

We told you it was happening and it happened alright! The FIRST issue of The Mothership Alumni Zine is here! In this digital age it's nice to put our work into a tangible form to share with our community of oddball aliens. The TMA zine is another way for us as artists to experiment and get our thoughts and ideas out into the world without limitations.



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We encourage submissions and are currently looking for short stories, cool ass recipes, poetry and articles that don't suck, photos, drawings, and any other kind of tripped out shit. Feel free to scan your work and send it in to Mothershipalumni@gmail.com

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The purple skies, the
fresh light across the
rooftops, blurred by a
light drizzle.



What I love about the
darkness is that you
can't see ahead. It
forces you to notice
only a small bit of the
world.



"51"

I Am...

I am the drugs that creep, deep inside of your veins
I am the thoughts that live in your mind, driving you insane
I'm the vision of light, you saw that wasn't really there
I'm the reason that you, stop, sit, listen, and stare
I'm the demon
That you invited into your soul
That dropped 30 lumps of coal, claiming he's giving you gold
I am the lies that are told
The ties that you hope to hold
I am the eyes that watch, when you're alone and cold
I am the truth, the proof
That shake a used mind loose
I am the attitude, the swag that your crews used to
I am the shadows that keep enlightened minds in the dark
I am the time life starts
Until the time life stops
I am the box
That turns a human into a zombie
I'm the suicidal child hiding needles from auntie
I'm the strings that attach every limb to the cross
I make you dance, I make you sing, but you are not allowed to talk
I'm your master
Disaster
The dog of the pasture
And I'm the rapture
I'm all the human workers that were captured
I'm your stature
That keeps you arrogant and self-entitled
I'm the family signs, the ties that keeps your wealth divided
I'm the Matrix
Face it
I'm the rapist
Taste it
I am your dreams and I am laughter watching nobody chase it
I am all that is small
All that is tall
My name is God



Simple ink
erases weary thoughts
of all there is to do.
Another white rabbit
speeding in rush-hour traffic,
"I'm late, I'm late"
But there was never any
date
that couldn't be broken.
Time but a concept,
Alice merely hit her head,
and ~~she~~ opened her eyes,
and ~~she~~ ~~to~~ a mad mad world
As Gary Jules sang
The light turns green.
Go dog GO.
Your late your late..



THE UNBELIEVABLE TRUE TALES OF FICTION

Chapter One

Some people live for stories. Some people lived and their lives are stories. This is the Unbelievable true tale of Fiction.

We sped out of LA. Desperate for fresh air, racing away from the smog into the desert. Reign navigated our escape from LA LA Land, although we did not have a map of any sort. Headed towards slab city we cruised down the road smoking rolled cigarettes and soaking up the Mohave desert air, his girlfriend slept in the back. As we puffed on hash we had spun from dumpstered weed a few weeks before, the smoke trailed out the windows of dusty 94 Nissan Maxima.

It got dark we turned onto the 111. The sun dipped behind the distant mountains and reflected its last glimmers upon the Salton Sea; a large man-made saltwater lake that used to be the glamorous retreat for Hollywood's elite during the 1950's and 60's. It was now filled with dilapidated abandoned shacks and trailers. After about thirty miles of nothingness that the white sandy desert filled with mesquite trees and chaparral bushes had to offer, we suddenly found ourselves in the tiny town of Nihland. We took a turn at May's Grocery and follow Main St. through the old burnt out buildings and trailers out of town, across the railroad tracks. A guard shack stood tagged and abandoned. It informed us "Slab City almost there". We turned a bend and Reign said to turn off the road into the desert.

"We're here!" He exclaimed. We were in the middle of sand and chaparral bushes. Oh, and more sand.

"This is the hot springs. Hold on and let me check it out." A few moments later he came back and said we should wait till the morning. We grabbed our packs and headed into the desert night. Laura complained and struggled with the dark scramble through the unknown territory. We were trying to find Moth, Reign's friend who lives in the abandoned Military sewage tank. Moth was also a proud Captain of the Wingnut Bicycle Brigade.

As we climbed towards the large concrete and rebar cylinder, in which Moth abides, Reign asked me if I knew where he was taking us. I pointed to a faint glow on the horizon. He smiled and we continued to follow the faint glow emanating from the tire dome on top of the structure. Reign gave a light tap on the welded scrape metal that served as door. After a brief conversation the rattle of metal chains rustling could be heard, and the door opened. As

each of us climbed through the hole chiseled out of the rebar infused cement, we were greeted by Jazz, a very excited golden retriever, who happily galloped around the tank wagging his tail and barking.

Moth is tall, tanned and very strong, man. He is wearing a woman's skirt. His hair is wild and in long dreads and he has a long shaggy beard past his sternum. I am not sure if he fully remembered Reign but he seemed happy to have two girls in his shit tank. The inside was lit by a large wire structure hanging down, the bottom of which, was covered in glow sticks and twinkling Christmas lights. They were huddled around a lap top and watching a movie. The power came from four broken solar panels which fed into a car battery. The walls were all painted with different artistic creations. It was a large smooth circular room and cluttered with different odds and ends one might expect in the makeshift home. A pile of shelves, tables and a hanging basket made up the kitchen. In another corner of the room a stack of tires and old sink with a tube that led to a tiny hole in the thick concrete wall constituted the toilet.

There is a wood burning stove in the center of the room and was otherwise littered with sleeping bags and old very dirty looking clothes. However, the overall atmosphere was welcoming and somewhat clean and comfortable.

We each made a bed space on the floor and spread out our sleeping bags. We all talked late into the night. Moth kept talking about a dead man in the hot springs. Apparently he had noticed a car and pile of clothes at the spring and no human to claim these items.

"Unless there is a naked man wandering the desert, he is dead and in the spring," he stated and in a chipper tone added, "We lose two or three each year in that spring, it's about 109 to 115 degrees Fahrenheit."

We babbled into the very early morning and fell asleep marveling at this amazingly bizarre place which was filled with the most excellent wonderful strangers. I woke in the morning ready to explore this new curious place. Me, Moth, Hummingbird, Dan and Jack with his dog Jasper Jones made our way down to the hot springs. We trekked over mostly sandy banks that had been carved out by the trace amounts of water that had made its way into this dry hot valley. Moth informed me about this strange desert community.



"Have you ever seen Into the Wild?" the blurred eyed hippy inquired. "That was filmed here, right over there is Lenard's mountain." There was a feeling of wonderment in his voice and was reflected in a twinkle in his bright blue eyes. Salvation mountain is the largest "attraction" in the slabs. It is a thirty to forty foot hill that Lenard Knight has dedicated the last few decades of his life to painting. The primary focus of his painting is a large heart that says, "God is Love."

You can follow a yellow brick road up the hill and through the heart to sit on the top near a painted waterfall head. There is also lots of bible verses and other information littering the side of the hill. He has also constructed a telephone pole forest. There were of course other random objects hazardedly strung together and painted in bright

acrylic paints with a somewhat childish style. Globes of adobe with hand prints in the middle constituted the wild flowers populated the forest floor. Old car doors and other various metal mechanical scrapes made up the canopy. There is also a cave. As Moth informed me of these and other wonderful slab sites to see we made our way through the water carved channels in the sandy land scape.

"This once was a military base. It was abandoned and everything destroyed except for the foundations. Sand, scrape, and many concrete slabs were all that were left. It was too expensive to clean the land so no one could sell it and it has been a squatters community ever since. "

We stop and examine my car and see that it is alright. Upon arrival at our destination I took off my clothes and was preparing to jump in the large warm bath that was the hot springs, when Moth shouted, "See I was right!! There he is." Pointing at a large purplish inflated back of mid fifties black male floating near a chaparral bush in the corner of the springs. This is the first time in my life I have ever come across a dead body. A chill went up my spine and I just kinda froze. We all just stare for a minute then I go and grab my clothes. Dan grabs a large stick crosses the small bridge over the hot springs and pokes the body. Someone had to and I am glad it is him. We try to decide what exactly to do.

Moth catches Half-Pint, a tiny but solid woman who looks like she has wandered off the Mad Max set, and calls the police. I try to drive my car out of the sand and it gets stuck very quickly. I not wanting to deal with the police or my car head back to the tank in order to talk with my road dog.

Laura, his girlfriend got very excited at the story and wanted to go check it out. We all walked back down only to find ambulance and no body. Now what? Congregating back at the tank we decide to eat some acid and have a better day then it had started out being. There was a biker rally that night, The Slab City Riot that held great promise.

We all eat our dose and then head out into the desert to see and explore this strange desert community. We follow a dirt road along the ridge and more towards the actual slabs. A kid named Mike has his guitar and is playing very fine wandering-in-the-desert-music. All of us are dirty in torn worn clothes, sunglasses, and ear to ear grins smeared across our faces. One of the first Slabbers our group encounters is a naked, thin, very tan man who lived in a trailer just

past the pet cemetery. Jack, Moth, and this man exchange words for bit. Unfortunately for me all people talking sounded like the adults on the Peanuts.

"Ma wa WA waaa maw mOT mOW wa"

"Ma wa WA waaa maw mOT mOW wa" was about all me brain could comprehend. I grinned and continued down the road into a small village of RV's and trailers and hovels made from desert finds and abandoned trash. The last free city in California!! The country really.w a place were you could buy food, it has internet and chess boards and its own batch of regulars, ironically enough not one person I ever saw pass through there could be described as regular. There was an out house here which was very relieving to me. Not that I was terribly unaccustomed to digging my own shit hole and hovering over it, but it is sometimes very nice to have a toilet seat to hover over. I would not really recommend sitting on those slab seats though.



After I finished using the fabulous facilities of the oasis, a sheriff walked up and asked if anyone had seen Moth. He was using the out house at this point and we just grinned confused and skeptic grins at the law man and mumbled nonsense at him. After someone in the group managed to say we hadn't seen him. Moth victoriously emerges out of the shitter. His grin was quickly replaced by dismay as his eyes feel upon the shining-star on the officers chest. They went and talked around the corner. The officer I noticed seemed just as uncomfortable by being there as we were by him being there. He quickly left and we continued down the dirt road to the skate park.

This slab used to be the generals quarters of the old army base. I think the base used to be an old Japanese internment camp during the Second World War, but I have no proof of such things. On this warm November day all that remained was an empty Olympic sized swimming pool. The walls were covered in interesting beautiful graffiti, a few ramps, and rails. Above the deep end was a mesquite tree which shaded an old sun bleached arm chair, An old dusty motorcycle sat next to it. A large green bus sat upon the concrete slab that constituted the rest of the Slab City Skate Park. Moth grabbed a razor scooter and flew around the empty pool, Justine the "keeper" of the skate park and I talked and he agreed to look at my car and see if his bus could tow it out of its sandy encasement.

After toking a few bowls we decided to head down to the Range and check out the Slab City Riot, an annual biker rally. When we showed up Hummingbird was already there and running around naked. There was bands playing on the stage. A shining silver trailer fully supplied with eight kegs of delicious dank beers.

listen to the this the LSD Tossing and an iridescence soon it was ing. Hummingher nudity. male to female of those men was a man with encourage her the Captains of dog's penis, just seemed Pixy, two of flocked to her paparazzi.

Some- to me about a screen print

"You "Ganesha is the

also the placer of obstacles in your path if that is where you are supposed to be." The fire flickered and crackled and the commotion around Hummingbird seemed to have died down and I went to get another beer. When I went back to the fire, another man came and talked to me about my

bandits, fit in. He don't fit me. All of beautiful galaxies. here is his ele- broken off. quite fit

I tarot cards four hun- to Oakland which I was about it

way for twenty minutes before I figured it out. I asked Ganesha with all my heart to keep the cards safe and the money since it was already going to be given away. I imagined a ball of white light around them, like the bubble that Glenda the good witch from the Wizard of Oz traveled in. Sure enough when I had arrived it was there safe and untouched.

I thanked the man for his words and was going to ask him more about Ganesha, since my knowledge is very limited, when Reign came up to me and took my hand. He asked if I would walk with him back to the tank.

He seemed slightly bewildered and frightened. We wandered away from the warm light of the fire in to the dark dessert.



I grabbed an IPA and went to music. It was shortly after hit me like a technicolor wave. turning me as it crashed on to beach. The hours blurred and dark. A large bonfire was go- bird was getting harassed about Looking around through the ratio was around 50:1. Many being very large bikers. There a camera and he was trying to to lick Jasper Jones, one of the Wing-nut Bicycle Brigade's so he could get a picture. She angry and confused. Angle and the slab city local ladies, protection and drove off the

one came up and started to talk the back of my jacket. It had of Ganesha on the back. know," the stranger told me, remover of obstacles. But he is

"You know he is the god of us. Our people. The the misfits, the rebels. Those that just don't is there to help us. All of us who feel like we in." I thought about this and it made sense to the other Hindu pantheon are some of the most beings ever to be seen on any of the infinite The highest level of perfection and beauty. And this elephant headed, pot bellied being. Even phant head is messed up. One of his tusks being I am sure he could relate to how it feels to not in.

told the man about a time where I had dropped my in a alley right off of telegraph avenue with dred dollars cash in. We had gotten all the way before I realized that I didn't have my money going to give to a friend. I was so panicked that I drove the wrong

that I drove the wrong



"Whats up?"

"Uh me and Laura got in a fight. She punched me in the mouth and I slapped her back." He told me.

"What?!! Where is she what happened?"

Suddenly a very large Mexican biker walked up and said that a girl had been attacked and robbed by a guy that fit Reign's description. Really there is only Reign that looks anything like him at this point in the slabs. He is tall. Thin with a sharp but handsome face. He is black but so light skinned that I am darker then him most of the time. He has thin neat dreads.

"There's nothing to worry about. We will just walk over there and make sure its not you then you two can go. No worries, homes."

Reign tightens his grip on my hand as we make a 90 degree turn towards a camp fire in the distance. There are about eight very large white and Mexican bikers sitting around and in front of the fire place Laura is sitting with a blanket wrapped around her like a refugee victim in the middle east of something.

"Oh shit" I say to my self, "this is not going to end well"

"Is this him. Is this the guy who beat you and robbed you?"

"Yes"

"That's him"

"But baby, what are you talking about?"

"You know him?" the biker asked fairly confused

"Yeah, she's my girlfriend." replied Reign

The bikers talk to themselves quickly and Reign and Laura talk as well I stand there awkwardly grinning cause I am still tripping nuts.

What is going to happen? What is happening? Is this real? Where am I and who the fuck are these people?

The largest biker walks up to Reign and looks at his hands both sides.

"There's blood" he says. There is a jagged cut on the meat of his right thumb and small drops of blood that I can now see in the fire light. The Slabs are dark. There are a few people with generators groaning and moaning in the background, but there are no street lamps. Mostly its just moon and starlight that light up the night. Every once and a while a bomb will go off and light up everything in the same way a flash of lightning can briefly illuminate an otherwise dark world. At the moment the firelight seemed a bright blaze of light illuminating everything within a small globe of light. The rest of the world was just darkness; it seemed to not even exists.

"You fucked up man. You can't do that out here."

"Just go get her stuff man, you stay here." The large man said to me. Reign took off. It was just me and Laura sitting next to each other tripping nuts. Man I do not like that lady not then not now. What in the world was I doing out here in the desert with these people.

"Would you like a hot dog? You ladies help yourselves."

"Thanks." I said and went and grabbed one, as I was starving.

"He just kept hitting me," she sobbed, "He knocked me to the ground then punched me in the head."

"What?!!!"

"He hit me. He kicked me with his steeltoe. Right in the head."

"I have traveled with Reign for the last three months. We went up and down this coast from Venice to Portland. The only time I saw him get in a fight at all was the first night we met up with you. He beat up that guy that was being super drunk and disrespectful, but only after the kid called him a nigger, tried to grab your ass, pissed me off so I walked off, and then finally fucked with Velcro (one of our road kitties!) then I saw Reign destroy that kid and the kids friend who tried to help him. That whole time this happened, Reign did not through one single punch. He bitch slapped those two men to the ground and never once through a punch. Your trying to tell me kicked you with his steeltoe boots and punched you in the head?"

She looked down and drew the blanket up around her.

A minute or two passed

"He hit me. He punched me in the head. He just kept hitting me."

She was somewhere else. Off in her mind in all the times and moments in her life when she had been hit, hurt and mistreated. Which I am sure, has happened far more often then any living should endure. We had picked her up in Riverside California. I took her in my car for her first time ever traveling outside of so cal. We headed up the coast and stopped at commune in the redwoods. We slept in a octangular shaped room with windows all around though some of the many odds and ends inside did block the whole panoramic view from inside. We helped them build a shed and quickly departed because Laura wanted to go back to school which started soon. We gas juggled our way down the coast to return her.

The night before we had picked her up me and Reign had slept in each others arms. The week before that we had found a large bag of weed trim in a trash can. Thirty pounds to be exact. We found everything else we needed and headed up to little creek. It was late fall and cold. There was a full moon glowing over head and me and my two new friends and I worked late turning trash to treasure. We split a six pack of Eye of the Hawk and mashed ice water till late into the night. After our moonlight river alchemy session me and Reign made sweet and passionate love on the side of the river under the red wood trees. It was probably the first time I had ever made love. I felt so alive to my very core. It was what I was looking for. His dreads above me wild and in all directs gave his silhouette against the star specked sky looked wild. The next day we made our way down towards LA for the Smokeout festival to get rid of the hash we had made, which was alright at best, but we smoked lots of it. After the show we headed out towards Riverside. Where Laura suddenly was there and Reign's girlfriend. I was crushed. I was also very pissed. Not gonna lie, this most certainly did not start me off really liking her and for no fault of her own. She was incapable of sleeping outside and kept Reign up with her all night. I mostly drove while they slept in the back seat.

All of this lept through my mind as I stared into the flames. Where was I and what was hap- pening. Who was this person I was traveling with. Did he really beat her and I was letting my petti- ness blind me?

I looked over at her. She did not have any red marks or swelling on her face or head. I am sure Reign did slap her but I am also sure I think that the blood on his hand is from her biting him.

This has always been an odd subject for me. I think that if a women attacks a man he has the right to defend himself. However, in general I find almost nothing warrants a violent act against life. That gets gray to especially on large scales of war and nations. I however have no control over the actions of others. I try my best to control myself and of- ten with limited success.

I was confused, lost and not sure what to think or who to trust. I started into the flames and contemplation that the only person who I really trusted at the moment in the middle of dessert might not be who I thought. Was it safe for me to be here? Were the Mexican bikers going to murder Reign and bury him out here in the middle of no where? Why didn't Laura mention that Reign was her boy- friend why did she tell these guys that she had been robbed by a stranger.

The bikers were also watching us closely and trying to figure out what to do. They seemed much more at ease now not sure what really think. I stared into the flames and waited. Laura kept up here weeping and mantra of he hit me. She pleaded but the story changed every time and really did not feel right inside of me. I told her this and she was quite for a while. The fire burned on she started her chant once more. He hit me. He kicked me in head. He punched me he hit me till I feel to the ground...

Finally Reign emerged from the surrounding darkness with a green turtle backpack. He gives it back to the guys they talk in some inaudible words and Reign looks at me and says lets go. We got up and walked off towards the shit tank.

"that was close. I thought they were going to murder you."

"Naw I just grabbed the bag then waited there and listened to all for a while. I wanted to know what they were talking about. Thanks for defending me. What a stupid bitch. Well she can go be a junkie biker whore if she wants. She has a bunch of stuff she left in your car. Can we meet her early tomorrow so she can grab it?" he said in an ever sadder tone. "Sorry, and sure that's no problem" "Ehh, I still love her."

We soon passed out on the concrete floor of the tank. What a day.

In the morning I woke up and walked down to the hot springs to check out my car and let Laura get her stuff. When I got down there, I noticed that someone had broken the windshield. There was a hole punctured on the passenger side about four inches wide.

"Maybe it was Stew." suggested Moth. Stew was quickly becoming the inside joke for everything that went wrong. My first thought was Laura. She was no where to be seen, but the car was not opened and there was nothing missing inside. Dang well, I need to fix the windshield and get the car unstuck from the sand that I had buried it in. Well, this will be an interesting mission I tell myself. I head back to the tank and talk to boys there about what I should do.

"Justin will help you get the car unstuck. His bus is about the only one who can help tow you out," Moth suggested.

"Great!" Me, Moth, Reign, Minstrel Mike, Jack and his dog Jasper Jones head out and cross the slabs to get to Justin's skate park slab. He is very happy and helpful. He starts up his bus and drives right off his slab towards the springs. In no time at all he ties my '92 Nissan Maxima to his bus and pulls me out without a problem. In celebration I run into town and get a spacebag. We head back to slabs where we all spend the day drinking in the tank. The think concrete walls stay cool in the intense slab heat. Hummingbird joins us as we bullshit the day away. I go off about the structure of an Andian small village, yllas culture and how it was more of this then the Spaniards that were capable of destroying the Inca empire.

I still need to figure out how to get a new windshield and Reign wants us to head to New Orleans to see a free Misfits show. We talk about what we want to do and when we should leave. Consensus is to take the rest of the day to recover, and Moth convinces me of the other worthy slab attractions that should be seen. I decide we should trip one more time out there then figure out a new windshield and then start out east.

We all eat some dose again. Our little gang of hippies smoke a bowl and head off for a proper lab tour lead by Moth. First we come to the art tanks. Two symmetrical twenty foot water storage tanks also made of reinforced concrete had become the canvases of some local artist. One tank was the war tank. As one walked along it, towering dinosaur evolved with you, eventually they carry missiles and tanks. Gibberish words were scrawled along the top. There is one break in concrete where there is a shotgun encrusted dragon jacking off his own missile penis with all six major religious symbols behind him.

The other tank is the sex tank. On it is all the Kama Sutra positions but the lovers all have different animal heads. Pairs of different animals dance and fornicate along the very bottom. The roadrunner is chased by a coyote sporting an erection. Then a ring of people are skipping and holding hands through the middle of the tank. My mind races and expanded by this amazing random dessert art. Minstrel Mike played his guitar as we walked around.

After that we make our way to Salvation Mountain. We approach it from behind. As we climb a little hill there is a painted river pouring down a plaster hillside. To the left is the heart with God is Love written in the middle. Mike writes a song called the "psychedelic river of love." We are all gathered around the edge of river and looked down at Lenard's beautiful and child like creation.

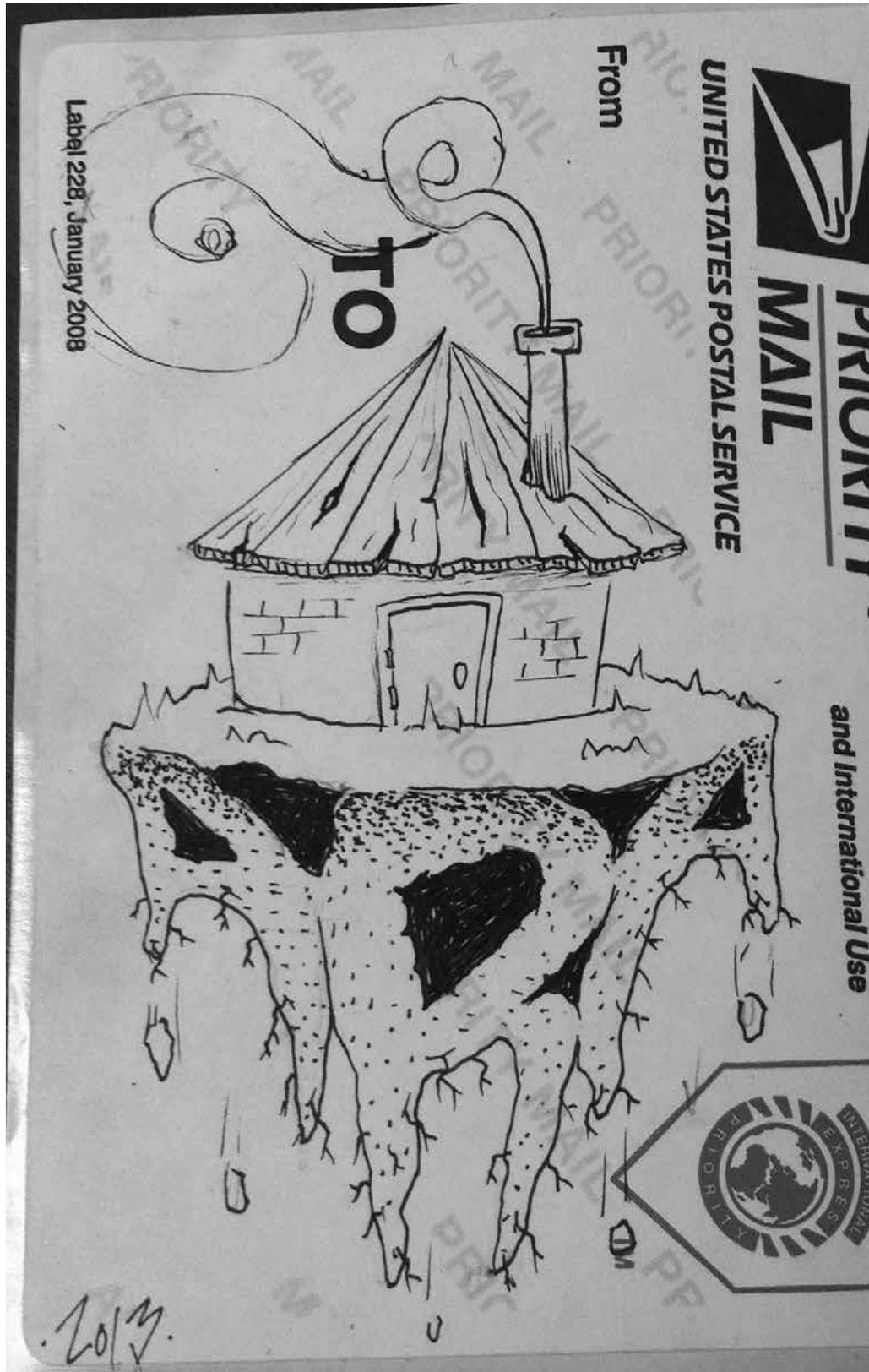
Kevin, a man helping Lenard with his project, ran up to Moth.

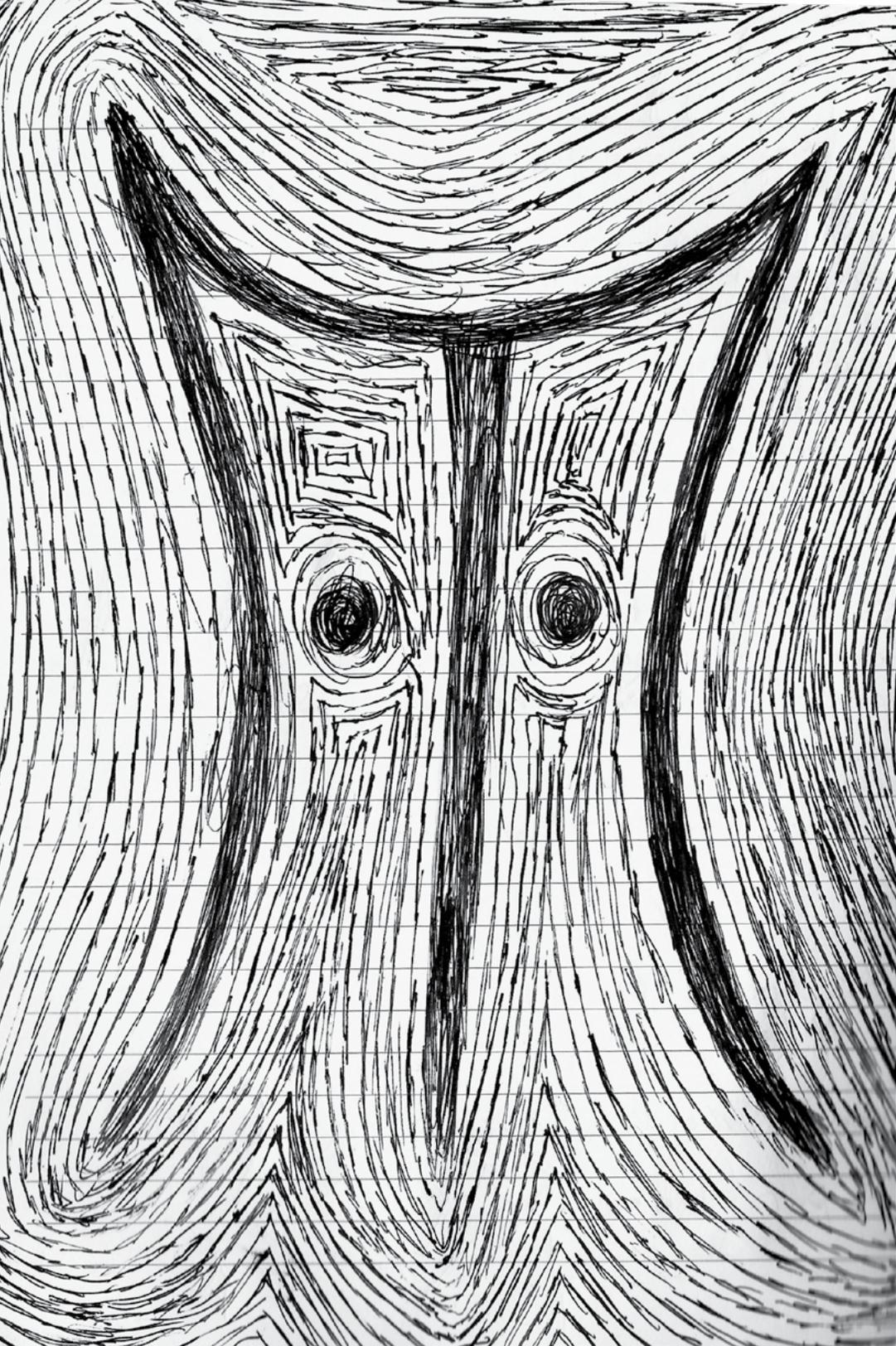
"There's a fire burning at your tank. There is a car on fire."

No way I think to myself. The only car there is mine. I turn around to see fire trucks racing towards a black plume of smoke near moth's tank. Oh shit. We run out towards the tank and what used to be my car. All the random concrete structures around moth's tank have various graffiti on it, as I ran up I noticed it said "Oh Shit!" right behind lay the dripping wet and steaming skeleton of my car. As I gazed upon the charred remains of what is left of my car, I see and iridescent outline of Ganesha dancing in the air. I can't help but think of the man's words a few days before about Ganesha placing obstacles in ones path, as well as removing them, it is his way of keeping you somewhere if are supposed to stay there.

-Fiction

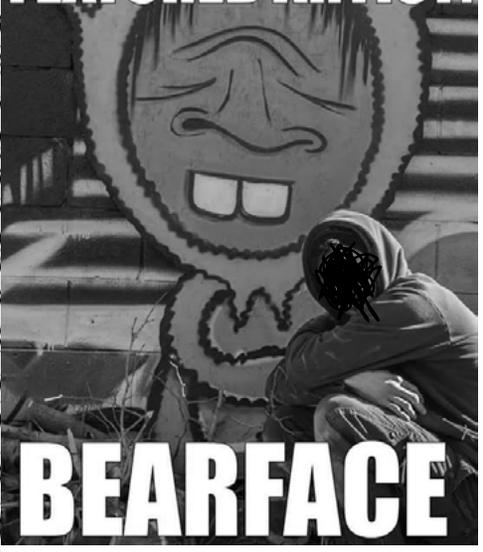






Hailing from the desert dungeons of Albuquerque New Mexico we bring you Bearface. Bearface has been in the art game for over 15 years, growing up surrounded by abstract artists and calligraphists in his family.

FEATURED ARTIST:

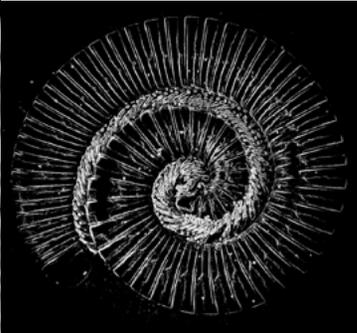


BEARFACE

Graffiti has been a large influence in his style and he consistently uses a multitude of bright colors and psychedelic light-hearted subjects in his paintings. His signature character, the "Bearface"--a Sloth from the Goonies looking

dude wearing a teddy bear onsie-- stems from the idea that everybody has a soft side.

Bearface is also skilled in the ways of metal and woodworking, and would like to do more 3d sculpture type work in the future. He believes a big part of being an artist is doing work that matters to you and promoting yourself. "There's more to promoting yourself than you'd think, but it's one of those things no one will do for you but yourself. At least in the beginning"



THE
HERSHIP
U M N I

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HERSHIP
U M N I

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HERSHIP
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THE



Ego, Desire, Creation

By Jeremy Salazar

Be present. Feel the air flow in&out of your nose. Close your eyes for one moment. This is all you got...

Don't read any further until you have done so.

One moment please...

I got so caught in this thing, proving something to everyone around me for acceptance.

I thought I had to be somebody. To be loved.

Rush around in this race to a top that does not exist.

Do the hardest and scariest things in my crafts just so some douche bags could show me love? But when you stop, most don't care about you anymore.

I did it for the wrong reasons. My Mind set is changing now, and so is yours.

It's like the flame went out. But was it ever lit? Or is it just sparking now?

Do people only love you when making your art?

Or being a productive citizen?

At least that's what I feel.

What is it I am trying to prove here?

Feed some ego just to feel worthy of living?

A human being is a human being, no matter what one is doing.

And that is extraordinary in itself, I'm realizing.

I'm doing all these things just to make a mark of my existence before I die.

But honestly I don't know what is right?

I sometimes wonder if I'd be better off leaving no trace of my existence.

Its difficult being born into a society that glamourizes success, being rich and famous or getting likes.

It left me day dreaming about a future that never existed.

I didn't realize how much of my own life I wasn't living.

It's like we only do tricks for treats, hardly tricks selflessly out of our own love.

I've been let down, due to my own desires and expectations and my selfish side. Never honoring whatever is currently happening in my

life. I thought (and still do at times) "aww well it would be better if there was no wind, or maybe if I moved to California my dreams would come true and I'd be happier."

Only never realizing that this life is the dream I've been searching for the whole time. Attaching myself to "Life would be better if...(feel in the blank)" only lets me down, because I always wanted it to be something else. Never appreciating life for what it is right now, even when the clouds look dark. Life cannot be perfect.

It is perfect depending on how you look at it.

My foot is half way in a door.

And that feels like the right thing, right now.

That door is my desire.

It is my ego, to create.

If I reach the point to let go..... What am I?

And

Who am I?

THE MOTHERSHIP ALUMNI

THE MOTHERSHIP ALUMNI

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THE MOTHERSHIP ALUMNI

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THE MOTHERSHIP ALUMNI

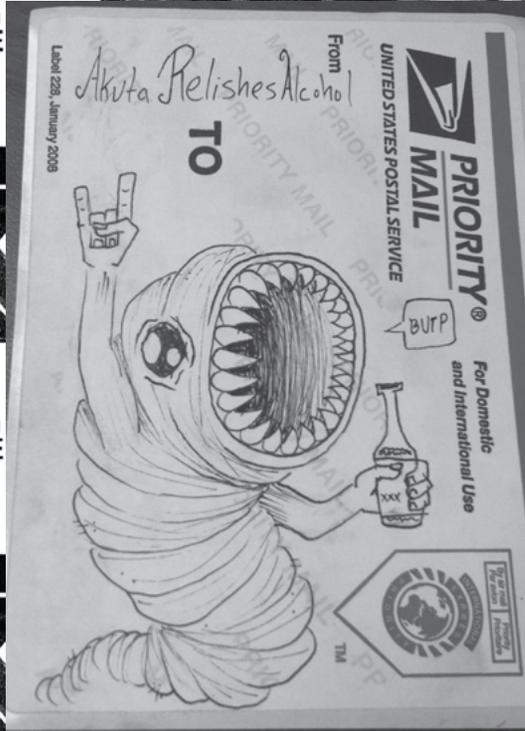


THE MOTHERSHIP ALUMNI

THE MOTHERSHIP ALUMNI

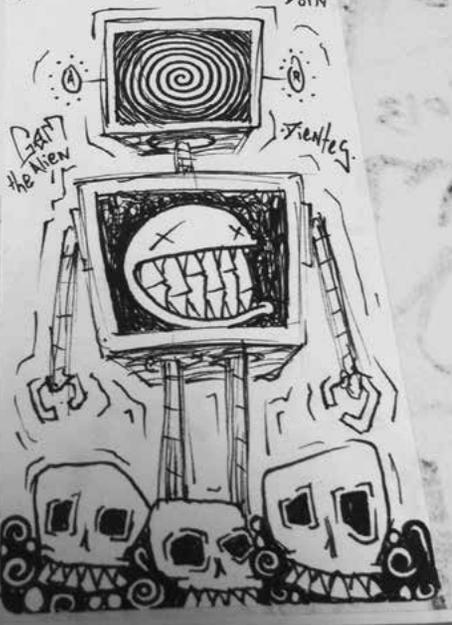


THE MOTHERSHIP ALUMNI



Handwritten signature or mark.

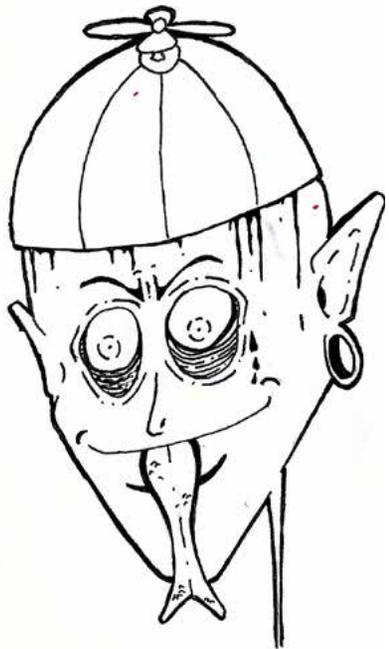
#SmileyMindControlBot 2013
 Life is a blast when you know whatcha
 DoIN



Too	Much	Activity
Too	Much	Attitude
The	Martian	Agency
Trained	Martian	Alliance
Take	My	Advice
The	Middle	Ages
Tense	Mood and	Aspect
The	Mobile	Aliens
The	Master	Architects
They	Make	Art
The	Martian	Association
Take	Me	Away
The	Most	Active
The	Most	Accurate
The	Most	Attractive
The	Multiplying	Aliens
They	Mirror	Angels



You don't need the cortex to survive; all you need is the stem and you'll still be able to mindlessly walk and eat and enjoy Grey's Anatomy. This is how chickens can keep walking around after they've been be-headed (including one case where the chicken lived for 18 months without a head).



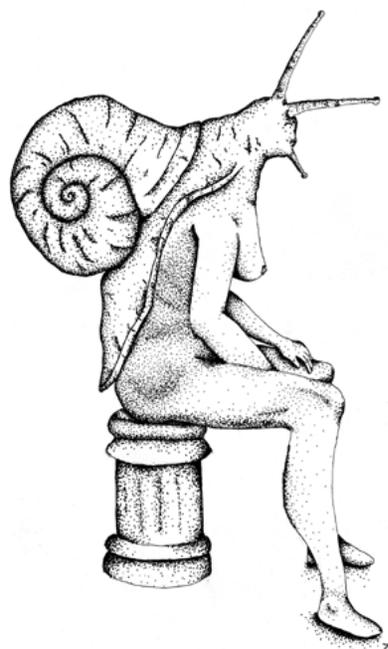
Acrid means bitter, angry, harsh, or caustic. People ask me what 'AcridApple' is and it basically means a rotten apple. I started using this name when I was about 15, around the same time depression starting being a common occurrence in my life. The love of my family and friends didn't help this meaninglessness I had inside me. At school it was all fun and jokes with friends but whenever I was by myself I'd be overcome with crushing despair. For years I tried filling this hole in me with the love of a woman, she became my sole reason for living, but after several failed attempts at the relationship I found my depression right where I had left it. It wasn't until a couple years ago that I began to discover completing a piece of artwork gave me a euphoria and sense of self-worth I hadn't been familiar with up until then. My camera became a tool to help me express these dark emotions that I had in me. I was always strongly against anti-depressants and therapy sessions were a waste of money. My therapy became going out by myself in the middle of the night with my camera or a can of paint to try and purge a piece of this darkness in me. If you know me you know I can have a sour disposition sometimes for seemingly no reason at all.





#MOTHERSHIPALUMNI





Damn hippy whippersnappers & their crazy noise! Probably on "dope" to boot. Whatever happened to those good old songs that decent folk can listen to? Hmph. I'm off to hunt up some nice Pat Boone and Dinah Shore videos to restore my offended sensibilities and get back "in the groove." Then I'm off to the Elks Club, where we of the Inner Elect foregather in the secret basement sanctum to ritualistically offer up virgin-child sacrifices to Lucifer.

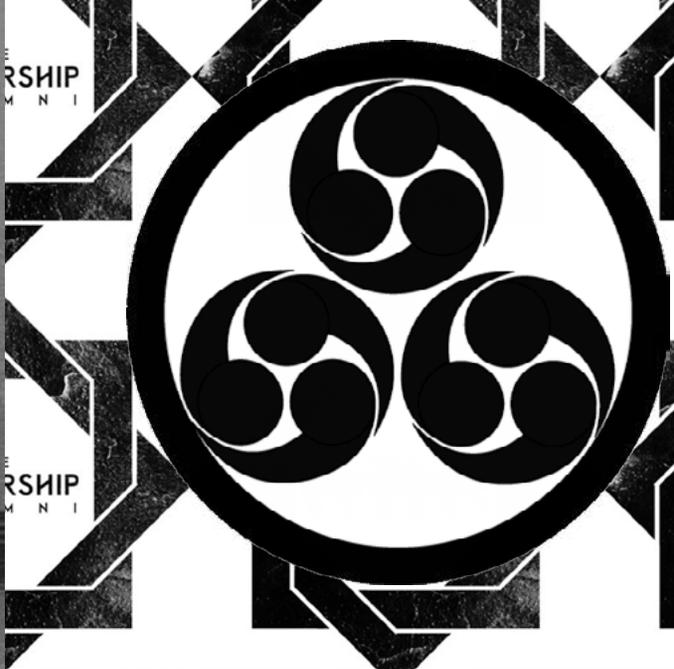
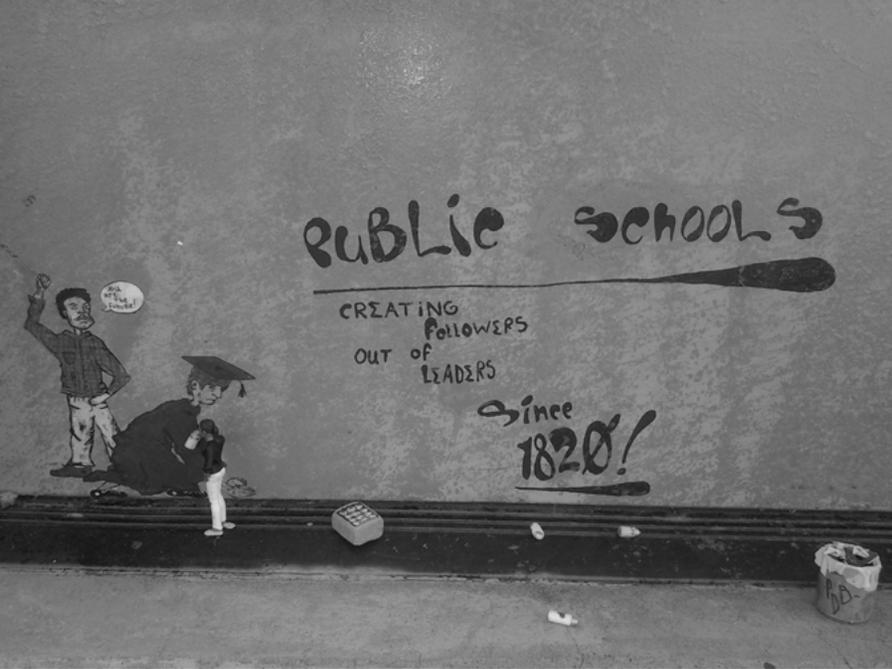




#MOTHERSHIPALUMNI



#MOTHERSHIPALUMNI





I wish I didn't have to kill my beautiful ladies. Wish I didn't have to chop them up and throw them in the dumpster across the block... But you see it took my management company a few weeks before winter to finally decide to hook my apartment up with gas. Never mind trying to fix it in the two years it was vacant before I moved in. They had to install a new heater too, requiring many visits to my unit. One day they decided to not bother with my twenty four hour notice and work on my unit without my permission. You see I came home one day after a long day of classes and work and trotted up the flight of stairs up to my cozy efficiency apartment in the ghetto, happy to be home. As I reach the top of the stairs I see a note on my door. It's from Jay, my neighbor underneath me. It reads:

Maintenance came into your apartment today. Just thought you oughtta know.

My heart skips a beat. I crumple the paper up and enter my apartment. Shit.

My humble abode feels different... I don't see any progress in the heater they're installing. This part of the day is usually the most care-free and easy, but the gravity of the situation begins setting in. My mind starts

racing. "What happened to 24 hour notice to enter? Did they see them? Of course they saw them. Why would they care though? Surely some everyday repairman wouldn't bother with such a thing." I think to myself.

I can't worry about it too much. Nothing will come of it. This is the ghetto after all, what would a couple maintenance workers have to gain from turning me in? Everything will be fine.

I put on the 3rd consecutive episode of the Simpsons when my phone rings. Immediately my head swells with blood as I take it out my pocket and look at the unknown number. I set it down on the coffee table as it vibrates violently for a few seconds then finally stops. After a few seconds the horrifying chime of a voicemail notification fills the dead air.

I stand up to get a glass of water and almost faint. Now I'm standing there with a glass of water staring at the blinking green light on the top right of my phone. I finally walk over and pick it up. Pacing back and forth I dial my voicemail. I feel myself getting light headed again so I step out onto the balcony overlooking the empty lot for some fresh air.

You have one new message. To play this message, press one.

Beep
Hello Mr. Apple. This is Tracy from Sky Management. Our plumbers were in your unit today and... You're growing Marijuana. I have to tell you Mr. Apple that this is a violation of your lease agreement. I'm afraid we have to give you a 7 day eviction notice. Now if you have a grower's license you need to come down to our office and show us, but otherwise... you have 7 days until we call the police.
Click

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. They ratted me out. This is not good. My eyes bulge as my body goes into full panic. For all it knows I'm getting attacked by a pack of rabid wolverines. It's the Melrose all over again! Unbelievable! Soon there won't be a management company left in this city for me to rent an apartment from! Have people never heard of minding their own business? I refuse to move back in with Mom. I'll pawn all my stuff and go live under a bridge heating up beans with a lighter before I move back in there.

I need to calm down. I have a seat at my old futon that threatens to collapse at any moment and take a few deep breaths. I look at the glaring bright purple streaks of light across the floor coming through the door on one side of my apartment. It was a hot day so I unzipped the tarp from the system to take the heat strain off of the 1200 watt LED panel. THAT was my mistake. The light is immediately noticeable as soon as you step into the apartment. The air in the grow room feels stirred, disrupted. It doesn't have that usual security that comes with being in your own home.

I stand up and walk through the beaded curtain over to the closet. There's three five gallon PVC buckets with black hosing connecting them at the bottom. Two of the buckets have plants in them, the third is to control nutrients an drainage. I can see how the setup can appear intimidating, but this is hardly a large scale operation. I stand there listening to the exhaust fans and pumps hum. So much work and time invested. If let to do their thing the yield would be worth roughly two grand. Maybe I can keep them somewhere else for now? No. if I take them out of the hydro system now they'll be shocked to death. They survived their journey from Amsterdam, made it all the way through customs, all to be ratted out by some war zone repairmen in their first stages of life? Tragic.

I can't get kicked out. Not again. I walk back into the kitchen and take a roll of garbage bags out of the cabinets.



It's about an hour later and I'm at the park. My anxiety has returned full force, and I'm trying to compose myself before I do what needs to be done. I can't wait any longer, my heartbeat quickens even more as I dial the callback number from the voicemail. All sound ceases as the phone rings...

"Sky management, how can I help you?"

"YO WHAT'S THIS EVICTION NOTICE BULLSHIT!? THIS IS RIDICULOUS, GROWING MARIJUANA? ARE YOU KIDDING ME?"

"Um... well Mr. Apple..."

"NAH. HELL NAH." My voice trembles as I try to channel it into sounding upset rather than scared. My strategy is to not let her get a word in edgewise, im just a poor innocent college student.

"YO I'M A HORTICULTURALIST, I WORKED ON A FARM FOR A YEAR THIS SHIT IS A HOBBY OF MINE"

"Mr. Apple, you can't be growing weed on our property, it's illegal."

She doesn't sound very impressed.

"Weed!? I'm not growing weed! This is ridiculous!! Sorry if I'm kinda stressed out but I come home from classes and have a voicemail saying I'm getting evicted for not doing anything wrong, kinda stressful!"



I'm rapid-fire bullshitting now, not giving myself time to think or give her a chance to retort.

"Well I guess we'll go down there right now and take some pictures then with some policemen."

The corner of my mouth rises as I crack a smile. The whole rouse would be moot if they'd have taken pictures, but they didn't.

"Go ahead come down here in the next five minutes, I don't got shit illegal in here! I mean I have a hydroponics setup but there's nothing illegal about that!" Right now there's several trashbags filled with all types of weed paraphernalia imaginable sitting in my mom's shed just a few blocks away. If she finds them she'll be pleased that they're already packed up for her to easily destroy and dispose of. A necessary risk.

"Well Mr. Apple, exactly what are you growing then?"

"Well uhh.. Strawberries."

"Strawberries? Mr. Apple?" Tomatoes would've been more convincing, but the only fruit bearing plant I could find at Wal Mart were strawberries so they had to do.

"Our plumbers aren't stupid. We aren't stupid."

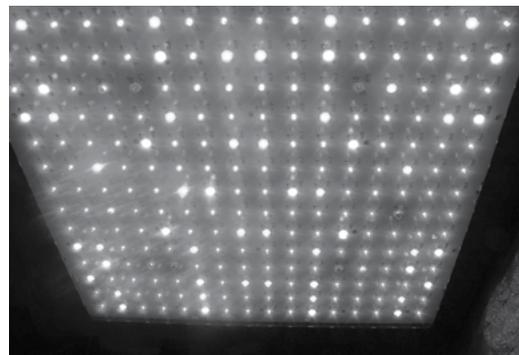
"I'm not doing anything illegal, your plumbers need to give me 24 hour notice before entering my apartment. That's what's illegal here."

It's quiet as she takes it all in. "Mr. Apple I'm going to personally come down there tomorrow morning to inspect your unit"

"Go ahead, I have nothing to hide."

Another quiet moment passes by. She won't be coming to inspect. She knows there's nothing left. "Just make sure this doesn't happen again." And just like that she hangs up with a click. I exhale deeply, mission accomplished. A smile on my face.

-Acr1dApp1e



40° to 65°
4 p.w.
+10 a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o

The letter f features two distinct hairlines. To create a hairline, lift your nib onto the leading corner and drag the ink.

Notice the absence of curved in this hand—even on o.

p q r s t u v w x y z ~ scripsit

The counter space of most letters is the same width as the inked stroke.

The letter t also has a hairline, as in the crossbar of f.

BATARDE

40° to 65°
3 p.w.
o a b c d e f g h i j k l m

Keep your exit strokes thin, lifting up on the corner of the nib.

Stroke 2 of h is an example of a hairline finish stroke.

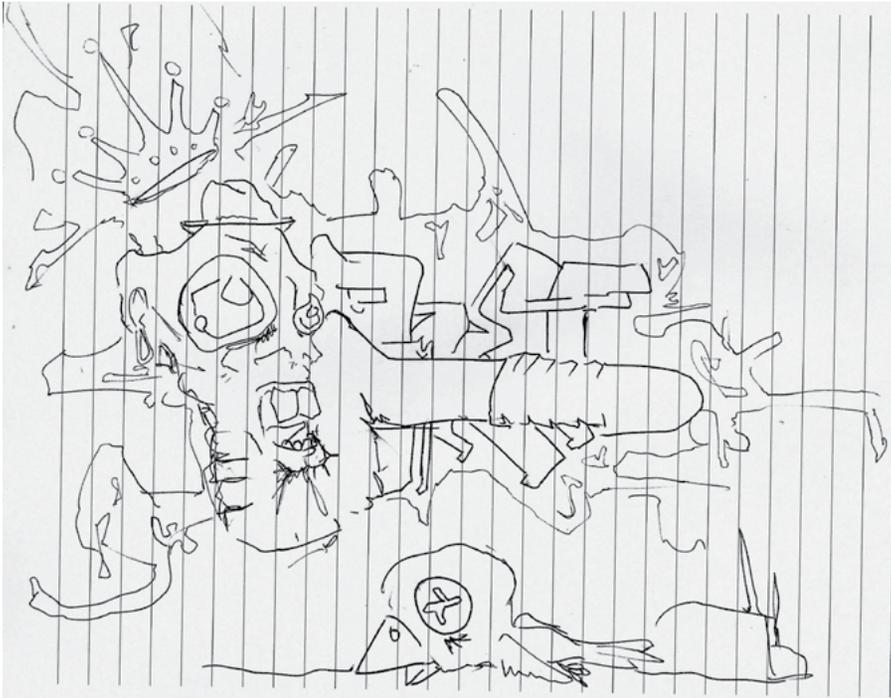
Stroke 2 of l is an optional extra stroke for ascenders.

n o p q r s t u v w x y z &

Twist the pen at the end of your stroke to get pointed descenders.

The e, x, and z feature a thin crossbar.

This is a variation of an ampersand.



40° to 65°
p.w.
A B C D E F G

Round letters
C, E, G, M, O, Q,
T, and Z feature
a split stroke.

Top serifs for stems of B, D, F,
H, L, I, K, P, R, U, V, W, and Y
are wavy and S shaped.

H I J K L M N O

Keep the bottom serifs of your letters fairly flat.

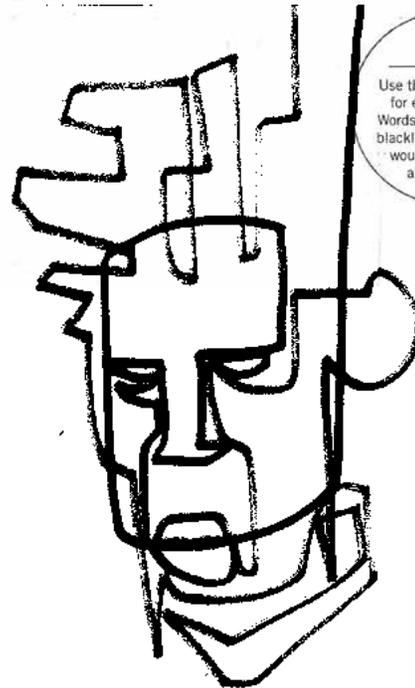
P Q R S T U V W

End your split strokes with a hairline.

X Y Z Scripsit

Z features a long crossbar; two parallel lines make up the diagonal stem.

Use letters using a #1 roundhand nib.



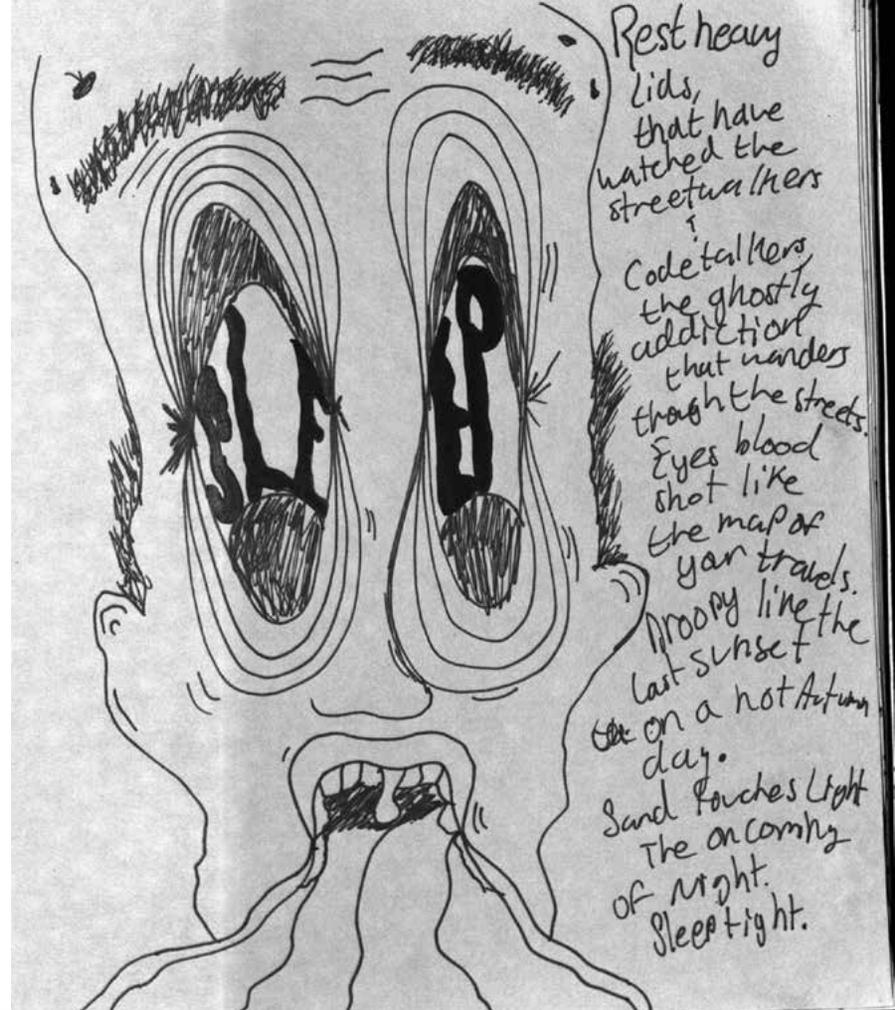
TIP

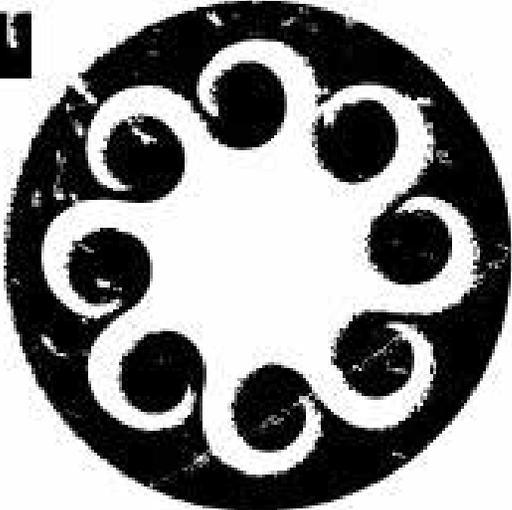
Use these majuscules for emphasis only. Words created with all blackletter majuscules would be awkward and illegible.





They will be on your ass with a quickness.



OCT  PLUS

Thine Lustrous Alembic

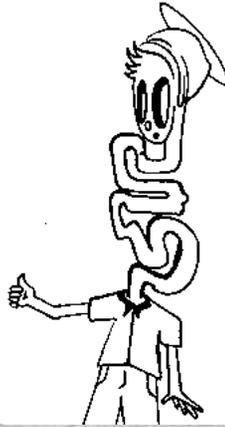
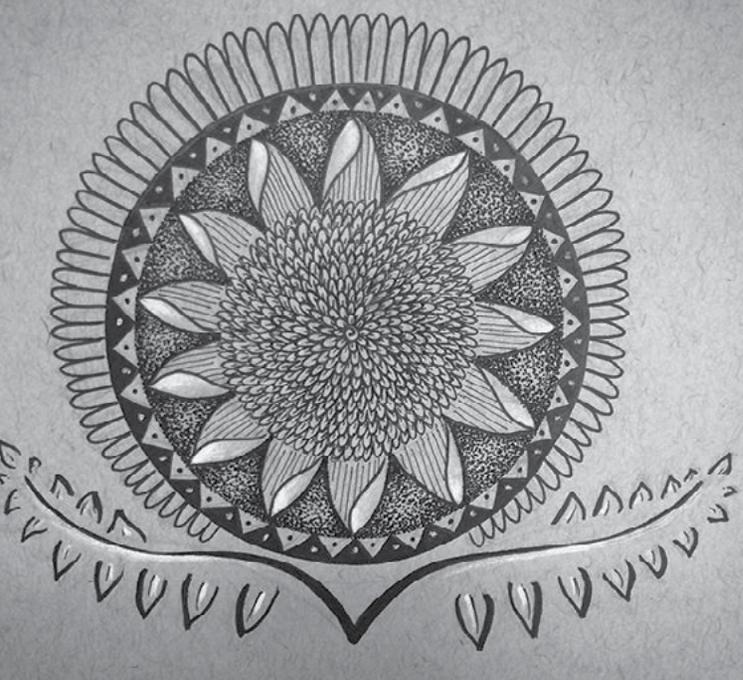
The Art of Purification by Water

This article is a piece from a larger epistle on the Spiritual Mysteries of Water within Magic, Religion and Culture. The rites in which we speak of are those of Lustration, Purification and Baptism. The Alembic was a large spherical beaker with a long tube extending outward to a small opening, it was sometimes referred to as the Pelican and was primarily used in the process of distillation. This could metaphorically be seen as the process of development that the individual faces either gradually through nature's cycles or through the voluntary surrender of our inherit hubris.

Since times of old when man had first received the kiss of life he prayed unto the land and the Great Spirit, to all that gave forth and the ancestors that taught them. They prayed to the forests and all the animals and the sky, to the sun and to the moon. Praying to the Giver of Life and also that which Taketh away, through ritual offerings and penance. That symbol of life and death can be seen in Water, the vital essence of our being. It has been used to renew and purify throughout time.

From the Fountain of Youth, whose mineral ambrosia gave immortality, and to the Greeks that gave offerings to the Satyrs and Gods of the magical springs that guarded and protected them from infection. Now to say the least water has always had a mystical presence to its nature, as it is one of the main substance we cannot live without. In ancient cultures, where purifying water was not easy; magic, rituals and sacrifices were a common practice to obtain rain during drought in harsh climates. So much so that the element of water even took on the main role in most cosmologies such as Egyptian, Babylonian, Hinduism and even Christianity. Water has been both the beginning and end in most accounts especially in biblical reference to the water that arise in Genesis to the Covenant of the Rainbow in which Jahweh promised to Noah that he would never destroy the world with water again. In a psychological sense water is a perfect representation of the Subconscious and the patterns that cause our being to erupt with life and also fall to our own demise, it is the language of symbols. It can even be compared in quality to the collective unconscious, in that it is, a viscous compendium of archetypes that are primordial building blocks to the mythos and logos that contend with our own anomie.

The tarot card of water is that of Mem - The Hanged Man, it is baptism and also a symbol of death, which makes sense being that Scorpio (death) is a water sign and the opposite path on the tree of life to the Death card. The Hanged Man holds more symbolism as the green spheres in his hands in Thoth Tarot represent the nature of grace (Netszach) and the formula of grand adeptship. The position of the figure in the card also shows the cross surmounted by the triangle which is the Light that descends into darkness (Book of Thoth pg. 96). It is very interesting to note that in a Kabbalistic representation of the account of creation in Genesis that Hesed (the first sphere below the Abyss) is the water that rises out of nothingness and being all expansive is the first point of manifestation outside of the supernal triad.



Other forms of purification exist that parallel such as the Aspergillus and Aspersorium and their use in Roman Catholic Mass. It is also seen in the 'The Key of Solomon the King (S.L. MacGregor Mather)' as the Solomonic Aspergillus that is used to consecrate and purify the exorcist with hyssop water. Here he affirms the power and protection of the purification before he conjures the spirit. This is a perfect way to see that purification and consecration have historically been used in renewal rites for cleansing similar to a birth rite and for protection against harmful spirits or to lift a curse. In the tale of our Gnostic Saint, the young Parsifal who is the innocent Fool is tested in a series of trials in which he recovers a stolen magical lance and by that he is baptized in a holy spring before being received as a Knight of the Graal and taking the Lance to the King to heal his wound. It is this rite of passage that initiates him as the prophecy and purifies him to handle the relic without any harm being done to him. From the Christian lore of John the Baptist bathing Jesus and the act of a running water baptism we see that purification through water has been very present in the Western World for quite some time...

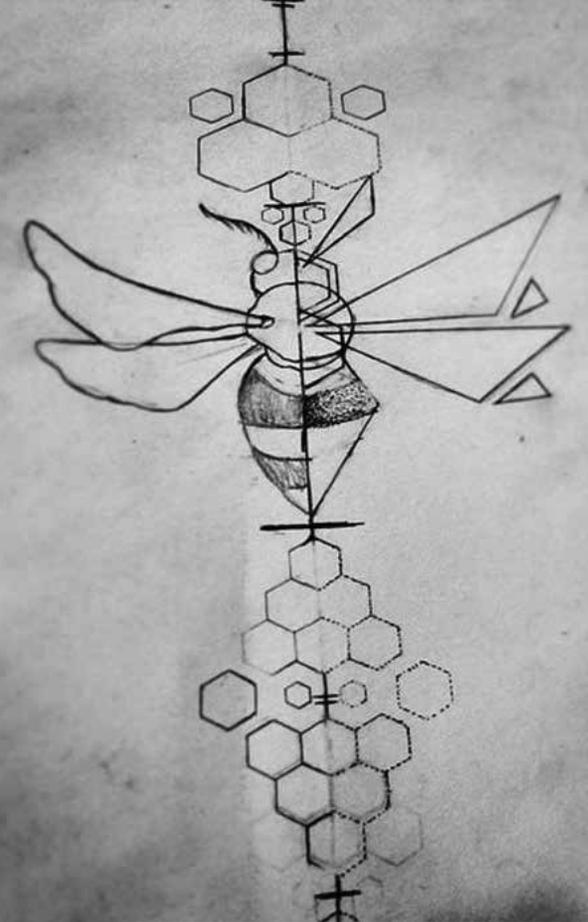
I want to extend a large thank you to the editor and publisher for allowing me to share my research. I also would like to thank all of the contributors and artist who made this possible. And finally a shout-out to all of the people who will read these writings, that will support and will collaborate with this facet of the community out here in the land of enchantment. Write on 505! Fraternally, Frater LVX ex Tenebris (Jeremiah Nichols) 93 93/93

Other here for those
not found in the
water, no matter.



I still stuck
together and
I got to stay still!

Deaf people usually make poor guitarists.



The car looked like a snake's head. That's exactly what it looked like. The starbursts of the headlights looked so foreign. HE tried to adjust his eyes in such a way to see it better, but it always looked blurry and broken. It made him think

www.mothershipalumni.com
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The labyrinth of the heart



Cosmic rays cause mutations in DNA



Swimming with the Fishies.

GEMZILLA

FRIDAY

July

10

Does it hurt to ask?

5:50pm

do you want to be with me? i know your answer but i know that some part of you is hesitating for a moment, and if there's a moment of hesitation, then that means you feel something too. and all i ask, please, is that you just not dismiss that - and try to dwell in it for just ten seconds. i would risk what we have to take it to the next level. it is there between you & me. you can't deny that. even if - you know even if we never have another intimate moment again after tonight, please know that i am forever changed because of who you are and what you've meant to me.

Thank you Joel
for the thought.
I'm sorry they
didn't fit.

3:15pm i just think its notas that we
or may close to eachother too quick
.. i don't feel comfortable with that too
i do like you. i knew where we were
headed. remember ke, i could hear it
in your breathing and see it in
your eyes.

Joel brought over these shorts
today - they were amazing. today was
a good day.

Casually datine?

"i'm scared for the fact that you
want more than i'm willing to
but i don't mind holding you
"

i prefer
something
less pathetic
and more poetic
forget it
sick isnt my
intentions

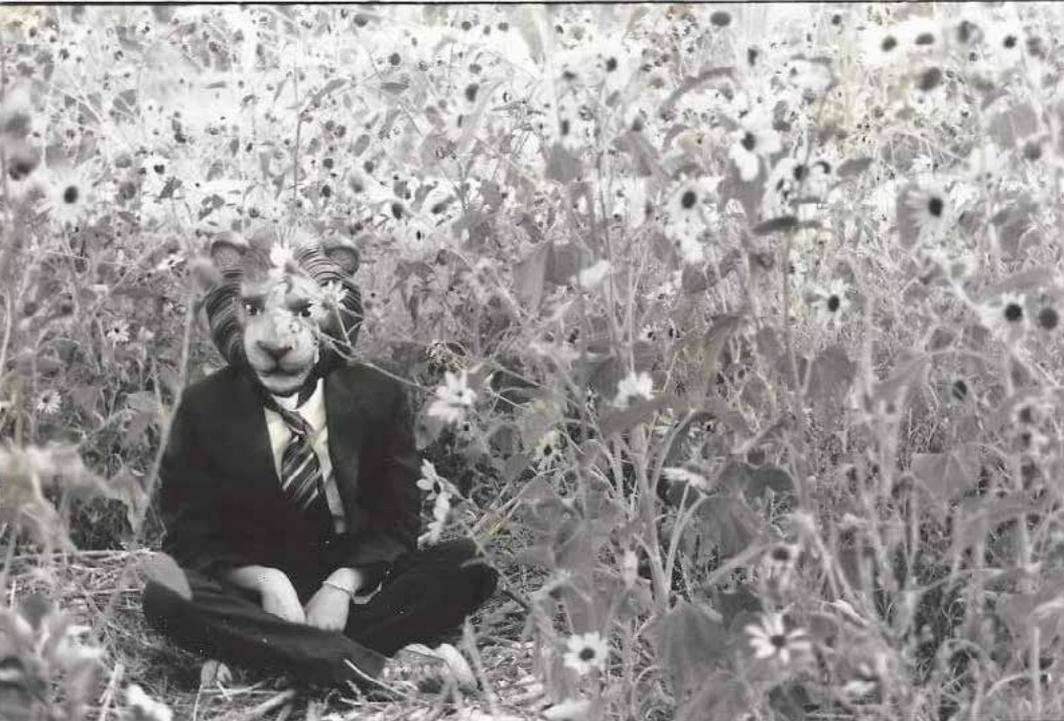


5/26/2012

I was struck with a fright! A fright like no other. I know not why. But oh such a fright that made me cringe. A fright that made me want to run away. But alas this alien before me is just like me. A misunderstood creature of sorts. Perhaps I shall help this alien. Yes perhaps I will. I'll help him in his otherworldly struggle. His throes and movements of anguish and passion and struggle. Oh yes I will help you my little Alien. But alas! You are scared of me just as much as I am scared of you. Perhaps we shall combine our forces of fear and whatever boils deep within. Oh yes. Let us combine our forces. Let us bring them together . oh yes. here let me help me you stand. But as I touch you my heart screams! Like burning coals I pull my hand away quickly. Adrenaline and fear quickly boiling in my veins. What is this fear within me?! What can it mean? Has it always been there? Why? The fear of something unknown, something different, something alien. Is it within all of us? Perhaps I will investigate further. I look intently at you. I walk around you. Perhaps the other side of your body will reveal some hidden unfathomably message. But alas the other side of you holds no epiphanies for me. the fear and adrenaline slowly subside as I examine you. I watch as you try to stand. But you cannot get up. I see the muscles within flexing, writhing. Fascinated I watch this small alien struggle to stand perhaps I will try once again to help him. As I reach out every pore in my body exhales and silently screams. My heart begins running. I feel the blood within starting to boil once more. Every ounce of my being screams at me NO! But every ounce of my will screams YES! And finally we touch once more. The blood in my vein slowly settles as I help you to your feet. Fear you old friend I have vanquished you once more perhaps we shall meet again someday, in fact I hope we do. Oh the joy I feel , my little alien friend, as I see you stand. To the world let us flee! Wherever we wish! The frontier is before us! Let us escape. No longer will you struggle as you did. Here yes indeed! My little Alien friend you can live here. Free. I happily stood back to view this little Alien in his new home. However my glee began to turn into distraught fright as I watched the life slowly drain from my friends eyes. NO. how could this be! Anguish and fear and sadness bottled up inside me. Silently I let it drain from my tear streaked face. This little alien whom I had fearfully watched flail for hours was dead. But alas, farewell my little alien .

I did not know your name. But you look an awful lot like a Jeff. Farewell Jeff. Good bye I wailed to the sky. But wait. What is this! Can it be ! Yes! It is! He is alive!! My god jeff you are alive! Quickly I helped him to his feet once more. But alas! Without my help he blew away. He was frail and sad against the wind. The power strung within his body, that rippling muscle he had shown me earlier was gone. Back from the dead he was weak. A ghost of what he was. What Have I done to you Jeff. I'm sorry Jeff. Who am I to think I could release you into the world. The world is harsh. It will strike you down and blow you away. You are not ready for this Jeff. I have learned of this world. This horrible world. But perhaps it is not so horrible. Perhaps it is merely the nature of this world to strike you down. Perhaps this world is but a teacher. Trying to teach its windblown children to stand once more. Perhaps... But alas enough with my foolish nonsense, Jeff are you alright?! But here let me help you my alien friend. Away from the harsh world. The stinging wind. Yes over here is a suitable place for you shielded from the violent wind, and yet still part of this world. Yes here you will find peace Jeff. But out of no where a light flickered and I gasped! What have I done! I'm sorry Jeff! Among a lair I have place thee! Little tiny monsters climbing all over your behemoth body! They have no respect for you! They scratch you and spit at your immobile body lying among them. You are an Alien! Little monsters. Monsters are feared. But Aliens are not scared of monsters! Quick let us leave this nightmare Jeff. Here let me kick aside these puny monsters and help you to your feet. Here yes at last over here Jeff. A fitting place for a glorious Alien such as yourself. But as I remove my hands from your shoulders your knees buckle and you fall. A watch sadly as you struggle to get up once again. Perhaps we need each other. Of that I am sure. And gently I help Jeff up once more, but this time he does not fall as I release him. Silently and yet happily I step back. I'll always be here for you Jeff. If you ever need any help. And if you have any questions id love to answer them. Farewell Jeff. What a odd little cockroach I thought to myself as I closed the door to Apartment E-16.

-Gthreem



Bernadette's

*205 A
Wellesley
505
804-2391*



*Walk ins
Welcome*

*Back to school
\$12.00 Haircuts
\$40.00 Color and Cut
Starting @ \$25.00 7 foil highlight
Expires Aug 31*