

BIRLZINE!

volume 1. issue 2. spring 05!



erotica manifest.

Editor's Note!

Woo hoo! A second issue! I call that success. I'm glad BirlZine! is sparking such an interest in the birles community, and I'm hoping to make this zine work for you. I'd like to see this become a resource and outlet for as many birl-identified people as possible. Thank all you contributors and subscribers who are inspiring me and allowing me this opportunity to compile your beautiful art, writing, and important information!

Thanks to all the beautiful, gorgeous, handsome, talented, intelligent, brave, interesting, unique, label-busting, amazing birles out there. Y'all are incredibly inspiring. And I mean all of you. Much appreciation to all birl-lovers, too! You're welcome in this birl's house any time.

Thanks to Nik, Steffi, and H. for your support, inspiration, encouragement, and help in this project. It's awesome when I have people like you who've got my back in things that are important to me.

-Julie

For questions, comments, or concerns, please e-mail Julie at tanrazz@yahoo.com. All contents are the properties of their respective contributors.

BirlZine!

Issue 2

Spring 2005

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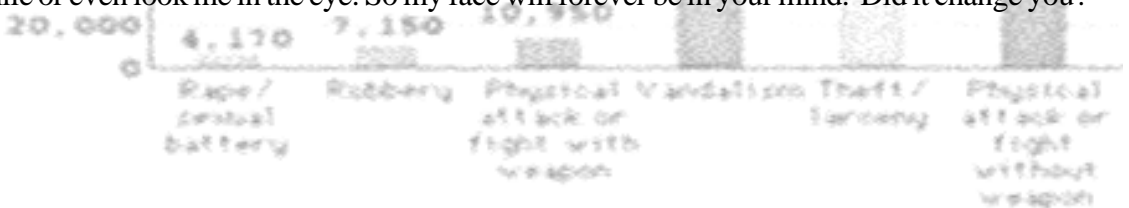
Photos by
Alyssa Casillas
Tegan and Sara
play an acoustic set
at "off the record"
in San Diego.



NOT ANOTHER STATISTIC

by Jaime

“So we’ve come a long way, from being beaten in the 1950s if we we’re not wearing three articles of women’s clothing, to being able to get married in many places in 2003. So why are there still all the hate crimes and homophobia? Why do you hug your little girls a little closer when I walk past? You think I’m contagious? You think it’s a phase? You think I’m sick, perverted, or a sinner? Well no, I’m happy. I’m a person. I do what I know. As you do what you know. You eat the same food I enjoy. We shop at the same malls. We take the same test in school. We ride the same taxi and bus; we probably sat right next to each other. Maybe you saw my girlfriend the other day, and you were the nicest most polite son of a bitch to her, but little do you know, my girlfriend is the woman who gave your daughter a piece of candy, and my girlfriend is the woman your daughter gave the biggest hug to. You remember that day back in July? On America’s birthday? I remember walking away from you, knowing your daughter will grow up just like you, closed minded. You want to know the thing that hurts the worst? Ignorance. Homophobia, stupidity. Educate yourself. You don’t have to like it, just accept it, it’s out there, if you like it or not. I’m still gay. No, I’m not after your 13-year-old daughter on the town softball team. You might wanna watch those boys over there. Do you remember that day, walking down the streets of Boston? Like everyday. Two girls holding hands. Remember what you heard on the news that night? I will refresh your memory. Two openly gay lesbians, jumped and killed. The investigation continues, police believe it was an act of hate. You think, “Sad,” but your just as bad by holding your daughter that much closer, by giving that nasty, hurtful look. No, you didn’t kill those girls, but deep down in my heart and the fragile hearts of other dykes, you broke a piece of them. And yes, you are guilty of this. Remember walking down the streets of Boston that day and seeing my face. That was me and my girlfriend on the news. My heart a little more broken when you pulled your daughter closer to you and a little father away from me. Remember seeing my face today, and you couldn’t smile at me. You will forever remember my face cause of that day, walking the streets of Boston, with a closed mind. Walking down the streets of Boston, seeing my face in person, five hours before the news. You could not be civil to me, treat me like a human being. And now you will forever see my picture from the news. And with this picture are the latest stats from hate crimes committed. And to think, you could not smile or even look me in the eye. So my face will forever be in your mind. Did it change you?



12-13-04

by Jaime

“My mind wonders at 12:25 am. So much, I can’t sleep. I have to be up in five hours. Fuck. Why can’t I sleep? I need to sleep. I need my mind to stop racing. I don’t even know how to put these things in my head on paper. My magic tool seems to have run out of magic. You make me happy. Why feel like this? Why? I don’t understand. I’m slowly coming out. Even with all the support I have received, I’m still not good. I’m still not happy. Am I really trans? Am I really a boy? It seems right. I thought being gay was bad enough for my family. I’m their only “daughter.” What are they going to say when I tell them? They thought that they have had a daughter for the past 21 years. Will they love me? Love me the same? Will they kick me out? My mom says that she has unconditional love. Am I just fooling myself? I’m happier with the male pronouns. I’m happier as Ryan rather than Jamie. Why am I questioning myself? If I’m happier, then why am I not happy with Ryan or Jamie right now? I just don’t know anymore. I would love to carve really deep into my leg right now. But I won’t. Instead I will keep free writing until my mind calms down enough to close my eyes and go to our paradise. But you have to come with me. Embrace me please. I am so weak right now. I need to feel you. I need to feel something so real right now. The mental tug-of-war in my head is really getting to me. I can’t take this shit anymore. Please hug me. Please kiss me. Tell me everything is ok. Tell me the truth. I need to hear your voice. Please, baby, please. This is my red card. I need someone so bad right now. What do I do? I need help. Really bad right now. I feel like I’m screaming and no one can hear me. Baby, I’m calling you, can you hear me? I can deal with the physical pain, but I’m so weak with the mental pain. Why can’t I just carve so deep and get all the mental shit out of my head? Then it will be physical, and I will be able to deal. Oh god. Oh someone. Oh baby. I need you so badly right now. Help. This is the end of my crying for help. I will sit until someone hears my screams and come to my rescue. Baby I hope you come. Cause you’re the only one I need right now. But you don’t need my shit weighing you down.”

Poetry

by Kristie Badrigian

underneath each scar
lies a thousand memories
and reasons why
i look at these perfect lines
and remember
what it feels like
to want to die.

hold me close
wipe away my tears
watch me
as i drown
in your
.heart.

B-I-R-L Art by
Kristin Superhero
(~yourapple)





An Interview with Nik

1. What makes you a birl? When did you realize you were a birl? What's your favorite personal birl story?

While I don't label myself as a "birl", but, rather, one of those other gender variant labelsa genderqueer butch boi [i know, it's a mouthful], I've been a birl since birth. I remember seeing pictures of myself, at the age of three or so, where i'm in a white t-shirt and jeans with my dad's tools pretending to work on his truck. As far as I can remember, I've never quite felt like a girl, but i never quite felt like a boy, either. I grew up around my uncles a lot, and always preferred wrestling, playing baseball, or just pretending to shave with them in the morning, than to play with barbies, monkey around with makeup, or anything else that goes along with being a stereotypical girl. I have a lot of stories that revolve around my gender, and people's perceptions of it, but let's just say that I get mistaken for a guy a lot. and when i mean a lot, i mean - nowadays, i'm surprised when strangers refer to be as 'she'. I think my favorite instance where i was mistaken for a guy was when my girlfriend and I were at a diner, and, before leaving, I had to pee [yup! it's a bathroom story!]. As i was walking to the women's bathroom, a guy that worked at the diner RAN AFTER ME shouting "SIR! SIR!". I didn't respond, but just continued into the bathroom thinking that he would 'get it'. but no... oh no... he just ran after me, practically into the stall, and told me that I was in the wrong bathroom. When i nicely stated to him 'don't worry, i'm in the right bathroom' with a smirk, his jaw just kinda dropped a bit and didn't say a word.



2. Being a community moderator doesn't have to be a big job, but you seem to take a lot of pride in it and are very active in the community. But why do you think it's important for birls to have a community?

If anyone is wondering why it's important for birls to have a community, I encourage them to just take a look at one day's worth of posts. Here, birls and gender variant people can come together and remember that they're not alone in a society that tries to force people to fit into the gender binary. It shows that there are other people in the world, in the same country, in the same state, and even in the same city or town, who understand that sex and gender are completely separate entities, and it shows that there are more options than just 'boy' and 'girl' for people to try and fit into. In 'the real world', if someone doesn't fit into the gender binary, they run the risk of being harassed for just being themselves, but, in the community, being a birl or gender variant person really is celebrated. We encourage people to just be proud of who they are no matter what they are. Hey, you can't go wrong with having a positive space to turn to when you need a little support once in a while, eh? And as long as LiveJournal is around, the Birls community will be around to turn to.



3. What does art/writing do for you? What piece(s) of yours is your favorite? Who and what inspires you?

Illustration and drawing is just something i've always loved doing. My favorite piece is always changing, because i think the more I illustrate, the more my skills improve. So, more often than not, my favorite piece is one of my more recent pieces. Right now, my favorite is one i did around three weeks ago, that i just call

Rockabilly Fire for right now because it's a Greaser lighting up a cigarette. My inspirations are opening up a magazine to see good editorial illustrators who are successful almost right out of college [such as Tomer Hanuka - www.thanuka.com]. and without saying, another inspiration is good music. Rockabilly, Psychobilly, and Oldies, primarily. They're just fun genres, and they get me excited to work.

4. Tell me about Elvis! We know you love him, but why? What's in it for you?

As John Lennon once stated: "Before Elvis there was nothing". man. but reallyâ•. how can someone honestly say that they DON'T love Elvis? You gotta love and respect the man responsible for making Rock 'n' Roll what it is. He came from humble beginnings, fought adversity and censorship, etc., and still made it out on top for just being who he was, doing what he loved to do. Even when he made it... making all the money that he could ever want... he gave back to the people all the time. He gave away cadillacs and jewelry daily to anyone - regardless of race, sex, age, etc. I'm not going to give a whole history here of Elvis, 'cause I could give you a 100 page paper on the man [!], but basically, without him, who knows where music would be today. So many musicians credit Elvis for influencing them [including: The Beatles, Bob Dylan, The Rolling Stones, Rod Stewart, etc. etc.]... so to say that Elvis wasn't (and isn't) the cornerstone of Rock and Roll is an ignorant lie. I just like 'em. He changed music, he changed the way people dressed, he changed the way people danced, he changed American Culture.

5. You've got style! Describe your favorite outfit.

I gotta say my favorite outfit just includes a pair of jeans, a button-up shirt partnered with a thin tie, and a big belt buckle. while sportin' even bigger hair.

6. Put together a set list for a birly mixed CD for me!

Here's a mix of a few birly songs... along with just some good shit that i think everyone should listen to:

- The Cramps "Mama OO Pow Pow"
- The Legendary Shack Shakers "CB Song"
- Elvis "Adam and Evil"
- Nekromantix "Who Killed the Cheerleader?"
- Reverend Horton Heat "Texas Rockabilly Rebel"
- Tiger Army "Twenty Flight Rock"
- Johnny Cash "A Boy Named Sue"
- Four Seasons - "Walk Like A Man"
- The Lunachicks - "Mr. Lady" or "Wing Chun"
- McClusky "The World Loves Us and Is Our Bitch"

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Nik 's Space

Viva La Genderqueer

by Nik

What the hell is wrong with being genderqueer?

The more I read my friends' pages and certain LiveJournal communities, the more frustrated I get.

There are people out there who don't feel like a "boy" or a "girl," but are transitioning into the opposite sex because, for some reason or another, they see being genderqueer as being too hard or wrong. More and more people, since Testosterone is easily accessible now, are taking it thinking that it's going to solve all of their problems. Well, I'll tell you what.... if you think taking T is going to solve all of your insecurities about your body, you're dead wrong. That's what therapy is for. Taking T and transitioning into the opposite sex, when you don't feel like you are either gender, is just going to cause more problems for ya - not only mentally, but physically. People need to wake up and realize that there is nothing wrong with being a genderqueer, being someone who embraces both the stereotypical male and female qualities within them (What can i say? We're the best of both worlds!). If people are so much about this gender revolution that they're talking about, don't fucking conform to what society wants you to be! Society WANTS people to fall into the "boy" and "girl" categories because it's easier for them to box us in. That's not a revolution, that's being a sheep.

VIVALA GENDERQUEER!

Sidenote: This is coming from a genderqueer butch boi who, once upon a time, wanted to transition during highschool because I didn't like my body either. but then I grew up, grew more comfortable with myself, and realized I'm not a guy. I'm not a girl. I'm nik.



Photo by
Nicole Luna

My Love
by **Julie S.**

Slow and painful
Surely waiting
My first glimpse
Of you was to
Covet what
I could never have
I...
adore you
My love
Our first kiss
Was soft and

Hopeless
The air I couldn't
Breathe was swirling
Around me
I...
Love you
Holding you
Against me
Pressing your
breasts to mine,
I feel your secrets
Flutter into my mind,
We're...complete.

Tailored Shirt
by **Annie Aarons**

Collar, buttons, starched cuffs
I wear it better than you, my friend
Whose divine right to own it is scorned
Whose divine right to love the fairer sex, and love them well
Is scorned

I don't suppose you lay awake in bed wondering:
Will anyone take me?
Because you know it already
The masses back you
Tradition backs you
All the world accepts you

And I
Hidden in shadows and sleight of hand
Watch you take for granted those gifts
Blind Acceptance
Oh how I longed for it, perhaps long for it still
But if granted, what then?
Should I become you?
Lazy in my freely offered gifts
And scorn as well?

No sir, I'll take the fight, and steal the prize
Right out from under your well protected castle
With its one weakness
A hidden passageway
Straight through the closet
Into your domain
To steal your lady fair

And I
I am not like you, good sir
I do not receive the respect you do
Automatically, unthinkingly
But fight for it I will
Until the day
The far off day
When 'hir' may be spoken with the same weight
And deference
As 'sir'

Photos by
H. Greaves
Top: Driving
Home from
Orlando
Bottom: Gas
Station Situation





Photos by
H. Greaves
Top: My Backyard
Bottom: Dorky Dad
Fish-Eye

Language

by Jessica LaFrank

A short trip down any high school hallway would disgust an average literate student. Blurbs like, “Dude, I went to a sick party last night,” or “I have so much gay homework this weekend,” flutter past my ears as I stroll along to my next class, and I ask myself, should sick people really be partying? Or, how exactly does one’s homework acquire sexuality? Is homework even capable of reproducing? Is that natural? I mean, I am no homophobe, but when there is talk of promiscuous papers leading “alternative lifestyles” on my very own campus, I have to question what is going on in my school, and why I received no such assignment.

For four days of the week, I have to endure the nuisance that is my math class with its one corner of the room that seemingly never silences. There is a constant production of some sort of mindless, crude and frustrating ruckus. The boastful chatter from the people who sit there distracts me, and it triggers a certain level of annoyance towards the fools that interfere with my concentration; something that I need while I am trying to reach a transcendental state of peace with my Algebra II/Trigonometry work. It is safe to say that I could survive without ever hearing about which A-list celebrity is “bangin’,” or which videogame out is the “tightest,” let alone while I am attempting to make sense from a jumble of numbers that supposedly have method to them.

The next time these illiterate classmates of mine decide to go on about which “pimped-out” car they are going to buy with daddy’s money, or which “hella koo” shoes they plan on having their mommies purchase, I may just turn around and ask them politely to invest in a dictionary and subsequently use it every now and again. It would cause everyone a significantly lower level of stress and confusion, and maybe save these uneducated people from appearing completely trendy and brainless, unless of course they genuinely are. Mind you, I would not be surprised if this was the case, but I dearly hope that it is not.

The simple flip of a few pages of a dictionary would enhance their social lives and grace them academically.

Actually, scratch that. It would merely relieve me.

*&\$%#@!!



Photos by
Jen Brett
Top
"Censor"
Bottom:
"Survivor"

Photos by

Jen Brett

Top:

"First Meeting"

Bottom:

"Confront"





Photos by
Jen Brett

Top:
"Reflection"

Bottom:
"God's Alter"

New York court rules in favor of same-sex marriage AP coverage

Same-sex couples must be allowed to marry in New York State. Lambda Legal filed the lawsuit last year, representing five same-sex couples seeking marriage licenses in New York.

In a 62-page decision issued Friday morning in New York City, state supreme court justice Doris Ling-Cohan said that the New York state constitution guarantees basic freedoms to lesbian and gay people and that those rights are violated when same-sex couples are not allowed to marry. The ruling said the state constitution requires same-sex couples to have equal access to marriage and that the couples represented by Lambda Legal must be given marriage licenses.

"I was even more moved than I thought I'd be when I heard about this ruling. All of us cried—me, Mary Jo, and our 15-year-old daughter," said Jo-Ann Shain, a 51-year-old New York City resident who is a plaintiff in the case with her partner, Mary Jo Kennedy, 49. Last week Mary Jo and I celebrated our 23rd anniversary together, but we've never had all the protections and rights that come with marriage. We need these protections to take responsibility for each other and for our daughter, and we are enormously grateful that the court saw that and said our family should be treated equally."

"This is a historic ruling that delivers the state constitution's promise of equality to all New Yorkers," said Susan Sommer, supervising attorney at Lambda Legal and the lead attorney on the case. "The court recognized that unless gay people can marry, they are not being treated equally under the law. Same-sex couples need the protections and security marriage provides, and this ruling says they're entitled to get them the same way straight couples do."

In Friday's ruling, Justice Ling-Cohan said, "Simply put, marriage is viewed by society as the utmost expression of a couple's commitment and love. Plaintiffs may now seek this ultimate expression through a civil marriage." The ruling says the New York City clerk may no longer deny marriage licenses to same-sex couples. If the city chooses to appeal the case, it has about a month to file a notice in state appeals court. Ling-Cohan's ruling also said that, as with opposite-sex couples, same-sex couples are entitled to the same fundamental right to follow their hearts and publicly commit to a lifetime partnership with the person of their choosing. The recognition that this fundamental right applies equally to same-sex couples cannot legitimately be said to harm anyone.

Lambda Legal filed the lawsuit in March 2004 seeking marriage licenses for five same-sex couples in New York, arguing that denying marriage to same-sex couples violates the state constitution's guarantees of equality, liberty, and privacy for all New Yorkers. The case was the first of its kind to be filed in New York since the Massachusetts high court ruled that same-sex couples are entitled to full marriage under that state's constitution. Lambda Legal is currently litigating cases seeking marriage for same-sex couples in New Jersey, California (with NCLR and ACLU), and Washington State (with NWLC).



a stain is a stain is a stain

is a stain.

You Have to Choose
by Maya

You have to choose:

Will you be the princess or the prince?

I was asked on the playground.

(that was before I grew breasts;

I still had a choice in my roles)

my mama loved to see me in ruffles, bright scrunchies, lacquered shoes with buckles and bows

(that's why she wanted a girl)

(that was before I bled)

The first day I bled I was taking the bus home

from a friend's sleepover

on a bright sunny spring afternoon.

A man approached me,

Asked me if I needed a ride.

No matter where I turned to, away from him,

No matter how many times I refused,

He insisted. He told me to get in. He would drive me "home."

I was twelve.

Panic suffocated my sight. My throat.

I looked around for help.

Helpless.

The bus came.

For years after that

Every time I bled, I felt like every dirty

Dog of a male could smell my cunt from a mile away

Could follow me down the street

Could take my body and rip it open

Without asking first.

When I was sixteen,

Long curls, chubby hips, manicure, platforms,

I had a boyfriend.

We thought it was time.

For my first time.

I went to a doctor. For a check up.

I wanted to know if everything down there was in the right places.

A male Russian gynecologist.

(My mama never taught me not to let a man I did not know or love touch my cunt)

(though she did tell me, when I was nine and caught playing naked games with a girl friend, that a woman never should. Another woman never should get close to me, down there, never smell me, never touch me, never love me down there)

My male. Russian. Gynecologist.

He sneered as I told him

I was a scared Virgin.

I wanted him to tell me I am okay.

Nodded, as he opened my cunt with a piece of cold metal

Used the words “really” “are” “virgin” in one sentence.

Slapped my thigh. Told me to get dressed.

That was not it. He told me more.

He told me I was too tight. He told me sex will hurt. He told me I will lose consciousness. He told me I must buy a dildo. I must practice. Practice. Practice. I was sixteen.

I practiced killing him with that piece of metal he put up my cunt. Stabbing his eye out. Stepping on his genitals, and turning my foot left to right. Right to left.

I was eighteen and a half when I asked “somebody” to finally rid me of the constant agonizing wait for pain. I did not even care that “somebody” was abusing my mind, and raping my body months before he took my virginity.

So now, the princess that I was, pegged into buckles and bows with bloody panties, and a fake fur coat, escaped to the big apple, cut off my curls, starved away chubby hips, never took off grime and dust that made men stay away, except for a few – grimy and dusty like me...

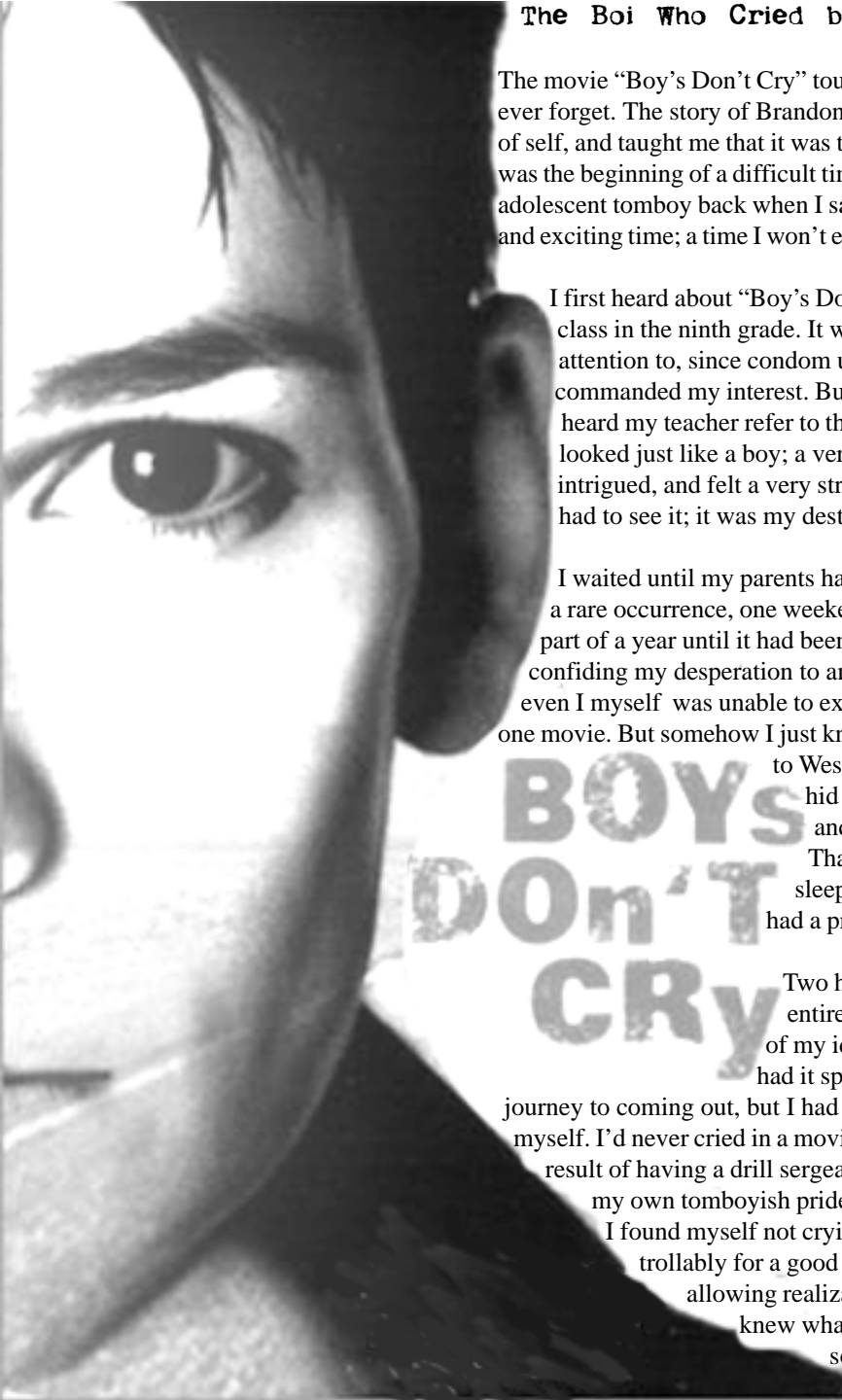
I fought with my teeth. I outed him this time. Nobody believed.

Except for those who already knew.

I walked the streets alone at night. I rode my bike across the Williamsburg Bridge with the kind of speed that could break a neck. I got into dumpsters full of sharp objects. I kissed a girl for money, for the camera. I met a stranger in a dark park and role-played. I had my first Mohawk. I traveled to South Carolina, where I walked into a grocery store with my ass hanging out of the rip of my jeans; I took acid by a waterfall. I had sex. I had sex. I had sex.

I lost my symbolic cunt, the one of curls and gold eye shadow and push up bras, I began to see somewhere in the distance the extent and potential of my real cunt – differently colored desires, tough boots, more teeth and less meat.

I read too much. I lost fear. And I don't want to say that I would have chosen to be the prince, had I known, when other ruffled curly headed darlings chose to wait and be saved, rather than get up on a high horse, I just want to say that I never chose to be the princess. And it took me years to shed that thin, but pesky skin.



The Boy Who Cried by Christine D. Chil

The movie “Boy’s Don’t Cry” touched my life in a way that I can’t ever forget. The story of Brandon Teena gave me a new awareness of self, and taught me that it was time I figured out who I was. It was the beginning of a difficult time for me. I was a very naive, adolescent tomboy back when I saw the film. But it was also a new and exciting time; a time I won’t ever forget.

I first heard about “Boy’s Don’t Cry” in my sex and health class in the ninth grade. It was a dull class I hardly ever paid attention to, since condom use and male anatomy hardly commanded my interest. But my ears perked up the day I heard my teacher refer to this movie she’d seen where the girl looked just like a boy; a very cute boy at that. I was instantly intrigued, and felt a very strange desire to see this movie. I had to see it; it was my destiny. And so I did.

I waited until my parents had gone out for the day, which was a rare occurrence, one weekend in June. I’d waited the better part of a year until it had been released to video, without confiding my desperation to anyone. And how could I, when even I myself was unable to explain my fervent desire to see this one movie. But somehow I just knew I had to see it. I took my bike to Westcoast video and bought a copy. I hid it under my arm all the way home, and then stashed it under my bed. That night, after everyone had gone to sleep, I snuck into the basement and had a private midnight showing.

Two hours later, I emerged a new person entirely. The film marked the evolution of my identity as I know it today. Not only had it sparked the beginning of my long journey to coming out, but I had also learned something new about myself. I’d never cried in a movie before, which was partly the result of having a drill sergeant for a dad growing up, and partly my own tomboyish pride. But at the end of this one movie, I found myself not crying, but bawling. I sobbed uncontrollably for a good twenty minutes into the credits, allowing realization to flood through me. I finally knew what sort of person I was to become someday. I’d reached my turning point, my milestone, my

epiphany. I finally understood the essence of a whole life full of “being different,” which had eluded me for so long. I dried my tears and wiped the snot from my face with a sleeve. In that moment I felt as though I’d just been let in on a fantastic secret that I’d been dying to hear my whole life, and it felt so good. But boy was it scary.

Brandon Teena’s story was a tragic one. And while I had hope for my future, I knew from that day on that my life would always be a little more challenging than it had been before. I knew I had to learn how to be myself. And in order to be myself, I would have to travel down a road that was not only less traveled upon, but trailblazed and pioneered by me and me alone. And boy was I ready.

Brittany Dunning:

That is one of the best movies I’ve ever seen, it really touched me. It also helped me feel not so alone when I first saw it. I first saw it when I was just beginning to realize that I was gay, and it showed me that maybe I wasn’t as different as I seemed. Also, it made me fear what might happen when I actually came out. That is just an all around romantic, but heart-wrenching movie. It’s so sad all of the things Teena/Brandon had to face. Some parts of it just make you want to break down and cry.



The actual Brandon Teena.

By Rachel DiSaia

Go on,
I dare you

I dare you to do what you really want to
To move in a little closer
Grab me by the collar of my shirt
Push me against the wall
Dominate me with your lips

I dare you to search me with all you've got
To make the first move
Tease me 'til I scream out
Pin me down, hands above my head
Overwhelm me with your strength

Go on,
I dare you

Kayden Healy's Response

You know what...
I take on that dare.
When I push you against that wall,
Your back flat, breasts standing.
Hips jutting out,
They are yearning and calling for more.
You are moaning and breathing heavy now.

I have to confess that it turns me on.
My body doesn't show it.
It doesn't give in that easy.
What makes you think,
I'll search you with just my lips?
You'll have to wait,
Cause I'll slow it down.
Make you burn, until you grab at me.
Tearing at each other's clothes til they are gone.

I press your wrists against the wall,
They assume the position with your back.
Flat, reluctant to move....

So, I reposition them for you.
We move together, from the wall to the bed.
My arms restrain you,
You giggle from built up excitement.

I laugh from built up anticipation.
You moan, wanting it all.

I know what you want,
So I give you everything else,
Make you wait, causing angry urges.

Holding your arms hostage,
I caress your neck,
and your chest,
down to your abs.

And as I reach your hips,
You let out a loud moan,
move your hips to me,
your lips meet mine.

In an instant you are no longer captive.

I am no longer playing hard to get.
Working my hands and mouth together.
You pulsate, and scratch at my back.

Your hands running through my hair,
Pulling, turning me on even more.
You're at the top,
Moaning and screaming.
Everyone can hear,
Even the old couples down the block.
We don't even think about it,
We are in another place.
Your cum never tasted so good.

I slow you down,
Tease your nipples,
with my mouth and lips.
Working your hips with my hands,
Whispering in your ear, biting, and moaning.
It is going both ways now.

Your hips move even more, pounding up and down.
Breath quickened, cunt wet.
You ready for a second time?

You won't.
Will you?
Go on,
I dare you.

Steffi's
Page

Steffi's
Page

Corrine by Aiden

Pale, iridescent, and undeniably blue, her eyes stared deeply into the mirror as she painted fluorescent pink shadow around her them. She blinked a few times, thick, black mascara coating her doll-like eyelashes. It was irrefutable that I was smitten. She combed her waist-length hair over her shoulder, tousling it a bit, and with every stroke of the brush through that honey-blonde wave, my intent eyes followed. The last touch was the clear, vanilla gloss over full, soft lips, and only then did it occur to me that those lips belong to me. She was my one and only, my Corinne.

Corinne was beautiful in all the ways that I wasn't. She wasn't meek or shy like me, instead outgoing, opinionated and self-assured. She wasn't afraid to be loud and upfront, but she was also patient and understanding. It was always a thin line of whether I wanted to be with her, or simply be her.

She slid her lacy black skirt up over her pale, thin hips, and I reached back and laced up her white corset. She flashed a killer smile into the mirror as she posed in front of it, admiring her work, and I stood timidly behind her in baggy, ripped up jeans and a plain black T-shirt. The only make-up on my unadorned, tan face was a the mascara tears that I had dutifully allowed her to paint. Belatedly, she purred, "You look beautiful." I was sure she had to be speaking to her own reflection.

*

On the street, holding hands, I disappeared beside her. I was incredibly plain, easily overshadowed, and the only thing remotely noticable were the thick, pink and purple scars the marred my arm from shoulder to wrist, more signs of my complete dispoability, more reasons to be beautiful. But I wasn't.

She always tried to dress me up, make me pretty like her, which I am sure she could have, simply because she was talented enough to work with raw material like me. It didn't occur to me until later that it was her telling me I was "beautiful" or smothering me in glittery black eyeshadow that really bothered me. I wanted terribly for her to love me in leather jackets and men's carpenter pants, but the idea that she wanted me because she had briefly witnessed me as feminine, or because she knew I could be, given the motivation, that is what bothered me.

Her hand grazed mine as we sat down in a booth in Braum's. Her lips brushed mine over the straw of a cherry limeade, which she sipped liberally. Whispers in my ear, kisses on my cheek. At the end of the day, she was mine and I was hers. I think that's all that mattered then.

*

In the end, I think being with her has changed me. I'm not afraid to be feminine to a comfortable point, and I don't hide the masculinity in myself either. I'm not a boi, or a girl, I've resigned to something far more meaningful to me, something in between that makes sense. I'm a birl, but more importantly, her birlfriend.

Now when she pulls up her fishnets, and zips up her shirt, I'm adjusting the bondage straps on my jeans, and admiring my reflection. Sometimes, standing beside her, I don't disappear anymore. We meld into each other, until one is indivisible from the other.

Meet This Birl!

Firefighter Juliet Draper

Juliet Draper's fellow firefighters, a gaggle of straight, white men call her The Triple Whammy because she's a gay, black female.

The 2003 Firefighter Combat Challenge Champion in the women's division bench presses 250 pounds, squats 350, and dead lifts 425. Juliet wore 75 pounds of full bunker gear, ran up 5 flights of stairs carrying a 45-pound hose bundle, then hauled another 45-pound hose pack 5 floors. Then she ran back down to hit a sled 5 feet with a sledge hammer, ran the 140-foot serpentine to grab a hose full of water, and dragged it 75 feet to hit the bull's eye with hose spray. The final step was hauling a 175-pound "Rescue Randy" dummy backwards to the finish line. Tough work for a broad, you could say, but Juliet's a dynamo, exercising six days a week, giving her comrades reason to get a move on with their own workout routine. They say they enjoy the inspiration. In 2002, Draper was awarded for contributing to Colorado Spring's positive image through her Web site www.firejock.com and for the world class performance of the firefighter challenge team.

Draper knew even as she was growing up in Cleveland what her professional goals were, but drug addiction nearly cost her her dreams. Homeless and and high on "almost every type of drug short of shooting up," Draper, then 22, joined Alcoholics Anonymous and joined the Army. "Serious junkies are seriously determined to get what they want," she said. "So I just switched to the other side of that determined coin. Instead of looking for that 40-ounce beer, I went looking for that 400-pound squat."

Juliet and her life partner, Pam Jones, are passionate gay activists in Colorado Springs. In



2002, City Manager Lorne Kramer put domestic partnership health benefits on the 2002 budget agenda, and the city council voted it through with a 5-4 vote. The benefit would save Draper and Jones \$4,000 per year, but Colorado Springs' homophobic Christian groups made the same-sex benefits a campaign issue. A few months later, domestic partnership benefits were rescinded, saving the city a whopping \$7,000, or 0.002% of the city budget.

Draper and Jones' plea for fairness to the mayor and city council did not change the 8-1 vote to rescind the benefits. Regardless, Draper and Jones continue to strive for excellence in Colorado Springs, focusing on the similarities they have with all people and minimizing the differences. They believe the primary problem with Colorado Springs is its lack of a visible gay community and so they started a gay tourism bureau of Colorado Springs with a Web site www.outfortheday.com.

Resources, People, and Things to Learn About!

Visit the birles community at www.livejournal.com/~birls! Mad respect to the community's moderators--H. (~piratepug) and Nik (~boiface)--thank you for all that you do for the community.

Birl-Friendly LiveJournal Communities

What Birles Wear

<http://www.livejournal.com/~birlstyle>

What Birles Aren't Wearing Anything

<http://www.livejournal.com/~nekkidbirls>

Creative Birles and Other Queers

<http://www.livejournal.com/~queerarts>

The Birles Group on MySpace.com

The myspace group for birles is much like the livejournal community. It's another place for birles, and people alike, or not, to get together to talk about anything. such as: problems they might be having, advice, birl related issues or not. The rules are not strict as long as you're respectful. You don't even have to be a birl to join. Birles, girls, bio boys, tranny's, bi, gay, straight, everyone is welcome. If you have a myspace account, or just ever want to check out the site, you can get to it by going to the userinfo page on the birles livejournal community and click the link "Birles on myspace" or, the url is <http://groups.myspace.com/birlgroup>.

-Alyssa Castillas

Where Girls Kiss Girls

www.wheregirlskissgirls.com

Human Rights Campaign:

www.hrc.org

International Foundation for Gender Education:

<http://www.ifge.org/>

Chocolate Baby Designs - Clothing for Studs, Butches, and Bois

<http://www.chocolatebabydesigns.com/>

Passing Tips

<http://www.geocities.com/FTMpass/passing.html>

The Advocate

www.advocate.com

The award-winning national gay and lesbian newsmagazine.

The Gay & Lesbian Review

glreview.com

The Mission of The Gay & Lesbian Review Worldwide is to provide a forum for enlightened discussion of issues and ideas of importance to lesbians and gay men; to advance gay and lesbian culture by providing a

My Favorite Words #s 12 and 13

androgyny: n. pl. androgynes

1. One that is androgynous

androgynous:

1. having the characteristics or nature of both male and female

2a. neither specifically feminine or masculine

2b. suitable to or for either sex

3. having traditionally male and female roles obscured or reversed



Photo by
Kristie Badrigian