

5 Fingers Folding

ISSUE #1

Tales from a Young
suburban Married
dyke



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Tales from a Young
suburban Married
dyke



What the Fuck is this!?

So...What is the point of this zine? What does it mean, what is it for? Well, sittin' around one morning i decided i wanted to make a zine so i opened up my big blue sticker coated footlocker and pulled out all the old zines my friends had made in high school. As i looked through them to see how they were done i thought to myself, "What the FUCK am i thinking? How can i make some dyke*punk*riotgrrrrt*kiss my ass zine when i look in the mirror i see

femme*married*Suburban*dyke?" Does it matter? So i wear dresses on dates with my girlfriend and wear a diamond ring on my left hand, i'm 20 and i work at a Barnes & Noble and go to school for the degree in literature i hope to earn. i spend my sat. nights at home watching movies and discussing how much it would cost to put a white picket fence around the house i live in with my partner who actually owns it and does not rent from some scummy landlord. Does it matter? i don't think it does.

So...this zine is for everyone out there who has 400 fucking sides to their personality. The ones who listen to Indigo Girls one day and Tribe 8 the next. The ones who wear spike collars to parties and diamond earrings to dinner, who go out and buy plaid*zippered*punkrawk*d-ring*bondage pants at one store and lingerie from Victoria's Secret all on the same day. Yes, this zine ladies and gentlemen is for the ones who are firm lovers of vanilla sex but also receive the sparticus leather catalog in the mail. Its for everyone out there who belongs to more than one clique or community, hell, maybe all of 'em.

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Smoking Barrel

The Story about Hank

Or

My best friend with multiple personalities

BOB JIMMY AND BOB

MIDDLE SCHOOL
MOLESTATION

OR

WHAT I DREAM OF

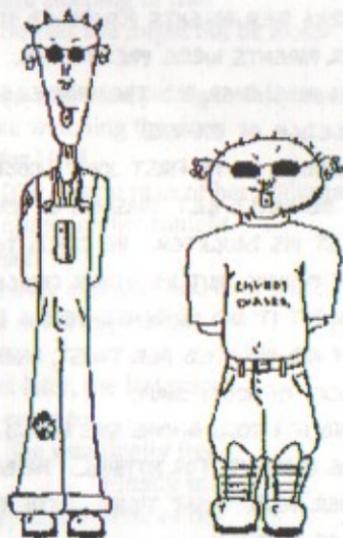
Razors and kitchen knives
And fighters, OH MY!

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS

Special points of
interest:

- **BROODS SELF DRINK**
 - *Pins and lyrics of your favorite girl bands*
 - KOOE WEB SITES
 - Hotheads NEW book
 - SEX TOY CO.
 - ONE GREAT POEM (OR A FEW)
- ...AND MUCH MORE

This is what Kiri and Lil' Jimmy
think of Shannon being out of town.



Kiri.

Lil' Jimmy

This is a drawing by my buddy lil' Jimmy
err...Hank, a.k.a. Hannah. She's one of
my best friends and this is how she
felt when I moved. I felt the same
at first but now I happily live in St.
Petersburg and take very expensive
collect calls from Hannah at weird
hours of the night so she can tell
me she is moving to California to live
with her sister-in-law whom she has
fallen in love with....ah, friendship...

WHEN I SMOKED
POT FOR THE
FIRST TIME I WAS

Smoking Barrel

14. I WAS SITTING IN A FRIENDS LIVING ROOM WITH HER AND HER PARENTS WHEN HER FATHER HANDED ME A JOINT. AND THAT'S ALL SHE WROTE. I SPENT A LOT OF TIME AT THAT FRIENDS HOUSE AFTER THAT. ON MY 15TH BIRTHDAY SHE GAVE ME A 2 FINGER BAG AND A PINT OF VODKA (HER PARENTS PURCHASED IT ALL FOR HER TO GIVE TO ME). I THOUGHT HER PARENTS WERE PRETTY COOL. NOW I KNOW THEY WERE THE SICKEST BASTARDS I HAVE EVER HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF MEETING FACE TO FACE (TO MY KNOWLEDGE OF COURSE).

THAT SAME ASSHOLE THAT HANDED ME MY FIRST JOINT WOULD HAND ONE TO HER ON NIGHTS I WASN'T THERE. HE WOULD GET TRASHED ON BOURBON THEN GET HER HIGH THEN HE WOULD MOLEST HIS DAUGHTER. HE CRIED TEARS OF GUILT & REGRET IN THE SOBRIETY OF MORNING, BUT HE NEVER CHANGED. THE SAD PART IS THAT I KNEW. I KNEW ABOUT IT AND I DID NOT TELL A FUCKING SOUL. AS HE RAPED HER EMOTIONALLY AND VIOLATED HER TRUST, INVADING HER MOST PERSONAL SPACE: HER BODY...I KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT.

SHE THREATENED. SHE SAID IF I TOLD ANYONE SHE WOULD DENY IT AND THEN I WOULD HAVE CAUSED MORE PROBLEMS FOR NOTHING.. MAYBE SHE WAS RIGHT. ILL NEVER KNOW CAUSE I NEVER TOLD. I SAT TIGHT. WITH MY JAW CLENCHED GRINDING DOWN THE BONE OF MY GUILT.

AS SHE GREW OLDER, MORE SELF DESTRUCTIVE, AS POT, OPIUM, SPEED, LIQUOR, SHROOMS, COURSED THROUGH HER ANGRY BLOOD. AS HER 145 IQ TOLD HER TO SKIP CLASS AND DROP OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL AND HER LITTLE SISTER GREW ANOTHER STEP CLOSER TO PUBERTY WITH EVERY PASSING DAY. I KEPT TELLING HER TO SAVE HER SISTER THE HEARTACHE AND SHE KEPT PUTTING IT OFF. AND I KEPT SAYING "SOMEDAY...I WILL KILL YOUR FATHER AND YOUR MOTHER WHO FORCES YOU TO STAY UP WITH HIM AT NIGHT LONG AFTER SHE HAS PASSED OUT INTO AN ALCOHOLIC STUPOR ALL BECAUSE SHE IS AFRAID HE WILL DROP A CIGARETTE AND BURN THE HOUSE DOWN..."

THEN SHE MOVED OUT. WE ALL FORGOT. UNTIL HER 12 YR OLD SISTER RAN SCREAMING TO A FRIENDS HOUSE AT 12:00AM AFTER PUNCHING OUT HER FATHER WHO HAD TRIED TO KISS HER. SHE IS RAISED BY HER AUNT NOW.

MY FRIEND...SHE SMOKES POT ALL DAY LONG, INHALES NICOTINE LIKE IT IS OXYGEN AND LIQUOR LIKE ITS WATER. SHE NEVER GOT HER G.E.D. AND SHE SPENDS HER TIME WORKING 60 HR WEEKS AT VILLAGE INN.

WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF I HAD TOLD? WOULD IT HAVE SAVED ANY PAIN? WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED HAD I NOT STAYED AWAKE ALL NIGHT WATCHING? HER DOOR SO SHE COULD SLEEP?

-Daddy Dearest-

I think of her
In our adolescent wars
Nights I spent
In their drunken house
 Smell of smoke liquor marijuana
Stayed there sleeping in filth
 So that she might not be alone

My teenage mind too young to fully comprehend
I lie awake watching the door
Waiting for HIM
 (the demon man of her nightmares, my murder fantasies)
"He will not touch her tonight."
I told myself
Over and over and over and over and....
But I was not always there

And years later, the last truce
We ever came to
 She was finally free
 Finally safe
And every time I think of her
Her dysfunctional relationships
Her pain
 Drug habits
 Alcoholic stupor's

I cant help but hate myself

FOR NOT KILLING HIM WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE

DISARM RAPISTS

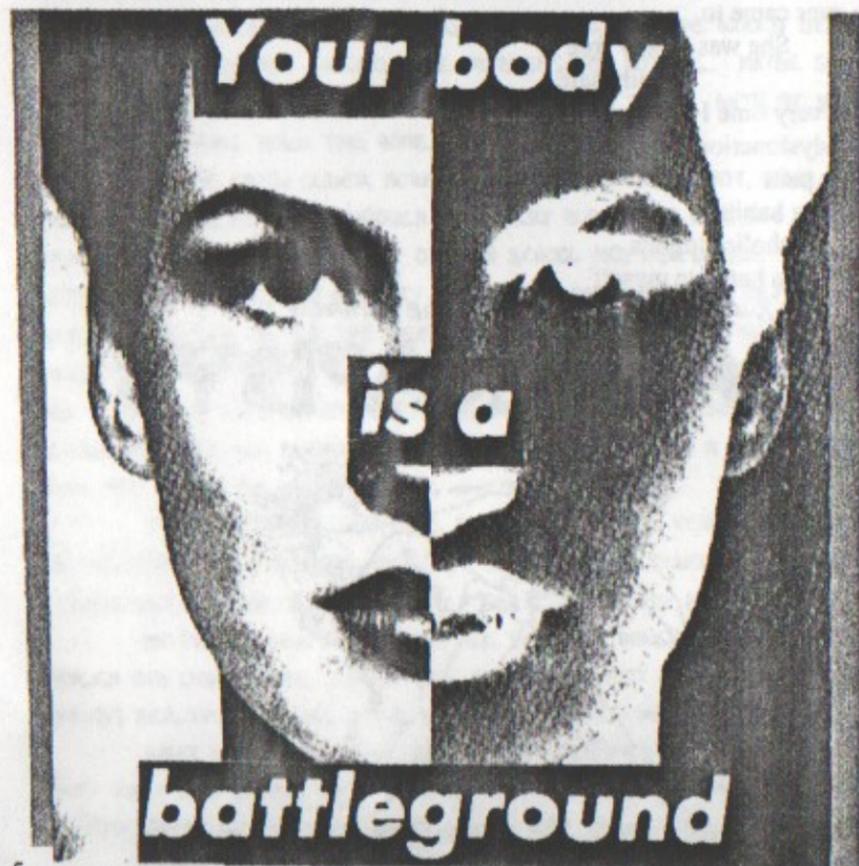


SMASH SEXISM



Blondie® © King Features Syndicate

HI & LOIS by Greg and Brian Walker and Chance Browne



This is a memory
This is all mine
This is how I came to be who I am
This is how you came to be who you
are
This is yers

This memory is all about
li'f Jimmy Stiletto. Actually I dunno little Jimmy all that well, its really about Hank. But really....she wasn't
always Hank, once upon a time she was Hannah and she let me know I was normal.

Enter scene: 15 yr. Old girl, long curly hair, scowl of defiance,
10 sizes too big sk8er pants, ripped up Simplex

Smokin' a cigarette like she's some kinda hot shit.

That was me by the way. First semester at my new high school when this hippie acquaintance type friend
calls me over to introduce me to her older sister. Long red hair like flames, ripped up shorts and lo and
behold honest to goddess real live dyke. smile...nod head...don'tactslupiddon'tactyoung, act like you know
who you are....and so began my friendship with Hannah.

In a few months I had my first girlfriend. I hung out with Hannah for a time but we're gonna skip ahead a
little...

-Mom hates Hannah

-I ignore mom

-Meet Hannah's girlfriend

-Hannah and girlfriend move

*year break

-Hannah and G-friend come to visit for X-mas

and now things get interesting...

I kinda had a thing for Hannah *blush* and my girly kinda had a thing for Hannah's girl; Tracy. So lets just
say that after 5 bottles of Boones Strawberry Hill and 1 1/2 hours of "I Never..." and a few minutes of "Spin
the Bottle".....tables turned.

Suddenly all I wanna do is jump Tracy and Hannah and Cris are eyein' each other across the room! Lets
jump ahead again.

-Cris visits Hannah and Tracy

-Cris and Hannah kiss

-I decide to leave Cris

-I decide not to leave Cris

-I decide to leave Cris

-I decide not to leave Cris

SLAPI (per Hannah)

-I leave Cris

-Me and Tracy have 8 hours of amazing....conversation of course....I swear!

I decide I wanna date others for the summer and the fun begins.

So me and Hannah fuck. Yeah, I know. I'm an asshole. Fucking my girlfriends ex!? Hot damn I'm a bitch!
Well...it happened. High, drunk, whatever what's done is done. And the summer continues. Me and Han-
nah fuck, smoke out a lot, drink even more, and tell each other every little thought, fantasy and dirty secret
we have.

And here I am. Living with Tracy still. We're engaged now, I ever got a diamond on my hand.
Hannah's 10 hrs away and I miss her. I left out a lot of stuff. About her drying my tears and me calming her
fears and so on. How we saved each other that summer...from self-destruction. She's my best friend ya
know. She's a proud Daddy now and her friends know her as Hank, (pierced, tattooed, packin', condom
carryin', sex show, freak...) But she's still Hannah to me. Fiat top, overalls, standin' on her soap box, joint in
one hand, beer in the other singin' at the top of her lungs to her soul-sista Janis.
I love you li'f Jimmy...and I miss you...

The Story about Hank

Or

MY best friend with multiple personalities

She was a different person when she drank
Sarcastic and boyish
At a party once
She pushed me up against a counter
She tried to kiss me and I could feel her hot breath in my ear
Then it wasn't her.....
I think the human mind blocks things out for a reason
I never should have remembered my past
But I had no choice
It wasn't her anymore
Suddenly....

Metal slats digging into my back
I feel a combination lock raising a
Welt the color of eggplant between my shoulder blades

(teachers ask me why I carry such a load of books.
Why don't I just go to my locker?)

Sulfuric breath Hot against my neck
Raspy voice in my ear
Invasion
Young breasts not fully developed
Wearing a bra everyday
Only to put another piece of cloth Between me and that hand
Siblings poking fun
"Why do you wear boxers AND panties?"
not strong enough to answer
not strong enough to explain

(Its so he wont find what he's looking for
when he unbuttons my pants)
turmoil
showering two...three times a day
(try to wash the filth from my body, it never works)

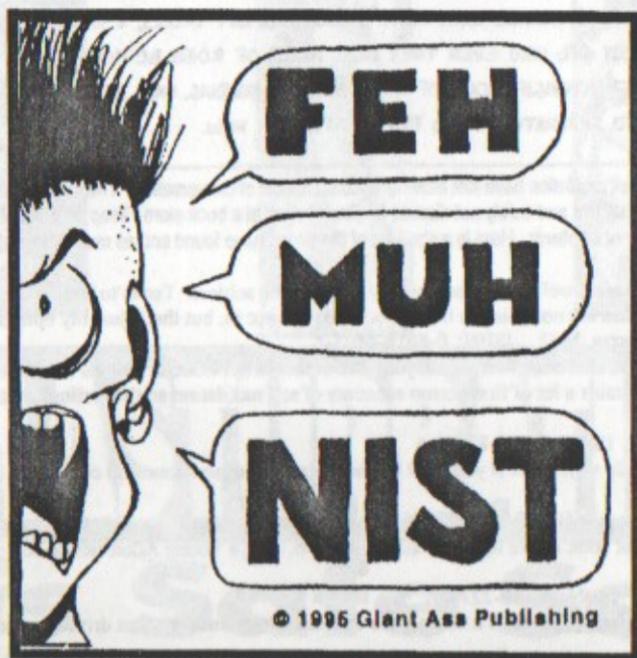
In my dreams I am strong
My knee makes hard contact With crotch
My hands are strong They break free and clap on ears
ikickipunchiscream
He never hurts me again

In my dream I do not wait 3 years for escape
(in my dream the only hands are soft the breath sweet)
I survive
Sometimes I remember with such clarity
Other times I live in my dreams.

MIDDLE SCHOOL MOLESTATION OR WHAT I DREAM OF

BECAUSE A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE AND IS UNDER-PAID OR UNPAID OR BORING OR REPETITIOUS AND WE'RE THE FIRST TO GET THE SACK AND WHAT WE LOOK LIKE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN WHAT WE DO AND IF WE GET BASHED WE MUST HAVE PROVOKED IT AND IF WE RAISE OUR VOICES WE'RE NAGGING BITCHES AND IF WE ENJOY SEX WE'RE NYMPHOS AND IF WE DON'T WE'RE FRIGID AND IF WE LOVE WOMEN IT'S BECAUSE WE CAN'T FIND A "REAL" MAN AND IF WE ASK A DOCTOR TOO MANY QUESTIONS WE'RE NEUROTIC AND/OR PUSHY AND IF WE EXPECT COMMUNITY CARE FOR CHILDREN WE'RE SELFISH AND IF WE STAND UP FOR OUR RIGHTS WE'RE AGGRESSIVE AND "UNFEMININE" AND IF WE DON'T WE'RE TYPICAL WEAK FEMALES AND IF WE WANT TO GET MARRIED WE'RE OUT TO TRAP A MAN AND IF WE DON'T WE'RE UNNATURAL AND BECAUSE WE STILL CAN'T GET ADEQUATE CONTRACEPTIVE BUT MEN CAN WALK ON THE MOON AND IF WE CAN'T COPE OR DON'T WANT A PREGNANCY WE'RE MADE TO FEEL GUILTY ABOUT ABORTION AND FOR LOTS OF OTHER REASONS WE ARE PART OF THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT.

** Anonymous quote from the British Women's Liberation Movement (c. 1970)*



RAZORS AND KITCHEN KNIVES AND LIGHTERS, OH MY!

I BOUGHT A SHIRT ONCE, AT A GOODWILL STORE. IT WAS A BLACK LITTLE CHILDREN'S SHIRT, SIZE MEDIUM, AND IT READ CUTTER IN HARD EDGE RED RIMMED LETTERS. MY PIERCED UP P.C. PUNK FRIEND SCOWLED AND SAID "SHANNON YOUR SICK!" BEFORE FLITTERING OFF WHEN MY BULL RING BUDDY SAID, "BUY IT! BUY IT! BUY IT!" SO I DID. AND THAT ONE LITTLE SHIRT SPOKE 10,000 WORDS.

I LOOK IN THE MIRROR SOMETIMES, AT THE PALE LINED BATTLE SCARS I HOLD SO DEAR. SOME OLD AND FADED. OTHERS NEW AND FRESH. ACROSS BREAST, ARM, LEG, HAND...HOW MANY PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE! HOW MANY DO!

AND THERE WAS HANK WHO HAD A THING FOR LIGHTERS, AND THERE WAS NIKKI WHO SHUCK AWAY WITH KITCHEN KNIVES, THERE WAS PANDA WITH PLUGS IN HER EARS A LABIA RING AND SCARS FROM PAST PLAY DATES, AND I HID IN THE MAID BATHROOM WITH BOX CUTTERS. AND I WONDER, HOW MANY OTHERS!

AND WE TALKED OF IT FREELY, WE COULD TELL EACH OTHERS EMOTIONAL STATES BY WHO WAS WEARING THE THICKEST LONG SLEEVE SHIRT ON A HOT SUMMER TALLY DAY. WE PULLED EACH OTHER (SWEATING WITH FEAR) OUT FROM UNDER DESKS, OUT OF BEDS WITH TEAR STAINED EYES, AND OUT OF OUR SHELLS WITH ALL OUT MIGHT. AND NOW THE GANG WE WERE THAT SUMMER OF SELF-MUTILATING*POTHEAD*SCHLITZ DRINKIN'*DYKES HAS SPREAD OUT OVER 4 STATES AND 3 CITIES. 2 GRADUATED NOT TOO LONG AGO, ONE NO ONE HAS TALKED TO SINCE SHE WAS RAPE'D AND KINDA PULLED AWAY FROM EVERYTHING BUT DRUGS, 2 WERE HAPPILY TATTOOED DADDY-N-BOY AND NOW EVEN THEY HAVE MILES OF ROAD BETWEEN THEM AND HERE I SIT, SURELY THE MOST STRAIGHTLACED OF THEM ALL NOW HOLDING ONLY MY SCARS AS MEMORIES AND ONLY MY SCARS TO SEPARATE MY OLD FRIENDS FROM MY NEW.

Cutting and other forms of self mutilation have just recently become a topic of conversation. They have always existed though no one has ever liked to admit that fact and surely not discuss it. Since I work at a book store I keep an eye out for books on the subject, fiction or psychology or whatever. Here is a short list of the ones I have found and as much information on them as I have at the moment.

Bodies Under Siege: The most well known psychology book on the subject. Tends to lean to the extremes in mutilation, things that most readers are not going to have a lot of experience in, but that's just my opinion, still a great book. Author: Armondo R. Favazza, M.D. ISBN: 0-8018-4403-7

A Bright Red Scream: The best book I have read yet. The author is not a doctor so take away the hard to understand medical terminology. Contains a lot of first person accounts of self mutilation and the feeling emotions and actions behind it.

Author: Marilee Strong ISBN: 0-670-87781-6

Cutting: More of a self help style book if you want to know how you or someone you care about can stop cutting or gain control over it.

Author: Steven Levenkron ISBN: 0-393-319385

Crosses: The first fictional book I have found on self mutilation. It is a Young Adult fiction self proclaimed a "Go Ask Alice for the 90's"

Author: Shelley Stoehr ISBN: 0-440-22780-1

Skin Game: A Cutter's Memoir: This is a first person account of the emotions that drive someone to cut and how they overcame it.



Everybody should own at least one sex toy catalog, so here are the web sites and addresses for some of the best sex toy companies I have found!

Spartacus Enterprises of Oregon: 1002 SE 8th Ave.
Portland, Or 97214
1-800-666-2604
www.spartacusleathers.com

Good Vibrations: 938 Howard St.
San Francisco, CA 94103
1-800-289-8423
www.goodvibes.com

Toys in Babeland : 707 E. Pike St.
Seattle, WA 98122
1-800-658-9119
www.babeland.com

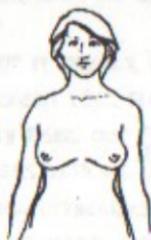


MASTURBATION
is Safe Sex

DO IT IT COULD SAVE YOUR LIFE!

How to do breast self-exam

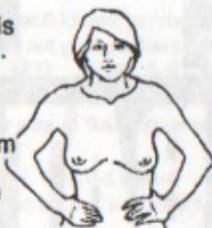
1. Take off your shirt and bra and stand in front of a mirror with your hands down at your sides. Look for any changes in the size or shape of your breasts. Check the front, then turn from side to side. Look for redness, swelling or flaky skin.



2. Hold your arms above your head. Bend a little at the waist toward the mirror. Check the front, then turn from side to side. Look for any changes in your breasts.



3. Press your hands firmly on your hips. This will flex the muscles in your chest. Check the front, then turn from side to side. Look for any changes in your breasts.



4. Lie on your right side. Put your left hand on your forehead. Use your right hand to check your left breast. Use the pads of your 3 middle fingers to press down on your breast. Starting near your armpit, make three small, dime-sized circles... press with light, then medium, then deep pressure.



5. Move your hand along your breast in stripes about one inch wide in an up and down pattern. Be sure to check your whole breast.



6. When you get to your nipple, lie flat on your back with your arm raised a little above your head. Continue to check your breast in the up and down pattern. When you are finished with your left breast, lie on your left side and check your right breast in the same way.



If you feel a lump under the skin, see a doctor right away.

MUSIC: GIRRL BANDS



TEAM DRESCH

"Don't tell us we only care about the dykes and fags. Don't try to find fake reasons to hate us. Some people get it lots more people need it. Its freedom its for all or its all for nothin'

—Team Dresch
Captain my Captain



**K.D. LANG AND
LEISHA FROM THE
MURMURS**



SARALEE



SARAH MCLACHLAN

"Mother can't you see* I've got to live my life* the way I feel is right for me* might not be right for you* but it's right for me."

— Sarah McLachlan
Stumbling Towards Ecstasy



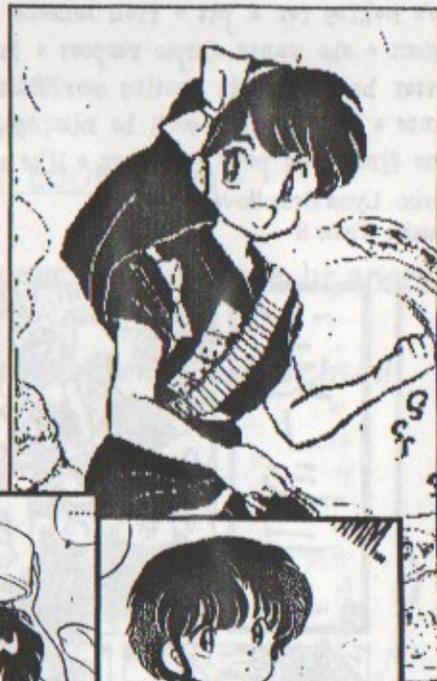
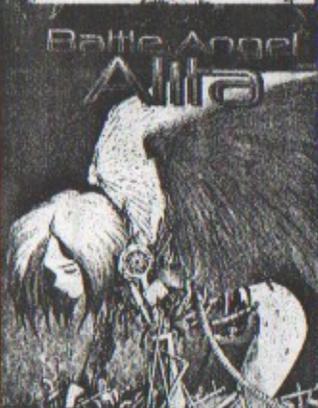
SLEAZEBELLE

Battle Angel Alita



Anime girls

Shampoo, Akane,
Ucchan, & Ranma
from Ranma 1/2



Checking out yr babe I'm checking out yr babe * she's hot * I'm checking
 our yr babe * so what * does it make you nervous * does it make you
 twitch* When you see a woman * checkin out your* Babe* Hang on tight *
 or she might get bored * with your one trick pony* be prepared to walk
 into your lair* and find she's strapped it on * and wants to bone ya *
 when you cant get it up* and you think you cant fuck * cuz your tongue
 was just made for talking * don't be surprised if * she stops waiting for
 a rise * outta you and send you walking* Hey playboy * so you think she's
 your playtoy* made for your sensual pleasure* don't get upset don't pitch a
 shit fit * when you see the two of us together * she thinks you're a dot *
 she's looking for a jolt * from someone who understands * she's weary of
 neglect * she wants simple respect * from someone with a small hand *
 better be sweet quit beating your meat * you might find a girl in her
 pants * listen to her you'll be missing her * when she's ripping it up with
 some fine young pups * like us * like your wife*

Lyrix: Lynn Breedlove

Music: Tribe 8



The cover of "Snarkism" Tribe 8's 1996 album.
 The Members plus special guest HOTHEAD
 Paisan (homicidal lesbian terrorist) Drawn by
 Diane DiMassa

KOOL WEB SITES

-Comicazee, home of Dykes to watch our for

<http://www.comicazee.com/cartoonist.asp?id=9>

-BUST, one of the best magazines in the world

<http://www.bust.com>

-Tribe 8's official web site

<http://www.tribe8.com>

-Condomania, safe sex is hot sex

<http://www.condomania.com>

-E-BAY, can't find something? LOOK HERE!

<http://www.ebay.com>

-Leonard Peltier, political prisoner, hear his case, be angry, fight back.

<http://indy4.fdl.cc.mn.us/~lisk/stories/peltier.html>

-Team Dresch, hot girl band

<http://members.aol.com/ringard/team.htm>



Nellie the Nurse, April 1948.



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\$295**

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LYRICS

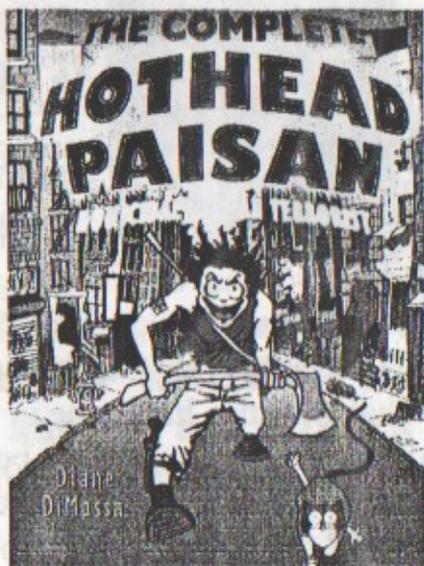
Don't Try Suicide: I'm scared to leave the house* I'm scared to go to sleep*
And when I do * I wake up feeling scared * My girlfriend cuddles me * and
holds me when I cry * I tell her that I'm scared * ask if she thinks ill die * She
tells me I'm OK * I don't believe her * but it makes me feel better * Anyway *
can't get myself to eat * trick myself and watch TV * Even when it works * I end
up puking scared * My girlfriend cuddles me * and hold me when I cry * I tell
her that I'm scared * she says that I wont die * she tells me I'm OK * I don't be-
lieve her * but it makes me feel better * anyway*

— *Team Dresch*

Suck My Left One: sister sister where did we go wrong? * tell me
what the fuck we're doing here * why are all the boys acting strange? *
we've got to show them we're worst then queer * SUCK MY LEFT
ONE! SUCK MY LEFT ONE! * daddy comes into her room at night *
he's got more then talking on his mind * my sister pulls the covers
down * reaches over flicks on the light she sez to him * SUCK MY
LEFT ONE ! SUCK MY LEFT ONE! * mama sez: * you've got to be
polite girl * you've got to be polite * show a little respect for yr father
* wait 'till yr father gets home *
fine fine fine fine * — *Bikini Kill*

Red Football : I'm not no red football To be kicked around the garden No
no I'm a red Christmas-tree ball And I'm fragile I'm not no animal Though I
am to you I'm not no crocodile Like the one in Dublin Zoo Who lived in a
cage the length and breadth of his body When a window which people
could look through And throw coins on his back to taunt him 'though he
couldn't move Even if he wanted to I'm not no animal in the zoo I'm not no
whipping boy for you You may not treat me like you do I'm not no animal
in the zoo My skin is not a football for you My head is not a football for you
My body's not a football for you My womb is not a football for you My
heart is not a football for you I'm not no animal in the zoo This animal will
jump up and eat you I'm not no animal in the zoo And I've every intention
Of leaping up and getting you . — *Sinead O'Conner*

HOTHEADS NEW BOOK



“I wonder what would happen if say, some lesbian really checked out for lunch, you know, like say her brain just totally shit the bed one day, and she starts believing everything she sees on TV. So like, while she's going about her daily queer routine, all this TV crap is seeping in and she's getting psychotic, and like she needs therapy really bad, but he doesn't know it? I bet her boundaries would be really fuzzy. I et she'd be a lot of fun to be around. I bet she'd be a real...

HOTHEAD PAISAN

The Complete Hothead Paisan as well as the excerpt above are written and illustrated by Diane DiMassa.

ISBN: 1-57344-084-1 <http://www.hotheadpaisan.com>

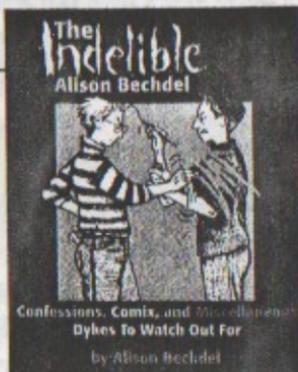
POETRY

* I was rushing to find poems for this page and there were a lot I wanted to put on here that I didn't have time to type up. There will be a lot more next time.

My I.Q.: When I was 4 years old they tried to test my I.Q. * they showed me a picture of 3 oranges and a pear they said * which one is different? * it does not belong * they taught me different was wrong * but when I was 13 years old * I woke up one morning thighs covered in blood * like a war * like a warning* that I live in a breakable takeable body * and everincreasingly valuable body * that a woman had come in the night to replace me * deface me * see my body is borrowed * yeah, I got it on loan * for the time in between my mom and some maggots * I don't need anyone to hold me * I can hold my own * I got highways for stretch marks * see where I've grown * I sing sometimes like my life is at stake * cause your only as loud as the noises you make * I'm learning to laugh as hard as I can listen * cause silence is violence in women and poor people * if more people were screaming than I could relax * but a good brain ain't diddley if you don't got the facts * we live in a breakable takeable world* an ever available possible world * and we can make music * like we can make do * genius is in a back beat * backseat to nothing if your dancing * especially something stupid like I.Q. * for every lie I unlearn * I learn something new. * I sing sometimes for the war that I fight * cause every tool is a weapon * if you hold it right* —Ani DiFRANKE

DYKES TO WATCH OUT FOR

Allison Bechdel's is amazing. It never before and artwork as morous insight this great

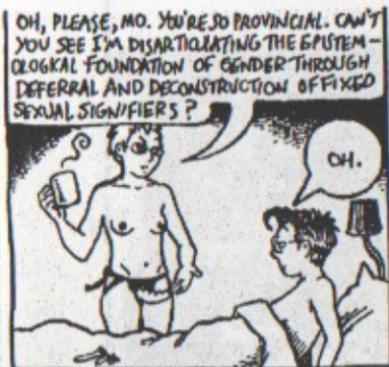


del's new book is full on seen cartoons well and hu- into the life o artist. She is

truly a cartooning genius who is also very polite. When I e-mailed her to ask permission to put some of her artwork in my zine she actually replied with more than a yes or no answer. Anyone with a sense of humor should read her books, and anyone who reads her books should read this new one.

The Indelible Alison Bechdel: Confessions, comix and miscellaneous Dykes to Watch Out For

Author: Alison Bechdel ISBN: 1563410966



I'M NOT YOUR FUCKIN'
SPRITZ-HEAD GIRLFRIEND,
I'M
HOTHEAD PAISAN



Ever have one of those days where it seems like every guy you pass just pisses you off? Where you might as well just be hothead paisan because if anyone heard the thoughts in your head they would think you were the world's biggest man hating bitch? Well the card at the bottom of this page is for those days. Simply cut along the dotted line and

make some copies if you want and pass them out as you see fit. They might not do anything but they sure make you feel better. Have a nice day.



You have insulted a woman.
This card has been chemically
Treated and in three
days your penis will
fall off.
have a nice day.

A TRUCKLOAD OF CLOWNS AND VEGETABLES HAD BROKEN DOWN BESIDE THE ROAD.



THEY EMPLOYED ME FOR AID!

PLEASE LITTLE BLUE ENGINE, WONT YOU CARRY US OVER THE MOUNTAIN SO THE GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS WILL HAVE FUNNY CLOWNS TO PLAY WITH AND GOOD FOOD TO EAT?!



I WAS ABLE TO PULL THEM ALL OVER THE MOUNTAIN!



UNFORTUNATELY, THE VEGETABLES AND CLOWNS WERE CARNIVOROUS, AND DEVoured ALL THE CHILDREN IN THE VILLAGE.



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