

GIRL

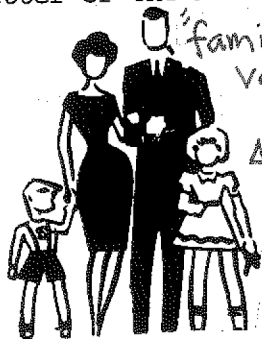


FIEND

#3
send a
stamp
or
two!

la la la welcome to my zinette! my zinella! i think it is seriously too short to be a real zine but since there are no contributions, no reviews or pictures or big loopy handwritten pieces, it is allowed to be short. well, this is issue number three of girl fiend number one born in mid july, number two born in early aug. number three born in late aug.! what a fun summer! my name is christina and if you don't know me or my zine yet, i'm a dork dyke punk type. i now will interview myself, for your benefit. name:christina.age:18. occupation: in two weeks will be a college student. hair: rusty stop sign red. eyes:true blue. Height:tallish. weight:chubbyish. collects:tatoos, zines,oils, cat fur balls. favorite bands as of this minute: blatz,paxton quiggly,tribe 8,born against,heavens to betsy, shudder to think, cringer, filth, naked agression, downcast,bikini kill,crass. fave pastimes: whipping up vegan delites, playing nintendo, making cool comp. tapes with purty covers, watching talk shows,reading too much, writing letters to rad pen pals, doin ye olde zine. now you know me better than my parents, so like this thang and prove it to me by sending anything to: p.o. box 960, hampshire college, amherst,ma,01002. love, christina. august 1992.

okay, wait. most people have thanks lists of contributors or distributors, well, here at girl fiend, we are not in the big time yet. i'd just like to thank everyone who's told me by mouth or letter that they liked my zine. maybe i'll start a fan club?pleeez write me and see your name here! thanks and smooches:sam kingfish, chrissier, jenny, missy gaybee, nellie, penny out damn spot, jux, jed, dagney, erika fantastic, ananda (winner for best letter of the month),larry bob,donna chainsaw,rachel mull
outpunk!



=

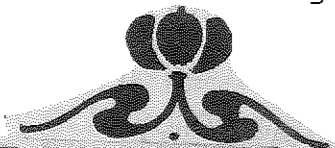


anti-queer.

yeah yeah, i guess there's not much punk stuff in here. but i'm kinda
assuming that whoever reads this can get their daily punk injection
from one of the millions of others sources but i wanna talk about
bands a little bit. that is, white het boy bands. i like alot of them,
and how could i not? that's mostly all there is. but boy bands who
sing about sexism and abortion and stuff like that and het bands that
sing about queer issues totally get my vote, cuz these issues don't
effect them personally, they don't have to deal with them if they
don't feel like it. but they chose to adress thses issues, and they
get my vote for it. this deep, probing thought was inspired by DOWNCAST.
aa

i think i should say what i want here and not
what others expect me to say or what i hope
will be of interest. this is my zine, right?
i'm just a little insane, i've been on summer
vacation for over 2½ months now and have spent
a total time of about one week with people i
truly like and can relate to. the rest i have
been alone alone or it's just superficial bull-
shit. i've been sitting home going slowly crazy.
and since i could not find a job i will have no
money at school come september. this summer has
been fucked. at least girl fiend was born.

.....
where are all the fuckin girls? are they spending all their
time curling their hair or what? i go to a show, read
MRR, whateva, the girl/boy ration is like 1:10. so, i
figure, they aren't into punk, that's their loss. i turn
Mtv, wondering where the girls are, some scumlicking
"vj" is telling viewers to get out and vote, even though
he says he knows they'd all rather just hang out with
their girlfriends. i'll be heterosexist here and assume
mr. "vj" is talking about heterosexual boys. he's saying
only boys watch mtv, and as a "vj", he ought to know his
viewer demographics. so only boys watch mtv. girls aren't
into mainstreamschlock music either. what the fuck do
they do? are they represented anywhere? are they hiding
out in the malls? do they care that they don't exist?
i don't want to bond and fight the power with most girls
my age (late teens) i want to smack some sense into them!
they've lapped up every lie they've been fed! can't they
see that we have been taught to see eachother as only
competition so that nothing will ever change? we are sup-
posed to have no concerns beyond how we look and catching
a husband so the power will remain in the same hands and
men will never feel (gasp) threatened! well some girls
like me know what is up. SOME GIRLS DON'T BUY THE LIE!!!
i will spend my life working to change that lie. i will
find the girls and burn their beauty bibles and deprog-
ram them. this is my dream and don't tell me it's unatt-
ainable cuz it is all i have to cling to.



WORDS WORDS

everyone wants to belong to something/somewhere/somegroup. admit it. in my dreams i want to fit into this certain crowd but it seems to involve losing your individuality, to a degree, although this group supposedly exists on a definition of nothing but individuality. i'm not sure if i have encountered sincerity within these people, although i have only met a few of them, and never on their home base. i'm not used to being accepted so easily, i treat kindness with suspicion. this life seems ideal and so out of reach of mine, i don't know what i want. i feel very empty. what if all i ever find is nothing more than these people and i really want to be a part of that but will be afraid to plunge into it all for fear it will not meet my expectations? i just want to be me, not the silly exception to the suave rule. not a waste or something to use while the realness is away or a laugh or a 'look, remember being like that". she is beautiful and said come hang out with me but i don't think she meant it. he left without saying goodbye and it hurt. i feel wierd. sad and hopeful but stuck.

something pretty bumming happened that i want to talk about but overall i really like the people who were involved, and i don't want to make a big fuss so i won't say what happened, just how it made me feel. translation: to protect the innocent, this will be vague.

don't lie to yourself. lie to others but not yourself, ever. don't fuck with your identity. don't try to be something you are not for the sake of trendiness. if you are het, don't ever try to pass as a queer to join some hip, group! don't pretend to be in some self righteously oppressed minority when you have no idea of what's up. why pretend to be queer if you aren't is it cool and 'in' to act dyked/faggot out? do you want to get beat up? it is fucked to act so avante garde and shit and then grab your girlfriend when the fagbashers come to get you. shed your fake fake skin, when it's convenient. some of us are queer for real and tho i dig it i have no choice in the matter and i will get beat up maybe someday and spit on and i cannot do shit. i could act straight all i want but the last thing i want is to get down with a boy. the world sez het is right but you don't see me hiding and taking the easy way out. so het, boy fuk off with your queer act it hurts and sucks and is way untrue. if you are not into boys for real, be a homo supporter but don't create some lie to meet hip friends with. dedicated to real queer kids for ever everness.

hey. everyone says new york is city number one dig it yeah yeah yeah, but not really if you are down with da punks. but if you are here, check out saturday matinees at abc-no-rio, sunday all ages shows at the wetlands are sometimes cool and dichord (and other more mellow punk) bands at cbgbs. buy records at reconstruction, buy zines at see hear, and buy queer everything on christopher and hudson streets in the west village, esp at different light bookstore and judiths books, i forget where that one is, but it's all books for chix. and that's all she wrote. get adresses in MRR or from yo mama.

BLAH BLAH BLAH

every now and then when i'm at the supermarket, these bizarre forces pull me towards the magazine racks and require me to purchase one of the many available rags which tell women how to look, act, think, and smell in order to catch zee man. this month, i have selected Mademoiselle, a fine piece of literature if ever there was one. i guess there's alot i could say about this slice of manure, but i just want to share a few thoughts that come to mind while browsing it's pages.

THE CLEAN LOOK. IT'S FRESH, TRUE, NATURALLY YOU, blares the cover girl ad. the model, sporting the above mentioned natural look, is wearing, if my eyes are not deceiving me, foundation, powder, blush, mascara, eye line, eye shadow, and lipstick. if this is natural, i don't want to know what unnatural is. suck me, cover girl.

maybeline has an ad campaign where they tell you how some women look so flawless, but it's really there maybeline products which create this illusion of perfection. yeah, right. the models are fucking freaks and even before they're air brushed, they're still under-weight, silicone, plucked, waxed, de-wrinkled being from planet Cosmo. maybe she's born with it. maybe maybeline could get a clue.

there is an ad for "tribe-a fragrance uprising". the model is wearing yellow spandex and matching 14 hole yellow docs. does this mean they are finally "in"? whatever, glad i stopped wearing leather.

and in an article (yes, squeezed between the ads, there are such things) The Ten Commandments of Hair

#3: don't cut hair short on a whim.

reason: men usually don't like short hair.

oh, okay, right. sorry i asked. i'll just crawl back into my cave..

+++++
why does it seem that with het girls, there are a billion types of them, but with homo girls i am seeing the emergence of a bunch of very defined groups? i know i've discussed this before, but i have a different point this time. and it seems the only queers in these groups are the ones who put queerness as #1 on the priority list. all girls who are just themselves and happen to be queer are not in these groups. i think of myself as a punk who happens to be queer. yeah and okay it might seem to you readers that queerness is my #1 priority cuz it's all i talk about here but that's cuz a) i'm coming out, and that's a big thing, and b) i don't have many people to talk to so i like to type this crap up and give it to you lucky folks, but once i'm out i can assure you i'll talk about other stuff. but i'd rather die than be some 'off our backs' readin' softball playin' folk music lovin' anti-porn lesbian. when i hear the word lesbian, that's what comes to mind. and i know i use it, but i get tired of using dyke and queer all the time, and also i feel a little lame using such "rebelious" words when i'm such a wimp i haven't told everyone i'm a, uh, homosexual. ha. i don't like that one either. but the point is, like usual, there is none, and uh, don't think of me as a 'lesbian'.



some one once told me how freud or some fart like that said how all queers are really just way conceited and want themselves, this is why they like their own sex. i think this might be a little true, cuz i think i'd really like to be with a girl who was alot like me, i mean, we'd have alot in common. and i especially like girls with hair my legnth, a little below my chin. and though i don't love my body as much as i should, most of the girls i've had crushes on are chubby like me. maybe this is why i masterbate alot. ooops, i'm a girl, i wasn't supposed to say that. i love how one topic is just sliding into another here. i think everyone should masterbate alot, every day if desired. and if you ever can't fall asleep you should wank off (is that term applicable for girls? i hope so. it rules.) and you will fall asleep easily cuz you will be so relaxed and maybe even a little tired from it, if it goes on for a long time before the good part (or should i say best part). i think i started masterbating when i was 12. at first i could just do with a blank mind and i would come, now i need to think of something that turns me on. it must be old age, or something. you probably would rather that i didn't get into deatails, but it's always refreshing, in my mind, to hear a girl talking about master bation cuz i guess it's another big lame taboo.

wait, i have to tell you something funny. the last year i went to camp i was 13, and at the swim periods when we didn't have instructions, i would just get in the pool and go over to one of those holes that's shooting out water really fast on the side of the pools walls and just stand there and get off on it, and no one ever asked me what i was doing. i guess they thought i was waiting for someone or was bored or something. not quite.



get out. get out. get out. get out.

well hello and welcome to aimless blurb number 3 zillion, oh, and did i mention that i told my mom today? yes, august 17th 1992 christina's mom found out the truth. what happened was she told me about some article in the paper on homophobia in the bible. while she's in general an open minded, liberalish gal, i was a little curious. 'she knows what's up with me,' i thought to meself. then we go for a drive cuz i'm supposed to do my road test in four days and maybe get my liscence? anyways, i tell her how the article was interesting and say how alot of homo-phobes are not way religious, like, for example, my dad. mom then says dad really isn't too bad that way, they've had alot of gay friends, who she proceeds to talk about, and who are all male, of course. i ask her is she's had any lesbo friends and she doesn't really answer, i know she's dying to know if i'm one. so i start on how hets think gays of their sex are always after them which is so lame and concealed and shit, cuz i know she never had lesbo friends cuz they freak her out, and she says, "are you a lesbian?" and i just say "i guess so" all wimpy and shit, not proud or anything, but gimme a break, it was a tense moment. and what can i say, she just acted as if she'd asked me if i wanted pasta for dinner and i had said yes. like, it was no big deal. and she went on to say how she and dad and kinda thought maybe i was and how it was my choice and she respected it, but i told her it's more like what i am, and although i think it rocks i didn't really choose it. i feel wierd that she knows, i still don't really wanna talk about it with her cuz i don't have much to say. we talked about telling my dad, and how he'll think it's all his fault cuz the world is centered aroun him. should i be rejoicing that my mom knows i'm a big queer and isn't taking me to therapy tomorrow? i know i'm really fucking lucky my mom is so decent, not decent, truly fabulous, and i feel bad that some of my other friends can't tell. it's like how i felt distanced from friends when they all started losing their virginity, my being half way out of the closet parent-wise and them being far from ever telling their folks. i still don't know, i mean, i think i'd still feel wierd reading some queer book in her presence. i guess as time passes things will get more relaxed and stuff. i can't get over it. i don't feel much different than i did before i told. i guess i feel some relief. and it doesn't really even matter that dad doesn't know because i barely talk to him, i feel bad just being quiet when my mom talks about cute guys at the gym. at least she knows what is up and understands somewhat. it still pisses me off that i should have to go through all this. but there's no point complaining cuz this is just how fucked things are in the world presently and at least i'm making some progress personally before i go and fucking pound some sense into the closed minded shits we are all surrounded by. "support queer youth! -gaybee #3."

noteit is the next day and my mom said to me she didn't want to lie and that she was pretty upset. she says she's dreading it. i told her i can't do anything about it and that she has to deal with my queerness. i said i didn't wanna talk about it. i don't care anymore, but i care a lot. i just wanna get my mind off all this shit.

is it just me, or are the concepts of masculine and
feminine really confusing and just unnessassary? i
think of myself as neither of them or both of them(is
there a difference there?) and happily, i've found that
some of my friends think of me in this way as well.i get
really confused when it comes to dealing with things
like make up, cuz on one hand i'm like, don't use it,
don't put so much time into how you look, that's not
what matters,etcetc.but by not using it and doing what
ever men don't have to do is supposed to be equality
but it's really just doing whatever men do or don't do,
and what's so great about that? i like to wear lipstick
sometimes and i like to wear skirts sometimes, but of
course people won't say i'm doing it for male attention
cuz i'm queer. but what can het girls say if they like
to look feminine?even if they are doing it for themselves,
everyone thinks it's for guys. i don't want to be masc.
or feminine but if i had to choose it would be feminine.
becuz it says you are allowd to be emotional and affect-
ionate, but also of course dainty and helpless and pass-
ive, so basically these definitions just have to go.
but i guess to eliminate these concepts we need gender
fuck in full effect. girly boys and boyish girls rule.

////////////////////////////////////
speaking of girly boys, i have to tell you now that i am
occasionally still attracted to really feminine looking,
acting boys. and this bothers me, cuz i guess it means
that officially i'm bisexual, even though i'm attracted
to girls only about 90-95% of the time. i've never really
gotten together with a boy or anything, so i don't think
of my self as bisexual. anymore. i used to think i was
bi before i realized i was totally queer, i guess i was
scared to admit to being queer, i never thought i was
anything but het for a longlong time even though i never
thought about boys barely ever and got bored when my friends
talked about them. but now it annoys me when i'm att-
racted to a boy, even though i never want to do anything
with them but look at their girlish faces and cool hair.
and i know i'm only into them cuz they look like girls.
but i just really don't want to be bisexual, and i have
nothing against people who are bi and i know it's way
valid and real. i just would rather be attracted to only
one sex, personally, and i am. almost all the time.



what is up with dork being the trendy deal? in a certain nameless zine, it sez cool + dork =cool dork, but the girls who do the zine don't seem dorky. they seem the picture of cool.

everyone's saying they are such the geek but they pull the same harsh act everyone else does. some of us are dork for real and shy and lame and not trying to turn it around into a 'dorkerier than thou' trip, and are scared to deal with people and then when we do everything we say isn't so deep and important or what we say comes out so wrong and is taken the wrong way or held against us. and i talk in the plural, because although i am speaking for myself i like to think others are the same in this respect, i hope some are.

i am always getting into sticky situations, saying the wrong thing, trying to help but ending up hurting others, getting worked up others things others don't give a shit about. but you know, i give a shit. i care about things, and people, and issues, and i care what you think of what you are reading. not that i care if you agree with me, but that you get why i'm doing this and understand where i'm coming from. i know it's uncool to care, to act as if anything matters, it's all just so below your level, right? i care about stuff. and if this means i can't join your punk club, sit on it.

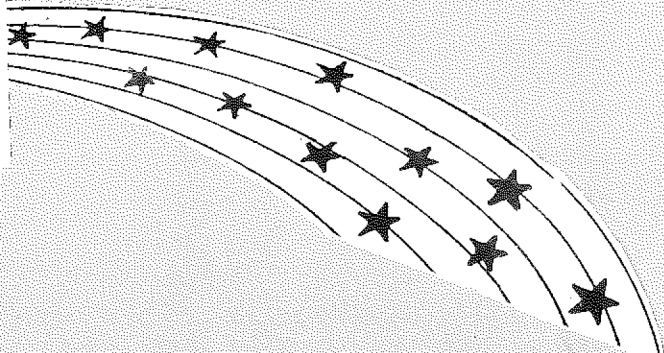
.....

it is day three of mom knowing what is up and everytime we are alone i am scared she is going to bring it up and i don't want to talk about it with her, i just want her to know. i feel dumb and embarrassed. you see, i have this thing. when i'm talking to very hetero girls, i picture them thinking all dykes are these cheesy, wierd, out of it, freaks who are the biggest idiots for not playing the "hunt the man, compete with women" game they live for. so i have to not let myself believe what they do and feel dumb but remind myself that queer is so cool and rad and they are such helpless shits for being straight and i have to play this mind game to myself when i'm dealing with my mom and i know it is so bad and doesn't happen this way in real life. but it's only been recently that i've realized i'm queer and always have been, so i'm used to thinking in a het mindframe, even though i wasn't really into guys at all, i just assumed i was het because i didn't know of other ways. so with my mom i feel wierd, is the point. like she can use my queerness against me, and it's all bad and negative.

time out!! finally
 found the Fifth Column
 album "All Time Queen
 of the World" in
 Boston and it is so
 pretty and dreamy
 and surprisingly mell-
 ow. G.B. Jones ruling
 supreme. Songs like
 you've been humming
 these melodies for
 ever in your head.
 No lyrics sheet tho,
 and it's hard to
 understand them,
 but anyway, get
 it! Fifth Column, 90
 hide, pobox 1110,
 Adelaide St. Stn.,
 Toronto, Ontario
 Canada M5C 2K5



i am sitting here thinking how we are all brought
 up so much to just please others and not do what
 is right for the self. and how i spend too much
 time thinking about what so and so would think
 is cool and what blahblah thinks of me and how i
 should act around x,y,and z so they will know i'm
 down with them. and what if the people who i'm
 thinking about how to impress are just trying to
 figure out how to impress me and the same goes
 for every relationship in the world, everyone
 is too worried what others think of them to be
 true and real. i can put on a false level of
 coolness for about five minutes cuz if you
 talk to me for any longer you will soon see me
 bite my nails and giggle uncooly and smile and
 you will know what is up and that i am not a stone
 cold chick and can't pretend to be. then i al-
 ways seem to get so eager to please people once
 i know they like me, and that sucks too, but
 usually passes. i hate sucking up to people and i
 hate the rare soul who desires to kiss my ass.
 it is hard to find two friends where they are
 totally equal, they each think the other rules,
 and are true to themselves as well. i need more
 of these friendships. this is one of the reasons
 i am going to college. if the cool girls will
 not come to me, i will go find them, which is
 how it shall be.*****



i'm still a girl. i'm just a girl. i'm 18 years old. 18. i need my mommy. i have to get away from home. i have to start again. i'm mature, i'm such the adult. not your baby. i'm a teenager. just a teenager. i'm a teenage girl. a teenage girl who likes girls who loves girls who wants to be with girls. i don't care what you think of it. if you don't like it fuck off. just please like me anyways. please respect me for it. please don't hate me hurt me for it. i'm a girl. a girl. i'm 18. what do i do??? nonono i don't know. i know what i am i think i do i know what i want sometimes a little bit maybe maybe. no i'm just 18. i like girls but i don't know how to kiss them i don't know how to do anything at all. i am so alone so alone do you understand? great, now i'm crying. i am so confused and i don't know where to go and i am so jealous of you. but i don't have to know what's going on i'm just a girl a girl not a woman never a woman just 18 18 only. i do not know. i want to tell you everything but i am so scared you will use it against me later. i have nothing to tell you and am ashamed. i have no life. no, i do, i do, i am going somewhere i will be somebody just don't ask what yet give me some time. i can't answer you yet. do you like me? why not? what did i do wrong. how could you not like me i don't say anything do anything. of course you don't even remember me. you don't like me because i like girls, right? i'm not paranoid no i'm not. i don't know why you are against me. i don't know anything. i'm just a girl a girl leave me alone. wait, come back. now i don't know what to say now that i have your attention. and i guess this is the end of another one of these things and does it matter that it exists i really don't know you tell me. i'm just a girl a girl i'm probably not punk enough not even a punk no reason for you to care not pretty not cool not anything at all. wait i think this all matters i make this for a reason i have things on my mind and i want people to know i exist i do i do. i am tired of seeing everybody else's lives and loves and worries pushed on paper and vinyl and caring about them. it's my turn to let others know know know me. wait let me start again with a clean new blank slate i want another try it came out all wrong. d.o. do over. spin again. i want you to understand so bad who i am and why i do this. if you got anything anything at all out of this please write i am so desperate to communicate, yeah i sound pretty pathetic, letting you in on the truth but i am being way honest and real and myself here, please believe me on that, okay? well, i guess that was girl fiend #3. i'm about to start college and if i'm not too bogged down i'll do another soon. bye! love, christina.p.o. box 960, hampshire college, amherst, ma, 01002.

*all "you's" as in you the reader, not one specific person.