

3

THE VOLCANO

\$1.00



a subversive dyke reader

Yeast:

Lesbo cunts fight back!

Gender Fuck

girls, cocks, and cruising

Dykes gettin' laid writing
poetry

*Naked Ladies,
Masturbation
And Lots Lots More!!*

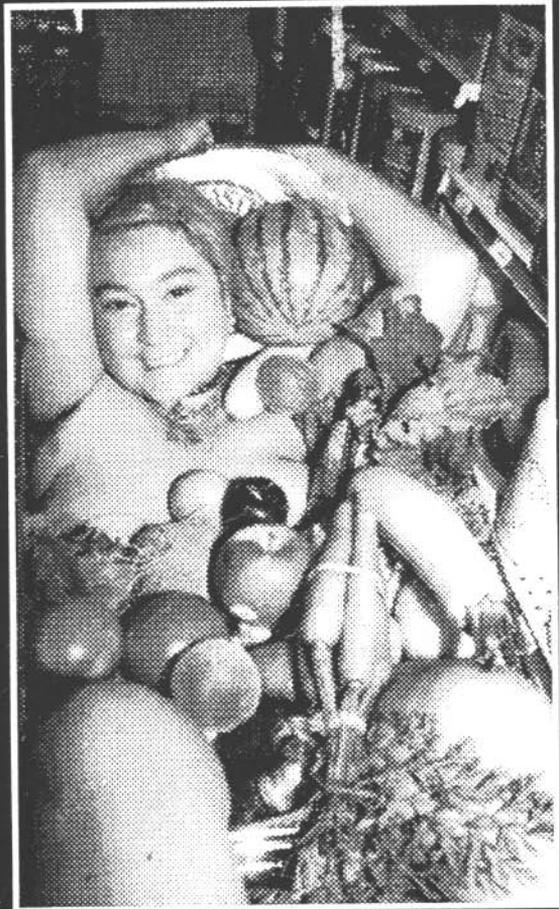


photo by Kati Tobler

The Volcano reminds
you that Shopping at
yer Co-op is always a
good idea.

THE VOLCANO A SUBVERSIVE DYKE READER

"Like the Volcano, which is one form of extreme earth-change in any revolutionary process there is a period of intensification and a period of explosion."

-Audre Lorde

THE VOLCANO

is a creation of

3 fiery Ho(l)es
Productions
&

The Clit Collective

Volcanic photographers this issue:
Kara Hern and Jes Wolovoy

THE VOLCANO is a bi-monthly subversive publication. Send your comments, criticisms, zines, submission(s) and money to:

3 Fiery Ho(l)es
P.O. Box 682
Madison, WI 53701-0682
thevolcano@hotmail.com



THE VOLCANO thanks these folks: Sandy T. for the big fat check, the women of FBN, and Laurel for all the editing and keeping k fed.

Spring 1999

Okay girls, here it is, The Volcano #3 coming at you right outta homo central, SF, CA. Yes, I/we or some of our clit collective selves hauled ass out here last September, hell-bent on see-

ing

what we could see. And even though it's turning out that in a lot of ways things look suspiciously like the other side of the mountain, I kinda like it here. The girls with goatees get me all over where I wanna be. Thought it might be nice to grow my own, but a random whisker or two later I realized that a bearded lady I was never gonna be and I gave it all up.

So now I've been here long enough to scope out the same three or four or ten girls every time I'm at the Lexington (can you believe SF's only got one dyke bar???) and eat more carne asada burritos than any one girl should in a six month span of time. But best yet, I've been in this city by the bay long enough to have perfected the art of walking through the Mission reading a book and *not* stepping in dog shit.

I've also been here long enough (one would think) to get over the fact that some guy, probably right fucking now, is walking down Haight street, wearing *my* pitted-out Joan Jett concert tee. The thing I wish is that when those folks broke into my car within a week of my arrival and took almost everything I owned, they'd a left my dildo, or at least my brand new vibrator (ya know, it was a present from a girl...). Seems that my thieves were not subversive dykes, cuz I found

the Volcano originals strewn in an alley a few blocks from my pillaged car. They did turn out to be marginally pro-sex however, cuz they made off with the naked pictures of my girlfriend. Thoughtfully they left my porno mags.

suck my left tit!

Unfortunately

they also swiped some submissions and letters I'd received from folks who wanted zines. This sucked. It all sucked and made me think a heck of a lot about how fucked up this world is that folks need to do this kind of thing to survive or support habits or for whatever. Welcome to the big city they said. Thanks, I'll make myself right at home. So what this comes down to, besides my being outfitted in the latest cool-kid-dirty-Mission-dyke fashions, is that if you were one of those who wrote and never heard back, please excuse my tardy response and write again. I will happily send you zines and whatever else it occurs to me to send at the time.

I gotta tell ya, I milked the sympathy cow as long as I could, but eventually those udders dried out and I was forced to take a good look around. And, surprise, surprise, I made me some observations about the SF dyke scene. To begin with, let me tell you that the number of creative, sexy and (my fave) ACTIVE girls here is, as you'd expect, incredibly inspiring to this Midwestern girl. And these SF girls are organized--got all sorts of networks set up to promote and support girls doing what they do--from makin' porn to makin' poetry to makin' pies to making pro-sex just about anything. I have to say though, it is a little strange to have such easy access to all my

suck cont. p. 14



The Volcano Letters

Hi Volcano girls:

I never got to write you about your 'zine from the summer! I really liked it! The only think is that I don't think all dykes who are masculine-identified are butch or butch-identified, so I personally would like to see other terms being used.

Take care, and I would like to buy your other issues--(I have Vol. 1, Issue 2), so please let me know how to do this!

Thanks a lot--

--Selena

Hi Selena,

Nice to hear from you and thanks for your comments on the zine. I think you are right that I limit gender expression and even render folks invisible when I classify all kinds of female masculinity underneath this larger umbrella of butchness in the bob article. You are right that it is too simplistic to think that masculine identified=butch. I guess what it was that I was trying to do was to somehow get at why it is that masculine identified women (in their many manifestations) are not often presented to lesbians (through our media, culture and peers) as compatible erotic options for each other. And I was trying to figure out why it seems to be an option for me. I was really just getting excited at the thought that you could have two very unapologetic masculine women who feel empowered and not shamed by their masculinity and empowered and proud of their desire for one another. The subversive and erotic possibilities of this kind of coupling just turn me on! And, I think you are right that we need new terms to express all the different ways that we express gender. I am all for that.

The next issue of The Volcano should be out late March (only a year or so late) and I will most certainly send you a copy. I can also send you a copy of issue #1 at the same time. Also, would you mind if I printed your e-mail in the letter section of the zine? Let me know. Thanks again for taking the time to let me know what you thought about the article. see ya, -Kristin/GS

Hi Kristin-

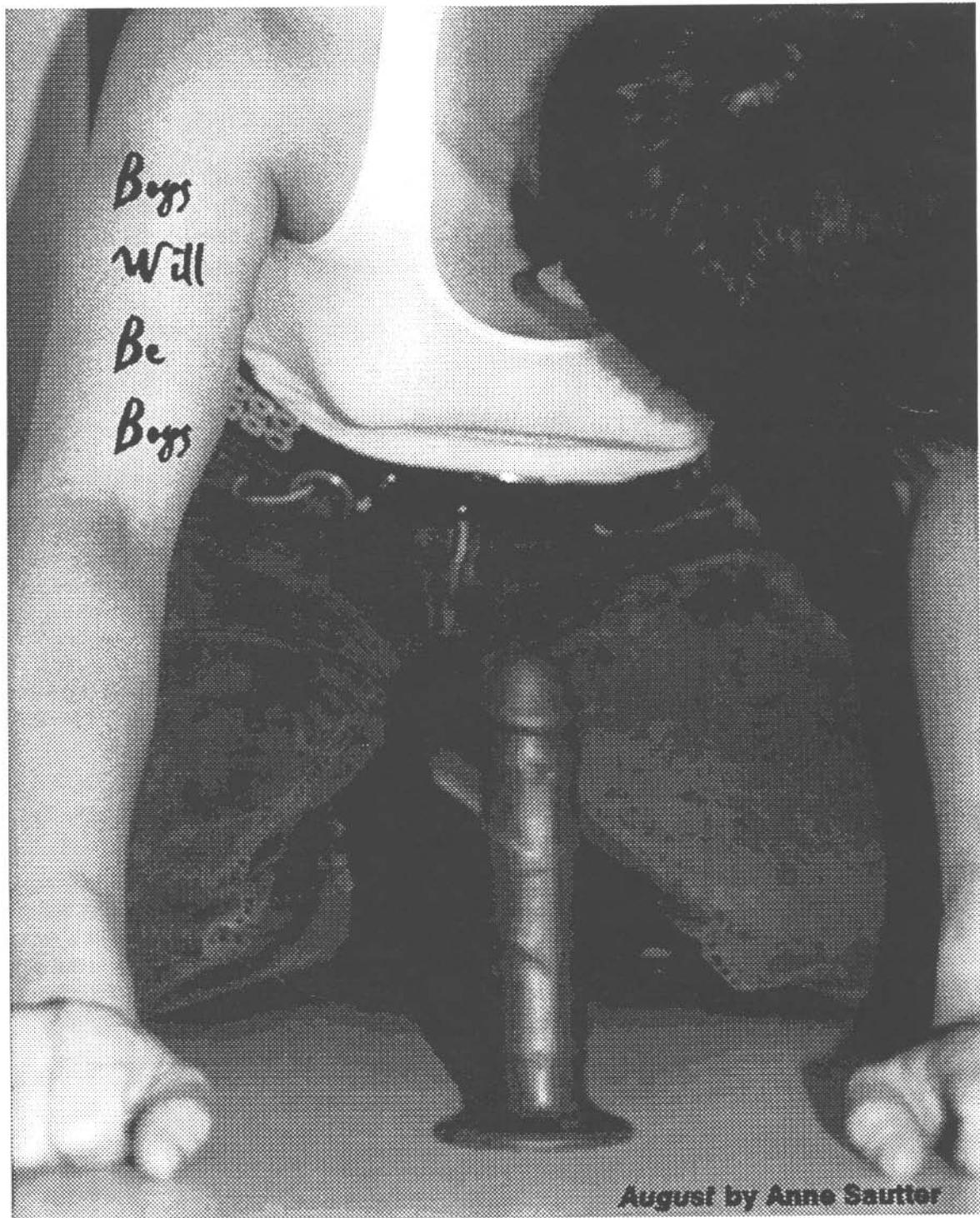
As far as why there are these reductions in masculine=butch, and, say, a focus on heterogenderality (such as conventional man/woman roles and also butch/femme within a couple) that privileges the former over homogenderality, I think there would have to be a lot of examination about trauma psychological/developmental/social), class, economics (which is not the same as class), immigration, and a bunch of other things to understand why there are these certain stratifications that exist. Also, I don't think I have to tell you that there are different masculine and feminine formations within and among cultures and subcultures, so it seems to get rather complicated! :)

take care,

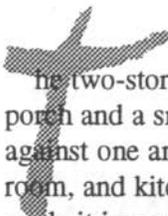
selena

FYI -- if you wanna know what the heck we're talking about, you're in luck cuz both the Butch On Butch zine (#2) and our fabulous first issue are still available. Send your dough to:

↩ 3 Fiery Ho(L)es
P.O. Box 682
↩
Madison, WI 53701-0682



August by Anne Sauttor



The two-story clapboard house had a large front porch and a small backyard. Bodies pressed against one another in the living room, dining room, and kitchen, and the beat of the music made it impossible to be still. As I entered the party and looked about me, idly curious, I was pleased with what I found. In this drag party, there were several kings in natty three-piece suits with elegant ties. Their facial hair varied; Joey sported a goatee, Mort was clean-shaven, and Derek's thin mustache accentuated the cheekbones above it. My own sideburns and greased-back hair reminded me that I had to will to perform in the gender whose accouterments I had donned.

I slid my fingers under the harness that encircled my hips, and with a tug, the silicone dick settled along my left thigh. How many other dicks are here? I scanned the crowd, looking for bulges in pants. There's one!--and another! Is that one? Perhaps. . .

"Hey, Jack--where's the bar?"

My reverie was broken by Chris's inquiry, and I felt thirst at the suggestion. We moved through the press of bodies in the kitchen, past the back door, and down the stairs to the basement where the white strings of lights gave a glow to the mint-green walls and my feet sank into the plush carpet. At the bar, I found first gin, then tonic, then a lime wedge. Tasting my drink, I re-traced my steps across the room and up the stairs, already deep into my earlier line of thought.

As I stepped into the dark, silent backyard, away from the noisy press of people, I put my hand to my thigh as the dick reminded me of its presence, then lit a cigarette and leaned back against the house, away from the glow of light from the kitchen. But I wasn't alone. There was

someone leaning against the wall beyond my reach--another party-goer, nobody I recognized in this darkness. The stranger watched me, and I knew that my gesture as I entered the backyard had been noted; the stranger had seen me touch myself. Then I saw movement at the stranger's waist. There was an intensity that I had seen before; in the man in the park during my early-morning run, in the figure against the wall in the alley outside of my favorite dyke bar, in the boy in the shower scene in my favorite fag porn video. As my eyes adjusted to the dark, I saw against light blue jeans the dark outline of an erect cock with a hand moving its full length, slowly, deliberately.

I could not break the silence that padded us, that kept us apart. Eyes trained on the hand at the stranger's hips, I bent and placed my drink carefully against the house and took another drag from my cigarette with my back once again to the wall. With flashing eyes, the stranger straightened up, tall, and then leaned toward me as if to speak, but instead drew me in, and I turned my body toward the figure. I saw a nod, then a pointed look at my crotch, then my hand was there and I felt the dick, hard against my thigh. The buckle of my belt rattled as I freed myself first of the leather then of the denim that enclosed the straining dick. As the zipper rasped, the stranger exhaled audibly. I reached into my jockey shorts and retrieved the dick, snapping the elastic of my shorts below it. I wrapped my hand around it, squeezing it firmly in my palm, and with a tug, felt clit harden and cunt grow slippery. I slid my hand further into my shorts, covering my fingers and palm with my wetness, then back to the cock which now slid smoothly through my hand. I formed a circle with thumb and forefinger and worked from the base of the cock along its shaft to its head, willing sensation



by
Joceelyn
Johnson

into the silicone. What would feel best?
What will get me off?

Then I felt it. The vein running underneath the length of my cock began to quiver at my touch, calling for attention, and I ran the tips of my fingers along it, touching and pressing teasingly. I adjusted my grip so that the fleshy inner pads of my knuckles ran directly along the vein, then I climbed aboard the train with the silent figure in the shadows.

With hardening cock, I comprehended the concept of a circle jerk, the competition to get off faster than another. My first boyfriend said he needed only two minutes from start to finish, and all at once I understood as I watched the hand in the shadows move rapidly between us. Two minutes--nuthin'! Warmth spread from cock to clut, through cunt and then thighs and belly. The stranger's hand slowed, and I licked my lips and formed a circle with my mouth, feeling cock against my teeth, tongue, and the roof of my mouth. With each thrust, I took more of it into my throat and felt it stiffen in my mouth

as the stranger's actions became rapid and jerky, then I felt the cock spasm inside my mouth, filling my mouth and nose with the salty taste of warm cum. My own cock leaped forward, straining against its leather confines, then the live muscle rippled in my hand, spurting cum with each stroke until there was no more left to come and my dick grew soft in my hand while I kneaded it for the last bit of sensation.

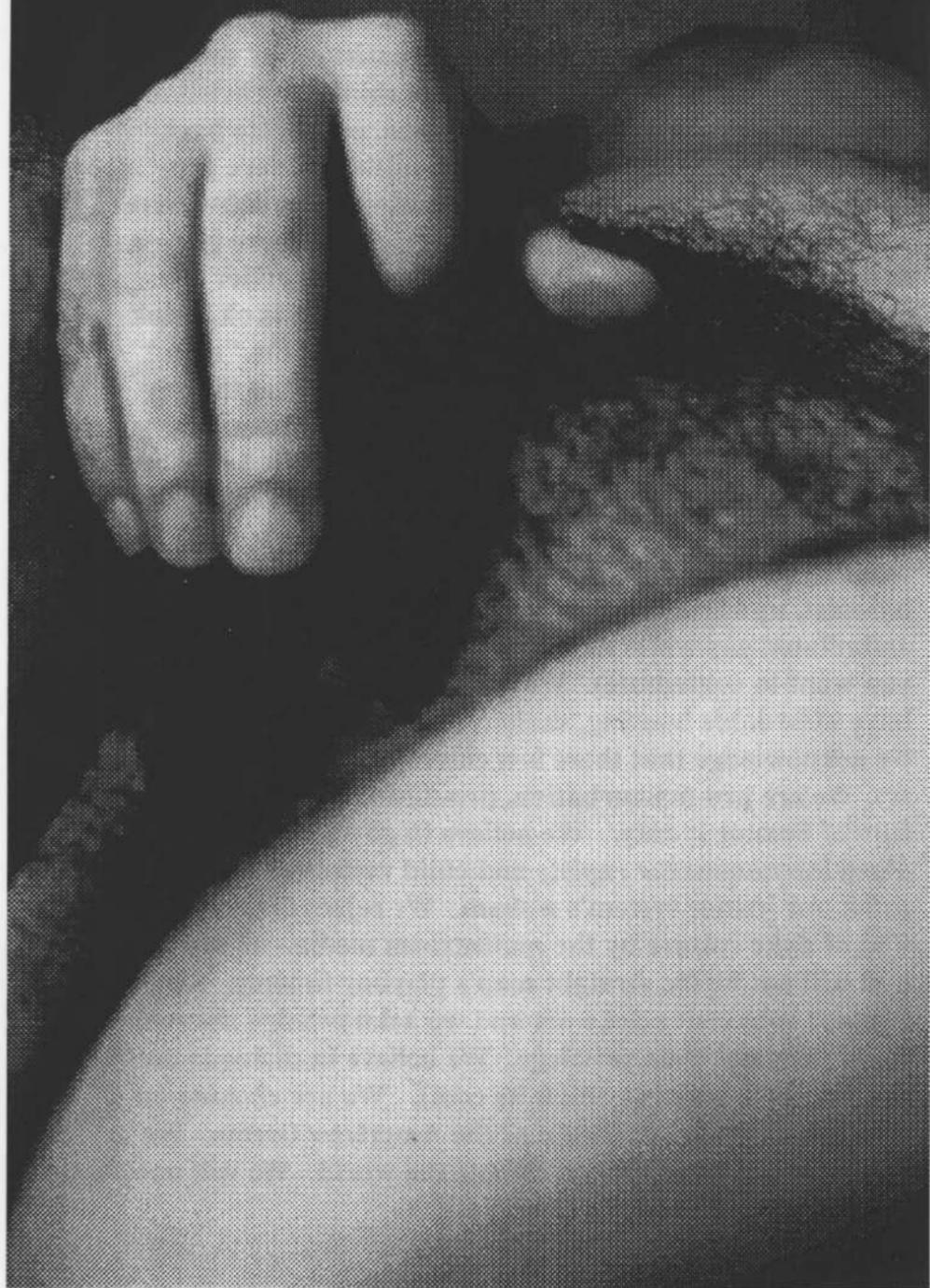
My companion stood relaxed, feet apart, back against the wall, motionless. I felt suddenly exposed and tucked my flaccid dick into my pants, zipping, buttoning, and buckling as I heard voices on the stairs inside. The screen door burst open, and a noisy group of partiers spilled into the dark backyard, ending the scene the stranger and I had just played out. Without speaking, I nodded to her as I bent to retrieve my drink, then moved through the door, back into the blinding lights and throng of people in the kitchen. My party had just begun. . .

*With
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jerk*

We the editors of THE VOLCANO believe that all dykes have been silenced in the mainstream in the same way that subversive dykes have been silenced in the gay and lesbian community for way too fucking long. We are pro-sex, anti-america and believe that the academy is an elitist misogynistic institution. We have no patience for theory without action, are anti-capitalist and think the christian right is given too much media attention, corporate backing and tolerance from queer communities. We are pro-hairy pits, twats, and legs and acknowledge the subversive women and dykes who paved our way. We believe gender-fuck is a worthy pastime and think transgender activism is on the cutting edge. We think S/M is ok, think Hothead rules and we don't want to work for the "man." We are pro-abortion, pro-nudity and believe that the gay rights movement has focused too much attention and energy on assimilation tactics that bring a limited number of rights to a limited number of people. We think its ok to have a daddy and we think porn is okay if it's made by other dykes. We have no tolerance for apologetic, assimilationist, upwardly mobile lesbians and we're sick of assimilated gay white men (but we'll take your money if you want to contribute). We think that everyone should have affordable housing, shelter, food and health care and we acknowledge that there is a class system in this country. We are pro-masturbation, pro-dildos and we think Butch/ Femme is sexy. We believe in government subsidized lobotomies for rapists and child molesters and we think our justice system's a sham. We reject the co-optation of dyke culture by the mainstream media--we are not and will not be the straight man's playboy fantasy. We support subversive dyke art and we acknowledge the reality of race and class privilege. We believe in dialogue and are pro-dyke core (we think its cool). We are choking on the spoon that fed us the lie of the American Dream. We think radical activism can change the world. We will not be silenced. We will not assimilate.

THE VOLCANO MANIFESTO

jerking off



Butch on Butch Update!!

"Ask me about b.o.b., I know!"
-Lucky-7

stroke mags:

Okay, so I thought I was gonna bust my zipper when I got my hands on the August/September issue of *On Our Backs*. Major butch on butch action.

pornos:

San Francisco Lesbians # 7. The fourth and final scene in this one has some hot daddy/boy action. Yes, we watched it over and over.

things that have been getting The volcano girls where they want to be:

- ★ *Boys Like Her: Transformations* by Taste This. Canadian performance artists do boundary-hopping gender-fuck. Ahh, it's a beautiful thing.
- ★ *Cunt* by Inga Muscio. From *Cunt's Womanifesto for the Catagorical New Freedom Lady*. "When you're sitting on the bus and the man who sits next to you gives you a bad vibe and you get up and move to another seat without giving a rats ass about feeling like you're being rude, that's self-protection." Inga rocks.
- ★ phone sex
- ★ The only cartoon I really wanna fuck, Hothead! (she's back! get your issue #21 now!)
- ★ Dyxploitation. From their "groovy webzine for lezzie internet fun": "If society thinks we're threatening, let's give them something to be scared of: the screen image of kick-ass dykes. They think we're dangerous. They're right; we are." 'Course you won't forget to check out their smut stories too! (these girls know what the fuck is up!)
<http://www.dyxploitation.nu/man.html>

and things that surely will:

- ★ *Slut! Growing Up Female With a Bad Reputation* by Leora Tanenbaum
- ★ *The Drag King Book* by Judith 'Jack' Halberstam and Del LaGrace Volcano (doesn't he have a beautiful name?) A book for beside the bed for sure!

GIRL, YA GOT THE YEASTIES!

-BY KRISTIN REDMON

Feeling that insidious itch for the second time in as many months, I admit to myself that it's time to haul my ass over to Walgreens and fork over a big ole chunk of my hard-earned feminist dollar to the boys at the Ortho Pharmaceutical corporation.

So I'm walking round

first place. And when she tells me it's behind the counter in the cosmetics section I want to laugh really crazy-like; behind the counter in the mother-fucking cosmetics section, as if that white creamy shit that I'll be dutifully shooting up my cunt and paying for out my ass for the next

imagine having a yeast infection and not being able to afford to get rid of it? Imagine how inexpensive good ole Monistat would be if men got yeast infections the way women do. Can you imagine what the boys who run the whole

ALL NATURAL YEAST • NO PRESERVATIVES

Fleischmann's.

ACTIVE DRY

Yeast®

NET WT. 1/4 OZ (7g)

Fleischmann's.
Yeast®



Recipe on Back Panel

NET WT. 1/4 OZ (7g)

Fleischmann's.

ACTIVE DRY

Yeast®

NET WT. 1/4 OZ (7g)

and round the Walgreens, dying to shove my hand down my pants and let loose, and neither the Monistat-1,3 or 7 or its generic equivalent is anywhere to be found. Fuck. I suck it up and deal with the fact that when I go over and ask the pharmacist where it is she's gonna wonder what a little boy-dyke like me is doing with this particular "woman's" problem and look at me like I deserve the bright red and itchy painful puss I'm carrying round and round the Walgreens between my legs. As if I wouldn't be in this predicament if I hadn't been doing whatever nasty thing it is that girls like me do in bed in the

seven days is gonna make me more beautiful or something.

Girls who know know: it's bad enough to have a yeast infection. But that itch is made just a little bit more intense and the burning more acute cuz we're living in this sexist and sexually puritanical world where folks (doctors, tv commercials, mothers) don't wanna talk about what's going on down there when the yeast descends upon us, or how us girls can avoid it. And that doesn't even address how the issue of economics can aggravate the swelling. Monistat is expensive. They keep it behind the counter cuz people steal it. Can you

fucking feminine hygiene industry would do without us? It is in their interest to keep us embarrassed and ignorant about preventative measures and alternative/natural cures. This is how they keep us shellin' out the dough. I say fuck you. I'm not gonna play that game anymore. I'm taking my twat into my own hands.

WHAT TO DO IF YOU FEEL THAT ITCH:

Stay away from the brew (I know it's hard). Cut down on alcohol and sugar in general; also, try to stay away from bread and other foods with a lot of yeast

in them for a while. Stay away from sugars and complex carbohydrates (which your digestive tract breaks down into sugars, on which candida feasts). Eighty-six the caffeine. Drink water. Eat some citrus. And, if you can even imagine wanting it, penetration's probably not a good idea till the yeast is all cleared up.

CULPRITS:

Seems like damn well near anything: Deodorant tampons, scented/dyed TP, lubes, tight or synthetic panties, scented laundry detergent, antibiotics, nervousness, fatigue, pregnancy, a sudden change in your life, stress, a new sexual partner, bad diet, scented bath soap, bubble baths or having lots of sex after not having so much for a while. And yes, intense or prolonged penetration (a fucking shame). If you're prone to yeast infections, sex with food is out. Anything that's gonna mess up your delicate balance down there is not a good idea. Also, men can have yeast infections and be asymptomatic, which means that they probably won't know it. He's gotta get treated too.

HOW TO TREAT YOUR YEASTY PUSS YOURSELF:

Hey girls, choose one of these treatments at a time. They're not meant to be tried all at once. And another thing, you're gonna get better faster if you get lots o' rest, eat the way you know you're supposed to and generally take care of your sorry-assed self.



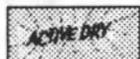
1. The Garlic Cure.

Put a peeled clove of garlic up there once a day till you get relief. (Uh, make sure you get rid of the old one before you insert the new.) You can leave the clove naked or wrap it in gauze. I've also heard of sewing a string through the garlic so you can yank it out like a tampon. This isn't necessary, however, cuz there's no way in heck that you can lose it up there. Whether or not to nick the garlic seems to be a controversial issue. Some folks think that you should avoid nicking (cuz it stings and can worsen an already-bad situation) but other folks think that it won't do any good unless you nick it. If you can stand it, it really helps to eat raw garlic too. No matter how you do it, though, the garlic cure's gonna make you stink so you may as well go balls out and start chompin'!



2. Potassium Sorbate.

Our Bodies OurSelves says you can dip a tampon into a 3% solution of potassium sorbate and put it in your vagina overnight. Take it out in the morning. They don't mention how long it takes, and I've never used this method, so I don't know where a girl gets her hands on potassium sorbate; a health food store perhaps?



3. Boric Acid.

Lots of ladies I know swear by this method. What's important to know about this is that you should not take it orally. Don't eat it, don't swallow it. Don't put it in your mouth, just in

your cunt. You can buy this at health food stores, which is also where you can buy empty size 0 gel caps. Fill the gel capsules with boric acid and put one in your vagina at night until you're better. Nobody else should eat your boric acid, either; lay off sex until you're cured.



4. Plain Yogurt with Live Active Cultures.

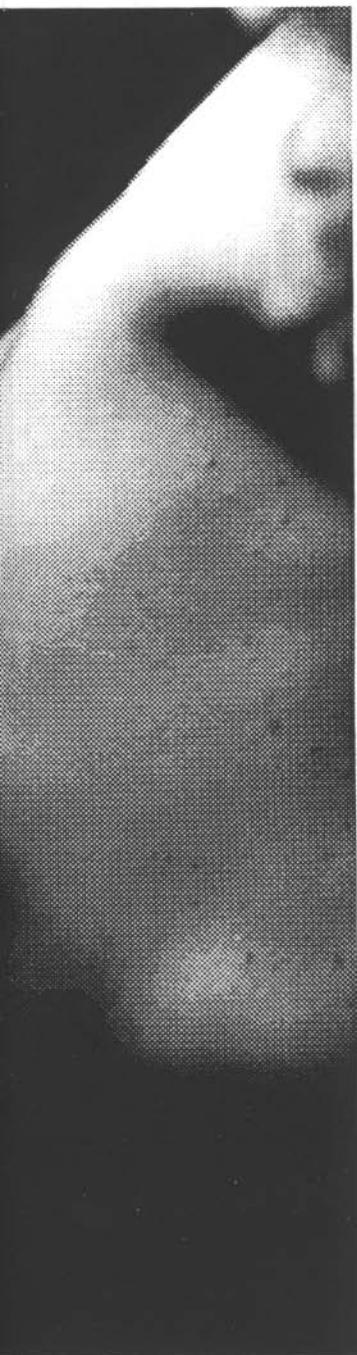
Eat as much of it as you can stand and put it in your cunt 3-4 times a day till you're all better. You can get applicators for the insertion process at the drugstore for pretty cheap. You can also rig something up with a tampon applicator or if you're really lucky, get your gloved girlfriend to spoon it in. Obviously very messy. Like the garlic, this treatment's somewhat controversial. Some say that eating yogurt and putting it directly in your cunt are both effective ways to get rid of the yeasies. Others say that research shows that the acidophilus in the live yogurt cultures can only increase the acidity of your cunt (high acidity equals less yeast) when taken orally, not when applied topically. If this turns out to be right, then we can pretty much forget about the plain acidophilus-in-your-cunt cure (see #5) as well. These folks say that what yogurt will do when you put it directly on your twat is to soothe your itchy parts. I think that you should be the judge.



5. Acidophilus. This

usually comes in capsules and is found in a refrigerator case at health food stores. You need to keep it in the fridge.





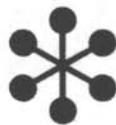
What does it mean to be queer and working with homeless youth? Then again, what does it mean to be queer and working with those who are falling through the cracks? Queer homeless youth, Mexican immigrants in California, single mothers in Costa Rica, Zapatistas in Chiapas, Sandanistas in Nicaragua, malnourished infants in Boston, inner city youth in the system. Capitalism, exploitation, patriarchy, inequality, greed, and lack of care for humanity. Simple human decency that goes beyond every day materialistic life and desire for money and power. Welcome to historical amnesia in the United States! When we (or our ancestors) go beyond being the poor or exploited and become "successful," we tend to forget how we got there. We forget the similarities and parallels between our own lives and those of migrant workers, factory slaves, and street kids. I choose not to ignore these connections, I choose to see the parallels and attempt to bridge the gap in any way that I can. Because I'm a dyke. Because I'm a fourth generation Russian immigrant. Because my great grandparents came to this country and struggled so that the next generation could have it a little better. Because I can't forget where I come from. This is what has allowed me to be where I am today.

Kids on the streets for years; young people attempting to leave toxic households. Those who have been kicked out for not conforming, for not being who their parents had imagined--straight. Why is it that two-thirds of the youth in my program are queer? Queer youth, kicked out of their homes or homeless out of a deep fear of the response coming out to parents would illicit. Abuse, neglect, drug addiction, suicidal ideation.

And then I wonder why I can't sleep at night. And although my own age is not too far away from many of these youth, they are my "kids." I have the privilege of having a home to fall back on whether or not I choose to use it. They don't. I watch what happens to kids who grow up in the system, products of the governments'/societies' lack of care, of people, humans, youth, homeless people. We resort to Band-Aid work; attempt to dam a whole river with one rock.

On the streets for eight years and you have everything on your back. So intelligent and I know where you've been without you saying a word. The exchanges to have a

Queer and Homeless



Jes
Wolovoy

place to live, to shower, to eat. "Survival sex," it says on the assessment. Abuse it asks. Drug problems it implies. You must rip away any dignity to get in the program, to get off the streets and away from the drama. The fear, the instability, the anger, the closet. I can tell that you all continue to lie, afraid to bring down those well built-walls. I attempt to slowly break down the layers. Can I be there for you? Does it help that someone's there to listen? Can you hear me? Is it nice to have a house to come back to? Food in the fridge? Hot water to shower? Do you listen to my support, encouragement, advice? What do you see? So many have run or left very early, recognizing that their queerness did not fit in. Run to the streets, to hustle, to deal, to escape. And then why does it matter that I'm queer and working with you all? Is there a connection? Some sort of representation? When I see you overcome obstacles and begin to break down the walls, I start to feel that there is a connection, that you do hear me.

Our society, our capitalistic society, is feeding off the marginalized, the "weak;" exploiting the poor, the people of color, the new immigrants. Walking on the backs of all these exploited peoples and we as queers are part of them whether or not we'd rather forget. The Matthew Shephards, the Harvey Milks, the dykes in the Mission who have bottles thrown at them, and all those whose internalized fear/homophobia send them to live on the streets. This is the bridge that I create, the connections over the gaps.

lesbo heroes,
yes they
do all live
hereI just

suck my left tit!

Cont. from p. 1

keep wondering if a rock star is still a rock star when she's slamming a cup-a-joe down in front of me (course she is!). It's called a day job and seems that most lesbians, regardless of hero status, got 'em.

I've also noticed that it's pretty easy to get blase about life real fast in this city. I guess it is hard to remember what pining feels like when your cup's bursting all the time. Girls everywhere, all sorts of stuff happening all the darn time; hard to sympathize, I know. But I get the feeling that the ladies here don't always appreciate this cornucopia as much as they ought to. And, I'm not saying that girls here don't have themselves some good old times, cuz they do, it's just a different experience from the one I've been used to. When you've only got your one big ole queer event a month, or once a year and all the lesbos in town are there, dressed to the nines, ready to be seen, get laid, bask in all that lesbo scent and just plain be out, there's this outrageous kinda energy that permeates everything. Ya see, I think SF's just about the most mesmerizing and exciting place I could ever imagine. Ya got yer heavy metal dyke band, all the "cool kids" are poets and a dyke who hates to dance to fag music never even has to. It's just that this place leaves me craving something more. I want my cake with a girl exploding out of it, *and* I wanna eat her too. Perhaps I'm asking too much, but hell, I really I don't want to think that.

All for now girls. Hey, keep sending zines, and letters - they make our clit collective hard. And uh, pictures of naked dykes make us happpppy too.

kr/gS

**She
Took
the
Flower
From
My
Table**

**I see you way down there.
Your head is so small.
But your leg has to be 13
feet long.
This is the way I like it.**

**Quit creeping up to me.
I don't like it.
It's making me feel very
uneasy.
Don't look at me.**

**Please continue touching
me.
I can't get enough of it.
It makes me feel good.
You are my safety.**

-by Kim Berg



not all lesbians own cats

(but some of us do own guns)

The Volcano Book Review

The Passionate Mistakes and Intricate Corruption of One

Girl in America By Michelle Tea

If you've ever seen her perform live, you're gonna be out of breath by the time you're done reading San Francisco's Spit-Sis* Michelle Tea's latest, first and brand-new book *The Passionate Mistakes and Intricate Corruption of One Girl in America*. She talks so damn fast! Could it be that she can't bear to leave out even the smallest of details? Witness the results of one particularly debauched eve: "I reached towards the sink and flicked on the water hoping to drown out my small explosions of diarrhea. I was feeling increasingly miserable...stood, wiped, flushed the toilet and watched in horror as the brown sludge rose to the top and spilled over. It was more than I could handle right then...." Yes overflowing toilets and all, Tea's style is pleasantly raw. She unflinchingly guides us through the cheap booze, goth melodrama and sexual exploration/exploitation of adolescence. And I wonder if I need to re-live this. But I don't stop reading so I guess I must.

Tea's autobiographically-based pieces have her drinking her way from Provincetown to Tucson and back again. Through a pre-functory stint with queer activism

to a more established life as a call girl (in borrowed clothes) to a seemingly uncharacteristic self-help fixation, Tea gets around. And, while I'm not convinced she ever finds the courage to heal, she does score the chicks, all sorts of them. Yes, there's no doubt about it, Tea wants us to look. So why not? Come Sunday you know you're gonna need something to soothe the hangover, not to mention the all-around dyke drama of Millennial lesbian-living. Might be just the time to take yourself over to your local, and I'm sure excellent independent bookstore, support your sister and buy Tea's book. *The Passionate Mistakes and Intricate Corruption of One Girl in America*, published by Simeotext(e)/Smart Art, \$8.00.

*Sister Spit is "a free-wheeling gaggle of loudmouthed girls, kicking for revolution and calling it like (they) see it or how (they) want it or any other thing a damsel pleases." Not only outspoken, they're cute and sport the best girl beer bellies outside of Wisconsin!!! Shows include some bad-ass spoken-word, the raunchiest of girl poetry and a little bit 'o performance art thrown in.

check out their web site, or check out their rambling road show tour this summer!!!

www.klever.org/spit/home.html

by k

Stan the Barber



Stan the barber
you are old
but no matter
you sheer my girlfriend's head into the
finest flat top this town has ever seen

Oh thank you Stan
you are my man

Yes Stan
you do a service to girls all around this
zip code area when you tuck that
gauze-paper-towely thing between
the cape and her neck, and tell
my girlfriend to look down

And Stan
that one time,
as my girlfriend slapped
those twelve dollars into your
old guy hand and you highly recommended that she
get herself some butch wax,
I wanna know Stan,
did she imagine that glint in your eye
or was it real? -kr/gs

Be The BOMB



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SHOVE
ONE MORE BIBLE IN HER
BACKPACK AND I AM GONNA
SCREAM. **SO, HERE I AM AGAIN. IN THE
CAPITAL. CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES NOT
SOME JONESTOWN FLASHBACK.** IF YOU HERD
AROUND US ONE MORE TIME CHANTING PRAYERS TO SAVE
OUR SOULS FROM YOUR GAWD I AM GONNA KICK. **THERE'S A
FRENZIED, FANATICAL RING OF MEN CIRCLING AROUND ME IN
DESPERATE PRAYER, FOR MY SINNER'S SOUL, MY CUNT-LICKING,
FREE-SPIRITED, DEVIANT SOUL.** THE AIR IS SO CHARGED WITH YOUR
HATE AND SCORN FOR WHAT YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND. BUT I
UNDERSTAND A LOT OF THINGS. **AND THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT IS
LOOMING IN THE DISTANCE, AND I'M CHOKING ON THAT CONCRETE
COCK AS ALL THE MEN OUTNUMBER ME.** MEN, MORE MEN THAN I HAVE
EVER SEEN COWERING TO THE VOICE OF AN EX-FOOTBALL COACH OVER A
LOUD SPEAKER. **THEY ARE SHOUTING FOR A RETURN TO FAMILY VALUES--
THEIR WIVES' SUBORDINATION. WHERE DO I FIT INTO SUCH A WORLD?
YOUR WIFE?! MY WHOLE SELF ERASED.** "REPENT". MEN PROSTRATE IN
PRAYER FOR THE REDEMPTION OF THEIR SOULS, THEIR PAST POWERFUL ROLES.
**I WALKED THROUGH THAT LEGION OF MEN, TOPLESS, MY HEAD SHAVED,
HOLDING A WOMAN'S HAND. I HEARD THEIR JEERS, EVERY LAST ONE OF
THEM. EACH HISS LIKE SCATHING FIRE, INFILTRATING THEIR SACRED
MEETING WITH MY BARE BREASTS.** THE ORGANIZERS OF THE NINETEEN
NINETY-SEVEN PROMISE KEEPERS RALLY IN WASHINGTON DC ASSERTED
THAT THEIR GATHERING WAS PEACEFUL AND RELIGIOUS. THEIR
LITERATURE PASSED OUT AT THE RALLY ENCOURAGED MEN TO
TURN BACK TO GAWD, AND TAKE BACK THEIR ROLES OF LEAD-
ERS AND PROVIDERS FOR THEIR FAMILIES. **LESBIANS AND
GAYS DO NOT EXIST WITHIN THEIR WORLD VIEW.** I
AM. TAKE IT FROM WHATEVER CONTEXT YOU
LIKE. **AND ALL THE PRAYER IN THE
WORLD ISN'T GOING TO CHANGE
THIS.**

Put 2-3 capsules in your cunt (see #4 before you do this) and at the same time take 2-3 capsules orally for 5-10 days. Do this at night.



6. Anti-Fungal Herbs

Since yeast is a fungus, when you take these herbs with anti-fungal properties you cut down on the o-o-c yeast proliferation in your cunt. All these herbs can be found at health food stores in the form of capsules or teas. For capsules, take the amount indicated on the package, or you can slightly increase this amount. If you feel like being a "real" lesbian and brewing yourself some tea, have one cup, 2-4 times per day. Pau d'arco is the most important and most effective anti-fungal herb. I've used this and let me tell you, we're friends. Other anti-fungal herbs include Oregon Grape Root, Echinacea, Chaparral, Burdock Root and Red Clover. Choose one, or combine a few, and do this till your pussy's happy again.

Okay, so I come back to the issue of money here. These alternatives aren't exactly free. But compared to the over-the-counter yeast infection "cures" they do tend to be cheaper. And it's not just about out-of-pocket cost. When you have access to alternatives, you have a choice about whether or not you're gonna support a nasty corporate pharmaceutical industry that cares much more about what's in that wallet you have chained to your pants than your cunt.

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT THE MOTHER-OF-AN-ITCH:

First of all, don't scratch, it'll only make it worse. You can take a sitz bath (sit in a shallow warm bath). You can also mix 1 tsp. of baking soda in 1 cup water and apply to your itchy parts as needed. And don't forget yer yogurt (see treatment #4).

LET'S PREVENT THIS SHIT!

Do the boric acid capsule in your cunt (see treatment #3) at the first sign of that yeasty feeling, if you're on antibiotics, if you've got a new sexual partner or if your LDR girlfriend is coming for a visit. You can also start popping Lactobacillus or Acidophilus (orally) before, during or after you do something that has given you a yeast infection in the past. Buy lactoB. in capsules at the health food store. Lactobacillus will increase the acidity in your cunt, and, repeat after me, the more acidic your cunt is, the less attractive it is to yeast as a squatting pad. Stay away from scented things that are gonna come in contact with your twat (tampons, soap, TP, etc.). Don't wear anything on your booty at night when you sleep -- comes in useful for lots of reasons. Try to eat a balanced diet (don't forget to eat your veggies, girls) and work tons of yogurt with active cultures into your diet on a regular basis. Wash up after getting off. Wear white cotton panties like your mama used to buy you. Wipe forward to back.

Don't share sex toys unless you've got lots of condoms to drape them in. And girls, don't go from anal to vaginal sex without changing the condom even if it really is the very last thing on your mind. It's not worth it.

Course, if these things aren't working after a while, I'd recommend sucking it up and going to Walgreens and slappin' down some cash dollars after all. Cuz yeast infections hurt and suck and pussies ought to be about pleasure not agony. Also, if ya just can't kick it, go see your doctor or, better yet in my experience, a nurse practitioner, just to be sure. If this is your first encounter with the yeasties, ya probably ought to make a visit to the doc anyway, hike your legs up into in those stirrups and make sure that it is in fact yeast (and not some other infection) that you're dealing with. But, however it is that you manage to get rid of your uninvited yeast, what's important is having straightforward access to alternatives and information like this. Cuz information gives us choices, and choices give us control over our bodies.

Share this info with the girls you know. And don't just talk about yeast, girls, get together and talk about sex. Do it often. Besides making our panties moist, talking with each other about sex, what we like, how we do it and the things that can sometimes happen as a result, sends a big fuck-you to all those who stand to profit or otherwise benefit from my yeasty pussy, my silence, my lack of pleasure, my shame. And yours

too. So ya see, sharing this kind of info with your friends not only promises to make all your pussies a lot less yeasty, it also affirms and asserts your all-american right to fuck who and how you want!

DISCLAIMER

Hey, I'm not a doctor, but I've been known to play one in the bedroom on occasion. That said, this info was culled from *Our Bodies OurSelves* by The Boston Women's Health Collective, *Hot Pantz: Do-It-Yourself Gynecology* by Isabelle Gauthier and Lisa Vinebaum and from my big sister. In addition, a good deal of this here info comes from extensive interviews with friends conducted by my diligent research assistant at parties and potlucks and other such lesbo social and cultural events.

APPENDIXX

"Candida Albicans, a yeast fungus, grows in the rectum and vagina. In a healthy vagina, the presence of some yeast may not be a problem. When your system is out of balance, yeast-like organisms may grow profusely and cause a thick white discharge that may look like cottage cheese and smell like baking bread."

Our Bodies Ourselves

(Or it can be odorless without much discharge. Sometimes your pussy lips just start to itch like hell. Left untreated this itch can creep up into your cunt and become really painful. (Ouch.)

Morning After

My eyes opened at 10:23 a.m.,
And I looked to the left.
Her backpack was gone.
And I looked to the right,
The sun was still hibernating.
And I looked to the floor,
Her bra and underwear had disappeared.

My eyes closed at 10:24 a.m.,
And I looked inside myself.
Couldn't see her face
And I looked outside myself,
Couldn't smell her perfume.
And I looked around myself,
Couldn't imagine she left.

BY KIM BERG



"[T]he whole spice girl version of Girlpower is a watering down of the women's movement to make it fuckable and palatable for men."

Ani DiFranco

Ode to Cunts.

by irene snyder

Exquisite jewels.

Like a fingerprint or a snowflake

No two are the same.

The magic, the mystery

Of discovering what turns me on

What makes you come.

With each climax I'm deeper

Into you

Into me.

3rd Wave Love poem

by JustAgrrrl

oh, owH! how you move me.

If the question were, "would I
submit to you?"

the answer would be, "with
p l e a s u r e . "

If the question is, "will I be
fucked by a long line of your
h o r n y ,
hard-cock 'friends' in front of a
two-way mirror, behind which
you stand
w a t c h i n g ? "

the answer will be, "to have your
eyes on me."

If the question is, "can you take
what you want, even if I say,
' n o ' ? "

the answer is, "yes, you can rape
m e . "

may my answer be your ques-
tion's wet drream.

Hoetry *v* 1. The practice of female sexual promiscuity.

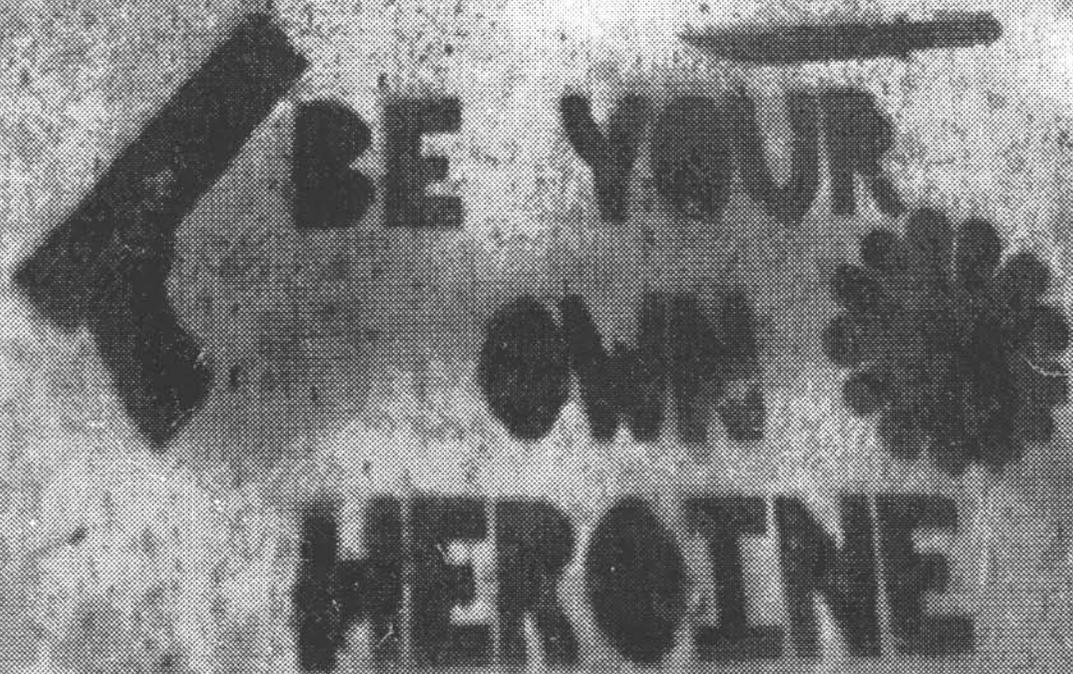
Hoet *n* 1. Slut 2. Easy lay 3. Women who cares a hell of a lot more about casual or frequent sexual activities and/or multiple partner sexual expression than social expectations or stigmas.

Are you a hoet? Is your name scrawled on bathroom walls? Do you wish it was? Do you or have you slept around cuz you wanted to? Then the Clit Collective wants to hear from you! We are putting together a zine called Hoetry. We're looking to collect essays, thoughts, prose, poetry, art, whatever, on the experience of being a sexually promiscuous woman. We're interested in (among other things) why women choose to sleep around, whether or not it actually is a choice, and how social forces react to or punish women who make these kinds of choices. We want to hear about how hoetry can be subversive, liberating, satisfying, painful--all of it. We're looking for submission(s) from women of all ages, backgrounds and sexual orientations.

For more info email:
thevolcano@hotmail.com

or write to:
The Volcano
PO Box 682
Madison, WI 53701-0682

Submissions can be sent or e-mailed to the above addresses. If you're gonna send a **hard copy and want it back please include a SASE.** Submissions Due by Nov 1st



**BE YOUR
OWN
HEROINE**

**"The VOLCANO is
in your face as fuck!"**

-Sabrina Margarita
Bamboo Girl zine

**"For lesbians and het feminists
who will not be put down.
Volcano is an outspoken zine
with a sharp design."**

-Factsheet 5