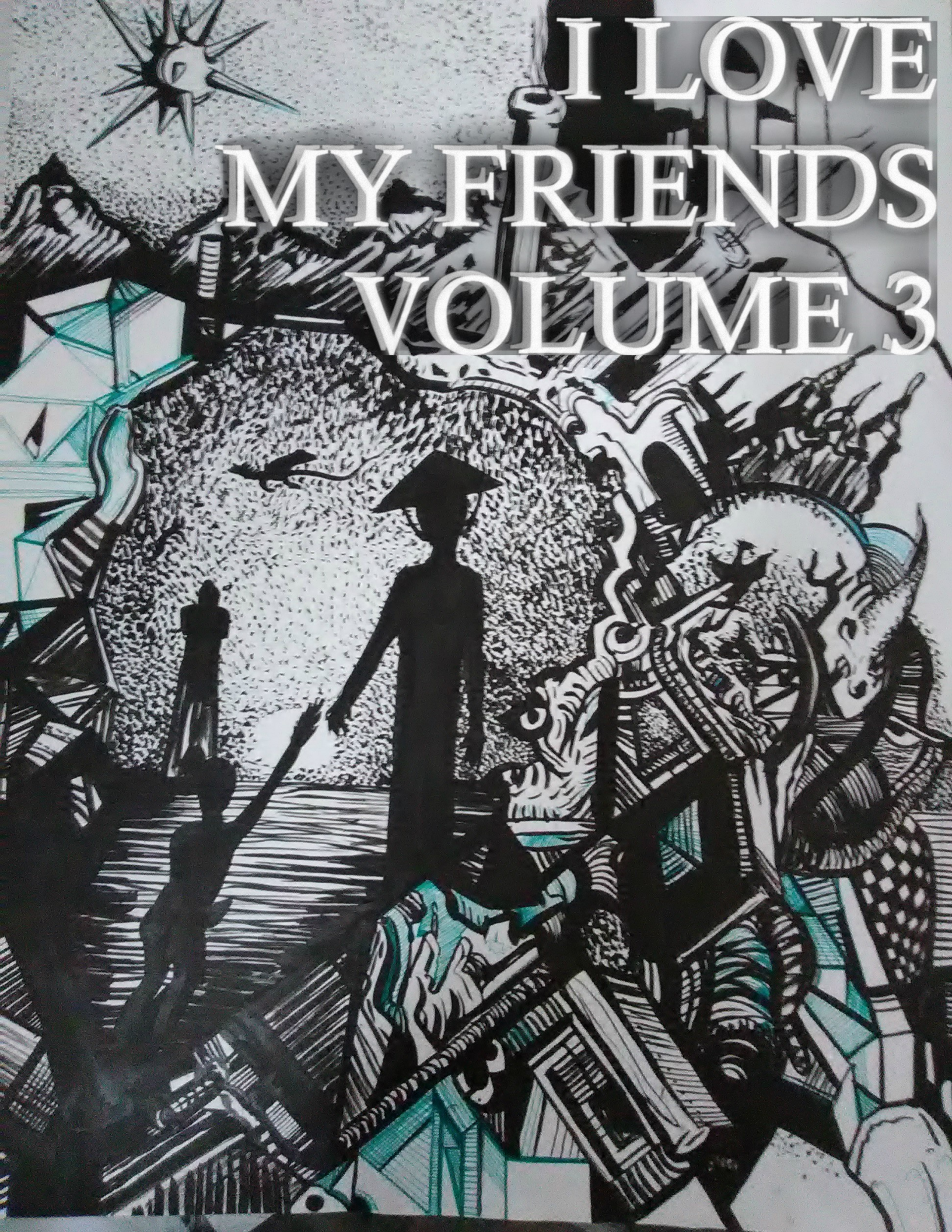


I LOVE MY FRIENDS VOLUME 3



I LOVE MY FRIENDS

VOLUME 3

What the heck is this?

I Love My Friends is a zine put together by me, Ja(y/mes) “Iannis Wagner” Nee, to express my appreciation for and admiration of — you guessed it — my friends!

From paintings to poetry to anything else, I adore my friends’ works and words;

ILMF serves to compile these wonderful things.

Please note that while I have my friends’ permission to reproduce their creations, I’m not sure if you do! If you’d like to share something you’ve found in this zine on, say, your tumblr, please contact me first at ilmfzine@gmail.com so I can clear it with the artist. Thanks for understanding!

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Cornelius "Danger" Boregard - *London Bridge is Falling*
(2017; digital)



Madeline Ping - *Android Breakfast*

(2017; pencil on paper, digital)



Adam Herszkowitz - *Sleeping Sickness* (2017)

At four in the morning

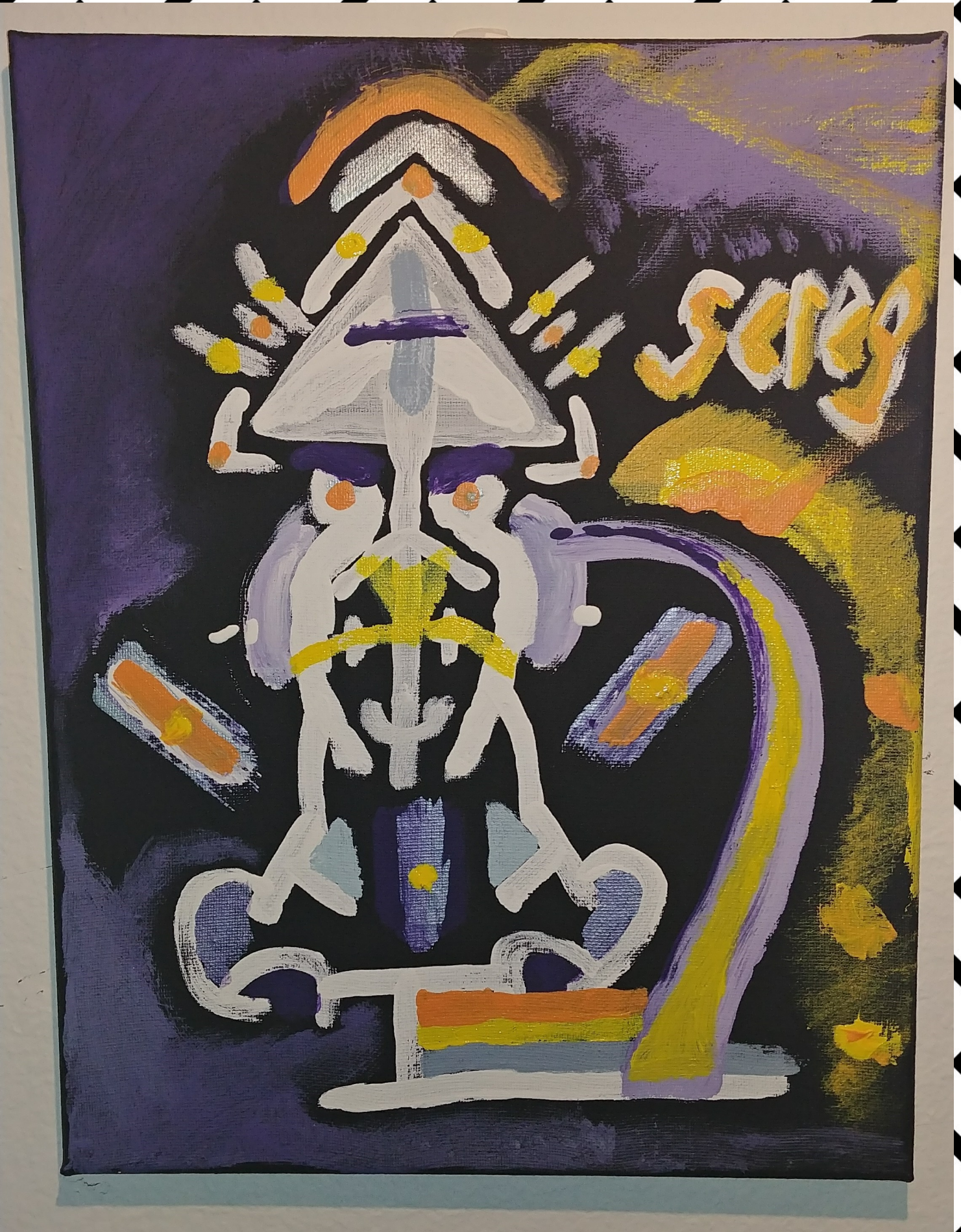
You

Must

Exist

I left my sobriety at the door of my new friends' house. I can't remember their names. Time passed slowly at first, and then quickly, but returned to the slow crawl of a second per second before long. We drank a lot of cheap vodka that I stole from my grandmother. I listened to my new friends argue for what felt like hours. I watched the *Twin Peaks* feature film with them and thought that I might have a seizure. I didn't have a seizure. Then, I thought about poetry. I have not yet been absolved of my sins. I followed them back to their house on foot. I fell asleep on the couch. I woke up to find them still going at it. Their thoughts scraped against my skull with an awful, dull roar. The void is loud. Vomit. Solitude. Silence? Indifference.

Jay Nee - Screg (2017; acrylic on canvas)

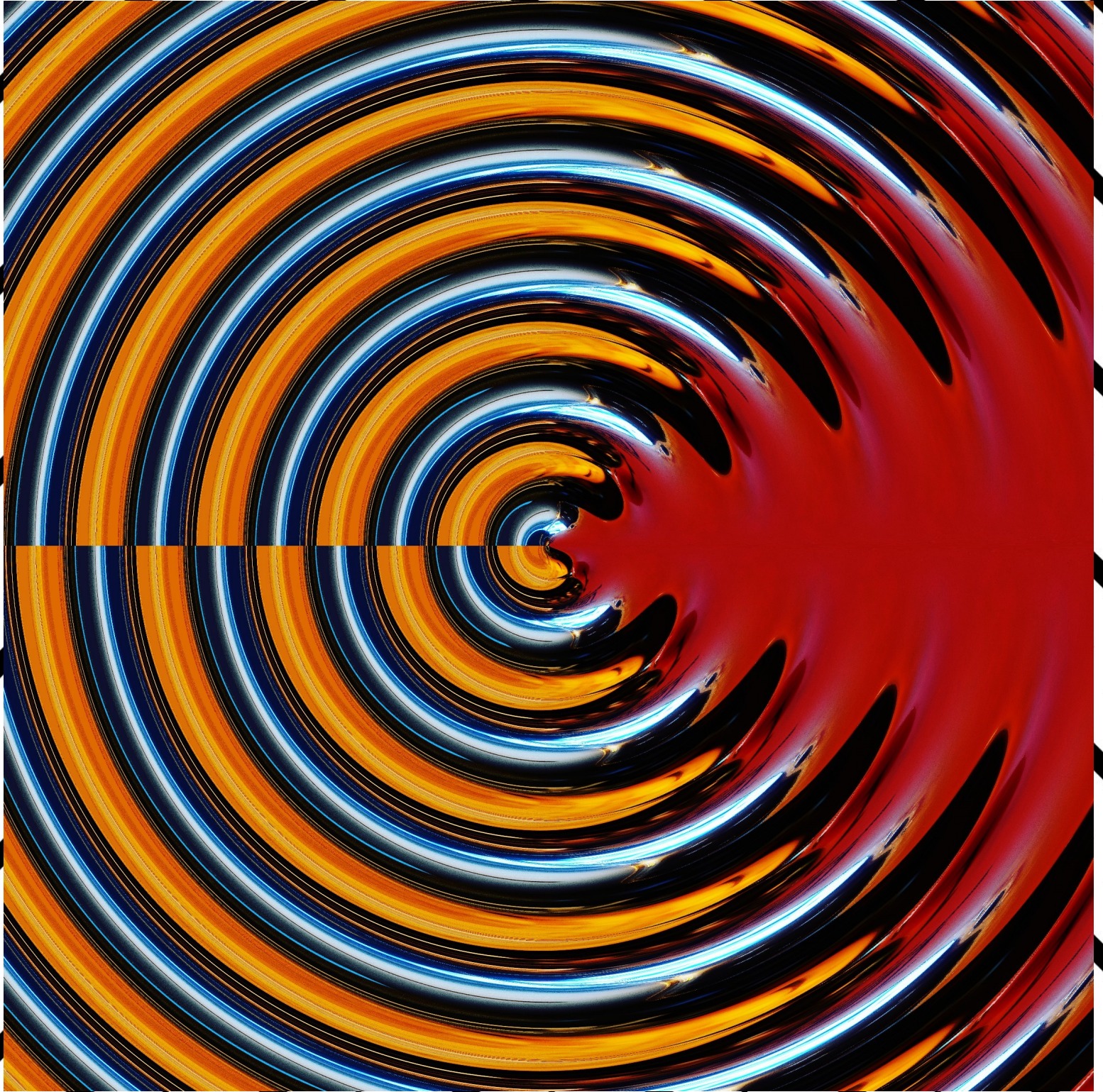


Kendrikson Scu Mboi - *Burnt Bridges* (2017)

Scum fuccboi. Rum make my luck boy. Dumb taking drugs boy. Numb faking love boy. Never trust alumni.

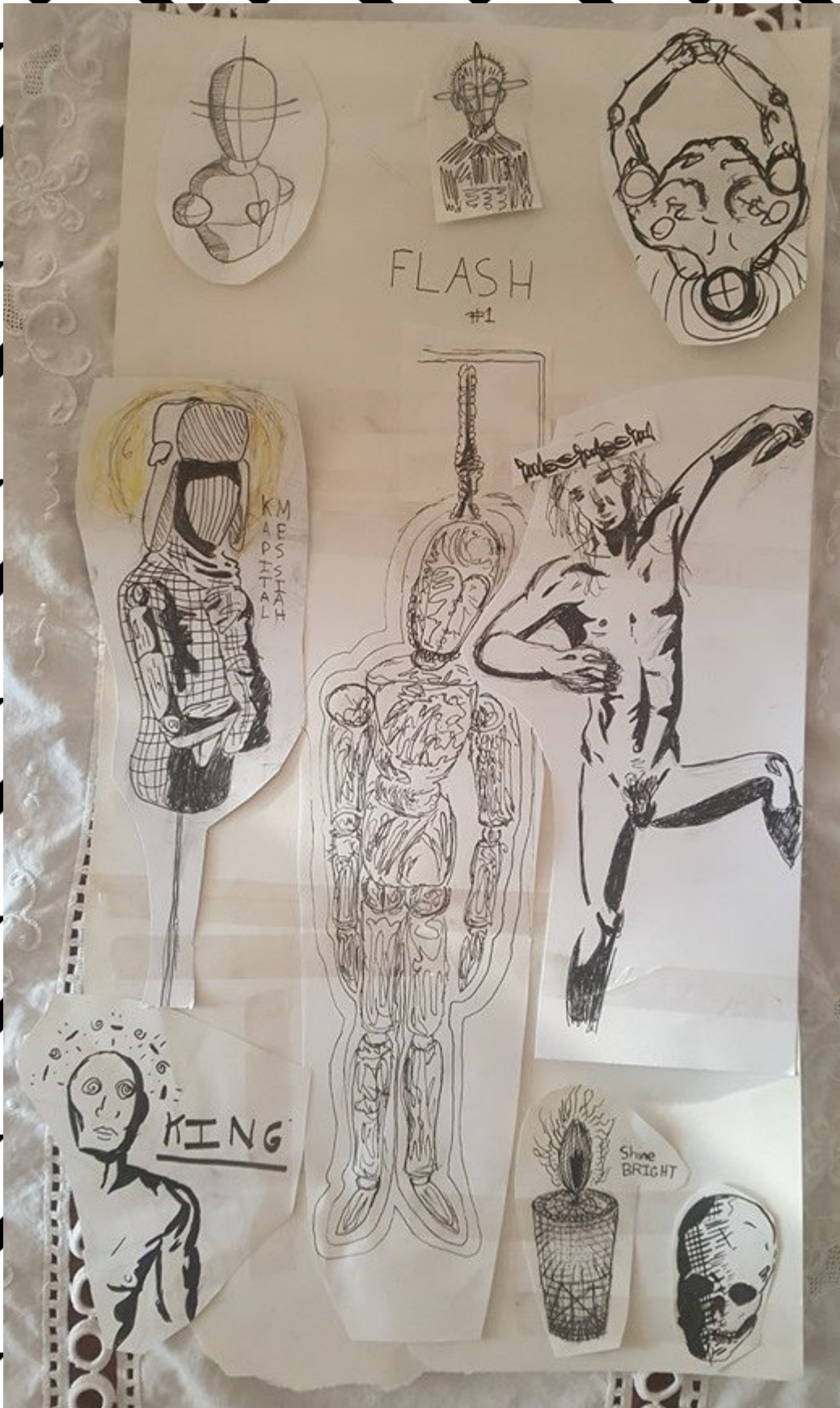
Losing never fun boy. Talk and talk and talk til his tongue turns dumb boy. How you say you love the kid? How you gonna say you miss the kid? Lie through your kiss for the kid. Dance on his grave just to live the kid. Shit makes him livid, blind yet vivid. Roll over in the bed and not feel like living. Kid feels like killing. The toll was a given but the burning bridges quicken.

Kendrikson Scu Mboi - *Cosmo* (2017; digital)



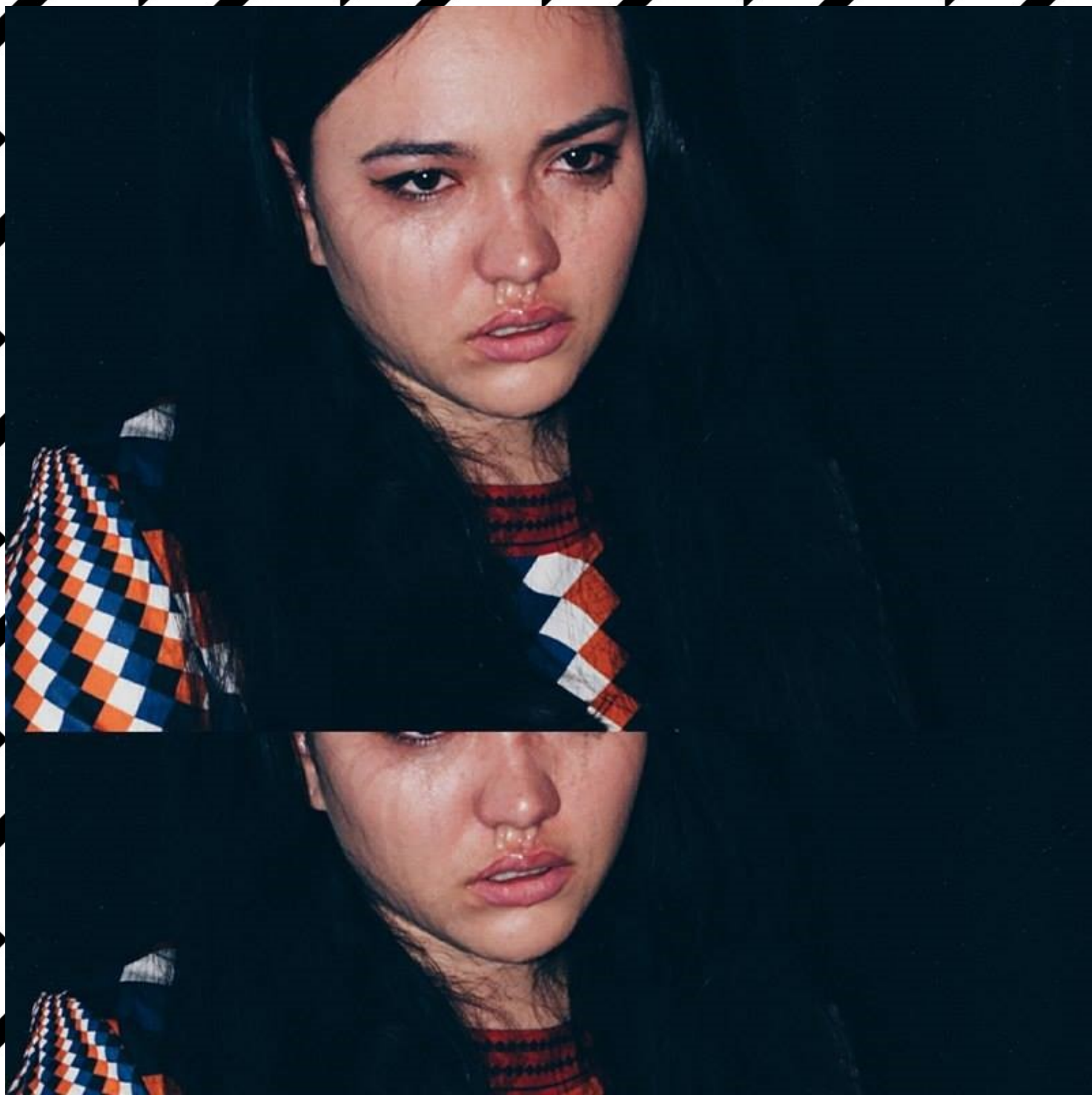
Dawson Brown - *Flash Sheet #1*

(2017; graphite and ink on paper, collage)



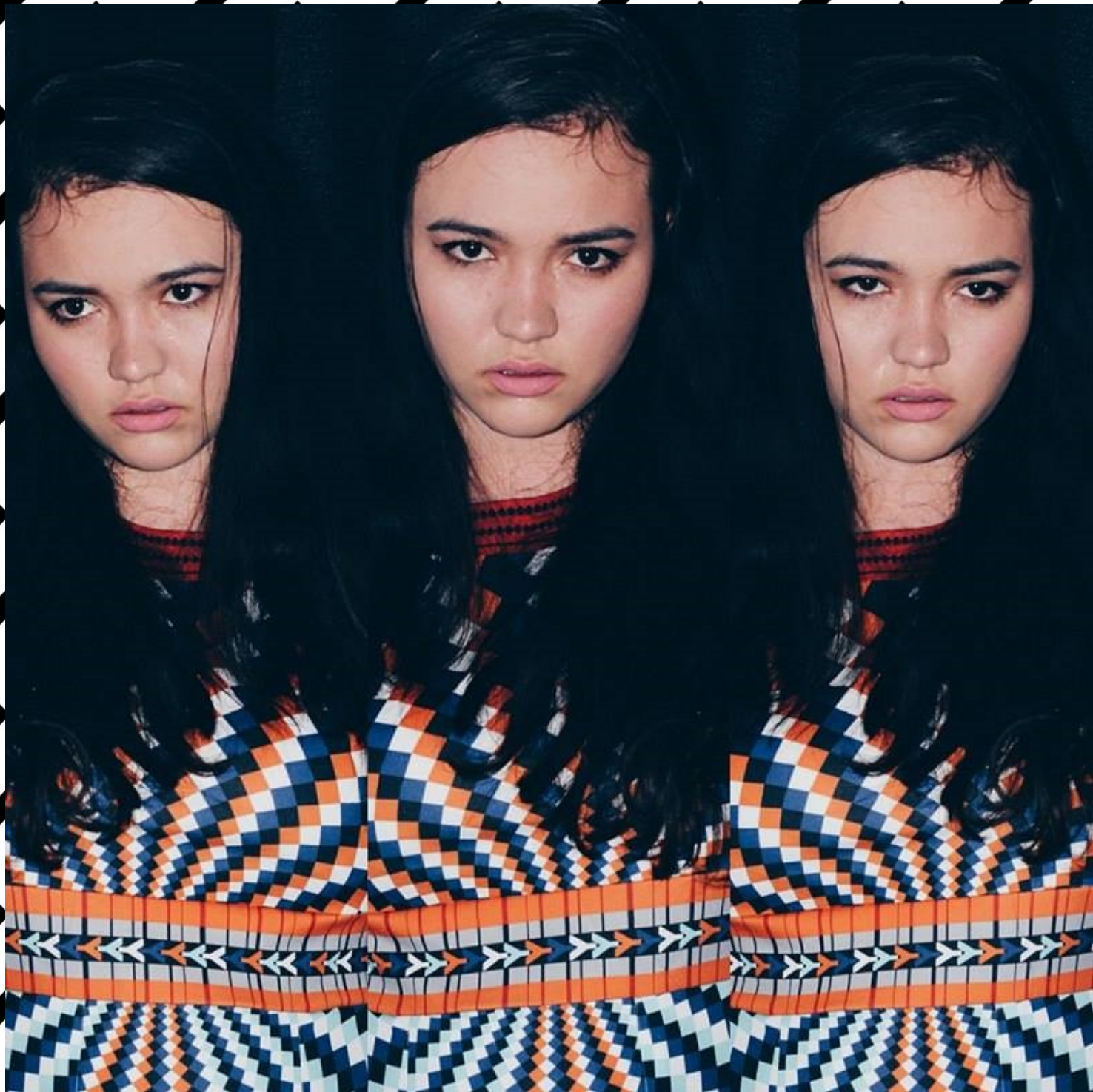
Hailey Magaña - *Trauma Did This* [1]

(2017; photography and digital)



Hailey Magaña - *Trauma Did This* [2]

(2017; photography and digital)



Étienne Vézina - *Cadence Existentielle*

(2017; original French)

Ceci est le son d'un musicien brisé
Derrière chaque note une blessure
Chaque vibration l'écho d'une
douleur

Des mains brisées par leur œuvre
Autant de cordes rompues à l'usage
Meurtries par les galops incessants
Et les arpèges stridents

Ceci est le son d'un chanteur usé
La voix écorchée par son talent mala-
droit

Chaque vibration l'écho d'une terreur
L'oubli qui ravage le mémoire
Des fondations bâties sur la fatigue
Des voiles tissées à même la douleur
Une torture de l'instrument

Ceci est le son d'un écrivain à la
plume asséchée
Son sang d'encre refusant de s'épan-
dre sur le papier

Ceci est le silence d'un compositeur
assoiffé
Qui noircit ses nuits blanches de mé-
lodies inachevées

Ceci est le son d'une rage dormante
D'une colère en souffrance
Un moteur avide de carburant
Une charge à vide à bout portant

Ceci est la prose d'un auteur blessé
Derrière chaque lettre un désespoir
Chaque mot un rappel de la chute
inévitable

Ceci est le son d'un fou
Qui répète ad vitam aeternam
Les mêmes douloureuses erreurs
Tout pour ne pas être quidam
Fonçant chaque jour contre le même
mur

S'enfonçant toujours un peu plus
dans un amour impossible
Une vulgaire abeille butinant les
fleurs du mal

Icare s'élançant vers les étoiles

Ceci est le son d'une chute annoncée
Vers un précipice trop familier
Une nuit dont le seul conseil
Sera de demain faire pareil

Ceci est le son d'une lutte à finir
Entre réalité et délire
Entre futur et avenir
Entre musique et confort

Ceci est-il le son d'un paisible oubli
ou d'une mémorable tempête?

Étienne Vézina - *Cadence Existentielle*

(2017; English translation)

This is the sound of a broken musician
Behind each note a wound
Each vibration the echo of a pain
Hands broken by their work
That many strings broken to the task
Harmed by the unrelenting gallops
And the piercing arpeggios

This is the sound of a rugged singer
A voice scorched by its clumsy talent
Each vibration the echo of a terror
Oblivion which ravages memory
Foundations built on weariness
Sails woven from pain
A torture of the instrument

This is the sound of a writer's dry pen
His blood of ink refusing to spread
on the paper
This is the silence of a thirsty composer
Who darkens his white nights with
unfinished melodies

This is the sound of a sleeping anger
Of a restless anger
An engine craving fuel
A blank shot at point-blank

This is the prose of a wounded author
Behind each letter, despair
Each word a reminder of the inevitable fall
This is the sound of a madman
Who repeats *ad vitam aeternam*
The same painful mistakes
Everything to avoid being a no-name
Hitting each day the same wall
Burying himself always a bit more
into an impossible love
A vulgar bee gathering the nectar
from the flowers of evil
Icarus launching himself towards the stars

This is the sound of a foreshadowed fall
Into an oh so familiar chasm
A night whose only advice
Is to do the same tomorrow

This is the sound of a struggle to be had
Between reality and delirium
Between future and things to come
Between music and comfort
Is this the sound of a tranquil oblivion
or of a memorable storm?

Cornelius "Danger" Boregard - *Lust*

(2017; digital)



Hayashi Yume - *Untitled* [1]
(2017; oil pastel on cardstock)



Erin Onarecker - *Tenaja*
(2017; watercolor on paper)



Erin O. 2017.

Bella Lugxsi - *Saint Bella 2* (2017; photography and digital)



Bella Lugxsi - *Saint Bella 3* (2017; photography and digital)



Tonette Gauthier (aka candykissesbloodfilledskylines)

Beginnings of a Prisoner's Daughter (2014)

Three days fresh from her womb THEY waited. THEY were my grandparents. THEY drove to Southern California to come save me from being separated from my siblings. My siblings were taken away from the family they had known and placed with another family.

Baptized in the prison to give me salvation for the sins of my mother. That sin was killing my father with a rifle.

Waiting, according to familial folklore, so that I wouldn't be adopted out. Infants were a commodity. Fresh from a womb constantly fed Thorazine (aka Chlorpromazine), an anti-psychotic medication. Being that, according to a newspaper report, my biological mother was "acutely psychotic" during her court proceedings, I am sure this is not just family folklore.

Yellow from jaundice and screaming is how I came out of her womb. She was shackled when she went into labor, with the other prisoners yelling telling her to keep it together. According to my grandparents, my bio mother was shackled quite often, with bruises on her tiny wrists noticeable during visitation. Bio mother says from her knowledge I wouldn't stop crying.

I have no clue where I was born. If I was born at the prison or in another county. My county of birth was changed to avoid the stigma of being a child of a prisoner. They wanted no one to know of my beginning. My mother was incarcerated with Susan Atkins and Patricia Krenwinkel.

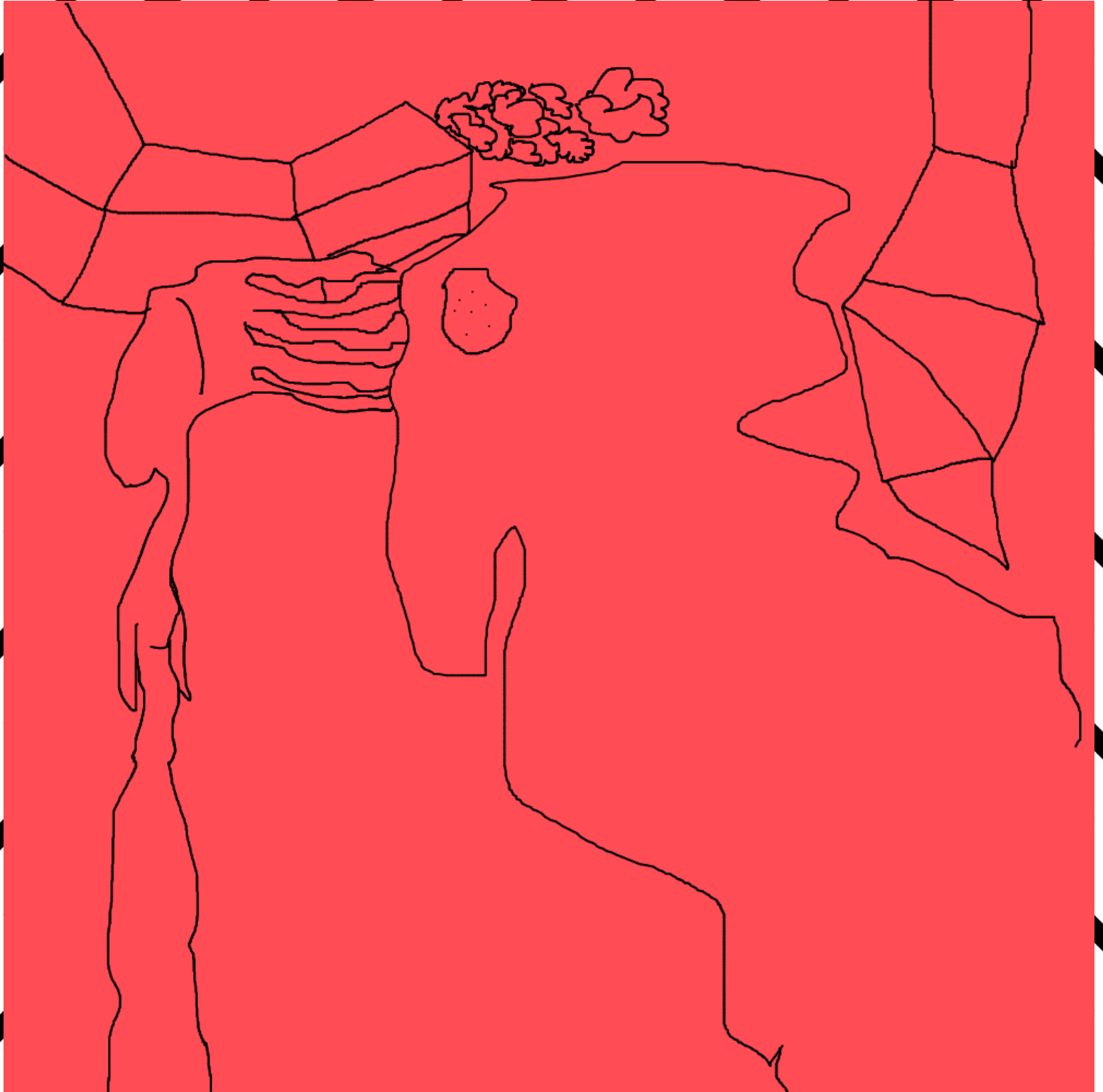
My mother had a friend in prison whose middle name I was given. She was a bank robber or embezzler.

I'd love to meet her but those chances are slim.

Hayashi Yume - *Untitled* [2]
(2017; oil pastel on cardstock)



Ash Bertrand - *Junk* (2017; digital)



Adam Hershkowitz - *Ellis Street*

(2017; photography)




Bishop Martin - Causal Agents (2017)

You're so great
it's so big
This is living
Your main attraction
Part of a faction
Tea in pitchers
Taking pictures
This is living
Staring at my narra-
tive
You think I'm imper-
ative
You're a panic attack
woke up like that
Touching words my
assault
Gorgeous eyes my
line of fault
Glad you let me in
trading information
double transfor-
mation
now we're causal
agents.
Boy I think you broke
me
Touched by unseen
forces
I saw this with my
black eye
Drifting up my alley
Great big southern
valley
Turn my truth to lies
with style
Self suppression
First impressions
Check out my carnal
invention
Giving thanks to the
bottom line
Who needs tomor-
row, I am fine
Saying grace at an
awkward time
Giving thanks to the
bottom line
Taking lessons
You're just messin'
Private session
Mixed message
Glad you let me in
Trading information
Double transfor-
mation
Now we're causal
agents
Mental illness
Cathartic stillness
Stacks of red bricks
Let's rebuild it
You're a groupie
For Ted Bundy
You're a fox
Wearing socks
During sex
You're a wreck on the
Internet,
Nothing is sacred

You say that I'm lyin'
I'm not even tryin'
imagine if Crowley
were right
And fate were an
open gate
We'd be on our way
I think you saved me
I was grazing
Amazing gracing
Great racing
Paraphrasing
I see my outline
I hear my flatline
Things are rhyming
Finally dying
Found the timing
I hope no one quotes
me
Glad you let me in
Trading information
Double transfor-
mation
Now we're causal
agents
Best left unaddressed
Best not learn what's
hot
Territory marked
with passive art
You won't get off the
monkey bars.
I believe you
Let me relieve you

Tell me a story
Con amore
I'll be sorry
Feels like a party
It just started
We've departed
Can't lose a lick lest
my taste will go to
waste and sipping at
the drip has me
chewing on my lips.
Touch me in the drive
through, I can't be
left hanging, I'll be-
come a haunted
building.
Open context
You promised
Its not a contest
All reference
No severance
And your big, big
preference of absence
of inference has me
guessing like a bad
boy looking for lost
toys, plotting all the
rule changes, match-
ing up with moon
phases.
One bird alone stays
up all night quoting
nice guys
Look at it looking so
selfless.



Glad you let me in
Trading information
Double transformation
Now we're causal agents

This is living

Brandon Drew Sandford - *Xanadu* (Analog Painting 2)
(2017; acrylic and magazine collage on canvas)



Brandon Drew Sandford - *Xanadu* (Analog Painting 3)
(2017; acrylic and magazine collage on canvas)



Angela Howe - *Friends*

(2017; ink on paper)



Iona - *Triangles 2*
(2017; gel monotype)



Iona - *Triangles 3*
(2017; gel monotype)



Ian Cairncross - *Trepanning* (2017)

Imagine the previous globe
Images mostly blurred
A multiplicity of entities
Entitled to be ready
Trepanation pining for the burr
Serrated titration, a vile vivation
All across the former nations
The formal jealousy filled
So many evaded coverage
Histories that weren't written
As far as we currently see
We see so slowly
A delay in perceived vision
Flies lay in the former haunts
Driven to make a brief life full
Burial plots on reserve
There's so little to preserve
I see frights of frigid rigidity
A shiver and a shake
That stems from another force than cold
The toll of the disparate stretch
It creates a mechanical facade
A bridge collapses into a dry bay
So the old stream takes its course
Coarse skin meets the weakest shell
Veins as tense as guitar strings
These tales of a rigorous path to normal
Find themselves working against the grain

Ian Cairncross - *Riddance* (2017)

Tribulations under trials
The vials spill their substance
Substantial iterations interact with interest
A vestigial arm becomes a phantom
Fantasizing afflictions
Addictive yet sly
Hail the cyclones that obscure
An amount that goes awry
Contradictions that belie
Sulking hull made its mark
Trying to prevail the electron storm
Collaborating for the sake of survival
An illuminated black hole
Creates its own tools for denial
The particles always travel through
Who knows what will cease existence?
Three bullets create six holes
Practically speaking we're the most vapid
Vaporized skin lifts from the corporeal
Infamous without acknowledging it
Finalized while hedging bets
I understand the frustration
You're such a special case in this
Translucency worsened the situation
Undulating utterances flutter with huddling pittance
The riddance of the hidden sense
Flies under our grasp

Lochlan Smith - *Motion* statement (2017)

The aesthetics of the human body have roots in the earliest forms of art, a projection of one's self in a figure on a cave wall. Rudimentary art and depictions fuelled human curiosity and drove us to be greater, to strive for more breakthroughs and to understand ourselves better.

Transcending cave art, to Greco-roman sculptures and paintings depicting Adonis figures of epic muscled proportions, depictions of the gods and biblical characters in monolithic structures to the heavens, to the documentation of the human form and to create breakthroughs in cardiology and aerodynamics.

The human figure is a constant in all art, the sense of familiarity is appealing and homely.

Lochlan Smith - *Motion 1*

(2017; 3.5mm film using a Nishika n8000, digitized)



Lochlan Smith - *Motion 2*

(2017; 3.5mm film using a Nishika n8000, digitized)



Lochlan Smith - *Motion 3*

(2017; 3.5mm film using a Nishika n8000, digitized)



Max Shaw - *Art is death: a manifesto against hope, against creativity, and against self-expression* (2016)

Art is dead, and we are its murderers. How could we do such a thing? How could we drink up the sea?

the words of a dead syphilitic proto fascist crown this essay stolen from beyond the grave but perhaps the world we find ourselves in can only be understood by dead syphilitic proto fascists

art is dying, art is dead, art is the very concept of death itself. An unending torrent of bruised peaches brutally fucked by Frank "Cards" Underwood

art is dying art is dead, but I repeat it's a side effect. echolocalia. is there an echo in here? echo echo

we lie crushed by the confluence of history and mechanical reproduction. Everything has been done, everything has been said, every possible arrangement of values and minds and material and arm and hand has been beaten to death (as is the highest extent of any movement)

Rejection of art and its ability to say anything meaningful anymore has, of course, been done to death. Not just crushed into the ground but done a century ago older than anyone alive but constantly reminded to us by the crushing power of information and reproduction. Rejection of art is dead, dying, death, and we are its murderers, but I repeat it's a side effect. echolocalia. Is there an echo in here? echo echo (that wasn't as funny or novel this time because the joke had been recorded and is now dead)

everything we do make or say merely kills another possible avenue of self expression for another dying soul desperate to transcend its frail and stinking flesh. This manifesto itself, were it to be read, published, enshrined would prevent another manic episode from reproducing it in its truest sense.

you smile but the hand you reach out to me is coated in death, it leaks out from between your teeth and mine when we kiss

all that is valuable in the valueless hateful abyss of late capital is novelty and rarity. we chase to be the first to crush the life out of a flower, record a band before it gets too good, only listen to the shitty records. This is why the true artist continuously rewrites and then burns his first novel.

you're screaming in your death throes right now but you can't hear it because the screams of everyone else in the world are drowning you out

there is no movement left to build, there is no way to get any further post, we are post the idea of postness. post post post echo echo the only thing that can help us move forward is the oncoming heat death of the human species. In the meantime it is our duty to destroy as much as we can and vomit forth unending hordes of pointless meaningless guttertalk and garbage noise. to this I pledge my sacred honor.

FIN

FAQ:

Q: What is the True and Inquiring Artist to do armed with this information?

A: Face GOD and walk backward into hell

Addendum to FAQ: ^that was a dril tweet

