



Aviators Club Talent Show

Vol.1
Mar 2024



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Welcome!

Aviators, Pledges, Friends,

Welcome to the Aviators Club Talent Show Zine!

This is the first in what we'd love to be an annual publication to celebrate the first five years of Aviators Club, which was commemorated on Founders Day 2023, January 17. Our Aviators have been enthusiastic and engaged from the get-go, so a zine just makes sense. We would love to show off our talents.

The release was supposed to coincide with Flowers Day, July 30, 2023, in which we recognize our official flowers: the Moonflower and Pansy. It is now 2024, but we celebrate Flowers Day nonetheless.

This zine has contributions from Aviators and Pledges alike, showing off our varied talents and the cool shit we do.

**This issue does not have a theme. Instead,
we said to Aviators, “follow your heart”.**

**I hope you enjoy the works within, and above
all - skate safe!!!**

**Ave. Kamille CB,'18
Co-President, Secretary**



TEXT. NOTE 09-24

Toronto Subway

Descend into soiled air
I can breathe again

RESUSCITATION.

Crowds overwhelm me
A pulse too quick in
the day
Lights up my
night sky.

THE CURRENT RUNS
IN MY ROOTS

They ransacked this
place
Plaque builds between
the braces
How my sweet tooth aches

THIS PERFECT DECAY,

My loves run rotten
And I am happier here,
In my "after" life



6
foX/24
23

The Voice of God

Ave. Harrow, '22'

CW: Christianity, misgendering, mentions of death due to natural disasters

"I know I'm supposed to start with 'forgive me father, for I have sinned,' but that's not why I'm here. I'm the son of God," she said. "I'm the second coming."

I had only just started listening to confessions. I was prepared for sinful thoughts, infidelities, theft, that sort of thing. I was not prepared for -- judging by the voice -- an adolescent girl claiming to be the second coming of Our Lord and Savior.

"...okay," I said.

She sighed. "You don't believe me either. I thought maybe, since you're a man of God..."

"I...never said I don't believe you. It's just... Why exactly do you think that?"

"I don't *think* it, I *know* it. Like I know I'm a boy. I can't explain how because I don't know how, but I've always known what I am."

"Yes, but... You have to realize this is a very serious claim to make without any kind of proof."

"What happened to 'do not test the Lord your God?'"

"In Matthew 24, Jesus specifically warns against false prophets claiming to be him."

"Matthew 24 also says the end times will be within that generation."

"...yes. But that's beside the point here."

“Okay, Matthew 24 also *also* says that these false prophets will perform wonders. So even if I turned water into wine, would that be enough to convince you? Would *anything*?”

I didn't have an answer to that. I wasn't sure. Maybe not; when I tried to think of that soft voice as belonging to Our Lord all I felt was doubt.

“Have you heard the one about the faithful man in the flood?” she asked.

“Unless you're talking about Noah, I don't think I have.”

“So there's a hurricane that floods a town, and this guy winds up stranded on the roof of his house while the waters keep rising. Someone comes by in a boat and says he should come with them, but he says no, that's alright, I trust that God will protect me. So the boat moves on and the water keeps rising. And another boat comes by, and they say you should really come with us, it's getting dangerous, but he says he'll be just fine, he trusts in the Lord. And they shrug and move on and the water rises until he's standing on top of the chimney. And finally a helicopter comes by with a rope ladder, and they yell down that this is his last chance before he gets swept away for sure. But he has so much faith in God that he refuses to take the ladder, and the flood waters sweep him away and he dies. Since he was so faithful, he goes to Heaven, and when he has a chance to meet God, he's like, 'Not to question you but I waited and waited for a miracle, what happened?' And God says, 'I sent two boats and a helicopter, so I don't know what you're talking about!’”

That was definitely some kind of sacrilege. I laughed anyway. “I hadn't heard that one, but I know one like it.”

“Oh?”

“So an old trucker's at a bar way up north, in Alaska, and he's telling the bartender about the closest brush with death he ever had. 'I get caught in this freak snowstorm,' he says, 'can't see a foot in front of me, and for a while I'm chugging along as best as I can, hoping to get out of it somehow, but then the engine stalls out, and I'm not about to get out and push, so I'm stuck in my semi in the middle of the blizzard of the century. And hours pass, and it gets colder and colder and the snow doesn't let up, and I start thinking, this might be it. I might just freeze to death in this snowstorm, in this truck, with all these fish in the back. And I never prayed before in my life, but I clasped my hands together and got

down on my knees on the driver's seat and said Lord, I will serve you faithfully the rest of my life, if only you save me from this blizzard.' And the bartender says, 'well, you're here now, so I guess you must be a man of God.' And the trucker snorts and says, 'it wasn't *God* that saved me, I just got a ride from a guy who passed by heading the other way!'"

She laughed, dry and bitter. "Yeah, that seems like the version a priest would know."

"Why do you say that?"

"With the trucker, the joke is that he reaches out to God cause he's desperate, but as soon as he's out of that position, he goes back to denying everything. He's a silly nonbeliever who's too cynical to recognize the Lord's hand at work. But with the guy in the flood, it's the opposite. He's so blinded by his faith, and his certainty that he knows what divine intervention looks like, that he denies it when it's right in front of his face."

"...three times, no less," I said with a laugh.

"And it kills him. But he still goes to Heaven." She sighed. "I think about that story a lot."

"...what did you come here to say?"

"...I don't know. What I said, I guess. 'I'm the son of God.' I don't know what I expected; no one else believes me either. My parents used to humor me, they're not religious so I guess they thought it was cute or something, but eventually they told me to cut it out. They didn't actually say 'lying or delusional or both' but they were thinking it. It's all 'how can you prove it, how do you know,' no one ever believes anything I say about myself. I'm not a false prophet. I'm not trying to deceive anyone. I just thought... I don't know. You're a priest, you're supposed to be a man of faith, right? Isn't that what faith is?"

"You're right," I said. "Faith is, by definition, belief in the absence of evidence. And I can't deny that there are things I believe, with every fiber of my being, that I would have no way of actually proving. And..." And I suppose it's no harder to believe you're the son of God, I meant to say, but it was. I could more readily believe Lazarus rose from the dead

than that the voice that echoed softly through the confessional was that of the Lord.

“And still. You can’t believe me.”

“...I don’t think you’re lying,” I said, which was true. She obviously believed what she said; she was no ravening wolf in sheep’s clothing. I pitied her, that was all.

“Wow, thanks.” She sighed deeply, shadow shifting behind the screen. “...I’m not the first time this has happened. Or the second. I know the same way I know what I am. This has happened over and over and over and no one has ever had faith.”

I didn’t have an answer, and after a few seconds of silence, she opened the confessional door and vanished into the light that poured in.

Decades have passed since that conversation, but I still find myself thinking on it. He never returned, that lost son of God; I wonder often where he is now, and if he ever found someone willing to believe he was what He was.

Perhaps humanity will sit atop this roof forever, waving on boat after boat as the flood waters rise, waiting for our miracle.



Chicken Adobo with Rice

Ave. Kamille, '18

My mom would make chicken adobo fairly frequently to feed our family of 6, or sometimes 8. She would have it ready for dinner some school nights as a treat.

She'd start the rice first, and then as she cooked, the rice would finish. Everything would be timed perfectly, and her adobo would be delicious and nostalgic and filling. Very tart, a little salty, savory, and with a shitload of rice.

Aside from the basic culinary requirements of chicken adobo, this recipe tastes nothing like hers.

Yields 4 servings, ish.

Takes like 1 ½ to 2 hours tops, with sous chef assistance.

Ingredients:

- 5-6 skin-on, bone-in chicken thighs
- -OR-
- 5-6 skinless, boneless chicken thighs
- Marinade:
- ½ cup fully leaved dark soy sauce
- ½ cup sukang maasim AKA palm vinegar
- -OR-
- ½ cup mix of white and apple cider vinegar
- 4 cloves of garlic, minced
- 10-20 peppercorns
- 3-5 bay leaves

And:

- 1 cup chicken stock/broth
- 1 tbsp brown sugar or honey
- 4 cloves of Yes More Garlic, sliced thin
- 1 tbsp corn starch
- 3 tbsp vegetable oil
- However much rice you find appropriate.

Instructions:

To make the marinade, add the soy sauce, bay leaves, peppercorns, minced garlic, and palm or cider vinegar to a bowl and mix well. Add chicken.

Marinate chicken in the fridge for about 1 hour. You can skip this step if you're starving.

And when you're ready to roll...

1. Start the rice. I won't tell you how to do this. Maybe you make it in a cooker, or a pot, fuck, who knows. Start the rice.
2. Add chicken to pot with marinade. Add chicken stock to cover. This is one thing my mom did not do.
3. Bring to boil then simmer on low until the chicken is cooked.
4. In a separate pan, fry 4 smashed and sliced garlic cloves in the veg oil. Add chicken pieces when cooked and fry til browned. Mama skipped this.
5. Thicken sauce with corn starch, pre dissolved in cold water. Add brown sugar to sauce.
6. Serve chicken piece and sauce on rice, hot, with crispy garlic on top.

This dish is great in any weather.

Raidou's Famous Chili

Aves. MD and Kamille, '18

The thing about Raidou's Famous Chili is that it was a dupe attempt. There was this farm market we used to go to in Northern Virginia, before we lived together or got married, that had this chili mix. The chili mix was weirdly sweet, and we'd go nuts adding in tomatoes, onions, garlic, et cetera. It was super good. So right before a big move away from NoVA, we bought 2 huge containers and did everything we could to recreate it.

This is the culmination of our efforts.

It's Raidou's famous chili because Raidou made it. He is a friend and a boy.

Serves like 4 or something. Less if you're hungry. More if you add carbs.

Takes like 40 minutes to an hour. Can be done solo, but we rec some sous chef assistance.

Chili mix:

- 2 tbsp chili powder
- 1 tsp coriander
- 1 tsp cumin
- ¼ tsp cayenne
- ½ tsp garlic powder
- ½ tsp onion powder
- Black pepper, ground
- 3 tbsp flour
- 1/2 tsp salt?

And, on hand:

- More salt, just in case
- 2 or 3 Bay leaf (optional)
- More ground black pepper
- Cooked Rice or corn bread or tortilla chips or whatever (Optional!)

Ingredients:

- 1 yellow onion
- 3 or 5 cloves garlic
- 1lb ground beef or turkey or substitute
- 1 8oz corn can
- 1 10oz Rotel or Diced Tomatoes and Chilies can
- 1 15oz can of pink or red beans
- 1 ½ tbsp brown sugar
- 1 generous squirt tomato paste
- 1 cup low sodium chicken broth or base, or more

Preparation:

Dice onions. Smash and mince garlic. Drain corn and tomatoes. Rinse and drain beans. Combine chili mix in bowl or container of choice. If using chicken base or bouillon, prepare about 1 cup. Dissolve brown sugar in chicken broth or base.

Instructions:

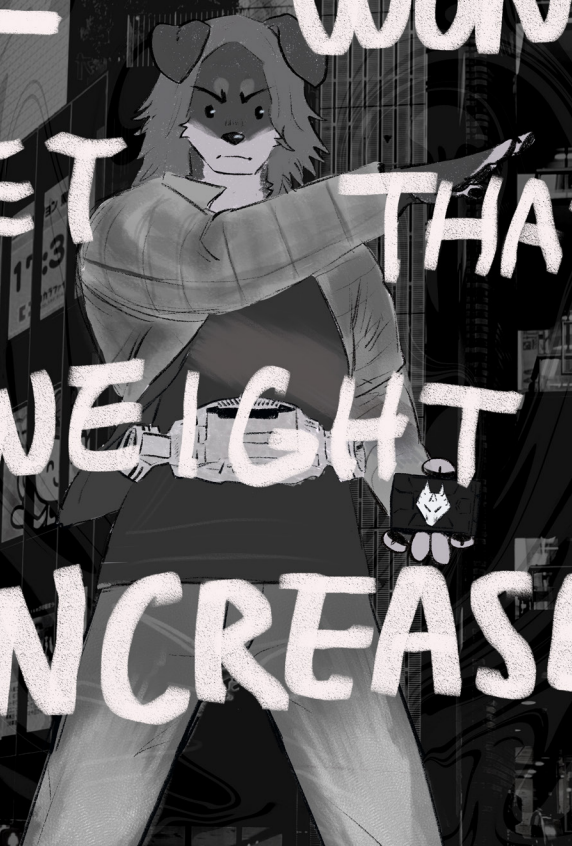
1. Fry onion and garlic in large pot. Get 'em brown. Add a pinch of salt and a bit of ground black pepper.
2. Add 2 or 3 bay leaves. Remove when fragrant and beginning to brown. **It will be very difficult to locate these if they stay in past this stage.** Proceed with caution.
3. When browned, add 1lb ground beef or turkey. add a pinch of salt and a bit of ground black pepper. Cook and brown.
 - a) IF BEEF: Drain most of the way.
 - b) IF TURKEY: Leave it alone, bro.
4. Add chili mix, stir in and fry until fragrant.
5. Add corn, tomatoes, and beans.
6. Add generous splash of low sodium chicken broth and brown sugar mix, enough to just about cover, but barely. Stir.
7. Add generous squirt of tomato paste. Incorporate.
8. Simmer 'til thick, at least 10-15 minutes. Keep stirring occasionally, and be sure to scrape the bottom of the pot.
9. Taste. Does it need more salt? Fix that now. Keep stirring.

Serve by itself, with cheese and sour cream and peppers and stuff, and/or over rice, with cornbread, or with tortilla chips if you intend to make it stretch.

Meat alternatives work great in this recipe too, like Beyond or whatever. It's even better the next day, and goes quite well with mac n cheese for a solid chili-mac.

Great for Halloween!!

I WON'T
LET THAT
WEIGHT
INCREASE.



Erik's Banancakes

Ave. Erik, '22

Now you have to understand, recipes are relative things. The only thing this recipe needs is bananas. If you make the recipe as follows you're making Erik's Banancakes, but if you change even a single damn thing it becomes [your name here]'s Banancakes. Own that shit. And if someone says, oh, what a charming bananacake, where did you get the recipe? Claim it as your own or refer to me as your [friend/cousin/uncle/leprechaun under a bridge] as suits the occasion and your intentions with the person you are feeding.

ITEMS THAT WILL BE BLENDED

(I recommend buying a stick blender and finding a cup that is the exact size to insert said blendy boy into- but any blender or food processor will do)

***1/2 cup nuts (cashew, walnut, coconut combo is my fav)

***Hot water to cover the nuts

***3 to 4 tbsp butter (or butter substitute)

***1 very ripe banana (protip, slice and freeze bananas for later, do not thaw if frozen)

Let nuts rest in hot water for ~10 minutes. Blend ingredients, adding water to total around 2 cups. Blend until smoooooth.

Add 2 tsp extract*

[*I use what I call "winter extract" which is mulling spices soaked in vodka for at least a week to create an extract. Some combination of vanilla, cinnamon, fennel, almond, whatever you fancy extract is acceptable]

And ***2 eggs or equivalent egg replacement

DRY INGREDIENTS IN A BOWL

1.5 cups flour

2 tbsp sugar

1/2 tsp salt

4 tsp baking powder

s p i c e s (cinnamon, cloves, cardamom as desired)

Whisk drys. Add wets to drys. Use a small amount of water to rinse blending vessel and add to mixture. Mix until well combined.

Fold in nuts or chocolate chips if desired. Or don't.

Batter should be thicker than you expect or may be comfortable with. Think a nice milkshake, drinkable thru a straw but you're working for it a lil bit.

Heat frying pan to med/high. Scoop 1/4th to 1/3rd cup batter at a time.

Flip bananakes before top is set. Should have bubbles popping but still be wet.

Pancakes should be thicc and can be made in greased cookie metal cutters, but will hold a lovely round shape on their own.

Makes... a generous plate of pancakes. I never have time to count before the weekend morning mooches descend on my platter, but it feeds 2 hormonal men with leftovers. Freezes and packs well for lunches.

MapQuest.com

Ave. Kamille, '18

As you pass the intersection of cause and condition,
 And you pass the point of no return,
 And you pass the point of take-back, and retroaction:

There's a sick satisfaction in seeing it all come to be,
 And a sense that someday, it'll work out,
 Yeah, of course, of course it will.

That's pretty general. By "you", I mean me:
 I mean the "me" that is here, with you in my arms,
 The "me" that kissed you in the dark.

I tried to see the printout at night, of the maps,
 And the interior light in your dad's car is dim,
 And we were high, and I was scared.

 Too scared to turn the light on.

You kissed me back, and then you laughed;
 You laughed it off, like a songbird,
 Or like a teenager, awkward and stilted.

So maybe that happened, right, and you,
 The real you, Roy, the you that I kissed,
 You didn't take the news well.

The acceptance letter, and the scholarship breakdown,
 And the real promise that I could live somewhere,
 A place very far from Missouri.

You would stay there, or maybe you wouldn't.
 You'd be OK, right? Four years with a break or two?
 Keep your old man company? Say hi to mine?

And you:

It doesn't matter, and I'll stop thinking about it.

There's you, here in my arms,

On my full sized bed with the navy sheets.

Contributors

Kamille '18

@beambayonet on bsky

A Co-Founder of ZZA and a current Co-President and Secretary, Kamille spends his time writing, crafting, and playing hockey with his husband.

MD '18

Front and back cover art, zine formatting and design. Co-founder, co-president, and official vampire.

Liquid '18

@RAWTOPSY on Twitter

Erik '21

Erik has never read Devilman, but keeps bringing it up for some reason. His works are fun, or maybe they're dead serious, or maybe they're seriously fun. He makes zines and shit. His recipes are da bomb. He is a citrus enthusiast for max refreshment.

Harrow '22

Fox Pledge

Fox is an intergalactic sewer being obsessed with art and artifacts. They aim for the stars, and hope to fly with the ZZA.

About ZZA

Zeta Zeta Aviators Club is an inclusive radical social fraternity spanning North America and Europe, based on the ideals of mutual understanding, love-at-all-costs, and the inherent optimism of spaceflight.

Aviators Club has been encouraging its members to live their best lives since its founding on January 17, 2018.

You can read more about our Fraternity at:

www.tufore.org



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