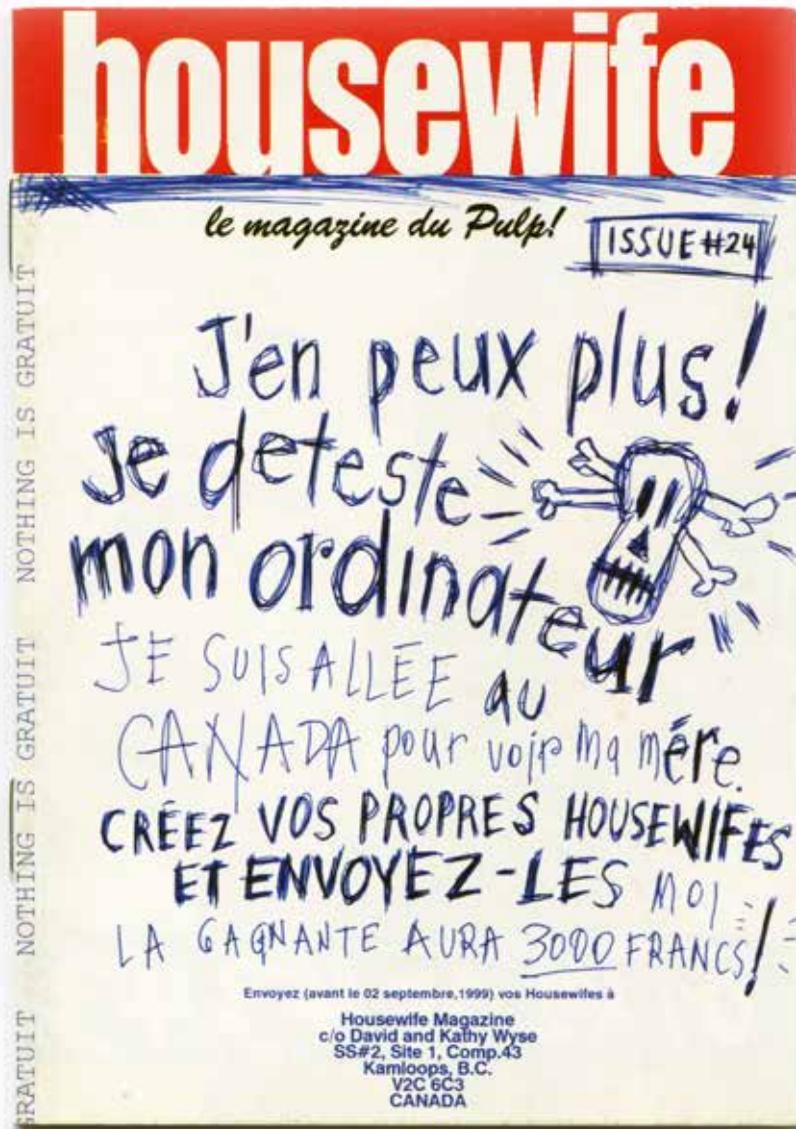
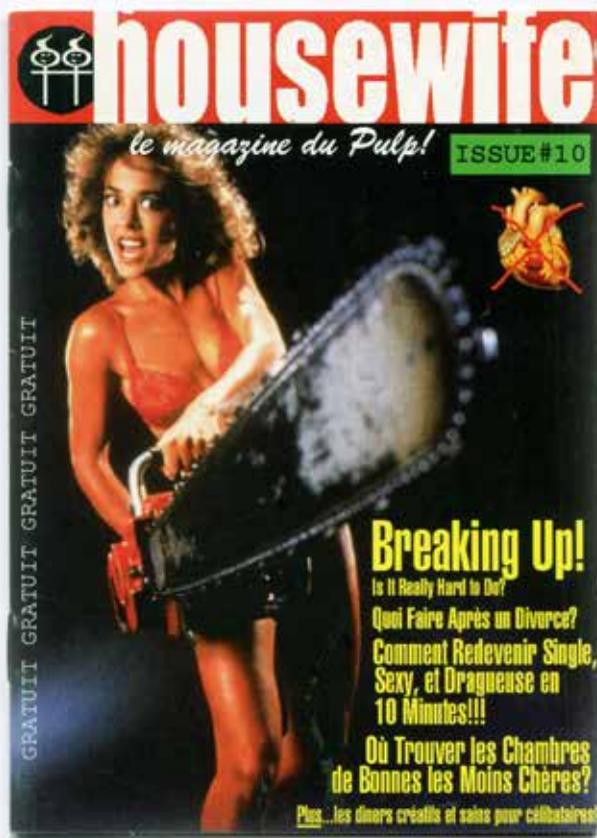


ARTZINES

.INFO





Le drôle de cycle de l'Amour

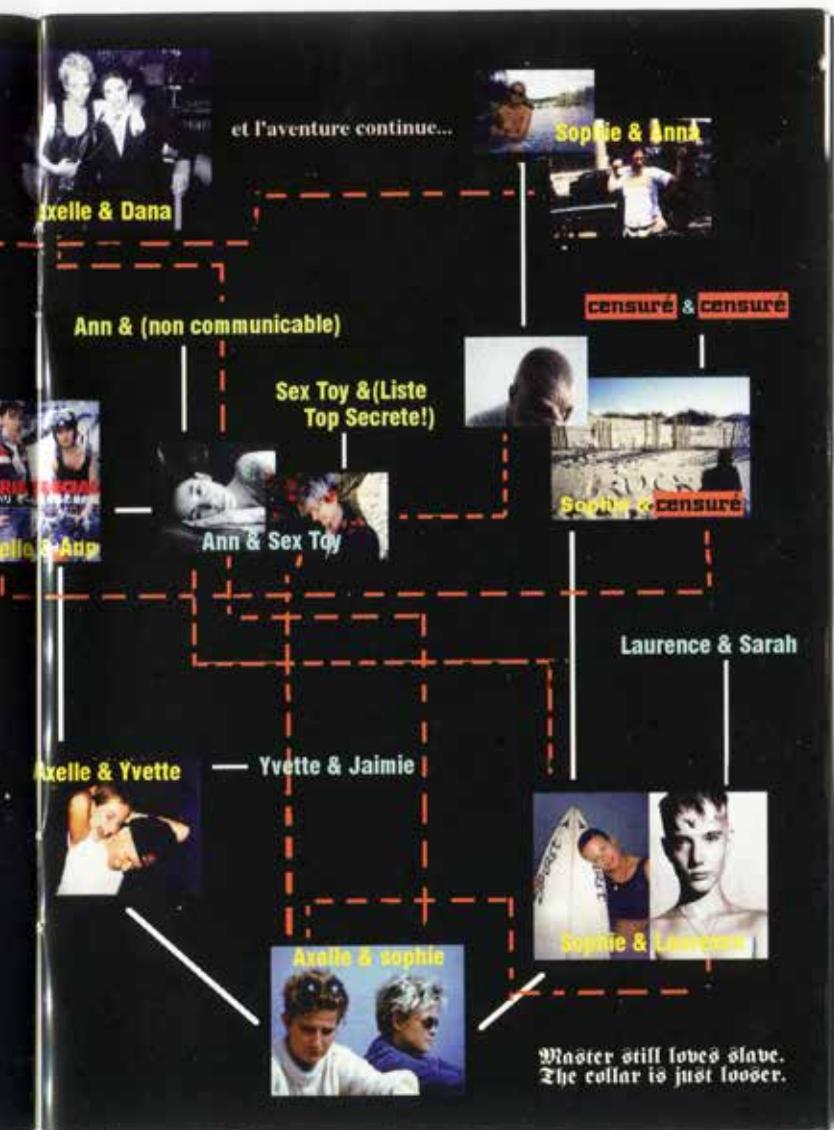
Vous avez sûrement remarqué comme notre petite communauté est un havre d'amour, le royaume du désir absolu où tout le monde aime tout le monde et tout le monde... couche avec tout le monde ! De ce fait, un peu de votre personnalité se retrouve éparpillé dans le microcosme lesbien (arghh) car à la manière des animaux, nous marquons notre territoire au travers de chaque amante qui elle, à son tour, le fera inévitablement avec sa prochaine conquête. Le livre qui a changé votre vie, le disque sur lequel vous vous envoyez en l'air passionnément, votre pull-over préféré offert le jour du divorce, tout, absolument tout, peut être récupéré et approprié par des amantes d'amantes dont vous ne connaissez même pas le nom, mais qui sans se douter deviennent forcément un peu vous. Et là il ne s'agit que de choses matérielles, mais même votre façon de parler, de baiser, vos idées ou vos croyances seront elles-aussi transmises puis assimilées par des dizaines d'autres... en cédant à la tentation de sortir avec l'une d'elles, vous éprouverez une sensation de déjà-vu, et pour cause : vous sortirez avec vous-mêmes.

Non, vous n'êtes pas dans un feuilleton aliénant de "Twilight Zone" mais bien dans le foutoir lesbien universel. Cet arbre généalogique vous permettra de comprendre cette situation apocalyptique où la consanguinité virtuelle fait partie de notre quotidien.

Je tiens à signaler que faute de place, cet arbre s'arrête à la deuxième génération d'amantes et qu'il ne tient pas compte des coups d'un soir ou des non-officielles, connues de toutes mais qui se contenteront de se reconnaître. Les pointillés correspondent aux connections secrètes consommées ou non entre les personnes citées.

Essayez, vous verrez, c'est très drôle, vous aurez le sentiment d'être un empereur romain construisant son empire !

Housewife, Le magazine du Pulp!



Welcome to this 16th issue of ARTZINES dedicated to the French zine *Housewife* created in Paris at the turn of the millennium by Axelle Le Dauphin and Dana Wyse for the cult lesbian club Le Pulp.

A lot can and should be said about this one of a kind publication and my take will obviously be very subjective. Let me first tell you how I met Dana Wyse (p. 4-7) as I was very intrigued by her art and asked myself what kind of person could have created this hilarious body of work. But it is only years after I first interviewed her that she told me about the publication she made a long time ago. She introduced me to Axelle Le Dauphin and the three of us wondered if it should be considered as a zine, a fanzine or a magazine. (p. 8-16)

Obviously, this kind of interrogation ends up being even more confusing. But meeting the two creators together, can help to understand the kind of craziness that was at play in *Housewife*.

I have never been to the Pulp, but the atmosphere they depict from their souvenir made me understand why it remains cult 15 years after its closing

In her brilliant article *Housewife, La Redistribution du sensible* (p. 24-31) translated as *Housewife, Tongue in Chick* (p. 18-23) by Amy Lay-Pelletier, Elisabeth Lebovici manages to retrace the series of event that led to the creation of *Housewife*, which forever changed the way lesbians are perceived in France.

Enjoy!

I met Dana Wyse because I was intrigued by her pills like most visitors of the Palais de Tokyo bookshop, where she has been selling them for a long time. But like most people, I did not suspect that there was an artistic process behind these little bags that can easily be confused with jokes or novelties. I met the artist behind this work at a conference, and I discovered with surprise a humble little woman with bleached hair and a punk style.

I contacted her to ask a few question about her approach, and she told me to meet her in a shop devoted to female rock culture called Gals Rock. I joined her in this shop that also sells her pills, and where she had just attended to a concert by fellow Canadian Melissa Laveaux. We went to a café next door and started our discussion.

Dana was born in Vancouver and came to France by "a love accident." She was traumatized about coming to France and not speaking the language, or really understanding anything. That's how she started making pills as a joke to herself. Every time she would go to a dinner party it would just be like lips moving, she couldn't understand a word. That's what gave her the idea of creating one of the very first Jesus Had a Sister Productions pill: "Speak French Instantly."

It was my way of dealing with my French situation. Each time I would go to a dinner party I kept my pills in my pocket as a personal joke during the dinner parties, laughing to myself. Eventually I ended up walking around with this box of pills.

I knew it was interesting, but could not quite see why. Here I was with this shoebox full of pills, wondering about what to call it.

At the same time, I was chosen to be on the cover of a French magazine, having nothing to do with art. The director of the magazine said "We want to take a picture of you, but you have to put the shoe box down. We really want you on the cover, but leave the damn shoebox." To which, I was like, "No, it might get stolen, and it's a really good idea." She asked me what it was, so I showed her, and she told me "Take the picture, and next week we will put it on page 39." So they put a little something in their magazine, they put my telephone number, and after that I have never stopped working.

The success was indeed instantaneous, the phone wouldn't stop ringing, and she even had to change her number. The wish of her first pill "Become famous instantly" had come true. She started making pills for every problem one may have, or maybe for the ones she may have. She produces one thousand copies of each pill, except the very successful ones like "Understand your mother instantly," which are reissued. Indeed, when you look at all the problems the pills are offering to solve automatically, you may realize that a lot of them deal with gender prejudices, family relationships, money, health, sexual orientation and the loss of childhood innocence among other themes. In short, they sort of draw a self portrait of Dana.

If you haven't met her, Dana is a tall foxy outgoing brunette, the kind you instantly notice when she enters the room... Ow... Wait a minute, that's Louise De Ville that Dana hires to play her at signings or art fairs, because "who would do a better job being an artist than Louise De Ville, who is this really hot, and really gorgeous stripper," Dana thought:

housewife GETS MADDER

Voici les deux produits les plus honteux du monde! D'abord la poupée Frank, vendue dans les shops à 10 balles de Barbes. Regardez-la bien: elle ressemble à un black comme moi à une nonne! Et la jaquette est encore pire - pas vraiment de personnages auxquelles s'identifier pour les gamins du 18ième arrondissement. Quant au second produit...une crème éclairissante pour la peau. La boîte dit, "Pour les gens intelligents qui réussissent" et aussi, "Utilisé dans la haute société américaine". Ouf! On est rassuré...

Alors, crème miracle? Je pose ici la vraie question: qui a envie de ressembler à Michael Jackson?@!*#

housewife

copyright mars 1998
Housewife est produit par: Housewife, Inc.
 01 40 03 01 47

Merci à Michelle, Sophie, Joël et Denis de Gai Pied, Sylvie, Mistress Sarah, Little Joe, Sophie Anguon, Ann Salt, Pierre et Hans et tout le monde du Musée d'Art Moderne, Cadolpiano, St. Franklin et Pamela.

NEW DOUBLE ACTION PACK

DEAR HEART

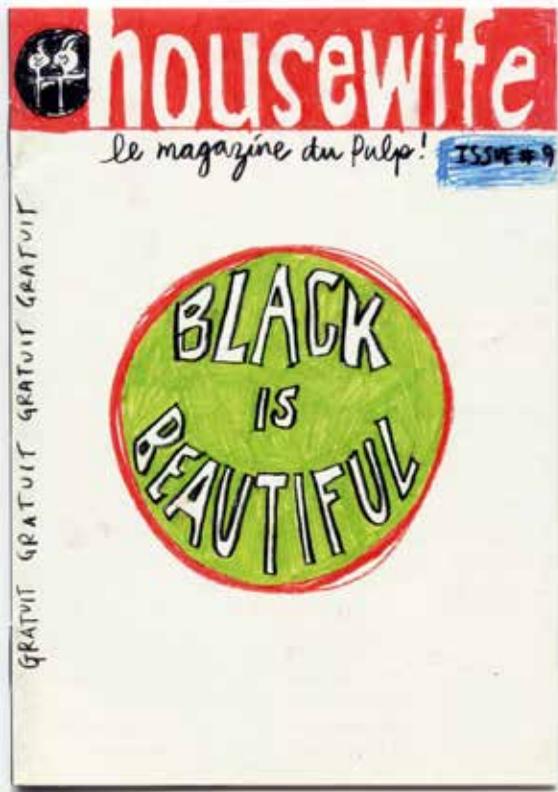
WITH HYDROQUINONE AND VITAMIN C

COMPLETE SKIN LIGHTENING TREATMENT

FOR BRIGHT SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE

EXTRA FAST EXTRA EFFECTIVE

Pulp! est ouvert de minuit à l'aube le MERCREDI, JEUDI, VENDREDI et SAMEDI. Fermé le DIMANCHE,



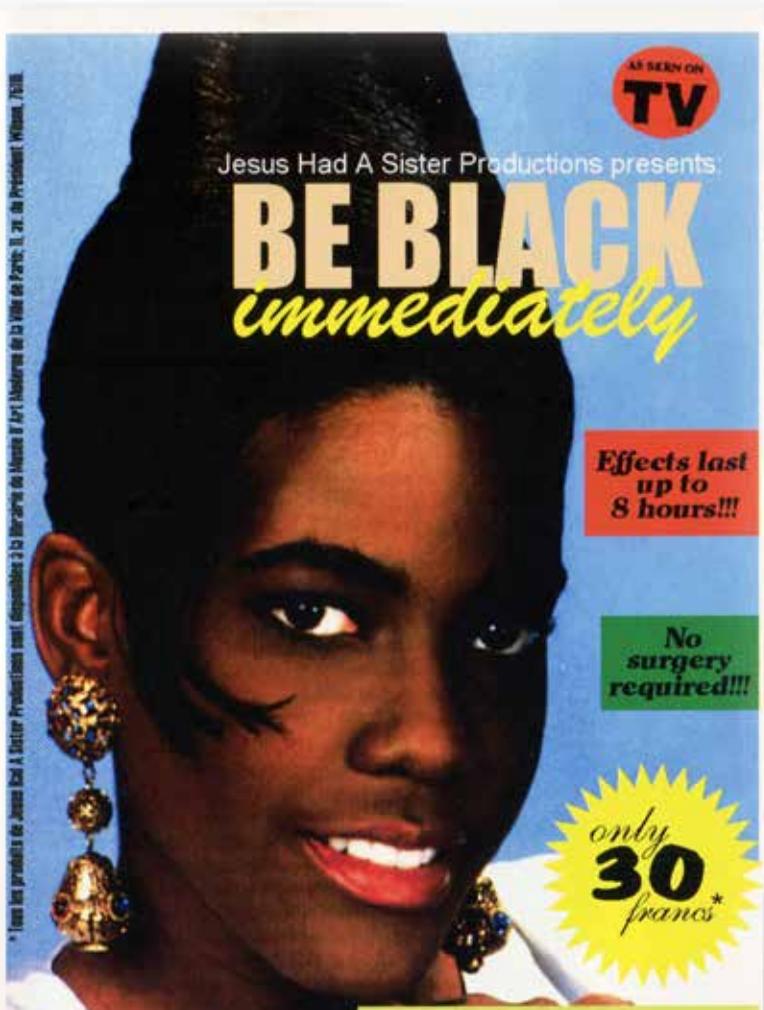
She is bilingual, 20 years younger than me, we have the same accent, and she would strip at the end of the opening!

I hire her to play me and present my work at my public events. The public does not really care who makes the pills, so if Louise plays me and explains my work, it is more interesting. Here is this young hot woman who makes pills and then strips. It gives this young energy around the work that I love. I thought it would be nice to franchise the idea, people could use the pills as their art-works, you could have a black man as Dana Wyse, a white fat woman, a handicapped person or an Asian version of me. And they would sell them all over the world.

They would be me. I learned a lot by doing it many times with several other people. We shot a commercial with a fake me, we did a performance with someone that was not me. When I actually show up, no one cares! One time there was this famous artist that I really respected, he came one night to thank me, saying that he loved my work, he always buys it when he can, then gives them to his family. So I decided to shut the show down for a minute, and said, "Hi! I'm Dana." He answered, "Excuse me, I am talking to Dana," and I said, "No, I am Dana," and he told me "Fuck off." It continued like that for a moment, but we finally worked it out. It was really awful and unpleasant.

It was also the strange relationship between French people and their drugs that inspired Dana to begin Jesus Had a Sister Productions. Indeed, they may not look depressed, but numerous studies have put France among the world's top consumers of antidepressants and anxiety pills.

I was very intrigued by how in Paris there seems to be a pharmacy on every corner. Last week I was in Berlin and could not find a pharmacy anywhere, I could find a sausage store, or a boulangerie okay, but no pharmacy. Plus in Germany you have to ask for the drugs you want. The first words I learned in French were "Je suis malade" (I am sick). French people seem to say "J'en ai marre, je suis malade" (I am fed up, I am sick) all the



time. Lots of people would take pills, like Valium, all these weird pills. In Canada you only take Valium if you have been in a car crash, or something traumatic. In France it seems like if you are a French teacher, your taking Valium just to go to school.

The first time I interviewed Dana Wyse, I was interested about the fact that most people who see her work do not necessarily consider it as art, but rather as hilarious pranks. Since the beginning of the 21st century, she has been selling fake pills, mostly in museum gift shops, to either "Convert to Judaism," "Get along with your Mom," "Be a Successful Entrepreneur," or "Guarantee the Heterosexuality of your Child." When I met her, I was fascinated by this stealth operation that consists in infiltrating museums through the back door, and invade the overlooked commercial space that usually ends the visit. Mainly, I liked the idea that most people who would see her work would enjoy it to the point of buying and offering it to friends, without considering it as art, without even asking themselves if it could be art. They were tricked by it. Tricked by an object so subtle and hilarious that they instantly needed to share it with a loved one.

But selling the pills wasn't Dana's first impulse in the beginning, She knew there was something to these object, but she wasn't exactly sure what to do with them in the first place. So she started carrying them around everywhere.

Right after the magazine came out. Actually it is kind of fun. I was just hit by a truck, I was the passenger on a motorcycle, and we were hit by a drunk driver in Canada, so we sued him. As he could have killed us, we won a lot of money. When I came to France, it was like I had won the lottery. I came here with enough money to not need to work for many years. It never occurred to me to sell the pills, because I did not need to make money. Money was not my driving force, it was about doing it. Therefore when it came time to pay for producing the pills, I already had the money. I printed them myself, folded, and cut them with an X-acto knife, and measured each one twice because I was completely obsessed with everything being perfect. Everything was done very neatly by hand.



After I packaged the pills, someone mentioned that I should meet a man from the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris (MAMVP). When I did, he told me, "Oh actually, you need to meet this someone else, who is upstairs." It turned out to be Hans Ulrich Obrist. He came downstairs, with his giant head of hair and he said "This is art, you must put it over there go, go...", then abruptly left. Truthfully, I found him a bit abrupt as I had put a great deal of work into it. Nonetheless, that was the moment he set me up financially. He told me to put the pills in the bookstore of the MAMVP, and they are still on sale there to this day. It has been 17 years now. [actually 25 years now]



Pam

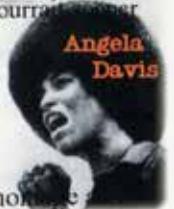
Pamela a toujours rigolé en me regardant hurler les paroles de "Young, gifted and black" dans sa chambre à Harlem. Ivre d'alcool, de soul et de bonheur, je lui imitais Lynn Collins sur scène à l'Apollo Theater, hystérique que j'étais de vivre à

côté de ce lieu mythique de la musique noire américaine. Entre deux fourires, Pam me disait que j'aurais du être noire, que le groove me coulait dans les veines. Je lui fais confiance, elle sait de quoi elle parle.

J'ai erré entre Malcolm X boulevard et Martin Luther King avenue, avec une innocence toute parisienne, volant des images à la sortie d'églises le dimanche, de bitches rappant sur MC Lyte et de new-yorkaises "africaines-américaines" si loin de la réalité des doudous sénégalaises de la rue Myrha !

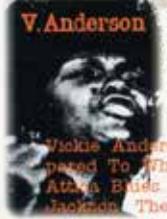
Je n'ai pas su quoi répondre aux filles qui, devant la foule du Mac Do de la 135ème, me demandaient ce que je foutais là, me faisant bien sentir que je n'étais pas de la même couleur. Comme je ne sais pas quoi dire aujourd'hui à ceux et à celles qui me disent de faire attention à ce que j'écrirais dans ce numéro spécial black, ça pourrait être raciste.

Non, je ne sais vraiment pas quoi dire, à part que ça me donne envie de pleurer. Mais on ne va pas réveiller sur ce qui est politically correct ou ce qui ne l'est pas. Voici la bande-son du ghetto



Angela Davis

noir américain. Je veux rendre ici hommage à mes sistes with attitude qui ont changé le monde et qui m'ont permises de ressentir la foi. Celle du coeur bien au delà d'une histoire de couleur de peau.



V. Anderson

Wolke Anderson: Message From A Soul Sister. Roberta Flack: Com pared To What. Marlena Shaw: Woman of the Ghetto. Archie Shepp: At the Blue. Aretha Franklin: Young Gifted And Black. Millie Jackson: The Rap. Labelle: Moonshadow. Lynn Collins: Take Me Just as I Am. Marva Whitney: It's My Thing. Tina Turner: Proud Mary.

express a view about existence. I consider this more artful, because it is a philosophical dialogue that I have with myself. Whereas with Blue Q, I would throw out some ideas, they will tell me to work some more, and I will get back to them, but it is worth it because it will touch more people. But where it becomes artistic is that I put codes all over these things. They have such a fast production, and they have a turning over of new ideas, so they do not have time to look at the objects. For example, the first letter of each sentence when you read it down means something. That is where the art happens. I had a slogan of the IRA written in Gaelic on the back of an Irish accent product, and they did not notice it for two years. It said, "Our day will come".

These pills are both art and a product, because of the message on the back, it talks about things that are more challenging than the catch phrase on the front. There is always a message on the back that is the true expression of how I feel. That is why they are not in store everywhere, because people would cry, get in fights, or come out of the closet.

a zine
a fanzine
a magazine?

A couple of years later, Dana started to work with Blue Q, a company that creates and distributes actual products, like breath sprays, chewing gums, and more based on the special design and sarcastic tone that she initiated in the pills.

When you make something new, it is going to be copied; then you either work with the people who are going to copy you or copy it yourself. So I chose to copy myself, instead of letting somebody copy me. They were very nice; they had already copied one thing but came to me and asked if I would like to work with them on other projects. The pills are not meant for commercial success. They are meant to

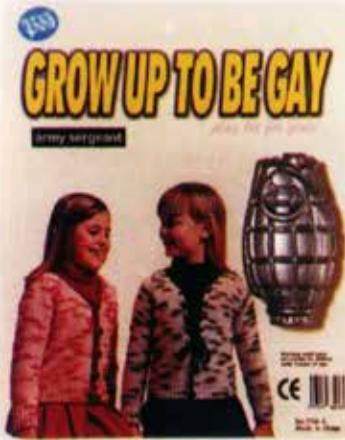
Years later, I curated a Christmas show of Dana's pills in my space dedicated artists' publications. To me, even if they don't have pages, her pills were already publications in the sense that they were widely distributed and carried a message. Yet she said she would bring zines that she made a long time ago to stick to the identity of a space dedicated to publishing as artistic practice. Wasn't I surprised when she showed the thirty or so issues of *Housewife*, the zine she issued monthly for the Parisian girls club Le Pulp.

Not only was the history and momentum of the Pulp legendary, but this series of zines contains all of the DNA of Dana's future pharmaceutical endeavour Jesus Had a Sister Productions. I am extremely proud that this very little exhibition led to the acquisition of the full collection of *Housewife*



1.

2.



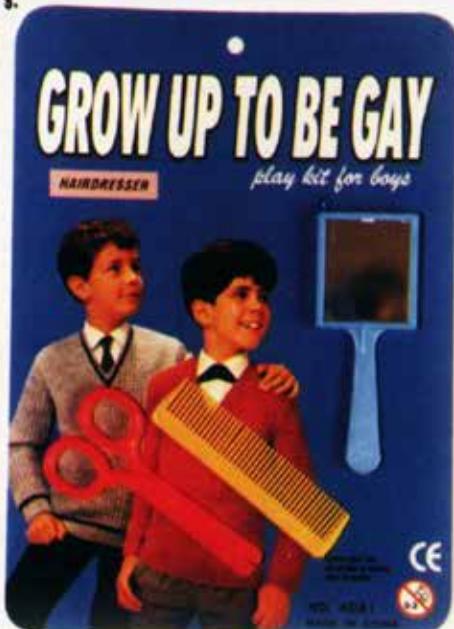
En parlant de jouets...

Parents, voici une excitante nouvelle ligne de jouets garantis pour encourager et nourrir la croissance de l'homosexualité latente de votre enfant. Maintenant disponible dans tous les meilleurs magasins de jouets, "GROW UP TO BE GAY" play kits (panoplies de jouets pour devenir gay) laissent découvrir l'enfant son propre identité.

Pour les petites filles: professeur de gym (2.), vigile, militaire (1.), ouvrier sur un chantier, bûcheron, mécanicienne, athlète professionnelle, camionneuse, assistante sociale ou flic.

Pour les petits garçons: couturier, patineur, gigolo pour hommes, infirmier, colfleur (3.) ou danseur contemporain.

Pour plus d'info au sujet de ces jouets éducatifs, appelez le 01 40 26 60 31. Des opérateurs attendent vos appels.



Hello Axelle, thanks for welcoming us in your home. Hello Dana. Can you two start by telling us what was your life like when you started the *Housewife*?

A: I was out of jail (Laughs), she was doing stuff, weird stuff, in Ireland (Laughs)

D: I was living on a sheep farm in Ireland, there we go.

A: Oh yeah it's true, with ex-people from the IRA.

D: That was sort of true, yeah.

A: But how come we met in Venice, (Laughs) in Paris? We met in Peru right?

D: It was Peru yes.

A: Yeah, I was going to ski there, because I'm coming from a kind of a bourgeois French family. We were spending a lot of time skiing; it's true, in Switzerland, Peru, Canada.

D: We did go skiing once in Canada.

And how did you start *Housewife*? What was the impulse at the beginning?

A: Money, it was money.

And fame?

A: Yeah, but it was money, because we were paid to do it, believe it or not. It was a paid job to do *Housewife*, for a club called *Le Pulp*, which was called at the time *L'Entracte*. And the boss, Michelle had a vision, she thought that she would give artists the freedom to create an "image de marque" of this club. She gave us a lot of money to do it, right?

D: 6000 francs a month, which was lot. Free office, free champagne...

A: and free cocaine. So we bought a computer, a huge computer that looked like a refrigerator.

D: It was like the first computer ever made with a colour screen.

I think it was a Gateway 2000.

So that was 1997?

A: 1997 probably or 1996. We met in 1995 in Peru, near Machu Pichu?

D: Yes, it's not called that anymore by the way.

A: Okay it's another subject.

by the Centre Pompidou, as this piece of Parisian Queer history is now archived at their Kandinsky Library. I must say that the beautiful text written by the art historian and critic Elisabeth Lebovici about *Housewife* was a great support as she is such a reference for queer art history. I needed to meet again with Dana to ask her a thousand question about the zine and she said we should meet with Axelle Le Dauphin who co-created *Housewife* with her back in 1997.

We meet at Axelle's and, more than 20 years after the end of the zine, those two are still as hilarious as when they created those pages. I start by a very simple standard question, but I am not sure what part of their answer is true, or a joke or sub-text meant to fill what they can't tell.

And right after the first issue, *L'Entracte* became

8

Le Pulp?

A: First or second issue, Let's see, (She looks through the copies) that's the fifth issue, it reads "Le Magazine du Pulp"

So what can we find in it? What created this content?

D: What created the content?

I don't know, what do you think.

A: It's hard to talk about our brainstorming sessions. There was a lot of séances of different things [Laughter].

Invoking spirits?

D: We also tried to run everything through a lesbian filter, like any situation, for example East coast West coast rap. Imagine Janet Jackson shooting Whitney Houston in the head after a diss lyric. That's what they asked us to do, I mean. If they asked me to talk about poodles I would have made it.

So you were a sort of mercenary?

D: It was like an anthropological endeavour, studying the zoo.

A: We were studying lesbians, totally.

And the crowd of Le Pulp?

A: Yeah, and I continued afterwards in Têtu. In my column, I studied lesbians for 10 years and they hated me for that. It's true, they didn't really like me.

So what was a regular night at le Pulp like? or an extraordinary one?

A: Le Pulp lasted for 10 years, so the first part of Le Pulp was basically only lesbians. And the guys were welcome but in a small amount. And it was a very bric-à-brac lesbian spot. Today there wouldn't be any club like that; the place itself was completely à l'abandon [dilapidated]. It used to be an old theatre on les Grands Boulevards, a tea dancing for the elderly in the afternoon. We arrived in this as a group of friends, but we had no idea, no preconception of how to run a sexy nightclub as people do now. It was crazy. One night was a Tortilla Patata night, another was the Onion Soup night, or a Zucchini Spaghetti night. We would put on music and girls would hit on each other. And of course, there was a lot of drugs at this time already, which made things even more crazy. It was very funny.

JE TE DÉRANGE? T'ES OÙ?

Reflections on a society about to OD on its own bad company

Scene from "The Portable People", cult horror movie, circa 2012

INT. KITCHEN. DAY - A little girl runs into the kitchen wearing what is obviously her mother's blouse. Her mother is doing the dishes.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy, what's this silly pocket for on the sleeve?

MOTHER

Well, dear, that's where we used to put our portable phone.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy, what's a "portable" phone?

MOTHER

(frightened. Goddamit, why did she use that word!)

A portable phone? Well, a portable phone, a port-
(hesitating)

Why don't you ask Daddy?

LITTLE GIRL

I don't want to ask Daddy. I want you to tell me.

The mother takes a stool and puts her daughter on her lap. The little girl has slipped her alien doll into the odd pocket. Pensively, her finger slips into her nose.

MOTHER

(resigned)

Well, honey, a long time ago, the world went weni crazy...

A friend called me the other day. She was alone in her car coming back from a weekend at the sea. I could hear the windshield wipers wiping. She told me it was raining, that the sky was a low, thick blanket like the clouds in a Baudelaire poem. I heard the blinkers blinking. I heard her slow. I heard the window roll down and the tollman's voice. I heard them both say "Merci". And then she cut me off to take another call.

Shortly after, another friend called me. She was in a café in the Marais. Writing. Drinking cups of coffee like Henry Miller. She told me she loved it when she took the time to be alone. Then she asked me if she could call me back. Two friends had just arrived.

Shortly after again, another friend called. We talked for a minute, and then...well, I imagine it was a tunnel.

critique of foreign toilets (voire: Andy Warhol's "Empire State Building")
- an innovative video where my brother drove to Calgary (temps réel) and didn't notice that the video camera on the seat got switched on (similar Baudelaire sky)
- 8 separate, but absolutely identical, family birthday parties, CU gramma's socks
- a long pan (ie. the legendary opening crane shot of Orsen Welles "Touch of Evil")
Kathys bookcase...followed by a tour of her house, one take uncut, à la "Rope."

You probably get the point. You were there, watching in amazement as the camera placed the human eye, videotape suddenly one-upping memory like when Pepsi, for one moment, one-upped Coke.

But like Kevin Williamson and *Scream* (31), the villain keeps coming back, the pitiful boring details of human existence documented temps réel with, this time, the curlicue of the portable phone. Difference is, it's not like being invited once a year to Aunt M's to suffer through vacation videos. The portable phone people know where to find you, they call you 20 times a day at home.

Brrring! (crackle, crackle...) "It's Kathy, I'm at a vernissage. Can you hear? (phone out to black turtle-necked crowd. Someone bumps into her. 30 seconds later) Qu'est-ce que tu fais?"

...CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

"HELLO OPERATOR? OMIGOD, I KILLED KENNY"

Ces fous d'américains pensent à tout. Smith et Wesson, avides d'attirer une clientèle plus jeune, a récemment annoncé qu'il fabriquerait bientôt un portable-flingue. Bonne nouvelle pour les rappeurs de la côte est qui ont un ravirement de conscience. Pressez la gachette, puis appelez le 17 en courant. "Bonsoir, opérateur, je viens juste de tuer Tupac." Encore

très importants. Ce
qualité mauvaise
ser des appels, cou
le cas en région
la situation
estiment
vigilance
ques Teleco
abonnés, il ne s
qualité de service
Il faut éliminer
pas la course
à toutes les
lisation d
quents,
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La foi selon La Despentes La foi selon La Despentes

L'important c'est la confession. Un endroit hors jugement et la volonté de conversion. Où l'on peut dire exactement ce qu'on désire, le pire, ou ce vers quoi on tend, toujours le pire. Un endroit où admettre tout ce que l'on sait.

Alors la foi c'est ça, c'est croire qu'on peut dire tout et tout, s'avouer, le dégueulasse compris, et être aimé quand même.

Un Dieu omniprésent, tout amour, qui voit de toute façon, et sait encore bien davantage, pourquoi on se soumet à ces sales ambitions, ces calculs et ces trahisons.

Donc la foi, selon moi, serait simplement une possible sincérité hors le jugement des hommes. Mais aussi et surtout, croire que le bien importe, qu'il y a des raisons de ne pas heurter, amoindrir, profiter.

Une raison genre ultime, qui serait intransigeable.

Virginie Despentes, grande dame pimpante, a écrit les célèbrissimes Baise-Moi et Les Chiennes Savantes aux Ed. Florent-Massot et J'ai Lu. Le troisième est prévu pour septembre. Housewife le dit :

"La Despentes for president !"



Would you actually make food?

A: For the Tortilla Patata night, Michelle would make Spanish Tortilla.

D: And there were sausages. Can you imagine going to a bar to pick someone up and there's like garlic sausage on the counter. One thing lesbians love is free shit. So as they were waiting in line for their beer, they would just eat sausages. It was unbearable, unbearable. Garlic breath everywhere.

A: But it was a concept. Look, now food is everywhere!

D: No, it worked. Everyone is doing fucking food now.

A: Now people offer drinks and sushi. We were ahead of our time

D: We didn't, Michelle was ahead of her time.

A: We didn't do sushi, we did sausage. [Laughter] Which makes sense for lesbians. Hello! It speaks for itself.

And what was the function of Housewife in all this? It had a very important function, which was to give the dates of certain events happening at the Pulp. But there's a lot more to it.

A: It was supposed to be an agenda. There were so many nights because the Pulp was open almost every day during the week at some point. So imagine the amount of flyers we were supposed to do for one month. It was crazy. First they wanted to have an agenda, and then we proposed different topics to make it like a magazine.

D: The only format that we had to stick by was postcard size, because it was cheap. We had to have a page for whatever sponsor we had. We had to have two pages of agenda.

A: The sponsor at the time was Minitel. [The Minitel was a French pre-Internet network]

D: We were forced to put a horoscope, until we fought against it.

And there's a great deal of autobiographical articles?

A: That was my part. I've always been very autobiographical.

About traveling, people dating other people...

A: Because we were very close friends. [Laughs] And we spent holidays together, we shared flats sometimes, we worked together, we had common friends.

And you had a common interest for cowboys?

A: And an interest for cowboys and firearms, that's me right here on the cover [of issue #5]. That was the time we went on holiday together. That's our Indian summer road trip in Canada.

There's one about a trip in Russia?

A: Yeah but she did that with another friend, not with me.

D: One of the rules of the game was to tell the truth about our relationships. So if we were in a bad mood, we'd put it in the magazine, if we were in a good mood we shared that.

Like this one, it's the issue #24 and it's just so brilliant. It's completely empty, and the cover

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says in French "I can't stand it! I hate my computer. I went to Canada to see my mother. Create your own Housewives and send them. The winner will get 3000 francs!" Did people actually send you stuff?

D: They did, and we paid the money to the winner.

But you didn't publish it?

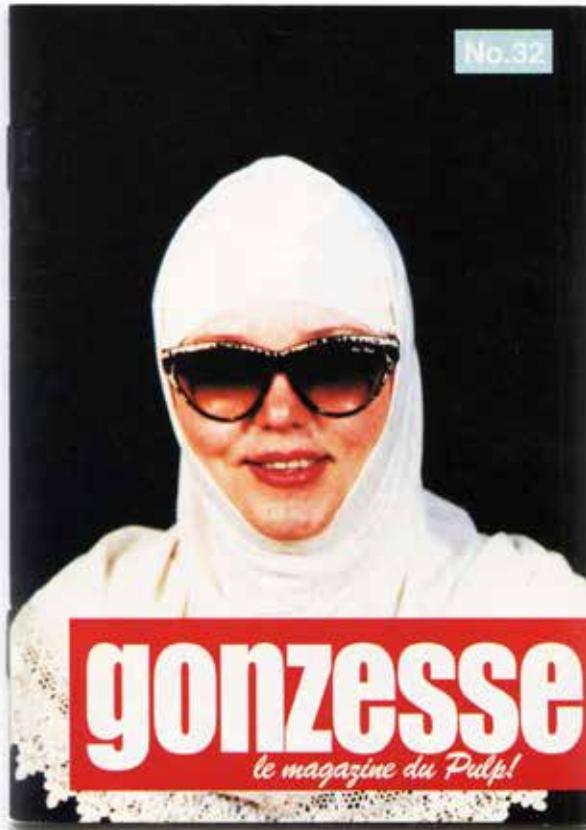
A: No, because the winner kept all the ideas for her art career.

D: I think he got to do a page in one of the issues. But we got paid 6 000 francs to do an empty magazine.

But you had to give away three thousand to the person who won.

D: We did. It was so cool for fanzine to be able to give money away.

I might not have considered this a zine because it has this professional dimension and because it was



commissioned by someone. How is it a zine to you? What makes it a zine to you? Is it because it has this do-it-yourself way of being made or because it's very personal?

A: It's the beauty of it that we were paid to do this. We did the only fanzine in the world that was paid. Our boss was either a visionary or a completely mad person.

Would you call it a fanzine back in the days?

D: I didn't even know what a fanzine was.

A: Oh come on.

D: No really. I might have seen one honestly. From this guy that used to stutter. It was called Stutter.

A: We called it a magazine, it's written on the cover "Le magazine du Pulp."

D: It came afterwards, when people called it that way.

You started calling a fanzine and because people would see it as a fanzine.

A: I guess so. Because we were paid, we'd called that a magazine.

D: I honestly didn't know what a fanzine was; I didn't know it was a thing, really.

But yet there are some aspects that are really close to what you would find in the usual Punk DIY fanzine, with all these handwritten things, and even if you made it on a computer, it sometimes looks like it's copy and pasted.

A: Oui oui oui, there was not conception of anything, it's because I didn't know how to use a computer.

D: We'd never used one before.

A: But you were a little bit better than me. I was doing it this way because I'm super bad at typing. So we hired slaves actually. I was writing all my article by hand and then I was hiring a girl I would pick up in a club. Either I had sex with her, either I paid her a little money.

D: Your memories are always interesting.

A: There was like a girl that was in love with me and she would do anything for me. So she was typing for me at the office. But that's when Dana and I couldn't get along, so we started doing separate issues. We would do individually every other issue. Not for a long time, because after that I stopped. At some point there was this girl who was correcting my spelling because I'm super bad at

Housewife

investigates... *by Cathy A. Buse*

In response to the present-day success of expensive, new-fangled concoctions like ginseng and ginkgo biloba aimed to tweak the power of your brain, your body, and your love life; Housewife at its star reporter to search for cheap, at-home alternatives. This month Cathy Buse tests Maison Verte toilet cleaner, Body Shop-brand mascara, and Eucalyptine Cough Syrup for hidden erotic and hallucinogenic properties.



MAISON VERTE TOILET CLEANER

(Cathy swallowed 4 tablespoons)

Surprisingly, this doesn't taste as good as it smells. Experienced slight tingling in clitoris ten minutes after ingesting product, followed by really bad stomach ache. Had to go to hospital to get stomach pumped. Not recommended.

0 stars



BODY SHOP MASCARA

(Cathy ate one entire tube)

Really horrible taste and texture on tongue. Sticky black gook in teeth (hard to get off even with brush and dental floss). We gave this product one star because it was kinda funny to have black teeth. Uncomfortable feeling in intestines.



EUCALYPTINE COUGH SYRUP

(Cathy dipped 5 teaspoons)

Overall, an excellent hallucinogenic substance à la William S Burroughs with only one slight drawback: I was disappointed by the not-always-positive descent. After 4 hours of non-stop, spontaneous visions - in one, I imagined a lotion for lesbian hands that worked like a penis enlarger, lengthening the fingers for deeper sexual fulfilment - I was awakened by a horrid nightmare. Walking down Shaftsbury Avenue, a man gives me a folded newspaper. I open the cover to see the Spice Girls, sweet delight! But when I count them there are only three. Nasty little drug! And again, bad stomach ache.

Feel free to share your own secret aphrodisiacs and brain boosters with Housewife. Next month she visits the workroom where she'll test rubber cement, dog shampoo, and rust remover...



GIRLS!

JEUDI 1^{ER} JANVIER

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Le rendez-vous pour plus de 500 filles qui aiment les filles et la house music.

...because you're a woman, not a houseplant.

"...I imagined a lotion for lesbian hands that worked like a penis enlarger, lengthening the fingers for deeper sexual fulfilment..."



spelling and also I don't know how to type. I mean I didn't know at the time. When I couldn't find anybody, I had to do it myself. So I would take my old typewriter and I would make this style with glue, colour pencils and photocopy. That makes it look like a fanzine, but still.

D: Also we were working on Corel Photo Paint in which we had to type the text in as an object and if you made one mistake, it would all just vaporize. So we'd lose the fanzine like 15 times, so we'd be kicking walls drunk and then we'd have to make something because we had a deadline, we were being paid, we had to actually get it done.

A: But also it was very inspiring because

Dana is also a wonderful journal creative person, all her journals or diaries looks like that. We were very inspired by your style.

D: Were you reading my diary?

A: No, sometimes you were showing me.

D: I was never showing you.

A: You were showing me sometimes. I was banging on the door and you would close it in a rush. She would kick me out of the house, of my own house, to be able to write with space and quietness. She spent days writing her diaries.

So did any of the diaries ended up in Housewife?

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A: I guess it looks like a fanzine. It may be called a fanzine nowadays. I'm sure there are also people that are paid to do a fanzine.

It happens. They're usually called prozines. But they usually started small and because of the success of their zine, they end up making a job out of it.

A: This is the best cover. [She's showing issue #12] The best idea of Dana Wyse, during all those years is to do a hair cover. To this day, that's my favourite cover.

And in the advertisements, we can find what will later on become the pills of Dana Wyse? So Housewife was like a laboratory of the pills?

D: They were created at the same time. It was all happening at the same time.

It started as advertisements for the pills and vice versa.

D: We were allowed to mail out the Housewives. The stamps and envelopes were paid for. And the print run was 2 000 copies so you had an instant audience of 2 000 people. So it was a perfect opportunity to do self-promotion. But it also made the object, the publication, whatever that fucking thing is called, more interesting because it was about our real lives. What Axelle and I were living, what we were doing professionally.

A: As a reference to the pills we did an invitation flyer for a Housewife party. We didn't do a lot of Housewife parties, we did only maybe four, but that was the first one. Because I used to have a little addiction, I always had a lot of pills at my house, and we had this idea of doing a micro flyer to put inside a capsule.

D: It was a great flyer.

A: So we would go to clubs and give a capsule to people and the flyer was inside. That was approximately at this time that Dana was starting to do the little package of pills.

D: I started doing little packages when you had your antique store. She was running a vintage store and I could test my ideas.

A: You did the little heart first.

D: I did the heart but I also was making miniature Eiffel towers. I did

Elvis hair, Andy Warhol hair because she had a cool shop and I could test out the products on her public.

A: I remember going to the Rex club feeling so cool because I had my pocket full of pills and giving them away. But the thing is: with the heat, the capsules were melting down because I was dancing a lot. I was all for the dance, and the more I danced, the more capsules were melted and glued into my pocket and at the end, it was not such a great idea.

And Dana, your first shows were advertised in Housewife?

A: Everything in our life at this time was an excuse for creativity. And Housewife was our playground basically. We were waking up in the morning and we were just starting to have ideas and work and travel and meet

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people and everything we collected became something creative.

D: When I had a show in Moscow or in Canada, I could do Housewife there. When you were in Hong Kong, you could do it there.

A: I was hired by a couple to have sex in Hong Kong. It's true, but I was standing there and suddenly I freaked out. So eventually, I had this wonderful experience with lesbians there. Because they didn't take me to this island to have sex with them, I was staying in Hong Kong all by myself and I met a girl in the street. It's very dangerous to do cruising in Hong Kong and the girl happened to be a lesbian and she took me to a club on the top of a building where there were all those Chinese butch in suits with girly girly girly lesbians. It gave me the opportunity to do a reportage in Housewife. Every situation was an opportunity to fill the pages.

There's a lot about the two of you in Housewife, but who else was part of this crowd? Who did you talk about?

A: Our lovers, our friends we made fun of. People started to approach us to be part of it but also to work with us. So we discovered the talent of Tiphaine Kazi-Tani [see p. 28-29] who is super good writer. She never wrote before and she wrote in Housewife.

D: Yeah because some of the people in at the Pulp were like 16 and 17.

A: We discovered Sylvie Bardet, Sophie Anquez and who else?

D: Virginie Despentès.

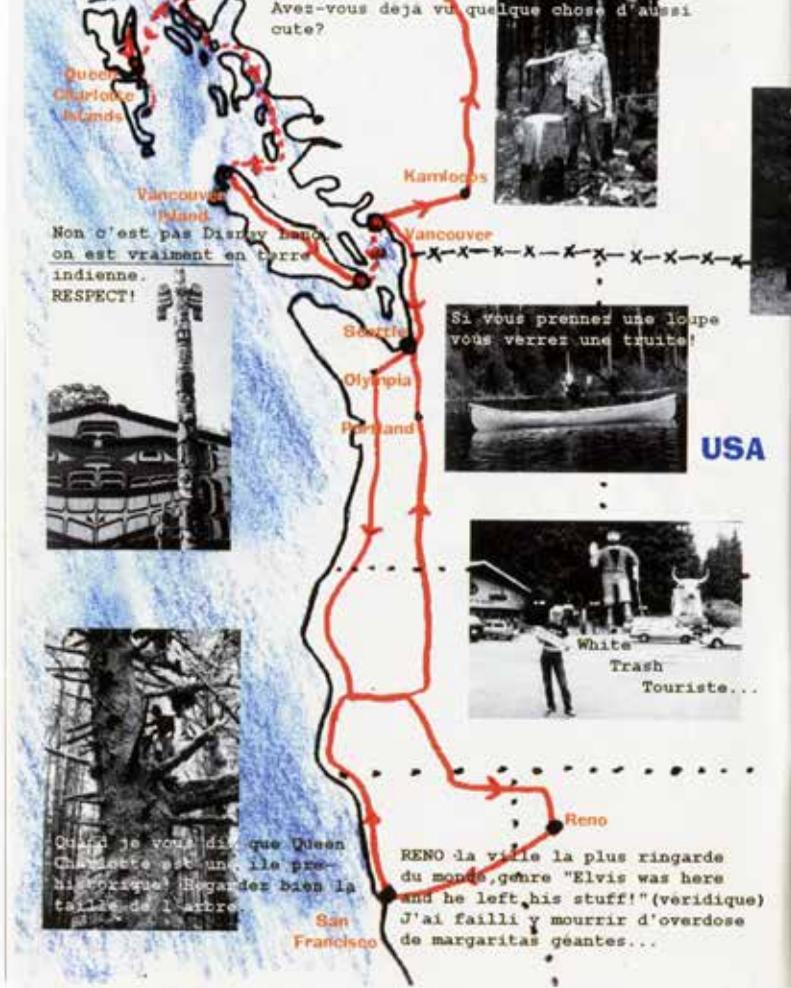
A: We did not discover Virginie Despentès!

D: No, we asked Virginie and we made fun of Ann Scott's tattoos. There was a cast for Housewife and there were so many talented people around us.

A: What did Virginie Despentès write?

I have it here, "La Foi selon la Despentès" (Faith according to the Despentès) [See p. 10]. Can you explain this page? [It shows a close up of a vulva, see p. 20]

A: That's the famous odorama page. I have pictures of you on the floor with your little brush doing all the covers. We were doing everything by ourselves, so when Dana had a brilliant idea like this, we did it. We put some perfumed paste on the pussy picture, so that



when you scratch it, you can smell something. Did you pick up the smells?

D: I did, I ordered them from the States.

There was gasoline, garlic, cedar or leather.

A: Yeah, leather was cool but we had to do the 2000 copies by ourselves. Another time, we inserted a sheet of toilet paper in each copy. We also did two thousand fake cocaine pouches.

Is there something about Housewife we haven't talked about yet?

D: The lawsuit

A: Exactly tell me about the lawsuit?

D: I'm not telling anything because I'm sure I signed some paper. But I got charged with like "incitement to paedophilia" by a girl, and the police came and got me in Canada over a fanzine. They thought I was a paedophile because I'd made an ad saying "Have a have

volkswagen rouge cerise. The girls back to nature: Le grand rêve féministe en vrai! (Oh yeah!) On vous en montre ici un dixième histoire d'entretenir la légende... Suivez nos traces.

Le charosse façon tente et le petit déjeuner de la grande chasseresse.

Le rêve de ma vie: un gros nounours patibulaire pour... j'étais énorme sauf que là, on ne le voit pas vraiment. J'étais tellement hystérique que je ne me souvenais plus comment marchait mon appareil!

Voilà où D.W a été élevée avec ses 12 frères et sœurs et ses parents trappeurs...

Le dîner des reines de la forêt. Vous descendez la bête au pistolet, vous la déplumez, lui tranchez la gorge, la videz par le croupion et hop c'est prêt!

The MASTER is back...

a lesbian daughter guaranteed." And the girl in the image sued me and one of my defences in the French criminal court was "who would want to have a lesbian daughter?" So obviously it was satire.

A: Jesus!

D: When my lawyer was trying to defend me saying that was part of my artistic project, to show how much I thought about life, they started holding up pills but one of them had a swastika on the back so my lawyer was holding it up. [Laughing] It was just a disaster. But we won the court case.

But yet you say that you signed something?

D: Well I mean it traumatized the girl, it was an awful situation, and so I wouldn't want to say anything more about it. But we had to tear the back page off the Housewife two thousand times.

A: How did she come across

the fake ad, did she come to the Pulp?

D: By coincidence of coincidences.

I bought the image in Canada, but she was from France, so it was just crazy for our paths to meet. But that was almost the end of the magazine too because when you start getting litigation for a fanzine, it's dangerous.

And your career as an artist was booming at the moment with the pills, so you were getting a lot of attention and maybe it wasn't worth all the pain of this kind of situation? When you could do what you liked through the pills.

D: Which was the same problem, you still get the lawsuits on the pills too. You get the letters, it's all part of it. Is there anything else you'd like to know?

A: This issue is 1999.

D: I think there's a couple of issues in 2000 and that's the end.

I have one last question: what do you think about the attention that both Housewife and Le Pulp are getting at the moment?

D: I will let Axelle answer that.

A: The Pulp was probably one of the last night experience that was free in the pre-internet era. Everything was kind of Do It Yourself and it didn't have an agenda of becoming the best place in Paris or whatever. It happened, there was no plan. It was a night where you could try anything, we didn't care about profitability. There wasn't this pressure of making money, of being hype. Even if we were trendy, because we were overflowing with culture and creativity. It is under scrutiny because today, because the night must be profitable and look good on Instagram. You have to be always in the good place. The Pulp was sometimes awful, you would end up there at 3 am, with bad alcohol and drunk people stuck in an awful time-space with three ugly girls kissing and dancing to terrible music.

But then a naked dude would show up with a chainsaw and make a performance in the middle of the night. But you might also come across Nan Goldin and her gang, like in the underground night of New York, San Francisco, London or whatever. Even with the success, this underground feeling stayed until the end. Housewife marked this era because

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people associate it with the Pulp and its freedom, like when we would make an almost unreadable page. It lasted a 3 or 4 years of total freedom and creativity.

Axelle has been working recently on the archives of Le Pulp, since she is currently creating a publishing company with Virginie Despentès La Légende éditions, which first publication will document the “Golden Years” of Le Pulp. In a sense, it may be, a way to tell first-hand the story of this place and of the girls who ran it. Especially since Netflix is producing a fiction loosely inspired of by their story—without ever consulting with the interested parties. So when I turned off the camera, Axelle still had a lot to say.

A: In hindsight, the Pulp and Housewife changed the way lesbians were perceived by people, especially gay people who really owned the night. All of a sudden, we became edgy. Gay people were our main fan-base, at the time we were the new thing in town. Before the Pulp, in the early nineties, lesbians were considered as chiantè, boring, frustrated, always grumpy girls. When we got the keys to that nightclub, we had no idea what to do with it, and that’s the beauty of it. It became our playground. Delphine, who later on became DJ Sextoy just bought turntables and installed them in her mother’s garage.

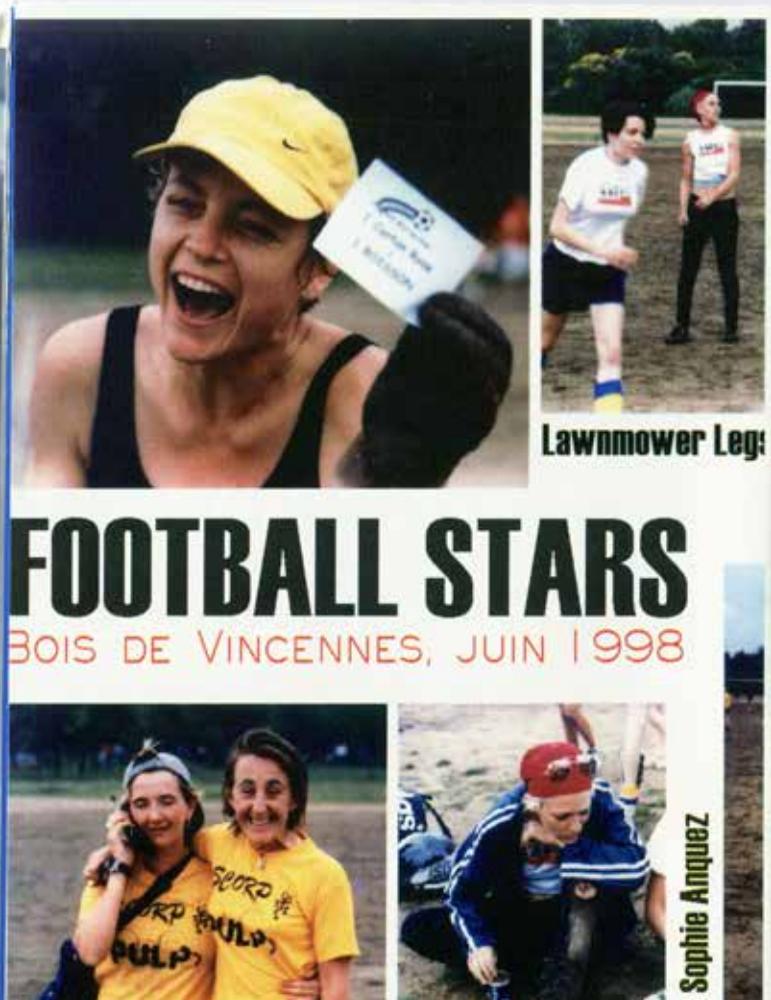
On my side, I was very inspired by the Anglo-Saxon BDSM scene, because I thought that guys in leather and nazi hats were cool. It was a stepping stone for many of us, as Michelle was able to create a climate of total freedom for us. Not only for us, but for a whole generation. When Kill the DJ started organizing parties at the Pulp, at the turn of the millennium, it became a laboratory for French electronic music. Collectives from all around started coming and trying stuff, meeting there. The French touch was already more installed in places like Le Queen, but ours was the laboratory who gave its credentials to queer culture in France.

Before the Pulp, dykes like us would go out in the nightclubs of the posh 8th arrondissement, Le Memories, Le Garage. These fancy and expensive place, where you would have to dress accordingly and would drink a Champagne glass for 100 francs were the

lesbian night at that moment. These places like Le Katmandou in Pigalle were owned by an old school lesbian clique, and there weren’t any trashy places like La Mutinerie today with girls wearing mohawks, colored hairs and piercings. When Dana arrived in Paris in 1995, she knew all these places and she would be shocked.

D: Also the names of these places were completely depressing.

A: Ten years of Le Pulp changed all that, while everything was completely improvised and we had to deal the success too. At some point, the line outside would be 200 meters and people would wait 3 hours to get in. And Christine and Mimi would tell the boys to calm down and to make way for girls to get in. Mimi might be the only person in the world to refuse Madonna who wanted to her to privatize the club for her after show at 2am on a Saturday night. To do that, you need to be either crazy, totally high or free, and I think she was completely free. Le Pulp was a space that never lost its autonomy.



Housewife, Tongue in Chick

by Elisabeth Lebovici

translated by Amy Lay-Pettifer,

first published in *Canal* issue 2, 2019, edited by Madeleine Stack and Fer Boyd.

'Do you want to experience all the benefits of 'Daphne Dulick's Lesbian Powder (...) as seen on TV'? It's very simple, just 'discreetly pour the contents into a glass' and 'any orderly wife' will be transformed 'into a lascivious dyke!!!'. In this advert for 'becoming lesbian' by will or force, with its italicised text that stands out against a red-and-white chequered background, like a 1950's hotel-style tablecloth, and is accompanied by a traditional image of femininity from the same era, you might recognize the much-emulated style of the artist-writer Dana Wyse, who often worked under the banner of her

company: 'Jesus Had a Sister Productions'¹. The advertisement is introduced with fanfare in the first issue of *Housewife*. Format: 10 x 15cm. Number of pages: 16, including the front and back cover, because they count, obviously. Edition: 2500 copies. Price: free.

This is how over three (and a bit) years² *Housewife* was produced as the mini-magazine of *l'Entracte*³, the girls-only club later renamed (from issue 4 onwards) *Le Pulp*; situated at 25 boulevard Poissonnière and nestled above *Le Scorp* (a gay club of the Grands Boulevards, the centre of Parisian revelry since the late eighteenth century). *Le Pulp* was a collective undertaking: Michèle Cassaro⁴ alongside Sophie Lesné (and Fred Phi, temporarily) took over its management at the time of Paris Europride 1997. Their collective spirit⁵ replaced the standardised idea of a company: their experience of the world of nightlife was by no means professional and there was no question of making it a career, rather, the point was to make something happen that couldn't be found anywhere else.

This is exactly the moment when five Parisian nightclubs were subject to administrative closure because of drug trafficking. 'The rest is history'.

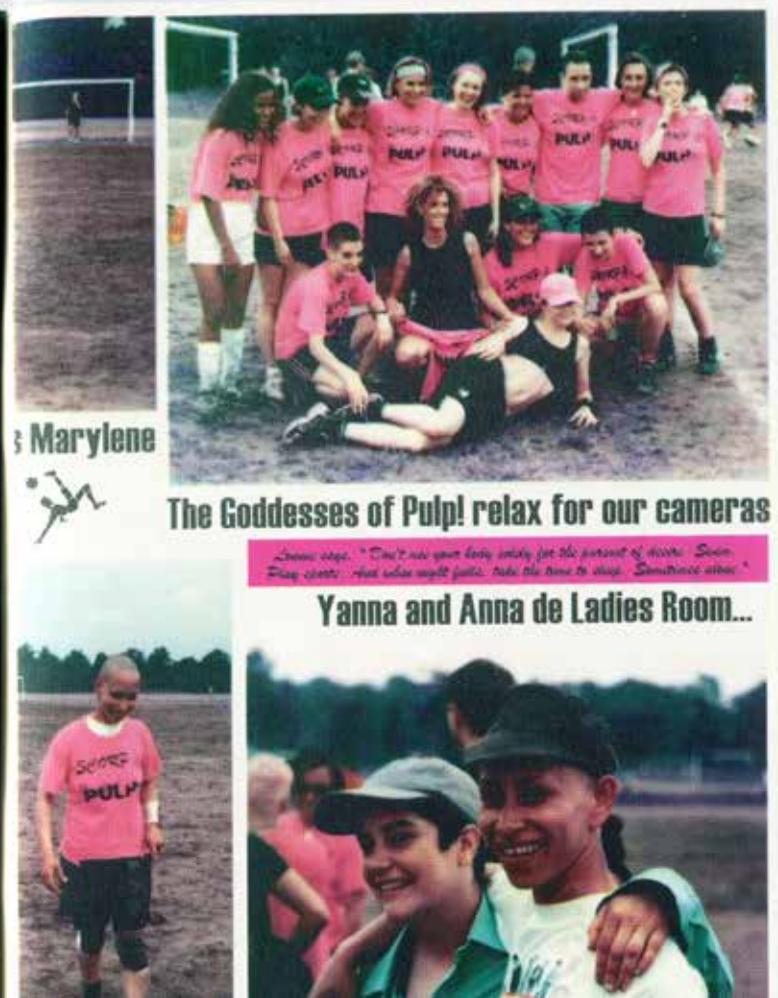
1. Many of these sachets of pills have been distributed through museum's shops (Palais de Tokyo, Paris, for instance) where some can still be found. Through her "laboratory" Dana Wyse produced a thousand of each of these "mini-prescriptions" as she calls them, expressed in the imperative: 'Become blonde immediately'. 'Clone the friend of your best friend'. 'Guarantee the homosexuality of your child'. The ultimate sales record is held by 'Understand your mother'. See "In Bed with Hans Ulrich Obrist", Dana Wyse. *How to Turn Your Addiction to Prescription Drugs*. (Paris: éditions du Regard, 2007)

2. The last issues of my collection go up to the year 2000 and to number 32 but there is also a number 75, and a number π (3,14116), which celebrates the 3,14 anniversary of the fanzine.

3. *l'Entracte*, a place for clubbing and tea dances, was received investment from Laurence, one of two hosts of "LMT", the only interactive show on radio FG – the then LGBTQ radio station - addressed to young lesbians, in 1994.

4. Today, Michèle Cassaro, the former boss of *Le Pulp*, is the manager of another successful venue called *Rosa Bonheur*, an open-air tavern opened in August 2008 in Parc des Buttes Chaumont. *Rosa Bonheur Sur Seine* then opened on a barge along the water edge of the river Seine. Regular events range from balls to concerts, performances by its in-house choir, etc.

5. Michèle Cassaro, DJ Sextoy, the artist Anastasia Mordin and the musician Rachid Taha all lived in the same house in the 19th arrondissement.





Nothing as strong as a cowboy hat...
 Except for the one who wears it.
 I call Cowboy Anna 'Crackshot Bob' because she kicked my ass one too many times in some bar in Hope, B.C. at a stupid video rifle game of the same name; the sort of game where you shoot at electronic squirrels and beer cans until your quarter runs out. And then the winner gets the girl.
 The girl we call The Young Christine.

The Young Christine is at the jukebox, a copper loonie in her hand, sheeing songs for the first time in her life. You buy them three songs for a dollar. There's a Western weeper playing, man singing about driving his station wagon down to Texas to shoot his ex-wife. I leak around the bar; everyone's got their black-haired heads in their beers. It's the kind of place where a man looks up from his beer for only two reasons; 1. to leak for where to take a piss, 2. to leak for where to swing his fist. I'm scared. We're three fake cowboys from Paris, way too clean, and what does The Young Christine know about the art of sheeing a good Country and Western song?

The sound of the coin falling down into the belly of the jukebox reminds me of a bullet slipping into the spinning mouth of a gun. I hear Bob Marley and I know that these real cowboys and these real Indians aren't gonna put up with this island reggae shit, and now we're really gonna get beat up!

Crackshot Bob's invited me to smoke cigarettes and shee peel.
 A confession. Most holiday cowboys just throw reeks. You make a game of it. You find the flattest reek and you skip it, count the ripples, next skips win. Or you throw it the farthest. Or the fanciest. And sooner or later, you turn and you aim for The Young Christine because she doesn't compete like I do, just sits there by the river in her beak, as quiet as a cup of tea.



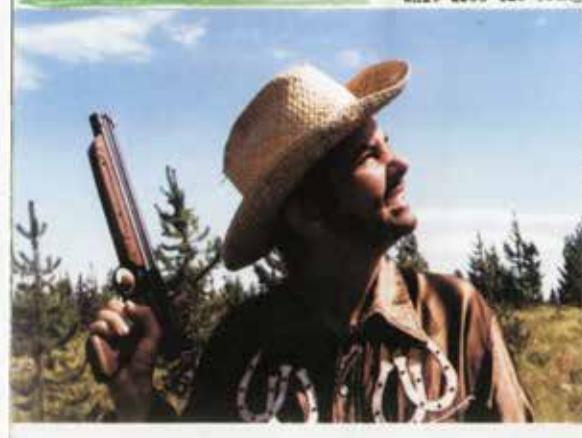
Portrait of a Cowboy - a real cowboy

And it's moments like this that you realise that your friends are really beautiful, not because they leak good in their jeans, or because they still love and listen to you when you're way too drunk. It's when their true spirit shines up, flips to you like the pretty side of a trout flashing silver in the sun. The years slip away from the flesh; that's when you knew true friendship's some, when you open your eyes and see your friend as a perfect sunlit child, and your heart warms.

If I was braver... If I knew how to grow back limbs like a Saltspring starfish, I'd chop off one of my toes, skin it into the river - one, two, three, beat ya! Crackshot Bob; - like a good reek. Just to be peetic. An offering to you, my Lord.

For letting me and my beautiful friends be Cowboys.
 Cowboys MAKE GOOD LOVERS
 Eddy
 THE 1st PARADISE TRAIL WEST MOUNTAIN COUNTRY

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Twenty years after the mythical Le Palace, located nearby, revolutionised Parisian nightlife⁶ at the end of the 1970s, Le Pulp became - at the turn of the 90s-2000s - the centrifugal force, the dark and thrilling echo chamber which turned clubbing, Parisian life, and the image of lesbians (as we knew them) totally upside down. Pulp was a place made as much for lesbians as by lesbians, or better, by dykes who fully claimed the term and the territory they established as their playground. Sure, it barely covered 100m², a faded velvet dancehall the size of

a postage stamp with worn carpet and dingy toilets, but it was completely experimental and multi-sensory, endowed with the soul of a hard dyke rocker who electrifies the body of techno. It was a place without a VIP room, without a red carpet, and entry was free. Its basic rule was made clear on the flyers: 'Pulp is a girl's club where boys like to come too'. Women were always prioritised there and cis-guys couldn't enter unless they were accompanied. As Michèle Cassaro explains: 'It was a nightclub sustained by dykes with a dyke energy. Some were laid back, some were very organised, some very activist with very different forms of militancy. It was a girl thing, it had never existed before. It was also a place where we managed to explode the barriers between gay and straight people and between different social classes.'⁷

6. Le Palace is an old theatre in the rue du Faubourg Montmartre which from 1978 until the death of its director Fabrice Emaer in 1983, revolutionized Parisian nightlife, presenting a gay Tea Dance, every Sunday between 1984 and 1990. Emaer had also opened an adjacent, more 'private' venue called Le Privilège, in which, for a while, a lesbian club took up residence. Founded at 1969 rue du Vieux Colombier, on the left bank of Paris, by Elula Perrin and Aimée Mori, Katmandou had been a place for 'women who prefer women', before transferring its venue to Le Privilège.

7. Mimi discusses Pulp in an interview with Lionel Nicaise, Tsugi, December 5,

The awesome artistic and musical programming launched thanks to Fany Corral (programmer and producer of the label Kill the DJ) and Delphine Palatsi, the legendary DJ Sextoy⁸, was offered in a weekly or monthly menu of evenings, from Wednesday to Saturday with 100% female artists. These happenings needed to be announced and *Housewife*, the free monthly fanzine designed by Axelle le Dauphin and Dana Wyse, was charged with the club's publicity. Indeed, a calendar appeared as the central double-page spread. But the names and dates of Pulp nights were spat out without having been digested by an infernal editorial machine. This worked in the stripped-back fashion of 'cut-up', the literary method pioneered by William Burroughs and Brion Gysin, who said that, 'when you cut into the present, the future leaks out.'⁹

Without preface, *Housewife* carried a generously discontinuous flow of images, typography, words and texts: elements borrowed from an incongruous (not to mention 'hetero-geneous') wardrobe-cum-cloak-room belonging to, for instance, 'a girl who had' (tattoos) and a French-Canadian drama queen (respectively Axelle Le Dauphin + Dana Wyse¹⁰) - very relaxed above and below the belt. One played the role of editor, the other of artistic director, but it must be said that a shifting of roles, duties and power relations was de rigueur. The sexes - *oups!* - the texts flowed blithely from English to French. They brought together first names and pronouns and, above all, the raucous story of the vicissitudinous, amorous intimacy of the two main protagonists with quotes from women's magazines, quizzes, shopping features, guides to sexual survival in the nightclub environment and photos of 'celebs' at parties (*Housewife's* 'eye' was the photographer

Sophie Anquez). Inside one could also find fawning tributes ('hymn' to Virginie Despentes, 'cheers' to Nan Goldin, 'stars' for Ann Scott¹¹), airing dirty laundry ('the mistresses of Sextoy wish you a happy birthday': followed by about fifty female names, including 12 Sophies); feature articles and stories written by ardent collaborators; and of course, advertisements - not to mention the bonus gifts hidden inside.¹² You might sporadically spot a monthly theme: 'Young Brides' special¹³, 'London Tabloid' special; 'Black is Beautiful' special; 'Cow-Girls' special; 'Moscow' special; 'Porn' special! Long before the mapping of the lesbian '6 degrees of separation' as promoted by the American TV series *The L Word*, *Housewife* was documenting the

11. Writer, artist and photographer, and writer respectively.
 12. A sheet of toilet paper in *Housewife* #8; fake LSD tabs, sold for 100 francs at Pulp on Saturday nights in #17; a small sachet of white powder in another; abundant flyers.
 13. The draft Civil Partnerships Contract filed in 1995 was refused by the then Minister of Justice, Jacques Toubon. After a year-long battle in the National Assembly, PACS was adopted in 1999 and passed into law on November 15, 1999. In France, same-sex marriage has been legal since May 2013.

2013. See: <https://www.tsugi.fr/mimi-raconte-le-pulp/>
 8. Born 1968, died 2002, Delphine Palatsi, known as Sextoy, was one of the most brilliant, charismatic and inventive DJs in the history of electronic music, establishing herself in a predominantly male music scene. The *Sextoy Project* and *Sextoy Stories*, two documentaries composed of archive footage, were made by Anastasia Mordin and Lidia Terk in 2014.
 9. <http://briongysin.com/>
 10. Axelle was at the time an antiques dealer, writer, model - and later employee - for artist Nan Goldin. Dana was an artist and writer while also working as a barista at the dyke bar Les Scandaleuses, in Paris.

19



Parisian network of nocturnal, sexual sociability and love, described as the 'universal lesbian mess'. This network exists certainly in the form of a family tree and scattered throughout every page is the 'virtual kinship' of the Pulp community which the fanzine, in describing the incessant mutations of relationships and desires, made happen and which constitutes its living archive. *Housewife* was a communication tool, soft propaganda and trash at the same time. The images used, drawings and recycled personal documents, cut-outs taken from catalogues or copied from advertising inserts - were mixed equally, fervently, with that which revealed an individual story, and which belonged to an inexhaustible supply of clichés. Also known as 'the symbolic order', these clichés fabricate and organise gender norms and the normativity of sexual politics, as exemplified by the adverts for 3615 FEMM, which were sometimes ridiculed by the magazine, despite their adverts

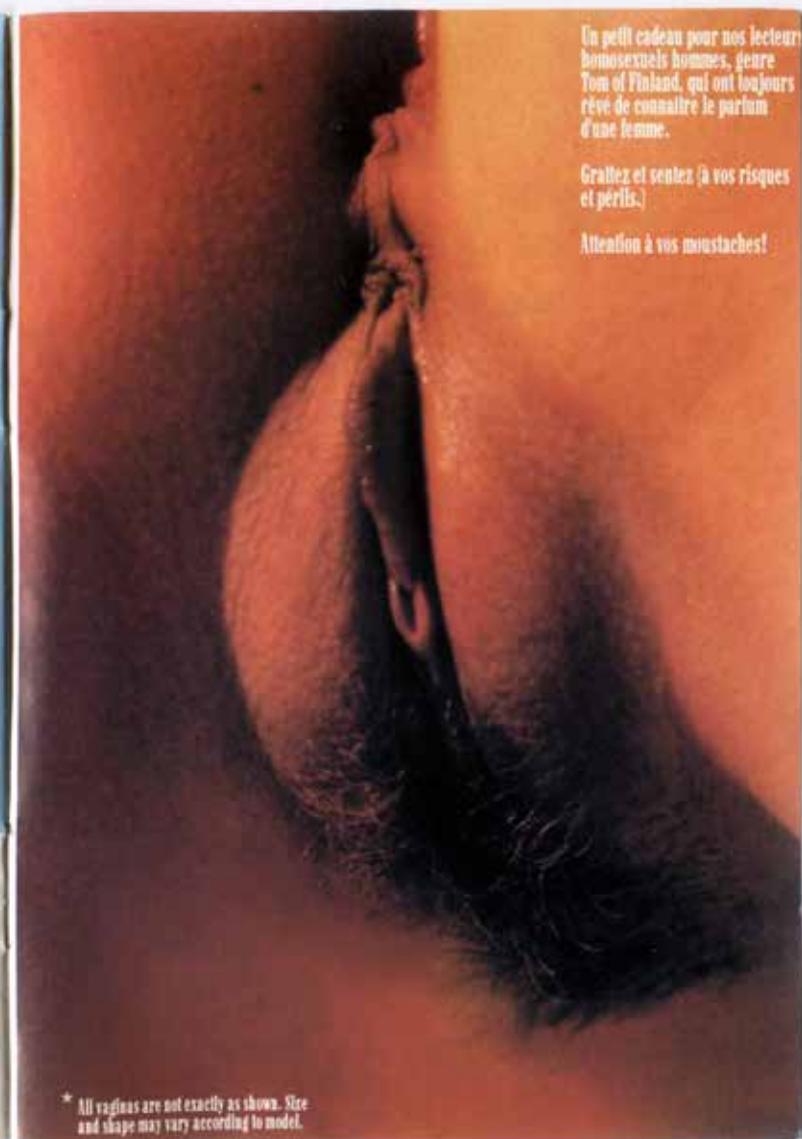
supporting it financially¹⁴. 'Yes I am handsome but I am a girl...'¹⁵ *Housewife* converted irritation into energy, that is to say, into love. This is basically the promise of the very first leading article: 'Welcome! Bienvenue! *Housewife* #1 for IRRITATED girls with style. This magazine is dedicated to you. May the house be with you. (Followed by an emoticon: Heart). Your devoted editor...'. This *Housewife* was not desperate, far from it.

The word 'Pulp' (which was thought up in the moment by DJ Sextoy when it came time to name the float that would parade as the outpost of the club on boulevard Poissonnière in Europride 1997) refers as much to the cult film by Quentin Tarantino or the novel by Charles Bukowski, as to the sentimental and/or erotic detective fictions under the aegis of which a lesbian genre developed. Between the 1930s and the end of the 1950s - equipped with coded titles and covers meaning that anyone who wanted to use them could - the genre of 'lesbian pulp' attracted a clientele of amateurs who, despite the sordid stories and characters, found a space that rendered their existence identifiable or at least plausible. The same situationism affected the title in English: *Housewife*. To bring a representation of the extent of alienation aligned with heterosexuality into the house of Pulp under the unpleasant term *housewife* - so much that it becomes a standard-bearer (a pen-holder? An easel?) - is not however to adhere to it, or perhaps to adhere to it only halfway. It is above all an instinctive understanding that women who love women, plural in their identities, their histories, their cultures, their gender and in their libidinal interests, also identify with figures far beyond those who affirm their identity - i.e so called 'lesbians'. In other words, 'kitsch' - a value judgment - is not 'camp' - an attitude. This is essentially the condition of humour in *Housewife*, where one laughs at oneself and not just at others.

And we cry, too.

14. The print press adventure of Gai Pied —a monthly, then a weekly, general interest magazine— played a pivotal role in gay affirmation in France during the early eighties. The magazine was compelled to alter its editorial strategy and mainly became, before the Internet, the provider of commercial dating sites supposedly serving the LGBT communities, such as 3615 FEMM.

15. *Housewife* #22.



Un petit cadeau pour nos lecteurs
homosexuels hommes, genre
Tom of Finland, qui ont toujours
rêvé de connaître le parfum
d'une femme.

Gratitez et sentez (à vos risques
et périls.)

Attention à vos moustaches!

* All vaginas are not exactly as shown. Size
and shape may vary according to model.

'Look at the cover. My mother, aged 24, her fugitive image trapped as a bruise on my skin by my father's camera. Look at her. She is beautiful. And we have caught that beauty on the run. She will stay with my father and me for another, difficult year. A brother will be born. And then she will leave. She is too young to be an unhappy wife and there are lovers (of all genders) waiting in line.' This is the editorial that accompanies *Housewife* #15. The black and white cover photo depicts a grassy landscape under a light grey sky and, at the bottom left of the picture, a young woman in a sweatshirt, her hair a little crazy, smiles out from the field. She could be us. She could be the one we are in love with. The painfully emotional tone of the text (in English) and the image (evoking the 1970s) make the first-person narrative plausible. We are embarking by Wanda's way, as in the film by Barbara Loden¹⁶. From the point of view of her own experience, Loden depicts alienation without converting her into a positive heroine, or rather the alteration of a woman into a 'good enough' woman for the history of feminism. Contrastingly, from the opposite page, sarcasm shows its face. Evoking the famous layout of an advertisement for vodka, which features a colour photograph of a glamorous woman, coiffed, lacquered, made-up - the page holds an advert for the pill starring a woman who is none of these things - *instant recognition*. This ad, concocted by the devilish 'Jesus Had a Sister Productions' guarantees that 'therapists, all over the world, recommend to lesbians'. The issue continues its dizzying confessional to solemnly give this drugged-up advice: 'love stories should begin at the end rather than at the beginning.' These questions of singularity and point of view set up a double perspective. At the end of the issue, as in any art magazine, there is a succession of advertising flyers which include images of a performance that took place at one of Pulp's¹⁷ opening nights. On that night, the Japanese artist and sex worker BuBu de la Madeleine - in homage to the American artist Carolee Schneemann¹⁸ - pulled a long piece of bunting made from flags of the world out of her vagina over the course of several

16. Barbara Loden, *Wanda*, 1970

17. October 6, 1998.

18. Carolee Schneemann's performance, *Interior Scroll*, from 1975, involved the artist pulling a rolled-up scroll of paper from her vagina and reading out loud from the inscribed text, a feminist diatribe taken from her film *Kitsch's Last Meal*.



minutes. In this way, the magazine set all possible kinds of feelings in motion.

In every issue of *Housewife* (be it the Russian version, the 'Gonzesse' issue, the 'Mousewife' issue in honour of mice, the printed-in-reverse 'Hong Kong is burning' issue, or its entirely depressing issue called *Housefire*) a series of dramatic scenarios were produced. These were played out again and again, the representation of 'the' lesbian, to detonate this uniqueness in flight. To paraphrase the famous words of Monique Wittig, *the lesbian is not a Housewife*¹⁹. There is no lesbian identity without incarnation, without doing, without play, without becoming, without identification, that is to say

19. Monique Wittig's famous phrase, of course, is: "The lesbian is not a woman."



without quotation, as there is no representation without unpredictability. This is how, in *Housewife*, all the quizzes spoke from experience, all shopping features were practical, any advice was given in the form of actions (#566: 'Make Yourself A Stage Name: 1. Take the first name of your first pet; 2. Add your mother's maiden name, for example Dana Wyse, artist / writer turns into Gypsy Lorenzo, pornstar'). In *Housewife*, every diary extract touched on both the first person singular and third person plural. Every image recycled from the pop culture of the 1960s (the childhood years of the readers or their parents) made reference to the old-fashioned fantasy of consumerism, not only of goods but also of images, casting both objects and human beings as an aphrodisiac commodity. In this way, *Housewife* acted performatively.

And that is precisely why it gave itself this title

- as a means of acting. *Housewife*, like all the absurd or paradoxical propositions contained within it, suspends judgment. True or false? Friendly or unsympathetic? Fair or unfair?... *Housewife* introduced a confusion into the magazine genre which sabotaged the heterosexual model of gender difference generally employed when thinking about sexuality and - more broadly - any binary model of difference used to represent human actions. Or rather to distribute them, on one side and the other. As if it were here, less of a problem of representation than a question of redistribution.

The redistribution of the sensible.

A little later, around 2001 in Brooklyn (New York), a strange collective

project was created. Its name, LTR, looks like an acronym, but the four letters could be interpreted however you liked, as 'Lesbians To The Rescue', 'Lesbians Tend To Read', 'Listen Translate Translate Record', 'Lacan Teaches To Repeat' among other propositions. A project emanating according to its own terms from a feminist and genderqueer collective, LTR is also flexible in its orientations, which push it equally in the direction of performances, parties and film screenings, as towards the production of an extraordinary annual newspaper, which stopped after five issues - the last one being titled, 'Positively Naughty'. The paper changed its form, content, process and contributors with every issue, both within its pages and in all aspects of its production which happened collectively, in a circle or group, by an international call-out ('after the lengthy choice about its editorial objective') including the printing, collation and binding of the pages, and the insertion of things inside. Here too, the printing process was an act, a performance.

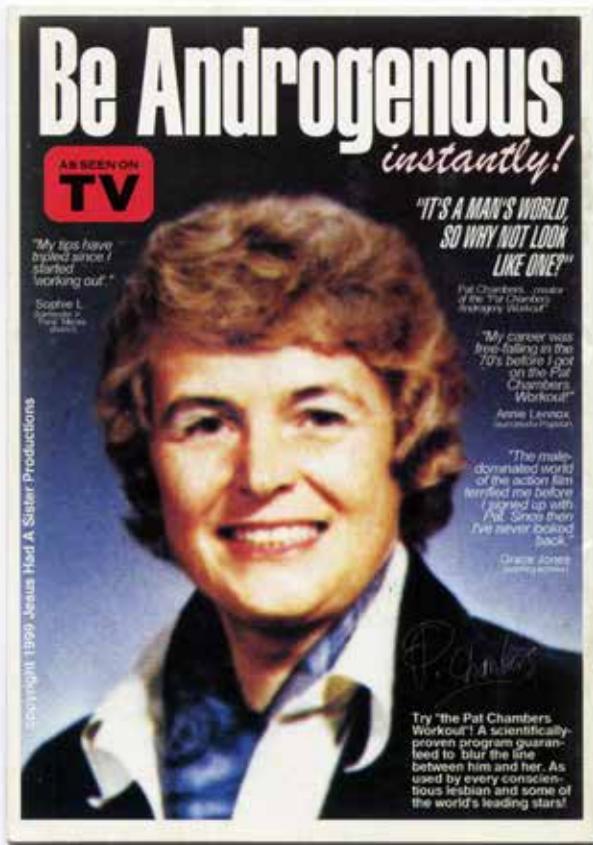
Like *Housewife*, LTR belongs to a phenomenon which is continually renewed within feminist and/or gay culture, namely 'DIY' - the famous 'do it yourself'. In times when the internet assumes media primacy, this resurgence appears all the more striking as the craft associated with the manufacture and distribution of print publications. It is endowed with an extraordinary editorial and visual inventiveness, outside and most often against the standards applied to the print media made to be sold on newsstands. These are, therefore, 'queer' publications *par excellence*, 'queer zines'²⁰ which constitute their community directly within their making. This community is the product of a 'piracy' of the usual distinction between those who make (both those who make and appear in the magazines) and those who receive, the readers: the images and the roles circulate from one to the other. And although fanzines respond to specific niches, the bodies and the voices that they represent remain largely absent from 'mainstream media'.

20. See in particular Martine Laroche and Michèle Larrouy, *Mouvement de Presse, des années 1970 à nos jours, luttes féministes et lesbiennes*. Paris, ARCL éditions, 2009. And the two volumes of *Queer Zines*, edited AA Bronson and P. Arons, New York, Printed Matter and Rotterdam, Witte de With (New edition: 2013).

Housewife, as well as *Pulp* which closed in May 2007, have faded into legend,²¹ but not without having passed the torch. This fact is evidenced in issue #24 which is more or less my favourite. On the cover, instead of the word *FREE* which runs not far from the binding, the phrase *NOTHING IS FREE* has been substituted. And in the guise of headlines, one can find this angry scribble: 'I can't anymore! I hate my computer. I went to Canada to see my mother. Create your own *Housewives* and send them to me. The winner gets 3000 francs.' Below, in very small writing, there is an address. Inside, except for the second and third covers which are reserved for dating sites and adverts - *Girls on one side* and 3615 *FEMM* on the other - there are twelve blank pages.

Nothing but blank pages.

21. Axelle Le Dauphin rejoined *Têtu* as a reporter, where she would also edit the short lived *Têtu Madame*. She also appeared on TV talk shows and pursued photography and documentary films (*Guru: portrait d'une famille hijra*, 2016). Dana Wyse pursues her artistic activities.



Housewife, La redistribution du sensible.

Elisabeth Lebovici

Voulez-vous profiter de la « Daphne Dulick's Lesbian Powder (...) vue à la télé » ? C'est très simple : il suffit de « verser discrètement le contenu dans un verre » pour que « toute femme rangée » soit transformée « en goudou lubrique !!! ». Dans cette publicité d'un « devenir lesbienne » de gré ou de force, dont le texte en italique s'enlève sur un fond à carreaux vichy rouges et blanc – du style nappe d'auberge des années 1950 – et qui est accompagnée d'une image féminine de la même génération, on aura reconnu la patte cent fois imitée de l'artiste écrivain Dana Wyse, œuvrant souvent sous la marque de sa compagnie : « Jesus Had a Sister Productions »¹. La réclame s'insère en fanfare dans le premier numéro de *Housewife*.

Format : 10 X 15cm. Nombre de pages : 16, en calculant avec la première et la dernière de couverture, parce qu'elles comptent, évidemment. Tirage : 2500 exemplaires. Prix : gratuit.

C'est ainsi que trois années (et des poussières de mois) durant² est produit *Housewife*, le mini magazine de l'Entracte d'abord, puis du Pulp à partir du numéro 4³. Car le nom du club de filles du 25 boulevard Poissonnière, niché au dessus du Scorp – une boîte gay des Grands-Boulevards, déambulateur des divertissements parisiens depuis la fin du XVIII^e siècle – a changé entre temps. Michèle Cassaro⁴ qui en a repris la gérance juste au moment

1. Dont on connaît sans doute les sachets de pilules, produite artisanalement par centaines de milliers, chacun accompagné de la formule de leur action exprimée à l'impératif : « Être blonde immédiatement », « Cloner l'amie de votre meilleure amie », « Garantir l'homosexualité de votre enfant ».

Le record absolu des ventes est tenu par – "Understand your mother" ("comprenez votre mère") ».

2. Les derniers numéros de ma collection vont jusqu'à l'an 2000 et au numéro 32 mais il y a également un n°75, un numéro π (3,14116), qui d'ailleurs fête le 3,14 anniversaire du fanzine.

3. L'Entracte, dancing et thé dansant l'après midi, avait été investi en 1994 par Laurence, l'une des deux animatrices de la seule émission interactive adressée aux jeunes lesbiennes sur la radio FG,

4. Michèle Cassaro, l'ex-patronne du Pulp, est aujourd'hui



EMMANUEL KERNER et SEP
funk, house, garage. Gratuit

le jeudi
with Rebecca Bourigault
et Timothée Vanasse...

Rebecca Bourigault et Timothée Vanasse
House Party deejayed by DJ
guests. Mixed crowd. Gratuit
"Maxime"!!! The coolest soirée

le jeudi
"P U L P"

KARIM, FABRICE et GUIDO a
meilleurs DJs internationaux

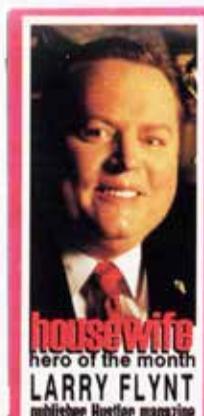
le jeudi 2
PINK FINGER
Nuit inondée de bulles
et de miel. Strip-tease
2000 avec hérisson...

GRATUIT A MINUIT

TOUS LES VENDREDIS 100% FILLES
DE MINUIT À L'AUBE. RÉSIDENTE DJ
JENNIFER (Peace & Respect) AND MORE
DJETTÉS. SEXTOY! BEN.J! 50 francs le week-end avec consommation
TOUS LES SAMEDIS DE MINUIT À L'AUBE
101% FILLES AVEC DJ YVAN.

 **Pulp! 25, Blvd. Poissonnière, 75002, Paris**
métro: Grands Boulevards

DE MINUIT À L'AUBE



housewife
hero of the month
LARRY FLYNT
publisher Hustler magazine

le mercredi 02 décembre
Boogie Night spéciale cabaret
Des nonnes déjantées, des instits hystéros, Stella la soeur de Jesus, SOS suicide, Radio vide-ordures...Deux performances à partir de 01h30, avec un entracte et la vraie fausse ouvreuse: Corine!

le mercredi 09 décembre
Boogie Karaoke Une fois par mois, René et son Karoké itinérant viennent vous faire chanter!
Guest-stars: Johnny Halliday, Elvis Presley, Petula Clark, Umberto Tozzi, Catherine Lara...

1-900-435-6544

Strippers are cool!

L'agenda de D

le jeudi 03 décembre
DJs Mme.Gaultier (L'enfer: Carcassonne) et S.Ground. House, Hard House et Deep House juste pour danser.

le jeudi 10 décembre
DJ Schatrax. Soirée mixte juste pour danser.

...E NICOLAS. Electro, disco,
à minuit. Boys and girls.

14 octobre
"MAXIME"

...hée Verecchia remettent cal
...lai. Birthdays and special
...pour tous. Housewife loves
...in the universe...

Gratuit à minuit

21 octobre
"Style"

...re in the club pour leur soirée ectectik house. Les

(eh oui!) pour des sets impromptus!



HALLOWEEN
le dimanche 31 octobre

HAPPY BIRTHDAYS ZOUZOU et SEXTOY

House, hard house, techno... Dress code: White and **blood**.
Peepshow! Déco Ectoplasmik. 50f avec conso.

réservations: 01 40 26 01 93
www.transcodage.com

A team of psychologists at Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, Ont., has completed a study that helps explain how Superman could put on horn-rimmed glasses and fool Lois Lane for more than 60 years.

Through a series of experiments, the study found that sunglasses — and by extension regular eyeglasses — actually do disguise people.

Découvrez cette fausse cicatrice, enfoncez-la de sauté pour la coller sur votre... et rendez votre copine...

eyewear, we spend a lot of time looking at the eyes because the eyes are a very rich source of information about a face," said Dr. William Hockley. "When the eyes of the face are covered up we have, in effect, less information with which to make a decision about the person." Dr. Hockley and two colleagues asked university students to look at a series of faces for about two seconds per face.

See GLASSES on Page A4



Housewife is unassailable for comment as she is unassailable when for someone's addiction at a clinic in Switzerland. So what, got well wishes to Housewife Magazine.

LIVE
housewife
la soirée II
le jeudi 17 décembre

Most requested record this month: "Last Night a DJ Stole My Wife".

décembre

le jeudi 24 décembre
Noël en famille avec les gars du Scorp!

le jeudi 31 décembre
Entrée 100f avec une consommation à partir de minuit (sous le gui)
D.D. 01



le mercredi 16 déc
"MISS... IS FOLLIVORE"
la transhumance (1^{er} épisode)
La vache attaque! Pot à lait à 23h aux Scandaleuses et Traite toute la nuit au Pulp!
Musique 100% ringarde internationale. DJ Hervé (in: le torillon) et Sextoy (in: la

de l'Europride 1997 en compagnie de Sophie Lesné (et de Fred Phi, temporairement), l'ouvre à la rentrée de la même année. L'esprit de bande⁵ se substitue au projet calibré d'entreprise: leur expérience du monde de la nuit n'a rien de professionnel et il ne s'agit aucunement d'y faire carrière, bien plutôt d'y faire advenir ce qu'on ne trouve pas ailleurs. C'est exactement le moment où cinq boîtes parisiennes sont soumises à la fermeture administrative pour cause de trafic de drogue. « The rest is history ». Vingt ans après le mythique Palace, non loin de là, qui, à la fin des années 1970, a révolutionné les nuits parisiennes⁶, le Pulp devient au tournant des années 1990-2000 la force centrifuge, la chambre d'échos sombre et palpitante, qui chamboule le clubbing, la vie parisienne et l'image des lesbiennes, tels qu'on les connaissait.

Le Pulp est un lieu fait autant pour les lesbiennes, que par les lesbiennes, ou mieux, par des gouines qui revendiquent pleinement le terme et le territoire où elles ont instauré leur aire de jeu. Certes celle-ci couvre à peine 100 m², l'espace timbre poste d'un dancing de velours défraîchi, à la moquette usée et aux toilettes approximatives, mais complètement expérimental et multi-sensoriel, qui, doté d'une âme de gouine rocker et teigneuse, électrise le corps de la techno. C'est un lieu sans carré VIP, sans tapis rouge et l'entrée y est gratuite. Sa règle fondamentale est précisée sur les flyers : « Le Pulp est une boîte de filles où les garçons aiment bien venir aussi ». Les femmes y seront toujours prioritaires et les garçons ne pourront y entrer que s'ils sont accompagnés. Comme l'explique Michèle Cassaro : « C'était une boîte tenue par des gouines avec une énergie de gouines. Certaines perchées, certaines très organisées, certaines très militantes avec des formes de militantisme très différentes. C'était un truc de meufs, cela n'avait jamais existé. C'était

gérante du Rosa Bonheur, bar-buvette-guinguette ouvert en août 2008 au sein du parc paysager des Buttes-Chaumont : un autre lieu à succès.

5. Michèle Cassaro, DJ Sextoy, l'artiste Anastasia Mordin, le musicien Rachid Taha, de même habitent alors la même maison dans le XIX^e arrondissement.

6. Le Palace est une ancienne salle de spectacle de la rue du Faubourg Montmartre, qui à partir de 1978 et jusqu'à la mort de son directeur, Fabrice Emaer, en 1983, révolutionna les nuits parisiennes. Le Gay Tea Dance y a lieu tous les dimanches après-midi entre 1984 et 1990, C'est dans un club adjacent et adjoint au Palace, d'ailleurs, appelé Le Privilège, que s'installa à la fin des années 1980 l'établissement transfuge du Katmandou, club des « femmes qui préfèrent les femmes » ouvert en 1969 rue du Vieux Colombier par Elula Perrin et Aimée Mori.

aussi un lieu où on est arrivé à exploser les barrières entre les gays, les hétéros et les différentes classes sociales.⁷

La programmation artistique et musicale d'enfer lancée grâce à Fany Corral (programmatrice et productrice du label Kill the DJ) et à Delphine Palatsi, la grande DJ Sextoy⁸, est déclinée en un menu de soirées hebdomadaires ou mensuelles, du mercredi au samedi, nuit 100% filles. Ces rendez-vous, il faut les annoncer. *Housewife*, le magazine mensuel gratuit conçu par Axelle le Dauphin et Dana Wyse, est chargé d'en faire la publicité. Un agenda figure effectivement en guise de double-page centrale. Mais les noms et les dates des nuits du Pulp sont recrachées non sans avoir été digérées par une machine éditoriale infernale. Celle-ci marche à la façon décapante du « cut-up » inventé comme méthode littéraire par William Burroughs et Brion Gysin, qui disaient qu'en « coupant dans le présent, le futur s'échappe »⁹. Dépourvu de sommaire, *Housewife* charrie un flux discontinu d'images, de typographies, de mots et de textes : autant d'éléments empruntés à un vestiaire incongru (pour ne pas dire ici « hétéro-clite »). Celui-ci appartenait à une « fille qui en a »¹⁰ (...« des tatouages »), une reine du drame franco-canadienne (Axelle Le Dauphin + Dana Wyse) très décontractée sur et sous la ceinture. L'une joue le rôle d'éditrice, l'autre de directrice artistique mais il faut dire que le mélange des usages et des fonctions est de rigueur. Les sexes – pardon ! Les textes passent allègrement de l'anglais au français. Ils font se rencontrer des prénoms et des pronoms personnels et, surtout, le récit bruyant des vicissitudes de l'intimité amoureuse des deux protagonistes principales avec des citations de magazines féminins, alliant tests, shoppings, guides de survie sexuelle en milieu de boîte de nuit, photos people des soirées (l'œil de *Housewife* : la photographe Sophie Anquez). On y trouve également des cirages de pompes (hymne

7. Mimi raconte le Pulp par Lionel Nicaise, Tsugi, 5 décembre 2013. Voir <http://www.tsugi.fr/magazines/2013/12/05/mimi-raconte-pulp-2723>

8. Née en 1968, décédée en 2002, Delphine Palatsi, dite Sextoy, fut l'une des plus brillantes, des plus charismatiques et des plus inventives DJ de la musique électronique, s'imposant dans un milieu musical très majoritairement masculin. Deux documentaires faits d'images d'archives, *Le Projet Sextoy* et *Sextoy Stories* ont été réalisés en 2014 par Anastasia Mordin et Lidia Terki

9. "When you cut up into the present the future leaks out". Voir : <http://briongysin.com/>

10. *Housewife* n°2, traduction approximative.



titre et image par Tobi O'Neil + Boris





à Virginie Despentes, vivats à Nan Goldin, étoiles pour Ann Scott¹¹⁾, du déballage de linge sale (« les maîtresses de Sextoy lui souhaitent un joyeux anniversaire : suit une cinquantaine de prénoms féminins, dont 12 Sophies) ; des articles de fond et des histoires rédigées par d'ardentes collaboratrices ; et bien sûr, des publicités – sans oublier les cadeaux bonus dissimulés à l'intérieur.¹² On repère, sporadiquement une thématique mensuelle : « Spécial jeunes mariées »¹³, spécial « Tabloïd Londonien » ; spécial « Black is beautiful » ; spécial « Cow-girls » ; spécial « Moscou » ; spécial « Porn ». Bien avant qu'arrive la cartographie des « 6 degrés de séparation » lesbiens promue par la série américaine *The L word*, on trouve dans *Housewife* le dessin du réseau parisien de sociabilité nocturne sexuelle et amoureuse, qualifié de « foutoir lesbien universel ». Ce réseau existe sous forme d'arbre généalogique, certes, mais aussi dans chacune des pages qui égrènent également la « consanguinité virtuelle » de la communauté du Pulp, que le fanzine, décrivant les incessantes mutations des relations et des désirs, fait advenir et dont il constitue l'archive vivante. *Housewife* en est l'outil de communication, la propagande tendre et trash à la fois. Les images utilisées, dessins et recyclages de documents personnels, découpages prélevés sur des catalogues ou copiés sur des encarts publicitaires mixent également avec ferveur ce qui relève d'une histoire individuelle et ce qui appartient au fond inépuisable des lieux communs.

Appelés aussi « ordre symbolique », ces lieux communs fabriquent et organisent les normes de genre et la normativité des politiques sexuelles, y compris de la part des annonceurs type 3615 FEMM, parfois harangüés à l'intérieur du magazine, lequel ne dissimule en rien son économie.¹⁴ « Oui je suis beau mais je suis une fille... »¹⁵ : *Housewife* convertit l'énervernement en énergie, c'est-à-dire en amour. C'est du moins sa promesse dès son premier édito : « Welcome ! Bienvenue ! *Housewife* n°1 pour

11. Respectivement : écrivaine, artiste et photographe, et écrivaine.

12. Une feuille de papier toilettes dans le *Housewife* n°8 ; du faux LSD en papier à découper, à vendre 100 francs pièces au Pulp le samedi soir dans le numéro 17 ; un petit sachet de poudre blanche dans un autre ; des flyers, à profusion.

13. Le projet de Contrat d'Union Civile déposé en 1995 est refusé par le Ministre de la Justice d'alors, Jacques Toubon. Après une longue bataille d'une année à l'Assemblée Nationale, le PACS est adopté en 1999 et la loi est promulguée le 15 novembre 1999

14. Le réseau télématique de Gai Pied est annonceur.

15. *Housewife* n°22.



Housewife est très fier. Sophie Anquez, notre photographe, a été élue la femme la plus sexy de l'année 1999. Ici vue, avec bravoure, en train de percer son propre sein. Une vraie pionnière!

les filles ENERVÉES qui ont du style. Ce magazine vous est dédié. May the house be with you. (Suit une émoticône : Coeur). Votre dévouée éditrice «... Housewife n'est point desperate, loin de là.

Le mot « Pulp », trouvé en un éclair par DJ Sextoy au moment où il faut baptiser le char qui va défiler en avant-poste du club du boulevard Poissonnière au sein de l'Europride 1997, renvoie autant au film-culte de Quentin Tarantino ou au roman de Charles Bukowski, qu'à la littérature de gare policière, sentimentale ou érotique, sous l'égide de laquelle s'est développé un genre lesbien. Entre les années 1930 et la fin des années 1950, munis de titres et d'une couverture codée permettant à qui le désire d'en faire usage, les livres de « lesbian pulp » s'attirent également une clientèle d'amatrices qui, malgré les récits et les personnages sordides, y trouvent un espace qui rend identifiable ou du moins vraisemblable leur existence.

Le même situationnisme affecte le titre *Housewife*. C'est une appellation désignant, depuis les mêmes années, les femmes au foyer. Faire entrer dans la maison-Pulp la représentation du comble de l'aliénation alignée sur l'hétérosexualité – sous l'horrible mot de ménagère – au point d'en faire un porte-drapeau (un porte-plume ? un chevalet ?), ce n'est pourtant pas y adhérer, ou peut-être, y adhérer seulement à moitié. C'est surtout comprendre instinctivement que les femmes qui aiment les femmes, plurielles dans leurs identifications, dans leurs histoires, dans leurs cultures, dans leur genre et dans leur intérêts libidinaux, s'identifient aussi à des figures bien au-delà de celles qui affirment leur identité – bien définies comme « lesbiennes ». En d'autres termes, le kitsch – un jugement de valeur – n'est pas le camp – une attitude. Telle est peut-être la condition du rire dans *Housewife*, où l'on rit de soi aussi et pas seulement des autres.

Et on pleure, aussi.

« Voyez la couverture. Ma mère, 24 ans, son image fugitive piégée comme une ecchymose sur la peau par l'appareil photo de mon père. Regardez-la. Elle est belle. Et nous l'avons saisie en train de s'enfuir. Elle restera avec mon père et moi encore une année, difficile. Un frère naîtra. Et puis elle partira. Elle est trop jeune pour être une épouse malheureuse et il y a des amant(e)s qui font la queue ». C'est l'édito qui accompagne le n°15 de *Housewife*. La photo de couverture, en noir et blanc, représente un paysage d'herbes et

de ciel gris-clair et, en bas à gauche de l'image, le visage d'une femme jeune, en sweat-shirt, les cheveux un peu fous, souriant hors champ. Ça pourrait être nous. Ça pourrait être celle dont on est amoureuse. La tonalité douloureusement émotionnelle du texte (en anglais) et de l'image (évoquant les années 1970) rend vraisemblable un énoncé à la première personne. On est embarqué du côté de Wanda, le film de Barbara Loden qui, du point de vue de sa propre expérience montre au cinéma l'aliénation sinon l'altération d'une femme, sans la convertir en héroïne positive, en femme « suffisamment bonne » pour l'histoire du féminisme. Et pourtant, dès la page d'à côté, le sarcasme pointe son nez. Évoquant la mise en page célèbre d'une publicité pour vodka, une photo en couleurs de femme habillée, coiffée, laquée, maquillée- tout le contraire de celle décrite plus haut- accompagne une réclame pour la pilule « Compassion instantanée ». Celle-ci, concoctée par la diabolique « Jesus Had a Sister Productions », assure que « des thérapeutes, partout dans le monde, recommandent aux lesbiennes. » Le numéro continue son vertige confessionnel, pour célébrer ce conseil «

J'aime bien les butches: elles sont hyper tendance depuis que la rock'n'roll attitude et son grand bazar capillaire sont de nouveau hype. En plus, elles conduisent bien et, nobles et galantes, elles perpétuent une approche romanesque des relations amoureuses dans la plus pure tradition "prince charmant". Malheureusement, leur apparence volontaire et déroutante a toujours suscitée curiosité et railleries, aussi bien de la part de la population straight que des lesbiennes! Il est temps de retabir la juste place de la Butch dans l'icônographie gouine; et grâce au goût merveilleux et aux connaissances pointues de bibi en matière de femmes de caractère (acquises dans l'allégresse sur l'axe Londres-Dresde), nous allons toutes apprendre et à nous (ou peut-Butch) bienne. par



Historiquement parlant, la Butch est l'archétype de la femme à poigne capable de faire régner la terreur sur un individu, un peuple, une époque. Cette détermination hors du commun, cette rage de survivre envers et contre tous - inimaginables pour toute faible femme qui se respecte - ont, las, souvent valu aux Butches historiques* de se faire pieusement exterminer par des lascars par trop déboullonnés par la virile destinée de ces fortes femmes. Mais la détresse des Butches à travers l'Histoire serait moindre, si, je le rappelle, elles n'avaient pas été les victimes systématiques du rejet et des gloussements de celles et ceux qui ne voulaient pas leur reconnaître ce droit d'être avant tout des femmes libres, libres de ne plus être de gentilles filles, de braves**

**Jeanne d'Arc, Catherine de Medicis, Marie Tudor, Elizabeth I, Maggie Thatcher...*

*** Lubbi Cauchon, Torquemada, l'Église catholique, Staline...*

If you are just learning how to be butch and don't have enough money to buy leather vests, checked shirts, and antique lies, don't forget the cigarette, the favourite prop of any serious butch. Average cost? 1 franc each.

Dalles comme un camion

codiné » : « les histoires d'amour devraient commencer à la fin plutôt qu'au début ». Ces questions de point de fuite et de point de vue organisent une double perspective. À la fin du numéro, comme dans n'importe quel magazine d'art, se succèdent les encarts publicitaires d'expositions auxquels se joignent quelques images d'une performance qui eut lieu au Pulp¹⁶ un soir de vernissage. Durant cette nuit-là, l'artiste et travailleuse du sexe japonaise BuBu de la Madeleine, à l'imitation de l'américaine Carolee Schneemann¹⁷, sortit de son vagin un grand pavoi composé des drapeaux du monde entier, pendant de longues minutes. Tous genres d'émotion vraisemblables, ainsi, se catapultent.

À chaque numéro d'*Housewife* (avec sa variante russe, son numéro « Gonzesse » ou bien « Mousewife » en l'honneur des souris, son numéro

16. 6 octobre 1998.

17. C'est effectivement ce qu'avait fait l'artiste-performatrice Carolee Schneemann en 1975, sous le titre *Interior Scroll*, déroulant de son vagin un rouleau de papier pour lire le texte inscrit, un texte féministe tiré de son film *Kitch's Last Meal*.

à lecture inversé spécial Hong Kong is burning, ou encore son numéro entièrement dépressif intitulé *Housefire*) se produit une série de mises en scène. Celles-ci rejouent encore et encore, la représentation de « la » lesbienne, pour en faire exploser l'unicité en vol. Pour paraphraser la phrase célèbre de Monique Wittig, la lesbienne n'existe pas chez *Housewife*. Ni la gouine, d'ailleurs. Il n'y a pas d'identité lesbienne sans incarnation, sans faire, sans jeu, sans devenir, sans identification, c'est-à-dire sans citation comme il n'y a pas de représentation sans imprévisible. C'est ainsi que dans *Housewife*, tout test parle d'expérience, tout shopping de pratiques, tout conseil de moyens d'agir (n°566 : « Se faire un nom de scène : 1) Prenez le prénom de votre premier animal domestique ; 2) Ajoutez le nom de jeune fille de votre mère, par exemple Dana Wyse, artiste/écrivain se transforme en Gypsy Lorenzo, pornstar »). Dans *Housewife*, tout extrait de journal intime touche à la fois une première personne du singulier et une troisième personne du pluriel. Toute image recyclée de la culture populaire des années 1960 – les années d'enfance des lectrices ou de leurs parent-es – renvoie à la féerie surannée d'une consommation, non seulement des biens mais aussi des images, théâtralisant les objets et les êtres humains comme une marchandise aphrodisiaque. *Housewife* agit performativement.

Et c'est justement pour cela qu'il s'est donné ce titre comme moyen d'agir. *Housewife*, comme toutes les propositions absurdes ou paradoxales qu'il contient, suspend en fait le jugement. Vrai ou faux ? Sympathique ou antipathique ? Juste ou injuste ? *Housewife* introduit une confusion dans le genre du magazine, qui sabote le modèle hétérosexuel de la différence des sexes généralement usité pour penser la sexualité et plus largement, tout modèle binaire de la différence utilisé pour représenter les actions humaines. Ou plutôt pour les distribuer, d'un côté, et de l'autre. Comme s'il s'agissait ici, moins d'un problème de représentation que d'une question de redistribution.

La redistribution du sensible....

Un peu plus tard, en 2001, à Brooklyn (New York), un étrange projet collectif s'est produit. Son nom, *LTRR*, a l'air d'un acronyme mais les quatre lettres s'interprètent au choix, comme « Lesbians to the Rescue », « Lesbians tend to read », « Listen translate translate record », « Lacan Teaches to

soeurs, de bonnes épouses assujetties par des siècles d'oppression sexuelle, culturelle, structurelle...

Ce qui nous amène en toute logique (enfin façon de parler) aux aberrations iniques de notre XXème siècle, ou l'on aura vu des femmes si métamorphosées (comme leur mère avant elles, etc.) par les valeurs de leur père, frères, époux, qu'elles partent d'elles-mêmes (!!!) en guerre contre la butcherie révoltée de leurs congénères rebelles en jeans unisexes, cheveux courts, le soutien-gorge en feu, la sexualité en bataille. Et bien sûr, à l'inverse, les furies telles Valérie Solanas (qui aurait dû plus s'amuser avec des godes -et oui, j'ai dit un gros mot) qui jetèrent définitivement le discrédit sur cette catégorie de femmes intellectuellement autonome et pacifiée dans sa dualité sexuelle; car telle est la Butch: une femme qui n'a jamais renoncé à la beauté, à l'unicité, au mystère de sa féminité tout en la laissant coexister avec tout un panel de comportements, d'actions, d'attitudes, de mécanismes de pensée dits viriles.

En théorie. Car l'image véhiculée par celles que nous appelons butches doit évoluer: dans cette société conditionnée par les rapports de force et/ou séduction homme/femme, la femme butch n'apparaît jusqu'à lors que comme un ersatz d'homme, qui vit sa différence en rejetant son genre, ses caractères, sa sensibilité pour ne plus être qu'un triste personnage sexuel: grave erreur. Cette caricature

Les butches: elles sont fortes, elles sont dures, elles sont sexy... et surtout, elles sont le cauchemar de votre mère.

d'homme, cette femme tronquée est un fantasme aux services d'intérêts hétéros: stigmatiser les lesbiennes, les enlaidir, leur communiquer des sentiments de vanité, d'inutilité, de monstruosité. Et ça, soit je suis folle, soit c'est dégueulasse. En inventant la nouvelle Butch qui comprend, assume et revendique, nous serons en mesure de bâtir un mode de vie, une image libérée, autonome et sexy.

Alléluia, ma soeur, mais comment faire?

Bon, tout d'abord, il est intéressant de constater qu'on ne considère une femme comme butch qu'à partir du moment où elle offre à voir sur son corps, dans son corps cette interpolation du féminin et du masculin: en clair, il ne suffit pas d'être



Repeat », entre autres propositions. Projet émanant, selon ses propres termes d'un collectif féministe et genderqueer, il est également flexible dans ses orientations, qui le poussent aussi bien du côté de la performance, de la soirée, de l'événement d'une projection, que du côté de la fabrication d'un extraordinaire journal annuel, qui s'arrête d'ailleurs au bout de cinq numéros : « Positivement Méchant(e) » est le titre du dernier. La revue a changé à chaque fois de forme, de contenu, de processus et de contributrices, à la fois dans ses pages et dans sa fabrication qui se fait collectivement, en cercle ou en groupe, de l'appel international à participation (« après le choix fastidieux de son objet éditorial ») jusqu'à l'impression, la collation, et la reliure des pages y compris l'insertion d'objets à l'intérieur. Ici aussi, l'imprimé est un acte, une performance.

LTRR comme *Housewife*, appartiennent à ce phénomène, continuellement reconduit dans la culture féministe et/ou homosexuelle, du « DIY » --le fameux « Do It Yourself ». Aux temps où internet assoit sa primauté médiatique, sa résurgence apparaît d'autant plus marquante que cet artisanat du faire s'applique à la fabrication et la distribution de publications sur papier, dotées d'une extraordinaire inventivité éditoriale et visuelle, hors et le plus souvent contre les normes appliquées à la presse destinée à être vendue en kiosque. Ce sont, ainsi, des publications « queer » par excellence, des « queer zines »¹⁸ qui constituent leur communauté en même temps qu'ils se font. Cette communauté est le produit d'un « piratage » de la distinction usuelle entre celles qui font (celles qui fabriquent le magazine, mais aussi celles qui figurent dans le magazine) et celles qui reçoivent, les lectrices : les images et les rôles circulent de l'une à l'autre. Et même si les fanzines répondent à des niches précises, les corps et les discours qu'ils présentent restent largement absents des « grands medias ».

Housewife, puis le Pulp fermé en mai 2007, sont entrés dans la légende.¹⁹ Non sans avoir passé la

18. Voir notamment Martine Laroche et Michèle Larrouy, *Mouvement de Presse, des années 1970 à nos jours, luttes féministes et lesbiennes*. Paris, éditions ARCL, 2009
Et les deux volumes des *Queer Zines*, ed AA Bronson and P. Arons, New York, Printed Matter et Rotterdam, Witte de With (Nouvelle édition : 2013)

19. Axelle Le Dauphin a déjà rejoint *Têtu*, elle y éditera l'éphémère *Têtu Madame*, et également les talk-shows de la télévision, puis la photographie et les reportages au loin, notamment en Asie. Dana Wyse poursuit ses activités artistiques.

Rappelez-vous de faire quelque chose de votre vie

main. Ainsi en témoigne le numéro 24 qui n'est pas loin d'être l'un de mes préférés. Sur la couverture, au lieu du bandeau « gratuit » qui court non loin des agrafes servant de reliure, la phrase « nothing is gratuit » a été substituée. Et en guise de Une, on peut lire ce graffiti d'humeur très colère : « J'en peux plus ! Je déteste mon ordinateur. Je suis allée au Canada pour voir ma mère. Créez vos propres housewives et envoyez les moi. La gagnante aura 3000 (souligné) francs. » En -dessous, en tout petit, il y a une adresse. A l'intérieur, hormis la deuxième et la troisième de couverture réservées aux sites de rencontre et annonceurs - Girls d'un côté et 3615 FEMM de l'autre - il y a douze pages blanches.

Rien que des pages blanches.

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More About Dana Wyse:

Dana Wyse, *How to Turn Your Addiction to Prescription Drugs into a successful art career*, Paris, éditions du Regard, 2007.

Dana Wyse, *Jesus Had a Sister Productions, 1996-2001*, self-published, 2001.

About Housewife:

Marie Kirschen, « Sex, Drugs & Housewife », *Well Well Well*, n°4, pp. 78-87.

Elisabeth Lebovici, « Housewife, la redistribution du sensible », *Miroir / Miroirs* n°4, 2015.

Elisabeth Lebovici, "Housewife, Tongue to Chick," *Canal* #2, 2019.

About the Pulp:

Golden Years, Les années d'or du Pulp, Paris, La Légende éditions, à paraître, 2022.

To our knowledge, 34 issues of *Housewife* were published, numbered as such:

- #01 no date, Le magazine de L'Entracte
- #02 March 1997, Le magazine de L'Entracte
- #03 May 1997, Le magazine de L'Entracte
- #04 August-September 1997, from this issue, Le magazine du Pulp
+ A second #4 of *Housewife* was published in the pages of *Projet X, Le Magazine des sexualités Hard* #31, June 98.
- #05 Agenda December 1997
- #06 Agenda January 1998
- #07 Agenda February 1998
- #08 Agenda March 1998, contains a sheet of toilet paper from Le Pulp
- #09 Agenda April 1998
- #10 Agenda May 1998
- #11 Agenda June 1998
- #12 Agenda July-August 1998
- #13 Agenda September 1998
- #14 Agenda October 1998
- #15 Agenda November 1998
- #16 Agenda December 1998
- #17 Agenda January 1999
- [#18] Numbered #75, agenda February 1999
- [#19] Hong Kong issue, agenda March 1999
- #20 Agenda April 1999, smelly substance to scratch on the last page.
- #21 Agenda May 1999
- #22 Agenda June 1999
- #23 Agenda July-August 1999, cocaine ad inserted after the cover.
- #24 Entirely blank issue.
- #25 Agenda September 1999
- [#26] Agenda October 1999
- #27 Agenda November 1999, a fake cocaine pouch is stapled on the last page.
- #28 Agenda December 1999, As the little girl pictured on the back-cover sued *Housewife*, the page has been torn out.
- [#29] *Housefire*, Agenda January 2000
- #30 Agenda February 2000
- [#31] Russian issue, agenda March 2000, flyer in Russian inserted.
- #32 *Gonzesse*, Agenda April 2000, post it on one of the pages
- #π [33] Agenda May 2000

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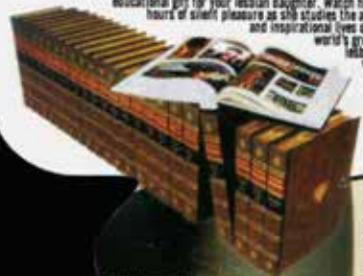
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