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

a family-friendly invitational zine

ISSUE #6: KEEP THEM ZINEIES ROLLIN'

Every year I send out the invitational email and then wonder “will there be enough contributions to make this issue work?” Every year people send in some astoundingly good stuff. I suppose I should’ve gotten used to that by now. Thank you one and all.

This year I did not have time to complete some of the writing I had planned for this zine but I was able to **a.** make a quick “road map” style zine for Aurora Picture Show’s twentieth anniversary. **b.** Contribute to the 2018 **Zine Fest Houston** compilation and **c.** contribute a one-pager to Stacy Kirages’ “Zinefas” project. We also went to table at San Antonio’s zine fest and got a very friendly reception there.

I hope you enjoy our sixth issue,

Patrick Brooks

Editor

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Shane Patrick Boyle (1969-2017)
Vivit in aeternum facundi Musa

FOUR POEMS

by Anna V Phillips

A Woman of no Importance

She was quiet and still,
saying, not one word
as she sat in the crowd.
She had no expectations -
Her actions were her answer to crisis.
The people acknowledged her,
with fond praise, public recognition.
This woman 'of no importance',
saved lives as her way of life.
It was what she was called to do.
The people, however, saw a saint.
February 2018

Graveyard with a view

Her grave, older now
still bears the message of love.
It's so clean and clear.
We visit when we are near,
ensuring we don't forget.
May 2018

Dark Places

It is cold and slightly damp,
in the recess of her room.
It is dark and sinister,
in the recess of his dream.
It is night and very black,
in the cave within the cliff face.
No matter where you think you are,
it is someone else's dark place.
May 2018

Autumn

Walking forth smartly
I feel Autumn underfoot
A copper blanket.
October 2018

Nikolas

I want you to have been loved
Each and every day of your life
Or most days, at least.
I want you to have been held
By a loving mother
And reminded of home always.
I want you to have been surrounded
By the warmth of friends and family,
Who listened to you — to your pain,
Your jokes, your imaginings and confusions,
Who laughed and cried with you
And showed you you were not alone.
I want this love and listening and sharing
To have gone deep inside you
And glowed through your life
And held you in its light.

If you had this
And still felt what you felt
And did what you did,
Then we as a species will need
To look deeply
(More deeply than we've ever looked)
Into our DNA
Into our deepest archetypal souls
And start a new creation
Even if it only starts with one person
(and I know it is many millions already).
We will turn ourselves
Into beings of love
Who will always stop before hurting
Who will smile at ourselves
And our own ego-foolishness
And become mothers all.

—Oen Kennedy

TOM SCHWIFT AND HIS ANNOYING CO-PILOT

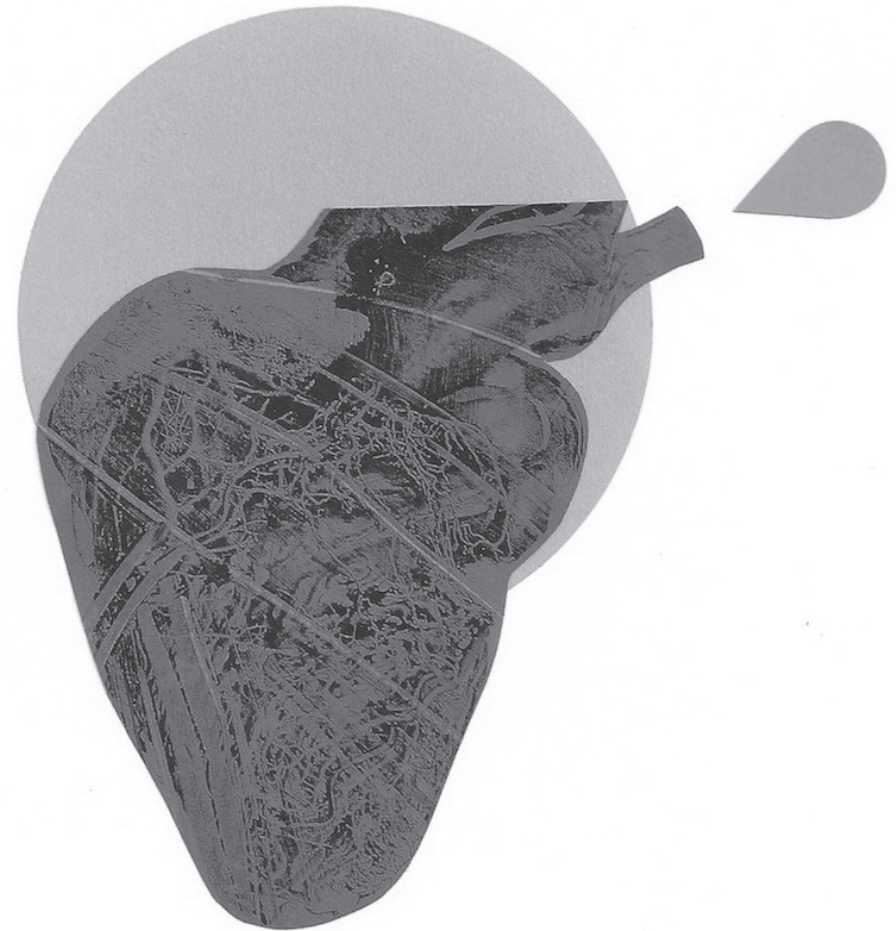
By Apple Victorton II

Bud Barclay rushed onto the bridge of the *Sky Queen*. “Hey Tom, look at me I’m a boy scientist!”, he shouted above the din of the repelatron engines. Tom’s hand momentarily strayed close to the airlock button but he dismissed the thought. “Later. Bide your time.” he thought, glaring at the smiling, simpleton test pilot.



Give us your lunch money, nerd!

by Stacy Kirages



FOR ANTHONY

BY SAM KUŽEL



SAMKUZEL.COM

James Turrell's Viewfinder

by Kate Mejia



BUBBLES

by Sam Miller



Bella and the bearded dragon

by Renault Conner



Davis Brooks's Watertight Words of Wisdom

Throughout the years, fortune cookies have shared untold wisdom with me. Now, I would like to share some of this wisdom with the beloved readers of *hey everybody...* **Let's make a zine!**

“How many of you believe in psycho-kinesis? Raise my hand.”

“If you want it... take it.”

“An agreeable romance might begin to take on the appearance.”

“Now is a good time for you to explore. Take a vacation.”

“Don't forget to do good deeds as you accumulate wealth.”

“Travelling to the south will bring you unexpected happiness.”

“How much deeper would the ocean be without sponges?”

And finally:

“Only listen to fortune cookie. Ignore all other fortune-telling units.”



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CREEPY KITCHEN PANTRY

by Kate Warmbrodt



Wrestling with the Devil

by Peggy McDonald



Detail from *The Temptation of St. Anthony* by Martin Schöngauer c. 1480-90. Engraving. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

An anthropomorphized Smokey the Bear tells you to put out forest fires. “I Heard It Through the Grapevine” is sung by dancing raisins with eyes, wigs, legs, arms and mouths. Vegetables and animals act out stories and sing and dance. The Devil has human features with horns and a tail and personifies voracious, sneaky, trickster evil.

Once I see Smokey the Bear or a dancing raisin or a Veggie Tales character or Mickey Mouse or all the others, including the Devil, I cannot unsee them. When I start an outdoor fire, Smokey is there. Where I see evil, I see it in the form of the Devil lurking, laughing hysterically and clapping and jumping in celebration whenever he manages to hijack a person’s spirit, especially if he subdues and hoodwinks someone who believes himself to be kind and peace loving.

Most of the time, I see the Devil lurking, waiting for the slightest human weakness to use as an opportunity to corrupt with Evil. Most of the time, I believe the Devil should be watchfully avoided and evaded. But sometimes, in order to reject the Devil, we must wrestle

with him to save our Spirit from scorch or immolation.

Most of the vision of the Devil comes not from the Bible but from Dante’s *Inferno* including the Devil and 7 Deadly Sins: Lust, Gluttony (where one puts his focus), Greed, Sloth (unwillingness to care), Wrath (love of justice perverted), Envy and Pride (led to Lucifer’s downfall; love of self perverted to hatred and contempt of one’s neighbor).

Be watchful every moment for thoughts born not of compassion. Of interest to me now is that we all be on the lookout at legislative hearings and speeches and advertisements to discern if the Devil is lurking. If leaders lie, commit atrocities and corruptions, betray the common good, savage the reputation of people who disagree and threaten violence against our institutions (among other thuggish acts), then the Devil is in these things, but the Devil can use these offenses to tempt the resisters of these destructive acts to resist in kind. Kind, compassionate people begin to take their eyes off the Devil long enough for the Devil to send in Wrath. Even a small incursion perpetrated by the dancing, smiling, sneaky Devil can metastasize.

The Devil makes us see an enemy rather than a neighbor. The Devil vamps people in a group who, with intention to protest wrongs, go to a restaurant where a politician is having dinner with his wife and the family afraid. I see the Devil smiling from the kitchen door.

Once the Devil gets a prick of his poison into the smallest opening in a moment where your watchful antennae are down, then watchful evasion of the Devil is no longer an option. At that point you must wrestle with the Devil to eject the Devil forcefully from your Spirit. You must decide not to give in to Pride of identity with the “Good” guys or Envy of the power of those the Devil controls. You must claim your compassion and Spirit of Love by wrestling with the Devil using all your Spiritual force if necessary. Batter the Devil with compassion, love, steadfastness, the truth, integrity, and radical peacefulness. These are the weapons to subdue the Devil and in doing so, helping to save us all.

haiku about gardening

October 16, 2018

The lone gardener,
encircled by slugs and dirt,
finds satisfaction.

For Rick Napoli

The Creeping Jenny,
deprived of sufficient sun,
refuses to creep.

The philodendron,
its split leaves ushered inside,
escapes the first freeze.

The Asiatics,
hiding their colorful souls,
continue outdoors.

-- **Maria Lurie**

Close Your Eyes, You Better Wake Up

By Sophia Crawford-Vargas
(video at <https://tinyurl.com/y9x5x9y3>)

Close your eyes and you better wake up
The breeze is shining, you don't know
That's the only way you can wobble your toes.

That's the only way you see, like you have a book in the breeze
That's not the only way you choose, 'cause you have a magic
book you see.

You get the hang of it and let it shine.
That's the only way you can divine.

Twist your knees and wobble your toes
This is the hallway that's scary for poets
Scary Halloween.

Childs and chunks and monsters and wokes
Screaming loudly like, I don't know.
Trickle Treats.

Under the ground, going to your bed,
Going to town and going over your head,
Going down and going down and covering your head.

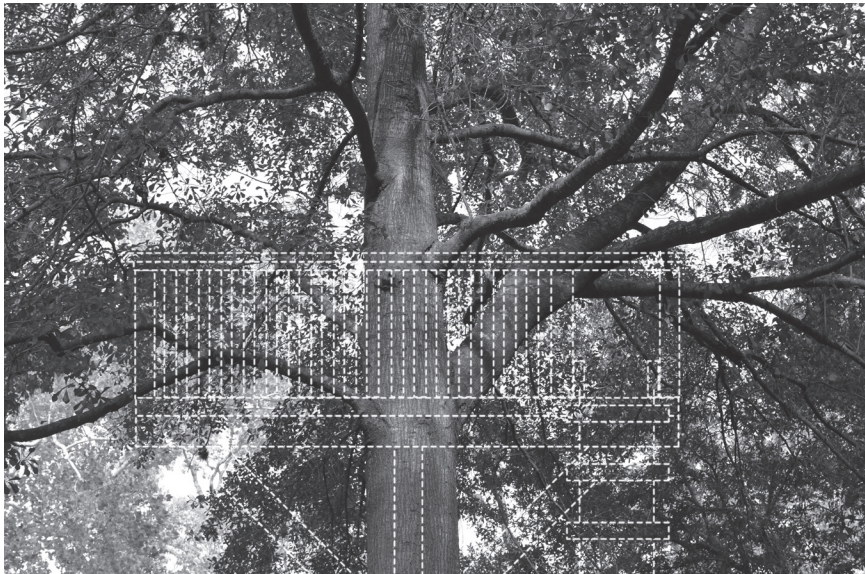
That's not the only way you choose
'Cause that's the different version you can do.

I Never Built You That Treehouse

I never built you that treehouse but I often thought about it. How I was going to build it. How I could secure a platform that would not harm the tree. How having it might cure you of your skittishness with heights. How you and your friends would spend many hours in it having Nerf wars and a secret treehouse club. How I was going to see if a zip line was possible from that tree in our small yard.

But I never started that project and the years passed by quicker than I would have thought possible. Now I'm an old man and you are in high school and too big to appreciate it. I hope I will still be around when you have a child and we can build it together. I should have a good plan in place by then.

—Patrick Brooks



MUSINGS OF IDLENESS

Astronomers' observations show the birth of our universe about thirteen billion years ago.

And they infer that the fate of that universe will be disappearance due to unending expansion and disintegration of its substance.

But is the story complete? Nay, the argument is incomplete, but without observation.

The universe is vastly larger than our vision, filled with an infinite number of universes in their birth and death throes all.

The ultimate truth is possibly that we are a minute and temporary part of an unending physical system that has no beginning or end or purpose and is without need of scientists or theologians.

—Robert Hughes

UNTITLED

I want to cover my eyes.
I want to cover my ears.
To block it all out.
But I cannot.
No... I must not.
For all those who have no choice
But to live it.

—Kathy Brooks



by Carrie Decker

**THE
CHOICE**

A Love Letter to Houston

Sometimes you don't really appreciate a place until you go away to college

Thank you for everything, Houston.

You are the perfect mix of Southern Hospitality, urban bustle, and American diversity.

I feel like I was so rarely exposed to anger growing up that I don't even know how to handle it now. It seems like the most negative emotion that I encountered was people being annoyed about the climate. The compassion and understanding that exists in the city of Houston is like no other and I am truly grateful to have grown up in such a kind-hearted place. It's something that I didn't really appreciate until I started going to other places in the United States.

Houston is a city that's alive. There are always people moving at every hour of the day and night. It felt like every weekend there was some sort of event or festival or restaurant opening. That's also something that I am grateful for. I am glad that I had the opportunity to participate in citywide events like Critical Mass or the Superbowl in 2017, or the protests marches held in the last couple of years.

Speaking of protests, let's talk about HISD. HISD has its problems, like every public school district, but I went to a public elementary, middle and high school, and it was great. The perfect mix of opportunity and realism. There wasn't any pampering or fancy tools, just class. No Montessori or lack of homework or extra specific electives, just school. And I really appreciated that. Being from a place where I knew so many people made me felt like part of the larger community. I remember when HSPVA, Bellaire, Lamar, and Carnegie all linked up to march downtown to city hall together to support gun control

following the Parkland school shooting. I felt such a strong sense of community that day that still persists now, 2500 miles away.

The Houston community is like no other. The opportunity within the city, as well as it being a haven for many different types of people, has led it to be one of the most diverse cities in the United States.

The influx of migrants from the every point on the globe has led Houston to also having some incredible food. After Hurricane Katrina, many people moved to Houston from NOLA leading to an incredible amount of Cajun food and crawfish cook-outs. Pho is another Houston food that has come up through the ranks. You can find a pho restaurant in almost every neighborhood and it's always good. And let's not forget our pride and glory: Tex-Mex. One thing growing up in Houston taught me was to appreciate the hell out of food. Food is what brings people together. There is a reason that in the Catholic Church, you eat the body of Christ. In the history of mankind, breaking bread with people has always been the symbol of peace, prosperity, and cooperation and Houston is the perfect example of that.

Sure, Houston has pollution, and traffic, and lots of freeways. It's got some crime and some strip centers and more than its fair share of concrete but that's not what makes a city. The people make the city. And you won't find better people anywhere else but in Houston, Texas.

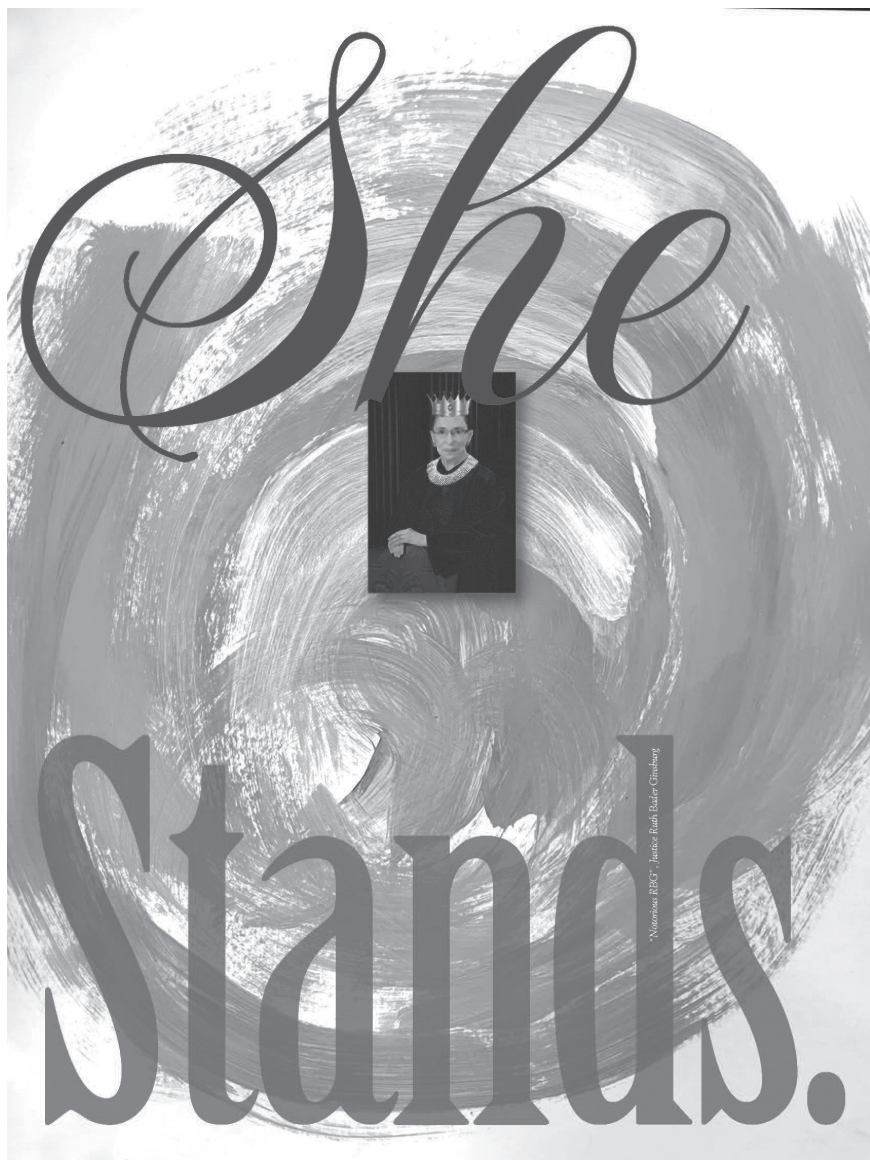
Love,
Cyrus



Women Who Inspire

by Pen Morrison





"Norman RBG" - Jancis Ruth Baird Glimberg

www.penmorrison.com