

Mutate no.4



INSIDE:
Yummy Gender
Blender Drinks
to Keep You
Kewl!

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[Intro]

Move To Move

six months is way to long to go without putting out an issue. our most sincere apologies to mutate fans everywhere. what a weird time it has been, though. we've moved yet again, hopefully for the last time. across the country, from milwaukee, wisconsin to san francisco, ca. you are probably thinking to yerself "bfd, another queer zine from the bay area. whooptie-doo." but it's not like that at all, you see. we managed to score sweet living at an affordable price, and for reasons known or not, this new city has some benefits that mke did not. enough!!!

music, music, music:

i've been listening to a lot of old stuff lately, rehashing some of the goodies from the early 1990's that make me feel good. the song 'my sister' by juliana hatfield, some letters to cleo, and souxie and the banshees, to name a few.

the ubiquitous mr. bowie has graced my cd player and mp3s, including a great track that 's done with the pet shop boys called 'spaceman.' he also is my current popboy androgenous heart-throb, as you may have guessed from his prominent placement on the back cover, and on page 6.

live stuff:

though i am not a big concert-goer, i did manage to catch a couple of neat shows recently. sleater-kinney played mke in may, but we kinda got skewed outa tickets because of bad info. i did see them in sf at the fillmore with bratmobile, though, and at food not bombs 20th anniversary party, along with fugazi and a bunch of good bands whose names i'm forgetting right now.

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 \$5. 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, ashville, 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: miloboy@execpc.com

web: www.mutatezine.com

sex and drugs:

two things that should never get discussed in public (yeah, right!) this is not the forum for me to air my dirty laundry, but suffice to say there is a neat-o graphic designer boy in mke who made a very good impression on me. and a model chick who's beautiful of face and body, but who needs to grow up a lot, and back the fuck off a little. high energy mel, i'm sorry about the missed connection. and r. the fun that dare not mention it's name.

as for drugs, well...manhattan's are nice, but too much of a good thing is too much of a good thing. if anyone wants to help a poor mutant feed a yen, you can send opium.

zine news:

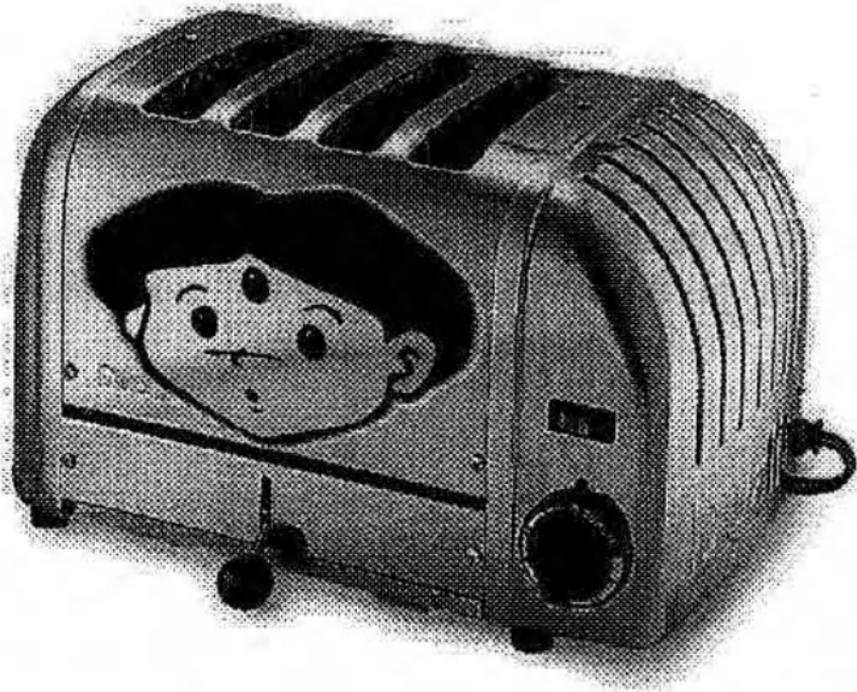
thank you to all who sent zines for trade! it's been months, and most of them are still packed, but i enjoyed reading them all.

props to the new cul-de-sac out of chicago.

obviously, being in a new place brings new talent and in the age of technology, past talent is still around for the reaping. look for something new in #4 by cath.

binarygirl from #3 is reviving nerve, an artsy-politico something with a milwaukee/seattle connection. i look forward to seeing it when it comes out.

otro ves, nada.



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DRUG ME INTO SUBMISSION..

There are some mornings that I wake up and curse the day my parents taught me how to read. They may as well have taught me to shoot smack. For me the printed word has the same hypnotic narcotic effect...

Sometimes a book will make me sleepy runny warm inside, sometimes it will keep me up all night with the shakes, and occasionally i will have to suppress the urge to vomit while reading... Most of the time my reading list is ok...not ghetto weed, but not trif either. occasionally, however i find something that is the China White, Super Green Nugs, knock your socks off and make your head spin kind of book. I usually hit about 6 of these a year...last year it was Nearly Roadkill by Kate Barnstien.

War Boy by Kief Hillsberry.

War Boy is a simple tale about Radboy, a 14year old deaf sk8er punk boy who moves to San Francisco with his friend JohnnyBoy after escaping the clutches of his drunken abusive father and fundamentalist christian sisters.

His adventures take him into the world of Crystal



War Boy

Kief Hillsberry

Meth maddness, aided and abetted with friends he meets on the Green Tortuse. He discovers a whole new world that includes grrrlbands, DJ culture, kweers, Abba, and eco-terrorism. Amidst this scene, he manages to find himself crushing out on bois, and falling in love.

I was so amped to read this, 'cause it is kind of a first look for me at how a deafkid sees

War Boy by Kief Hillsberry
ISBN#0-688-17141-9
Hardcover \$24

the world, and survives to thrash and love. Though I can finger-spell, i really have very little expirience with ASL, and it was joyous to see Radboy communicate with 'Hearies' in other ways.

I would say that this is a must read, though you could wait for it to come out in softcover.

The Teenage Liberation Handbook, by Grace Llewellyn

c. 1991 Lowry Press, Eugene, Oregon

Review By Cath.

When I think of homeschooling I think of pallid children in homespun clothes. They are being taught the bible by their desperate, cult-Christian parents. I think of people who fear of the open exchange of ideas and take it out on their children, brainwashing them from birth to be Christian soldiers for a sanitized, whitewashed and sexually repressed America. Thankfully, Grace Llewellyn has seen beyond this narrow definition, and her book helped set me straight. She has some groundbreaking thoughts on learning and she wants kids to know about it. She is a former classroom teacher who finally decided that keeping kids cooped up in classrooms year after year is criminal. She sees the world as a place to explore, and warns that you shouldn't let a silly little thing like school get in your way. She wants kids to know that if you don't like school you can stop going, and still end up an educated person. Whether or not you agree with her, she asks some great questions about how young people are treated and why so many are so frustrated with how they have to spend their time.

So why am I reviewing this book? After all, I'm twenty-five, and besides, compared to the day job I have right now, school seems like paradise. To start with, for a lot of kids, especially queer kids, high school is potentially hell. (I bet if your reading this zine, then this ain't exactly new news for you) It seems like most folks my age look back on high school with a kind of sick nostalgia, we talk with pride about what big confused dorks we were, how misunderstood we felt. How we got fucked up and acted cool but were not-so-secretly completely depressed most of the time. And then there are the kids that are outright harassed, or beat up, and how then hell can you learn anything if your schoolday is warfare? As a teenager I felt

6 for the first time that my world was really

fucked up, but at that age you don't have too many options to fix it with. At most some nice adult will explain to you that there is a big world ahead of you, so just hang in there a few more years. For Llewellyn that isn't good enough. She says if school is no good for you then get the hell out and don't feel like a drop out for doing it. Her book is long and thorough. It details how to make the shift away from school, how to structure your

time, ways of getting ahold of supplies, finding transportation to



other learning opportunities (i.e. museums, community college classes, art coops.) She makes sure you know how to jump through the legal hoops and document your work so you can get a GED and apply to college if that is what you choose to do. The best part of the book is that she believes in kids. She sees them as smart and courageous and deserving better than what the average public school system gives them. She is keenly observant of how kids burn out in that environment, and refuses to see them as lost causes or juvenile delinquents the way most pop culture does. Even if she doesn't make you go clean out your locker and head for the hills, it's definitely worth the read.



Whirr!

Gender Blender Drinks to keep you kewl this summer

From our 'Martha Stewart is Dead' coffin we dug up these fabulous recipeis. Please note that they are mix-n-match, do what makes you feel good conco-tions.

THE DRAGSTER

Ingredients:

- Fuck-Me Red Lipstick
- False Moustache and Sidebruns Pomade
- Falsies and/or Ace Bandages
- Tight Blue Jeans
- Construction Boots
- White T-Shirt (no logo)
- A Pack of Lucky Strikes
- 4 shots of Espresso
- Vanilla Ice Cream(Rice Dream)
- Ice
- Chocolate Syrup

Directions:

First, Get Dressed...
Apply lipstick and stick on the moustache(you can use rubber cement or spirit gum.) Put on falsies and or bind your breasts so that you have the figure of a 12 year old. Pull on T-shirt and jeans, making sure to roll the pack of Luckies into your sleve. Slick you hair back into a DA with pomade.

Go into the kitchen and pour four shots of cold espresso into the blender. Add 1 scoop of vanilla icecream adn a cup of ice. Start you moter and let it idle for about 2 minutes. Drizzle in chocolate syrup. Pour this mess into a tall glass, put on some Commander Cody or 1960's Surf/Drag music and enjoy!



(this is to insill brand identity and brand loyalty)

SCHOOL GIRL CRUSH

Ingredients:

Pleated Mini Skirt
Fishnets
A Baby-Doll T-Shirt
Converse All-Stars Hi-tops
Sparkley Make-up
Soft Pink Lipstick
Barettes
Orange/Grape Juice
Seltzer
Ice
Vanilla RiceDream(Ice Cream)
Marchino Cherries

Directions:

First, Get Dressed...
Fishnets, Skirt, T-shirt, Hi-tops
Fix your makeup and hair, the effect here is supposed to be "cute", kittenish

Go into the kitchen and pour juice into blender. Add 1 scoop of vanilla icecream and ice. Blend until frothy. Pour into a tall glass, filling about 3/4. Add Seltzer and garnish liberally with cherries.
Enjoy with poppy bubble-gum music like Ricky Nelson or Leslie Gore

the **genderfucking mutant**

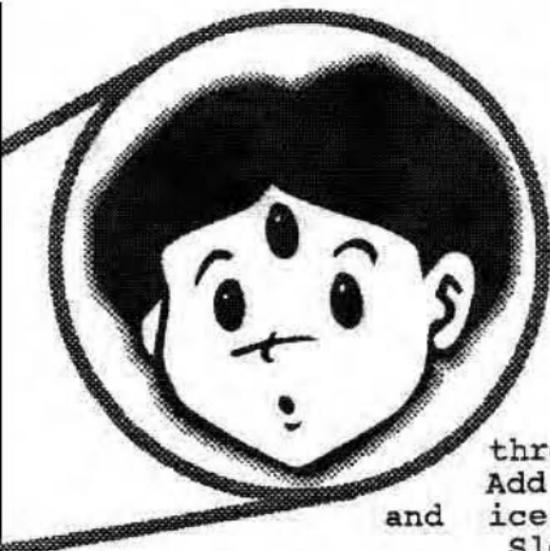
Ingredients:

Rock Band T-Shirt (Preferably Depeche Mode or Morrissey)
Cutoff Army Pants
Black Eyeliner
Sk8 shoes (vans, Airwalks)
3 Limes
Lemon Ice
1 can Mt. Dew
Ice
salt

Directions:

Get Dressed(Have you noticed that sometimes the clothes DO make the person?)...
T-shirt, etc.
Eyeliner!!!

Go into the kitchen and peel limes and throw them into blender. Add 1 scoop of lemon ice and ice. Blend until thick. Slowly stir in Mt. Dew. Pour into a champagne glass, after salting rim.
Tastes great with everything!



FROTTEURIST FANTASY

NO. 1

7:55 AM: Rush out the door, remembering to grab my bag and my thermal mug.

8:03 AM: Stop at the café, get my mug filled, pay, and race fro the train.

8:07 AM: The N-Judah is packed as usual...morning commuters going to their downtown jobs. I manage to squeeze on before a couple of other passengers. My hands are full with the coffee cup and my napsack. But we're so packed in it doesn't matter. the press of bodies holds me up.

8:08 AM: With a lurch, the train begins to move. A bit of shifting human meat, and we're all in place. As the train begins to descend into the darkness of the underground, we lurch again. The man behind me bumps into me, causing me to slosh my boiling coffee over my hand.

8:09 AM: The man reaches out to grab the bar as we begin moving forward. As he does so, he presses me up against the partition-thingie that separates the seats from the stairwell. I can feel his cock stiffen in his jeans. With a shift of feet, I can feel it nestle between my ass cheeks.

8:10 AM: Van Ness. A few people get off, and twice as many get on. Mr. Man behind me presses closer. As we move away from the station, his body sways with the forward movement, rubbing faster. Now I'm starting to get hard.

8:11 AM: Mr. Man slides a hand between
10 our bodies, and grabs my ass cheek,

squeezing gently. And continues rubbing.

8:12 AM: Civic Center. People get on and off the MUNI, allowing for a little more space. The train begins to once again move, headed further downtown. I am able to turn around and face Mr. Man. He's handsome, with blue eyes, shaggy brown hair, and a nice build. "sorry" he says.

8:13 AM: Just as the words leave his lips, the train halts. We stumble backward, with me still pressed up against the partition, and him pressed up against me. Now his crotch is snug with mine. The rubbing begins again, as does the train's progress.

8:14 AM: Powell St. More people exit the train, giving us more space if we want it. Clearly he doesn't, however. He rubs faster and faster, staring me in the eyes all the while. There are still enough other people, so his movement isn't noticed.

8:15 AM: His hand moves up, and he grabs my nipple through my t-shirt. With a twist and a squeeze he gasps. I gasp. His body shudders. I put my hand on the small of his back to hold him steady.

8:16 AM: He steps back, away from me. I can see the wet spot on the front of his jeans where he came. Montgomery. The doors slide open, and he rushes off. No smile, no wink, no thank you. Just gone. Well, the next stop is mine...so i slug some coffee, and adjust my bag, ready for my day at work.

M♥dern L♥ve

My love affair with David Bowie didn't truly begin until three years ago. I was living in White Plains, NY with a cute goth couple, and A. was (previously unbeknownst to me) a huge Bowie fan. Well, Mr. Bowie was playing some MTV gig a few towns away, in Portchester, and A. suggested that we try to crash it and obtain an audience with Mr. B. Unfortunately, A's partner unit called, and needed to be picked up from work, so we were unable to. Within the week, however, A. came home with "Earthling"; and I became a fan.

Surprisingly, my first memories of David Bowie goes back to fourth grade when Andy Lascawore his brother's "Sound and Vision" tour shirt to class. Now, Andy was one of the popular guys, into soccer, and for a little while, the first skate punk in our grade...of course i wanted to be liked by him, so i told him his shirt was cool without realizing just how cool it was.

I remember seeing Labrynth when it came out, and thinking how creepy the whole movie was. Well, I watched it recently, and, hot damn! That is a pretty kewl flic.

More recently, about 18 months ago, I was getting ready for work one sunday morning and Modern Love came on.

Well, I only caught about half of it, before i had to jet, and I didn't have a chance to find out who sang it but something about it struck me. So when I got home, did what any modern mutant with a net connection would do...I went online, and found it. Then i checked against my own cd collection, and discovered that i did have it on disc. So i listened to it incessantly for about a week before playing the rest of the CD.

fast forward another 12 months...i was getting ready to go out, and threw bowie on again, thistime on shuffle...well, Rebel Rebel came on just as i was finishing my makeup, and pulling on my vinyl pants...wow!!! he was singing about me!!! From that day forward, I knew that David Bowie was the gender-fucking mutant who had sucessfully replaced the fallen Morrissey in my

12 life. I was whole again.



YOUNG, ANGRY, AND [YAWN]

Now I don't usually write reviews, because i figure my taste in zines and music is pretty diverse, and what I like isn't necessarily what anyone else will like.

Recently, however, I got email from someone named Cody, who seemed impressed with what I had done with Mutate in the past. She asked if i did reviews, and I said "Sure! Send me anything you want." Well, I may be regretting that now.

Cody plays in a band called SSION (pronounced Shun). They are a bunch of little girls screaming. To my untrained ears, every other word is Fuck.

Admittedly, there is a need for music like this, and the passion is there, in spades. Unfortunately, I don't get it. I did my stint as an angry young GFM, and I suppose, if you are suck in Kansas City, MO and a dyke, this might be a good outlet for your rage. I suppose that all told, I am just over the hill.

Basicly, what I'm saying about the SSION's "Fucked Into Ablivion: Live at the Abyss" is that it sucks. There are two redeemable things about this tape. One is a track called "Dave is Drunk" I'm not too sure why I liked this one, but somehow, I do. The other redeeming feature of this tape is the weird spoken word stuff that's done at the end.

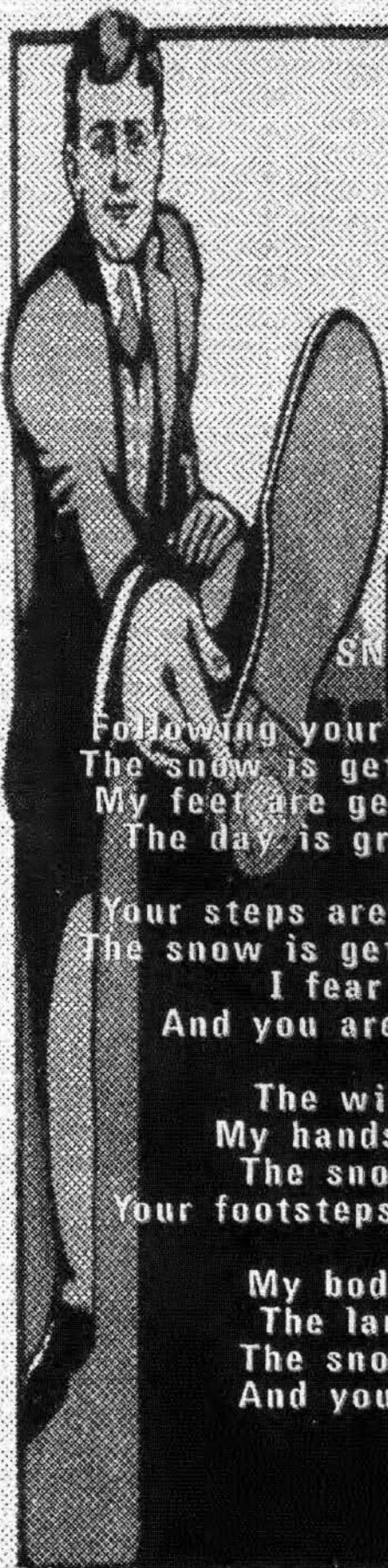
If you want to subject yourself, for Four-Fity USD(that's \$4.50) You can ask for a tape:

SSION
4156 Harrison St.
#3S
Kansas City, MO
64110

Also, Cody sent me a drawing, which is lovely. It sort of looks like Debbie Harry, or a gender-fucked version of her handcuffed to a pretty hollow-cheeked girl. and the caption reads "Let Me Die A Woman". To that all I have to say is Amen Sister.

The one other thing that came from Cody in KC,MO was a one-page zinelette called "Angry, Young and Rich". Basicly she flames punks of all types. And when there's total anarchy, she's going to feed all the faggots cornbread. Whatever that means.

SD Since SSION aren't real Musicians, That wasn't just a review.



SNOWSTORM

Following your footsteps
The snow is getting deep
My feet are getting cold
The day is growing old

Your steps are not clear
The snow is getting deep
I fear I am lost
And you are not near

The wind is cold
My hands are bare
The snow is deep
Your footsteps are gone

My body is numb
The land is dark
The snow is deep
And you are gone

-K. Dyer



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NOT
YOUR
BODY
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CONDOM
dick
STOP AIDS

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