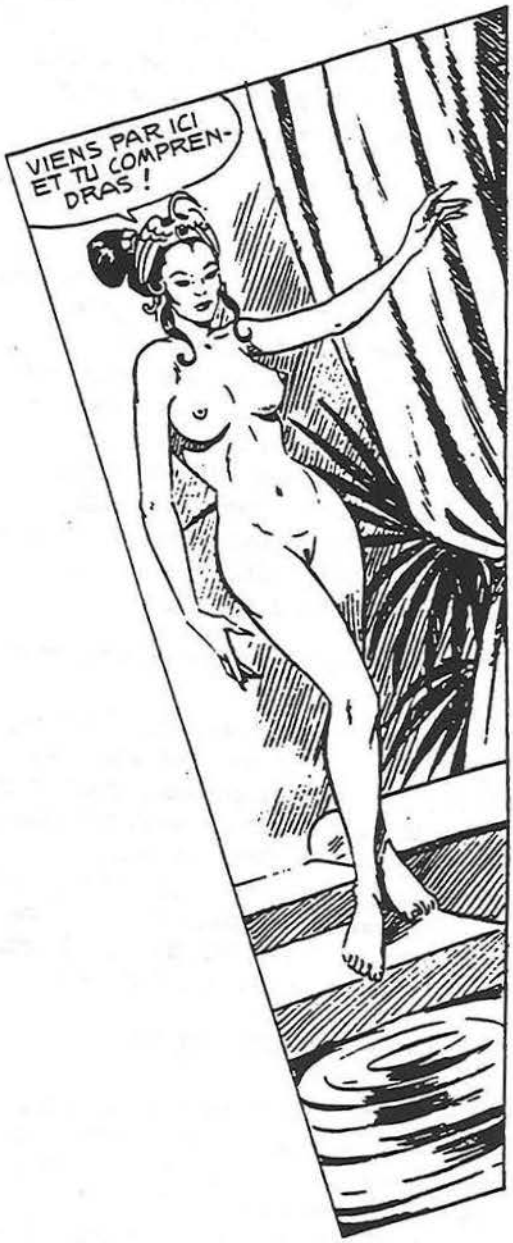
ist be skilled at working with their hands.

MOUSIE
18 Dearborn St.
Medford, MA 02155
Anna Rampage, Ed.


VIENS PAR ICI ET TU COMPREN-DRAS !

URBAN LEGENDS
by Yawn Bronvoop

The Martian in the Food Processor

This story was told by the ubiquitous friend of a friend's endocrinologist (FOAFE), or perhaps by the (FOAFE of a FOAFE). A man (or, in other versions, a woman, or eunuch, or family pet) at home (in the office commisary, in the yurt, at the home economics expo) has decided to prepare a processed food item (sometimes specifically identified as mashed buffalo) in the family's new food processor. He/she/it pours the necessary ingredients into the device, but then notices that the instructions on the machine are written in a foreign language (in some versions identified specifically as German, Russian, Inuit, Urdu, etc.). So he/she/it repairs to another room (house, yurt, dimension) to refer to an English version of the instructions which is with the original packaging.

While the product's owner is doing this, a small Martian (Venusian, Neptunian, Philadelphian) lands a flying saucer (flying bob, flying nun, Ford Omini) on the roof of the building (yurt, etc.) and, becoming thirsty, climbs into the food processor. As the outsider is eating, the person/pet returns with the instructions, presses the proper button, and the well-fed but unfortunate alien visitor is sliced and diced to bits.

A common variation of the story involves a French poodle, a guidance counselor, and six electric lawnmowers (see Chapter 4 of my seminal work, The Barfing Doberman).

Yawn Bronvoop holds the Calvin Coolidge Chair in the Department of Folklore and Aryan Studies at Miasma of Ohio University, Intercourse, PA He is author of The Barfing Doberman and Other Urban Legends: How to acquire enormous research grants by stealing dumb stories from drunken racist relatives, smug synidcated columnists, and friends of friends' endocrinologists.

Oh, you can meet Snow anywhere. Parking lots, shopping malls, even in some bars and discos. It's just that they are shy and hesitant and must be approached with the right techniques.

WILL YOU SHARE SOME OF YOUR TECHNIQUES WITH OUR READERS?

Sure. I'm not afraid of competition. First thing is you gotta speak with an Oriental accent. It doesn't matter which Oriental accent, just pick one and stick to it. So what if you've lived in Brooklyn all your life. If you really can't manage an accent, at least say you're from Hawaii—that's sometimes exotic enough for some of them. But don't get carried away. You want to sound quaint and foreign but not too strange. Strike a common note early. Say something like, "Oh, we have 'Three's Company' where I come from, too." In your Oriental accent, this will come across really quaint and cute. And of course, it's not a lie if you did grow up in Brooklyn. Also, act a little lost, in need of assistance. Many Snow are insecure—they don't feel that their rough skins and plump physiques alone are enough to attract you. They want to offer you that something extra that will make the difference. So, like, if you are doing a foreign student routine, say that your scholarship money is late or that your visa is running out. Snow often like to play the Big Generous American, and you should let them.

THIS ALL SEEMS SOMEWHAT DISHONEST AND MANIPULATIVE.

Well, you gotta be flexible to succeed. Like some snow really turn on to the word "houseboy". You can tell him you were a "houseboy" at a previous job, or in a previous life. (Some of them really take this Karma shit seriously—they think all of us in the East reincarnate out of habit). Others really like to hear you condemn American Imperialism—you know, the lefty ones. So act real angry and throw in an attack on racism against Asian Americans for good measure. Play it by ear. Use your creativity. Watch out, though, for those tell-tale signs that might give you away. Once I was doing this Chinatown waiter routine and I let slip the word

It's inevitable, this phenomenon. With the falling dollar and the U.S. becoming a debtor nation, I think you will begin to see more and more Snow Queens coming into the country to use and abuse our white men. I hear there are already these new categories of Snow porn in Japan. Unemployed steel workers, bankrupt Midwestern farmers—they're ready to drop their overalls for the first Asian tourist with a Nikon. It's a sign of the times.

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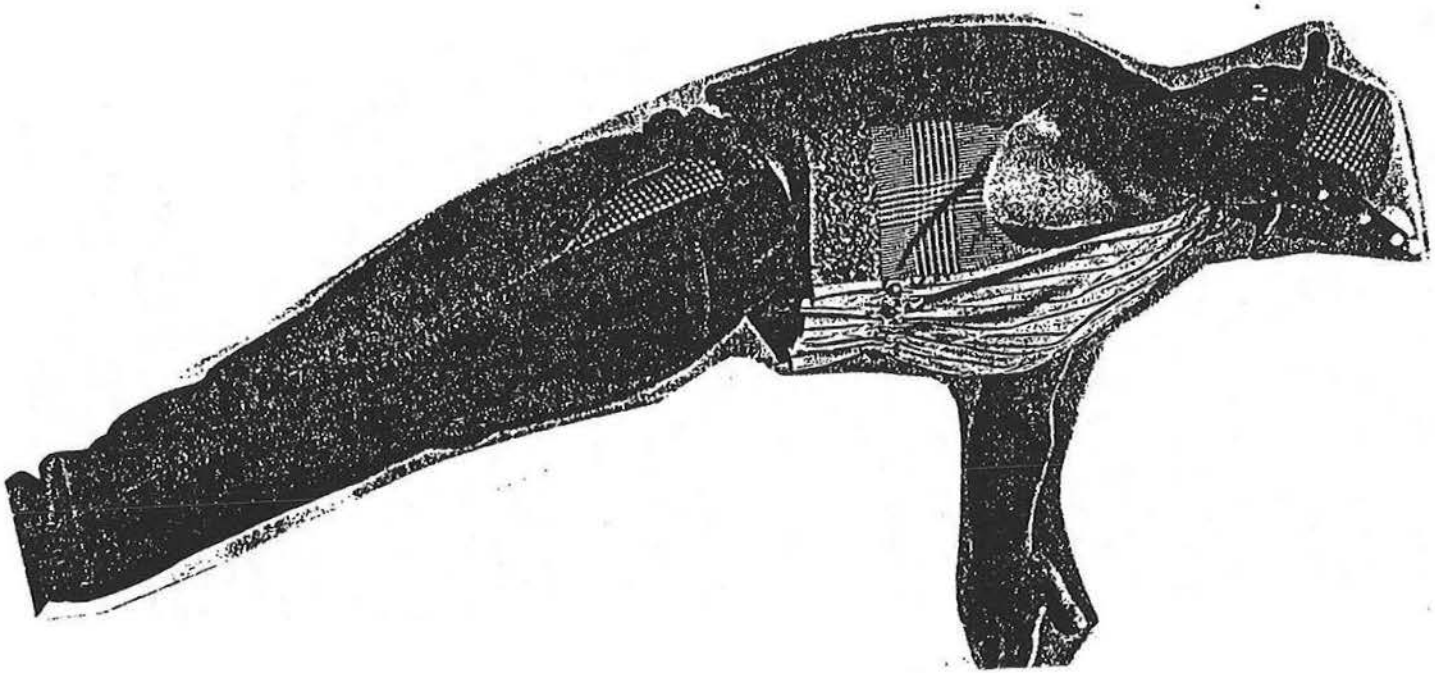
"A Snow Queen Speaks" was first published in the June/July 1988 issue of the Alliance for Massachusetts Asian Lesbians & Gay Men newsletter.

S.H. Chua is editor-in-residence of AMALGM Newsletter. He is a failed Rice/Snow Queen in training.

sitting the cafe by myself
everyone around me...
no connections made
some bitch invades my personal space
wide smile curly hair black leather
lipstick on her long teeth like fangs
i i'm laura weren't you at the
i don't remember her at all
we're having dinner
christian god gathering worship god
everyone will be there
i don't even know her, who the fuck
does she think she is?
here's my address where do you live
give me your phone number
smile never wavers eyes blank
+ i smile condescendingly
mocking her forced friendliness
so whose everyone? your
brainwashed empty friends
spitting out hymns like a hooker
spits out come, devout followers
of your church, your cult big
fucking difference my
drink spills wipe it up like
holy water
outside by myself
everyone around me
no connections made

MARY STAUBITZ

For more of Leanne's way-cool comics, $1.50 per book (a money order is best) for "The Fag-less Fag Hag" parts 1-4, "Bonga Barbie", "The Fuckin' Faggot", "Loose Skin in Old Montreal" and many more to: Liliane
c/o Leanne
3908 St. Christophe
Montreal, Quebec, H2L 3X8
Canada



Ok, so her choices aren't mine. I don't want to give all the power in the relationship to the man on the theory that if he knows he has the power, the whole power and nothing but the power —what she calls supporting "The Man, not the Plan"— he won't abuse it and will go out of his way to make sure I get what I want. The books abound with happy tales of women who loose the reins, stop bitching, acknowledge who is the head of the family and then suddenly are being wooed and won all over again with new kitchen appliances, furniture, vacations... I don't believe that God mandated that we should all be in married heterosexual relationships and that those are the only relationships that mean family. I think a lot of what she says about dieting and child raising is silly and a little bit sad. I do, however, agree with her basic point: that if you don't know, love and respect yourself, it's hard to know, love and respect someone else.

One thing about these books that did worry me is that it seemed as though a woman in an abusive relationships might see the ideas in the books as a reason to continue with the relationship: If I can just work harder, make myself a better person, then he won't get angry anymore. Morgan should have addressed this issue more thoroughly. Another thing is that her whole view of men is based on that insiduous and pervasive model, Man as Nature. Because he might at any moment explode like a volcano or gust up like a hurricane, a woman must work to appease and anticipate her man. She must do the dance of the high preistess, figure out what sacrifices to offer up, which prayers to say and songs to sing, so that the storm will abate and the crops will grow once more. She must constantly watch the sky and when she sees the clouds gathering, quick, start dancing and praying. Take precautions. Man can't help himself, that's just the way he is... And sadly enough, I think that's what I <u>really</u> retained and internalized when I read these books at 13 — as romantic and impressionable as I was, I know I swallowed that idea down without even thinking twice.

THE FIRST TELEVISION WE OWNED

A Swedish businesswoman moves to New York.
Thanks to a mix-up, she becomes an au pair
to a family of four; her teenage daughter
is made chairman of the board. The actress
was up for the role, but couldn't do the accent.
Years later, while hosting Ask Your Mate,
she giggled too hard and set off a scandal
that some people heard about on both the local
and national news. In 1977, the same week
the clerical soap opera went to an hour,
she died the usual death. By that time,
all anyone cared to remember was the heiress
in jumper and black tights, her legs a doll's,
soft-shoeing amid the wrought-iron patio set,
while her costar, whose name was Aberdeen,
settled their affairs. It was very quiet.
People still talk about it the way mothers do
about dates they went on during the war
(how self-conscious the boys at home were!)
or what it was like, especially in summer,
to have so many small children so close in age.

William
O'Sullivan

Marabel

Send me book reviews! Go to garage sales, dig around in your closet, pull out those seminal 70s books and read them again! How do they hold up? Why were they important then, and are they still? And am I imagining it, or was there a book called The Total Man? I think it was written by Charlie, but I can't find it anywhere. Info would be greatly appreciated.

Paul remembers a dream. It is night and the stars murmur. An old woman with hair in a braid to her waist kneels over tomato plants in a garden. He smells earth, rosewater, olive oil and cigarettes. She speaks in a language he cannot understand, but the words pour over him like cool water on a hot day.

After telling me, Paul smiles wistfully and then says sternly, "It's only the beginning." Either the beginning of a string of victories that will eventually take us home, or the beginning of a concerted series of counter-attacks that will stop us dead.

We sit that night in a dingy, non-descript gay bar, celebrating. A man in a Pierre Cardin shirt stumbles across the floor, the closeted doctor from a neighboring town. We have noticed him before but he has never seen us. Lurching towards the men's room, he catches sight of us and throws up his hands in what looks like a parody of amazement. "Pakis!" he exclaims. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

Walking home, we cannot bring ourselves to look at the stars or listen for their messages.

We are fighting many wars, and this is only one. Tired and stripped of illusions, we vow never to surrender.

The forces against us hold key positions in surprising places. Their soldiers come dressed in different uniforms, many of them designer. Our uniforms? Salvation Army sale items, ragged khaffiyas, homemade buttons stating, "Die, Imperialists!" and "I Listen to the Stars." No one understands except one woman who assures us she too takes advice from Hollywood celebritites. These fatigues are threadbare: How many will wear out before this war ends?

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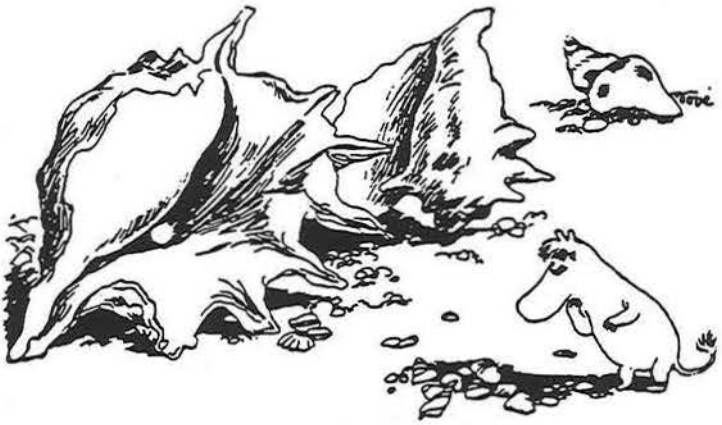
"Listening ot the Stars" first appeared in HURRICANE ALICE, Vol. 8, No. 4

Joanna Kadi is an Arab-Canadian, working-class, able-bodied queer. She is a writer and activist.



everybody else and they are doing very well (and who wouldn't with a body like his?).

The most difficult thing i've encountered is being involved in a relationship with someone who is monogamous. Yes, it does happen and successfully, too. As in any relationship, the key issues are trust and honesty. She happens to be a lesbian of color who is bi positive and currently HIV negative. We've had quite the time working through our stuff in general. The funnest topic has to be non-monogamy and monogamy (although the lesbian/bi thing and being from two different cultures is fun, too). I love her and want to be with her. She loves me and wants to be with me and only me. I go back and forth about how I would feel if she was non-monogamous as well. Would i be jealous? Probably. Would i be hurt? Don't know. I wouldn't want the details, for sure; i guess i would want to know what's going on for her, though. I think it's difficult for her to trust me and i can understand that. It's really hard for me sometimes to distinguish when she's upset over my non-monogamy or whether she is, in fact, being biphobic. If i was a lesbian and seeing another woman besides her, she'd still be upset and call me a whore. That's alright, though. There is nothing shameful or wrong with being a whore! LOVE KNOWS NO BOUNDRIES!!!!!

Paul and I are friends. We like each other and are beginning to love each other. We talk. About our unfulfilled search for the grand love of our life. About our boring jobs that barely pay us enough to live. About being queer. About wanting out of this town but wondering if things will be different elsewhere.

We talk about imperialism. Paul has not thought about it as much as I, but then few people have. He agrees when I say the imperialists do whatever they can to make us believe we are ugly. But his agreement has no roots inside of him.

My first strategy is to emulate my grandmother. I touch Paul's shoulders and transmit messages through my hands. I kiss him good bye and send words from my lips through his skin. I attempt to visit him in his dreams. I point to people of color, few and far between, and discuss their beautiful eyes hair lips skin color.

The forces against us appear in every magazine, newspaper, book, film, television show, billboard. The soldiers living inside of Paul continue their vicious attacks. "I am ugly," he says over and over, from the most beautiful mouth I have ever seen. He collapses into my arms and weeps terrible tears. "I've always wanted to be white." I have heard it all before. As I rock him, I plan our next series of maneuvers.

Paul's enthusiasm for guerrilla warfare, which has taken time to root, now equals mine. We devise strategies, a necessary task in every war. Paul designs maps and hangs them on his bedroom wall. Full of purpose, we pour over our plans to attack, defend, attack, defent. To evict the occupying army by crowding them out.

We read whatever we can find about other imperialist wars because we understand connections. South Africa, Palestine, Nicaragua, Lebanon, Canada, Guatemala, the United States, to name only a few. A shocking and enraging project. The damage is so extensive, especially that which we cannot see. The scars on Mother Earth left from the cluster bombs never reveal what happens underneath and inside.

Not Love Poems

She gave me flowers
and I do not care;
I float far above
the city

He is immobilized by his ways
wanting so to expand
but contracting

I take these gems
and cast them in the water;
they make such sublime circles
after they are gone

Now I am peaceful--
for I am not in love
anymore

by Karen

The odds don't tally up in his favor, given the prevalence of occupying armies. Let me explain. Gods and goddesses—brown, black, red, yellow, golden—crying over their ugliness, dreaming about white skin, blonde hair, blue eyes. The handwork of an inner foe. It's enough to break your heart. Mine has, many times, and I've learned hearts have an infinite capacity for breaking. After the first time, you think you won't recover and that it won't happen again. Wrong. You recover, more or less. It happens many times. I have tired of this cycle. These days I want to become a general and oust occupying armies.

I knew Paul and I would find each other soon. That's one of the few advantages of being queer and colored in this town. And indeed, we met two weeks after I saw him in the bar. A friendship formed easily. He proved as sweet inside as out. One day I said to him, "You're gorgeous."

He laughed cynically.

A tiny crack appeared on the surface of my heart.

"No, I really mean it. Gorgeous. Your skin, your eyes, your face—you're amazingly good-looking."

"Don't be ridiculous," Paul said flatly.

The crack went below the surface and spread. I fought it by beginning to plan our campaign.

The imperialists like to catch us young. They caught Paul as a baby, soon after his parents arrived in Canada from a country only a few meaningless borders east of Lebanon. His parents brought little except survival skills. These were necessary but insufficient to fill the empty spaces inside of him. So when the imperialists began strategizing, they met no resistance and moved in.

In my case, a huge extended family and an Arab neighborhood alive with the sound of durbekes and mizmars reached me well before the imperialists. So did my grandmother. I always imagine Lebanon smells like her. Olive oil, rosewater, earth and cigarette smoke.

AKICHAN'S KARIMBA MUSIC

by Brian Smith

Sunlight reflecting off
  The late February snow
On top of Mt. Fuji

Watching Mt. Fuji
  Slowly coming out
From behind Mt. Ashitaka

Riding on the Tokaido train
  Akichan's karimba music
Echoing in my ears

Mt. Fuji comes completely
  Out from behind
Mt. Ashitaka and thrusts
        It's perfect shape
                Into the sky

The girls turn to look
  & one girl keeps looking
        out the window

        at Mt. Fuji

                & keeps looking

Akichan's perfect shape
  Thrust into the blue
White on top

Akichan's karimba Mt. Fuji
  Music echoing
In my ears.

Brian Smith makes music and poetry in
Numazu, Japan.

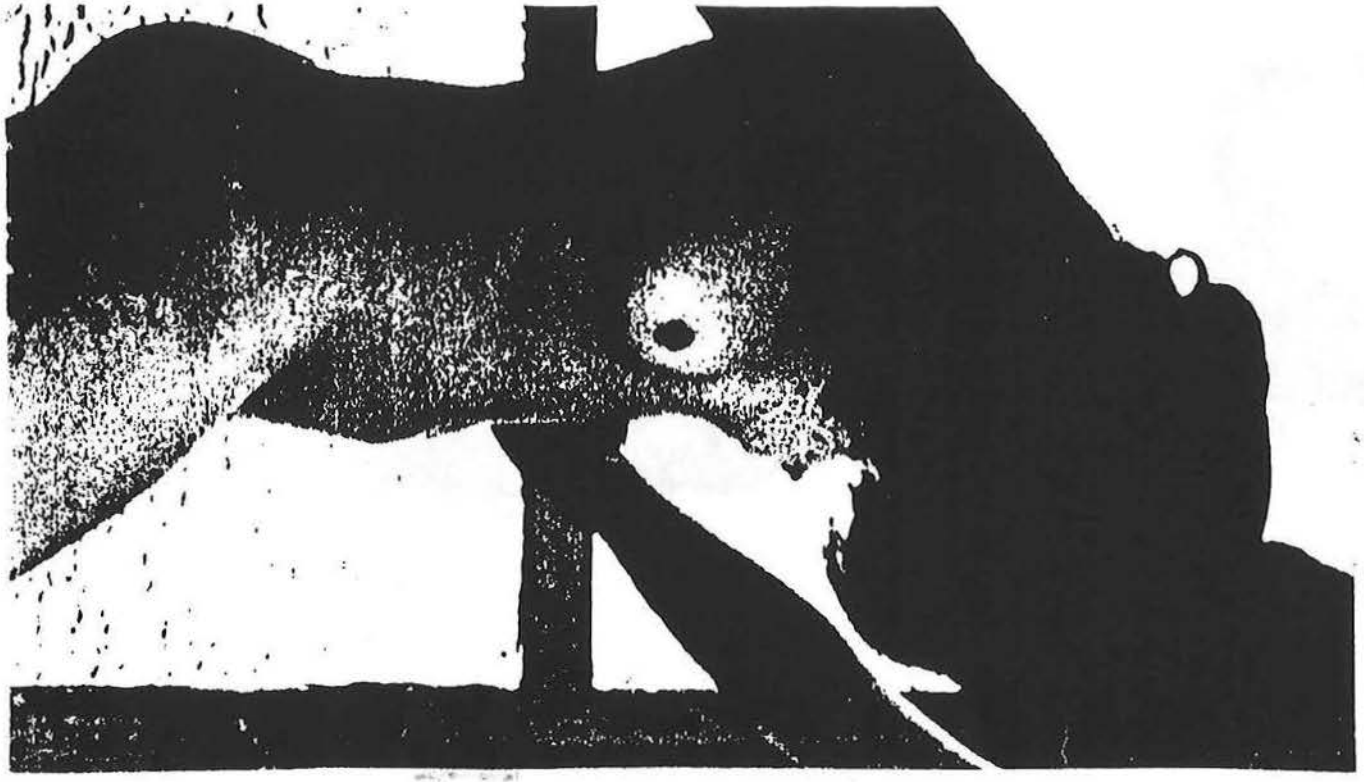
SEX COLORS

BLACK, BROWN, YELLOW, PINK, RED and WHITE,
WHAT is SEX?
DIVINITY of the SEXES and COLORS.
WHY must it be?
Is WHITE better because of their
SENSITIVITY of TOUCH?
Is BLACK and BROWN better
because of their BOLDNESS for CONQUERNESS
of the SEXES?
Is the YELLOW better because of their
HYPOCRISY of the SEXES?
Is the PINK better because of their
IGNORANCE of the NEEDS of the SEXES?
Is the RED better because of their
INTOLERABILITIES of the SEXES?

****The HOMES of the SEX COLORS CONQUERS
ALL DESIRES!****

by Wilhelmine Preal

Wilhelmine Preal sells her
poetry in Harvard Square.



LISTENING TO THE STARS
by Joanna Kadi

We are fighting many wars, and this is only one. Fraught with meaning. Smaller than some; Paul and I square off against the imperialists. The idea of fairness holds no relevance. Our enemies use any tactics, as they have in the past and will in the future. But frequently we receive help from the stars, rocks and spirits.

Do you understand imperialism? Not rhetorically but in your body. That's how we understand it. For centuries white people have practiced their particular brand until reaching today's near-perfect form. They wage their wars on our bodies/our lands, simultaneously using fancy words to tell use imperialism belongs only in the past. They are dead wrong. But it is our death, not theirs.

Our death happens slowly. And painfully. Usually they have taken over our insides. The white army advances, occupies, settles in for the duration. Which explains why, although we so clearly outnumber them, they still run the world.

They occupied Paul 30 years ago. And now we engage in warfare.

I first saw Paul two years ago in this town's dingy, nondescript gay bar. Sitting alone, I searched the crowd. Not for lesbians but for people of color, especially Arabs. It's instinctive. And usually fruitless.

My eyes came to rest on Paul and I inhaled sharply. I stared, imprinting this vision of loveliness onto permanent memory. Smooth skin the color of milk chocolate. Huge, rich brown eyes fringed with long lashes that curled up to draw attention to perfectly formed eyebrows and forehead. Soft mop of dark brown curls. Profile with full, sensuous lips, straight nose, determined chin. Body with muscles everywhere, wide shoulders tapering into tiny waist and hips.

A simply beautiful man. But for us, nothing is simple, including beauty. Especially beauty. And so I had to ask: Does he know?

A BRIEF STORY OF THWARTED PASSION

Sylvia Brilliant was unable to listen to music, except perhaps critically. The world could not trip that lightly through her fingers; she needed to grasp onto it and turn it over in her hands and thoroughly examine it first. Sure, things thrilled her, and even in a kinky way, but always in an intellectual context, through a cerebral avenue.

So I had this desire with Syl, with Professor Brilliant: it was to tie her to her four-postered bed and force her to listen to the music that I loved and got lost in. Perhaps I would make love to her then, too; perhaps not. The point would be that the music would invade her, caress her, intoxicate her. It would make her give up that strict control.

I would have to pick the right music to spirit her away. It would be dreamy yet insistent, floaty and yet passionate. There would be a melancholy to it, of course, a sadness. I'd play it loud so as to induce bliss.

She needs to enter the slip stream, you see — the collective unconscious: the thing that moves us; that is art; that is Passion. She needs to give up, and swim in it. She needs to float. This woman so desperately needs to float.

Karen F. edits Bi Girl World — need I say more?

She adored me. My dark skin, my black eyes, my huge nose. She told me, over and over, and her words filled those empty spaces inside of me. A fortunate occurence, because the imperialists have soldiers everywhere. Schoolmates called me "greasy Arab" and adults unfamiliar with the geography of the Asian continent whispered "Paki prostitute". But those phrases signified only words, not the beginning of an occupation.

My grandmother told me what to do if I ever tangled with the imperialists. I should go to the rocks, stars, spirits—especially Middle East spirits—for help. Not that their lives revolve around us, but they will pitch in. She told me this early and I believed her. Not only because it's true but because no contradictory white voices had taken up residence in my head. And so at night I always walk head back, looking at the stars, listening hard, just in case. All of a sudden I hear one. "You're special," it might say, huskily. "Such beautiful dark skin."

And the spirits. Some come from Lebanon, just to see me. "Oh, yes, you're the spit and image of Jameelah, third cousin on your mother's side."

"No, she looks more like Mahmoud. You know, her grandfather's oldest brother."

"His eyes weren't that pretty."

"Of course they were. He could make the sun rise early with those eyes."

"I disagree. Anyway, we didn't come here to argue. We came to tell you to remember where you come from."

"And to be proud."

"Absolutely. You have a lot to be proud of. Much more than the assholes running the world these days."

"For heaven's sake, watch your language."

"At my age, I've got better things to do than watch my language."

I listen carefully, and look, but if I look too hard they vanish. Mostly they show up when they want, but sometimes they come when I ask. Just like my grandmother, who visits me in my dreams. Sometimes she chats about the weather. Sometimes she tells jokes about spirits that I don't get. Sometimes she gives me information about the wars. Sometimes she tells me how beautiful I am.

We are fighting only one of many wars. The stakes are high. Paul and I know we have help from spirits, stars, rocks. We also know what we face. Bombs. Guns. Uniforms. Numbers. Occupying armies in our bodies.

"I really hate them living inside of me," Paul complains. "It's a drag."

"Hey! I've got it. Start charging rent!"

We laugh and laugh. This weakens their power. I add. "Then you could quit your lousy job."

"Yeah, but how would I explain things at income tax time?"

Later that week, we experience a possible breakthrough. Paul walks home one night. He thinks he hears his name spoken by someone with a French accent. He searches but sees no one. Suddenly he looks up. A star twinkles. Did it really happen?

I believe the star called because I must. We have looked at every person of color in this town. In vain I search magazines and newspapers. The pitifully few photos of Africans accompany stories of famines, wars or drug busts. Guess who lurks behind these devastations.

My latest idea is a sure sign of desperation. Making love with each other. Active tongues and fingers can say, "You're beutiful," better than words. We probe the idea dispassionately, which is of course an indication to steer clear. The best strategies come from the heart. Paul and I are queer. We don't want to have sex with each other.

I ask the spirits to send a gay man of color who loves himself, who will love Paul. The spirits reply, "Get real." They assure me they are also trying to enter his dreams, laden with messages: Brown skin is lovely; Brown eyes are stunning. But Paul never remembers his dreams.

One day a rock calls from the shoulder of the paved road. Small and grey with tiny swirls, it says, "Don't forget your grandmother."

I wait.

"Maybe she could get through to him in a dream. Ask her."

I thank the rock and move it to a better spot beneath a tree.

WANTING IT ALL

by Josefina

One thing we hear a lot as bisexuals is the myth that we cannot possibly be satisfied or happy if we are not involved with one person of each gender at the same time. This is confusing bisexuality with nonmonogamy. There is no one definition for what being bisexual is. It means many different things to many different people AND THAT'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY THINGS THAT MAKES BISEXUALITY WONDERFUL!! To me, a bisexual woman of color, (not one, not two but three, count them, THREE belssings), being bi means LOVING WHOM-EVER I CHOOSE (however i choose, whenever i choose and for whatever reason i choose). Is that simple enough? I also happen to be non-monogamous. Now, don't get confused. I know many a proud monogamous bisexual individual who chooses to be "involved", whatever that may mean, with only one person at a time. And that's okay. I'm biased and i must say that it doesn't make much sense to me, just like heterosexuality doesn't seem to jell. In any case, monogamous or straight, i respect someone for who s/he is and not for what or how they identify.

Why is it, however, that non-monogamy is stigmatized by whomever as something less than the ideal of a long-term relationship with only one individual? This seems to come up in all worlds, queer and straight. The thought is no longer that i'm confused and don't know if i'm a lesbian or straight, but that i'm insecure because i don't want to and can't commit myself to only one other individual. Yes, i'm insecure, but what does that have to do with any kind of desire that i'm supposed to have to be monogamous? And i do want to have a long-term relationship with someone, maybe two people, of any gender. I know an absolutely beautiful to-die-for gay man of color who has at least two long-term simultaneous relationships going on. Everybody knows about

It's easy to make fun of these old books, with their slightly breathless, frothy prose and ugly 70s illustration, and it's even easier to lose sight of the woman writing them. In Total Joy, which is more mature and thoughtful than The Total Woman, Morgan begins the book with memories of her childhood. When she was in third grade, her parents got a divorce and she lost all sense of security. By eight grade, she felt so inadequate and embarrassed of herself that she fainted in class when the teacher asked her to read aloud from a book. In ninth grade, when her father died, she says, "I was fourteen years old and felt eighty. Looking at the streets and trees and houses and realizing the scene was multiplied a million times around the earth sent a bittersweet ache into my heart. The world was so lovely, but I didn't know where or how I fitted in.... I asked myself for the first time, 'Who am I? Why am I here? Where am I going?'" Her two books are an autobiographical journey as she attempts to answer those questions for herself.

It was heartening to reread these books and find that Morgan's work no longer threatens me with a feminist dystopia, nor does it effect me adversely with it's messages so important to the status quo. Some of what she says is outrageous and dated, but in an odd sort of way, these books are charming, if only because she's sincere and goofy and she never looses her sense of humor. A couple of months ago, I wrote to the Total Woman PO Box number that's printed on the dust jacket, asking if the Total Woman had survived into the 90s — it was a nice letter, respectful. But I'm still waiting for an answer.

Anna

CARETAKER

If I weren't me, I'd be someone else.
The thing about the body as temple,
that wasn't it—that I've never felt.
It was the body as body.
I'd be anyone else, everyone else.

I was a child, lying in wrinkled white sheets.
I imagined mountains and roads, rounded corners.
One eye saw what the other didn't.
This I sensed, but couldn't say.
Something like trust, entrust. The body my charge.

Once I didn't know two bodies
had ever been described as spoons.
Now I can see: even in the worst of time,
encouragement, welcoming words, a soft high hum
riding the pink of a conch shell.

A man stood in the darkened kitchen,
ice cubes crackling on his naked skin.
If you lived here, I said, touching my own,
the sweat like a layer of reflected light,
you'd be home by now.

William O'Sullivan's job is far from dull.

MARABEL'S WORLD: THE TOTAL WOMAN (1973)

AND TOTAL JOY (1976)

Funny how things work: I read these books in about 8th grade; I was disdainful and angry, my protofeminist sensibilities simply outraged. 17 years later, I'm not so quick to condemn and the world looks much more complex than I once thought. Ah, children, gather round — here is the story of a woman who just wanted to help her sisters learn to be happy.

When Marabel married Charlie, she had no idea of the real world and the real work involved in marriage. "...Ruffly curtains at the kitchen window, strawberries for breakfast, and lovin' all the time" was her vision; also, she counted herself lucky because she and Charlie had what she considered great communication skills. The next thing she knew, she was nagging nonstop and he had withdrawn almost completely. So rather than heed those wacky gals who were going around burning their brassieres and turning into lesbians, she started trying to figure out a solution to the problem that would work for her.

What she came up with was for sure not something feminists would agree with. The gag-reflex that kicks in upon seeing her slim paperback, white cover adorned with a single red rose, attests to that. Along with Anita Bryant, Morgan became a symbol of All That Is Evil About Patriarchy. But what if you really loved your husband and thought he was a good person. What if you were aware that a lot of fucked up things were going on in society that encouraged both of you to act stupid and divisive, but you didn't know how to stop. What if you believed in God and you believed that when you got married that was it and you wanted things to get better within your marriage. All that stuff about women's lib that you hearing about on tv wasn't any kind of help at all. Then someone gave you a copy of The Total Woman, and you read it, and you felt understood and you started to feel hopeful.

Morgan's books aren't evil. They aren't even all that original. A lot of what she says is just standard self-help advice: know yourself, love yourself, respect yourself and others, remember that you have a purpose, try to fulfill yourself, live to your utmost potential, believe in a higher power, change what you can, accept what you can't, etc. And all the dress-up for your hubby stuff seems pretty tame these days, when Victoria's Secret caters to fantasies in every shopping mall across America. Like any theory made public, her books run the risk of being misconstrued and used for purposes other than those intended. She doesn't say that everybody has to do as she did, she's just offering it up. And it's quite specifically aimed at white, middle-class housewives —also the targets of women's lib. So she was giving these women an alternative. In the honor-and-celebrate-difference 90s we're starting to learn that that ain't such a bad thing.

HARVARD BRUTALIZES 69 YEAR OLD POET

On June 22,about 6 pm,I was sitting and chatting with 3 friends in the Au Bon Pain patio in Holyoke Center, Harvard Square. The Poetry Contest sign was standing on the floor about 4 feet from our table. The Au Bon Pain manager, Steven Smaill, told me to leave the premises. I told him that I was not conducting the Contest, and the sign was just standing there 'til we finished eating. I said, "You're in the wrong. Leave us alone. Go away." A few minutes later a Harvard policeman, Robert Kotowski, came and told me to leave. I refused. He arrested me. He handcuffed my hands behind my back. I said, "I am 69 years old and certainly not resisting. Is that necessary?" He said it was "procedure". He hurried me along to the policecar, holding my arm.

When he put me into his policecar, my back was twisted in the narrow space of the back seat. It hurt like hell. A minute later, my back went into spasm. After about an hour of "procedure" at the Harvard police station, Officer Kotowski again handcuffed my hands behind my back and took me to the Cambridge Police station in Central Square. There, after booking, Officer Cherabino put me in a 9 x 6' steel cell. I asked if I could call someone if I needed help. He pointed to a box on the wall that looked like a radio. He said, "You've got audio; say anything you want." After a while, my back pain and spasms got worse. I called out for help 26 times. On the 24th call, another policeman asked me what I wanted. I told him and asked for a doctor. Nothing happened. About 8:45 they took me out of the cell.

I asked to see the officer in charge (lieutenant). They refused. I asked for a doctor. They refused. I asked to be allowed to make a phone call. They refused. (Earlier, during the booking, they had offered me the legal one phone call.)

I paid the bail and took a taxi to the Cambridge City Hospital. The emergency room was jammed, so I went over to the VA Hospital in Jamaica Plain. There, Dr. Alex treated me, x-rayed my back, and gave me medicine.

Today, 4 days later, June 26, my back still hurts and occasionally goes into spasm. For the first time in my life, I have to walk with a cane. I remember reading of a woman who was handcuffed and raped. Now I understand a little better how she felt.

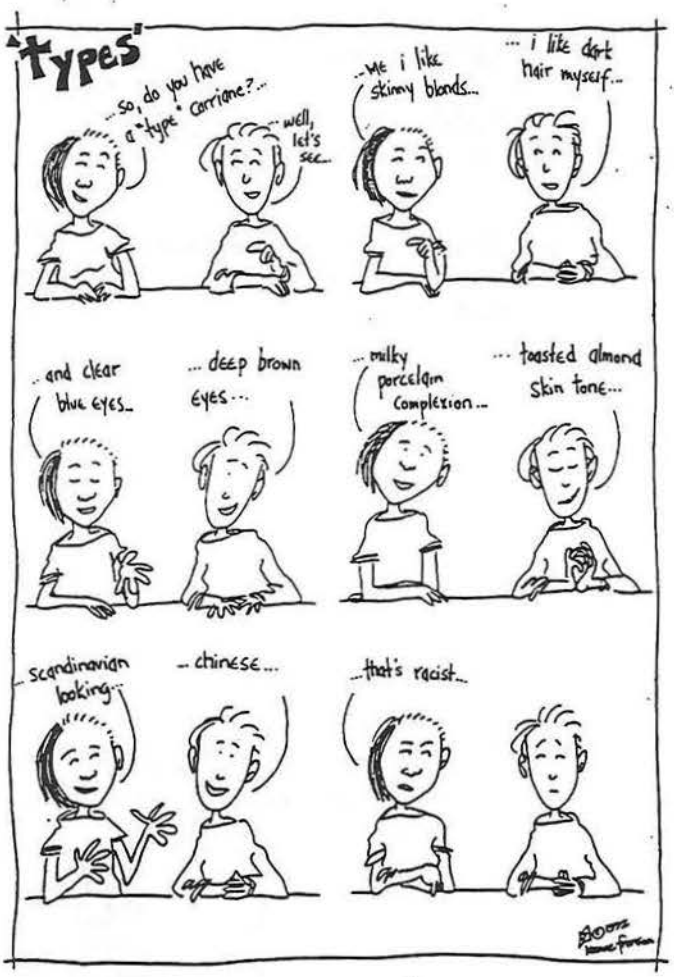
Harvard has assaulted my dignity and damaged me physically without cause. (So far as I know, Harvard has not taken to raping senior citizens, although some elderly poets claim otherwise.)

I want redress from Harvard. Harvard lawyers may say, "It was just the cops." That won't wash. harvard is responsible for its cops.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress.

Reader: If this makes you mad and you want to do something, telephone Harvard president, Neil Rudistine and tell him to take time from his fundraising to clean up his own outhouse, particularly his cops.

Ted Moynahan
64 Green St.
Jamaica Palin, MA 02103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... i like dark hair myself...
...and clear blue eyes...
... deep brown eyes...
... milky porcelain complexion...
... toasted almond skin tone...
...scandinavian looking...
...chinese...
...that's racist...

Once I Dreamed of Temple Bells

"Asian" in my spiel, you know, instead of "Oriental". Boy, did this number turn off. And he was a real hot ticket, too.

DON'T YOU FEEL THAT YOU ARE ENCOURAGING ALL THESE STEREOTYPES OF ASIANS?

Look, honey, it's an imperfect world. Sure, we all want to change the stereotypes. But meanwhile, we gotta have our meat and eat it too, if you know what I mean.

DO YOU KNOW MANY OTHER SNOW QUEENS? IS IT TRUE WHAT WE HEAR—THAT SNOW QUEENS OFTEN GET TOGETHER AND EXCHANGE PARTNERS?

Well, it's not as blatant as that. Many of the Snow Queens I know are in—what do they call it nowadays—lifepartnerships. But of course, we have our outside interests. We're not beneath doing a little horse trading every now and then. The most important thing, though, is to make it seem like it's the Snow number's idea. They like to think they're the ones playing the field. You know, egos are pretty big in the West. You don't want them to know they're being passed around the meat circuit. Jesus, I know at least two queens who are going to kill me for letting this little trade secret out.

DO YOU HAVE ANY OTHER WORDS OF ADVICE FOR ASPIRING SNOW QUEENS AMONG OUR READERS?

Well, just that there's lots of Snow out there. In all seasons. There's enough for everyone. And when you get a bit more like Pat Morita vintage, there's still all that Rice sniffing out age and wisdom.

We polled some of those on our mailing list about what they thought of Snow Queens. Here's a sampling.

I think they are disgusting. Always going from one piece of white trash to the next. They should stick to their own kind..

I think the term is demeaning to white people. There is more to us than the whiteness of our skin and I wish Asian men would try to look inside us for other qualities.

THE MOUSIE CREED

Make a day

to come

nicer than yesterday.

PLEASURABLE

Be as you are and

be simple as you are.

This is our new concept for life.

A SNOW QUEEN SPEAKS

by S. H. Chua

Much has been said about Rice Queens, but the elusive entity, the Snow Queen, has often escaped attention probably because so few would admit to that designation. One such person did come forth in answer to my solicitation for an interview. He has chosen to remain anonymous, underlining the enormous stigma still attached to that part of our community. It is hoped this interview will help promote some understanding and perhaps acceptance.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST REALIZE YOU WERE A SNOW QUEEN?

Well, I did not start out as a Snow Queen, you understand. It's just that it's so hard to meet other Asian men. It's all this over-emphasis on age and experience in Eastern cultures, you know. Look at me. It's going to be quite a few years before I look anything like Pat Morita. Westerners, on the other, hand, can appreciate a cute young thing like me immediately. Their culture has a healthy obsession with youth and beauty.

SO YOU BECAME A SNOW QUEEN BY DEFAULT THEN?

I wouldn't go that far. There are many things that attract me about white men of course. Their rough skin, their stout bodies and their rich cultural tradition—you know, Sears, "Three's Company", Championship Wrestling. And, oh yes, the food—MacDonald's, Kentucky Fried. I really like their cuisine. But frankly, I really do not like to be called a Snow Queen.

YOU OBJECT TO THE TERM "QUEEN"?

No. "Snow". Snow is so cold, frigid, often dry and flaky. The numbers I go for can really turn into redhot lava with the right encouragement. Of course, I understand the implication is the color—as in Snow White—but we all know snow doesn't stay white very long except on the mountains.

WELL, WHERE DO YOU FIND SNOW, IF YOU'LL PARDON THE TERM? ARE THERE SNOW BARS?

REVIEWS ETC.

Worth the wait: IQ: The Sex Zine for Girls Who Like Girls Who Wear Glasses. A University brat like myself could not resist Part One of "Where the Girls (with Glasses) Are" by Anne Experte: The Research Library as a Place of Erotic Encounter. I also enjoyed "E=MC²" where the lust object is wearing, in August, "wool knee socks with clogs, a black dirndl skirt with a draw-string waist, and a tea green beaded sweater buttoned to her neck, where a Peter Pan collar shyly peeked out."

$2.00 to Dr. Kate c/o IQ
PO Box 626, Gardena, CA 90248

Bi Girl World — what a happenin' zine! From the opening Bi-atribe to the closing rogues gallery of "Bi girls to Know and Tell", this rollicking publication is fun fun fun. Can't wait for Numbah 2!

$2.00 to Karen F.
99 Newtonville Ave., Newton, MA 02158

Hedgehog and Common Wisdom Sinister Lives are two zines that recently came my way. Hedgehog is mostly a lot of trippy, depressed poem-like rantings by the two editors, Andrea and Ora Sundara, with a few other contriubters thrown in and some nice art. I enjoyed it. CWSL is so far just one folded piece of paper, but is seeking contributions and is hopeful that "women, wymyn, wimmin: bisexed, dykes and lesbos in the Valley; actually do want to talk with one another". The dominedtrix, CB Sundance will send you a zine if you send her a SASE, I think. Hedgehog is $2.00.

Hedgehog
47 Union St. 2F
Northampton, MA 01060

CWSL
PO Box 972
Northampton, MA 01060

I'm also trading partners with Fucktooth which has an intense picture of an angel on the cover of the latest issue and is a punk-oriented bi-positive youthful queerzine. I like it best when Angel, the editor, muses about politics, the zine scene, and whatever.

$2.00 to: IMD (don't put Fucktooth)
1298 Som No. 30
Mayfield Heights, OH 44124

Zines that took my American dollars and headed for the border: Lavender Godzilla, Fact Sheet Five and Up Our Butts. I would like to take this opportunity to say that we here at Mousie are so excited when somebody orders a copy that it goes in the mail THE VERY NEXT DAY. Just in case you were wondering.

Anybody see the Geraldo about cross-dressing women? Anybody else obsessed with Billy Tipton? I'd like butch/femme stuff for Mousie 3 and I still want to hear about race, interracial relationships, bi- and multiracial-ness and just any little thing your heart desires. Mousie is at your disposal. I eagerly await your correspondence.


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Better
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how's the action? satisfaction.

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NOTICE

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The retailer & the manufacturer are not responsible for any damage done to zine in dry cleaning or pressing process.

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Dentists m