RETICENCE and ANXIETY

issue #1

$1.25

i'm calling myself anxiety in this zine because IT SUITS ME! anxious. and i'm Reticence because IT SUITS ME! Anxiety has to go take a shit because she's anticipating drinking some coffee—that what i love about this girl, she knows how do anticipate. i'll tell you one thing about this 'zine, we didn't intend to have so many pumped up caucasian bods in it....i would like to say that Reticence and Anxiety are girlfriends, and since we can't seem to socialize, this is our way of expressing ourselves and communicating with other people. We're going to do our best to put what we'd like to see out there in this here zine. We want to fill this VOID. If you don't like our zine it would be more productive of you not to complain but to start your own. We do want comments on our stuff, however, so we welcome letters. i have something to add to this intro if i could only get my thoughts together—i'm really happy that Anxiety and i have been able to put this first issue out. i think that it has enabled us to think about the stuff we do from day to day (like work for me and working out for A.) not just as something mundane but as activities which extend from our personalities, our SELVES. fuck this....i'm going to sleep.

RETICENCE
AND ANXIETY
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I BOUGHT A BARBELL.

i bought a barbell today. i already had two dumbells and weights to go on both so i just bought the long rod. but then i had to get to work so i had to carry the thing around with me. first it was in a cardboard cylinder with hardplastic on each end. at some point (as i was crossing the street i think) the barbell came right though! so then i was carrying it in the loose plastic. it got sticky so i held the steel itself. i walked into the corner store by my job and the guy behind the counter says" you starting to lift weights?" i said "starting is right- i just bought this thing". i did not tell him i had been lifting dumbells for a few weeks. between the corner store and my job i got some strange physical sensations. the first was that my hands itched. i thought "oh, i guess i allergic to this barbell." then i got an itchy feeling in my lower region. like where you might get menstrual cramps. not really on the genitals, just bellow the belly. well, i am on my period so go figure. so i am sitting upstairs smoking a cigarette and drinking a soda when i notice part of my gums are feeling numb and itchy and bloaty. PANIC. i tried to distract myself by lookin at a karate book. (oh. it is the cigarette. no it's the soda. no. it is the steel- your allergic. no it is your period. but really it could be anything.) the truth is that i have had these feelings before. once when i said goodbye to my best friend on a stormy day after eating cellophane noodles and being burned severley on the arm with a liter (i knew i would not see her for at least a year). but that time it was all over by body. even my EYEBALLS. the other time was in kennebunkport, maine. i was with ACT-UP and we were protestin on the way to george bushs' house. then it was all over but not as bad. so i told myself, don't be anxious. it is just psychological. just sit here and smoke your cigareete and dri your coke. ignore it. it is a big day. you bought a barbell. it is important. you are excited. BUT DON'T FREAK OUT. YOU JUST BOUGHT A BARBELL. so i went to work.

by anxiety

i came across this bullshit early one morning while looking for another chapter that was going to be on the Intro to African-American studies quiz. it HURT.

The people are the source and inspiration for all that the couple do in word or deed. If they decide to build a factory, buy a building, or create a play, that sense of action must be rooted in the principles of *umoja*, unity, and *ujima*, collective work.

The Afrocentric drive to create must always be based on a deep collective commitment to excellence. Thus, Afrocentricity detests the conspiracy of unproductivity and generates the ability to handle problems by the will of our genius. When someone says, "Watu weusi ought to have a school," or "we ought to create a museum," or "we need to build a shoe factory," he has set the task for himself. You are the one who must do what you propose. If you say, "why don't we establish?" you have stated the responsibility for bringing the idea into being. Only then can we have the collective consciousness necessary to carry on the reconstruction of the world.

Homosexuality is a deviation from Afrocentric thought because it makes the person evaluate his own physical needs above the teachings of national consciousness. An outburst of homosexuality among black men, fed by the prison breeding system, threatens to distort the relationship between friends. While we must be sensitive to the human complexity of the problem as Haki Madhubuti counsels in *Enemies: The Clash of Races*, we must demonstrate a real antagonism toward those gays who are as unconscious as other people. In fact, black gays are often put in front of white or integrated organizations to show the liberalism of the group. These gays tend to live in the make-believe world of white gays. Our task in an Afrocentric vein is to give our sons and daughters healthy self-concepts. A male child needs encouragement in his activities. The child must feel that his manhood is attached to a mind working on important questions.

The rise of homosexuality in the African-American male's psyche is real and complicated. An Afrocentric perspective recognizes its existence but homosexuality cannot be condoned or accepted as good for the national development of a strong people. It can be and must be tolerated until such time as our families and schools are engaged in Afrocentric instructions for males. White racism with its fangs claws at the soul of black manhood which results in an alteration of black womanhood as well. Afrocentri relationships are based upon sensitive sharing in the context of what best for the collective imperative of the people. We can no longer all our social lives to be controlled by European decadence. The time come for us to redeem our manhood through planned Afrocentric ac All brothers who are homosexuals should know that they too can bec committed to the collective will. It means the submergence of thei wills into the collective will of our people. Guard your minds and yo

i crammed for the quiz with a pounding heart and blurred vision. on the exam she asked Which Amendment Gave the Former Slaves the Right to Vote?

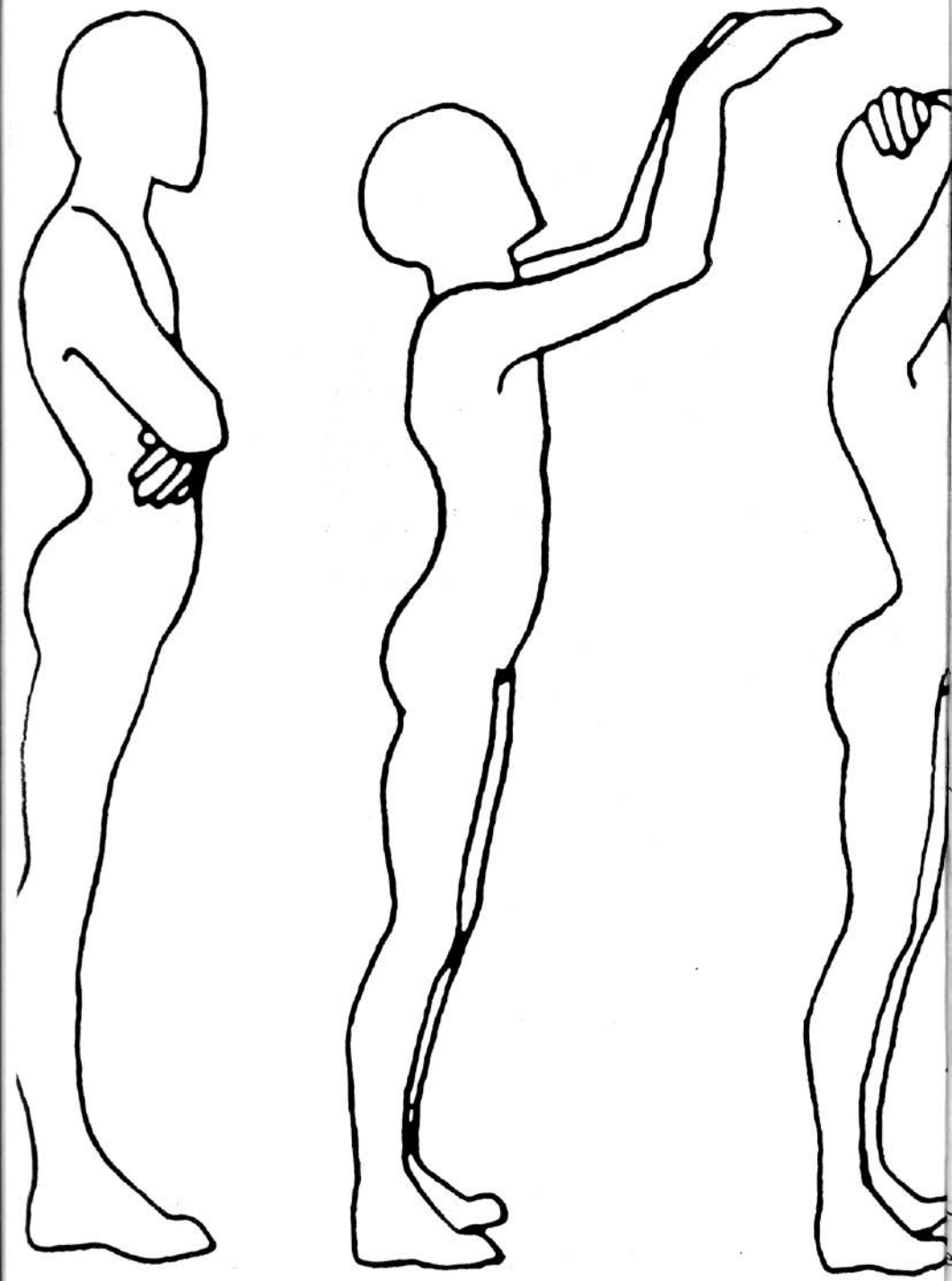
niece of Catharine Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charlotte Perkins had experienced a deep depression following her marriage and the birth of her daughter in the 1880s. Though she remained friends with her first husband, an independent life in which she supported herself with lectures and writings clearly suited her temperament despite the criticism it evoked. Her second, happier marriage came later after her independence was well established. A socialist, Gilman argued that economic independence was the most fundamental necessity for women, an insight drawing directly on her own experience as well as that of a new generation of professional women. She advocated the professionalization of housework with collectivized cleaning, cooking, and child care and proposed that the key to future change lay in transforming [illegible]ialization of young children so that girls and boys would [illegible]r be limited in their perception of their own capacities [illegible]oices.[26] Her claims not only anticipated the emergence [illegible]minism but they also recalled the idea of property [illegible] of civic [illegible] even as its more equitable distribu- [illegible] in public community.

[illegible]pase of the woman's rights move- [illegible] periphery of women's organized [illegible]stream, suffrage advocates increasingly [illegible]d race prejudices of the white middle class.[27] [illegible] who charged that female enfranchisement [illegible]mbers of "undesirable" voters, the NAWSA [illegible]03 convention:

> Without expressing any opinion on the proper qualifications for voting, we call attention to the significant facts that in every State there are more women who can read and write than the whole number of illiterate male voters; more white women who can read and write than all negro voters; more American women who can read and write than all foreign voters; so that the enfranchisement of such women would settle the vexed question of rule by illiteracy, whether of home-grown or foreign-born production.[28]

More bluntly, southern suffragist Belle Kearney proclaimed to the 1903 convention, "The enfranchisement of women would insure immediate and durable white supremacy, honestly attained."[29]

The presence of southern white suffragists, who had not been active until late in the nineteenth century, created an atmosphere


RONG
WRONG
WRONG

[redacted]

[redacted] life [redacted] really [redacted] it, [redacted] is [redacted] egoistic. It is [redacted] a narrow view. [redacted] life.

[redacted] *Your Daily Life*

[redacted] you have breakfast [redacted], how lucky you are. Offering your body and mind [redacted] to emptiness, [redacted]

People misunderstand [redacted] you study [redacted] thinking that it will help you, [redacted] your ego, [redacted] how long you do this, [redacted] like this you will never be satisfied, because desire is endless.

[redacted] not [redacted] satisfied. [redacted] you take only one small step into the study of anything, physics, psychology, Zen, then you feel happy. But the deeper you go, the more you realize that you do not feel satisfied. Whatever you do, [redacted] you do not feel satisfied. There is always something [redacted]. As you move toward the future, [redacted], the more deeply you enter into something [redacted] more unsatisfied [redacted]. This is [redacted] your daily life.

[redacted]

[redacted] You may have been motivated [redacted]

xt sculpture by R.

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

CRAB LIDS

Instructions: One person asks another for the parts of speech indicated and writes them into the spaces provided. The completed story is then read out loud back to them. There are no right answers but many funny ones!

THE NEXT TIME A LESBIAN IS ON THE COVER OF VANITY FAIR,

IT WILL PROBABLY BE _____ (name of lesbian). OR AT LEAST SOME ONE AS _____ (adjective) AS HER. HERB RITTS WILL PHOTOGRAPH HER WEARING _____ (plural noun) OR A(N) ____ (noun) BESIDE A CLOSETED FEMME COUNTERPART SUCH AS SUPERMODEL _____ (female friend) _____ (-ing verb) HER. THE INTERVIEW INSIDE WILL HIGHLIGHT QUOTES SUCH AS:

"PENISES ARE _____ (adjective) BUT COOL" OR "I PRIDE MYSELF ON BEING _____ (number) % WOMAN" OR, BEST OF ALL, "ANDROGYNY IS MAKING YOUR ____ (noun) AVAILABLE TO EVERYONE, USING THE ____ (noun) OF BOTH MALE AND FEMALE." UNFORTUNATELY THE UNDERLYING MESSAGE BEHIND THIS MAINSTREAM MEDIA COVERAGE WILL BE THAT ALL LESBIANS REALLY WANT TO BE _____ (plural noun).

VANITY FAIR

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reticence

I THINK I MIGHT TAKE A MARTIAL ARTS CLASS THIS FALL.

WHY?!

I'VE JUST STARTED LIFTING WEIGHTS.

YOU? HAHA!

I WANT TO LEARN TO SHOOT A GUN.

WHAT THE HELL FOR?!

WHY I PROBABLY AINT TALKIN' TO YOU.

DRAWING BY RETICENCE CONCEPT BY ANXIETY

REBIRTH OF AN ATHLETE

while i was at work tonight i was contemplating various sports i wanted to get involved in. i was looking at some weight lifting books and fantasizng about lifting weights over a period of time, and actually changing the shape of my body. i intend to get into martial arts begining this fall. but my mind was in fantasy mode and i imagined wrestling, boxing, swimming, gymnastics, and other fun things. i was able to visualize, for the first time in a long time, BEING A JOCK.
then i had a memory. something i had forgotten for years became clear, briefly. i took a bus with my school to a competition. i had two events, i think. i pretty sure one of them was the long jump. at first, while i was sitting there with weight training books in my lap, i thought it must have been seventh grade. but now as i am writing this it seems it must have been earlier. the only thing that is clear is a picture in my mind of myself hiding under bleachers sick with fear.
by this time i had probably quit soccer (which i talk about in another article). it was my DEATH AS AN ATHLETE. i am not sure when it happened, maybe on that soccer field or maybe at this competition i had forgotten for atleast seven years.
HOW LONG HAVE I DENIED TO MYSELF THAT I LONG TO BE STRONG, AGILE, AND TOUGH?
the writing of this article is apromise to myself.
IT IS THE REBIRTH OF AN ATHLETE!!!

anxiety

Pin Ups →

GALE WILHELM is the author of we too are drifting, torchlight to valhalla, and numerous other books. her books were originally published by random house and william morrow and co. in the 30's and 4o's. now some of them are available through naiad pub. reticence reccomends we too are drifting quite highly.

LESLIE FEINBERG is the author stone butch blues, and transgender liberation. stone butch blues is published by firebrand and can be purchased at giovanni's or borders or tower books (in phila.). transgender liberation is a pamplet, i bought it at giovanni's. LESLIE FEINBERG came out as a butch in the early 60's in buffalo. there she became a factory worker and joined the world workers party. in the early 70's she entered a female-to-male transexual program which she has written and spoken about. LESLIE FEINBERG is a dedicated activist, a brilliant writer, and she is GORGEOUS!!!

CHERRY MUHANJI in 1985, after 17 years at the detroit phone co., CHERRY came to iowa city and began college at the age of 46. once there, she started writing what she wanted to read. she is the author of her, winner of the 1991 ferro-grumley award. this is a story about john r. street, the harlem of detroit, during the late 50's and 60's and the Black women and men who came North to work the lines of the ford motor plant. her is an aunt lute book. MS. MUHANJI is the co-author of the 1987 Before Columbus american book award winner, tight spaces. reticence highly reccomends her.

KIM GORDON is the bassist and sometime lead vocalist of SONIC YOUTH. she has also worked with lydia lunch in a group called harry crews and she is in a project called free kitten. her songs are powerful and so are her lungs. anxiety really likes the album evol, and reticence all-time fave is confusion is sex.

gale wilhelm

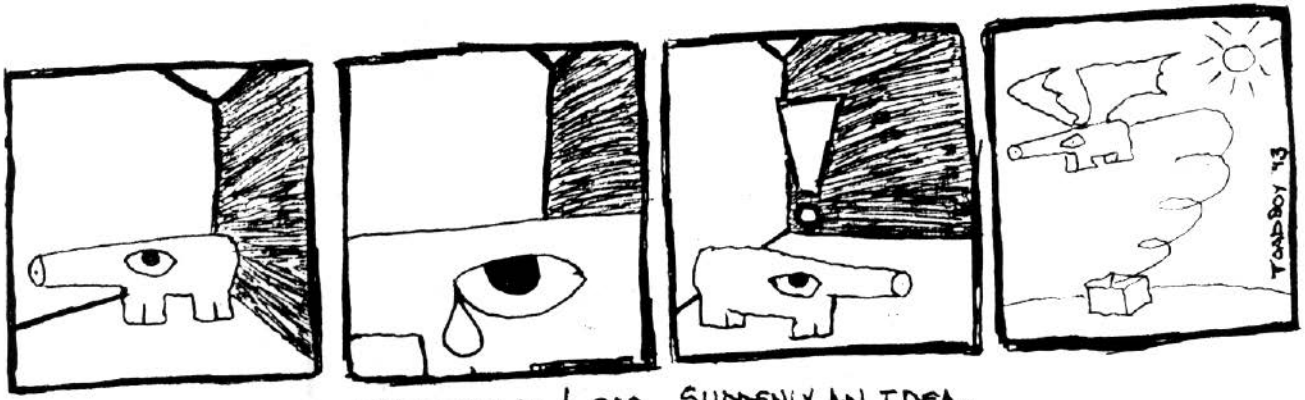
Claudia Marseille
Photographer

LESLIE FEINBERG

DOUG LAWSON/FIREBRAND BOOKS

CHERRY MUHANJI

kim gordon



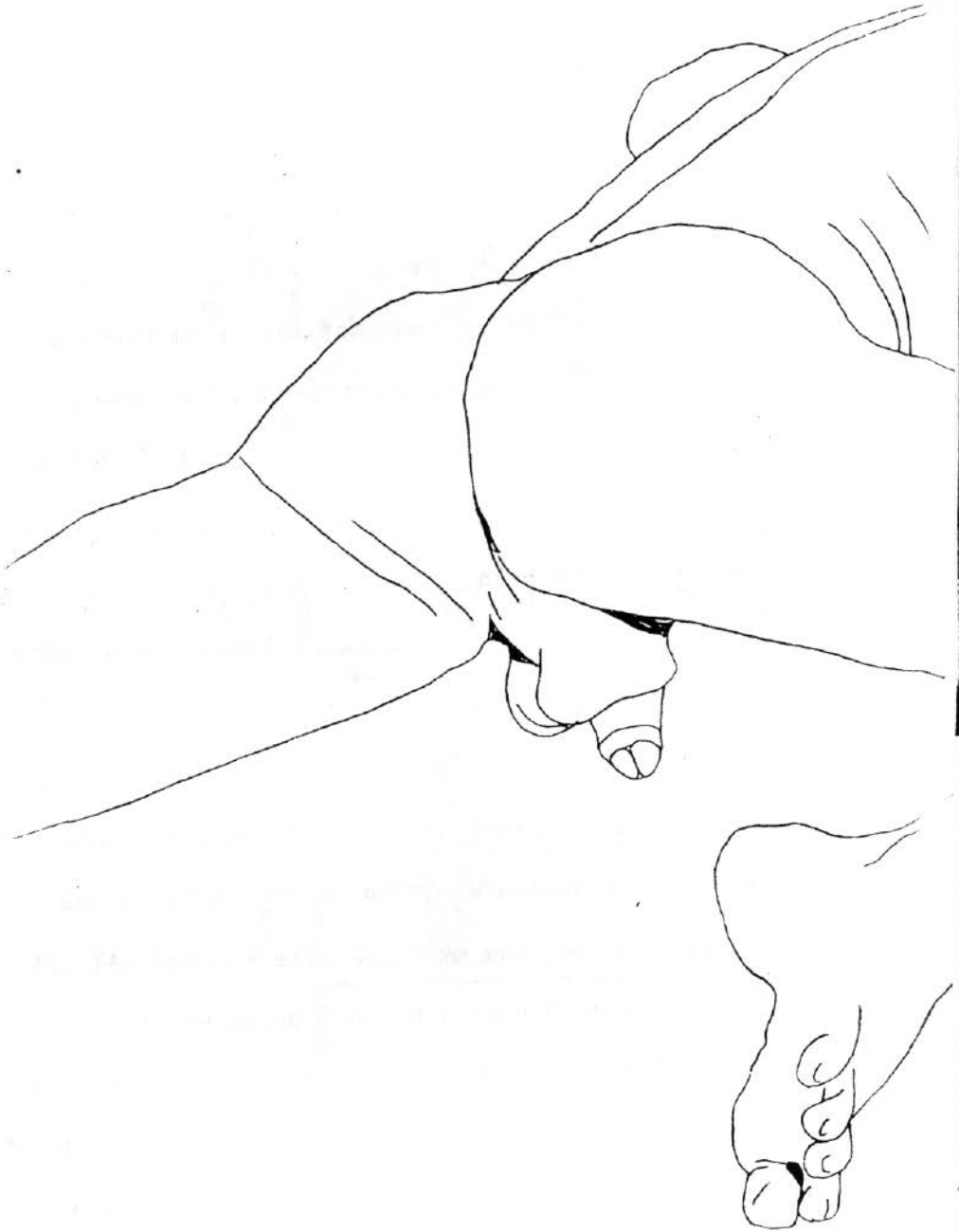
PORKDUSTER FOUND HIMSELF IN A CUBE.

BEING ALONE & SAD HE SOON WAS CRYING.

SUDDENLY AN IDEA.

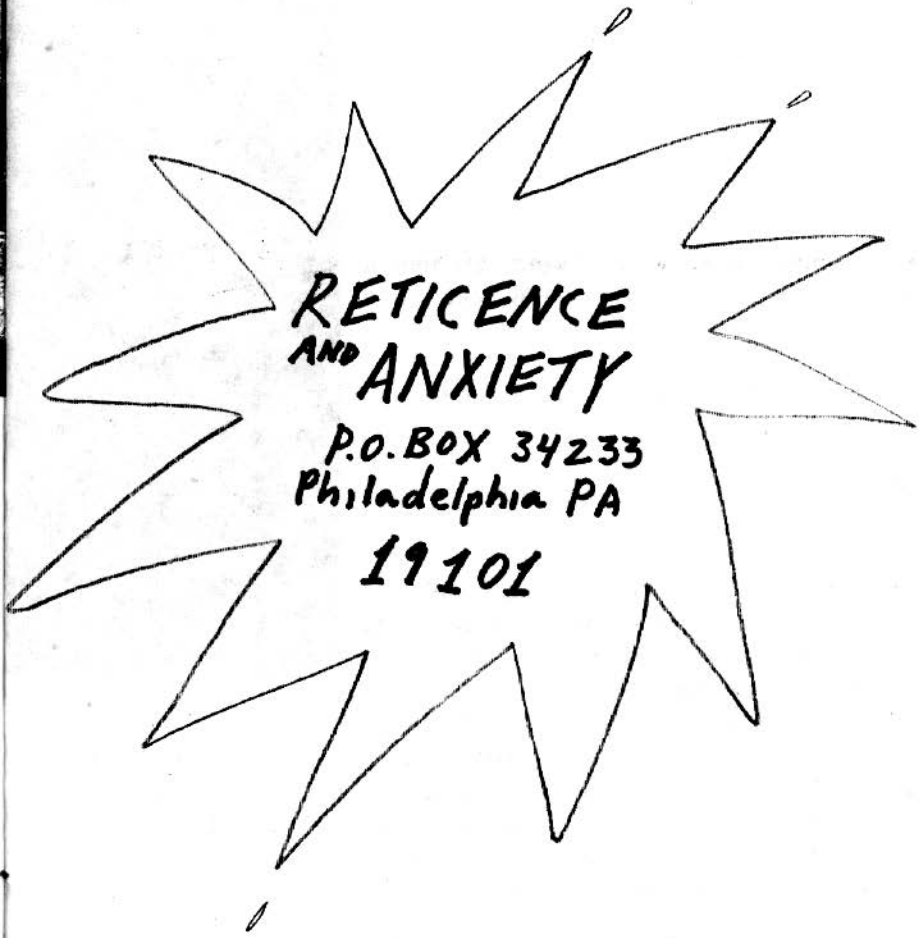
FABULOUS NEW BOOK

i am reading a book right now, a book just released. it is a book of short stories i can sink my teeth into. long short stories. i am taken on a journey, as they say. i am taken a journey far from myself, yet it is written in a language i know, a language i am constantly learning. it is LUST. it is WAY DOWN DEEP, it is TRANSCENDANT. this book is <u>melting point</u> by pat califia. it is published by alyson publications for 9.95 (paperback) and i am sure the local good bookstores carry it. it starts with "big girls" a story about a bar, a girl, and how she relates to other girls. it is also about sex. it is so close to the bone. as much about power and limits and the exchange of so many emotions within those limits. i was soon titilated, fascinated, and my socks were knocked WAY off. by the end of the story (61 pages) besides being wet between the legs, i was flooded in the head with notions of what it is to be a woman with a woman. and i saw, from a distance, what it is to be a woman with many instruments including whips, tit clamps, harnesess, rubber cocks, and a mind full of memories, fantasies, and desires. the third story, which i am still reading, is called "fix me up" and although i haven't finished



half a centerfold

please write to us! (tell us if you want your letter published or not.)



letter section in R&A #2

R: we're interviewing A.about a band she likes called tribe 8. how did you first hear about tribe 8?

A: my girlfriend went to third street jazz with a friend and told this friend to buy this 7" called dyke in the pit and one of the groups on there was tribe 8.

PHOTO OF LYNN + LYNN

R: why do you like them?

A: they're a dyke punk band.

R: are they any good?

A: by necessity.

R: o.k., now, i know you went to the show. did you like it? how was that for you?

A: they were even better live than on their records.

R: where was the show? and what happened?

A: it was at the lorax, and a band called size queen played first, and they were fun. gushing red played between size queen and tribe 8. size queen was these fags in dresses. the more fiends played after tribe 8. so let's see, it was in an old warehouse at fifth and columbia, my girlfriend and i took the bus there. it was just and old warehouse really, you get the idea. they were really fast, loud. i bought a t-shirt. there was aslam pit. it was a lot of fun!

R: was it real crowded? lots of boys, girls, dykes? what was there?

A: well there was a lot of dykes and fags as well. i saw a lot of people that i hadn't seen in a while. that was

real interesting.

R: the west philly crew...

A: yeah. west philly and north philly. actually there were some boys there that i couldn't tell if they were fags or if they were straight. there were some guys that acted as if they were straight. and there were some definite fags there. fags that i recognized and liked.

R: well i suppose the show was widely advertised on college radio or something. i heard they expected a much bigger turnout.

A: well, local record stores do not carry their records. the only place that carr them is third street jazz. i called tower records and i said "do you have anything by tribe 8?" and they said "what's tribe 8?" and i said" they're a dyke punk band." and they just laughe "no we don't have nothing by them".

R: you serious, they laughed?

A: they laughed. they said "ha ha ha, okaaay..." and i just don't know why th record exchange doesn't have them. but obviously they're having distribution problems either from homophobia or just because of obscurity. but they sold their records at the show. i bought by the time we get to colorado at third street jazz which is a six song ep. at the show i bought a 4 song 7" called pig bitch. so that's 3 different releases they have including the single dyke in the pit.

R: and you got the shirt, right?

A: i got the shirt, right.

R: what does it look like?

A: they had a couple a different ones. i got the black one it's got two women on it, one's got a mahawk and the other one has wings and what looks like a bucha tails and they're naked and they are kissing. it's a real sexy shirt!

R: do you actually wear it out?

A: yeah. i've worn it a few times. i wore it the day after the show, of course. you hafta wear your shirt the day after the show!

R: hahaha! what's your favorite song either on the albums or live?

A: probably frat pig. yeah. it was real good live. at the concert when she was introducing the song she said " i'm talking about this countries future doctors, lawyers, judges, ..." and we should be concerned about this. one party too many was fun to dance to, live, yeah i liked it more live 'cause it is less meaningful (to me) than some of their other songs, the lyrics, you know, but it was fun. live.

R: what's frat pig about?

A: frat pig, the refrain is "frat pig/ it's called gang rape/ we're gonna play a game/ called gang castrate". there's a story behind it which is a woman get's raped by a frat and then some women get revenge. she talks about the homoeroticism behind gang rape- macho jocks are afraid to DO IT together so they get their sexual frustration out in another way. on a woman, but they're kinda having sex with each other in an

PHOTO OF MAHIA KOBAYASHI BY ANXIETY

PHOTO OF LYNN FLINTOFF BY ANXIETY

awful way .

: yeah it's a psychiclly... a bonding thing

violence as male bonding. not exactly rare, but, this is what the sexual idea behind it is.

how do you feel about the castation part?

i don't think castration is a solution to rape. the only solution to rape is DEATH TO ALL RAPISTS. because women have been raped with pipes with knives with anything you can imagine that should or should not fit into a human orifice. for that matter men have been raped with these objects as well. so castration is not a solution to rape. but the idea behind it is good.

it makes agood song...

: it makes a good song. but dead men don't rape makes a much better statement. that's a song by 7 year bitch, which is another band on the dyke in the pit single.

: anything else you want to say about the band or the show?

: just this; buy their records. and i wish dykes would make more punk bands because i can't listen to folk music and that's the type of music lesbians typically make.

: out lesbians any way...

: yeah exactly! there's a crucial difference. also i am tired of listening hetero punk music (boys) or hetero women's new wave music(and boys too). so tribe 8 is a refreshing change. they're good as a band and as a concept.

PHOTO OF LYNN BERGLUND BY ANXIETY

51-5000
MENT CENTER

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT

MEMOIRS OF A PHOTO PRONTO EMPLOYEE

by R.

I work in a lhr photo developing lab. It's not a very sociable job. Customer service seems more a matter of formula than actual social interaction to me, and my mind is often wandering as my body pushes buttons, sorts prints (yes, someone sees EVERY print), makes deliveries, and otherwise tries to look busy, alert, and "up". The particular lab i work for is somewhat unique in that it deals primarily with business accounts rather than folks' snapshots. (I've done that photo niche too--more about that some other time). Lawyers, realtors, engineers, hospitals are this lab's meat-n-potatoes.This corporation's definitely toward the bottom of the totoem pole as far as corporations go--it's the small business that services the larger businesses that serve the large corporations that aid the MEGACORPORATIONS THAT RUN THE WORLD! But this only really dawned on me a few weeks ago during the heatwave...

As i mentioned before, i do some delivering and this is my chance to step into offices i'd never otherwise see and to think about activities i'd never otherwise ponder about. We got a hell of a lot of calls for deliveries and pick-ups during those incredibly hot days. All those business janes and joes that would have otherwise been glad to get away from their desks for a moment and take a short walk to get the prints for the boss (or their own prints put on the company's account)had us do it for them. And when i stumbled into those air-conditioned offices, how cheerful and cool were they, how sympathetic and grateful were they that on THAT day they didn't have to do the dirtier work. I'm trying to say that i learned something about the service industry and the pecking order to the business world during those hot days. I felt that i have gained a sense of how much drudgery exists--and, like the suits and skirts, i was, in turn, sympathetic and grateful to the venders that sold me the 55¢ soda that kept me going.I didn't know what else to do with my new awareness. BUSINESS went on AS USUAL....

This questionnaire is for heterosexuals who exist chronically in our society.

1 What do you think caused your heterosexuality?
2 When and how did you first decide you were a heterosexual?
3 Is it possible that your heterosexuality is just a phase that you will grow out of?
4 Is it possible that your heterosexuality stems from a neurotic fear of people the same sex? Maybe you just need a positive gay experience?
5 Heterosexuals have histories of failures in gay realtionships. Do you think you may have turned heterosexual out of fear of rejection?
6 If you never slept with a person of the same sex, how do you know you wouldn't prefer that?
7 If heterosexuality is normal, why are disproportionate number of mental patients heterosexual?
8 To whom have you disclosed your heterosexual tendiencies? How did they react?
9 Your heterosexuality doesn't offend me as long as you leave me alone, but why do so many heterosexuals try to seduce others into that orientation?
10 If you should choose to nurture children, would you want them to be heterosexual, knowing the problems they would face?
11 Most child molesters are heterosexual. Do you consider it safe to expose your children to heterosexuals? Heterosexual teachers, particularly?
12 Why must heterosexuals be so blatant, making a public spectacle of your heterosexuality? Can't you just be what you are and keep it quiet?
13 Heterosexuals always assign themselves such narrowly restricted, stereotypical sex roles Why do you cling to such unhealthy role-playing?
14 How can you have a fully satisfying deeply emotional or sexual experience with an opposite-sex person, when the obvious physical, biological, and temperamental differences are so vast? How can a man possibly understand what pleases a woman & vice-versa?
15 Heterosexual marriage has total societal support, yet the divorce rate continues to spiral Why are there so few heterosexual stable relationships?
16 Since there are so few happy heterosexuals, techniques have been developed to help people change. Have you considered trying aversion therapy?
17 Could you trust a heterosexual therapist/counsellor not to try to influence you to his/her own sexual leanings?
18 Do heterosexuals hate and/or distrust others of their own sex? Is that what makes them heterosexual?
19 A disproportionate number of criminals and other irresponsible types are heterosexual So why would someone hire a heterosexual in a responsible position?
20 Why are heterosexuals so promiscuous, always having affairs, etc.?

QUEER NATION

weeelll. i had intended to make my memoirs of a photo pronto employee a regular feature of this zine, but it seems as if i may quit this job before the first issue is even completed. i gave my two weeks' notice this morning. i would like to do a couple of things before i put these memoirs aside. the first is to show how to reuse those lovely disposable cameras. they're very convenient and cute and cheap and all, but they're also a huge waste if they're only used once. it also turns out that kodak (at least the kodak people that serviced my store) are NO LONGER RECYCLING THEM. a notice came in the other day about it. they say it's not cost efficient! i never really believed that they recycled the damn things anyway. so after i show you how easy it is to reload them, i advise you to walk into any dinky photo place and ask them if they have any to give you. it's just trash to them, but it's a CAMERA to you, right? also, the disposable cameras that have flash units on them come with AA batteries inside. it's not a bad idea to ask your favorite dinky photo place for some of those too. think of it--batteries for you walkman for free! i'm personally fond of using the flash cameras at concerts. just load up a flash disposable camera with some nifty high-speed film (asa 1600 or 3200) for some great band shots. if the camera gets smashed up in the pit or taken by some security person or some other creep, big deal. you've only lost the film really.

the second thing that i wanted to do before i quit doing my photo pronto memoirs is interview this new guy at work called Cory. he looks quite a bit like James Baldwin and i knew he was a fag right off 'cause he was wearing one of those adjustable leather cock rings on his wrist as a bracelet when i saw him for the first time. well, he started off really quiet and attentive like (and i'm no great jabber mouth myself), but we've kind of warmed up to each other this week, and i've discovered that he's a real card! he was telling me all kinds of funny stories about other jobs he's had over the years, and it made being at work today actually fun. i asked him if i could interview him, and before he even was told what for, he agreed!

[CLICK.]

INTERVIEW WITH A PHOTO PRONTO EMPLOYEE

Reticence: Here, give me your name...
Cory: Cory H.
R: What do you do?
C: We're not really sure what I do...just yet...
R: [smirk] Well, ookkaay--then where do you 'work'?
C: PPI Photography.
R: What other jobs have you had? Ones that you've liked, ones that you've hated?
C: Jobs I've liked?...i guess working for the airline
R: Was that Philadelphia airline?
C: Philadelphia International and one down in Fort Lauderdale too. That was a lot of fun. I liked 'pushing' planes out and bringing them in...
R: Did YOU do those little hand jestures?! Did you get a lot of training for that? I mean, do you really have to know where the plane's going?
C: [incredulously] YES! You have to mark it 'cause you're bringin' it in and you go like this [doing little hand jestures] first WHOOOOSHH and it's comin' at you and you're like [more jesturing] you have to move 'cause it will like URRNMP! and then the pilots, they're like "Oh, there goes another wingwalker...gone and ran him over."
R: Oh, oh.
C: [getting down on one knee and making an X with his arms]...and this is how you 'hold' them...
R: Ohhh. Is this all hard, easy, or what?
C: It's easy. Yeah, the only time it's bad is when the weather's bad. 'Cause you're doing this in a bad snowstorm and you're doing like this [motions as if clearing snow from under his feet] as you're walking backwards...
R: Trying to see where you're going...
C: Yeah, trying to see 'cause where you 'stop' them at is along a certain line depending on the kind of plane it is there are these marks on the jetway
R: How come they can't see where they're going?
C: 'Cause of the nose of the plane. It's like the wheels are here and this is the nose of the plane. They're driving already ahead of the wheels.

R: Tell me a job you hated.
C: Oh working for a company out in the suburbs where

you cleaned fabric and uphostery. You worked by yourself and you had to move all the furniture and the tables and everything.

R: You went into people's houses and stuff?

C: Yeah. It paid pretty good, but...

R: It was a lot of work.

C: Fifteen, sixteen hour days for 460 to 500 a week.

R: [noticing customers at the counter] I'm going to help these customers. You just keep talking if you like, just keep your eye on the little red light to make sure it's on....

C: Oh hi. You must be the little red light.

[CLICK.]

R: Tell me another story.

C: "There once was a lady from Seville, who had a son named Bill...

R: [smirk] Tell me the Wannamaker's story.

C: I worked at Lord&Taylor. Yeah, I mean I walked in and got hired, BUT there weren't any other black men working in the store.

R: How big was the store, we're talking about how many employees?

C: Just like a big department store...you figure two-hundred and fifty...there were no other black men.

R: Oh. Black women, but no black men.

C: I was a suit salesman there for six months and every day that I was working there I got security called on me when I was upstairs just walking around. They would see a black guy in the store--I was a SUSPICIOUS [the stuttered word sound more like'susspicious'] character...with a BLUE BLAZER, KHAKIS, and Bass Weejun LOAFERS, and PINK BUTTON-DOWN OXFORD shirt, and a TIE and I was SUSPICIOUS. It was on City Line Avenue in a shopping center, about eight blocks from my house....

[CLICK.]

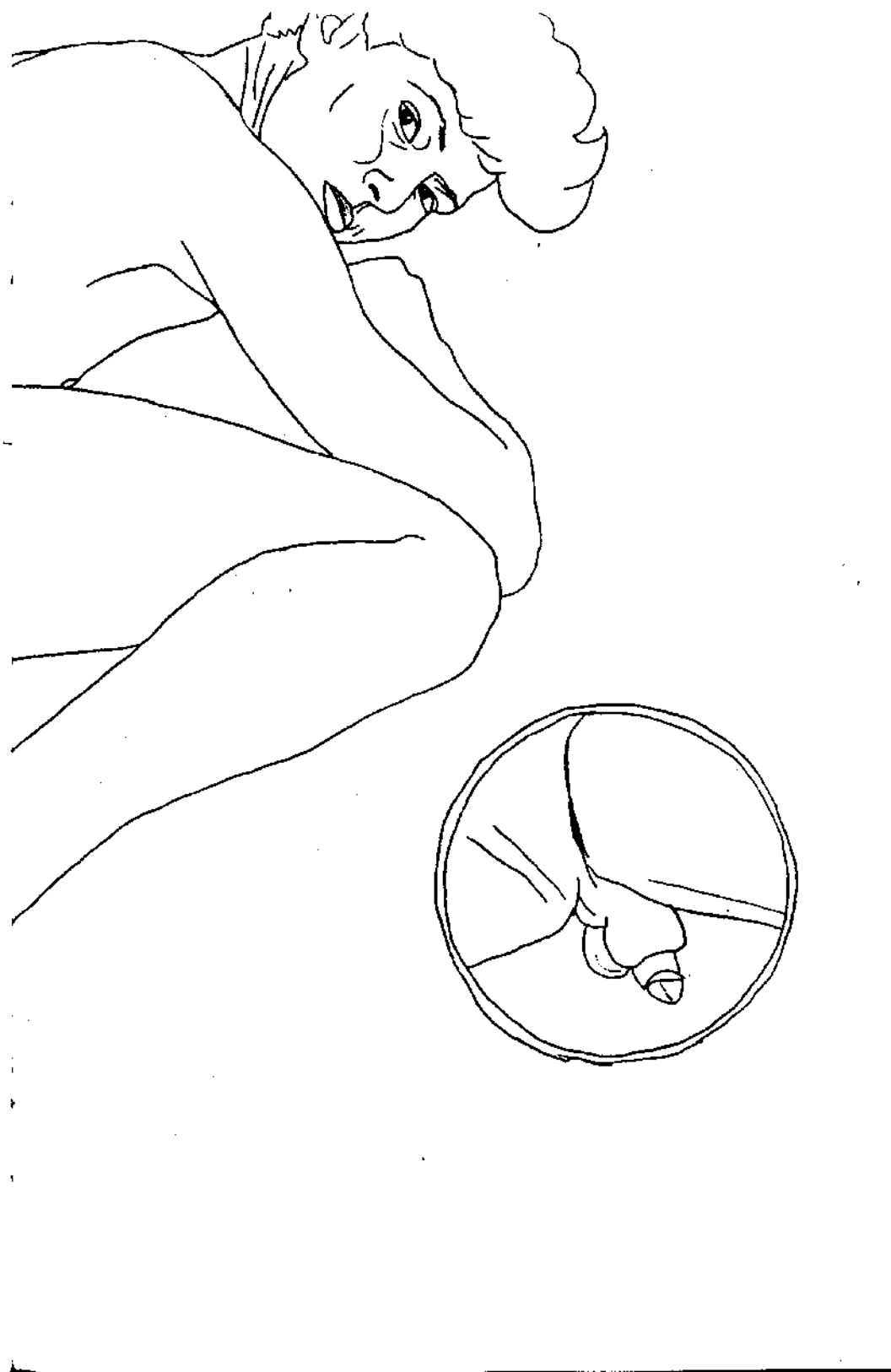
MORE

THOUGHTS FROM A PHOTO PRONTO EMPLOYEE

Cory: [looking at my hair] Oh, [sigh] I've wanted to get dreads...When I was a kid I had hair braided down to here...my hair grows very quickly--an inch or so a month. For a while I was bald, shaved off all my hair, and that was so EASY! Completely bald...

But you know it's hard enough to find a job. They see you comin' with dreadlocks, especially here in Philly, and they automatically think--"Oh my God, M.O.V.E.!" [makes horrified face and then laughs]. Hah, hah!

I'm telling you, all I need is one more dollar in pay here, and I'm growing them...



homologue of the male penis

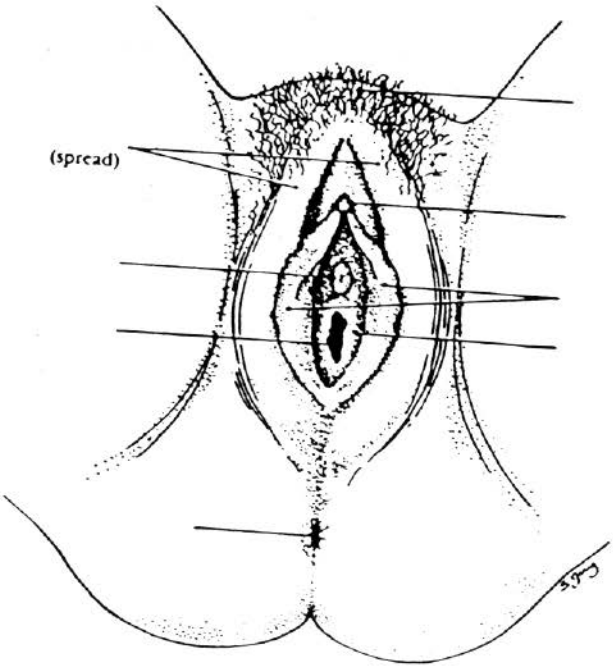


Figure 16.6

discovered by R. in an anatomy book:

12. Figure 16-6 is a ventral view of the female external genitalia. Label the clitoris, labia minora, urethral orifice, hymen, mons pubis, and vaginal orifice on the figure. These structures are indicated with leader lines. Then color the homologue of the male penis blue, color the membrane that partially obstructs the vagina yellow, and color the distal end of the birth canal red.

homo

male penis? what? i thought it was a clit! what the hell? have you ever noticed that women are defined in relation to men? ALWAYS! this is not a clit. this is a "homologue of the male penis". is the "male penis" a "homologue" of the clit? of course not. i bet you thought a lesbian was a woman who loves/fucks/chooses women. but nooooo. actually, a lesbian is a woman who hates men. once again- a woman is defined in relation to men.

(commentary by anxiety)

logue

Archie: Did you ever think of takin' a shot at me, Edith?

Edith: No.

Archie: That's good. And I never wanted to shoot you neither. It's nice when people get along together. Right, Edith?

Listen, you really think I'm prejudiced? Let me tell ya what Sammy Davis, Jr., himself said when he dropped in on the Bunker household that time. Here it is—straight from the horse's mouth:

Sammy Davis, Jr.: Now listen, if you were prejudiced you might have thought of me as a coon, or a nigger. But you never said that, instead you came right out clear as a bell and said—colored.

Archie: That's right.

Sammy: And if you were prejudiced you'd shut your eyes to what's going on in this great country, but not you. You can tell black from white, and I have a feeling you'll always be able to tell black from white. And I know if you were prejudiced you'd go around thinking that you're better than anyone else in the world, Archie. But, having spent this wonderful afternoon with you, I can honestly say you've proven to me that you ain't better than anybody.

Archie: Can I shake your hand on that? I hope youse all heard that. Comin' from no lesser man than Mr. Wonderful himself. Now that oughtta prove to youse once and for all that I ain't prejediced.

I've listened to this boy for ten months now. I figure his pinko ideas, that's what they're stuffing him with in the schools now. The way he dresses—well, all the kids take from each other and one is crummier than the next. The sexual submissiveness? It don't matter whatever time of day or night—well, that's your dismissive society. But when they start besmirching the reputation of a great linebacker, a runner-up All-American, a real man, and I mean a *real* man . . . then we might as well just shut the doors of this country and hang a sign on it saying *Closed—Owner Gone Nuts.*

By R.

why is archie bunker funny (still)?

all in the family, the courtship of eddie's father, m*a*s*h, these were the shows that made up the summers of my childhood.by the early 80's when i started watching them, they were already re-runs, already from another time, already old. and that little half black/half white girl that was me watched them all summer long, one year after the next. those summers now seem as interchangable as the episodes themselves. did i think archie was funny then? at the time what i felt most strongly was not so much the humor but the relationship between archie and edith—mike and gloria never even got my sympathy. but archie and edith, on the other hand, seemed like mom and me. they rang true. i saw myself as the edith to my mother's archie. i always inwardly cheered when edith won an episode—that is when she managed to be HEARD.

then a few months ago at the age of 23 in 1993 i find this second-hand book called the humor and wit of archie bunker and i get all nostalgic, and i buy it, and i read it and i laugh and LAUGH! yet i want to know why i'm laughing. many people really get upset when you want to know why they think something is funny. a defensive "because it's funny!" is the most i've gotten out of people that otherwise consider themselves quite critical of things. i guess I want to know because it's t.v., and if it's one thing that i belive is that t.v. can tell you a lot, if it doesn't succeed in sucking you into a false feeling of comfort in the world at the same time that it makes you phobic of anything outside the main stream. so when i'm laughing, i'm faced with this contradiction: how can this show be t.v. and also be "good" and funny? i know the seventies couldn't have been all that, since we still have the same old problems and some new ones too.

after thinking about it, i conclude that it's the combination of archie's bluntness and his powerlessness as an individual working-class person that enables his character to do what t.v. is meant to, lull you into a false sense of comfort (personal safety+personal hope=comfort.) while maintaining in you a level of mistrust in other groups of people. i can see how during the 70's and still today even liberals and some people actually working for change could enjoy a show that presents the true obstacle to social change not as being the power structure and the big corporations and the culture itself in each of us, but as the individual/singular bigoted white male working-class 'archies', who, with any effort at all can be revealed as the fools they are for being bigoted.(and being a bigot with little to gain from your prejudice is indeed illogical and foolish. but what if you've got PLENTY TO GAIN FROM YOUR BIGOTRY?) laugh—because even archies don't like being called bigots or the concept of bigotry. even they are compassionate human beings, although your worst enemy, and could be changed with time and education, just you WAIT and see, the t.v. urges. how comforting, how soothing this message can be. call off the revolution, tune in, IT'S ALREADY BEING TELEVISED. laugh.

We *were* into it. Now we're *out* of it. You just tell your wife to stop putting fancy ideas in her mother's head. They don't belong there. It's like putting lace on a bowling ball.

"ARE YOU A BOY OR A GIRL?"

in the third or fourth grade one day when school let out i was running to get on the bus a teacher yelled after me "slow down, boy...girl...whatever you are."

when i was about six years old my father took me to the mall and bought me a cowboy outfit complete with hat, boots, beltbuckle, etc. strangers in the mall smiled at us and commented what a nice looking son my father had. we got my picture taken at a photo studio in the mall- i was wearing cowboy drag. some family members disaproved. when my father dropped me off at the house my mom and i shared (they divorced when i was three) i don't remember what exactly happened but the outfit was soon in the trash.

throughout my childhood and adolecence people asked me "are you a boy or a girl?". they let me know in other ways THEY DID NOT LIKE TO WONDER. THEY DID NOT LIKE ME.

as a chilh i took ballet, gymnastics, and soccer. for years i was on an all girl soccer team in a all girl soccer league. i was nine when my mother and i moved- to a city without an all girl soccer league. but that was only one of the problems. i did not fit in at all. harassment was constant. much off this harassment was due to the fact that i was a tomboy. i made an attempt at "CO-ED" soccer. when it came time for goalie tryouts the boys taunted and heckled me (there was only one other girl on the team). the formed a line. one at a time they kicked the ball at me with all their might- and hatred as well. there would be no GIRL goalie. i ended up

with a bloody nose. i walked home, blood and tears streaming down my face. they laughed.

numerous similiar incidences are there in the files of childhood memory. only once did i quit soccer. i was told many times YOU ARE A FREAK.

it was in the eigth grade when the attacks turned homophobic. the most important person to me was my best friend, everyone noticed our closeness. some were suspicious of our closeness. it was while she was in a psychiatric hospital that people started whispering about us and asking rude questions. kids followed us around the halls upon her return, calling us names. as we were roaming the halls one day a few kids came directly up to us and spit on us. i wanted to hit them but my friend convinced me not to.

it was in the ninth grade, i had formed another close friendship, and it became more vicious. although i had a boyfriend people followed me after school, and from building to building during school yelling "DYKE" and "LEZZIE".

i moved to another part of the state between ninth and tenth grades and IT WAS IN THIS NEW TOWN THAT I DISCOVERED MYSELF AND WAS MET WITH GREATER HOSTILITY.

living with my father and being in public with him i was on a number of occasions referred to as his son. he was emberassed by this and i was anxious.

at "orientation" to my new school i wore my least offensive outfit. a large bright green shirt and plaid pants that were gray with pink and green stipes. i wore womens' shoes styled like mens as opposed to wingtips. it was in vain.as the group of new students went from the lecture room to the hallway for atour the speaker said "the last line will be the boy in the back row- file out this way". <u>the boy was me and the students gawked</u>.

on the first day of school i wore a long, black skirt and a long sleeve light blue shirt. the ride to school was tense. i told my father what i expected. he asked why i had not worn make up. i explained that i knew i would cry by the end of the day. the first thing i remember is walking into a crowded social area and two black jocks proclaiming

"LOOK AT THAT GUYS HAIR!"
"THAT BOY IS WEARIN' A SKIRT!"
"IT'S A GIRL! UGHH!"

the comments from the jocks were mild compared to the harassment i got from a certain group of "cowboys" THE NEXT THREE YEARS.

the teachers jeered at me, the principals shook their heads in disbelief when the saw me. THERE WAS NO RECOURSE FOR THE SHIT I TOOK FROM THEM- I WAS JUST A GIRL WITH SHORT HAIR. but this was shitkicker central. the land of big hair and "ropers" and chewin' tobacco. i spent many lunches hiding on dark stairways but could not do that once the "hall monitors" found out. so i sat, eating my apple, or sandwich, or candybar with rocks flying past, sometimes hitting hitting my body and face.

"UGLY IN A SKIRT"
"YOU'RE NO GIRL"
"OH, YOU'RE SOOO PRETTY"
"HEY BABY"

and they often only whistled.

SEE, NO MATTER WHAT I WAS FAIR GAME TO THEM BECAUSE I OBVIOUSLY WASN'T TRYING TO PLEASE THEM WITH MY LOOKS.

one particular tormentor worked at the local grocery store, he was huge and he was stupid. he followed me around the grocery store. he chased me in my classrooms. we had no classes together he would simply follow me, chase me, grab my ass, whistle at me.

YOU THINK THE TEACHER GIVE A SHIT?!@#%&!
I WAS A FREAK, THEY TOLD ME SO, THEY ASKED
"ARE YOU A BOY OR A GIRL?"
"ARE YOU A BOY OR A GIRL?"
"ARE YOU A BOY OR A GIRL?"

by anxiety

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