



# GATE

STYLE

MAGAZINE

issue#2



INTERVIEWS

ART

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issue #2  
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# featurEd ARTIST

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CARMEN PENA  
BRI GALAH  
CHARLOTTE FRIEND  
A-S-L  
Dominique Beltran  
JADE GLANTS  
EMILY SURN  
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WHY IS THE

WILRD

IN SAN ANTONIO?



By Geronimo perez  
@geronimoyeah



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Inside his San Antonio apartment, the Wizard's Vincent Garlisi is listening to vinyl. Jazz solos followed by slowed-down soul records fill the room. He spins another one. Some of them have been stowed away, others haven't had the chance to collect dust. Garlisi is eager to play the next one before the song has even ended. "If all of this shit were to disappear tomorrow, what do I need in order to survive?"

He cherry picks records while sorting through the stock of this impromptu sale. A copy of Cheap Thrills comes up. He can't sell this one either.

Seeing Indian sitarists Ravi Shankar's album next to one of Ty Segall's in Garlisi's collection makes sense when listening to The Wizard's latest EP, Quest For Wizard Mountain. And indeed that's what the music reflects, a quest up a mountain of sounds that on first impression seem like they're coming from at least 3 or 4 people. Sweet, gentle ripples like those on "Waltz of the Wizard" can quickly turn into thrashing waves of riffs akin to that on "Incantesimo." Alas, these full sounds are coming from nothing more than a bass and a drum set.

It wasn't always a two-man endeavor. Since 2016, Garlisi has been putting out intricate guitar pieces that border on cinematic. The grand transitions are something out of anime action sequence. As chaotic as The Wizard is, Vincent says performing is quite the opposite of that. "My mind is finally quiet. When I'm up on stage playing and I know I have to perform well, I can just shut my mind off."

In most of the songs, especially recent ones, little to no vocals are needed. Garlisi's bass guitar does the talking, changing its inflection with every pedal in his repertoire. The intense nature of the bass is complimented well by the maniacal drumming of Darren Dodson, who joined the project after its inception. "Two halves of the same whole," as Garlisi likes to put it. "I couldn't do it alone. I mean, I could, but I didn't want to keep doing it alone."



With influence coming from all directions, Garlisi has only high ambitions. His respect for other guitarists like Jimi Hendrix is reflected in his flagrant riffs. "I've just always wanted that identifiable sound," he says when speaking about Hendrix' unique style. "I always wanted to be the Jimi Hendrix of bass." Garlisi maneuvers and manipulates his bass, which some count out as limiting, to churn out music that sounds anything but limited. It's a favorable irony that such intricate soundscapes are produced by such a minimal approach.

"I FUCKED UP PRETTY BAD BACK HOME!"

Garlisi jokingly expresses his concern about getting a jury summons for copyright infringement while flipping through a 1993 Alamo Heights High School student poetry book he wants to use for cover art. The twenty-six-year-old wasn't always in San Antonio where "the jam room is right up the road." Five years ago, Garlisi decided to leave Pennsylvania to stay with his aunt and uncle in San Antonio. He puts it very plainly, "I fucked up pretty bad back home."





"I didn't know where I was going because I fucked up at school. I was going for neuroscience, which is fascinating, but not something I wanted to make my career out of." Garlisi spent 3 years in Philadelphia, where he developed a drug problem and began running into the law. Before finally coming to San Antonio, he tried going back to his hometown of Pittsburgh. The change was not much of a change at all. Garlisi returned to find his friends struggling with opioid addictions. A phone call and a stop in Florida later, Garlisi was in San Antonio. "I didn't know anybody. I didn't know anything, which was good because I needed that."

So began the half-decade immersion into the surrounding art community. On top of sharpening his music, Garlisi has honed in on other parts of his new career; parts that are just as important. He stresses the value of marketing on social media. The Wizard's Instagram (@thefuzzwizards), is a collage of personal photos, flyers and promotional videos he produces with fellow San Antonio artists. They are very much like the music, breakneck with a twisted charm. He says it's a reflection of his type of humor.



Being connected to other artists is important to Garlisi. "I've noticed that things have gotten a lot more open. Especially in the past six months, our art scene and the community has really blossomed." Garlisi believes support for shows and events can cycle around when artists support each other.





Already sporting two albums, and an LP, The Wizard's discography has grown steadily. "Just make something, just do something, give people something to hear." He cites his inspiration to continuously put out work when a Ty Segall record comes up in the shuffle of albums. "I'll play you some stuff. He's like a true garage rock DIY legend." He's still shuffling through the albums, a Jeff the Brotherhood album comes about, then Cat Stevens.

San Antonio was the right place at the right time for The Wizard. "I don't think I'd rather be anywhere else. This is a great city to cultivate who you are and what you want to do." Although many artists would think to take their careers to other major cities, Garlisi feels otherwise. "I think about places like LA and I just think 'I don't need that.' No one needs that really."

Vincent is a long way from where and who he was. He feels that he's finally on the path he was really meant for. "Music is my art, that's how I express myself. That's what I love to do and if I'm not doing that then what the fuck am I doing? So I'd rather do this than anything and now I can't see myself doing anything else. I don't even care if I'm poor and don't have furniture in my house, I'm happy. This is the happiest I think I've ever been in my life. I wouldn't change it. I guess that's why I'm here in San Antonio."



# BOMBING

By Andrew Turner

**O**ne does not have to be a respected female graffiti artist to see that it takes a lot of work to stand out. Sour, being exactly this, is on the outside in a male dominated field but finds inspiration, dedication and consistency in a way not present in most male artists. "I always found like the women that I meet are like, these are my goals this is my five-year goal this is where I see myself in so many years, it's fucking rad I really like chicks who paint. This is what I want to do now, and I'll figure it out in the future cause I want to do it forever."

Like any art form, there are those that have it and those that don't. Sour has it right now, her work is being appreciated. Is there anything an artist wants more than to be appreciated? Sour's work isn't appreciated by all though. Graffiti since its inception has often been derided as vandalism and destruction of property. "I honestly like that graffiti is the outcast. Graffiti is art that nobody likes, it's such an in-your-face bold move. I don't need to ask for gallery space, I don't need to ask for permission. If you don't like it good, it makes you feel something, it's thumbing your nose to societal norms."

People have been writing their names on walls since Roman and Egyptian times, but modern tagging and graffiti art we know today emerged out of New York and Philly in the early 1980's. Since then there has been an ongoing debate about the nature of the art form or if it is even art at all. Many called it vandalism, but that was the point according to some of its practitioners. Graffiti cropped up from a community that was marginalized and shut out from the rest of society and like hip-hop and breakdancing it became a way to push back against the dominant society. "You care so much about property rights? Well here is a big spray painting of my name right atop your precious property rights."

Street art was a way to push back against not only the dominant society but the dominant art paradigm. Graffiti artist make the cityscape into their own gallery. All of that being said, there are certain norms around what is and what is not okay to tag. "I feel really bad if it's a place somebody lives in. Sometimes I hit people's businesses. Normally I don't feel any sort of guilt unless somebody's home. I would not hit a school. I have painted over murals that I don't think that are good. I heard a quote once which was 'graffiti artists should love graffiti and the people and public should hate it.' It's not supposed to be all pretty and fluffy and nice, this is my form of expression. Why can all the wealthy people have their advertisements in our face all time and all these big brands have their advertisements in our face all the time? Well I want my advertisement and I'm gonna put it up."





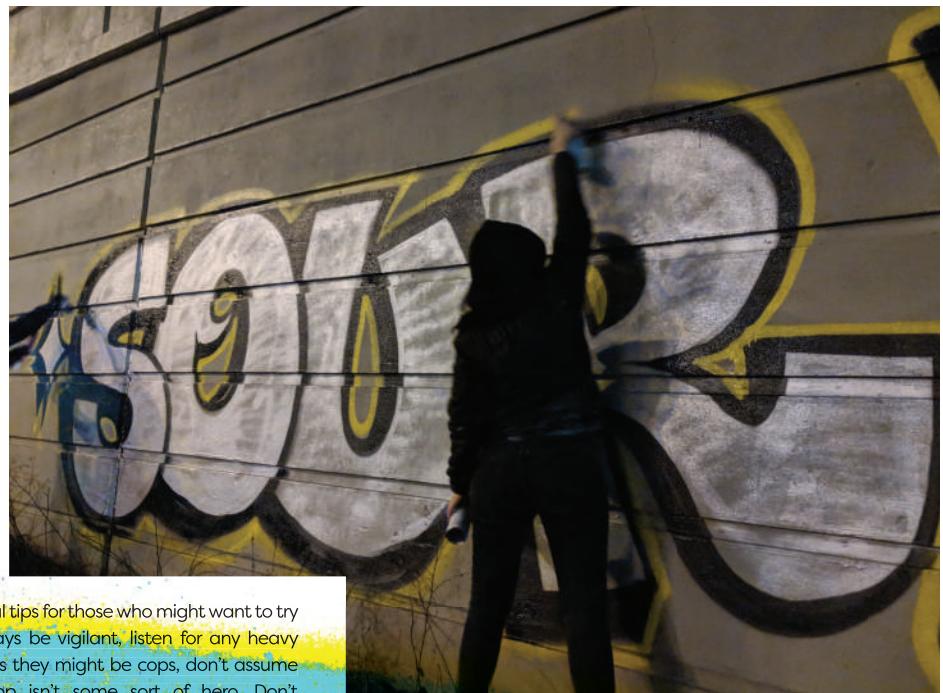
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Graffiti has, by its definition, been illegal for its lengthy history but this has begun to change in recent years. Around the world, notable cities such as: New York, Taipei, San Francisco and Austin have made moves towards legalizing graffiti in certain areas. Some cities have even begun commissioning work from their local graffiti artists, blurring the lines between murals, graffiti and street art. There has even been noise about legalizing graffiti on a larger basis similar to the national debate around legalizing marijuana. Not everybody is on board and Sour says she's not down with changes that potentially affect the graffiti world. "It's like one of those things where.... I put my life, my art, my freedom on the line and that's the essence of graffiti; people have to go out there and risk everything, you have to put everything on the line. Honestly I feel like somebody who has always done letters legally and has never done it illegally can't be called a graffiti artist."

Sour gets up too. She's gone all over the country to spread her work to discerning eyes across the country and she wants to go abroad. "I guess my biggest goal is like national domination by 2020. I want to get my passport situation together so that I can actually go to different countries once I feel like I've left a footprint on the US. I want to travel, put my name all over the place. That's my big plans right now." Being a female in graffiti game also comes with its own risks and rewards. A traditional male dominated art form because of the inherent risk in going out alone at night. Sour has had to figure out her own path even though it can be dangerous. "Outside of the culture in the street it's really fucking dangerous. There's so many countless times I've been circled by a car just like trying to pick me up, I've been stopped by cops thinking I was a prostitute. It's crazy-nuts some of the creeps you encounter. I've been chased by crackheads, I've been shot at, I've actually been shot with a shotgun." It can be a lot for the average artist, one has to be dedicated to the craft. "I've accepted what I do and this is my lifestyle. There has never been a point where I thought I was going to give up graffiti but there was a point where I thought I was going to give up a normal life."



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Sour also has a few survival tips for those who might want to try graffiti for themselves. "Always be vigilant, listen for any heavy tires, look for any bright lights they might be cops, don't assume that a car that isn't a cop isn't some sort of hero. Don't underestimate a crackhead! Those motherfuckers can run fast, and you don't know what sort of diseases they might have. If you're a woman carry a weapon if you go by yourself, this is my shameless plug for the Second Amendment. Also find a crew!"

Despite all of the danger, and all of the ups and downs that come with trying to be competitive in any art form, Sour isn't planning on quitting any time soon. As she says, "world domination is next" and she doesn't plan on letting any norms in this country or any other slow her down. As she said, this is her life, her art, her freedom.



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**R**ebecca Rojas (Red) is turning bodies into art on her long journey within the San Antonio art community. Rojas is no stranger to the doubt that comes with being a full-time artist. The uncertainty does not phase Rojas and her hustle. The lead artist for Beyond The Canvas spoke to us inside her new home, payed for by art.

It is only natural that Red's journey into body art started with her father's tattoos. Although the man was not a tattoo artist himself, he was an artist in any sense to Rojas. Rojas recalls glossing over his Aztec-style tattoos and critiquing them herself. She says her confidence was sparked when, "he would bring home doodles and [teach] me how to draw simple characters."

Immersed in the world of tattooing and already regularly drawing on herself, teenage Rojas got her first tattoo kit from her father. After practice on oranges and grapefruits, it wasn't long before Rojas was "tattooing herself and then her dad weekly." As she explains the freedom she found in learning her craft, Rojas brushes over the Frida Kahlo quote on her skin, "Pies para qué los quiero si tengo alas para volar," or "Legs, why do I need them if I have wings to fly."

Still in her teens, Rojas spent three years apprenticeship at a now closed San Antonio tattoo shop. In a male dominated industry, Rojas has dealt with obstacles beyond ink and paint. The challenge of being the sole woman in a tattoo shop had her face-to-face with toxic masculinity.

Even as her work transitioned into body painting, Rojas still faced harassment and objectification that often comes with a scene focused on the body. Rojas has enthusiastically excluded this berating from her new work environments where she has power.

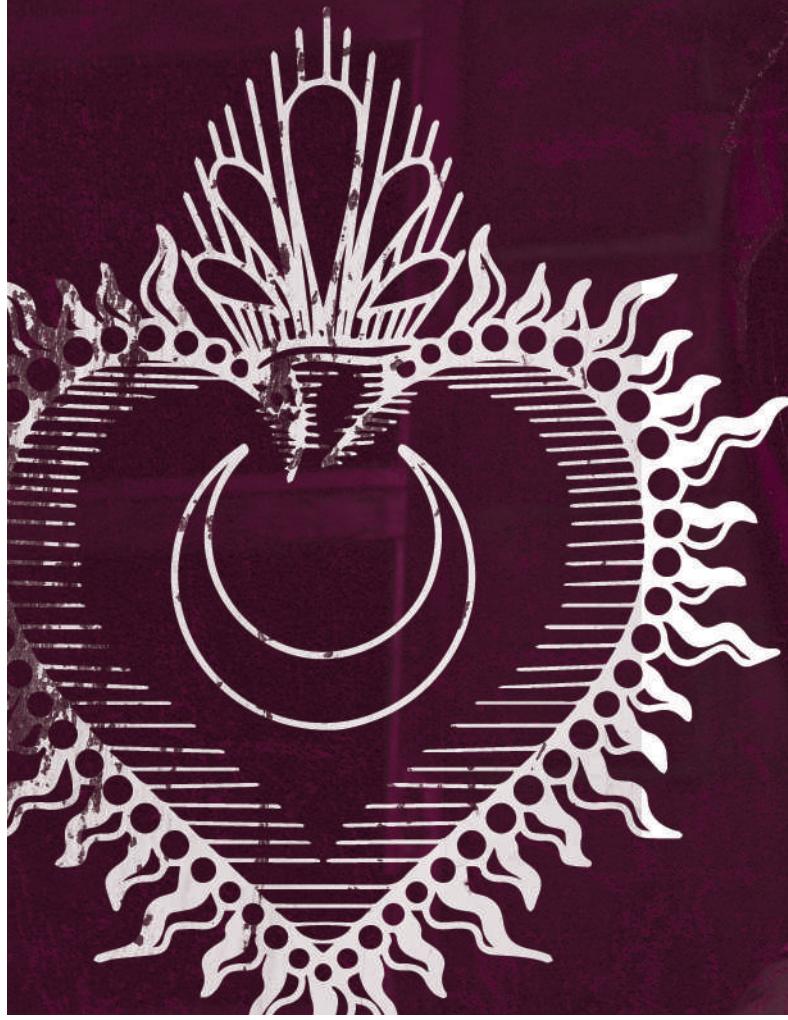




Rojas says her apprenticeship at the tattoo shop helped her realize her "own value as an artist." Rojas describes how it feels to be footing as much work but receiving less pay and, "doesn't let anybody lowball [her]." A newfound spirituality inspired her vision of a safe space where tattooing and body painting can be treated as a sacred ritual.

Rojas stresses the importance of existing in a sound environment on her terms. Before "invading the skin," of her clients, the room is cleared with sage and her tools are blessed. She free-hands her tattoos and will "draw and draw and draw until you love it," because to her, tattooing is a "collaborative effort." Distraught customers can expect meditation because no care is spared in the process. Rojas wants her customers to look at their tattoos and not only think about their meaning but also "the experience you had when you got it."

Making ends meet as a fulltime artist did not stop the now married Rojas from owning a home. "I had to hustle extra hard" says Rojas as she recalls a family friend realtor who advised her, "to get a real job" to support paying for a home.





And hustle hard she does. Rojas brings in income from tattooing, body painting and children's face painting. Rojas welcomes the curiosity of children and makes the experience an opportunity for kids to learn about body art. Working with fellow face painters, Rojas regularly turns places like Market Square into kid-friendly spaces that can offer "more than micheladas."

Now, as lead artist at Beyond The Canvas San Antonio, a bodypainting organization, Rojas' work is award winning. Her works are stunning translations of nature and color. They often feature elements of Latino culture with delicate details and powerful imagery. Along the way, Rojas plays her part as leader by teaching, organizing, networking and through it all, still learning.



From Peruvian frog detoxes to a simple hiatus from art, Rojas prioritizes her most important artistic asset: herself. Rojas not only invests physical energy into her work, she uses her emotional and spiritual energy to get the best results. It can be draining, as she describes the scene of her husband cleaning her workspace after a long session. The hustle continues for Rojas, one color at a time.



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APHOTO

By: Tia Moon

photos-@aphotoocentricity

Model - (Tiffany) @toofunny\_22

PUNCHING  
UNICORNS



If you're involved in the underground art community or a frequenter of Instagram there's a strong chance you've come across the enchantingly erotic work of Aphro. Sole designer and curator of The Lust project and Unicorn Puncher, Aphro is the urban erotic photographer you didn't know you needed in your life.

Exposed to photography by his father, an amateur photographer, Aphro found himself with the knowledge of film and an attraction towards street art. He intuitively started to combine the two to capture the urban world and all it embodied. Slowly this progressed into the underground urban erotic photos he is known for today. Aphro captures dreamy erotic photographs as well as video shorts with sensual retro vibes. He uses his photos to capture something that feels like an authentic moment caught on film. "I try to give it that intimate feel, almost as if you're walking in on something you're not supposed to see."

**"If my moms cool with this, I don't really give a fuck what anybody thinks."**

Aphro is currently working on a website to display his artwork, along with some pay-per-view videos. Being an erotic photography the lines between porn and erotica are often blurred by observers, so his hopes are that it does not come off as a porn site but instead as a carefully executed collaboration of art and videos with purposeful attention to detail and respect towards the models. But to be clear Aphro is creating the art he wants to make and will continue to do so, no matter the opinions of others. "If my moms cool with this, I don't really give a fuck what anybody thinks."





With the Lust Project and Unicorn Puncher, Aphro is trying to create a sense of interconnectivity, where everything subtlety ties together, such as the interconnectivity of the Marvel Universe. Aphro's overall brand is the Lust Project; which branches off into projects such as Unicorn Puncher which has released the zines: "Colors", "Pink", and "Noir". Each issue holding subtle references and connections to each other, whether by forming spinoffs from the titles or the use of the content inside, Aphro is creating links within the universe of Unicorn Puncher.

**"At the end of the day I just want unicorn puncher to be known as a brand that produced really dope art."**





# ART STAR

CARMEN PENA  
BRI GALAH  
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SOFIA ROSE  
AMBERLYN CARRILLO  
FERNANDO FERNANDEZ  
BLUE HERNANDEZ  
KING REMER

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Carmen Pena





Bri Galan



19



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TEAR  
A  
Ticket # 9439 Date: 2/5/19 Time: 9:43 am/pm  
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Reason for Impound: NO PARKING  
Non-Consent Tow Fees:  
City of Austin  
Unincorporated Areas of Austin  
Applicable storage fees  
provided by the VSP where applicable  
Austin, TX 78723  
12:32 PM  
When you're looking at sang Hail Mary  
'Hail Mary' is by 2Pac.  
Hail Mary by 2Pac  
For information on all the Justice courts in the county in which the vehicle was towed please go to the following web site:  
<http://card.txcourts.gov/DirectorySearch.aspx>

5701 West Slaughter Lane Austin, TX 78749  
Phone 512-914-0711 Fax 512-914-0652 34749  
Years 2015 Make: Toyota Model: H  
Title: JTMWREV3FD051227 Color: White  
House Number: 8912 Number of Doors: 4  
Address: 8912 N Lamar Blvd Phone #: YOUR SHADOWS  
Authorized By/Property Name: Vacant  
Reason for Impound: NO PARKING  
Non-Consent Tow Fees:  
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Unincorporated Areas of Austin  
Applicable storage fees  
provided by the VSP where applicable  
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A/S/L





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Dominique Beltran





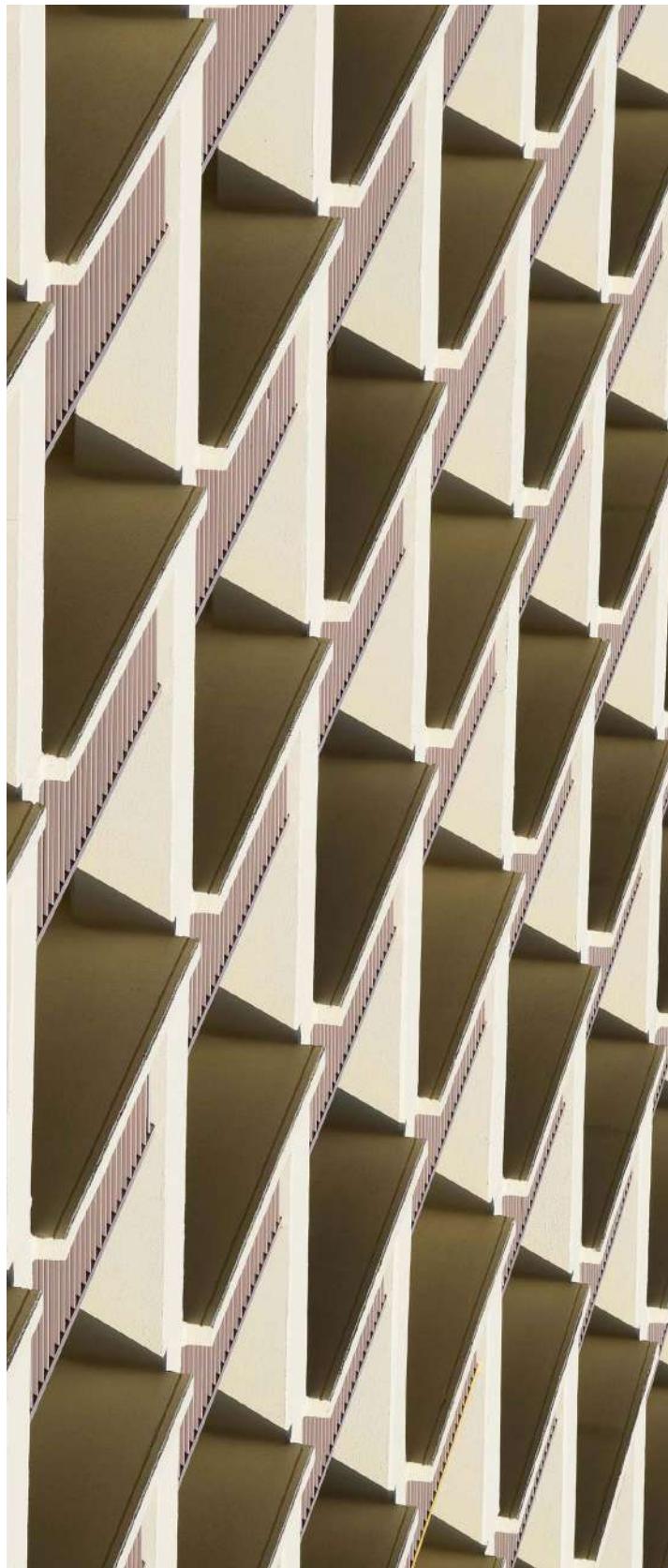
Jade Glantz



26



Emily Sourn

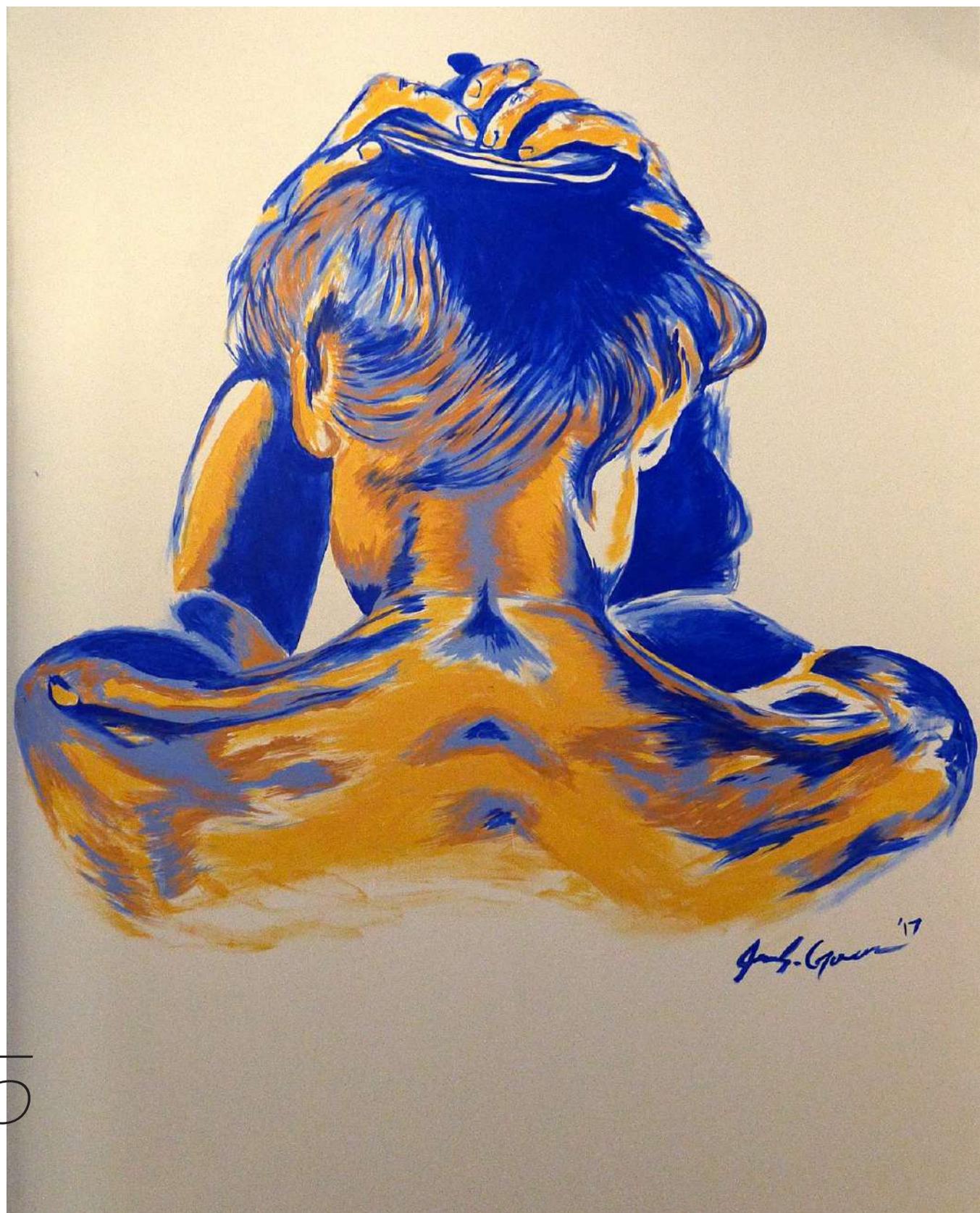


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Jesse Guevara



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26

Lewis Rodriguez





Jose Estrada





Michael Foerster

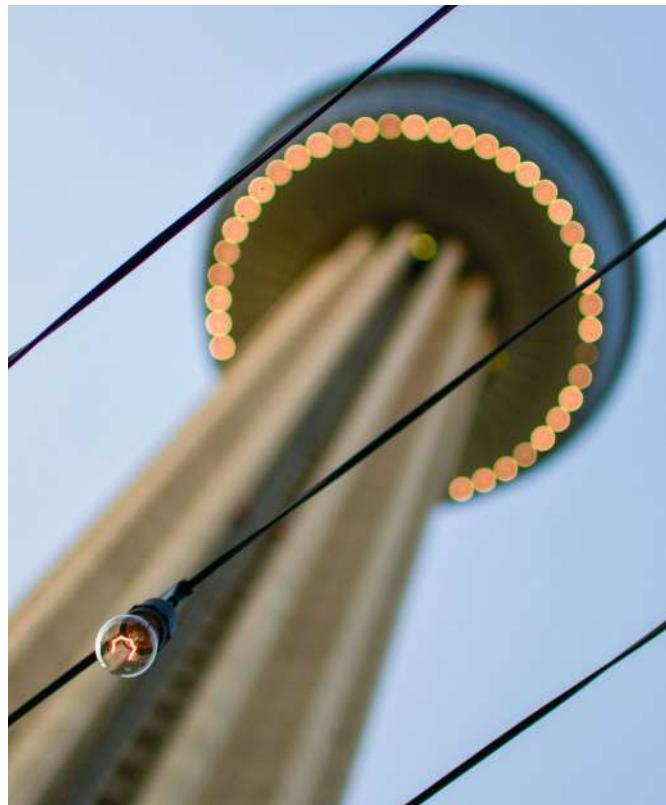


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Jesse Moreno



60





Nadia Butt

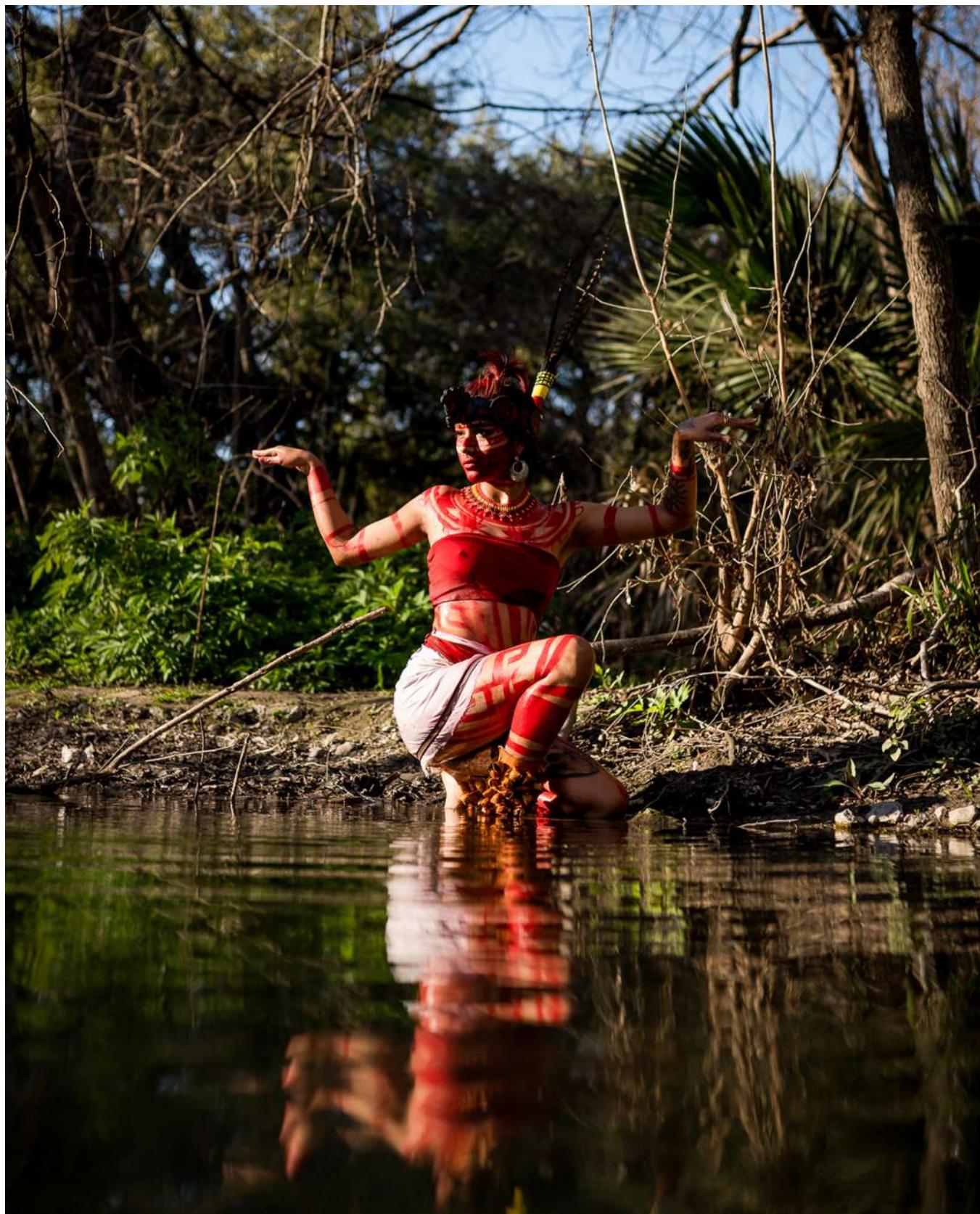




Model, props, body art by Rebecca Rojas

Photo by Mark Alvarez

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Raeann Alcorta



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Swerv O Harold



35





Sheila Vasquez



35



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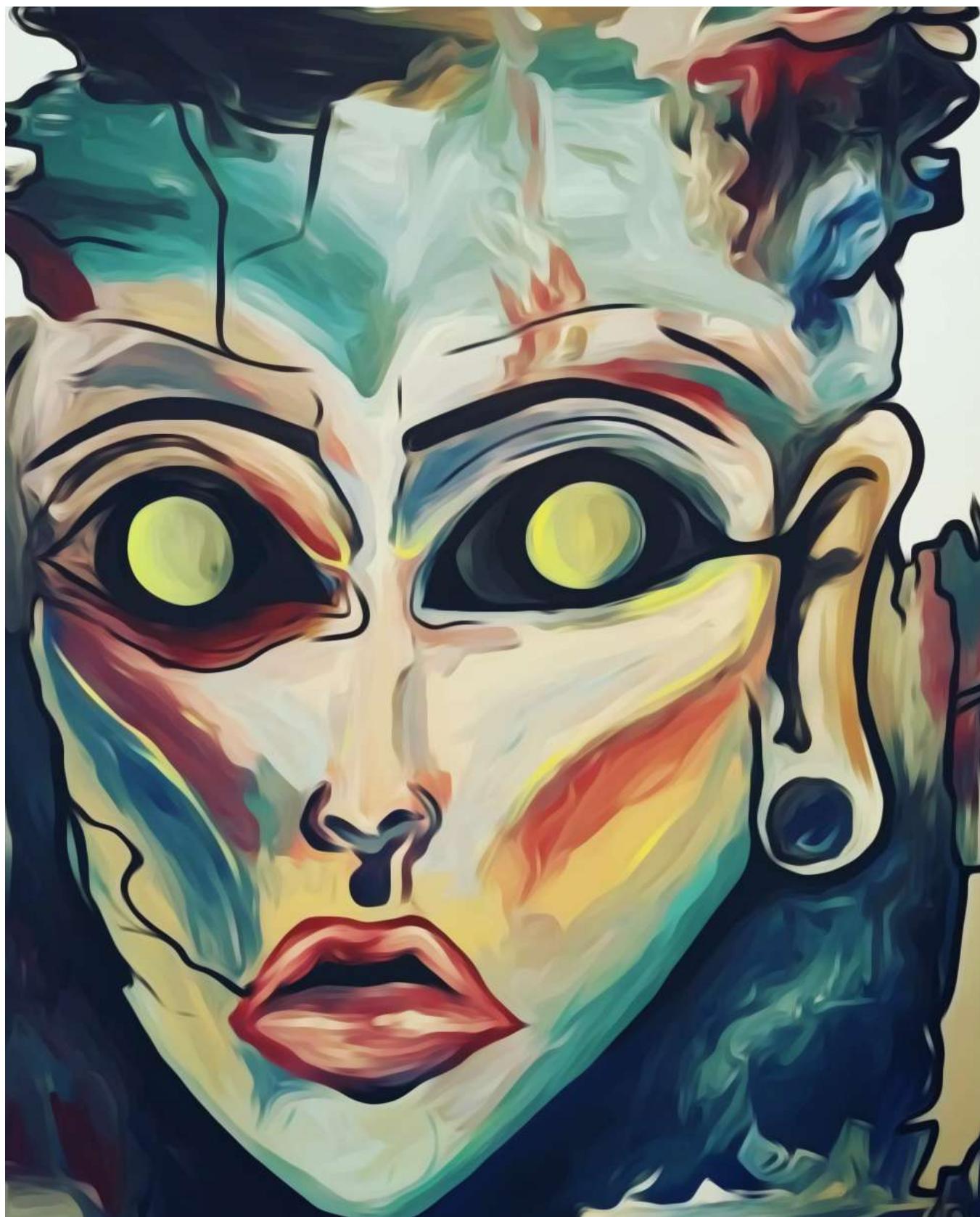
Michael Favela





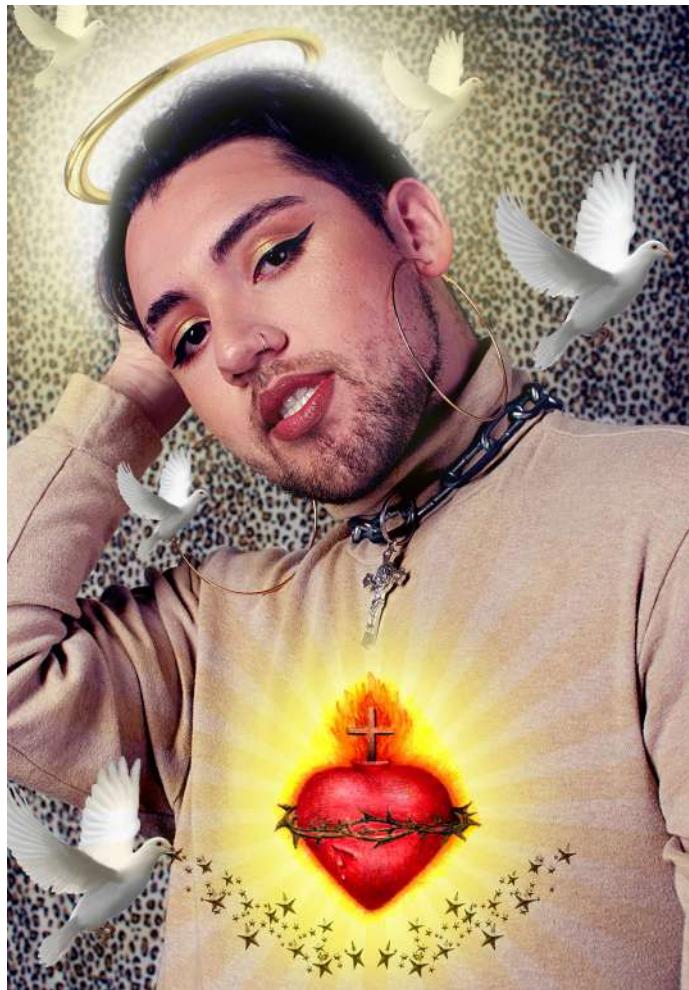
Sofia Rose

37





Amberlyn Carrillo



38





Fernando Fernandez



39



4C



"It's early in the morning. You're waking up, grouchy. To you, probably a little too early. Your brother is dragging himself to the truck while your dad packs the tackle boxes and the ice chests. You're tired but you dig the drive. Driving on some road you probably won't remember, looking at the pinks and oranges in the sky while the empty fields of grass zoom by. It's nice out. By the time you get there, you wake back up, when did you fall asleep? No matter, dad's taking care of the reservation spot and you get down to stretch your legs. Before you know it you're fishing at the lake, looking out at the river, taking in the smell of the water, hearing the catfish croak, and looking at the big ol' smokey factory in the distance. The mosquitos are biting like crazy today, but you don't mind cause you're out here with your lil bro and your dad fishing. And lord knows if we catch a few, mom's gonna cook 'em up in a caldito and it'll be allright. Yeah. That feeling."



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## Corner Story 1: The Bag, the Needle, and Me

by Lil Tonio

When I was 19, I worked at a gas station in between the neighborhoods of Olmos Park and Kenwood. For those not familiar with these neighborhoods in San Antonio, they exist next to each other as a complete juxtaposition of social class, in a way that seems on purpose. Kenwood on the lower end, and Olmos Park on the higher, with a street separating the two. Being that I worked at the neighborhood corner store, I saw both sides of the spectrum regularly, from the aging pilled-out housewives coming straight from plastic surgery, clad in bloodied facial bandages, stocking up on gas station Zinfandel; to the Lone Star card wielding, panhandler couple that lived in the nearby apartments, who seemed to have an all-chip diet, since they'd load up 6-8 bags each in their backpacks to fuel a long day of scamming people downtown with their homemade signs they beat up just enough to sell their act. One day a junkie came in, at least it seemed like he was a junkie after he left. He was a guy who'd come in the store from time to time, I think he lived in Kenwood; I knew his face, but something was up with him that day. There were several people in the store, when homeboy came. He rushed in and shouted, "Bro, where's your chips!?" I pointed to the shelves right next to me, fully stocked with chips. He barreled in, frantically scanning the bags, darting his head around, looking in all directions, like he was on a mission. Grabbing a bag of original flavor Lays, he looks at me and says "Yo, how much are these!?", I say "\$1.89". He relaxes, looking relieved, then his eyes narrowed, and started nodding his head in agreement with himself. "Yeah, yeah Ima buy these", he said as he walked up to the counter. He put the bag in front of me, I scanned it, again he asked "Bro, how much are those chips?" Again, I say "\$1.89". Back to nodding he went, but stopped himself mid-nod. The determination in his face turned into confusion. He looked up at me and asked "Hey, what time is it?" I told him the time, and he rose from his hunched position over the counter and said "Yeah, I'll be right back, Ima buy those chips", then just turned around and left. As the doors closed behind him, I looked back across the isles of the store and saw that everyone who was inside when homeboy came in had stopped what they were doing, just to watch him. Now, they were all looking at me like, why didn't I kick him out, like they never seen a weirdo before. Truth is everyone's weird, some more than others, and sometimes you gotta just give people a chance, that's what being humane is, but I digress. So 10 minutes pass since homeboy left, the chips are still on the counter and the people in the store get back to doing whatever it is they were doing, a few had left, some new ones had entered. All of a sudden homeboy's back, barging through the doors, and asks me "Bro, where's your chips!?" I'm like, "Over there", now I've really got to watch him, because something was clearly up with this guy. Walking to the chips, passed the rack of sunglasses, something behind his ear caught my eye. I was trying to make out what I saw without directly staring at him. Our eyes meet and he holds up bag of chips and asks "Hey, what flavor are these?", they were again, original flavor Lays.

"Potato. But weren't you gonna buy these?" I say, pointing to the bag still on the counter. "Yeah, yeah Ima buy those" He comes up to the counter, and I finally get a good look at what was behind his ear. It was a needle full of heroin, and when I say "full", I mean loaded up like 100ccs. So, I tell him "Hey man, I think you need to put that away", and give a couple taps above my ear. He reaches for his ear and feels the needle, "Oh", he says, grabs the needle by the base and holds it in front of him with his arm stretched out, "OH!" He held this loaded needle like someone holding a diamond to light, observing its brilliance for a solid 3 seconds; everyone was looking. He slid the needle back behind his ear and said "Aw, thanks bro! Hey, what time is it?" I gave him the time, and he responded with "Alright, cool. I need to go pick up my kid." Then just turned around and left.

Lil tonio  
RYAN PARR  
AMBER ZAMORANO  
Even Tweedy  
HARLEY. THE GIRL  
~~MAYA FAWAZ~~  
Jorge J. Mendez  
Really Low  
Ryen Gonzalez  
Rubi Victoria  
Saint John



Ryan Parr @shitonmydreams

Homeostasis

Homeostasis embraces  
whatever it's little golden finger traces  
But systems and clauses  
in the contract of conscience  
are borne away like objects  
in a sea of forgetness  
It doesn't happen in an instant  
but you see it, still, in pauses  
Which brings us to the prospect  
that not all things are in place  
when homeostasis falls out of pace.  
Thoughts wind up erased  
and attributed to the age of your waste.  
Pinnacles of emerald yesterdays  
pickle the intricate escapade  
and shrivel up, shrivel up effortlessly  
the way we saw our destiny,  
and the destiny life gave us  
when we were searching for our ecstasy.  
It is a very fickle embrace,  
the way the body gives and takes,  
and it's not too uncommon  
to lose the race  
against a body's flawless concept  
and a fall from out of grace.

20 Years

By: Amber Zamorano

Y'all put me thru hell and back  
You two created me not knowing my worth.  
All of a sudden I was unworthy...  
Unworthy of your time.  
Unworthy of your presence.  
Unworthy to fight for.  
Unworthy to change for.  
Unworthy to be in your life.. Yet you gave me life..  
Without you two I would not have existed.  
I keep questioning how wasn't I worth anything. Did  
you ever think of me when you were at your lowest?  
Were the drugs felt worth it? Was every moment  
you missed of my life worth it?

I always wonder what you two would say if you saw  
my name on a grave To see something you created  
gone for good? Except, I was already gone from  
your life for good. Don't say you raised me, don't say  
you cared, don't say you wish you would have been  
there, and don't say it will be better.

Here I am almost 20 years later with unanswered  
questions.

20 years.

Dad, you missed 20 birthdays of mine.

Mom, you only attended 11 of my birthdays.

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Even Tweedy

Prayer 2.0

Breathe.

In and out and around the issue,

Or maybe just until tomorrow.

There's always a tomorrow until there isn't.

Now you've lost your ability to gasp for breath  
and all you can do is breathe normally like a  
human being,

Because that's what you are.

You are your name.

You are your facial features.

You lay in your death bed thinking about all of  
the things you aren't, at least not anymore and  
acting like that's an accomplishment.

Here's your trophy.

Don't spend it all in one place.

Chew on it for a while, don't just swallow.

I know how hard that is for you.

I've been praying to you,

You've been praying for death on more than one  
dramatic occasion.

I've watched your heart jump out of your chest  
but this time around there was someone there to  
haphazardly shove it back into your cavity.

Lucky you.

Lucky me.

Maybe I'll never become who I want to be.

44

To My Unborn Child

Harley. The Girl

When I close my eyes,

I try to trace how your hair will fall with neon lights

But every time, I never finish before the clock rings.

You disappear into cherry blossoms clouding the skies;  
until the next night.

I miss you every day,

All through the day.

Be it impossible, I've yet felt the grace of your face;  
I swear it true.

Always awaiting dark blue,

the stars,

the moon,

my precious you.

To run every sundry

till you can hold my hand and I live the day our love  
will outweigh your cries.

the mornings I wake not facing your galaxy eyes,  
I wish to deny.

I'm wishing for future days.

Days of which your tiny footsteps on cherry wood  
soundtrack the pastime,  
as your father's favorite lullaby.

As well as mine.



Maya Fawaz @fawazieee

Green with Envy

Greed stares me in the face  
Features all turn green  
Sweeps across the nation's race  
The saddest thing I've ever seen  
21st century  
But money is all the matter  
Gas, solid, liquid gold  
Our dreams, they tend to shatter  
When we let our money fold  
World isn't perfect, can't you see?  
Marauders with their profits and a tyrant in DC  
We can't claim a world to be fair  
When superficial industries have us by the hair  
On women's heads to the makeup they wear  
Every image of each other, another personal tear  
Although, green often spreads  
Money trees polluted our heads  
You see, I fear for our planet, its conditions are worsening  
We feed to the effect with every product we're purchasing  
Artic going green and a pole dwindling  
A paradise  
As cold as ice  
Must sacrifice  
To pay its price  
Calling it "humanity" is not imprecise...

Jorge J. Mendez/ Jay M. Hue @imthatartguy

Ongoing

What a treat you could've been  
Posted on your hoodie it read  
When will we walk the trail  
Smoke leads up hill  
When will we talk of tales  
Our minds dappled on  
How possibly it could've been  
We dappled on  
And on  
And on again

Really Low @barr.l.stein

VIBRANT TOMARROWZ

When Ur Shoulder Turned Cold  
I traveled through Infernoz 2 stay warm

Az u slept without a notice but of 1z self  
My aspirationz conversated 2 me till sunrise

The timez u've clashed glasses in celebration  
I waz cornered compensating 4 a fellow of trusted peerz

Those momentz Ur tongue waz obviously hollow  
Literature gave me promise of Vibrant Tomarrowz

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# 46

Rubi Victoria @rubislippers

Untarnished

Ryen Gonzales @not\_ethyl\_again  
In A Sinner Kneeling in a Church Pew

Like a sinner kneeling in a church pew,  
I reach my hands toward something greater.  
My hands meet your hips.

It's enough to tempt even the most devoted church goer.  
If sins had a human form, it would be you.  
dark hair, sinful lips, a bright smile

Praises to God fall from my lips as your lips press against mine.  
“Only God himself could create something so perfect.” I think.  
Yet the Devil graced you with a silver forked tongue.  
I greedily urge that tongue into my open mouth.  
Sins fall from my mouth like wine,  
soft sighs drip from your red lips.  
As my fingers slip between your inviting thighs.  
“Something so sweet could only come from God himself.” I think.  
I suck my fingers into my mouth, tasting the blood of Christ.  
My mouth waters as you reveal a garden of Eden and you beckon me forward

with that forked tongue.

The taste of the apple that condemned Adam and Eve has me speaking in tongues.  
Burying my tongue in that perfect garden, curses slip from between your lips,  
sounding like hymns

So soft, like the gates of Heaven have opened.  
I listen to the angels sing, listen to their sweet voices  
I chase after the taste like the Devil chases after a sinner.

Pluck from my womb, not flowers but doom,  
Squish my cheeks, feel free, if you're my one  
and only, Only you can decipher my code,  
only you are in the know, Somehow with  
you it never gets old, Instead, our spark is  
timeless, A beacon in the foggy night, a  
divine mess, Send me a smoke signal with  
your finesse, Kiss me deep, never love me  
less, I want our love to remain untarnished,  
I'm the gem and you're my gemologist  
Take me home, get us higher,  
Make me shine brighter.



# ***IF YOU'RE JAMES DEAN, I'M SAL MINEO***

*by Saint John*



*Your eyes catch light like a classic film  
You hold me close and I want you to stay  
If you're James Dean, I'm Sal Mineo  
I've kept everything you ever gave me  
Crumpled notes and one of your jackets  
When I feel blue I put it on and think of you  
If you're James Dean, I'm Sal Mineo  
You got the bullets in the back of your drawer  
Do you think the world will end in the nighttime?  
Do you think the world will end in the daytime?  
If you crash your car, I hope I'm in it*



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## RANDOM DISCLAIMER

You may pick up this magazine and think, "what the fuck is going on?" well im just tryna have fun with design, so if you have an opinion about "stuffy ass" design ~~error~~ rules i may have broken, Please go ahead and suck-a-fuck. This magazine is not made for you because it's only going to get "MORE GACHO!!" For everyone else that appreciates ~~the rule book~~ things that flip-the-script, i fucking love you ~~and~~ and and there is so much more to come!!!

thank you!

jerik

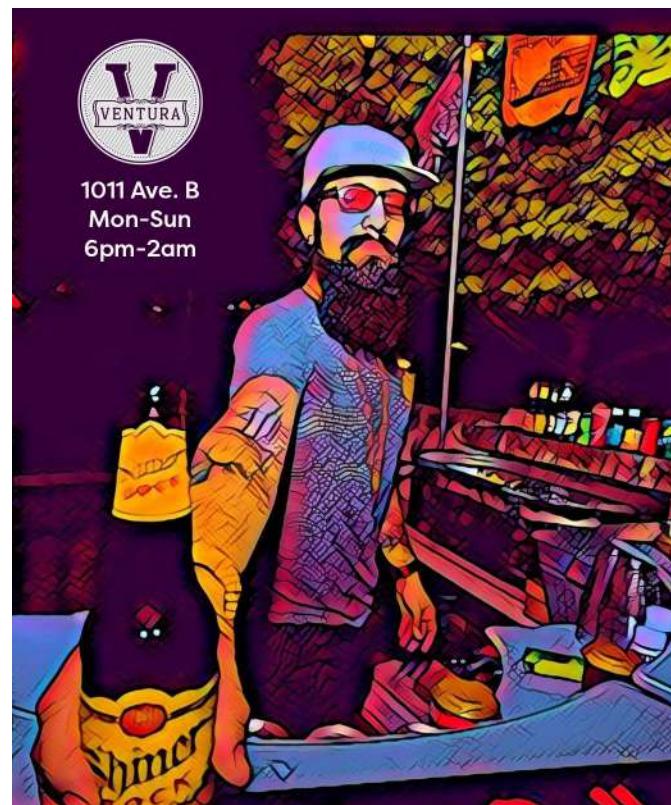


# SPECIAL THANKS

i would love to give a  
Special thanks to NINA!  
for opening up shop on a  
off day and helping my  
bum-ass with Test Prints

i would also love to give a big  
Shout out to miranda for  
letting me use her car for  
~~the~~ the front cover

3 thank you to everybody  
that likes the ~~stuff~~ & shit  
that gacho style does, we  
love & appreciate you!



Special thanks to Ventura  
for being proud supporters  
of local art & music



A large white, stylized, three-dimensional font word is superimposed over a photograph of a meal. The word reads "AGACHA" on the top line, "Style" on the second line, "PUBLIC" on the third line, and "ATION" on the bottom line. The letters have a thick, rounded, and slightly irregular shape, with a light gray or white color that has a slight texture or noise applied to it. The background of the image shows a plate of food, specifically fried chicken wings and french fries, with some barbecue sauce on the side.