



GAG!

Mission Statement:

Gag! is founded on the values of messiness, authenticity, and fragmentation of identity. Gag! encourages members and guests to lean into colloquialisms and fully embrace the ugly aspects of life. GAG SAYS FUCK IT! Life is about removing yourself from the serious, mundane aspects of life, it's about trial and error and not about cohesion and presentation. We are more than our clothes, more than our appearance, and we should honor and highlight that. Gag! is not founded on diversity and inclusion, we are founded on celebration. It is not enough to welcome and invite marginalized communities we must celebrate and honor them. Black bodies are sacred, queer bodies are sacred, trans bodies are sacred, and fat bodies are sacred. YOU ARE SACRED.

Introduction:

Gag! was founded on Red Bull, nlc, and a craving for tiny jack in the box tacos. We are not a fashion blog, art publication, or anything of the sort. We are a creative outlet for those who find themselves slipping between the cracks and confines of society. Ultimately, we hope to spotlight the talents, niches, voices, and vices of the people, the plebe, and anything in between.

Values & Ethics

GAG!
EAT DIRT!
FUCK IT!
GAG!
REPEAT!

The GAG! Vision:

GAG! is at its core, a breeding ground for creativity and collaboration. The world of art has been largely dominated by the same faces over and over again, with little to no room in this world to elevate the surrounding voices, let alone our own. GAG! has no intention to police or dictate the forms of art which are deemed as valid and hopes to curate an environment of creativity and collaboration via the meetings, social media presence, and publishing created by its members. The vision of GAG! is to bring all forms of creatives together to learn from one another, elevate each other and simply be.

Plans and Direction for GAG!

GAG! will have recurring GAG! Originals such as What's in GAG's BAG etc. These originals will be drafted and created by its members. Members are encouraged to create their own online columns, video series, Instagram posts etc. Members of GAG! will work collaboratively on a semester magazine publication entirely funded and created by its members! This will allow any and all members to solidify themselves and prove that you existed, and you created. GAG! will hold socials and events for internal mingling and collaboration! All members are encouraged but not required to attend. These events will enable creative ventures as well as hopefully provide a community and sense of belonging. GAG! will ideally have a semester project open entirely to the campus whether it be a film screening, a fashion show, an art installation, etc!

GAG! (v)
CHOKE OR RETCH

WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE GAGGIN' ON?
LIFE IS MESSY, STICKY, AND SOMETIMES,
DOWNRIGHT FUCKING SICK. AS MUCH AS
WE'D LIKE TO LIVE IN A HAPPY LIL
UTOPIA IT NEGATES THE FACT THAT THERE
ARE PEOPLE ACTIVELY WORKING TOWARDS
GOOD DESPITE HAVING TO DEAL W/ THE
UGLIEST SHIT IN THE WORLD.

THE WORLD DOESN'T GO AROUND AND PEOPLE
DON'T GET THRAFFER BY SWEEPING UNDER THE
RUG, THE MUNDANE MESSY, MALEVOLENT
OF LIFE.

TO LIVE LIFE WE MUST EMBRACE WHAT CAN
BE VULY, TABOO, AND EXIST IN A WAY THAT'S
IN EVERYONE'S FACE. WHEN YOU FIND YOURSELF
ON THE SIDELINES OF SOCIETY THE ONLY
TO MAKE A WAVE IS TO BE THE FUCKING
HURRICANE.

THE CREATION OF GAG! WAS BESTOWED UPON
OUR SILLY LIL LIPS THROUGH THE
GIFT OF MEETING EACH OTHER AND
COMING TOGETHER TO CREATE SOMETHING OF
OUR OWN - SOMETHING THAT HAS THE OPPORTUNITY
TO VENTURE OUT FROM A SPECIFIC
REPORT OR CANVA GUIDELINE TO LIMIT
OUR CREATIVITY.

GAG! WASN'T ALWAYS THE PLAN, THOUGH! IT'S
NO SELFA THAT OUR DEPARTURE FROM
GAG! WASN'T ENTIRELY SMOOTH WE VOLUNTARILY IT WASN'T
UNTIL THEN THAT WE REALIZED OUR PRINCIPLES
AND CREATIVE VISIONS WERE DOWN TO SACRIFICE THAT
WE WERE REAL GAG! WAS IDEALIZED

AND THERE WE ARE NOW.

GAG! IS A SANCTUARY FOR
CREATIVES AND PEOPLE
NEEDING AN OUTLET
FROM THE MUNDANENESS
AND PROPRIETY OF
ACADAMIA AND EVERY DAY
LIFE.

FUCK THEIR
COMFORTABILITY
MAKE 'EM GAG!

AM
SI
BN
TS

@gag.magazine

drew

elyse brown / tiger biskup

finn baker

jovanny martinez

ashley margolis / jovanny martinez

kevin ryu

fay sakura / bel nario

bel nario

gab nuer

caitlin clift

GAG! / gab nuer / sousiva ing

jovanny martinez, bel nario, sousiva ing,

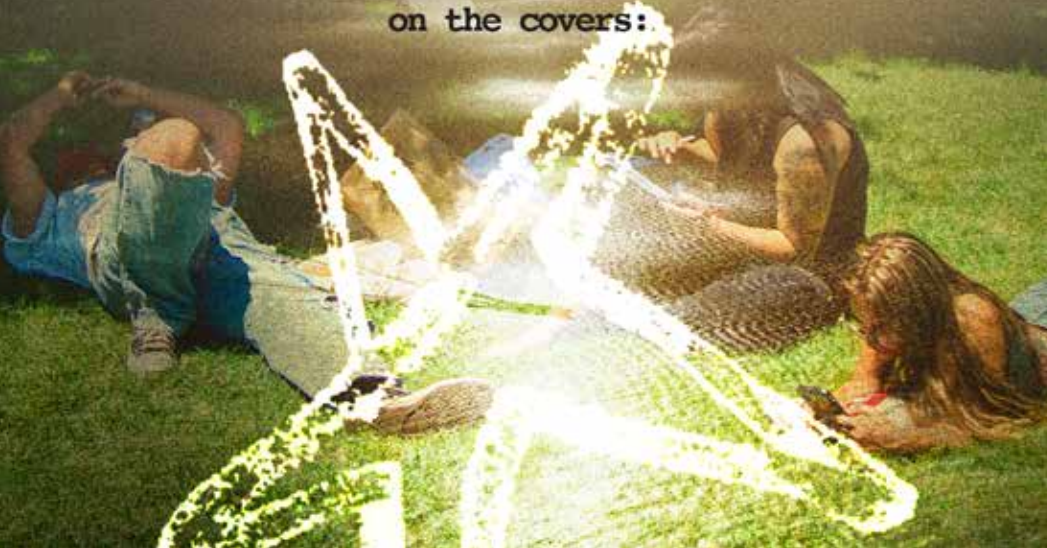
tatiana sanchez, sofia rasner, anna mog, caitlin clift

gab nuer

lw / jovanny martinez

izzie p

on the covers:



HOW IT
FEELS TO
SEE YOU.





the shape of a heart
elyse brown

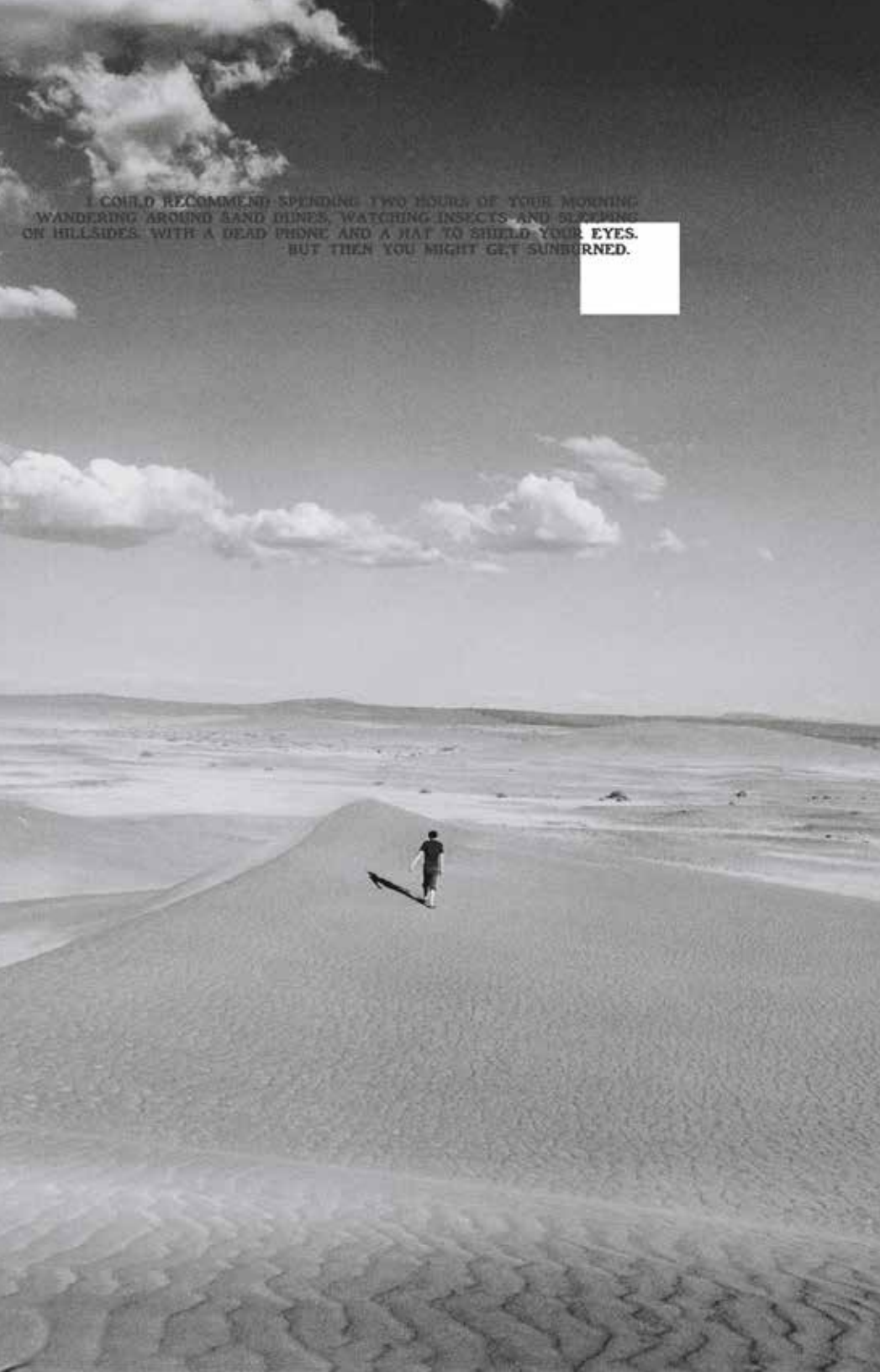
There is a rope tied around my ribcage
and a hand that reaches down
to caress the inside of my chest.
The fingers settle around the smooth edges of my heart.
Sometimes they are gentle
and sometimes they are not.

The tightness of the rope strengthens
and breathing becomes transactional,
the interval between the air that expands
and the pressure that crushes it back down.
All in exchange for the reminder,
I have no control.

I imagine my body as more hollow than it is,
an empty chamber that would be otherwise filled with organic machinery,
a shell covered by an intricate exterior.
I prefer it this way,
where the space it consumes is inconsequential
because it is just a vacant casing.
So that I am not terrified when I cannot feel how I am told I should.

I convince myself that I am not my body,
that I am separate instead of whole
because it is a vast unknown,
but worst of all, it is impermanent.
It helps me cope with how
I do not understand what it means to be material
and temporary.







I CAN'T TALK AND BREATHE
AT THE SAME TIME
ONE HAS TO STOP FOR THE OTHER
LIFE DEATH IN A DOORWAY
HERE'S TO THRESHOLDS
I CROSS WITHOUT KNOWING
THREE CHEERS
IN PUNCHING HOLES IN THE PAVEMENT
SOMEONE WILL SEE ONE DAY
AS HIEROGLYPHS OF HUMAN TOUCH
MY KNUCKLES CRY ON THE ASPHALT
BUSY BUSY BEE
MY DAD PUNCHED A HOLE IN THE WALL ONCE
MY SISTER DOESN'T REMEMBER IT
TIME IS A LOOKING GLASS THOUGH
AND I CAN'T WRENCH MY EYES AWAY
I USED TO STARE AT THE WALL
MAKE ME A MAN, MAKE ME A MAN
MAKE ME A MAN
PUNCH A HOLE IN ME DAD.
MAKE ME A MAN LIKE YOU.



we are our families.
i come from my parents,
i am my parents
i knew that since i was
little but i didnt know that
until now.

john tells me im a
perfect mix of my parents.
people have said that
before. not perfect as i am
perfect. not mixed as in
multiracial, though i am and
so is my father. i am
perfectly between them. i
dont look like one more than
the other.

i share my fathers frame.
our shoulders both slant
down and our legs reach
toward the ground.
mama always says she notices
how alike our bodies are
when she walks behind us, as
she often does. dada leaves
us both behind, so i run to
catch up, leaving mama
behind.

i feel like i was my father
first, and my mother after.
mama creased the corners of
my, or dadas, eyes on both
sides and gently pulled them
outward. thickened my
fathers long lashes and our
eyebrows. softened
our nose. darkened our hair.
made us girl or woman.

gave us girl or woman.



DO YOU REMEMBER?
DO YOU REMEMBER?
DO YOU REMEMBER?
DO YOU REMEMBER?

FORGET ME THEN.







it is that look of hunger
inextinguishable desire
cupid's ~~poisoned~~ arrow bored into butterfly's chest

i am a rack of lamb in the window
a siren song for voracious waves
a bit of leg, an ear, a shoulder, a hip
cut me at ~~will~~, mark me as you wish!

when my meat toughens, snowy & coarse
leaving want for something fresh:
"you've had your dinner, time for rest"
a vast world lies at your disposal
a two-dimensional butcher's shop of choice

until the sky darkens, and stomachs growl,
crawling out of hibernation to:
regenerate my limbs with reddened wine
and crumbs of unfinished promise
one day i'll consider sweeping away your settled dust
footmarks only last so long on a doormat
in the meantime,
sing me to sleep,
stroke my hair and
prepare me for slaughter

do you ever look at
someone & know
exactly how they'll look
when they wither away
after they find a plot of dirt
to dig through

where they bury their children
& plant gardenias in their place

lean just picture
the sweet slicked
brown hair
of working their land
over the years their
hands have been
smothered in the earth
faced caked in vines
waiting for an emergence
instead they're met
with worms & weeds
things that need
more

do you ever look at
someone & know
exactly how they'll look
after they see life
when they see their
empty apartments &
last brown hair
after they find a plot of dirt
to plow through
After they gather their goods
gentle contact through
their process
before placing them
cradled in porcelain
before me on the table
i can just see how they kept
the wolves from their doors
how the days came & went
just so they could be
at the head
of their table



JOHANNY K3
MARTINEZ
★ Gabriel Nuer ★
Finn Baker
Bel Nario ★