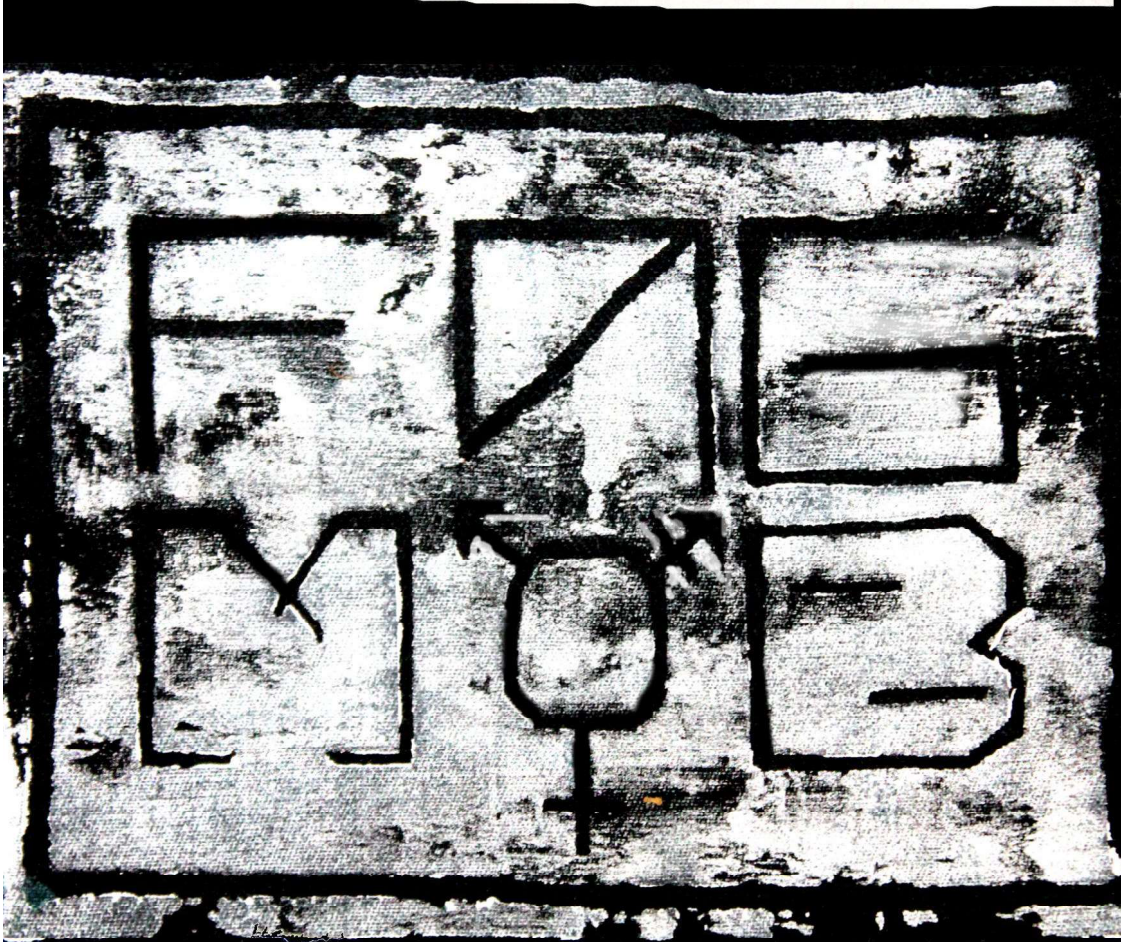




EVERYTHING IS GOING TO SHIT ANYWAYS



PS - WHY WE HATE YOU





Abandon all Hope, We are in Hell

Too much time wasted in the absence of waking, too many hours spent believing the nightmare to be real.

There is an old proverb which goes thus: "She who dies in the dream will cease to exist in the material plane- in 'real' life'. By this is meant not she who wakes shivering from the bed, moments before the Axe falls, but rather she for whom death is fully and totally actualized in the sleeping world- the endless darkness in one reality it says, is the same endless darkness which concludes all realities.

But what if this is just a fairytale, what if the nightmare in which we exist is just that, a nightmare; and what if the only way to end that nightmare is to 'die'? What then for those of us who have been promised only annihilation in this paradigm of reality, what if 'dying' means the final abandon of the future, what then if dying is the 'no future' we so desperately desire. We aren't chasing "the end of history"¹, we're chasing the end of ourselves, and with us, the end of the world.

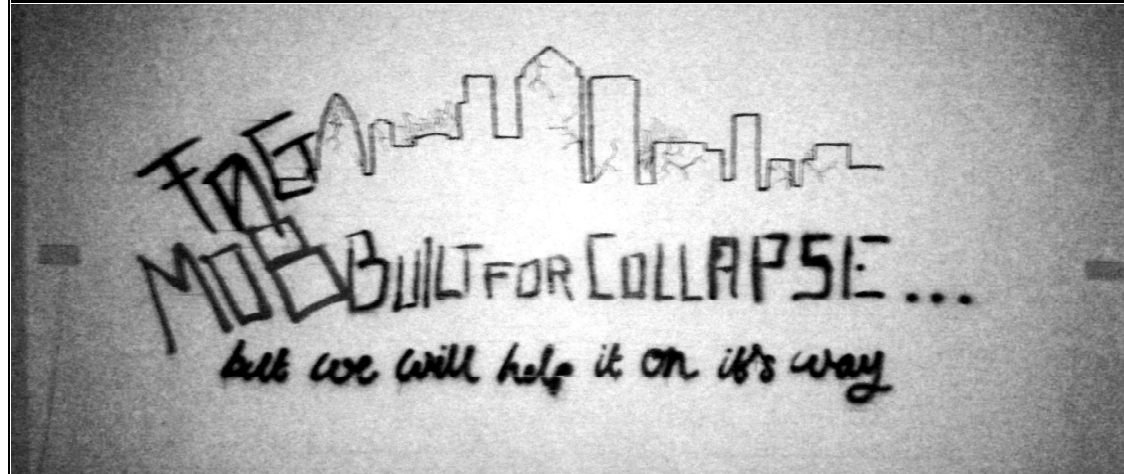
There must be no trace of us, there must be no trace of the world. They will not bury us in the ground like lords an ladies married forever to an ever changing earth; but burn us like witches, our ashes untraceable and the soil beneath us razed in endless ruin. This ruin cannot be contained to one place, nor in many; but must expand to every spacial and immaterial dimension till unquenchable fire consumes all which they once called civilization is razed to nothing.

We must burn its ashes, we must burn its ashes ashes.

¹Marx apparently (we haven't actually read Marx, we just absorbed by osmosis his theories whilst lying in bed with Marxists lovers or screaming across the floors of crowded social centers at members of the SWP) says something about the end of history being communism?



BACABA





CABACA



CATACHRESIS

Naming a thing which by definition cannot be named.

When all of this first started, I might have called what we had “a 'meeting' of 'queer' affinities” or “a collective expression of 'queer' criminality; a 'queer' gang or a 'queer' graph crew, or an 'informal queer anarchist formation” . It took me a long time to realise that what we have is all and none of those things, in striving to be something we were holding ourselves back from the infinite possibility of the nothing; what we had striven not to create is so powerful precisely because it is unrecoupable, unnameable, undefinable, it is a force we neither own nor control, a plethora of mediums and outpourings which dictate and manifest themselves in our lives. It seeks not recognition, acceptance, or agreement, but rather it is an attempt to explore and appreciate the raw value of doing for no purpose beyond doing.

If one can call the 'Fag Mob' project anything, it is a meeting place, a railway platform from where modes of attack, salutes of love and affinity, and basic mappings of our own environments can be organised, stretched, reproduced and destroyed. Individuals come and go from the platform at their wish, some stay a long time, some merely pass through, they are the platform and its expressions only and as long as they are there; they reproduce it, spread it, warp it, are consumed by it and then perhaps destroy it. Fag Mob is the tiny pen marks in bus station toilets, and the broken jaws of abusers and aggressors, it is the smashed windows of a luxury car and the interventions at anarchist gatherings. It has inspired crime, zines, graffiti, it coordinates attacks and sends messages between disparate individuals, it has no shape, but forms shapes around it.

These two words smashed together ignite something inside us, catch in the throat and pull us under there spell. People often ask us: “why 'fag'? You're 'cis-women', 'trans-women', 'trans non binary af/mab people' isn't 'fag' about gay men? Aren't you somehow endorsing gay male kinship?” To these people we have two responses:

1. We didn't choose it, it chose us. Chose us because its three short letters that can be quickly thrown up on any surface we wish to defile with our madness, chose us because to the world outside our tiny meaningless milieu 'fag' resonates with the potency of a world which wishes us destroyed in a way we never felt “trans” or “queer” do, it resonates with every person who wants us dead and everything who

wishes to join us, it choose us because try writing 'Trans Gang' like this:



2. We feel that 'fag' in this context can be read very similarly to 'queer' it denotes our positions within a framework of sexual and gendered oppression and places us in terms of that which makes us hate-able. Moreover, those 'trans-women', and 'non binary' amab folk amongst us (as well as the 'gay', 'lesbian', 'trans masc' and others who utilise this word) have felt the fire of cusses, repression, beatings, and subjugation rained down on us after the ascription of that label, a label that still haunts us, a label that we will bask in, a label whose fire we will turn in on itself and burn this whole shitty civilisation to the ground with.

People don't tend to ask so much about the 'mob' part, perhaps its because its abundantly clear. Mob because we are not passive, we ask nothing and take everything, mob because alone we are without form and together we exist, mob because we hope our enemies will fear us when we amass.

Fag Mob is not an organisation any more than burning a cop car or being in a black block are those things, it is an expression of a 'queered' flow of force experienced by ideological, pseudo ideological, and non ideological entities. It has no meaning beyond that which creator and receiver, in rhizomatic¹ relation, invent; It is the desire to trash the walls of a trans-phobic squat with tags and the media interpretation that we write homophobic slurs². To those who open up to it, understand it, imbue it it may give warmth, joy, and a sense of connectedness; choose to decry it, take offense at it and it might strike fear, abandon and vengeance.

This zine then is an offering, an offering and an expression from some of those currently consumed by reproducing those two fateful words. It doesn't represent any group or crew, and it might even be despised by others who produce content under the same moniker- it can't speak for everyone and it won't try to, you might see many more zines like this one produced by others who inhabit the Fag Mob platform and you might not. This zine represents one momentary action, one momentary offering- view it like you might view a tag scribbled on a wall- the

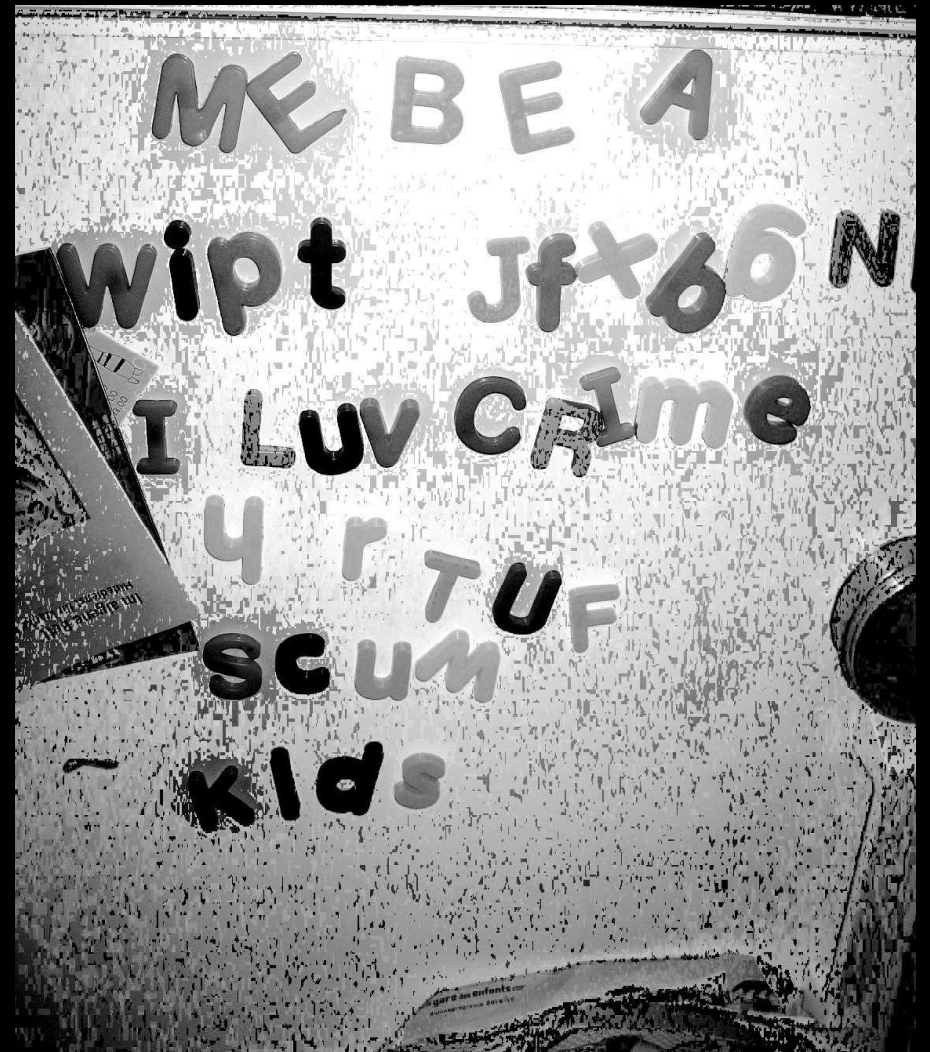




work of a moment by persons motivated to leave some mark.

¹Deleuze and Guattari use the terms "rhizome" and "rhizomatic" to describe theory and research that allows for multiple, non-hierarchical entry and exit points in data representation and interpretation. In this case we use it to mean the tagger might be the cause of the tag, or that the tag might be the cause of the tagger.

²<http://thetab.com/2016/06/02/spent-night-squat-party-londons-biggest-gay-spa-92048> (in this article the journalist is hopelessly lost in his analysis of the tags meaning). The tag was written to remind people living in the building that some people will always be around to acknowledge there bullshit and enact revenge.





DESTROY 'STREET ART' DESTROY THE ECONOMY

Fuck you if you hate tags but love 'Banksy'.

Fuck you if you think graffiti can help make an area look pretty.

Fuck you if you think there is a difference between tagging a wall and tagging a mountain.

Fuck you for distinguishing in terms of value between shitty pen-marks in a toilet and 6ft letters in 3 colors.

Fuck you if you think Fag Mob is about making some pretty art and not about vandalism.

Fuck you if you use graffiti in the service of civilization.

Fuck you if you think that Fag Mob is a more meaningful tag than Skeng, Size, or Never.



Its not about quality, its about quantity

You walk down the street and you see this tag “mate, this is crap. It’s few meters down once again, then again uglier than before, maybe drunker than before or the can was just finishing. Also this marker doesn’t work so well on bricks.

I tell you I go out painting, you ask me if I will make a piece. I tell you “yeah, loads”, “but what, are you making an art piece or just tagging?” Fuck it. This lady asked me if I was an art student. I told her “no, I am a vandal”. Every time I go out the thought I have in my head is to fill up your town with crappy x1000 my name written in crap letters. I don’t want to make you happier and cover you city with beautiful murals that will remind you of my talent every time you get out of your door. I want to cover your town with the biggest amount of scribbling everywhere, to remind you of your miserable life and the shit hole that you live in.

Its not about quality, its about quantity. This is the premise of our disposable capitalist world and I’ll ruin it even more by doing exactly what they advertise. Tagging is this crazy mix between egotism and total disregard for the law. Some call it an art form, others call it obsession, I call it trying to break the law as many times as I can in one go, and don’t get caught! While you are resting and getting ready for another crap day at that job that will only bring misery to you, your workmates and everybody else that falls for the shit you are making them buy.

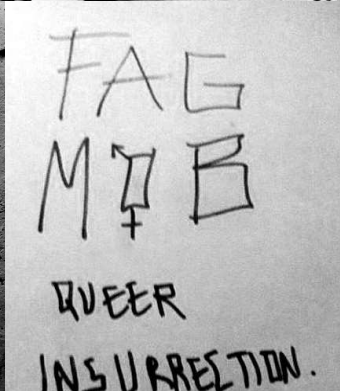
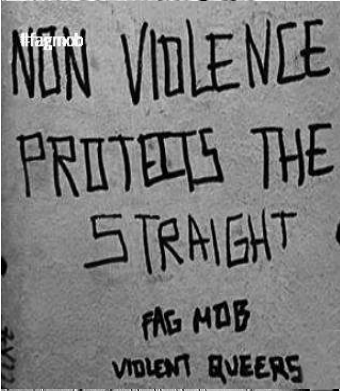
This is not an anti art statement. This is a pro-trash one. For now I will just repeat my name around your house until it makes you scream in despair. If it doesn’t work out I’ll just go to the empty factory opposite your office with a bucket of pink paint and a roller and I’ll remind you that I’ve been there too.





**GO HIGH
OR GO HOME**





Offensive graffiti sprayed across Russia Dock Woodland in Rotherhithe

"Vandals used red paint to cover the main sign of the park as well as decorative boulders along a path(...) It's near two schools as well and the children shouldn't see it in case they start to think it's normal."

southwarknews.co.uk




insert your own crappy fag mob here



"Is this the image of our city we want people to see?" Bristol Post, Summer 2016

people say
stuff about
us but
they don't
really get
it



 alexalexandrou [Follow](#)

marisolfloresmunillo, inkbotdesign,
natasotavajaj, pebermayn,
tobo.berlin and ainhoagoma like this

alexalexandrou Urban youth 1: "yeah fag
mob coz we smoke fags int". Second urban
youth: "well yeah as long as it can't be
confused or made to mean anything else"
Urban youth 1: "nah impossible". #graffiti
#urban #fagmob

#fagmob
#vandalism
#crime
#homophobic
lurs

Under Repair



Due to unfortunate vandalism
this sign is having to be repaired.

Please care for your local park.

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.



"COOL" THERE, ON THE LEFT TOP PICTURE. THEY ARE FRIENDS OF FAG MOB





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 (not so)secret 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'T EVEN THINK THIS WITHOUT BURSTING INTO LAUGHTER, OR SOMETIMES TEARS.

FUCK TERFS.FUCK COPS.FUCK PACIFISTS.



