

8 Ball Community Presents

CELEBRATE

THE YEAR

2008

Accepted

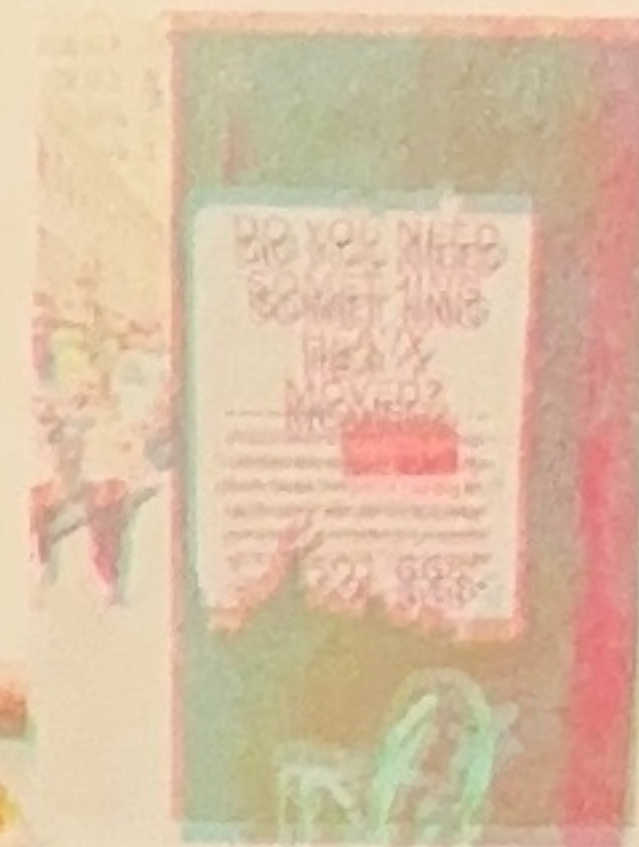
W.A.T.E.R.S

CORRECTIONS

- THE INTRODUCTION IS PRINTED AFTER THE CLOSING AT THE END OF THE ZINE (WE MESSED UP THE PRINTS)
- PAGE 9 CONTINUES ON PAGE 10 BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO HUNT FOR IT
- I LOVE YOU
- TO ENTER THIS ZINE YOU MUST GIVE THE FLIRTATION CARD TO YOUR CRUSH AND THROW IT BACK CRAZY STYLE

8 Ball Community

Things we love and hate...



Regarding God, Love and Administrative Work



At its core, administration is a devotional art. I do it, not because I like forwarding several people the same email over and over again, but because I love service. It pleases me to be of use to you. I recall as a child being brought to my knees at the altar of Christ, and for years, I would not learn any way to love other than worship. Believing in God teaches you a debased, servile love.

Missing now, my One God of All Things, I have fractured my life into services of smaller, meeker gods: my lovers, my friends, my work, my neighborhood. They're more like Greek and Hindu gods who lose themselves to human weaknesses like rage, ego, even simple helplessness.

For example, at the corner shrine at Ishita's house, Ishita's mother shows me how she gently washes and clothes the God Krishna. We remove his little crown, his little scepter, we take off his tiny, ornate green robe. I asked her why we are changing his clothes, and she says he needs help with this type of thing because he is a baby. Figure that: a god that is a baby, who needs help getting dressed. I pick up a new robe for him (this one is pink, and has a flattering gold trim). I slowly pour water down his head and into his lap where his legs are crossed. Ishita's mom is wincing a little because I have picked up Krishna by the head, which is a rude thing to do to a baby and even ruder to a god - a rude thing indeed to do to anyone. I gently support him with my other hand, and consider his cold brass weight in my palm.

With the same care, I make dinner for my two roommates: Ishita and Leighann, sister gods of their limited domain in our apartment. In my imagination, our house is the temple served by a younger, weaker human fellow (me), more prone to forgetting to wash my dishes or eating my food before it rots in the fridge. They lovingly forgive these sins and make a chore chart to guide my worship. I clean the floors with a rag on my knees, working across the kitchen in little bows of effort. Bow, push, clean, scoot. Again.

Ishita is messy too: a funny little slob-god. Ishita explained to me once that she carefully uses her "tough love" passes to protect me from harm -- an intelligent god, she, who knows her followers are stubborn and may take some time to understand the truth. Leighann is like the Old Testament God, strict and quick to temper. She can't listen to my dating exploits because she is maddened by the careless ways they hurt me, and the careful ways I hurt myself. She watches me put on my shoes in the kitchen, and good-naturedly allows me to joke my way to forgiveness, even though I know she is disgusted by this. "Cleaning day is tomorrow" I say, cheeky me. I love them both devotionally.

One day, wanting to know the texture of Leighann's hair, I ran my fingers through it at the base near the heat of her skull. I was a little surprised she allowed me to do this, and it reminded me of when I realized for the first time that those little wafers we ate in church were the body of Christ. How he

loved us, to let us trespass His intimacies so.

At first, I thought 8 Ball was a god too. I could not understand any other reason for such a bright group of people to be allegiant to a wailing spirit, by all means appearing to draw its life force from their very own blood. By the time I had joined, the organization had lost grip of its own inertia, and seemed to me, prepared to crumble at the loss of any single significant member. They did not write anything down! They did not double up their critical domain knowledge. It was a severely understated shamble of inconsistent systems skating hot on the fuel of pure election. The best were burning out, and the worst, I think were already gone. The first admin meeting I went to was a financial crisis meeting. Very somber. Very long. They seemed to blink in slow motion.

Also, they didn't call the office a church, but they call it "the space" which semantically also seems somewhat mystic and religious. 8 Ball, I thought, was a flawed, helpless god of an even more limited domain at 1 East Broadway. Another of these lesser gods, weak especially to chaos, and a shocking lack of historicity (documentation). Gods who lack a past tend also to lack a future. The parishioners seemed tired above all else. I could see that the need for administrative (organizational) work was great. This was fantastic news for me. I am excellent at admin.

In fact, I have several symptoms of a person well-bred to engage in

systems of labor: default obedience, natural fealty to authority figures, and a desire to gain the approval of others. It turns out that living in a monotheistic religion as a child was the perfect training simulation to become a good, docile employee in adulthood. I for one, am an excellent employee, even though I no longer believe in my old God.

So I administrated. I wrote things down, sent emails, all that boring, necessary stuff-detritus of any collective human effort. I was sometimes sad to see how useful I had become through my corporate training, but structural efficiency is actually one strength of profit-mongering. And though I was worried I would taint the personality of the beast while trying to strengthen it, if I am a capitalist, I might as well put it to use, I thought. Just look how well I serve, impressed and disgusted at myself.

But slowly, over time, this work changed me. Once, I watched Gilad explain, "the best thing about 8 Ball is that there's nothing to steal. If you really got all the way into the bank account, what would you do with five thousand dollars? It's not enough to change your life." It's true, this temple is shabby: the bank account is constantly in famine, the posters are always sagging.

The humiliations of constantly living at the mercy of generous strangers are physically manifest all around us. If ever Tauba decides to stop giving us 275 dollars a month, we're screwed actually.

Why bother to bath and cloth this

#3

attempt #3
of a series of
experiments with
vegetable & fruit
paper / papyrus / leather



Christa Mühle Soti

ultra clear sanity, that's how i feel when i'm locked in sand with time flowing forward no matter what time moving forward, and my heart beating fast and happy and therefore all i could see was how i felt. i felt true when you met me, slimy and horseshit and sexy and fantastic. every moment i'm faced with a decision and a decision and so on. does it have to be such a bad thing? like dying of thirst and watching someone else drown, and all that shit. all that fucking shit. i fuuuuucking love cursing i remember thinking it was so scary to do, like i'd die if i did it. and fuck this, fuck that. sorry, that was a bit boring and tasteless. i gotta have some class. i'm always slimy and horseshit and sexy, fantastic like the hot showers i take, the walks i rush through, the poseidon-blue window-filtered sun streaming down into my face and out of my skin, the state of me when you're not around to see it. the state of me. it's like this. it's like this. that's my hesitation. it's curvy like that, awkward around the corners and sweaty. it shivers in silence, in stories, in heaven. it sobs with no witnesses, flirts with no options. it's timeless now. it's sweaty. i'm golden. you're golden. you could be so great. i think i'd really like that. i think i'd really like some peace and quiet, a nice home and a firepit and my cat who will live forever and ever because he's too fucking precious to ever die. i need him and i can't afford to have him leave. but i'm not a fucking dumbass. i know we have to leave, to die. i know nothing has to mean anything. but i'm lost in meaning. i drown in it, like watching myself drown as i die of thirst - shut like that. i feel so bad for myself, i'm such a fucking - i don't even know! and i'm okay with not knowing. and i'm okay with not being okay with not knowing. and all that shit. and all that shit. and time just keeps moving forward, 5 minutes, 1 hour, 3 seconds, alarm alarm. timer! timer! oh yeah, fucking time! it's time again. it's time to shit. time to fuck. time to eat. time to listen. time to hear. time to feel. time to hold. time to cry. time to laugh. time to love. time to hate. time to see. time to feel. time to listen. time to fuck. time to shit. time to eat. and again. and again. and again. and again. i love this shit

11:34

things i love about people i hate

she loves deeply
she's learning to love herself
she's a fun drunk

he would do anything for his friends
he's honest
he's passionate

she cares about her family
she's earnest
she's creative

he loves his family
he just wants to live a good life
he's got a great smile

he likes to explore
he tries to make people feel welcome
he makes an effort

7:05

November 25, 2025 at 7:05 PM

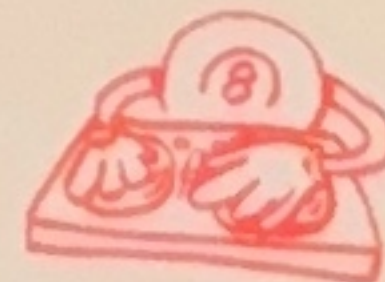
i'm no poet but my ex-girlfriend is, so i made this from our break-up texts

andy once said when ur suicidal
it means part of u needs to die //
u think i wasn't dangerous when u met me
?
or even now sometimes?

my heart is covered in teeth and it bites
anyone who gets too close //
you asked me to talk before bed and then //
"i adore you, but i gotta go"

i hate having him here // i wanna be pretty //
checking in on you //
im in the paris baguette by times square
where
they're playing alt-country singer-
songwriter grooves

i want sth to eat // i miss ur touch. //



Allen loves life

19

I love being outside. I have pondered about tomorrow. I have seen yesterday. I am here with you now. Once again I make the same argument as I weave this pattern into the thread. I argue why the reader is already "out". At least in the sense I mean in the sense Jane means in the since Virginia means. What does it mean to be "outside". I also seek to answer why I love being outside..

It's an answer of a simple kind. What is life and why do we live it. Why do we find home? Why do we create a space. How is our internal world meshed with the external one... We make reality so it can be whatever. The now is your now and it's only for us. The outside is inherently shared it is the culmination of all of us. In the shared aspect a miracle happens that you are able to engage in aspects of life before unknown and intangible to you. This happens both for better and for worse. You can be shown beauty you never realized was possible and pain you believed unknown. What a tantalizing offer it is to be outside!

To truly love the outside one must hold two ideas to be true.

The effect humans have on each other is exponential, and that gambling is sometimes worthwhile.

The first axiom is that the difference between 2 people having an idea, 5 people having an idea and 20 people having an idea. Doesn't scale additively with the investment of those people. It's sometimes better

to get 20 people involved for 1 hour each than 2 people for 10 hours each. The more the merrier does hold true. This math also assumes you are maximizing for how much fun everyone is having.

With the second axiom is you have to ask something about yourself. When you risk it? Do you win? Personally I'm not one to lose and the losses I take are really fun. Outside is essentially a set of "dice rolls" you can take.

What place you're going to "dice roll".

Who's gonna be there "dice roll".

What's gonna happen "dice roll".

You have to assume most of the dice rolls are gonna go your way most of the time. For me they do when I roll dice its not a question of if i won, Its if i was playing the right game.

Maybe when you go out bad things happen and its a bad time. That sucks being that person would be a miserable and lonely life. To accept that one must go out into ones heart is freeing. It frees you from the constraints of the self, the torment of the inner world that only you can make. Instead share in all that we can bring to each other outside.

- trap burrito



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 <p>Body Soap</p>	 <p>Bath Bombs</p>

Another Bullshit Day in Suck City

I have a hazy memory of the first zine I ever read, suspended somewhere outside of all the context needed to identify it. White lettering in a handwritten script danced along a folded and stapled black page. "Why is there nothing good on TV?" it asked on the cover. A fair enough question, I thought—forgetting stories of my elders who still remembered when there were only three channels.

The zine was about a group of indigenous youth who, inspired by the gangsters they saw on TV, divided their neighborhood into opposing factions.

"[C]riminal aspects of gang membership may be less important than factors such as identity construction, experiments with leadership and preservation of knowledge about culture and history," suggests a 2013 study of indigenous gangs in Australia's Wadeye community. The author of the zine argued that the lack of representation on TV pushed impressionable youth to act out the gangsterism they saw glorified in mainstream media. Obviously there was nothing good on TV if it could do such harm to a community.

I will probably never be able to find that zine again. I wish I could say it was the only one, but my memory and my storage boxes are both poorly managed archives. What stuck is the author never answered that titular question. In the conclusion, they merely asked the reader to pass it along. There was

something like propaganda in that request, and it was thrilling.

I wanted to pass it on. Even more so I wanted to pass it on to someone who liked TV. Moving beyond juvenile arguments about what was good or not, the leading question of why something was no good offered a deceptively one-sided conversation.

A way to coax out a solution by boxing up the problem in its own name.

When I learned how to do this, I became a hater.

Things got real simple after that. As it turned out, I could think of plenty of reasons why lots of things around me were no good. Usually the reason was racism; there was even more of that than on TV. I hated white people shit. I hated ignorance and couldn't explain it and why should I? It was a question for someone else. But the questions kept coming, and when hating became habitual, I had to make something of it.

Much has been made lately of the joys and moral righteousness of being a hater. Everybody claims opps and prays for someone's downfall. This is all fine with me—fuck 'em!—but I worry about how much we're encouraged to celebrate losses we didn't really affect or weren't that clever for predicting. As a younger brother, I've been ranking way longer than I've been hating and I can say

without enlightenment that at least one of them is guaranteed to go nowhere. Look at any end-of-year list for proof.

But hate doesn't organize into sequential chains of strict and nonsensical order.

It comes back like a bad dream or a good book.

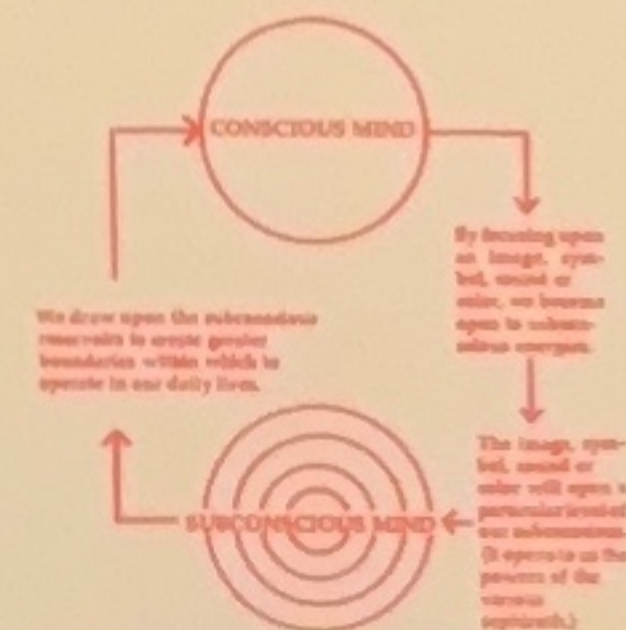
It might not make sense the first time, but suffer through it again and again and there are new truths to it. The first zine I ever read has haunted me this way. How much has my hate reflected itself off of outside media, leading me to imitate toxic behaviors I learned from a screen? How could this pivotal text send me along a path where I now barely remember it? I only wish I had the answers.

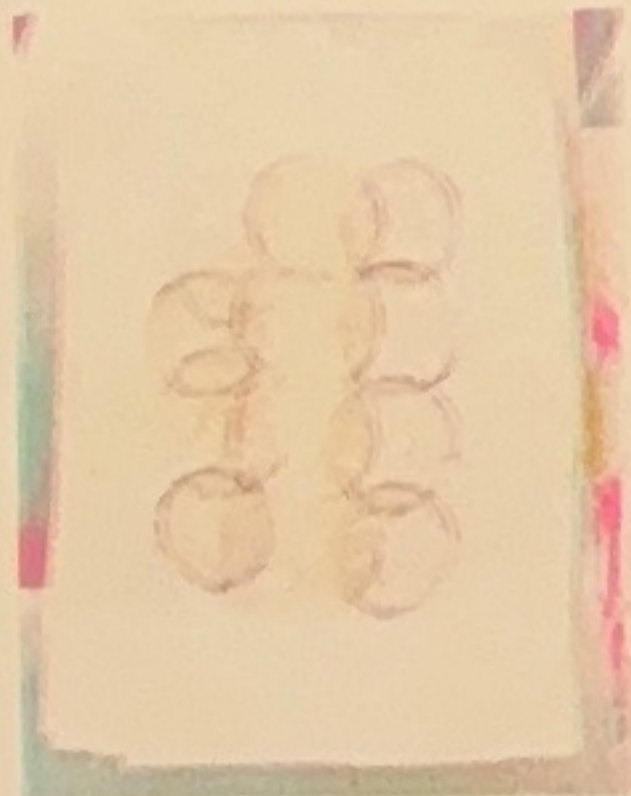
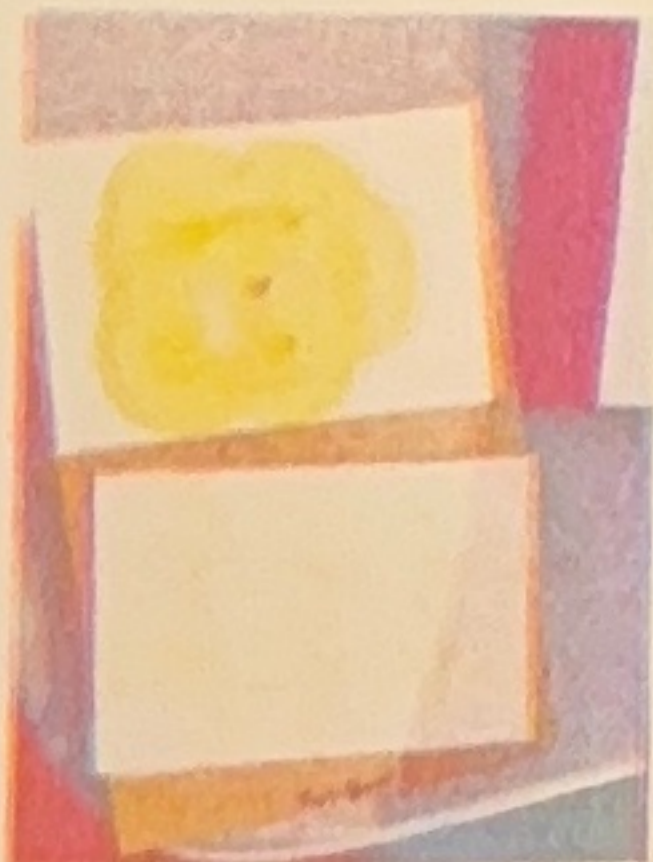
What I have instead are more questions, and those I have 8 Ball to thank for. Working in collective with this community has brought me back to the only thing that will truly make me a menace to my enemies: as June Jordan put it, "I must become the action of my fate." I think I get a little closer to that every time I walk into our space, where conversations about things that are broken, despised, or dysfunctional receive the same care as our biggest dreams for the future.

I'm starting to remember the love of the game.



KNOWLEDGE NETWORK





thing so weak it cannot even stand on its own? I thought of this question as I washed the little baby Krishna. I returned his scepter. I returned his crown. I placed him on his little velvet cushion, plush and shimmering in his gown.

When Ishita's mom left to check on dinner, I gave him a quick stroke down the cheek with my pinkie. I don't know if it's appropriate to stroke a God's chubby baby cheek. (The only other God I had known let me drink his blood in a brutal ritual they called communion, so He did not teach me appropriate relations.)

All babies are like small gods we wash and cloth. They receive our devotion and servitude before they have committed any single conscious act of goodness or badness at all.

We don't love things because they are deserving of our love. It is a question wrongly posed: Why we love, why we worship. Why raise funds for a dying thing? This helpless thing not even worth robbing? Why learn guitar if I'll never get good? Why write poetry that will not change the world? Why record cassettes and zines and other withering arts? Why continue loving at all? All these questions... wrongly posed. They do not reveal truths.

Instead, consider this. Leighann peels her fruit at the dinner table with one leg propped up, the knife closely controlled between her thumb and pointer finger. If I linger politely in the kitchen, she will always look up and ask if I would like a piece. Do you know how it feels to be offered fruit by your own God? Giving service, the act of worship, this aggravates the same instinct as receiving it. Serving and being served, loving and being loved. Rising to kiss God, then descending again to join the ranks of his devotees, returning his scepter, stroking his cheek. Turning and turning in a spiral constantly returning to its own core, we are made divine both in peeling the fruit, and in eating it from her hand, because she peels it for me, and I eat it for her. I serve my god, who serves me.

So you see, the greater truth revealed is the bending nature of every Earth-creature, made godly by devotion. It is a fact of nature: you cannot be loved and remain just human. To be worshipped, at some point, is to be imagined into apotheosis. And to be loved further is to be known and known back down to Earth. If my devotion creates my God, then I myself am godly in my creation. I am the God that creates gods.

All us lovers are gods in this way, transcending, descending, oscillating gently between mortality and immortality all the

time, against our own will it seems.

We are all living. And at the same time, every baby begins to die as soon as it is born. What do gods like us do with our time on Earth? Send emails? Coordinate group chats over Slack?

Well, yes. We have meetings to discuss this very zine, which is to say, to discuss what matters to us, what information we would like to distribute to others. We make schedules to relieve each other our burdens, and to distribute the work of serving. We make time to gather round and decide which beautiful things are worth making, and which horrible things are worth fighting. We serve each other before we have proven that we are worthy, and we serve each other up to worthiness. Look, see what I have made for you? Do you like it? Does it please you? See how I kneel, and how I worship? Will you kneel too? Will you meet me down here in servitude? I am waiting. Down here there is something important I would like you to know. 8 Ball is not a god. 8 Ball is more like an animal. It breathes. It dies. It is constantly dying. 8Ball dies for the same reason it lives:

We are the Gods here, and only our love sustains it, just as only love sustains every animal on Earth.



Olivia.....

Things I hate:

1. The letter e
2. Scrambled eggs
3. Cleaning the bathroom
4. Forgetting to bring my lunch to work
5. Cutting my tongue on a lolly pop
6. Sitting next to a stinky person on a plane
7. Stubbing your toe
8. When my sister takes for ever in the shower
9. Taking the wrong subway
10. When you are standing in a subway car and it is pulling up to the stop and someone sitting wants you to move so they can get closer to the door but the train car is still moving so you don't want to let go of the bar and move out of the way for them because then you will fall on someone else when you let go of the bar, but they have the audacity to ask you to move your hand and risk it
11. When the cotton floss you got because you were being environmentally friendly gets stuck in your teeth so you need to use another strand of floss to get it out
12. When the environmentally friendly bamboo toothbrush gives you cavities because it is bad at doing its job
13. That feeling of anxiety right before talking to someone for the first time
14. When you are anxious about seeing someone or a group of people at a function in a week or so and then it gives you too much time to overthink the situation and you get there and you've already played how every conversation is going to go in your head and then nothing goes according to plan so you end up saying random stuff from your "plan" and it gets awkward
15. Sleeping on your neck wrong and waking up not being able to turn your head to the left then you have to go to work in the cold rain and you missed the bus

16. When you are walking to the train you get splashed by a car driving fast and you don't know what the liquid that is on you now is you then decide not to go back home and change so you go to work and then you realize that you forgot your laptop and should have just gone home to change but you are an hour from home now and you are on a time crunch to make it to your meetings, then because you are unprepared, you end up giving wrong information to someone at the meeting and they come back to you later with the excel spreadsheet with all the wrong information so then you have to stay late with them redoing all the work they did while they make sure to sit on the right side of you because you still can't turn your head left. Not only are you staying late but you also burdened someone else's evening. You finally get to go home and you don't get a seat on the subway and it is delayed.

Things I love:

1. The letter a
2. Marinated eggs in Ramen
3. Cleaning the sink
4. When I bring leftover Indian food for lunch
5. An empty seat next to you on the plane
6. Stretching your toes after wearing climbing shoes
7. Getting to the shower before my sister
8. Timing the subway correctly
9. When you are standing in a subway car and it is pulling up to the stop and someone sitting waits for the car to stop before they ask you to move because it is their stop
10. The feeling of clean teeth after flossing and your floss doesn't break
11. When you go to the dentist and they tell you that you have no cavities and you and your toothbrush are doing a great job.

12. When you meet someone for the first time and you are able to learn about a new life and and perspective different from yours. So much so that you are now able to notice things about the world that you didn't notice before and it gives you a greater sense of empathy for other people and their experiences that are different from yours
13. When you go to a function you are anxious about and it ends up being a really fun time, everyone is having a great time and enjoying each others company. You then accidentally spill your drink on a couch pillow so you pull out your Tide to Go pen and clean the pillow. You learn for the hundredth time that you don't need to be anxious for events like this. You probably will still be anxious for the next event but you challenged yourself and everything worked out. This reassurance and learning to depend on yourself is the best feeling

14. Sleeping well and waking up energized then catching the bus right as it is pulling up to the stop
15. When you are walking to the train and you find some free clothes hanging up on the fence on the side of the street. These clothes are your size and you pick up a new caridan that still has the tag on it. You get to work and someone brought in donuts for the team this morning. They are the best donuts in Brooklyn, Peter Pan donuts. You sit down and prepare for your presentations and meetings with some English breakfast tea and a sour cream glazed donut. You present your long anticapated presentation and clearly communicate all the correct and necessary information. You did so well you are able to head home early.
16. The subway pulls up right as you get to the platform and you are able to get a seat immedietly. You read your book peacefully all the way back home.

Oscar.....

Things I hate:

people... being a music nerd... smoking... drinking... indie rock... Myrtle-Broadway... short-form content... making music... writing... being a born-and-raised New Yorker in a city of transplants... living in the East Village... 8 Ball admin work... DJing at bars... club culture... techno... hoe phase... gossip... junk food... cleaning the crib... cool clothing... my hair... my body... working... walking around the city... video games... Europe... pop edits... artistic sensibilities... museums

Things I love:

people... being a music nerd... smoking... drinking... indie rock... Myrtle-Broadway... short-form content... making music... writing... being a born-and-raised New Yorker in a city of transplants... living in the East Village... 8 Ball admin work... DJing at bars... club culture... techno... hoe phase... gossip... junk food... cleaning the crib... cool clothing... my hair... my body... working... walking around the city... video games... Europe... pop edits... artistic sensibilities... museums



Closing

Why We Love 8 Ball

8 Ball is a Water.com delivery account that someone set up years ago and neglected to hand off until someone (me, and after I, too, neglected to hand it off, Damariz) realized, "Hey we usually have filtered water at the space, why hasn't it been showing up?" It is also the questions about the account that many of us may have but do not know how or where to ask.

Why do we need filtered water? Who decided that we need filtered water? Who pays for this filtered water? Etc. In short, we love 8 Ball because

Anyone can decide what it is.

Anyone can manage the Water.com delivery account or decide to delete the Water.com delivery account and, because we don't have any official process in place for how decisions get made, it has no bearing on their standing in the organization.

I mean, they VOLUNTEERED to manage the Water.com account.

Usually that's someone's job, like a secretary, or an office manager. The water doesn't just show up. Someone has to call those fuckers or sign up online and put the credit card information in.

Why We Hate Rent

We hate rent because 8 Ball's couch is so cozy and everyone should be able to experience drifting away to sleep after a slightly grueling nightshift to the ambient noise of zine discussion, while radio hosts putt around behind your head and play their record stacks, forever. We hate rent because

What do you mean we aren't allowed to go on the roof, aren't we paying for it?



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"I love how dirty 8 Ball is. I love stomping on the rug and watching the dust rise up. Chinchillas take dust baths—I do too."

- Maggie Boelter, 8 Ball Community Member

Dear Reader,

Yes you, with the zine in your hand reading this sentence – delectable, beautiful, curious, you. Thank you so much for picking up our zine this winter (and might I say you have excellent taste). Let us introduce ourselves:

We're 8 Ball Community.

On our leaflets and on the walls of our space, we say that we're a volunteer-run, non-hierarchical, not-for-profit artist collective that creates free spaces for cultural exchange and creative expression. We're a free third space, film production studio, zine archive and library, public access community radio station, and DIY publishing house – and this is all true technically, yes. But now that it's just us here, this is what we really do:

We hate. We're haters.

Look around you. There is so much to hate, and we hate very well – passionately, seethingly, and unrelentingly.

We hate uninclusive art spaces. We hate elitism. We hate privileges based on race, religion, gender, class or ability. We hate gentrification. We hate borders and the violence necessitated by their enforcement. FUCK ICE. FUCK ICE. FUCK ICE. We hate war profit and the surveillance state and the progressive Palantir-ification of our supposed democracy. We hate Zionists, and the Palestinian genocide, and the silence and complicity of our own leaders. We hate the way this brutality warps us – all of us, witnessing the slaughter.

We hate algorithmic tube-feeding and the commodification of our attention and our news and our bodies and our art. We hate Eric Adams and the Trump Administration and the reckless subjugation of governance without the consent of the governed. We hate the oligarchs. We hate the competitive environment of the capitalistic world, how it pollutes everything it touches, how it strips us of the dignity of our labor. We hate name-droppers, clout-chasers, profit-mongers and fake bitches, and we're sick and tired of constantly topping up the aquarium water.

Most of all, we hate the way we have been forced to abandon one another, because at our core,

We are lovers.

We love people and community, and WE LOVE THIS CITY. We love keeping each other safe, and putting each other on to our favorite music. We love staying up way too late at 1 E Broadway, working on projects that should have been started weeks ago, taking nap shifts on the grubby moss couch, and hysterically laughing together. We love dancing our asses off, and watching

movies together, and spontaneous office raves and the humble affection of joint reverie. We love making mistakes, and learning, and growing alongside each other. We love art – making it, celebrating it, teaching it and learning it, sharing it and hoarding it, saving it and destroying it, selling it with no profit, and giving it away for free while losing funds. 8 Ball creates no profit. It does not have any association with brands. We are here for the pure and simple love of our art, our community, and our humanity. That is all we have, and that is all that is worth having.

We made this zine for you, to show you what we love and hate, and because we thought you might like it. We really hope you do! If you are a lover/hater yourself, find us. We'd love to have you.

Sincerely,

All Us Lovers and Haters at 8 Ball

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