

HOLMGROWN AG-a-ZINE!

by Dag HOLM

WITH URBAN EBERT

Table of CONTENTS





STOP!!!!



There is an "**INDUSTRIAL WORM**" on page 15

... visualize it ...

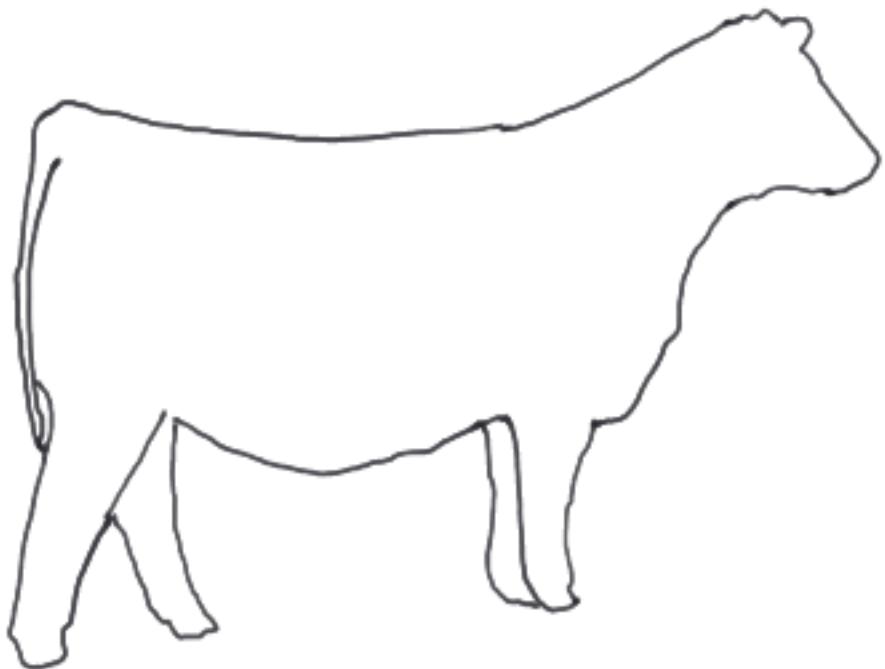
What are you thinking?

AND THIS GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM
SHALL BE PREACHED IN ALL THE
WORLD FOR A WITNESS UNTO ALL
NATIONS; AND THEN SHALL THE END
COME



he's a show cow
don't
eat
don't eat him
we like how he looks
he's not for
being food
he's for
being handsome

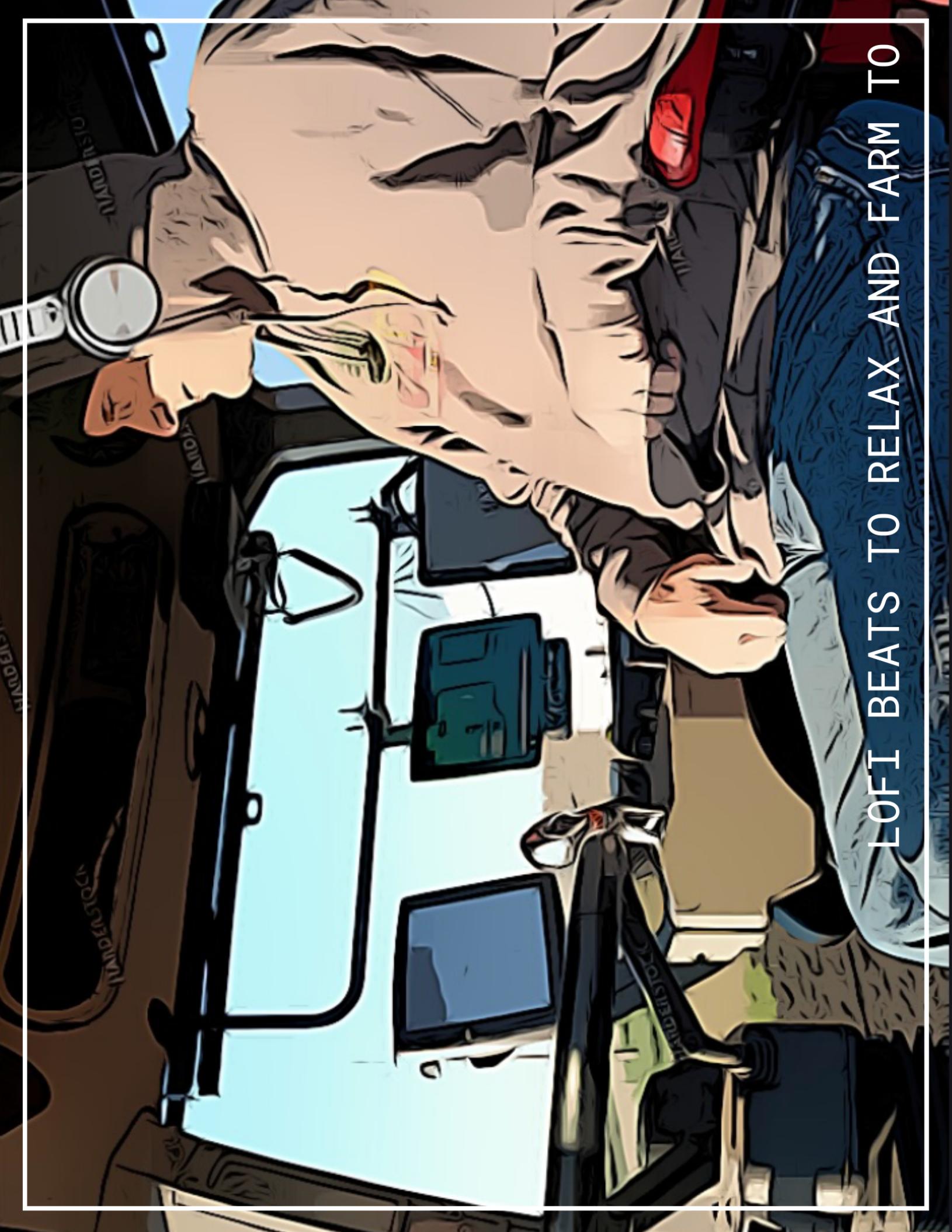
- rupi cowr



SOUL

HARVEST



A man in a flight suit and headphones is in a cockpit, looking out the window. He is wearing a red and black flight helmet with a communication system. The cockpit has a light blue interior with various controls and screens. The man is looking towards the right side of the frame.

LOFI BEATS TO RELAX AND FARM TO

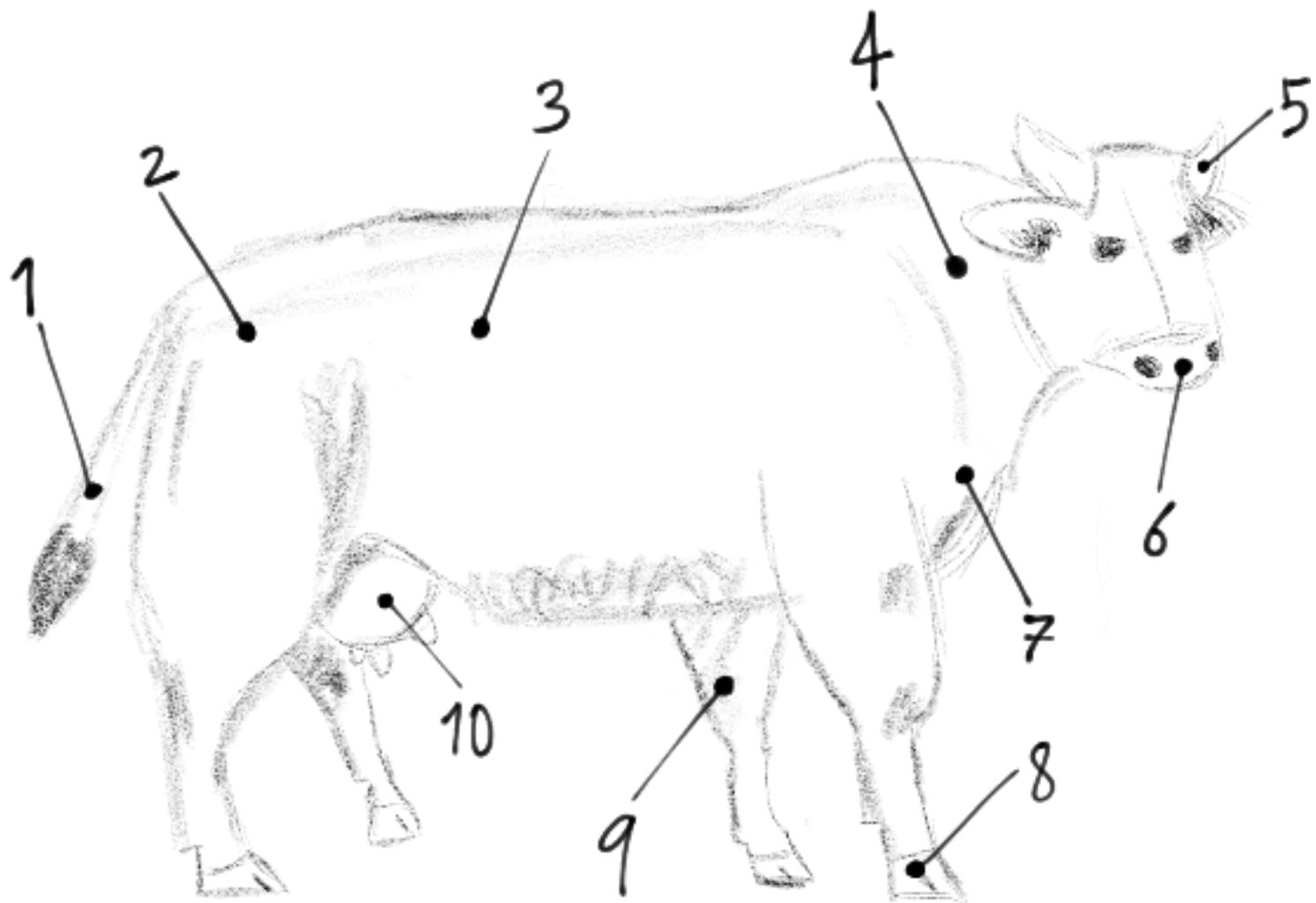
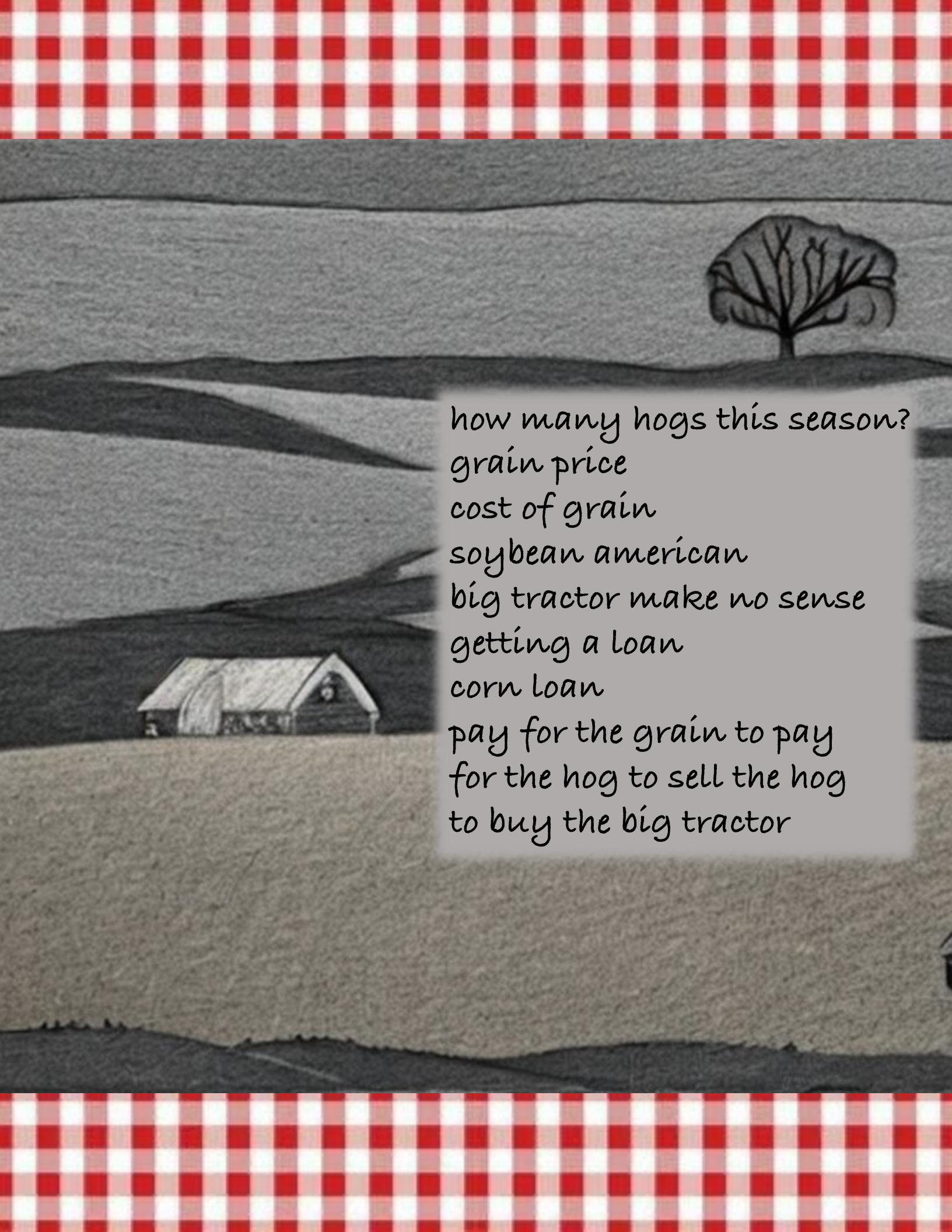


Fig. 1

- 1) COW
- 2) COW
- 3) COW
- 4) COW
- 5) COW

- 6) COW
- 7) COW
- 8) COW
- 9) COW
- 10) COW



how many hogs this season?
grain price
cost of grain
soybean american
big tractor make no sense
getting a loan
corn loan
pay for the grain to pay
for the hog to sell the hog
to buy the big tractor



Celia woke up by the thirty-fourth-or-so rooster call, something like a chaotic caricature of the doodle-doo stories paint, mixed in with the occasional moo carried through the farm on a morning breeze. It wasn't her job to do the chores in the morning anymore, but she liked doing it. She rubbed the crud out of her eyes. She hoped that no one else was outside already, or even awake. Unlikely, Celia thought to herself, with the roosters screaming their heads off. She hurried a grubby sweater on down the stairs, around the corner. The familiar heavy taste of the water from the deep kitchen sink kept her grounded and pushed her headfirst out the door.

Chores were an easy routine, and Celia thought the balance was brilliant. Water the horses, blink at the cows, over to the goats, a goat got out last night, chase it down, start up the tractor, move food over to the cows, turn on the hoses to the alfalfa, turn on the hoses to the corn, turn on the hoses to the carrots. Celia always thought the chore balance was perfect, except on the days that she had to mend a fence. The fence around the carrots was the hardest, because she'd need to go all the way back to the house and flip the switch, severing the circuit to cripple the electrified line that ran the circumference of the crop. And of course, today, there a hole was in the carrot fence. Celia's sighs took her to and from the house, but she really didn't mind. A hole in the fence meant something had eaten one, maybe managed even two carrots, and that was usually entertaining.

Criss-crossing the thick cabling that her father has socked away in the storage room for crisp-morning fence mends, her fingers twirled the familiar braid. It always took a moment or two longer to repair the carrot fence that you'd expect, she thought. "Hey!" John's panted approach cut through her morning monologue. Her brother enjoyed doing morning chores too, though not enough to get out of bed as expeditiously as her. Plus, they were technically his responsibility, so he extra didn't mind. "I'll do a lap around and see if I see anything," he laughed. Celia smiled and waved him off. She had only returned to the fence for 30 seconds when she heard him call back. "Found one!" She jogged over. Sure enough, not even 200 feet from where she had been fixing the fence, there was a floating rabbit. It was suspended about 15 feet up, a little bit lower than they usually found them, bobbling around gently. Its ear twitched perceptively.

Celia chuckled, "They always look way less panicked you'd think."

"Yeah, well, when you've been hanging out like that all night, I guess you just accept it. He's on his way down already. Must've gotten in nearly at sunset."

"We should get him out before turning the fence back on." Celia started walking to get the net she had carried over from the barn with the wire. Standard fare. John liked to watch the random rodents and lizards that got into the carrot crop bob around in the sky much more than her. It really wasn't much of a show, but it was always sort of interesting to her. Part of the reason for the electric fence, she mused, was to keep *John* from eating the carrots. But he wouldn't do that, probably, never. Don't get high on your own supply, her father would joke while they noised the combine over the carrot crop. The pair of them had both done their part in rebelling as young kids. She chuckled again as she extended the long pole of the adjustable net to floating rabbit height. John had been smart enough at age 10 to eat his secret stash of carrots inside, but he had eaten quite a few. Her father had handed him snacks to the ceiling corner in the kitchen for almost two days, shaking his head and aiming a faint grin at the floor all the while. She scooped the rabbit into the net. John had learned from her mistakes. She had nibbled on a carrot near the field, but only a little. She caught a large oak branch about 25 feet from the ground on her way up and clung *hard*. Of course, only a little bit of the snack wears off fast and there she was, hanging from the oak with tiny fingertips while firemen hustled the truck from afar through a startled field of blinking cows.

Charming as it was, the small operation where she and John had grown up was just that: a small operation. The crops were enough to keep them fed, the animals fed, and decent supplies for school – mostly thanks to the carrots – but that was about it. It paled utterly in comparison to the massive factories masquerading as farms in the cities a few hours to the north. Of course, there aren't usually children within a five-mile radius of the plantations, deterred if not by the long walk from a bus-stop, by the looming rolls of barbed wire fence barricading intruders – hungry kids and curious rodents alike. So while her father was subject to some side-eying and muttering by locals, Celia was a celebrity at school. Of course, there was no show-and-tell (and certainly not show-and-snack) with the veggie, but that didn't dampen her fame as the girl with a carrot farm.

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I thought once about tying the couch to the ceiling, the rack mounts that they sell online are too expensive. But way more comfortable than sitting on your head. But also a couch on the ceiling is pretty much the gaudiest thing I could put in my home. A lot of times enjoying a carrot or two is much better outside, except that's a little risky – float time totally depends on how much you've had to drink, eat, etc. You can always bring more up with you, but if you have to bail, then you're stuck with another six plus hours floating around, and outside on top of that. So usually I just sit on my head. There's a little indent on the ceiling in the spot I usually settle. Better than a couch up here.

Julie and Anil have been floating with me. Julie has settled her notebook into some stray rays of sun hitting the walls. She's drawing something, and she looks like a cat. Anil and I were shooting the shit for a bit, something about financing a motorcycle, but now he's just doing card tricks, which are extra impressive when gravity is sort of opposite. Anil passes me some cards too, which I immediately drop trying to do half the Z-shuffle he can. It's a shrug when the deck flutters to the floor below and he whips out another deck. It's really quite tough to get upset by anything when you're floating.

We hear Anton in the kitchen, making some snacks. He's been bustling around all morning, laundry and breakfast and the like. "Anton throw us some crackers," I call.

"You'll get them on the floor, and I just cleaned up," came the predicted response.

"No, we won't," Anil promised, catching some cards on their way to the pile below.

A pause.

Crackers and hummus flung up to the ceiling.

"Thanks!" I call out, "You're welcome to join us any time!" I know he won't. He's going to read in the park, probably. But he won't admit it's much better to read up in a tree, or even above a window indoors.

As he walks out, I realize I should have asked for a book – It's tough to reach the shelf from above and a journey to get down to my laptop. A glance at Julie. She's preoccupied. Book it is. I pose like a frog on the ceiling, kick my legs off my spot and leap forward with arms outstretched for the doorway that will take me towards my room. A scuffed pivot on the frame with my fingertips and I kick off the top of the door down the hallway. I bob down from the momentum a tad, but it will be hours before I touch the floor again.





So you bought a shiny new Fendt 728 and took her for a spin. The thing cuts through ruts like damn cheese, the variotronic user interface for your operating equipment is an absolute joy, and best of all, she purrs like a beaut. But you noticed that already the rear front three-point hitch hydraulics are acting up. No need to ship off your gorgeous machine to the suspiciously capable hands of the Fendt repair shop for an eternity. Who needs that 3000-hour service plan anyways? They'd just use up all the hours and then tack on some more! This is an easy fix that your aunt could do it in the garage with some sweat and grease. Keep reading below for the quick guide on:



The one I tried out



[Rear Front Hitch Lift Cylinder fits Fendt 930 Vario 936 Vario 924 Vario, retail used for about \\$500 USD](#)

How to repair the Rear Front Hydraulic Three.5-point Fixed Hitch

On a FENDT 728 Vario

The Fendt 728, mechanically, is amazing and extremely desirable. Deere, CLAAS, AGCO, Massey and the like - sure, they've got some pretty stuff and reduce their UI down to a pretty basic level, but that has nothing on the capability of a Fendt 728. The one that I tested smoked the hell out of our 9630t and that should speak for itself. I won't belabor the finer points of the usual dominance of the 9630t, but everyone is aware of how impressive that machine is. It offers the robotized powershift P6-Drive, which shifts in 4 ranges. It's got crab-mode that is gentle on soil. The automated operator-predictive system that pulls the levers and steers for you. The built in fatigue safety massage feature. The thrill of the 40 kmh top speed - less time on the road means more time on the farm. But the Fendt 728 has all of that and more, including virtual reality, zen, and hyperfocus mode. If you can get over the fact that you'll literally be paying for this tractor with every harvest for the rest of your life (but that's totally okay, it's about the principle of the thing anyways), this is surely a tractor that you'll want to make king of your fleet.

Growing up, we had a 313 Fendt. My Dad and his sister always beat that thing into the ground and then ran it into the fence a few times for good measure at the end of the day. Really good tractor, it lasted until last year, which is a really long time. Of course, you have to service any tractor, good or bad, to make it last, and that is what we did. Typically, everything works smooth on a Fendt except a bent toplink here or there, but the rear front hitch would break every now and then. Nowadays, you can just go online and order a replacement cylinder, but we used to have to swap cylinders from other 516 tractors in the barn; it was never a good day when you made it to the edge of the property and realized you were sweatin' all over a machine that was missing a rear front hitch hydraulic line. I've done that so many times, now I replace these hitches as naturally and buttery as the Vendt lugs a batwing across rough ground.

A couple of days ago, I decided that I would part with my JD xd-55, as part of my ambitious campaign to rely solely on Vendt goodness. I was repairing the ignition switch (not the rear front hitch cylinder) and I noticed that when the trickle charger was on, the key was getting stuck. Has anyone had this problem before? I was able to jam a screwdriver into the starter solenoid, but I think something must be wonky because of the trickle charger. I would appreciate any insight on if the issues is with the trickle charger, I'm mostly scratching my head right now. This would probably never happen on a Vendt, usually things don't break on those. Generally, whether you're replacing the ignition switch or a hydraulic, you'll want to open the compartment on the underside of the back of the tractor. The first step is to unscrew and screw the line. It seems like the hardest line to reach is always the one that is the problem one, so locate the one furthest from you and make sure to unscrew it a little **and then** screw it in all the way. Before you do this, make sure that you have released the pressure with the proper joystick by releasing all of the pressure in the line or else **you will permanently break two of the three points on the three-point hitch**. Vendt will probably not cover any of this damage, but I wouldn't know because that's never happened to me. Typically, this is a repair I do on my 963t or Dad's old 313 that

you are the
industrial worm

there is no
limits to that

who is born
and dies in
your mind

Meet the Authors



Dag Holm has pooled his extra cash into creating a “retirement home for show sheep” where he adopts sheep once they are too old to show at the state fair. Dag has been experimenting with creating new sheep wool products including water tubes and flower vases.

Urban Ebert is a Costco food scientist. He views the universe as a living organism, one of unknowable complexity. Urban enjoys spending his free time with his girlfriend's dog, but he can often be found contemplating the murkiest enigmas of life and its burdens. On the weekends, when he isn't poring over op-ed or feature writing drafts for Dag's Zine or other projects like Washington Post, he's attempting to transcend into a higher plane of experience, one of unbroken perpetual awareness unbridled by physical form.

