

AAAAaaaaand we're back! Took a little bit but the TMA Zine #2 is finally here! The TMA zine is just another way us as artists can express our thoughts and ideas to into the world without limitations. We appreciate all the support and submissions we got in 2016 and we plan to do it up more extra in 2017!

Editor: Acr1dApple



Contributors:

Waldo  
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Birdy  
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Blando Bland  
Dice 51  
Jean Orosco  
Frank Liebert  
Patience Stewart  
Almost  
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Skelz  
David Hawes  
Tetsuro76

We're currently accepting submissions in the form of:

- Poetry
- Doodles
- Stories
- Rants
- Reviews
- Photos
- Comics
- Recipes
- Unconventional Art
- Weird stuff
- Stuff that doesn't suck



Send submissions to [contact@mothershipalumni.com](mailto:contact@mothershipalumni.com)

[mothershipalumni.com/zine](http://mothershipalumni.com/zine)



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Q: What name do you use for your art? If you go by a nickname, where did it come from?

A: No, just Frank Liebert.

Q: Where are you from?

A: I'm from here, Burquueeee.

Q: If you're from another state, what brought you to Albuquerque? Do you enjoy this city?

A: Yeah, I love it. Always loved it. Born and raised. There's a homely quality albuquerque has for me. :)

Q: How old are you?

A: 23

Q: How old were you when you began to create?

A: Oh gawd I don't know..I've always had a crayon in hand

Q: What artistic mediums do you use in your work?

A: I usually do a bunch of metal work, silver fabrication, electroforming, and casting, watercolors, and pen.

Q: Do you have a process to your work?

A: A lot of it is just stream of consciousness. For metal working it's making do with what I have and problem solving.

Q: What inspires you? Who inspires you?

A: A number of artists, for example Jeremy Fish from San Fran. Also medieval wood cuts and old carvings

Q: What are your passions?

A: I love to make things! To translate my feeling into a visual medium. And kitties.

Q: How would you describe your style?

A: Um...Psychedelic macabre

Q: When it comes to art, what does it mean to you? (Art) I

A: t's like an expression of raw emotion or intent, that doesn't have to be dressed up or spelled out.

Q: Who are you hoping to reach out to?

A: I'm just trying to reach...in. \*sniffle\*

Q: What is one of your favorite sayings?

A: "Gobble, gobble, baby!"

Q: What's your background

A: Just finished up at UNM, started metal work about 11 years ago... Had some phenomenal jewelry teachers.

Q: What are your thoughts on The Mothership Alumni?

A: It's great to see the amount of production coming out from everybody. That's really my favorite thing.

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Q:What are your thoughts on The Mothership Alumni?

A:It's great to see the amount of production coming out from everybody. That's really my favorite thing.

Q:What makes you unique? What differentiates you from the rest of people who do what you do?

A:I don't think i'm in a place to make that call. I'm too close to see myself objectively.

Q:What is your perspective on the current state of the art industry?

A:It's, idk, hit or miss, sometimes i'm doing well sometimes i'm not. It's good to see people I know succeed, it gives me hope. Like anything else sometimes it's good sometimes it's bad

Q:What are you trying to do in the art industry?

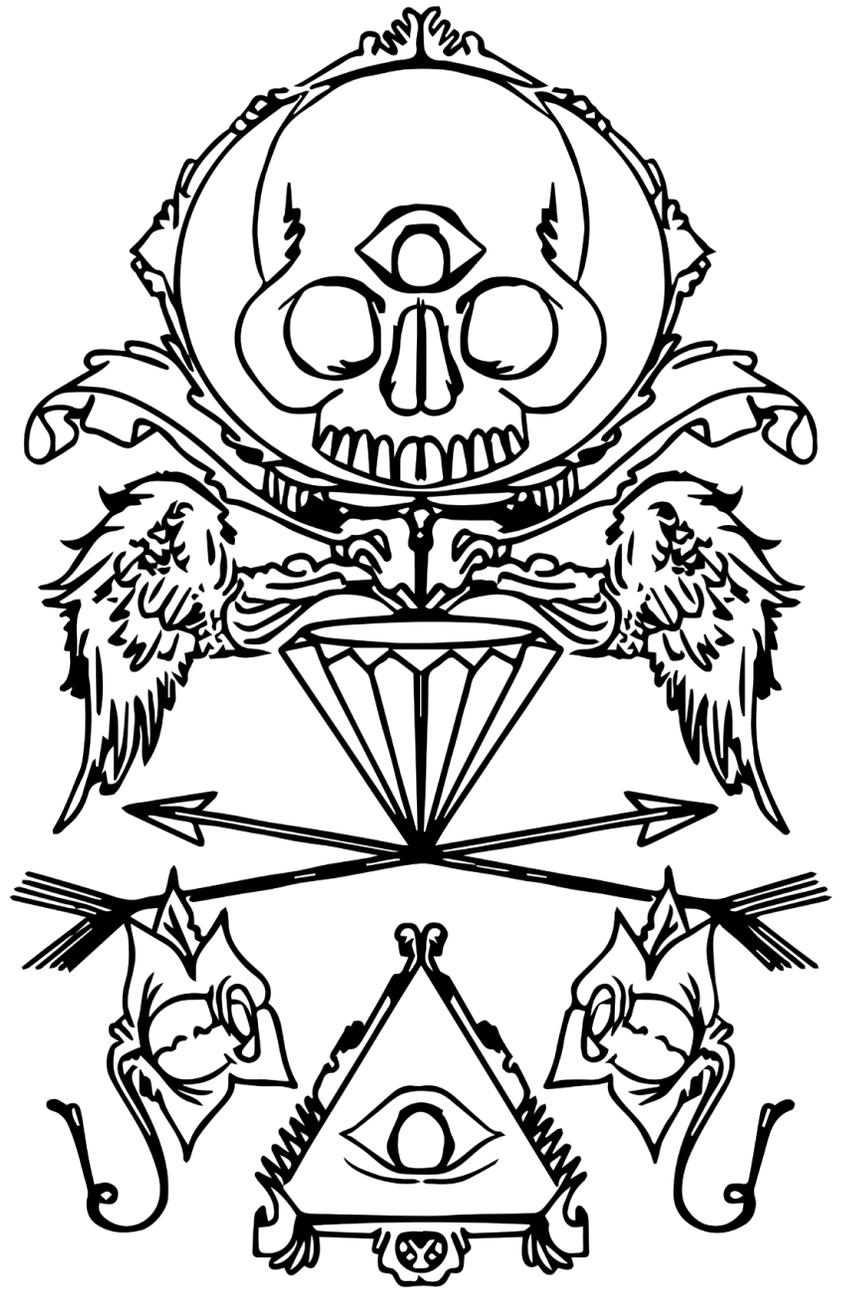
A: Make art. Try to produce. Art for arts sake, but money and food is nice too.

Q: Why art?

A: I can't dance .

19. Where to find his art: [Facebook.com/sprayandsilver](https://www.facebook.com/sprayandsilver)





[MOTHERSHIPALUMNI.COM/SHOP](http://MOTHERSHIPALUMNI.COM/SHOP)

## The Unbelievable True Tales of Fiction

What a long strange trip it's been

Nicole aka Fiction

### Chapter 2

We all creep up towards the firemen. Clearly it is my responsibility to talk to the authority figures. I walk up to them while my gang lingers awkwardly behind me.

"What happened here?" the fireman asks me.

Bewildered I tell him I was hoping he could tell me. "That was my car" is about all I can manage to say.

I think of Stew. It must be his fault. We should probably not have called him Stew. Perry. His name was Perry. I look over to Moth. This whole thing is very confusing. Is this real? Moth looks back and mouths "the curse of dead man stew." I knew it. Reign and Mike seemed to be in agreement.

Oh yeah, the fire chief. I turned back to him.

"So what do we do? That was everything I owned...I lived out of that car."

After a lingering silence, "Well the fire is out..." He said dejectedly. "You can call the Sheriff and file a police report, but they will charge you to tow the car from here."

"That was everything I owned all my money was in there."

I looked sorrowfully at the smoldering skeleton of my Nissan. There were just wire frames of the seats left. Everything that was once plastic was now a sizzling blob on the metal floor boards.

"So, the fire is out." said the fire chief. "That's about all we need to do here so we are going to leave. Have a nice day." The fire chief turned around and they all loaded up into the short Fire truck and took off towards Nihland.

Was this real? Am I really stuck in the middle of the Mo-have desert with no money and no car? How did this happen? It sucks that I didn't get to see it burn. All the things I had seen burn in my life and I didn't even get to see the car burn. For some reason that was the hardest part to swallow.

There was that Furby. There was also that robotic dog that somehow turned on while on fire. Its fake tail wagged flinging little bits of flaming plastic onto the concrete. Ah it was a favorite past time of my early days. Me and the homies would head up to one of the large arroyos and make napalm. We'd use rubber cement and ignite random broken toys I would get from the thrift store I volunteered for. I dreamed of lighting cars on fire. Me and my friend Karl would talk about making thermite and melting Engine Blocks down at south Eu, a large flat bit of high desert outside of Albuquerque. And here my car gets burned. I didn't even get to watch the flames consume my home. I bet it was epic. Looking at the car, the flames had melted and carved the paint into the metal of frame. The tires seemed to have sent up quite an infernal explosion.



I'm still peaking. We're all just standing around.

"All material things are transitory." Mike says. He starts to walk back towards Salvation Mountain. He is right. I started my travels by giving away everything I owned except for the car and what I could fit into it. I had gotten very into Buddhism and the idea of no self. I went into the world to learn from it; with the thought that I was going to learn what I really needed to know. During my travels I met so many people who lived with nearly nothing. I had actually started resenting the car. Paying for parking, insurance, gas, tickets (though those never really got paid). It was a lot of responsibility and it had been weighing on me. There was a strange sense of relief that it was gone. I thought of the glowing Ganesha and the words for the people the night before. WOW I am still really high I should enjoy this day and worry about the rest when I found my face and mind.

I followed Mike back to the mountain. We climbed down the stairs of the yellow brick road and went into the forest. There was a large tarantula and Mike was playing his guitar for it. There were some European tourists there. He was photographing the whole thing. I grabbed my camera and grabbed a shot of moment. This was the start of the collection of pictures of people taking pictures.



I had always been terrified of spiders since I was a child. The first horror movie I ever saw was Arachnophobia. I was at a friend's house and my parents came over to pick me up before the movie was over. The spiders were just killing everyone in the town. For the next three nights I had nightmares of spiders. Ever since then I have had a deep fear of the eight-legged folk.

Watching that large tarantula crawl over the painted ground and fake painted flowers did put me on edge but the music coming from the guitar was soothing and the whole thing felt very exciting. It was the beginning of a new chapter in my life one which was not dominated by fear but was free and wild and beyond comprehension.

We walked out of the forest of salvation mountain. Leonard came over from his trailer/truck, which looked just like the mountain in that it was covered in imperfect rectangles filled with bible verses.

He came up and handed me a small puzzle. The picture as a picture of the mountain at night with the stars shining brightly behind the painted heart expressing "GOD IS LOVE"

I shrugged my shoulders. A car for a puzzle, not sure if I think it is a fair trade slabs. Honestly I feel a bit shorted but these are the breaks. I thought of some trades I had made where I had come up fat. Can't win them all I guess. At least I got something.

I found Reign and we walked around in the desert for a while. I held his hand and asked him not to leave me then. There was a lot going on and I did not want to deal with any of it. So much for getting to New Orleans before Thanksgiving. We were defiantly stuck. However it was hard to feel sorrowful. All the people I was with all had no more than a backpack to their name. Now we were on the same level.

How did I get here in this weird community in the middle of the Mohave desert? Reign was the one I know the most and for the most part my tour guide on this crazy show. I had met him three months earlier in Venice Beach. He had been sitting with a lovely dreading mama named Sunshine. They were both hollering at the parade of bikini beach babes.

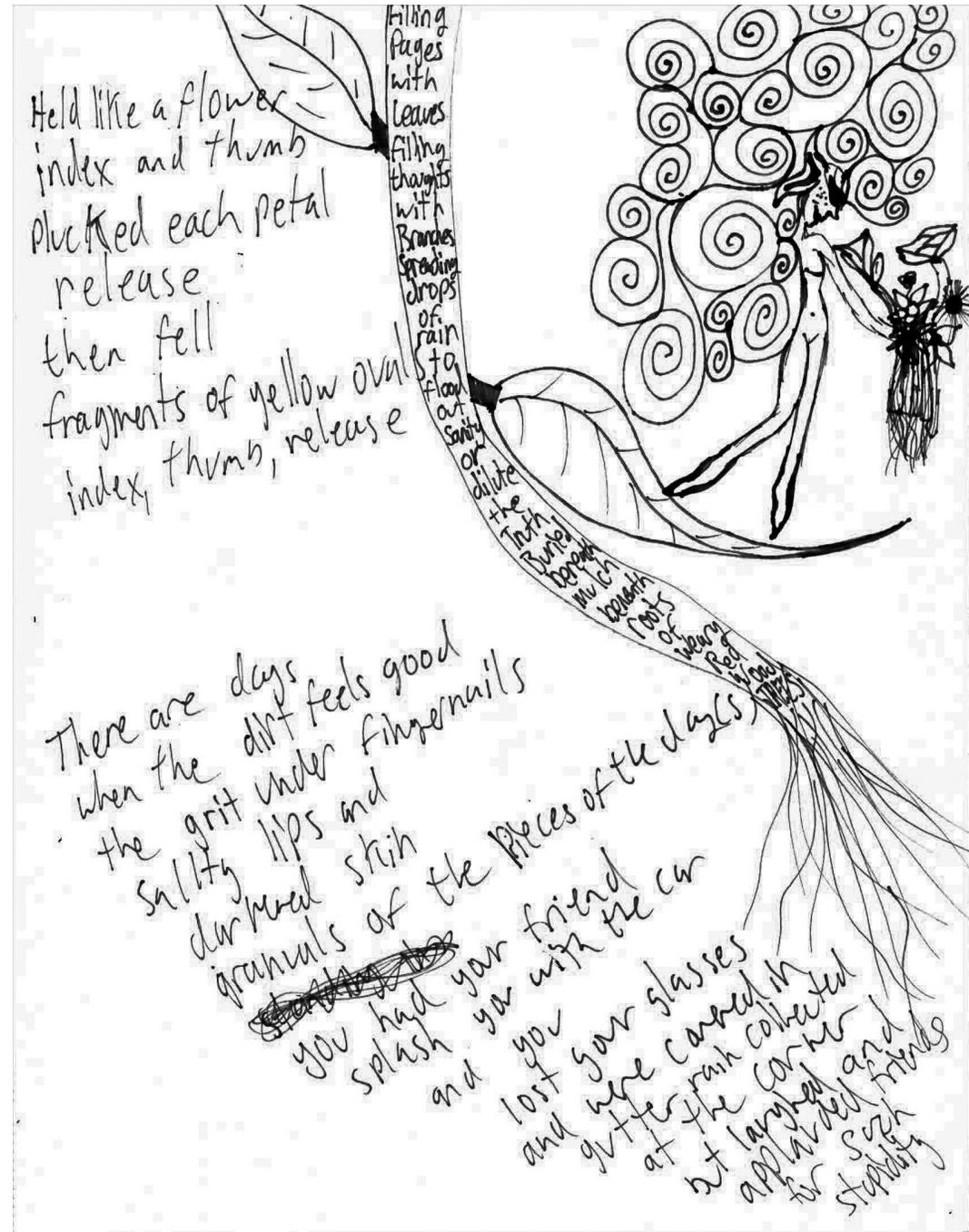
"Hey want to come be homeless with me?"

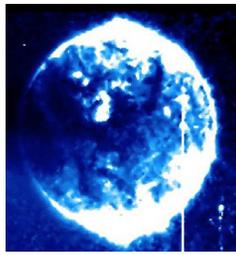
" I got a cold sleeping bag and and warm 40 for ya!"

I stopped and we smoked a bowl. I continued to crack up at their calls and was overwhelmed by their beauty. I was very excited when they said they would travel with me. I had just gone to my first Rainbow Family gathering in New Mexico, and was just traveling around trying to see the world. I thought I would drive street kids around to where they wanted to go. I had five thousand dollars that my father gave me for graduating collage. I was not really making much at my job as a Metaphysical book sales person, and while it was very interesting, I had a strong desire to go see the world and test some of my crazier beliefs about life.

While there has been times in my life where it seems like the months fly by, this last summer had been the three longest and most amazing of my life. While I had my car I had housed up to five kids at a time in it. All of our possessions and selves crammed into a small smelly car. It had been amazing. The rainbow gathering was my first experience where there were a large amount of people who had gathered and were not focused on money. I saw what felt like a true community. I felt humans accepting and loving one another in a genuine fashion. It was refreshing to my soul. I felt the need to bring what I had learned there to the cities. People caring more about each other than money. Trying to help feed each other and to take care of the earth. It was hard and filled with imperfection, but people were trying and getting past their judgments in order to understand. It was beautiful. It wasn't perfect but it was magnificent.

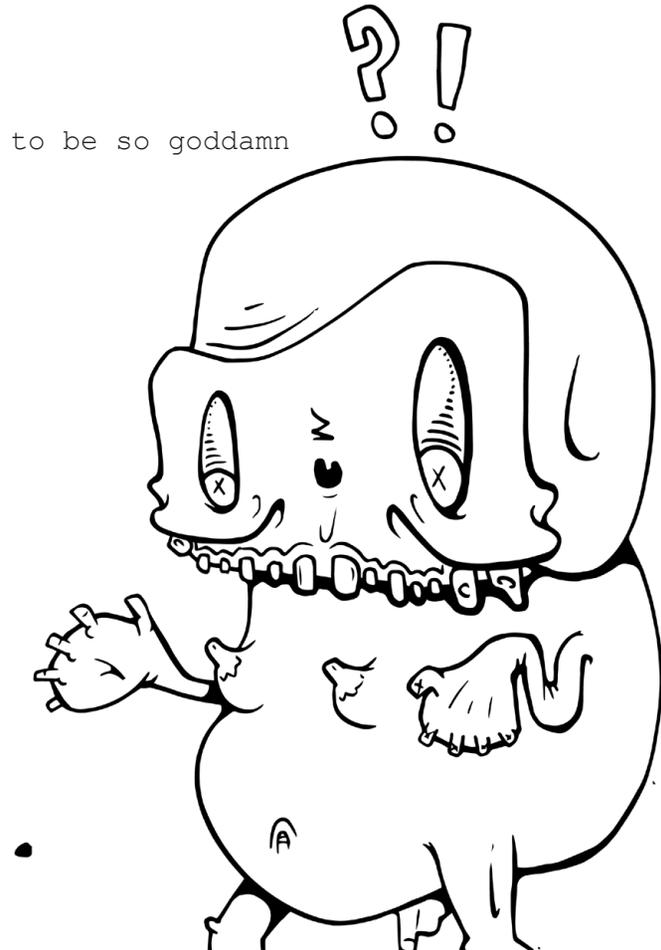
-To be Continued





On modern dating  
I am tired  
of liking your photos on  
instagram and facebook  
just so you notice me  
I am tired  
of waiting an hour  
to reply to your text message  
because it took you 30 minutes to reply to  
mine  
I am tired  
of waiting for you to open my snapchat  
video  
so you think of me  
when my name pops up on your screen  
I am tired of the games  
of the lies  
of petty rules  
I like you,  
you like me  
why does it have to be so goddamn  
difficult???

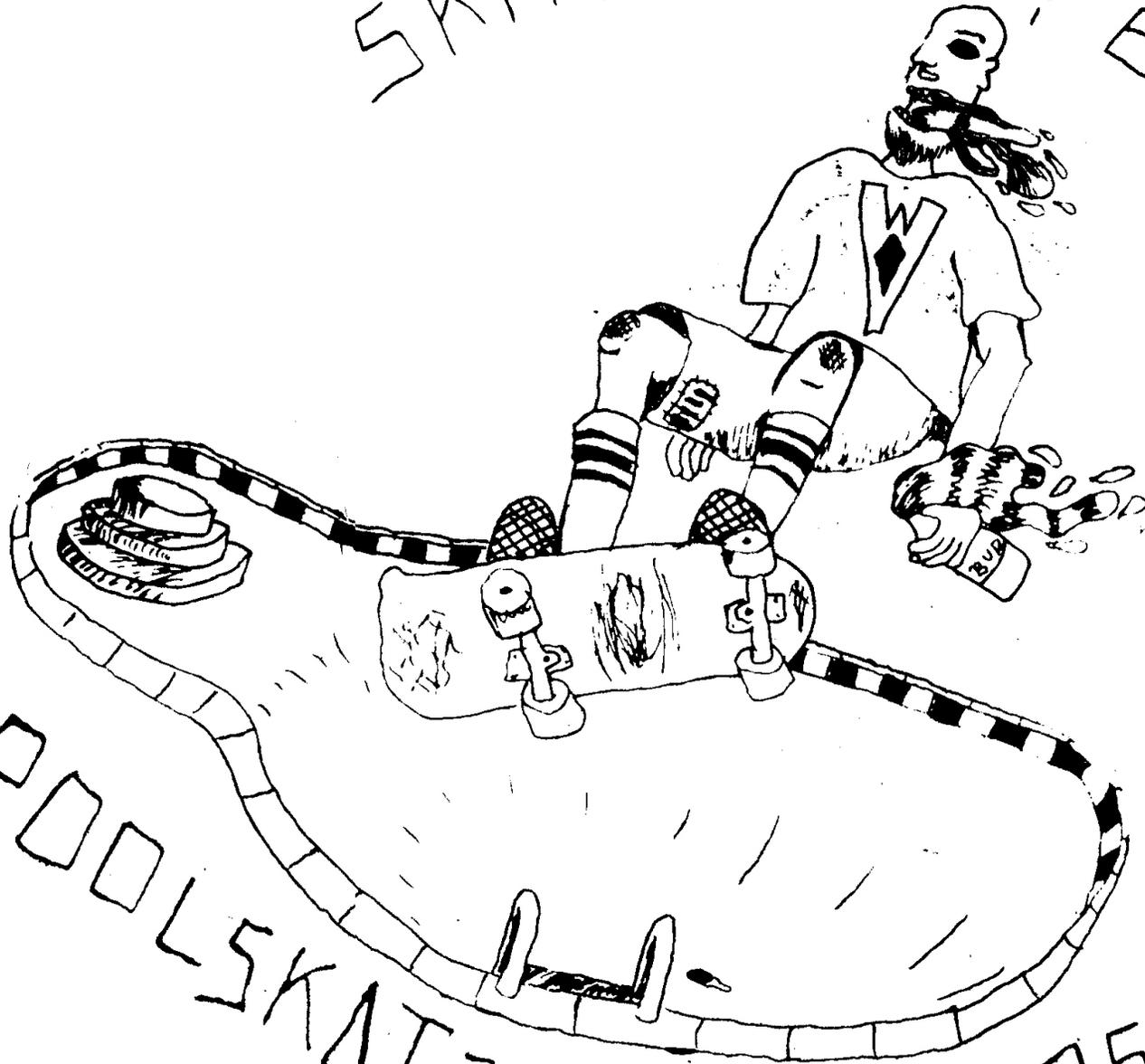
-Jean Orosco





SKATEBOARD

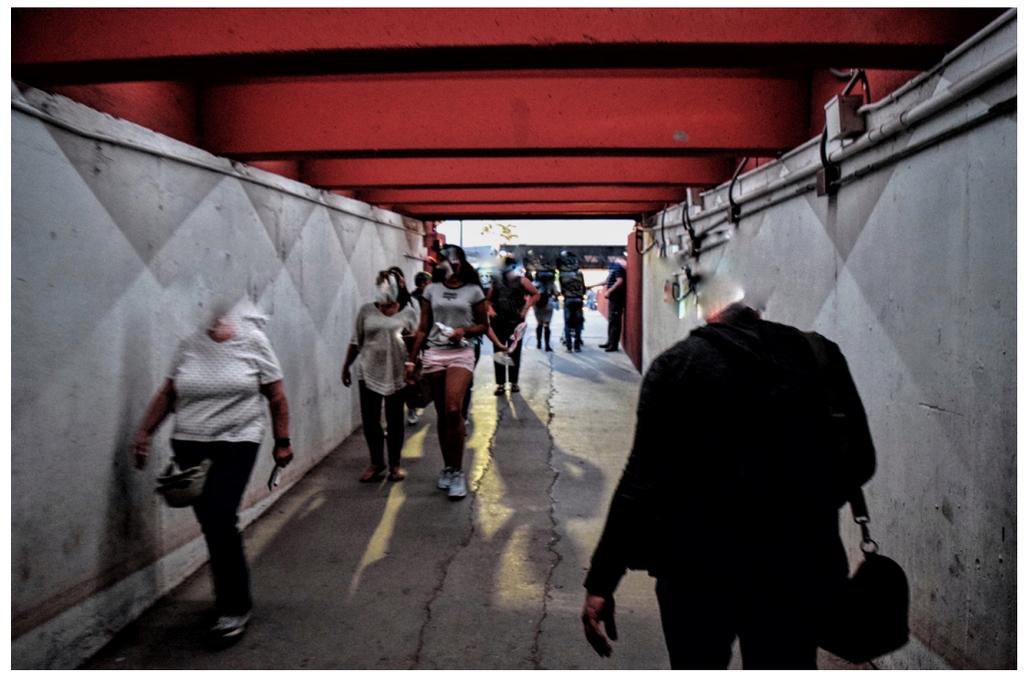
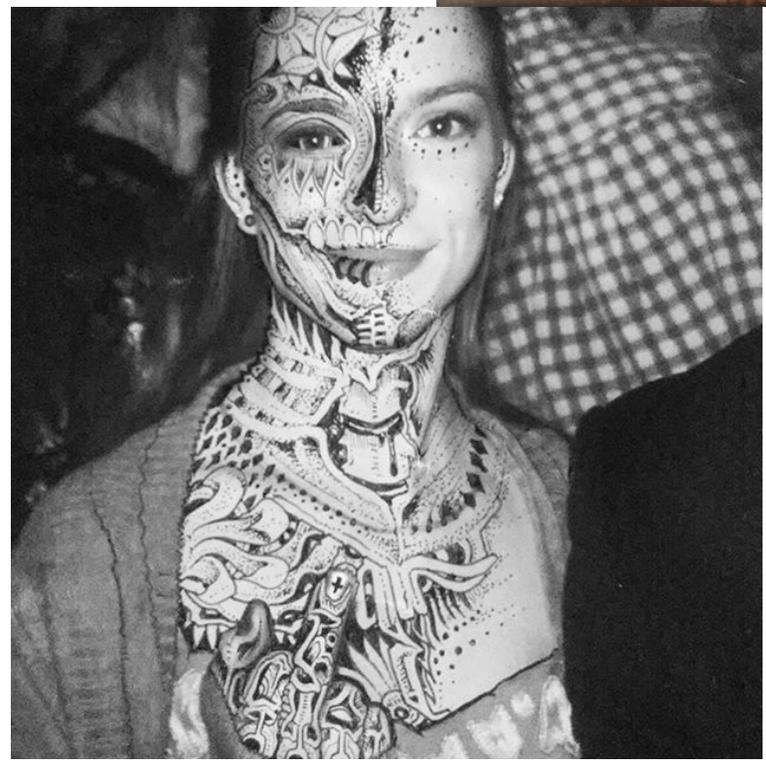
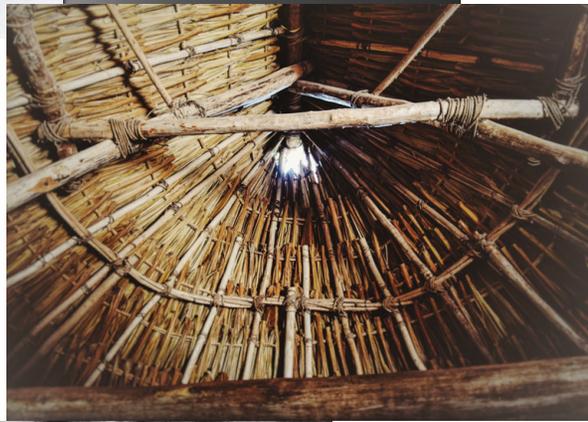
BOOZERS



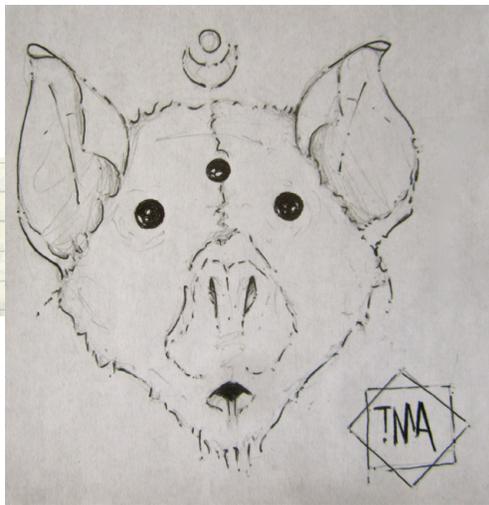
POOLSKATERS - LOSERS



I grew up there, the Duke City.  
I was raised eating green chile.  
The balloons every year,  
The Llorona to fear.  
This place is my home can't you see.

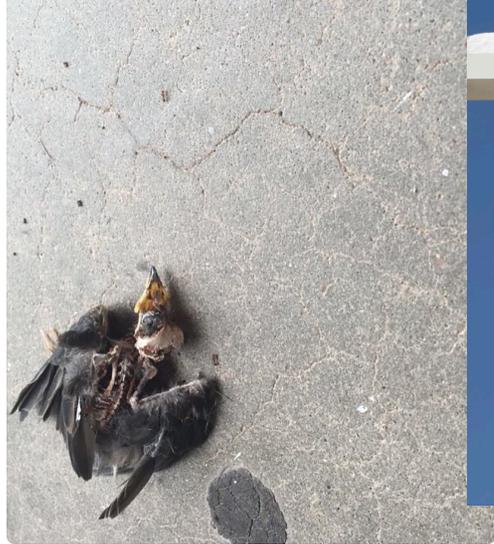


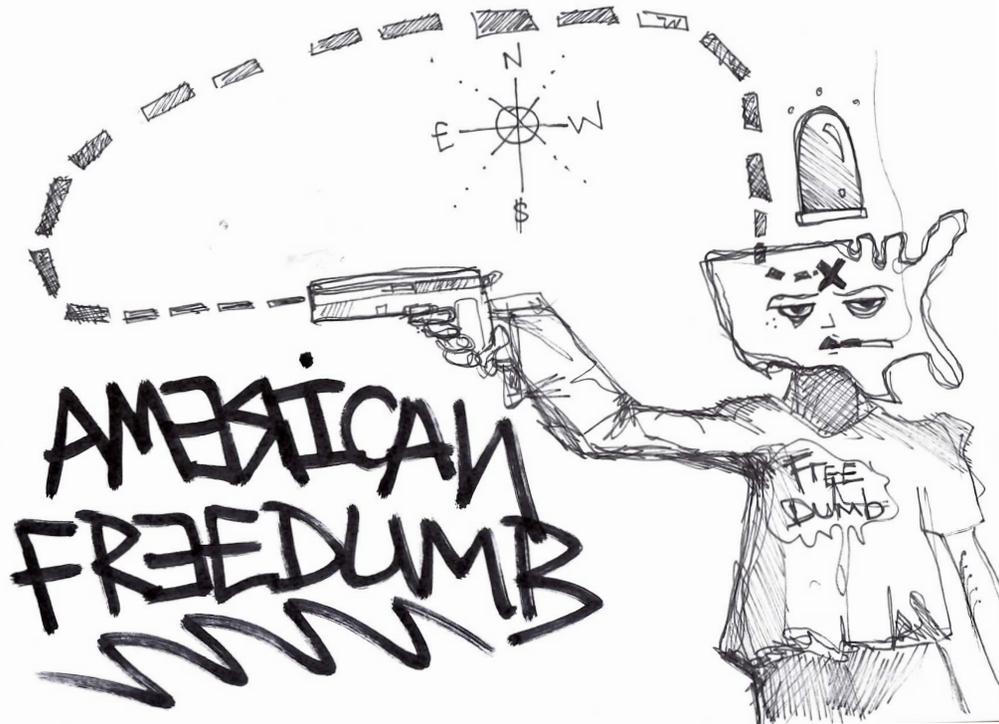
I am an alien  
Sent as an emissary  
Spies, reconnaissance



dreams/fly away/downers/lungs  
Woke up thirty minutes late,  
Something I seldom do since I don't sleep  
much these days.  
Hungover, dehydrated, with less dopamine  
in my brain than yesterday.  
What else is new?  
There are snippets of my nightmares  
tied to the corners of my bed  
they snicker, they say:  
"People always leave"  
"People never stay"  
Human beings are so unreliable, especially  
the ones I love  
the most  
But so I'm I  
What else is new?  
I wonder what will kill me first  
anger  
self-hatred  
red wine  
love (or lack thereof)  
or the extensive cocktail of drugs  
I so willingly inject into my veins  
sallow  
inhale  
I've been smoking too many cigarettes in-  
side  
the walls of my bedroom are turning yel-  
low.  
A good friend told me on the phone, a cou-  
ple nights ago  
"Don't go cause you're running away, my  
dear  
don't go cause you're scared,"  
"Don't you know demons fly first class on  
your airline of choice?"

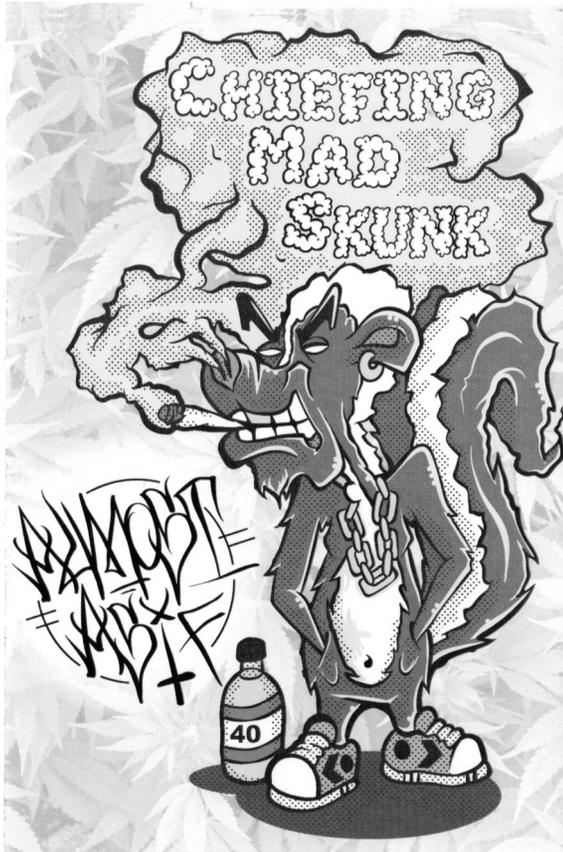






There's a sand in the desert  
When once my bones did lay I stopped only forrest onely  
The Buzzards, they took no delay  
at pecking & prying  
Splitting & sporing  
Heat was layed in some  
In the middle of the red hot sea  
No blood left to bleed  
No sight left to see  
No knees left to be wank  
No more glatty left to sock  
Just bones and  
and a jewel in the desert



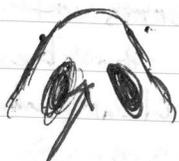


Space Knowledge  
Only walkin on a supernova's given  
me bad burns  
Red weeds from Mars, stained shatter  
slabs, after  
Exiting a cavern of the Moons lunar  
tavern  
We were steadily busting on the  
dusty rings of Saturn  
Casually, chasin casualties battle  
me  
The stars are my stepping stones for  
exploring the galaxy  
Rhyme skills useful, resistance is  
futile  
Get your matter broken down in the  
Black Holes of my pupils  
I inhaled Jupiter, gave birth to Lu-  
cifer  
A peculiar new comer that's cooler  
than a cucumber  
Kudos, the judo got em showing their  
Menudo  
If you aint kickin correct you get  
X'd like Pluto  
Puto ha, I'm feelin' Dalai Lama bruh  
Ever since I got exiled from Androm-  
eda  
Found out I was a god which makes it  
hard to be an Atheist  
My helixes are radiant from fucking  
with some Alienz



# BREATHING

- After you have the flow of belly breathing, bring your attention to the feel of the air moving in the nostrils. It is the cognitive sense of touch
- The human body is designed to use the nose for breathing



• Awareness of breath at the bridge of the nostrils is great for meditation

## Four aspects of breath

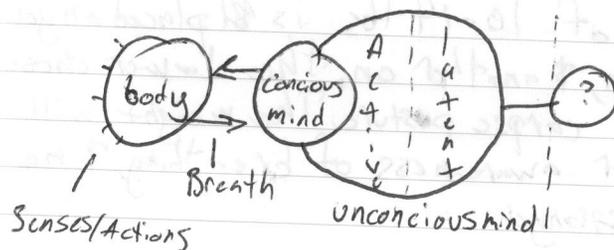
- 1- exhalation
  - 2- inhalation
  - 3- transitions between them
- These three aspects are like the waves in the ocean which have
- 1- rising waves
  - 2- falling waves
  - 3- 2 transitions
- Exhale → Inhale → Transitions
- 

The fourth aspect lies below the others, leaving them behind

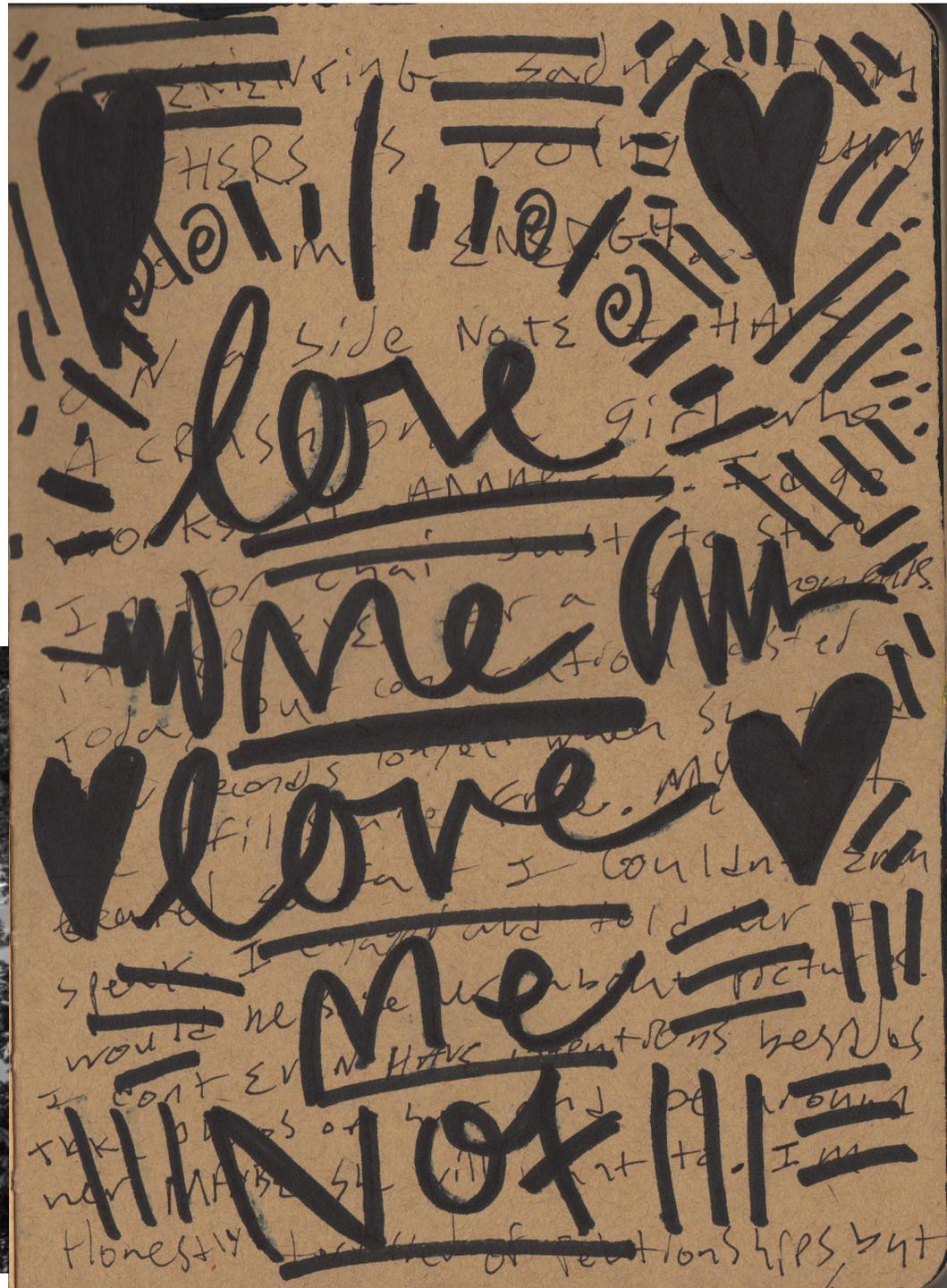
• Breath is the bridge between mind & body. Regulate breath, & the mind & body will follow

• Breath awareness is the beginning & end of the whole science. Everything else is preparation

• The nervous system is the arbiter between the tense body & ~~noisy~~ noisy mind. One of the best ways to regulate that nervous system, & in turn the body & mind, is through the breath. Yogis have known for thousands of years, & modern science has just found out



- If there are jerks, pauses, shallowness, or hoarseness in the breath, they are being caused by the mind. The breath & body cannot operate without receiving instructions from the mind.
- If the breath is irregular, it is because of irregularities of the mind

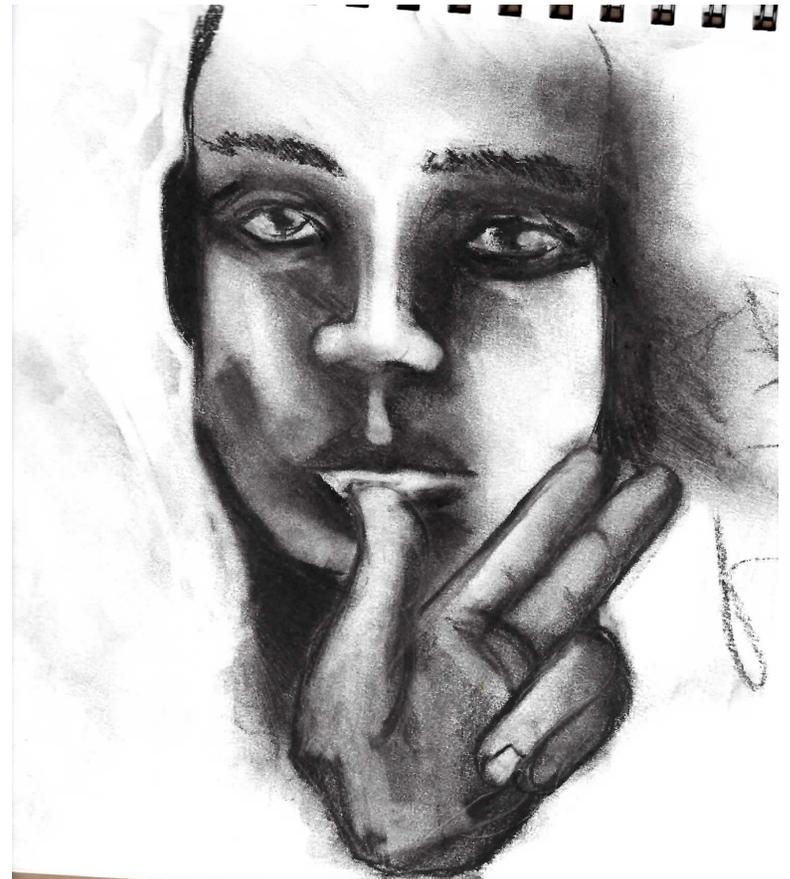


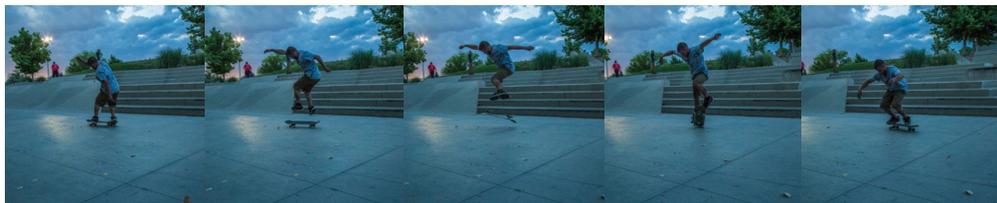
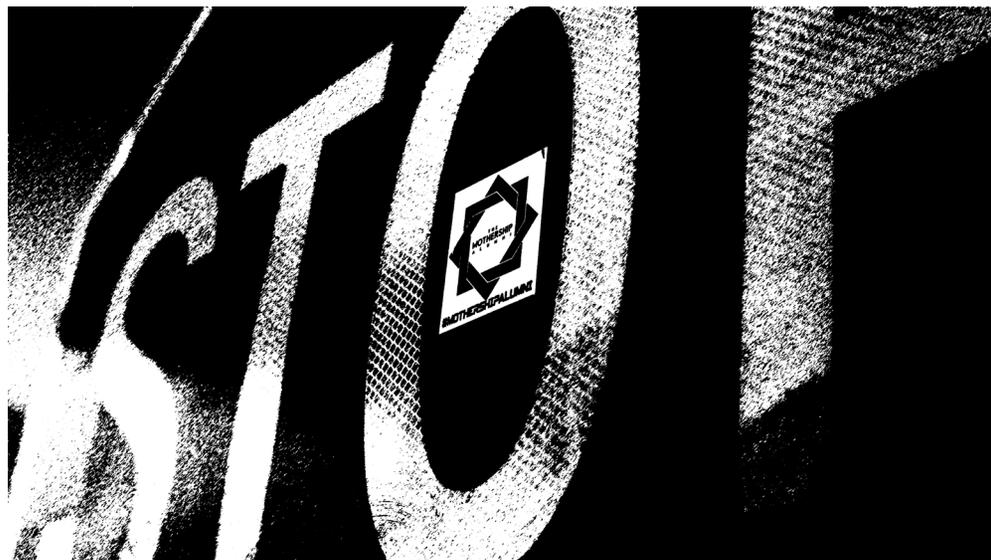
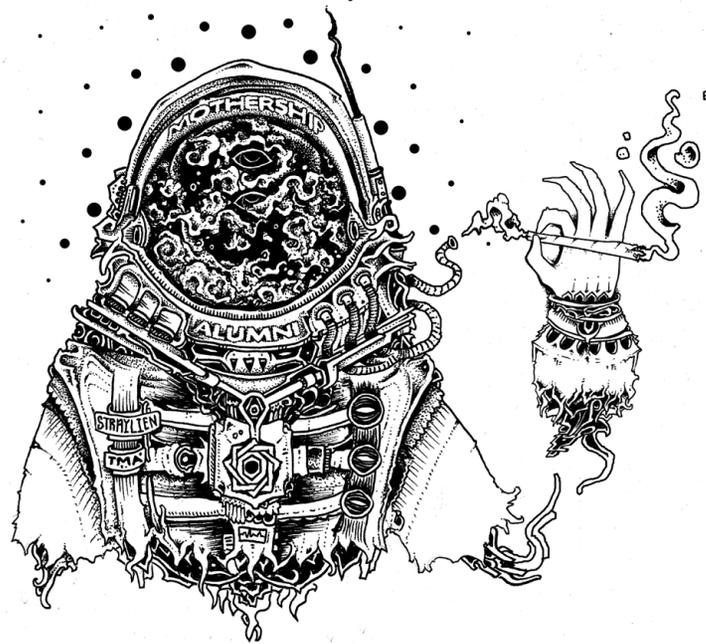


Scars from a double edged  
sword.

I look out through the window.  
Before me, a scarred earth.  
Scars of human convenience now  
riddle the world in a whirlwind  
of winding paths.  
Asphalt and concrete protrude  
like a badly done plastic sur-  
gery.  
We'll make it better if we make  
it flat.  
Scorch and scratch off the sur-  
face to substitute smooth sym-  
metry instead.  
Convenience.  
Convenience and laziness have  
scarred our world.

David Hawes 2016

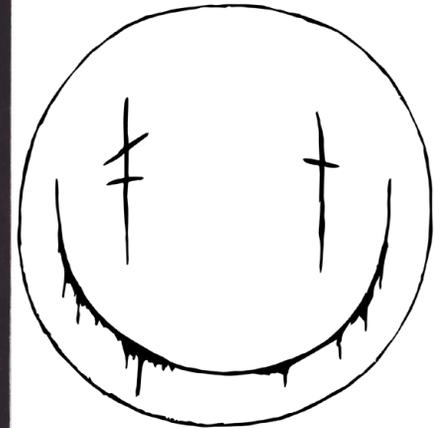




Caustic Flash from your green eyes  
Acrid Apples ripple placid Skies



There's a sunset in the desert  
~~Where once my bones did lay~~ I stopped only  
the Buzzards, they look nodding  
at pecking & praying  
Splitting & spanging  
Hurt waves layed insome  
In the middle of the Redhot sea  
No blood left to bleed  
~~No sight left to see~~  
No knees left to be wunk  
~~No nose glossy left to seek~~  
Just bones are  
and a sunset in the desert

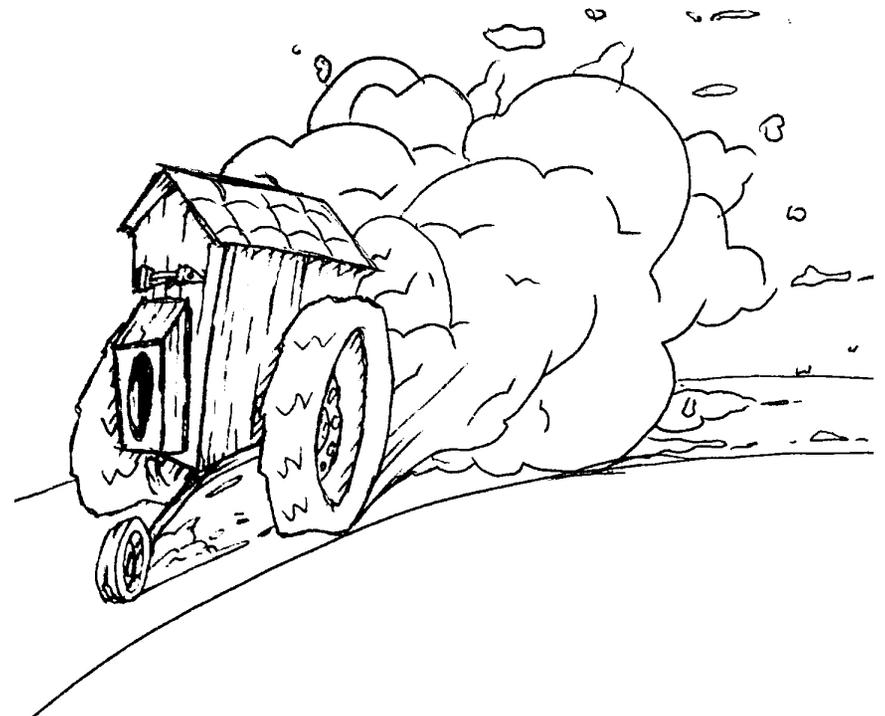




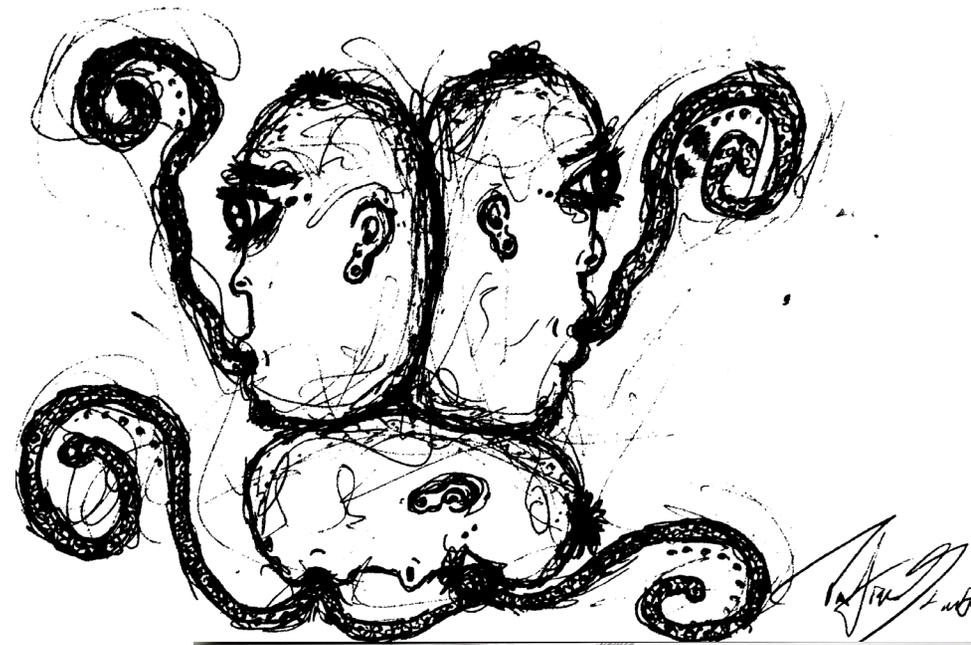
people don't look up  
I am sitting on top of a parking structure, level seven, to be exact. I can see the heads of students rushing to class. Someone drops a book. They stop, turn around, pick it up, and continue on. I am sitting on top of this parking structure, screaming "HEEEEEYYYY!" at the top of my lungs. People don't look up. I wonder if maybe, it is because I'm not really sitting here, at the edge of a building. Maybe I died a long time ago, along with my innocence and the dreams I had about my future when I was a child. After yelling at random students, teachers, children, and homeless people for at least 30 minutes, I stand up, my ass is sore from sitting still for so long. I reach into the pocket of my jacket and reach in to grab my pack of cigarettes and lighter. I open the tiny blue box and look inside. Nothing. Empty. Goodbye.



VERSE 3  
Are there chips in my brain?  
Is this piss in my soup?  
Is it Really a Good?  
Why do I puke when I poop?  
And all of the questions just fly  
like wind.  
Si simini' ad simini' ad simini'  
Well, don't ask me nothin',  
I know no/Not I  
I don't do what I do do.  
My reasons are RY



A B C D E F  
G H I J K L  
M N O P Q R  
S T U V W X  
Y Z



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