

Dag Holm's holmgrown zine

W/ URBAN EBERT

FRIENDSHIP
FACTORY

FRIENDS

CONTENT!

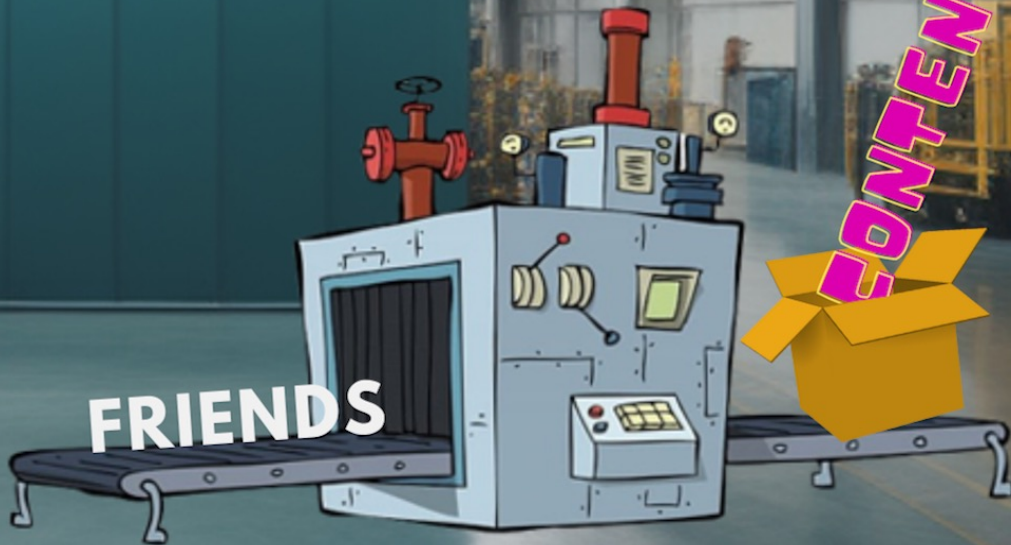


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Friendship Forward

Friendship is the forgotten love

Friends is when you have a bud

Friendship can be complicated,
or it can be simple

Friendship is when you share
your pickle

We asked our friends to make
their art

To write their words and share
their heart

We laughed and smiled at your
submissions

And want to give you recognition

We're ecstatic to share your
multimedia

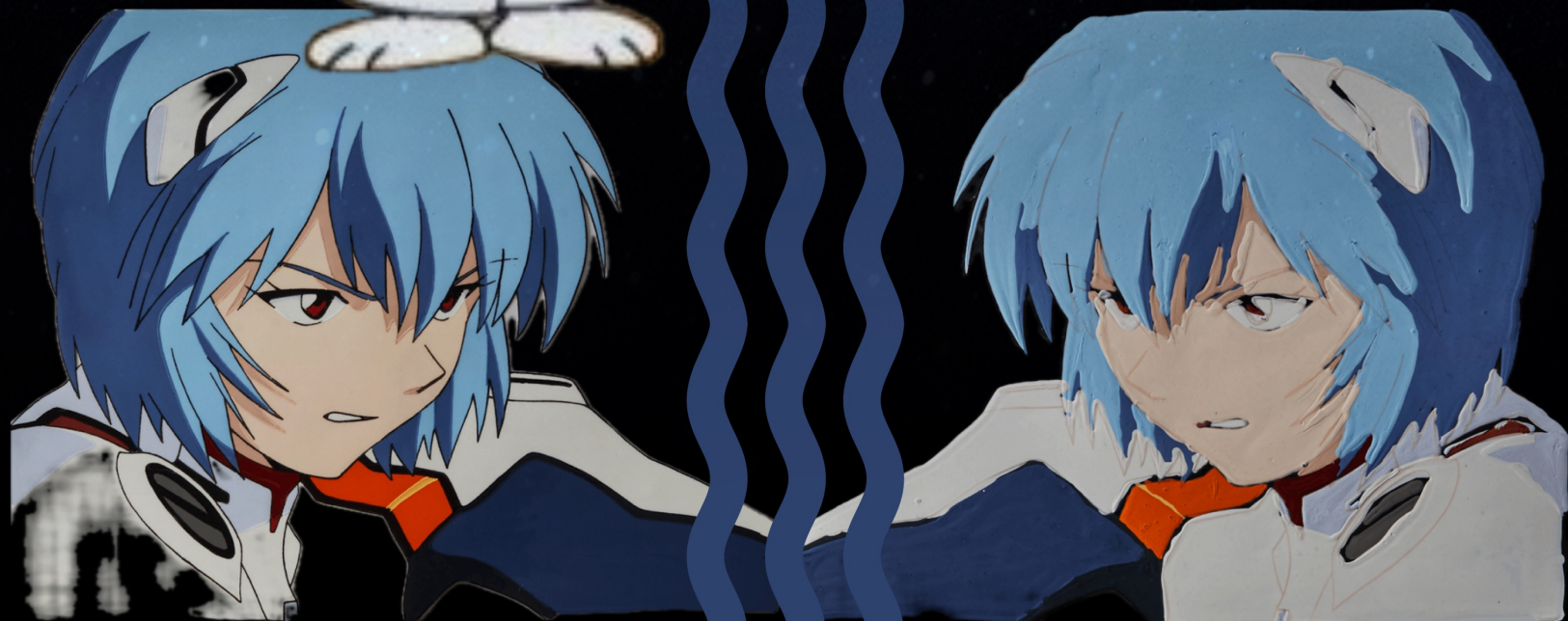
And keep our friendships sweet
like stevia

- Dag & Urban



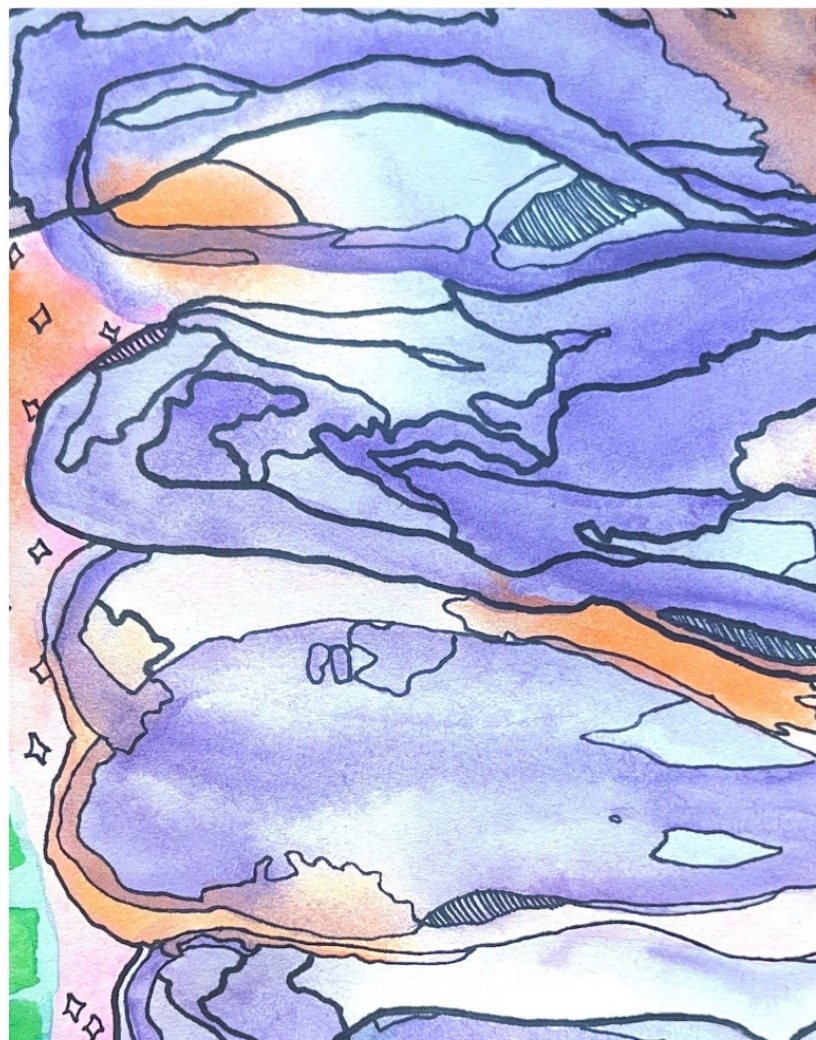


FOR THOSE WHO ARE ABLE TO DISCERN ORDER IN THIS
MOVEMENT, WHO CAN PARTAKE OF THE PRIMORDIAL AND
MENTAL THINGS - NUMBERS AND PROPORTIONS - THE SIGHT OF
THE FIRMAMENT AND THE LUMINARIES MOVING ACROSS IT IS A
BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.



Four Do

Zucchini, Bell pepper, kale
if eating them is a crime, then put me in jail
if secreting phlegm pays a dime, I'll fill up a pail
eat a bag of fruit snacks, yay organic and vitamin C,
heeheehee
no colors of the rainbow except in real fruit and veggie...
...s geez louis, please ease on the cheese
milk eggs and dairy, which one comes from bees?
Tiktaalik climbed out the sea for us to dump balsamic on leaves
Call me Karen, cuz I wanna speak to the manager
Hi hello, who came up with salad, I'd put them on Voyager
Number two that is, lumber loo lat liz
In Milano they're sayin, "Mio povero amico Euclid"
third eye, see the fourth dimension, off a fifth of weed
no time left, couldn't make it to light speed
Oh no! what to do? all good, the time lab is in hand
a number line that goes to one or one grand
can be divided into more parts than grains of sand
We're all on a spectrum, now choose where to stand.



Produce tips :)

Good deals at D&C Fruit Market

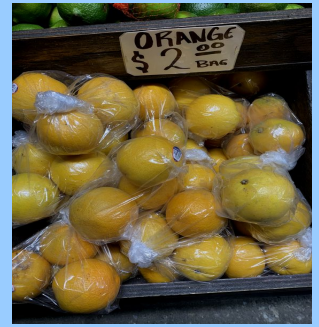
1220 Nostrand Ave Brooklyn NY



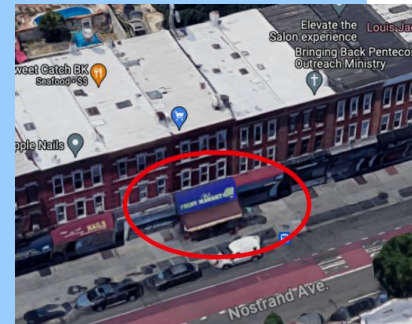
Bag of 3 small navel oranges

Availability: pretty much all the time

Rating: 7/10



A bit steep at \$2 (compared to \$1 for a carton of strawberries... when they have em) but what the hell, who doesn't like an orange. I always try to see if they slipped up and put 4 in a bag but they're too smart for that.



Campari tomatoes

Availability: last week. They might still have some

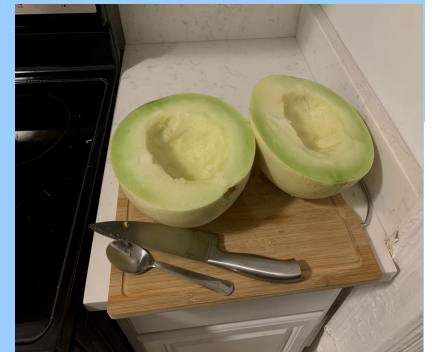
Rating: 9/10

A 2lb clamshell claiming to be "The Tomato Lover's Tomato" (and it is). D&C is interesting because they mostly sell discount produce—a lot of their stuff is two or three days past what you would get at the grocery store, it's fine if you're eating it that day but you want to keep an eye on it otherwise—but then they get in these premium items, pink pineapples, this summer a bunch of pluicots in fancy packaging, now on-the-vine hydroponic tomatoes. These were excellent, perfectly ripe, not at all watery, a really rich glutamate flavor. I ate them in a lot of dishes, pastas, salads, stews, but they were so good that I mostly ate them on their own, as a snack. An unbelievable deal for \$2.

Big melon (bigger than a basketball)

Availability: this was back in september

Rating: ???/10



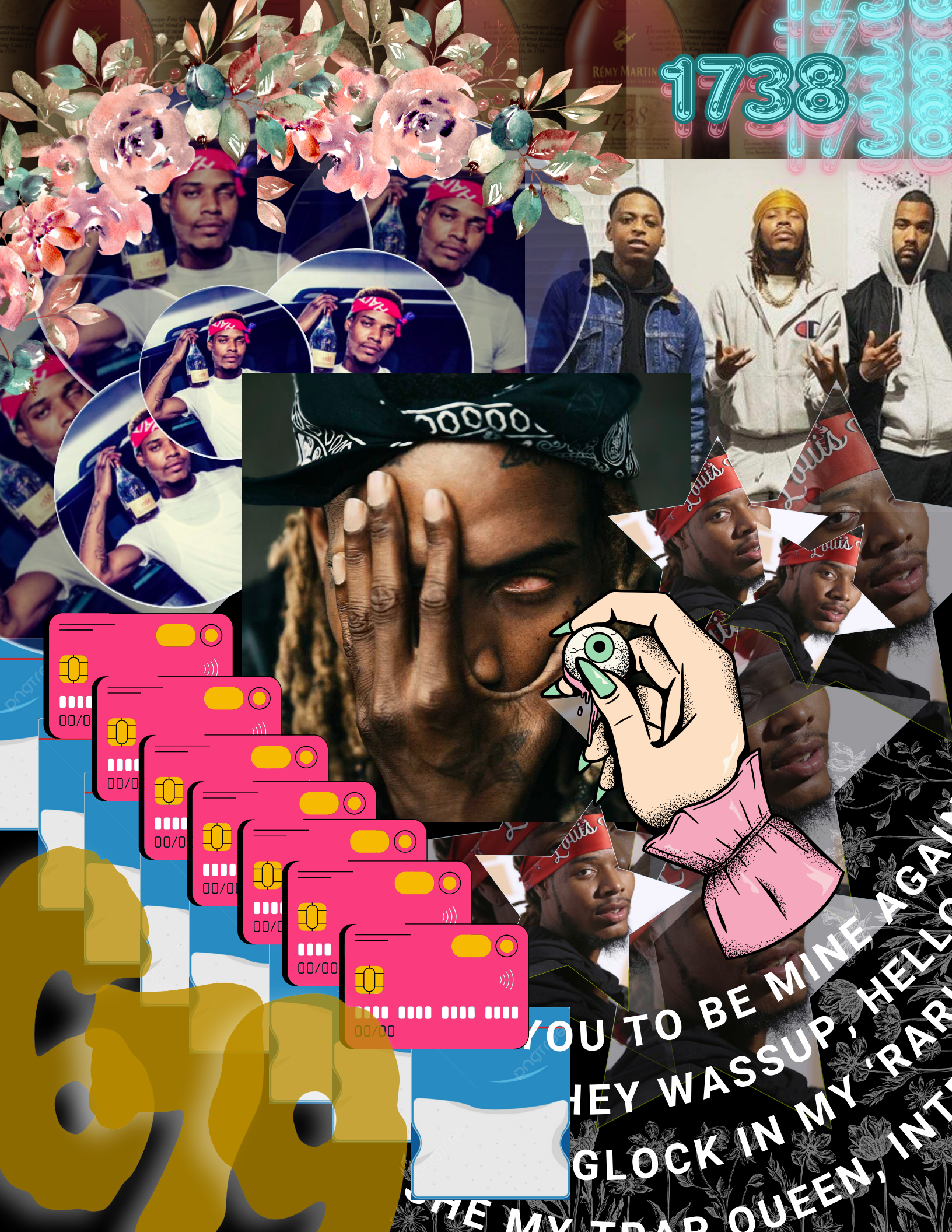
I cannot stress enough how big this fucking melon was. I had to carry it home with both hands, and if it had been much heavier I would have had to roll it down the street like the Oompa Loompas rolling that blueberry girl out of their chocolate factory. Crazier was that it was \$5, a very reasonable price for a very large piece of fruit, and even crazier was that it was the best melon I had ever eaten. Back in Texas HEB sold "dream melons", one a lemon-something flavored honeydew and the other some special kind of cantaloupe. I thought the lemon one was divine, so sweet, so crisp, just the right amount of hybrid lemon flavor, but that was only because I hadn't yet tried Big melon—also a kind of honeydew obviously, although it couldn't have less in common with the hard pale green styrofoam blocks they serve at the buffet. In fact the first response from some of the people I raved to about this melon was "I don't like melon", a hurtful thing to hear when you're in love, but one I ultimately reconciled with: there are a lot of disappointing melons in the world and honeydew can be particularly bad. If they had tried this one, though—they would strike a different tone. I knew how lucky I'd gotten when after scooping out the seeds I tried a little spoonful of the juice that was left in the crater of each half. It was nectar, the sweetest most life-giving fluid I had ever had; it even burned a little in the back of my throat, probably from the sheer Vitamin C content. It wouldn't surprise me if the two weeks it took me to finish the melon were the healthiest two weeks of my life. Which reminds me, it held up that entire time: the first day I sliced it open, wrapped half in aluminum foil, refrigerated it, and cut the other half into cubes, filling about 3 different tupperware containers with melon even after eating what felt like every other piece I cut. At that point the fruit was perfectly ripe, the outer flesh firm (but not crunchy) and a healthy green, the inner flesh soft and white, but I was worried that the other half would go bad if I didn't get to it in time. Instead I ate melon, and ate melon, and ate melon, cracking open the tupperware five times a day and still taking a week to get through it, and when I finally got to the second half it was in exactly the same shape as before—immaculate shape, soft sweet white inner flesh, firm emeraldine outer flesh. If you've ever had Japanese melon candy or melon soda, the flavor is kind of puzzling in the same way the flavor of banana laffy-taffy is: it's not bad, it is kind of vaguely fruit like, but at the same time it's hard to imagine it coming from an organic thing instead of a lab in the flavoring and scent corridor of northern New Jersey (that's real look it up). It was Big melon that made me finally understand: that is the actual flavor of melon, that's how it's supposed to taste, and we're just used to watered down fluorescent lighting ass supermarket melons instead of ones grown by a kindly old farmer in a fertile valley in Japan, their adolescence spent lounging under their own shady melon leaves, listening to the babble of a nearby stream and the laughter of the farmer's grandchildren, growing fat off the soil untouched by fertilizers or pesticides. Of course, maybe Big melon was so big because it was some kind of GMO ultra honeydew, but the flavor was so remarkable that I find that highly

Change

The seasons change this year just as they always have
Albeit slightly different than the vibrant east coast colors I used to know
I have come to learn
As many my age
That life also has seasons
That friendships grow and change
People and places the leaves in life
Bursting with color
Dying and fading
Steadfast and evergreen

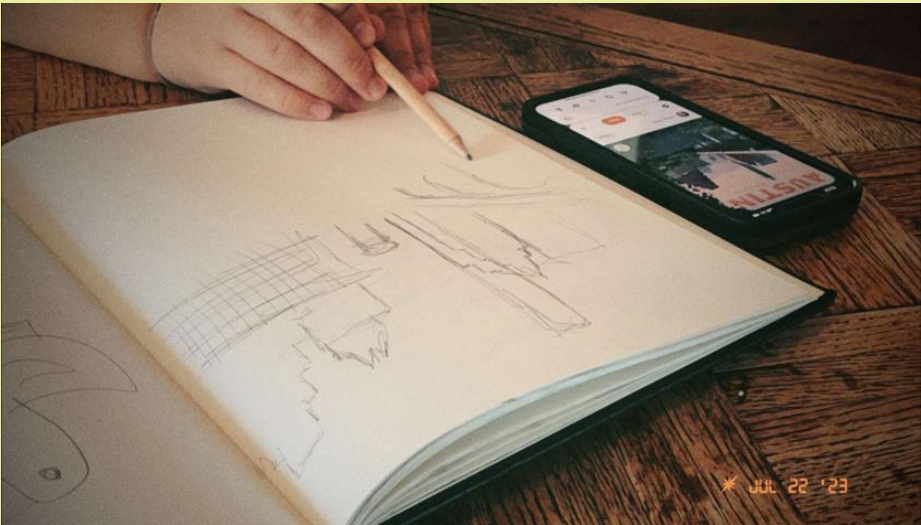
However
Just as I have grown confident in these changes
Feel I can navigate these seasons
As confidently as a young child awaiting the first snow
I have come to realize
I have changed
Places where my own leaves have fallen
Others bursting with new life

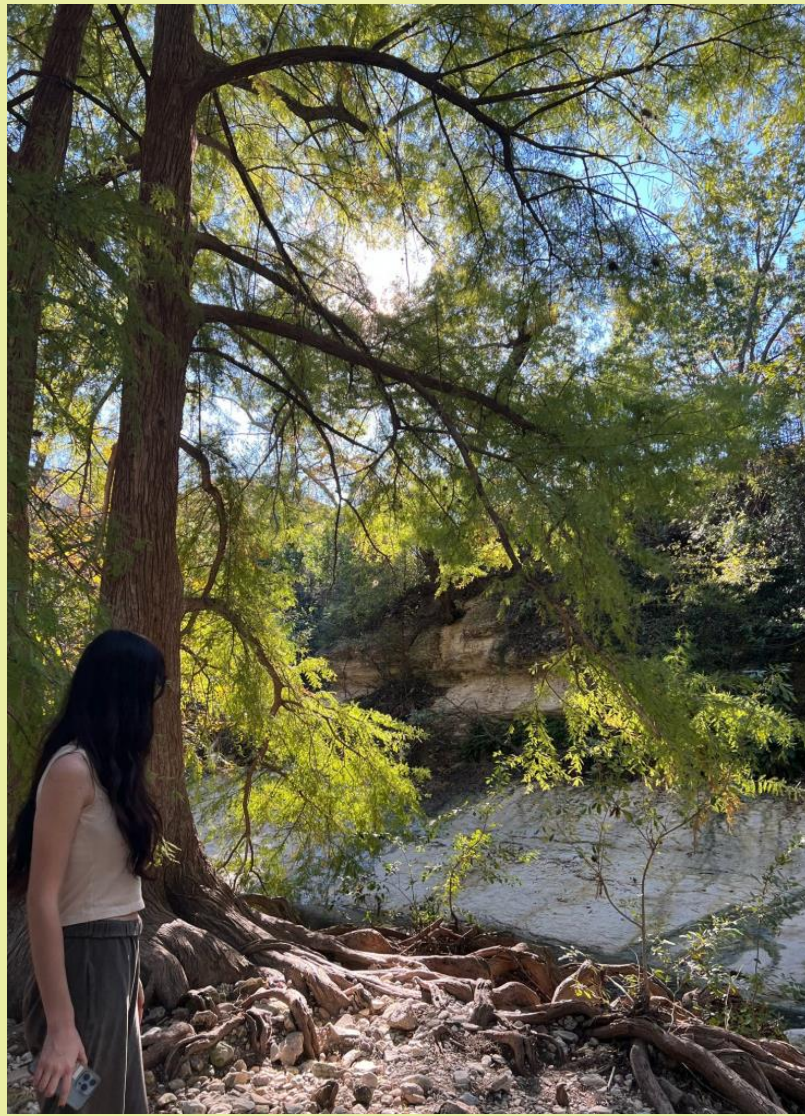
The boundaries of these changes are less clear
The timeline less predictable
But maybe one day
I will master
the changes of my own seasons, too



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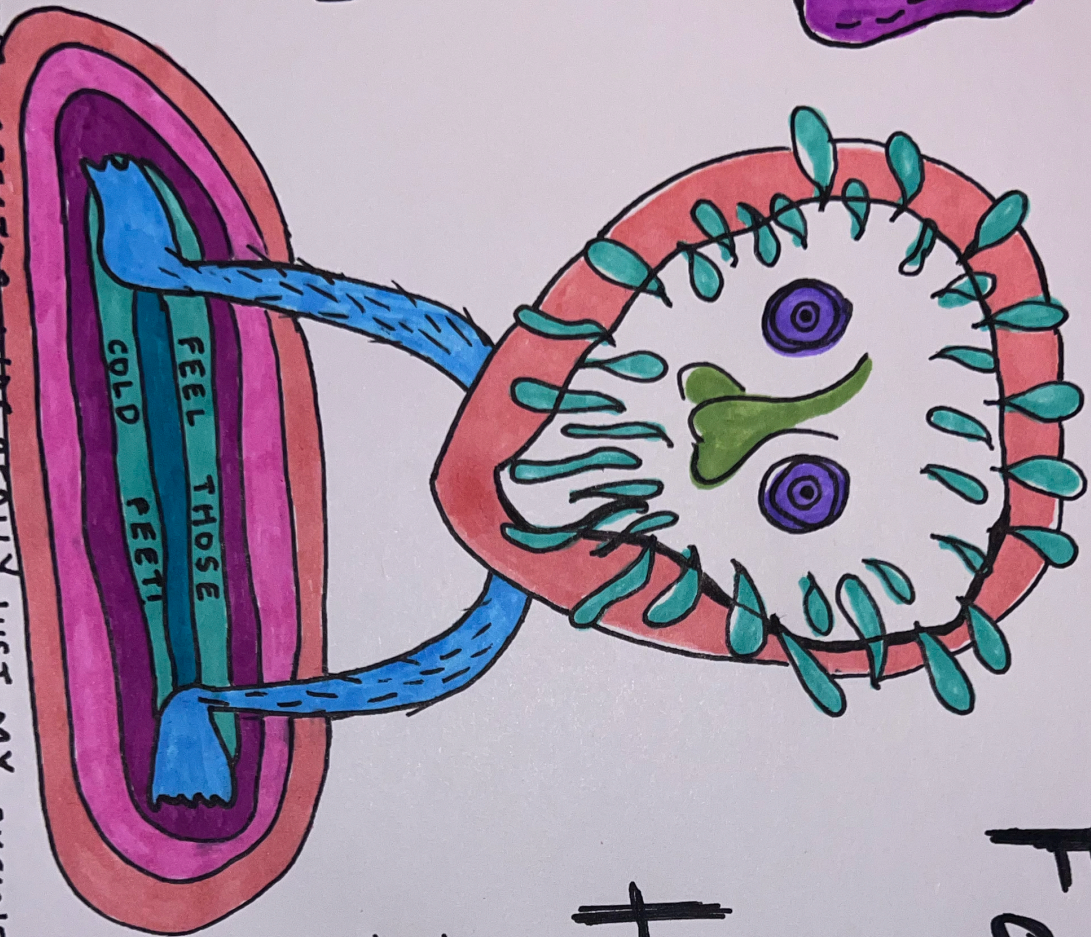
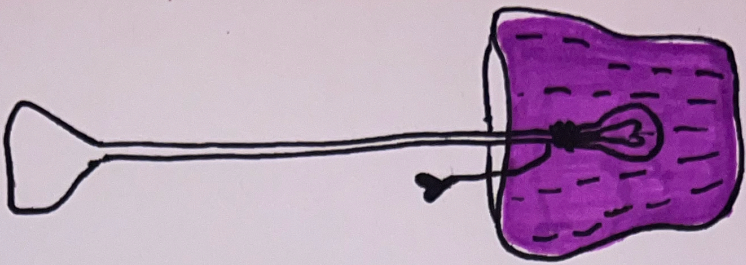
YOU TO BE MINE AGAIN
HEY WASSUP, HELLO
GLOCK IN MY RARI
QUEEN, INT



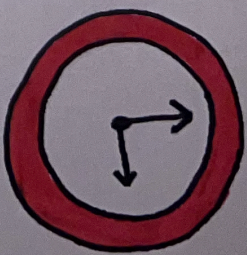




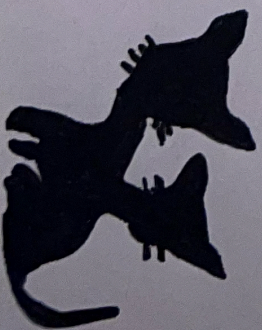
HE'S AN OUTCAST,
AND HE'S COLD!

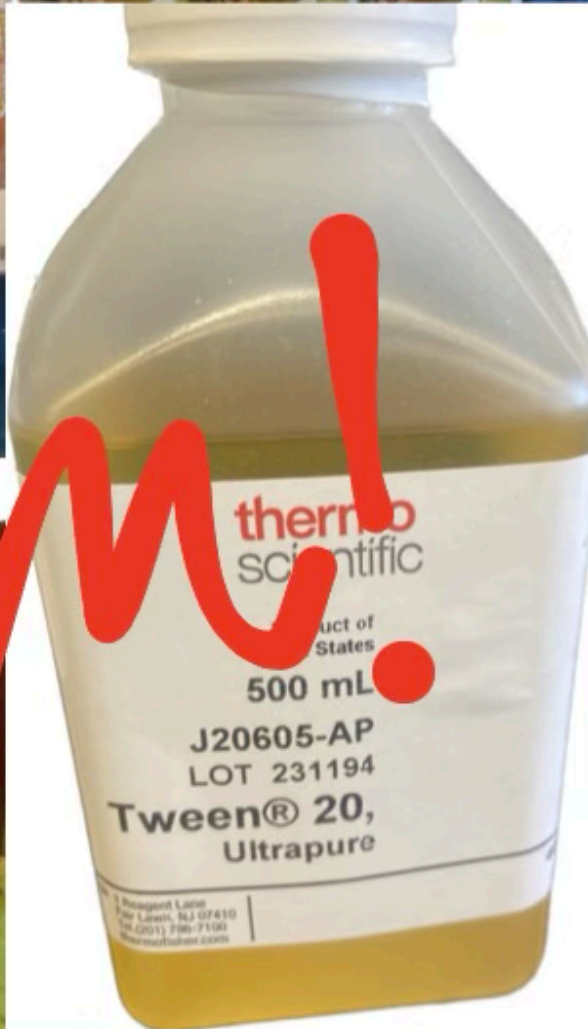
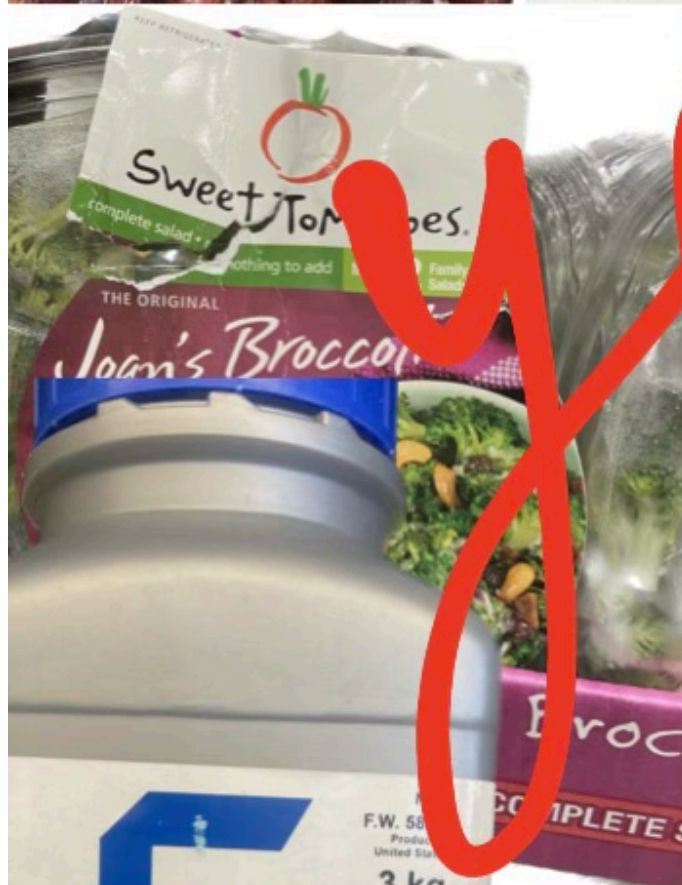


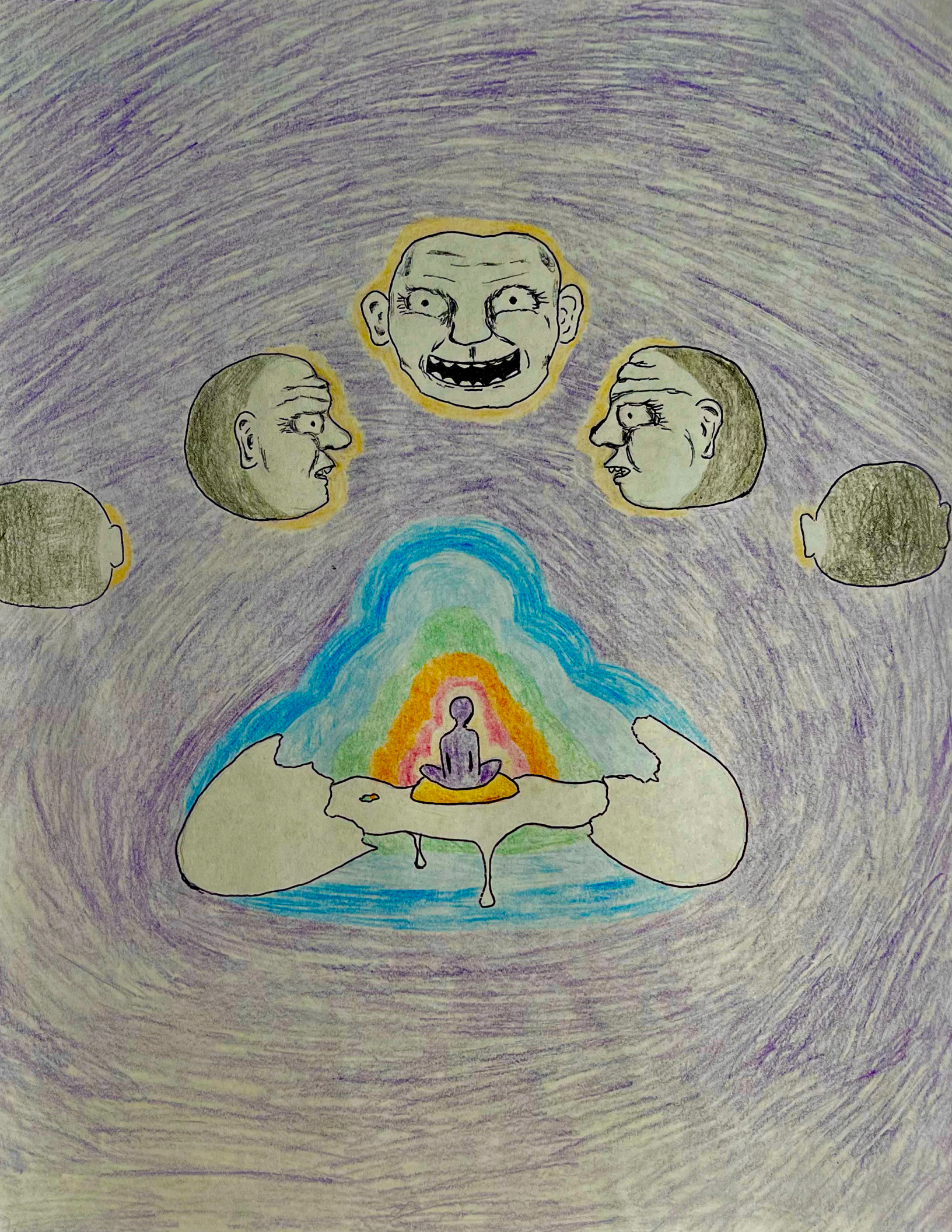
Follow
your
HEART
+ilEgim



THAT DASHING SPECTOR WAS REALLY JUST MY BUSINESS COMPETITOR?







Fear and Loathing and Love and Terror on the Howling Escalators of SEATAC.

Or.

People Standing on Escalators.

People standing on escalators. The escalator was invented in 1891 by Jesse Reno and, much like the Good Lord himself, I believe he spends the majority of his time frowning down upon his creation. Reno, looking to harness the power of relative motion, created an incredible thing. A moving staircase. Similar to the other giants of ingenuity of his time, names such as Henlein, Meucci (fuck you Alexander Bell, in grade school I was taught that this goomba invented the telephone, Italian-American discrimination at work), and Wright, he strove to put us above the apes, to drag us out of the primordial goo we emerged from. And what do we do with his invention? We stand. We hop on and say our work is done. Well I'm done. I am done pretending to be cool. From now on I am going to be the guy everyone sees hurrying up the escalator and smirks to themselves about. "Look at him. He's such a dweeb compared to me. Why can't he just stand here and look chill like the rest of us. In our athletic wear we bought just for flying." This is a disturbing sign of our generation's apathy. Get your porn-addled brains up those escalators. You have lungs that are still good, that weren't damaged by a smoking habit you quit in your early forties. You have knees that still bend correctly. I urge you not to be apathetic. I urge you to **take action**. I urge you to get a group of friends together, write your Congressman, and together I think we can do something about this issue that continues to plague our once great nation's airports. For *Just To Be Moved Is Not Enough Unless It Moves You Forward*.



Big Wednesday



Checked www.surfline.com,

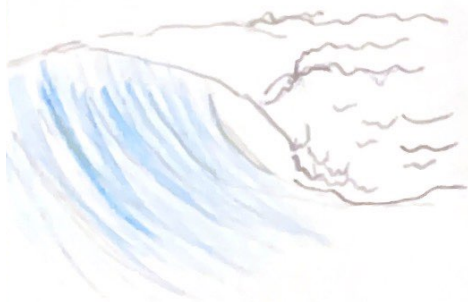
FAIR conditions,

6-8 ft.

-Oh shit-



Car pulls up.
Offshore winds.
Swell's here



Time to paddle.

small wave. farther out,

bigger wave.

farther out,

Freaking Huge wave.

Big one coming
Turn and go!
!!!!!!



paddle, paddle
arms tired,
arms noodle



Stay Tuned



THANK YOU FOR BEING OUR FRIEND!

About the Authors

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Friend Holm's
Friendship Frine
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