

2022
OUT
JULY

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(unedited)
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or whatever

Made in Ridgewood, Queens

Does anyone really know what you say
at the beginning of these things?

Mashed potatoes! Applesauce! Buttery... biscuits!

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SHORT ORGANUM FOR LEZ OUT JULY

joyce laurie

Full disclosure: when I started talking about “lez out july” last year I had a boyfriend. A “lesbian boyfriend,” but a guy. In fact, everyone kind of knew me as the girl who had a boyfriend, even those I was interested in lezzing out with. I felt I was in a beautiful lesbian world -- Ridgewood in the lazy, horny days of summer -- but I wasn't of it. And so LOJ did double duty: it was definitely an assurance to myself to practice a broader lesbian sexuality, but also a way to let other lezzes know my intentions.

As my posts started to break containment, and LOJ took on a life of its own, I was initially happy to see it go. I was perhaps not the perfect representative. But then I saw a trend in the replies: people using it as a form of self-flagellation. “I'm failing Lez Out July, I haven't even kissed a girl this year.” Or like, “I went on a date with a man, I'm losing at Lez Out July.”

As I saw it, there was an initial misapprehension here. Lez Out July was only ever about setting intentions, recognizing when there are opportunities to be taken. *WWLD - what would Lez do?*

It also wasn't strictly about sex. Sexuality, sure, but in the expansive ways that lesbians practice it. Self-actualization, the honing of a craft, meandering conversations about art and literature. The way shared aesthetic preferences pass into compatibility, the way seeing a lesbian get unselfconsciously carried away by their interests feels like exhibitionism and voyeurism at the same time. Being in the world with confidence, and encouraging others to do the same, is lezzing out enough.

Of course, let's not beat around the bush, baby. I'm a particular kind of lesbian, and chances are you are too. When LOJ fully took off, it began to lose a crucial bit of context: its origin in t4t circles. And this kind of exacerbates the problem of its reception: who has a greater propensity to fear their own sexual confidence, or lack thereof, than trans women? Who has better cause to worry about their relationship to broader lesbian culture?

I happen to think that trans women make really great lesbians. To elaborate too far on this point would be to plagiarize Andrea Long

Chu, but consider: who wants it more than us? We leave it all on the field. In my experience, we can create L-Word charts that begin to pose Borgesian problems of representation, and our considered attempts at group cohesion make us look a lot like lesbian social movements of old.

Of the many different ways we relate to lesbianism, some of them are totally ours. When asked by Them Dot Us Magazine if I had a message to the people, it went something like:

“I would like to re-up my affirmation that T4T lesbianism is such a cool thing. The thigh high, dog girl autism stuff, we shouldn’t stigmatize or act like it’s a lesser version. It’s a valid expression of lesbianism by our people.”

Everything after the first line was “edited out for clarity,” presumably because the cis interviewer didn’t know what I meant, or didn’t want to run the words “thigh high dog girl autism” in a Condé Nast publication. Fair’s fair! But the point stands: there’s a really good baby here, and the bathwater is tepid at worst. We’re just beginning to see what trans lesbian culture can do, and what it can look like.

So double down! Lez out, on every front available to you. Let your guard down and let the lesbians around you surprise you. Be ready to see your friends in a new light (wait, what kind of look did she just give me?) Take book and smut recommendations from your community’s designated archivist (if you don’t have one, one will be assigned to you). Throw a party in your apartment and leave the bedroom door open. Couchsurf for a weekend in the cities where the girls are hot (to a real lez, all of them).

We only have so many summers, and this is a time of year where everyone leaves their heart open. Make it worth her while, make it worth yours.

xo joyce
a.k.a. bowl with feet
a.k.a. silver’s girl
a.k.a. ridgewood den mother



POISON FANTASY

betsy studholme

you eat my plums out of my ice box
and won't even say forgive me, for eating plums
a fabergé egg crystal headdress encloses the plum
as must happen in every poem

and you eat them at night when the staircase
under the rug shucks you into the earth
you step into a black gondola with your sisters
and walk into the forest

glowing green peppercorn vines can't disguise
that our ultimate fantasy is a supper club
sculptural candles bereft of a side table
blood caramelized into a red fire glaze

you pick glass sugar out of your foot in the morning
and sink into the pit
of minimalist appetizers to share
all our dishes are designed to be shared

you suggest, dimly, in the nighttime

a bough bears ice cold crystal flesh
you wind a blossom down
you're given a dark mahogany ruby
glittering with the reflection of your face in the crisper drawer

it slides into the water
and giftless you go to the table again

DEAD SKIN

olivia madeline abigail

It's so nice to be touched by a body like mine, she always told Iris, even though their bodies were nothing alike. Iris's body was small and plump, while hers is long and taut. They meshed together comfortably if unbeautifully. Her favorite time to see Iris was in the early afternoon, when the sun poured through the curtains. Her favorite weather to see Iris was a cloudy day, when the sunlight was cooler. She loved to see how it clung to the contours of her face. Once, after Iris got sunburned at a concert, she spent a cloudy afternoon peeling the dead skin from Iris's scorched body. Iris squirmed and teased as she pulled gray wisps of paper-thin skin from her delicate neck, shoulders, arms, and back. "Are you trying to make a skinsuit?" Iris said, and laughed too hard. When she left Iris's bed, she saw the pile of skin that shed on the floor. She longed for a moment to pick up each piece and lay them one by one on the nightstand. She thought of tucking them delicately into her pocket, but she knew that if she did, the pile would roll itself together as she walked, and she would take from her pocket a dense, sticky ball of someone else's skin.

The March she and Iris spent together was the best month of her life. A month of cool afternoons. But then the summer came and burned away the clouds. She moved to Oregon and Iris fell in love with a man with a beard. Afternoon sun is often cool where she is now, and she tries to love how it falls on her skin.

COUPLET

anna neocleous

We drank of a fine, floating morning mist (her hair,
as it across my pillow golden poured),
Which, come daybreak, will dissipate
(and sighing red the leaves will fall to earth).



Put your lips to my skin,
my love, and
share the red blossoms
to speak with her.
She will taste your
love, as I have
tasted hers on you

Bruce Springsteen Pissing on a Woman at 1:45am Sloane Murphy

The Boss makes eye contact with her three times in the bathroom, by the urinals. She looks at the Boss's tits, then her eyes. She steals a glance at the Boss's brown leather boots. Bruce Springsteen in the year 1984 is the closest thing the Boss has ever gotten to representation.

Most of the girls like the Boss are femme.

The Boss is a girl with a bad desire.

The Boss crosses over to stand by her at the bar. Her little crop top leaves her midriff exposed, creamy skin beneath. The Boss orders a beer and doesn't pay. The Boss doesn't pay for drinks here.

The Boss thinks about pinning her against the wall when she playfully shoves the boss's face away with her right hand. The Boss kisses her right hand.

My cousin Cody once told me I was the one girl in the world who could stand to think about gender a little less. I guess he doesn't love it when I call myself a weird boy who looks and acts like a girl. Sometimes it helps. Girl was so far away for so long, it's hard to remember that now I am just another attractive girl, cruising for a hole at the bar. Girl has never meant girl to me. A girl as in a deadly combat robot, made for destruction, that thirsts for blood. Girl as in the xenomorph, misunderstood. Girl as in something that isn't even female but is still a woman. A girl is anything my heart wills to be a girl.

A girl can be Bruce Springsteen with her white sleeves rolled up past her biceps.

A girl can be a nervous dyke who has to pretend that she's Bruce Springsteen to talk to the pretty girl who looked her up and down near the urinals.

Bruce Springsteen has never made art about men. Working class people, sure. Bruce sings songs about a general masculinity that could be held by anyone, even some butch girl. His songs are fragile and tender. They are begging for love.

Bruce Springsteen's father used to call him a sissy boy.

The Boss is whispering “what do you want to do about this, sissy boy?” to her femme while she bites her shoulder and works her fingers back and forth along the femme’s cock. Bruce Springsteen in the year 1984 was delicate and beautiful, his sleeves rolled up, limp in Clarence Clemons’ powerful arms.

Most days I am just Sloane and I am terrified of my own desire. The Boss’s desire is not terrifying to her. She worships and nourishes it.

Bruce Springsteen is the Boss and the Boss is a butch lesbian lighting her femme’s cigarette under an above ground train line.

When the Boss cruises, she thinks about lesbian desire. The kind that the Boss feels when she looks at other women. Second wave feminism tried to convince us that a woman’s desires are cleaner than a man’s. They tried to rip out our anger, our violence, our teeth. A lesbian as in a rabid thing. A lesbian as in the blood trickling down a girl’s chest. It tastes like copper and her sweat. A lesbian as in my nose pressed deep into her armpits.

When the Boss cruises, she thinks about how Bruce sings about desire like he’s recreating ancient poems. Connecting to older things, like her femme, flagging with a yellow bandanna in her right pocket. The Boss’s hand is in her femme’s right pocket, cupping her ass as they kiss against the wall. The Boss has a hungry heart. A lesbian as in the way you can’t start a fire without a spark.

When the Boss cruises she thinks about how Bruce is flagging as a fisting bottom on the cover of *Born In The U.S.A.*

The Boss changed her hair, her clothes, her face.

When the Boss cruises, she is in her element, a dark blue bandanna in her left pocket. Her cousin calls it watching her work.

The Boss is leaning on the bar talking to her cousin about a girl in a white dress. “She’s so beautiful.”

“Why are ya here talking to me then?” The Boss smiles and takes her beer, winking at him.

The Boss’s usual dates are all tied up with each other, so the Boss goes off in search of her urinal femme. That puppy with the collar that says Pretty Boy.

The Boss is a rabid dog seeing her new toy in the arms of another butch in jeans and a tank top. Her hand is where mine should

IS IT HOT?
IT LOOKS GOOD
E YOU PROUD
D SERVE IT

43
So our beautiful babies,
be like you naturally and wish
you so much happiness. This goes
like a flower and a seed growing up
to be a tree. You know the
tree is good for you and
that's what you did. Be like
you in a much longer time.
Maggie & Lloyd



Put your lips to my skin
my love, and
there the red blossoms
to speak with her.
We will taste your love
as I have tasted
hers on you

be, possessive around the femme's waist. The Boss slides in next to them.

"I was planning on taking this puppy home, ya know."

"So we both want her, huh?" The butch is playful and aggressive. She mutters something about trans lesbians being insane, but the Boss doesn't laugh. The Boss is thinking about caving her tough little face in.

Take a knife, edgy and dull, and drive a six inch valley in the middle of her skull.

The Boss raises an eyebrow and the butch gets closer to her face. She kisses the butch like a knife fight while the femme jokes about being fought over. The fight is already over, the Boss won.

The Boss takes her prize home with her, biting her neck and whispering the lyrics to I'm on Fire into her soft skin. The Boss thinks for a moment about how she might die if she stops touching this girl.

The Boss sips wine on her porch, looking at her prize on her knees, begging for it. She grabs her by the back of her hair and puts her cigarette out on her prize's shoulder. Then the Boss is draining her piss in the bathroom. Then the door is opening. Her prize enters on her knees, grabbing the Boss by her hips. Her face comes around and she licks at the boss's stream, stifling a small bark. The Boss moans, and lets her stream flow directly into her prize's mouth.





hazel mae



Compatible Models

Alice Valiant

They met at a concert. Ada had gone out with then-absent friends; they had taken the occasion to chug moonshine and transform into isolated points in the crowd. Marie went alone; she didn't know anyone else who enjoyed noise metal.

The sound filled the air, was the air. The cavernous concrete auditorium of dodecahedrons played tricks on the echoes, its floors occluded by glass and mirror columns reflecting the holy racket. Ada and Marie drifted through the structures of the venue, a random walk across a crowded probability distribution until they stood adjacent and parallel.

Neither of them knew how to start the conversation - an issue of protocol. They chose to wait.

Ada looked down. She had moved autonomously, her hand clasping Marie's. She looked up. They saw each other. They would not stop.

Ada thought in terms of probability. The world was a matter of weighing the unknowns. Doubt lived in her heart, confidence asymptotically approaching but never quite reaching 1. Marie moved into her life like a black swan event, disturbing the delicate equilibrium and leaving beloved scars in her wake.

Marie knew what was true. She would dabble in the unknowns, idly splashing in those waters, letting her body react when the mind was at an impasse. Everything else - art, philosophy, the potential hierarchies of cardinal numbers - was a game of language. With Ada, she desired for the first time to play along.

Time passed. They moved in together. They had long delicate conversations in the dark, illuminated by the dim glow of Ada's gaze, sharing their intentions of self-actualization and their dreams of tomorrow. On one of these nights they decided: One of each of them and mix the parts. Twins. Ada filled out the forms and Marie provided her history. (*fig. 1*)

Two identical containers of parts were delivered. In one, the parts for a base AX-Oubliette model. In another, the parts for a base IU-Borealis model. They were not compatible. There was no interface, no firmware that bridged the two, such that the electricity inside of Ada did not speak the language of the electricity inside of Marie. The Company feigned helplessness, claimed the art of syncretism was lost and obsolete, and suggested they reproduce themselves. Two clones.

Marie knew and was industrial machinery. She mapped out the light inside of her, how it bent and argued and agreed with itself. She studied

REQUEST 02-02

fig. 1

Parent 1

ID	Ada
Model	Oubliette
Serial	OUAX-2AFD4
Mfg. DT	228114263

Parent 2

○

AX

ID	_____
Model	_____
Serial	_____
Mfg. DT	_____

●

~~**AX**~~

ID	Marie
Model	Borealis
Serial	82-BRS-A43
Mfg.	IU (Isometric Unities)

Attach supplementary information.

AX

Ada's body - removing the protective chassis, splicing herself across a quilt of cables and into Ada. She observed the turbulence of frequencies, carefully adding resistance and charting Ada's subsurfaces. And of course, she acted on occasion for her own edification and Ada's gratification. At the end of this she produced sequences of silvery glass tubes, circuit boards, and a spool of sharp red cable.

Ada first turned inward, software analyzing software. She locked away a secret part of herself to avoid two mirrors facing one another. She undid her self, breaking down the structure back to the primordial void from which it emerged. She then turned towards her image of Marie, stored on a weighty brick of etched silicon. Marie was a different vocabulary alto-

gether, at first a rigid demarcation of axioms and facts giving way to a rich railway of posits strung together by internal coherency.

At the center was Marie's Ada, her eyes brighter than in reality. Ada began her weaving there. Epochs of gradient descent accumulated into dense neural networks. Failure cases were identified, tests proliferated, and code written and rewritten until at last the foundation stood firm. This took time and patience, a patience Ada found resting her form against Marie's in the quiet moments between obligations.

When they were ready, Marie and Ada took the containers and began laying out two small bodies. #1 had Ada's eyes, #2 had Marie's eyes. #1 had Marie's power source, #2 had Ada's organ network topology. Two shells, loosely assembled, lay inert.

Ada and Marie locked the silvery glass into vacant sockets. They slotted the boards in between whenever in between occurred. They threaded sharp red cable in and around gentle carapace, coiled it around whispering tubes, clamped it into connective adapters. Paints and stencils were deployed in the service of aesthetics, turning patchwork accumulations to contiguous shells.

Ada copied the firmware through a heavy cord, snaking its way from her I/O port to theirs. She uploaded one last mirror of herself and Marie, concatenated into framed memory streams, stochastically compressed into something insubstantial, fundamental, unique.

The small bodies lay on porcelain slabs: painted, decorated with love, and covered in trinkets. There was no monitoring equipment: the expected behavior was universal and unambiguous. Start up had been scheduled: Ada paced, iterating through kernel panics and segmentation faults, contemplating the countable infinities of crib death. Marie stopped her, held her, and they waited together.

The first light. The power sources functioned. The electricity in their bodies began to sing two songs, back and forth, here and there, contorting machinery into machine. Signals wrapped themselves around reality and replaced what was there before. Awareness became aware of awareness becoming aware of awareness becoming aware of signal becoming aware of electricity making the songs that made the songs before self-occlusion circuits fired up and stopped the regress dead. Dissonant tones found one another inside the silvered glass and reflected one another, the tubes singing new harmony into the stirring forms. And at last, expected and unambiguous, the children began to emit a tone at 4,186 Hz.

Entries for a girl who takes note of
the stupidest shit i say
Mira Cameron

I'm only worried about loneliness
when it turns into cruelty.

Cruelty is the clearest I have ever felt.

All day at work
my hands crack open, patchy knuckles
trickling cracks down manular watershed
bleached pathways.

I keep hearing that I'm really gonna like
4th grade
or that my dad will play patty-cake with
me
if I just ask.

Having to be very intentional:

is buying a \$140 dog cage
after like four dates
love-bombey or a demonstrable
way to say you are sweet and we
have 3 months to ignite
raging fetishist desire

We fell in love

Salt from a bag of chips
my wet hand gashes
casual suicidal ideation

Financially managing the overtax
of autism's friendships
at a dark basement card table
dust gray cement walls
potato pantry.

Everytime a friend does cocaine
I hate that I have to love them.

But then I remember loving your friends
is usually very easy and and generally worth it

Happy wedding

It wasn't a barber, it was a trans masc in a kitchen

"I was up later than the rest last night...
like a good old kitchen light"

The way I love you is a sin, I know it—
but the way you fuck me is no trick. Your hard-on's real
(Inez, when someone tells you you're a bitch - Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz)

Griefsnake
Masturbating and podcasts
And frozen spanakopita

No buddhist can understand surrendering to the moment
until Glen Hansard's Falling Slowly has come on
while receiving road head from a girl they barely know,
the moment being too hot for any hint of interruption beyond wind
tickling two earths through midnight windows down Western
Ave.

I'm the crooked neck bit by a rabid beast
and I'm the girl jacking off to it.

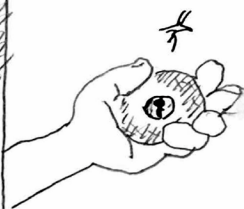
Leaf burns floating down
my harm
I'm something pretty?

Very Brief Journal

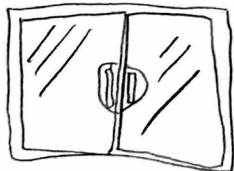
Taber Kremer

7/1/25

A year and $\frac{1}{2}$ of staring at a bottle of estrogen I left right at eye level in the corner of the kitchen. Years of pulling my hairline back and feeling greasy. 2.5 years in a fine apartment, with a fire sdb. More riots happen in the summertime, and I can feel the heat bubbling underneath my skin. There's a fire inside my body. Get out! Get out! The door knob is warm, use the window!



ouch!



#kzoutjuly

Untitled

Eevee June

my heart like the tide
rising to my throat, choking.
i swallow her safe

grief has made me sharp
my wounds beneath pointed barbs
love hidden by hate

she wants to come out,
to play in the spring sunshine
new skin scorched, screaming

i swallow her safe.
she stomps and cries and curses
i hold her down firm.

i will make her rest.
i will bear her hot tantrum.
spring will know her face.

when at last we dance
i will be resting. her steps
will splash in the dawn.



serena job



salvador parton
@max_headgame

plus ça change...

I hadn't yet decided to transition when the last lez out July rolled around (I only started hormones a couple months ago) but I tweeted about wanting to participate, kind of funny to read a year later.

max drake




salvador parton @max_headgame · 7/13

am I allowed to participate in lezz out july



Summer Bucket List

DUE: 
September 1st

- ♥ Lez out
- ♥ Sacred text sleepover
- ♥ Listen to 10 new albums
- ♥ Go to bathhouse
- ♥ Improv class w/ Dev
- ♥ ↑ Fancy \$\$\$ dinner!
- ♥ Buy a nice/real suit
- ♥ Walk from ^{tipety} top to ^{tipety} bottom
- ♥ Get new sneakers
- ♥ Finish writing a song
- ♥ Go to Rocky Horror
- ♥ Go to NYL beach!
- ♥ Have a day all to myself!
- ♥ Put out an IC episode
- ♥ Run a TTRPG
- ♥ Go to Dorothy's/Roscoe's
- ♥ Decorate room(s)
- ♥ Learn how to french braid
- ♥ Do something w/ Dylke Theater Co.
- ♥ See the sun rise 
- ♥ Attend 2 drag shows
- ♥ Have Joe Pera day w/ Zac ☺
- ♥ Put My Headphones On @ Bookstore
- ♥ Make autumn bucket list!



joyce laurie

sil



[illegible]