

Don't "Grey Muzzle" *Me!*

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Some time ago, I joined a group on FaceBook for "Grey Muzzles." I did this despite faintly audible warning bells in my mind.

Since joining, I've been subjected mainly to innumerable photos of cute animals, as well as any number of declarations that this movie or that cartoon show was the greatest thing ever. The one thread that has been substantial enough to get my teeth into has been a debate with someone I don't know, who seems to believe that science is no better than religion in claiming to possess the absolute truth, because scientists are as arrogant as priests.

Well, I've no doubt this is true about many scientists, but I suspect that their arrogance arises more from confronting so much rock-solid stupidity, in the face of really quite simple issues, that they have lost all patience. Science does *not* teach certainty. Religion does. To my mind, end of argument. However, the "Grey Muzzle" who takes the opposite view cannot seem to distinguish between "science" and "scientists," and so continues to argue that science *itself* teaches false certainties, exactly like religion ... Oy. I feel an attack of arrogance coming on.

Be that as it may, I'm less happy about a different thread, one on the subject of "Grey Muzzles" themselves.

In short, I've decided I don't like being called one. I have never liked the name, not from the moment I first heard it, and now that I've been a member of the "Grey Muzzle" group for a few weeks, I find it intolerable. For the longest time, I was unable to put my finger on a reason. I'm 61, and as entitled to be labeled a elder as anyone in this fandom. Yet, the very words rub my fur the wrong way.

Another expression that has been tossed around is "Fossil Fur." For some reason, that doesn't bother me anywhere as much. I think it may be because fossils are dead ... which leads me to think I know now why I dislike being called a "Grey Muzzle."

It's fucking *cute*. Now, there's cute and there's *cute*. I don't mind sexy cute – like a well-built blonde in skimpy outfit, her hands in a big box of chocolates and a dab of cream filling on her perky nose. The other kind of cute is two Chibis hugging, and that sort of cute sends me looking for the sparker for my war-surplus flamethrower. Grown men – and we are mostly grown men – calling each other "Grey Muzzles" is the latter kind of cute, I'm afraid.

I cannot abide pretending that we really are l'il animals and have cute l'il muzzles.

No... I am not an animal. I do not have a muzzle. I don't want to be an animal and don't want a muzzle, a tail or claws.

Now I'm beginning to have doubts that I'm even a "Furry." From the start, my interest in this fandom has been funny animals from cartoons and comic books. I might date Sawyer Cat or Ma'm'zelle Hepzibah, but never a real cat or a live skunk. I have never had any interest in animals as they really are, and less than no interest in listening to people gush over them. Listening to them, I grow actively irritated. Since most furries seem to share an odd fascination with actual horses, dogs, rabbits, deer, skunks, lions, dragons – and even unlikely species such as pigs, cows, gators, and bats – I seem to be the one who's out of step in this fandom.

In any case, I'm not giving up on furry fandom just yet. But call me a "Grey Muzzle" at your peril.