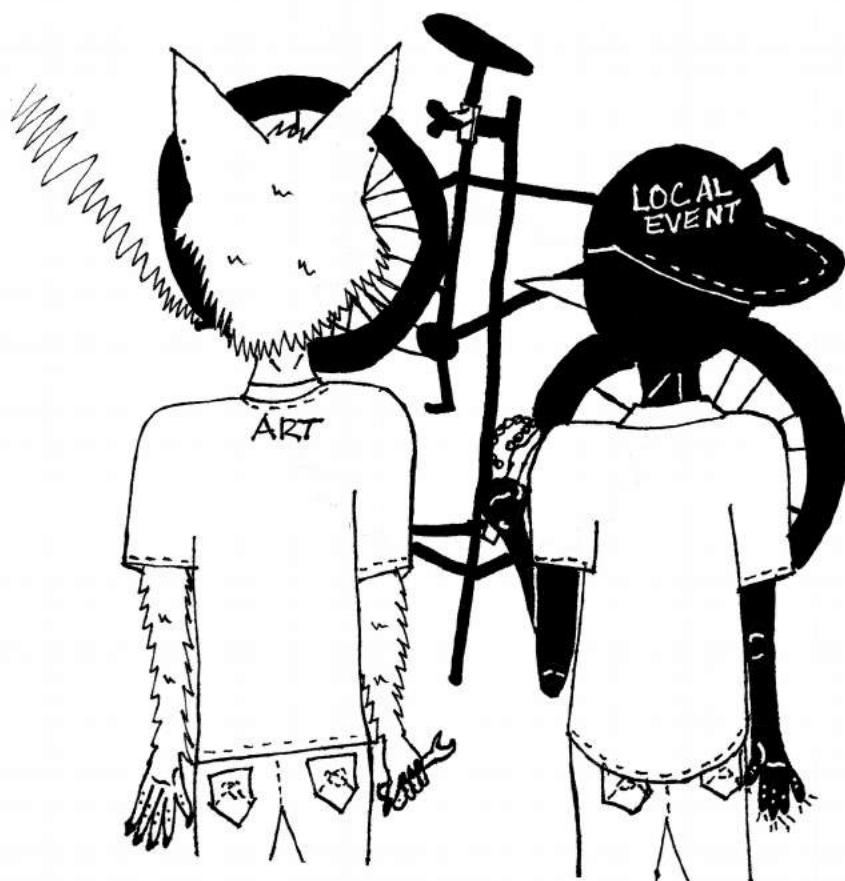


DOUBLE
ISSUE
June/July
2020

vol 5

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???



what are pliers and what do they
do???

a zine by

Ray & Shay Daylami-Frost

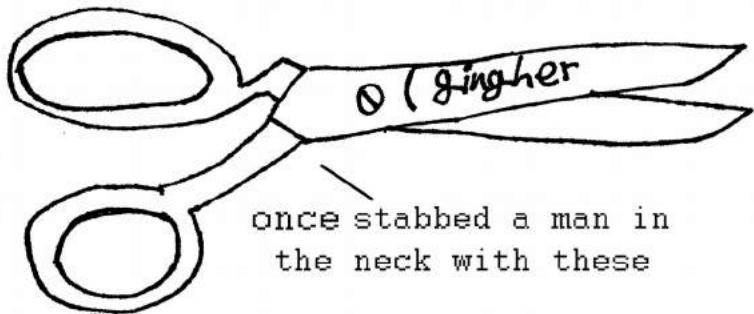


HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???

vol 5: what are pliers and what do they do???

Contents by number of characters in the title, including spaces:

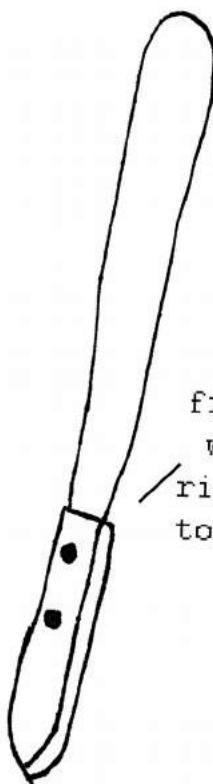
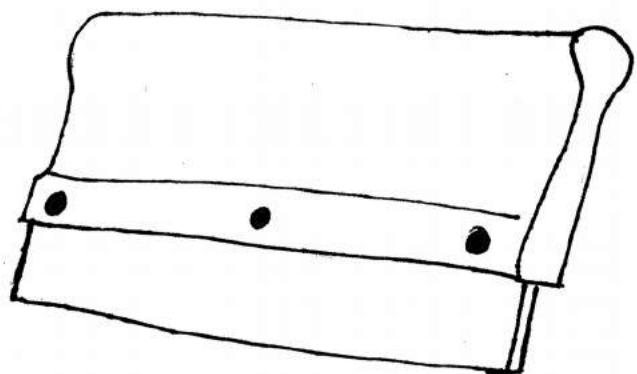
20-20 Vision by Ray
My AFAB Body by Ray
bike dreaming by Ray
Yes, All Women by Ray
untitled comic 1 by Ray
untitled comic 2 by Ray
untitled drawing by Ray
I Wish I Was One by Shay
Reno Ride Report #5 by Shay
it's good to be home by Ray
Forbidden Trash Veggies by Ray
Everything is Worse Now by Ray
Part of Something Bigger by Shay
how do you like your eggs??? by Shay
Things Zeppy Doesn't Understand by Ray
King Bitch of Doorknob Installation by Ray & Shay
Reno Ride Report #6: Barely-Sub-24-Hour-OVERNIGHT by Shay
Reno Ride Report #3: Parks Along Reno's "Most Popular Ride" by Desert Dweller



once stabbed a man in
the neck with these

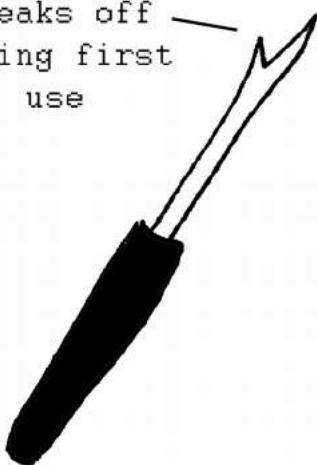
prefers a wooden handle

/



frequently
wiped on
right thigh
to clean it

red plastic
ball always
breaks off
during first
use



essential for
sewing machine
repairs

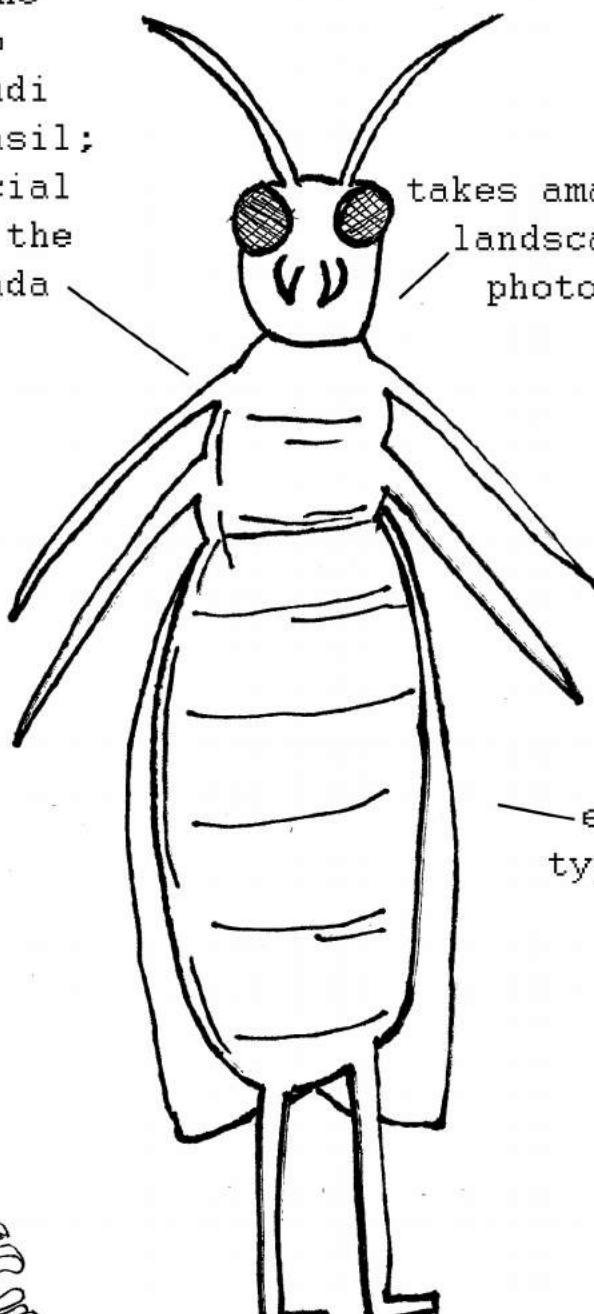


COYOTE UGLY'S FAVORITE TOOLS

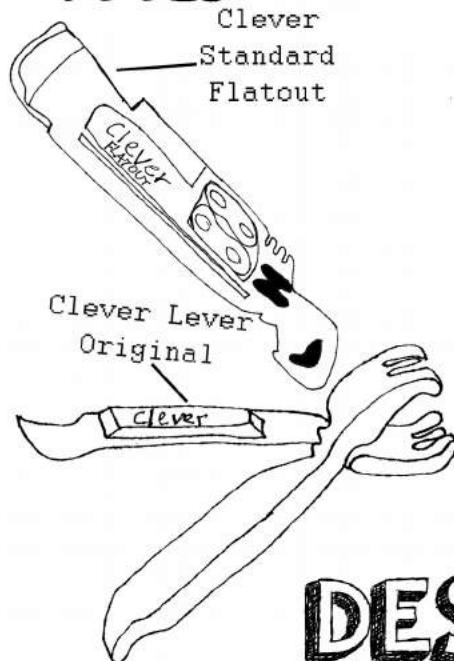


DISCO NAILS' FAVORITE TOOLS

grew up in Japan,
Indonesia, the
United Arab
Emirates, Saudi
Arabia, and Brasil;
but has a special
affection for the
Northern Nevada
Desert

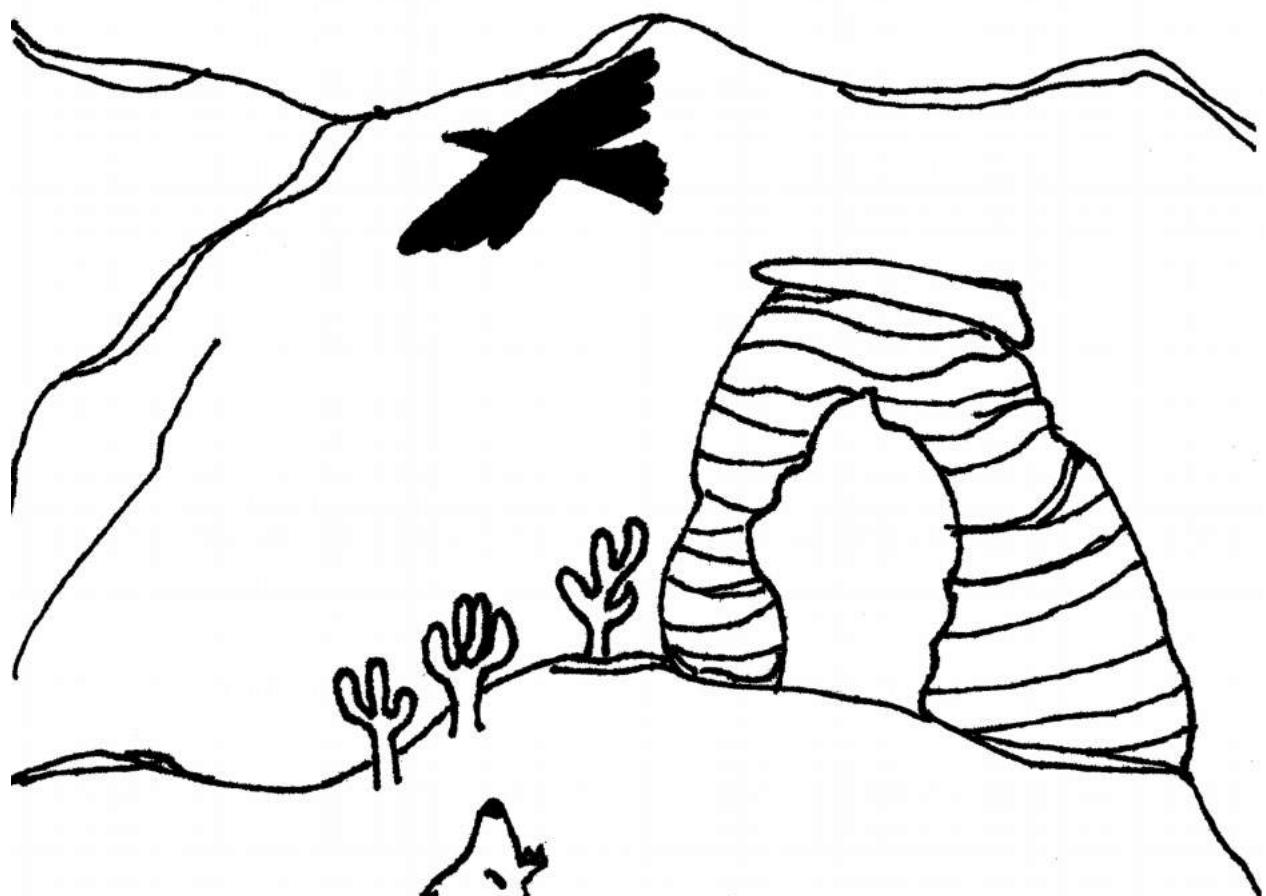


FAVORITE TOOLS



DESERT DWELLER

he/him pronouns
 @bikepackingnv
bikepackingnv.blog/



how do you like your eggs???



point of view: it's the morning after and you're sitting in my kitchen with a big cheese omelette. if you don't like ketchup on your eggs, i also have hot sauce.

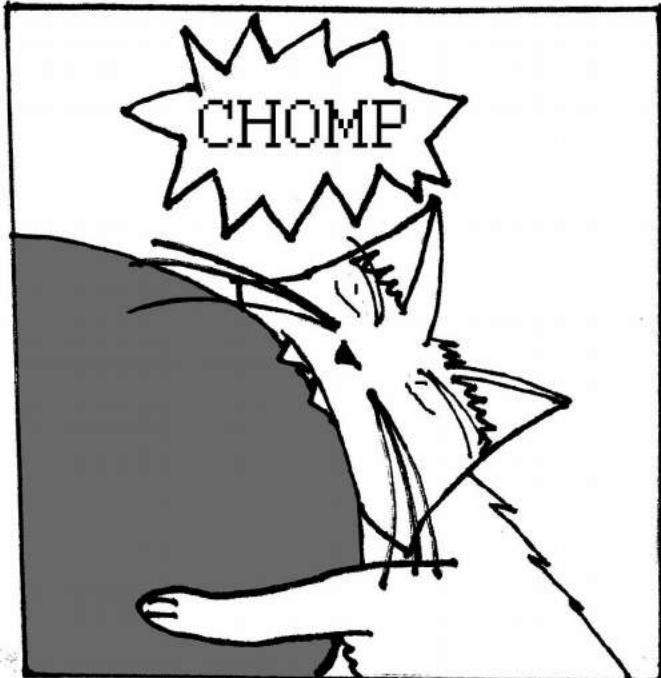


King Bitch of Doorknob Installation

Zep, don't you
fucking dare
bite my ass



CHOMP



FORBIDDEN TRASH VEGGIES

eating the nice, clean
lettuce your friend gives
you off their plate

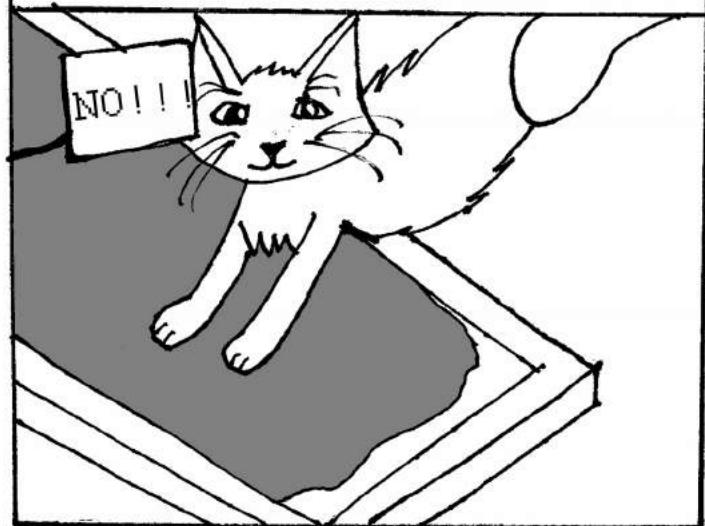


digging the same lettuce
out the garbage after
they've given up on you
eating it

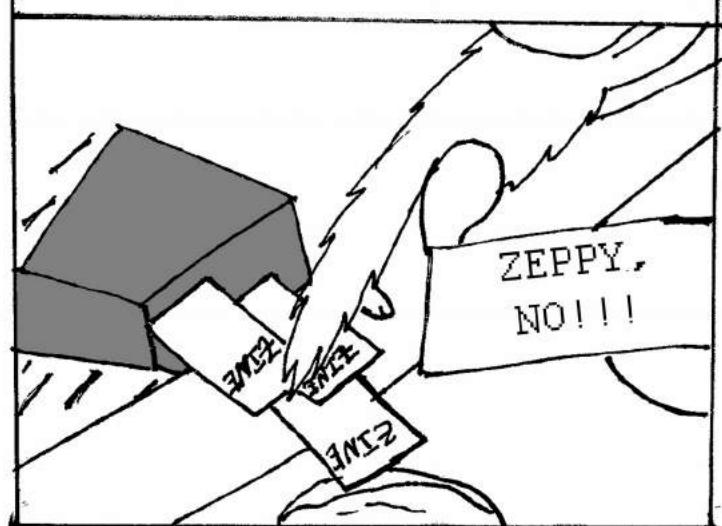


THINGS ZEPHY DON'T UNDERSTAND

screen printing ink is not
a fun toy for cats

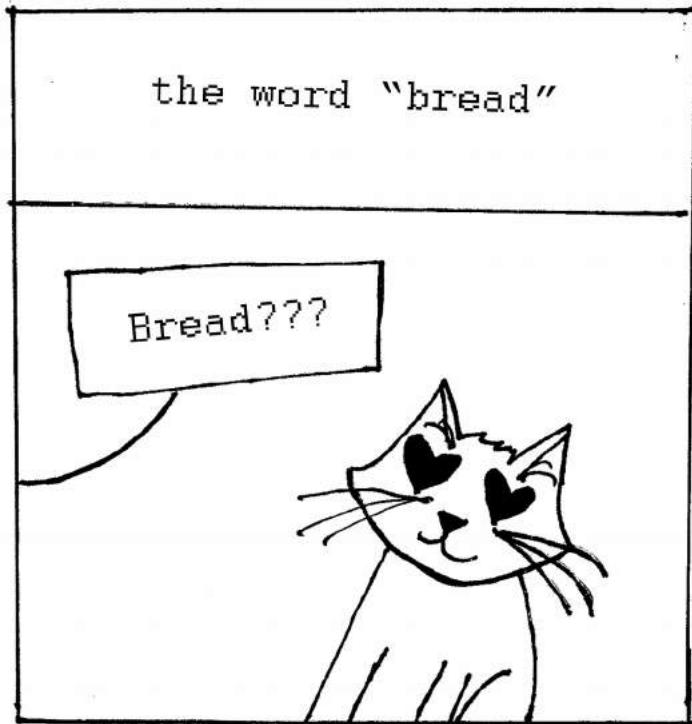


zines don't belong in his
water bowl

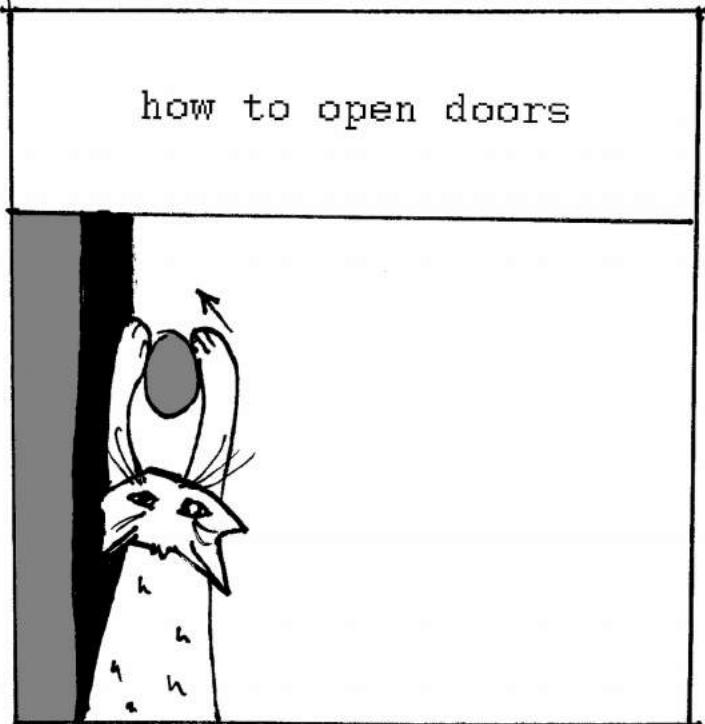


THINGS ZEPHY DOES UNDERSTAND

the word "bread"



how to open doors



RENO RIDE REPORT



3: Parks Along Reno's "Most Popular Ride" by Desert Dweller

Most popular by what standard? The regs and norms of course! I'm talking about the Verdi ride. This is a popular "training ride" utilizing a mix of roads on and off the Tahoe-Pyramid Trail. If you are chasing that wheel in front of you you might just fly past these awesome parks, perfect for wildlife/wildflower viewing, picnicking, reading in the shade, or faking a flat as the "peloton" flies by.

1. Wingfield Park/Barbara Bennett Park/Bicentennial Park

Let's start on Reno's island paradise. An island that can disappear when the Truckee floods. Provides a beach when you don't want to go to Sand Harbor. All sorts of great entertainment and public art through the year, especially ArtTown.

2. Lundsford Park

A great little parklet by most standards. Not far from the start.

3. Idlewild Park

A grand park on the Truckee! Too hot to ride? Take a dip in the river or the pool. Check out Reno's first skatepark.

4. Ivan Sack Park

Your next unsung parklet. Great quiet spot on the Truckee.

5. Crissie Caughlin Park

This is my favorite neighborhood park. The path either follows the river to the next neighborhood or take the left over the bridge to the next park.

6. Betsy Caughlin Donnelly Park

My other favorite park for riding over rocks.

7. Ambrose Park

8. Dorostkar Park

Great little nature trails right in town! The bike path here is so much better than Mayberry Dr. The bike path passes under Mayberry here and pops you out at Aspen Glen Dr. Follow this to the foot/bike bridge over the Truckee to our next park.

9. Mayberry Park

I love seeing this park full of families on the weekends. Great access to the river. Lawns to toss a frisbee. Upstream is a second bridge over the Truckee to the Tom Cooke Trail and Steamboat Ditch Trail.

10. Mogul Park

If Mogul is your turn around point then take a snack break on the nature trails in Mogul. If you are continuing to Verdi, take a look or plan a stop on your return. Then hop on the Mogul-Verdi connector trail. Through Verdi you will turn right on Bridge St.

11. Verdi Library and Community Center

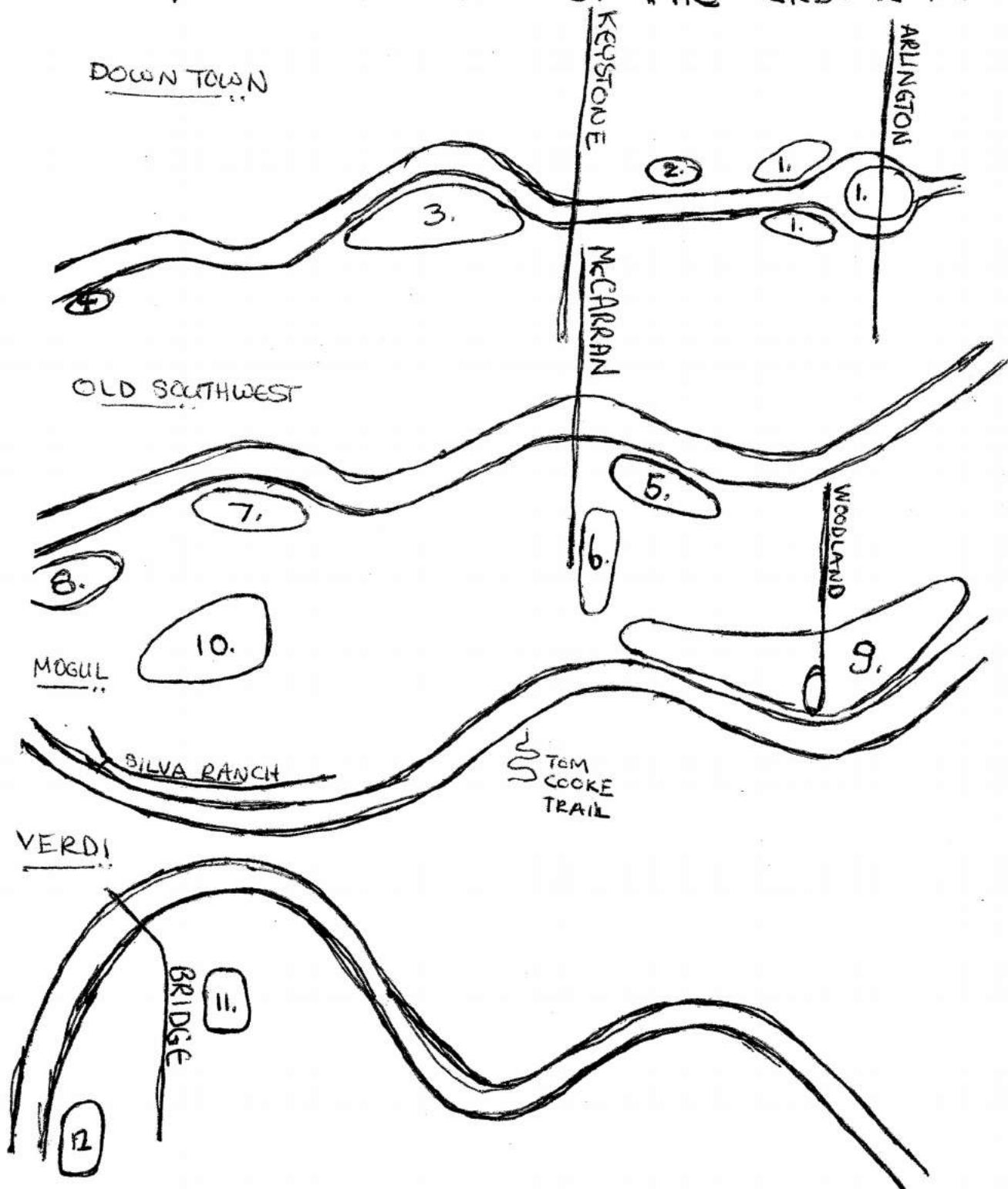
There is a great little interpretive/nature trail to explore. I have also taken advantage of a break in the fence to walk through the abandoned golf course to gain river access. River access is also at the bridge on Bridge Street.

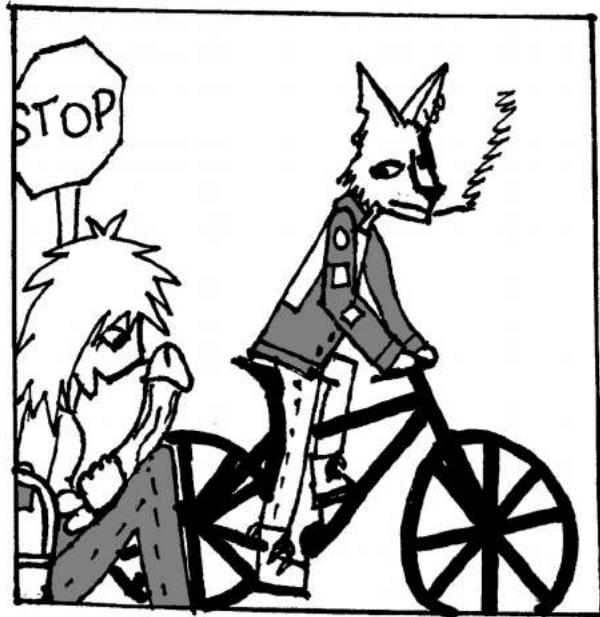
12. Crystal Peak Park

This is my favorite stop in Verdi. River access, interpretive historical trail, fish ponds, a great spot.

A dozen stops on a ride that most do to do as quickly as they can. If you want to bikefish here is a guide. Parks by bike are proletariat! If this guide gets you out to see some new things by bike let everyone know #parksarepunk

MY BEST MAPKIN OF THE VERDI RIDE





Weather:

Mid-upper 40s, mostly sunny
alternating w/ mostly cloudy
Had snowed the morning before,
some light rain overnight.
Not windy

Bike:

2003 Specialized Rockhopper
3x9 w/ F+R Deore mech
Deore hydro discs
Steel Blue
80mm travel Manitor Axel

Route:

North on Clearacres, to Dandini

All the way up Dandini
to TMCC, then down
Dandini to Park
Over 395 (Kinda scary)
Across N. Virginia

Onto Vista Rafael Pkwy.
This is a residential
neighborhood full of nice
newer condos. Follow the
main road until you see
a hand rail on the left.
These are the stairs at
the top of Evans Canyon/
Miners trail!

I stuck to these two trails
for a while and only saw
a handful of other humans
but a whole mess of other
animals. To get home I
exited the park at the
sports complex, then

south on Virginia to
McCarren, McCarren to
Sutro.

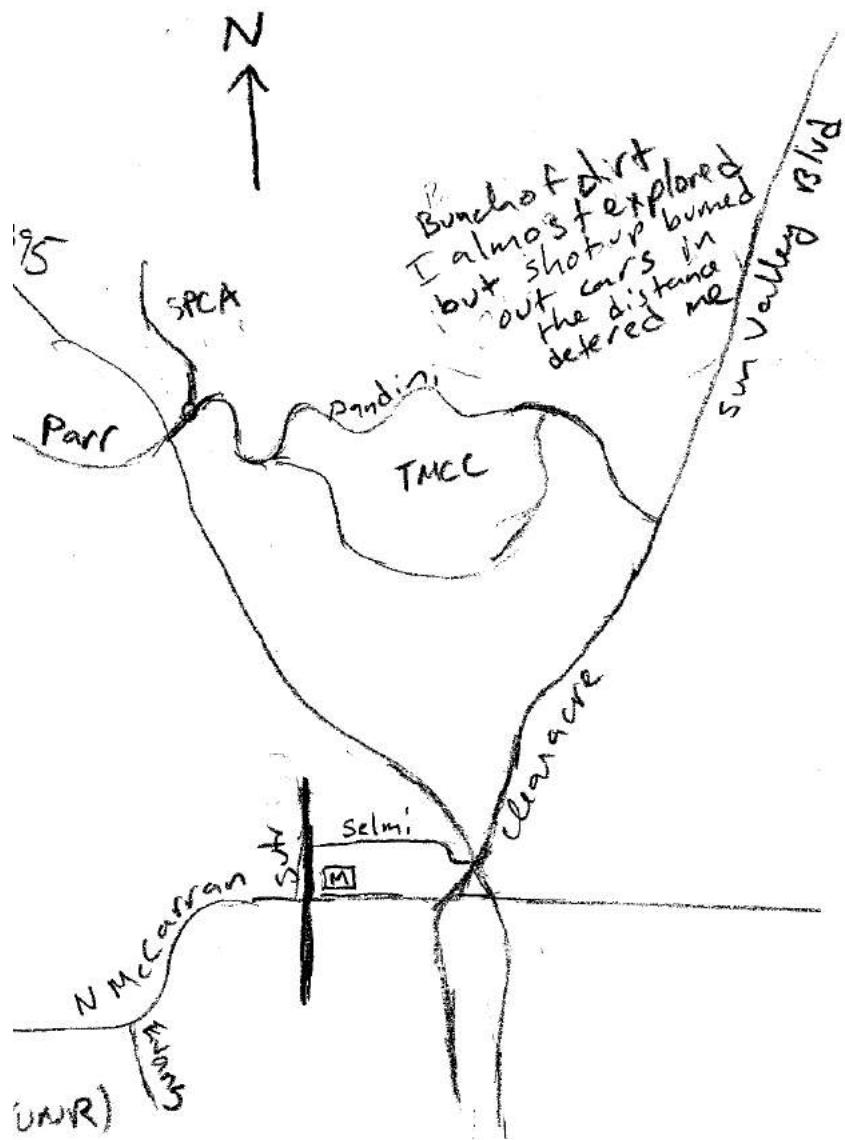
+
3
0

Back
Back



Animals I saw:

male Steller's Jay
Black tailed Jack
Red tail hawk
Unkindness of crows
Big fat horsefly
Some sort of ground
Mountain bluebird
Several dogs
A lizard
1 dead sparrow



Coolest things I saw:

Two sets of coyote tracks, one large and one tiny

mist + clouds almost entirely obscuring the view of the Sierras

squirrel

?

4/7/20
11AM - 2PM

bike dreaming

starting the summer with
a road map on my hairy legs;
cuts, scrapes, and bruises
—aging and discoloring like fermenting fruit—
a history of where I've been.
I like to pretend the dirt on my bare legs
is new hair growing in.

how could the Greeks have made such a mistake?
it's obviously two wiry wheels,
not two wax wings
that grant mere mortals flight.

flying into the sun, I am blind
the world is too much to take in
a blur of asphalt and white light
I follow your back tire with absolute trust.

tearing down the road like a bat out of hell,
propelled by the legs of a teenage boy,
battered with beausage, not broken.
have bike and backpack, will travel
redemption for the summers I spent sick
pretending to be a girl.

#6: Barely-Sub-24-Hour Overnight

by Shay

By the numbers:

Date: May 23-24, 2020

Weather: Mid-70s, down to mid-upper 30s, back up to mid 60s

of miles: 10-ish???

of hours: 22

of falls: 4 (all Ray)

of panic attacks: 3 (2 Ray, 1 Shay)

coyotes seen: ½

regrets: zero



Memorial Day weekend means summer, and summer means camping, so on a whim I decided we should go camping. It was our second time camping together and our first time camping on bikes.

I had planned to take us up Hunter Lake Road, which is a steady but reasonable climb. Naturally, I got us on the wrong route right from the start, taking what I found out later is called "Steep Jeep Road." It lives up to the name. The ride out ended up being about 90% hike-a-bike for Ray and 70% for Shay, mostly out of solidarity, but also because I was playing it safe in the time of COVID. If we take the correct trail next time, I'm confident those numbers could be reversed on unladen bikes and reduced to 50/50 for Ray with a full load.

Twice I thought of turning around, because Ray was frustrated and not having any fun. I didn't want to put them off something that I really want us to be able to do together by having their first experience suck donkey dicks. The good news is, Ray is much hardier and easier

going than I usually anticipate and once we got past the worst of the hike-a-bike they started to really enjoy them-self. By the time we found the meadow I was looking for (but had never been to...more on that later), we were both pretty thrilled to be

how we kept our dinner drink cold on the ride



out of the house and away from it all, even if it was just for the night.

We quickly set up camp in the fast fading light and dug out our delicious cold dinner of sandwiches and Smirnoff Ice. I had made the sandwiches and wrapped them in foil around mid-day, shortly before we went out to load the bikes. They consisted of two giant slices of fresh sourdough bread (is that an oxymoron?), summer sausage, cheddar cheese, apple slices, and honey. The honey soaked into the bread perfectly, giving it a crisp almost caramelized texture. The cheese melted just enough to be soft and the apples weren't brown at all. They were perfect, but I was hungry and tipsy and didn't notice until mine was half gone.

Once the sun set it was suddenly quite cool and we realized we had not brought beanies with us. Both of us had thought to bring them, but I'm a list maker and somehow they didn't end up on the list. So they didn't make it onto the bikes. But we did have our bandanas! Especially in the time of COVID, bandanas are part of both of our everyday carry. I was glad no one but Ray was around to see me in my best Rosie the Riveter meets biker gang head garb. Ray chose to

who wore it better???



tie theirs under their chin, babushka style.

As full dark closed in, we got in our tent. It is perhaps the shittiest backyard tent from Wally you've ever seen, complete with a VIP bug entrance marketed as a "cord port" for ??? charging your iPad or stringing up fairie lights perhaps. We plugged it up with a spare bandana that we had brought for expressly this purpose. Bandanas

really have no end to their usefulness. I had bought this tent the previous year when we were leaving stl as our lodging on the drive home. We were trying to do it as low budget as possible because, as usual, we didn't have a ton of other options. It served that purpose admirably, with room for us and our cat, and his litter box. Yes, it was as gross as it sounds, but it got us home.

I had been shopping around for a sleeping bag and pad for a couple months, and acquired a nice down bag and used thermarest. Ray unfortunately had neither sleeping bag nor pad and was borrowing a synthetic rectangular bag that my parents use when company comes. It was nowhere near warm enough for Ray, who as it turns out is a cold sleeper. By some sick twist of fate, we had also



VIP bug entrance plugged with spare bandana

chosen the coldest day in the 10-day forecast to go camping in the Sierras. Even on the thermarest, Ray was freezing. We stuffed a foil blanket in their bag, which rustled like a chip wrapper all night and gave rise to Ray's new nickname, "Frito." By about 4am, after two

Frito waking up rested in their chip bag



middle-of-the-night panic attacks on Frito's part (and one stealth one on mine) I was able to convince Frito to put on my puffy jacket which they had been refusing for hours. Good thing they had to leave the tent to take a piss or I'd never have gotten them to put the damn jacket on. After that we slept like lumps on a log until about 9.

We got up and had breakfast and coffee and just generally bullshitted for a couple hours until we couldn't justify sitting in the beautiful meadow any longer. Our spot had an incredible view of the city and sat a couple hundred yards from a small aspen grove at the end of a closed atv trail. As we got back on the main trail, I was a little ways ahead and caught the hind end of a coyote scrambling into the brush after a long night scavenging and doing coyote things. I couldn't have been more than 15 feet from it. I know it was far more scared of me than I was of it, but it startled me. Frito was jealous.

the view of our campsite, and the view from our campsite



On the ride down, we took Hunter Lake Road and made great time compared to the previous day's "ride" up Steep Jeep Road. The views on this side of the hill were wilder, but just as gorgeous as the city scapes we had paused to admire on the way up. Frito was able to ride most of the way down, but again we were playing it safe in the time of COVID and not taking any unnecessary risks.



because #aeroiseverything

*I didn't stop for too many pictures during the ride,
but I got this one*



good thing she couldn't
smell me through the
intercom...



We made it back to the car and hit the Taco Bell drive through on the way home. The cute cashier slipped a single packet of fire sauce into our bag with the message "too bad you're not single." That has to be the best way I've ever been hit on.

We stopped in a park to eat our tacos and I snapped this picture of a tree with fresh scars in its bark. It made me think of where I was a year ago, and how much better I'm doing now that I'm home in my desert and working the job of my dreams.

scars fade but memories remain

Lessons learned:

- Ultralight gear is probably worth the \$\$\$
- 1st aid kit needs to make it into the tent at night
- Frito's off road riding skills need work
- We need a sharper trowel
- Any future camping trips should be scoped out by Shay on an unladen bike, both to confirm routes and to make sure it isn't beyond Frito's capabilities



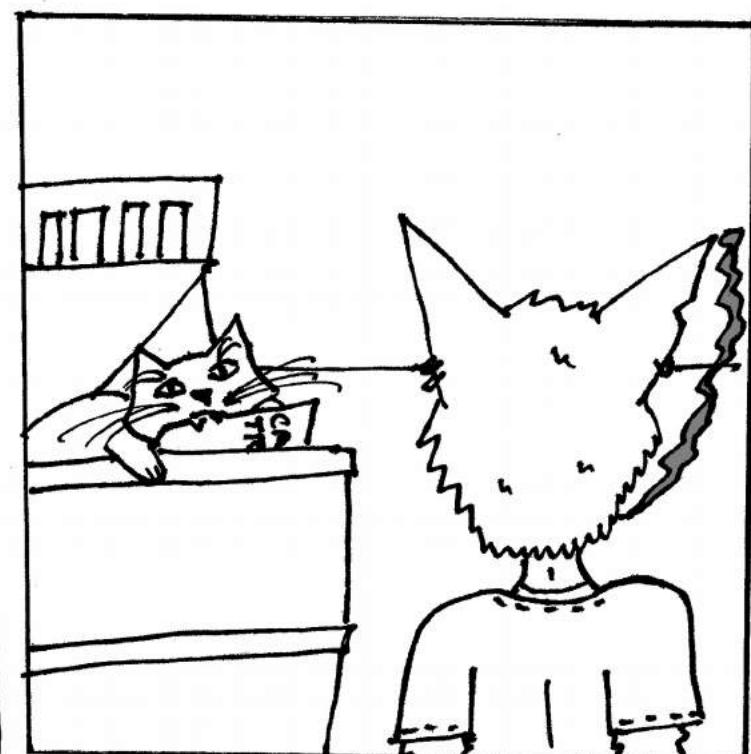
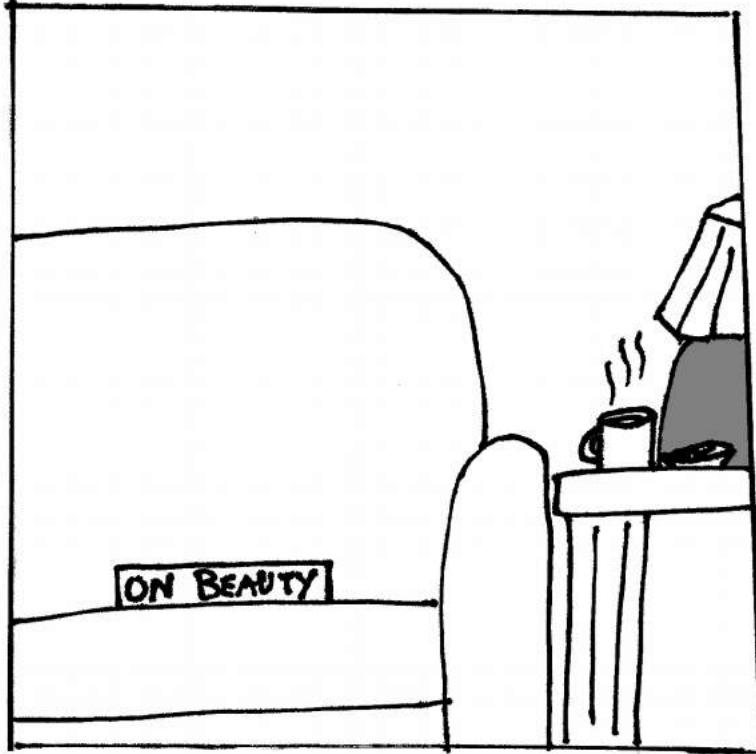
illustration by Ray

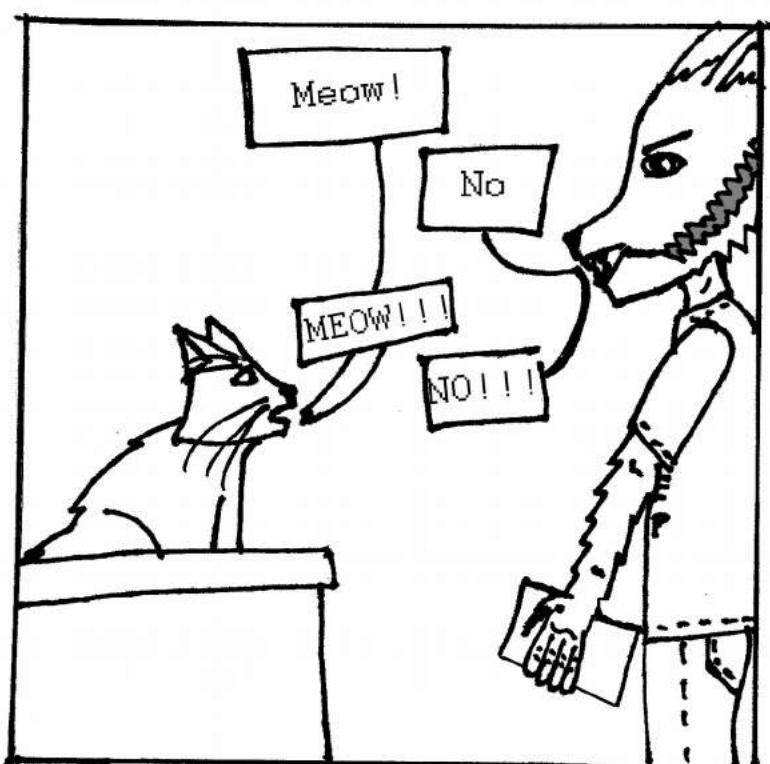
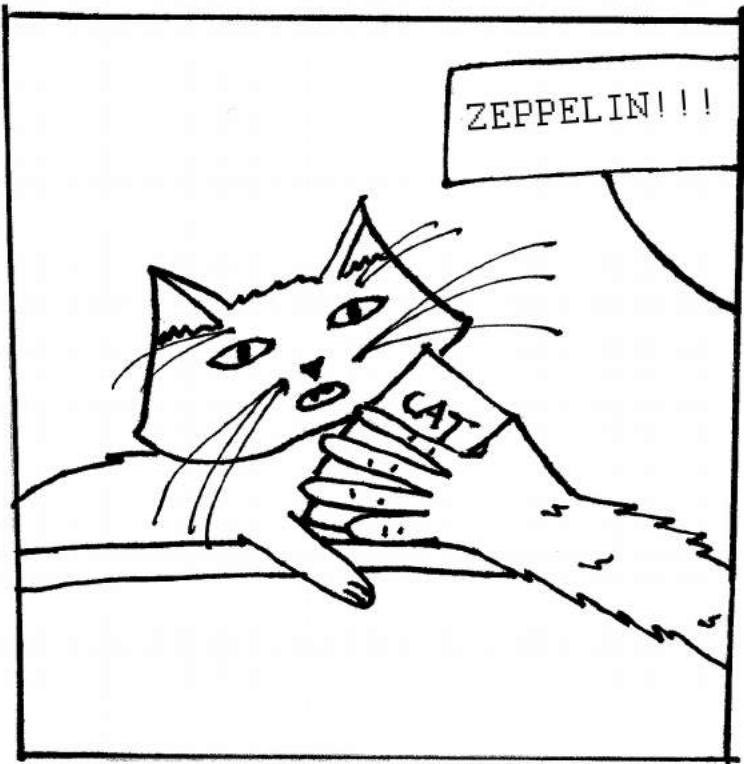
I Wish I Was One

I hear about self-proclaimed musicians and I wish
I was one
I wish I had an ear for rhythm
I wish my go-to method for expressing myself was
to bend the air down the hallways of your ears
Joined together in chords
Notes floating up and down harmonic scales
Upbeat songs for upbeat feelings

I hear about self-proclaimed artists and I wish I
was one
I wish I had a hand for perspective
I wish my go-to method for sharing my point of
view was to melt it down into colors and lines
that fit in the doorways of your eyes
Reconstructed in two dimensions
Intricate image from blank empty space
Colorful paintings for colorful feelings

I hear about self-proclaimed poets and I wish I
was one
I wish I had a brain for verse
I wish my go-to method for dealing with pain was
to bottle it up into inkwells, then draw it back
out into my pen
Scratched across paper, not skin
Words carefully chosen saying just what I mean
Crappy poems for crappy feelings





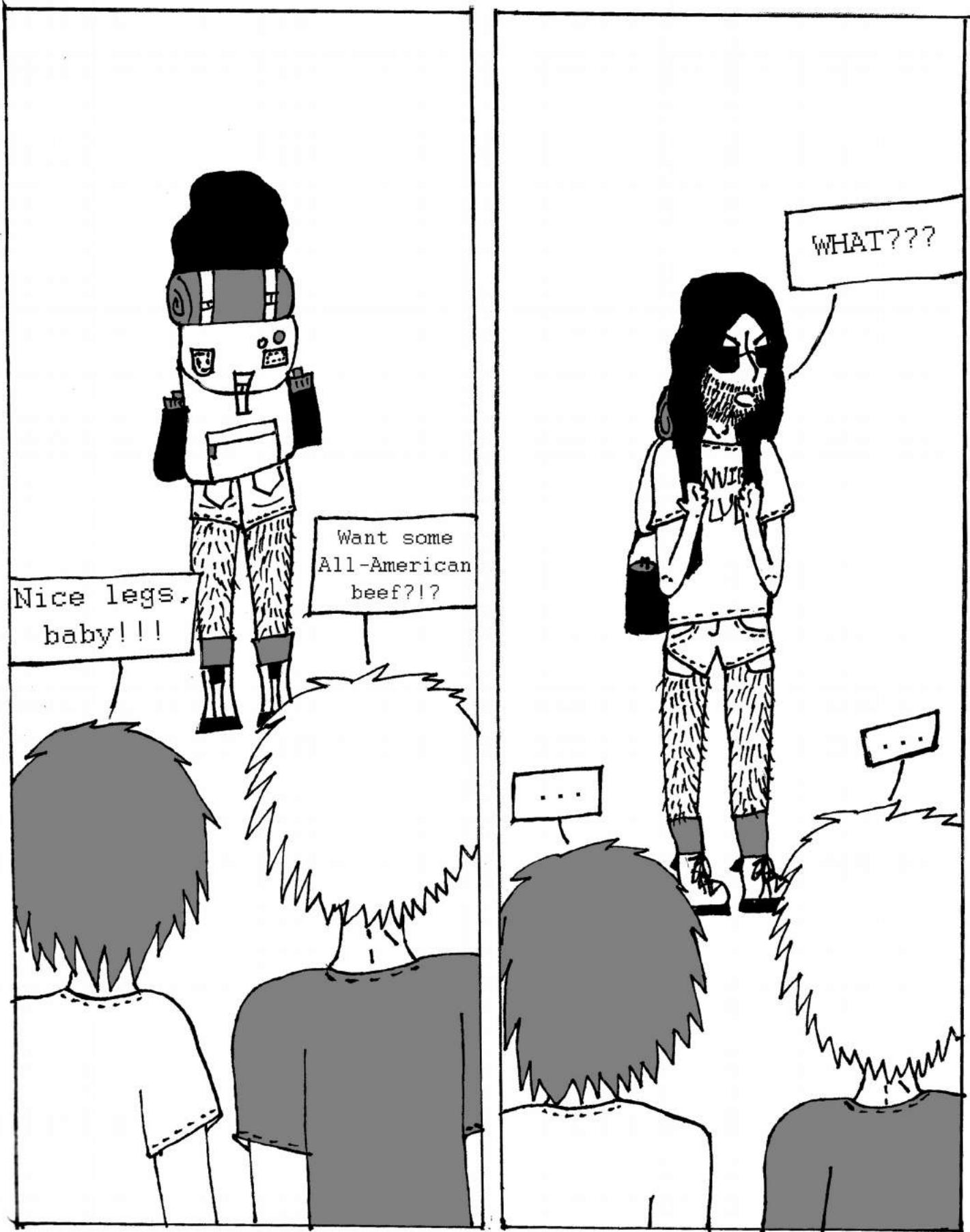
20-20 Vision

The nature of memory is funny because it can take a once beloved shirt—a memento of a dead friend—and pin it to some random trauma. And despite the fact that you'd worn the shirt hundreds, if not thousands, of times in the past ten years, all you can think of is the fear and cowardice you felt that one terrible afternoon screaming in the street in front of your apartment in St. Louis. Looking at the shirt makes you sick, so you chuck it into the possum pile so someone else, who doesn't know its history can love it.

The nature of memory is funny because it allows you to retroactively connect the dots so a sentence like, "I dropped out of grad school to become a zinester" is true. It's not true that you literally dropped out to make zines or that zine making was even on your mind as a reason to drop out at the time. But it is true that you were going to school for creative writing and you weren't doing anything creative or any writing, but you started to do both after you started making zines. You had no idea that was what you were doing when you turned around at the railroad crossing one August morning and started packing to come home.

They say hindsight is 20-20; but hindsight is the view in the wing mirror. As you keep moving forward, objects in the mirror shrink, warp, and drift out of view. Things make more sense as the scenery moves by and you can see how the pieces connect in ways you couldn't have when you were driving through them.

YES, ALL WOMEN



My AFAB Body

Yesterday, I tried a vocal pitch analyzer for the first time and I was dismayed that I fell into the very low end of the “female” range—just above androgynous. I’ve always been self-conscious about my voice. I feel like it’s too high and annoying and I hate the way it outs me as “not male.” On Saturday, I was called “sir” and then the person immediately corrected to “sorry—ma’am” the second I opened my mouth. I hate how deflated and vulnerable it makes me feel to be clocked as “female,” since I’m not. I’m not male either, but I like the way people treat me when they assume I’m a man—I like being treated like a real person.

There are certain comics-like ones about endo—that I’m hesitant to make with Coyote Ugly because I don’t want to out them (and by extension myself) as having an AFAB body. Even though I’ve already published comics where the world treats Ugly as if they have an AFAB body, I feel like the possibility that they don’t can still exist as long as I don’t make any explicit statement about it one way or the other. I can pretend that I don’t have to be treated as if I am female-like I

am less—until proven to be female.

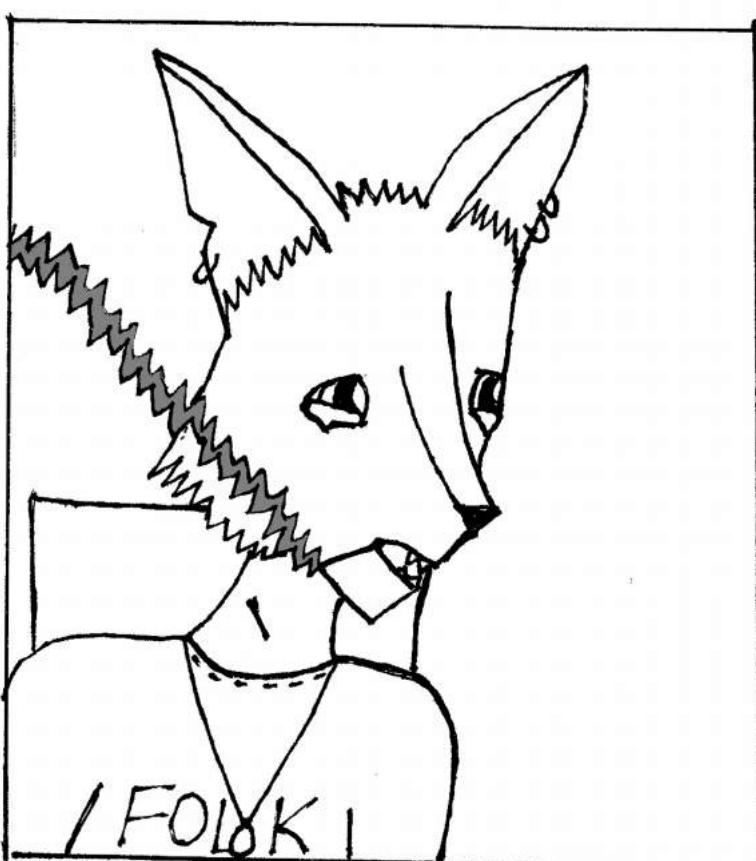
When I sat down to figure out why having a “female” vocal pitch bothers me and why I don’t want to out Ugly as having an AFAB body, the reasons all boil down to internalized misogyny and a lifetime of misogynistic and transphobic treatment when I interact with the world. I don’t want to be taken less seriously than men writing and making comics simply because of my physical anatomy.

There is nothing wrong with this AFAB body I inhabit. It is a good body. I love my facial scar, my top surgery scar, my weird mohawk, my uneven DIY piercings, my tattoos; the things that mark it as mine, as home, as nonbinary. I love my clunky bones: my extra rib, my uneven hip, my mangled shoulder, my bent spine; the things that mark me as a survivor against all odds from the moment of my conception. The things that remind me that for whatever reason, I was meant to be here. I love how strange and unique this body is. I love that my tenth grade history teacher recognized me coming down the hall without his glasses by the way I moved. And yet, I starved this body for a

decade. I cut, stabbed, and burned it. I dissociated while it experienced rape, abuse, and medical trauma. I have been needlessly careless with it because it didn't matter how I felt; it didn't matter if I got sick or hurt. I allowed myself to hate this body because I hate what society tells me it means about the person who inhabits it. I hate that it means I am seen and treated as a woman when I don't want to be. But I am not a man either and I no longer want to be one.

I am a person. I just want to be seen as Ray—my mind, my art, my being. I don't want the genitalia of this body I inhabit to be what defines the way the world interacts with me.

EVERYTHING IS WORSE NOW



Part of Something Bigger

Thoughts on relationships, community, and feeling like part of something bigger.

I have always lived somewhat vicariously. Being autistic is a double edged sword of being profoundly empathetic and intensely interested in other people's lives and experiences while having the social capacity of a bowl of rotting fruit. I have often wished to be a part of a community and to be valued for who I am and what I contribute as part of the whole. Positive human connection.

I forged some fairly one-sided connections with various teachers, growing overly attached and then falling out of touch because surely I just annoy them. Later on I developed stronger and more healthy (normal) attachments to a few people my own age and one much older. These college friendships were difficult to maintain, but social media has helped me keep up an illusion of being involved in their lives. I wish them all the very best, even if I never end up seeing any of them again.

I most successfully attached to my spouse. My darling Ray, a misfit of equal magnitude but nearly opposite trajectory as myself. The first person to make it clear enough that they wanted me in their life and didn't just tolerate my presence while waiting for me to go away. In Ray I found a home, and a very small community. A community of two, both with an intimate entourage of musicians, authors, actors, and characters in books that had previously kept us company.

One of my college friends posts regularly to Facebook about her life as a PhD candidate in the UK. I always read her posts, however long, and I read (or at least skim) the contents of any links. I'm particularly inclined to keep up with her whereabouts because when we were undergrads together we were frequently mistaken for each other—average height and build tomboyish girls with short brown hair and glasses who got around by bicycle. There was a third who fit that description, a few years younger than me, but she was less frequently included in our mistaken identities, I suspect because she lacked our “puppy like enthusiasm” as “student[s] of the universe,” to borrow some words from my scholar friend's social media bio.

This morning I saw a post she had written on the passing of a very good friend and mentor, one of the Sisters at a local Catholic school. The bond between them sounded so much like my own relationship with my first mentor, separated by about a decade. H█████ was a teacher and a friend, the first I'd ever had, really; and his friendship shaped me somewhat and guided my development into a mostly functioning adult-shaped thing.

That is an example of how I feel empathy. I immediately and without trying to find parallels (sometimes hypothetical) in my own life that elicit similar feelings and then I feel them. P█████'s post made me think of what it would be like to lose H█████, combined with and compounded by the hypothetical of having known him all my life.

The next thing I thought was how good but also sad that P [REDACTED] is part of such a large but very active and involved community. Her Catholic parish and her faith connect her to so many wonderful people who are doing good things and spreading love and good works. Or whatever the most appropriate Catholic or Catholic-adjacent terminology is. They're individuals trying to make the world less awful.

Next I had the thought flash through my mind, as it has many times before, that I should join the church. To be part of something bigger. To belong to a community that is held together by a shared desire to spread the good word of love and charity and above all kindness. That shit Jesus talked about. Turning the other cheek but also turning over the tables of the tax collectors in your temple. If Jesus could turn 5 loaves and 2 fish into food for 5000 then surely he could spare a little miracle to help one outcast kid fit in for once, right? It has frequently occurred to me that I'd probably make a decent nun.

But just as quickly as those thoughts occurred to me they were dismissed by other thoughts. Thoughts of my disdain for organized religion and my own religious practices of worshiping the trees and sunlight, stars and moon, bird calls and coyote songs. The earth, and more specifically this desert, is my chapel and each creature an ordained priest, guiding this lay human on my journey to labor and to wait and seize each day as if it is my last and spread the word of good—the word of plants and the sky and the wind. How could I possibly reconcile this that I know to be true

with the tenets of Catholicism? Besides, my hair is far too wild to tame under a habit.

There's a place for all oddball students of the universe, surrounded by those who love us and accept us and our wide eyed wonder and childlike enthusiasm. A place where we are welcomed and remembered. For P [REDACTED] that place looks very different than it does for me, and I am thankful for the glimpses I get into her version of these things called life and love.

A wise beetle once told me he likes to support artists because it makes him feel like part of something bigger. We all are—not a single person, animal, or insect is outside of the larger ecosystem we were placed in, or sprung up in, or stumbled upon by accident just trying to be nice. Our stories are all we have and all that connects us, and at each point of intersection the web of connection gets stronger. Whether we form these connections in person over a warm drink or virtually through the cool glow of a device's screen, the connections make us stronger. We form a bridge made up of infinite triangles. Strong, and part of a bigger picture.

Thank you P [REDACTED] for sharing Sister E [REDACTED]'s story, for extending a line out from her that could cross mine. I hope our not-so-different-really stories continue to cross back and forth as we live our lives touched by starkly contrasting individuals, living and laughing and crying and always searching for answers. Always coming home to tell our respective communities about our discoveries. Our chosen families.



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 donating to our Ko-Fi page or 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



zeppystardust.tumblr.com

DISCO NAILS



@shaydaylami



renoridereports.wordpress.com



Etsy [etsy.com/shop/zeppystarduststudios](https://www.etsy.com/shop/zeppystarduststudios)

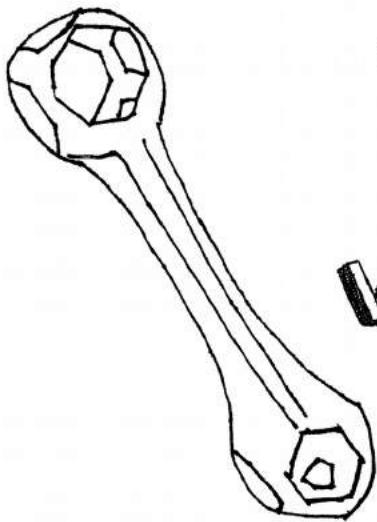


ko-fi.com/zeppystarduststudios

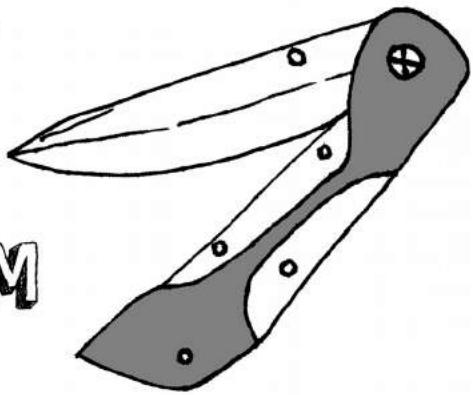
zeppystarduststudios@gmail.com

#howdidthishappenzine

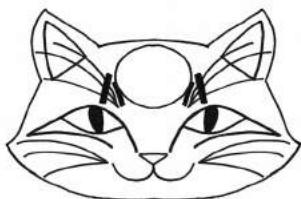




**"I DON'T KNOW
HOW THINGS
WORK 'CAUSE I'M
NOT A MAN!!!"**



The first double issue of *HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???*, *what are pliers and what do they do???*, uses a feminist lens to present comics, essays, and poems about bikes, hindsight, mortality, cats, and what it means to feel at home. Jam packed with three Reno Ride Reports from rides this spring, this issue also features a special guest report from a local bike packer, detailing some of the area's best parks!



A Zeppy Stardust Studios
Publication