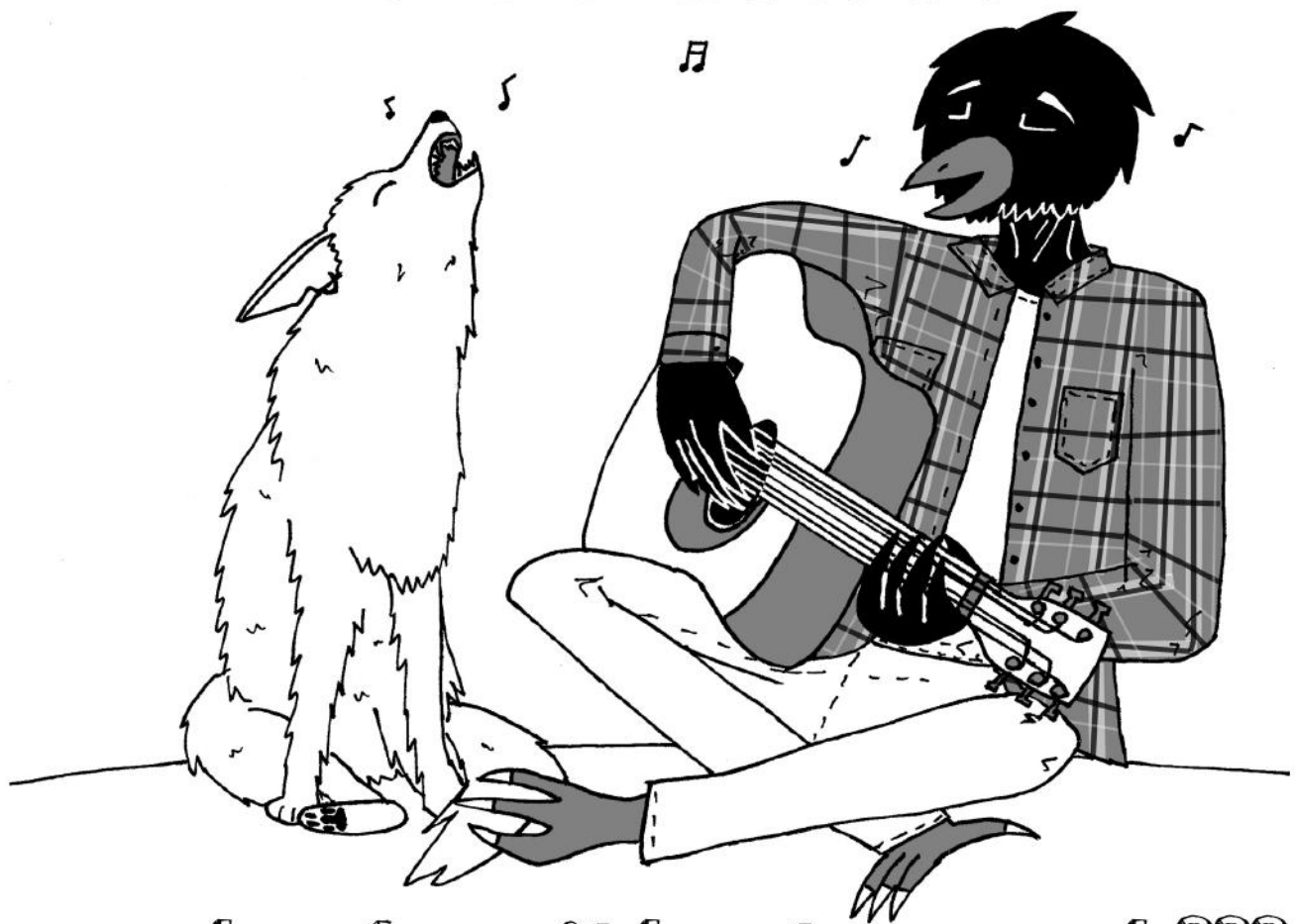


March 2021

vol 7

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???



so why does it hurt so much???

a zine by

Ray & Shay Daylami-Frost



HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???

vol 7: so why does it hurt so much???

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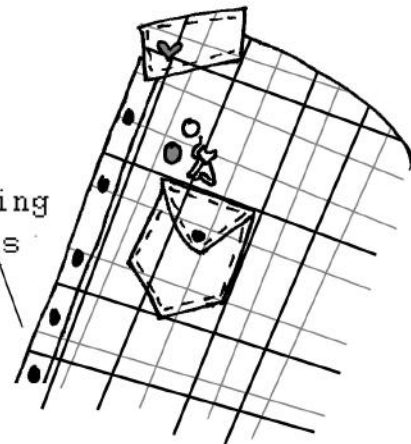
The \$15 Brush Tip Pen by Ray

March 2021

LITTLE THINGS THAT DELIGHT COYOTE UGLY

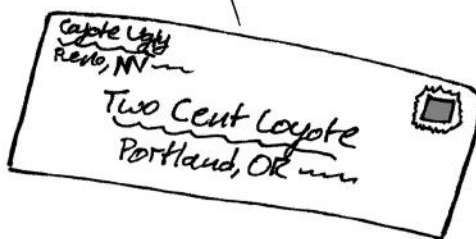


finding other creatives
who make work featuring
coyotes



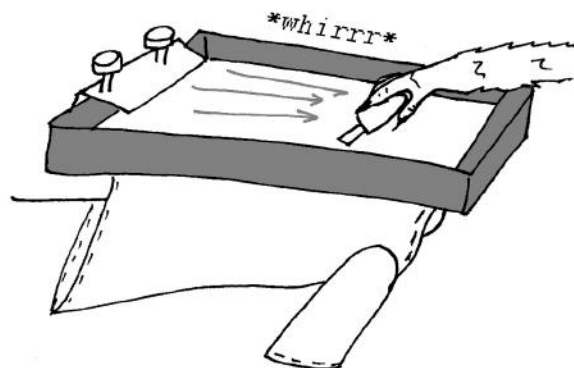
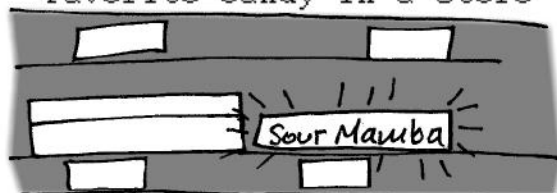
wearing
pins

sending mail to a
screen name or
nickname



"magic"
rocks in
their
pocket

unexpectedly finding their
favorite candy in a store

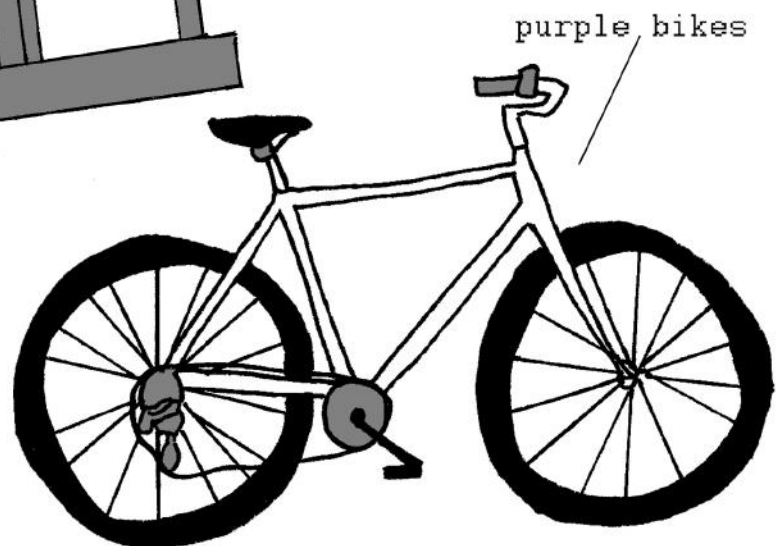
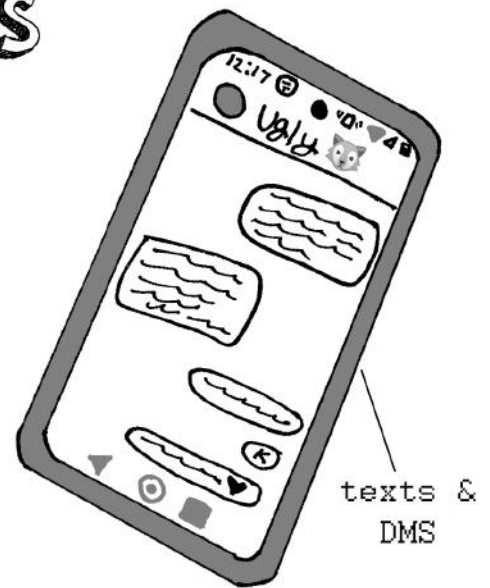


the sound of a perfect
squeeze pull



being approached
by a cat

LITTLE THINGS THAT DELIGHT DISCO NAILS



Target Audience

To best enjoy this zine:

Sit on your bed after you get home from work

Put on headphones and listen to the accompanying playlist

Take off your shoes

Drink a beer

Eat something salty and definitely bad for you

Do not take yourself too seriously

Unclench your jaw

To best understand the material:

Work with things you love

Make things with your hands

Shave your head

Live at the mercy of other people's kindness

Wait until the last minute to deal with your problems

Have unresolved trauma

Have a pet who is just as fucked up as you

Feel indifferent toward your addictions

Keep one house plant alive

Wake in the middle of the night filled with dread

Have panic attacks at the grocery store

Live with people who drive you nuts

Be afraid of injury, not death

Understand that other people don't care about your problems

Understand that your parents are far too old to understand the world you live in

Understand that romantic love is overrated

Have goals you can't possibly afford to achieve

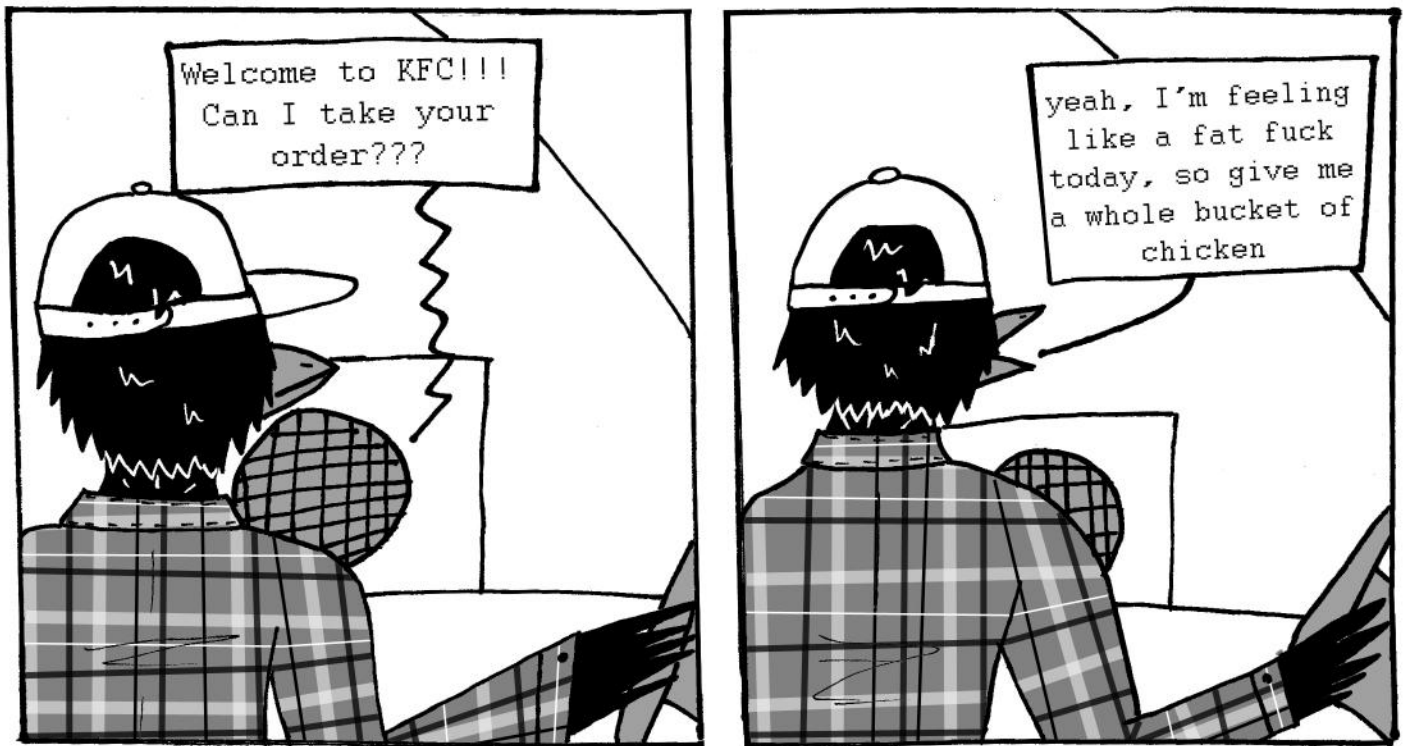
Judge people on how they drive around bicyclists

Love animals

Do your best

Do not listen to Disco and Ugly
Do not be afraid of your darkest thoughts
Ride your bike
Take care of your friends
Do not be afraid to be direct about what you need
Love the desert
Keep moving forward

TASTES LIKE SELF-LOATHING



12/29/20: ghosts?

Yesterday I was driving south on Sutro on my way to have my stitches removed (I thought). As I crossed 9th I saw a man walking down the sidewalk who looked just like my dead uncle but with sadder eyes. Dead eyes. I did a double take then watched him in my rear view until he was out of sight.

My family does not handle death well. More and more I find myself thankful for my daily excuse to not be at home. The last few days off work have been rough and even though the last few days at work were pretty hard and I was ready for a break I want to go back already. It's not like with my finger like this I can go anywhere or do anything and besides it's a pandemic. I had two camping trips planned that I've had to call off so I don't get infected. I could be getting up early and riding and writing and reading and watching and coloring and all kinds of things but it's cold and my finger hurts and my brain is still sick. Getting over being sick, really. On the comedown from my Christmas Day meltdown when everything finally got to be too much and I just wanted a cinnamon roll for breakfast like everyone else got and how the fuck was I supposed to know the package only made 5 rolls when the kind I usually buy makes 8? Eight means two each for four people. That and the intrusive thoughts at work and at home. Wanting to hurt myself and see myself bleed. Wondering if this cut on my finger wasn't at least a little bit deliberate because I knew damn well that knife was broken when I picked it up. Part of me wanted to see which way the blade would go and

how deep. The answer is into my left hand and very. The stitches might be able to come out in a couple days.

It's 10 o'clock on a beautiful winter day and I haven't gotten out of bed yet. I'm stuck here thinking about my dead uncle and my hurt finger and bike rides.

Freewheeling

Circling carrion birds remind me to sip water. Sweat holds off until I pause to check my route and then erupts all over my body, burning my eyes and the cuts on my feet and legs. Perhaps long pants and closed toed shoes next time but probably not.

The desert sun burns high and orange behind a thick curtain of smoke.

The four seasons:

fire, flood, wind, and allergies.

I ride until I worry I won't make it home if I don't turn back soon,

which isn't terribly far because I'm always afraid I won't make it home.

What if I'm just too tired to go on?

What if I'm hit by the number 5 bus a block from my house?

Anxious brain, chronically fatigued body, but wheels free me for a while.

WATER THE CAT



The \$15 Brush-Tip Pen

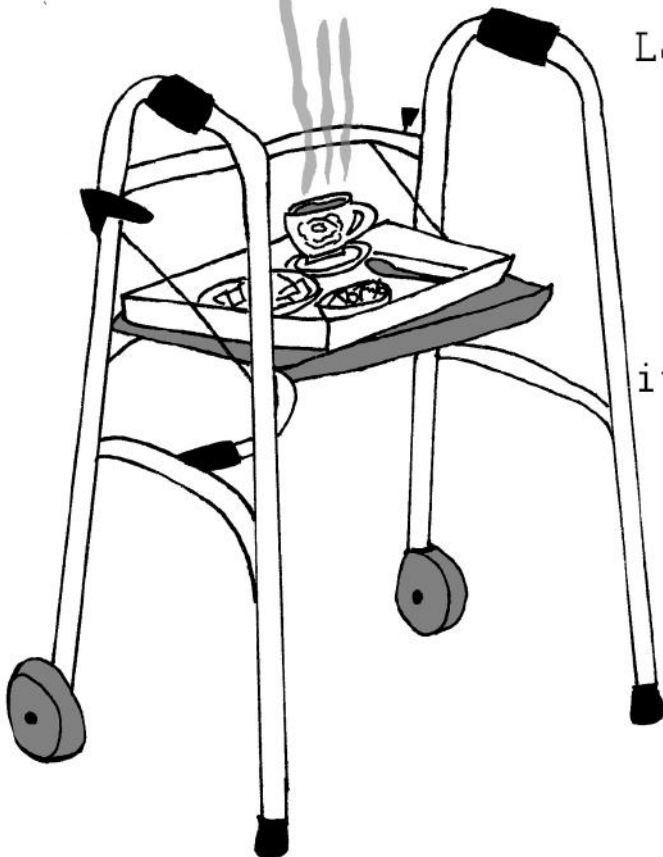
When I was in college, I had a "friend" who was appalled to find out that I draw with Sharpies and took it upon himself to make sure I had a "proper" pen to ink my drawings with. He played it off like he found a duplicate of a pen he already had; but I recognized it from the campus bookstore. It was a brush-tip pen they sold for \$15. I was both amused and insulted that this guy, who considered himself a hobbyist -not an artist- was so bothered by my choice of pen that he wasted \$15 on something I tossed in a mug at home and used to address mail.

I didn't think much of it at the time, but I realize now that it was extremely degrading and patronizing to be given that pen. It was his passive aggressive way of saying that my art was less legitimate; I wasn't a "real" artist because I didn't use the "right" supplies. It clearly didn't occur to him that I use Sharpies because *I like them*, not just because they were what I could afford.

But, the joke's on him. He slings cardboard crust pizza in a food court and I make money from

my art. I do professional jobs and make good art that I'm proud of using a mechanical pencil, Sharpies, discount children's drawing pads, and a sixteen year old copy of Photoshop CS2 that my friend Tim helped me steal from our high school. That \$15 pen has become a reminder of my belief that everyone can make art and that any materials available to you are great materials to use.

GRANDMA'S DIY SNACK CART



Last year, my grandma broke her hip and had to use a walker while she was recovering. She doesn't need the walker anymore. But, instead of letting my grandpa get rid of it, she put a fancy tray on the seat and uses it to wheel her tea and snacks around the house.

Vampire

I'm married
and you have a girlfriend
but you could take me back to your rented room
anyway
pin me to your mattress
like a specimen to a spreading board

I'd come if you asked.

Snippet

It's a unique pain, realizing someone you looked up to really ain't shit. Not a hero, not even extraordinary enough to be a villain. Just a human, flawed and awful like everybody else.

The worst thing about realizing that everyone else was right is that everyone else was right. He's a pretty terrible person. But he was also my friend. Sort of. I thought.

My Turn

Sometimes I think I want to be a writer, but the words never come easy.

I struggle to piece details together in the right order and I get started easily enough only to trail off and never really finish. Reading comes a lot easier than writing but lately even reading is hard; it's taken me months to finish *Tomboy Survival Guide* and that's a great book. One of the things I relate to the strongest. That and *Nanette*.

The stories I relate to scare me. The bad things that happen to people like me. People like us. The assaults and the attacks, the trauma. I have a healthy share of sustained trauma from being different—we share that already—but I'm afraid of when I might share the big traumas. I'm afraid of when it might be my turn.

I hear all too often about the terrible things that happen to people born with something more resembling a vagina than a penis. My own genitals fall solidly in the more-vagina-than-penis realm. The possibility that those bad things could happen to me used to never cross my mind but as I've gotten older and better at reading people the more I see danger in every bearded face.

Yes, all women. Even "women" who look like me.

Sometimes I think I want to be a writer, but I haven't lived enough to have anything to write about yet. Thankfully.

"...come again???" COMIC & TEMPLATE



*This comic is based on a set of panels from "Episode 136" of *Lore Olympus* by Rachel Smythe.

Photocopy this page and fill in the speech bubbles to create your own comic!!! Use #howdidithishappenine so we can find your versions and see what else Disco & Ugly talked about during the drive!!!



Chronic Questions

"You alright? You hurt your foot?"

I mean, no and yes, but that's not what I'm going to tell you. Instead I'll say "I'm fine," "that leg is shorter," "all good" and force myself to walk more normally despite the shooting pain from ankle to knee and the swelling I know I'll find when I get home and take my jeans off.

I'm not the only one in the shop with a persistent limp. One guy who works for us on and off had a snowboarding accident and the shop manager was run over by a drunk driver. Both are older and more traumatic initial injuries than mine, though mine has a healthy serving of poverty trauma on the side. All the same, I don't feel like any of us owe our story to the nobody on the other side of the counter feigning concern. Because they're not concerned. They're just being nosy. They don't want to wish us well and quick healing; they just want to know why we don't walk like everybody else. They want to know if we're just temporarily gimps or if they get to pity us because we'll walk like that forever.

Compared to some of the other issues I get to deal with on a daily basis, the chronic pain in my leg isn't one I think about particularly often. Until someone points it out, I actually forget the limp and ignore the pain, because even though it's fairly constant it's usually mild. Lately I've been having some more serious pain and swelling because I suspect I've re-injured the malunion from nearly a decade ago, but since we're in the middle of a global pandemic I'm putting off seeing

a doctor about it. Instead I've been smoking lots of weed and taking gross amounts of Advil. Like, grosser than my usual regular doses.

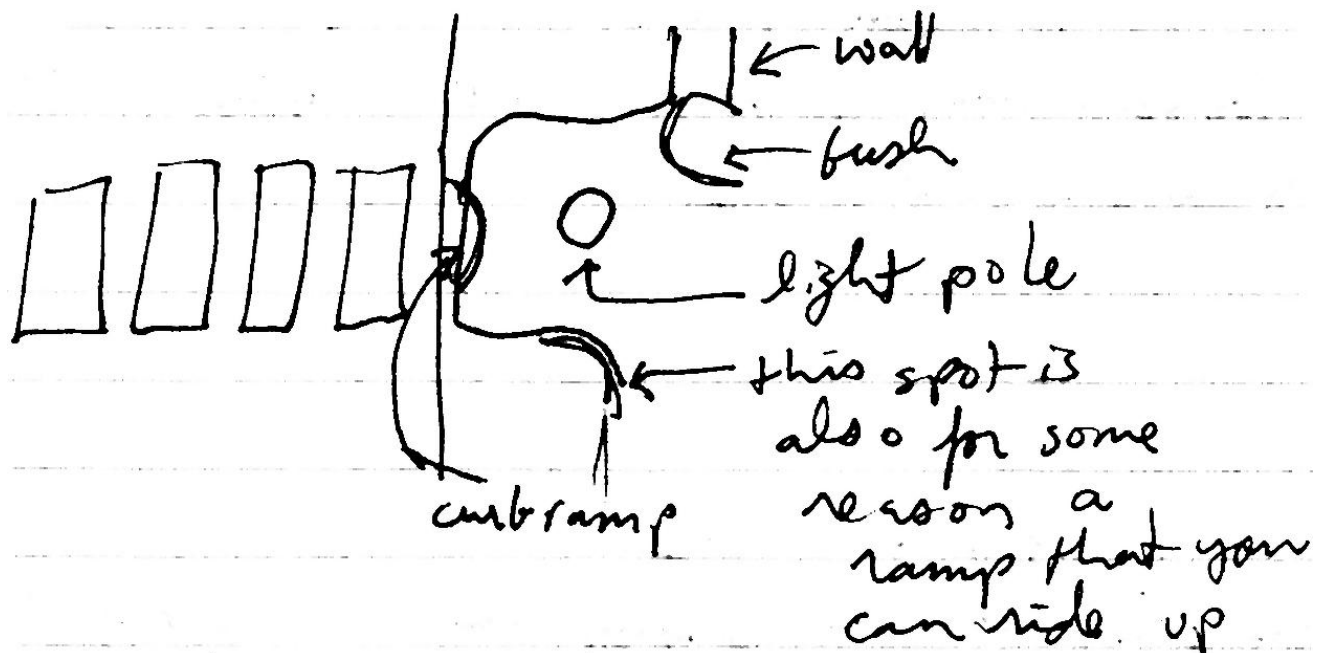
Even though I try not to waste a lot of energy thinking about something that's just part of my life, it's kind of like a sunburn. I'm much more acutely aware of it than you are, even if it's all you can think about when you see me. I know I walk funny. I know my leg is fucked up. I know that everyone can see. What I don't know is why everyone has to be so fucking nosy about it. It's not even like it's a good story for fuck's sake...it was a minor injury that should have become nothing more than the memory of the winter break I spent on crutches. Instead it's a constant ache in my bones that will never heal and will never go away. I don't owe you an explanation, and I'm not the one being rude when I refuse to give you one.

2/26/21: a ride report of sorts...

I crashed my bike today.

For the first time in almost exactly 7 years I flew out of control, ate shit, hurt myself. I've had minor "crashes"—wheels losing traction beneath me and going out sideways, stumbling, catching myself gracelessly or falling over with the bike more or less on top of me. But I haven't flown like that in ages.

I ride the same route to work every day. Every day, I pass a pedestrian crossing in a school zone with flashing warning lights and a curb extension that extends all the way to the white line at the shoulder, filling the otherwise empty parking lane that I ride in on this particular stretch. Every day I have one of two options: slow down (I'm hauling ass downhill here) and merge into the 15mph school zone traffic, or ride on the sidewalk for a few yards.



Except for the rare occasion that there is a pedestrian waiting to cross, I roll up the ramp facing the parking lane, pass in front of the light pole, and drop off the opposite curb back into the parking lane. Every day, I ride in front of this light pole. Every day except today. Today I rode behind the pole, directly into a sturdy bush growing against a brick wall that separates the city sidewalk from an apartment complex. I don't know what possessed me--but then again, I sort of do.

I hit the bush hard and at full speed (probably somewhere around 17 miles an hour) with the entire right hand side of my body--hand, chest, arm, ear. I was flung like a ragdoll off my bike; I went one way and the bike went the other. I made no attempt to catch myself. I landed on my left side, my shoulder first and then my head. The buckle of my helmet popped open and my vision blurred. I lay on the ground a moment, stunned, scared, and in pain, then sat up and did a sort of mental check of my current state. Nothing broken or bleeding, except maybe my helmet. I had a cut on my right hand from making contact with the bush and I realized later I scraped some skin off my knee in the landing, but my ear that had scraped the bush and my head were what were really bothering me.

I sat there a while collecting myself then texted a coworker that I might be late before getting up and carefully riding the rest of the way to work. I completed my day with an on-and-off headache, slight dizziness, and confusion--a mild concussion, and probably some whiplash. Glad I was wearing a helmet.

Accidents like this happen. Accidents happen. But when accidents like this start happening to me I start to worry because they aren't always accidents. I mean, they are. I didn't deliberately ride headlong into a bush-slash-wall at high speed. That would be ridiculous. But I did know I wasn't going to have room behind the pole and rode through anyway. I was looking right at the bush. I suppose I'm lucky I wasn't looking at the pole. I did not deliberately try to send myself flying through the air and onto the cold hard concrete, just as I did not deliberately cut the tip of my finger almost off shortly before Christmas. I didn't do it deliberately, but I knew the most likely outcome and did it anyway. Like a domino chain, once the sequence of events had begun I was powerless to stop it. I knew it wouldn't end well but didn't care how badly that would be.

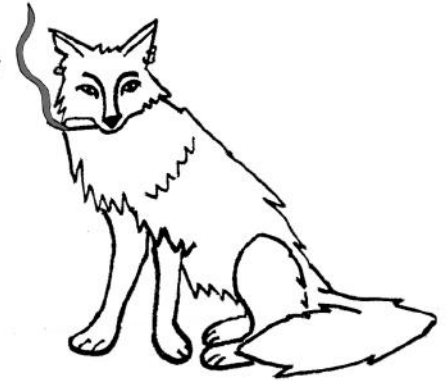
This carelessness, this passive self-harm, has been a hallmark of my depressed episodes for as long as I can remember. In grade school I was accused of being a clown and faking prat falls because I was so frequently on the floor, but my bruised shins and skinned knees weren't much of a laugh. As a pre-teen I tended to scrape my forearms up climbing trees and falling off my bike, miraculously never tearing up my clothes. Those same forearms I would go on to open up quite deliberately as a teenager and young adult. An untreated and poorly healed fracture led to chronic pain that didn't really start to *bother* me until I got my mental health a little more under control. It was only fitting that every other step felt like a kick in the shins and it probably helped keep me from finding other ways to hurt.

My helmet didn't crush or crack, but the recommendation is to replace it after any fall where you hit your head. One crash and it's trash. My coworker asked about my broken helmet and I said it didn't break, it's just scuffed a little on the outside. He answered that it was broken on the inside. How excruciatingly accurate.





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, please consider telling your friends 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

DISCO NAILS

 @shaydaylami

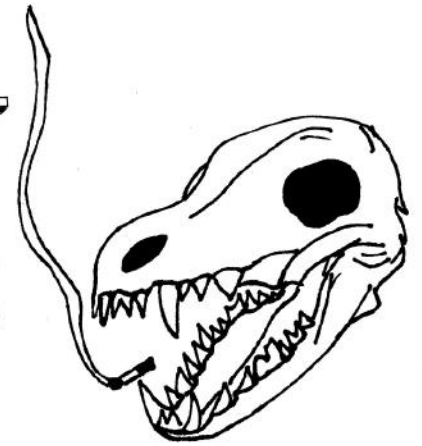
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zeppystarduststudios@gmail.com
#howdidthishappenzine





**WE LOOK LIKE HELL
AND SMELL LIKE
DEATH, BUT WE'RE
NOT DEAD YET!!!**



Between living through a global pandemic, the madness of consumer holidays, and good ol' SAD, we accidentally took a five month hiatus... but we're back with the comics, essays, poems, and observations you've come to know and love in *HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???*

The seventh volume *so why does it hurt so much???* considers passive self-harm, repurposing unusual objects, small everyday delights, what it means to be an artist, and gives a glimpse into what Disco and Ugly discussed on the night they met.



A Zeppy Stardust Studios
Publication