

hey everybody...
Let's make!
a zine!

WEST 23RD STREET & ELSEWHERE

VOLUME 1
NUMBER 3

LET YOUR CONSCIENCE BE YOUR GUIDE!
SO WHAT? THE PRICE ANYWAYS!
MAKE ME AN OFFER!



TW
1/29

Juan Direction

by Zoli Mayrend



ISSUE #3: "THERE'S NO CRYING IN ZINEBALL"

Wow. Just wow. We got some great contributions this time. And more than ever before. My eternal thanks to all who stepped up, with a special shout out to Tamsin Ward for the great cover illustration.

But things have been so busy for me personally that I was right down to the wire in finishing the design and layout of the content and was unable to finish a few written pieces that I wanted to submit. I was so busy that I had to outsource the writing of this foreword [*Thanks, Harish!— ed.*]. I hope I was able to get everything done to the same high level of adequacy that readers of **hey everybody... Let's make a zine!** have come to expect. For those who did not make it this time around, there's always next year, and maybe I'll be done with my writing by then.

Ваш покорный слуга *

Patrick Brooks

Editor

hey everybody... Let's make a zine!

A West 23rd Street Production

10/16/2015 • Houston, Texas



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*your humble servant

† well maybe not... but he's a great guy

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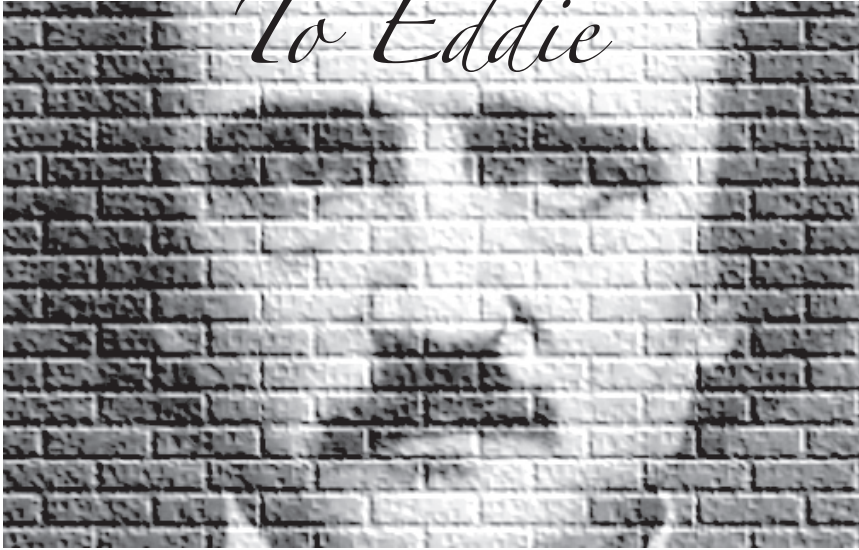
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really going to go there?

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To Eddie



Eddie
Eddie, come here,
Stay a moment dear
Would you like a glass of
Beer?
Amontillado?
Absinth?
Claret?

Would that make you feel queer?
They may cause phantasms
and hallucinations I fear.

Please stay near and
write words of love
found in no other sphere.

What's that I hear?!
Your shriek---

Others peer and jeer.
I wipe away your tear.

Don't disappear!!---

Oh, mier.

by Ellen Hutto

Welcome to my very slight obsession for Edgar Allan Poe.

A dear friend gifted me a notebook with a raven on the cover. I was very inspired by this, and jotted my first poem to Eddie. Silly, lighthearted, predictably rhyming, I reveled in my newfound poetic license. My poem sat unread for almost one year.

Often I peruse Poe's other writings (NOT on horror, death and mania). I came across a verse written in Dactylic style. This intrigued me. What is dactylic style? I can read (thanks to a teacher!), but my memory blocked out my middle school and high school English classes for some reason. I googled and learned that one long accented syllable is followed by two short unaccented syllables. That sounded easy enough to my mind, and so I began to play.

Here is the result of reworking the above poem into dactylic style.

Eddie, stray over here.
Stay a sweet moment dear.
Would you taste absinth sweet?
Does she lead to the edge?
She may cause phantasms
hallucinations queer.

Please stay near.
Write words of love found in no other azure sphere.

Dizzy, you utter a fearful sign.
Only to stand so still.

Other peer.

Arrow swift you fly on.

Alone now.
Tissue now.
Only to sit so still.

black-white-black-white-black-yellow, repeat

by Oen Kennedy



Yesterday morning I spent 3 hours at Sachuest Point in Middletown RI talking with giant waves. They were giant and green and blue and white and gold with beautiful arcs and curves, and they'd crest and crash and spray and thunder and boil and froth and dissolve, and I would do all this with them. I stood as near as I could without endangering myself, wanting to feel their energy and power. I was flooded and transported! I held my arms out wide and danced and complimented them on their beauty. I would say to a wave: "Wow! You are **SO** beautiful!"

I have total respect for the sea, and for waves, but I want to be near them. I wanted to be the Cormorant, who was right inside of them. Where I was yesterday I saw a number of Monarch Butterflies floating around Sachuest Point, seemingly flying through the stiff breezes with little effort, almost lazily, which is how Monarchs usually seem. But then two Monarchs found each other. I believe one was a female giving off pheromones, and the other was a male, giving chase. This was no lazy affair. She was rapidly diving and swooping on a dime with him in hot pursuit, up, down, under, over, tumbling through space. It was a rapid, highly intense, zigzagging dance which seemed to be **all there was** for them.

They went out over the water and continued this hyperactive pursuit right out among the foam and waves. Several times I saw the splashing foam touch their delicate bodies and was amazed they didn't get swamped and subsumed. I called: "Look out! There's another big wave coming!", but they paid no heed. They only cared about each other as they dangerously and recklessly dove and swooped in among the crashing and chaotic waters. A big wave (8-10 feet high) came over them, cresting above them, and it looked completely hopeless. Somehow though, one of them emerged from the watery chaos, but the other disappeared into the sea. The remaining one continued to dip and dive over the ever-changing spot where she (I believe) went down barely evading additional waves. I have done things in my life with similar reckless abandon (and have many broken bones and missing brain cells to show for it), but never to the death!!! I admire them deeply for that, and I learned something totally new about Monarchs, which I have loved for many years.

On the walk back to my car I found a Monarch caterpillar on Milkweed, and I ran my finger lightly down its body. Its color pattern was white-black-white-black-white-yellow, repeat. I was glad that a Monarch had made another Monarch, and I want the Earth to always have Monarchs floating upon it.



What kind of gentle person rescues houseflies in his hand?
"Don't kill the ants with poison," is his predictable demand.

He'll catch a cockroach in a bowl.

And bring him out completely whole.

Hurting little animals is one thing he can't stand.

Like St. Francis preaching to the birds, is this boy to the bugs,

To insects and arachnids and even snails and slugs.

No life is too small to respect.

No matter size or intellect.

And if you praise him for his kindness, he barely even shrugs.

If people are as big as gods to tiny little ants,

If God observes our scurrying across Earth's great expanse,

With power over all he sees.

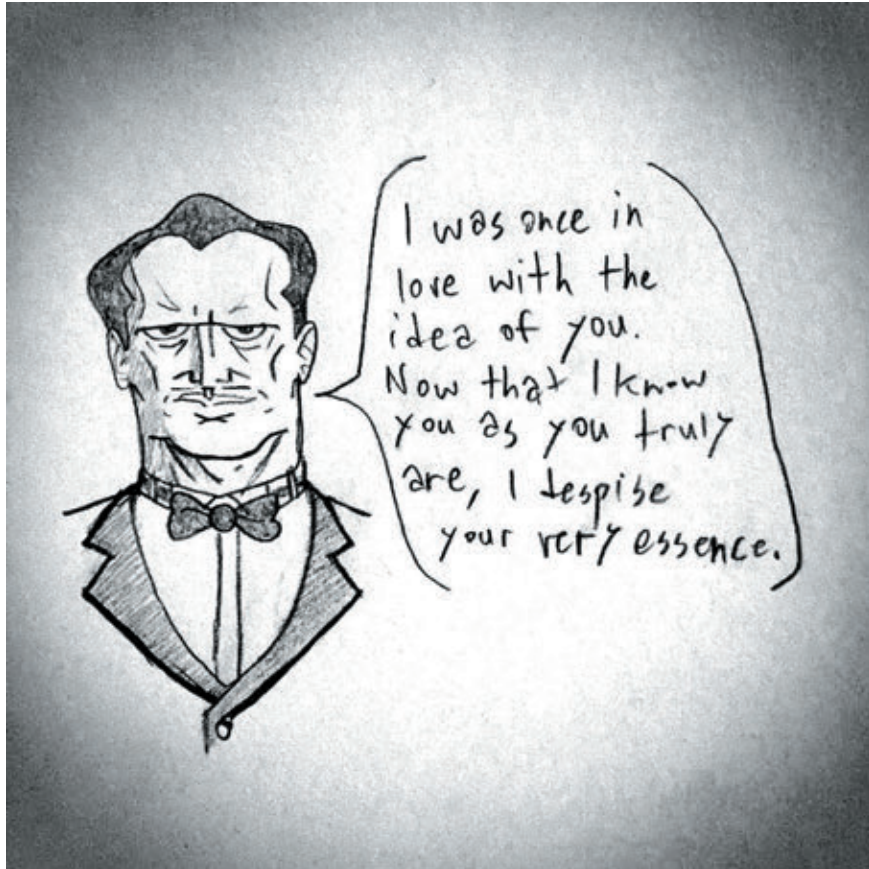
And us among the least of these,

His love will spread through such a boy who gives each soul a chance.

— *Christine Cowan, 3/28/2015*

SMARMY McRICHGUY

by SAM KUŽEL



The Space Between Lightning and Thunder



1. In the pause between spark and ignition,
The face you see in the flame, the shock of recognition,
The quivering dance, as though you were never alone,
And you'd been cleansed of your sins, without need to atone:

Chorus:

In that space between the lightning and thunder,
In the shallow end of the sea, where the waves pull you under,
Everything's blue and everything's green
Until all is forgotten in the space in between.

2. The dimming light between midnight and dawn,
The flicker in town when the switch is thrown on,
The moment your last request touches your tongue,
And you're bathed in the honey of every song that you've sung.

3. I always count the seconds between the light and the sound.
I always count the cars instead of wondering where the trains's bound.
They say I think too much, but I forget to breathe,
And what I know to be true isn't what I believe.

by Carrie Decker

Three Haiku



Leaf

I picked up the leaf—
still has its grassy odor.
The sun on my back.

By Mariana Rios, 5th grade

Ice

Smooth ice like paper,
a December chill, so thin,
cracking with a song.

By Joy Parazette, 5th grade

Grass Seeds

Green seeds like small peas,
little branches, brown, broken.
Stem feels like rubber.

By Edwin Perez, 4th grade

Thanks to Sarah Rivlin for sending
us these haiku by her students.

Hummingbirds

by Kirsten Brink

Outside of my kitchen window is a hummingbird feeder and an area filled with Turk's Cap. One season, the hummingbirds came in such great numbers that there appeared a flurry of little pixies zooming across the window. Shortly after their arrival, their behavior started becoming more hierarchical with a dominant hummingbird guarding the feeder and flowers while other birds made quick diving motions trying to get to the food source. The dominant bird would spread its tail feathers, puff up its chest and threateningly confront outsiders.

Concerned, we put up more hummingbird feeders throughout our yard. Yet the bullying continued. Of course the hummingbirds could never understand that their supply of food is unlimited and that they are safe in the backyard they found. They just knew that if they didn't feed constantly, that it wouldn't take long for their blood sugar to sink below a safe level and they'd perish.

How often do we humans act in much the same way? Bully and intimidate, making ourselves big, puffing out our chest, when there is more than enough to go around. Do we really fear death and starvation? Or do we tirade for different reasons?



THREE POEMS

by Anna Phillips

Haven

*Bayou City parks
offer refuge and respite
from fast urban lives.*

Natures Energy

*Tall, gleaming, glass walled buildings
line Houston's Energy Corridor.
Perfect reflections of clear blue skies
with white clouds, green foliage.
Far below, oblivious to Corporate America,
nature offers wonderful encounters
in pocket parks with water features.*

*A family of ducks leisurely waddle,
total faith in yellow 'ducks X-ing' signs.
Gecko's scurry frantically everywhere,
color shifting to match surroundings.
Squirrels frolic up and down tall trunks,
their personal acrobatic playground.
A Red Cardinal welcomes spring.*

*As the day progresses into the shade
of an impressive Live Oak tree,
a Pileated Woodpecker finds the perfect spot
to drum and drill for luscious insects.
An evening Screech Owl settles on a balustrade,
as a sleepy Possum nestles in
the cradling branches of a silent bush.*

Unexpected Vision

*Driving through Houston's Third Ward,
I witness historical dilapidation.
Row houses, with tiny stoops,*

*that once admired a tender yard.
Tiny, three-roomed homes.
The iconic 'shotgun' breezeway,
offering ventilation, front to back.
Boarded up, alone, abandoned.*

*Now, they face prosperity rising high,
just across the street.....
Luxurious, spacious living, with cooling AC,
three car driveway, manicured lawn.*

*Did anyone foresee the masks
these structures would become -
hiding the unspeakable conditions
of minimum wage poverty?*

*Did anyone imagine that these
Neighborhood communities
would be left to rot.....
To dwindle into a forgotten era?*

*Emotion rises through my soul
as I witness this history.
See these, original, 'shotgun' dwellings,
once homes to people, now gone.*

*Hope graciously turns a corner to meet me,
presenting refurbished, relocated dwellings.
'Project Row Houses'—reviving history,
offering opportunity, fueling dreams.*

*Modern living protects us from harsh realities,
keeping us safe, cool, comfortable.
If I drive through Houston's Fifth Ward,
will I notice other dreams in the making?*

My best friend is a faerie

by Joshua Blackwood

Not like Tinkerbell, or others in fairy tales, but a true modern faerie. You'd never know it at a glance, because she blends in well with the rest of us. You can catch it in the faint sparkle of her doe eyes, the set of her mouth when she makes a hard decision, the tinkling laughter in her voice when she says something witty.

The first mistake everyone makes is to assume she's just a girl. To treat her like just a girl. Would you treat a hurricane like a balmy summer breeze? Her smile can brighten a room, but her scorn can as easily darken it.

She isn't perfect, but she is many things; she is beautiful, kind, generous, sad, determined, courageous, fearful and yet fearless, weak and yet oh so strong. Sometimes she seems not of this plane, and others she seems to understand us better than we could ever hope to understand ourselves.

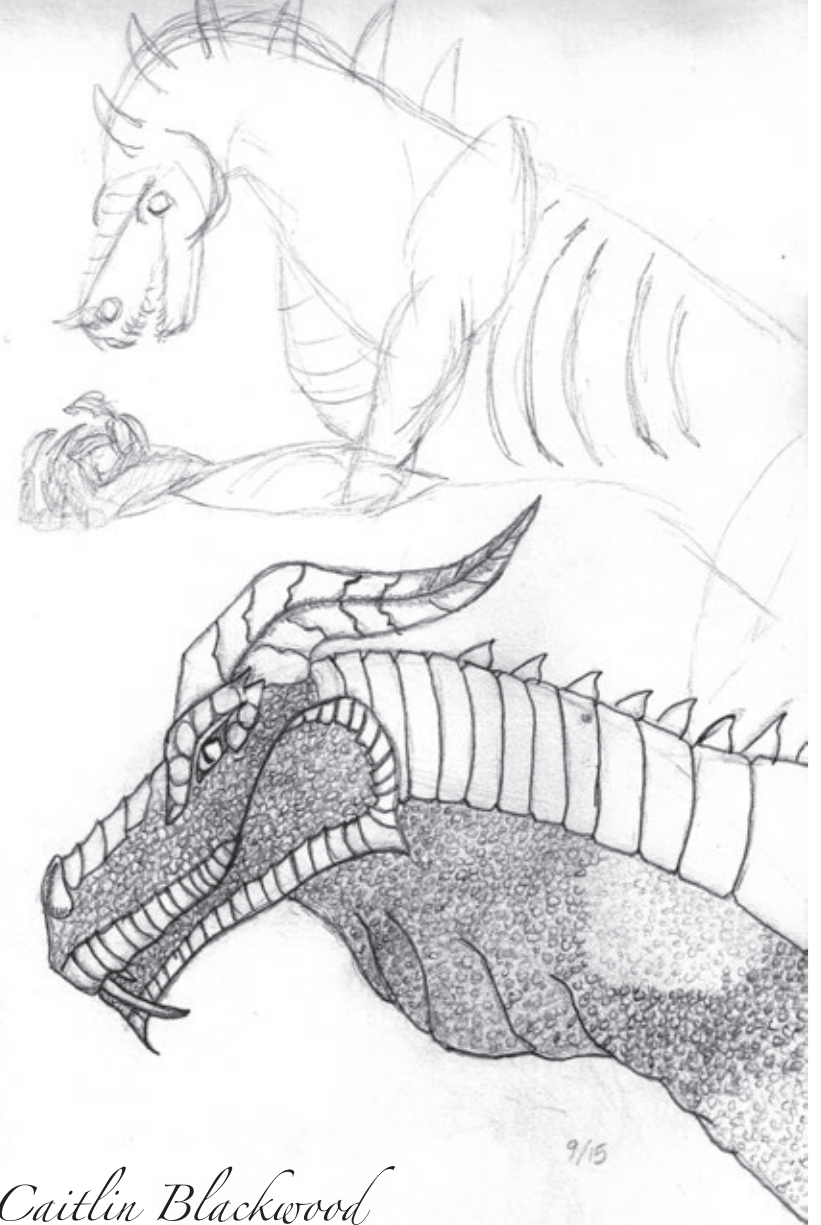
Occasionally she vanishes, for a day, a week, a month at a time. No one knows where she goes, and she never acknowledges it when she returns. I think she goes home, to wherever she's secretly from, and time is just different there.

The faerie have an uncanny knack for empathy, and for seeing deeper into others than is often comfortable. When she first looked deep into my eyes as she held my hand, sifting through my deepest thoughts like an archivist in a dusty library, I knew she wasn't like other girls I knew. She was something more.

My best friend is a faerie. A wild, free spirit of the old ways, music is her muse and wine her ambrosia. Her heart beats to a different tune, and that tune is glorious and hypnotic.

Is your best friend a faerie, too?

Dream Sketch



by Caitlin Blackwood

ELECTION DAY

by Davis Brooks

A few weeks ago there was an opening for vice president of the student council. For some reason or other, which I still haven't figured out, I ran for the position. In school, my nickname is "Manhattan" because apparently I look like a Manhattan CEO. As such, my campaign slogan was "Vote Manhattan". My platform was lockers for the students who had to lug heavy backpacks around all day.



I was initially not very devoted to the job. My competition was very devoted, and proved this by fulfilling a task every true politician must do— talk a lot but never really say anything at all.

Somewhere between the beginning and the end of my campaign I actually started to get interested in the race. With the sudden outbreak of actual

interest, something needed to be done. I realized that I needed to use a tool used by many politicians to get into office— bribery. I called in a few favors. At midnight I had two things— a large pile of bagged-up cookies with "Vote Manhattan" labels on them and a tired father. I took the cookies to school and recruited some students to pass them out.

I learned that good help is too hard to find these days. Unfortunately by the time the last students got to school all the cookies were gone, because my helpers kept passing out cookies to the students that were there and had already gotten some. The result was some students who had 32 cookies and some who had none.

With a blunder here and a blunder there, my campaign started to crumble.

On Friday I heard the results. Somehow I did seem to get quite a bit of support, as the final vote was very close but I lost. A campaign that promised something, but something ambitious lost to a campaign that promised nothing. Even bribery had failed me. But all in all, it was a new and interesting experience, albeit one that I'll probably never do again.

I need two more words of filler stuff, and this is what they are: Vote Manhattan!



KAVEH'S BOULDER

by Alice Savage

My 12-year-old son Cyrus and I were sitting in the shade of a magnificent boulder and looking out over pristine Heather Lake in the North Cascades. Suddenly, I heard the 9-year-old's voice from above.

"Hi mom!" called Kaveh, "Look at me!"

I stood up for a clearer view, and there he was looking down at me from the top of the boulder, about 20 feet of sheer rock between us. I could barely see his curly head silhouetted against the sky, but I knew he was grinning.

"Wow, Kaveh! That's amazing," I said and snapped off a couple of photos. My heart had already pounding, but I didn't want him to know that. I wanted to trust that he knew his limits regarding the massive granite rocks that had broken off the mountain above us.

After all, we had discussed it. I had told Kaveh that he could climb rocks as long as he had a plan for how he would get down.

I had said it loudly and clearly, "You can go up, but make sure you know how to get back down!"

"Yes mom. I promise!" he had said.

Now, after the time for photos and congratulations had passed, I circled to the other side where, ostensibly, he had gotten up and knew how to get down. It was sheer and rough, with a very small and steep ledge half way down.

Against my will, my heart started beating even faster. Kaveh appeared above me and very much beyond my reach.

"So how are you going to get down?" I asked evenly.

"Don't worry, mom." Kaveh laughed.

I looked at the rock and then below the rock where smaller jagged boulders rose up from the brush. Wildflowers grew up among them, white, pink, orange.

My heart was really racing now, and a sour panic rose in my throat, "Kaveh, what have you done?" I could not stop the words.

"It's okay, mom!" Kaveh said confidently, "I can do it."

I could not understand why he wasn't cowering in terror. He was so high!

"Kaveh!"

Cyrus began laughing hysterically.

"Not helpful," I said.

"Kaveh!" I called more weakly, "You promised!" My little experiment in managed risk and was backfiring, and I didn't have a fallback.

Many years ago, at the ice caves a little further up the road, I had helped Kaveh when he had



ventured too far up a steep snow bank. I had climbed up and held his hand as he worked his way down.

Now, peering up at him atop this impossibly high place, I knew I could not help him this time. He had ventured beyond my capacity to solve the problem.

"Kaveh!" I called. "Can you really get down?"

Cyrus was still laughing, and

Kaveh was too. How could they laugh at a time like this?

"It's not funny!" I said, feeling like an unwilling participant in a comic dialog that gets repeated every summer as countless parents coax their children down from high places.

Kaveh sat on the boulder and stretched out his foot, feeling for a place to put his heel.

"Stop!" I screeched, realizing that he was about to descend facing away from the rock, clearly not a wise choice, in fact a ridiculously wrong choice.

"Just stop! You can't get down that way."

"Yes, I can. You're just making me nervous."

"NO! I called. Stay right there. I'm going to get help."

I took off down the trail, not sure what I was looking for, but doing what I always do when I'm in trouble, turning to my community. In this case, it would be my fellow hikers, mountaineers, people who might have rope or skills or something that would help me get my son out of his predicament.

Around the corner, I came upon a tent. We had passed it earlier and hadn't seen anyone, but this time I saw a young woman in her 20s. I stopped.

"Hello," I said tentatively, "I'm not sure what to do."

She looked at me quizzically.

"My son climbed a boulder, and he can't get down."

The woman smiled, "It's okay, I'm in the army. I can help him get down."

A soldier! I couldn't believe my luck. "Thank you!"

I wheeled around and led her quickly back to the boulder, making nervous small talk and hoping that Kaveh was still there on the rock.

He was, and he had a tremor in his voice this time.

Rachel, my new best friend, a survivor of boot camp and all things army, climbed part way up the rock and guided Kaveh to turn around so he was facing the boulder. Then she placed his hands where they should be.

She put her hand on his foot and helped him find a niche for his toe. Gently, she encouraged him. "It's okay. Trust me. You won't fall."

Cyrus, still laughing uncomfortably got the camera and snapped some photos. Unable to speak, I turned to the lake. My knees felt weak and clumsy. I could not imagine being where Kaveh was now.

Then Kaveh was on the ground, and I had my arms around him and my hands in his stiff curls. He was safe... for the time being.

I didn't know how to thank Rachel, but she brushed it off, explaining that rappelling was part of her training. I nodded. Intellectually I understood that for some people, scrambling up and down boulders was nothing. Younger more athletic people had physical confidence, a sense of balance and agility. To people like Rachel, the boulder was small, manageable, within their skill set. Kaveh was going to be one of these people; on the other hand, I was not.

However, I had made this happen when I started bringing the kids in the wilderness, a world of adventure, challenge, beauty, and danger. How much easier it would have been to let them stay in the weird blocky mountains of Mine craft. Now I had to accept that they would embrace physical and mental challenges that I would not choose, and that I would have to let them go. The kids and I sat for a while, looking at the lake, the massive cliff with its waterfalls, the snow, and the hikers circling the far side.

"Kaveh," I began. "Do you remember what we talked about before you went up?"

"Yes."

"What did I say?" I was back in full mom mode now.

"You said I should know the way down if I went up."

"And what happened?"

"Nothing."

"Not true. Something happened. What?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do. What happened?"

"I couldn't get down."

I jumped on this hard won opportunity. "Yes, and what did you learn?"

"That sometimes it's harder to get down than it is to get up."

"And what does that mean? What will you do next time you want to climb a boulder?"

"Not climb it."

"Why?"

"Because you won't allow me to."

I sighed. "Any other reason?"

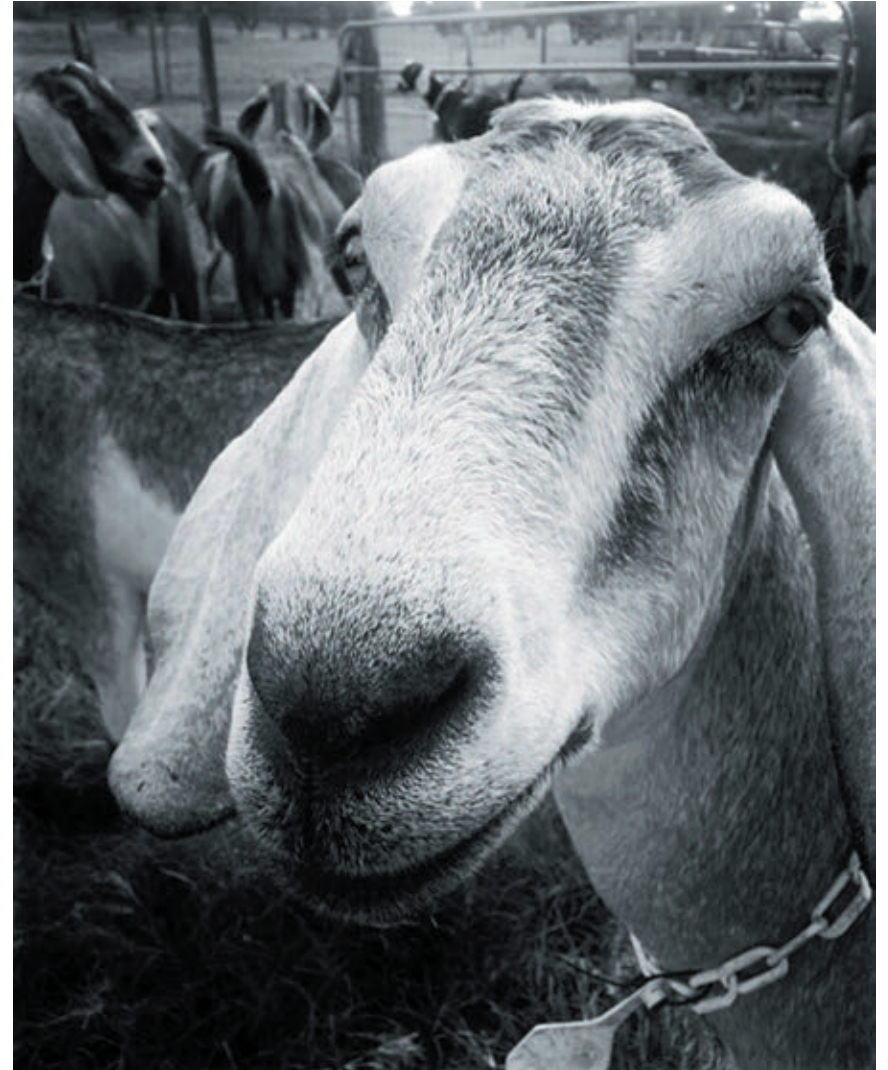
"No,"

"Why?"

"Because now I know how to get down."

GOAT PHOTO

by Gemma Lowe



ASYMMETRICAL TRIPTYCH



BY ZANE HILL AND DEVONIE BAKER

THE LOVE OF FLYING BORN

by Brent Sullivan



Dad was a marine aviator and there was, therefore, nothing cooler than flying. Together, we followed the exploits of the space pioneers—X-15 pilots, Mercury program astronauts. As a young kid I followed NASA like other kids follow sports teams. They were often kind enough to schedule launches near my fall birthday, making a big day even bigger.

My high school offered aviation and aerospace as an elective, providing a thorough ground school preparation for the written exam for the pilot's license. That summer, I went to a small nearby field and took a demo flight. While we were flying, I asked the pilot, "When do we do the fun stuff?"

"What do you mean?"

"Wing overs, loops, you know—fun stuff."

"Son we don't do that in these planes. If you want to do that, you'll need to get a license and then take aerobatic training."

"So what do you do in these planes?" I asked, a bit deflated.

"Well, we like to fly to other airports. Some of them have pretty good restaurants and we get a hamburger."

I can do that in my '70 Ford LTD I thought.

As a senior in high school, I briefly flirted with the idea of going to the Naval or Air Force Academies, since it seemed the best way to get to do what I thought of as fun flying. Dad's tales of

freedom in the air ever ringing in my ears. Fortunately, I recognized that my chafing at authority paired with the possibility that I might get stuck flying a tanker wouldn't yield the outcome I hoped for.

I put away the dream.

Decades later and married, my wife gave me a flight in a glider for my birthday.

Yes! The tow, flying in formation 200' behind the Pawnee.

Yes! The release and a climbing, steeply banked turn.

Yes! Climbing in a thermal, 45-60' of bank, round and round until I could no longer find the airfield we took off from and wispy tendrils of a flat bottomed cumulus were hanging just above us. Yes! A steep approach to landing, rounding out just above the green grass, tail wheel reaching down, down, now the grass hits the wheel and it starts to spin. Main gear 6" above the earth we stall and roll to a stop.

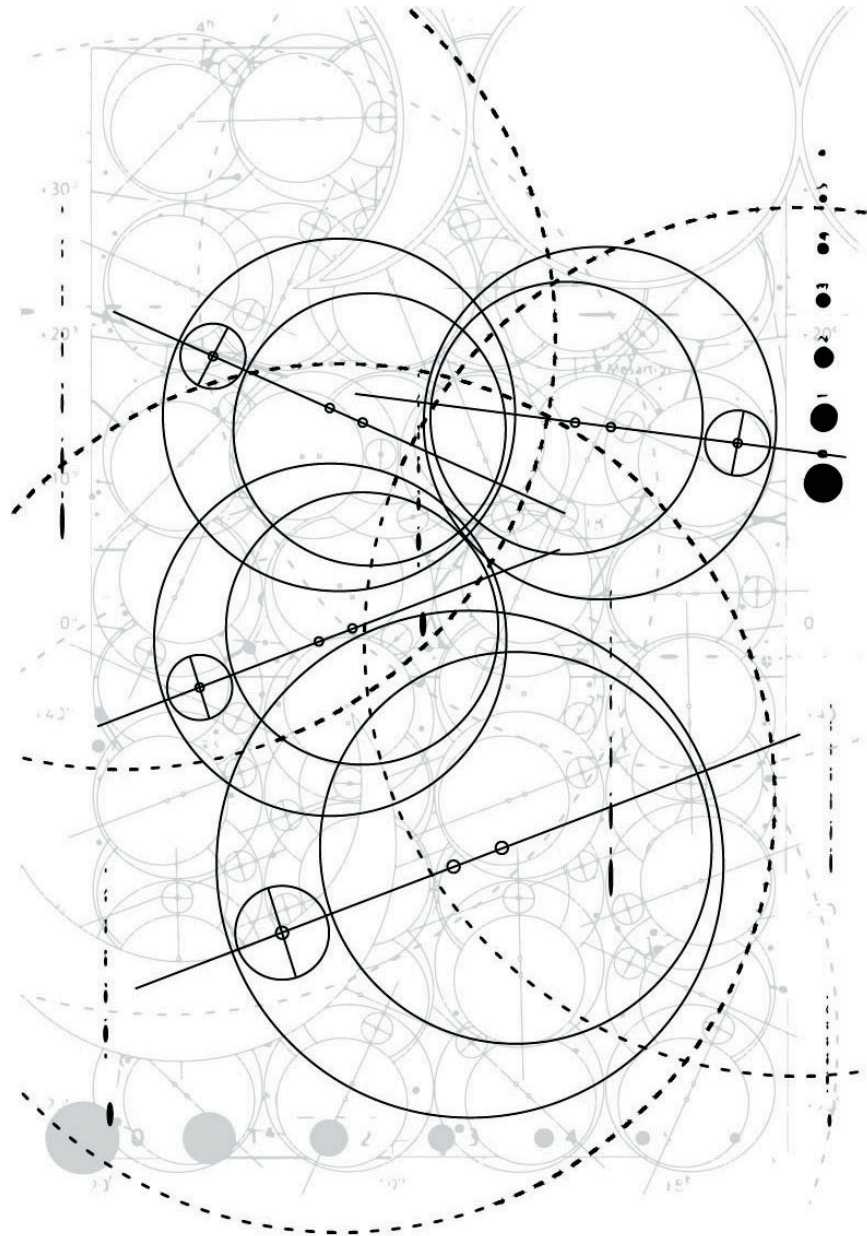
I'm hooked.

Soaring, perhaps the most improbable of sports. In our motorless, fusion powered airplanes, towed up by av gas to 2000' above the ground, we release and spend 5 hours or more climbing in thermals with raptors and carrion birds, gliding across the countryside from cloud to cloud, intimate with the atmosphere and the incredible power it holds. We race across the countryside with our friends because it is impossible for men and the boys we still hold inside ourselves to be in things that move and not race.

Cruising between thermals at 90mph, I hit a strong thermal, pull up sharply, drop flaps and establish a 45 degree bank, circling just above stall speed as I rise up to cloud base again. Climb, glide, repeat all afternoon.

In the last thermal of the day, 25 miles from home, I reach an altitude that allows me to glide back to the Soaring Club of Houston without stopping for any more thermals. Before I leave the thermal and the shade of the cloud I'm under, I thank God for letting me play with the majesty of the sky.

Crossing at mid field, I still have some excess altitude and a lot of speed, so I do wing overs and the occasional loop in the acro box before entering the pattern. Steep approach, round out just above the ground, reach down with the tailwheel until the grass makes it spin, drop the last few inches to the earth, flying no more, turn off the runway, roll up to the hangar. Ah yes, the ground. I remember it well—it's the place we tell our tales of soaring.



Atlas: Stellar Wind
by Nina Hays

Reality

*We are enjoined
To calculate in silence*

*Yet we cannot give up
The dead dream of reality as we
must.*

*The ceaseless jitter of the small
Holds us in probabilistic thrall
while*

*Philosophy intrudes bearing the hazy shadows of Platonism
Or the self made reality of Positivism*

—Robert Hughes



Untitled

My life is a series of broken coffee cups.

*Each represents a time and person,
A moment in my life, maybe more,
Each a gift from family, friends, students.
Some of the givers are gone now, but the
cups remain.
Though no longer filled with drink,
They still warm me by their presence.
Perhaps it's a little like Eliot, with his coffee
spoons,
A measure of my life.*

9/15/15

*I don't know your names.
I don't even know your gender or your ages.
But I know you died today.
This was just another day,
But now, suddenly, it's not.*

—Kathy Brooks

Growing Wiser

*The woman was fifty-one years old
When I realized how beautiful she is.*

She is a mystery unfolding.

*From the time we met until now
I have not known this woman.*

*My Illusions about her began early
And flourished like weeds.*

*But I have grown stronger and wiser.
Now, I want to know my mother.*

(written April, 1983)

Joanne Carlson Go

Author's note: I recently found this poem among my mother's keepsakes. I am now older than she was when I wrote this poem about her. I was in my mid twenties then, still processing the many misunderstandings from the troubling teenage years. I believe we both used to work hard at our relationship and I know I prayed about it for years. But now we are so close! I'm thankful that our relationship is filled with grace and ease.

Rice Village Fish Pond

Bronze is now green in the water.

Sculpted fish intertwine

almost in yin-yang forms.

They move in stillness to the wu-wei

flowing motion of not doing too much

or trying too hard for something.

Being part of the water,

fins and scales are massaged

and glistening bodies display grace

to the general public.

With verticality and simultaneous roundness,

fish are bronze-green swirling, living beings

that demonstrate the water element

for simple, pure entertainment.

Diane DeGaetani