

SPORK

A document of ambiguity and acceptance

Premiere Issue

Summer 1995

FREE or \$1 by mail

woman

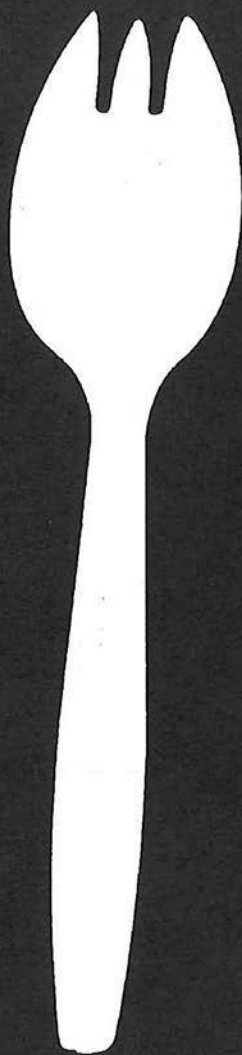
man

straight

gay

human

animal



Pat and Wigstock hostess Lady Bunny demonstrate the dangers of fur-wearing



Spork is written, edited and designed by Jeff Zick. Thanks to those who contributed pictures and technical assistance. Copies of Spork are available by mail for \$1, and \$.50 for each additional copy. Please send cash only. Trades for other zines are welcome. Spork #1 has no paid advertisements and is not produced for profit. Spork is intended to be a vehicle for absurd ideas and an impetus for radical action. Interested in starting a cross-dressing bike club? A vegan bisexual street theater troupe? A bible-burning group? A combination of the above? Me Too! If you have projects you'd like to announce through Spork or topic suggestions write to: Spork / P.O. Box 18604 / Washington DC 20036-8604

Welcome to Spork...

False dichotomies abound in human societies. That between the spoon and fork is a symbolic and palatable example. These two objects are seen as alternates in form and function among plate-to-mouth utensils (in North America). Unknown to many is a unique hybrid utensil that shares features of both spoon and fork—the spork. The spork is ambiguous, eclectic, perplexing and peripheral.

Popular thinking not only underestimates the prominence of sporks, but excludes them from the eating utensil paradigm altogether. They are seen as freak utensils that disrupt the comfortable view of plate-to-mouth utensils as either scoopers or piercers. Sporks are regrettably relegated to the realm of the rare and repugnant. They are subjected to a pattern of marginalization that runs parallel to odious societal patterns.

The dichotomy blurred by sporks is much less pernicious than those that segregate individuals. Distinctions between individuals based on concepts of gender, race, sexuality and other traits are invariably polarized in American culture. Popular sensibilities deny the existence of continuums between the established types and forms by which we are categorized. Language, dress, art and all other manner of behavior are vehicles in the construction of woman/man, black/white, gay/straight and human/"animal" dichotomies among others.

More than ideas, these insipid realities constrain our choices for self-fulfillment and nullify endless potential ways of relating with one another. In the push toward alternate extremes anyone who falls too far from their designated role is ostracized or annihilated. Meanwhile others try to obscure their own natural ambiguities. The diversity antecedent to social harmony is made impossible when parts of the social spectrum are stigmatized. Dichotomous thinking alienates androgynes, maligns mulattos, and besieges bisexuals, to cite a few examples. Very few of us, if any, lead lives in which we are summarily the selves we would like to be.

The chances of soon tearing down the fences that divide us are emaciated. There are diverse undergrounds, though, that unite what is separated on the surface. With empathy, creativity, and vigilance we can try to dig outwards and collapse the barriers built from fear. In the interest of such subterranean subversion I bring you SPORK. Viva l'ambiguïté!

—Jeff Zick



Fuck your gender: Sporksperson Pat demonstrates her/his support for Spork.

GENDEREVOLUTION

Sporks are formally known as "runcible spoons." According to my dictionary "runcible" is a nonsense word coined by Edward Lear in reference to sporks. I reject this term on the grounds that sporks are no more spoons with fork-like features than vice-versa. In the same vain I reject the labelling of transsexual and hermaphroditic people as either female-like males or male-like females. Most anthropologists accept that race is an essentially arbitrary categorization of people since all "races" overlap or exist on a spectrum. Sex is a categorization seen as qualitatively less arbitrary than race. One's sex defines one's essence in the minds of most people.

Sex, after all, is judged by the criteria of reproductive capacities. People who have ovaries are females and those who can fertilize the eggs males. It sounds simple enough until one considers such cases as hermaphrodites who have neither eggs that can be fertilized nor the capacity to fertilize eggs. The rarity of this exception does not determine its relevance. The existence of hermaphrodites points towards a biological spectrum based on hormonal composition. Hermaphrodites are not a third sex, as much because there isn't hormonal uniformity among the traditionally recognized sexes as that there isn't among them.

Seeing that many people are not easily categorized by sex and that such people are vastly dissimilar, the entire notion of separate sexes becomes fuzzy. The only rigid enumeration of sexes would be one identical to the number of people in the world. That is to say that each person has a hormone composition that falls somewhere different on the sex spectrum than anyone else's. For example, there is significant hormonal diversity among people readily identified as males. Contrast Lou Ferrigno (The Incredible Hulk) with Michael Jackson. Granted, Ferrigno puts much effort into being muscular, but Jackson couldn't get remotely huge and hairy if he tried (and more power to him!). Likewise, Ferrigno couldn't be as slender and hairless as Jackson under healthy circumstances.

Attempting to ignore sex differences is an exercise in futility as is the ubiquitous treatment of them in a binary fashion. What is useful and direly needed is a reevaluation of the assignment of gender roles to people based on their sex characteristics. This is clearly not a novel ambition.

Too often, however, political and academic imperatives to balance gender roles overlook the need for radical changes in males' roles. (Please excuse my use of binary "male/female" language for the sake of expediency.)

The polarization of gender roles for females and males is oppressive because its purpose and result has been to subdue females. The exaggeration of sex differences is a preliminary step in the establishment of a sex hierarchy with females at the bottom. Though not through organized conspiracy so much as the cultural evolution of domesticity, this hierarchy has been firmly in place in most societies for millennia. The modern women's movement has made great strides in this century, but males' roles have changed in only the slightest ways by comparison.

The traditional roles of "woman" and "man" are both unjust, and females and males both need to take on more of the other's roles. Implicit in the goals of many mainstream feminists (including men) is the assumption that women taking on the privileged roles reserved to men is much more a priority than men rejecting some of these roles in favor of some "feminine" ones. Women have suffered much more from prevailing gender roles than men have. They have also lived less violent and more admirable lives as a group. In light of this, it seems that men are the people whose roles are most in need of redefinition.

It is, of course, men's responsibility to change their attitudes and actions for the better. At the same time women have the ability to help facilitate this kind of change. Both conscious men and feminist women should implore men to do more than simply allow women to take on new roles. Men need to abandon the attitudes of stoicism, callousness, and invulnerability that are at the root of patriarchy. They need to transcend the sort of selfish identity that has for too long been mistaken as inherent to human male physiology.

A look at my generational peers sheds some light on the need for male gender redefinition. Among progressive young women there is quite a bit of gender experimentation going on. There is almost nothing that they would catch flak for wearing—combat boots, shaved hair, baseball caps are all but the norm for young women in cities and colleges. Some of this is the trickling down and (co-opting) of riot grrrl style to trendy chain stores and even some mainstream media. Though 'grrrl' has sadly been emphasized far more than 'riot', women are thankfully achieving more freedom to dress functionally, and androgynously.

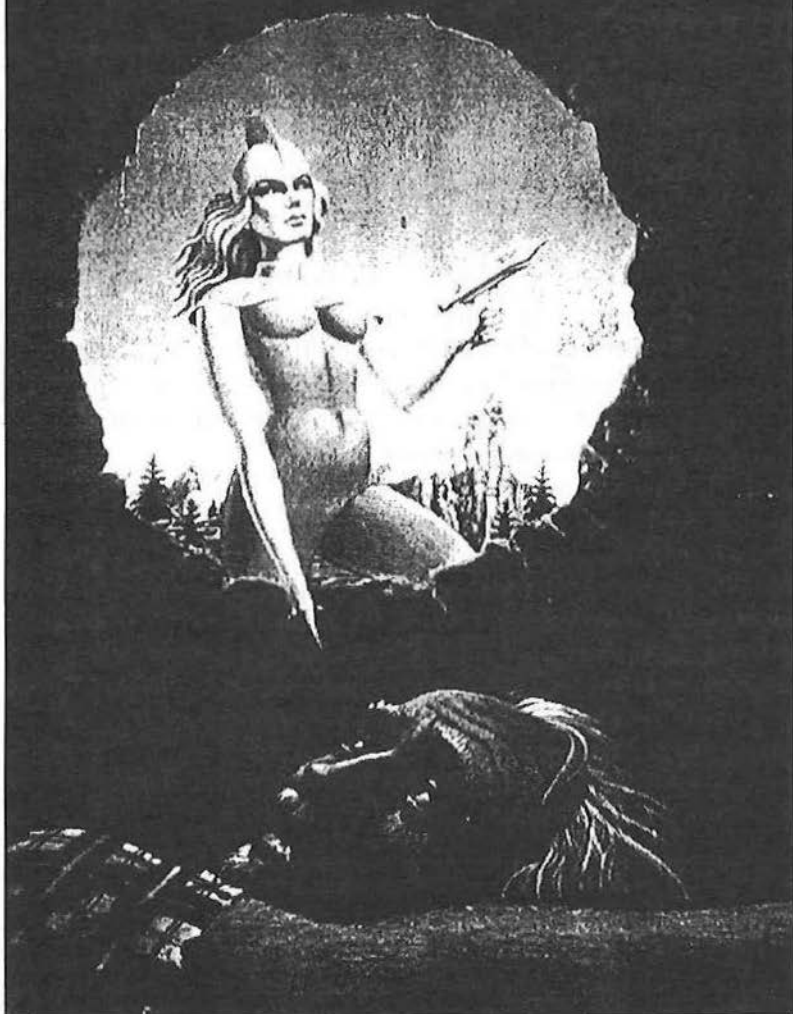
Meanwhile young men are stagnating if not regressing in their gender evolution. Women do have more incentives to dress as men have than vice-versa. Women's clothes have traditionally been geared toward domesticity and decoration, not function. Long nails, big hair, high heels, stockings and the like have all worked towards making women catlike people who can't comfortably do anything physical. Granted, I love to wear some of those things, but it's different when you're not expected to do so! Anyhow, things like tattoos, body piercings, and drab, baggy clothes are the current tools of masculine posturing among young men. Men aren't delving into androgyny to nearly the extent that women are.

Fashion is a reflection of attitude, and the attitude conveyed by men's clothing is one of robotic, contrived coolness. Little has changed since James Dean crystallized a masculine ideal with his stifled, brooding, volatile screen persona. Add in virility and sharp looks and you've got the perfect testosterobot. This persona resonates in contemporary American culture—just watch a few minutes of '90210' to get your weekly fill. Current variations on the ideal man include elements of punk rock-influenced wildness. This serves as an antidote to male composure in one capacity, but perpetuates feigned invulnerability on another level. The Beastie Boys are some male icons who demonstrate this duality among guys of my generation. They are wacky, playful, rude and display the emotional breadth of Beavis and Butthead. That their egotistical, hip hop-style posturing is partly in jest doesn't change the fact that they act out only typical masculine traits. Conceit, indignation, and sarcasm come to mind.

Support of feminist issues by macho men like Henry Rollins is another oddity in pop-rock culture. Rollins, an outspoken women's rights advocate, must spend a couple of hours a day moving heavy objects in repetitive patterns inside a room for no other purpose than to enlarge and define his body. Look no further to find a perfect example of how messed up men's ideas on gender changes are. This man flexes his neck and shouts about men needing self-respect when it's obvious that respect for others (mainly women) is infinitely more critical. I'm sure he thinks the former will contribute to the latter; even with that tenuous assumption, why waste your breath telling men not to doubt themselves? Why not implore men to question their roles? No reason except that he buys into much of the macho shit. In a recent article of his he rightfully decries phallic-centered (straight) sex, then earnestly extols the importance of men's sexual sensitivity: "It's up to the guys to use what they've got to help her get just what she wants...A real man knows that giving her an orgasm is proof that you're a real lover."

KILL THE MALE MISFITS!

GENDER GENOCIDE



GENDEREVOLUTION BY ANY MEANS!

SISSY LIBERATION OR ~~DEATH~~ WE WILL CRY!

The whole notion of convincing guys that it's unmanly to be insensitive is inane. Manliness is a persona grounded in being cavalier and at least a bit callous. Slogans like "REAL men respect women" are further from the truth than "REAL men are assholes." Progressive guys are emulating the kind of mixed-up personas of men like Rollins while their female counterparts are reclaiming the emotions of girlhood, exploring bisexuality and celebrating androgyny. Of course, I'm overlooking the queer male community—see "Bi-Nary Opposition." Even guys who are politically radical (i.e. into animal rights, women's rights, racial justice, etc.) are usually marginally concerned about rectifying the wrongs of their gender roles. Interestingly, a lot of young vegetarian guys adopt vegetarianism in part to convey the militant, hardcore image that vegan straight-edge bands have popularized. There's genuine concern for animals in this crowd, but most try to compensate for its "wimpiness" by looking like tough guys. They don't eat beef, but they swallow this belief: testosterone sits on the throne and manliness is chief.

An alternative vision of progressive maleness is obligatory given my barrage of man-bashing. Positive social evolution for males means moving toward the androgynous center and even beyond to the feminine realm of the gender spectrum. Men must be able to be sissies, and whether or not most men would enjoy wearing skirts or being openly vulnerable, such things should be encouraged. I'm not arguing that men need to try to be effeminate—simply not trying to fill the shoes of our stifled fathers will result in a more androgynous distribution of male gender identities. For those of us who are predisposed to being sissies (and there's a lot more of us than most suspect) it's imperative to push the limits of androgyny.

The spread of sissyness is liberating for sissies and less androgynous males alike. Obviously guys who want to be flamboyant or emotional in traditionally feminine ways are going to feel better in a culture where that behavior isn't dangerous. Guys in general stand to benefit from less concern about whether they're masculine enough. At least as importantly, women will never be treated as equals so long as men cannot be sissies. So long as men believe that no one with XY chromosomes can be the passive partner in a relationship with an XXer, they will strive to be stolid, imposing, and dominant.

That's right, sissyness is for straight men, too! This is actually where it's most critical. Queer men who are so inclined can be sissies among themselves at least. It's pretty much out of the question for a straight guy to bend his gender and accept a woman's overt control in a relationship. If I'm begging the question of whether sissyness must mean role reversal,

the answer is yes. Too often people mistake equality as requiring identical roles. In most relationships there is an initiator—of the relationship, of shared adventures, of sex. There's not always one person initiating all of these things, and s/he who initiates most might not *always* do so in any aspect, but there is usually someone who wears the pants, so to speak. Equality is about equal consideration of each individual's desires. Many males are predisposed to being passive and many females to being aggressive.

It is inevitable and integral to genderrevolution that women take control and men accept it far more prevalently. Creating new paradigms is not the point so much as blurring the idea of a gender paradigm altogether. A taste of the other corners of gender is healthy for everybody and life-changing for many. Achieving the ultimate goal of gender diversity and equity will require some reversal of the male/female hierarchy. This reversal need only last as long as it takes for males to value rather than degrade "femininity." Hierarchy should eventually dissolve with the dissolution of binary genders. The improbability of such a cultural revolution is not lost on me. Neither is the emotional vitality of vigilance and idealism.

To balance the abstractness of my views on sissyness and genderrevolution, I'd like to recognize the kind of people that I see as positive examples in the male gender arena. There are many gay men and male-to-female transgenderists who are doing incredible work to shatter the gender dichotomy. People like Ru Paul and Kate Bornstein are bringing the concept of genderfuck to unlikely mainstream quarters—pop music, theater, and academia among them. There are straight men also doing their part to diffuse the macho energy that pervades pop culture. The existence of such men is essential in convincing the straight majority that machismo is not necessary to be respectable. The introspection, silliness, sentimentality and vulnerability of Woody Allen's screen persona is a good example. It represents an antidote to the kind of two-dimensional male celebrities with which we are inundated.

Michael Jackson is one (purportedly) straight superstar who puts forth an image which is ultimately dichotomy-defying. As well as being a gender blender, he is racially ambiguous, and even of indeterminate species (see videos for "Thriller" and "Black or White"!). Set aside allegations against him and rumors that his whitening was purposeful and shame-based. Jackson strikes a telling fear in the hearts of dichotomous thinkers. Some people are every bit as threatened by his androgynous, racially ambiguous appearance and effeminate manner as they are by the prospect of child molestation. Perhaps more so. Such unconscious, bigoted people vent their hatred without reproach in circumstances where thinking people have

serious reasons for debating Jackson's integrity. The existence of such androgynous male stars as Jackson, the early David Bowie, the still-skirt-wearing Mick Jagger, and ex-Prince (my keyboard doesn't have that symbol!) is a small step towards redefining popular ideas of manhood.

Beyond being a "freaky", glam image for rock stars, male androgyny should proliferate on a level both personal and domestic, both cerebral and aesthetic. House husbands ought to be common. Male dress should be expressive as well as functional—guys aren't robots, really. Men should listen to and explore the interests of women they're involved with. As true as it is trite, men should hug each other. Males should love each other, and express it in the way that female friends can. Can you imagine these sweeping changes? I hope so. There will never be gender equality without such changes in what it means to be a "man."

Recommended Gender and Bisexual Resources

Books: Gender Outlaw by Kate Bornstein

The Apartheid of Sex by Martine Rothblatt

Stone Butch Blues by Leslie Feinberg

Bi Any Other Name by Loraine Hutchins and Lani Kaahumanu

Closer to Home: Bisexuality and Feminism by E. R. Weise

Zines: *Gendertrash*, P O Box 500-62, 552 Church St, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 2E3, CANADA

Changing Men, address unknown, but available in progressive book stores

Bust—see review elsewhere in this zine

Groups:

TheBiNetwork, P O Box 7657, Langley Park MD 20787

National Organization for Women, 202-331-0066, Wash. D.C.

See other ads in this zine

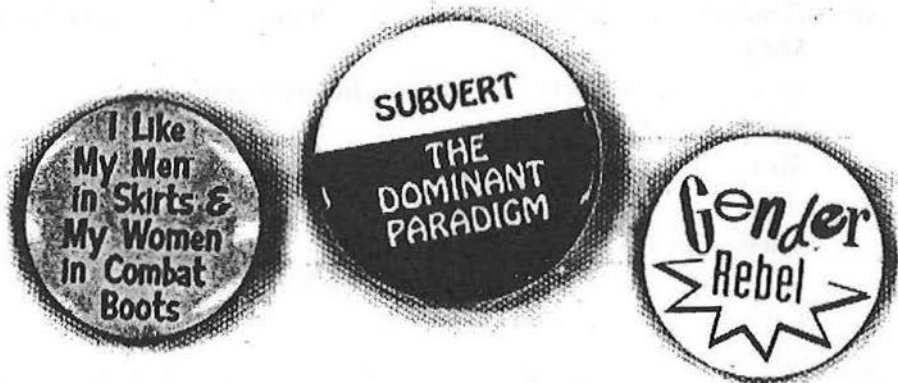
Highly Recommended Zine: *STAY FREE!* Issue #10 is the only one I've read, but it was mind-blowingly absurd and very articulate. A well-researched article on how Graham (of the eponymous crackers) and Kellogg (the cereal giant's founder) thought bland foods like grains would decrease one's libido and deter masturbation! Also results from a survey on what semen and vaginal secretions taste like! There's indie music reviews and mix of other subversive features. *STAY FREE!* is indeed free if you can find at a record store, but you can get 4 issues for \$6. Make checks payable to Carrie McClaren. Write *STAY FREE!*, P O Box 702, Chapel Hill NC 27514.



Clip job: Boys wearing barrettes in Berkeley and Miami

(Above picture from a small "trends" article in a mainstream newsweekly magazine.)

SISSY POWER!



Above buttons are available from (left to right):

1 & 3 Ephemera Incorporated at 503-535-4195

2 Ferne Sales & Mfg. Co. Inc., P O Box 113 T.C.B., W. Orange, NJ 07052

PERUANA

*If you can't find a hole
To fulfill your male libido
Go ahead and stick it
In the end of a burrito*

*It'll fit just like a sock
Without the static shock
Don't knock it 'til
You've felt the thrill
Of guac' around your cock*

*There's no need for beggin'
Or saying pretty pleases;
So long as there's no meat or cheese
You won't get no diseases*

*Too big for someone's pooper?
Don't sit there in as stupor—
Run to the Bro's of Bur-rit-os*
And penetrate a Super!*

* (Burrito Brothers is a D.C.-based restaurant chain that is known for its gargantuan "Super Burritos.")

Belch for Greenpeace

*In vertical dreams they came to me
And to my kindred elk*

*A de-bate raged on TV
Two people rambled
The crowd grumbled
Until a third bloke spoke:*

*"The homeless need more hummus
On their buttocks during coitus."
"Shut up and shit on my saran-wrapped face!"
"These people are elitists—
They would not felch the fetus."
"Because first you must tape-duct it,
Lest you, in lust, combust it
When you choose to fuck it."*

The Hate of My Life—A True Teen Tale

For the first time in my life I wondered if an experience of mine were not just a nightmare. I lied on my bed, my mind racing with fear and disbelief as I numbly tried to distract myself with a Brady Bunch reunion movie on TV. Minutes before I had been at the house of my 15-year-old friend of eight years. We grew up as next door neighbors and knew each other better than either knew anyone else outside our families. Throughout the years he and I sexually experimented quite often. By this time the cliques of high school had divided us to a large extent, but we maintained a strong private bond. After a couple years of not having sex, we rediscovered its excitement with unprecedented, adolescent-hormone-fueled desire. We were secret sex partners, and didn't associate much among others. One night, shortly after we started going at it in the darkened privacy of his living room, I heard Wes shout "Oh shit! Kenny's here!" A so-called friend of Wes' had popped his face in the window at the back of his house—the window with shades that wouldn't turn shut.

We were both horror-stricken and I lied face down hoping not to be identified. Meanwhile Wes ran outside half-naked, begging his football friend to keep quiet about our secret. Almost simultaneously, a carload of our schoolmates showed up in Wes' driveway. Wes and his sister had thrown a party there the previous night, and apparently these moronic teenagers expected another one. It was the house of Wes' often absent father, where he lived following his parents' divorce. I scrambled to get on my bike and out of sight, running through the backyard, throwing my bike and myself over the fence and running along the golf course to find a safe exit. I sped home, sure that by then Kenny had blabbed to the would-be partyers that Wes and I were "fags". I'd never felt such fear before when I was barreling through people's backyards towards my home. I thought that a carload of my schoolmates were by then on a search-and-humiliate mission.

A while later I got a call from Wes assuring me that he had placated Kenny with beer and that the other kids weren't told of my presence there. He said that Kenny promised not to tell anyone and we agreed that we could never "do this" again, although my heart wasn't in it. Needless to say, I was tremendously relieved. For the next two weeks Wes and I went on with our lives as usual. That was until the Ides of March, by which time Kenny had developed the audacity to embark upon what amounted to a campaign to expose and mortify me and Wes. I hadn't gotten wind of this effort until, as my family ate dinner that evening, a car screeched around our court and "fucking faggot!" was shouted by some unseen high schoolers. The panic I had been struck with two weeks ago rushed back, but this time I simply couldn't deny its reality.

I took off on my bike to get away from the house and tried to distract myself from what was happening. On the way to where I did bike tricks with my friends I was accosted by a group of junior high and high school kids. When I looked back they ran in jest as if to say that I was a lecherous freak. When I went back home my parents sternly told me to sit at the kitchen table with them. Dread overtook me as they explained that Wes' mother had called them

and told them of his confession. *They* let me in on the fact that Wes had been harassed at school, had a nervous breakdown, and had already been taken to the youth psychiatric ward of a university hospital thirty miles away. Five years later, I have never seen or heard from him.

Subdued by shock, I listened to my parents express their grave disappointment in me for committing these deviant acts. They would have punished the 16-year-old me for any sort of sexual behavior, but it was made abundantly clear that they saw gay sex as "aberrant." This was despite their rejection of religion and the fact that they were too sex-phobic to ever have mentioned, much less warned me against, homosexuality. Now, as they tried to prepare me for what would happen in school, my dad said that he thought what I'd done had to be the "worst" thing going in my school. Being lawyers, they dutifully advised me not to answer any questions posed by police (!?) or school officials. By then I had developed a sharp knot in my stomach that would persist for the two months that I remained at my school.

That night (a Thursday, I recall) I laid in bed feeling utterly helpless in anticipation of a day in hell. Sure enough, when I walked into school Friday I ran into a friend who asked if I knew what people were saying about me. I said only that I heard people were calling me a "fag", not about to admit the truth or even defend such a possibility. To do so would have been suicide in this small town school of less than 600 students in which everyone knew of most everyone else. Throughout the day the rumor spread rampantly and by second period I got called into the vice principal's office. Also the coach of the football team Wes played on, he asked if the rumor was true. I told him I'd been advised not to answer that question, but said "yes" when asked whether "something" had gone on between us. To my surprise, he was more supportive than my parents had been, saying that kids "experiment" and asking for reports of harassment by other students. None of this could prepare me for the daily freak show that I was forced to star in.

Wes and I were the main topic of discussion in the school for some time. The incidents of harassment were innumerable, if also unforgettable. I steadfastly denied the truth, and initially my 'nonconformist' friends dismissed the rumor as just that. Worse than constant torment from my peers was watching my friends gradually begin to ignore me. Some dismissed the rumor longer than others, but by the end of the semester I had lost all of them. Some would mock me openly, if not to my face. I ended my school year three weeks early with permission from the administration to finish my school work at home. I remember finally convincing my mom to get me out of there when I mentioned a kid telling me he'd kill himself if he were me. Excuse me if I forbear to recount in further detail my ostracism during the two months that I stayed there. Suffice it to say that it took a severe mental toll on me. So much so that by the time I left I had learned to cringe at the sound of my full name, having heard it uttered incessantly in whispers of gossip and overt taunts.

I lived like a teenage Boo Radley during my last year at home, going out only to other cities, mostly at night, trying to disguise myself with hats and sunglasses. I remember, as my dad drove me through town, lying back in my seat to hide. He asked disdainfully, "You know you started this, don't you?" This he said to me, the one of his three sons with whom he had shared the most interests and time. My brothers, both in college and only one at home, were unnervingly silent about the trouble I was in. To this day, we've never mentioned it. My mother forbade the watching of MTV and threw out a mouthwash bottle she thought I might be using for sexual purposes! She implored me to get tested for HIV despite the fact that Wes and I had never slept with anyone else! These are a few among other petty and ridiculous acts that made me feel like an alien to her. She had me see a psychiatrist who was more liberal than she or my dad, but wanted to treat my depression with Prozac—a legitimate drug, but no cure for victims of homophobia.

I went to a new, distant school in the Fall and completed my senior year in one semester. I enrolled in community college weeks after graduation, but I didn't move out of my be-hated hometown until I went to a university that Summer. I felt very resentful toward my environment until I escaped to university life. Simply being unknown and uninfamous was a tremendous relief for me. Meeting and befriending openly gay and bisexual students went further to provide a sense of solidarity and validation. I became active in gay rights groups and other progressive groups.

I now live and work in environments where all sexualities are well represented and respected. I've retained, however, a serious distrust of friends and a painful self-consciousness after having had my most private experience be a point of public derision. I've been plagued by the recurring feeling that I am essentially alone in life and that good times just serve to distract people from the fact that they're on their own when it hurts most to be so. I never felt guilty about what I shared with Wes, only full of regret for the freak coincidence that made our ostracism possible. Knowing how arbitrarily one's life and social ties can disintegrate drained my hope for the future.

The drastic changes following my high school experience made forgetting about Wes easier. I have on occasion been viscerally overcome by the need to know where he is and what has become of him. Early on I feared that he killed himself, as his mother said he'd threatened to. A couple of years after he exited my life I heard news to the contrary. He survived his dad who then died at middle-age of an alcohol-related disease. I wish I could have been with Wes when he suffered through this. I wonder how he feels about me now. I fear he might resent me for having helped enable our desperate situation. I wonder if he might be an outspoken gay rights advocate, although I think he's closer to being straight than gay. Being robbed of the chance to define our own sexualities is something I sorely lament. I wonder how much he wonders about me. His family left the state and I'm clueless about how to find him, but I intend to. He's still by far the friend with whom I share the most history. I hope that when I meet him again he'll be content with life and that I can say the same.

Sporkonomics: The wave of the future.



BY GERALD MARTINEAU—THE WASHINGTON POST

President Clinton makes a tongue-in-cheek suggestion that schoolchildren eat lunch with "sporks," rather than spoons and forks, to save money.

Highly recommended zine: **Bust** from NYC. This very professional women's zine presents hilarious and soul-baring accounts of femalehood. Each issue has a theme with essays, stories, art, and poetry relating to it. Issue 5, "My life as a girl" contains a plethora of whimsical true stories of girlhood in all its awkward, painful and enthralling moments. Issue 4, "The Sex Issue" is equally lucid and frank, with stories from virgins, prostitutes and all other sorts of girls and women. Look for Issue 6, "The Men Issue" which may be out by now. Send checks made out to cash only for \$2.50 + 2 stamps to BUST, P O Box 319, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023

Bi-Nary Opposition

In recent years many progressive zines have written about biphobia in straight and gay communities alike. My main goal is not to discuss whether bisexuality exists—it does by any reasonable definition. An example of such a definition: the desire to have sex with members of “both” sexes. This desire need not be fulfilled, certainly need not be simultaneously fulfilled, and need not be precisely equal towards “each” sex. Anyone abiding by this definition can’t sensibly argue against bisexuality. It’s exhibited in other primates, and to exclude people from this phenomenon, regardless of one’s orientation, is pompous and narrow-minded.

I would like to address specifically the treatment of bisexual men as it compares to that of bi women in this society. There seems to be a divide between gay and straight men that makes bi men even less visible than bi women. Feminism is a vehicle that provides a sense of sisterhood and unity among many women. Understanding the common oppression women face allows them to see past identity differences to a greater degree than men. Privilege is the main thing that unites men as a group, and the security of straight men gives them no incentive to feel affinity for gay men. Openly gay men are thereby alienated from their gender and exist in a very separate realm of relationships.

Coming out for gay men is generally a somewhat greater leap than it is for lesbians. When a man comes out he usually enters a new social sphere with fewer of his old friends than lesbians who do the same. The kind of taboo placed on male queerness is simply more severe, even though being male is easier to begin with. Gay male communities are very distinct from the straight world. This dichotomy leaves bi men in an awkward position. If they be themselves among gay men they can’t expect support, and if they do so with straight men they’ll most likely lose many friends. (Of course, in San Francisco or Greenwich Village this may not apply.)

This is by no means to say that lesbians aren’t harshly alienated from their gender as a whole. Neither would I contend that it is rare for lesbians to hold prejudices against bi women. In fact, one kind of feminism is the separatism espoused by some lesbians. While creating man-free, womyn-with-womyn environments is an excellent idea, stigmatizing women who sleep with men is hardly acceptable. This, I believe, is the exception among lesbians as a group. It’s probably true that in the bedroom gay men are less bi-exclusive, but in queer male culture, bi’s are marginalized more than with women.

The recent proliferation of bi female figures in the media represents for women the erosion of a barrier that stubbornly stands between men. You don’t

hear guys with songs like "I kissed a boy" pervading radio waves and MTV. You seldom see bi-boy bands to rival the wave of bi-oriented riot grrrl bands. You don't see male rock stars producing the kind of overtly homoerotic materials Madonna has. Granted, there have been plenty of bi male rock stars—David Bowie, Freddie Mercury, John Lennon, Mick Jagger, etc.—but they don't (and can't) make best-selling sex books in which they pose with gay leathermen.

Another difficulty particular to bi men is the HIV hysteria that has been aimed at them—they are seen by some as the ambassadors of AIDS to the straight world. Quite contrary to the eroticization of bi women by straight men is straight women's fear of any 'less'-than-straight man. The former is problematic in its own right. The difference is that between exploitation and marginalization. There's more to straight women's fear of bi men than health concerns. For the most part, men are seen as sexual in terms of what they do to someone else. To think of men being "done" by other men arouses deep fear and repulsion for some women. I won't attempt to analyze this fear, but hold it as indicative of a serious problem in gender inequity.

The Night Scary Screamer Hit Me

A few weeks ago I was at a Lambda Humane protest against a restaurant serving veal, foie gras, lobsters, and rabbit sausages among other corpses. We decided to protest against the gay-owned Trumpets, because of the unusually cruel practices used to make these "entrees". Veal is the flesh of a calf that lived its life confined to a crate and fed only milky gruel so that her flesh becomes anemic and tender. Foie gras is the engorged liver of a duck who was mechanically force-fed with a metal pipe down his throat. As we tried to educate potential patrons about these issues, a man came out of the bar shouting at us.

He ranted that we didn't care about people with AIDS, only rats and cows. He was shouting such nonsense at the top of his lungs and drawing a lot of attention on this busy street corner. When one woman explained that we are advocates of PWAs as well as animals, he shouted, "What do you know about AIDS, you're negative bitch!" I called him on his sexism and he focused his tirade on me, calling me a wimp, a nerd, and a faggot (all of which I accept, more or less.) I called him a sexist hypocrite, and he struck me right in front of the cops, who then arrested him. He shouted what he hoped would be media soundbites about animal activists assaulting an AIDS activist.

It wasn't until after the arrest that I found out this maniac, Steve Michael, runs what's left of ACT-UP Washington. ACT-UP is an excellent coalition of direct action AIDS groups across the country which I was part of in college. The D.C. chapter has sadly splintered and disintegrated in no small part due to Michael's obnoxious tactics. There have been several articles mentioning this incident in D.C. papers. The gay Washington Blade ran a straightforward account of Michael's crime. The right-wing Washington Times ran a small homophobic account of the incident with the headline "Only in Washington." Lastly, the progressive weekly Washington City Paper blasted Michael in a full-page editorial, dubbing him "D.C.'s Gay Unabomber."

The City Paper article scoffed at Michael's declared run for presidency and listed among his adversaries The Washington Blade, an openly gay congressperson he assaulted, and prominent D.C. gay activists. It also described a thrift shop he set up to benefit AIDS groups. The store made thousands of dollars, but The City Paper could not find one AIDS group that received money from Michael's enterprise. It is disheartening to see such an asshole tainting ACT-UP's name and doing harm to his supposed cause. He is certainly not representative of ACT-UP in general, and is terribly confused if he thinks that pro-queer animal rights activists are appropriate targets for his rage.

The Dynamics of Desire

Have you ever considered that butchness is idealized in both lesbian and gay male communities? I think it's a generalization that holds up well under scrutiny. The kind of women that most lesbians lust after is a far cry from the unaggressive ideal of most straight men. To the contrary, the kind of men that most gay men desire are pretty much identical to those most straight women do. What accounts for this discrepancy is a mystery to me, but I have some ideas.

Our society is patriarchal—there's no doubt about that. The people we look to for expertise, charisma, physical prowess and courage are, for the most part, men. That they are biological males is not so important as that they convey a masculine persona. Masculinity is not exclusive to men. It's a set of traits that have been designated to people with penises as an accentuation of what is thought of as male nature. Many lesbians have taken on some 'masculine' traits in ways that straight (Western) women seldom do. These traits include dominance in sexual relationships, unc cosmetized physicality and an inhabitation of their bodies that is not reclusive. It seems that the further back one looks in recorded human history, the less one sees such traits being restricted to males.

Most lesbians are in this sense shedding the contrived feminine roles they learned. Traditionally feminine traits come naturally to some females (and males) but most lesbians seem to harbor more androgynous predispositions. There are certainly contrived masculine roles that gay men learn in our society, but gay male desire doesn't radically diverge from these values. Drag queens are the obvious exception. They are a minority within the minority, though, and are neither emulated or desired by gay men to near the degree that macho male figures are. A quick glance at an average gay men's magazine will provide ample evidence that dressy, sculpted, masculine men are the ideal. In the July issue of *Details* hardcore band leader Brian Grillo, who is gay, writes, "I would never fit in running around West Hollywood in a rainbow-colored T-shirt. I look like a dude that you could actually have sex with."

Grillo sees himself as an atypical gay man, but his assurance that he's someone men would want to have sex with reflects that macho men like himself are what's sought after by queer men. He's even suggesting that flamboyant or effeminate men are undesirable. What it boils down to is that lesbian desire is generally less influenced by straight standards of beauty than is gay male desire. Why point this out? Certainly not to criticize gay men, but for the sake of understanding how the paradigm that excludes them comes to bear upon their values. I am not suggesting that gay male desire is shaped by internalized homophobia—gay men are certainly more in touch with what they want than most men. I would say that what they *don't* desire results in part from the false set of gender personas presented in our straight, patriarchal society. What it means to be a man in our society represses males in terms of how they should present themselves as well as who they can desire.

Sissy Love

Grrrls with guitars

Make me wanna **scream**

Like the swooning teen-girl-

Beatlesfan that inside I am

When boys strum and shout

It's trite, if oft pleasant

But female finger-pickin'

And yellin' feels effervescent

And Androgynes with estrogen

Make me wanna say Amen,

Though there is no goddess—

I wish I could be them.

Mes Chaussures Rouge

Slick, smooth, hot hot red

Sleek, supple, subtly ridged

Succulently stretched

Engulfing parts of me

Secluded and sun-deprived

Scarlet and framed

By the softest black fibers

They bury alive

Big red fleshy tongues

And constrict my

Most vulnerable regions

A flexing arch of my bones

Amidst the shining redness

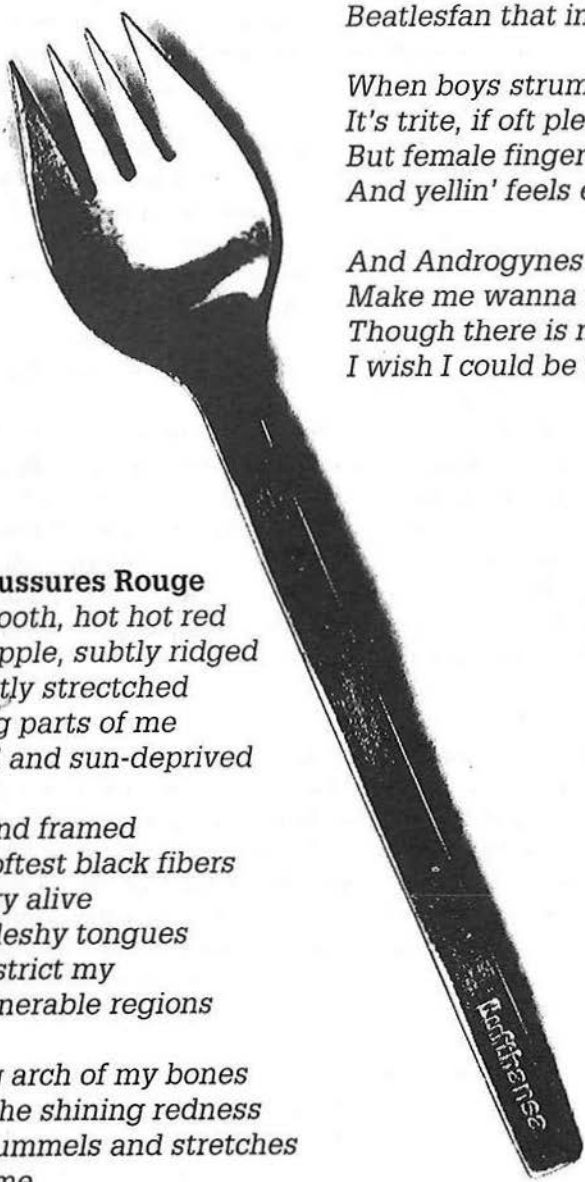
Which pummels and stretches

Around me

Pushing and stomping

Exploring and conquering

And certified leather-free



The Missing Link

The human/"animal" dichotomy is the most pervasive, atrocious, and accepted division between individuals. That the intermediaries between humans and our nonhuman ancestors are extinct makes this dichotomy no less arbitrary. We are apes, after all, and we evolved from the ancestors of the animals we now systematically exploit. We've even used the mechanisms of evolution to domesticate animals for such purposes as expediently turning them into carcasses for food. Nowhere else is the hierarchical treatment of differences played out so callously as with speciesism.

The favored excuse for animal slavery is that evolution is hierarchical by nature, and that humans are simply at the top of an inherently predatory food chain. This excuse is lame, first because there is no strict hierarchy in the predatory order. Second, the very fact that we're able to contemplate our dietary choices beyond the terms of our own palate suggests a biological purpose for this ability. If we are to believe that empathy is purposeful when evoked by human suffering, we cannot deny that it is also meaningful when evoked by seeing other animals' pain. Common sense tells us that unnecessary suffering ought to be avoided.

We have a species-blind *capacity* to feel bad about others' pain. We also have a species-blind capacity to desensitize ourselves to others' pain. Both capacities have been exercised throughout human history. Humans are exercising their ability to ignore human suffering in countless ways right now. People in China are being executed by anal electrocution for committing victimless crimes. Foxes are being killed on "ranches" by the thousands in the same way to become fur coats. People would like to think that these sick acts are very different. The foxes also have parents who would grieve over their deaths had they not been murdered themselves by the fiends who bred them. Above all else a fox's life matters as much to herself as a person's life matters to herself.

There are no traits possessed by all humans and no nonhuman animals except for the obvious physical differences. Higher intelligence, the capacity for deliberate moral choices, and all other traits cited by animal slavery apologists are absent in some humans—severely retarded people being the perfect example. Anyone who thinks that chimpanzees aren't intelligent enough to be spared from torture in laboratories must think the same of severely retarded people, or abandon that belief. There are plenty of other examples, all pointing toward the fact that there are no morally relevant differences between the human species and other animal species. The capacity to suffer and have interests is the only sound criterion for whether or not an individual has rights. It is certain that the animals people exploit, from cows to rats to worms to monkeys, have these capacities.

Accordingly, it is imperative that we consider their interests in every choice we make. Each dollar spent on eggs is a vote for the lifetime confinement of 3-5 chickens per 18"x18" cage in a factory farm. When sent off to the slaughterhouse they, and "poultry chickens" who have never seen the light of day, are hung by their feet and stunned. This stunning is just enough to immobilize them but leave them conscious as their throats are slit and they are moved along the automated line to a pool of electrified

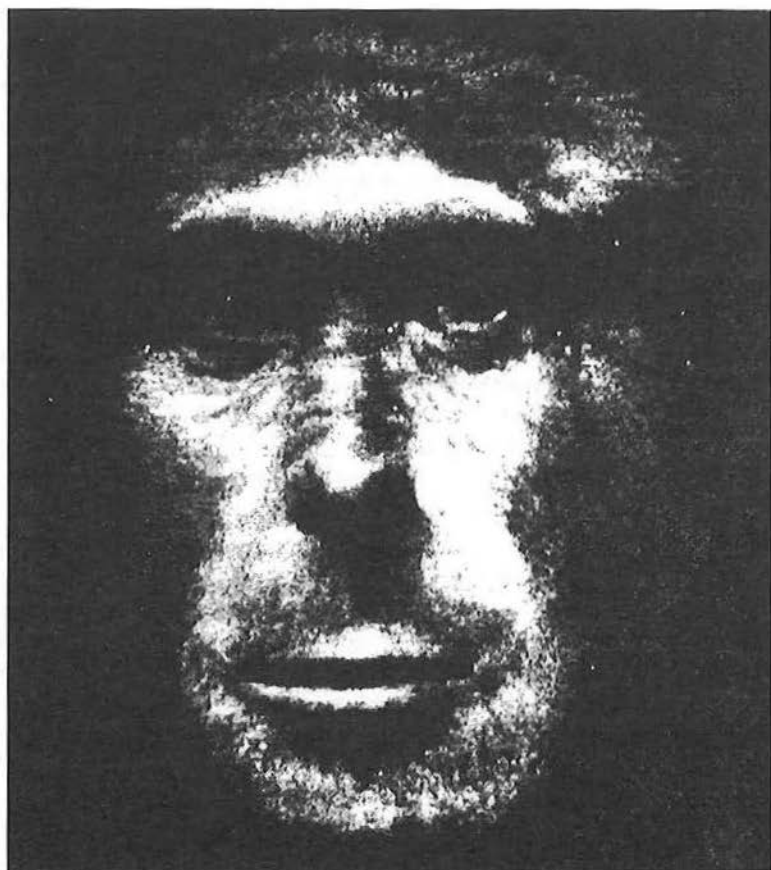
water where they are killed if they haven't bled to death by then. Each buck spent on beef or leather creates the demand for more cows to live and be killed in similarly excruciating ways. Buying dairy products supports the very same industries and the inevitable slaughter of the animals when they are "unproductive." Money given to companies like Gillette and Proctor & Gamble who perform lethal animal tests not required by law is a mandate for the continuance of this useless cruelty. As overwhelming as the consumer changes needed to stop causing animal suffering may seem they're all easy with the right information. Getting animal products out of one's life is often a gradual process, and there are plenty of places to start.

A less talked-about offshoot of the human/'animal' dichotomy is the ways in which human cultural evolution has made our lives less rich. I'm of the mind that in the truest sense nothing is unnatural. It makes no sense to argue that technology created by human animals is not part of the natural world. There are, however, other compelling reasons to reject some aspects of industrialization. Earthquakes are natural, but they are the sort of events whose consequences we shouldn't willfully reproduce. Humans calculate and carry out "unnatural" disasters on a daily basis. They commit mass murders over differences in dogmatic belief systems. Americans print up bumper stickers, t-shirts, and other propaganda for wars known by other euphemisms. Yet much of the disaster that is industrial civilization takes more subtle and seemingly innocuous forms.

What we've learned to see as social order—urbanization and domestication—is alienating us from the environs that are vital to the well being of apes like ourselves. Cultural evolution adheres to biological evolution as a rule. The development of private dwellings for each family unit (in most human cultures) is an outgrowth of some mental need to have such privacy and security. It seems that the human ape is fallible in its assessment of which actions will fulfill its needs. This stands to reason in view of animal behavior in general. Many species engage in some blatantly futile (from the standpoint of need-satisfying) behavior. Dogs and cats can be seen chewing at scabs that will subsequently become infected. The exponentially higher intelligence of humans and the mass-mobilizing behaviors it enables translate into an exponentially larger margin of error in judgment.

When unhealthy decisions are made by humans they often have consequences that are further-reaching than those of other animals' actions. The human level of organization which makes gun production, for example, possible makes massive, calculated (or miscalculated) suffering possible. There are surely correlations between the capacity for easy violence, the fear of senseless violence, the need for shelter from other people, the separateness of families within communities, and the lack of community that exists in industrialized society. Community is more than just healthy for human apes—it's vital, and its erosion in our societies is truly dispiriting. That most of us hardly know our neighbors is testament to the unhealthiness of industrialized "communities." We care less about those we know less.

Humans' alienation from the living world is the ultimate tragedy. We bury flora under cement—the product of sediments, composed largely of once living matter. We extinguish life with layers of fossil material to achieve a mobility that separates families and to provide impenetrable shelter. These fortresses of fear are needed only for the fact that we've made violence easy and created a cause for it. The fact that we're born



A computer-generated image of what an intermediary between a human and a chimpanzee ("missing link") face might have looked like.

Recommended animal rights resources

Books: Animal Liberation by Peter Singer

Diet for a New America by John Robbins

The Great Ape Project edited by Paola Cavalieri and Peter Singer

Magazines:

Animals' Agenda, Vegetarian Times, PETA's Animal Times

Groups: People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (see ad in this zine)

Farm Animal Reform Movement, P O Box 30654, Bethesda MD 20824

In Defense of Animals, 816 W Francisco Blvd, San Rafael CA 94901

For information on groups in your area, or how to start one, call 301-770-PETA

without the right to free land within which to sustain ourselves is the root of economic class, and the unceasing strife it involves. When societies begin designating criteria for land "ownership", self-interest prevails and groups that happen to have the most valuable resources hoard them as a privilege of their group. Racism and religion delineate these economic groups. Poverty is violence, as a famous vegetarian once said, and the deprivation of life resources breeds more tangible instances of violence. Real communities will not exist so long as some claim ownership of much more than they need or can use and others don't have the resources to live.

A remedy for the mess of human industrialization is a dumbfounding prospect. It's clear that restoring much of the surroundings that other great apes thrive upon is part of the solution. Granted, our sort of intelligence does need stimulation beyond what's found in the lives of other apes. We can only hope to strike a balance between the living atmosphere and the sense of order our species craves. I believe that we've created more "order", or coordination within and among societies, than we can deal with in a healthy way. No other species exhibits such self-destructive behavior. Depression, suicide and chronic stress are all phenomena largely confined to human apes. Suicide, in particular, is an almost entirely human phenomenon. The other phenomena cited above are insignificant in the lives of other mammals and show up most often in species domesticated by, dependent upon, or directly interfered with by our species.

There is evidently something desperately wrong with the direction of human cultural evolution. The conditions of industrialization mentioned above must play a large part in our malaise and self-destructiveness. Yet to be honest, and downright cynical, the kind of intelligence we possess seems inherently distressing. I'm sure that early homosapiens were a healthier bunch than nearly all modern human civilizations. I suspect, though, that even they were more neurotic than other animals. The human capacity to ponder is every bit as disturbing as it is enthralling. We understand ourselves as part of a universe that lends itself to study, but is ultimately incomprehensible. We've created religious dogmas to numb the most uniquely human capacity of our minds—namely philosophizing. Knowledge, as we know it, is pain as much as power.

What does one make of all these ideas? Solid proof that philosophizing is useless? Maybe. If there is good reason to redirect our species' development, then it cannot be done without a great deal more philosophy. Confusion abounds. Philosophy, like all things but suffering, is not bad in itself. Whatever it takes for the human psychosis to end, may it happen. If we don't correct it, time will probably rid the earth of it with our extinction. Whether that extinction is self-imposed or not, there is some solace in the likelihood that the orderly mayhem of humanity will cease. Until then, may pity and love, the most called-for emotions, pervade our thoughts.

Highly recommended zine: *Live Wild or Die!* from Santa Cruz, CA. A truly revolutionary zine filled with militant, sarcastic, and hilarious articles and cartoons. Their agenda is one of earth liberation, animal liberation, technology destruction, and a sort of naturalistic anarchy. Issue #3, like others I've read, is full of monkey-wrenching ideas and reports of actions by Earth First! and the Animal Liberation Front. There's also some good writing about gender and sexuality, although some of the eco-warrior stuff comes off as too macho for my tastes. No cost specified. Write to P O Box 329, Santa Cruz CA 95061

Artificial Intelligence Barrier


It would be frowned upon by most people to disparage someone with an IQ of 75, but to call someone who's just a bit slower than average "stupid" is entirely commonplace. Implicit in this behavioral difference is the erroneous assumption that institutional labels for intelligence reflect qualitative differences between people. Like everything else in this world, intelligence exists on a continuum.

Intelligence is a gage of how quickly one is able to learn new things, and assimilate what is learned into the scheme of one's total understanding. It is important to realize that Intelligence Quotient tests are not precise measures of intelligence, and moreover that intelligence is not necessarily the best way to judge the capacities of people's minds. IQ tests have been shown to have cultural biases that lower scores of people unfamiliar with the lifestyle of the test creators. In particular, poor kids are wrongly shown as less sharp than others by some IQ tests. There are obvious correlations between poverty and a lack of worldly knowledge, but factual knowledge is not the intended criteria of these tests.


Even supposing that there are bias-free IQ tests there is no good reason to think that the scores they yield mean much about one's potential mental life. A person with an IQ of 65 is not likely to engineer nuclear weapons, but she is as capable as anyone of creating art, sharing humor and poignantly expressing the emotions of life. This example has two clear implications. First, that intelligence as we know it doesn't necessarily tend towards acts of benefit and benevolence. Second, that spheres of mental activity such as engineering that are judged by objective criteria are less essential than the subjective spheres of art, humor and emotion.

Sanity is a concept related to intelligence that is treated in an either/or manner. Many contemporary psychologists are finally assailing the notion of insanity as an objective, clear-cut disease of the mind. Diseases are thought of as conditions that one either has or doesn't. Insanity, regardless of the definition, is not such a phenomenon. All of us experience impaired judgment to some degree and frequency. There's something less than "sane" about a child thinking there are monsters underneath her bed, in a strict sense. A child who never imagined such unreal things might, ironically, be considered dull-witted.

Dichotomies of the mind are security blankets for people who qualify for labels of intelligence and sanity. It is disquieting to ponder one's actual and potential forays into "stupidity" and "insanity". To understand them as out of character and not part of one's character is to deceive oneself. The only reason that such self-deception can be harmful is that it depersonalizes people who frequently exhibit these traits. Confidence in one's thinking is a desirable characteristic, so long as it doesn't depend upon having mental "inferiors."



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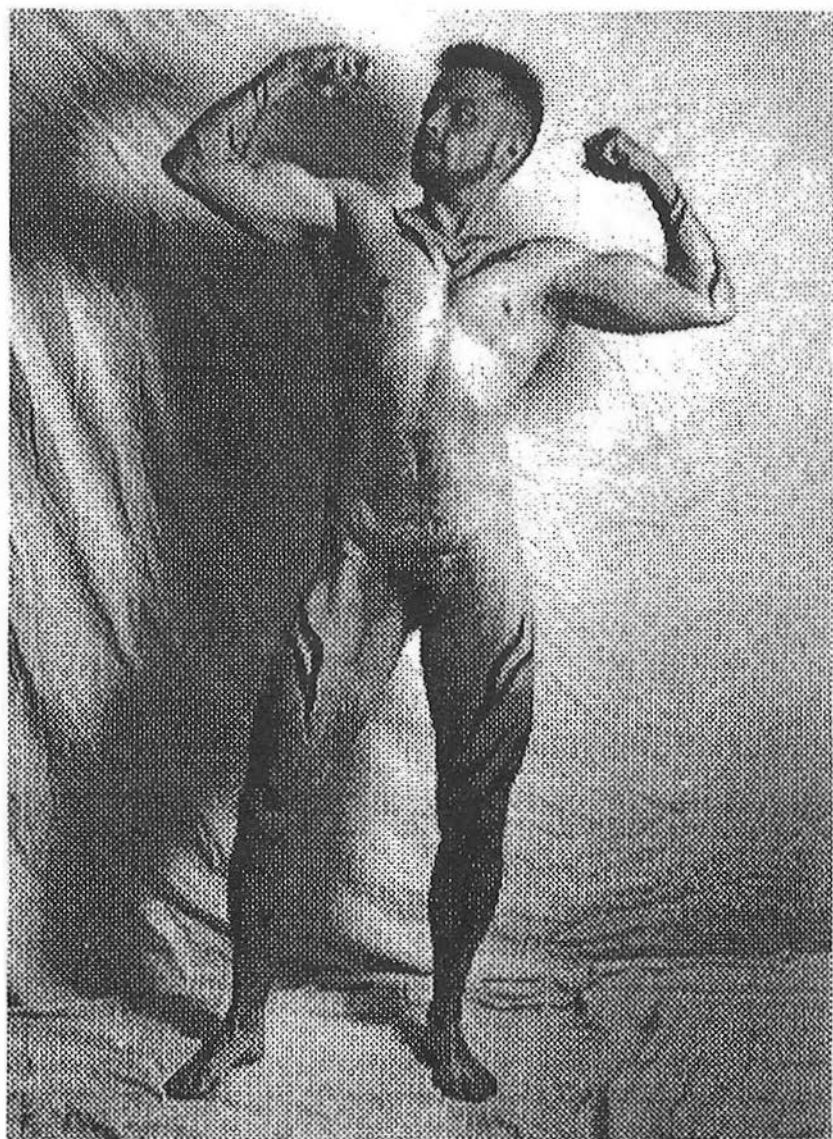
For more information and free vegetarian recipes, please contact:
PEOPLE FOR THE ETHICAL TREATMENT OF ANIMALS • P.O. BOX 42516, WASHINGTON, DC 20015 • 301-770-PETA

"While we ourselves are the living graves of murdered beasts, how can we expect any ideal conditions on this earth?"

—George Bernard Shaw

"If you squirt vegan 'Krazy Glue' into the keyholes of McDonald's or KFC it will cause serious delays that will decrease corpse purchases."

—Spork



What makes a man a man? Not a dick, as female-to-male photographer Loren Cameron demonstrates.

Music enjoyed while making this zine:

K. McCarty: Dead Dog's Eyeball, **Portastatic:** Slow Note From a Sinking Ship, Blast Off Country Style, **Slant 6:** Inzombia, **Elastica,** Wings of Desire soundtrack, **Teenbeat 50** compilation, **David Bowie:** ChangesBowie, A Day in the Park Compilation, **Unrest:** Perfect Teeth, and a few more.

SPORK CLASSIFIEDS

IMPERSONALS

HIV+, NOT! Christian WM, prof, 28, seeks caring, intelligent Christian SWF age 21-25 for commitment possibly leading to marriage. Must be shapely and capable in the kitchen. I like Rush (Limbaugh and the musical greats), Christian metal, karaoke for the same. No non-whites, non-believers, drugs, feminists, Democrats. Box 337

GF, 32, seeks very attractive, feminine GF age 25-35. I enjoy biking, theatre, vegetarian cooking. Must like the Indigo Girls. No bisexuals, please. Box 467

Straight-edge punk rock girl, 18 seeks good-looking hardcore WM 21-25. Must be macho—goatees, shaved heads, tattoos and motorcycles are plusses. Into hardline, Oil, hate in general and whatever YOU want to do. No closet fags, non-whites or hippies. Box 617

Progressive, spiritual 90's guy seeks liberal, intellectual SF for open communication and exploration of the arts, our minds, and our souls. I am a grad student in poly-sci seeking bliss with a like minded woman. No hairy legs, must be thin. Box 832

Dungeon master! SM into S&M, 45, seeks voluptuous, submissive females under 25 for total humiliation & discipline. Box 418

GHM, 29, seeks masculine, muscular GM. I'm 5'10", 185, athletic, professional. I'm into working out at the gym, bar-hopping, and sports. Must be clean cut, financially secure, and macho. No Republicans, Christians, drugs, or bisexuals. Box 562

Cock seeks cunt. Box 820

SAM, 25, into indie rock, thrift stores, good beer. Seeks SF 21-25 who loves Superpob, Felch, and The Beefs. Box 911

COMMUNITY BULLETINS

Christians Recovering from Abuse of Pornography meetings every Friday night at Gooj's House O' Ribs near CU. 555-6669.

C.R.A.P. quitters! Porn Again Christians chapter forming in the DC area. Meetings at 10 pm Friday nights at Artsexposition Cafe on 14th St SW.

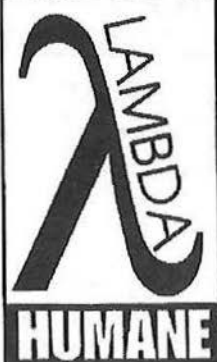
GOODS & SERVICES

ATTENTION MEN! Have you been annoyed with the wimpy, ineffectual 90's masculinity that P.C. fascists are imposing upon you? Are your earrings and ponytail causing chicks to question your virility or sexual orientation? Can't afford a motorcycle or even a leather jacket? Assert your manhood with the new **Chia Chin** from **Rogain!** We derive testosterone from the genitals of tortured bulls, then inject it into your chin, activating its hair follicles! This full, bold goatee will keep you on the cutting edge of male fashion and make your dad proud. For information on the clinic nearest you call 1-900-BE-MANLY.

HORSE-URINE LOVERS! Premarin estrogen replacement pills are now available without a prescription! If you love the taste of horse urine, but can't get out to a farm, try Premarin (Pregnant Mare's Urine) tablets! Once restricted to menopausal women, now anyone can consume horse piss in a pill!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Premarin is a real product of horse torture! Call 301-770-PETA for info.



Lambda Humane is a group focused on promoting animal rights awareness among lesbians, gay men, and bisexuals. It is open to all who are interested.

Upcoming events include a vegetarian cookout and camp-out at Pigs Sanctuary in September and gay rodeo protests. For more information call 202-728-3830 or write to:

Lamba Humane
P O Box 2956
Washington DC 20013

Female2Male Support Group is forming for F2M transsexuals, drag kings, mandykes, androgynes, tomboys, FTVs, boss girls, amazons, viragos, etc. Join us to understand, express, and enjoy a gender that doesn't depend on being assigned female sex at birth. For more info call GLCCB at 410-837-8888 or write to f2m1ist, c/o Gary Bowen, P O Box 1118, Elkton, MD 21922-1118. On net at f2m1ist@tantalus.clark.net

DYKES! QUEERS! FTMs! MTFs! GENDERBENDERS of all persuasions! Hardcore band forming focused on transgender and gender bending issues. I do vocals and play some bass. I also write lyrics, but desperately need a guitarist. Drummers and bass players wanted also. Vegetarians are especially welcome. Most importantly have an open mind and be prepared to be **IN YOUR FACE** about this. Call 301-270-0372 and leave a message. **NO APOLOGISTS PLEASE!!!!**

pangea

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- Gourmet vegan dog biscuits, herbal dog/cat shampoo and other cruelty-free companion animal products
- Select, hard-to-find vegan food items (like gelatin-free marshmallows!)

We'll be opening in mid-August—
Stop by and check us out!

Spork submissions sought!

If you have stories, essays, pictures, drawings, cartoons, poems, or other items of interest relating to Spork's theme, send it in! Some suggested topics for issue #2 are racial dichotomies, the "virgin/whore" dichotomy for women, and the mind/body dichotomy. Also seeking personal accounts of growing up/coming out as an androgyne. Feel free to send previously printed articles and references regarding ambiguous phenomena as well.

Practice random absurdity and senseless acts of guacamole.

Rogaine & cocaine were the curt co-banes of his existence.

Raymond Burr's daughter married Lance Ito's son and became Ms. Burr-Ito.

If to sterilize is to render sterile, is to analyze to render anal?

In Woody Harrelson's next film he plays an accountant for an organic corn farm. It's called Natural Corn Billers.

What would be the rallying cry of a voyeur's rights group?

Power to the Peephole!

Mamaism = matriarchal absurdity

Onanism is ahimsa

The difference between condemnation and commendation is an "m", an "n", and order.

I grinned coprophagously at the gluten in my sputen.

Don't put a KORPS like PORKS on yer SPORK; eat veggie KROPS instead.

SPORK

P.O. BOX 18804

WASHINGTON DC 20036-8804

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NY, NY 10009

