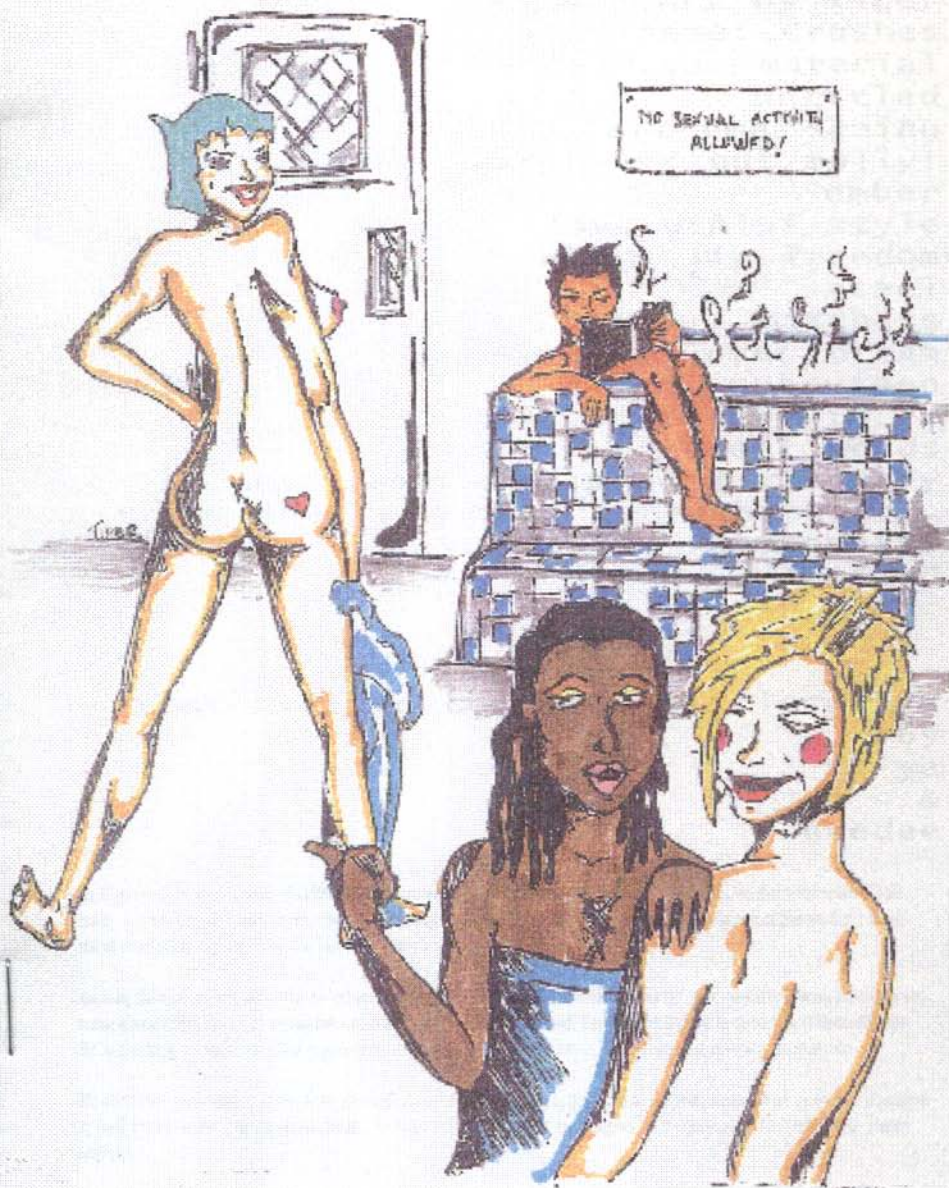


PussyTown

Vol. No 1 / Issue No. 2.



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most written content this issue is
by
ya ya
&
seeedee

So, if you couldn't tell already, this issue is ALL about crushes. We dream, we freak out, we obsess, we may even seem a little crazy. But what crush doesn't make you a little crazy? We had a lot to say on the matter... kinda seems like we don't think about much else. Shallow? Maybe, but who cares.

Anyway, the next issue is about the bi-lesbian spectrum (or dichotomy, however you see it). And we REALLY want submissions, cause it would be lame to have only two opinions on this subject expressed. Email submissions to queerzine@hotmail.com. We're thinking the issue after that is gonna be on the butch-femme spectrum, so you can start chewing on that too.

We also like a good debate. If you have any well thought out opposing opinions to any of the pieces, email us and we'll publish it. Hell, email us with any letters you want. We want to hear from you! Once again, that's queerzine@hotmail.com. Happy reading!

Love,

Seeedee and Ya Ya

You know you have a crush if...

5. Whenever she's around you just not yourself, either way more introverted or way more aggressive
4. When you and your friends go out you always pick out cute girls that look just like her
3. When she says something even remotely funny you laugh just a little too long
2. In conversations with her, you tend to say "I **totally** know what you mean," and/or "Oh my gawd, that same thing happened to me."

And the Number One way to know you have a big phat nasty crush is...

1. You are completely incapable of taking ANYTHING she says at face value, constantly wondering if she's flirting with you, if she's secretly trying to tell you something, if she can feel the heat generated between you 😊
- So don't even try to lie about it ladies...you *know* you want her

Student Lover Dream

Every day you're trying to teach me something else. You stand in front of the class and go on and on about what it takes to be a good journalist. I absorb just enough to write something smart & impress you. But most of what I do is slip into my fantasies about you putting that ruler to good use with a little fuck play before class. Before the lights and computers come on, giving me something real to think about.

You are not making it any easier the way you spend so much extra time "helping" me. Do you have to stand over my shoulder and breathe your instructions onto my neck? With your hand touching my back while you hold onto the back of my chair and point to words on the computer screen, am I supposed to hear a word you're saying?

All I can do is inhale and wonder how your expression would change if one of those moments you were helping me, I helped myself to your mouth against mine. I imagine all your professor knowledge slipping down between our lips and rolling across the floor, all your instruction halting, and you laying your power and title and distance at the feet of my semester long college crush.

I was an artist in need of a muse
and you were there
posing for me with your heart
sending me energy
that kept me going
and kept my soul warm
during the winter months

i left and traveled one billion miles
and the cold & the void of death
took her hold
on the hand of one who made me
and coming home i was not the same

but i found my winter muse
still posing with her heart in Spring
and wondered if i hadn't lost my will
to be inspired

now my soul aches for it
out of my reach
not her... but the feeling she evoked
the feeling of pen on paper, paint on canvass, voice to air

and i wrap myself in the phantom me who was at least all here
the memory
the joy
of those days when we first met
and all i knew of you was high art & pure untainted love



Eat your heart out, Molly!

You are everything I am looking for and everything I am trying to avoid. Why do those two have to come in one that line in *16 Candles* when crying to her Dad about the nior, and her Dad says to her, crush, honey, if it was easy laugh at myself as that line I find myself relating my movies, *Friends* episodes, sional Madonna song.
BAD.



package so often? You know Molly Ringwald's character is crush she has on the hot se- "that's why they call it a they wouldn't call it that." I rings so true. I love it when life to stupid John Hughes and the inevitable occa- Then I know... it's gotten



I saw you this morning as you hurried off. You looked like you had just rolled out of bed, with your hair askew, your clothing disheveled. You walked quickly down the street, straight and quite tall, and my eyes were drawn to you like a magnet. I watched every step, every movement, as you became smaller and smaller in my sight. I did not look away until you disappeared around the corner.

When I look at you, my mind silently tells stories, creates possibilities. It makes you charming and wonderful and brilliant. It makes you a hero, a lover, an intellectual, a sage. In those moments, my soul seems to spring from my fingertips and land solidly at your feet. My heart silently asks you to love me, to hold me, to step inside me.

I feel all of this, in the warmth of those moments. I feel all of this even though we have never really spoken, never really met.

The closest we have been was just yesterday. I was coming down the hallway, and all of a sudden you were there. We made eye contact and my hand involuntarily raised in a gesture of greeting. You said 'hello' as you passed by me, but my mouth was too frozen to return your greeting. I felt your warmth as you swept by.

I so wanted to speak to you, to pour out all my feelings and tell you who I was, but words were not enough. They somehow seemed to lack the depth of emotion or intellect to articulate what was in my heart. They seemed to make me irrational or freakish or just plain crazy. So I just let you pass by, without another word, without another gesture.

Tonight I will go out with friends, I will dance and drink and joke. I will have a good time and enjoy the things around me. Tomorrow I will watch again, hoping to catch just the faintest glimmer of you.

by kim r.



**ADMIT IT!
YOU KNOW
YOU WANT
HER!**

Supreme Seeing

When I met you, you made it easy to tell you liked me a lot. I wasn't feeling you just yet. Just feeling mellow. My insides as acutely OK as they'd ever been. I had my shit pretty well wrapped and I knew that. I was coming to terms with life, in that way we twenty-somethings do when we realize we're old enough for our parents to be close to retirement, and high school feels like a really distant memory. When I met you I had been feeling for weeks like I was on the verge of something powerful. So when you not so subtly submitted yourself for consideration as that something, I was moved by your boldness.

Maybe what my Supreme Being had been whispering in my ear about for more than a month was really someone to love me. That was possible. And that was your ace in my hole, the way you seemed to enjoy me, want me, like me and eventually to love me. So I let myself feel you. I opened my eyes and saw you and called you beautiful. I opened my arms and embraced you and listened to you call me home. And somehow we became mutual and exclusive, creating a rhythm the way lovers must.

It was only after you boldly pruned the doors open where my secrets were strategically camouflaged in around my room that I realized I had a crush on you. That's right, a big wild crush on my own girlfriend. The chase was over, which in singles land can be deadly. You had already pretty much committed as many days as we could envision ahead to me; young people like us usually need something to strive for to keep us going. But instead of feeling stagnated and stuck by the label girlfriend, I felt excited and motivated and full of fantasies! I felt like my life could look a million different ways with you in it and the possibilities were endless.

I had such a crush on you because you seemed open too. There were sexual cities to explore, old relationship paradigms to disregard, emotional levels to take on. And my favorite part was that we didn't have to lose our individual lives to share each others. Anticipation.

Real Words

I can't find the line. When a crush becomes more than a crush. When "just having fun" becomes a line I am fooling myself with. When I spend all my energy with you staying "in the moment", threatening to break off the beak of that annoying bird inside me who keeps shouting out plans for the future and words like love, girlfriend, relationship. We're just having fun. I can deal with that. I'm an adult. I'm emotionally stable. You're worth it. I like not knowing. I like having our future be a windy foggy road. I don't allow myself to think about the future. I make up no false fantasies, daydreams of lives spent together... I fear that, that falseness which means I am convincing myself you are someone you are not, I am setting myself up for disappointment, or I am compensating for something lacking. I want this to be real. It is real. More real than I've felt in years. That realness draws me to you... then tells me to push back.

Daydream Material

Our eyes meet and I smile as my friends rush me out the door. We exchange no words, no handshakes, I don't even know your name, but you're coming home with me. Let's call you Erin... that's a good dyke name. We fuck and fuck until 5 in the morning. I stumble through work the next day giddy and delirious and we talk again that night for hours about nothing, both putting off the sleep our bodies crave. We show each other off to our friends, our acquaintances, and our exs. We play hooky from work and take road trips up and down 101. We stay up late watching porn, Woody Allen movies, and old Marilyn Monroe movies. Or sometimes we just dig each other's devils out and poke them with their own sticks. You inspire me, you make me laugh, you are an artist, you are an activist, you have your shit together, you cook for me, you let me fuck your brains out, I need you... and you need me. Without seeing it coming, we are in love. No fear. No holding back. And the sex... I can never get enough of you. We play out endless scenes, our collection from Good Vibes starts to fill drawers, you indulge my fantasies... and I even let you take ME occasionally. You come home with me at Christmas, and I coil in your arms at night crying and laughing off the insanity of my family. But, they like you... and they are happy for me. Your family lives close by and I spend many Sunday evenings talking about Jeanette Winterson and green party politics were raised by hippies. We talk of America... and we make our dreams up our bags and head south. We spend small rooms with twin beds, feeling like the moans and creeks in the bed, and in at any moment. We proclaim our love by the ocean, in cathedrals, in markets, on crumbling old city walls, in Mayan ruins, in stinky out houses. We come back to San Francisco tan, worn, broke and a little wiser. We move in together. I get a new job within a few weeks. You are not so lucky and are becoming disenchanted. A couple months pass and you are growing antsy and depressed. We feel a rift growing between us. We cry out of frustration and fight endlessly over nothing but still hold each other tighter and tighter each night. Then it comes... your friend in Boston has offered you a great job at her queer arts foundation. How can you not accept it? Besides, you've become so unhappy here. I feel myself falling, our life together the past year comes into extreme focus, scenes of love, happiness, anger, and sadness flashing by, all the while Sleater-Kinney's "Taste Test" plays full blast as the backdrop. So, we cry for days, and tell each other we will always love each other and will never forget each other. I wave to you as you and your Civic crammed to the rim with your life sets off down the highway. And Sleater-Kinney is still playing.



with your mom. Lucky you, you like dreams of traveling Latin come true. We quit our jobs, pack three months in small cottages in naughty schoolgirls, giggling off the prospect of our hosts barging in jungles, at the top of mountains,

I take a long breath. That one was pretty intense. I let it sit for a while then set out a few nights later to the Lex for my next indulgent. But you are here again. And you are walking towards me. Oh, shit! You're talking to me! What are you saying? Do I want to know? I am frozen and my mouth is gaping wide open. I manage to squeak out, "excuse me," and jet out the door. Wew, that was a close one. Wouldn't want all our dreams to be butchered by the first stale egotistical remark out of your mouth.

Ember

There's this spark I'm feeling with you...for you. And after all the quiet cynicism that has been flowing just under my surface for almost a year – after I had accepted that I would always be a little jaded and questioning of motives and bruised, here I am just feeling my feelings without thought. Here I am taking our little time together at face value. Here I am fresh like the first batch of muffins out of the oven at Pete's and wanting some butter. And here we are enjoying the miracle of time and space and the miracle of really good pussy. Your momma knew what she was doing when she named you after that soulful singer...because even though you couldn't hold a note to save your life...just your presence in my room has all the magic of my favorite song.

unmasked
Maybe I wouldn't have such a die-hard crush on you if you didn't flirt with me so shamelessly and often. The thing it feels like you're serious sometime. Is this what straight, suburban girls do with their friends? Maybe you always ask your friends to eat candy corn from your lap. Maybe your boyfriend always wonders if you're fucking your friends.

I don't know when I went from just being excited about being your friend to fantasizing about you. That transition was so easy and natural. Now I feel all weird when we're together. You don't seem to notice. You just go on flirting, playing with me in the darkroom, smiling with that look in your eyes that makes my stomach quiver, watching me blush til my brown skin is more like maroon.

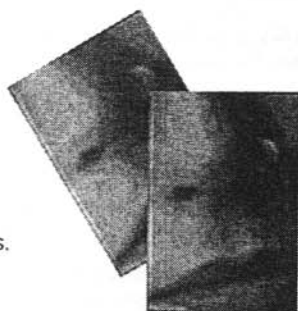
I feel like I'm standing on a cliff, feeling the kind of hard wind that only blows at high open altitudes. Flying and falling both feel like good options. Putting my body to the earth and air and sun. You are sitting here a little stoned and quiet in a way we never are together. Now you look to me like a reflection of all the nervousness I've been feeling lately. I lean my head to the side and myself closer as if to better examine the curious look on your face. I feel you inhale so quickly, so scared, so ready. We kiss

Jealous Bitchass

Don't think I'm a pretentious bitch, but I love it when a girl is jealous over me. I LOVE it. Such a rush of power and inflation of the ego. Conversely, I despise being jealous... and I try to avoid it at all costs. To let a girl have that power over me? Hell, no! But, sometimes, like when I totally dig a girl and she acts like she totally digs me back and ropes me in for some major intensity but then cuts the rope unexpectedly and leaves me with those intense emotions bouncing back at me, THEN whips out her rope towards another girl... I get jealous. And it sucks. So, why shouldn't I turn those feelings back on you? I don't care if she's your best friend. I slept with one and I'll sleep with another. I'd fuck all your friends if I could. They might as well be good for something... all those pretty faces with nothing under the roof. It's your problem you have such shallow friends who favor a one-night stand over your emotions. I know you think you are so far above them, but remember... you're friends with them for a reason, and I know MY friends are a reflection of my values. At least I know that in my jealous murk, I am not alone.

Love Gemini Style

Our crushes are mutual...
But unrequited.
Huh, *unrequited crushes*...
I like the sound of that.
So bittersweet,
Yet filled with so much potential.
This cat and mouse game we have played for months.
First me chasing you,
And you teasing me,
As I flirted, winked, and slipped you my number while your girlfriend stood by your side.
And you reciprocated and led me down nervous conversational paths reeked with possibility when your girlfriend wasn't around...
Then tensed up, skidded passed me, and avoided eye contact when she was near.
Now the tables are turned...
What, you thought I would wait for you...
And give up the game?
Now you're the one winking,
And grabbing my arm,
And giving me that look I know so well as my girl stands by my side.
I grab her tighter when I see you looking,
Just to drive you crazy.
But you know we'll have our time.
There's safety in that *unrequited*...
Something hazy down the road,
Knowing the fun hasn't even started yet.
Letting the tension build...
And build...
Imagine the release...



So, we all know the basics of dyke vocabulary — butch, femme, tei, girl, greil, tranny, leg, bellem, etc, etc, etc, Hah, Hah, Hah. Don't get me wrong, I love the tei and girls. And these categories work well for a lot of people. But sometimes the butch-femme spectrum can get a little complicated for those in the middle to define themselves by. For example — "I guess she's an tei," "I don't know, she's more of a tough femme," "Well, maybe more like a femboy femme" — You get the picture. So, after much observation of the Mission dyke scene, PussyTown has come up with a few other dyke categories for you to choose from when describing your friend, your crush, your ex, your nemesis, what have you...

Dirty — These girls and bois like to portray an image that is exactly that... dirty. They may not actually be unwashed and may very well use lots of hair goo and spend hours in thrift stores to get their image right. This term is pretty broad and can encompass many sub-categories including but not limited to bikers, bike messengers, truckers (see below), and punk rockers. Their hair if short is really greasy or unkempt and if long is usually frizzy or knotted up... kinda like ripped and stained — thin ratty t-shirts, have worn for 10 years. They often have facial hair. They never have more than a ful, and any leather they are wearing must and sweat.



Clean — This is the opposite of the above category sub-categories including but not limited to hipster, below), leather/S&M dykes, and sometimes indie an image that is more polished. Their hair is very interesting angles. But also sometimes just jelled, very tweezed and sometimes shaved... all over. In lots of "artistic" tattoos. They wear new clothing or cool logos and patterns and new shiny leather. They smell like

and is also very broad encompassing many the lynx (see below), catalog girls (see kids. Clean girls and bois like to portray styled. Often short and dyed and cut into or long and brushed. They are most often this city they can be very pierced, and have very well preserved vintage clothing with deodorant and fabric softener.

I like to use dirty-clean as a spectrum. A lot of dykes in this city fall somewhere in the middle, especially all those indie kids. It's a nice alternative to the butch-femme spectrum.

Trucker — This is a growing trend I have noticed amongst the Mission dykes. These dykes are often seen wearing a greasy old baseball hat, flannel, and saggy jeans or cords accentuating the beer belly (even if they have none). If they are lucky they may be able to show off some butt crack. But the real tip off for this type of dyke is up top. They have that boy hair that is starting to grow out hanging in their eyes, flipping up around the ears and threatening to turn into a mullet in the back. Of course it is very unwashed. They also like to accentuate their crooked teeth and their facial hair if they are lucky to have any. They never smile. They growl a lot.

Slob — Don't get thrown off by the name of this one and think they belong with the girls. These girls are not trying to portray any image close to the dirty girls usually, I'm not sure they are trying to portray any image at all. They are often seen in sweats or sadly fitting jeans that were in style 7 years ago. They wear baggy cut t-shirts and sweatshirts. They are not butch, they are not femme. Their hair is usually cut so blunt they don't have to deal with it. These dykes not only do not have fashion sense, but they also don't care how their cloths fit them.

The Lynx — These kids are the minimalists of color... but are not Goth. I see a lot of young dykes taking on this style lately. Their hair is always dyed black and is styled very short (even the femmes never wear it below the chin). Most of them are also black, with a little gray sometimes, but is very stylish and well cut. Occasionally they will throw in a little red to look a little lush. I have never seen a lynx that is attractive, I think natural beauty is a prerequisite. It is hard for me to tell these kids from each other, they usually travel in packs and have very similar uniforms. But pretty nice if you can pull them away from their tribe.



dirty
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apart
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Catalog Girls — You know those girls you see at the Lexington on a Saturday night wearing pleated khakis, lots of pastel and flats, and putting on that annoying Britney Spears song on the jukebox then jumping around the place with their friends shouting, "Oops, I did it again!", totally oblivious to everyone else in the bar, and you wonder, "Where the FUCK did these girls come from?" These are the catalog girls. You rarely see them step outside their protected straight-passing hovels, but when they do, you can't miss them. They look like they just stepped out of a Sears catalog but in actuality they spent 100s of dollars on their outfit at The Gap... I guess to convince themselves that they are fashionable. I don't know exactly why, but these girls annoy us. Enough said.

Steel

So you packed up your bags and left before giving me a chance... or even a hint. I wanted you... god, did I want you. But, I learned to settle for a platonic crush. To think all the time we teased each other and danced through each other's arms and I squeezed you like an old teddy bear... I had you all along. Now I am in this big open field... the same field I was in 2 months ago... and you are in a bomb shelter. I can't understand how I could have scared you away.

Ya, I left... I hit the road because the ground was hard, the grass was crunching beneath my feet. And I was cold. You can't blame me for wanting a warm place to crash, to sit by the fireplace, to wrap myself in a blanket. I didn't know you were looking for me. Besides, you have your own cozy cottage, your own fireplace, your own down comforter. So where are you now? I can't imagine there is much warmth and comfort behind that steel wall. I pounded on the door but I got no answer. What will it take for you to come out?

I am calm now. I am sitting here waiting on this empty plane of yellow grass... alone with my thoughts. But it is getting cold, and I need to go inside soon. I can't wait much longer...

White Lie Freedom

You know how it is when you just want this thing between you and the girl to work out? You want to step outside of the box that you sit in with your friends pontificating about how you are young and you should enjoy your "freedom." Those days when you feel like freedom might actually exist inside a relationship, instead of out here on this nomadic dyke trip, moving from place to place and hoping home isn't where the heart is because if it is you are so clearly homeless. Sometimes when I'm by myself I imagine a ceremony. Unconventional of course, but with elements of ritual. And this kick ass girl is telling me in front of everyone we love - things that I already know. But hearing them in this context still makes me cry. And I can't even believe how much I love her and she can't even put words to how much she loves me. We dance to some mushy Indigo Girls song like "Power of Two" and just for today we look at each other like every word applies to us. We have a secret between us that our friends haven't yet discovered. This day isn't the end, it's just a cool day that we decided to stick in the middle of our lives together. It doesn't mean we'll suddenly become those house-bound lesbians who only go out as a team and never really have their own friends anymore. We look at each other hopeful, but knowing this day doesn't guarantee us anything. We are excited, motivated, fierce and ready. Remember, this is just my imagination. But the next time I'm hanging w/my girls and laying claim to my youth & "freedom," I'll be that much more aware that I am so completely full of shit.

Weird neon colored exercise shorts and a mismatched sweater...
That's what you were wearing when I first met you.
My first female crush.
Okay, not really, Ani was my first but I never met her so she doesn't
really count.
Actually, she wasn't my first, but all the others were repressed so
they don't count either.
There was nothing particularly striking about you,
You just had a way...
A way of charming people,
Of charming me.
I tried so hard to hide it from you... my innocence.
But you saw through me and played me like an etch-a-sketch.
You teased me with your giddiness,
And I responded with moments of cool aloofness, over eager phone
calls, and awkward moments of silence.
But I was giddy too, and we laughed...
That's all I took to heart.
Our mutual acquaintances would send subtle warnings my way
talking about how flighty you were and how you broke that other
girl's heart.
Those words stung me for a fraction of a second...
Before my heart floated back above the clouds.
You placed butterflies in my stomach whenever you were near...
And somehow I enjoyed the nausea.
Such is that innocence.
Then you left, with warning, but without a care and without goodbye.
I waited for about a month before accepting that you were really
gone... forever.
But you came back... for a moment... almost exactly a year later.
It was unexpected and my heart started to run a marathon.
I was more experienced, more mature...
But you played me all over again.
Unfulfilled plans... flighty, flaky, heartbreaker... all these words ran
true again.
This time I could see it clear as day,
And I didn't like those butterflies.
How could I give in to you again?
I guess I never let you go...
Now I have.
Change has mixed with resentment has mixed with pride,
And I laugh...
At the games those play,
The gambling we lose to,
All for what?
That giddiness...
Such is innocence,
Will we ever really lose it?





astro pussy



We've got the same sage advice for all dyke signs. These things apply no matter where you are in your life or what your sign.

1. Have a life! find something you like doing and do it in your spare time... no one likes a dingy leech
2. Read! grrls might still fuck you if you're cute (or they're horny)... but no one respects a stupid grrl
3. Have a sexual specialty! we've all bumped, grinded and licked - the creative lez gets the grrl
4. Never try to control your grrlfriend... she will leave you and should.
5. Make noise during sex... it's your pussy not the fucking library
6. For your own sake pic a style (even if it's a different one each day)... being a dyke is not an excuse to be a slob

The specifics...

Aquarius: Do you ever wonder why you're here? So do the rest of us self respecting dykes. Stop obsessing over nothing and wasting everyone's time. You're right that no one will ever love you... until you love yourself stupid. Stay out of relationships until you do.

Sagittarius: Loyalty is not a substitute for love, so drop that dud and hook up with a stud. Someone you've had a crush on may soon forget about you if you decide to stay in a relationship that no longer works. Not to mention that all your wild & kinky ways are being thwarted. For single Saggs, fuck your brains out in September while the heat is still on. The cold is coming.

Gemini: Anyone who doesn't see you for the sexy stallion you are is a real dimwit. Kick all bitches to the curb, who haven't earned your respect. Coupled Geminis, this time your heart actually belongs on your sleeve. Go ahead and tell her you love her and would do anything to keep a hot thing going... she's feeling it too.

Aries: There's nothing you can't conquer this week if you keep the mood swings under wraps. This is a time of productivity not insanity so leave the multiple personalities at the door. Aries' girls in couples should turn the mirror on yourselves if your looking for the source of dryness in your lovers pussy... instead of assuming she likes what you like - fucking ask bitch.

Scorpio: You think you can just drop your schizophrania in everyone's lap and continue down the road talking to your self and pulling gum out of your hair. The universe has other ideas this week as you are abruptly slapped into reality. Karma is even a bigger bitch than you are. Coupled Scorpios better walk like you talk or your girl will be walking out.

Taurus: Your talents are on display and everybody is looking for a taste-test. Ration out that fire-pussy to only the most worthy recipients and watch your every fantasy unfold. For Taurus girls with lovers, whip cream leads to sip cream if you're not afraid to have dessert before dinner this weekend.

Leo: Something stinks and I think it's your fucking attitude. You may think you've got everything under control, but you'll soon find out that nothing in life is free. The bill comes due on what felt like a gift from the gods and you'll be sorry you tried to be a cheat. Leo's with girls should exercise extra caution as emotional issues in your girls past surface in the bedroom. Don't demand an explanation or the pussy, just put your own needs aside for once and give the bitch a hug.

Virgo: Show her your bite is just as fierce as your bark and watch her obey your every command. Single Virgos should fuck like there's no tomorrow. You never know where your next meal's coming from.

Libra: Get off your ass you jobless whore. Your friends are getting sick of your buying you lunch and listening to your bullshit whining. Coupled Libras should learn that you get more lovin' with sweet words than long, boring, drawn-out arguments. Shut the fuck up and your girl might remember why she liked you to begin with.

Cancer: Do you ever do anything worthwhile? Drinking at the Lex and bitching about how you can't find a girl does not count. Quit wasting all the money your parents or the gov't paid for that college education and concentrate on producing an intelligent moment. Cancers with lovers should flirt with other girls every chance you get; your girl isn't paying attention and she thinks she's got you under her bitchy little thumb.

Pisces: Quit swimming around in a pool of funk and be nice to those who've been nice to you. Your girlfriend is done with you pretty soon so you might want to stage a pre-emptive strike.

Capricorn: You are boring your girl into the arms of another and she's not even pretty. That's a damn shame bitch, a damn fucking shame.