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DUDE

M A G A Z I N E

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ABOUT DUDE

DUDE is a free and not for profit creative resource designed to celebrate positive representation of trans guys and to share skills and knowledge.

DUDE explores sex, relationships, bodies and diversity between transguys and the wider community. Sex represents an intersection of bodies, gender, identity and desire which intrigues us, not just because sex for transguys is underrepresented, but because erotic encounters can be seen as extreme and explicit examples of general interactions we experience every day - with a potential and capacity for awkwardness, intimacy, confrontation, education and adoration.

DONATE

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CONTENTS

- 4 My Body In Play Spaces
Billy Bear
- 6 Jez Pez talks to
James Darling
- 9 “Do I Have A Gut?”
Quick Fuck and Body Image
Trans Queers
- 15 Skinny Kid
Charlie Hoss
- 28 An interview with
Alix Iron
- 23 My Boys
Bastian Fox Phelan
- 28 Surgery Really Freaks Me Out
Ketch Wehr
- 32 **Gavriil & Rod** discuss growing up
together in the Blue Mountains
- 38 **Capri & Ash** talk about trans bodies
and non-hormonal transitions
- 42 Roostertails Comics
Sam Orchard
- 45 Holding The Ball
Jez Pez
- 49 Letters

FROM THE EDITORS

Jez Pez

It's often thought that because we are trans we must therefore be unhappy with our bodies - sorry, but it isn't that simple! Our feelings can constantly change, just like everyone else in the world. There is an ever-growing pressure for trans and gender diverse people to conform to mainstream stereotypes. Yet our very existence challenges those ideals and we are witnessing and creating little revolutions everywhere on the reclamation and pride of the bodies we shouldn't have. Fierce fat femmes and chubby dandies are tearing up the restrictive notions of what is seen as 'strong' or 'weak' and it's fuckin' amazing.

Delve deeper into this complex abyss of body image where we uncover a world where not everyone thinks it's hot to be a muscular, tattooed, post-op, bro type trans guy. Queer space seems to fill very quickly with the same dominant images that you see plastered all over mainstream media, and I think this creates some Class A sense of entitlement to those who fit that image. I long for a world where anyone and everyone can feel included, attractive and sexy, and not fear ridicule or shame because they're too skinny, their scars haven't healed great, their stump is misunderstood, or they don't feel 'man enough' because they don't take T or don't grow facial hair.

Each person has their own journey and I think we can sometimes get a little lazy in this tech age where we don't talk to each other, assuming everyone trans is the same. DUDE 1 provided a 'rough guide to transmasculinity'; a snapshot of some common threads experienced with trans guys and it was aimed towards people who knew nothing or little about us.

DUDE 2 aims to provide some courageously honest portrayals of body image and to positively reflect real experiences by real people. We hope it gets everyone talking and sharing!

Max Attitude

There are so many ways to be trans, especially now. There isn't just one story, one trajectory - hormones, surgery, facial hair, muscles. For some of us that is our story. But I hope the stories in this, the second issue of DUDE, can show some of the diversity of transmasculinity. We each have different aspirations, and different struggles. A man's manliness shouldn't be judged on the size of his guns, or the size of his junk. DUDE is about respect: for each other, for ourselves and for our histories.

To access hormones or surgery in Australia and New Zealand, you have to undergo psychiatric assessment. 'Gender Identity Disorder' or more recently 'gender dysphoria' are the medical terms for trans desires, and they are classified as mental illnesses. If we want to make changes to our bodies that affect gender, we have to produce a certain story to medical professionals. And that story is the most familiar one: hormones, surgery, facial hair, muscles. We have to want them all. If we're chubby and ok with that, if we're lazy, if we don't hate our genitals or our breasts, if we're butch and not trans, if we like fucking men, or if like me, we're boyish and undesiring of hormonal adjustment only breast removal, we're not the right kind of wrong. By sharing our experiences, this issue of DUDE wants to show that our gendered desires for our bodies - whatever they may be - are legitimate.

Max's adventures acquiring surgery not testosterone is at DUDEmag.org

**My body wanted to feel the thrill of a flogger,
the sting of a cane, the thwack of a paddle.**

MY BODY IN PLAY SPACES

by *Billy Bear*

“It is time for us to write as experts on our own histories. For too long our light has been refracted through other people’s prisms”

—Leslie Feinberg

Snip, glide...the scissors cut through my binder smoothly, building tension; anticipation. Cold steel on warm skin, soon to be replaced with sharper objects.

I was face down on a table at a fundraiser for my upcoming chest surgery, thrown for me by the local BDSM community. People chatted and cheered as I became free of that garment... Forever.

I was naked from the top up and feeling the fear and tension that someone might see my chest. Luckily, I was well protected by the people ready to attack my vulnerable flesh.

The D/s, S/M or BDSM scene is where I fit best. I have always had connections to communities but this one endures. Support, love and acceptance are free flowing here. As a masochist, when I walked into my first party, I knew I was home.

But...

My body is a barrier. I didn’t get the body parts I wanted at birth. I didn’t want anyone to see them.

I was at the beginning of realising that I wanted to transition female to male when I began to be active in the local BDSM scene. I found incredible support there, with my name and pronouns, especially through those initial months of medical transitioning, when the world seemed upside down.

My body wanted to feel the thrill of a flogger, the sting of a cane, the thwack of a paddle. My body that I had kept so well covered up needed to be free!



I got a spanking at my first party. I was nervous. People could see me, and it distracted me from enjoying myself. I hadn't been any form of naked in public for years, until now. I was more prepared this time. My nerves and fear were evident to the person I was playing with and it was talked through at length. I was going to be caned at a public event. I could feel the tension begin to build.

We managed it strategically, a jockstrap holding my packer and keeping me covered but baring my arse and thighs, keeping watchers around me facing the spanking bench to the wall. I felt safe, and excited. The event went smoothly and I felt safe though a small niggle of discomfort still remained.

As it does still.

My body and brain negotiate: Will we get naked today? Will going to a party make me

nervous this time? Will there be a day when I don't feel nervous? I want to do a hook suspension but thus far haven't due to not feeling comfortable with my chest.

I was fortunate to have chest surgery this year, though it will need a revision before I feel truly comfortable to take my shirt off in public. Chest surgery has increased my confidence, but not completely.

But I know that in my local scene I am loved and accepted just the way I am. It relieves a lot of tension. And I always have a good time. Always.

As Patrick Califia says in *Macho Sluts*, "if it is a good time...you might even find yourself begging for more. Don't worry. There is more. There is always more."

—



JAMES DARLING IS THE DREAMY BOY NEXT DOOR YOU WISHED YOU HAD HAVE KISSED BEHIND THE SHED.

James is a trans queer porn actor and sex educator. Jez met up with James in San Francisco and amongst the tom foolery there was just enough time for a quickie.

Jez: We were just at the Folsom Street Fair fetish festival in San Francisco like two days ago, how was your time there?

James: I feel really lucky when I'm in SF because a lot of men have some knowledge of trans guys and some random men can fondle me on the dance floor and it's fun, but I have to let them know at some point that I'm trans and guys out here mostly respond really positively. Guys will be respectful and be either 'that's hot' or 'sorry that's not my thing'.

Most trans guys fall into two categories, some won't care and just wanna fuck and some don't want their trans status to be a part of the equation. For me I would rather it not be an issue. I do want people to be hot for my body but I don't want intense gender theory 101 discussions when I'm trying to get laid!

Yeah totally! Especially I think it can be hard when you are first exploring your homosexuality or queerness during or after transition. James, how do you go about cruising for sex? I basically just trust my instincts and know my boundaries, but what do you think?

I know for a lot of trans guys – myself included – often it's easier to find guys for casual sex online. As much as it's really exciting to be out in a public space and to be cruised, it's risky. It's easier to spell it out online.

I think it's important to know what you want to get out of an experience and what your boundaries are. Be really assertive about that and if someone is pushing your boundaries then that person isn't worth your time and you should get out of there. Before you go and have casual sex, with somebody you don't know, it's probably a good idea to let a friend know where you are going to be and when you expect to be back and what to do if you aren't back. Make sure

I do want people to be hot for my body but I don't want intense gender theory 101 discussions when I'm trying to get laid!

you have a safety net and know what safer sex is to you.

There are a lot misconceptions that trans guys only bottom!

I know! I have a cis male lover and I top him. What's not to love about being able to choose the size, length and width of your cock and it never goes soft! Cis guys can't do that!

And reciprocation! Some trans guys find themselves in situations where you play in a power dynamic because it's a new experience and end up just giving pleasure without receiving.

Yeah I know. A lot of the trans chaser guys here are really fixated on the changes that happen with testosterone and are really into oral on trans guy cocks. I am picky though and I am one of those guys when having casual sex with men, I prefer to be used and fucked and don't always need reciprocation, but I do appreciate it. A lot of trans guys are fans of blowjobs, who doesn't like a blowjob!

—

Read Jez's full length interview with James at DUDEmag.org



DO I HAVE A GUT?

Quick Fucks and Body Image

transfagssexjournals.blogspot.com

As a person raised female, who lived a good amount of years as a queer woman of color, I internalized the oppressive beliefs that our society promotes about beauty and sexuality, about what types of bodies are deemed sexy and attractive—bodies that are most always young, thin, tall, white, and without visible disability. I feel and know this in my body even now: that I am not a woman and have not been for sometime now.

As a woman I had worked hard to unlearn and let go of society's messages about beauty. Of course it never really fully goes away, but I had come to see the beauty and hotness in women of color's bodies amongst all the immense variety and difference.

For gay men, there is a similar dynamic about what's hot and sexy. Click on any of the hook up sites, open up any gay mag, the pages are filled with young guys: muscular, toned and smooth. I don't know how many times I've been lounging in bed after a hook up with a perfectly attractive sexy guy only to have him put down his body—"I need to go to the gym more... I didn't use to have this gut..." My response is always the same, "I like your body, you're hot, don't be silly babe.."

And for gay men of color there are all the complicated ways that racism intertwines, from the ways we are deemed attractive because we are exotic or unattractive because we are not white...

Jumping full force into the hook up scene I of course knew about the stereotypical gay boy vision of beauty, but I was unprepared for how it would play out in my mind, body and crotch.

All of a sudden I was back in a place that I had not been for a very long time: I found myself hyper aware of my weight and my body shape.

I found myself wanting that stereotypical gay male hotness – I was going to the gym a lot more, watching what I eat, what I wear. As a trans guy, I felt like, even more so, that I was coming from this place of thinking that I'm already trans, thus unattractive to many guys, so I need to look as stereotypically attractive as I possibly can.

On the flipside, while I am attracted to a wide variety of guys, a wide range of shapes, sizes, races, ages... I found myself, too, often placing that problematic judgement of hotness on who I chose to pursue. Clearly, this is hooking up, this is not dating, this is not a relationship. It's about sex and fucking and getting off, it's about physical attraction from the get... but I hate the ways that this can play into all the messed up beliefs society has about bodies and beauty.

I believe that there is hotness and beauty in the full diversity of gay men of color (trans or non trans) and trans and gender queer people of color. And because attraction and sexuality are so diverse, there will always be people who find us sexy regardless of what society promotes.

However, while I would like to say I'm over it all both in how I see myself and how I see others, I am still learning how to live this belief in the gay boy world of quick fucks, anonymous hook ups, and online play.

—











My body is a temple, I just happen to worship Dionysus, the God of wine and excess.

SKINNY KID

by *Charlie Hoss*

My white hairy legs dangle over the hospital bed. I am groggy from a lack of sleep and a copious amount of painkillers. I feel like the twenty pound ACME anvil you see land on cartoon villains is pressing down on my chest. I am one big bruise and yet I've never felt so alive.

"You're a skinny kid," my surgeon tells me with a hint of negativity and I wonder when that has ever been a bad thing. Since my early twenties I've suffered from yo-yo weight issues – ballooning to 95 kilos at my heaviest, which is ok until you see me stand at a diminutive 160 centimetres. Being slim was always something I aspired to, so it is a little odd to hear the surgeon lightly berate me about my petite frame.

He tells me that under the circumstances he did the best he could do, removing the size D fat and tissue from my top. I should have worked out; become the body beautiful so that he could get a definitive pectoral contour;

helped him, help me.

I'm not really listening because all I can think about is concave chest or not, I finally have the man's chest I always imagined I had until I caught glimpses of myself in a reflective surface. With the amount of padding and bandaging around my torso I cannot tell how flat I am, but I feel so light and free, like a toddler holding a whole bunch of helium balloons on a windy day. For me, having a flat chest is the epitome of being a man, and I can now tick that off my list of "things to do".

It is November and I am keen to feel the sun kiss my bareness and not be afraid of "being naked" in public and arrested for my offensiveness. I may not be the perfect shape or size or meet the surgeon's or anyone else's expectations of what my body should look like, but once the bandages come off I will be able to look at myself in the mirror and own what I see; say "that is me".

The lingering hourglass figure still haunts my body shape and I'm mostly ok with that because being inherently lazy makes you accept a lot of things you never thought possible.

•

Two years on and I have had two revisions to fat-fill the concave landscape that is my chest. The revision is to poly-fill the cracks, more than anything else; purely cosmetic. The large scars still yell across my rib cage and look like inverted eyebrows, making my nipples look surprised. Much to my surgeons chagrin, I have still not worked out or tried sculpting the muscles of my trunk.

The lingering hourglass figure still haunts my body shape and I'm mostly ok with that because being inherently lazy makes you accept a lot of things you never thought possible. When I look in the mirror I focus on my chest, rather than the femininity of my body. My lovers have certainly found no complaint in the shape my body takes.

I have wondered whether my lovers associate my curves with womanhood. How do they see me when we are both naked? Alone, I love the frame I see reflected in the mirror. It is only in the eyes of others that I start to doubt my identity; especially around males. I jump into bed less frequently with gay men mainly because I fear they will not see me wholly as

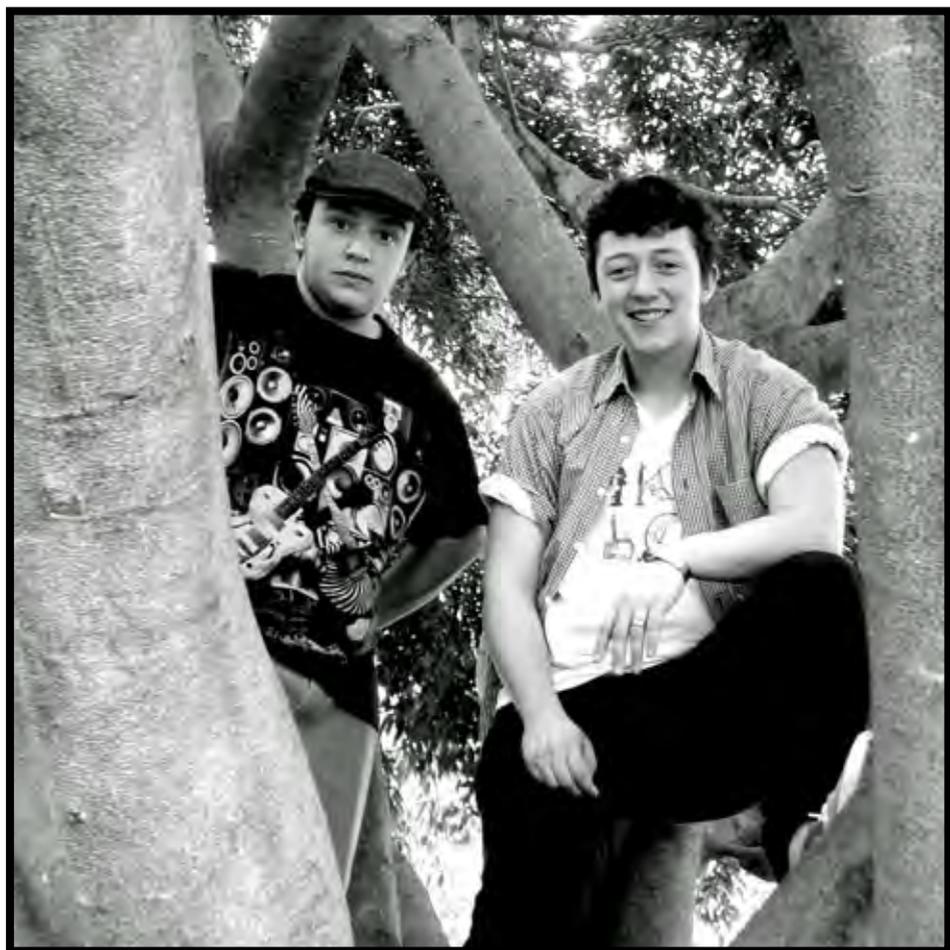
male, or whether they will only see me as a woman without tits.

I love my body and the way it masculinises a little bit more every day (I covet my own wispy snail trail). I have love handles and a quickly developing gut. Pre and post trans male friends are sculpting their bodies and treating themselves like a temple. My body is a temple, I just happen to worship Dionysus, the God of wine and excess. In fact, the more fat that forms around my gut and hips, the more the hourglass becomes accentuated, but wow, look at my torso.

Regardless of my soft curves I catch myself zoning out, stroking my sternum and feeling the flatness surrounding my sensitive, small nipples. I feel myself up a lot these days; in public; just play with my nipples – semi erotic self frottage. Fabric texture has become a wondrous invention and I love the fabrics that cling to my bony chest, regardless of the pits that need filling or the belly that protrudes below.

I have the chest I always wanted, but don't worry, no matter how much I publicly touch myself or gaze in a mirror; I don't need a medal to pin on it.

—





IS THERE A HIERARCHY OF TRANS VISUAL REPRESENTATION?

A perspective from the charming and handsome trans-ish, genderqueer, intersex, faemasculine sweetheart Alix Iron.

Jez: What does trans mean to you and your identity?

Alix: I can say that I identify as genderqueer, I identify as someone who was born Intersex and I am someone who identifies as trans and sometimes, tongue in cheek, yet serious, I sometimes identify as trans-ish. I guess that sometimes I feel as though I need to qualify that, because I am not on hormones and I don't know if it's OK to claim the identity of trans without being on T... Because I'm just

not sure it holds the same weight... Although I do go by 'he' in my personal and professional life, I think that there is, as we mentioned, a disparity between hormone vs. non hormone users and within that context, I also find it a bit challenging to fully understand how my being born Intersex also comes into play within that trans identity. I still think about them separately, as being Intersex is how I was born biologically. Anyway, that is generally how I identify but I think it's complex topic. I think my answer also illustrates the internal struggle/questions I have

about what exactly “makes” a trans man.

Yeah I can understand that. It is pretty awful to feel like you need to qualify your identity, because there are so many people out there who don't take hormones and who don't have surgeries and still deserve their identity to be respected.

Yeah so, I am 41 years old and I came out in 1988 and I was friends and lovers with some of the first people who were on testosterone, purchasing it on the underground black market. And I've seen and known and have a history that existed as a queer person, prior to FTM identity. I don't feel pressure to need to take hormones to claim trans in a way, but when we are talking and pontificating about the concepts of bodies, that certain aesthetics and certain surgeries and certain babes in the community who are idealized, certain porn and/or magazines that publish certain photos of guys who look certain ways, do prioritize, I believe, bodies that have been on hormones and have had surgery over those who haven't. I am a bit nervous about making that statement but that is my opinion. So I think there is something to be said about how there seems to be less and less people portrayed in the queer media who are claim and embrace the third sex or the liminal stage as the anthropologist Malanowski defines it, which is the state of “betwixt and between”.

Yeah sure. So having been around to witness a bit of an explosion of trans culture, born from that what I call a “trans pop culture”, especially with YouTube videos, magazines and poster, do you think we are replicating some of the same stereotypes as mainstream culture? If so, do you perceive this as perhaps negating a diversity of bodies?

Well, I believe that the trend of hormones and surgery with folks in their 20's has become

I enjoy presenting a complex gendered identity and am proud that my gender expression is liminal - a state of being “betwixt and between”.

the norm. I guess that with certain magazines, movies and folks in the community it does seem like the “ideal” and thus a majority of images portrayed seem to focus on people who have fully transitioned. I feel like a dying breed. I feel like the few people, myself included, who still claim butch, dyke or genderqueer and who even still have their breasts and who do not inject testosterone, I feel like we are all a rare and somewhat archaic marginal group of people.

I understand what you are saying. Can you tell me more about the workshops you run with James Darling?

We recently presented on a panel for the Butch Voices Conference and it was called Pansies, Mommy's Boys & Sissies: Fae Representations of Masculinity within the Queer Community.

Fae masculinities – I like that! I feel like that maybe better represents parts of our community, people who may feel more camp and dandy.

Yes, I do too! But the conference was for folks in the Butch, Stud, Aggressive & Trans communities, and in the end, I think Jae & I kinda reached the conclusion that Pansies, Mommy's

Boys & Sissies don't necessarily "fit in" those groups. At least, we don't know or see many people in the Bay Area who equally embrace fae as well as masculine identities.....I did see more fluidity in Sydney though which I LOVED! A few nights ago for example, I was wearing pearls, eye shadow and vintage fur to a show, although granted, it was to a concert, but other dykes & trans guys didn't really know how to react to me...

What I enjoy in dressing up is presenting a complex gendered identity. Personally, I like to see the most manliest man who also has a gentle grace about him. What bums me out is not seeing some of the complexities be so apparent within the trans community. I'm not saying they are not there, certainly the people I know are the shape shifters and are the in-betweeners. For me, I think the interesting points that I want to explore are really delving into the liminal state and the grey area of what it means to occupy a more complex space. For me, maybe that means being tough on the outside and a marshmallow on the inside. It means, being able to stand proud in the fact that I claim Sissy or Pansy as an identity, but still being able to be strong, fierce and butch too. Both/And NOT Either/Or.

It's also about shifting the paradigm of words that would normally mean 'weak' in mass culture, whereas for me they are strong. It's what we did with the term 'queer' in the 1990's and dyke/fag in the 1980's. It's about reinvention. What saddens me about some pop culture trans representations, I'm not sure I'm totally seeing the complexity of identities represented in media and when I see the pendulum swing to reinforce a dominate paradigm, it makes me uneasy. It saddens me because of the invisibility factor of folks of different takes on trans gender and also the lack of images celebrating people who haven't had surgery or are of bigger size.

I'm really talking of the top of my fucking head here, so I hope I am making sense. I'm a bit nervous to express my opinions on this matter and I am still working out my thoughts on all of this – so hope I don't offend anyone. Again, this is my humble opinion, coming from a US, Bay Area specific viewpoint.

I don't think you are alone in thinking this way. I share similar thoughts, so maybe it's good to get a conversation going. Maybe we could continue next time in Australia?

That sounds fine, sweet and dandy. I am hoping to come back during Mardi Gras in 2012 and may try to even facilitate a few panels/workshops about a few topics I touched on. Thanks for interviewing me Jez. Being a guy who isn't on hormones and who hasn't had top surgery, it is really validating to be interviewed for Dude Magazine, so thanks heaps!

—



Teddy & Kate

It's a tricky one sometimes, how do I share a huge part of my identity without disclosing another huge part? I've got a twin sister you see, we're the closest you'll find and underneath my fur and her boobies we are identical. Identical brother and sister twins who shared an egg, one egged twins. Actually I don't need to share any of it because I know the truth and I'm proud of who we are and we'll have each others backs for ever. How great is that! She grieved the loss of her sister for half an hour and has been a staunch and fierce ally ever since. She applauds my changing form and shares glee in the man I am, she gives me an ear and a shoulder and I feel her with me always. I'm so proud to be a Transman Twin!



Connor

My cock falls short of my expectations. It doesn't fulfill my dysphoria. I am frustrated and uncomfortable, but I am not embarrassed. This is my body as it is; a work in progress. It is not what I desire but for now it will do and I will live proudly with it.

I can show you myself nude but it confronts me

even knowing my own body well. It still feels foreign. Like it doesn't belong and I am missing something very important.

A cock doesn't define me. I believe masculinity can be redefined without dick-centered images and focus. Life has taught me that there is more to a man than his package of goods.

These days I don't think of my tits as being female, the same way that I don't think of my femininity as womanly.

MY BOYS

by *Bastian Fox Phelan*

Not very long ago I was ashamed to admit that I might like the way my chest feels. I had stopped touching my chest and stopped allowing others to touch it because I felt it wasn't right. Not because it didn't feel right for me, but because I didn't think it was right for someone of my identity.

After reading *Fucking Trans Women* by Miranda Bellwether, in which she talks about not hating her penis, I came to the realisation that I do not hate my breasts. When I talk about my body I alternate between the words 'breasts', 'tits', 'chest' and 'my boys'.

When I was growing up, every evening before bed I would strip down and stand before the mirror. My breasts seemed like a problem I had to solve. In early relationships I wanted compliments about my tits, but I didn't get much out of being touched. I wore them as a badge of honour – one small part of me that succeeded

at being female while the rest of me felt like a failure.

The first time I bound my chest was for a gender-bending party, and I kept doing it because I liked how it felt, as well as how it looked. I didn't start binding regularly until about six months after I took a new name and pronoun. During that time my relationship with my chest and my sex life changed. I wanted that tissue to be sucked back into my body, I wished I had never been born with a body that grew breasts and I definitely did not want my chest touched.

That was when I started re-writing my trans history: it included stories of the horrors of being teased by boys on the mixed soccer team when I started 'developing,' years of being told by my mother to stand up straight, how repulsed I was by the feeling of my breasts. These are all valid stories but sometimes I wonder if I'm telling my own story or the stories I'm expected to tell, the

stories that others recognise as trans male and thus validate my identity. As someone who's not on hormones these stories seem particularly important for getting others to believe me – to see me, beyond how I appear.

In the past, I was very good at storytelling and not so good at listening. This included listening to other people and listening to my body. As a result, I've been caught off-guard by communication from others and surprised by my body's reactions. One thing that I've learned is that being receptive is essential for survival. Bellwether also writes that developing new ways of working with your body and listening to what your body wants is a very trans way of being.

In my sexual relationships I'm developing my listening skills and my ability to communicate; learning how to consent to specific acts and types of touching, strategies for establishing, respecting and defending boundaries, navigating around no-touch sites and processing my own responses to sensations. Working out how I feel about my chest has been part of this ongoing negotiation. My chest was a no-touch site for several months, but as I've been thinking about these things, I realised that's not always what I want. I have the privilege of being able to make choices about not wearing a binder during sex, when I'm sleeping, or around the house, depending on how comfortable I'm feeling and how much I trust the people I'm with. This means that my tits often remind me of their existence – as a site of conflict, pleasure, misunderstanding, self-loathing and transcendence.

Engaging with my chest in this way forces me to think deeply about what I want. I'm constantly surprised by how painful and difficult it is to talk about how I want people to touch me. It's a conversation that I've had to learn to have when I'm not in sexual situations, or the words never make it out of my mouth.

The normative image of the trans male body is a flat-chested one.

These days I don't think of my tits as being female, the same way that I don't think of my femininity as womanly. Maybe my chest will tell me one day that enough is enough and it's ready to go, but I feel like I have a lot to learn before that day. In the essay 'When Will You Be Having The Surgery?' S. Bear Bergman writes, "I might have chest surgery, but I don't usually want it because my big issue with my tits is how they look, and how they make my clothes fit – I really like the way they feel, is the thing, especially when my husband reaches for them." This is the taboo that I struggled with when I first started to come to terms with being a man. The normative image of the trans male body is a flat-chested one.

I want to be able to consent to sexual acts that increase my pleasure, even if that pleasure seems incongruent with my gender identity. So, if I want you to use a flat palm to push on my chest and never fondle, grab or cup my chest, that's okay. If I want the opposite tomorrow, that's okay. If I want to rename my chest 'my boys' and let you tell me that my boys look fierce in that outfit, that's okay. If I want you to imagine my chest differently, you will respect that wish, because it is a great honour to be invited to have sex with anyone. And if you cannot see me as I am, you will try to learn – as I will try to learn about you, so that we can fuck each other really fucking well.





**ALL MY
CURVES
ARE
SEXY.**

© 2011



**MY
COCKS
COME
IN ALL
SHAPES
AND
SIZES.**

© 2011



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**ALL
MAN.**

**DRESS
ME UP.
TIE ME
DOWN.**



**I'LL
CUDDLE
YOU SO
HARD.**



SURGERY REALLY FREAKS ME OUT.

By: Ketch Wehr



Surgery was probably the biggest fear I have.

I spent so much time frustrated, patient, impatient, bitter, waiting and working for it to be a real possibility.

I worked shitty jobs, I stopped making art,

I let my life stop. No dog til surgery, no trips, don't buy that, panic, wait, panic.

When I finally had all the money together, a lot of really rough and surprising feelings came up, but the fear subsumed everything.

I've never had any kind of surgery, and spent plenty of time in my life dangerously sick that medical situations are pretty rough.

I started to write this zine. A zine that will likely take forever to finish, but it doesn't matter. I needed it to work on.



Having this new project was not so much a distraction as a way to work it all out.

I had a reason to ask folks for their experiences dealing with fear, with the inevitable, things that are bigger and harder than a voluntary surgery that is the best news of my year.

Plenty of folks had heaps of ideas of how to recover best, what to wear, what tinctures to take, what substances to cut out.

I spent a lot of time saving texts, skyping with folks i was surprised wanted to talk about this

I knew to ice my chest, I knew to boost my immune system in various ways.

Tried to keep positive, ran around a lot, took photos of my body so I don't forget. Fucked around with friends, did a bad job not drinking shitty liquour,

finished that private mural job I was rushing to complete before my arms were like a T-Rex's.

But nothing was really making me calm down.

I would spend hours a day obsessing over the fact that my body would be opened up. I couldn't figure out what would happen the day I had to walk into a room to volunteer for that. I felt guilty for not just straightup appreciating this privilege.



Then I got the letter I needed.

My family was far from our blood relatives, and we carved out a family of friends around ourselves that were the closest family knew growing up.

There is one bunch who is by far the deepest nuclear family to family love shared.

All of them are incredible. The father was brilliant, with a raging sense of humor and a legend in many of our childhood stories.

Not long ago he was hurt very badly, kicked hard in the face by his horse.

We didn't know what would happen, everyone was destroyed by this news, waiting to hear if he survived, how he was from afar.

He lived, better than that, made an extraordinary recovery, but he had to have a massive amount of facial surgery. It's something we don't really talk about.

But out of the blue he sent me a letter. It was rough and honest, telling me about what it was like in the hospital, the smells and pain and everyone rushing around.

I don't know if he has told anyone else what it was like in this way.

What helped wasn't the perspective, knowing how much scarier things could be. It was this, his last line:

very alone and scared....

Love ya kid....

Being trans, sometimes it can be difficult to remember that we come from anywhere.

I'm lucky to have a supportive family, but it's often hard to hang onto a cohesive sense of having had been one whole person your whole life. I want to be as proud and assured of myself as I planned to be when I was growing up.

Knowing that this man knows me, that he has known me since the day I was born and he sees me as real and worthwhile, and that he could share this part of himself with me. It's what I needed to hear.

I needed to know that I was whole.

Aaron K

Ever since I was a little kid I've been fascinated with muscles. Maybe it was watching *Commando* 50 or more times before I was 15. I always identified with these uber-masculine guys ...but then puberty hit....and I spent the next 15 years trying to forget...there was drinking and drugs...even self-harm...

When I was about 30 I woke up. I wanted to change. I started working out, transforming my body to look more masculine. I was killing myself...going at it 5 times a week....there are pics of me where I look all muscular and slim...and all I think when I see them now is "God I was sooo hungry"but, at the time, it pleased me greatly...or so I thought.... Still there was something missing. I had a this 'great body,' but wasn't happy. It didn't feel authentic...I still couldn't bring myself to have relationships, sex , or any deep connections with friends. I was walking a tightrope and had to tread very carefully lest I fall.

I came out this year as transgendered...started the process of doctors....I will be going on T hopefully soon, but to me it isn't all about hormones....it's the space in my mind and body....I've been transitioning my whole life, and once I came out to myself, I started to change inside and out....no T required. :) Being honest with who I am has been in my mind/soul...I let the man in me out...and he is happy now.

I still go to the gym...3 times a week...hitting the weights hardcore to get big...but I'm not anxious or obsessed anymore...

I do it cos I love it.







GROWING UP IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Gavriil interviews his older brother Rod, on growing up together in the 80s.



Gavriil: Back in 1987, you were just out of school, I was 13, and the family was chaotic... Dad owned that milk bar on the highway, our parents were fighting pretty regularly. I was always jealous of your muscles.

Rod: This was obviously a very pivotal year for you. For me, all the years were the same... I had done terribly at school, and got a job with a finance company in the city. It lasted 3 months. 1987 was the year I turned 18. And as with all the boys turning 18 in the Blue Mountains I was commencing a love affair with binge drinking.

I would look at your body and you were very fit. I felt like your body was a battle ground though, you seemed to always be having accidents on your bike and getting injuries from one thing or another. But you would just get up and keep walking around all smashed up. I thought you reeked most the time too... haha! But my body was also a war zone by then too. I wanted to be male, or at least masculine. I didn't want female features and would go to great lengths if I had to to hide them.

I was seeing girls then, too.

I had started to see girls as well! Life had started already to feel quite strange. I resented the way that you had a whole world that told you you were okay and 'right'. I felt wrong constantly. Being gay was the closest thing at the time to explain my identity, so I just took it on. I didn't know about gender identity at that age, or trans identities. My anxiety at that point was excruciating, I hoped that somehow puberty would put the brakes on.

Life for me through those years was very normal. I was a highly extroverted person

I resented the way that you had a whole world that told you you were okay and 'right'.

with loads of friends. When I stopped working at the finance company, I started working at dad's shop. I would have constant arguments with him, just like I had for many years. I pretty much hated dad since I was about 12 years old. I remember clearly doing really well with my cycling and racing. I always wanted dad to come and watch me. I begged him one day to come and watch. And on that day I had a terrible race. That was the one and only day dad ever came to watch me race.

Now I wish that I had gone to see you racing!

I was also driving and constantly booked for speeding. I did not have so much to do with you then. You were my little sister, which at that stage was a bit annoying. You and I had very different interests, but I will never forget going to R.E.M's Green World Tour with you in 1989. You had got us ball-tearing seats by getting there so early.

I drank beers and had smokes waiting for those seats! I feel like my chaos was hidden pretty well. I felt things were really out of control. I had started to eat less. Way less. That was the onset of my anorexia. I felt watched; that people were talking about my size and that I was always too thin and too fat. It was surreal – the secrecy about being queer was almost crazy-making. My body was not what I wanted and it annoyed me that you seemed to take yours for granted

and that you were a 'man.' You were never looked at like I was.

Dad used to yell at me all the time about how I looked, the way I cut my hair, and he would say that people thought I was a man. But I wanted them to! I hated the church. It seemed to offer our father more reasons to constantly judge me...I thought you judged me too.

I had a highly religious life at the church then. I am not sure what I wanted to tell you at that time, apart from that I did not want you to hurt yourself. I didn't really understand you. If we had that time again, I would make a bigger effort, to do more with you. It was hard though cos I was an 'adult' and you were a 'kid'. It was a weird time as I was able to do so much having turned 18. You were 14, and at that point there seemed a much bigger difference between us. I just wanted you to be normal.

I wish I could have told you that it was okay, but I thought neither of us felt okay then. I wanted to tell you I was queer. I was beginning to feel like I never would. I thought it was the end of any chance of us having a normal relationship. Puberty and the body is a weird place to inhabit. Particularly if you don't wanna be there and it feels like the wrong body. I am sure both gender diverse people and blokes like you feel awkward. Were you happy with your body?

I don't remember ever caring about what my body looked like, just my sporting ability. Probably at times I had a ripper little 6-pack, but I would not have known. I thought that nobody really cared about body image back then, except making sure you weren't one of the fat kids, that's pretty much all that mattered.

I often felt like my body didn't belong to me.

I tried to make it my own by disappearing and reappearing. Disappearing in size and starving all the time but reappearing in some other way, like wearing clothes I knew dad would hate.

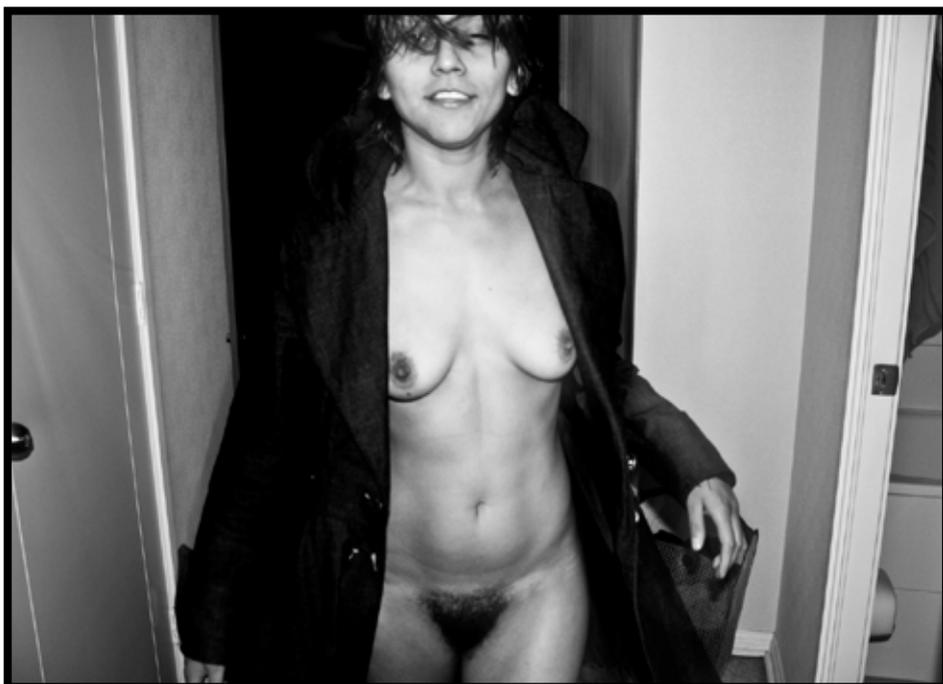
I hated sport because all around me most sports fans hated queers. They used to always yell out of cars at me. I never felt safe in sports environments. Also sports clothes show the body and so I wasn't gonna display mine like that. Learning to love my body for what it can do and use sport to masculinise myself and improve my mental wellbeing has been an interesting twist to exploring my gender identity. It wasn't the closest period of our relationship. I feel a lot closer to you now.

I think it was because of the age difference at the time. I felt independent, and that you were not. I was out and about: parties, mates, driving, racing, camping ... you were still a kid to me (and a bit of an odd one at that). We are much closer now. I have never been as close to a family member as I am to you and I am happier about this than just about anything else.

One thing that is good about reclaiming my body is hugging! I am gonna give you a massive one next time I see you!

—







BODY POLITICS, HORMONES, AND BEING TRANS WITHOUT T.

Capri & Ash talk about trans bodies and non-hormonal transitions.

Ash: I don't really use any single gendered word to describe myself; there is no clear-cut definition, no one-word identity. I use a whole lot of different descriptions. I identify as queer, trans, butch, transmasculine – more descriptors rather than identities, like I identify as a feminist, anti-racist, anti-capitalist... I go “Hi, my name is Ash”, not “Hi my name is Ash and I'm a man”. My identity is set within my politics.

Capri: Something really important to me is that I'm ok with myself, it's just that the rest of the world tries to put me into a box that I don't fit in. I see myself as predominantly more male identified, especially with close ones and lovers. It seems to be a constant battle, like I'm always on trial and having to justify myself to the outside world. My identity stretches further than my sexuality as it does with most people, which includes being an anarchist, feminist, anti-racist, amongst other things.

So do you identify as trans? If so, what does trans mean to you?

I'm a butch identified trans man, which to me is outside the traditional mainstream understandings of what either male or female is. That's what trans means to me and that's where the radical possibilities lie.

Yeah totally. I use the word trans to describe myself too, but I don't use the word transman. I don't identify as being female, but that doesn't mean I identify as male. I identify as butch, but also as trans. My gender is somewhere along a continuum; it's not fixed, it's not something that is static.

Right, hence the radical possibilities of gender diversity!

I think the binary understanding of male and female is restrictive; there are infinite possi-

bilities. I identify as trans because that works for me and in an umbrella sense, that's my community. Regardless of my own identity, I think it's important to fight for recognition of gender as more than just male or female.

Through refusing to identify as male or female, I am attempting to resist not only the medicalisation of transgender identities, but also the project of re-inscribing the gender binary onto trans bodies, onto all our bodies.

Testosterone wouldn't make me feel more masculine or validate me as male. But I am in the process of having my chest removed. I don't need to take testosterone as a completion of my journey to being a trans man. It is something that concerns me and I think about it a lot. Sometimes I feel that, not taking testosterone, I'm viewed as not 'trans' enough, particularly in the queer community, which brings up how the queer community needs to be more supportive of gender diversity.

Ash, why is it that you choose not to take testosterone?

As much as I desire some of the effects of taking T, the reasons for not taking it outweigh them. Some of my reasons are: the long term side effects of taking testosterone are still relatively unknown, I don't want to support a pharmaceutical company for the rest of my life, I am wary of feeling like something has control over me or of "hanging out" for my next shot. Also T has a bunch of side effects that worry me like, mood swings, acne, and not being able to cry or to be emotional. Probably most importantly, I really like the fact that I am visibly queer, that I don't "pass".

As much as I wish that I "passed" more, I would also find it extremely difficult to

The normative image of the trans male is a flat-chested one.

"pass" as a white, heterosexual man in everyday life. I feel quite certain that taking testosterone is not something that I wish to do. Like you, in a political and cultural sense, I am also experiencing the pressure to take T, or at least the pressure of feeling like non-hormonal transgender-ness is a poor relative of hormonal transition. But generally, I am quite happy having to carve a space for my own version of gender and masculinity so that I can hold on to my queerness in an overt way. That is important to me.

Yeah exactly.

Many people find it difficult to understand transgender without automatically thinking that one day I will "be a man". Transitioning for many trans people consists of various markers or initiations including; first shot of T, voice dropping, facial hair, chest surgery, which are more visible to the outside world. These markers are often times of celebration, a celebration that I might not experience. Such concrete milestones make it easier for some people to understand a person's gender transition. Without these markers, some people, both trans and otherwise, struggle to comprehend a less defined gender identity. This impacts on my body image and self-esteem in a big way sometimes. I think people generally assume that all trans people take hormones.



So you talked before about surgery, what's your experience been with that?

I've had two surgeries to reduce my chest. The first one was quite a while ago: I asked for a size zero and got a voice recording before the surgery about what was going to happen. When I got out the surgeon hadn't done what we discussed and had made me a size A.

I went to see them to talk to about it and they told me that they couldn't reduce me to a zero and they were sorry, but they didn't want to take away my sexuality. They said I needed to go to gender therapy before they would do that. I was so upset and pissed off afterwards and I didn't really know what to do: when I pay for something I expect what I asked for!

I think it is outrageous that I can't do what I want with my body, and the state and the medical industry can control what happens to MY body! It's like the feminist fights for abortion rights. It is like a continuation of that fight in my eyes.

That's fucked. We ARE still fighting for control over our bodies; there are so many similarities and parallels between the women's movement, the trans movement... so many intersections, you can't separate one fight from another.

I am a big advocate for the de-pathologization of sex and/or gender diversity. It not only puts pressure on everyone in the system, but also disadvantages people like us – those who are able to give informed consent but may not fit into the current understandings of 'true transsexualism' or GID – by denying us access to hormones or surgery. I think this stuff impacts on all of our relationships with our bodies, and makes it difficult for us to feel as though we are in control of our own lives.

I am so excited by the diversity of genders and sexualities that we see in our communities, even though I have just talked about pressures that I feel at times, I still feel that things are shifting, do you experience that as well?

Yeah I think that things have changed dramatically over the years since I first started going out on the gay and now queer scene - and I guess that says it all. It's gone from more of a 'gay' place to being more of a queer one, which sees more fluidity and diversity in people's expressions of their gender identity. I feel as though I have been travelling through this life for years with multiple layers of confusion about my own gender, and I've often had conflicting feelings about it all and what it all means. Sometimes I've felt resentment, fascination, jealousy, confusion and anger when I saw people who were expressing their gender in ways that I wanted to but didn't feel capable of doing at the time.

I guess I felt like I was excluded from this world that I really wanted to be a part of, but didn't know how to be. It was about me shifting inside myself and beginning to accept who I was, not being scared of that. It's an ongoing process of constructing my own identity and who I want to be in the world. And I guess if we take my story as an example and draw it out, we can surmise there has been an epic shift within the community in terms of awareness, care, and respect about gender identities. I hope that one day we can all exist within all of the communities, not just the GLIBTQ, but all of them, with unrestricted titles and freedom to "be" whoever we want to be without fear...

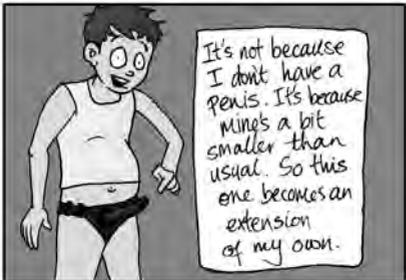
Nicely put. Here's to an ever growing respect and celebration of gender diverse bodies and identities!

—



roostertailscomic.com

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* See Erika Maens 'Girl Fuck' pg 7 © 2010





Does it even matter that the balls are slightly different in shape and size? Surely it won't affect the game?

HOLDING THE BALL

by *Jez Pez*

I just imagine it's a sporting ritual from a football game. I'm the one holding the ball with a tight firm grip cupped right near my hungry hole. Bent over in a ready position for the next set of play, but still maintaining a defensive mode determined to keep control of the ball. My pants drawn just low enough for the quarterback to enter the furry field but not too low as to give away my game. I can't let him touch the ball: it's out of bounds and well considered to me as foul play. After all, I wouldn't want him to discover the ball I'm holding is a rugby ball instead of an American football.

This faceless quarterback grunting in the shadows is just the type of player I set out to recruit. I wouldn't want him trading teams tonight or turning on his new freshman. Does it even matter that the balls are slightly different in shape and size? Surely it won't affect the game? I think not. I brace myself for kick off and tighten my grip on the ball with my right

hand, the other stretched out against the wall, providing me with some leverage and support. My tightie whities are pulled down exposing my boy butt and my jeans are only inches lower than that. Bent over, back arched, butt raised and legs spread shoulder width apart: I'm ready for action.

The dim light provides barely any level of clear visibility ensuring complete anonymity during play. The light flickers momentarily as I turn to view my new recruit. He appears in a seedy glow for a brief delectable moment and I feel my hole thump with excitement. This heavy set giant towers over me in an attack-ready position, his thick bean stalk in hand, salivating over finally cornering this little jack. Somewhere in the back of my mind I hear the umpire's whistle and I whisper to myself with a greedy grin: game on. For a deep, slow pleasurable moment time nearly stops as the penetrable force of the giant quarterback makes his first strike. I feel my

A pounding rhythm develops and I find myself buckling under the strength of his game.

internal muscles yield to make room for a welcomed guest and I'm intensely surprised at how tight I am around him. The giant quarterback grips my hips with his ogre like hands, grunting with satisfaction as he enables better traction. A pounding rhythm develops and I find myself buckling under the strength of his game.

"Ugh fuck yeah boy," spits the giant quarterback and I almost lose grip of the ball. My butt hole has loosened encouragingly and the feeling has become wet and warm. I'm desperate to jerk my own cock but I need to keep my hand on guard over the ball. I lower my right shoulder and lean it against the wall; this should suffice as my support brace for now. I reach down with my free hand to find a hard and needy cock. I begin to jerk myself and instantly double my pleasure.

Thump - - thump - - thump - - his motion speeds up, his breathing heavy and fast...

I'm lost in this connection. Then I'm awakened with a sterdy realisation that pleasure is a love in it's own right and this masculine on masculine, anonymous, dirty and sleazy encounter is just the kind of love I need right now and it doesn't have to mean forever. The love ends when the game is over, but right now I'm deep in it and it's growing harder.

I jerk faster to match his rhythm, which has escalated close to a point-scoring try. I feel all

the blood rush to my cock as it swells into a fire-ready mode. I'm on the edge and I can sense from his grunts that he is too.

"You ready for my load boy?" he primes. I cave and feel myself let go.

"Yes please," I encourage. I feel the giant quarterback slow to a controlled pace and he pulls out whilst grabbing my head for a target. He aims for my face and barks a quick order at me, "Open your mouth boy."

I obey and diligently lower my face, mouth open and ready. I jerk myself to cum and time it perfectly with his own face painting load.

"Here it is boy, oh yeah!" he moans and holds his cock right before the goal. I feel a hot stream of thick juice hit the back of my throat and in a quick second after that it covers my tongue. He raises his cock a little and I feel my face enjoy another 3 shots.

Goal!

I've cum hard and been emptied on by a giant faceless grunting quarterback. He zips up and with a change in tone thanks me kindly and says goodbye. Power dynamic over: cum and gone. No love lost and a lot of pleasure gained. Rugby Ball still in tact, untouched and undiscovered. This contact sport is open to all and in this game neither the type of balls nor their size needs to matter.





LETTERS

DUDE welcomes reader response. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Address to LETTERS via DUDEtranszine@gmail.com

“I Don’t Have A Cock”

I don’t feel comfortable with the cocks section [in DUDE #1] being used as a kind of overall resource applicable to all trans male people. Maybe it suits most people but it doesn’t suit me. I feel uncomfortable with the idea that ‘Transguys do have cocks’ and that ‘A transcock is beautifully sexy and it enjoys all things that a cisgendered cock would enjoy also.’

For me this does not represent a relationship I have with my body. I don’t have a cock. Sometimes trans aware lovers will touch my clit as though it’s a cock and it makes me feel disgusting and dysphoric. It has for me basically the opposite effect of the lover’s intention. I either just put up with it and say nothing because I worry the person will feel bad or that they’ll get confused about my gender or body. I kind of prefer lovers who are not trans aware for this reason; they don’t have any pre-conceived ideas about my relationship with my body.

Thanks.

Anon.

—

“Diversity”

I loved a lot of things about your first edition – I think it’s a strong and succinct introduction to issues facing trans men that caters for a broad audience, including people who’ve never encountered trans men before.

That said, I feel DUDE centres a particular experience of being a trans man, which I wouldn’t take issue with in a personal zine, except that by presenting the zine as informative and instructive, you’ve put yourselves in this position of representing trans men in all their diversity. And that makes the omissions palpable, the leanings obvious: like when you imply that all trans guys bind but none have bottom surgery. I feel it would have been easy to ensure that every aspect of physical change received the same treatment – as things that trans guys may not want, may want but be unable to perform (for medical, financial, legal or other issues of access), or may take up.

To talk about “diversity” sounds flat, and to list a number of positions (“femme, feminine, masculine, butch, faggy, queer, bisexual and straight”) sounds hollow until someone comes to inhabit those positions. More than inhabit it – to animate it, celebrate it, fight for it – to put the heavy breathing behind the words. And the personal stories achieve that here. All the stories are insightful, tender and intimate in a way that makes me feel very privileged to read them, and indeed diverse. And I think it’s a trick of diversity, that it doesn’t come when called, that the word itself sounds almost the opposite of its desired effect.

Gauche Sinister, Melbourne

RESOURCES & LINKS

Sexual Health Resource

www.queertransmen.org

Safe Sex Resource

www.apowellness.org/tm4m

Flagging Guide

flaggingopinicusrampant.wordpress.com

DIRTY QUEER MAGAZINE

www.dirtyqueermag.com

Queer Book Store & Cafe

www.hares-hyenas.com.au

Want to stock DUDE Magazine?

Contact DUDEtranszine@gmail.com

GROUPS & ORGANISATIONS

{also} Foundation

www.also.org.au

Melbourne GenderQueer

www.melbournegenderqueer.org

Southern Health Gender Dysphoria Clinic

03 9556 5216

Y Gender

www.ygender.com

Zoe Belle Gender Centre

www.gendercentre.com

Agender (NZ)

www.agender.org.nz

Northside Clinic

03 9485 7700

The Self Made Men (NY)

www.theseifmademen.com

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www.junglejim.com.au

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www.morgancarpenter.com

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More work by Alejandro in Chilean queer erotica zine Garcons at www.garcons.cl



PAY IT FORWARD BINDER PROGRAM

Pay It Forward provides used and donated binders for guys in need.

The program receives, cleans, repairs and dyes (if needed) binders that come in to ensure that any binder in almost any shape can be passed on to someone. If you have any old or unused binders email us and a mailing address will be provided. This service runs on binder donations as well as cash donations.

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QUEER HANKY CODE

In this era of adultmatchmaker, grindr and okcupid our ways of communicating seem to be growing exponentially. But having immediate access to someone's pictures, dimensions and sexual interests doesn't necessarily make for the best interactions. Not so long ago queers got around with winks and looks and - of course - hankies.

Flagging hints. And inviting conversations about sex acts, bodies, affect and relation provides a radical resistance to the kind of "hands on" harassment and abuse many of us endure. Flagging conveys an acknowledgement of the need for explicit (and specific) consent.

We find it extremely inadequate that queer sex (especially flagging) is predominantly thought about in terms of everyone having a dick (& not having a vagina); there are so many flags that don't exist in the traditional (gay boy) flagging code. Flagging opnicus rampant is a dynamic, pangender hanky code, which takes on board the feminist call that the personal is political: we're into politically astute fucking.

flaggingopnicusrampant.wordpress.com

TESTme

TESTme is a free service of Melbourne Sexual Health Centre (MSHC), offering internet or phone based sexual health testing, treatment and contraceptive advice for country Victorians living 100kms or more from Melbourne, as well as people from an Indigenous background living anywhere in Victoria.

.TESTme was set up to increase the sexual health testing and treatment options for rural Victorians.

TESTme is for Victorians:

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Get vaccinated against Hep B, Hep A and some (but not all) strains of HPV. The 4 strains of HPV that the vaccine Gardasil prevents account for 90% of genital warts cases, as well as 70% of cervical cancer cases.

GET TESTED REGULARLY

At least once per year if you've had sex, or at least once every 6 months if you've had sex with multiple people. Most STIs are treatable. Knowing the status of your sexual health and how an STI affects your body and the possibility of passing it on is the only responsible way to have sex. If you do test positive to an STI it is important to tell your recent sex partners, which you can do anonymously via e-card or sms from www.letthemknow.org.au.

COMMUNICATE

Take care and look after yourself and your partners by communicating boundaries before play. Make the effort to get consent from the person/s you are playing with and respect each other.

DO NOT BRUSH YOUR TEETH BEFORE A SEXUAL ENCOUNTER

Invisible abrasions in the mouth make transmission of viral or bacterial infections significantly more likely.

AVOID ORAL SEX IF YOU HAVE MOUTH ULCERS, BLEEDING GUMS OR COLD SORES

If you get fluids in your mouth, it is best to spit or swallow immediately as this will reduce the risk of transmission.

USE BARRIERS AND LUBE

Decreasing the likelihood of sustaining abrasions during intravaginal or anal (by using barriers and lots of lube) dramatically decreases the risk of infection transmission.

Not all, but some trans guys still have the ability to get pregnant. Be sure to talk about this possibility if it might affect you.

POST-OP TRANS MEN & WOMEN, SEE THE SAFER SEX GUIDE AT
www.thebody.com/content/whatis/art48763.html

{also} for all of us

takecare
out there

The {also} Foundation through its sexual health and community development project Take Care {out} aims to improve sexual health outcomes for the GLBTIQ community and to promote safe, sane and consensual sexual practices. Transmen are an important and underserved segment of that community. Take Care {out} There is committed to working with the transmale community to ensure that information relevant to transmen on sexual health, wellbeing and sexuality is made available.

To find out more about Take Care {out} There or about how to get involved with the {also} Foundation visit www.takecare.org.au or call (03) 9660 3900.

