

GAS RINGS

A MINI ZINE IN THE FAG MOB UNIVERSE



We named this mini zine after the things we wear on our fingers on the days we expect to get trouble- the simple objects which, at least in our own minds, mark the difference between straight victimhood and going down swinging. We could've chosen other weapons- other things we're akin to carrying, telescopic batons, karabini clips, knives, but we chose these- honestly we can't tell you exactly why- maybe its asthetical- simply that they made the best photo cover, maybe it's something to do with the fact that they reflect other parts of our lives- DIY culture, fashion, sneakyness, maybe its none of the above but anyway thats the name and here we are. Stranger than that perhaps, is that this zine doesn't really have anything to do wth gas rings- except in some very vague thematic sense; what it has to do with in fact is anger, with rage, with hurt, and with disgust at this world. Much of what is in here we compiled as part of a submission to a queer anthology of rage- but we decided to also drop our own version, with some new admissions and some other tangents explored. Maybe by the end, you'll understand why we named it as we did- we hope it brings you somewhere.



All the hate I saw in your eyes,

Seemed enough to bring this world to Ruins'[1]



We fucking hate this world- we hate every last fucking bit of it- we can no longer even be fucked to describe that which it is we hate- cus quite frankly its fucking all of it. Once maybe we were idealists who cared about abstract political causes, about things getting better, about saving the fucking world, but FUCK IT we don't; we wanna watch (and participate in) it burn(ing).

We found Queerness, Anarchism, Queer Nihilism, but even there we find none of us are really ready for the actual material consequences, or if we are the perspectives are just straight up too fucking hopeful. It's too far gone and we're all too broken so grab your mates and hold on tight- we're all too used to being served. Even the apocalypse fetishists and assorted nihilists anticipating the absolute collapse are too fucking hopeful, we won't be served up some grand great ending some finality to this misery- the apocalypse already happened- we're right in the middle of it- and that grand collapse they promised you- it's your daily fucking life- not so fucking spectacular is it?

It's all already over and so are we but regardless we'll hold on tight to our hostility, it's a tangible, tasty, beautiful thing- this war we're stuck in: the abject poverty, the abuses of our bodies, the horror we witness all around; after a while you start to realize it's all just one giant fucked up game with no winners and ever worsening ways to loose- but fuck it if you play you might at least find a more exciting way to go out. A friend described it once as "like having a cheat code in sims", you find the hustles and the tricks that that just slightly stretch the limits the world places on your life, jumping ever between them as they become less viable, less gratifying; you never escape the game but in the wiggle room of the cheats you might at least find comfort and maybe just maybe even fun.

[1] Quote from a recent panel in the manga 'Attack on Titan'.

Initially when we wrote this text we had a skit starting from the principle of forces “every action has an opposite equal reaction” where we declared that we ourselves could be the opposite unequal reaction, we wrote some beautiful words “for every cop we are five bullets, for every rapist two kneecaps, for every terf ten broken jaws” but honestly even we don’t actually believe that- we’re not organized or powerful enough to perform some dance of counter power (and even if we were we wouldn’t want power we’d want annihilation- our own included). We’re just some down and out queer kids on the corner sharpening knives and looking moody- occasionally racking some shit and fucking some people up- getting by and trying to play in the most cruel and offensive way we can. If an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind, we wanna see it deaf, mute and fucking limping! This aint no call to arms, its the fucking hunger games. without the gift parachutes or the airlifts outta here, and all the baying crowd wishing you were dead- so embrace that cruelty, choose some allies- lock and fucking load.

**YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS
ARE DEAD.**

GAME OVER

If we hold onto anything about the queer or anarchist trajectories we were born out of, its only in some far as they mark us enemy, outsider, freak, target. We hold onto them as reminders of cheat codes that once served to ease the passing of our lives, which make/made them fun- even if we look on them now with a slight sense of disdain and mistrust.

We hoped, oh how we hoped that Baedan might be right- that a queerness could grow up which was negation in its purest form- but alas for us, idealists to the end, when we peered over the edge and saw SOMETHING- not absence, not lack, not the infinite blackness of the void, but a cold hard concrete something and realized finally there was no such aluring hope- the game continues no matter how much you level up.

It’s liberating somehow knowing there’s nothing you CAN do and frustrating sometimes knowing that there’s nothing you SHOULD do. Sometimes its hard to place yourself in time and space after you accept it’s all going to shit anyways- but, on the good days you can always try to remind yourself if there is nothing I CAN or Should do, there’s also nothing I CAN’T or SHOULDN’T..

They made the game- So Lets fucking Play.

10 Reasons why Trans Women are Violent **(by Violent Trans woman)**

1. Because your violent world aggresses us, passivity means death; violence is the only way we'll settle things.

2. Because breaking your jaw is proven to be more effective than calling you out.

3. Because you silence us, stop us from speaking out, and prevent us from using other forms of communication.

4. Because too many of our friends/sisters/comrades are dead because they didn't have the tools to match your violence.

5. Because too many of our sisters have been singled out as “the violent ones” and thrown in jail. It will take violence to abolish jail, it will take a proliferation of violent trans women to end the isolation of our brave sisters.

6. Because we hate the police, the state, and the world.

7. Because cishetropatriachy will only yield to force.

8. Because reparations and revenge cannot be given, only taken.

9. Because we will not tolerate the states monopoly on violence.

10. Because our violence is liberating, healing, and fun.

11. Because of our penis's and inherent masculinity, our testosterone and the fact that we are all secretly men in dresses offers us no other way to resolve our conflicts... LOL JOKES! AS IF WE CAN EVEN THINK THIS WITHOUT BURSTING INTO LAUGHTER, OR SOMETIMES TEARS.

FUCK TERFS. FUCK COPS. FUCK PACIFISTS.



Page Left- '1 Flic, 1 Balle'- A french slogan meaning 1 Cop 1 Bullet.





'Even the apocalypse fetishists and assorted nihilists anticipating the absolute collapse are too fucking hopeful, we won't be served up some grand great ending some finality to this misery— the apocalypse already happened— we're right in the middle of it— and that grand collapse they promised you— it's your daily fucking life— not so spectacular is it?'