

a day in the LIFE

Volume one - 11 one dollar = one \$

July 1993

"the  
'zine  
thats  
strong  
enough  
for a man...

but  
made  
for a  
woman."



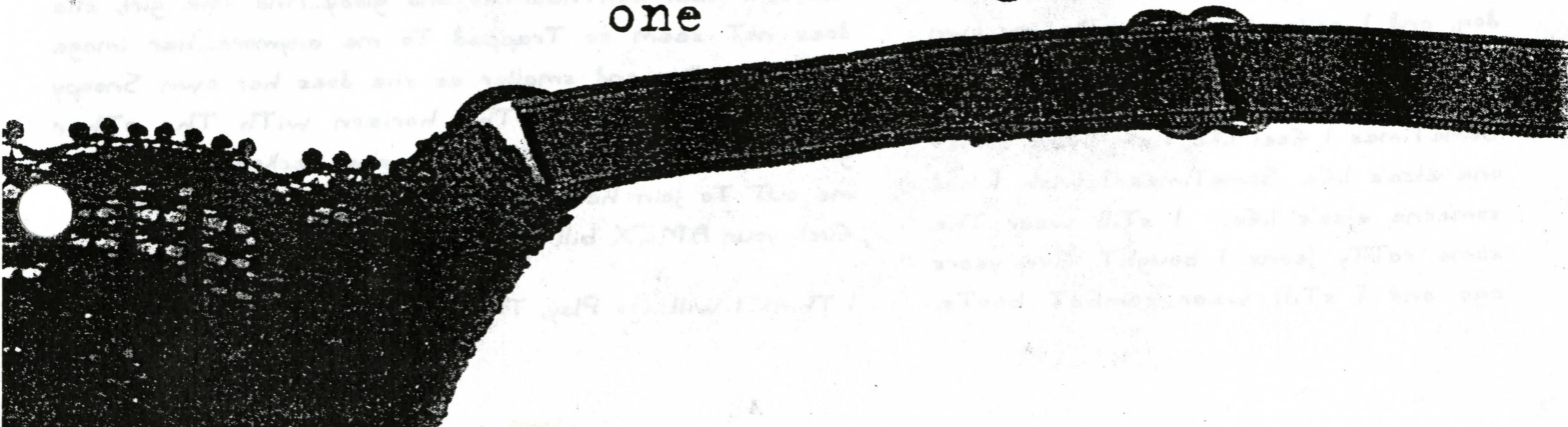
There's been a  
lot of talk lately of  
defining our generation, this  
generation of late 20's, early 30's, non  
baby-boomer slackers. They call us Generation X.

They talk about our difficulty committing to jobs,  
difficulty taking on responsibilities, difficulty becoming  
adults. But there has been very little talk about Generation  
XX, the women slackers, the girls having a difficult time becoming  
women, and the adult fears that are particular to being female:  
having children, fear of becoming "spinsters," dealing with men who  
can't "commit," being way more than two boys away from being virgins,  
aging and our body image, to name a few. There are a ton of women's  
magazines out there, but they all seem to tell us that being an adult woman  
is a major bummer. They tell us to exercise, just say no, decorate your  
apartment, get a facial, diet diet diet, how to deal with the married man, how  
to deal with the single man, cooking, how to keep your man, how to avoid sexual  
harassment at the office, how to avoid date rape, etc. Only Sassy magazine,  
devoted to the newly found freedom and sexuality of the teenage girl, seems to  
understand that being a girl can be really fun. That being independent is a cool  
thing, that girls make great friends, that boys are only part of the story, that  
the way you look doesn't matter all that much and that beauty comes in many  
shapes and colors, that you buy clothes because it's fun to buy things you  
like, fun to listen to music that floats your boat, excellent super fun to  
say yes to cute boys, yes to wild car rides, and yes to life. Those of  
us older girls who get off on reading Sassy do it as a sort of guilty  
pleasure: sure, it makes us feel good, but it also makes us feel like  
losers because the only magazine we can relate to is meant for  
teenagers! One by one we think to ourselves: why didn't I grow up  
to be the type of woman who relates to Mademoiselle or Essence?  
What kind of weirdo am I? And mostly, we get to feeling  
really lonely, and really afraid. We are the  
women who were raised on feminism, who pitied our  
mothers for being choicelessly house bound,  
and looked down on those girls we  
went to high school with



who got married  
to the first guy they  
fucked, had kids, and worked in shoe  
stores. We wanted to have choices, to have  
careers, to not be tied down, to hold onto our  
freedom, and to become sexually "experienced." And we  
were sure that neither our gender nor our race would stop  
us. But somewhere, somewhere in our girl-brains the idea had  
been planted-- when we were young, when we watched the Brady  
Bunch, when we were forced to take "homemaking" while the boys took  
"shop"--that we would, of course, be married to successful men and be  
ready to have families by the time we were, well, at least definitely by  
the time we were thirty!! Instead we find ourselves nearing or past  
thirty, still in dating hell, still trying to figure out our sexual  
identities, still sleeping too late, forgetting to do the fucking laundry and  
wearing dirty underwear, not knowing how to cook, worrying about the  
electricity being turned off again, being in debt to our creditors, not having  
any savings, and hearing the TICK TICK TICK of our goddamned biological clocks.  
When we were in our early twenties we thought that that biological clock and  
"juggling career and family" stuff was yuppie bullshit for women who wore beige  
stockings or relaxed their hair. We knew better. We would figure it all out,  
in our own radical bohemian thrift-store ways. Surely it would happen to us in  
its own time. Surely we'd figure out what we wanted to be when we grew up.  
Surely. And yet it hasn't. We haven't figured it out. And now here we  
are. But look around you--there are a lot of us here. Lots and lots of us.  
It's not just me, it's not just you, there are a whole heap of us late  
twenties early thirties groovy girl-women. And we need to hear each  
other. We need to help each other. We need to laugh at each other.  
We need to speak to each other. So speak. We wanna read  
you. We wanna recognize ourselves and laugh. We wanna have  
fun. We wanna get mad. We wanna BUST! love,

your editors, the left one  
& the right  
one





# T i a n e S

There is something very familiar about The reflection in The mirror...it is an image of a girl's face...as i gaze, i reach out To Touch This face...and discover That while The skin is still very soft, i can see The laugh lines around The mouth growing deeper, The big round eyes getting older, maybe even wiser, as The days seamlessly merge into one another...i am convinced This person is a girl: she is small in size, further accentuating The girlish appearance and her clothes are rather wrinkled and over worn...i almost want To reach out and bring her close To my breast and Tell her in my most soothing maternal voice, That everything is going To be okay...and so i do, i reach out To The reflection and am sorely disappointed because after all, The mirror is a piece of glass, and That image entrapped is That of my own...i am That girl!

Yet according To my chronological age (29 yikes!) and my mother, I am a woman.

So what am I really? To be honest with you, sometimes I refer To myself as a girl and sometimes I call myself a woman. Sometimes I feel like a girl—I still keep a battalion of stuffed animals perched precariously on top of each other in The corner of my room, i still eat with my fingers instead of using silverware, and I still don't make my bed. Sometimes I feel like a woman—I have my own apartment, I have my own dog, and I never have To make my own bed.

Sometimes I feel like I am living someone else's life. Sometimes I wish I had someone else's life. I still wear The same ratty jeans I bought five years ago and I still wear combat boots.

Sometimes I wear a dress with (black) stockings and high heels. Most of The Time I dress in my own style, a haphazard mismatched wardrobe, mostly set in dark hues so That The ketchup stains will not show...it is a wardrobe I have spent years Trying To cultivate, a wardrobe That is a window To my mind frame. Sometimes, I frolic around my apartment buck naked and I never get yelled at!! Sometimes I wonder what my life would be like if I had a mortgage and a savings account. Most of The Time I can't find The keys To my apartment and pray That my paycheck will clear so That I can buy something To eat The next day. I have my share of interests, hobbies and a whole slew of unfinished projects That I wish I could find The Time To attend To. Sometimes I wish I could harness my energy and just get down and do it. You see sometimes I just want To play and sometimes I just want To work.

by betty boob

I suppose what it comes down To is That The dichotomy of me is what makes me who I am and allows me To feel comfortable in The realm of my girl mind while existing in The frame of a woman...I am a girl/woman, guilt-free and damn proud of it...I am working out The kinks, but I still hope That I will never really be wrinkle free...I am part of something swell and familiar and strange and scary...part of a girl/woman sisterhood who may or may not be confused, who may or may not be searching for answers, who may or may not be fed up with glossy magazines perpetuating myths about The body electric and submissive sexual relationships.

So as I turn back To gaze again at The girl Trapped in The silver glass, as revelation soothingly comforts my fears, I feel lighthearted and giddy...And The girl, she does not seem so Trapped To me anymore...her image grows smaller and smaller as she does her own Snoopy dance, blending into The horizon with The other girl/women of her mind's eye...she beckons me, calling me out To join her...come on Betty it's okay, she says. Fuck your AMEX bill, come play with me...

I Think I will...Go Play, That is.

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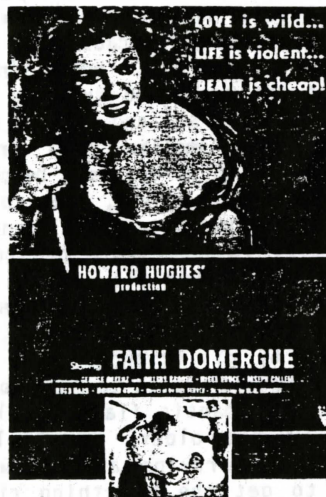
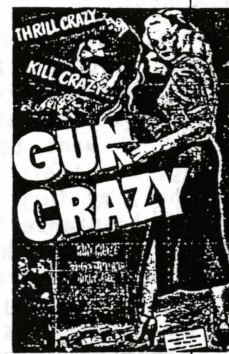


## the Lifetime channel

What is with the Lifetime Channel? Every week, the plot of their Movie of the Week goes something like this: Mare Winningham, unloved and undereducated, gets slapped around by her two-timing husband Tom Skerrit. And P.S., they're taking her kids away. + Here are highlights of another recent Lifetime movie. Two happy parents are watching their kid,

the adorable skateboarding whiz, in a skateboarding competition. The competition over, the happy family strolls away. Somehow the kid gets away from the parents. Suddenly, a few fast-cuts later, the kid is hit by a car. But not quickly, no. The kid, for miles it seems, is dragged along the asphalt. He is caught under the car. The parents are screaming. The kid is screaming. And the driver of the car? He is blaring Motley Crüe and sweating like a pig so we know he is a bad seed on drugs. For the rest of the movie, the parents are trying to nail the bad seed, who is denying everything. + And how about the movie "Why Me?" starring Glynnis O'Connor? Lifetime plays it all the time. If you'll remember (it's maybe 15 years old) it's about a woman who suffers through a hideous car accident in which she goes through her windshield and, as a result, loses her face. In the movie, her husband leaves her, because he is now horrified by her appearance. Abandoned, Glynnis then undergoes painful facial reconstruction and, lovely by movie's end, ends up with her plastic surgeon, Armande Assante. A happy ending! + Let's get this straight. This is supposed to be the "Women's" Network? A place where women (the "sensitive" sex) can turn for comfort in a, at times, horrible world? I've never been more depressed in my life than I was after seeing "Why Me?" or just the promo for the Mare Winningham movie. (What's the deal with Mare Winningham, anyway? In real life, doesn't she have, like, eight kids? And wouldn't those eight kids be traumatized forever by turning on the Lifetime Network and watching mommy get slapped around or stuffed into a car trunk every other week?) + Lifetime's programming choices don't make

much sense. Its movies make thoughtful people feel terrible. What's the prevailing line of thinking here? That women love that feeling? That they'd want to see movies like that so they can get together afterwards and talk about how horrible they feel over Cafe Vienna? or maybe the thought is that women want to see movies that show lives that are worse than their own. "Aw, sure I work in a diner 60 hours a week; but at least I don't have a two-timing husband, Tom Skerrit, stuffing me in a car trunk." + And the promos. Eeeuuwww. There's the one about "L.A. Law". It says, over 30 seconds, that the reason to watch it is because of the cute men. Yes, that's why the show was critically lauded. Cause of Jimmy Smits' butt. \* That line of thinking has been getting women's ire up for years. "Yo! 'Three's Company's' on! Check out the hooters!" or, seasonally, "Come to Cancun!" where (a picture tells us) the women have giant breasts. Can't



by j a n e h a n o v e r

Lifetime use a different tact? Do they have to aim their promos at morons? + Even their more general promos are insulting. Their "Lifetime Understands That Life Can Be Tough for Women ..." promos. They're patronizing. What if Black Entertainment Television (BET) ran similarly thought-out promos? They'd begin: "The Man' get you down today? ... BET understands" or "Still unemployed? BET understands ..." + Add to this the horror of the Lifetime Saturday afternoon movie. It's now promoted as part of "Mood Swing Saturday". Yes, now you can see a movie presented under the auspices of a woman's most derided trait! (Assuming it exists.) If you want to put women in their place, why not just call it "Stupid Woman Saturday" and get it over with? + Enough haranguing. The thing is Lifetime wouldn't be hard to fix. Step one. They should get rid of their condescending promos. Whip up some promos that celebrate good programming and call it a day. Step two. Get hold of good programming. Much of their stuff is good ("The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd", "L.A. Law", "thirtysomething" etc.) but it should be cushioned by things other than "Battered Woman: My Man's been Cheatin' On Me" movies. (Not that there's anything wrong with a movie like that ONCE IN A WHILE, but enough is enough — either the programmers over there have no imagination whatsoever or someone's working out some majorly personal stuff at the viewers' expense. Really, now. It's time that Mare Winningham's black eye was allowed to heal.) + Need a reminder of the genuinely terrific movies of the last sixty years? How about cribbing from American Movie Classic's expansive library and running some Katherine Hepburn or Rosalind Russell or Bette Davis or Grace Kelley or Audrey Hepburn or Barbara Stanwyck movies? (Not to say that only older movies have value. The 70's and 80's both had their share of great movies starring Jane Fonda, Faye Dunaway, Barbra Streisand or Meryl Streep to name a few.)\* Step three. Have fun. What's a "Women's" Network without a festival of the classic "Woman in Jeopardy" movies of the last twenty years? If a bunch of Linda Blair gems from the last two decades were being unfurled, I guarantee people would show up. + O.K. Enough. The point is made. It's just with the state of network t.v., it's natural to want this good idea (a, um, "Women's" Network") to live up to its potential. And really, how hard would that be?

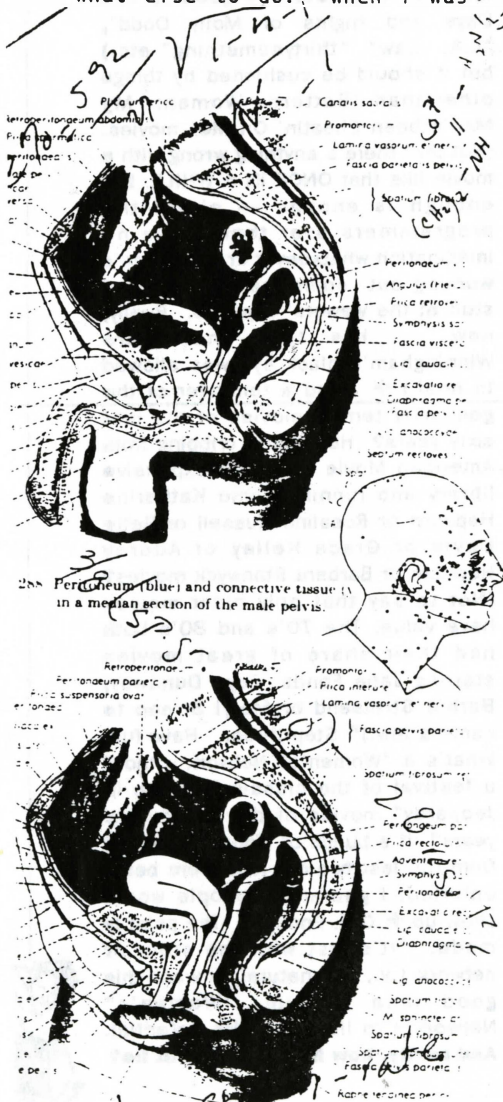




"them," and to me those few are like a drug, like incense, they seem to be more than mortal, they are archangels, they are a band of evil angels, they are pure and enormous and powerful and most seductive of all they don't seem to need women. those are the few (the brave, the proud) who do not belong to either the world of "them" or of "us." + i'm thirty years old and i've been doing this mating dance for almost half of my life and you'd think that men would start to make more sense to me, that they'd begin to seem less like aliens, but instead, the opposite has happened. i am more confused by them now than i ever have been. they walk among us, but they are not like us. it's little wonder that with this kind of attitude it's hard for me to get dates. + but i don't know what else to do. when i was

younger boys held out the promise of so much love and fulfillment and excitement and adventure, but then my heart got broken, and it got broken again, and after i cried and felt like a zombie for a week or a month or a year i got optimistic again and got all into some guy and then got my heart broken again. and now i have this thirst for a boyfriend, for a man in my bed, for a man to overwhelm me, overcome me, or just come over. but then i know it means that the crying is going to have to come again and the fear and the stifling feeling of losing myself and of feeling like a fool for loving the alien. i'm thirty and i'm just exhausted by it. i don't think humans were ever meant to be kept in a holding pattern of adolescent angst for this long-and after a while something happens to us, something changes, something just gives up. + and like a riot grrrl or a girl who got her favorite toy taken away i want to put on combat boots and have a screaming, thrashing, temper tantrum about all of this disappointment and all of this anger and sadness. i want to lash out against something, but there is nothing to really hit against, my fury is muffled by soft cushiony "acceptance," an attempt to grow older gracefully, without malice or hatred, because there are so many of them i am angry with that just to start thinking of it makes me exhausted. but mostly my fury is tempered by my fear, which seems to have made a more comfortable and permanent place for itself inside of me over the years. + i'm pissed off because this was all supposed to be so much fun. being single and frolicking on the beach and drinking sunkist or having quick dark sex and walking home at dawn with your hair smelling of a strangers' semen, not having to worry about being "tied down" by a husband or a kid, free to pursue our "careers," an ultimate fulfillment, boys would be there, romance would be there, it was all a given. after all, single people have more freedom and more sex and more romance, right? + well, maybe boys do. all i know is that my girlfriends and i gather together on a regular basis to mourn or laugh over the latest romantic fiasco or lack of one, while we get older, our biological clocks ticking, worrying about how we're ever going to get the boy thing right in time to have a baby. and we're getting more pessimistic by the day. suddenly we see our futures as a mysterious black hole, because we may not end up being part of a family portrait like we'd always expected, and may instead be hanging out and dating and eating doritos and worrying about our thighs until we're ninety. + but if that's how its gonna be, then i want to start planning for it now. because i don't want to live out the rest of my life trying to stifle a tantrum. and i want help in the planning-because there are a lot of us who are trying to figure this out. the loneliest thing about this is feeling like i'm the only one to be going through it, that all the rest of us did end up with the lives we

were raised to believe we'd have, that there's something wrong with me for not being there. but i know that many of us who did get married got divorced a few years later, and that some of us who are having babies now no longer feel they can really fit themselves into a family portrait. it's clear that the lives we thought we'd have aren't even a possibility anymore. we are the strong, independent, smart, thinking, laughing females who like to be called "women" but think of ourselves as girls, living in apartments that we call our "rooms," loving and losing and beginning to give up our girlhood idea that we'll ever become comfortable being a "grown up," that we'll always feel like "girlfriends" even if we become wives, that we'll feel probably still feel like children even if we ever become mothers, and that we'll always need to have our friends around to go out and play with.



288 Perineum (blue) and connective tissue (yellow) in a median section of the male pelvis.

89 Peritoneum (blue) and connective tissue (yellow) in a median section of the female pelvis.

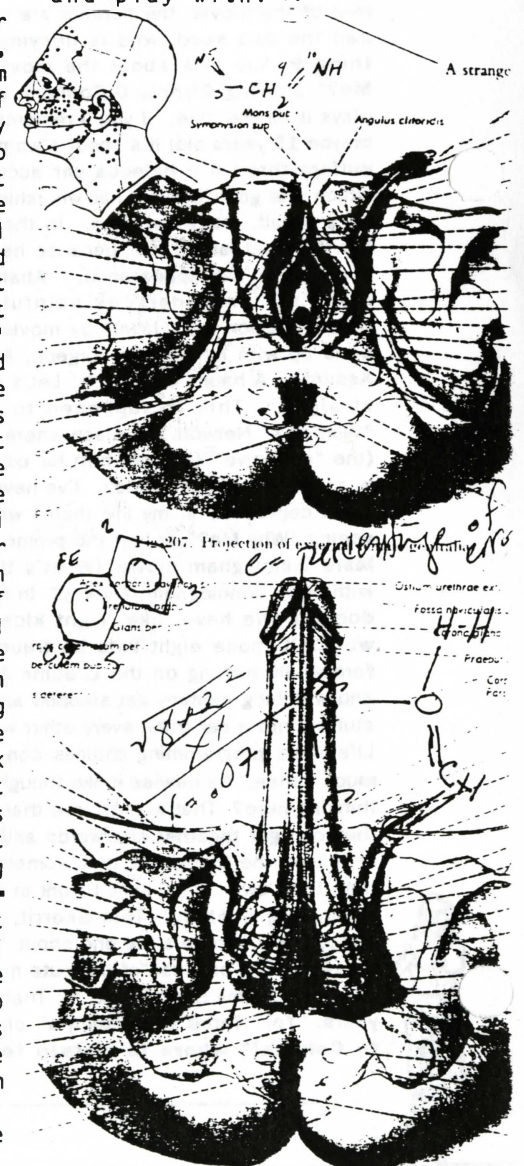


Fig. 208. Projection of external male genitalia.



# fear of a boy planet

this morning i must have seen at least 40 or 50 males. i mean, i know i must have passed them while i was in the park walking my dog, on way to the subway, on the platform, in the subway tunnels, in the croissant shop, on the street, in the elevator. but i'm not really sure. because, even though they must have been there, i didn't really see them. i remember there was an older man on the subway standing next to me. i remember him because the train was very crowded. we were strap-hanging beside each other when a seat became available in front of us. i felt like sitting, but he was about 60 years old and tired-looking, and i thought i'd let him sit down. he didn't, though. that seat stayed empty for a whole stop until some girl, younger than me, sat down. i remember the man because i felt a little angry at him—why the hell didn't he sit down, anyway? i just don't understand them. + i definitely remember seeing women today, though. there was the stressed-out looking one trying to squeeze her way onto the S train, the younger one who didn't even try and resigned herself to waiting for the next train, the girl with a lot of curly hair who was walking on the street in front of me, the woman i always see at the croissant shop who has pencil-thin plucked eyebrows and who always looks stoned, there were the three FIT students

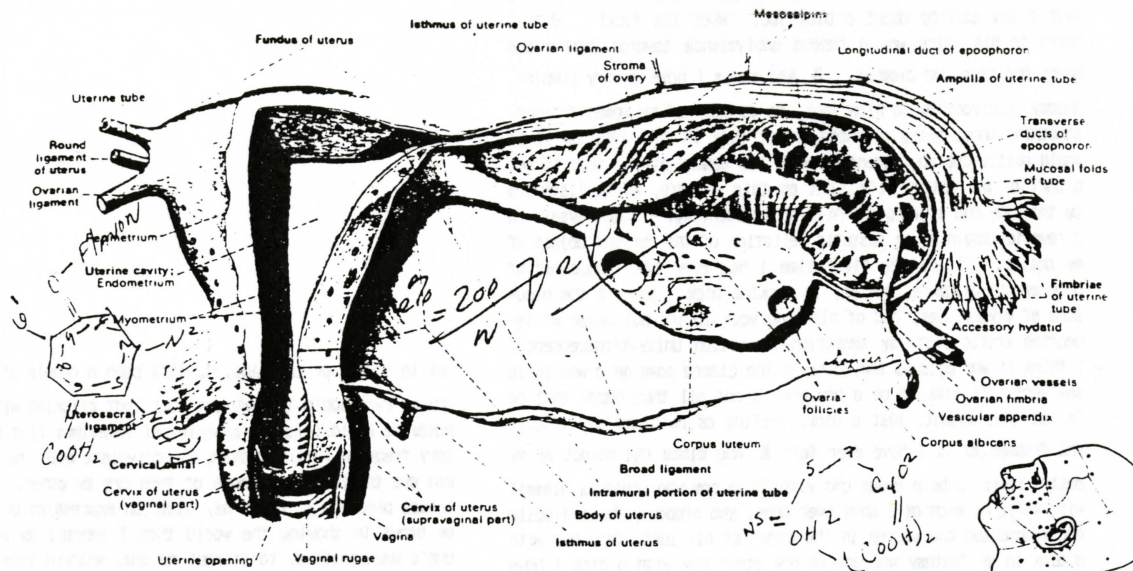
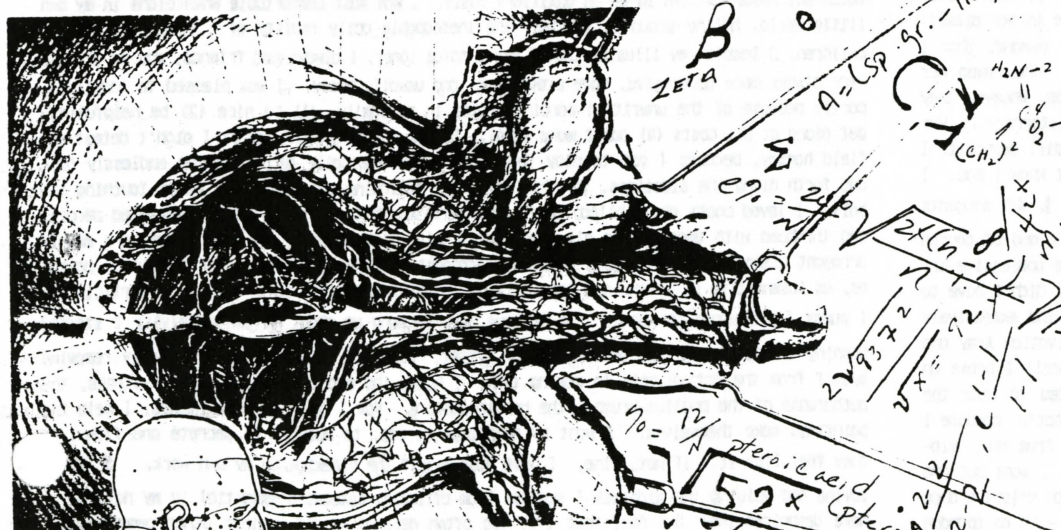


Fig. 272: Frontal Section of Uterus, Uterine Tube and Ovary

with their bookbags and home-made clothes, there was the girl carrying the book that looked interesting (but i don't remember what the book was anymore). i always feel an immediate connection with women, an identification, a secret shared feeling that we are from the same planet, and in our momentary eye contact there is a recognition that suggests that we understand we are part of the same underclass, the same underground army. + but the boys and men i saw today all passed before my eyes as part of a large blur, a grayish-bluish blur of tallness and movement and largeness and stubble, a blur of black shoes and pants and jackets and short dark hair punctuated only occasionally by a pair of glasses or a hat. the men seem to be interchangeable, like extras in the movie that is my life—the same guy who played the guy on the sub-

way platform later reappears as the guy driving the cab or the guy crossing the street beside me on the way home. and they all seem to be in black and white. + i do remember, however, one guy i saw today. i was walking to a friend's house in the evening, and a tall boy with a blonde ponytail was coming out of a grocery store. i saw him immediately, i saw him in slow motion, pan to close-up of his face, i saw that his technicolor blue eyes were looking at mine and for a second and i could feel the scent of his hair and i wondered where he was going and it seemed that to smile at him or follow him could possibly change the entire direction of my life but i kept walking and i didn't turn back to see if he was turning to look at me still. i kept walking and i figured he was probably on his way to visit his girlfriend, anyway. + in my life men seem to be perpetually relegated to the status of "them" in the cosmic "them" and "us." it's as though my senses, through evolution, had been finely tuned to only seeing a few out of the masses of them, the same way my cat automatically, almost despite himself, chases after objects that are of a particular shape and speed. there are only a few who break through the hazy field of



by celina hex



## BLOWJOBS, LIPS+ICK, SIDEKICKS

so I was listening to the Jesus Lizard the other day and this one song about getting head was working a strange magic on me. I found myself identifying with the singer - actually identifying with a guy talking about a blow job! What the fuck! What I heard in his voice was a ragged ambivalence towards desire and power and need and disgust. B And since I have a very complex, uneasy relationship to blow jobs, as do many of my women friends-something about being silenced, about dick IN YOUR FACE as if it would obliterate your identity with its demand-giving head is not a part of my fantasy life...but on this one day, while listening to the tape and staring absently at my painting, I found myself in a reverie imagining an ecstatic fellation of the current object of my desire. It was the first time I had ever even conceived of pure erotic pleasure, for me, in sucking dick. There's the pleasure of giving, yes, and of pleasing your lover, but never whole-hearted erotic lust-joy sensation-connection unity-transcendence. I think it was because the voice in the Lizard gave me a way in to see what it's like to be a man who's not all that happy that he is, at that moment, just a dick, feeling as helpless and fragile and fragmented as I have ever felt. B And since the object of my desire seems to be a sweet and vulnerable boy who protects himself with walls as much as I have ever done, who probably feels fragile and fragmented and scared in the midst of his lust, this boy with a dick in my fantasy was unlike any other boy with a dick I have ever thought of or fantasized about. He wasn't the other, he was like me, he was of the same emotional ocean. I could get off on giving him head because the power relationship I see everywhere in the sexual battleground was not in effect, I was free from domination by the man. B It gave me utmost delight, having him this way, in the trust my fantasy gave us, and there was joy in my dawning awareness that I was, for the first time, attaining the most romantic erotic ecstatic orgasm in an act that had always meant alienation to me. L so there were these two girls who went to a different art school who put on red lipstick, when nobody did that, looking like they were putting on their mothers' lipstick as an attack on their mothers' sexuality-they were owning their sexuality. This was when I was still a virgin. L Kate once started cutting off her hair in the staff bathroom when she was supposed to be behind the front register, and she hacked it off in pieces the same way she danced around the bookshelves after closing, with a ferocity and desire for living fast I'd never seen before, careless of how it looked. I was intimidated-these girls were aggressively trying on personas and being hard while I stood in my usual indistinct haze on the sidelines. They brought their own tapes to play after hours, of bands I hardly knew about, and they played this one Talking Heads tape all the time..."the world moves on a woman's hips"-I thought that was about Kate, it wasn't ever my own hips the world moved on. There was freedom in her dissatisfaction with things, in her impatience, in her demand, that I see now had to do with a sense of entitlement. They owed her something, and she was going to take it from them, whoever they were (as it turned out, she was of European aristocracy.) Her clothes were the most audacious statement of art-girl sexuality I ever saw. She scared me, she awoke fears I didn't know I had. I was a numb one, and I was just finding that out. L Art students dress to show their unique freedom from conformity and of course fall into the conformity of nonconformity. In the oppressive art school I went to there wasn't much rebellion and I didn't have to develop a counter-rebellious style, I still wore the excessively large, dark clothing I had dragged out of the Salvation Army and my father's closets in high school. It wasn't until I broke up with my mega-boyfriend years later that I started to wear the clothes now necessary to my happiness, and maybe that's because I felt that I had won back my sexuality from him and from that relationship after titanic struggle and final escape. I went out and bought loud colors, tight dresses, and I found that bright orange made me feel fucking great. When I dance I do it with an abandon I never felt within the proscribed range of my identity then. It's my sexuality and it's free-it's not attached. Unfortunately,

## BY GIRL

not to anyone or anything. L It's been a couple of years and my fears of never clicking with anyone ever again (though the fact that clicking with the mega-b.f. nearly killed me probably makes me avoid a repeat experience) sometimes find expression in my anxiety that I am a solitary freak, a female without an equivalent male, no belongingness possible. I am the one, all men are the Other, but none of them are my other. Now my way of dressing, regardless of the primal pleasure it gives me, seems an expression of my feelings of un-belonging, but I try to be brave in showing the world that I embrace my status as a freak, dressing to fulfill no one's expectations, to attract no one, without hope of signaling to my equivalent because he does not exist. L So I won back my sexuality but now I've got it and I can't get rid of it. I mean I can't share it with anybody. D Except maybe now I might be able to, now that I've done the Vulvan mouth- mind meld with a boy and his dick, maybe now I can. S I am a little confused by my sidekick thing. I have had a thing about sidekicks as long as I can remember. The first person I ever said I wanted to marry was Mr. Greenjeans, a tall, skinny, possibly mute apparition on the Captain Kangaroo show, who slew my three-year-old heart mostly by being weird, passive and mysterious. The way I remember it, he would just show up in his presumably (on b/w TV) green farmer's duds, get a warm welcome from his friend the Captain, do a little soft-shoe routine, smile sweetly and disappear without explanation. The more mysterious otherworldly the sidekick, the better I like him-in fact, all sidekicks share a certain otherness that appeals to me enormously. They're almost exclusively ethnic, exotic, third-world, or not even human. For example, the next sidekick I wanted to marry was of the vegetable kingdom (the Scarecrow), the first to arouse my prepubescent sexual interest was Asian (Bruce Lee as Kato, the Green Hornet's chauffeur), my most admired individual in the universe was Vulcan and my first conscious role model was a woman (Mrs Peel). I'm enthralled by their occult wisdom and zenlike calm, their grace, quiet competence, humble stoicism, and steadfast refusal to take credit for their great heroism in the supporting role. They are all-observant yet never need to have all the answers. They represent the female principle to the hero's male principle-sympathetic, introverted, passive, receptive, dark, the yin to the blue-eyed white boy yin. They are the archetypal outsider. S I probably identify with sidekicks partly because I was the baby of the family, always dominated by my older sister, unempowered and without autonomy; I have a natural inclination to stand outside the main action, content to watch but ready to join in on an auxiliary basis. I was most comfortable when alone in my own little world, hating group activities, the inescapable daily reality of a family with eight children. D Despite my illusion that I was a total loner, I always had friends, and my friends were always more aggressive, more precocious, and usually bossy. I was pleased to acquiesce, partly because of the unwritten cardinal rules in my family: (1) be nice (2) be helpful (3) get along at all costs (4) don't make waves. In gym class, the only sport I didn't detest was field hockey, because I got to play the alley, which basically meant running endlessly back and forth along the sidelines, far from the fray, following the action but never touching the ball. I loved books about blind, deaf, or otherwise "different" and somehow isolated people, and thrabbed with empathy for all underdogs (including Underdog). Heroes to me were mainly arrogant assholes, know-it-alls, fascists, arrogant trampers all over other peoples' patches, as insensitive as Jocks and popular kids; I couldn't relate, never wanted to participate-I guess I preferred to watch. S I have been so hung up about my own passivity I started pushing the outside of the envelope as an artist, prodding the bruise, by actively removing myself from the active role in making art. I hated the machismo of the master stroke, the authorship of the phallus-brush, the heroic gesture. Now I don't make paintings, I help the paintings make themselves. I want my paintings to sag, to puddle, to secrete and flow... they feel like it. If not, fine. I have made myself the sidekick to my own work. S So loving and valuing the sidekick I suppose I am affirming something essential in my nature. I have despaired over the fact that I've too often defined myself against other people and I spend a lot of time policing my codependent tendencies...but I guess if I can't marry Mr. Greenjeans, I should reconcile myself to being just like him.



# Girlfriend, listen up...

when a man says "I'm not good at relationships, I have been alone for so long, maybe I'm meant to always be alone" or "You'll probably come to hate me, deep down I'm a real asshole," take him at his word and run like the wind. Yes, it may be a cry for help from the depths of a lonely soul and it never fails to wake the nurturing I-have-enough-love-for-both-of-us nature, but SO WHAT?! Don't be a fool, you've fallen into this pit before, we all have. What woman can resist the "I walk alone. No woman can defrost the iceberg that once was my heart," bit? Well, maybe Camille Paglia, but who the hell looks to her for guidance? Nope, when your heart starts aching listening to the woes of an loved child, cry if you must, hold his hand, whisper that you love him. A little known secret, is that this is a prime situation for the most fabulous sex. You want to show him he can be loved, he wants to show you he is capable of love without having to commit to it. So go ballistic, but then... GET THE HELL OUT! RUN AWAY! SAVE YOURSELF! You're instinct will be to save this retched creature, your own survival won't enter into your usually trustworthy intellect. C'mon you want to save something? Think big. Save the whales, save the rainforests, there is plenty of work out there for a compassionate heart. Why waste it?

Look, I love men, I really do. Nothing makes me more weak than a beautiful boy. That's my problem, I want to be in love, but sheesh! I don't want to work that hard at it. I'm not blaming them, The 80's brought forth the sensitive male. Suddenly, it was okay for them to share their inner most thoughts, their deepest pain, their (yeeccccchinih!) feelings. I have as many male friends as female and both always ask the same question. If women are looking for a nice guy, sensitive, caring, loving, etc., then why do they always go for the jerks? I'll tell you why, because the man who will forget your birthday, storm out when you cry, and basi-

with you from day one. I said you would hate me and you do. I said I was an asshole and I am. I gave you fair warning, and you fell in love with me anyway, stupid. This is all your fault. Happy Birthday."

Still not convinced? Still whining about how much he needs you? Yes, they are vulnerable and misunderstood, all they need is a little tenderness. The same could be said for mass murderers. How would you like to be a guest on Donahue, "Women who love their serial killers." Imagine yourself squirming in your seat while a caller from Tuscaloosa, Alabama berates you for not seeing through your man's charade of not being good enough for you. Or how about "Women who fall for forest animals" on the next Geraldo? You'd die of embarrassment when your mom called in weeping about how it was probably her fault for taking you to see Bambi when you were four. It's not completely inconceivable. Deer are cute, they look fragile, and terrified of life. But I wouldn't get involved with one for crying out loud.

My point is you just can't win, but that is no reason not to play. When you connect with the unloved—and you will, we are drawn to them like moths to headlights—take it for all its worth. Listen to their songs of woe, cry your eyes out over their crummy childhood, take it all in like a good book or fascinating film. They are sincere in their sadness, and their hunger for love creates the kind of kissing that sends your knees on a coffee break. Did I mention that the sex goes beyond swell? Trust me, it kills you. It is romance in all its bittersweet glory, and that you should not deny yourself. But when you find yourself falling hopelessly in love, get lost. Start looking for the swine of your dreams, they're not hard to spot. Go to a sports bar, drop your purse on the floor, and as you bend to retrieve it, if you hear, "Hey honey, while you're down there, heh, heh, heh" this is your mating call. No, he probably won't remember your birthday, but he won't be whining about his needs while you're out saving baby seals either.

by cassandra O'keefe

cally treat you like dirt is letting you know straight up that he is a pig. No mystery, no surprises, no "you have shown me the gift of love. A gift that I finally feel confident to share...with someone else. Happy Birthday." I have a suspicion that this whole "had a bad childhood, (by the way, would the one person in the world that had a happy childhood please drop dead?) I am not worthy of love" routine is really an insurance policy against relationships. When the going gets tough one can check out with their integrity in tact, simply by stating "I was completely honest



His name was Prince Nahbie and I met him at the smallest bar in New York. I had just been bowling with my friends, and after grabbing a quick slice of pizza, we decided to check out a sushi/African/reggae bar billed as the "Smallest Bar in New York." I was feeling tired and didn't really want to go. What's the point of sitting, waiting to meet some cute guy, when you just have this gut feeling that he's not even close? As I get older, this thought frequently hits me. However, my Gemini curiosity about what the "Smallest Bar" looked like got to me that night, so I agreed to go in for a drink.

The bar was so small, I had to turn sideways to walk through. It was quite surreal. We stood smashed up against the wall for 5 minutes, when magically three people left, offering us a bar stool. Sitting down, my friends and I laughed about the bowling game. We all

P R I N C E



agreed there were other "ball" games that we enjoyed much more .... My roommate began talking about something she had told me previously, so my eyes began to wander. Who knows? Maybe I'd spot someone cute.

I noticed a group of Jamaican men and a few girls from Jersey, but other than that? Then I saw an unusual looking, matted-haired foreigner. You know that feeling when you're people watching? Someone looks interesting and mysterious (yet at the same time, you would never want to talk to them), but you can't stop glancing at them? Well, I glanced one too many times, and the foreigner came over and introduced himself as "Prince Nahbie". It seemed the Prince was a tarot card reader (as am I) and even though he had already given his final, third, reading for the night (any more than

three readings could be dangerous, he said), he would make an exception for me since I was the "most beautiful flower he had ever seen."

I knew it was a snow job, but I had been feeling a little unappreciated lately, so what the hell. He read my cards. I tried to be open-minded as his thickly accented voice told me what the next six months had to offer, but honestly, he didn't tell me anything that I hadn't read myself. The one thing he kept saying, which bothered me greatly, was "be wary of women - do not trust them, for they are jealous of your beauty". I didn't believe him. I have many female friends that I trust and love dearly.

"I want you to touch my emerald," said the Prince.

I snapped out of my subconscious scrutiny and looked at him.



N A H B I E





"Touch your what?"

Based upon his explanation, it seemed the Prince was willed down (through his extremely wealthy family) a multi-carat gem. And showing it to me meant great power would be brought to him and good luck to me. But first, he whispered, "I must check that all my bodyguards are around me. They follow me at all times. My life is always in danger because of the great value of this emerald."

The Prince arose, "consulted"

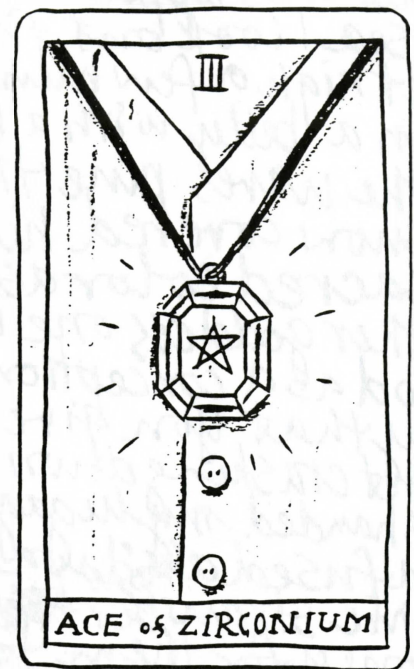


whom appeared to be regular patrons at the bar, then returned to my side, confirming that the bar was now "safe." Prince Nahbie then proceeded to remove a leather cord from around his neck. On the end of the blackened leather hung an odd object — a huge wad of dirty, silver-colored duct tape. "This guy is really whacked," I thought. But something made me continue to sit there, actually wanting to see if it really was an emerald.

Prince Nahbie tore the packing tape apart with his yellow, smoke-ridden teeth. The process took about 20 minutes. In the meantime, I sat there and tried to get involved in my friends' conversations. It was too late. They were ignoring me. I knew they thought I was being "too nice" for talking to the Prince. They simply stared at me with one of those "You got yourself into this..." looks. I sighed, and asked the bartender some inane question to pass the time. Before he could respond, Prince Nahbie said, "I have it!"

I turned around in my chair and watched the Prince bite the last piece of tape off. He smiled broadly and pulled out a green stone engraved with hieroglyphics of some sort. With an air of pomp and circumstance, he placed it in my hands.

Who's to say if the "gem" was real or not. I doubt it, though. After letting me "touch his emerald," Prince Nahbie asked for a small monetary contribution. He claimed that even though he was a very wealthy man, the "Smallest Bar" hired him to do Tarot Card readings — and any sort of payment (while the bartender was looking) would prove he was doing his job. At first I was angry with myself. I almost asked him before he read my cards if it was free or not, but I didn't.



I reached in my wallet for a few dollars. Unfortunately, all I had was a \$20 and a \$10. I gave him the \$10. I hoped my money would make the Prince leave. At that point, Prince Nahbie was trying to kiss the "beautiful flower's" shoulder. The Prince took my money. After thanking me profusely, he excused himself. He returned five minutes later with a quart of Crazy Horse beer. So much for the royal Prince Nahbie. Looks like all I really met was Prince Rob-bie!



by blonde fury



creatures appear one day the wise trees are bleeding  
red sea I look out from a deep sleep I am floating in a  
feet high a few nuns stand in front of it their eyes go up to  
form a belly with a belly button that transforms into a cervix  
of the waves pine trees grow jutting down towards the nuns  
a snow covered hill naked when they look back they see a  
a sacred color associated with women's blood sexual potency  
mother goddess one who has painted her body red she taught  
blood as a conception charm Pregnant and about to have a baby  
way that you give birth is to walk a big motorcycle down  
went crashing down the escalator through all the pregnant  
was handed my luggage which is how you get your baby I was a  
confused about not pregnant men's reactions to the nurse who  
picnic strawberries are bleeding into a bowl of water then you  
money for them to take them back to the power she acci  
poured out right through her pants she lived even af  
she held her face separate from the rest of her body she held her face  
from the place where her face was when she was the great  
of her womb and to drink of it and to be in the great  
ose blessed to the heavens she was a  
red and white menstrual blood a harmless color made to be consumed  
innocent dainty clean soft pleasant  
er hanging their suffocating images  
when retained in the womb assume  
with magic power because their menstrual  
menstrual blood taken during an eclipse  
sacifiers lipsticks stiff cocks and lollipops of  
se under her chin almost on top of the little face  
wound it naked before sunrise she can calm  
new dresses made for us mine was shiny red  
sur dresses the family then paraded us through the  
were told to throw our clitorises to the Nile this was  
while we were playing when I was not looking Diana  
targets on my adolescent breasts children conceived  
occult powers red menstrual blood cross the word  
sign over the toilet reads don't put rubbish in closet  
shell guard the temple if a menstruating woman  
monkeys a white bride hold out her black of ice to be  
which different cultures read their own meaning  
new born babies in their antlers a red hot iron I don't  
Thank you that is all she knows how to say I look on



# SANTA I KNOW—ONE GIRL'S INTIMATE STORY

"Oh sure," you say, "Jolly Old St. Nick a fabulous lover? Yeah, right." Then again, you don't know the ecstasy of our nights, the urgent intimacy of our special times together. "What special time is that?" you ask slyly. Well, I will tell you. I guess I'm just about the luckiest girl on the face of the Earth, for I am indeed this warm and god-like man's last stop on his frenzied round-the-world Christmas Eve Tour.

I remember our first meeting as though it were yesterday. It was Christmas Eve, 1982. (I have a t-shirt to attest to the fact.) I was sleeping snugly in my antique king-size feather-soft bed. All at once I opened my eyes. I knew I wasn't alone, and yet I wasn't afraid. Was it a menacing prowler I spied? No. A fourteen-foot boa constrictor? Not even close. Hot reindeer breath? Good guess. "What the devil are these nine tired-looking reindeer doing standing in my bedroom?" I thought.

Sighing with irritation I flipped back my silky covers (immediately catching one of my high heels on the clingy fabric) and got out of bed to make some snacks for this mystery-sent group of God's creatures. It was then that I saw him. Tired looking? Definitely. Dangerous? Potentially. It could be no other—it was Santa Claus. Gathering up all my courage, I introduced myself.

"Hi, I'm Lorraine. Your reindeer are in my bedroom." His eyes appeared sad and understanding. "Are they? God, I'm sorry. You have to watch them every minute." I was nervous, but excited. "Can I get you something? I was just about to gather up some—" I fumbled, "some foliage for your friends in there." We both laughed at my helplessness. "Were you?" he asked, "Aw, that's nice of you." He thought for a moment. "Well, as long as you're going to be cooking, I'd love a BLT." "No problem," I replied, and strolled happily into the kitchen. How simple. How wonderful, I thought, a BLT. They just don't come any cuter than him. "Oh," his voice boomed effortlessly through my apartment, "and could you make sure that the bacon is really dark? Thanks."

I was in heaven. Quickly, while the bacon was splattering, away, I went around with a bucket and plucked all my plants bare. I wasn't really a plant person anyway. After depositing the leaves before my nine grateful and hungry-looking friends, I realized they'd also need something to drink. Quick as lightning I rummaged through my shoe closet until I came upon a long-unused trough, which I filled with water. My aunt had given it to me for my tenth birthday. "Thank God for foresight," I thought to myself as I smiled. With my reindeer friends happily dining at last, I returned to the kitchen.

In three minutes' time, the sandwich was made. I stirred up two glasses of Nestle's Quick, put parsley next to the sandwich as a garnish, grabbed a couple of napkins, and went back out to the living room. He finished the sandwich in about 40 seconds. "That was delicious. Can I have another one?" he asked, his eyes twinkling. "No problem," I said, smiling. "I'll

bet you're hungry after all your work tonight." I walked into the kitchen and started preparing sandwich #2. "That's not the half of it," he said, his legendary laugh nearly shaking the walls. At the time, I didn't know what he meant.

By the time I returned with the sandwich, he had already made himself at home. His boots stood by the fireplace and Chicago X was floating from my speakers. He ate his second sandwich a little less quickly. "Delicious," he pronounced. "I haven't had a good BLT like that in a long time." I blushed shyly. What could I say that would convey to him the joy he was causing me to feel?

"Oh, thank you. I enjoy making BLT's," I offered, and immediately regretted it. "What a loser," I thought, "he's never going to come to your house again, you dummy!" I was tongue-tied. But he seemed to understand.

**by Jane Hanauer**

"I'm sure you're wondering why I'm here," he said, fumbling for his words. "No, not at all," I began, but he cut me off with a gentle touch of his hand. "No, really," he said. "It's extremely nice of you to make me feel so much at home. I don't know what it is; I'm just extremely tired this year."

I understood. This was a man to mother; and oh, how I longed to do so. I started to massage his back. As he began to relax, he told me of his exhausting itinerary and of the snags he invariably encountered. He told me of his dreams and prayers for a world endlessly in turmoil. Inwardly, I wept for him. Such a sweet man; was there nothing I could do?

We held hands. We were silent for a few safe moments before, magically and simultaneously, we began singing "Oh Holy Night." The harmony was beautiful. Tears ran down both our cheeks. "Oh, God, I don't know when I've been so happy," he whispered tearfully. I couldn't answer. My joyful sobs were my only reply.

It just happened, that's all. Before I knew it, we were both transported, as if on angels' wings, into my bedroom. There was never a moment's embarrassment, only trust and understanding. I had to laugh when one of the reindeer began nuzzling our feet. We were like a family!

When it finally happened, it was dream-like. "Merry Christmas!" we both screamed at the height of ecstasy. It was heaven.

It was now early Christmas morning. Sadly, we held hands to prolong the inevitable. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to go," he said. I understood. He came from another place. Another life. "But I'm not going to forget you," he added as he rose to leave. "I hope you'll be here every Christmas Eve. You've made this Christmas very special for me."

"Me too," I nodded. And with a whistle, he was back on the roof, his reindeer nowhere to be seen. It had been the greatest Christmas of my life. Or should I say, the start of a great many Christmases to come.



I know without a doubt that I am making inroads into the hierarchy of the New York art world when so many people are trying to use me at the same time. Never in my life has my butt been kissed and fondled for nonsexual purposes and it's not exactly stimulating in any sense of the word.

Let me explain: I was a normal suburban honor society loser-type with a bad haircut. I didn't talk to people without premeditation until I went to college (of course, I haven't shut up since). This art thing was a natural love of mine which, upon deciding to start my own gallery, became fraught with historic inevitability. Suddenly, my aesthetic judgment was deemed beyond reproach by downtown artist-type people who previously blew me off as some dilettante. These sorry morsels, often depicted in the work of artist Sean Landers, suddenly appeared in my new

**my**



space, bearing slides and recollections of groovy times spent in my company in the East Village scene of the early eighties and at various Ecstasy-enhanced fun spots. In any case, I was considered a maverick, an ambitious and brilliant business woman, a thoughtful and intelligent curator, etc. You get the drift.

Meanwhile, at the other end of my body, I have found my mouth glued to the saddest most baggy derrieres, belonging to a motley assortment of critics (they don't exercise much, you realize—they are intellectuals) and collectors (they exercise—they can afford to). The collectors just strap me on; when it stops feeling good, they know it's time to cough it up. Critics can't be brown-nosed in any straightforward manner. They are intellectuals, you know. When they decide to grace the pages of the hallowed art magazines with most righteous praise about the lowly geniuses that I have uncovered, boy, I have to say, I am one happy camper. However, until those printed words appear, I am miserable with anticipation, and my artists are self-flagellating mutants, hungry for any scrap of positive response from anyone—except me, of course, since it's my fault in the first place that

**groovy**



the critics aren't responding as desired.

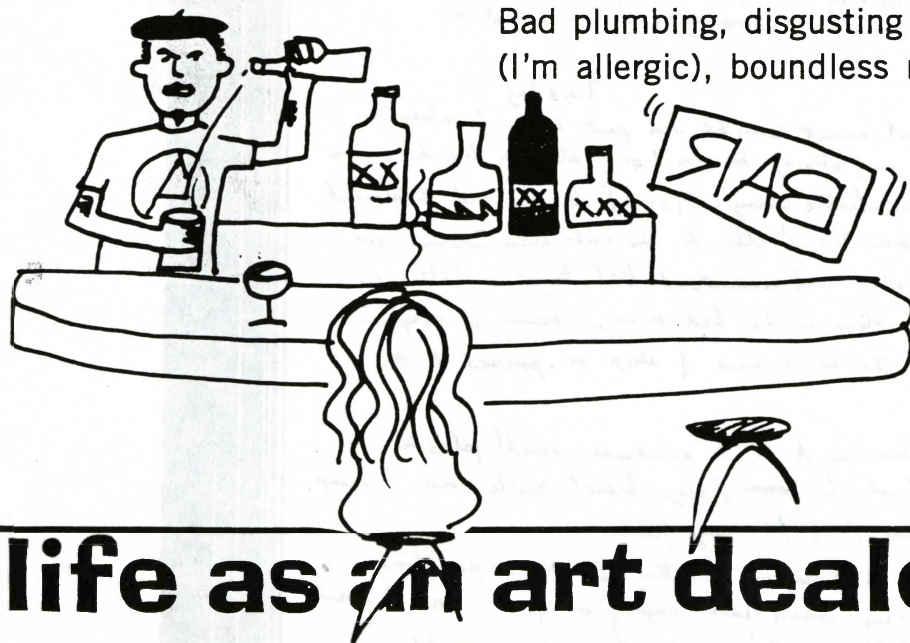
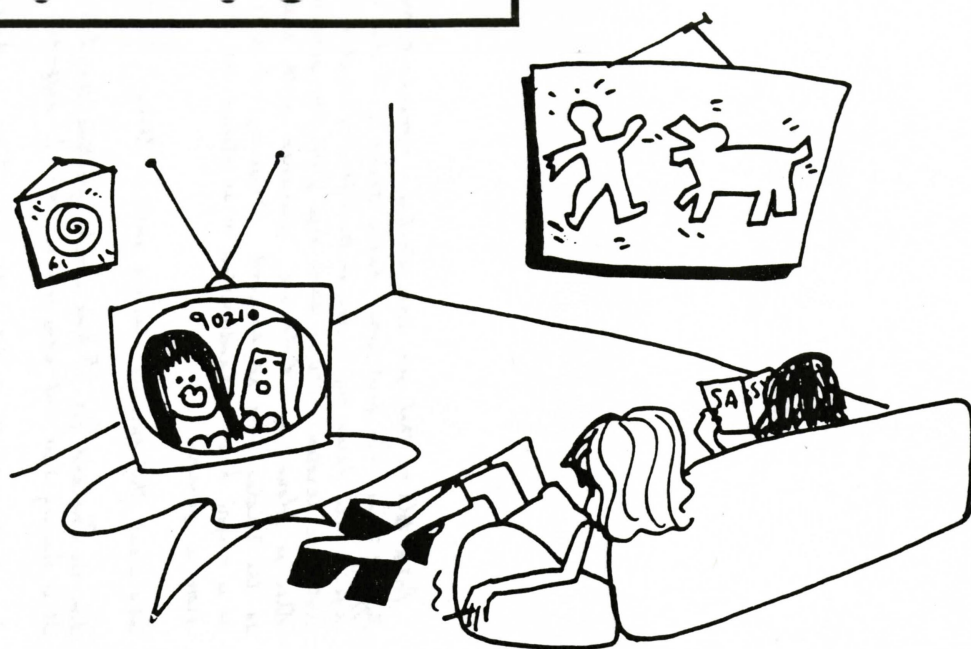
by mary gorsen

But enough about these unholy alliances—how do I keep my sanity? Well, let me tell you, it's not easy maintaining my dalliances with fun when everyone wants to be your best friend. Oh, that was last week; right now I'm on the "B" list. Anyway, back to sanity—Fiornal, Tagamet, 90210, Sassy, comic books, bad movies, bondage, and sleazy bars with good jukeboxes help to compensate for the tide of the overwhelmingly fickle art scene and the gossip therein. I mean, when Brenda and Kelly start sounding like my latest feud, I realize that Life doesn't necessarily imitate Art, but it does bear certain similarities to Fox's Wednesday Night lineup.

And what about the male factor? To get an idea, turn on "Love and War" on Mondays after Murphy Brown (she is one hell of a role model, by the way). Short, Jewish, and unwashed seems to be the only available satisfaction, and believe me, it wasn't as much fun as my last bad studio visit. After all, I had to put up with the same stuff in both cases. Bad plumbing, disgusting cats (I'm allergic), boundless male

ego hindered by a big ol' Oedipus complex, pompous liberal-pseudo-feminist rantings, bad taste in music, and, underneath it all, a yawning lack of imagination in crucial areas (art or sex, it's your guess). Need I say anymore on this?

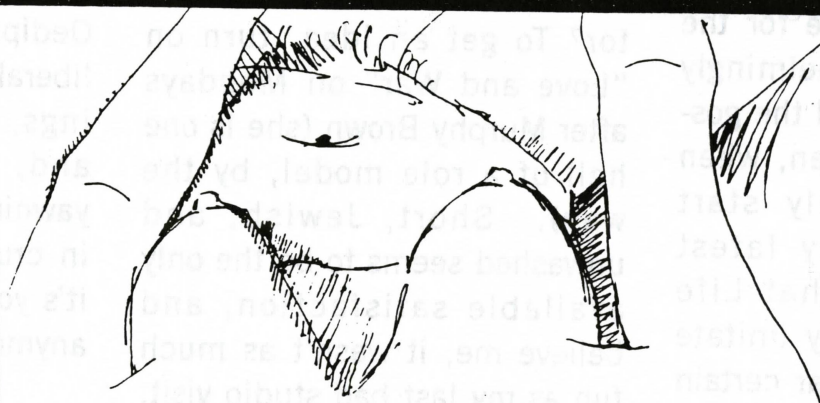
So you must think by now that this is torture, this life I lead. Not really—I have developed a strong sadistic streak, which is easily satisfied by tormenting the innocent. I also remember that today's "art star" is tomorrow's bartender, and the attitudes of the asinine will be rewarded. Moi, I'll end up with a good art collection, a lot of well-intentioned admirers, and a deal with Fox to write a TV show about it all. Hey, it's better than carpentry!



life as an art dealer



lent  
in  
discuss  
him.  
such



The breast on the left is flaccid and has been most recently sucked. The one on the right on the other hand, is ~~quite~~ rounder, fuller, and in 3 or 4 more hours, when the baby wakes up to suck it, it will be hard and firm. He will be very pleased upon chomping on it again in that state.

Tuesday

We finally got smart tonight and put baby to sleep in his stroller (his push chair) He won't go to sleep in his box (as Bing calls it) his little carry cot (c.r.b) Decided not to attempt moving him from the stroller to the cot even though we have used the boxess and understand that it is better for him to be put to sleep in his bed as a means of helping him understand the seriousness of sleep as opposed to the day awake.

I must go tomorrow A.M. to purchase small plastic containers in which to ~~press~~ freeze breast milk once I pump it out. I'm pumping for my freedom.

Realized I left the magazine ads that I was preparing from in N.Y. Very upset with myself at first. Now I want to try to turn what seems like a character into something

Peter told me that you were starting a woman/art magazine type of thing. The first issue has a theme of a day in the life. Will have my a day in the life - a whole - various both are possible. There is some stuff from my journal. The other is blown up. Both are enclosed with a pilot pin as the articles were not so good. Anyway, I like them as is - you know - handwritten or scribbled and - directly from a journal.

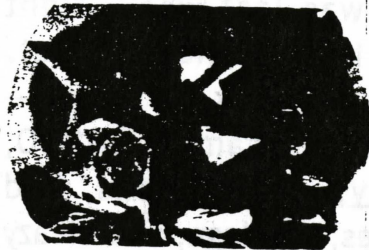
It's great that you're starting such a thing. Good luck.

I'm in England for 5 more weeks visiting the baby's Grandma. It's spring here and very warm. Lots of daffodils.

I'm slowly adjusting to life with baby Leon. I should say a bit of it. His life seems to be a lot more important to him than mine.

Anyway, I'll see you soon and good luck.

Lucho



Flowers have a quiet beautiful warmth



# R - E - S - P - E - C - T

I work in a nightclub. Yesterday we were all exchanging stories about how we had spent our days off. One of the younger guys had brought in pictures of himself with a nude dancer he met in a club at a friend's birthday party. It turned out one of our bouncers worked in a similar place. They all exchanged stories and talked the way guys do when they're talking about beautiful women, women they want to fuck, or just women in general. They all agreed on one thing — as far as the dancers went, they would have sex with them, but they would never date them. My friends referred to these women as skanks and ho's. One of the guys even commented that he'd "beat the shit outta (his) sister before she hadda work there."

I kept my mouth shut. I've kept my mouth shut whenever these kind of conversations come since 1984. That's when I got out of the business. How could I tell these guys that's what I did for seven years? Oh, you might think that it would help change their image of these dancers if I tried to force them to see them as people with lives, feelings, goals and dreams — not just tits and ass. I've tried and the only image that changes for people that think that way is mine. I'm no longer looked at or treated as one of the gang but more like meat on a hook. Guys who previously excused themselves for inadvertently cursing in front of me start making both suggestive and blatant remarks, brushing up against me, and asking leading and direct questions about my sex life. I become someone to fuck, not someone to bring home to mother.

I've met other dancers since I left the business. We recognize each other in an almost secret sisterhood as a group outside the mainstream with something to hide — something we haven't totally left behind. Like war veterans, alcoholics or Jews, it's something you carry inside of you for your entire life. At least I have. Just knowing that someone else has done time shaking their stuff on stage lets me know volumes about them. We've been through things that other women wouldn't even imagine. We've seen things and known people that civilians only read about in the newspaper — usually the Metro crime section. I've had friends murdered and mutilated. I've been kidnapped and raped by pimps trying to turn me out. I've been shuffled about by mob bar owners like no more than another piece of furniture.

Of course, things have changed lately. Nude bars have come out of the shadows and become big business. Dancers and owners both spend time on nationally syndicated talk shows. The people I worked for and with would not be so bold. The men had names like Jimmy Peanuts, Max the Mumbler, Al the Weasel, Big Jackie and Jimmy Tips. The girls never used their real names. It was all mob run, drugs were rampant, and pimps were everywhere waiting to pounce. I'm sure the drugs and the pimps are still around, but they seem to have taken a back seat.

A lot of us women never made it out of the business — some were murdered or simply disappeared — but all of those who did carry scars. Nightmares, suspicions, distrust of other women, and lack of respect for men are but a few. We learned that the customers were only interested in our flesh and could be led around by their noses, and that the bosses were only interested in our flesh and how much money they could make off of it. As for the other dancers, we all wanted the money the customers were so free with and so competition between us was encouraged. There was a lot of money but we all wanted as much as possible. The money corrupted me as much as the drugs and the lifestyle. I was taught the "power of pussy": that a man would do anything if he thought you'd fuck him in the end. Those kind of lessons are hard to shake. They don't exactly make for warm supportive relationships.

We ex-dancers can only really talk about the experience with each other. I'm sorry to say that many women I've encountered, even in this "enlightened" age, think of us as whores and sluts — traitors to the feminist cause and threats to their home life. Men think it's great — they just don't want to talk to you or take you out unless it involves getting you drunk and getting into your pants or, more specifically, getting a blowjob.

It's difficult to keep quiet about a seven year period of anyone's life. I'm 35. It's 1/5 of my life. 1/5 of my life that's colored how I see every thing that's happened since. 1/5 of my life that's influenced every relationship I've had, every love affair, every friendship since I was 17. 1/5 of my life that society deems shameful and needful of repentance. 1/5 of my life I can't explain on job applications or resumes. 1/5 of my life that I lie about most of the time to most people.

There are some things I would have rather not have had to go through, but I don't want to change the past. I just wish people were more open-minded, that their definitions of what is socially acceptable in "polite society" were not so rigidly defined. I have a lot to offer, I learned a lot then, I am not ashamed and I can no longer keep my silence.

by scarlett  
fever



# Fat New Jerse y Scumb ags

by Tabitha Rasa

As I came down the stairs

to catch the train

I saw something that caught

my attention

I saw cruelty & exploitation

out of the corner of my eye

I saw a couple fat punks

kick a drunk while he was

down & out

I saw him try to reason

with them

He tried to defend himself

As I went by

I stopped & watched,

wanting to step in

Half the height of the

2 of them

Beatin up on the homeless

"Got a problem?" one

challenged me to comment

"Wha-..." I whispered,

practically, thinking

I'm little and a girl

But I can tell you're doing

something wrong even

with my headphones on.

I went on down the stairs.

I thought I'd talk to the

train engineer—

I should do something I thought

The train was coming

Then more people came

I looked for any of them

down the platform

They probably stopped

I thought

and got on the train &

sat down.

## you can get there from

I'm turning 30 this summer and when I look at my life all I see is ure. I've started a million things and keep dropping them to start new ones. I'm still broke all the time. I haven't started a family. But the people I trust tell me (or show me with their lives) that the way it is now is about as bad as it has to get and therefore it must be getting better soon. Even the I Ching is now saying, "The time of standstill is nearing the point of change into its opposite." "Yeah, well, it's about time," I say.

A lot of inappropriate expectations come from my firmly upper middle class foundation. I am my family's anomaly. My parents are intellectuals — Dad went to Princeton and Mom went to Stanford — and achievers. They provided me with an IQ that's just shy of genius and an ability to fake it that translates into good testing skills and chameleonism. I'm an underachiever but snuck into an Ivy league college and drank my way through it and managed to get out with privileged attitude intact (intellect uber alles, and "self-will run riot"). I haven't turned out how any of us expected. Okay, I've resigned myself to not living a life like that of my parents. I didn't want to for a long time, and now I do sorta but it's too late. I mean, I'm not where my mom was at my age (three kids, working all the time, and tired as hell) and I'm not where my dad was either (firmly on the way to a decent career, setting up college funds for us). The reason for this is partly that I still have to take time to heal first, and partly that I want a different kind of life. The most embarrassing part about turning thirty is that I still don't know what kind of life I want!

Recently I dropped out of night school to w on putting a band together. On an unrelated note, I've been trying to learn how to play guitar. I expect to sing in the band, maybe write



# h e r e . . .

some songs; I want to learn to play guitar mostly just because I never thought I could until this year. I play a few minutes every night before I go to bed. My fondest goal is to build up the calluses on my fingertips. I have no illusions about becoming the female Jimi Hendrix. When I finished college I was going to "be an artist" (which had very little to do with spending any time making art, natch). When I made art I was

always hyperconscious of what was considered good (which now I think might have just been trendy) and tried to make work like that. Now I hope to participate in the arts blankly—without reaching for any platonic ideal—without even knowing what the ideal is. I want just to put down some raw imprint of myself, I want it to spill out of my mind onto the page through a very runny and unobstructive matrix. Sheesh, I'm obstructed enough already. When I focus on what's good I can't get out any expression of what I actually am. What if it should turn out that "what I actually am" isn't cool, hip, or trendy? I try to reassure myself that when I find the thing I'm best suited for, the thing I deep down within myself love more than anything else, the thing that gives me joy, I'll be great at it, it'll be a true expression of myself, and it WILL be cool/hip/trendy in whatever

but you have to keep your eyes closed

way that really matters to me. I mean, what's cool to me now is at variance with what was cool to me 3 months ago, even, and depends a great deal on who makes up my support network. Before, the people who surrounded me were critical, judgmental, and not at all supportive! Now it's a different bunch, it's this terrific group of highly evolved women — and what I see as hip is a lot softer, warmer, and cozier. I think I can see the light at the end of the tunnel of my obstruction. That is, I can imagine NOT being obstructed. Although I'm not there yet I can see getting there eventually. But now, since I trust that the obstructions will lift eventually, I feel shackled by them even more. I feel like I've been in a small cell my whole life and I've just been granted parole, but it won't start till next week. This final week is the very worst time of all the years I've been imprisoned. I need to get out of the cell and stretch my legs, see the light, stand straight up tall. I have no choice, I simply must wait out the last week, but I feel I'll never endure it! Part of me knows I am eloquent and talented and cool and lovely... The other half thinks I'm bogus and an embarrassment and that I should be shackled and muzzled. I always thought these obstructions would have been lifted by now for sure. Finally, I'm starting to understand that it don't happen all in a flash. The lifting of obstructions comes in bite-size portions. It comes in being able to stop trying to be the next Eva Hesse or Kim Gordon, comes in being able to be a beginner, comes in being able to forget about the forest and water each of the fucking trees.



As I sit down to write this piece, I try to think about what I can say about being a Black woman in the '90's that may somehow be refreshing or different because I think we've all been thoroughly inundated with thoughts and analysis on "the struggle" as of late. And now that I think about it, I believe that the reason why we have read and seen so much lately is because, as funny as it may sound, it seems to be in vogue again to be Black! I mean, every damn body is jumping on the phraseology, music and pure style of Blacks today. (I know I don't have to give you details) But if this is truly the case, then why am I still having such a difficult time trying to find my place in all of this so-called celebration?

I mean, something seems dreadfully wrong to me about rapper Marky Mark grinning in a huge Calvin Klein ad sporting the undies-band-above-the-jeans look when Black men and women were doing this long ago. Yet Mark and Calvin are making stupid money from this as opposed to the originators. And something is wrong when my Black female friend has to fight

tooth and nail to move into a writer's spot on a predominantly white writing staff on yet another Black series bringing kudos to Fox television. And I know something is definitely wrong with *me* having to hail a cab driven by some Middle Eastern man (listening to rapper Grand Pubal) for fear that he won't stop if he sees my boyfriend put his Black hand out.

But the last straw for me started after a recent observation I made as I covered various events dealing with rap and r&b artists (read: Black artists) for another publication. MTV's news crew was often there and *always* all male and all white. When I tried, diplomatically, to discuss this with the Assignment Editor at MTV (who happens to be a white female); I was told that we were not friendly enough to discuss this issue and that I should simply realize that MTV is a predominantly white company.



Of course, after this comment was made to me by that editor, I was fuming for the rest of the day. Female or not, the color of my skin seemed to override the commonality of our gender. But I let the incident go for a few weeks and later thought about approaching the EEOC. I did a little investigating though and found from my aunt that bringing cases against major corporations is easier than it sounds — or you need major cash for a lawyer, which I didn't have. But as fate would have it, MTV Networks was trying to start some diversity outreach bullshit (oooh... and only 11 years after the company began. How speedy.) So a memo came around stating that a free-lance minority hiring task force would be put in place shortly.

When I first saw the memo, I was just going to throw it away. I had already been given false hope from this company several times and was, to say the least, discouraged. But then I decided that if any minority needed to be considered, it should be me! I had the credentials, and I definitely felt I had tried my hardest to get to where I wanted to be in this company. So I wrote the Senior VP of Administration a memo in reply which stated my background, ambitions and experiences at the company — including the incident with the MTV News Assignment Editor. After about a month, a basic pawn in Human Resources arranged a time for us to go over my memo.

So there we were discussing the issue Black woman to Black woman, but there was no "sister" solidarity at this meeting. She was representing the "big, white company" more than the race. She listened to me, but I felt she was careful not to be too





"the

'zine

thats  
strong  
enough

for a man.

but

made

for a

woman."



encouraging. And her response to the blatant racial comment by the editor was, "Oh, she needs to attend the diversity workshops we'll be holding." This too was the same response made by the VP of Human Resources when I was asked to meet with her a few weeks later.

I mean that was it. And only when I pushed and told them what I thought about the disparity at the company, etc., did they say that they'd do more "research" and get back to me.

Well that was about a month ago, and I'm still waiting. I remember the VP asked me if I had thought that I didn't have a staff position at that time because of my race. I told her that that obviously wasn't the case because I had been offered several non-decision making positions already. They're a dime a dozen at MTV. But the one that I wanted (a more powerful, media position) seemed elusive; and since that type of comment had been made, I thought it was safe to say that race may have had something to do with it. Wouldn't you?

I mean all I wanted was to have my voice heard and to write about other African-Americans involved in the entertainment industry and conduct off-camera interviews. Where was the crime? And how come it's not the reverse, say some Black chick reporting on Ozzy Osbourne and Ice T and some white guy tapping at the door to get in? Why can MTV reap profits from Yo, MTV Raps and not give more back? Why does corporate America seem to want everything for itself?

I mean, to me this scenario flatly says that white America wants what they deem the most exciting/marketable parts of Black America, yet the latter should have no major control, voice, or reap the largest economic benefits from it. And you know what? I am disgusted with this so-called logic.

I think things might be different if I could find some Black female mentor. But, Honey, they are few and far between. And those that have made it seem to have the attitude that says, "I got mine, get your own." I can't tell you how many times I've phoned one of the only Black Female VP's at MTV to ask for advice and guidance and gotten no where.

Why is this? Has white America set up things so tightly that we do not help our own? Sometimes I think Black men are often more help to Black women, but MTV has things set up in such a way that basically the Black men at this company are ones that can only help you find a position in the mailroom. Not a job I particularly want. (And I should note here that somewhere in between my encounter with the editor and the time I wrote my memo, some Black chick popped up on the screen as a little segment reporter! At first, I was like, "Wow." But then I wondered if she was "promoted" after maybe someone thought I might just cause a stir after I spoke with the editor. I mean with her they could at least point and say, "There's one. Even on camera!" And I'm sure she's a lot less trouble than I was fast becoming. But I feel like even if absolutely none of this ever happened and this girl was already in place, I would still have had a difficult time because it seems like one African American — usually a safe, Black female and certainly not a Black man — rather than an equal balance, is always good enough for corporate America until they're smacked in the face to do more.)

So I was really disgusted and just really hopeless for months. I was angry, confused and hated the position I was in. But, thank God, I've created new outlets for myself and am working on leaving the infamous MTVN as soon as I can. And believe me when I say that I have worked to build more outside contacts.

It's been painful, but I've really learned. I've learned about my own strengths, the corporate "game" and the way in which women, Black and white, can relate to each other within the game. It's really weird, but I guess I'm glad I went through it because it's helped me develop a clearer sense of self — a Black female self which often seems to have little or no support when it comes to pursuing a career.

So now I think I know why the myth of the strong Black woman has been perpetuated. You have to be, 'cause it's either sink or swim — especially in the '90's.



*Independent women with a strong sense of self*

*Robert Smith of the CURE*

*Electronic gadgets of any kind*

*Cats*

*Dancing and letting my mind drift off while doing it*

*Cheese, except limburger*

*Writing*

*Sunshine*

*Being mentally challenged by Academia*

*Beaches*

*Drums*

*Computers*

*Alternative Music, Funk, Old-School Rap,*

*Body surfing*

*Heavy Metal, Jazz*

*College basketball*

*Men who aren't woosies*

*Fresh-cut flowers*

*People with odd senses of humor*

*Gymnastics*

*Spirituality*



B l o n d e ' s

*Women who cannot make a decision without consulting their boyfriend/husband/father*

*rude people,*

*narrow-minded people*

*People who pronounce washcloth "warsheloth"; refrigerator being "frigidaire or icebox"*

*Seeing homeless people suffer*

*Dirty bathrooms*

*Cops with an attitude*

*Insecure women who deck out in what they believe to be the latest fashion and look down on anyone who has dressed themselves in a way that does not conform to the "proper fashion" of the day (i.e. yuppies)*

*creasing paper of any kind!*

*Black licorice*

*Onions, tomatoes, peppers, mushrooms, anchovies*

*European art snobs*

*creasing construction paper*

*corporate bullshit*

*needles*

*the "anti-smoking" war & the moral majority*

*Death*

*monkeys & clowns*







Woody

Pat Nixon

Dogs

Jane's

Coke

Motorcycles

Good comedians

fish

Tom Waits

Michele Pfeiffer

Sylvia



mia

Dick

poodles

pepsi

mopeds

comics

sushi

John Cougar

Kim Basinger

Cathy



boys with dark  
hair, preferably at  
least one pierced ear

getting head

fucking

the wedding present  
and billy bragg

opera

my dog billie & my  
brothers dog max

my friends

my mom when she isn't  
harping about not being  
a grandmother

high quality foreign films

lounging in bed with  
a n a t h e r

Betty Boob's

men who are old  
for their age

getting head from  
someone who doesn't  
know what they're doing

celibacy

bobby brown and whitney

pop music

animal abusers

people who badmouth me,  
and i find out about it

my mom when she is nagging  
me about pushing thirty and  
not being married with kids  
like her other nieces

shlocky hollywood  
star vehicles

waking up alone



Roses, hyacinths  
& lilies

The goofy gamut of  
noises this cat  
(Spartacus Beaudicus) makes

Dorothy Parker, Colette,  
& Hillary

Goldfish crackers,  
canned ravioli, pop tarts

Roseanne!

When I just paid my bills

Sweet mutts that are  
glad to love you

Baroque, decadent overgrowth of  
knick knacks & paddywax

The Red Hot Chili Peppers

Pregnant women, babies, & children

Cigarettes, alcohol, heroin—  
but don't do them

Coffee—& do it a lot

To sing

Love



avocados (aka "ogres") & eggplant

nervous overbred dogs,  
especially those killers

toothpaste remnants  
in the bathroom sink  
(it's so easy not to)

cat hair balls

those scary fucks on the train  
who frighten the homeless  
people who live there

anais nin

when people say  
"expresso"

romance novels  
& every-one  
who reads them

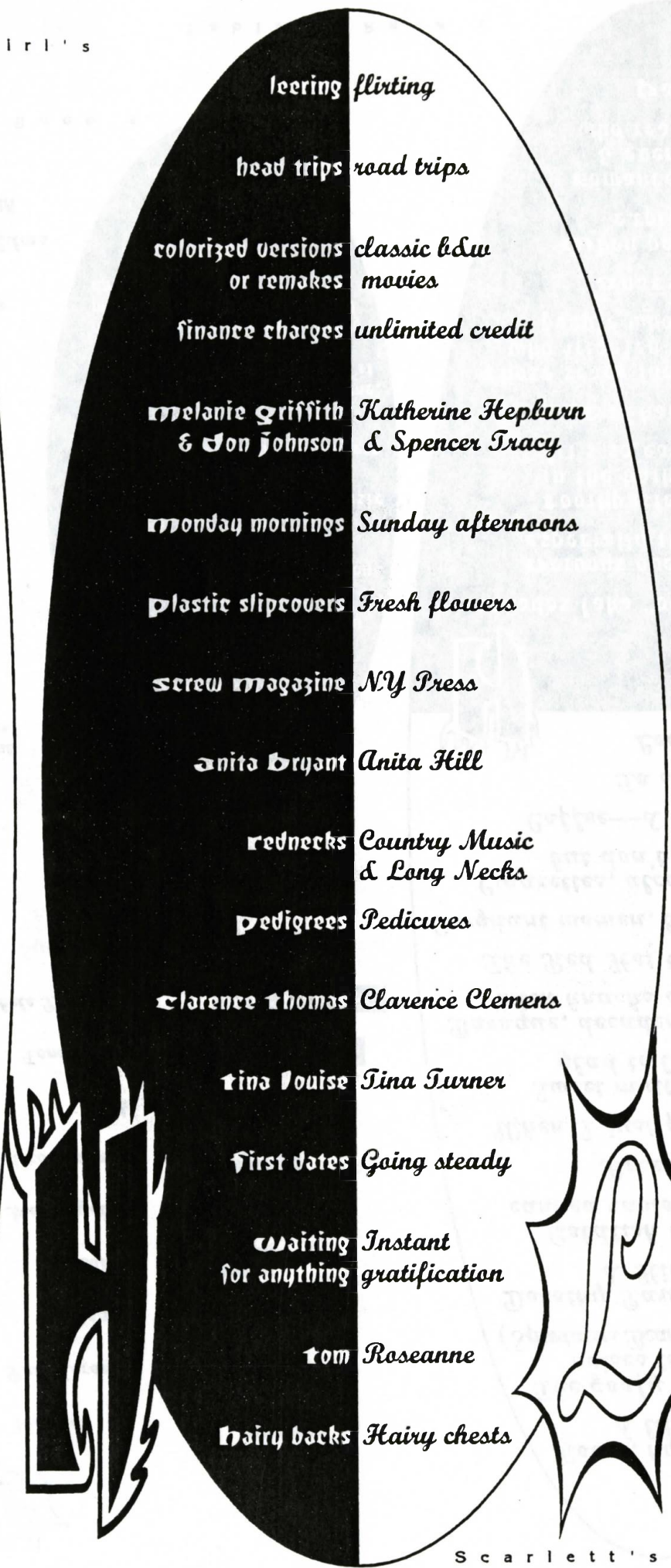
pain

Tabitha Rasa's





Linc  
Kato  
Mr. Greenjeans  
Ilya Kuryakin  
Lurch  
Tonto  
Jesus  
Braque  
Riffraff  
Fred  
Hajji  
Chewbacca  
Scarecrow  
Dan-O  
Bass  
Linus  
Grover  
Sir Percy  
Mark Tapley  
Mrs. Peel  
Spock



leering flirting  
head trips road trips  
colorized versions classic b&w  
or remakes movies  
finance charges unlimited credit  
melanie griffith Katherine Hepburn  
& Don Johnson & Spencer Tracy  
Monday mornings Sunday afternoons  
plastic slipcovers Fresh flowers  
screw magazine N.Y. Press  
anita bryant Anita Hill  
rednecks Country Music  
& Long Necks  
pedigrees Pedicures  
Clarence Thomas Clarence Clemens  
Tina Louise Tina Turner  
First dates Going steady  
Waiting Instant  
for anything gratification  
Tom Roseanne  
hairy backs Hairy chests



mike  
Green Hornet  
Capn Kangaroo  
napoleon solo  
Gomez  
lone ranger  
god  
Picasso  
Frankenfurter  
Superchicken  
Johnny Quest  
han solo  
Dorothy  
McGarrett  
Lead Guitar  
lucy  
Kermit  
Scarlett Pimpernell  
Martin Chuzzlewit  
Mr. Steed  
Kirk





Laurie Partridge

MTV

Sassy

Camille Paglia

Simone deBeauvoir

Sophia Loren

Black & red

Public radio of all kinds

Tampons

Being ravaged and respected

Madonna

Boys

Espresso

Hickeys

Yes

Axl Rose

Heavy Boots

Boys with sideburns,  
van Dyke beards,  
flavor savers, etc.

Boys with long hair

Being loud and angry

Condoms

Tights

Christopher Walken

Courtney Love

Motorcycles

marcia brady

uh-1

cosmo

camille paglia

anais nin

marilyn monroe

"earth tones"

commercial radio

maxi pads

"cuddling"

mariah

men

decaf

herpes

no

eddie vedder

nikes

men with actual beards  
or mustaches

boys with back hair

Being "assertive"

diaphragms

pantyhose

bruce willis

melanie griffith

sports cars



Prententious behavior



*Long, warm nights*

*Independence*

*Glass beads*

*Cool cafés*

*Multi-cultural tolerance*

*Perfect dreadlocks*

*Herb gardens*

*Meditation*



**People whose networking ability  
overrides their skills & experience**

**Fat people who wear leggings**

**racism**

**Birkenstocks worn with  
wool socks (without is cool)**



D r e a d e d ' s





s u g a r t i





# NEW YORK POST

SPORTS EXTRA

O'Connor ops radical feminists

# GOD IS

# A



Michelangelo's masterpiece in the Statue of Christ portrays God as a man.

# MAN



CARDINAL O'CONNOR

Full story on the cardinal's Father's Day blast from pulpit. Page 5



**BUSH MAY  
NOT RUN  
IN 1992**

Page 2



**AK-47  
TERROR  
IN CITY**

Mike McAulry on death, was one from the God that are now killing New Yorkers. Page 3

**BIG LABOR  
BLOW TO  
THE MAYOR**

Page 4

**PLAY 2nd CHANCE LOTTO: P. 24**

t's →





you must,

you must,

you must

submit to



Your assignment (should you choose to accept it) is to send us your writing, art, illustrations, or anything else you can stick in an envelope on the topic of *fun*! Do girls just wanna have fun? Do we still know how? What's fun got to do with it? Plus, send us your personal BUST-y list of recommended fun-inducers (books, music, concerts, movies, activities, foods, places, etc.). Also please do send us letters, comments, and ideas for future issues. DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: SEPT 1ST, 1993

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We're busting out of here...

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tasha(baby), lucky(negroes r' us) (thanks, chickies!- s t )