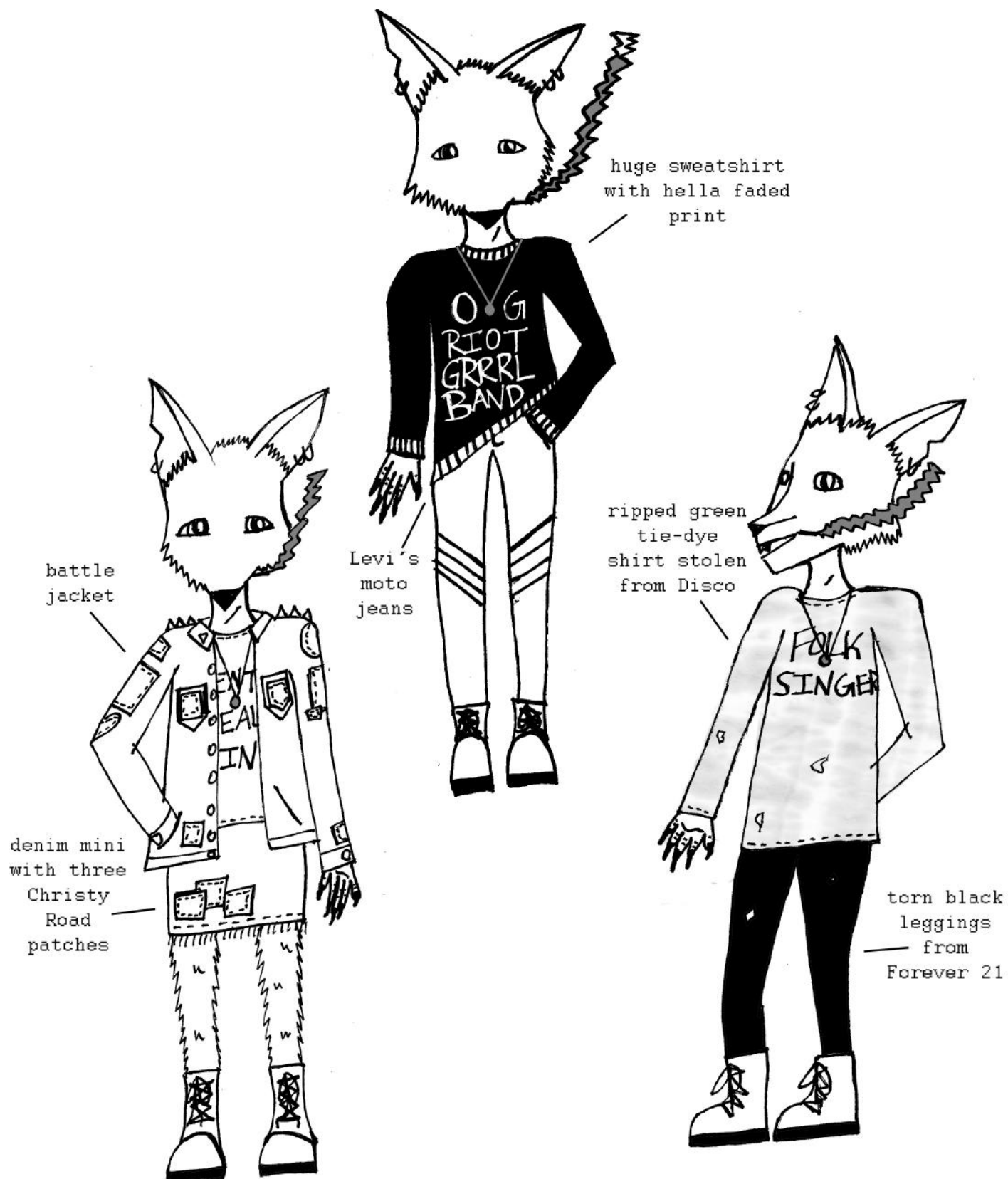


HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???

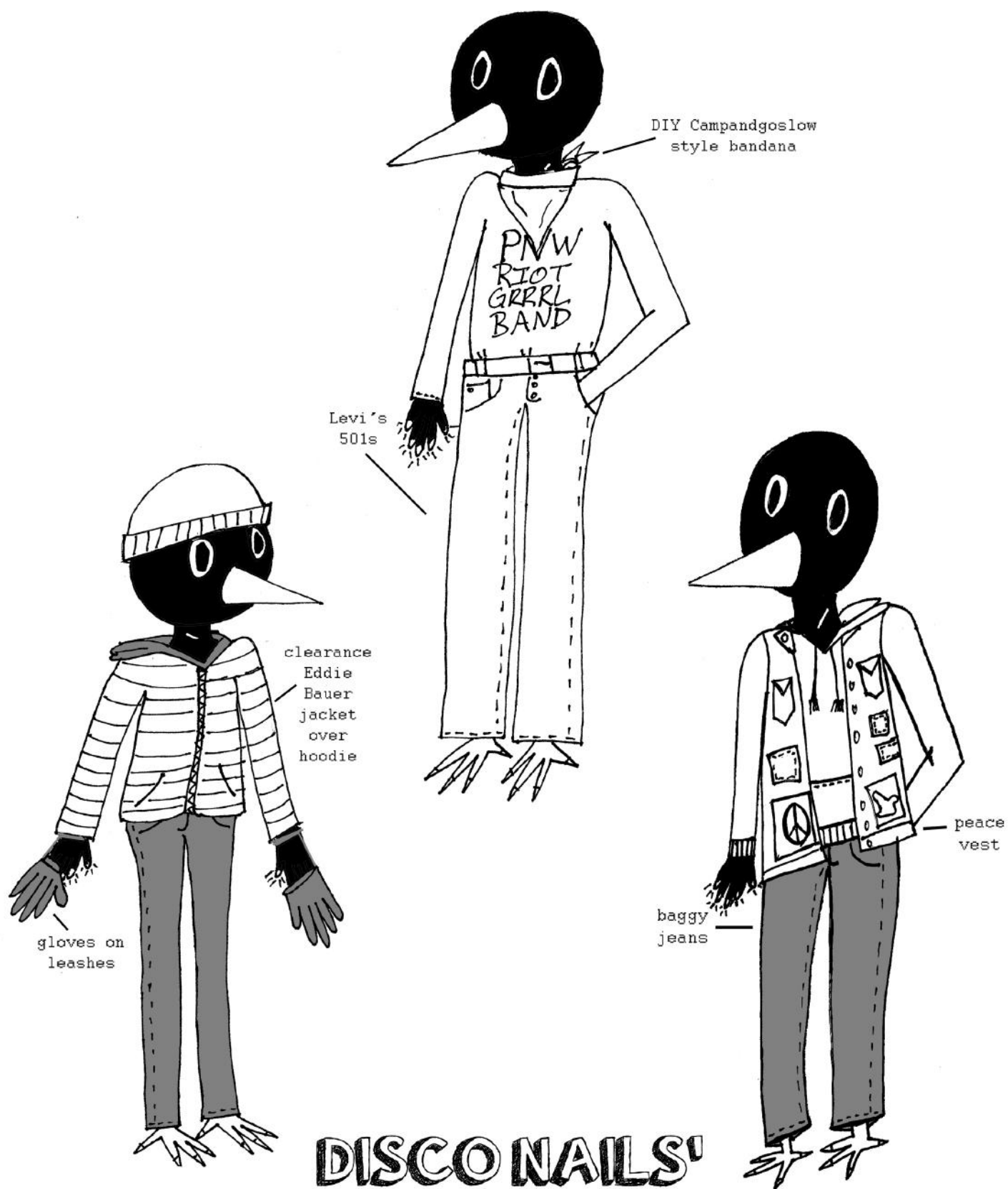
vol 4: what if I die here???

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# COYOTE UGLY'S FAVORITE WINTER OUTFITS

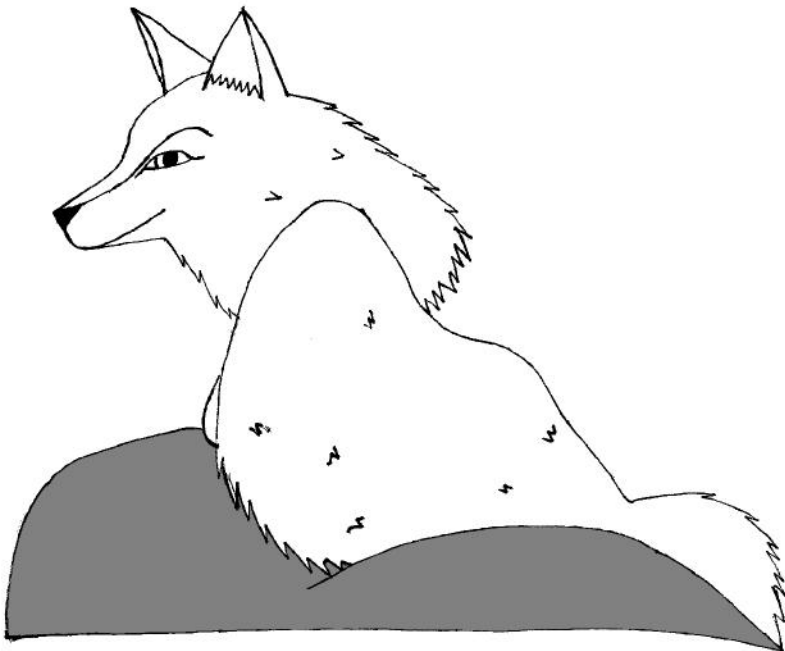


# DISCO NAILS' FAVORITE WINTER OUTFITS

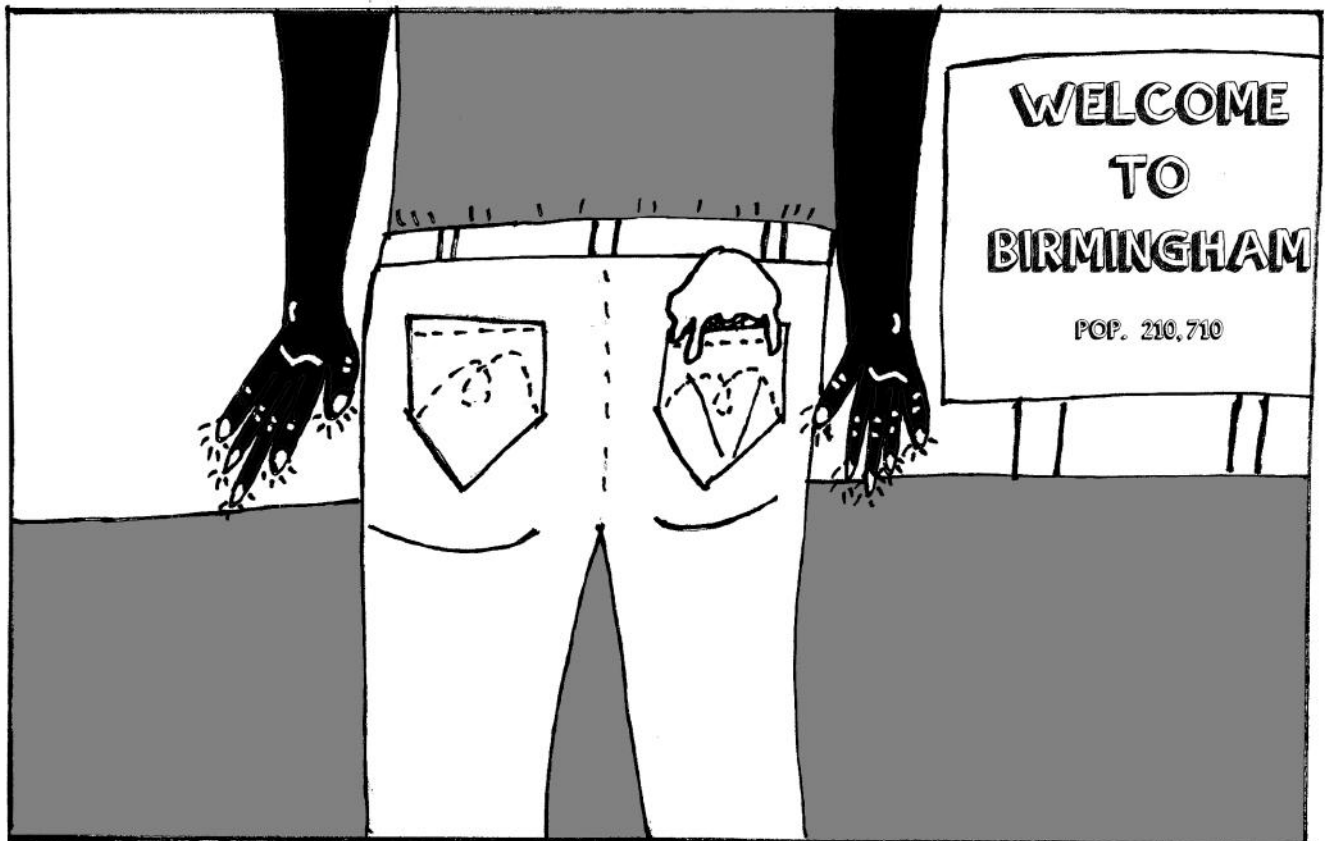
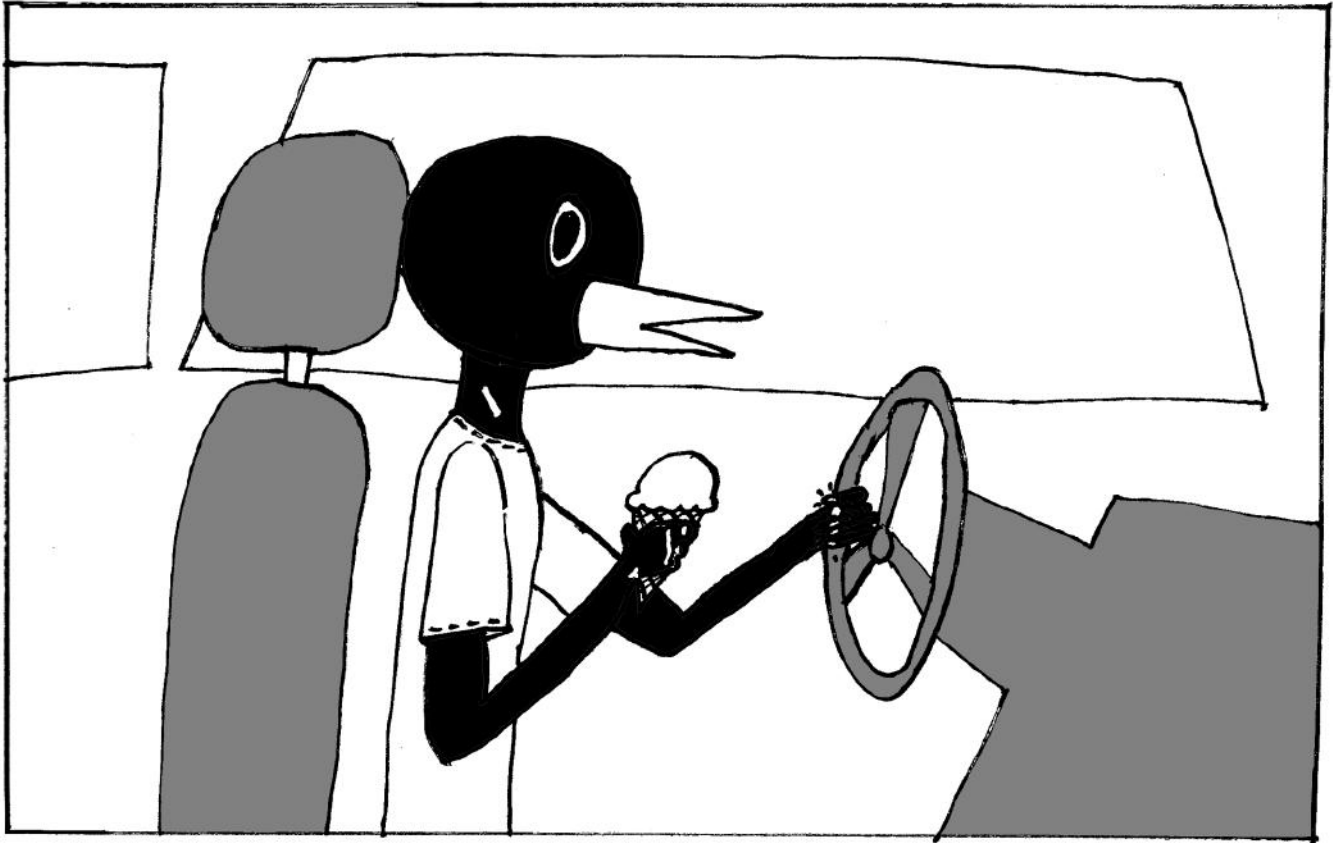
## High Desert Homesickness

Displaced desert dweller, home at last.  
Homesickness is too mellow a term  
for the longing I felt for my native landscape—  
mountains that I vaguely knew the names of;  
plants I knew only by sight and smell;  
a brilliantly blue sky that triggers synesthesia,  
vibrating at the same frequency as  
the thread that forms my lifeline.  
I knew little except that I had to get back.

High desert, deserving of highest praise,  
but I lack the words.  
One day I'll write an ode more worthy of this  
place;  
when I can name your hills and valleys,  
identify the brush and trees and when they bloom,  
catalog the other creatures who you welcome home.  
A more educated appreciation for an ecosystem  
that makes me feel like part of something bigger.  
Displaced desert dweller, home at last.



# I LOVE BREAKING THE LAW



\* In Nevada, it is illegal to eat while driving as part of the "inattentive driving" law.  
In Alabama, it is illegal to carry an ice cream cone in your back pocket.

# BRUCE/TED THE CAT

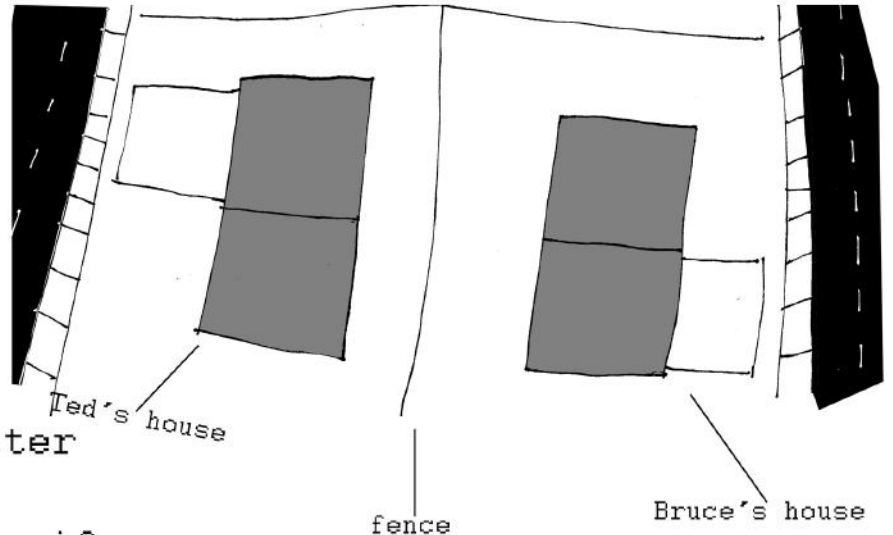
When I was in college, I noticed some "lost cat" flyers looking for a cat named Bruce in my neighborhood. A few weeks later, Bruce was still missing and another family had hung up posters looking for a cat named Ted. Ted and Bruce looked almost identical.



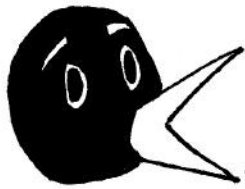
From walking the neighborhood, I figured out that the two addresses from the posters shared a fence along the back edge of their backyards.



Bruce/Ted had two families and each thought he was missing when he'd really just hopped the fence for better kibble. What a con man!



I still wonder sometimes if either of his families ever figured it out.



**DO YOU LOVE TO RIDE YOUR BIKE???**

**DO YOU WANT TO GET PUBLISHED???**

We're looking for contributors for our new zine feature "Reno Ride Report!!!" We'll pay you with a contributor copy, free merch, and our eternal gratitude!!!

Email [zeppystarduststudios@gmail.com](mailto:zeppystarduststudios@gmail.com) for details!!!



March 14, 2018: The Drag Show

It's one of those moments I'll never forget. I was sitting at my sewing table under the window in our Berrum apartment when a number I didn't recognize popped up on my screen. I was putting the bias finish on the armholes of the vest I was making my partner for their birthday. Bright yellow bias tape on purple denim. My caller ID listed "St. Louis, Missouri" as the origin of the phone number. I normally don't answer numbers I don't recognize because they're usually some kind of scam; but I thought, "this might be the MFA program I applied to." So I picked up.

It was early afternoon, which was my favorite time of day in that apartment. I loved the way the light streamed into the living room through its west-facing window. The view out that window was gorgeous. Sugar maple branches, just starting to get buds, brushed the railing of the second-floor landing. Stellar's jays perched in that tree, close enough that I learned each regular bird's little idiosyncrasies in the year we lived there.

The call was from the graduate program I'd applied to. The program director had called to personally invite me to attend; he was very excited about my work. I was thrilled. At the time I'd applied, this was the second best MFA program in the country. Of the five programs I'd applied to, it was also the only one that accepted me. Being accepted by this program made me feel like my work was good—important, valuable—like I was a worthy, successful, and useful person. I was so excited that I wanted to accept on the spot, but I also wanted to come off as aloof and mature, so I said I'd think about it and get back to him.

After I hung up with the program director, I called my partner at work to tell them the news. I think they were happy for me, but also taken by surprise. We didn't talk long because we were meeting for dinner and going to the drag show at the university where they worked later that evening.

When my partner worked at the university, I would take the bus to the station and walk up to campus through downtown. There was a boarded up flophouse on Center where four cats lived. They were large, orange long-hairs that looked like our cat Zeppy; my partner and I referred to them as "Zeppy's babies" and I looked for them in the yard every time I walked past that house.

I always smoked a cigarette walking across the bridge over the freeway because it made me nervous, because I had the urge to jump. I always calmed down and felt safe when I got onto the campus; when I saw Frandsen Humanities—red brick covered in ivy—the building that had been my home as an undergrad.

I met my partner as their office was closing and we went to a bar near the campus for dinner with some of their coworkers. We had pizza and potato skins. I had a beer and my partner took a quarter square of a strawberry-flavored edible candy bar with puffed rice inside it. Then we walked back to campus for the drag show. Trixie Mattel was the emcee and students were performing as most of the main act. My favorite was a queen named Helena Handbag who lip synced to Hi Fashion's "Amazing."

My partner had been complaining of a stomach ache since we left the bar and had only been experimenting with weed for a few months at the

time. Midway through the show, they left and started vomiting. Through a flurry of texts, we decided to bail on the drag show and go home. I found them looking pale near the bathroom sinks. I brought their coat, water bottle, and backpack, so we could leave straight away.

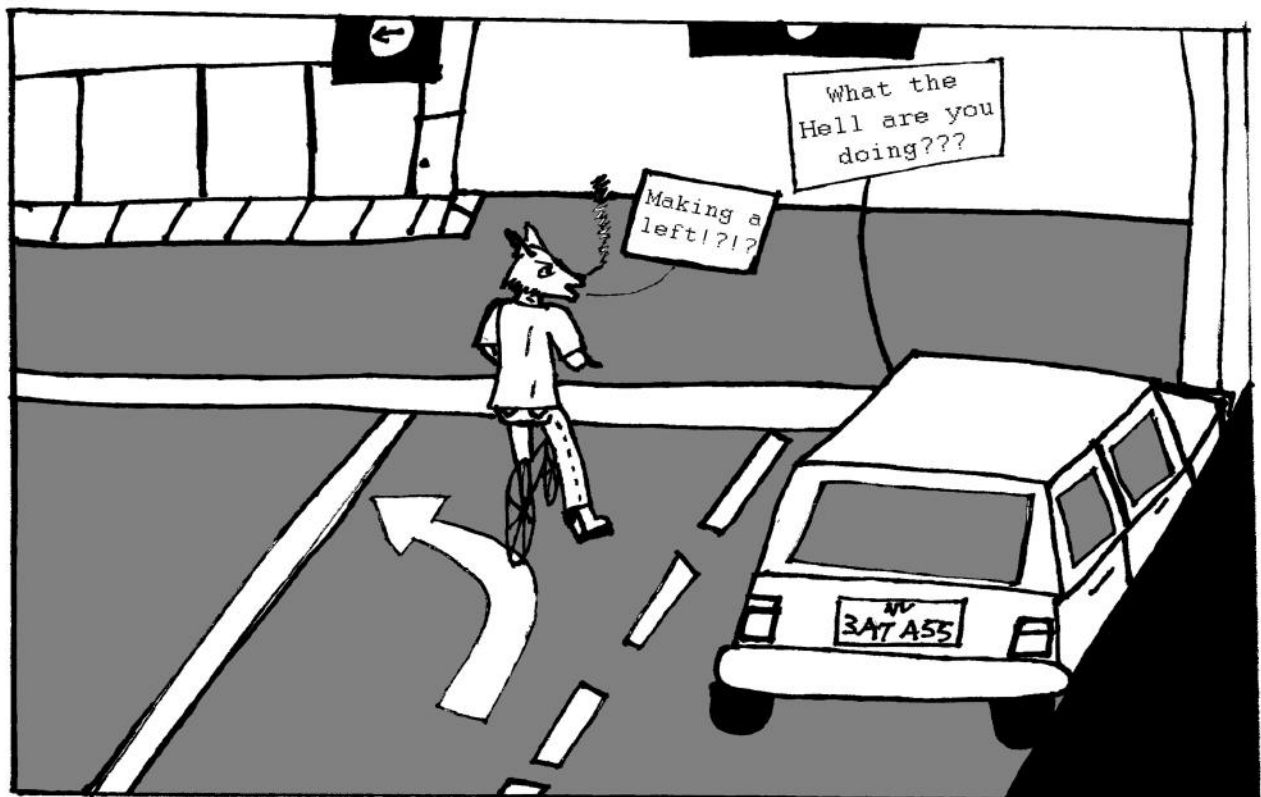
We stumbled across the campus in the dark to retrieve my partner's fixed gear. We'd missed the last bus that stopped at the campus, so we had to walk to the bus station, stopping briefly at Walgreens for gatorade and saltines. By the time we got to the station, we had also missed the last bus that stopped on our street, so we had to take the Rapid, which ran up and down the main road through town. We got off about a mile from our apartment. It was a long, slow mile as my partner shuffled along in agony and I walked their bike.

But it was a beautiful spring night, brisk, not cold; black velvet sky filled with low-hanging silver stars. At the time, we didn't appreciate the beauty. We didn't understand the gravity of our unspoken decision to move yet. We didn't know it would be over a year and a half before we went out like that again; that we wouldn't feel safe going out at night intoxicated in St. Louis. Wouldn't do it again until we got home to Reno. We had no idea how special our city was. We had no idea it was home.

# ZEPPY HELPS WITH THE LAUNDRY



# LEFT TURN



# DISCO NAILS vs. MECHANICAL MONSTERS

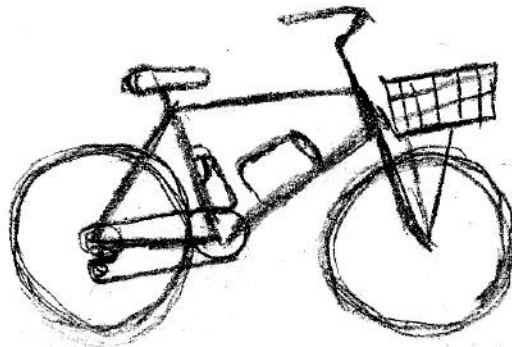
THREE FEET  
BUTTFUCK!!!



# RENO RIDE REPORT

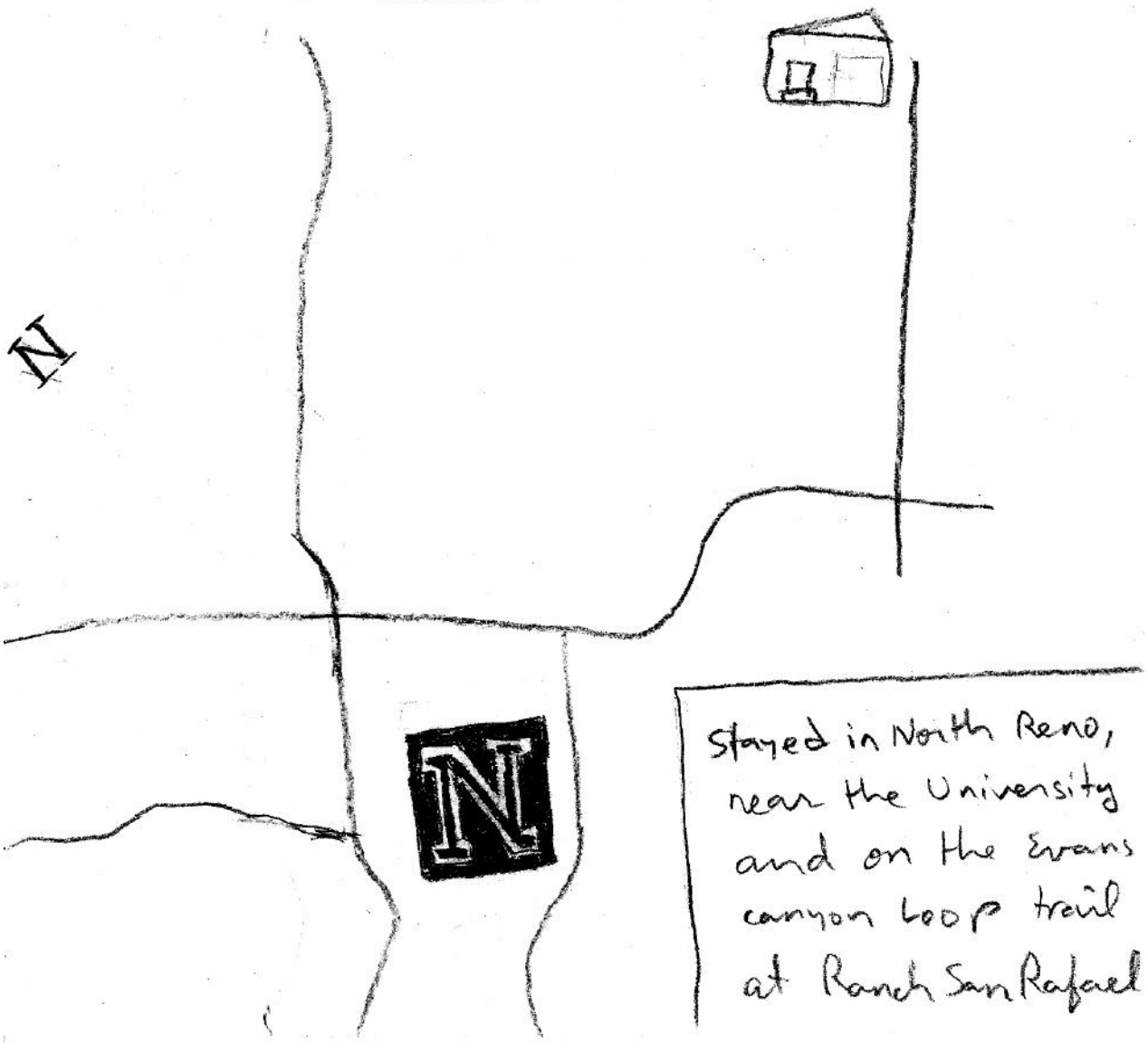
January 20,  
2020  
by  
Shay

what I rode:



my '93 Specialized Rock Hopper  
with front rack & Wald 137 basket,  
SOMA Fab Oxford handlebars,  
10cm Nitto MT10 Dirt Drop Stem,  
XT low normal rear derailleur

where I rode:



## By the Numbers:

Dogs seen (far away):  $\sim \infty$

Dogs seen (up close): 1

Rabbits seen: 1

Snakes seen:  $\emptyset$  (too cold still)

Bug bites:  $\emptyset$  (also too cold still)

Crashed:  $\emptyset$  times

Stumbled: 1 time

✓ Walked: 2 times

Snacks eaten: 3 or 4

Miles traveled: ???

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I left the house around 1pm with plenty of snacks and extra layers and no particular destination in mind. I had recently gotten back into reading Grant Petersen's various strong opinions, so I was in the mood to...just ride. I ended up taking my muter with slick city tires on a little "Hillbike" adventure that Grant probably still would have had some thing or other to say about. My only complaint is that I didn't let air out of my tires. Soon enough (it took bouncing between ruts to remind me that was a thing) and that the knobbies on my hardtail could make my muter a really nice little all-terrain bike. I turned back when I got to a snowy+muddy section that I didn't think my slicks could handle.

# 1-800-GOT-JUNK





## Cornucopia

*People say I'm heavy...*  
*They don't know what I hide...*  
was echoing in my mind.

Our window was broken,  
but the glass stayed in the frame,  
letting the cold seep through the cracks,  
the streetlight cast spider webs across our bed,  
sheer luck held the shards up.  
and it was the band that held us together  
that held me fixed on the sheets.

Hips leveled against yours,  
even though, our red thread snapped long ago,  
I could feel the frost pouring through the cracks.  
I watched our tangled bodies break the web,  
my scars glistening in the slivers of light.

I remember when this was more than just an act  
long before the dread of harvest death engulfed  
me,  
there used to be feeling behind the meaningless  
whispers,  
kisses on unknown flesh, tangling of fingers.  
But that time seems so far away,  
as if those figures were characters in a book, not  
you and I.

Yet, under the window, all I could pray  
was that warm air would pour in  
and the glass wouldn't fall.

When the chord drops on the B-side,  
my stomach drops with it,

the decay feels so thick,  
I can almost feel the glass raining down on me.

\*\*\*

## High Desert Winter

I missed the dry cold  
where you come in from your ride sweating  
and drink ice water to put that cold inside you  
as if swallowing it can make it a part of you.

we glide through the ink blue night,  
down the side streets,  
under the old arch,  
we've stepped back in time,  
you and I and our bikes  
are the only inhabitants of this anachronistic  
twilight world.

rain taps the windshield  
we sit in the front seat eating gelato  
with little lime green plastic spades  
yours—creamy mint chip  
mine—tangy golden mango.

tomorrow, we will sit outside in the sun  
eating artisanal croissants,  
the light keeping us warm.

(1) Shouting at the top of my lungs but my mouth  
hasn't opened--  
screaming at the abyss but I'm silent and  
nothing's been said--  
nothing has changed and I wonder sometimes why  
I'm screaming--  
and why if I'm screaming can nobody hear--  
is it all in my head?

(3) Pass the hours  
pass the salt  
What do we say?  
*Please.*

(4) My poems—and I use  
the term loosely,  
meaning they're too  
long and erratic to be  
sentences but too short  
to be stories (not that  
they have much of a  
plot anyway, nor much  
in the way of  
beginning-middle-end  
neither) so they've got  
to be poems by default  
really. They break the  
conventional rules  
enough to be poems, and  
my poems all seem to be  
about the same ultimate  
broken convention of  
ending one's own life,  
when the time comes.

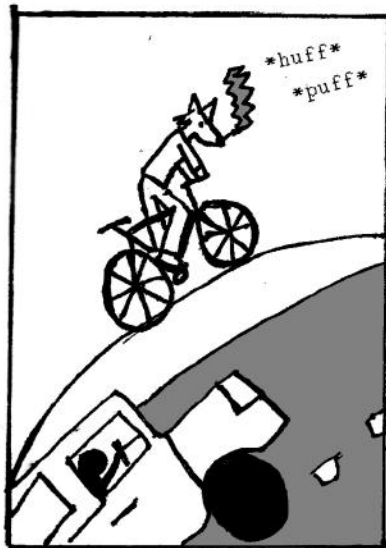
(2) Who's to say  
really say for  
sure  
whether or not  
you're wrong or I'm  
right or who's mess  
got tracked in the  
house and on the  
sofa and smeared on  
the walls like so  
much rxxxxxx shit.  
Who's to know  
really truly  
know  
what I mean when I  
say what I think and  
I think what I mean  
and I mean to do  
better but better is  
really a relative  
concept, isn't it?  
Who's going to stop  
me—really be able to  
get in my way  
once I decide that  
this—all of this—is  
bullshit that I'd

And it's not that I'm trying to be morbid, or to shock and affront with my cavalier handling of taboo subjects. I just write what pops into my head stream-of-consciousness style and it just so happens that that particular consciousness streams into my head pretty damn often. Like, every-other-thought often sometimes. Or other times I'll go for days think lots of the think-thoughts and none of them being that one until **BAM** I'm blindsided by a big ole "go kill yourself." Luckily I've adjusted enough to these random rude and terrible thoughts that I usually just brush it aside like an annoying cat hair caught in a draft but you know, it's the constant referring to it that takes away

like to abstain from?

all its power and allow me to go on going on when the morbs sneak up on me unannounced and uninvited. So if you feel my attitude excessively flippant, you'll understand if I respond that you can kindly fuck off. When it's your thoughts in your head, you get to decide how they're treated. For me and mine, humor and casualness keep me from becoming a casualty of my own sick brain.

# "YOU GO, GRRRRL!!!"



Like first of all, I'm not a fucking "girl" and even if I was, why the fuck do men think it's okay to roll their window down and yell shit at people they don't know??? It's just a gross display of power and intimidation-especially from a person in a car to a cyclist or a pedestrian because they could run you over and kill you if they wanted to. And I really hate it when it's something "nice" like that because then when I get upset men can use it as "evidence" that feminists are overly sensitive snowflakes and they didn't do anything wrong, when in reality, I just want to ride my bike in peace.

Is that too much to fucking ask???







# Thanks for reading!!!





We hope you enjoyed our brain dribblings! If you liked this zine, share it with your friends. If you really liked it, consider telling them to buy a copy from our Etsy shop so we can keep making new issues. Follow your heart and maybe our socials!

Love,


Coyote Ugly & Disco Nails


**COYOTE UGLY**

 @raydaylamifrost

 zeppystardust.tumblr.com

**DISCO NAILS**

 @shaydaylami

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## "I'VE SEEN THE FUTURE AND I LEFT IT BEHIND!!!"

Inspired by the themes of Black Sabbath's *Vol. 4, what if i die here???* is equal parts righteous fury and sorrowful nostalgia as it presents commentary on harassment, biking, blue laws, cats, and the meaning of home. This volume attempts to further encapsulate our awe for the Sierra Nevada high desert. Keeping with the other volumes of *HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???* these themes are presented with absurdist wit, freeform poetry, and strange drawings.



A Zeppy Stardust Studios  
Publication