

hey everybody...
Let's make!
a zine!
WEST 23RD STREET & ELSEWHERE



a family-friendly invitational zine

F A G T S



by Kate Warmbrodt

ISSUE #5: "EVERYBODY MUST GET ZINED"

As it happens, I only thought *previous* zines were cutting it a bit close. This time I'm totally down to the wire and that's entirely due to me. Therefore this foreword will be the shortest of all time.

I'd like to dedicate this issue to my late friend Shane Patrick Boyle. His infectious enthusiasm for all things zine put me on the path to making my own and here we are five issues in, with no end in sight. Thanks, Shane!

Patrick Brooks

Editor

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

A West 23rd Street Production

11/9/2017 • Houston, Texas



CONTENTS, TABLE OF

2	Another Halloween Has Come...	Davis Brooks
3	To The Girl With The Mousy Hair	Nina Hays
4-5	Canyon/Home	Oen Kennedy
6	Halloween 2014	Patrick Brooks
7	Temple Dust	Kate Mejia
8	Untitled	Edwin Johnston
9	Frog on Screen	Carrie Decker
10	Untitled	Gemma Lowe
11	Infusion	Maria Lurie
12-13	How to have a Conversation...	Peggy McDonald
14-15	Four Poems	Anna V Phillips
16-17	The Hard Hat's Tale	Absalom J. Fortescue
18-19	Koi & Anole	Josh Blackwood
20	Dragon	Ian Knight
21	Justice	Katherine Knight
22	Wulp from Omocron Persei 8	Marshall Dehart
23	Witch!	Evelyn Dehart
24	Auto Pilot	David Castrillón
25	Untitled	Acaia Tiff
26-27	SHANE!	Patrick Brooks
28	Facts	Kate Warmbrodt

hey everybody...
Let's make!
a zine!
 WEST 23RD STREET & ELSEWHERE

is published by

Inch Thick Publications 2017

Copyrights presumably owned by the contributors, but are we really going to go there?

<http://west23rdstreet.com>

Another Halloween Has Come and Gone

by Davis Brooks

Halloween has always been my favorite holiday. I've always had some attraction to the realm of the scary and spooky, and Halloween was a day that celebrated all of this –with candy, no less. And every year, without fail, I transformed the yard into a miraculous display of commercialism, and diverted my neighbors from their binge-watching by demanding a trick or a treat. For some reason, they always gave me the treat. And I did this, year after year, performing it with the piety of the most devout disciple.



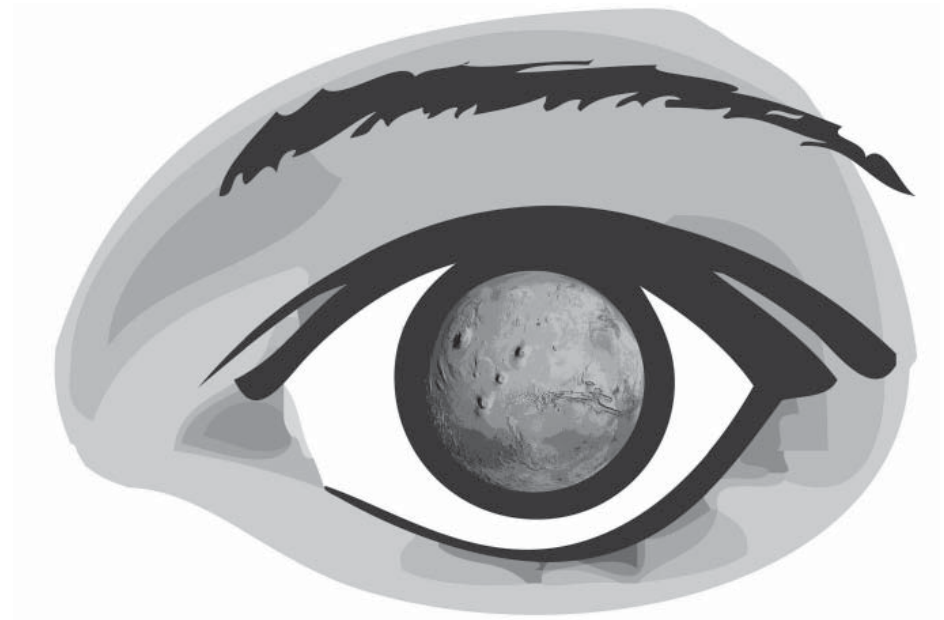
Every year, except for *this* year. I have come to realize that my childhood is slowly slipping through my fingers. While I may still be a 9 year old, I am in the body of a 14 year old, and those who had once handed me candy without batting an eye are now, to use a term from my AP Human Geography class, pressuring me in a forced migration past the gates of innocence and security. I am being thrust into a larger world, one in which I'm not sure I am ready to inhabit.

And so to all you adult readers, let this newer generation tarry in a place of momentary security. The world of 2017 is a harsh place, and we will soon have to face the weight of the world on our shoulders. So perhaps you could let us go out Trick-or-Treating for a little while longer.

Happy Halloween.

To The Girl With The Mousy Hair

by Nina Hays



CANYON

If you let your imagination run
Like wind through Sycamore trees
Like a Blue-Throated Hummingbird
Catching light on an April day

You may find your heart is opening
Like brightest Ocotillo blooms
Like Sunlight touched your soul
Like snow on a mountain melting slow

An Oak tree stands over her stream
Blossoming in early Spring
Drinking with roots so deep

Sending out fragrant waves

In evening if you stand nearby
Nighthawks and bats come swirling
Cascading round and around

Blossoms and wings are dancing

So let's go together now
Take my hand and we'll walk
Down to where water is tumbling
Giving voices to stones

And more voices arising
Here in this noisy glade
Canyon frogs are calling!
Could we be more alive?

Now the sound
Of water falling
Singing all cares away!
Water falling!
Singing all cares away!

HOME

The song I heard in my heart just now
Would not settle onto the pond
Amidst peepers revving up
For evening chorus.
Though this crisp and deepening blue
Is an almost perfect blank slate
For upwellings of the uncontainable;
And though the frogs will bloat and squeeze
Their throat bladders
In uncensored expression
Of aggression and enticement;
And though my ears will be buffeted silly
By infinite bounteous intersecting sound-crests
Of their singing;
And though emerging out of that
Pattern of profound interference
I might hear other voices
Emerging, as if from
Psychovolcanic seams in the night air,
Like throaty, grunting glossolalia —
Still my heart song won't land.

But in a smoggy alley
Full of trash and discarded glue bottles
In the sprawl of Mexico City,
In the torn pocket of an obliterate child,
On a many-creased photo
Of a woman's face,
In the deep brown irises, flecked with gold,
In the woman's faint but hopeful smile,
In the heart which carried her ancestor's dreams,
Along endless footworn mountain trails
Before the nightmares descended
And the soft rains ended,
There my heart song silently settles,
Home at last.

— *Oen Kennedy*

HALLOWEEN 2014

by Patrick Brooks



TEMPLE DUST

by Kate Mejia



UNTITLED

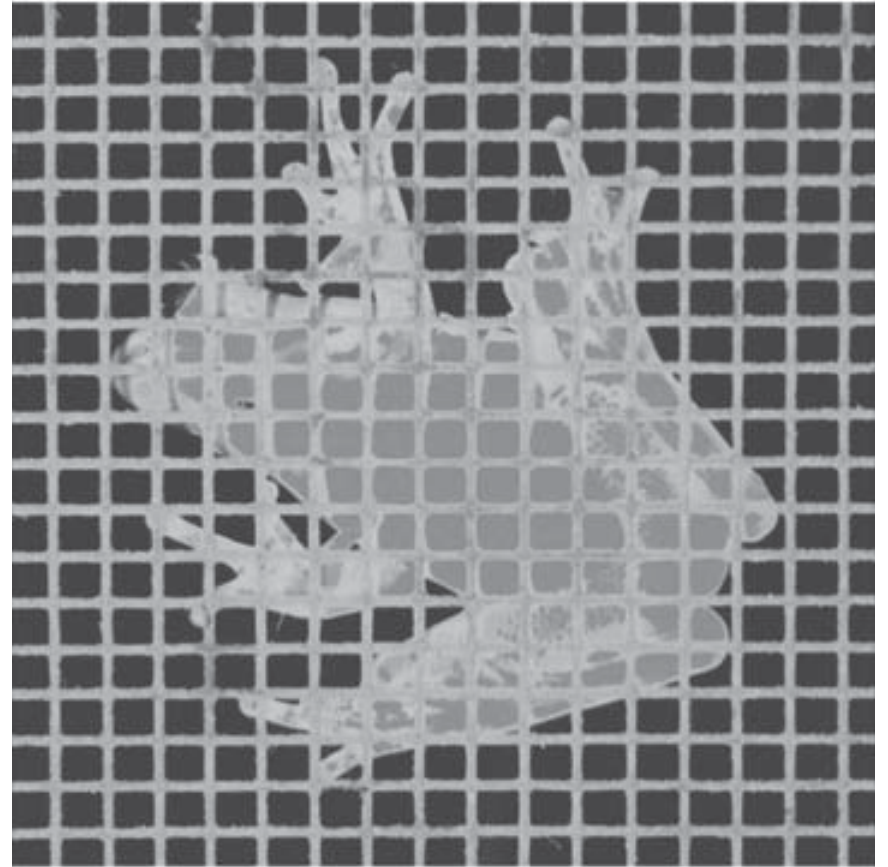
EDWIN JOHNSTON

MICRO-STUDIO LAB



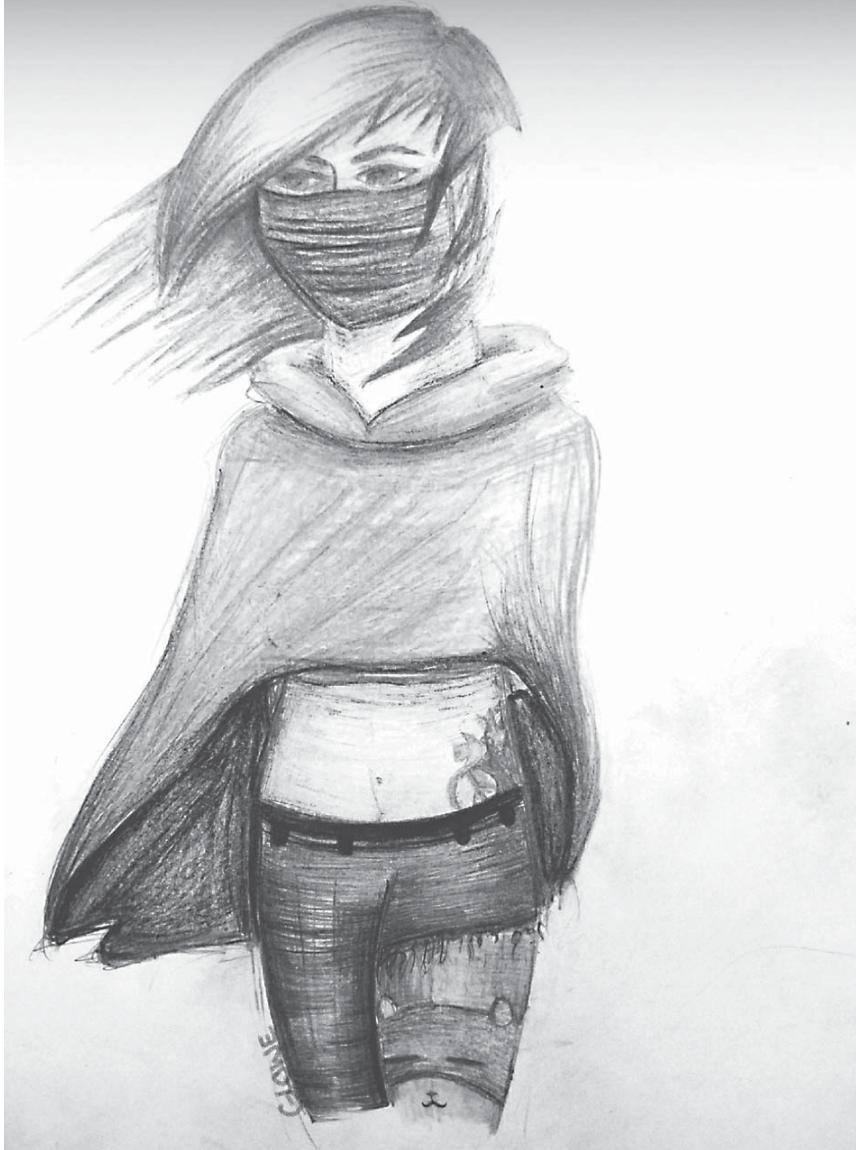
Frog on Screen

by Carrie Decker



UNTITLED

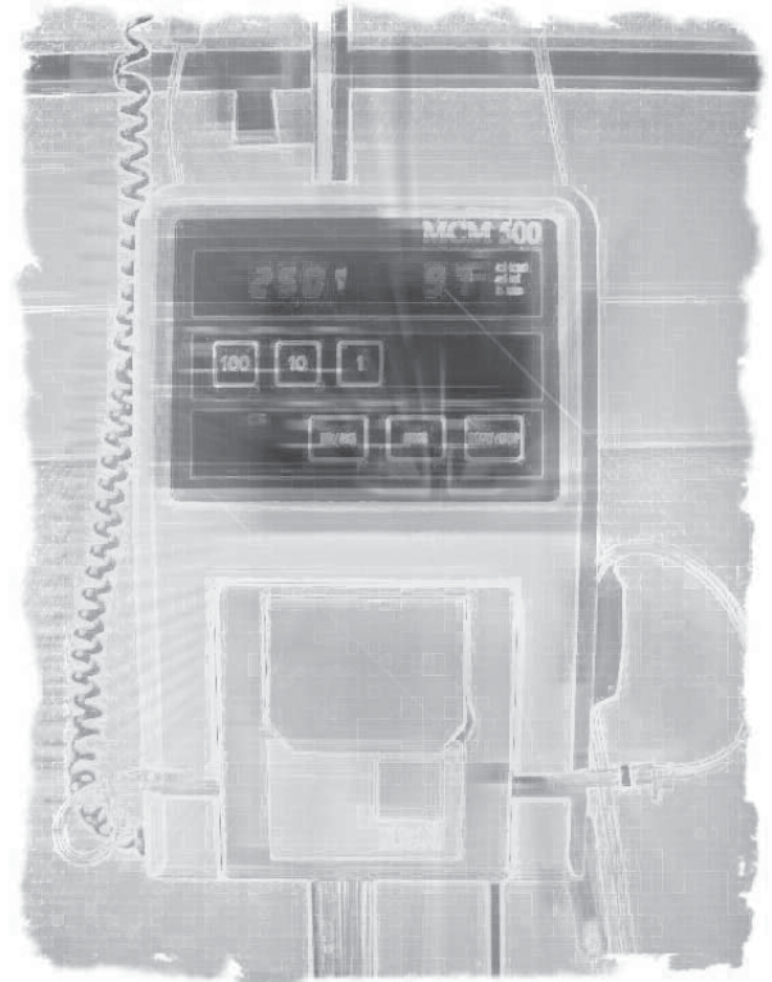
by Gemma Lowe



INFUSION

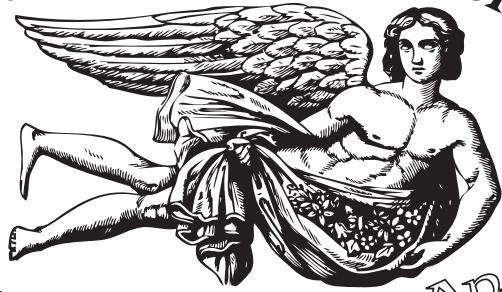
by Maria Lurie

I felt it, the hole.
Drip by drip, the infusion
makes me whole again.



How to Have a Conversation with Your Guardian Angel

by Peggy McDonald



Conventional angel wisdom has that everyone has a guardian angel assigned to them before birth. This guardian angel may intervene in events large and small but mostly waits for requests. If the angel is not asked, the angel presumes that the human wants to remain a lone operator. Although not necessary, with an assistant, you may be able to visualize your guardian angel using the instructions in the next paragraph. The assistant should wait until you well and truly complete one step before moving to the next. Take your time.

Sit on a chair with your feet flat on the floor and bring your mind to the present. Close your eyes and have someone you trust slowly read to you the step by step instructions as follows: (1) Imagine a shaft of light coming to earth through a hole in a cloudy sky. (2) Imagine traveling through that shaft of light up to the heavens until you arrive above the clouds. (3) When you get above the cloud visualize a large doorway with an open door. (4) Imagine going into that doorway and, on the other side of the room inside that doorway, there is your guardian angel. Now describe this angel as it occurs to you. Color. Appearance. Countenance (smiling, frowning, warrior, nurturing). Size. Gender, if any. Describe out loud, without editing, what you see and any other impressions.

Visualizing your angel is not necessary before you start to communicate.

To begin, communicating with your angel in writing is better for many. Write to your angel on a piece of paper as you would write any letter, "Dear Guardian Angel"... Angels like to be recognized and thanked for something you feel they have done for you. Particularly, when you start getting your written requests answered, acknowledge and thank the angel for what the angel has done. Then make your written request of the angel. Your angel works only with you, so a request to "Make my husband do the dishes" is not something in the angel's portfolio. I have found that the answer to my request is often a surprise but clearly an answer. Then, end the letter with the condition that the answer to your request be "for the good of all concerned."

Put the letter in an envelope with "Guardian Angel" written on the outside. Then store the letter(s) in a designated place and wait for the answer. If you go back to your letters from months or years ago, you will be astonished at the results. An example follows:

Dear Guardian Angel,

Thank you for the healing I have experienced so far. I do feel much better than I did and more than was expected at the time.

Please, Guardian Angel, I would like to be well enough to be able to go to visit my sons at college in Austin.

For the good of all concerned,

Peggy McDonald

Some prefer to communicate with the angel with an imaged or oral dialog. That is for another discussion.

Next zine, I'll let you know if I managed to make it to Austin.



FOUR POEMS

by Anna V Phillips

No Place for Heroes

Today I saw fear,
Felt every nerve respond
to faint battle cries
as each one fell heavily.
It was no place for Heroes.
3rd March 2017

Making Poison

Add a pinch of this,
then sprinkle some of that.
A teaspoon of the other helps,
when you add a bit of bad.
If you have a bit more worse,
throw that in the pot.
Before you know it,
bubbles simmer.
Making poison,
makes me shiver.
21st July 2017

THE POWER OF SILENCE

Amidst surrounding bustling life
they gather together and gently settle
quietly 'centering' busy thoughts.

Twenty, thirty, sometimes more
patiently wait and gladly absorb
the Peace that cloaks the Meeting Room.

Each person reflects, considers, thinks
their private meditations safe
no one need know an others' thoughts.

The powerful silence protects the room
and the gathered group, in prayer -
Meeting for Worship, my sanctuary.
15th September 2017

The Exit

"Just walk the line
it's straight and true
it's painted white
or green or blue"

"Now pay attention
don't drift to purple
or you might end up
on the surgeon's table"

"If the line turns a corner,
go that way too
if it comes to a door -
it means you go through"

With consultants reports
held tight in hand,
I walk sure and steady
in this unknown land

Through the door
the line has gone -
no signs, no nothing,
to lead me home!

"Can I help you"
asks a gentle voice,
"Exit please" I quickly ask,
"Now let me see, you have a choice"

I listened hard
and paid attention,
as she kindly
gave directions

"Just walk the line
its straight and true
just choose which one -
either green or blue....."
25th August 2017

THE HARD HAT'S TALE

OR: going off the rails on the crazy train

to his

Everything went black.

He proceeded to ask folks on the train if he was going crazy or if anyone else had experienced this as well. I told him that very definitely this did not happen in the [REDACTED] but that we had our own power plant.

Eventually the two women behind me said that they also saw this but it was not clear if they were simply humoring him in order to calm him down.

He kept saying that he was not crazy.

He also opined that even though the [REDACTED] was a “shitty paper” that they would surely cover this but I could find no reference to any such outage the next day in that or any other paper online.

I should give a description of how he looked. He was a beefy white guy about my age or possibly a bit older. Crew cut hairstyle. Hair mostly gray. He had a hard hat and a high-viz orange vest. Under the vest he wore a white t shirt with an American flag on it. His accent sounded more northern than Texan. Sort of an “Archie Bunker” type - yet more of this time. Dare I say he struck me as an ideal [REDACTED] voter?

He was hard to extract information from. I had to ask him three times before he would tell me the duration of this mysterious power outage. He was asking for directions but similarly it was hard to make him pay attention to the ones I was giving.

He asked if I was a teacher and when I replied instead that I was a [REDACTED] he seemed semi-annoyed. As indeed, he did for all of our discussion.

I'm on my [REDACTED] bound evening commute from the [REDACTED] I'm listening to my iPad in my typical fashion when some guy gets on the train and seems quite agitated. I don't know what he's rambling about until I take off my headphones and listen. I guess we must have been around [REDACTED] station or so.

He says that when he was downtown that all of the power for all of the buildings around him failed all at once for about 30 seconds. He was on the phone and it included the power phone as well.

He also wanted to find out how to get to [REDACTED]th street. I told him that [REDACTED] became [REDACTED]th and that he should perhaps get off there. He could not supply me with any of his desired cross streets on [REDACTED]th street and seemed peeved that I was asking. He initially said that [REDACTED] was not far enough, despite my insistence that it was paired with [REDACTED]th and that if he went further north that the numbers would go up.

He said that he did not need any more information from me and began to ask the ladies that had confirmed his power outage story. I think they also told him [REDACTED] but he still was not convinced and then took a close look at the Metro rail map finally deciding that it was [REDACTED] after all.

By this time I was in no mood to assist him any more since he had been rather curt with me when I was trying to help earlier.

He kept muttering to himself that [REDACTED] was right and finally got off at that station as I did.

He did eventually walk west on [REDACTED] and I was a bit concerned that he'd notice my ride picking me up. I'd be darned if I was going offer him a lift.

So, it seems to me there are several possibilities:

- This guy was just crazy and hallucinated the whole thing.
- The guy was a performance artist/hoaxster and wanted to see how many folks he could get to go along with his story.
- The guy was right and there actually was such an incident.

The implications of the last one being true seem to me to branch off into one of two areas:

- There was some sort of electromagnetic pulse (EMP) effect that took his phone down as well as the power of the downtown buildings. The vast conspiracy that controls every aspect of our lives saw to it that reports of such an event were never shared with the public. Informants on the train shared this tale with their state security handlers and Mr. Hard Hat was dealt with by a black ops squad at the earliest opportunity.
- Alternatively, it could have been a glitch in the Matrix that affected his part of the shared reality of our “brain in a vat” existence. A software patch would be deployed to prevent future occurrences of that glitch and to remove all traces...

Uh, what were we taking about?

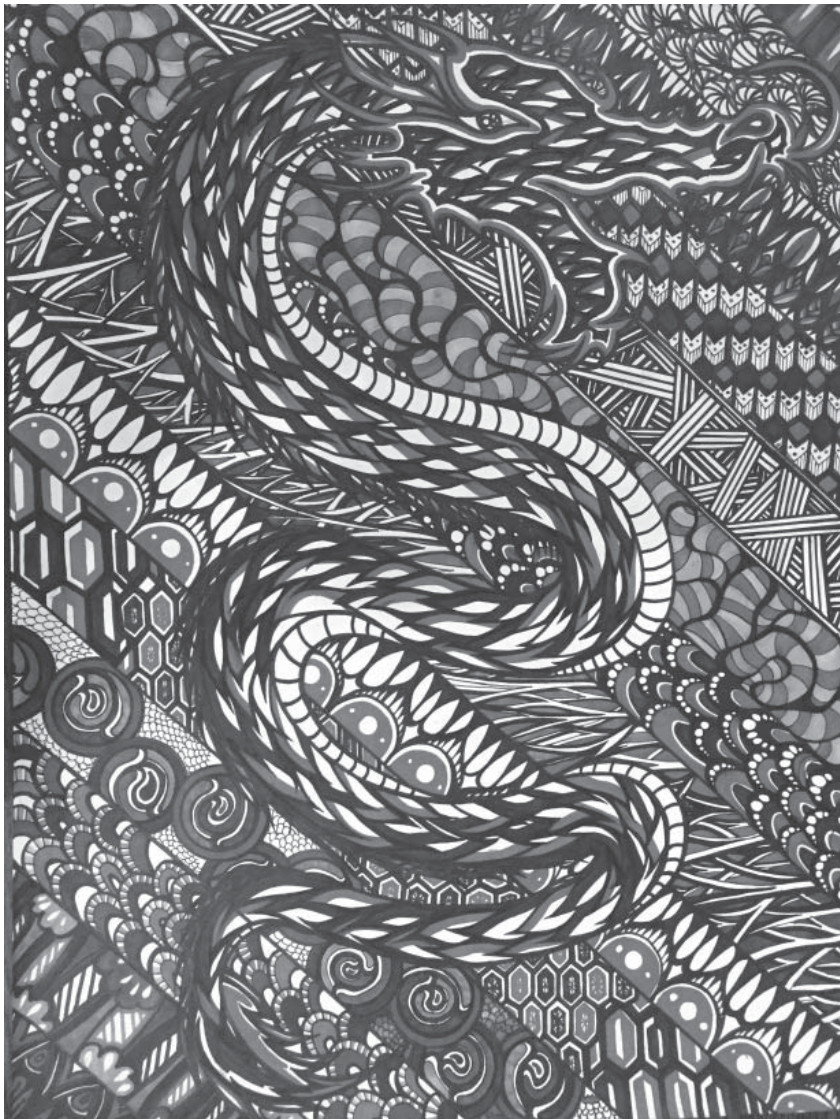
Koi & Anole

by Josh Blackwood



Dragon

by
Ian
Knight



20



JUSTICE
by Katherine Knight

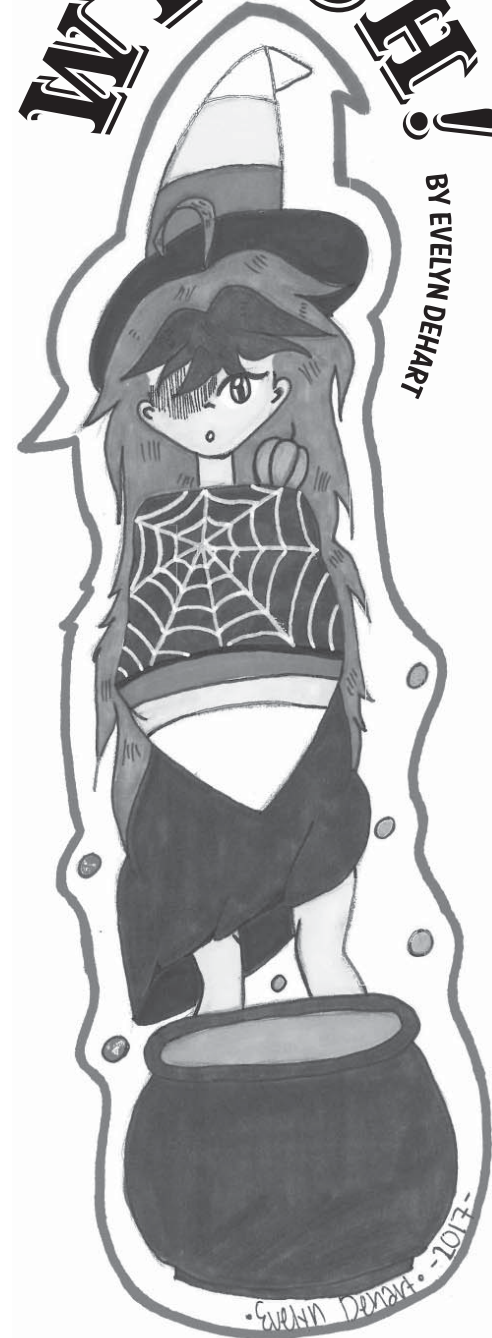
21

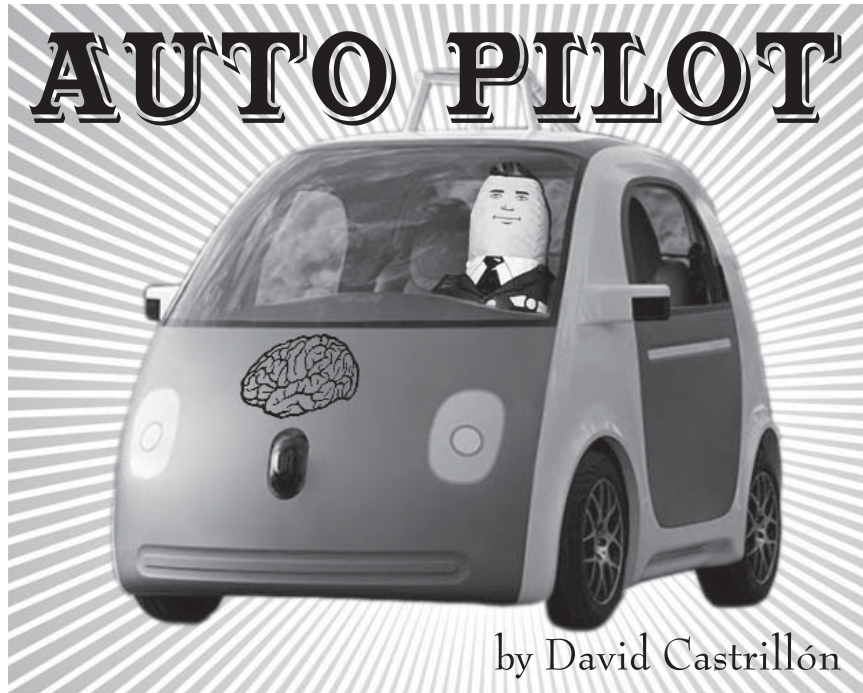
Wulp from Omocron Persei 8
by Marshall Dehart



MITCHE!

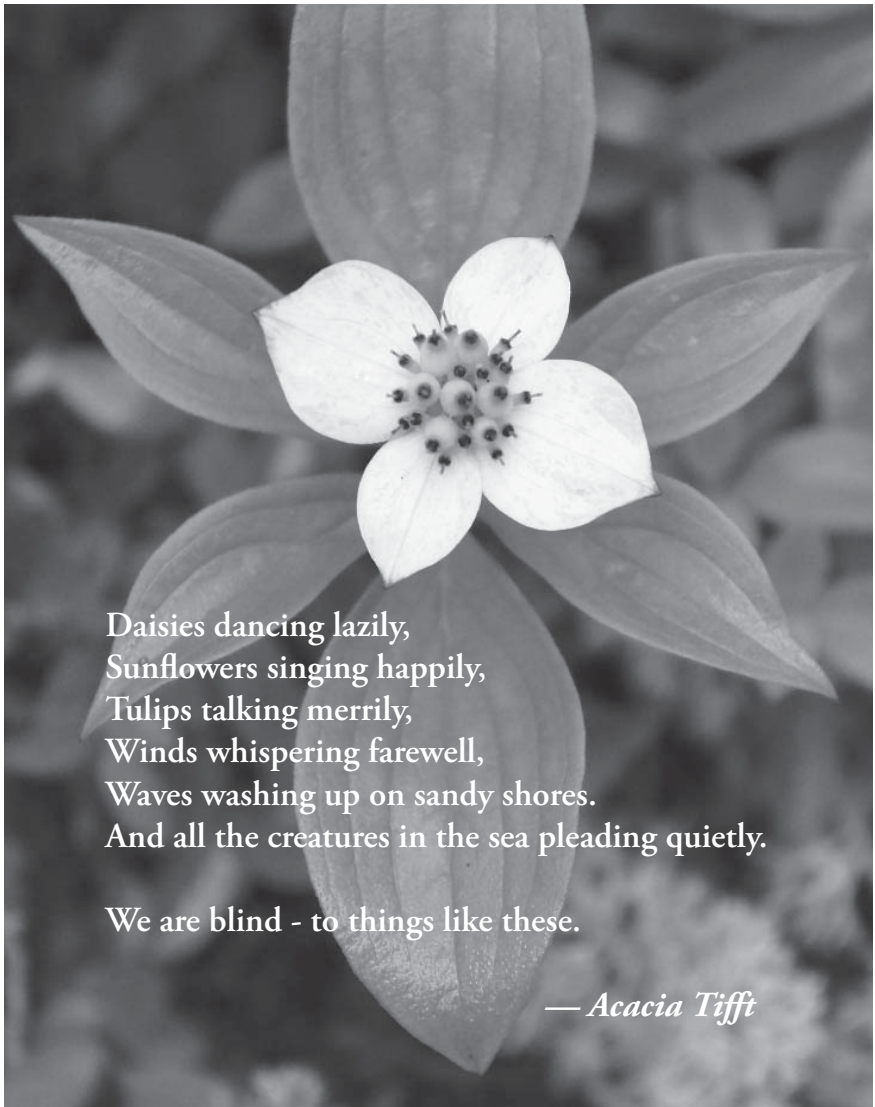
BY EVELYN DEHART





Dav Stewart sat on the front
 porch. he thought about how
 much a car with an autopilot
 would cost. probably 100000 he
 thought. 1 million

Dav Stewart sat on the front porch. He thought about how much a car with an autopilot would cost. Probably 100000 (1 million) he thought.



SHANE

In March of this year came devastating news: my friend Shane Patrick Boyle had passed away. It is not an overstatement to say that without Shane's influence, I would not have completed one zine, let alone five.

Shane and I met when we both attended UH back in the late 1980s and early 1990s, and were both denizens of the late-lamented UC Underground. We lost touch after I graduated in '92.

I encountered him by chance at a Menil Book Fair approximately twenty years later and he recognized me immediately. Impressively, he was able to recall writing that I did back in the day and told me in his gentle but insistent voice that "Patrick, you should make some zines."

That was all it took. I had struggled with finishing any creative works for so many years and suddenly I had been given a mission by an old friend. I resolved to make a zine for the next Zine Fest Houston (which he also told me about). I knew I could not get this done alone as it was less than 2 months away so I reached out to my family, friends, and neighbors to contribute to an invitational zine and so was born *hey everybody... Let's make a zine!*

Shane not only got my creative engine started, but he also introduced me to a community of like-minded (and sometimes un-like-minded) individuals who also felt a strong desire to make their own publications and I knew that I had found my tribe.

Shane lived a life of frequent hardship but he never let it get him down. He always followed the path of his art as a first principle of existence. I will always be inspired by his example of a life well-lived.

— *Patrick Brooks*

