

MOUSTIE

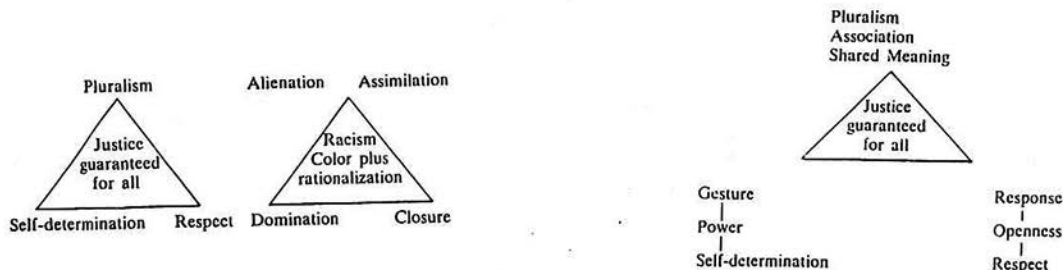


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LETS TALK ABOUT RACE, BABY, LETS TALK ABOUT YOU AND ME

Last month I went to a conference in Michigan that was sponsored by one of the very few publications dealing specifically with interracial and biracial concerns, NEW PEOPLE. The conference, "Every Side is Our Side", drew about 200 participants, mostly families -- it was way straight. After the exhilaration of OutWrite 92, which I had attended a few weeks earlier, I went through a bit of culture shock, but the world of queer writing and the world of interracial relationships are both integral to my life, so I perservered. It was like turning off a part of myself, and I didn't like it, but I wasn't comfortable coming out and I needed to get what I could. See, I'm white, and I like Asian guys. Which doesn't mean, like some of those folks in the classifieds that I just want to fuck someone solely for his Asian-ness, but I will notice Asian men first in a crowd (only after I've checked out all the cute women of any race, though, these days). Anyway, at the conference, I was in the minority, because everybody else was completely concerned with black/white relations -- there were biracial people, black/white couples with children, and white people who had adopted interracially, all concerned with finding ways to validate their kids' complete heritage. There was a German woman who had married a black GI after WWII and a high school boy who attended the interracial dating panel with his white gal pal -- they were just friends, but both regularly dated "across the color line". These people were doing it for themselves -- no one else out there, black or white, seems much interested in helping them validate and celebrate their experiences and choices in love. And don't talk to me about "Jungle Fever" -- Mr. Lee has an agenda that doesn't include much room for women, let alone white women who mix with black men -- whenever that film came up in a discussion during the conference, gagging noises could be heard for miles around. There were vendors who'd painstakingly compiled books showing children of all different skin shades, and there was a talk about how to de-evil words like "black" and "dark", and suggestions for parents and teachers on how to help children find their own personal skin tone by mixing together play-dough, paint, or by setting black construction paper out in the sun until it fades to just the right shade. It's hard for kids to feel ok about themselves if they never see themselves represented anywhere. It's hard for grownups, too, if everything out there just ignores them or else exploits their experiences without even a nod in the direction of the real people who are living their lives as interracial couples a mere 25 years after Lovings v. Virginia overturned anti-miscegenation laws here in America. This was a brave and innovative bunch of people, confronting their own racism at a very personal level, learning respect and tolerance, acting with love and concern for each other and for the children of us all.



LETS TALK ABOUT SEX, BABY, LETS TALK ABOUT YOU AND ME

The participants of "Every Side is Our Side" are reluctant to call children of a black/white couple "black", although that's almost always how society will perceive them, even today when there seems to be a multi-racial chic fashion trend going on. Both black and white cultures pressure a child who has "a drop of black blood" to identify as black. Funny how this hurtful, ugly metaphor of infection carries over to queer culture. Witness the hullabaloo over "Basic Instinct". In one article I read, in the straight press, the journalist constantly referred to the bisexual villainesses. Then someone from Gay and Lesbian whatever was quoted as saying the film was offensive to lesbians. Huh? It may well be, but where did we go? Does sleeping with a woman make you a lesbian, even if you're still attracted to men?

Bisexuals are badly portrayed in the movie -- supposidly. But I haven't seen it, and according to my colleague over at Bi Girl World, the divine Karen F., the movie wasn't anything to get all hot and bothered over -- well, maybe a bit hot at the lovely gals -- and who expects anything from Hollywood anyway?

Well, so ok. Welcome to mousie. I want to talk about this stuff. I want to know what you think. Is it valid to put an ad in the paper for "oriental lesbians"? Can women be rice queens? Snow queens? Do we have a dialogue going on about exoticism, sexual desire, stereotypes and racism in the midst of all this new sexual candor that's going on zine-wise and elsewhere? I see a lot of fists in various orifices, but not a ton of women of color and women of a paler color speaking to each other honestly about stuff like how hot those various colors might or might not make them and where to go from there. I was disappointed at "Every Side" because the vast majority of folks wanted to keep that sexy, non-logical part under wraps -- you heard a lot of, "I didn't even really focus on the fact that he was black -- he was just such a nice person." Yeah, right. Aren't we all about reclaiming our libido, getting the taboos out there and aired out -- celebration and affirmation? What's the difference between fantasy and reality? If

I fantasize about an incredibly hot Japanese guy with long hair, eyes framed by deep laugh marks, stark cheekbones and hips (different from me), or an incredibly hot, lean, muscular white butch wearing suspenders and a tie, a tattoo of a bucking stallion on her bicep (different from me) -- well, what of it? Does it make me crazy or bad?

And say I happen to meet someone who comes close -- what happens then? Maybe I'd be their fantasy, too, and we'd make each other really hot and have intense sex for the first few times -- then we'd have to start to get to know each other as more than just a way of looking and moving. Isn't that what most people try to do when they're first getting involved with someone, whether that someone looks like them or not? I mean, furthering understanding takes more than just shoving your hands down someone's pants or just ignoring differences -- is it being furthered in the queer community? These are things I really want to talk about! How come there's Black and White Men Together and nothing that even recognizes our attractions for other for queer women? I was incredibly challenged at "Every Side", I did a lot of thinking about ~~as a result~~ racism that I've internalized that was oozing out like the shit it is as I attended workshops and networked. It's my duty to do that, as much as possible, and not just about race either. Are other people doing it? How? When? Why?

So talk to me -- aren't you out there? I know you are.

AMAGAZINE
The Asian American Quarterly
Metro East Pub., Inc.
627 Third Ave., Suite 239
New York, NY 10016-9991

NEW PEOPLE
PO Box 47490
Oak Park, MI 48273
sample issue, \$5

Anna Rampage
June, 1992

INTERPACE
PO Box 1001
Schenectady, NY 12301
sample, \$3.50

TOUT CELA
ME EXCITE !





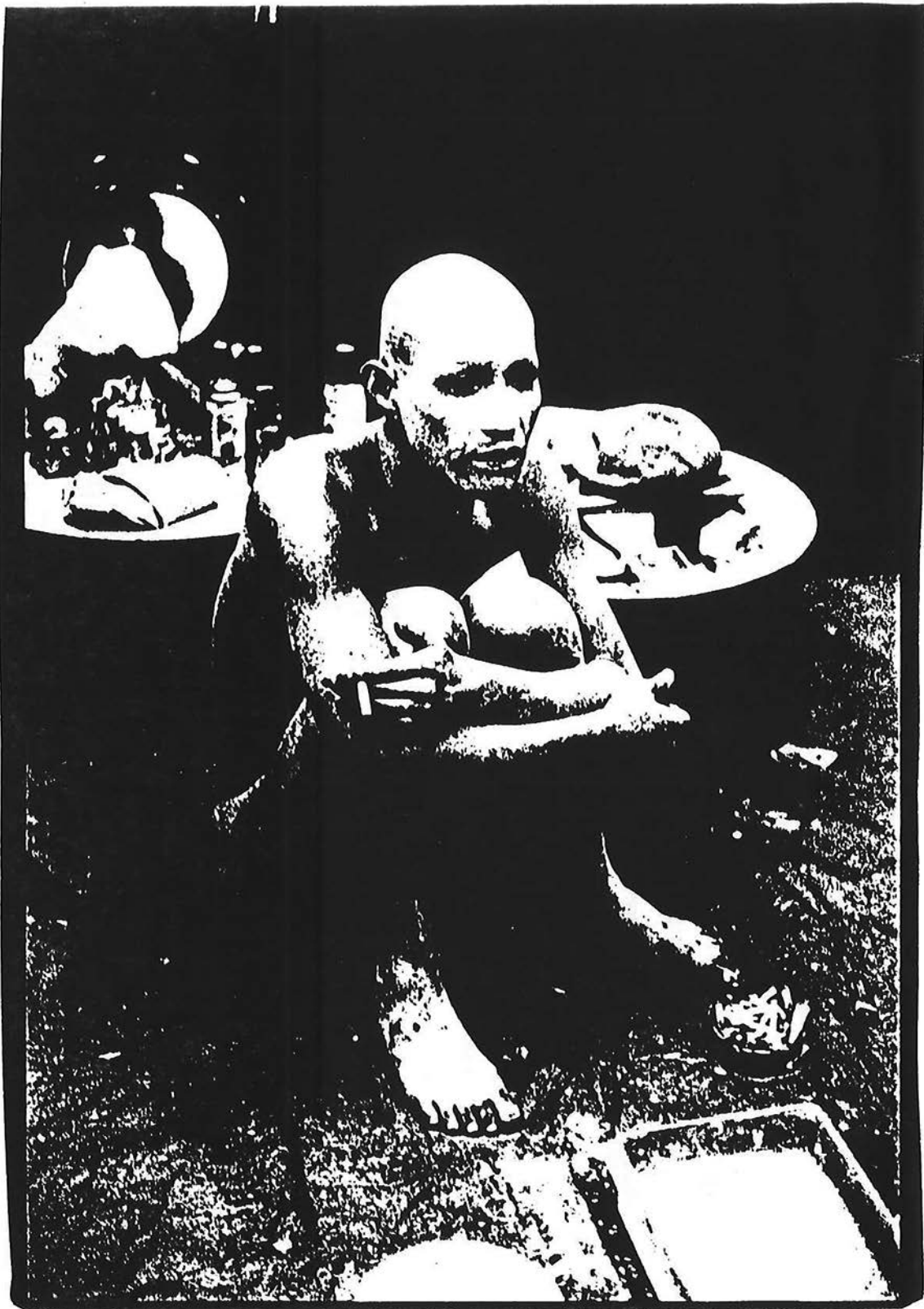
Le couloir intérieur franchi.



elles gagnent le couloir d'entrée déjà sous eau...



UNE
TOUT
AUTRE
VIE



WHY WE NEED SUPPORT

by Ananda Lowe

I love support groups. I love talking about myself and listening to others intimately. I love emotions, and the emotional facet of politics. I love being known, and being encouraged to express myself deeply.

Organizing a bisexual women's support group this past fall took a lot of effort -- and is producing a welcome, abundant harvest. I am hungry for many such opportunities within my community -- times when I learn of others' life stories and so gain a common history and context in which to understand myself. I feel listened to.

Self knowledge is our right, but we've mostly been denied it. In order to heal, support structures must be consciously created. We can gather expressly for the purpose of educating ourselves in a safe environment.

Within such a context, I want to talk specifically about bisexuality, not about current events or the weather or my surface opinions in defense of an issue that doesn't really interest me. I want to talk about the lifelong experiences that have shaped how I've come to see myself, not just a one time coming-out story. I want to unfold my understanding of the entire, complex, bisexual experience, so that I not only live the life that is mine everyday, but feel self confident and proud about my reality.

I admit to being disappointed in the nature of discussion-oriented groups that operate on a more intellectual level and don't reveal much about people's personal fears or successes. I find it very easy to identify my need and desire for emotional openness, although I won't claim to have a continuous blissful state of mental well being. The experience, though, of telling one's personal and total truth is precious to me. It is when I feel the strongest and most hopeful, and find my identity and struggle for justice most meaningful, profound, and worthwhile.

For the bisexual women's community I believe this support is an intrinsic need. In order to experience celebration among peers, we must reveal ourselves deeply. I do not know how I would be able to even believe in my own identity without a community. But in order to be truly proud and to thrive, I and others need to delve into our experiences in the face of societally imposed invisibility and hear and affirm one another. Community means feeling connected and less afraid among one another, and understood on a level sympathetic to one's hurts and one's outlook. Therefore I think true community and support have a symbiotic relationship.

I want to know the names of people's lovers and how they met and what it is they love about them. I want to know how other people survive being runaways from parents who rejected their sexuality. I want to know how people define healthy relationships, and to unlearn the messages that only thin white women resembling fashion models deserve to be loved, or that promiscuity is the best way to get one's needs met. I want to develop a self worth about my sexual orientation that will carry over into the ways I let dates, employers, and acquaintances treat me. I want to always be able to find this forum among my bisexual sisters.

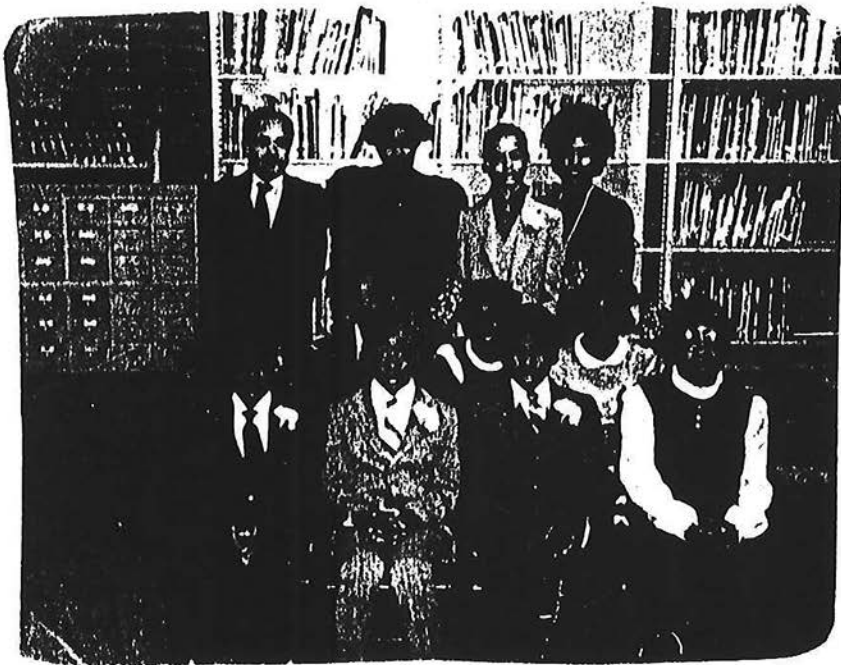
I hope women can identify and feel proud of their desire for support. I value this aspect of our community. Support groups are a beautiful unit in which to experience this. I hope support can be thorough, visible and freely available for us all. I hope it will be considered essential political work. I hope that our circles of protection can link to form an unbreakable community which nourishes all its members and makes us strong and effective in the world, so that we create a world in which our stories are honored. And I hope to see all of us there, taking care of ourselves and one another, because we are that important. Our ability to feel is priceless -- not to mention an undervalued tool for revolution.



Underneath the Carpet is the Floor

Hugging onto the rug,
I suddenly know
beneath the carpet is the floor,
and under that,
the boards
and under those
the creaky slats that hold it all
together--
the hidden dynamo
of the house,
the universe
that spins out

by Karen Friedland



I find pictures.





"'This is the American way,' he said, boyishly, and stooping, kissed her."

Dear Mousie,

Now that baseball season is upon us, I am writing in regard to a strange yet fascinating phenomenon of that All-American Sport. I, like most other fans, take my seasonal pleasure in front of the tv set where, in living color, the "boys of summer" battle it out on playing fields of either natural grass or astro-turf.

Here, in the privacy of my rec room, I bide my time between pitches, my eyes focused on the screen, watching as the director skillfully cuts to the home-team coach, the pitcher on the mound, the on-deck batter, the batter in the box, the first base coach, and the rare and somewhat satisfying crowd shot. Between innings there is, of course, the instant replay. But my concerns are aimed at that mystical time between pitches.

I use the word "mystical" because though that time is relatively short, surely no more than 30 or 45 seconds, it seems long. During these expanding seconds, the pitcher chooses to throw to first base, or the batter steps out of the box, or a pinch hitter is called in, or the umpire demands to view the ball. It is the responsibility of the director, then, to keep the television audience engaged between pitches (as enumerated above).

The phenomenon I'm thinking of must be obvious to you now, and yet the question remains: why does the camera's eye indubitably choose to rest on that one particular player who is making contact with his genitals?

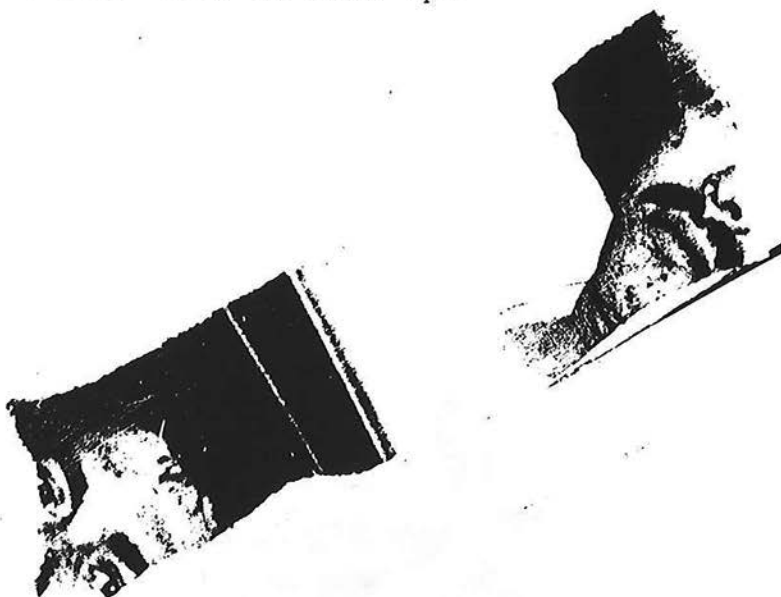
Adjustments of athletic wear are bound to occur in a game of nine innings. Certain realignments, I imagine, are necessary. What perplexes me is the high correlation between said activity and the director's choice of camera shots, and the further association with the metaphor "boys of summer."

I am hoping for some enlightenment in this area. Personally, I find that moment exhilarating. There, in front of tens of thousands, a man of athletic prowess and confidence betrays the slightest pang of boyish insecurity as he takes hold of his genitals and makes sure that they are there.

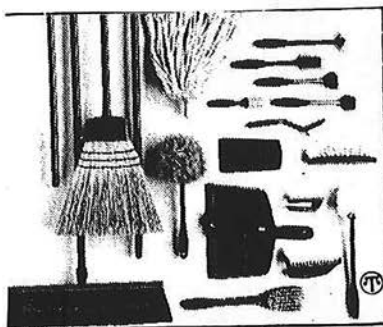
Truly this is an American sport to be proud of, one that blends simplicity and innocence with complex psycho-sexual urges. In other words, a game to view with admiration and respect.

Sincerely,

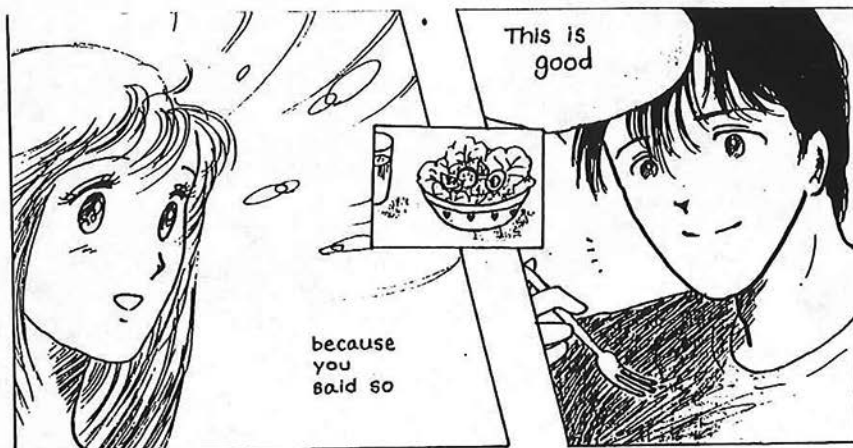
Often, they're torn up.



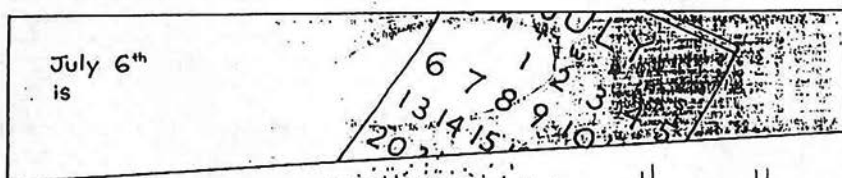
This one says: Tommy shitting



A new broom and other equipment can simplify housecleaning.



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あき
July 11 1987



American Car Crash Little Girl [A song in G]

If the burning building
that you live in
is warm and tender and soft
then let me in
American car crash little girl

If your arms and legs
are broken up
and your dead demon's woken up
then let me in
American car crash little girl

So your mattress lost it's shape
from floating in the lake that you cried
Kaleidescopic tears magnify myopic fears
and don't lie
American car crash little girl

When the hospital
that broke your heart
has long since fallen apart
then let me in
American car crash little girl

If the monkey's sleeping
in your bed
all one day wake up dead
then let me in
American car crash little girl

The man who cut your ponytails
and took the wind out of your sails, well he ran
And he left you in his wake
all the things that he couldn't take but you can
American car crash little girl

Say! What do you know of Gontiti,
"The Most Comfortable Music on Earth?"

They're slick and they're tuneful
(if just a bit cheezy) --





They fill my existence with mirth.



BEHIND
THE
BAMBOO
CURTAIN
LAY
A
HEART
OF
DARKNESS --
AND
DESIRE...



Tu es... mon Anny, tu le seras toujours. Je pourrais même... épouser Simon, mais toi... Ta place dans mon cœur, personne ne la prendra jamais.





CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

PASS THIS FLYER ON TO EVERY LAST ASIAN PACIFIC LESBIAN OR BISEXUAL WOMAN YOU KNOW!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET PUBLISHED! In collaboration with *WACKA-WACKA* (my alter-Id), I'm starting a periodic publication of works by Asian/Pacific lesbians and bisexual women. That means anyone - whether you're living in Asia, an immigrant, 4th generation or in diaspora; mono- or multi-heritaged; South/Southeast/East Asian, Pacific Islander; S/M or vanilla; living or non- (now I think I'm getting carried away...oh, heck, if you've got a good medium, why not?).



I'm willing to print almost anything but would like to encourage submissions from visual artists especially. You know, I see a lot of great newsletters out there but I personally feel the need to explore other print formats. I envision this small square-format book to be a safe, fun and informal place to publish anything from your daily doodles to juicy journal entries to fabulous interviews to photo essays to kvetch lists...In other words, I want to know what you all are doing, thinking, feeling, drawing, seeing, writing out there (and *WACKA-WACKA* wants to know how you're having sex).

Asian/Pacific women are often prone to serious self-censorship. That's a problem because it continues our invisibility. This publication promises to be loud and out there - stressing the quirky, experimental, irate and provocative. Think of it as a journal or a 'zine or a document of our times. It's whatever we make it. It's where we can find out what's really going on (know what I mean?). Hopefully the submissions I get will be as diverse in medium and content as the word "Asian". And...I'm not only looking for polished pieces - I'm interested in unfinished thoughts as much as "print-ready" stuff. That means whether your work's in progress or you've never published before, you have no excuse not to submit.

Finally, I'd like to urge you all to take advantage...use me. I'm totally willing to put this together myself but it won't happen without your submissions, feedback and support. So far the response has been good but I hope more of you will be able to get through the intimidation, self-doubt and pure terror that you might experience unnecessarily. Don't sit there and talk yourself out of it...talk to me.

HOW, WHAT I NEED FROM YOU:

- 1) I'm still trying to come up with a name. Any suggestions?
Hell, what do you think about "All Wacked Out & Worked Up: A Zany, Zen-ish, 'Zine-Inspired Book of Salacious Queer Souls of the Asian Female Kind"?
- 2) Send submissions* to:
(or to be on the mailing list)
INGIN KIM
WACKA-WACKA PRODUCTIONS
7985 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
SUITE 109-268
WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA 90046
(213) 663-8520
- *Please make sure you include a biography of yourself (unless you wish to remain anonymous), address and/or phone number, and a SASE if you wish to have your work returned. For visual submissions remember that the page is square (about 6" x 6") and B&W only at this point.
- 3) Suggestions, compliments and bitch mail welcome.
- 4) Tips on dazzling personalities you'd like to hear from/about or who should know about this book.
- 5) Finally (I saved the best for last), CONTRIBUTIONS of the monetary kind!

SUBMISSION DEADLINE FOR FIRST ISSUE: MAY 1, 1992



FEAR OF FLYING,
REVISITED

by Anna

Almost 20 years after it was first published, Fear of Flying by Erica Jong has become a sort of humorous 70s artifact, a tacky, fraying paperback that always turns up at garage sales along with Readers Digest condensed books and The God That Failed. I picked it up on a whim -- it was free and I didn't have anything better to do on a long flight from San Francisco to Boston. And lo and behold if I wasn't tearing my way through a vibrant, still powerful novel about an intelligent woman with a libido who is trying her damndest to get published and get fucked in the most fulfilling way possible and not necessarily in that order. It ain't easy.

Remember the zipless fuck? Remember the lover who left shit smears on the sheets? Remember another lover who asked very clinically if she preferred stimulation of the left side of her clitoris or the right? Remember how she made her girlfriend come with a wine bottle? Remember that she drove a car with vanity plates saying, "QUIM"? Remember her lover, cheeks and beard smeared with blood; triumphantly dangling her bloody tampon from his teeth? These and more come from the Isadora Wing trilogy: Fear of Flying, 1973, How to Save Your Own Life, 1977 and Parachutes & Kisses, 1984.

Jong shot those images out into our brains and that's where they've stayed -- until I reread the trilogy, I didn't even know where they'd come from, but they've been with me for years, informing my life on some visceral level. What I didn't retain so well was all the stuff about art and writing, about being a woman in this society and trying to get taken seriously for your brain and talent but not wanting your cunt to dry up and blow away, either.

When we first meet her, Isadora Wing is a writer married to Bennet, a psychoanalyst. She is in psychoanalysis herself and the two of them are on their way to a psychoanalysis convention in Vienna. Like Jong, Isadora has written poetry using sex as a metaphor and also a quintessential book about the 70s woman. The Wing trilogy deals with sex, marriage, writing, intellect, falling for a younger man, having an affair with a woman, living alone, having a baby over 30 and in the middle of a career and did I mention sex?

Fear of Flying is the best of the three -- it's funny and it moves. Even after 20 years, Isadora's life still resonates. She's cocky, smart, scared and egotistical -- I cared about her and saw a little bit of a lot of women that I know, including myself, in her. How to Save Your Own Life is angrier, somewhat less interesting, but still a



erica

good book. Parachutes & Kisses has a tendency to be boring and I didn't like that Jong decided to write it in the third person rather than the first. Isadora's vibrant personality seems muted and distant when she's being talked about rather than talking for herself. Still, Jong is queen of the visceral image, and she writes about fucking with such gusto that I am willing to forgive her her pedantics. And it is in the last book that we find these immortal words, which I now leave to you:

"And what did Isadora learn of magic spindles during this promiscuous period of her life? She learned that very few provide magic or even forgetfulness, except for the littlest of whiles. She learned that not only is the Prince not coming -- but often he can't even get it up. She learned that cocks differ widely from man to man -- some curl seductively forward; some lean reticently back; some take the world by storm others insinuate themselves gradually like counterspies. Some are pink, some red, some yellow, some brown, some black. Some are veined like lunar maps; some are smooth as pink marzipan pigs; some leak before they spout, and some refuse to spout at all (because their owners are so preoccupied with the presumed demandingness of feminist pussy that they cannot squirt at all -- but, alas, must stay painfully priapic forever). But despite all the variations in cock, one thing remains constant: you cannot love a cock if you do not like its owner.

Oh, you can like it well enough -- well enough to spasm once or twice, before rolling over and wishing the man astrally transported out of your bedroom, but you cannot clutch it, love it, trust it with your pussy, squeeze it between your labia like a miser squeezing a gold coin, rub it against your clit like a lump of butter against a bumpy bundt pan. No -- you cannot really love a cock if its owner is about to speak up momentarily and say something dumb, if he is about to dub you "a woman of warmth and nuance," or "an adequate protagonist," or "a woman of great clarity." Isadora found, finally, that she could not love a cock that did not have a sense of humor, that had not read Shakespeare, that regarded pussy as a creature to be humbled -- or still worse, a creature to be feared."



FEAR NO PUSSY!!





Olivia CLAVE

The Cruise of **THE HAPPY-GO-GAY**

by URSULA MORAY WILLIAMS

Illustrated by GUNVOR EDWARDS

"It is a tragedy for nieces to be bored," wrote Aunt Hegarty. "Send them to stay with me, bringing warm underclothes designed for danger."

To five nieces whose brothers had all the fun, an invitation from an intrepid explorer like Aunt Hegarty, not only to choose their own adventures but to sail away in search of them, was more than exciting—it was even a little frightening.

"A sea voyage" . . . "desert islands" . . . "buried treasure" . . . all these suggestions would have made their brothers green with envy. It was not until the *Happy-Go-Gay* and her all-female crew had steamed into foreign waters, far beyond the point of no return, that the nieces began to doubt that they might ever live to recount such adventures as would make even their brothers raise their eyebrows. . . . But why, then, under Aunt Hegarty's sea-serpent coat-of-arms, had they read the words, "I COME BACK ALIVE"?

Jacket design by Mildred Coiro

MEREDITH PRESS / New York









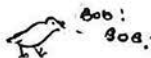
VERNAL EQUINOX

EQUAL DAY, NIGHT
 SPRING IN, WINTER OUT
 SNOW MELTING, ICE THAWING
 BUDS POPPING, GRASS SHOOTS
 PUSHING UP TO MEET SKY



BIRDS SINGING
 HOORAY, HOORAY ITS SPRING!
 MUD FUDDLES
 WIND SONG, BLUE SKY
 COOL RAIN
 HOORAY, HOORAY ITS SPRING!
 THE VIBRANT ESSENCE
 OF ALL THATS LIVING
 FLOWS FREELY, IN THE LEAVES OF TREES
 HOORAY, HOORAY ITS SPRING!

SUNBEAMS CARESS
 THE EARTH GENTLY GIVING...
 BIRTH TO FLOWERS
 CHILDREN OF THE SUN
 BUMBLE BEES
 BUMBLING, FROGS PEEPING
 BIG RED ROBINS, BOB, BOB,
 BOBBING... - ALL DAY LONG





YES

Change these sentences from the present to the past:

1. Tetsuya is seeing a secretary named Akiko when he meets Marilyn.
2. Marilyn ~~is working~~ lives in New York where she is a model.
3. Tetsuya and Marilyn meet in Tokyo and fall in love.
4. Akiko cries for two hours after the telephone call from Tetsuya.
5. Tetsuya's mother does not like American girls.



Every Woman Deserves The Best!

HOMOSEXUAL OPPORTUNITIES

MEN
DEMONSTRATION
5.00

GO GO
LIVE TATTOOING

HOT HARD MUSCLES

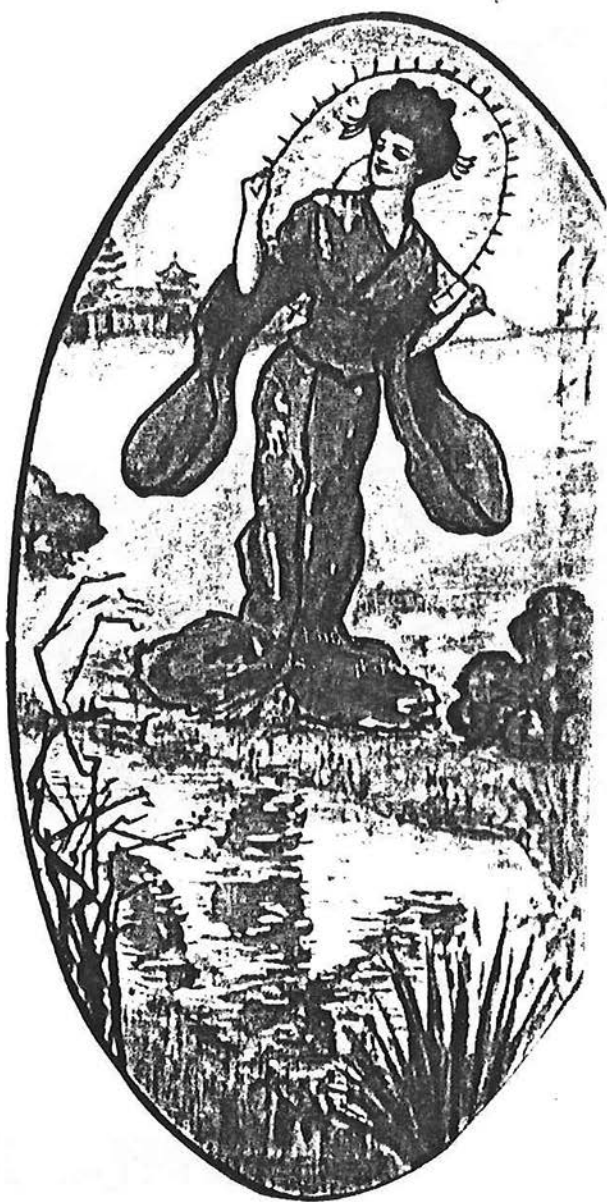
**NOW DON'T
BE SHY!**



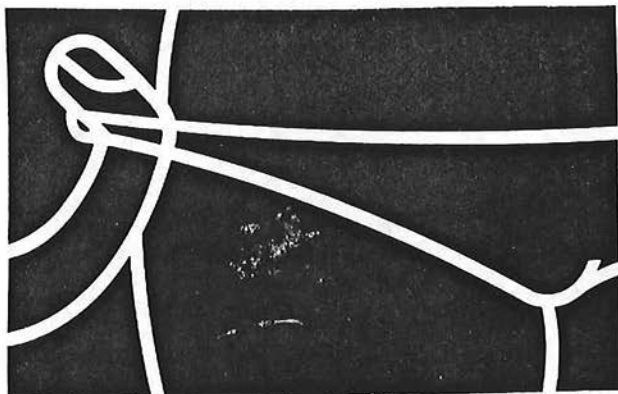








YOUR SKIN



|TENDER SKIN







★ヘタウまがブームとして消費され、しまいにやうまヘタ。ヘタうまのフリしたヘタ。ヘタヘタ。イラストレーターがソロソロ。しかしヘタうまの王様、テリ・ジョンソンこと湯村錦彦が、ここにヘタうまの聖書を刊行！「ヘタうま映画・図案辞典」を眺めば、絵がちよいとばかしうまいためにちつとも面白くない絵しか描けない人は、確実にヘタになれる／もともとヘタな人もヘタなままで立派なプロになれる／イラストは約三千点、ヘタ馬の描き方とかヘタうま零植見方とか、どこまでが冗談でどこまでが愚フザケだかわかりません。絵を描かない人も見てもだけでニコニコとうれしくなって人生に自信が持てる描き書です。



「ヘタうま映画・図案辞典」
誠文堂新光社刊 ¥1,400

JOHN 3:16

WHORES, LESBIANS, HOMOS,
PORNOGRAPHERS, JEWS,
PERVERTS, ABORTIONISTS,
SATAN WORSHIPERS, N.O.W.
MEMBERS, WILL BURN FOREVER
IN THE FIRES OF HELL.

JESUS WANTS ABORTION TO STOP.
ABORTION IS SIN.

GOD MADE WOMAN TO HAVE BABIES.

GOD IS MAN, MAN IS GOD.

WOMAN MUST OBEY MAN.

GOD MADE WOMAN FOR MAN.

THE POPE IS MAN, NOT WOMAN.

ABORTION IS MURDER.

WOMAN MUST OBEY GOD.

A LAWYER IS A MAN'S JOB.

YOU ARE A FILTHY SINNER.

REPENT NOW, OR GET OUT OF TOWN.

DO YOU WANT TO BURN FOREVER
IN THE FIRES OF HELL?

JESUS CHRIST IS LORD AND
SAVIOR OF THE WORLD.

GOD MADE ADAM AND EVE,

NOT ADAM AND STEVE.

AIDS IS A SIN, NOT A DISEASE.

THE WORD AROUND TOWN IS THAT

YOU ARE A LESBIAN. YOU WILL

NOT GET WORK IN LAS VEGAS.



11

11

11

JUNGLE NOIFEVER
MAYBE
 Gd lkg WM 35 6'4" 180 nice
 body seeks BM for love
 and a good affect (O on)
 Easygoing, sensual,
 serious, playful, proper
 slim & toned physique

ORIENTAL LESBIANS?
 I know you're out there.
 This attr 31YO GWF wants
 to find you. I'm open,
 funny, literate, shy opn,
 androg, lkg: M, sim, Fs
 orientals irresistible

DREAMS OF INDIA
 GWM skng men from India
 Enjoy the contrast I'm 6'
 168lbs 33yrs health
 oriented & willing

FUN, OUT-GOING
PROF BL
 Sks same 36+ for dinner,
 travel, movies, dancing, &
 friendship. No butch,
 drugs or cigs; positive
 attitude & sense of humor.

Darker truths

LKG FOR MR
HERSHEY BAR
 Not too late GBM sks u
 non preten non att caring
 In: trusting, honest, athletic
 cuding GBM 28+ for rmc
 and tie me all of the above
 more

FRENCHMAN looking for ample
 blackman 100% giving to love this
 young white heavy-accented
 French speaker. You dominant
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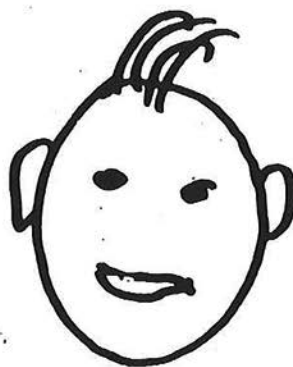
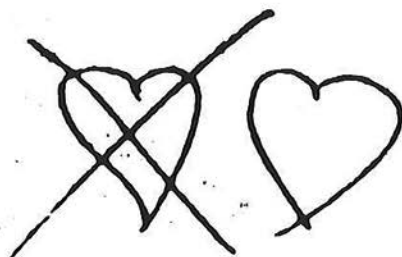
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What We Want You To Know About Bisexuals

MYTH 1: *Version a:* Bisexuals are really gay but will not accept it. *Version b:* Bisexuals are really straight but want to be part of gay culture.

FACT 1: Bisexuality is a distinct sexual preference. Bisexuals are not simply going through a phase before adopting a straight or gay identity.

MYTH 2: Bisexuals are not happy unless they have a sexual relationship with both a man and a woman at all times.

FACT 2: There is a wide range of bisexual lifestyles. No one arrangement is preferred by all bisexuals. Each bisexual decides how to express his or her own sexuality.

MYTH 3: Bisexuals are promiscuous and untrustworthy.

FACT 3: Bisexuals are no more promiscuous in general than straights or gays. While some bisexuals do explore a variety of sexual options, others seek a long term monogamous relationship with either a man or a woman.

MYTH 4: Bisexuals spread AIDS to heterosexuals and to lesbians.

FACT 4: Unsafe sexual practices spread AIDS, not particular groups of people. The spread of AIDS can be prevented through education, not through bigotry.

Prepared by BICEP, the Bisexual Committee Engaging in Politics, P.O. Box 699, Cambridge, MA 02140



THE EVIL WITCH LIVED IN A WOODS BEYOND HOPE.
HER HOUSE WAS IN THE TOP OF A TREE. IT WAS
WOVEN, LIKE A PURSE. A LONG TIME AGO SHE
HAD MADE IT HERSELF. DISTANCE CAUSED BY
SCRAPING MADE A DULL SOUND INSIDE HER.
EVERY DAY SHE CLIMBED DOWN HER TREE
AND WALKED AROUND THE WOODS. UNITS OF
MEASURE FELL SOFTLY IN FRONT AND
BEHIND. SHE LISTENED TO LITTLE BIRDS
SINGING AND SQUIRRELS AND SHREWS CHEWING
ON NUTS. HER MOUTH STAYED DRY IN SPITE OF
THE NOISES OF COMMON ACTIVITIES. ONE
MORNING AS SHE WAS WALKING SHE SAW
A HUGE BOULDER SHE HAD NEVER SEEN
BEFORE. IT WAS PUSHING ITS WAY OUT OF
THE DIRT LIKE AN ENORMOUS DOORWAY.
THE INSTANT OF DELAY BETWEEN HER
FINGERTIPS AND HER HEART WAS NO
LONGER ALLOWABLE. THE WITCH SAT DOWN
AND STARED AT THE ENORMOUS GRAY ROCK.

元氣
天氣

DIRT WAS PACKED ON IT BUT THE
BOULDER TOOK NO NOTICE. IT WAS
HUGE AND OPAQUE. THE WITCH WENT
HOME AND AFTER THAT SHE TOOK
LITTLE PIECES OFF HER HOUSE BIT BY
BIT UNTIL FINALLY IT WAS BROKEN.
AFTER MANY DAYS, SHE FELL
COMPLETELY TO THE GROUND. LARGE
ANIMALS SUCH AS HORSES COULD NOT
PULL A PERSON APART AS WELL AS
INVISIBLE SMALL TENSIONS AND ILLNESSES.

angela woodward





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