

DIARY ENTRY #46

There were times when I was lying in his arms and I felt trapped.

And everytime I moved he would pull me back towards him.

And although he never tightened his grip, I think, in his mind this "hug" was supposed to re-assure me that he wanted me close to him that he loved me.

But, I still felt trapped. That I was being held against my will. Trapped.

simone t.

To my Chinese Grandmother

You still say "good girl" when we talk on the phone I don't agree but there is an angry cloud of flies in my head. I wish I could tell you, don't say that. The TV is on at your house, which you don't understand but sit quiet and watch the forecast, thunder clouds, a storm. In the morning, wearing a little wool cap, you play tai-chi in the middle room - stork raises its head, wave hands like clouds -

the body talks to itself dispels disaster.

A. Quon

The Hoax

I don't believe the devils Don't believe their book They fill your mind With foul words of A man who was supposedly holy

Who can say a Zealot Who had children be holy A simple carpenter who's Exploiting us today

Their holy home has Exploited people in the past, Stealing their homes and Their true selves

IMAGES

I'm learning You're leaving I forgot to tell you You are great, greater Strong, stronger Large, larger than me.

"Equality", you say As you push away Images Legs Pouting, outlined lips Ivitations And I can't seem to hang on your arm.

Not your fault But it is your problem Our world is telling you I'm not what you want.

I see you struggle And I think you are strong Not stronger Smart, not smarter Still, it's not easy to tell you Now you're leaving I'm learning.

We (women) are born to goodness; it is our birth-right. Only sheer grit and pig-headed obstinacy make us demand the right to be bad, for we know that only by being bad we can become ourselves - not daughters and granddaughters, but individuals and possibly artists. Being an artist demands a cut umbilicus (which often bleeds); being a daughter demands the cord intact (a bloodless but confining fate).

~Erica Jong, 1972

My mother was a dancer once, she danced a fierce ballet. My mother held her head high, took long strides, crossed her arms tight and snapped at the air like a turtle.

My mother played her records loud, walked tightropes, did piroettes in mid-air - then proudly skipped from the line. She was a mean ballerina - she ate the stars from the sky then her belly would shine like a streetlamp.

One day she put her head on straight, hid her red shoes sucked up the dancer like a sodapop walked out into the world.

Now she secretly admires her fine legs in shopping mall mirrors. Late at night with the music low, she puts her hands on her belly and still feels the drumming of her kicking toes.

Emily Macnaughton

How can something based on Love bless omens of destruction

How can it bring down the Worth of women?

How can their savior so sacred Let people abuse their reflections And do nothing.

The Devil is not the hoofed man With fire and brimstone, but The fat bald guy with the White collar and the little red beanie.

As it has been said: Fight The real enemy!

T.T.

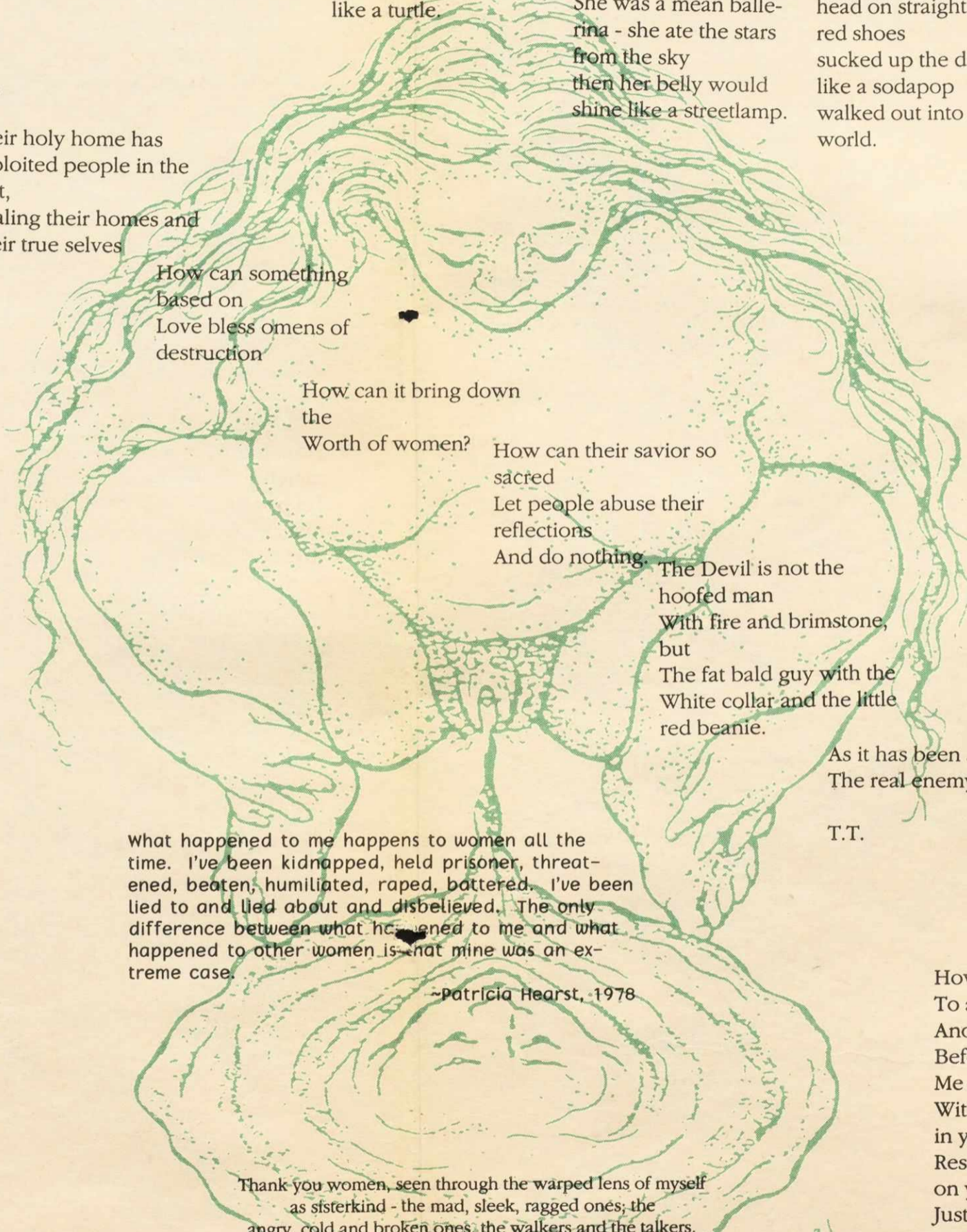
What happened to me happens to women all the time. I've been kidnapped, held prisoner, threatened, beaten, humiliated, raped, battered. I've been lied to and lied about and disbelieved. The only difference between what happened to me and what happened to other women is that mine was an extreme case.

~Patricia Hearst, 1978

Thank you women, seen through the warped lens of myself as sisterkind - the mad, sleek, ragged ones; the angry, cold and broken ones; the walkers and the talkers. hand shakers, hand wavers, hand holders. The thinking laughing, screaming ones, believing - unbelieving ones. the sneering, leering, lying, crying ones; the dying ones. The dark ones. and the dead.

More praise for the dark and the dead! For the women caught in the trap of their own skin who break it and remake it into a rudder, a sail and a star. For all the women who stooped and stood) failed and froze you carried us. We thank you.

A. Quon



BASIC FEMINIST LESSONS: MAN-HATING

for Patricia

When your lover calls at 2 a.m. to confront you with being a Man-Hater

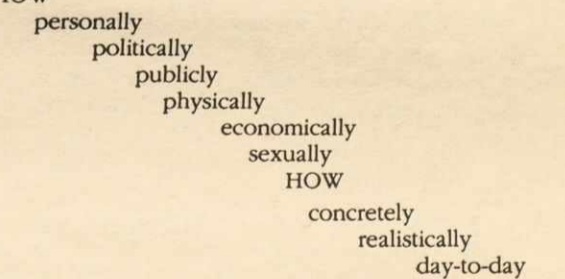
Dig the sleep from your eyes, clear your throat tell her to wait a moment while you make a hot drink and when you've had your first sip

Ask her:

- Have I ever raped a man?
-Have I ever assaulted a man? Driven a broken bottle up his rectum?
-Have I ever smashed my fists through a man's face? Made him flee from his home to a shelter?
-Have I hoisted flashing neon cock-and-balls over Ste-Catherine Street and charged for entry?
-Have I kept men out of government?
-Have I offered them jobs at 62 cents to my dollar?
-Do I take sex-holidays and pay to fuck economically deprived, "exotic" men?
-Have I ever given a course called "Human" and used only women's texts?
-Have I ever harassed men in the streets? Come up behind, Breathing hotly in one ear "I want your prick, darling"
-Have I ever taken a man to court over child custody for being heterosexual?
-Have I ever gone into the bathroom with a man's four-year-old son and make him suck on me till I come?
-Did I sexually molest my younger brothers while growing up?
-Have I ever said a man couldn't be Pope? And set up institutions to ensure it?
-Have I ever bought a plastic male blow-up doll to haul out at lesbian parties and ridicule?
-Have I ever thrown a party to celebrate my loving a woman and watched videos all night of men being raped?
-Have I ever thrown darts at a glossy porn shot of a man's crotch pinned up in the union shop?
-Have I ever taken a gun into a university classroom, told all the women to leave, yelled man-hating slogans, and shot every man dead?

Now, take a gulp or two of tea, and ask her for as long as she's known you and even though you may have felt like doing some of the above...

HOW



your man hating has manifested itself?

- Have you said you will never fuck a man again?
Have you stated that your apartment will be man-free?
Have you put up female images on the walls?
Have you refused to go to parties where men will be?
Have you gone to Take Back the Night marches and told men to stay at the back?
Have you mused that you'd rather not have brothers?
Have you said LESBIAN out loud while taking the Metro?
Have you made comments about "men" generically?
Have you worked politically with women only? Gone to women "only" festivals?
Have you said you love women?

Just what sort of Man-Hating CRIMES have you committed?

If your tea has not gone cold and she's still awake on the phone ask her, what then is SO threatening about you hating men?

If she can answer that one she's a feminist and there's hope for your relationship

carolyn gammon (taken from Lesbians Ignited)

How far must I travel To another room? Another heart? Before you will look at Me With admiration in your eye Respect on your tongue Just as you do to other strong woman who stand alone and do not Share your tears or your bed.

Janis Weston