

mutate

MONUMENT
ZINE

NO. 2

AD 20629092 B



Robert E. Rubin
Secretary of the Treasury

G-15

UNREDEEMED COUPONS



FEDERAL RESERVE NOTE

AD 20629092 B

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G.
Mary Schuler Patterson
Treasurer of the United States

1996



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by kurt

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 #3. Mutate is a new queer zine. if you like it, or have questions or comments, please tell us. we attempt to distribute in boston, milwaukee, madison, nyc, 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

2 email: miloboy@execpc.com
web: www.milosworld.com/zine

INTRO

welcome to issue number two of mutate zine. often the sequel to a film just isn't as good as the original. conversely, the more one does something, the better one gets at it. hopefully, mutate number two is an improvement over the original.

with the changes of season comes many beautiful things. personally, i love the fall. skewl starts. new clothes. a cooling of the northern hemisphere. leaves mutating chromatically, and dropping like spiders into a bowl of cereal.

here at mutate there have been many changes too, this autumn. we have moved from a shitty apartment building to a cheaper, larger dwelling. all of about six blocks west. our format has mutated, too. i discovered, quite by accident, how much of a pain in the ass it was to hand cut 250 copies to make the first issue. the four bi four inch format was super cute, but perhaps not worth the effort. so instead we are thinking long for the fall. hopefully, this will fit in the back pocket of yer jeans, with the name sticking out at the top. keep attention focused on yer fine ass.

more changes...let's see...C, my lover from the last issue, has left us. checked out, vamoosed, bye-bye, gone. ze has departed for parts east, to become even more of a nrrrd than ze was. hopefully, ze will be willing to do distribution, and occasionally bless our pages with hir presence.

speaking of blessing our pages, we have a couple of new writers on staff. kurt and anne are both beautiful and gifted kidz, and mutate welcomes their presence.

more about mutate...

mutate is a reaction to a hole. in the kweer press i have found very little to write home

about. i used to read out and the advocate semi-religiously, along with the local papers like the light, the blade, etc. one day, however, i woke up. i realised that these publications weren't for me. for quite a while, out was in the habit of putting breeders on the cover. now just what the fuck is up with that!?!? what really got me, though was all the ads. as an early 20something i don't want to be bombarded with advertising for commitment rings, circuit parties, gyms, and drugs. to the ad reps: take yer stoopid alcohol and tobacco ads, and your ads with 'healthy' white guys who happen to have hiv who should drop \$20,000 on drugs, and shove em up yer stoopid ass!

i mean, c'mon!

as far as i can tell, there hasn't been a good 'zine for kweer kidz of all genders and orientations for quite a while (missing outpunk here...gimme a sec to wipe my tears.)

enuf bitchin, though. i will admit there are a few alternatives that are spiffy as fuck. first is xy. sure it's glossy as hell, but face it. the boys are cute, and peter ian cummings is super rad. i want to lick him all night long.

next is girlfriends. i will admit i am not a regular reader, but from what i have seen, this mag is not afraid to be str8 about grrrl issues. and it's not slimy like denuve, i mean curve (closet, anyone?)

other hip zines on my list would be riot boy, gerbil, and cul-de-sac. these have inspired me to mutate, and keep at it. something's gotta fill the hole.

one last prop goes to unamerican.com. the hardly working fellas james and sirini do amazing things with adhesive vinyl, and i love them for it. thanx, boys.

-M

MEOW, BABY

OK, SO WHAT'S UP WITH GUELLMERO DIAZ? HOW DOES THIS SEXY BOY KEEP GETTING ROLES WHERE HE PLAYS EITHER A FAG OR SOME OTHER TYPE OF "ALTERNABOY"? I WONDER IF IT'S TYPE CASTING. I HAVE BEEN WATCHING THIS HOTTIE SINCE I FIRST SAW HIM IN STONEWALL A FEW YEARS BACK IN THAT FLIC HE PLAYS THE FABULOUS LA MIRANDA.



NEXT UP I CAUGHT HIM IN PARTY GIRL,

WHERE HE PLAYS THE SUPERSLICK DJ, OPPOSITE THE ALWAYS STUNNING PARKER POSEY. I DON'T REMEMBER HIM IN GIRLS TOWN, BUT THAT ONLY MEANS THAT I NEED TO RENT IT AGAIN.

MY FAVOURITE ROLE FOR HIM IS AS COWBOY, FROM GREG ARAKKI'S NOWHERE. HE PLAYS THE FORLORN PUNK-ROCKER WHO'S BOYFRIEND BART IS ALL FUCKED UP ON SMACK.

OVERALL, THOUGH I JUST LIKE LOOKING AT HIM. I WOULD KNOCK HIS BOOTS IN A HEART-BEAT IF GIVEN HALF THE CHANCE.

FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO CATCH UP WITH HIM, HERE'S A LIST, COURTESY OF THE IMDB (IMDB.COM)

- 1.200 CIGARETTES (1999) DAVE
- 2.SHOOTING VEGETARIANS (1999) NEIL
- 3.HALF BAKED (1998) SCARFACE
- 4.NOWHERE (1997) COWBOY
- 5.I THINK I DO (1997) ERIC
- 6.I'M NOT RAPPAPORT (1996) J.C.
- 7.HIGH SCHOOL HIGH (1996) PACO
- 8.FREEWAY (1996) FLACCO
- 9.GIRLS TOWN (1996) DYLAN
- 10.PARTY GIRL (1995/I) LEO
- 11.STONEWALL (1995) LA MIRANDA
- 12.FRESH (1994) SPIKE

[candidiasis, invasive cervical cancer, coccidioidomycosis, cryptococcosis, cryptosporidiosis, cytomegalovirus, hiv encephalopathy, herpes simplex, isosporiasis, kaposi's sarcoma, lymphoma, mycobacterium avium complex, mycobacterium teperculosis, pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, toxoplasmosis, wasting syndrome]

mutate contest

hey! our cover boy doesn't have a name. wanna help? come up with a name for the 'lil three eyed freak, and you'll get a bunch of cool stickers.... c'mon, what have you got to loose? send your name suggestions to:

Mutate Zine
815a E. Hadley
Milwaukee, WI
53212



Media Whore

So what's up? 1999 seems to have been the summer for acceptable queer films. So far I have seen three, and some good shit on video. I am guessing that if these flicks mad it to the backwater known as BrewCity then they probably have been in other cities for a lot longer. if you didn't catch them in the theatres, maybe they'll make it to video before the world comes to an end.

The first good (ok, great) homo movie caught was **Get Real**. This was a an amazing movie. It was cute and charming, and dealt realistically with the issues that a teenager goes through when faced by and opening closet door.

The plot is pretty simple. Steven Carter, played by  Ben Silverstone, is in the closet, harassed by stupid jox, and has a thing for public sex. Only his next door neighbour Linda knows. One day while tricking in a loo in a public park, he runs into the sexiest of the jock boys, John. It seems that John was looking for some boy² love, also. What follows is the lying, scheming and loving that goes on between the two of them. It probably will be compared to Beautiful Thing, and that may be a fairly accurate assessment. Overall, this movie rocked!

My one bone of contention is with the underlying current of the abusive relationship

Stephen and John seem to be in. I won't go into it here, but suffice to

say, Domestic Violence is very much alive in the kweer community. It doesn't get discussed much, but it does happen*.



Next up is **Trick**. Now, I expected this to be total fluff, and for the most part it was. Basic story: Boy goes to club, sees another hot boy go-go dancing. Boy leaves. On the subway home, he sees the

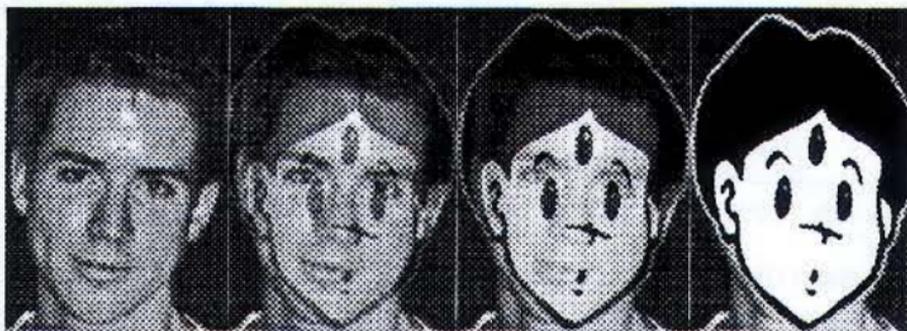
hot go-go boy. They pick each other up, and try to find a place to have sex.

The main character, Gabriel, played by Christian Campbell, is a total drama queen in a very literal sense. His character writes musicals. He is also cute in an erie, somewhat androgenous way. His boy-toy of the evening, Mark, (John Paul Pitoc) is much less so, (IMHO). Mark, however reveals himself as being somewhat deeper than the average go-go boy.

There were several things about this film I found really interesting.

The first is the notion of art imitating life...I have picked up go-go boys, and also on the subway in NYC. I imagine that this is not unique. but it's kinda neat to see others doing this, too...

No. 2 is that christian campbell could be a dead ringer for our unnamed mutant. check it out...



one more thing...Tori Spelling still can't act her way out of a paper bag. Even her tits aren't worth her presence in this movie.

Overall, it was an ok movie. Though i saw it in the theatre, i could have waited for it to come out on video. it is much more a \$3 movie than a \$7 movie.

The last movie I am writing about is by far the best of the three.

Better Than Chocolate is just what it says. The story is pretty intelegent, it is not whiney or um...to "chatty" like Go Fish...the sex is really hot, and the two main characters are major foxes. Oh, and the soundtrack



kicks ass.

The story is about Maggie, who works in gay/lesbian bookstore, and how she falls in love, and has to deal with her mother, boss, closet, etc. Along the way, we get to learn about censorship, transexuality, dildos, and how sometimes coming out is the best thing you can do.

Her leading lady, Kim is a painter who is 'on the road', and happens to meet Maggie while drawing her neighbor.



Some Highlights:

They drink coffee...Maggie finds an apartment...She and Kim move in...They have hot sex with paint...her mother and brother move in...she and Kim try to hide their relationship...they dance in a dyke bar...they fuck in the bathroom...books get censored...they fight...there's an explosion...

I can't do this film justice by writing about it. You really have to go see it. And don't wait for the video. This one is worth the seven dollars.

EndNote ☆ - ☆☆☆☆☆

Get Real	☆☆☆☆
Trick	☆☆☆
Better Than Chocolate	☆☆☆☆☆

* If You or someone you know is in an abusive relationship, get out and get help. I know, it's easier said than done, but really, there places to turn.

The National Domestic Violence Hotline
1-800-799-SAFE (7233)

Domestiv Violence Hotline
(Milwaukee) 933-2722

Network for Battered Lesbians and Bisexual Women
617-423-7233

Gay Mens Domestic Violence Project - Boston
(Boston) 1-800-832-1901

Part of the Anti-Violence Project
24-hour Gay & Lesbian Victims Assistance Hotline
800-259-1536

LAMBDA GLBT Community Services AVR, attn:GLNVAH,
PO Box 31321, El Paso, TX 79931-0321 USA

Please End Mullet Madness!



Before



After

The Mullet: Also known as the Mudflap or Hockey Hair. Often seen on women who love other women. Beware, ladies, of this fashion don't! If you want to show the world you're a dyke, there are better ways. Start by cutting the flap off.

a public service message from
Grrrls Against Mullets Everywhere



**UNFORTUNATELY,
SIGNS OF LESBIANISM
AREN'T THIS OBVIOUS**

National Coming Out Day
October 11th

This Year Make The Holidays Interesting

Anatomy of an Issue: the *Cosmo*/Kate Moss Diet

I am going on the Kate Moss diet. Soon I will sprawl, like her, slinky and thin in t-shirts, languid and bronze in bikinis my body is sculpted to fit. The rules of my diet are simple: everything is counted. Even apples and oranges. Every calorie counts.

There is no fat in my diet. I check myself in the mirror. I imagine fat as small white globules. Women's breasts are mostly made of fat. *Cosmo* gives advice on fat: "Check your appearance often. Do not neglect the side view." I check my stomach in the mirror. Buttocks are mostly fat. "Women have more fat than men." I dress to conceal my stomach whenever I can.

I tell my lover about the diet. I say, "the rules are simple. Eat nothing for one semester. By finals you will look just like Kate Moss. Kate Moss is too thin," she says. I know that I am joking. "Ok, dont worry". I tell her. "I couldnt do it, really."

My diet is working and I am pleased. I like my smaller stomach. "You're so small," my classmate says. Why do I want to be smaller? I wonder about my stature. Still, I'm pleased that my diet is working.

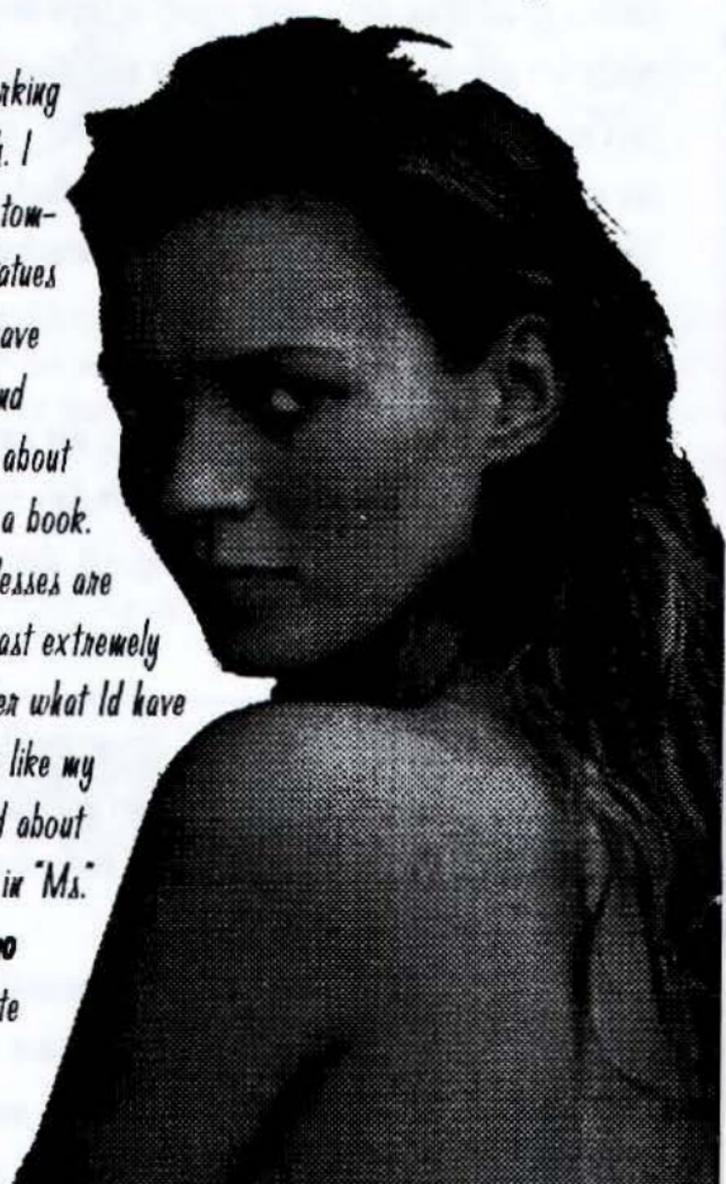
I read that men in American culture take up personal space, sprawling with arms and legs away from their bodies. "Women take up much less space, crossing their arms and legs." On the bus a man beside me crowds me, refusing to move his knee. I can hear my mother saying, "little ladies keep their legs together." I refuse to cross my legs. "I'm not a little lady." I make a point of sprawling in my seat.

Riding the bus, I notice Kate Moss staring from a billboard. Standing in line at the grocery store, Cyndi Crawford looks at me from "Vogue." Cyndi's head looks much too large. I read that she is airbrushed. A quarter inch is shaved from her image, all the way around, so everything but her head ends up reduced. Even Cyndi Crawford does not look like her picture. I look again, more closely. Her legs look much too thin. "The ideal woman does not exist." I think about Kate Moss. I know I'll never look like her. I dont go off my diet.

I read an interview with Kate Moss. The writer says shes naturally thin, completely unselfconscious. "She eats peanuts constantly, as if shes always hungry." He notes each time she reaches for a handful.

"You eat really healthy," my roommate says as she watches me eat a plate of lima beans. I wonder about the interview. I add up carrots and peas. I dont neglect the side view. I think of the peanuts for days.

*My diet is working but not enough. I still have my stomach. "All the statues from the site have massive hips and thighs." I read about excavations in a book. "All these goddesses are obese, or at least extremely heavy." I wonder what Id have to do to get to like my stomach. I read about fat oppression in "Ms." I read in **COMO** more about Kate Moss.*



People seem to hate Kate Moss. I see a friend at a party. I tell her I want to be Kate Moss. Then I say Im joking. She tells me Kate Moss is too thin. "Theres such a thing as too thin, and shes it."

"I thought you were a feminist," my friend is saying now. "How can you reconcile the two?" Someone puts a pizza on the table. "How can you reconcile Kate Moss with being a feminist?" My friend is asking me this and will not stop. "I cant." I tell her finally. I wonder if she can. I think of how I hate Kate Moss. I ignore the pizza.



i wouldn't normally this sort of thing

somewhere in the back of our pop-cultural sub-conscience there may some undeniable force that makes us categorize the types of people we choose to get with. It may not even have a name. perhaps it is a slice the whole notion we call 'subculture'. punkers, metal heads, hip-hop kids, goths, hippies, ravers, not to put to fine a point on it



the minutiae that i would like to dwell on i have come to think of as pet shop boys and girls, or erasure-heads. for some reason that's where it's at for me. as usual, i don't understand the politics of attraction, what ever it is that draws us together. i can list some seemingly common characteristics, and see where that takes us.

first is a definite age thing. pet shop boys all seem to fall into a mid twenty-nothing age range. kids who are eighteen, nineteen, or twenty just don't seem to have a concept, and those who are over thirty are indifferent.



you sort of have to have been a teenager (like 15+) between 1987 and 1994.

next on our list is the need to have as c. calls it, "a sense of self mockery." erasure-heads note the irony in life, and can see their own place in this irony.

how about art class? most that i know have always been dubbed "art-fag" by the cruel world known as high school.



this kinda leads us into queer territory. there is a definite theme running through this. fags. fag hags. femmy boys who might work in the theatre, grrrls who teach them to put on make-up and secretly pray for the night when they'll get their chance.





ahhh. i love it all as far as musical taste, pet shop girls and boys may range from darker themes like bauhaus and joy division through silly, melodic pop like the smiths and depeche mode. can't forget the pet shop boys, erasure, and electronic (psb+post smiths), and then there is the more 'danceable' like new order and kon kani there is a lot that i am leaving off this list. if i had the knowledge, i could probably include several years of mtv's post modern, and 120 minutes with dave kendal.



perhaps part of the draw is a sense of roots these kids all share a common bond. clubs, for one. a space to exercise the primal ritual of dance, and all that it implies. a worship of ritual. the burning of cigarettes like incense. a barely restrained sexual energy that can turn to frenzy at any time or can consume us all individually.



when this energy turns to frenzy, it is like watching a metamorphosis. boys are able to express their preference for other boys. they are able to dance. to make out. to bend the lines that try to define gender. girls are able to throw off shackles of femininity, if they choose. they are able to be friends with gay boys, not having to worry about the tension that develops in a het context between boy and girl.



on the surface, it seems simple. since every one is individual, the concept of being an erasure-head is probably different for...of fuck it. i don't have a fucking clue as to why i dig on people who all have this common background, but i do they're yummy to look at, and so far seem to be pretty good in bed.



I remember the day exactly. It was a beautifully sunny July day. I was playing by myself in our gravel driveway. Well, I was doing the usual things that 5 y/o boys do...playing with my bright yellow Tonka dumptruck and wiping my nose with my dirty hands. At that moment in time I never thought that I wouldn't be able to play with my Tonka toy when I grew older and started my life...I must have thought that I had already started my life. But now that I have grown older and matured I would never get away with sitting outside on the dirty ground and

pushing a metal toy around on the ground while pretending a person is actually driving it. And why not? Is it because I don't have the craving to just get dirty and use my imagination?

Probably not...the reason I can't get away with this today is that adults have "forgotten" how to play. I don't really know why this sort of thing happens but I've noticed that roughly during the middle ages of a person's life they somehow forget how to play...forget how to run through the streets during a wonderful rain storm, forget how to color, forget how to blow bubbles, forget how to let themselves go and only have a good time and PLAY.

So next time you get the urge to sit down by yourself and color don't stop to think what people are going to say about you or what kind of statement this would be. Next time you are shopping and you see the kewlest stuffed animal in the world...buy it and when the cute old lady

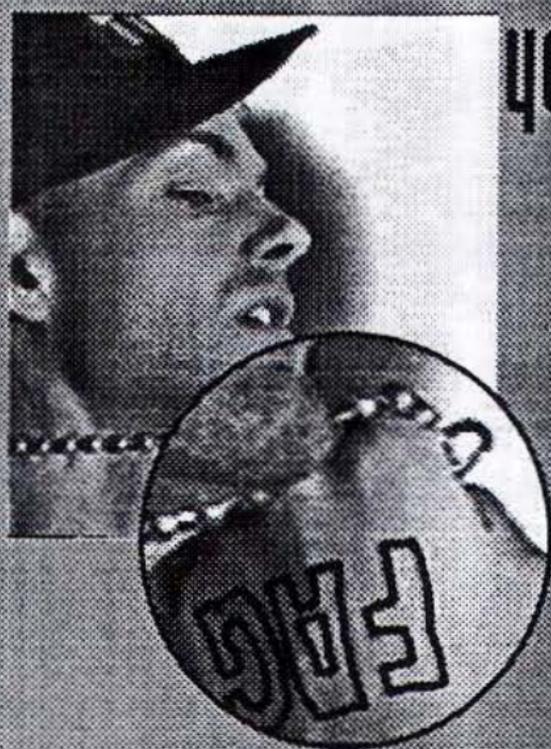


that checks you out asks if you are buying that for your nephew or niece kindly correct her and say, "No, I think this is the kewlest thing in the world so I wanted to buy it for myself." She'll either applaud your courage or drop her dentures in disbelief...if the latter happens just run while she trys to put them back in.

I challenge you to let yourself go and play like you did when you were a child. I can assure you that you will have a good time and feel better while doing it. And if you completely forgot how to play then I suggest you go to your closest neighbors house and just watch their kids play and they will show you what you need to do.

So TAG you're it!!!!!!

Don't let the bastards grind
you down



FIGHT BACK!

THE NEXT TIME YOU ARE IN THE BATHROOM AT A CLUB AND THE BREEDER-BOY ASSHOLE NEXT TO YOU MAKES COMMENTS ABOUT FAIRYS AND CALLS YOU TINKERBELL, TURN TO HIM, AND PEE ON HIS LEG.

RESISTANCE IS USEFUL

Next Time Around:

In our upcoming issue we will be talking to queer-core greats Pansy

Division
as
they
work
their
way around
the world on
their current

PANSY DIVISION

tour. We'll also see what we can learn about domestic violence in same sex relationships. Perhaps a few tales of the city as we explore San Francisco over Halloween Weekend, and other fun shenanigans.

AS WE GET READY TO KICK OUT
OF #2, THERE IS ONE
PERSON WHO
DESERVES
MEGA KUDOS
AND SHOULD
HAVE ALL OF OUR
LOVE SHOWERED
ON HER. DOT MY
COPY GODDESS.



THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR
HELPING MAKE THIS MUTATION.



this cool free postcard provided by *middle* Zine

BECOME PART OF
THE HOMOSEXUAL
AGENDA



BY ANY MEANS
NECESSARY