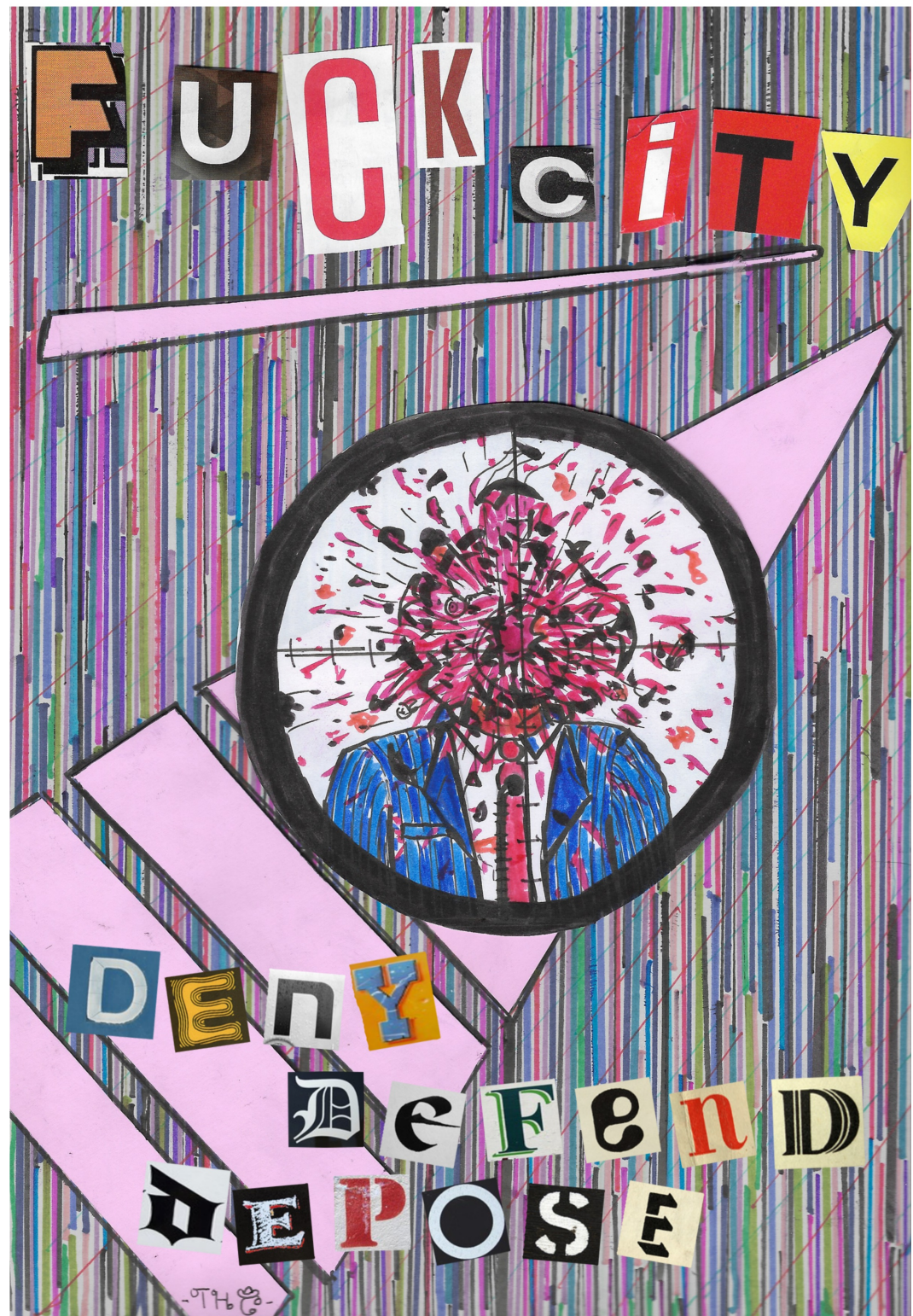


Fuck City is a community based publication that publishes works from a variety of artists, writers, musicians, and wingnuts. The works found in this publication do not necessarily reflect the views or opinions or hopes and dreams of Fuck City, the Fuck City Editorial Board, or its parent company: The People's Republic of Cigarette, New York. Works found within are fictitious, satire, personal opinion, not based on real persons or events, for informational purposes only, and/or abstract artistic expression. We claim no responsibility for any statements found herein.



Issue 8
Jan 2025



this zine is free to download and distribute.
you can find it at errorsparrow.gay/zine

Curated by,

Error

The Mystery

Radiowhore

The Mother of Prostitutes

The Hidden Cowboy

The Whore of Babylon

Young Frankenstein

The Abominations of the Earth

ELECTRO - PUNK

A BENIFIT CONCERT
RAISING MONEY FOR
TRANS MOVING FUNDS

SCOTCHKA

DROW

TRANSY ÷ DIVISION

KELSEY SUCENA
& SALEM SOUNDWAVES



SAT 1/25
DOORS @7
ASK A PUNK
\$10 DONATION
@SUNY BIG HORSE

TRANS REVOLUTION

THIS LIST IS A COMPILATION OF RECOMMENDATIONS FROM THE COMMUNITY, BUT AS ALWAYS DO YOUR OWN RESEARCH. BE WELL AND GET THAT FUCKING MEDICAL CARE COMRADES!

GET THOSE TITTIES CHOPPED OFF:

[Top Surgery - 4 da mascs]

Dr. Thomas Huntsman (Oneonta)

Dr. Rachel Bluebond-Langner (NYC)

Dr. Drew Marano (NYC)

Dr. Gregory Baum (Syracuse)

Dr. Dzifa Kpodzo (Albany Med)

GET THAT PUSSY INSTALLED:

[Bottom Surgery - 4 da fems]

Dr. Rachel Bluebond-Langner (NYC)

Dr. Jess Ting (NYC)

GET THAT MEAT ATTACHED:

[Bottom Surgery - 4 da mascs]

Dr. Elan Horesh (NYC)

GET THAT TUBE SNIPPED:

[Vasectomy]

Dr. Mark White (Albany)

Dr. Alexandra Burke (Latham)

GET THAT PUSSY RIPPED OUT:

[Hysterectomy]

Dr. Corrine Mcleoud (Albany Med)

Dr. Jonas Wilson Leedy (Niskayuna)

Dr. Michael Cohen (Albany)

Dr. Thomas Cacciola (Albany)

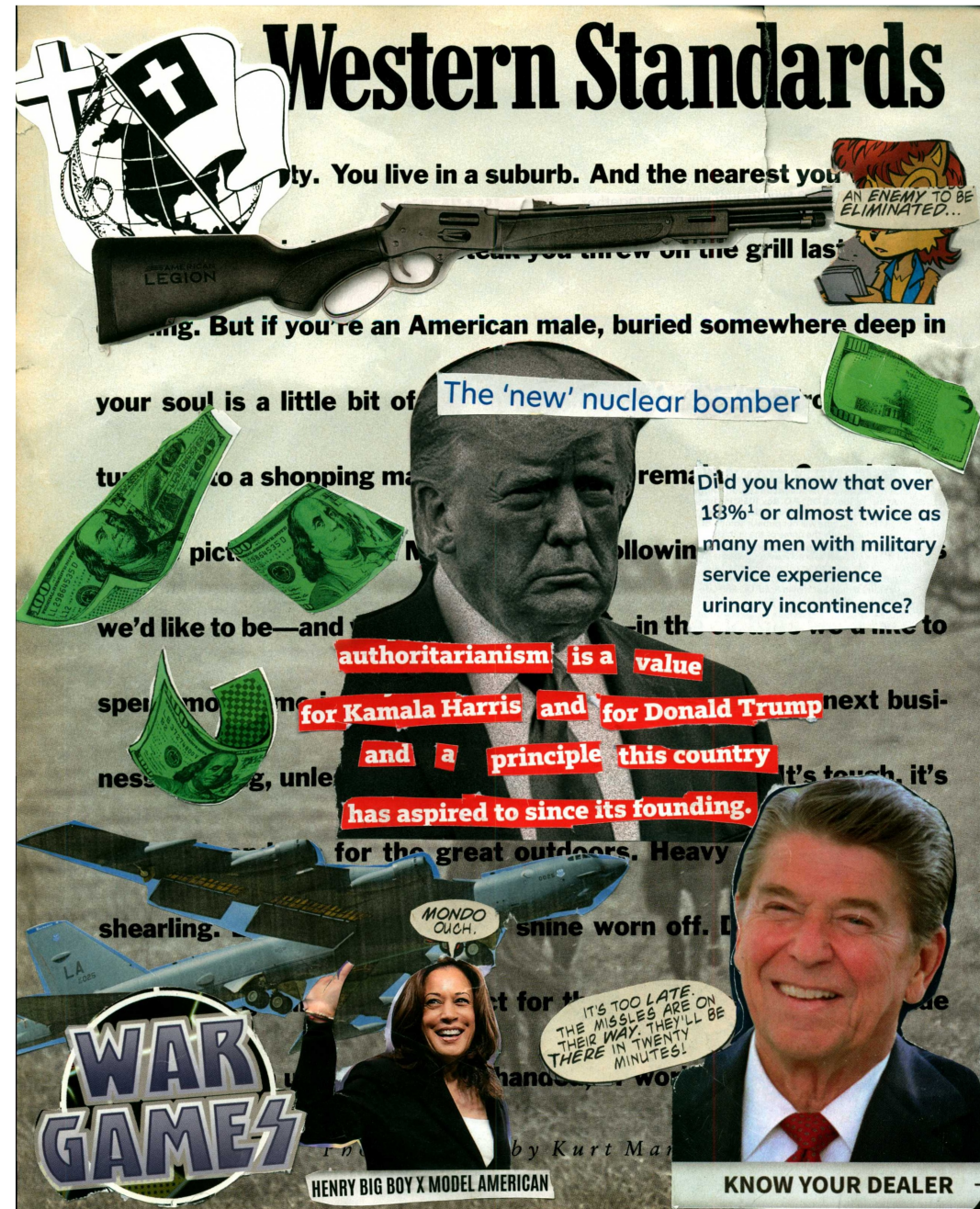
Dr. Danielle Rooney (Latham)

GET STERILIZED:

[Fallopian Tubal Ligation or Salpingectomy]

Dr. Christopher Bloss (Troy)

Dr. Peter Cole (Albany Med)



The Gunch

Written by J.L. Hires

A NASTY STRAIN
CREEPS DOWN MY LINEAGE WITH RAPID SPEED
YOU SHOT THIS INTO MY EYES WITH YOUR OWN
SPOKE IT INTO MY MOUTH
YOU FOUND THE POINT IN WHICH IT IS SHARP
AND WIELDED IT AGAINST ME,
PRODDED ME WITH "MOTIVATION"
TO GO ON AND KEEPING GOING
AND DRAG MYSELF ALONG IF I MUST

THIS FOUL STRAIN TRAVELS LINE TO LINE
AND MOVES LIKE FOUL VINE AGAINST THEM.
SQUEEZES TIGHT OVER EACH DECISION
AND WRINGS OUT THOUGHT

• WHICH WASHES AWAY AND GATHERS AMONG ALL
THE OTHERS, SWIRLING INTO THE DEPTHS OF ITSELF,
MEETING ALL AND NOTHING IN THE CENTER, AND
EVENTUALLY, BECOMING THE LATTER -
IT LEAVES US WITH THE LESSER, LESSER, LESSER
AND SO MUCH EVIL.

OPTIONS ARE GIVEN
AND CHOSEN FROM MANY MORE.
FROM WHAT IS AND WHAT MUST BE,
WE SEE WHAT IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE.
I CAN FATHOM A LIFE OF BOTH POSITIVE
AND NEGATIVE SLOPE
BUT I CAN FATHOM, TOO ONE OF MY OWN ACCORD
I CAN FATHOM A LIFE, HEALTHY AND UNINHIBITED,
FREED OF CAPITALIST STRAIN.

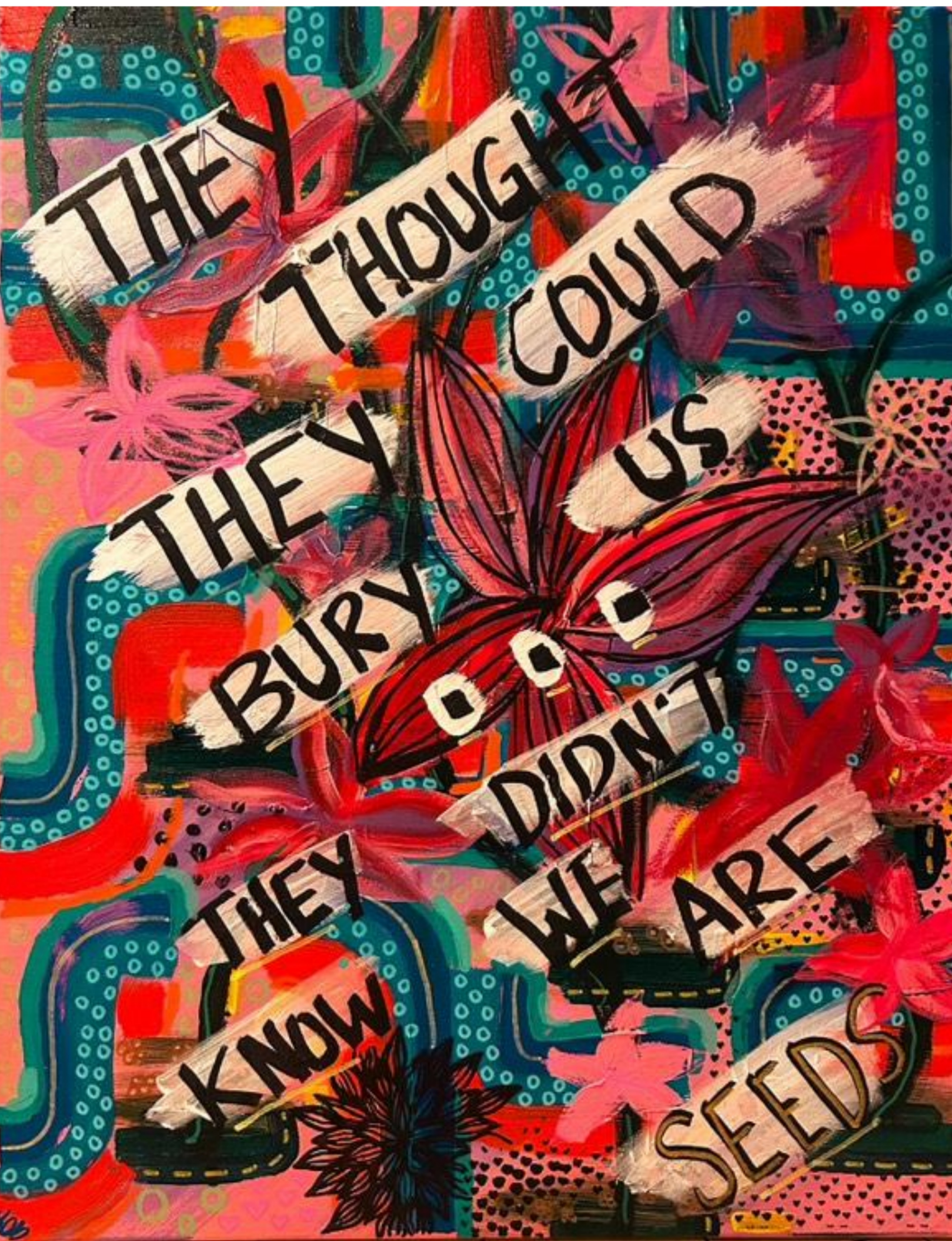
The saying goes that the purpose of art is to disturb the comfortable and comfort the disturbed. People tend to focus on the first half, which I think usually fails. The comfortable are disturbed by mass politics, by strikes and direct action. The community building described here should not be the beginning and end of action; I do not believe that a revolutionary vanguard party will be organized at a hardcore show. There is very important organizing to do involving mutual aid, housing, and labor; I don't consider myself qualified enough to instruct you on that other than to suggest that you read Marx, organize your workplace and join DSA or United Tenants of Albany. Comforting the disturbed is what art is actually good at. Comforting the disturbed by bringing together people who are caught in the sights of fascism and need to connect to each other to survive. Cultural products do not change the world, but culture and the communities formed around it make life worth living. For those of us who exist in the margins of society, culture made with subversive, revolutionary intent is a life-affirming force.

Art isn't going to cease being made and as long as art and music exist, it should not be used like a pie to throw valiantly against a tank right before it tramples you. Rather, it should be a way for us, as trans people, sparse and isolated, many of us broke, many of us broken, who have nothing but each other in a world that wants to drown us in blood, to safely gather and commune and survive. And we need to thrive- for each other, for ourselves. For everyone now and in the future looking for friends who will call them by the right name and pronouns, who won't make fun of how they look in their new clothes, who will give them spare HRT when they need it. We need as many accepting and affirming communal spaces as possible. Even though it won't spill any blood, keep singing about killing transphobes.

Trans people are, at the most generous estimates, a tiny single digit percentage of the US population. It's hard for us to find each other, and even harder to find places where we can be ourselves safely. A music scene (or theater scene or art scene or other cultural scene) has the unique and vital ability to create social spaces outside of the constraints of cisgender-dominated normality. It's important for those participating in and cultivating those spaces to make a place where trans people can be ourselves, safe from the suffocation of cisheteronormativity. This brings us back to protest music- When, for example, you book bands led by trans people who sing about killing cops, you send a message to the crowd: You do not need to be afraid to be trans here. In a world built to reject you, this place, at least, is meant for you.

It feels like at least once a month I meet another queer person who has moved to New York from Texas or Florida or some other hellhole that has made itself inhospitable. We owe our siblings who have sacrificed so much a way of life other than bare survival – we owe them joy. Their new home should feel like home, a place they can say they're happy to live in, not just a desperate sanctuary. Music can at its best be an exercise in community formation, contributing towards a queer community that gathers people in networks of friendship and support that in the modern US are incredibly hard to find. We've always survived through mutual and direct aid, peripheral things that lie outside of government control. We can't get started on this without finding each other first.





"They Thought"
 Lily Buckley
 Medium: Mixed Media x Cotton Canvas
 Size: 24"x30"

When has a piece of art ever made a dent in a fascist regime? The 60s counterculture was famous for its protest art, but it wasn't Bob Dylan or Neil Young that ended the Vietnam War. As Kurt Vonnegut said, "During the Vietnam War... every respectable artist in this country was against the war. It was like a laser beam. We were all aimed in the same direction. The power of this weapon turns out to be that of a custard pie dropped from a stepladder six feet high." In the 80s punk bands proliferated with anarchist, anticop and anti-government messages. This didn't stop eight years of Reagan from dismantling the welfare state, ramping up the police state and gladly letting millions die of AIDS. In the first Trump administration most popular culture was aligned against him like a legion. He got a second term this year. If subversive art doesn't actually do anything to take down the establishment, what's the point of it all? As a musician, I wonder, am I wasting my time and everyone else's to make music while the world burns? Is playing and booking shows just egotistical bullshit?

I will speak specifically as a trans woman living during a global fascist backlash against trans existence, gender nonconformity and non-heteronormativity, and how to handle this lethal threat. Trans people have more mainstream visibility than ever before- unfortunately, we are visible in much the same way that a deer is visible in the sights of a hunter's rifle scope. Our liberal allies have shown themselves to be unreliable and shallow, ready to drop us when it's inconvenient, as they do with all oppressed groups they pretend to champion. We have nothing but each other. Not only do we have to be here for each other, we have to live.

If you are transgender and reading this:
You have to continue living. The future is better with you in it. You need to survive.

Why Keep Making Music?: A Transgender Musician's Thoughts On Subversive Art

Written by Error - Albany NY, Nov. 2024



two poems

words heard from the local birds

There's no liberation in a label,
Only gestures toward performing
As they rage against the unknown
Sparked by gender non-conforming.

There's no liberation in a label,
Just as words become a weapon
For their rights, all circumstantial
Lost for any trans-transgression.

There's no liberation in a label,
Just unsturdy seats at tables
Where good progress fails to process
Past the staller's faulty fables.

There's no liberation in a label,
So make haste to making plenty
Til their laws bleed out with ink
And perished paper frees the many.

To inherit the curse of label is to become consumer-product,
To become a target of their commerce,
To be prescribed limited reality and utility,
To be sold in exchange for the silence of my peers,
To be used for their bidding and discarded as excess.

Litany Toward Self-Becoming:

I will carve myself from the negative space of their
simple depictions and false conceptions.
I will be the degenerate-divine creator-destroyer of selves,
You will know me as a region of expression; all labels heuristic.
Labels are the spider's web- do not yield to the spider.

DC is for Foodies

Written by Juniper "Juni" Celeste | they/them

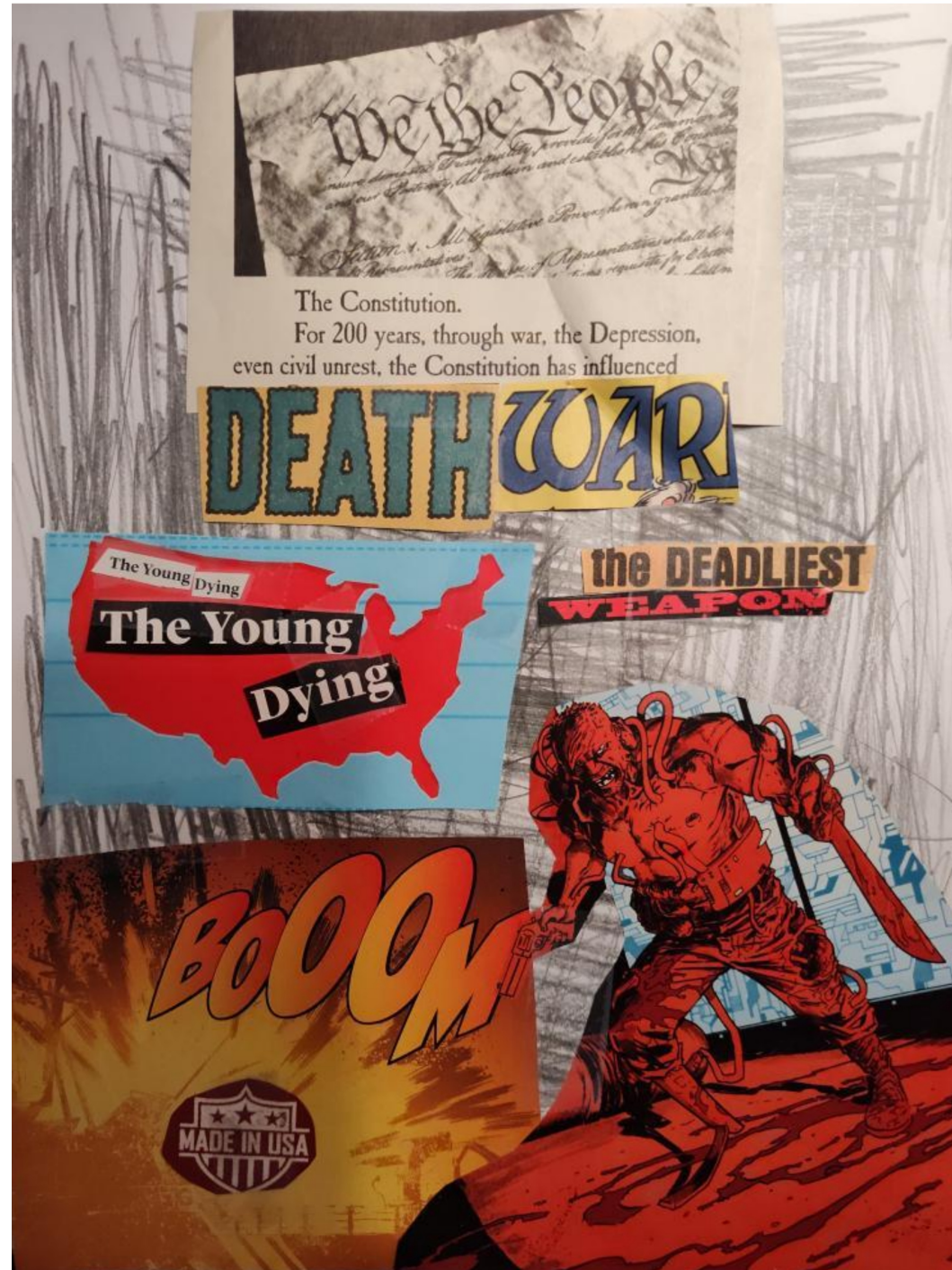
One of the first things they told me when I started studying in DC was, "It's a great city for foodies."

Not surprising, I guess. The endless advocacy orgs and think tanks and more tend to attract those with "cultured" palates, people who confuse consumption with action, or even solidarity.

It's easy to forget surrounded by the bread and circuses of imperial wealth, that most Americans never get so much as a taste.

I miss matching with accountants and engineers on Bumble new in town and broke manic pixie dream girl-ing men I didn't particularly like into paying for my \$22 chicken and waffles plated with blueberry compote.

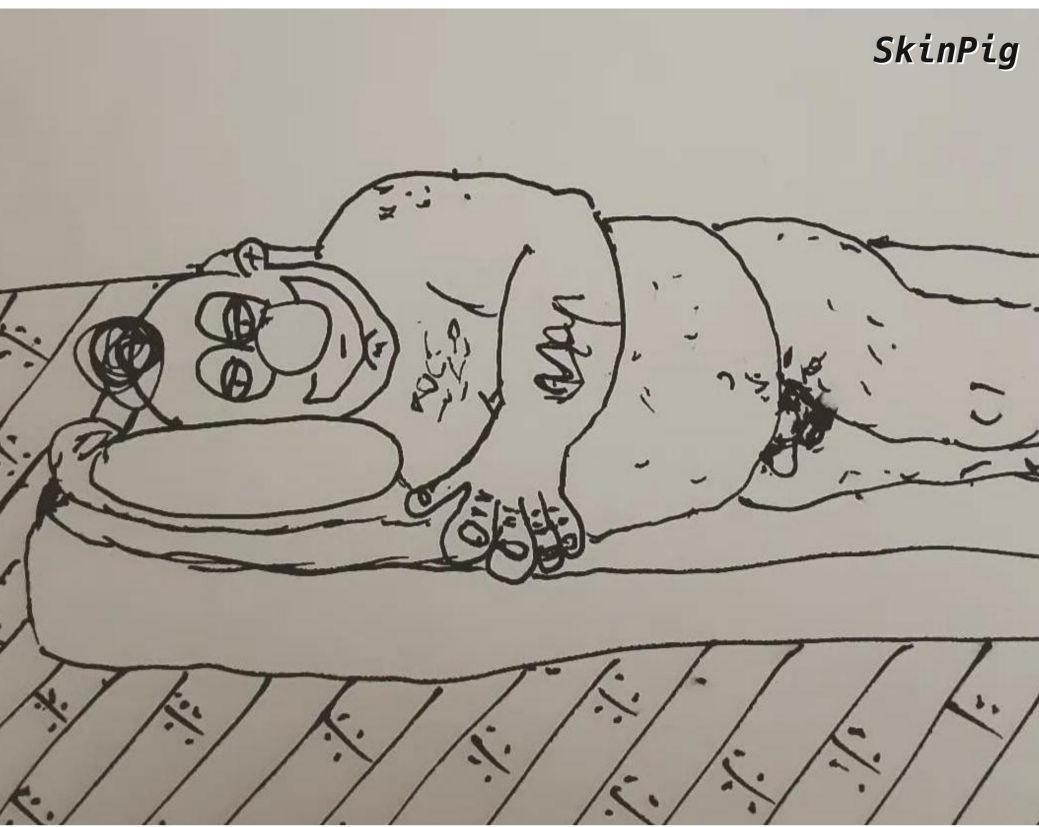
I miss my rich roommate who insisted we just couldn't go to Denny's for my post-21st-birthday hangover brunch, insisting instead on bottomless mimosas and tapas saying she'll take care of everything and, in her own idea of kindness (if it ever was) inviting a guy I'd never met before but not my own best friend.



Error

Written by Trout

All roads lead to Wally World
All signs point to Mickey D's
Rest in peace
Wrestling Mom and Pop's
Piece of the scene
To drop down to their knees,
Worship thee
Certainly
There you'll be:
Your one stop shop to
Murdering the
Good ol' American Dream



One of the nicest girls I'd met, back then
quit our teaching program in the first week
took a job, instead, with a defense contractor
laughed off the complacency, saying her job was,
"just like The Office"
and waited it out until law school.

For those who still believe in government,
I think it's easier to imagine how a cop
gets bastardized: from a kid who
wanted to do something about "bad guys"
to becoming capital's armed mercenary;
the state's armed and dangerous "peacekeeper."

But what about the bastardization
of the idealists, the policymakers, the
aspirant agents of change?
A lack of faith in people isn't
prerequisite to treating them badly.

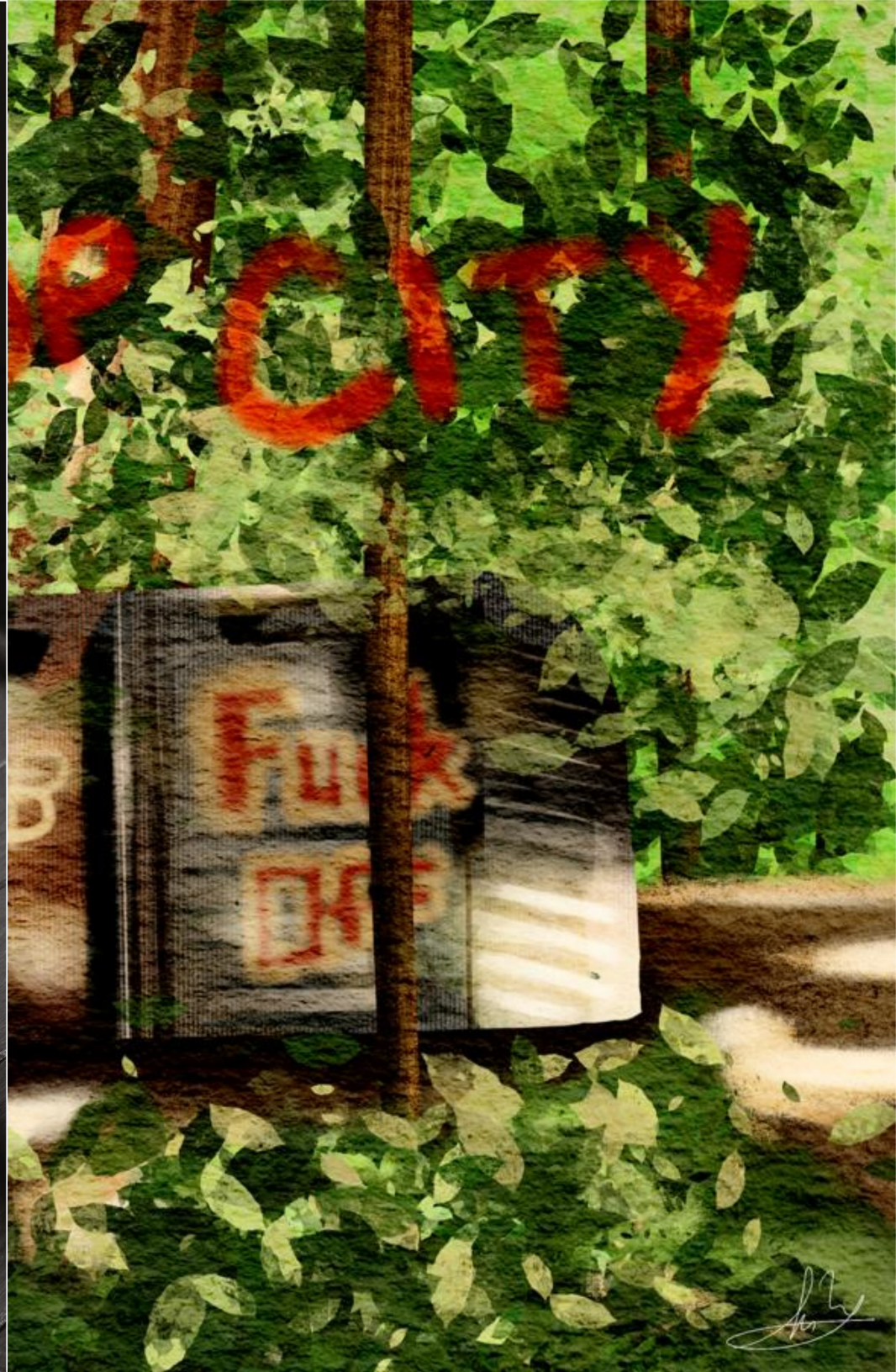
I've seen first hand what it looks like
(and I have felt it, too)
to give up on people, to ignore
your office's cracked foundation
overlook the structural issues
because you still need a paycheck
and hey, at least this place
pretends to have a conscience.

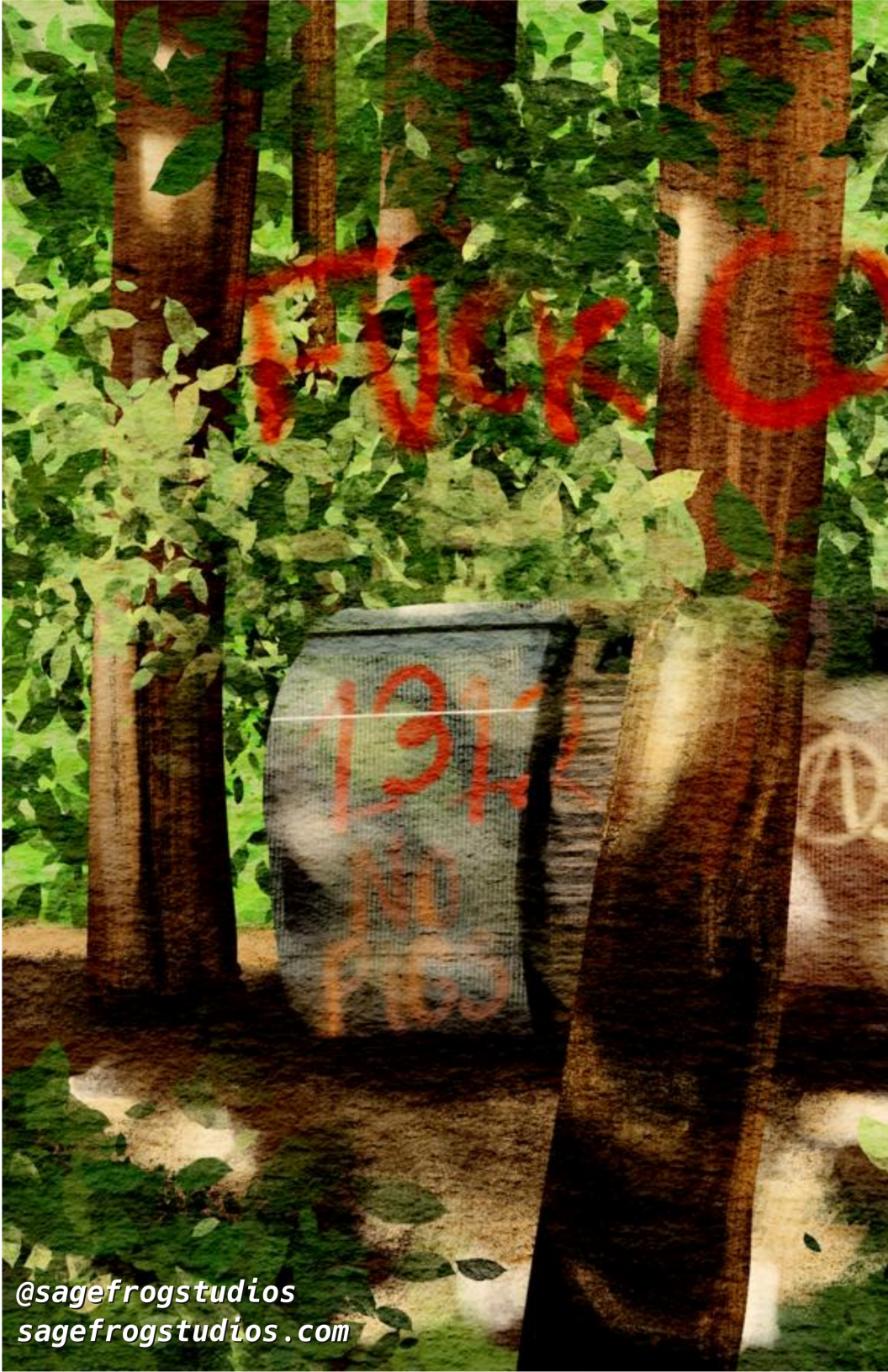
HR, your manager, someone
will always step in with excuses:
When it's your job to
research and respond to national fires?
You don't exactly find the time
to put them out inside your building.
Even as you feel the heat rising.
Even as you start to burn.

I miss the sports bar someone suggested
my new AmeriCorps coworkers and I meet up at
miss taking an underaged, \$12 shot
which the same roommate bought me
while taking turns around the table
sharing our common origin stories
of good intentions, of idealism.



Pine Hills Photo Lab





They come for us in the light of day. They do not operate under the cover of darkness nor speak in innuendos. Their intention is clear and exact. Each move is purposely telegraphed to strike maximum fear into those they deem as "undesirable". As "allies" stand idly by unaffected, our brothers and sisters are left paralyzed, uncertain whether they will be subject to their campaign of bigotry next. While our chosen ancestors have been through far worse, battling the Catholic Church, Hitler's regime and Reagan's inaction on AIDS, this current generation has faced no bigger threat than that which the American right-wing currently presents. Over the next four years, and likely for many years beyond, it will be up to us and us alone to protect ourselves. No politician, even those who are trans themselves have enough self-respect to stand up to their ruthless campaign of hate. Capitalism and power will always combine to corrupt all. These institutions must be brought to their end.

As you are left bloodied laying on the floor of your own home with bruises from their batons, remember that this community will nurse you back to health. We will provide for you what they have tried to revoke. Our support knows no bounds.

Persistence is resistance and the only way to guarantee our existence is with resistance. Persistence... resistance. Death is not an option. The path forward requires us to live. No matter how scary it gets, we must continue to live. If not for ourselves, for each other.

We will survive. We will thrive. We will live. We will win.



Digital Love, Nationalistic Hate
Written by Lavendar Lyrics

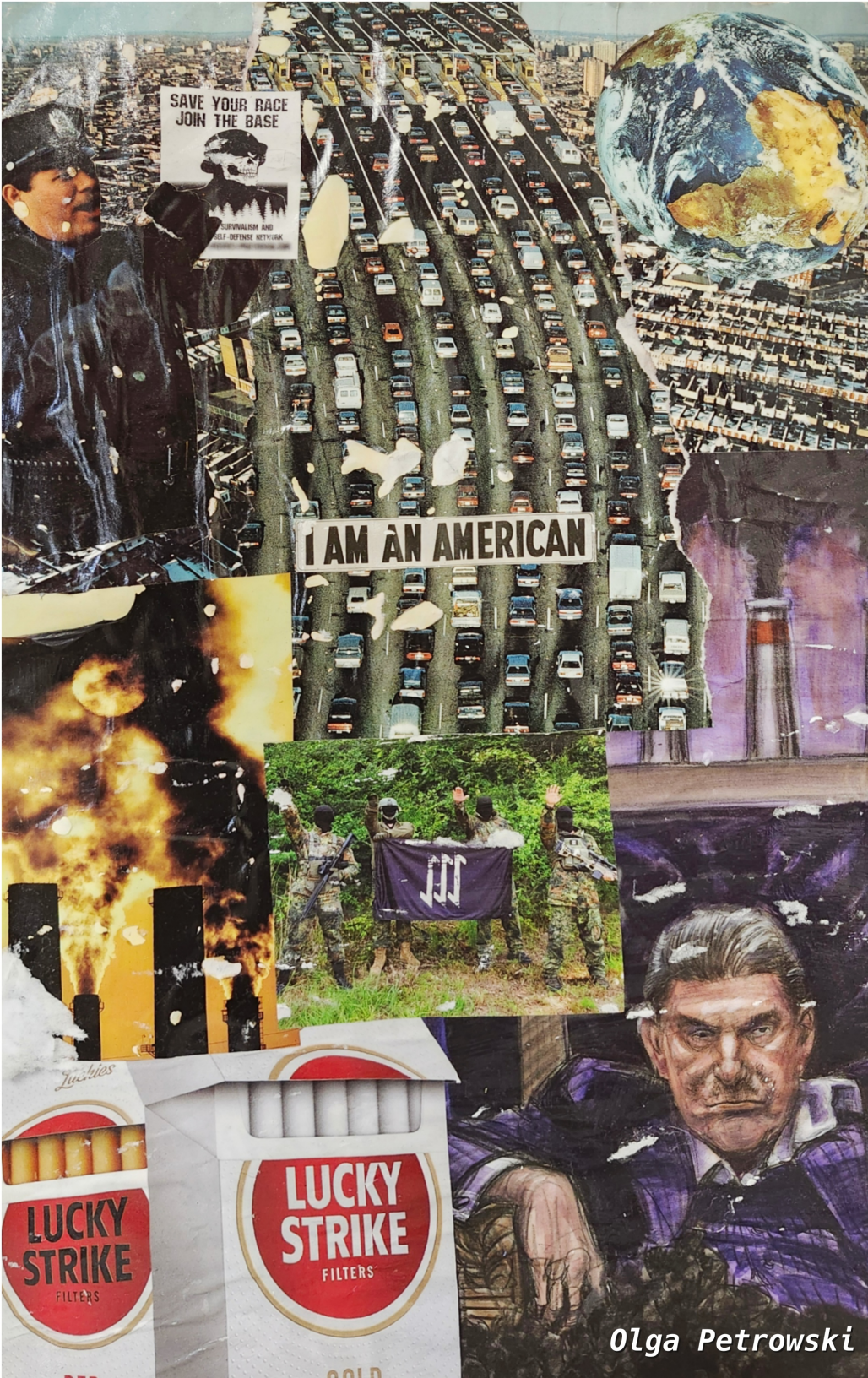
In this nation of digital interface
We'll never see this face to face
Dying together was our biggest hope
With not an ounce of control in this situation
With fires raging both literally and politically
Will we burn too?
Will we die in a haze of hatred
And ideology
Or will we
Like mammals in prehistoric times,
Survive the oncoming slaughter;
Together?
Only time will tell
And for now
We hide in shelters
While outside it swelters
2030 seemed so far away not so long ago;
But we haven't even reached a climax.
Theres still chapters left to write.
Will we, like a group of desperate animals,
Cling together for survival?
Or is it survival of the fittest?
Will an ecological and environmentally fueled
fascism consume the corners of the globe?
Fueled by hate and fear rather than the oil that
brought us here.
Or will the powers that be even have time to
consolidate themselves in their chambers?
Amidst the onslaught of natural expectations:
More hurricanes
More tsunamis
More tornados
Wait, what's that I hear?
Sirens?
It's here.



American Nightmare
Written by Sir Isaak Belmont

The dirty promise of the American dream
Who's dream could this possibly be
I wish someone would wake me from it
"Be free" they say
"live to your hearts desire"
Then they analyze you,
Calculate your race,
your genitals,
and what box to keep you in
Figure out the best way to hurt you
and keep you sedated
Schools declaring the evils of propaganda
Just after the pledge of allegiance
Just before walking past recruiters
Liberty and justice for all
unless we need to bomb them
Love your country, love your land
Unless we need a pipeline
Love your fellow man, love thy neighbor
Unless they're gay black or poor
Our destiny manifests as a nation
It's all been lies from the first day
to today
Welcome to the greatest nation on earth

Enraged like the fires they fueled,
The fears we so desperately said would come
sooner than later.
We heard the warning years in advance,
Yet it seemed we could do nothing to prevent the
onslaught.
Enraged like the fire their fuels burned,
We spit sparks on the cloth
That holds the blood of millions.
I love you all, even if you don't love me.
I've seen the worst that the depths of human
cruelty can bestow,
But I've also seen the best.
You didn't need to send that money to a stranger
1000 miles away,
When you know damn well you need it too.
But that's the humanity in you.
That's the way your heart feels it should be.
"Love thy neighbor as you would love yourself"
is what they preached,
Yet left that for us because they couldn't do it
themselves.
So instead of that, I say;
"Love yourself as you would love a neighbor".
You deserve the same compassion that you give to
others;
You deserve the kindness you give.
Without this cyclical feeling of respect for
each other,
Being swallowed whole sounds a whole lot
scarier.
But I take comfort in knowing you know the love
we share;
I'd rather die happily loved, than to die in
despair.
And now i ask you;
Will you hold my hand?
There may be no stopping it, but at least we
understand each other.



Written by Mal Muratori

Thick clouds of flies encircle the light
in my attic
The drone of their wing beats fuels
the pounding of my head
They crawl their way though the eaves
every time it gets warm
False hope of spring
The next frost will only be the death of them
And to think they sense death on the air
That their droning is a premonition
Is only to make false gods out of phenomena
I read once that moths orient themselves
using moonlight
As their fragile bodies are all so small
they escape the pull of gravity
Perhaps is the same of the flies
Mistaking the light in my attic
for the gleaming spring sun
How it's must be a miracle hanging high
above cobwebbed corners
They too fall prey to falsification
Bulbous iridescent bodies
locked in a death march
And try as I might to save them
Open windows and doors
To the sweet redemption
of a warm November day
They will not budge

Olga Petrowski