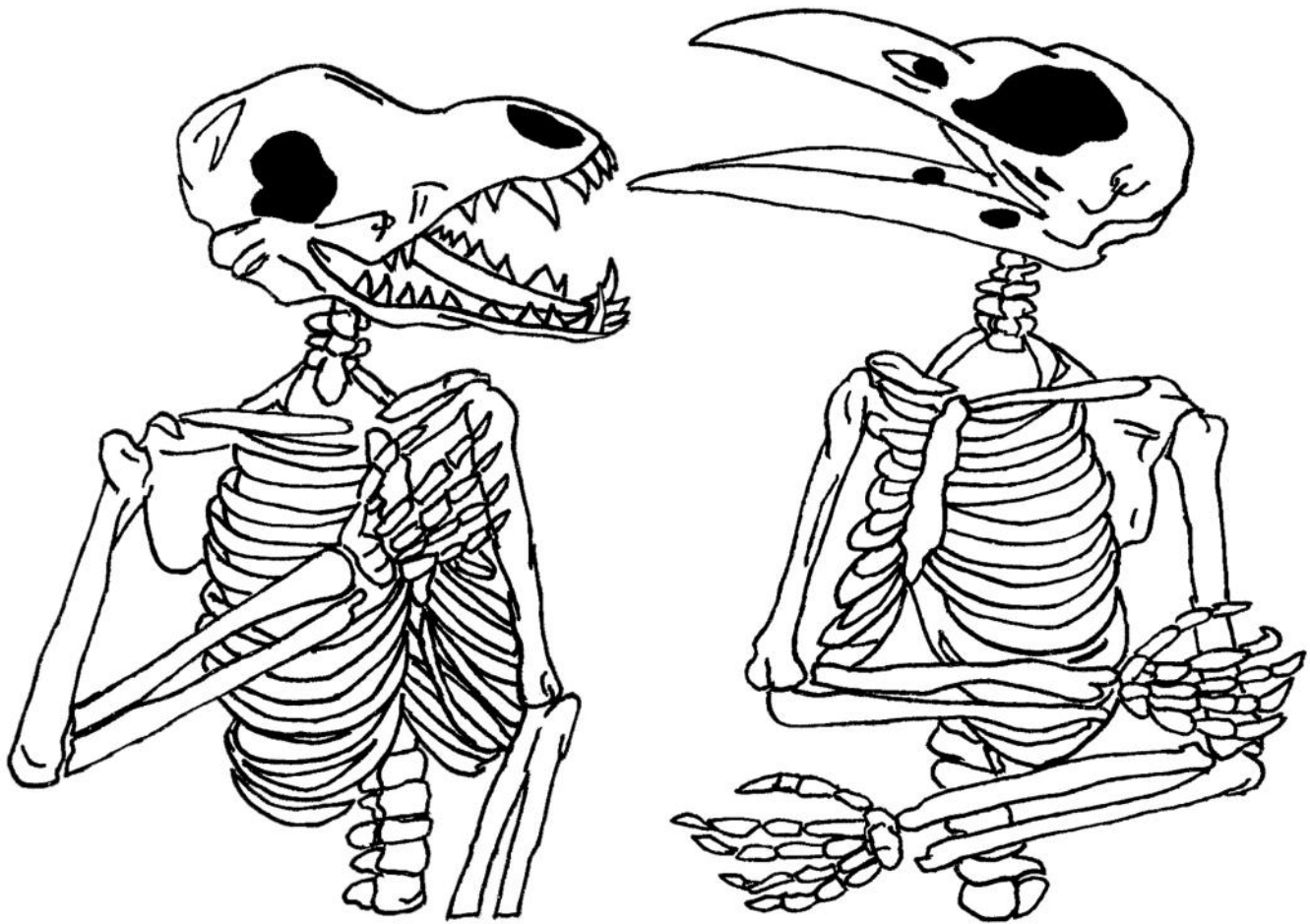


October 2021

vol 9

# HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???



how can i do this to my own body???

a zine by

Ray & Shay Daylami-Frost



# HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???

vol 9: how can I do this to my own  
body???

Without attribution:

untitled poem

May 15, 2017

...and then my life changed

outcomes

Designer

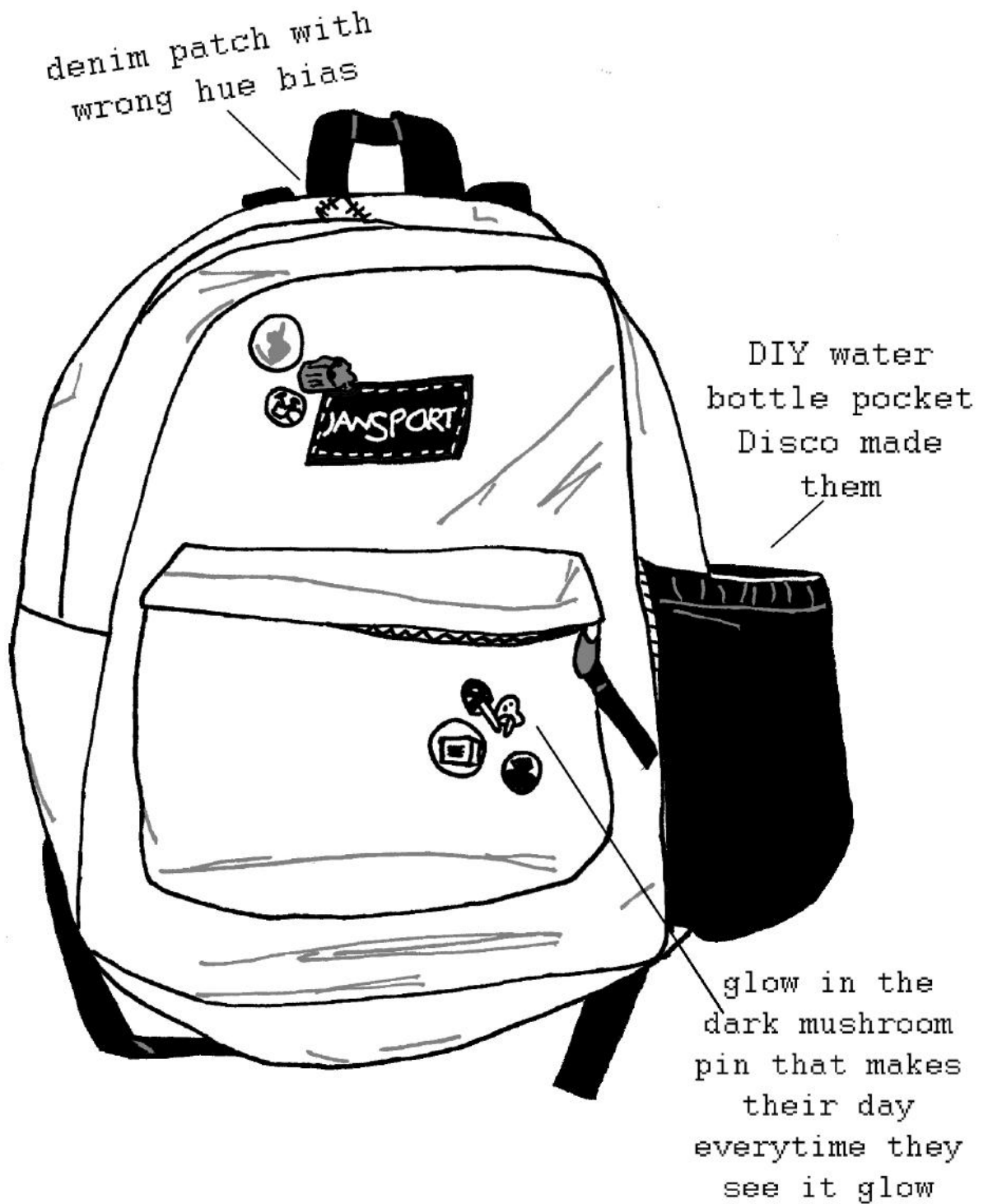
yet another home poem

untitled comic

The Creation of Ugly

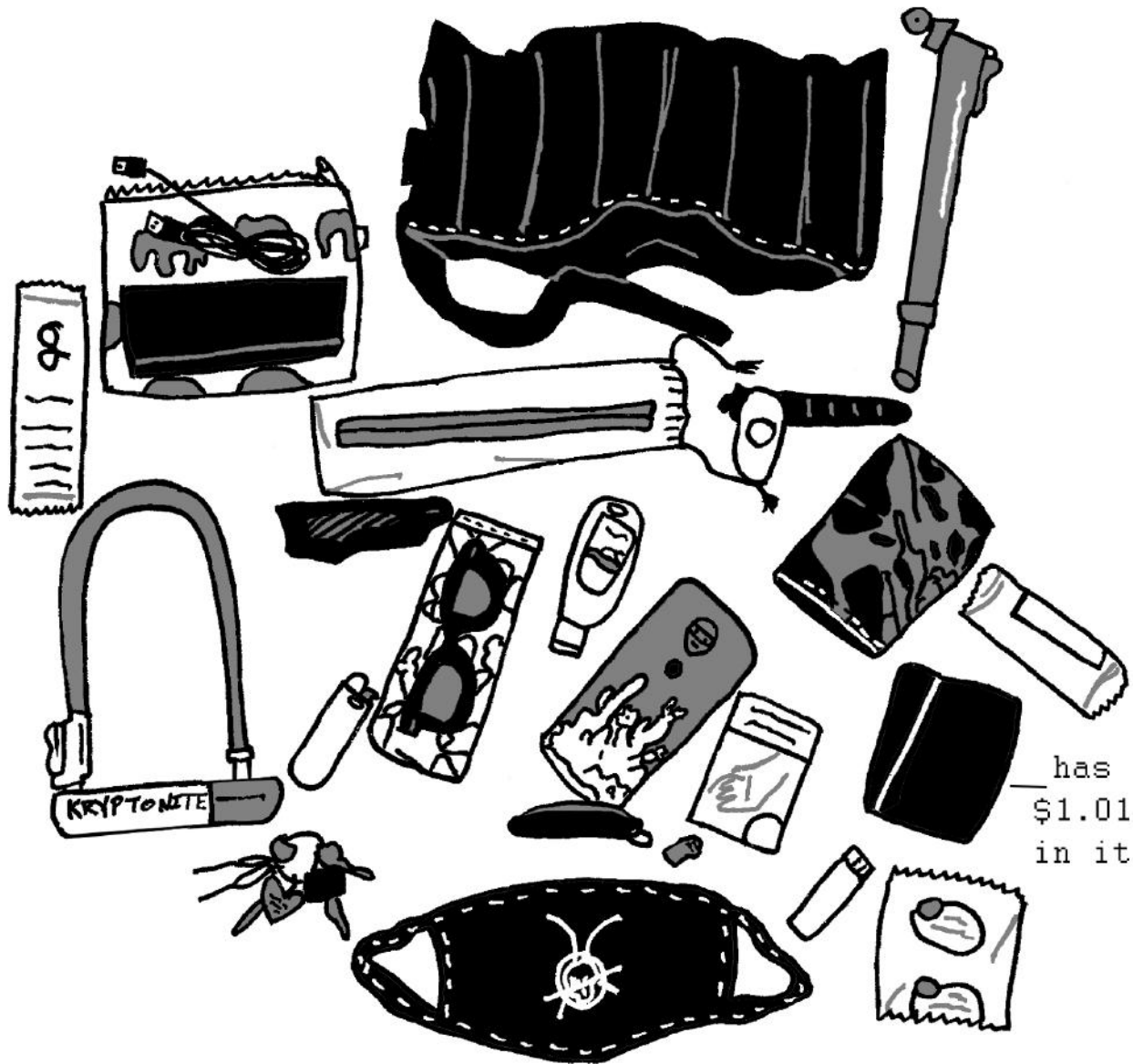
October 2021

# WHAT'S IN COYOTE



*the bag:*  
someone's older brother's old  
yellow JanSport Superbreak

# UGLY'S BAG???



## *inventory:*

- lock
- bike tools & pump
- rechargeable battery
- snacks
- bike lights
- cigs & lighter
- cigarette snuffer
- keys
- wallet
- reusable straws they always forget to use
- shades
- hand sanitizer
- face mask
- bandana
- Swiss Army Knife
- Advil

# WHAT'S IN DISCO

easy access hand  
sanitizer because  
we're living  
through the  
endtimes



*the bag:*  
someone's returned REI Flash22 daypack

# NAILS' BAG???



sitting outside on a crisp autumn morning,  
listening to birdsong,  
drinking coffee,  
unpicking the waistband of an old silk skirt,  
the lump of sadness in my chest softens with each  
stitch I pull out.  
I wish I could bottle this feeling of contentment.

it takes so much tenderness to pull the stitches  
out  
without ripping the material  
this skirt is the best parts of grandmothers,  
soft, but surprisingly sturdy,  
delicate, but impressively resilient,  
maybe it will lend me some of their grace and  
strength to wear it.

\*\*\*

May 15, 2017

All of the stories have already been told. I  
am not telling a new story. I am merely retelling  
old stories in a new order to beguile the reader  
into thinking I am. I am rearranging all of the  
words that have already been said into an order  
that hasn't appeared in that exact way before. I  
am a magician, tricking the reader into thinking  
my story is original when really it's the same old  
story, told and retold for all time. Newness is  
simply illusion.



# ...and then my life changed

"the house I was living in didn't have working plumbing, so I pooped in a bag and showered with the garden hose..."



"...then I went and pitched Depressed Talking Horse Man..."



"...and they said, 'yes'..."



outcomes

The first time I write out the words "I am a man"  
will not be a coming out--

The first time I see myself flat chested with only  
a t-shirt against my skin,

The first time I shave more than peach fuzz from  
my face,

The last time I bleed? The last time I'm called  
ma'am?

The last time I walk into a women's restroom, head  
down, trying to look small and unthreatening

The firsts that will become part of my routine and  
eventually be taken for granted

The lasts that have been my life up till now that  
will hopefully become hazy memories

It is not so much a new beginning, or a righting  
of wrongs; it is a transition--

A process,

A journey. The trip really is more important than  
the destination, because the destination will be a  
full circle back to myself. I've never not been  
me.

I'll miss the opportunity to be a dyke on a bike  
in a pride parade,

A stone butch,

Tender, strong, and masculine. Toxically so, even  
more so than many of my brothers.

I'll miss being a sign of safety and strength for  
others like me who feel they have no place,

No right to an identity that has to be  
constructed.

I'll miss feeling like there is a long strong  
history of people like me.

But I'll still have a place in the parade,  
New label, same me,  
Still tender, strong, and masculine--becoming more  
secure in it by the day.  
I'll be recognized by my brothers; I'll welcome my  
sisters, protect my siblings.  
I'll be a self-made man, visible to anyone even  
remotely like me.  
Revisionist history will be written to include  
people like me.

# DESIGNER



Home is the smell of wet rabbit brush after a terrifying downpour. Solid ground beneath your feet when surely a flash flood should have swept you away. Bird calls carrying for miles through canyons of green, gold, and every shade of brown. Water is everywhere, if you have time to find it. But distances are further out here.

The edge of the world, welcoming you to leap into a wild adventure where time stands still. Vast open areas closed in by mountain ranges crossed once upon a time by wagon trains heading west. What stories could the sagebrush tell?

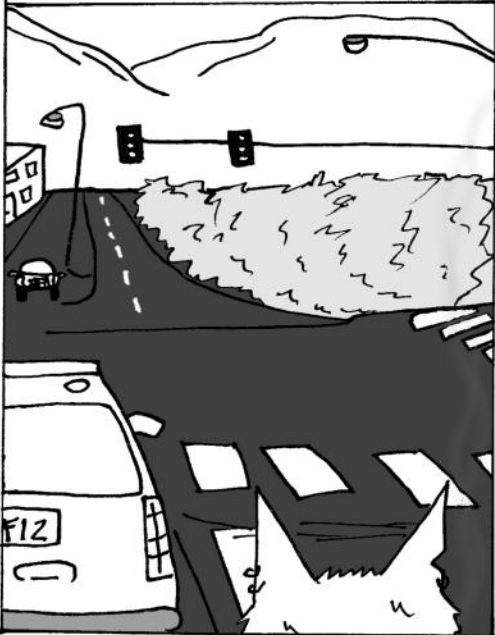
Dust is my home.

Dry is my home.

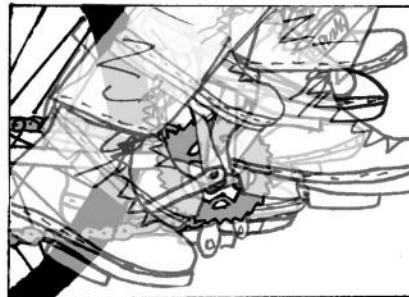
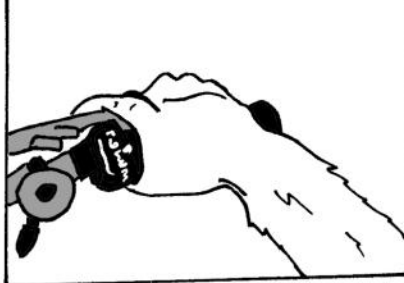
Desert is my home.

When I am one day deemed no longer worthy, the very dirt I worship will reclaim me and the sun will bleach my bones.

on my way into town, there's a spot where I can coast uphill if I want to



instead, I usually shift into a higher gear...

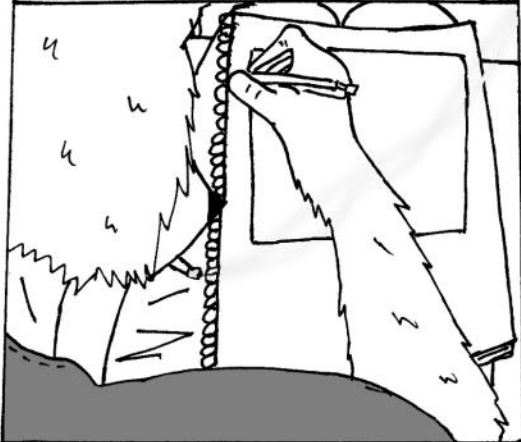


...and mash my way up the hill

I like to pretend that I'm outrunning death



that illusion of permanence is one of the reasons I make art...



... the hope that after I'm gone, someone will care that I ever existed





The Creation of Ugly



# 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 supporting us on Patreon or purchasing 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

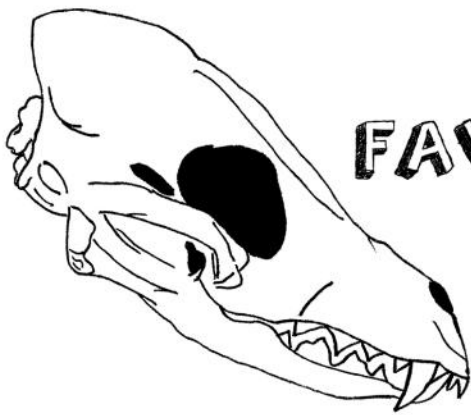
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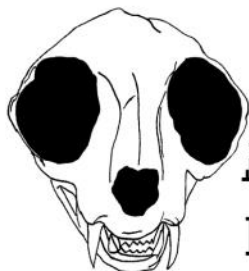
#howdidthishappenzine



**EVERYONE'S  
FAVORITE ABSURDIST  
SPAGHETTI  
WESTERN!!!**



*HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???* returns with a short, but sweet, hauntingly good issue in *how can i do this to my own body???* The ninth volume contemplates the meaning of home, mortality, originality, and gender identity with the tenderness, strange artwork and sardonic wit readers have come to know and love.



A Zeppy Stardust Studios  
Publication