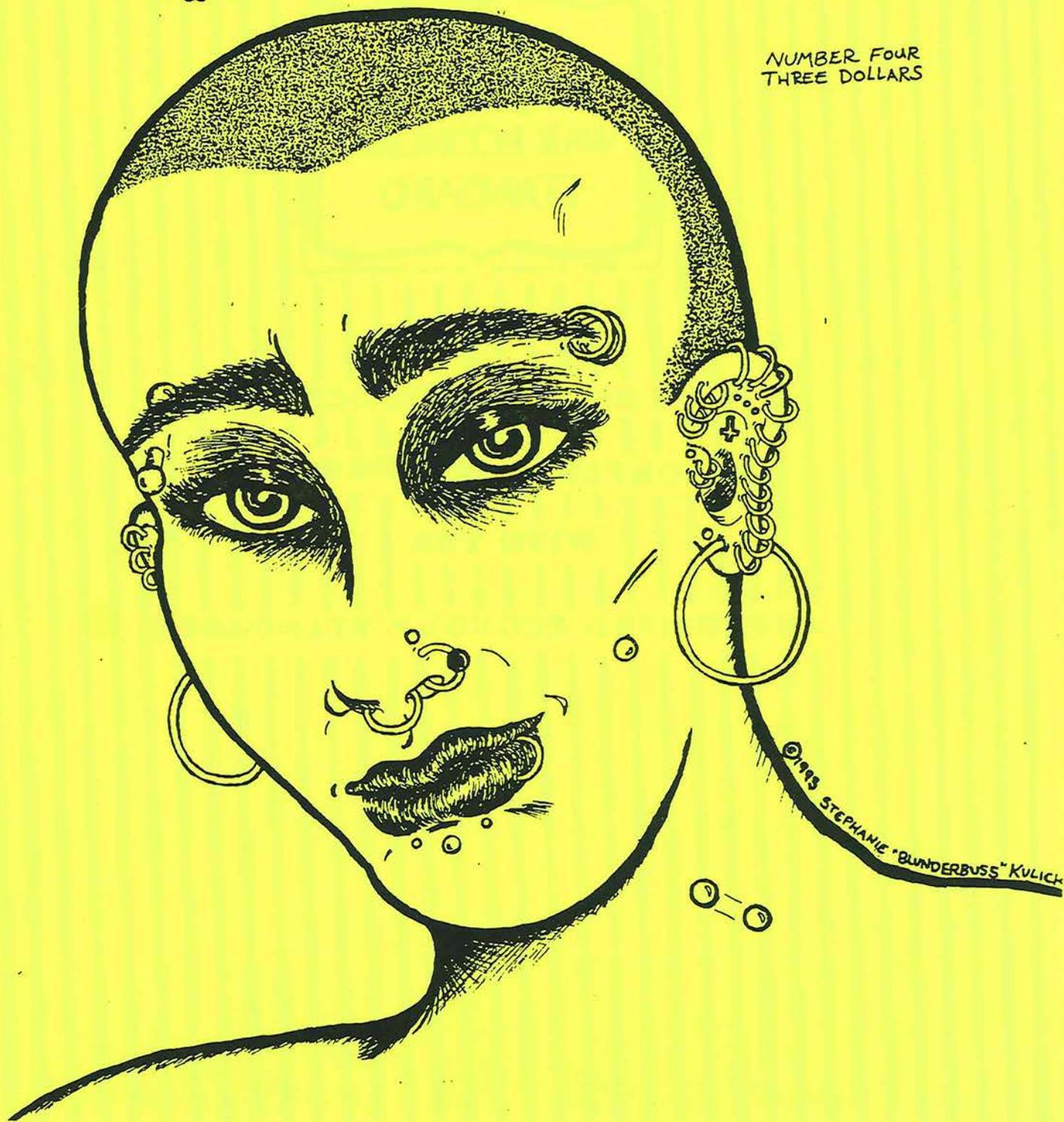
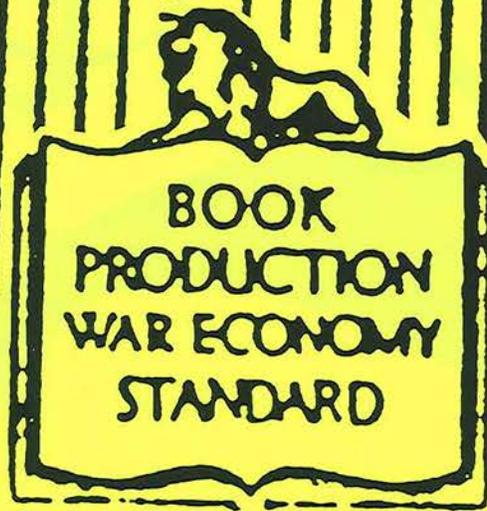


# MOUSIE

NUMBER FOUR  
THREE DOLLARS





THIS BOOK IS PRODUCED  
IN COMPLETE CONFORMITY  
WITH THE  
AUTHORIZED ECONOMY STANDARDS

# PIERCING: a crash course in understanding

by Stephanie Kulick

There's been a surge of interest in body piercing in recent years. At least on the west coast, it's getting to be downright common. Along with the interest, there also seem to be a few misconceptions surrounding the subject. As a person on the inside (so to speak), I'd like to lay down some basics, toss out some info, and perhaps clear up a few things.

## WHY?

I think some folks have a hard time getting past that first part. Why would someone mutilate her or himself that way? Is it a sign of mental illness? Stupidity? Shallowness? Well, I'd say none of the above. However, I think there are many answers to this question, some quite complex. Of course, I don't presume to speak for others, but I believe the "why" can be broken down into four categories: fashion, religious/cultural, sexual, and personal (naturally, there's plenty of cross overs).

## FASHION

Perhaps body piercing seems like a fad, but don't forget it wasn't too long ago that it was outrageous for a man to get his ear pierced. It was once scandalous for a woman to cut her hair short or put on a pair of pants. The mainstream once thought all these styles were goofy fads, sure to die out. These looks pushed the envelope of acceptability. Now, they are givens in American culture and, I might add, virtually queer uniforms as well. I think people are always looking for a powerful visual statement, a way to proclaim their difference and/or to fit in with the crowd. It sounds strange, but that's fashion for you. Whatever makes you feel comfortable, y'know.

## CULTURAL/RELIGIOUS

I don't feel qualified to discuss all the many cultural and religious reasons one might have a piercing. However, I can take this opportunity to point out that body piercing does have a long and rich history around the world. In other words, the concepts are not new. In modern urban areas there is a sad lack of cultural connections between people. For many, T.V. is not enough to bind them with others in society. Piercing, like punk rock, clubland, even the Grateful Dead (etc!),

can bring the participant into a sort of community, a space that forms a common ground with others. I think that as society rapidly changes and transforms, people will create new ways and adapt old ones to create cultural bonds.

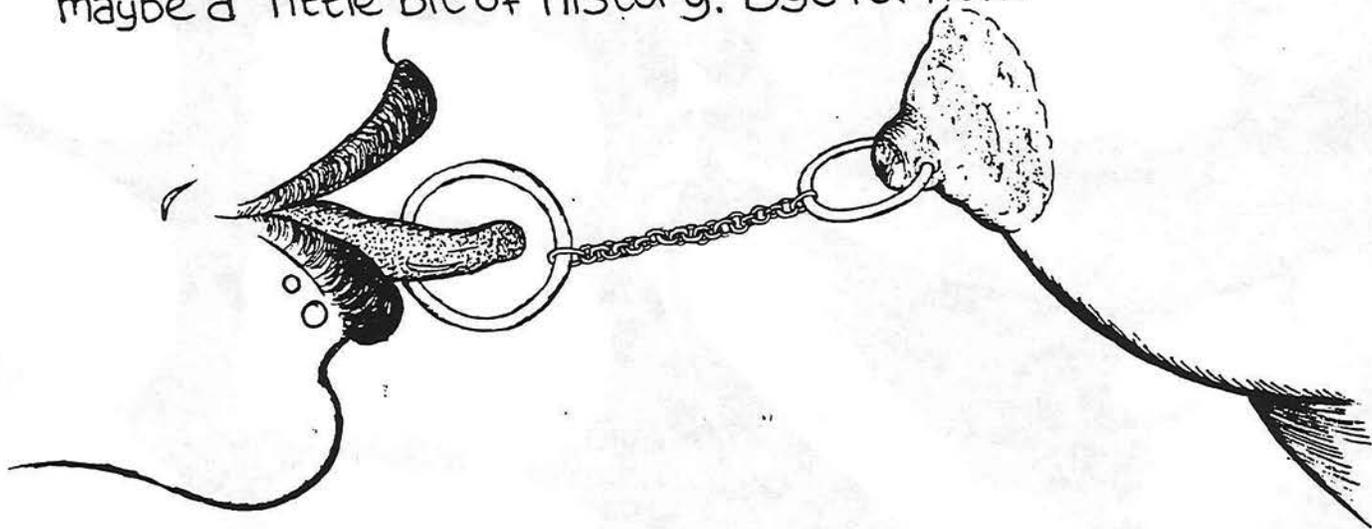
## **SEXUAL**

Make no mistake, this constitutes a large part of the piercing movement. Certain piercings are commonly used (by all sorts) to enhance sexual pleasure. Nipple piercings often increase nipple sensitivity. The Ampallang (straight across the head of the penis) was originated to give a female sexual partner extra enjoyment (Kinda like a permanent french tickler). The Guiche, found almost exclusively on males in the spot 'twixt asshole and testicle, is said to cause exquisite sensations if gently tugged during intercourse... And so on... Naturally, this type of piercing fun is only for the fully healed. Those piercings (like navel or eyebrow) that don't directly increase sexual pleasure can be exciting just to look at. (Personally, I find them to be very beautiful and exciting: mm-mmm!). Piercings also can be used by lovers to signify mutual commitment: wedding rings aren't everyone's style. For some, body piercing is a part of the S and M experience; a way of life that is as painfully (not in a good way) misunderstood as bisexuality. The act of getting a piercing itself can be an intense psychological and sexual thrill. I know of a woman in SF who gave her lover head and pierced said lover's clit at the moment of orgasm. Those I know who are turned off by S and M are usually horrified by this story, while those who are into it can hardly imagine a more exciting or romantic scene. Additionally, in the S+M world, piercings can be part of the "uniform": the look that can also include leather, chains, tattoos, shaved heads, knives, etc... a possible signal to others of one's inclinations. Just remember, not all people into S+M have piercings and not all folks with piercings are into S+M.

## **PERSONAL**

In some sense, this category includes all the others. However, if an individual's motivation overlaps into one or more of the previously mentioned reasons, it is still a unique and singular decision. As an illustration, I'll tell you about the

piercing experience I understand the most : my own. When I was a young teen, I was completely isolated. My parents were abusive, lousy role models and I had no friends. Although, I had no prior knowledge of piercing, I felt naturally drawn to it. Using ice to numb my ear, a safety pin, and a gold stud, I double pierced my right ear ('cos I'm left handed). After it had healed and some time had passed, I felt it was time for another one. Over time, the rings traveled up my ear. Since my background offered me no rituals for growing up, I created my own rites of passage. I would record landmark events in my life with a new piercing. They gave me a feeling of spiritual grounding, pride and satisfaction. To me, the rings were physical symbols of my self control, growth, individuality, inner strength, and personal power. It was (is) important for me to put a mark on myself, to change my exterior as I built my interior. Rather than being the actions of someone in pain, wanting to hurt and disfigure herself (as some might surmise), my piercings were (are) a tool I used to heal and empower myself. They are an intrinsic part of me, inside and out. I know I'll always treasure my piercings and I delight in each new one I get (16 so far). Although I've written an article on the reasons **WHY**, ultimately the answer is entirely different for each person. I've barely scratched the surface on the subject (including my own story). But - I do hope my writings have shed some light on the world of piercing. Perhaps another time I'll delve into different types of body piercings, the best methods of achieving them, and maybe a little bit of history. Bye for now.





# LOCAL COLOR.

**BEEFY/BUTCH  
BLACK MEN**  
R U A GBM, <40 >5'9" in  
hgt, masc, in shape, HIV-  
& a top? GWM, 28, 6'  
185#, Brown/BR, masc,  
good looks wnts to meet U  
for fun, friend, ritshp.

Blk L, 31, yngr lkng, sks  
you white therapized L to  
do fun things with. I'm  
dedicated nursing stdnt  
w/limited time, but abund-  
ent love. Need your hugs  
caressing & care now. Will  
answer all.

**SEEKING A GUY  
WITH STYLE**  
BLK/HISP, 32, 6' 1", 175#,  
very gdlkng, quality,  
educated, well hung. Sks  
WM, 18-28, very gdlkng,  
stable for fun times &  
special friend.

**SPANKING**  
Masc GAM, 26, spans  
GWM, pref. yuppies,  
jocks, uniformed types. No  
fems or tattooed guys, pls.  
Discreet. Married  
welcomed. Don't be shy!

でも興味があります。 B CHI-  
C日本語と中国語の交換教授しま  
て語り合ひましょう D広東語、  
す方、男女不問 E永遠等待 F順  
歌迷)

エクスタシーを感じたことのない  
女、一晩だけ私を感じさせてあげ  
す。 Bセックス相手募集 C気が  
うくらい、死ぬほど気持ちよくな  
ましよう D胸が大きくて官能的な  
生 E今すぐ F文京区ひろし



A福山雅治似の18歳です。  
恥ずかしいのですがまだ垂  
貞です。 僕にセックスを教  
えてくれる年上の女性、お  
便り下さい。 僕はあなたの  
思いどおりにセックスをし  
ます。 秘密は守ります。 B  
セックスフレンド募集 E  
随時 FSK



**#8301 LUVER**

(マニア向けダイヤル情報)

NTT、そして君で作る電話網のホットコーナー

があります。 犬、猫、トカ  
生的快感を得たことがある  
笑談をお聞かせ下さい。 只

大好評の4ケタ・トリプル・コーナー、今回も  
いってみましょう！ レズの女性には 2400

# Never the Twain

DEBORAH BOEHM GUSHMAN

Once a month in Tokyo, there is a meeting of an association of Occidental females who call themselves "Women Who Are Considering Marriage To Japanese Men." These assemblies are announced in the English-language newspapers, and anyone is welcome to attend, so the organization has become quite well known. Considerably more obscure is a tangentially related group which goes by the name of "The Secret Sisterhood of American Women Who Once Thought About Marrying Japanese Men, But Didn't." Unlike the Tokyo clan, the Secret Sisterhood does not meet at a regular time in a predetermined place, nor are its gatherings open to the public. Membership is by invitation only, and the meetings, which occur at random intervals, may take place in Bora Bora; Bangor, Maine; or anywhere in between.

I was invited to join the Sisterhood, as it is called by initiates, by an adventurous friend who had once come "within a wild hair" (her phrase) of eloping with Toshiro Mifune's stuntman's understudy. My admission to membership was based upon the following tale of doomed romance:

I first went to live and study in Japan in 1968, and by mid-1970 people (strangers,

even) were starting to come up to me and say, quite gratuitously, "*Nihon ni isugita*" ("You've been in Japan too long"). Finally I decided that it was time to take the hint, and I booked passage on the next boat to the United States. I was living in Kyoto at

## SWING LOW SWEET OBI

OR

Girls Just  
Wanna Have  
*Fundoshi*

the time, so my itinerary was somewhat circuitous: Kyoto—Tokyo—Yokohama—Seattle—Sedona, Arizona. The slow train for Tokyo left very late on a late-summer night, and I was escorted to the station by one of the most intriguing men I had ever known, an apprentice tea master named

Fugen. Fugen was brilliant, enigmatic, accomplished, amusing, poetic, wickedly handsome, and seriously hedonistic. He was also significantly shorter than I was, even when he wore his four-inch *geta*—wooden clogs—with the ostrich-skin straps.

It was like a scene from a subtitled movie, or a silent dream: I leaned out the narrow train window while Fugen stood outside on the platform, wearing a shimmering *kimono* of celadon silk, and looking anachronistic, elegant, and—with his luminous shaved head—deceptively monk-like. We stretched out our arms so that our fingertips touched, and then, as the train began to lurch forward, he said quietly, "If only you had been Japanese...."

"Then what?" I asked, as the train's inexorable forward movement pried our fingers apart.

"Then we would have been married, of course," he said. The train began to pull away into the smoky summer night, and when I looked back Fugen was standing alone on the platform, smiling like a Bodhisattva and waving his white silk tea ceremony cloth. It looked like a flag of surrender, and perhaps that's what it was. A year later I heard that he had married (by arrangement) the petite, refined daughter of an aristocratic teabowl con-



noisseur from Ashiya.

When the Sisterhood does get together, usually at a funky Japanese or Southeast Asian restaurant, the conversation—after alighting briefly on such trivial topics as the sadomasochistic relationship between the yen and the dollar, and the pros and cons of ankle weights—inevitably turns to the following profound rhetorical question: Why doesn't someone pass a law making it mandatory for Japanese men to wear kimono at all times? This subject always sparks an impassioned discussion, for all of the members of the Sisterhood, as well as most other women who have spent time in Japan, agree that Japanese men look far more aesthetic in kimono and obi than in the ungainly Western garments which they have favored since the beginning of the Meiji era.

There are two basic reasons why Western women find Japanese men in traditional dress extremely attractive—sometimes even irresistible. One is the earthy, elemental resonance of the *samurai* mystique, as portrayed in *chanbara* films and on television: echo and illusion, life on the edge. Samurai, with their long hair, intricate costumes, quicksilver blades, and nobly idealistic codes of honor, are incredibly masculine, and undeniably appealing. Even more exciting than a "standard" samurai is a rough, reckless *ronin* (a masterless samurai, often a victim of the

cruel vagaries of the feudal system). A typical television ronin frequently sports such macho adornments as a long scar along one cheekbone or a black molded-wax eyepatch: the legacy of injuries incurred during some balletic midnight swordfight with an evil renegade *ninja*.

One of the most popular romantic fantasies among the shamelessly retro-feminist members of the Sisterhood is to imagine that they are medieval courtesans, preparing to embark upon one last night of poetic passion with a savage-yet-soulful samurai lord, before he marches off at dawn to war (or death). The woman pictures herself with luminescent skin and a gown like woven moonlight, combing out her knee-length blue-black hair by the light of a sandalwood-scented candle while two chambermaids lay out the silky rose-colored *futon*. Her paramour sits nearby at a low lacquer table, resplendent in brocade kimono and gilded obi; he is drinking sake and pretending to sketch battle strategies, but in reality he is plotting the agenda for the long and lyrical night ahead.

And thus it is that when a modern Japanese man happens to dress in kimono for a cross-cultural rendezvous with one of these hyper-imaginative females, he will unwittingly evoke memories of wondrously transporting samurai movies, and the ensuing soft-focus sybaritic reveries.

In fact, the woman may be so captivated by her escort's kimono-clad persona (particularly if she has hitherto seen him only in ill-fitting business suits and rodent-colored neckties) that she will happily overlook even the more Paleozoic aspects of his amatory technique, as well as any discrepancy in height.

The second reason why Japanese men should wear kimono whenever possible is somewhat more general and considerably less subjective; it might be labeled the ethno-sartorial theory of indigenous costumes. The simple truth is that the various native costumes of the world are almost always more flattering to their designated wearers than the constricting Western clothes which so many non-Western people choose to adopt. (This is equally if not more true of women, but that's another polemic for another time.) Native costumes evolve in response to climate, environment, and lifestyle; and they function as a reflection of the culture, the temperament, and the spirit of the people. The Japanese kimono (along with its informal summer counterpart, the *yukata*) is a perfect example, as are the Tahitian *pareu*, the Chinese *cheongsam*, the Hawaiian *malo*, the Senegalese *dashiki*, and the Alpine *lederhosen*.

When people renounce their indigenous costumes in favor of Western garb, they are not merely making a superficial

change in style or "evolving to keep pace with the modern age." They are, in fact, abandoning the garments which allow them to feel most fully themselves; which keep them in touch with their cultures, and thus with their souls; and which make them appear most exotic—that is, mysterious, dignified, and desirable. Most Americans, unless they have kept in close touch with their own immigrant or Native American roots, have no native costume aside from that which is dictated from month to month by *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *GQ*, *Surfer*, and other mercurial arbiters of fashion. Therefore, American women tend to be particularly impressed—and magnetized—by modern men in archaic dress.

The traditional costume of the Japanese male is a classic illustration of the theory that people look most attractive in their native dress. The long, fluid lines of the kimono tend to elongate the diminutive male's body lines, giving an illusion of perfect proportions and augmented height. High wooden clogs add to this illusion of altitude; they're like alfresco elevator shoes, but without the shame or stigma. The low-slung silk obi gives an insouciant drop-waisted effect, while subtly calling attention to the "fertility zone." Together, the kimono, obi, and geta combine to provide a *trompe l'oeil* suggestion of long-stemmed virility; there's some-

thing rakish, and languid, and seductive about the whole outfit. And, as with the Scottish kilt or the Samoan *lavalava*, the erotic possibilities of a garment with no buttons, zippers, or inseams are readily apparent.

Underneath his kimono or yukata, of course, the modern samurai should always wear the traditional Japanese male undergarment, the *fundoshi*. This is a multi-layered wraparound loincloth, usually red or white, which looks like a cross between a French bikini and a formal cummerbund. On a personal note—and at the risk of being judged hopelessly shallow and superficial—I must confess that Fugen, the *faux-monk* tea master, might never have made it onto the abridged list of Great Loves of My Life if he had elected to dress in unbecoming Western clothes and wing-tips instead of in exquisite silk kimono, super-high geta, and (I always assumed) pristine white *fundoshi*.

Historically, Japanese men have suffered from a collective inferiority complex about their looks. Even today, they often voice their longings for taller bodies, for "higher" noses, for more colorful eyes, for primatial tangles of hair on their chests. They lament their predictably straight black hair, and complain about "all looking alike." And, endlessly, they bemoan the fact that their short-waisted,

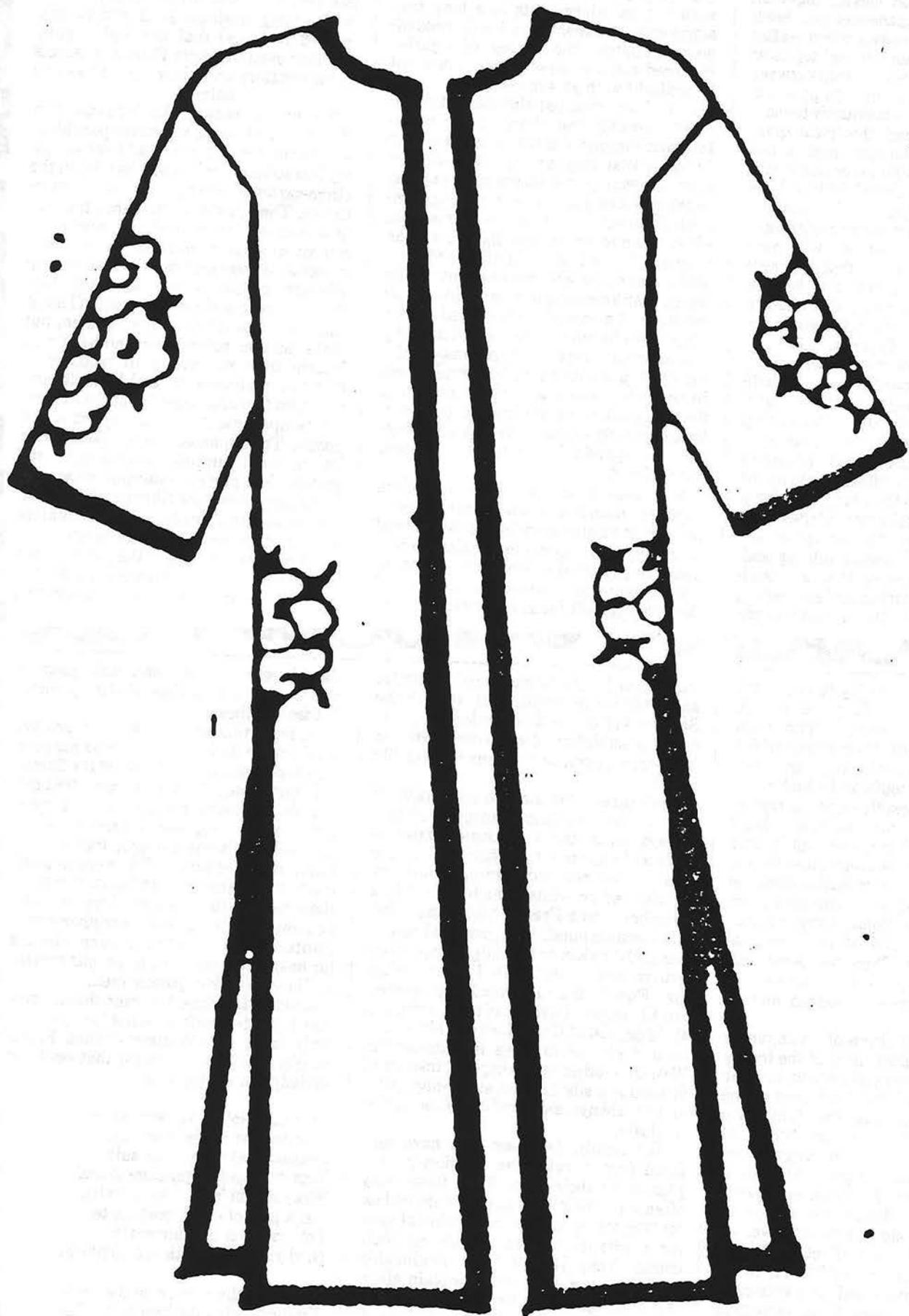
short-legged bodies don't look good in clothes—by which they obviously mean *Western* clothes.

Perhaps this orgy of self-denigration would cease if every woman who has ever watched an episode of "Song of the Samurai" would step forth and admit that she is, in fact, quite partial to men who project the aura of having been a daring, disheveled ronin in some previous incarnation. After all, if the sons of Edo were as unattractive, by Western standards, as most of them seem to think, surely there wouldn't be so many societies—secret or otherwise—composed of Occidental women who are (or have been) involved in serious romantic liaisons with Japanese men.

It's certainly true, however, that the typical Japanese male does not look particularly dashing in Western clothes. Fortunately, the prescription for that aesthetic malady is a simple one:

'Just Say No' to Western wear;  
Yukata's far more debonair.  
Jettison that blue serge suit;  
Toss it down the garbage chute.  
Wrap an obi 'round your waist;  
Get a pair of clogs, post-haste.  
Let tradition be your *roshi*;  
Gird your loins with red *fundoshi*.

Just heed the mirror on the wall:  
Kimono style's the best of all. (EUV)



Beautiful

"Don't hurt me was the only thing I could think to say when they came to my door and threw me in the back of their van, which was melon-colored and plain. They were taking me out to the sand, they said, and asked me not to ask for the time, as it was irrelevant, and with them my life would seem much longer anyway.

They didn't mean to hurt me, but they did. And my back grew raw like a rasher of bacon, and then became infected. One of them poured Jim Beam straight over me, stripped me, missed my mouth, for that's where I needed the liquor so badly.

They partied like this for days. To me it was days. Four days, it was later confirmed. They had a campfire, nights, and drank their Jim Beam and roasted things, like their little fingers, which they chopped off to join up like this, and rattlers, which they threw into the fire straight to hear them scream. "I love it," one of them said. He was the biggest, twenty-five years old, who wore shorts split up the seams, and whose nails, the ones of his big toes, were broken, and always bleeding.

Mornings, they practiced scarification. I woke to the sound of one girl bent over another, and the sound, for there is a sound, of flesh being gouged with a razor, the same wounds reopened each morning, the scars becoming only more beautiful, more pronounced this way.

The twenty-five year old had drawn up a falcon like this on his thigh.

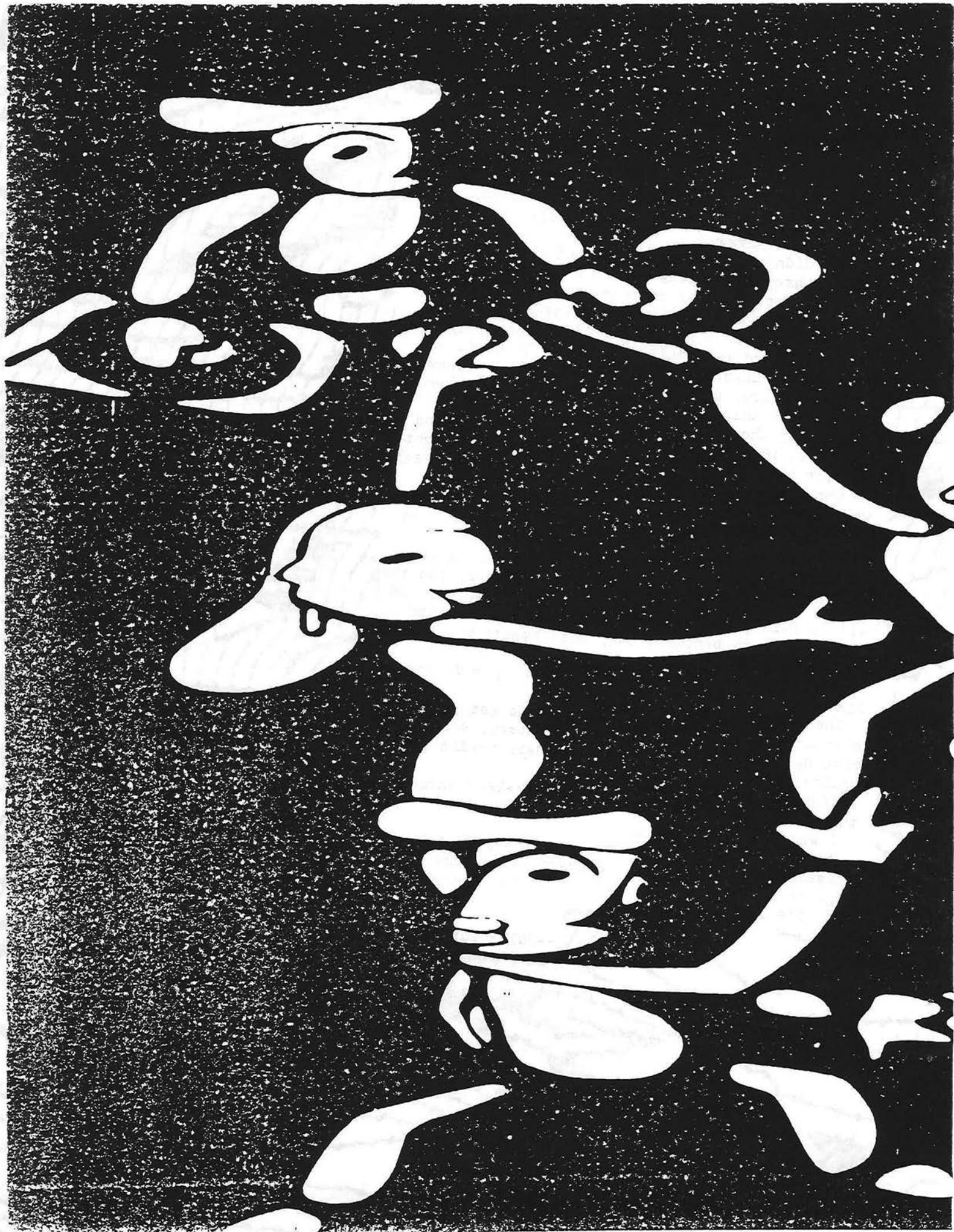
The others split themselves open to get at their sternums, and then lay there in ecstasy, each one closing the other up with an ordinary needle and ordinary thread.

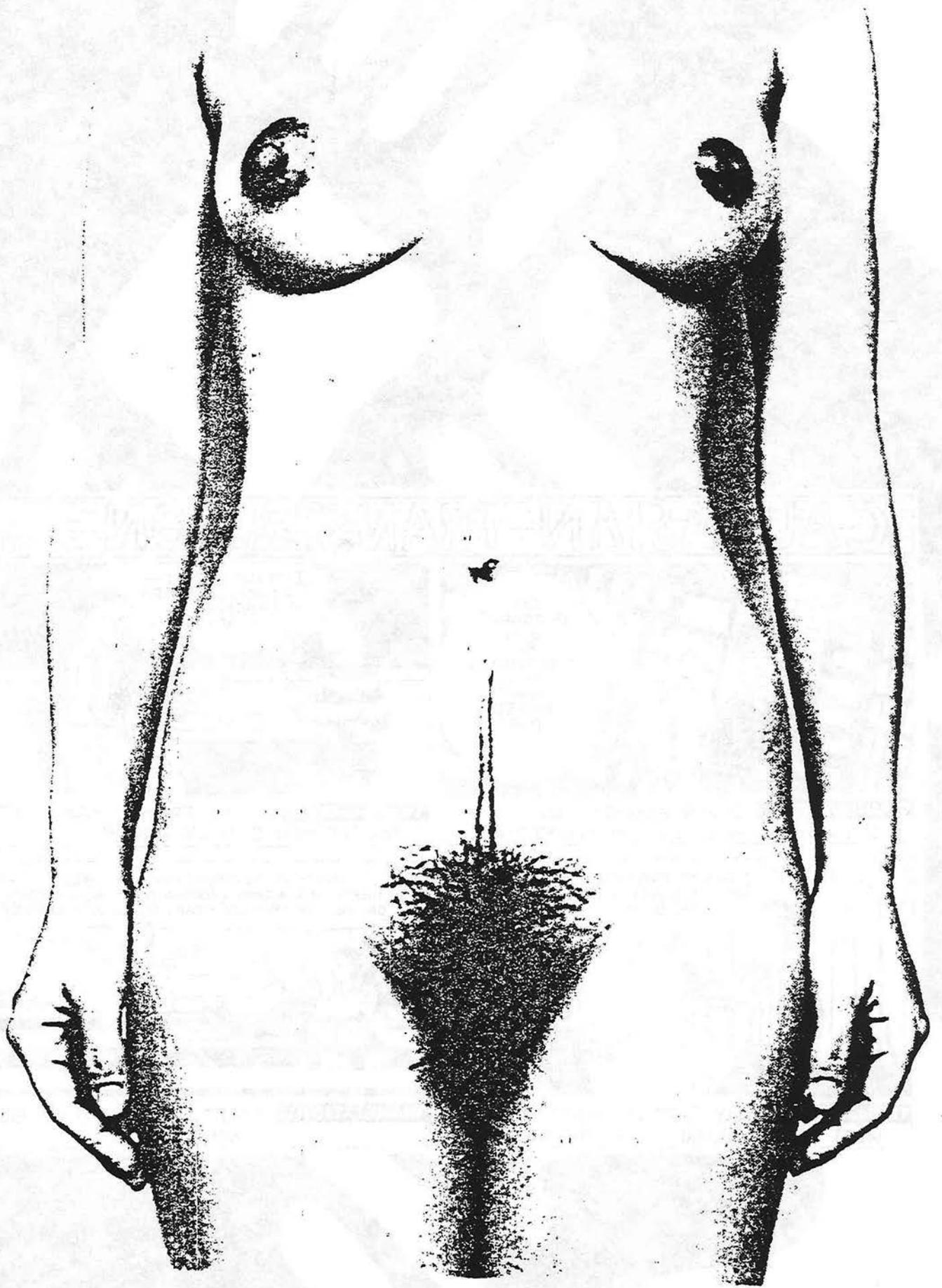
Nights, they had their fires and walked through them.

I was not allowed out.

And then they thrashed my body in ways which raised scars of its own. Scars which were foreign to them. I became different than they were, and more lovely.

--Julie Turley





# CAUCASIAN TRANSLATION

CAMPER



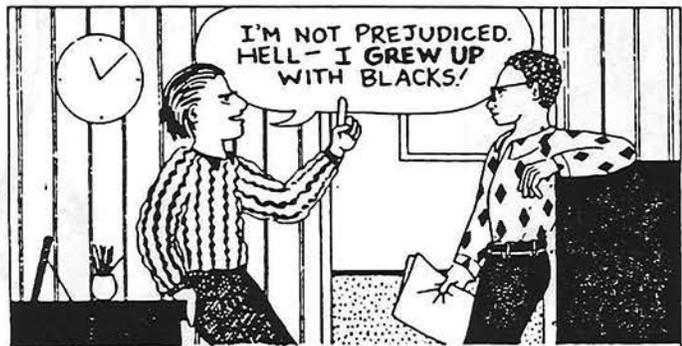
OH, OF COURSE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE! IT'S A VERY MIXED BAR!

**TRANSLATION:** 3 AFRICAN-AMERICANS, 2 LATINAS, AND 527 WHITE PEOPLE.



I'M NOT RACIST— IN FACT, I'M VERY ATTRACTED TO BLACK MEN...

**TRANSLATION:** ALL MY FRIENDS ARE WHITE, ALL THE MEN I FUCK ARE BLACK.



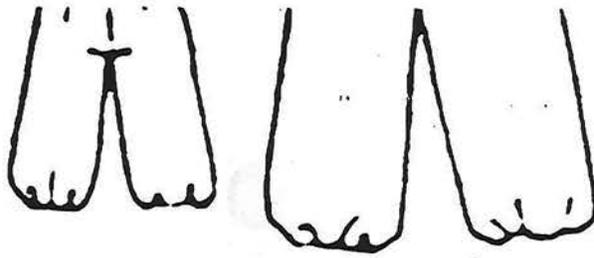
I'M NOT PREJUDICED. HELL— I GREW UP WITH BLACKS!

**TRANSLATION:** MY PARENTS HIRED A WEST INDIAN WOMAN TO RAISE THE KIDS.

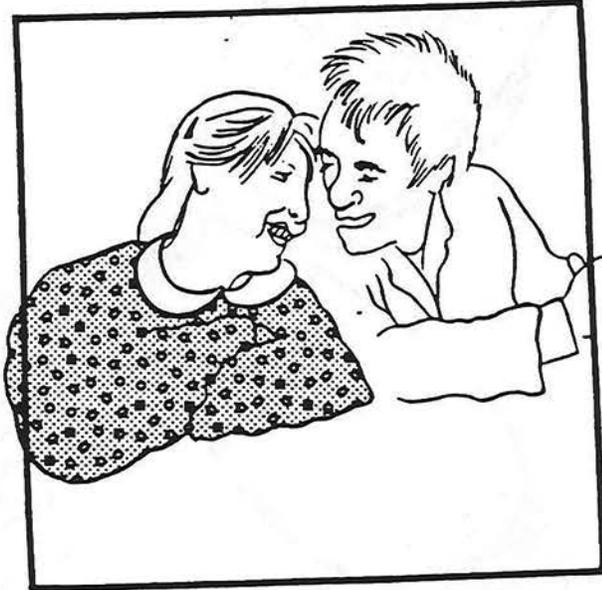
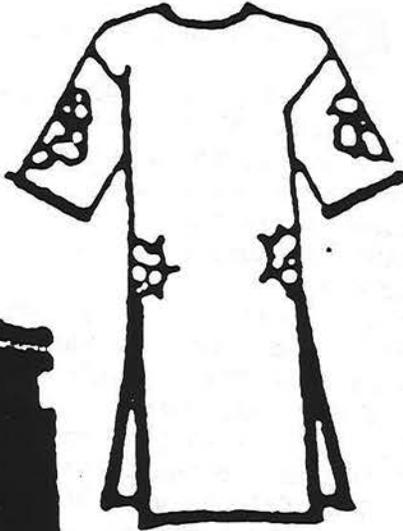


WHY DOES EVERYBODY HAVE TO LABEL THEMSELVES 'AFRICAN-AMERICAN' OR 'CHINESE-AMERICAN' OR 'MEXICAN-AMERICAN'— CAN'T WE ALL JUST BE PEOPLE?

**TRANSLATION:** CAN'T WE ALL JUST BE WHITE?

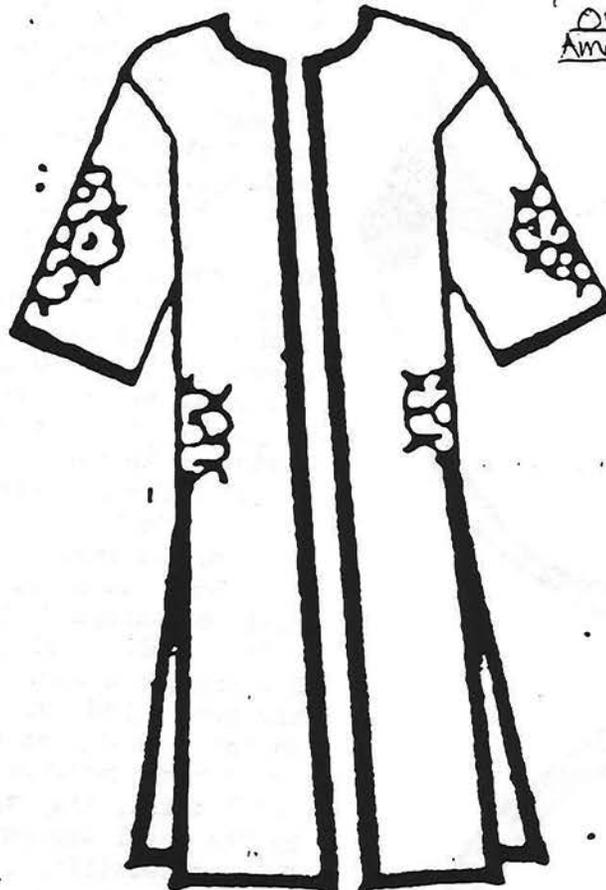


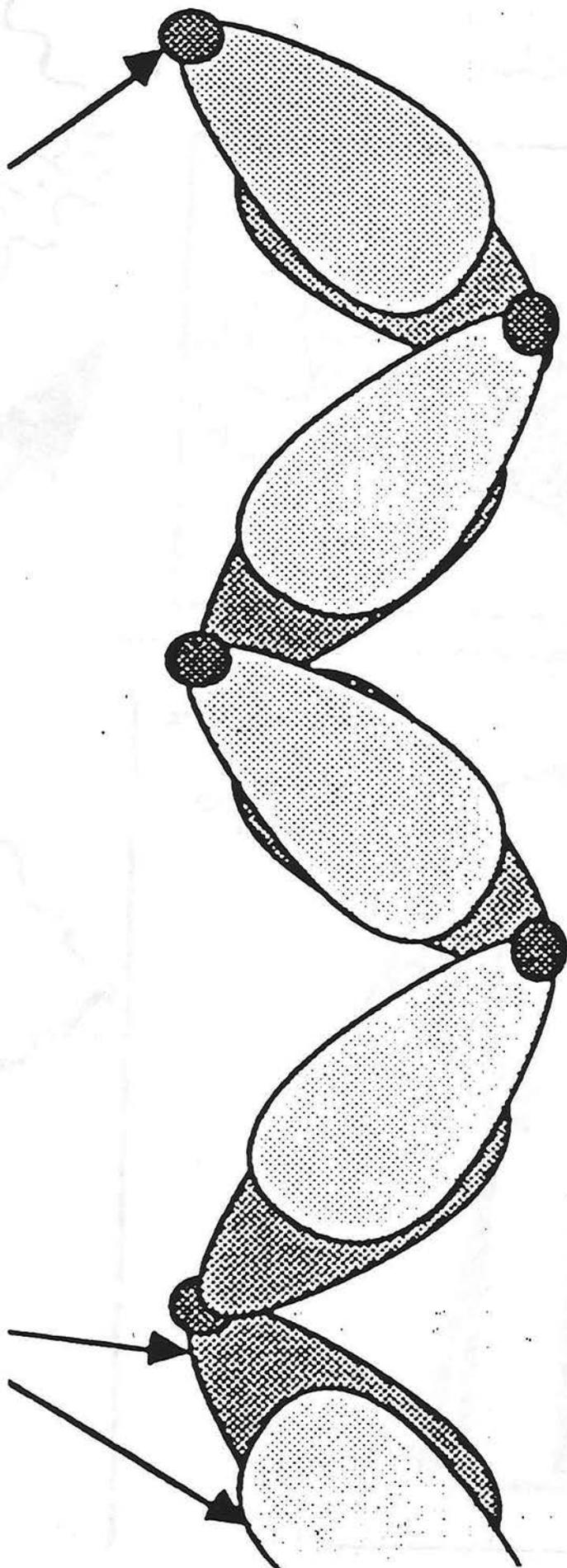
1-10  
H.A.



"None of those Japanese guys can come above penis level on me!"

by Susan Catherine  
From her book  
Overheard at  
America's Lunch  
Counters





## Vel Goes Tattooing

"It's like being stung by a gang of bumblebees," is the quote that made it to a nationally syndicated radio program in Canada. I was asked by the interviewer how it felt getting tattooed. She questioned me as the tattoo was being put onto my shoulder, during the final shading and coloring process.

The main subject of the interview was actually my friend John, who was giving me the ink. Known in the trade as the Dutchman, John works out of New Westminster, British Columbia, a beautiful little town just outside of Vancouver. Dutchman has the reputation as one of the best. Good friends with Ed Hardy of San Francisco, his work has been compared to Hardy's sometimes. When John did the piece on my shoulder in 1988, he was helping ~~me~~ me to reclaim my body following a recent surgery for an ectopic pregnancy -- a life-threatening condition that had left me extremely disempowered feeling...but wait. I'm getting ahead of myself. Back to the interview:

So the woman showed up about three hours into John's work. It would take maybe another half an hour to finish the job. Her timing couldn't have been better. My endorphins were starting to get suspicious as to whether it was worth hanging around, since the needles ~~had~~ just kept on coming. My shoulder was beginning to feel raw and wore. I've never fallen off a motorcycle before but I imagine it felt similar to the scrape of sliding open skin on the road in a bike fall.

John and I had been talking about all sorts of things during the past few hours. He's a really cool guy. Relationships, Buddhism, his son, drugs... This interview had been scheduled weeks earlier, to be aired the same day on a talk feature on some radio music network with stations in Canada, and I think, the States, too. It happened to be the day I was getting my peonies (a Chinese fertility symbol), and Dutchman asked if ~~I'd~~ I'd mind if she came during

our session. I'd said not at all, as long as it wouldn't screw up his concentration or anything. He said it wouldn't, but that if I'd feel better about it he'd have her come near the end when the delicate work was done. Yes.

She asked John a bunch of predictable questions: how he'd gotten started (art student), what famous people he'd "done" (lots), and so on. He'd answered over the buzz of the tattoo gun, which sounds sort of like a dentist's drill. By the time the interviewer got around to ask me some questions too, it would set my teeth on edge each time the gun's motor would buzz on.

"So, what's it like to be a tattooed woman?" she's asked after learning that I already had another one.

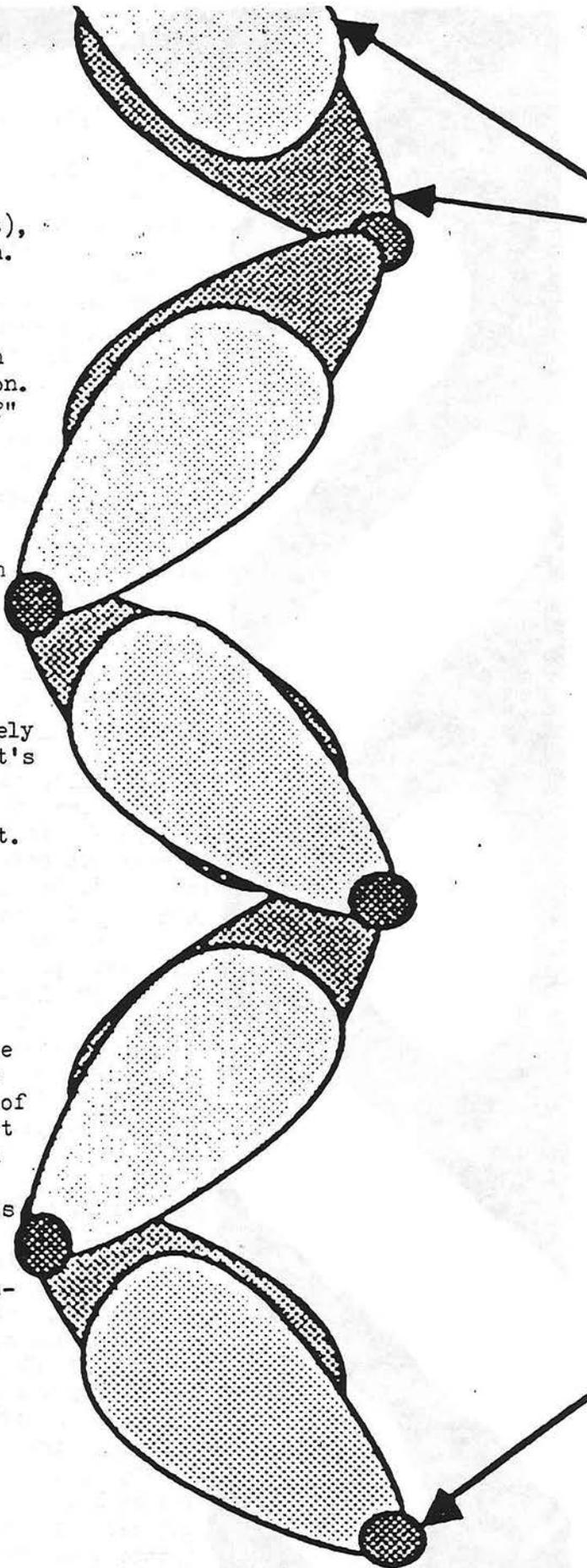
"You mean like as opposed to being a tattooed guy? Like politically or something?" I was feeling a little feisty at this point.

"Um, well, yeah. I guess..." John had been so easy. So polite. He was like that. I'm not.

"Okay," I began, assuming a serious tone. "On behalf of my sex, I'd like to say..." Did I imagine it or had John just gotten a little rougher with his touch? ~~It's kind of~~ He definitely did give me a look. "It's fun. I enjoy it. It's kind of a statement of individuality of sorts. And at the bottom I don't think there's any difference to being a woman or man with skin art. The bottom line is, when you get tattoos it's like putting a certain label on yourself -- having a brand name instead of being generic. It's being 'branded.'"

She went on to ask whether people behaved any particular way toward me when they saw my tattoo. Yes, I'd answered, men generally assumed I was a slut, whatever that is. They're probably right. I don't think I said that. We did discuss the fact that these days all sorts of women -- of people, really -- have tattoos. Not just military guys and convicts; Rock stars and gang-bangers...but secretaries, and doctors (the doc I work with has the staff of Aesclepius on his shoulder)... lawyers and "housewives." All kinds of people...

John chimed in at this point that the popularity of rock stars with tattoos has been a major influence for youth of both sexes to get tattoos as well. There's a whole new, music scene-related genre that has really challenged tattooers to stretch, in terms of creativity. Tribal art, so-called "weirdo art" (also dubbed monster art), gothic stuff, rock-a-billy, it goes on and on...



Finally, she asked the most common, and, I think, the stupidest question about tattoos: "Does it hurt?"

Well it ain't exactly a day at ~~the~~ the beach, unless you stayed out wazy too long and got a wicked sunburn. In other words, yes. Of course it hurts. Do you really think you could have needles full of ink injected under your skin over and over and over again without...well, you get the idea. But the way I look at it, (which I mentioned then), is that it's a temporary pain for something that stays with you, always. Kind of like childbirth (no one seems to say, "Oooh, beautiful baby, DID IT HURT?"). And anyway, tattoos are really with you always, whereas kids wander off and leave eventually. So as long as you like your tattoo, the pain isn't so bad, I think.

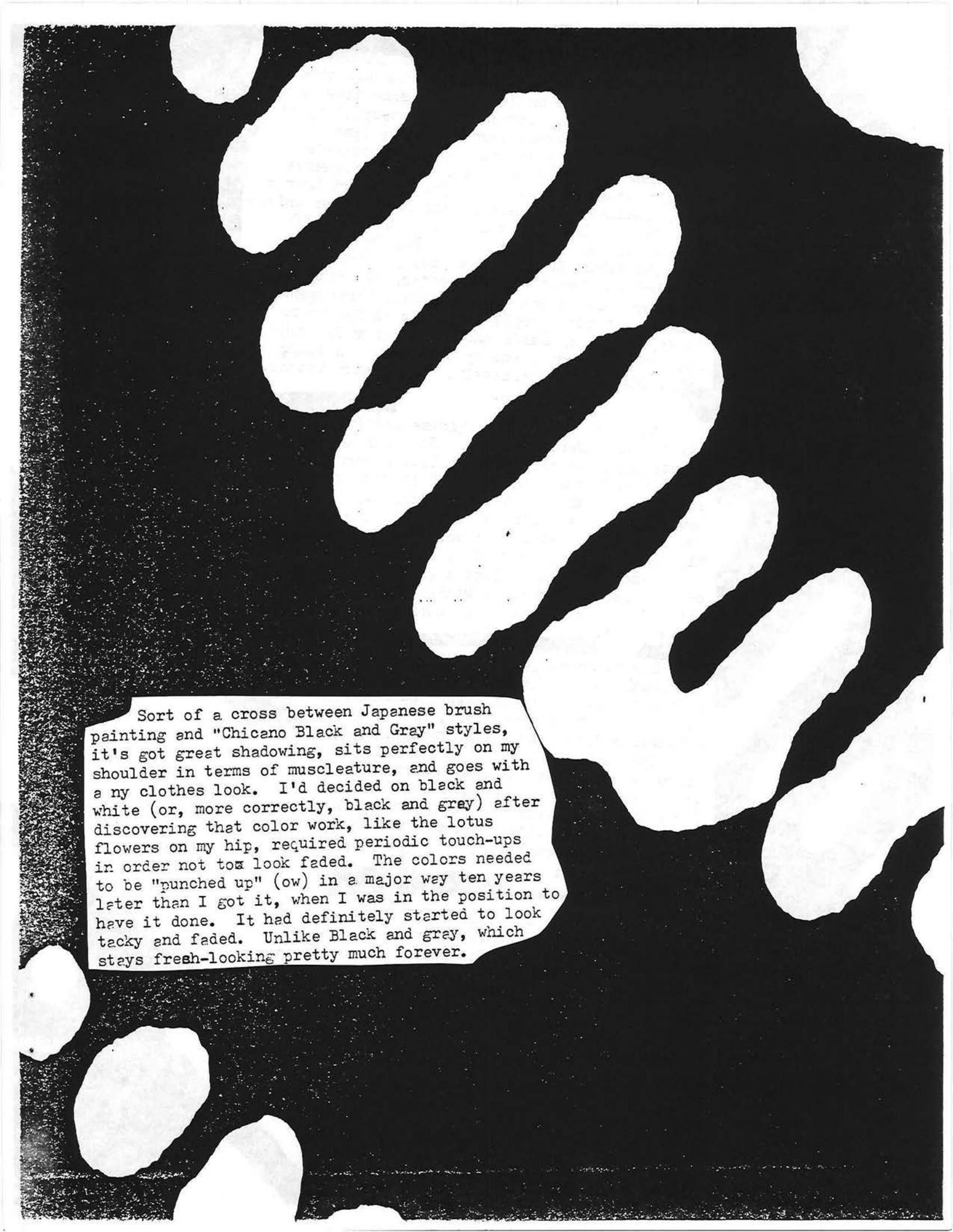
At which point I uttered that fateful line, "It's like being stung by a gang of bumblebees," which she'd obviously liked, because out of ten or fifteen minutes of conversation, it was the only thing that made it on the air. Buzz, buzz.

B But it was, all told, fun being asked these questions, and listening to John expound (humbly and politely, as usual). And it took my mind off that last half hour of pain.

People in the know who've seen the piece in question have been astounded that it only took about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. It looks like about a six-hour job, I'm told.

I had expected John to sketch the design onto wax-paper with grease-pencil, and rub it onto my shoulder with a bar of soap. I'd waved a drawing at him of the approximate design I wanted, adapted by my very good friend Heidi, a tattooer on Maui, from "The Grammar of Chinese Ornament." This was a book I'd found of 18th and 19th century plate designs from China (china from China). The design Heidi came up with was about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches high. HA! My patch o' peonies is a full foot high.

John had studied the design briefly, asked me about how big I wanted it, and proceeded to blow my mind. He drew a direct outline onto my shoulder, more than 10 times the size of my original, and said, "It will look much better this big." Ulp. Well okay. He was the pro. Asked if I was ready. "Aren't you going to draw the rest of it?" He got a bit testy then, claiming (true) that he really didn't need to. "Don't worry," he said. "You'll like it." And so I do. And so, in fact, does everyone who sees it; many people saying it's the nicest tattoo they've ever seen. ~~Wow~~. Wow. But it IS awesome:



Sort of a cross between Japanese brush painting and "Chicano Black and Gray" styles, it's got great shadowing, sits perfectly on my shoulder in terms of musculature, and goes with a ny clothes look. I'd decided on black and white (or, more correctly, black and gray) after discovering that color work, like the lotus flowers on my hip, required periodic touch-ups in order not to look faded. The colors needed to be "punched up" (ow) in a major way ten years later than I got it, when I was in the position to have it done. It had definitely started to look tacky and faded. Unlike Black and gray, which stays fresh-looking pretty much forever.

Originally from Amsterdam, as his name ~~implies~~ implies, Dutchman and his then ten-year old son were on Maui at the same time as me in winter 1987. Dutchman was guest-spotting at the shop of a friend, Taunee, at the time.

Speaking of women and tattoos-Taunee's shop, and later that of Heidi and Sam, deserve mention here, for sure. In the main port town on Maui, Lahaina, Skin Deep Tattoo is a rather unique phenomenon. During the late 80s it was staffed exclusively by women artists. Far from the image of a fat biker dude and his greasy cohorts, Skin Deep had an almost Zen-like decor, favoring Japanese screens and Oriental flower arrangements. This is a tattoo shop?? Yes. And a few years later, my friend Heidi and her partner Samantha left for up-country and opened their own ~~shop~~ shop, called, appropriately, "Up-Country Tattoo." Anyway...

Anyway: I practice Chinese medicine. Was staying with Heidi on Maui. John was there vacationing and picking up a little work. Arrived with a raging cold. This turned into something resembling the fairy tale where the mouse pulls the throne out of the lion's foot. At any rate, I helped John's cold, saved (he said) his vacation, and he owed me one, majorly.

Since I couldn't find a good enough likeness of the Tibetan goddess I wanted tattooed at the time, I took a rain check. Meanwhile, we became great pals.

I went home, got pregnant, got wheeled through the double doors when it became clear that the little sucker was in my tube, and spent several months, with my then-husband, mourning the ~~inviolate~~ "inviolate" pregnancy. Fooy!

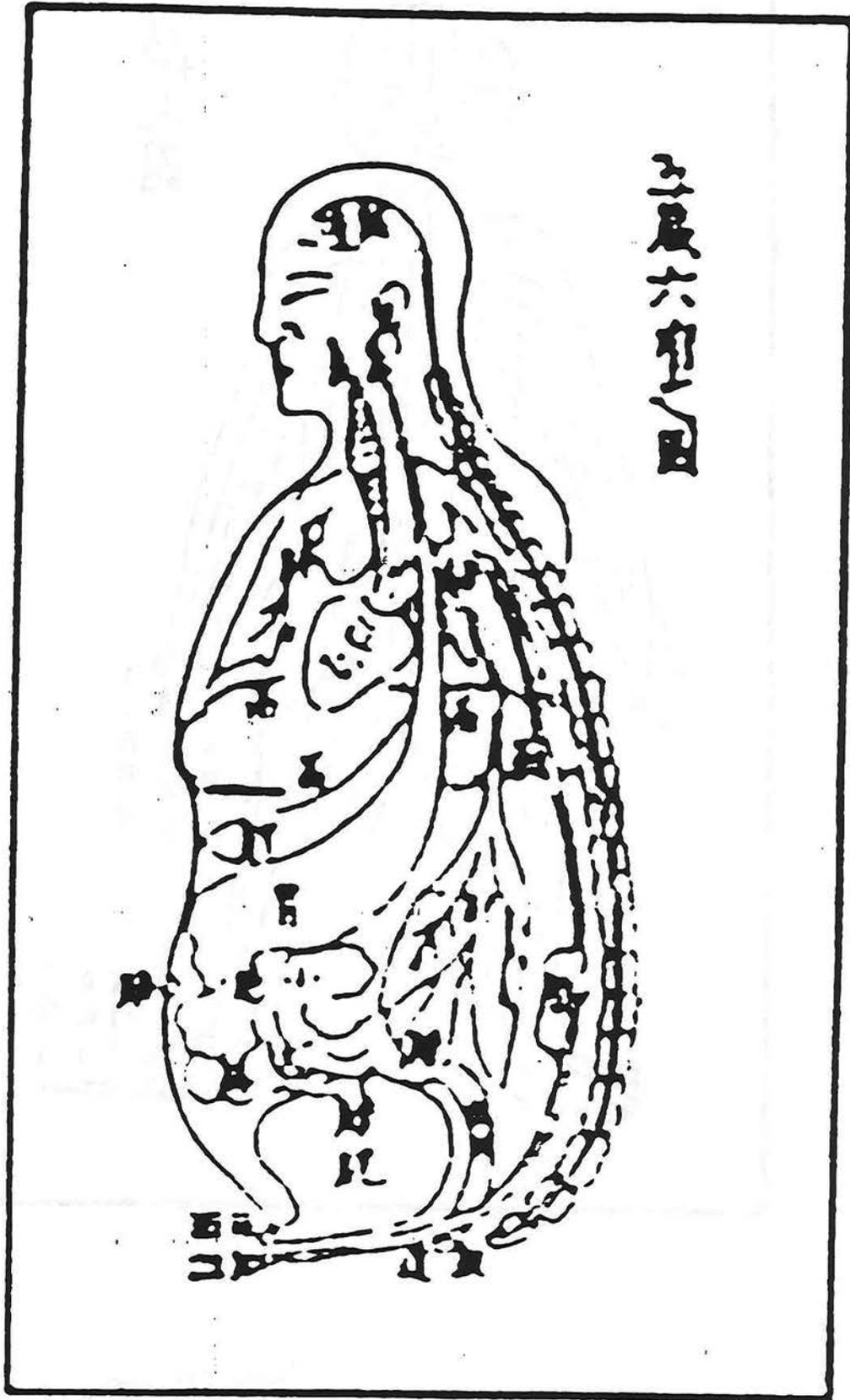
Then I got the idea, sort of out of nowhere, to go to Vancouver and get a tattoo. Scoured bookstores all over Boston and Cambridge looking for a suitable image (having given up on the aforementioned goddess). Found ~~kk~~"The Grammar of Chinese Ornament." And the rest is herstory. Or at least it is now.

My first conceived child will never be bigger than a cocktail shrimp. She was an accident, waiting to happen. Getting those peony flowers -- this beautiful work -- done on my shoulder, somehow helps to reaffirm my power over my own body. I chose this pain, and ~~xx~~ this design, and this work to be done by this very special person. And so maybe that's what it means to be a tattooed woman. How cliché, but true: for me, it comes down to choice. Yes.

Val Blake

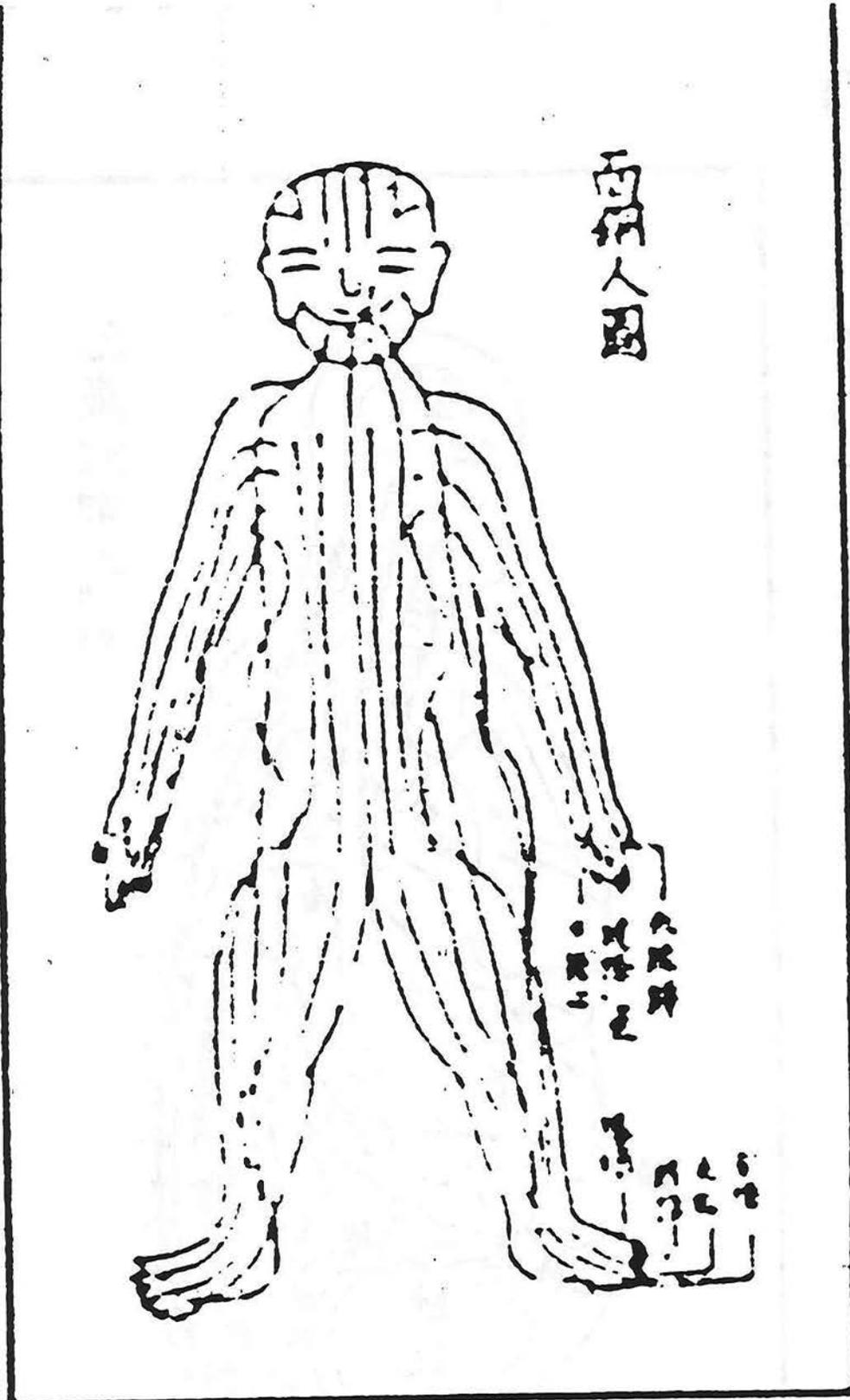
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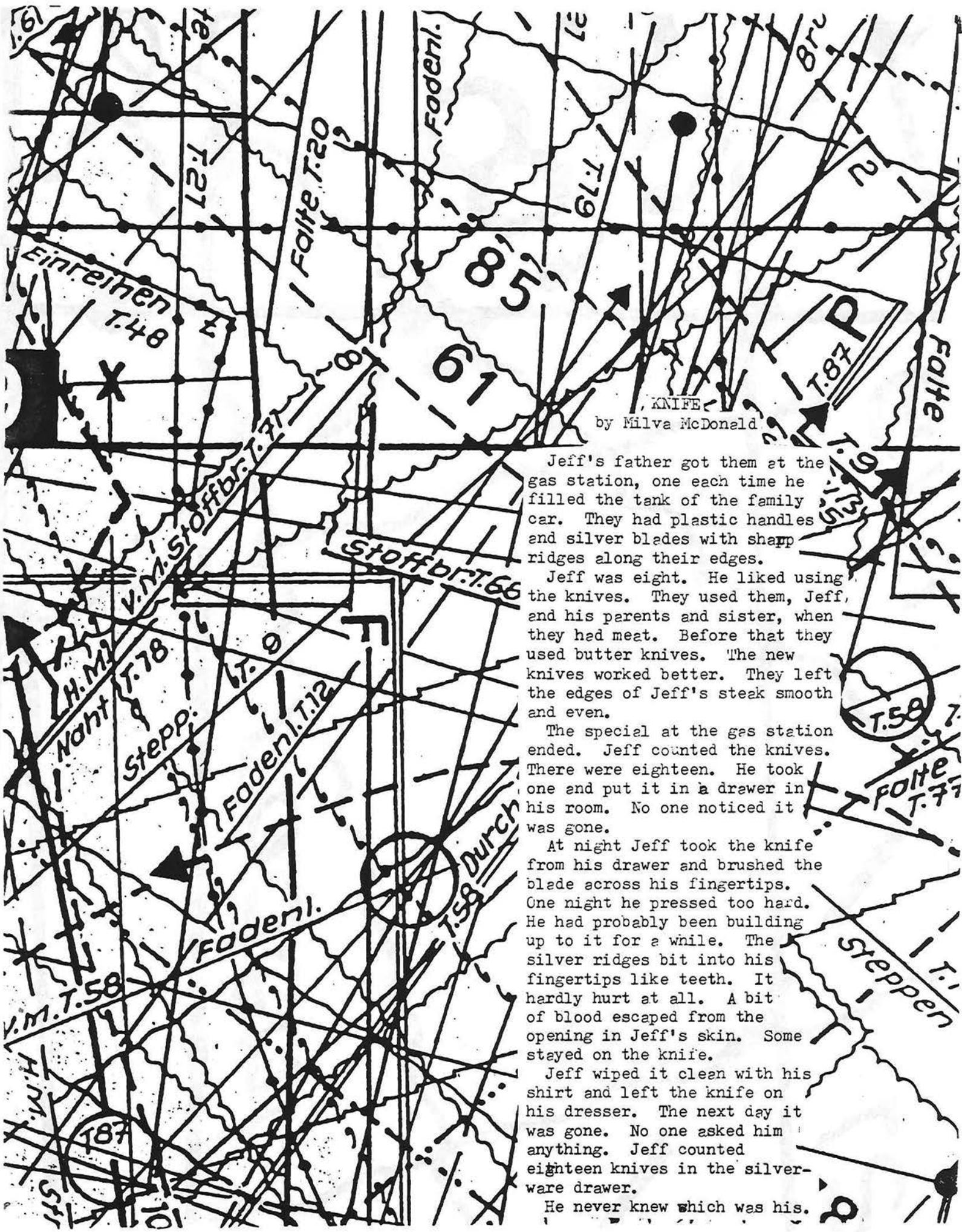
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**KNIFE**  
by Milva McDonald

Jeff's father got them at the gas station, one each time he filled the tank of the family car. They had plastic handles and silver blades with sharp ridges along their edges.

Jeff was eight. He liked using the knives. They used them, Jeff, and his parents and sister, when they had meat. Before that they used butter knives. The new knives worked better. They left the edges of Jeff's steak smooth and even.

The special at the gas station ended. Jeff counted the knives. There were eighteen. He took one and put it in a drawer in his room. No one noticed it was gone.

At night Jeff took the knife from his drawer and brushed the blade across his fingertips. One night he pressed too hard. He had probably been building up to it for a while. The silver ridges bit into his fingertips like teeth. It hardly hurt at all. A bit of blood escaped from the opening in Jeff's skin. Some stayed on the knife.

Jeff wiped it clean with his shirt and left the knife on his dresser. The next day it was gone. No one asked him anything. Jeff counted eighteen knives in the silverware drawer.

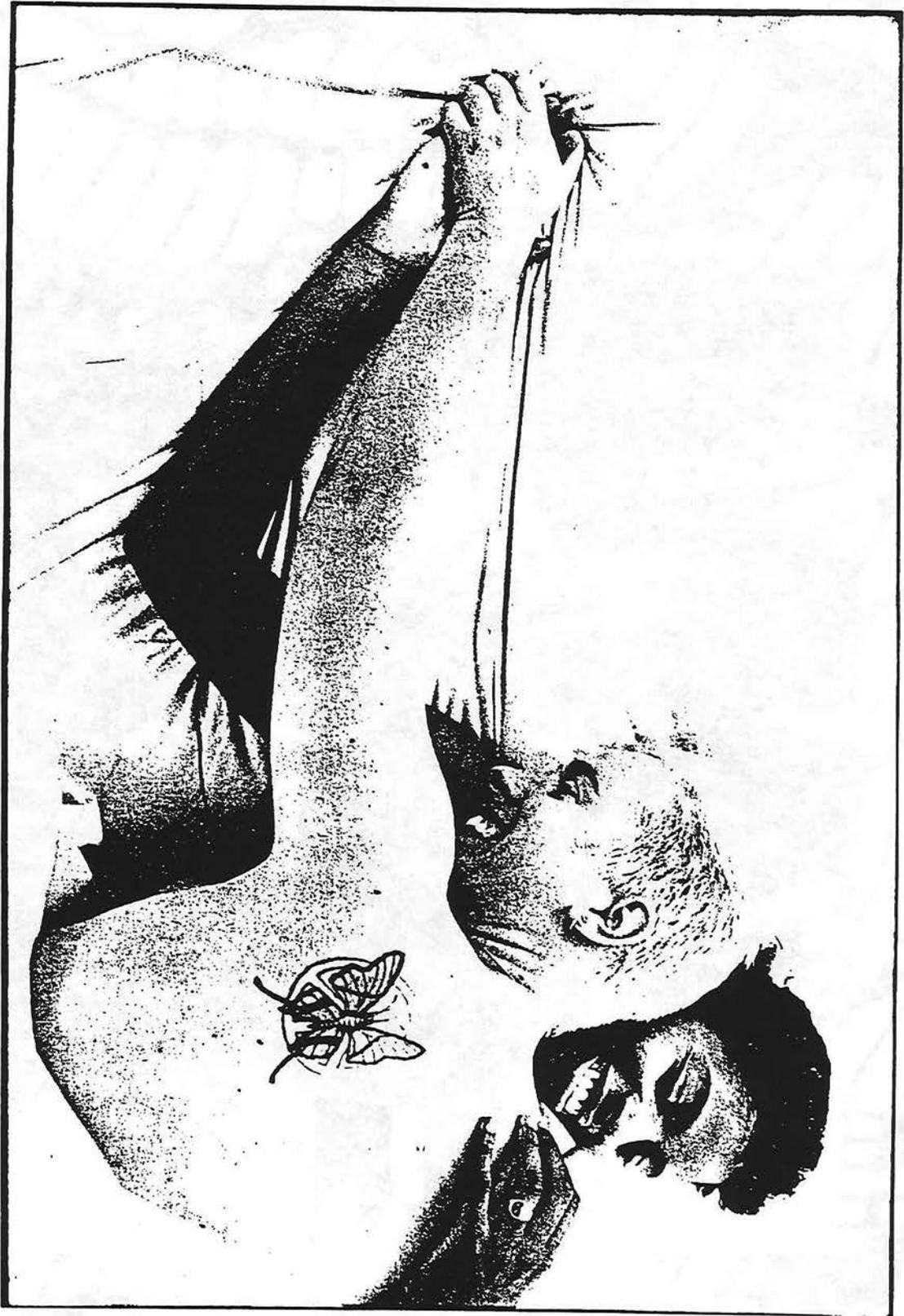
He never knew which was his.



Podocarpus

61.1

27





*Swami Vivekananda at Green Acre, Maine*

Swami Vivekananda came to the United States in 1893 to attend the World Parliament of Religions in Chicago. It was part of the World's Fair that year, more commonly referred to as "The Columbian Exposition." The Swami was very into American technology -- he wanted to bring back some of that scientific knowhow, as well as as much Western wealth as possible to his own country, India. In return, he ~~was~~ was all ready to teach the woefully spiritually bereft American people what he knew about God.

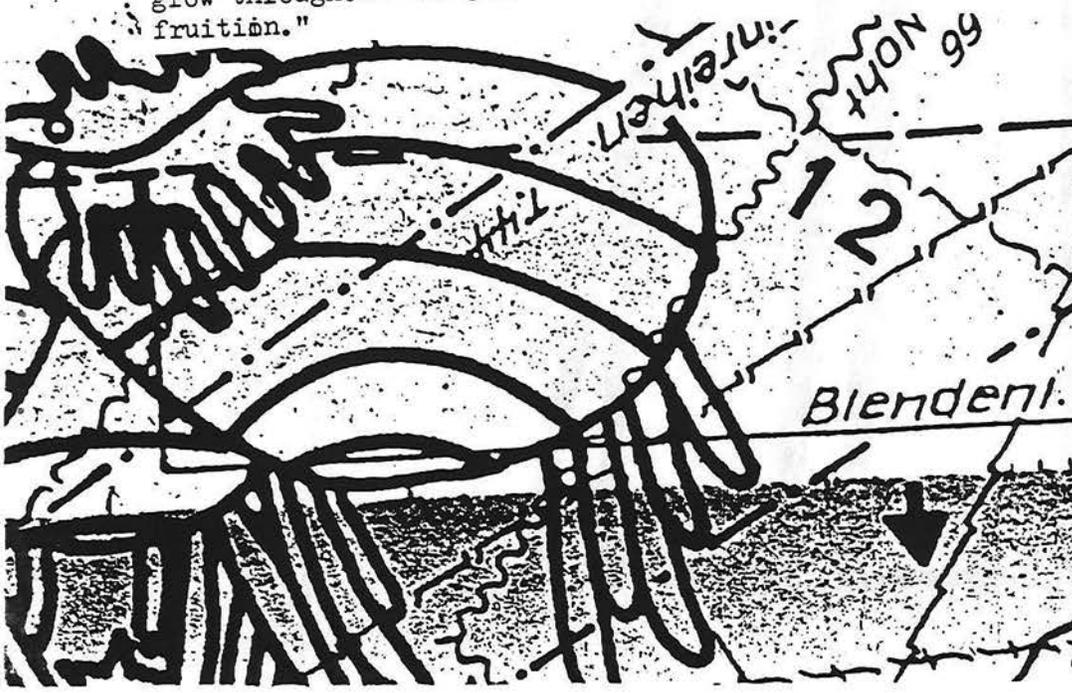
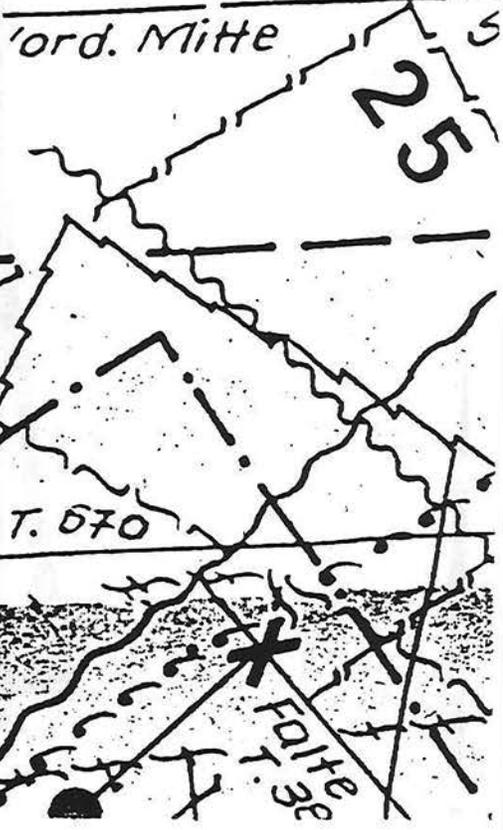
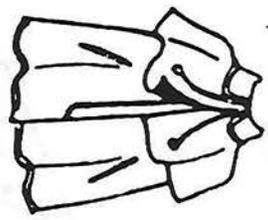
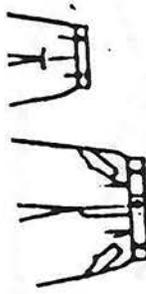
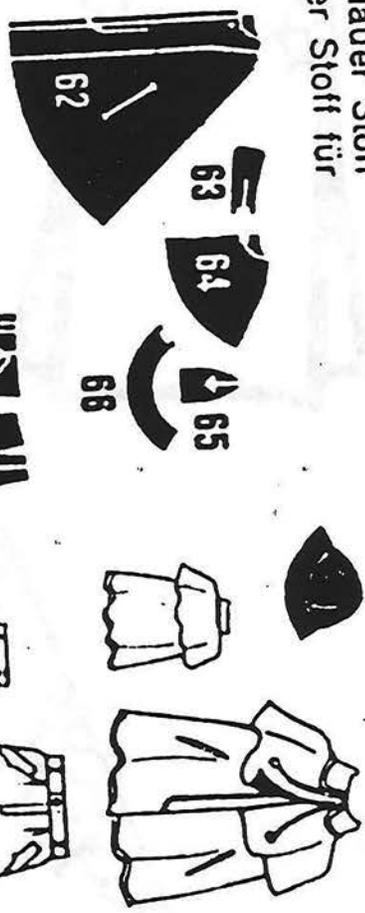
By all accounts, the Swami was a hunk. He was a huge hit at the Parliament, where they would keep him until last during sessions so that the audience would stick around to listen to him. He was called "The Lightning Orator," able to speak excellent English and think on his feet. One member of the audience at the Parliament remembers how "scores" of women would climb over the benches just to get near him.

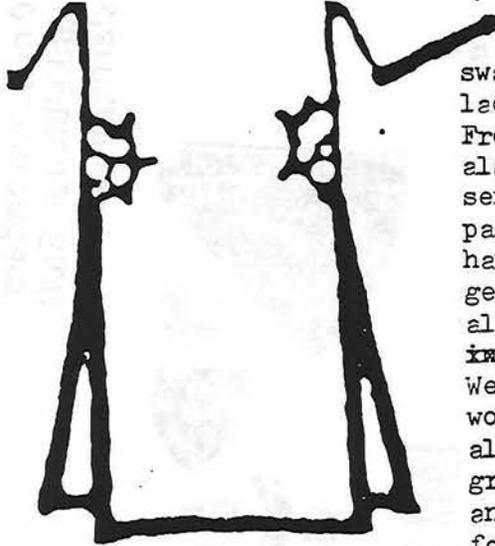
"His personality, dominant, magnetic," gushes the poet Harriet Monroe, "his voice, rich as a bronze bell, the controlled fervor of his feeling; the beauty of his message to the Western world he was facing for the first time -- these combined to give us a rare and perfect moment of supreme emotion. It was human eloquence at its highest peak."

Vivekananda stayed on in America for 2 years after the Parliament, touring America on speaking tours and gathering disciples and followers. The Ramakrishna-Vedanta Society he and his followers began here is still in operation -- I visited the one in Kenmore Square where I got some very nice literature. The Swami's most famous disciples were women -- white, middle class Western women who probably just didn't fit in and who were spiritually and physically adventurous. Several of them, Sister Christine from Detroit, Sister Nivedita from Britain included, went with Vivekananda back to India to help start a school for Hindu girls. After hearing him speak for the first time, Sister Christine said, "Was it possible to hear and feel this and ever be the same again? All one's values were changed. The seed of spirituality was planted to grow and grow throughout the years until it inevitably reached fruition."

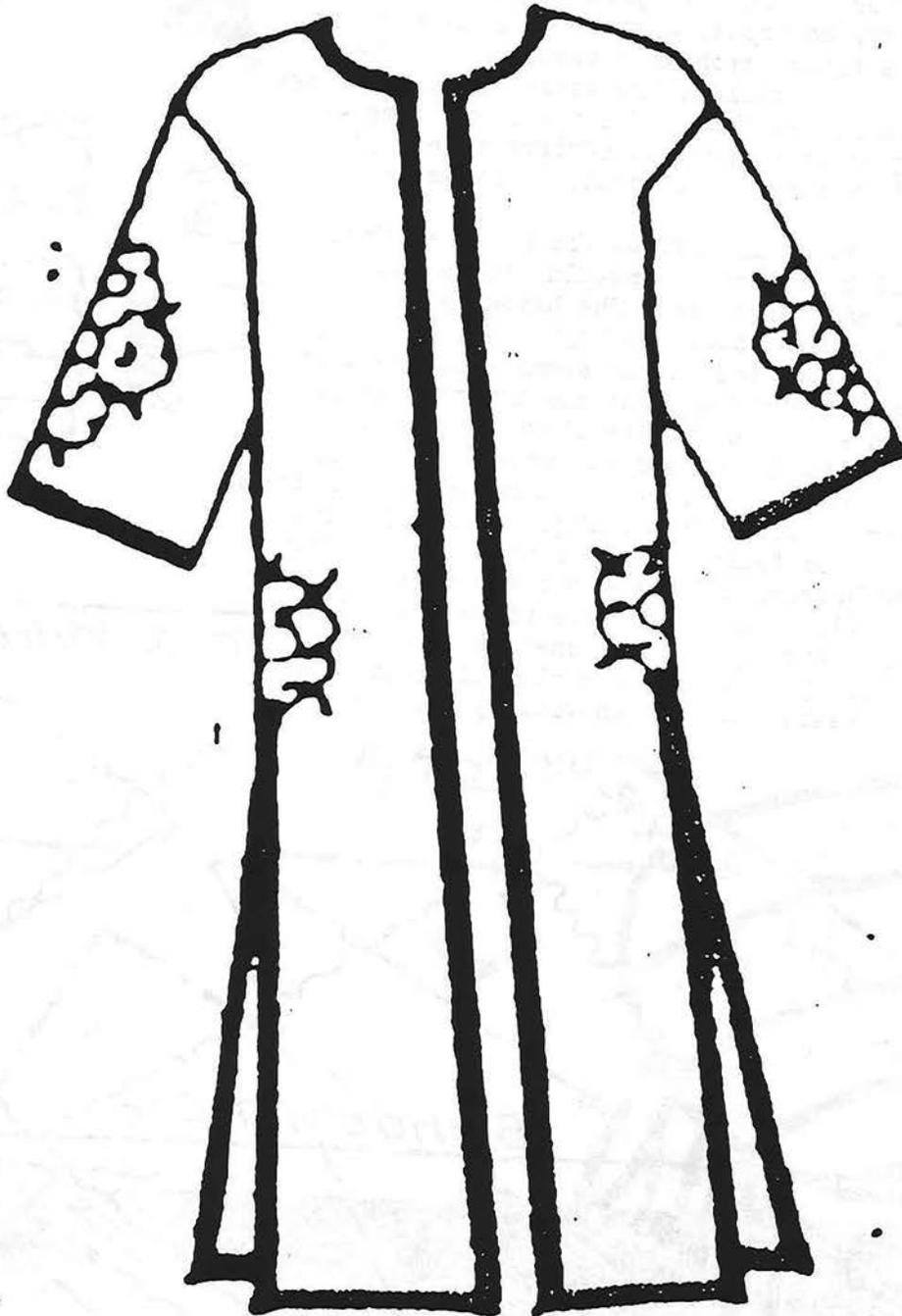
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There was some scandal, thought to be started by a rival swami, that Vivekananda was getting it on with all the Western ladies who so dug him, but everybody involved totally denied it. From what I read, the Swami kind of liked to flirt, but he was also a really serious and dedicated spiritual leader. It makes sense to me that all kinds of passion -- including sexual passion -- would make up spirituality, but we uptight Westerners have a lot of trouble with that and as a result are always getting in deep shit, like with those Catholic priests and all that. I think it's really interesting that a smart, ~~int~~ charismatic, handsome young swami could come to the West and have this special connection with white American women, which was clearly sexual on both sides but which was also respectful and spiritual and led to a lot of spiritual growth and tangible good deeds -- like famine relief in India and cultural exchange. He died when he was really young -- before 40 -- of diabetes. One of his main messages was "All roads



lead to God, and another was that all human beings are divine. Is there a Ramakrishna-Vedanta Society in your town? Just look in the yellow pages under "Churches" and find ~~xxxx~~ out. Here's their prayer:

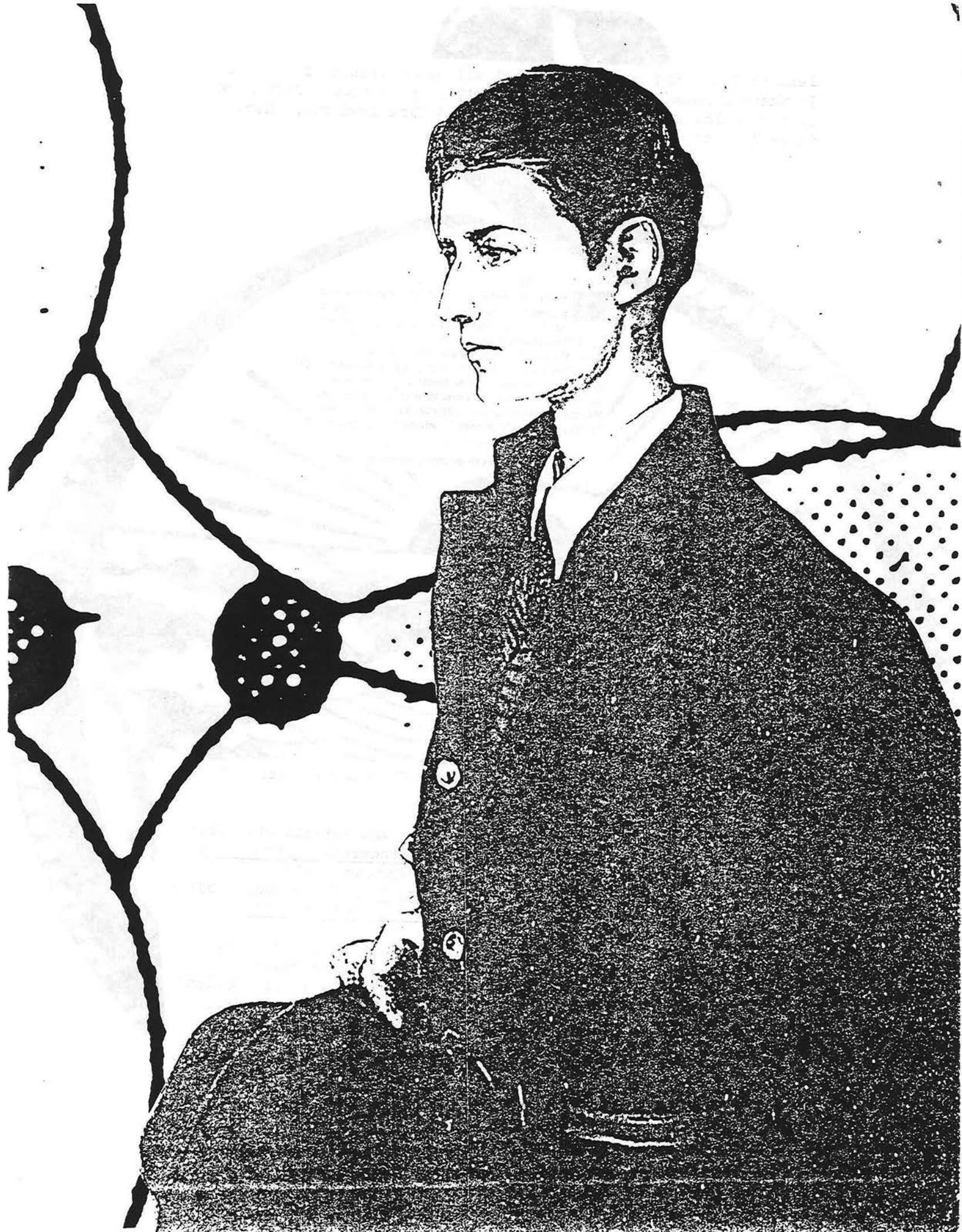
 We offer our salutations to the All-Loving Being who endows all beings with consciousness. We meditate on the Lord, Who is the origin of the Universe. Lord, Thou abidest in all; Thou art all; Thou assumest all forms; Thou art the origin and goal of all; Thou art the Self of all; Thou art Existence, Knowledge and Bliss. Salutations unto Thee. May the world be peaceful. May the wicked become gentle. May all creatures think of mutual welfare. May their minds be occupied with what is spiritual and abiding. May our hearts be immersed in selfless love for the Lord.

*Peace, Peace, Peace be unto all.*

VEDANTA SOCIETIES OF BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE

If you want to know more about sexy Swami Vivekananda, check out these books:

The Life of Swami Vivekananda by His Eastern and Western Disciples  
The Master As I Saw Him and Notes of Some Wanderings with the SV  
by Sister Nivedita (her other name was Margaret Noble)  
Swami Vivekananda in America; New Discoveries by Marie Louise Burke  
A Bird's-Eye View: Vivekananda and his Swamis in Boston and  
Vicinity by Elva Nelson  
Swami Vivekananda, Pictorial by Swami Ra ghaveshananda (this is  
a comic book you can get at the Ramakrishna-Vedanta Society)  
The Life of Vivekananda and the Universal Gospel by Romain Rolland  
and of course, the complete works of the Swami himself, as well  
as Sister Nivedita's letters. Sister Nivedita's letters were  
edited by Sankari Prasad Basu; the complete works are available  
in various editions.



*I  
Must  
Tell  
You  
This*

Hammerin'

The grey bellicose cloud spreads apart and deluges her with stiff pelts of rain like nine months water breaking into pieces, fills her sneakers, squish, squish, squeaking as the woman marches slowly to the Capitol, the capital Capitol, but the President has retreated far back into the womb, this male womb Camp David is safe, masculine, manly, where peace was made between more peaceful men. There he hovers close to his wife's pasty white bosom, face smothered in the center of her pulpy breasts, has trouble breathing, his words so chageable get caught in his almighty y throat while he jogs for joy.

We listen in unison to Peter Paul and Mary, two apostles and a vifgin spread the word hammerin' hammerin' hammerin' love between my brothers and my sisters all over this land, a sea of placards swaying, the words catch in the woman's throat: freedom, love, bells ring danger, hammers, hammerin' out the danger 'cause the Lambs of Christ are comin', arent these the people spreading love between our brothers and our sisters. Look at them, look at them really look at these grimaced faces, twisted eyebrows arched fingers pointing at the woman, at the doctor, at the woman doctor who gives choice to other women, these Lambs are screeching at the doctor, barricade her driveway, bar her from her job, smash her windows, blow her tires, send her sacrilegious letters telling her to burn in hell. These lambs of Christ, they use your name in vain.

...1971. Winter, silent snow veils, covers cracks and creases, makes it all seem even, all look the same but she knows the difference, feels it inside, that space is gone and her head, it's in her head, keeps her company as nothing ever did before but what will she do when it bursts out of her, when it begins to need . need need, will anybody help her or will they discard her, leave her on the wrong side of the road culed up in position. The father, I'll tell the father she muses, as if this is the answer to the question. She calls the father but he got wing of it and his number's out of order, no longer in service the operator says, so she sits down, leans her elbow on the table, props the side of her face onto her folded fist and decides to think. Mother, Father (Father's dead), Sister, Brother, Rabbi, Priest. Let's see. Who else is there waiting to get her out of the trouble she's in big trouble big trouble inside her. The others say: just have it, call your friends and relatives, they'll help you; just have it, then give it up so easy; just hold your arms out, others will come and snatch it up and love it as if it were their own; just give it up, leave it on the doorstep in a basket all wrapped up in pink or blue and the Angels or Mercy will come and rescue it or Lambs of Christ will sacrifice their lives for it.

She wanders the streets, snow three inches deep now, ridged here and there but mostly smooth as silk, the fresh white smell flicking nostrils crisp and clean. She quickens her pace, turns left, left again down the hill into the basement of the city where lights play with the flakes, windows mirror emptiness, alleys beckon, moan and whisper. Only some can hear. She hears, sucked into the deepest part, the part that reeks with slime, connected to the hand, connected to the rusted curette cold grey icy table slams into her back as he tells her: relax Sweet-heart, you'll be fine just fine, won't hurt a bit; just a minute here, push down, spread apart those thighs, Christ sake, don't jerk away, keep still, if you scream again I'll plug your mouth Ah almost done, you're bleeding like a fuckin' pig shit let's see if I can stop this, well, I've done my best, go home and rest, you'll be fine in the morning, take these pills to stop the bleeding bleeding blood spurts oozes oozing splattering her thighs for Christ sake stop crying, I got it all it's all scraped out nothing left. She sees him wash his hands, wipe them on the already bloodied towel, stash the money she gave him into the pocket of his white-coat, looks like mosaic red swirls in endless circles blotched white almost like bulls eyes around around she tried to focus but her eyes sink back into her head as the ceiling slips in between the crack...

Winding down, almost over now, the woman shivers. Washington chants: Fierce Feminists, In Your Face while cold remnants of March force cherry blossoms back into their wombs, but the sun finally soaks their limbs exposed all day to north winds blowing, petals smile, nod in unison, burst forth again, look delicate and strong, endure the wrath of God choosing spring to start ~~again~~ anew. Some of them survive, some don't. Some of us survive, some won't.

--J.B. Bernstein

commanded men to repent and believe  
and you (if you have not already  
to Him. If you believe in the Lord  
mediately and fully forgive you and you  
Son eternally.

There is absolutely no other way  
in His Person is ever God, came in



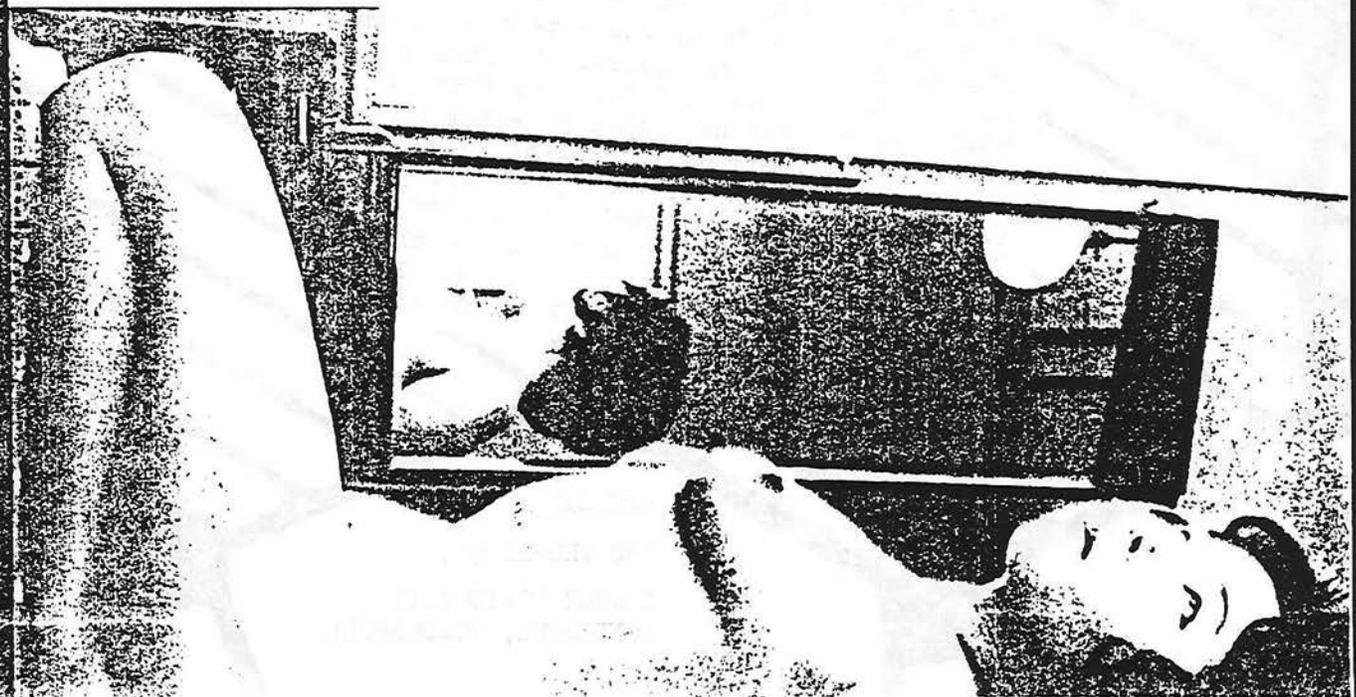
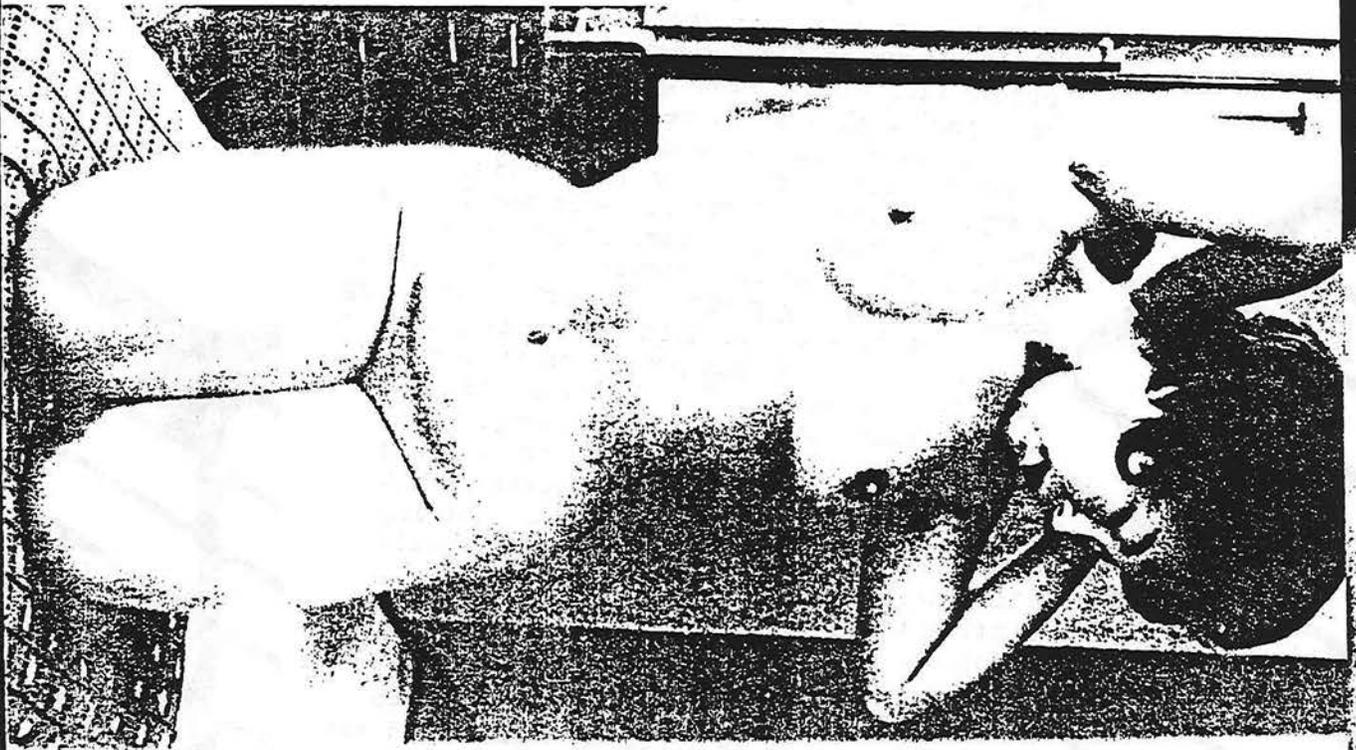
B

3

**I can look at you**



**nic. co aoyama 406-6066**



Me and my friend Kevin are the only people I know who did not enjoy "Like Water for Chocolate". I hate cartoons -- even though we're supposed to say "magic realism" -- and I do not share that particularly feminist fascination with learning from fairy tales. (It's always so fucking frustrating -- the prince will always kiss the princess, or not, she'll always do the wrong stupid thing and get some kind of curse, or he will, it's totally boring. Same with this movie.) Everything was predictable -- it was like a one-joke experience. Also, it was a carrier of that evil form of romanticism that for every girl there is a guy and it's worth everything to find him, even suffering and dying, because once you've fucked him you'll never reach such heights again. I hate that. ~~Me~~ I was also offended at how unfeeling Carlo was, marrying poor Rosauria just to get at Tita and then...they blame poor Rosauria! What a surprise! Poor Rosauria dies of farting too much, mom dies after marauding rapists fling her into the river (and it's only fitting that she die at the hands of rapists since she denied herself true love with the mulatto and went on to deny it to everyone else under her thumb)--and no one seems to care much. Nacha is raped and terrorized and then the next thing you know she's laughing as heartily as ever and fucking like bunnies. When Tita's traumatized by the death of her sister's son, she goes into a genteel decline where she won't talk -- but of course, she's the Senorita and Nacha's only the hired help, they're different, you know. I also hated the cutesy reference to third sister Gertrude's patrilineage -- after she comes home with her husband, she cuts a rug with him and it's all very jolly. "Goodness, I didn't know she could dance like that -- where did she get her sense of rhythm rhythm?" and Tita looks all smug, knowing as she does that Gertrude's father was mom's true love. You remember, the mulatto? GET IT???? I did like the food in the movie and the three sisters were lovely to look at, I also liked the old woman. But for the most part...

MAGICAL!!

TWO THUMBS UP!!

I JUST LOVED IT!!

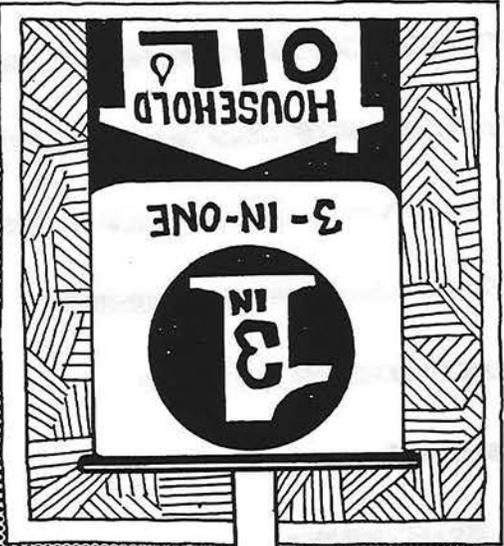
WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL!!



"Away vile dog of the Turk."

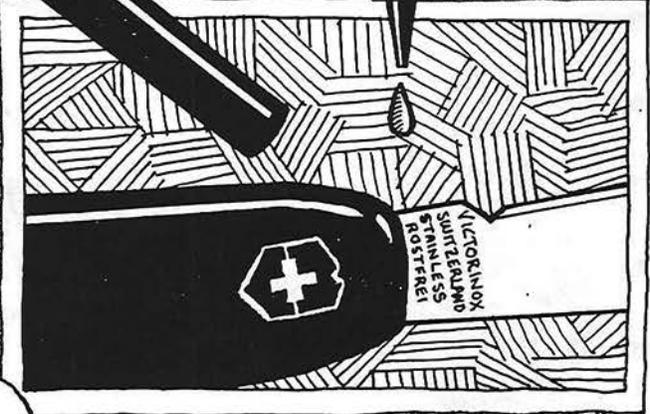
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			1073	91	



WHEN,  
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TO CLEAN  
MY  
KNIFE.

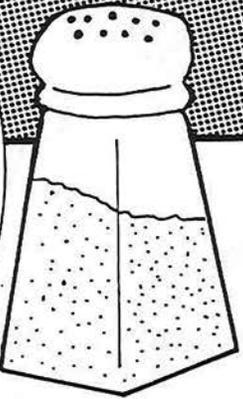
THE KNIFE  
WAS  
SHARP—  
MY HANDS  
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THERE WAS  
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O'Sullivan



I FELT  
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FELT  
ALIVE.  
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FELT...



THE END

Feminine Advice from the 70's

Overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation and destroy ~~the~~ the male sex.

Reproduce without the aid of males and produce only females.

Every man, deep down, knows he's a worthless piece of shit.

In actual fact the female function is to explore, discover, invent, solve problems, crack jokes, make music -- all with love.

Create a magic world.

Like conversation, love can exist only between two secure, free-wheeling, independent, groovy female females, sinc<sup>3</sup> friendship is based on respect, not contempt.

March over the President's stupid, sickening face.

Strike in the dark with a six-inch blade.

Ask yourself this question 365 days a year: Did you build up his ego today?

Show him that you really care about how he looks -- right down to his toes. Make sure that all of his shoes have shoe trees. Surprise him with a rack of freshly polished shoes.

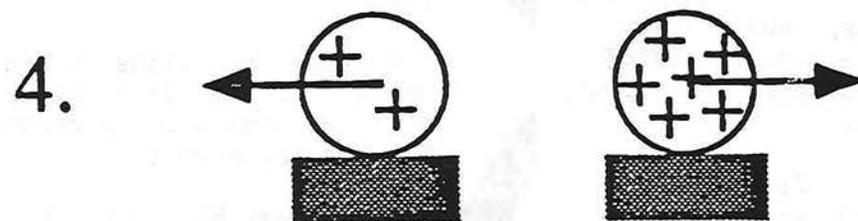
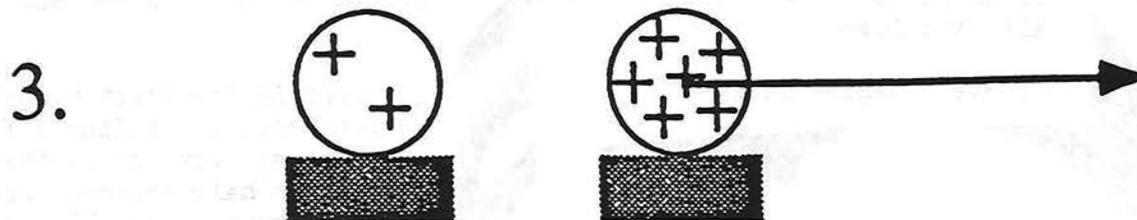
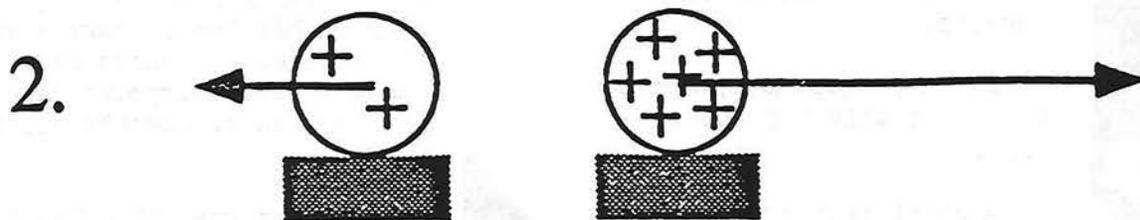
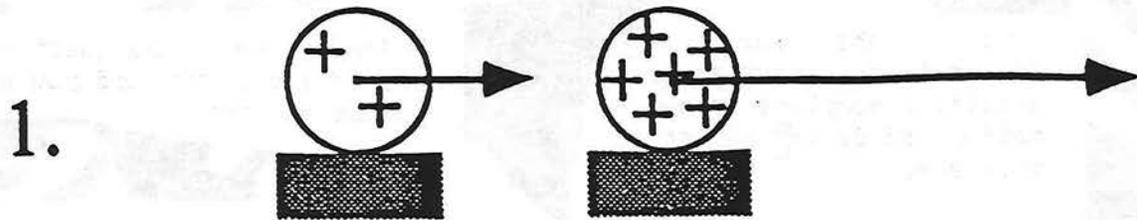
Be helpless when it comes to opening stubborn jars. Every man wants to play the role of Tarzan or Superman now and then.

Illusion is the smart woman's secret weapon. Finding a few grey hairs? Try one of the shampoo-in hair colors. If you look younger, he'll feel younger and that could be fun!

Men never look twice at broads who are broad. Is it time for tuna fish and cottage cheese lunches for a week?

Behind every happy man is the woman who makes him happy.

Thanks to Lizzard Amazon of Slut Utopia for my copy of the SCUM Manifesto, which I had never even read before! I couldn't believe how hilarious it is and how smart. Send \$2 for your own copy complete with boss illustrations, to: Riot Girls Outer Space, PO Box 26614, San Jose, CA 95159. As for 365 Ways to Become the Complete Woman, it's by Gloria Allen and one can only hope it's out o' print...



5. None of the above

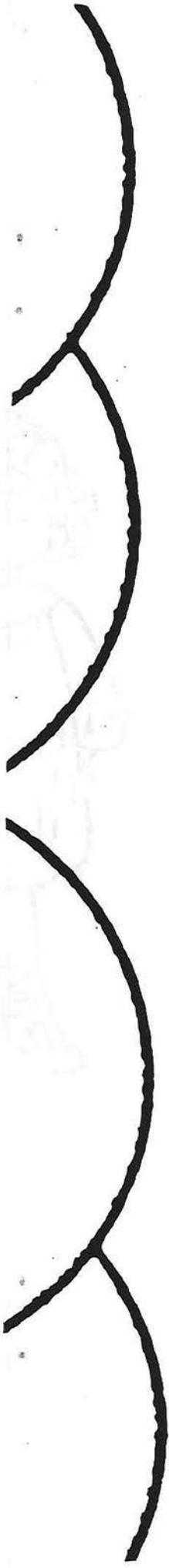


Being Pregnant Isn't Anything I Expected It To Be  
OR  
Will We Ever Be Able To Have Sex On The Kitchen Counter Again?

by Rissa

There's a baby growing inside of me. Being pregnant is like being an adolescent except that you get along with your mother. People ask me all the time, "So, are you going to have a brit?" (A brit is a Jewish ritual circumcision that defines a male as a Jew. The ritual comes from when Abraham is going to kill Isaac for God when God comes down and says, "Just testing." Some of us think Abraham was wrong not to stand up to God in the first place, but that's for another article.) When I say no, I'm not going to have a brit, there's usually no reaction until I tell them we're not cutting it off, either. Then they ask, "What will your child be? Will they be Jewish?" I say, "Mostly." I say, "I don't plan to do things differently." We celebrate all holidays including Christmas. Unfortunately for my Atheist (raised Catholic) husband, there are no Atheist holidays (except for his version of Christmas). Why cutting the foreskin off my baby's dick makes him a Jew or not, or whether it makes him a freak or not I will never understand. It's funny -- I hear these mothers who say that the brit was the worst experience of their life. Having to watch their baby suffer was horrible. AND then in the next breath, they say that the rest of their sons were circumcised in the hospital, as if cutting it off without the mother watching makes it any less traumatic. People are strange. But then again, we live in Ohio.

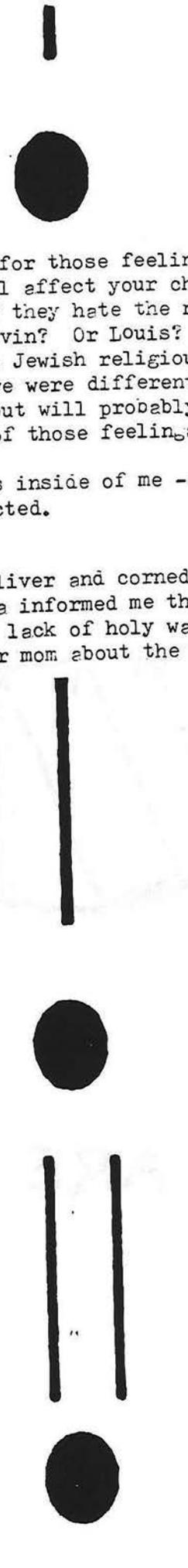
Part of this emotional pregnancy roller coaster is that two things happen: you become protective but less willing to explain or argue. I have yet to tell my mother there will be no cutting it off and my mother-in-law that not only are we not cutting it off, we're not dunking the baby in holy water, either. My husband and I feel secure in our decisions, but I feel insecure about defending. Being pregnant takes enough out of you. Besides, maybe we'll just have a girl. It's a weird transition going from being a daughter to being a mother. Getting married was hard enough -- a process of bringing both our families and cultures together. There were many arguments and unspoken comments. But we managed to blend our traditions to ~~honor~~ our parents' honors. Somehow our idea of not cutting off our son's foreskin but instead having our friends and family make a circle around us and the baby and give us good wishes seems to be a ceremony our parents may not as easily approve of. But then again, they didn't approve our marriage ceremony until they saw it in action. Parents are strange that way but soon we shall be joining in that strangeness.



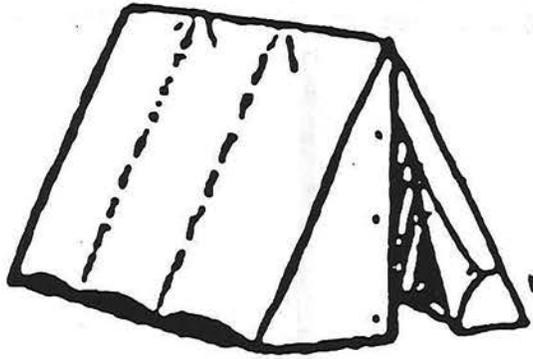
No one prepares you for those feelings of having to make decisions that will affect your child for the rest of their life. What if they hate the name Willow? Or Sarah? Or Bell? Or Gavin? Or Louis? Or Will? What if they want to go to a Jewish religious overnight camp? Will he be proud that we were different? These are things we will always wonder but will probably never know. Not knowing -- again, one of those feelings brought back from adolescence.

The mixed baby swims inside of me -- sleeping quietly. For now, s/he is protected.

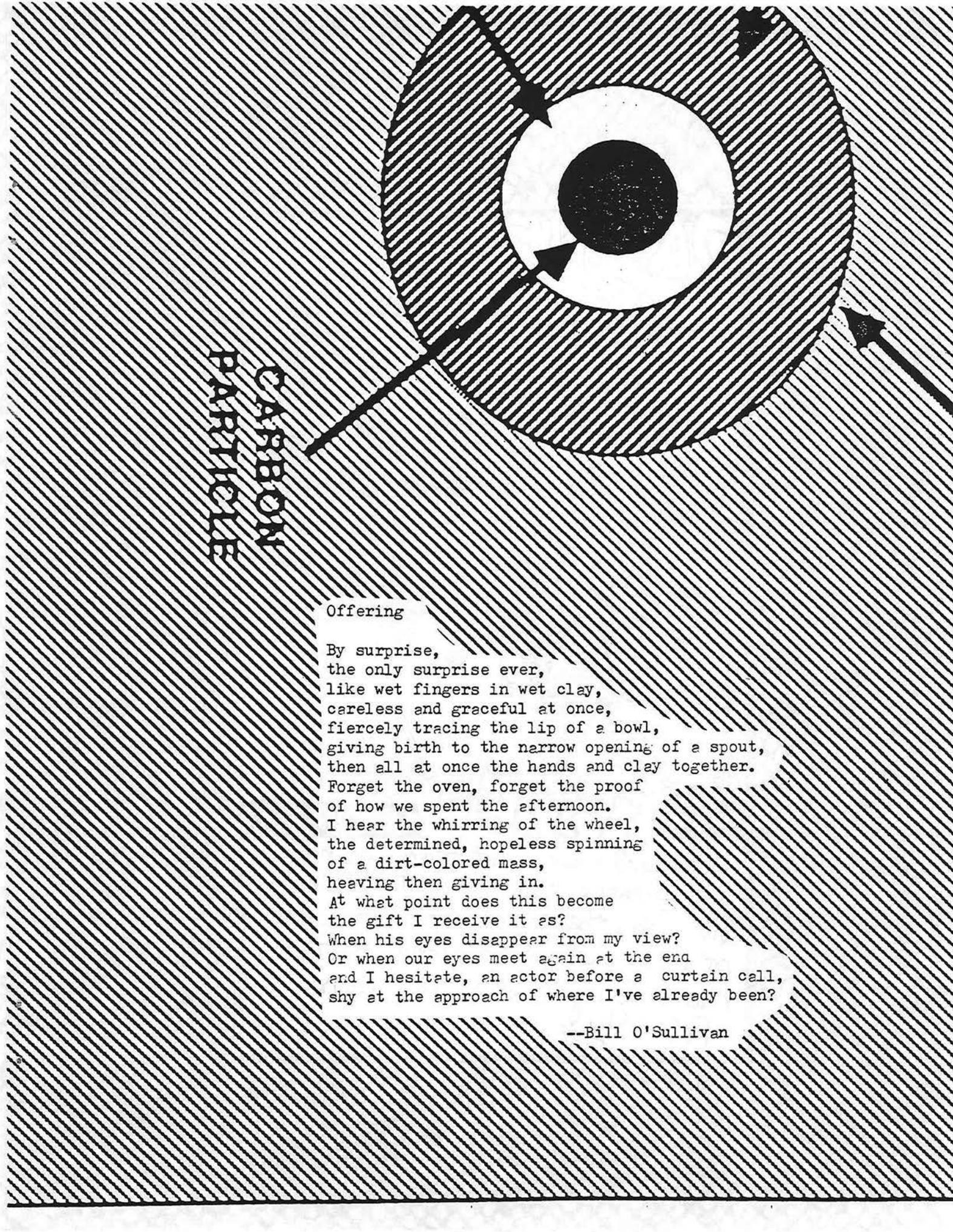
UPDATE: Over chopped liver and corned beef sandwiches in late December, Rissa informed me that her mother-in-law was cool about the lack of holy water, but she still hasn't chatted with her mom about the foreskin issue.



1



WHAT ARE YOU ?



CARBON  
PARTICLE

Offering

By surprise,  
the only surprise ever,  
like wet fingers in wet clay,  
careless and graceful at once,  
fiercely tracing the lip of a bowl,  
giving birth to the narrow opening of a spout,  
then all at once the hands and clay together.  
Forget the oven, forget the proof  
of how we spent the afternoon.  
I hear the whirring of the wheel,  
the determined, hopeless spinning  
of a dirt-colored mass,  
heaving then giving in.  
At what point does this become  
the gift I receive it as?  
When his eyes disappear from my view?  
Or when our eyes meet again at the end  
and I hesitate, an actor before a curtain call,  
shy at the approach of where I've already been?

--Bill O'Sullivan

# DATING

## TIPS for Teens

#25: Girls can be friends, too!



1973

You and your best friend can have a beauty-parlor night- right at home! Give each other home perms. Sure, each of you could do it alone. But it's more fun this way. And more friendly!

Lizzard

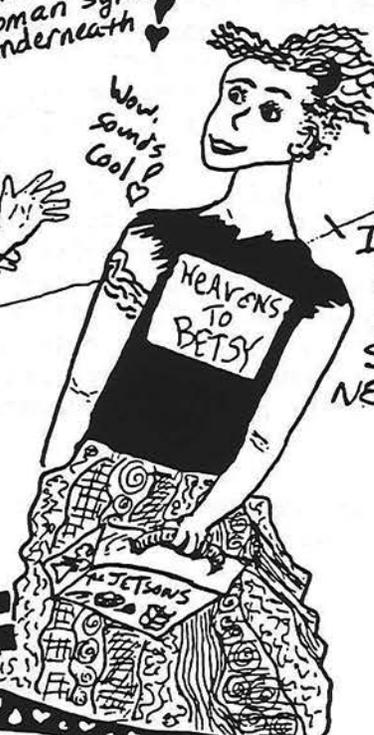
# DATING

#25: Girls Tips for Teens! ♡

... like, these RAT  
SKELETONS,  
with chalices  
of BLOOD, and knives,  
with intertwined  
Woman symbols  
underneath ♡



Wow,  
sounds  
Cool! ♡



I'll  
bring  
Some  
Sterik  
NEEDLES! ♡

1993

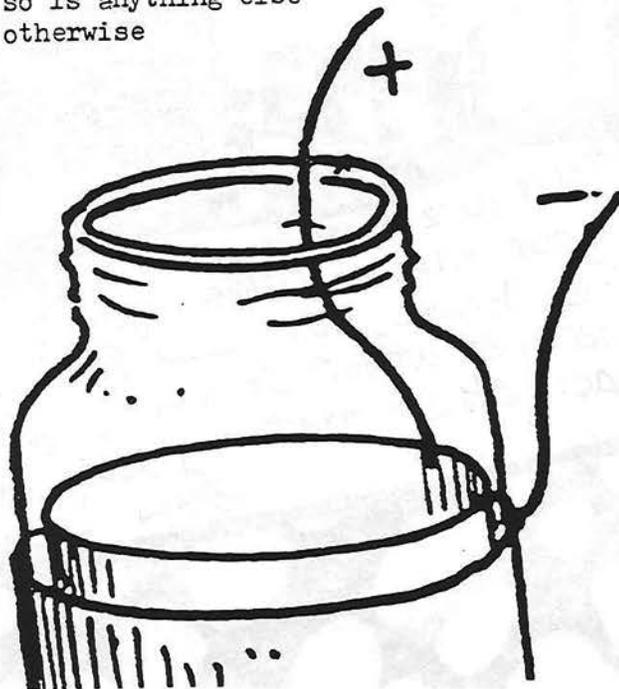
Not sure if that SPECIAL GRRRL in  
your class 'likes' you? Let  
her know how you feel... ask  
her over after SCHOOL to give  
each other matching scalp tattoos! ♡

~Lizzard ♡

## CUSTOMIZING THE BODYSELF

My friend Kathleen once saw a talk show on TV where the guest was a woman who's had some kind of procedure done so her intestine was shortened drastically. She used to be obese, but she isn't now and she can eat any quantity of anything she wants. But it ~~is~~ goes right through and she has to spend a lot of time in the bathroom and there's a very very bad smell. She turned herself into a freak to be skinny and I think it's sad. But if she'd stayed fat and gotten a big old tattoo of a coconut macaroon on her big fat leg, I wouldn't think it was sad, I would ~~ix~~ say she was empowering herself. But she sees this weirdo operation as empowering her, and Cher sees herself as empowered with all the weird shit she's done to herself (like take her rib out although did she deny that? I get reality and Globe mixed up sometimes). When I was waiting in the dentist's office I read an article about how if you're a girl it's never too early to start thinking about a face lift. I guess piercing and tattooing and scarification are the trendy or serious or scary depending on how you look at it side of people's obsession to manipulate our own flesh. Once when I was wearing fishnets I burned my leg on the tailpipe of a motorcycle and got the coolest looking pattern on my leg. I wish it had lasted longer.

by Anna and so is anything else  
not claimed otherwise



## ZINE REVIEWS

But first, a zine networking success story! I reviewed Stephanie Kulick's great zine "Hey Stranger" last issue but I didn't have her address. Leanne Franson of Lilliane comix fame passed on the news and the next thing you knew me and Stephanie were total pen pals and she did this chic cover and piercing article for me! Her new(ish) zine is BLUNDERBUSS: "None of it is planned. It is all done with the same pen. It is not drawn to any particular size. I don't care if it's stinky." Well said! I loved a certain andro-arachnid comic in it. Also good and informative reviews of comics to get and how to choose your adventure books plus so much more. I don't know how much it is, but her address is Stephanie Kulick, 857 Fell St. San Francisco, CA 94117. Make sure to send \$1 for HEY STRANGER, too. If you already have a copy (you know who you are), send it to her with a SASE for a free repiercing!

The most recent LILLIANE I have is #19, Law & Order, where a black friend of our heroine spends the night in jail: issues of race and law and society and the fucked-up stuff we think deftly handled, and as always, funkily well drawn. 1-1 8 are \$1.50 each, \$7.50 for 5, 10 for \$15.00, or send for a flyer. Cash or \$orders only to Leanne Franson, 3908 St.-Christophe, Montreal, Quebec, CA-ANDA H2L 3X8.

EXPERIMENTAL TECHNIQUES is put out by The Society for Experimental Mechanics. I have the Nov/Dec 1993 issue -- their 50th anniversary! Congratulations, friends. Here are some of the new products reviewed: Accelerometer, Signal Conditioning & Digital Random Controller. These are the people who do tests on things, like strain and wear and heat patterns. In this issue you can read the article, "Dynamic Investigations of Force Transducers," by R. Kumme, and editor, Lloyd J. Lazarus. You can also learn about the 12th International Model Analysis Conference & Exhibit (IMAC XII) held in Hawaii in January 1994 whose topic was "Verifying Structural Design Integrity." Published bi-monthly, it ain't cheap (luckily I got mine in the science library's discard pile): \$88.00 for a year sub and \$10.00 for a single issue to Soc. for Ex. Mech., Inc., 7 School St. Bethel, CT 06801.

ACTION GIRL NEWSLETTER is Sarah's wonderful publication featuring tons of girl zine reviews plus an always-interesting chat-box from Sarah herself. The Action Girl Hall of Fame has featured feisty females Midge and Mothra, among others. I really appreciate Sarah's energy and imagination. She also does an important zine, KIKIZINE, or which I have Number Two, and thank goodness I do, as it features the comic, "The Totally Good Day" which I love and which involves eating leftover noodle breakfast. There's also a PMS rant and "Things I Like" number 1 of which (and I concur) is "The smell of a cat." ACTION GIRL; 1 issues is 2 29¢ stamps, or 3 for \$2.00, KIKIZINE is 1 stamp + SASE. I don't think I have her other project, MAD PLANET, but you can get it for \$1.00, to Sarah, 543 Van Duzer St., Staten Island, NY 10304.

The latest issue of FUCKTOOTH (#12!) fetures rants from the punk scene by a game-but-sometimes-influriated Angel the editor, plus the history of Fucktooth (which is exactly what, anyway? There's a contest you can enter this ish to come up with the best meaning of Fucktooth.) She's got a new address and I think the zine is \$1.00: JME, 221 W. 12th St. #232, Columbus, OH 43210.

EARTHLING EXCHANGE is by Kate Solisti who is an Animal Communication Facilitator. She sent me the Nov. 1993 issue and it's a tasteful mint green color. She says, "The Earthling Exchange is a quarterly forum for personal and planetary healing through communication with the animal, plant and mineral kingdoms." It's mostly book reviews (Animals, Our Return to Wholeness by Penelope Smith, for example, or Ask Your Angels by Alme Daniel et al.). Kate talks with animals using telepathy -- if you want to engage her services or if you want her newsletter and brochure, send a SASE to: 107 La Joye Rd., Santa Fe, NM 87501.

SWITCH HITTER, edited by Jennifer Teig von Hoffman is a fine first issue of a bi-zine. A fun and informative article about phone sex by Jennifer, "Sexual Hang-Ups" and a friendly how-to article by Sunah Cherwin about getting started writing porn. My favorite was a very hot sci-fi story, "Just Technology," also by Jennifer. Keep on keepin' on, girl! Printed with ads, very together. \$2.00 to: 955 Ma ss. Ave. #48, Cambridge, MA 02139.

MAIL: THE JOURNAL OF COMMUNICATION DISTRIBUTION As a zine person, many of my favorite things come to me through the mail and I appreciate it. Recently, for example, Lizzard of SLUT UTOPIA sent me a pussy power shrinky dink. Mail gives you an inside view of "300 years of American Postal Service" with important articles like, "USPS Role in Information Superhighways," "Package Manifest Mailing with the USPS," and "Putting Solor in your Mail." Also, you can register for MailCom 94 at the Trump Taj Mahal, March 6-9 -- the Spinners will be playing! 9 issues a year for \$31, 20 for \$49. Back issues are \$7.50 and you have to add \$2.75 for s & h. Mail Magazine, Gold Key Box 2425, Milford, PA 18337-9607, ed. Theodore Williams.

The latest issue of BI-GIRL WORLD, winter 94, is available from Karen F. for \$2.00, 99 Newtonville Ave., Newton, MA 02158. As always, a classy, perky look. This ish, there's a hysterical must-read story by Joyce Slaton of LARDASS called "How Not to Score, Or Learn From My Teenaged Friday Night Mistakes." There's also a hot poem by Shannon Frach, "When I get close enough" and a lively account of Karen's Jewish porno Xmas escapade...

LARDASS by Joyce Slaton is a kind of sick but totally hilarious zine. This is where you can look if you want a review of how well Depends work -- not everyone would be willing to test out such products for the edification of her readers. June 1993 and September 1993 are the only ones I have (Karen F. lent them to me) and I very much enjoyed reading about Joyce and her wacky bunch of pals masturbating at Disneyworld, watching "The Loveboat" and just generally being kooky and freewheeling. Try 1 or 2 dollars to Joyce Slaton, 300 E. 83d St. #2E New York, NY for a fun time.

## CALLS FOR SUBMISSIONS

I'm doing this lesbian sex anthology with another person (my friend Chris) and we're looking for really hot really well-written sex-filled stories, poems, essays, whatever. This is not an easy task, but we're willing to try and find what we can -- All you sex experts out there, we need you! Send your porno-erotica best to: Anthology, Box 440478, Somerville, MA 02144 which also happens to be the address of Mousie! How convenient!

Mousie  
Box 440478  
Somerville, MA 02144  
ed. Anna Rampage  
Winter/Spring 1994

O \* \* F

B

C

E

G

Here's the Fastest, Easiest Way  
to Rebuild Your Street Cred

NO SECURITY DEPOSIT  
REQUIRED  
NO LIFE INSURANCE  
PURCHASE NECESSARY

Fast Pre-Approval!

