

Mutate Zine

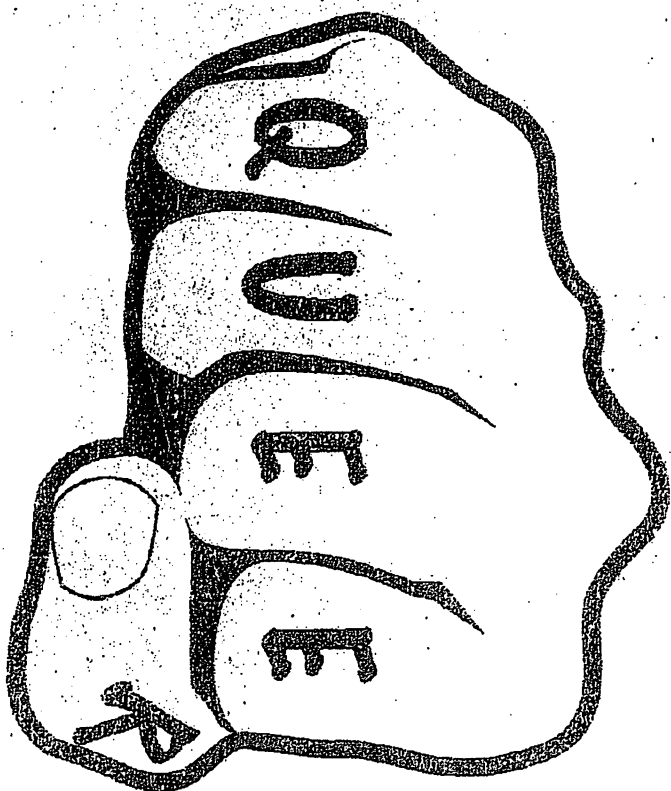
#10

For 21 years now I've fought for the right
for people to love just whoever they like
but the right on and righteous are out for my hood
how I live with my kid and a woman I love
even if gay liberation means freedom for all
a label is no liberation at all
I'm here and I'm queer and I do what I do
and I'm not gonna wear... a "straight" jacket for you

SOUTH CHICAGO ABC
ZINE DISTRO

POB 721 HOMEWOOD IL 60430

***Tom Robinson



CONTENTS

Deca-dent	3
Suicide Is Painful	6
I Object!	10
Hands Off! (Unless They're Mine)	14
Let Your Freak Flag Fly	16
Being Bought Aint The Bad	19
Hanging Off My Toolbelt	20
Toon In, Turn On, Get Off	23
Medi8 On This	26
The Choice Is Yours	28
An Army Of Lovers	31

Leaglese - "First thing we do, we kill all the lawyers"
-William Shakespeare

but seriously, Mutate is free. if you paid for it, then you got ripped off, dildohead. if you want to submit something, please feel free, now accepting contributions for #11. Mutate is a 6 year old queer zine. if you like it, or have questions or comments, please tell us. we attempt to distribute in boston, milwaukee, madison, nyc, atlanta and san francisco. check your local coffee shop, alternative/queer book store, or get it from a friend. if you picked this up and aren't going to keep it, please pass it on. and please recycle, duh.

Reach out and touch somebody
email: milo@mutatezine.com
web: www.mutatezine.com
mutate has returned to:
Mutate Zine
2935 N. Fratney
Milwaukee, WI 53212

An Army of Lovers Cannot Lose

Being queer is not about a right to privacy, it is about the freedom to be public, to just be who we are. It means every day fighting oppression; homophobia, racism, misogyny, the bigotry of religious hypocrites and our own self-hatred. (We have been carefully taught to hate our selves.) And now of course it means fighting a virus as well, and all those homo-haters who are using AIDS to wipe us off the face of the earth.

Being queer means leading a different sort of life. It's not about the mainstream, profit margins, patriotism, patriarchy, or being assimilated. It's not about executive directors, privilege and elitism. It's about being on the margins, defining ourselves, it's about genderfuck and secrets, what's beneath the belt and deep inside the heart. It's about the night. Being queer is "grass roots" because we know that everyone of us every body, every cunt, every heart and ass and dick is a world of pleasure waiting to be explored. Everyone of us is a world of infinite possibility.

We are an army because we have to be. We are an army because we are so powerful. (We have so much to fight for; we are the most precious of endangered species.) And we are an army of lovers because it is we who know what love is. Desire and lust, too. We invented them. We come out of the closet, face the rejection of society, face firing squads, just to love each other! Every time we fuck, we win.

We must fight for ourselves (no else is going to do it) and if in that process we bring greater freedom to the world at large then great. (We've given so much to that world: democracy, all the arts, the concepts of love, philosophy and the soul, to name just a few of the gifts from our ancient Greek Dykes, Fags.) Let's make every space a lesbian and Gay space. Every street a part of our sexual geography. A city of yearning and then total satisfaction. A city and a country where we can be safe and free and more. We must look at our lives and see what's best in them, see what is queer and what is straight and let that straight stuff fall away. Remember there is so, so little time. And I want to be a lover of each and every one of you. Next year, we march naked.

From the Queer Nation Manifesto by Queers (circa 1990, NYC)

are supposed to go to the clinic, she miscarries. It seems that the universe made a choice, too...

Summer 2003: After 10 years of volunteering at clinics, the last straw breaks. I am strong and fierce. Almost bulletproof, at times. But after hearing yet another "loving christian" call my father a faggot, I realize that there is going to be too much of a clash between my pacifism and my desire to help the patients. While I keep my cool enough, I know that the next time I hear someone call het members of my family a fag, I'm going to go to jail for assault. I've mostly given up at the clinics here.



The photo is from last fall (2005) taken on campus where I work.

My beliefs and thoughts around reproductive rights are cliched, but accurate: My Body, My Choice. Every Child A Wanted Child. Adopt. Universal Health Care. Funded access to BC, EC, and pre+postnatal care. It's not that hard to wrap your head around, hmm...?

Deca-dent

As is almost always the case, I save writing the introduction to Mutate until the end. That way I can review what's going on in the current issue, and use the intro as a launching point. With that in mind, here we go...

First off, this may be the penultimate Mutate Zine. I make no guarantees, but about 18 months ago, I decided that my goal for Mutate was to put out 10 issues, then compile them into an anthology. So as you are reading this, probably in the spring and summer of 2006, I'm working with designers and editors to clean up all of the mistakes, spelling errors, and oddities that come from using a photocopier as a self-publishing tool. My sincere hope is that the Mutate Zine Anthology (I'll come up with a clever name later) will be ready to hit the streets by the Winter Solstice (21 December) of this year.

Part of the reason that this may be it for a while is that I've taken on a number of other zine projects. In between Mutate #9 and this issue, I put out a zine called "SoyBoi! - Queer Adventures in My Vegetarian Kitchen." SoyBoi is a vegi/vegan cookbook zine. I really enjoyed the project, and want to do a followup this coming summer. I've also put out a couple of free minizines, and am currently working on a slightly longer one called "The Reluctant Zine Librarian."

"The Reluctant Zine Librarian" is a first attempt to talk about my experiences with zine librarianship. For the past 3 years, I've been working with C. and other queer zinesters and fans to digitize and catalog zines with LGBT content and/or by queer zinesters. QZAP, the Queer Zine Archive Project, is increasingly

taking up my time and passion. I love working on it with the knowledge that folks interested in DIY publication and queer culture/counter-culture will have access to publications and ephemera that would just disappear by their very nature. At the time of this publication, we have almost 100 different zines online, all available for free to anyone. We are adding more every week, and will continue to do so for the foreseeable future.

In the process of getting out and promoting both Mutate and QZAP (and all of the other zine projects in my world), I've noticed a very interesting phenomenon. I call it "Fear of A Well-Designed Zine." When tabling at zine festivals around the country, people seem very afraid of this fishwrap. I'm not sure if it's because I do digital layout, or if it's because the zine is free, or it's just the content that scares people off. I'm not particularly concerned about it, but it's been interesting to watch people pick up copies of Mutate, flip through it, and then put it down and walk away. It's not like there's a cover price, so I'd think people who are interested would relish a chance for some free art/reading material. Hmm... It must be the content.

The Content. Now there's an interesting idea. Whenever anyone asks about the next issue, the inevitable question I get following is, "Does it have a theme?" My usual answer is that mutater is a queer-punk-pop-culture zine. While that's certainly true for #10, I think that this issue is "The Sex Issue." I mentioned it to *K a couple of weeks ago, and she said "Mutate, they're ALL the sex issues." So be it.

or the first time in a long while, there is no interview in this issue. Mostly due to laziness, but also because I haven't heard any musicians who really rocked my socks enough, nor have I had a chance or inclination to con-

tribute.

Spring/Summer 1992: Operation: Rescue and Missionaries to the Pre-born invade Milwaukee, bringing tens of thousands of fundamentalist Christian protesters to women's health clinics around the city. At the same time, my parents' rabbi gives a sermon explaining that it is our duty as Jews to help keep the clinics open. As a result, my whole family gets involved protecting Milwaukee's clinics.

Aug. 6, 1992 - In a mass attack against a clinic in Brown Deer, WI, hundreds of Anti-Choice protesters get arrested, many of them children under the age of 18. Also mistakenly arrested is my sister. Charged with disorderly conduct, she is released to my parents' custody, and told to keep her nose clean.

Fall 1992: As a result of meeting amazing activists while defending clinics, I come out of the closet, and get involved with ACT UP. Spend the next 8 years as an HIV/AIDS activist and sexual health advocate.

Ongoing 1992-2003: Whenever I am back in Milwaukee, I continue to defend Milwaukee abortion clinics and escort patients through the throngs of fundie "Christians" that still target clinics. (to this day, my father still volunteers every Saturday at clinics defending choice.)

Spring/Summer 1996: After careful negotiation and lots of discussion, my lover/fuck buddy and I make a choice to NOT use a condom. Once. One time. I go to study abroad for the summer, and she is pregnant. I choose to come back to New York, and together we choose to terminate the pregnancy. On the morning that we

The Choice Is Yours

You Can Get With This... or You Can Get With That... The Choice Is Yours (The Black Sheep)

Yesterday (1/22/06) was apparently "Blog for Choice" day. I must have missed the memo, or it got shuffled as I was cleaning out my office. No matter, a day late won't hurt. Now how's about a timeline for y'all:

977: As my parents were in the process of conceiving and bearing their 2nd child (my beautiful sister) their synagogue was doing a complimentary screening for Tay-Sachs. (www.ntsad.org/pages/t-sachs.htm) It turned out that one of them was a genetic carrier of the disease. Luckily, the other one wasn't, but a false positive on the first test seemed to indicate otherwise. At that point in their lives, they were facing a choice. It turned out that they didn't need to abort the fetus, but had results been different, they might have done. Luckily, they were baby-making in a post Roe world.

989: High school health class, Freshman year - During the unit on human sexuality, we had two guest speakers. The woman from "Bread and Roses" women's health clinic came into class and calmly and accurately described a number of procedures that the clinic performed, including counseling, birth control dispensation, and abortion as a medical procedure. The woman from Wisconsin Right to Life also came into class, and spent the entire class period shouting at us and telling us that abortion providers "cut the baby up with

tact anyone. Even without the interview, there's a lot of awesome material in here. J*K delivers yet again with a great piece about voluntary celibacy. My pal Mel has contributed an article about Suicide Girls and the nature of DIY porn, Miss Althaea writes about her amazing tools, and there ARE a couple of music+book reviews. Two of the pieces I've written are among my faves in this issue: In the centerfold, you'll find an updated "Hanky Code" that has taken me 3 years to put together, and I've also written a piece about conscientious objection and selective service. Please, Please, Please, if you are a teenager, or have contact with young adults about to turn 18, share this article with them. It's so important to know that there are safe and legal alternatives when registering for selective service. Finally, because I needed a little filler, I am republishing a blog entry from earlier this year that I wrote on Blog for Choice Day.

Since the beginning of Mutate, I've tried hard to camouflage my gender. Because of the nature of "The Choice Is Yours" I think the cat's out of the bag, so to speak. Cutting to the chase, I'm a bio boy. I've got a penis, and I am usually ok with it. It's not that important in the grand scheme of things, but it helps me to urinate, and I do derive pleasure from it. There, I've said it. Now, in the immortal words of Marvin Gaye:

Let's Get It On!

xoM, April 2006

Suicide Is Painful

by mel h

SuicideGirls.com really bums me out. I held on to my love for SG for a long time. My undergrad feminist porn teacher didn't even agree with my enthusiasm over the site. I just really wanted to cream my feminist and forthcoming academic pants over this site.

If you aren't familiar with the site, let me do my best to summarize the loaded site. Punk/indie/emo/goth-inspired girls model in a pin-up style fashion. The photography is top notch. The girls are required to have some body modification to model for SG. It appears there is a demand to be a Suicide Girl. Anyone can apply to model online.

The marketing for the site is a bit sickening. Throughout the few years the site has been around, the photography's quality has improved along with the marketing. Beyond the punk-inspired shirts, SG-logo strewn undies and stickers, and Dave Navarro as a clothing model (wtf?), there is that lovely iPod marketing scheme going down with SG.

When the iPod with video capabilities launched this fall, a surprising SG angle came with it. SG was one of the first porn sites to offer iPod users the ability to buy video of Suicide Girls doing whatever they do for the camera—for the iPod user to drool over on a tiny screen with white headphones.

So why am I writing about this with slight sarcasm and/or cynicism? It is because I am getting sick of awesome, independent, DIY media forms being exploited by the mainstream. I hold the opinion that

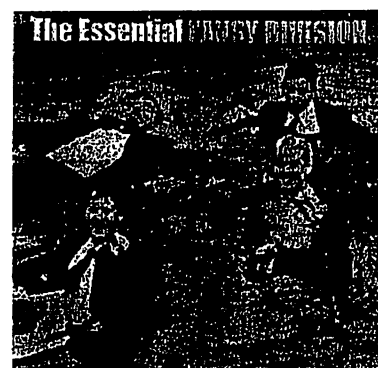
once a subculture creation gets sucked up by mainstream society, it is the end of anything meaningful from that creation.

And maybe my teacher is right—the site wasn't that cool to begin with. But, I think SG is redeeming for a few reasons. One,



5 the site features girls that do not subscribe to

great, almost all old favorites, with some other tracks that PDs later albums. It's really the Videos that make it, however. In many cases the audio is crap, but this collection includes concert footage, and obvious transfers from VHS of San Francisco

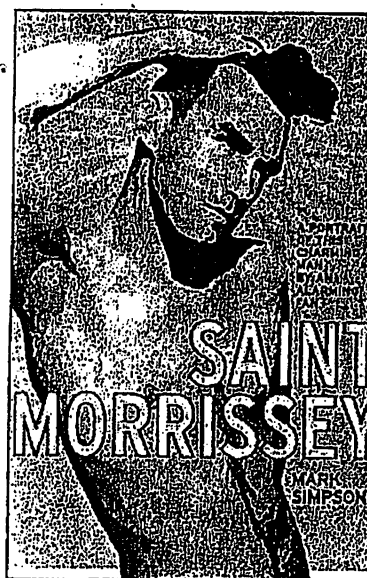


The Essential PANSY DIVISION

cable access programs. I also love the liner notes. It's neat to read John's writing about the songs themselves, and why they were chosen. While I think all of the Pansy Division albums are worth purchasing, this and 1995's Pile Up should be enough to show membership in The Cocksucker Club.

In December I got a text message from Martin that said "I just saw Saint Morrissey at Books, Inc. and thought of you." Coupled with a BookSense card, I went to my own local independent bookseller in January and picked up a copy. It then languished on the table in the dining room until a recent trip back to California. Luckily for me, a 4 hour flight and 2 and a half hours stuck in the Minneapolis airport was enough time to gobble this book in one fell swoop.

Originally published in the UK in 2003, Saint Morrissey is a lovely examination of both the Mozzer himself, and author Mark Simpson's relation to both the Smiths and Morrissey's solo careers. This biography paints a compelling story of growing up in 1960's Manchester, a fascination with movie stars and singers like James Dean and Sandie Shaw, and how Steven Patrick Morrissey helped change the music world as we know it. The book itself is



quite comprehensive in its coverage of Moz as a boy, his work with The Smiths, and all of the various twists and turns of his psyche as it relates to the press, fandom, and sexuality throughout his career. All in all, it's well worth the read for fans, affectionados, and anyone who is interested in music/queer/pop culture.

Saint Morrissey by Mark Simpson (272 pages, ISBN: 0743276906)

MEDIA8 ON THIS

In between issues of Mutate, I can't begin to tell you how much media I consume. Even without cable TV, having given up the NetFlix, never subscribing to the iTunes Music Store, I still find myself consuming a ton. Among the most recent are a couple of CDs and a book. Well, actually I consume books quite often, but most are not appropriate for this space for one reason or another. As far as consuming and regurgitating media, I hope that folks who snag this zine find what I write about compelling enough to go out and get copies for themselves. Enjoy!

The Wet Spots - Ribbed For Pleasure

(WSMOO1) Ribbed for Pleasure is just heavenly.



found out about TWS from a post to their video for their hit "Do You Take It"

http://www.goodiebag.tv/video/do_you_take_it.htm

After watching the video, I knew that I had to own the CD. Of course, it seems that the only way to get it is to order it from Cass King herself. So with a little PayPal action (\$15 CDN), I had it winging to my door in a matter of minutes. The sound itself is great. Totally torchy with ribald lyrics that make me blush and smile. Whenever I listen to it, I imagine myself in a cabaret, front table, while a busty runette leans over bearing her cleavage and melodically asking me if I take it in the ass.

www.wetspotsmusic.com

Pansy Division - The Essential Pansy Division

(virus343/Alternative Tentacles) I've loved PD since the late 1990s. In fact, they were the first interview I did, back in Mutate #2. While I was picking up the new Punk Planet (to read a review of one of my other zines), I also snagged this CD. What I had forgotten was that in addition to being a "best of" album, there is also the DVD included. That alone made it worth the sticker price. Plus I got it at

Atomic Records, which I love. The CD is

"normative" beauty. Two, the users of the site are pretty awesome.

Users are allowed to post on a variety of message boards.

They also can post comments on a model's personal area on the site. The comments left for the girls

go no farther than saying how hot or beautiful the photos of the girls are. Many times

users like to leave comments for the models about how they share appreciation for the same

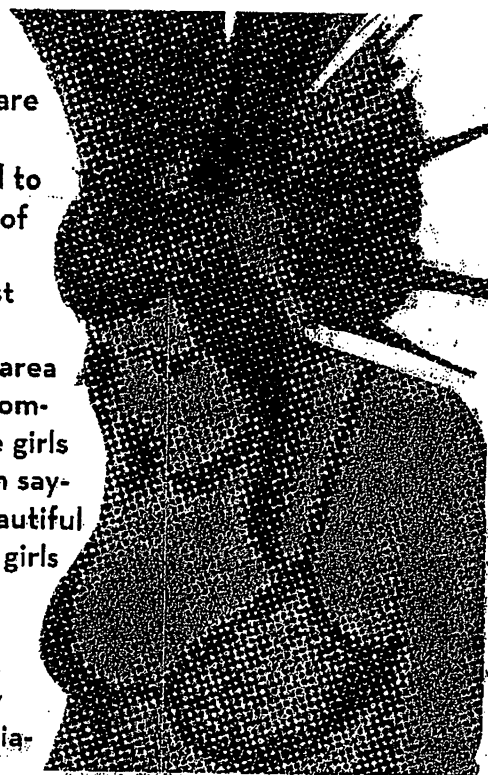
band, book, or film. This really isn't the site to tell the models you want to fuck them up the ass or anything. These girls demand and get respect.

What are the non-redeeming qualities of the site? The girls are way too hot. The girls may have face tattoos and metal through their tits, but the make-up and stiletto heels scream, 'typical porn model look!' Because the site celebrates women who look different than most of society, it would help to have girls that aren't size 6 and bought their shoes from the local stripper store. OK, not *all* the girls are perfectly molded to be models. But, the majority resembles the mold, and that is pretty ironic.

The site also has this fishy thing going on with the mix of punk and capitalism. Of course there is much to say about the mainstream usage of punk aesthetics. Regardless, the girls on the site use punk/emo/indie/goth signifiers. All those subcultures can be boiled down to a vague term of alternative—although I dislike that word.

Beyond the fashion of these subcultures is the value system that resists a lot of mainstream society. One value is being anti-consumer. People who identify with these various subcultures live in a way that denounces the obsessively consumer driven society. This is not true for all of the subcultures' members, but it is definitely a strong value held by many.

Anyway, my point being: SG uses punk/alternative/whatever style to market their girls. The users also appear to identify with the style. Yet, the values held by the subcultures represented seem to be thrown out the window. People must pay a good



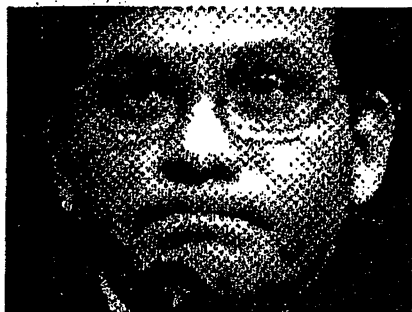
...of money to see some naked girls. Also, there is a SG book, a touring burlesque show, and the aforementioned merchandise for sale. This doesn't seem too anti-consumer to me.

Finally, the most disturbing thing I found is left as my finale. The girls that look more punk than most of the models have had some of their photo sets taken down. Girls that enjoy taking pictures with blood, and I think weapons, were censored. I am not positive what the sets looked like because I can only base my assumptions on the photo sets' title and obscure image (to reel in users). Once I clicked on a photo set I believed was a bit hard core for the site, and sure enough, it was gone. The reason? Well a cute picture of Attorney General Alberto Gonzales shows up where the sexy bloody photos once were.

The War on Porn is blamed for the censoring, and SG users are directed to a message board discussion on the taking down of photo sets. This is what bums me out more than anything. It is self-censorship of a site devoted to showcasing girls that don't fit in with mainstream society. Again, this is another ironic erotic twist on the site.

In comparison, check out BellaVendetta.com, a site with a similar lay out and similar models. The difference? Well for one, the main page has a banner with a naked girl smothered in her own blood. BV makes sure the users of the site know all blood play is or real. I cannot be sure of SG. It doesn't matter anyway. Maybe the War on Porn is so vicious now SG has to be careful. See, this is what happens when progressive things get exposure. The content has to be modified and the extreme gets suppressed. SG never claimed to be many things—feminist, punk, anti-consumer. But just because the site doesn't stake claims does not mean there are obvious undertones to what is really going on. The site has potential to be many things but got trampled on by capitalistic and consumerist goals.

My advice is to support places like BV and really look closely at what is going on with these "alternative" sites. The more DIY/indie media that gets commercialized, the less there is for us to enjoy. Of course we can just start making our own, but then the vicious circle starts all over again. Are you going to be the one who drops values for money?



Trent... well, he's totally my boy-type. skinny and tallish, with nice piercing and tats. The soul patch would have to go, though.

Spike, Faye Valentine, and Edward - These sexy toons come from across the stars seeking bounty... and they can have mine any day.



Spike, like Trent Lane, is how I prefer the cartoon guys who are going to top me. I'm imagining those strong, thick arms holding me down as he grinds into me. Faye is somewhat typical of the anime babe genre, but again, if I'm bottoming, then her strong curves will be a welcome place to cuddle up in. Edward, however, is my fave of the three. Ze's a little genderfuckin kid after my own heart. Of course with him it would be all cybersex, since he spends most of his time goggled in, but for a 13 year old of indeterminate gender with mad hacking skills it could be digital sex the way it was meant to be.

While writing this, I realized that this phenomenon has been with me since childhood. I just never would have thought about *why* cartoons like Johnny Quest, James Bond Jr., Jem and The Holograms, or Beverly Hills Teens were such a lovely suck of my precious viewing hours. It seems that now, looking back, I really just wanted to shag them. Which is as it should be. Because pop culture just isn't doing its job if it can't arouse a prurient interest. And when it comes to certain cartoons, it's certainly aroused mine.

still... Kim's gymnastic skills, her oft-bared midriff, and her great costumes make her deliciously fuckable. Who wouldn't want to get it on with the red-headed cheerleader who is also a super heroine, and looks stunning in a cocktail dress? Ron, on the other hand, is just as lovable. He's got monkey-ninja style, always groovin' in his cute cargos (which I prefer to believe he picked up at a surplus store rather than Aberzombie & Feltch, AND have an amazing ability to come off at just the wrong times, bearing his adorable boxers) and the Rufus... Naked Mole Rat just screams sex toy!

The humanoids from ReBoot - Rendered in delicious curvy and muscular CGI, I would roll around on the futon with Dot Matrix, Bob, Mouse, Matrix, and AndrAlia. The added bonus is always going down on someone with blue or green skin, and coming up after without body-paint on the mouth.

Daria, Quinn, Jane, and Trent - Well, Quinn is bouncy and cute and annoying as hell... but tied to a bed with a ball-gag (or something else) to keep her quiet would be nice. What can I say about Jane... um, how about YUM! She's cute and dark and artsy, but has a good sense of humor. Daria, dear, sweet, misunderstood Daria.... What's not to like about a grrrl who wears glasses and peaks her mind? Plus she lushes so cutely when she's embarrassed. And



"It is a tragedy, I feel, that people of a different sexual type are caught in a world which shows so little understanding for homosexuals, is so crassly indifferent to the various gradations and variations of gender and their great significance in life. Far be it for me to seek to evaluate these people as inferior, less moral, or incapable of higher feelings and actions."

Emma Goldman in a letter to Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, March, 1923

I Object!

It's an older tale, but one that I think needs to be told. It's about making sure that our lovely government here in the US knew me. Too many young people disappear under the radar, keep their noses clean, and never get to make their presence known to The Powers That Be. While I'm older and wiser now, and generally try to keep my ego in check, when I was a young mutant I was much bolder with my affiliations and sense of self.

Starting at about the age of 13 or 14, I began to really think about war and pacifism. I read numerous books, I began to write a little, and came to the conclusion that I was, and still am, a lifelong pacifist. To me, being a pacifist does not mean being passive. Quite to the contrary, it means being active. It means speaking up and speaking out and letting my thoughts, ideas, and feelings be known. Which is exactly what I did.



In the summer of 1992 there was a lot going on in my life. One of the things that I was wrestling with was coming out, but another was trying to figure out what to do about Selective Service registration. Since 1959 in the US, males aged 18-26 must register with the SSS to ensure that everyone has an (allegedly) equal opportunity to become cannon fodder should a military draft be reinstated. According to the Selective Service System website (<http://www.sss.gov>):

"If you do not register, you could be prosecuted and fined up to \$250,000 and/or be put in jail for up to five years. Registration is also a requirement to qualify for Federal student aid, job training benefits, and most Federal employment."

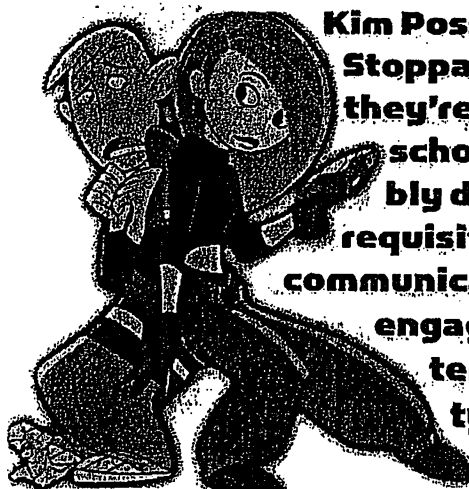
As I was planning on attending college, and really didn't have a quarter of a million dollars, nor a desire to spend time in jail, I was in a bit of a quandary. Clearly, not registering was an option, but one that would have an impact on my life for years to come. Luckily, I had done quite a bit of homework, and came across another solution: Conscientious Objector Status.

10 A Conscientious Objector is a person who is opposed

Toon In, Turn On, Get Off...

If you're like me, you probably grew up with popular culture as an influence on your life to some degree. Also, like me, your sexuality has probably been under the influence of same. Musicians, movie stars, celebrities and politicians may have played a part in your pervy fantasies. If you're a regular reader of Mutate, you may have noticed that I often will take a page or two to spout my erotic fantasies of rockers who have helped me play air guitar on my naughty bits while spread out naked on my futon. Sexy queers like Moz, Joan Jett, and Mr. Bowie are as dreamy to think about scromping as they are to listen to.

This time around, I'm going to shift gears. It occurred to me during a magic brownie filled evening that I have developed a list of animated fantasy material. Unlike David, Joan, or Stephen, who are flesh, my desires to get it on with cartoons will have to remain fantasies. As a result, things like age, species, and in some cases, gravity itself will be ignored. The following is in no particular order... i just want to do them like they do on the Discovery Channel:



Kim Possible and Ron Stoppable - Sure, they're still in high school, and probably don't have the requisite social or communication skills to engage in a longer term fuck-buddy type relationship, but

Am I leading my dyke cock into trouble? or is it leading me?

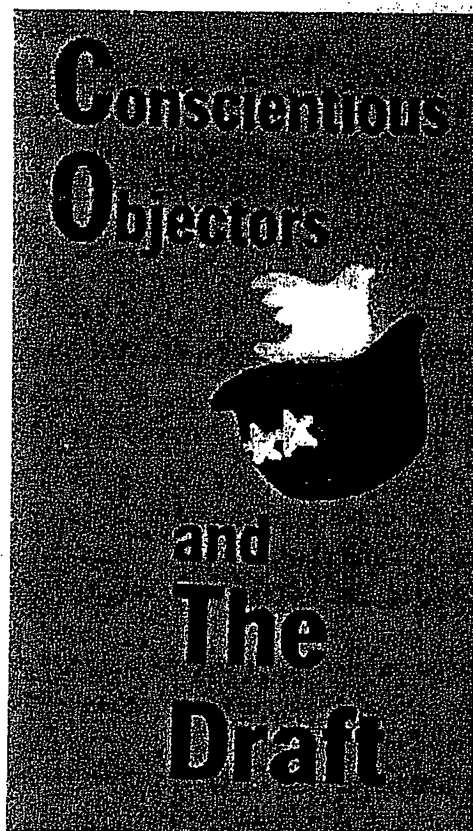
with them, screaming and writhing. And I wonder if it is consensual to fantasize about my dyke cock while I'm fucking them, wonder if they are fantasizing that those aren't just my fingers filling them up and dancing across their bodies. It's like some kind of poltergeist in my pants that leaks its hunger into the depths of my subconscious. More and more I have to ask, "am I leading my dyke cock into trouble? or is it leading me?"

them close I am also sliding my imaginary cock into them, against them, rubbing it on them until I come

to all wars, period. There is no such thing as a "good war." Most COs believe that all conflicts can be solved through non-violent means.

To register with Selective Service as a CO is a process, but it's worthwhile, and once done, is permanent. I'm sure that in the process it will put you on the Feds radar. I'd like to think that merely by doing so, I managed to get myself a handy-dandy file in

Washington somewhere. Add to that years of volunteering at women's health clinics, working with ACT UP, and trying to bring condoms and better sex ed. to my high school, and it's pretty much a lock.



From The Central Committee on Conscientious Objection
(<http://objector.org>):

How to Compile a CO Claim:

Below is the basic info on how to compile a claim as a . We offer more detailed info which includes reading the book 'Choosing Peace' which is our CO handbook. We sell it for \$10 plus s+h, if interested you can order online at our .

- 1) If you register with SS, write that you are a CO on the card before sending it in. Photocopy the card and send it to yourself and leave it sealed.
- 2) Write a statement of beliefs that explain why, how, when, where, etc. that you became a CO. List anything that could have influenced your beliefs against war and killing, such as religion, films, books, events you attended, etc.
- 3) Find 3 people who know you very well who can write a letter on your behalf supporting your beliefs as a CO.
- 4) Write a letter to CCCO explaining that you are a



*THE TOOLSHED IS OUR NEIGHBORHOOD FEMINIST SEX TOY STORE, AND WE LOVE THEM A LOT! 804 E. CENTER ST., MILWAUKEE, WI. (414)562-9338

CO, keep a copy for yourself, with the receipt of it being mailed. We don't archive these letters but we will send you a letter confirming we have received your letter. Keep that letter from us as part of your CO file. You can send your CO file to the to be archived.

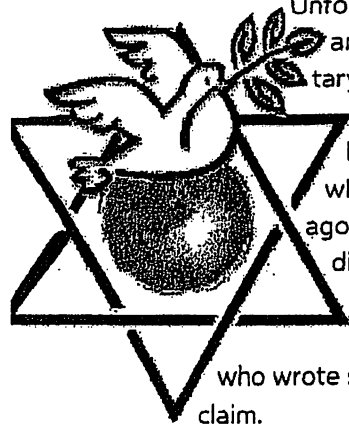
5) Compile all of these documents and get them notarized.

5) Put them in a safe place and if you get drafted you can present this claim to your local draft board and your chances of getting a CO exemption will be much stronger.

You need to build a paper trail and document everything possible that could help define you as a person who could not go to war. If you go to any anti-war events, document them somehow as proof that you went, keep the flyers, have your photo taken at the event, etc. They basically want to see that you are genuinely opposed to war, and not just somebody who doesn't want to fight. You must be opposed to all wars, this doesn't mean you can't use violence in personal self defense.

completed most of the steps outlined above, based on what I knew at the time (remember, in 1992 the world-wide web was fledgling at best.)

At step 3, I tried talking to my rabbi about my CO status.



Unfortunately for me, he had been an active member of the military at one time and was unwilling to help me. This was the last straw for my Judaism for a while, and I left off going to synagogue for years to come. BUT, I did have the help of the cantor, and a Unitarian minister, and a couple of great adult friends who wrote supporting letters for my claim.

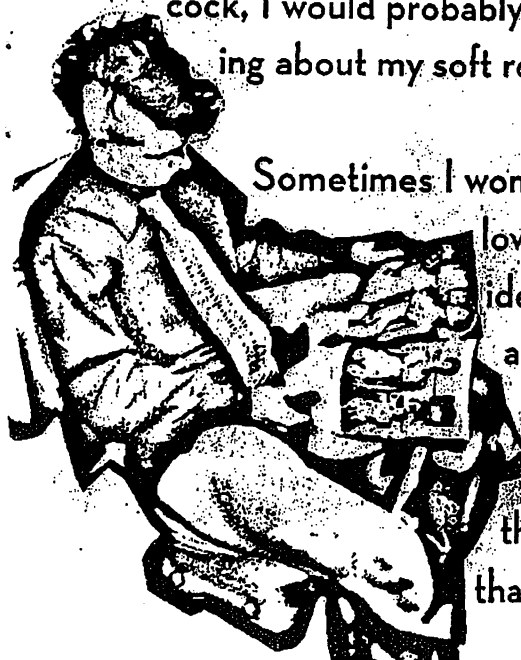
On this day, I can remember how nervous I was on the day I filled out my SS form. I walked to the post office, got the form, and filled it out. There was no space on the form to declare my CO status, so I wrote it along one edge. I made a copy of it, and then turned the original in at the window. I can remember the postman at the window looking at it curiously, and asking me about it. I told him that I was registering as a conscientious objector. I think part of his looking skance was because we were in a time of peace. The Gulf War I was over, and we had not yet gotten involved in

2 Somalia, Kosovo, or anywhere else (except for all the

More and more my cock is there, working its way under my skin and into my psyche.

Even when the silicone dong is thousands of miles away, it still pitches a tent in my pants. Maybe I am sliding my fingers

deftly into the silken folds of her radiant cunt, but as I am fucking her in the fantasy of my mind, I can feel the ridges of my silicone cock throbbing between the fingers of my empty palm. Sometimes I wonder how I would feel about it if I had a real cock. But I don't want a real cock, I like the one I have, or let's be honest here, I like the half-dozen cocks that I already have at my disposal. I know that I am fetishizing the genderfucking far more than the cock. If I was born with a real cock, I would probably be fantasizing about my soft rolling curves.



Sometimes I wonder if my lovers have any idea of what I am thinking about when we fuck, if they realize that when I pull

I KNOW THAT I am fetishizing THE gender-fucking far MORE THAN THE COCK. IF I WAS BORN WITH A REAL COCK, I WOULD PROBABLY BE FANTASIZING ABOUT MY SOFT ROLLING CURVES.

Hanging off my Toolbelt

By miss althaea

Sat, January 7, 2006 - 1:03 PM

My silicone cock is hard, so hard that my cunt comes to a screeching train-wreck of sensation in my pants. I know that it's just a tool for me to wrap my agile body around, but it's also one that I like. It sits comfortably in my harness, hanging merrily next to the screwdriver and the hammer. I seem to always drag it out in the queerest of circumstances, leaving me feeling both drugged and heady under the effects of it all: like the way we got up on stage dueling with our cocks like a gender-buckt Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone, or like



Welcome to Queer Wood!

the way that fag-boy's eyes lit up when he felt the hard outline of my cock

pressing tensely against the fabric of my sailor suit, or the way that dyke couldn't keep her hands off of me, letting her fingers dance and weave between my hard cock and my hard tit. And yet I slide in and out of my harness will, slipping and sliding between genders and roles, sexes and lovers like those well-bed fingers sliding deftly into my ass as I come again and again.

places where the US had soldiers working to topple "unfriendly" governments).

About the same time all of this was happening, I kept getting calls from recruiters for the various branches of the military. I kept asking them to remove my name from their lists, but they seemed to not hear me. Ultimately, I started telling them a small white lie, basically that I was gay, and soon after the phone calls stopped.

At this point, I am still a CO, and believe that other COs, especially those who discover their conscience while in the military are the biggest patriots and heroes in our nations. If you are male, and 17, or know someone who is, please share this with them. The small amount of time and energy it takes to file a CO claim is worth a lifetime of peace.

Some Resources:

Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors
405 14th Street #205
Oakland, CA 94612
510-465-1617
Fax 510 465-2459

1515 Cherry St
Philadelphia, PA 19102
215-563-8787
Fax 215-567-2096

Center on Conscience & War
1830 Connecticut Avenue NW
Washington, DC 20009
Telephone: (202) 483-2220 | 1-800-379-2679
Fax: (202) 483-1246

Ain't Gonna Study War No More:
The Story Of America's Peace Seekers
by Milton Metzger - ISBN: 0375922601

Henry David Thoreau on Civil Disobedience

<http://eseiver.org/thoreau/civil.html>

Emma Goldman on No-Conscription
<http://www.jwa.org/exhibits/wov/goldman/noconscript.html>

HANDS OFF!

Unless They're Mine

by J*K

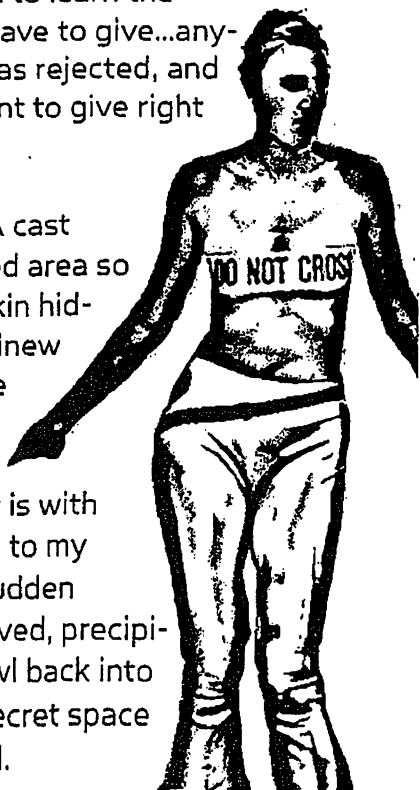
I have been intentionally celibate since the end of December '05. This is the longest period of time I have gone without sex (let's define that as penetration, not a make-out session) in my adult life. Not a bad track record, considering I'm 37 years old. And, this has been by choice, not for lack of opportunity, if ya know what I mean.

So why would a fully-functioning, sexually mature, body-confident woman in the prime of her sexual life go down this road?

Well, I had the most heart-wrenching break-up I've ever had in my life, over the holidays no less. Traditional wisdom would say, "Girl, you just need to go out and get yourself laid!" Part of my mind agreed with that, because grief, being a powerful emotion, had the curious effect of being arousing and I longed for a respite from the raw emotions that washed over me.

But my body is wiser. It pulled back into itself, curled up with its tail wrapped around for comfort, and a "Do Not Cross" sign posted loud and clear. My body did not want to learn the shape of another or have to give...anything. I gave and it was rejected, and fuck it, I just don't want to give right now.

Healing is required. A cast immobilizes the injured area so in secret, under the skin hidden away, bone and sinew and flesh can reweave and reinvent itself, there in the dark away from view. So it is with my body. This trauma to my body, in the form of sudden removal from my beloved, precipitated the need to crawl back into a safe and dark and secret space to mend and heal.



Being Bought Aint That Bad

by Taylor

The other night I drove over an hour to a boy touring with his band. After mindless hours drinking beer and sticking keys up my nose, I ended up in a hotel bed with the boy. Post-boring as hell sex, he managed to call me Meredith, his girl-what-ever in NYC. Had I not known of her, I wouldn't have reacted the way I did. But I wasn't mad. I was amused and empowered to call him out on his coke-blown brain meanderings.

Yes, and if that wasn't enough from him, he went on to refer to me as being a whore.

As I stumbled into the bathroom he asked me, "How does it feel to be bought?" I said, "Not that bad!"

I mean really. He could not make me feel ashamed of any of my actions. His logic was since he paid extra money to have a hotel room for us to share without his band members present then I was automatically the whore in the situation. If his logic is sound, well then I have no qualms.

Beyond my deal with him, I have always fantasized about being a prostitute, a stripper, or a nude model. I remember sitting in a Prostitute Literature class praising the prostitute in *Adios Muchachos*. She is powerful, beautiful, and taking advantage of horny clueless man around Latin America.

I read a memoir of a former stripper and she turned the pages I put myself in her shoes wondering how she handled the situations she put herself in. For many reasons I choose not to work in the sex industry. So all I have left is imagination, or in my very recent past—living it out in a weird twist in my head.

I was clear in expressing my fantasy to this boy, and I think he was a bit let down I didn't feel bad about his statement. Could it have been his way of making himself feel better after calling me by the name of some prostitute? I'm not sure, his plan sure backfired.

Falling back in the hotel bed, it was the perfect scenario would have been a procedure role play, even more with me as the whore and him as the horny, clueless man. They sure did not happen—remember that moment as well as want to kill myself as I write this, thinking of all the comebacks that would have bruised his heart better than me saying I get off on the whore thing. You know, like he was the one who paid the money so he could have some Midwest chick sleep with him. That is pretty pathetic. He attempted to make me feel bad that he blew all this money for the warm body next to him. Think again buddy. You are the whore. You can't even keep your pants on while on the road, all the while some sad girl sits in NYC writing poetry about you, hoping you'll return soon. And he couldn't even pull the infidelity off smoothly.

Oh the joy I would get from sending her my report from the hotel bed. But no, I have too much fun with him. He helps me personify the erotica I have written in my head for myself. To let that go would give my sex life a real dent.

So the next morning, after him pleading for me to come back for dinner, I told him I had a life. I gathered my things threw a newspaper at him and told him to get educated. The way it came out of my mouth was in a sarcastic manner. But that passive-violence was real. He just is too shallow to realize it. As I wandered down to the elevator I thought about the paper I had to write for class that night. You see, being a whore with no name ain't that bad. I forgot about that role of mine by the time the valet pulled my car up.

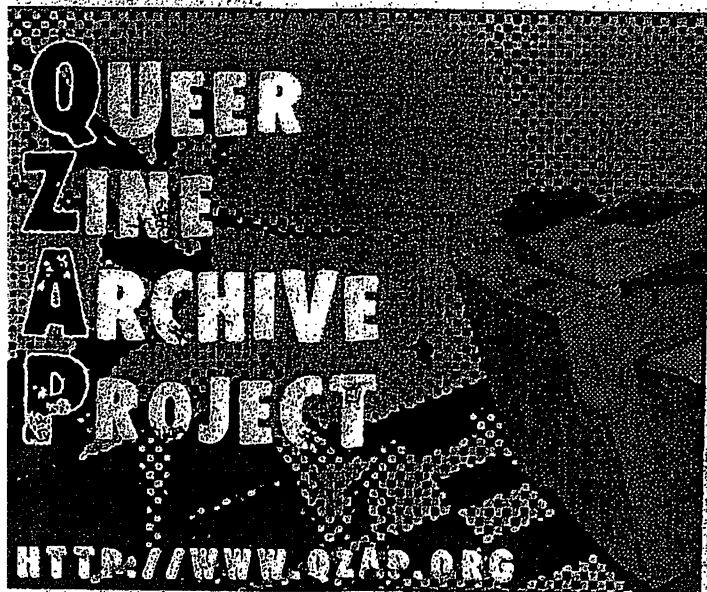
People use all kinds of distractions to avoid the grief process: shopping, drinking, getting high, getting laid. I am glad that I, at last, have the awareness to know that I can't give justice to another person's feelings and needs right now and realize that it is just not right to use another in that capacity, even if they volunteer for the job (which is self-abnegation, in my mind).

When I do decide to unite with another wanting body – and I will – I anticipate it being an explosive experience. Or, perhaps it will be a gentle and soothing evening of exploring tender new skin that grew over the places that my former lover left rough and tumbled. Either way, I will know when I am ready to give without it being about distracting myself from pain.

Until that time of resolution (look at that word as re-solution, finding a new soulful solution), I remain,

Celibately yours,

J*K



The mission of the Queer Zine Archive Project (QZAP) is to establish a "living history" archive of past and present queer zines and to encourage current and emerging zine publishers to continue to create. In curating such a unique aspect of culture, we value a collectivist approach that respects the diversity of experiences that fall under the heading "queer."

The primary function of QZAP is to provide a free on-line searchable database of the collection with links allowing users to download electronic copies of zines. By providing access to the historical canon of queer zines we hope to make them more accessible to diverse communities and reach wider audiences.

Quite frankly, who would want to be involved with me right now? I sure wouldn't. One thing I know for sure, the "transition person" is not an old wives' tale (look into the origins of that expression, which is a whole other topic I won't even touch now). It is for real, and no one should have to unwittingly or unwillingly play that role...as I did for the past year.

I need to be my transition person.

So there won't be any rolling around my king-size bed, or fumbling in back seats, or groping madly in the theater until the "All clear!" sounds. It wouldn't be fair: to myself, and definitely, certainly, absolutely not fair to my partner.

I think this means I'm a grown-up.

I just got the invitation to my 20th high school reunion, and so it is a good thing that as I stand at the precipice known as midlife, I am, indeed, a grown-up.

But, damn, I miss sex and thank goddess for vibrators! I still have a powerful sex drive, especially in the burgeoning of spring, and I am not depriving myself of pleasure. Quite the opposite, in fact. It is a private matter, between my clit and myself, and until I want to share it with another after – far after – this private pain has found resolution, it will remain a private affair.

I am having an affair with myself. I love that idea. I am resurrecting how I flirt. I am rediscovering my strength and sense of humor. I am awakening all of my sensual senses that respond to food and clouds and the smell of mud. And it fucking feels *good*. I love waking up alone, but not lonely.

There are some ancient schools of thought that advocate celibacy as a way of retaining personal power, and I have to say that my experience these few months would tell me that there is some essential truth to it. I am becoming more powerful than the obstacles that lie in my path, all on my own. All on my own, table for one, going it alone...this is important to claim, not as a stigma but as a warrior cry.

LET YOUR FREAK FLAG FLY

A Hanky Code For A New Generation

Since the dawn of homophobia (late 19th C), signifiers have been part of queer culture. From green collars to red ties to earrings worn on the left lobe, we have used little signs to identify ourselves, especially in hostile environments. A fine example of this, and one which we here at Mutate Labs are trying to update is the idea of "flagging", otherwise known as "The Hanky Code".

After a bit of searching online, it seems that the origin for the Hanky Code was with the gold rush of 1849. Since gold rush communities were made up of mostly men, when they went to dance with each other, the "female" was determined by the gent wearing a bandana on the right side of their belt. Though un-substantiated by further research, this seems as plausible an origin as any.

Beginning in the 1970s, gay men used colored and patterned bandanas to signify their sexual proclivities. The color and side that the bandana was worn on (left or right back pocket) would tell the world, or those in the know, how he likes it. This coding was most often seen in the Levi/Leather communities, and has pretty much fallen out of favor in modern times. An example of the traditional Gay Hanky Code (1980) can be found at <http://alt.sexmission.com/~trevin/hanky.html>.

Here at Mutate Labs, we've been working for several years on coming up with a code that is much more inclusive. While we all like to have sex, and may have particular fetishes and desires, we've found that the AHC is just too outdated, and doesn't really begin to address the wants, needs, fetishes, and subcultures that modern queers inhabit. So without further ado, we present: The Mutate Hanky Code.

Worn On Left

Barista Out Cruising

Compost Top

Indie Sci-Fi Fan

Stays Alice B. Toklas

2nd Bicycles

William A. Zimmer, Please Forgive

Red Hot Chili Peppers

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Black and Tan

Color/Material

Coffee Stained White Tea Towel

Black Nap

Screen Printed Robot Patch

Black Teabag

Olive Green Bandana

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

White Linen Towel

Worn On Right

Wants Hot Foam (Not a Mistake)

Will Wash Out the Bucket

Looking for Rabbit

Looking For Gertrude Stein

Needs a Tune-up

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food

Runs Out for Great Food