

Friday, December 24, 2004

#3 in series – the garage band plays

**white ManiFesto and
other perFumed tales
of self-entitlement**

or,

got rIce?

prelude --

(an average looking guy in his late 20's. on each side of him stands a woman. pretty, they look and act like professional prize showers from a game show. each holds several large flash cards.

on the small table next to the guy are set a tie and coat along with a bottle of opened wine, a wine glass. he is in his socks, his shoes set on the ground next to his feet)

(woman #1 holds up a large card with an asian male face, geeky – black-frame glasses, spikey greased up hair, stupid grin. woman #2 poses beside her, *showing* woman #1 displaying the flash card. the two women takes turns displaying and showing while the guy narrates)

guy: japanese foreign exchange student.

(woman #1 starts to lower the card, then stops)

wrong.

(woman #1 holds it up again)

been here 5 generations, forefathers fought in II, korea, vietnam. i.e, a bona fide red, white and blue american through and through, spilled blood, rooted for joe dimaggio, paid taxes, the whole nine yards.

(guy shakes his head disgustedly, muttering)

japanese foreign student, you should be ashamed...

walking down the street at night. it's dark and no one's around. see a person coming towards you...

(woman #2 holds up card – good looking white male in a suit and tie)

(holds it for a beat. takes it down)

it's dark and no one's around. see this person coming towards you...

(woman #1 holds up a menacing black male face, like the *green mile* guy. holds it for a long beat. takes it down)

you're horny, you just want to fuck your brains out...

(holds up an exotic looking asian woman. takes it down. then, holds up a black man, ken norton from mandingo-type, takes it down. then holds up same geeky-looking asian guy, takes it down)

your plane is taking off after a long weather delay. it's stormy and the flight promises to be turbulent, maybe even dangerous. this is your pilot...

(holds up card – first, a sexy, model-esque white woman, anorexic kate moss-type. then the black male face. then the white male suit)

you're forced to cut back on your work force, to keep up your profit margin - silicon valley, has to do with wireless telecom. who do you keep as your lead programmer -

(holds up the white male suit)

or...

(geeky asian guy)

hmmm...not quite so easy, huh.

it's the superbowl, 3 secs remaining on the clock, you're on the 5 yard line, it's 4th down, you're trailing by 4, field goal won't work and your quarterback has the wing of a chicken. you got to take it in...

(holds up the geeky asian guy, he starts busting up)

that's funny. okay, okay, let's try another one - sings and moves like a sultry cat...

(holds up a black woman)

that was easy. Or...

(holds up barry manilow)

just funning you.

uncool?..

(holds up the asian guy. he nods sadly)

'fraid so.

likes watermelon?

(holds up the white male)

having fun with you again.

(mexican accent) likes big families...

(holds up a large mexican family, all wearing sombreros)

hey, ask reggie white, the football player, he said it, man.

(holds up picture of himself.)

w. m. w. a. wm-wa. (pronounced wimm-waaah) white male with attitude.

(dim to darkness. end of prelude.)

(in half light, the two women begin to dress the guy. one helps him with his coat while the other kneels below him and puts his shoes on, sexual overtones.

done, they move upstage to two chairs on opposite sides of the guy. they should sit, facing upstage, in a relaxed manner, changing poses occasionally but not distracting)

(lights up. same normal, average looking young male in his late 20's. pours a glass of wine.)

man(recites): perfect wave
 imperfect me
 i sip my opus one.

(sips)

man: still a little tight. let it unwind a bit.

(checks himself out in the mirror. begins putting tie on)

hello. you don't know me but i know you. but before i get into talking to you about you, let me do what i love best – me talking about me. wasn't that refreshing to hear? everybody wants to talk about themselves only they lack the confidence and sense of self-belief to let themselves go there. not me. why? that's sort of what i'm going to talk about.

my name is richard saugus. nice to meet you. don't ask me where that family name came from. just about everywhere on the european continent, i think. i grew up in a small city outside seattle, linwood. this is pre-bill gates. in the 80's and 90's. no microsoft, no paul allen-frank gehry rock and roll futuristic turd, jimi's long dead, grunge is the musical arc of my years there, kurt and courtney are about to meet, mate and follow through with their ordained destinies – who could have thunk, huh, courtney? shame for thinking she was just a slut. she's a talented slut. and coffee was just coffee but has just split from peet's and is about to become the evil empire, on and on...

nice childhood. happy, clean, soccer, boy scouts, no sicknesses or health problems. wait, take that back, cold sores. used to get them all the time. school years, most everybody was white. no incest, abuse, alcoholism or perversion that i can remember. family wasn't overly religious but we were raised methodist and attended church regularly. father's a banker, and, get this, growing up he talked to me. communicated. most of my friends' fathers' did. mother was a grammar school teacher - she's retired now, does volunteer work reading for the blind and has become a tennis nut. still has a nice figure for a 56 year old woman. she'd like me saying that. i have a younger sister whom i alternately loved and hated growing up. i'm sure she felt the same. we're at the loving each other stage and i expect it'll stay that way from here on out. lisa's in residency in upstate ny - stonybrook. radiologist. she's engaged to a jewish fellow, oncologist. i can't quite

figure out that combination. radiologist-oncologist but i'm not privy to the romantic workings of my sister and nor do i want to be.

hmm, i went to stanford as an undergrad and got my mba at wharton. had considered going for an additional law degree but once i'd graduated with my mba i said, 'fuck it'. i did, i really said it out loud. 'fuck it!'. i figure i could go just as far and get there sooner with my mba. we shall see but so far so good.

oh, and i had a dog growing up. an irish setter, wiggy. and he was and he was. i loved that dog. too bad about the accident.

(shrugs innocently, like, 'oh, well')

a funny pick up line -

(the two women stand, turn and strike poses as if at a bar - drinks in hand, primping)

-- you walk up to a bunch of girls and say, 'excuse me, have you seen keys to a ferrari?'

(they pretend to be laughing, abruptly stop, become expressionless, turn and sit)

okay. let's discuss terminology first. when i say asian, for our conversation's sake, i mean asian american, or AA for short, except when i say asian and mean just that, non-american born asians, tho living in the US. *one point fivers* are kids who were born abroad but came here quite young. and yes, these terms are constantly changing, can be regional and also dependent on the user who may put her own english on it, so if they're not what you think is current or correct...

(shrugs innocently, like, 'oh, well')

2 women: a disclaimer...

guy: yes, of course, i'm speaking in generalizations here, and of course, i'm not talking about everybody. i'm talking about a certain sector of the populace of asian girls and a certain sector of the populace of white guys. this isn't about true, one-of-a-kind love, leading to vows of monogomy and eternal bliss and whose parties just happen to be an asian female and a white male. no, no, that's love. no more, no less, just love. so *happas* and *quappas* and mixed race couples, please don't get your asses in a rash, this isn't about you. that is, unless it is about you.

i'm talking about what *i* know. what *i* do. what *i've* done. i'm talking about white guys into asian girls. yes, we can say it out loud. it's not some ugly myth, a conspiracy theory made-up by young disenfranchised asian males. no, we're talking yellow fever. kimono-my-house-and-i'll-show-you-my-koto guys. and to a lesser extent the asian girls who like them. and to even a lesser degree, the asian guys and white girls who orbit in and about this white and yellow, male-female dynamic.

this is about guys going to college, or guys out there doing the club scene or guys working their asses off at start-ups waiting to cash in on their stock options. all study and no play, all work and no fun – and all this makes mr. heterosexual white guy very frustrated and in need of a big release.

asian girls are easier. yes, you heard me right. for an average white guy like me, asian girls are easier. it's true, ask any dude who's into them.

hey, i'm being honest here, okay. i'm NOT talking educated, liberal, politically correct caucasian man hobnobbing in the middle of culturally and ethnically diverse cocktail party who would never think to say something like that. no, i'm talking white guy shop-talk, in-house versus out-house, what white guys into rice all know and may never say out loud or even acknowledge they know or even sometimes know they know 'cause it's so crass and uncool and unliberal. but who we kidding here. we know. and we know.

i'm talking about the sweet, perfumed smell of young skin and the brush of just washed hair falling around you like those mythical pink blossoms - whose world it evokes really no longer exists, but allow a white guy to indulge a little in a white guy's fantasy here - falling around you like pink blossoms - i love that imagery - as you settle in for the sweet, perfumed ride, your loins wrapping around this gorgeous, exquisite oriental - i know that's not pc, but we're post pc now - exquisite oriental snow princess who looks up at you like you were the most noble being on the face of the earth and wants you to fuck her silly.

it's a jungle out there in the singles' world. dating, hooking up with the right girl? you kidding? the competition is fierce, the demands on your time and emotional space enormous, believe me i've been out there and i know what is and what ain't. and what is, is so fine and that fineness can be yours, mr. wm-wa. and what ain't, is your hand in your pocket going 'round feeling cocky all day.

(sips)

gotta breathe a bit more...

(two women stand and strike another pose)

here's another one, demands more balls, tho - you walk up to a girl and look at the tag on the back of her shirt. she says something like --

woman #1: hey, what you doing?

guy: you say, "exactly what i thought - made in heaven".

(they titter, abruptly stop, sit)

look, i can get an A asian girl whereas i could only get a C or B plus white girl. on an average. i hit on a A white girl i may or may not get a look - let's say one out of four times. but an A asian girl, three out of four times. now, you can't just walk up and say, me white man, you asian chick, no, of

course not. in fact, usually, there's hesitation, especially if they haven't tried caucasian male before so you got to get over, be sensitive to the situation, open your eyes, open their eyes, do your homework.

for example, don't even think of bringing up the asian thing. no, no, no. that's what they're expecting and unless they're caucasian junkies, they'll be turned off. instead be smart. be cool. be honest. just be the you they want you to be.

treat her like you don't notice she's asian. yes. you don't notice that she's got different skin, different hair, different psychology, a totally different history of being in a historically anti-asian racialized america – spanning 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th generations of assimilation, specific modes of communication – indirect, direct, unspoken, repressed - and that even tho they're so many generations removed, that they still carry the seeds tho they themselves may not even know it - let alone cultural issues or seemingly non-cultural issues of gender: role playing, identification with, what constitutes beauty, masculinity, courtship, sex - you-don't-look-like-my-father and that's a turn off or turn on or...well, you get the picture.

suffice it to say, you just don't notice it. the asian thing. you're blind to it...

(pause, thinking, looks at his ass in the mirror. two women lean forward, "oooohhh"...)

no, i take that back. this is tricky as i'm still working on this but why not discourse and muse openly here, maybe come up with some new theories.

what i've sussed out is that if you *really* want to score points, it's this - they want you to not see it but still see it. got that? what i mean is they want you to think you're staring at the mythical generic all american girl but who's still asian.

and so it begs the question can that beast even exist, that is the mythical all american girl who's still asian because - let me get this straight - wouldn't

that be a blonde, raven-haired, blue-eyed, brown-eyed, light skinned, dark complexioned girl who massages your feet and kicks your ass at the same time?

it's like a koan – you have to make this leap into an irrational area of non-logic where dwells the soul of internalized racism - yes i used the “r” word - and with that, an acute self awareness of this internalization and subsequent resentment of it, and, the helpless embracing of it and consequent issues of self hate – thus the push and pull of a mind at war with itself. and as she's a smart, ambitious woman, the indignant awareness of the club exclusion that the stigma of yellowness carries and yet at the same time wanting to participate with full membership in this exclusive club which, of course, really can never allow her full membership because it wouldn't be the same exclusive club that she (with her issues of self hate) wanted to be in in the first place and you know that old joke, yada, yada, yada...

(shrugs)

i didn't say this was a perfect science...

(recites)

perfect cloud
imperfect mind
my armani suit

(tastes wine again)

hmm, almost but not quite there...

(he abruptly stops. becomes quiet. lighting shift)

woman #1: his eyes are open.

woman #2: he must be awake.

woman #1: is he awake?

man: am i awake?

woman #2: he is awake.

woman #1: he is awake.

woman #2: he feels something creeping about the edges...

woman #1: his mind races, what is it? –

woman #2: an intruder going to steal his *munakata* woodblock print --

woman #1: rape and defile his virgin-like wife –

woman #2: kidnap his almost immaculate children --

woman #1: or the 14 year old hooker who keeps calling his pager has sneaked into his bed and --

woman #1: or, or --

woman #2: or, or --

woman #1: maybe i'm imagining this whole thing...

woman #2: and yet --

woman #1: and yet --

woman #2: maybe i'm imagining this whole thing --

(light shift. guy suddenly upbeat again. checking his watch)

guy: i better hurry up here.

okay, the approach. check out how they look. no, not like, 'is she a dawg or not'. no, we're way beyond that, to have to even consider that would be a *bummer* – isn't 60's jargon cool, *bummer* – it's understood, of course, she's a *twentieth century fox*, ooh, so retro - or you wouldn't be staring into her – never say *almond-shaped* - eyes in the first place. but we're getting ahead of ourselves.

how she looks. what she looks like. what she is. now, nowhere will anyone admit to being able to tell the difference, unless you're william randolph hearst and it's world war II, but sometimes and most often, you can. chinese, japanese, korean, filipino, - etcetera, ecetera. yes, i, white guy me, usually can. and quite frankly, most informed folks, can. they just never say it cause it's uncool and oh so un-liberal.

a caveat, my accuracy rate drops radically with southeast asians – i always blow it cause i'm not totally up on thai, cambodian, vietnamese, the various laotian tribes, let alone hmong and let's not even go to central asians - uzbekstan, katzakstan... you know, for the sake of this discussion, let's just stick with chinese, japanese and korean, cause it's what i have most experience in bed with anyway.

chinese girls – i've found that just by sheer odds, she's probably that. tend to be taller and fairer than say filipinas, more slender and longer legged than japanese, a bit more severe in appearance and feel than say koreans who are interestingly – if you know your history - closer to japanese. i'm showing a bit of a northern chinese bias here with the tall slender thing, and yes, i know you can get into the whole discussion of northern versus southern, shanghaiense versus cantonese versus hakka versus toysan and arguments about class, upper, lower, provinces and ethnics in other countries - look, too much, too much. ignore it. you can get lost in that mire and from the time you make eye contact to your opening line, the window is very miniscule, so you got to focus and pick out one thing you know and stay with that. name, type of accent or sans accent are good ones. these you'll have to read within the first few words out of her mouth, you don't have time to to go, 'duh' ...

woman #1 & #2: a slight digression --

guy: i have a chinese friend who talks about the “dragon lady syndrome” which of course, as all good liberals and progressive AA’s know, is supposed to be a stereotype. let’s just say if you ever cheat, don’t leave any knives around. oh, and here we’re getting on dicey ground, but it’s post pc, howard stern, jerry springer live - i’m talking white guy truth - there’s the money thing. chinese are the jews of the east, they know how to handle your money and how to not let you handle their money. jews and chinese have diasporic mercantile traditions. cheap? did i say that? hey, OTR - difference between chinese and japanese in business? an old chinese guy told me. one chinese working by himself is a dragon, one japanese working by himself a worm. several chinese working together is a worm, several japanese working together is a dragon.

(looks at the audience, like ‘think about that one’)

i like chinese girls, more adventuresome in bed than japanese. but not korean girls, whew, i’ll get to that. chinese girls, you tend to get the message pretty quick – (thumbs up, thumbs down) but don’t leave any knives around, could be hasta la vista long john choda, hola senior bobbitt, all over again.

women: but he digresses...

guy: japanese girls. if they’re *shin-issei*, that is fob girls, then don’t even worry, the black ships have landed, the pearly gates are open. they like any color but yellow anyway. ethno-centric as all get out, which means, no koreans, chinese, filipinos – remember their history? – and no JA’s, that’s as in japanese americans. they consider it a faux japanese culture, inauthentic, a kind of bastard child they’d just rather forget. so white’s big, black, too, among the counter culture ones. whoa, the counter culture ones – must be cause they have to break out from such a rigid society of conformity when they do break out, they really explode...

(two women start screeching imitating yoko's famous singing wail)

women: ahhhhhhhhhhhh...

guy: (hollaring over their screeching) can you say, *yoko ono*?

(women abruptly stop)

women: but he digresses --

guy: back to what they think of JA's, koreans, chinese, etcetera - you'll never get any japanese to admit any of this. inscrutable? is the pope catholic, can fish swim? so that brings us back to fob. fob? not what it meant in the junky-made-in-japan-50's, believe me. that's for the older folks. fob? means 'fuck off buddy', unless you're a white guy. that's me, here i am. and i am.

japanese names, everybody knows -- hey, i heard this joke. what if the japanese had won the war? we'd be eating sushi, driving toyotas, watching old kurosawa movies, getting our news on a sony tv from female japanese newscasters, making phone calls on a nokia -- that's not japanese, that's foreign white folks trying to disguise themselves as japanese which, if you think about it, still fits the category -- and hey, let's take in the great american past time. an interleague matchup between the mariners and the mets. let's check in on the action -- it's mets' home-boy, masato yoshii, facing seattle's local favorite, ichiro! i rest my case.

women: but he digresses...

guy: the thing about *yonsei* and *gosei* JA's - surprised i know that yonsei, gosei stuff huh, pillow talk, amazing what you pick up from 4th and 5th generation girls - they know less about japanese stuff than most white folks. like somewhere along the line someone decided actively to run as far away as possible from being japanese. maybe it's just the number of generations

removed from the old country or as some JA scholars think now – the Camps. the Camps. not summer camp, but the Internment Camps, not Relocation, Internment Camps. scarred them, made them feel ashamed and fearful about who they were and made them not want to be who they were and to run as far away as possible to being american, that is, caucasian american.

ever see a white guy dance? music please...

(the women join him. guy starts dancing, bad, spastic, no rhythm)

who says we can't dance? hey, wanna see my jump shot...

(attempts to jump but barely leaves the ground)

(turns and smiles slyly at the audience)

just kidding...

korean girls - tend to be first and second generation simply because of the later immigration patterns, so look for traces of the old country there. and a certain directness in their approach and at times an emotional volatility, which i'll address shortly. classic look is the moon face and that – and this is what i love and makes them so, so unique and what might be related to the emotional volatility thing - that inherent, soulful, internalized yet physically manifested tormented quality, that comes of a people having been historically subjugated over and over. like the irish, you know, so it permeates all aspects of life with a melancholy feel and look. that trait, in korean called *hahn*.

(imitates a look)

pillow talk. they can have the short squat legs - there is corollary in JA vernacular, *daikon ashi* - which i'm not too fond of in either JA or koreans.

korean girls, i like the delicate, willowy ones, soft round moon face, high cheek bones are an added bonus. there is an interesting phenomenon i notice about koreans and cosmetic surgery. they seem to whole heartedly embrace it - eyes, nose, even a bleaching of the skin to lighten complexion.

also, in bed, remember that soulfulness i was talking about, *hahn?* whoa, in bed, it's a killer. if you hit what i call the "kkg", "korean girl g-spot", be prepared for a howl that is like nothin' you ever heard before. a kind of a deep seated wail of korean national pain and pleasure, makes you want to get on your knees and bow. except make sure she hasn't been eating korean food before you take her back to your place. how do you know? can you say the words, kim chee and raw garlic?

(shrugs again)

so let's say, you've culled together as much info as you can, made your decisions about what you can say, not say, should do or not do, and if anything, you now feel more confident because me, wm-wa, has given you, soon-to-be wm-wa, the secret knowledge to get to the head of the class.

you're out on the town. and hopefully you have a decent ride, more than decent threads, and a hot set of cd's. you park, you walk, you enter the den of hope and desire where frequents the women of whom we speak. all right. we've talked the talk, now walk the walk. go ahead, go ahead... "play that funky music white boy"...

opening lines? you've heard a couple already - oh, this is a funny one. you walk up to a girl and say --

(two women strike a pose)

-- 'hey, i have a magic watch, it can tell what you're wearing'. they usually go --

woman #1: 'yeah, sure'.

guy: 'it says you're not wearing panties'.

woman #1: 'sorry, i am'.

guy: 'damn, it's running fast'.

but see, the great thing is, you don't need a line. remember the word, entitlement? all you do is walk up and say, 'hi, my name is richard saugus. what's yours?' she tells you. you say, 'how do you do' whatever her name is, shake hands so you touch skin, important, get her used to wm-wa meat in a non-threatening way. and then just smile. and let your whiteness do the rest. remember you're a charter club member, step off into space and hey, be effortlessly supported by the kamikazes of white world fandango.

wait --

women: he must digress --

guy: there are exceptions to this -- immigrant girls or 1 point fivers, harder. especially if they're in a group of girls. and especially if there are any 1 point fiver guys, then forget it, better to leave well enough alone. you get -- as they say in the islands -- the stink eye. you can get punched, too.

women: he digresses from his digression --

guy: asian guys aren't wimps. again, it's simply part of the big lie created by dominant culture - namely white guys, but don't blame me, this is really old dead white guys, you know, forefather type white guys - made to perpetuate certain convenient and self-serving falsehoods - dependent on the winds of political and economic need - about yellow men for white male advantage. take for example the small dick myth --

women: eek!

(looks at the two women)

guy: the asian male dick thing --

2 women: eek!

(slightly irritated)

guy: i'd like to clear the air on this small dick thing – (continue)

2 women: (overlapping, now intrigued) oooh...

guy: (hurriedly plowing through) -- of which a great deal of eunich representation has been pawned off as truth and which, i'm a victim just like the next brown, yellow, red, black guy or mixed-race combination there of, cause if one man's dick –

2 women: (too much. overlapping) stop...

guy: -- is demeaned, so is mine. (beat) in-house white male shop-talk? asian male dicks?

2 women: (not sure but they like it) yeow...

guy: not small. big as mine. fact, lot of them got really big ones. (defensively) at the gym, okay - hey, i gotta shower after my work out, don't i?

and i hear. i *hear*, okay. from my sources that - pillow talk okay - they know what to do with it, you know. how to make the fat lady sing. not this boom-boom fortissimo one note jock stuff. no. --

(two women respond with appropriate repeated “yes’s” and “no’s” accompanying the guy’s descriptions)

guy: entry – hard but sensual, dominating but sensitive. stroke - sotto voce, building, cressendo, going for the gusto, then backing off. yes, can you imagine a male doing that, backing off? pianissimo, just strings, then,

slowly taking it up, okay, bring in the woodwinds, you begin to feel the power - cymbals, now the tympanies, you hear the crashing of waves, fuck sotto voce, the sky is cracking open, lightning the size of elephant tusks rips through the blackness!!....

(they all climax. he composes himself)

her words, not mine. big ones. know how to use 'em – think cello, think yo-yo ma, fat lady. *her* words.

(sips wine)

hmm, it's really opened up now. this isn't bad. go good with a very rare steak.

women: but he digresses...

guy: ahh, yes, another phenomenon – sort of a corollary to what i've been talking about. and if you haven't been offended yet, this should put you over the top. (beat) homely white girls and good looking asian guys. you know what i'm talking about --

women: that *is* offensive.

guy: you don't like to hear this, i don't like talking about it --

women: and not always true.

guy: it's embarrassing. it's sad. it's pathetic. i feel for the guys - hey, what's going on here? and you never see an ugly asian girl with a handsome white guy, do you? do you?

shall i tell you what's going on? good looking, successful asian american guy, totally hoodwinked into thinking he got to have a white girl or he ain't in the game. i think there's a black and latino corollary here but let's not go there.

women: but he digresses...

man: but i digress, back to the poor asian guy with the ugly white girl. he doesn't realize it, but he got the self-esteem of a shriveled up peanut. that is, with white girls. and he don't want an asian girl – you know the joke i was talking about earlier about not wanting to be a member of a club that would have you as a member? back to the white girl hangup - doesn't think he can really go up to some A white girl. even though this asian guy's tall, handsome, got his jd, md, phd, porche boxter, 6 figure salary, can cook northern italian, a wonderful conversationalist, speaks 5 languages fluently – all romance, none asian - knows martial arts tho never cops to it, is a superb tennis player and freestyle mountain climber, and he's got a huge ham bone – this sorry ass nincompoop still believes he can't get over with this A white girl.

which ain't true, tho can be true, however, beside the point for this discussion – so then when some B minus or more likely C plus white girl comes along and says, hi, what's your name, he's all, wiggling his tail like a puppy dog – thank you, thank you for noticing me. meanwhile the yellow sisters are – at least the ones into their brothers – are puking up.

(woman #2 holds up card of asian girl puking)

(woman #1 notices her next card. isn't sure what to do. tries to get the guy's attention)

woman #1: pssst! pssst!

guy: (grabs the card) what?

woman #1: it's blank.

(stares at it, getting upset)

guy: someone fucking around with my props? (to audience) it always comes down to this, doesn't it?

(throws it aside, pissed)

(stops. becomes quiet. lighting shift)

woman #2: he's having dinner at *masami's*. he's there with his virgin-like wife and almost-immaculate sons. his beeper goes off. he retires to the bar to check the call and glances up at the tv --

woman #1: there's a war going on somewhere. the people are dark, faces emaciated, clothes filthy, a mother holds a dead baby, the father's legs blown off. he suddenly wants a blow job. he wants the 14 year old hooker to suck him off.

woman #2: he takes the tv remote and switches to the football game. blinding lights flash up on the windows. from a passing vehicle? an explosion? the next thing he knows, he's seated with his virgin-like wife, almost-immaculate kids, chewing on piece of squab. his youngest son turns to look at him —

guy: "are you all right, daddy?"

(lighting shift. guy abruptly returns to upbeat self)

women: but he digresses...

guy: okay, what about the asian girl with the white dude? okay, you want me to talk about that? okay, okay.

women: a corollary to the original corollary —

guy: one reason - pillow talk again - the girl, she can't stand the thought of being on a date with an asian guy. i know it's weird but it's true. every day of their lives their fathers and mothers — who happen to be asian — have been

pounding it into them to marry some nice asian boy. and tho they love their daddies, they couldn't date anyone who looked like him – black hair, yellow skin, glasses. in other words, uncool. and getting into bed, even with a decent-looking one, would be like screwing their brother. yuck.

another reason i think is more inside the heads of the girls. that is, why not be with someone who seems to move so smoothly through the world, who doesn't have these continual hang ups about masculinity, inferiority and whose every action is measured up against a society that is systematically trying to emasculate and infantilize them. why be on the arm of that guy and thus be included by insinuation?

okay, she wants to be supportive of the asian male, but when you get right down to it, i mean, all things being equal – which of course can't be - why not be with the one who is the natural. who fits in and who moves through the world as if it were tailor made for him. now, isn't that a whole lot easier? and low and behold, on the arm of a white guy, you get to enter, a free pass, no toll. and whatever it was about being asian that made the male insignificant and demonized, you find makes the female special, exotic and sought after. welcome to the club. congratulations. you're a member now.

(lighting shift. man becomes silent)

woman #2: he gets up, drinks his coffee, reads the paper – the headlines, “*this is the end of history*”, kisses his wife and kids goodbye. gets in his car --

man: what kind?

woman #2: no, not yet –

woman #1: he turns left out of his suburban driveway, his mind clear, his eyes keen --

(loud, crashing sound. the lights on the guy go dark)

women #1: he blacks out. he wakes up.

(harsh lights up on the man)

woman #2: chaos, smoke, fire, people running every which way –

woman #1: a collision? a bomb? a plane crash? he smells burning flesh.

woman #2: he kicks something - my god, it's a human hand, a wedding ring still on the finger --

woman #1: a small boy, his face on fire, writhes on the ground. the man gags – ‘did i cause this’?

woman #2: ‘who’s responsible?’ someone shouts --

woman #1: ‘who did this?’ another yells --

woman #1: (quietly) ‘not me’, the man says. ‘it’s not my fault...’

woman #2: ‘it’s not my fault!’ --

2 women: ‘it’s not my fault’!!

man: (trying to convince himself, others) it’s not my fault --

(lights change. abrupt mood change)

guy: now you ask me, how come i can say this? how dare he? and why should we take his word for it anyway? because i’m a white guy. and hey, aren’t you happy that i’m not complaining for a change, griping about how i’ve been disenfranchised, i’m the minority, reverse racism, what about my rights - and finally, i’m so pissed off i’m moving to idaho next to mark furman, we’re starting our own country. i mean, that is sooo “last millenium”.

look it, there's a long and accepted tradition of white males speaking on behalf of asians, for asians, through asians, and more recently asian americans. as an example -- i can write a book that's full of asian characters -- about how they feel, love, believe, hate, i can write about them. there's no problem, is there? of course not, it's okay. i can even write as a female asian. i know it seems like a stretch, but i'm telling you, i can and it's okay. author *edward said* cites as an early example, in his seminal book, *orientalism*, flaubert's courtesan, kuchuk hanem, she never spoke for herself. flaubert spoke for her, through her, represented her.

“they cannot represent themselves; they must be represented”. karl marx.
hey, gotta do your homework.

women: caveat.

guy: do not do it for african americans, write a story, presume to talk for them, through them - oh no, never get away with it. be skinned alive. and black women? white, heterosexual man speaking on behalf of and through black women? hello, hello! bell hooks et al, ‘have you hanging by your shunken, honky cojones’!

but hey, *snow falling on cedars* – i loved that book.

and *Geisha*? can you believe that book? now that mother fucker white male can write. okay, i think he's a jew, but it's still in that grand tradition. remember flaubert, remember karl marx...

so you see, me talking on behalf of, through, for asian americans, is because i'm supposed to. because it's expected. because i'm damn good at it, had years, no centuries of experience. and because i say it the way it's *supposed* to be said. in a language that everyone knows. with words and symbology that represent the highest level of shared intellectual and *institutionalized* learning. white guy language. WGL. (like elvis) thank you very much.

(a sudden loud boom)

woman #1: he wakes up --

woman #2: he wakes up --

woman #1: he walks out into the living room --

man: the tv is on --

woman #2: a family having dinner --

woman #1: a man, a wife, his kids --

(a loud crash, glass breaking, gunfire, screams)

woman #2: a car crash, a bomb, exploding land mine --

(the gunfire continues, more screams)

woman #1: his wife is being dragged out the door by nameless dark soldiers
--

woman #2: his kids are screaming for help as they are bayoneted, held up
like wriggling lollipops --

man: he sits, glued to the vision on the screen - the beautiful man, his wife,
his kids --

woman #1: this is the end of history --

man: i am asleep --

woman #2: this is the end of history --

man: i am asleep!

beat.

woman #2: he is asleep --

woman #1: he stares at the tv screen...

(lighting shift. abrupt mood shift. man stands there for a moment, primping in front of the mirror)

(silence)

(two women come down next to him. they stand on either side of him)

man: that's it, you ask? isn't there more? where's the who, what and why of him? doesn't he want more from a relationship? maybe. maybe not. and maybe this has nothing to do with relationships but more about what really makes the whole thing rev up and kick ass. power. --

(woman #1 and woman #2 kneel in front of him and begin to remove his shoes, then his socks)

man: -- everything in the end comes down to power and its relationship to it. everything. you, me, my words, actions, non-actions, and yes, even the act of making love. who's on top and who's on the bottom. who has to go down and who gets to stand up. who gets to come while the other has to go. in other words, who's the fucker and who's the fuckee. n'est-ce pas?

the act itself? to quote a great man, "love between unequals is always *perverse*".

(shoots an approving nasty look. the women, still on their knees, turn to the audience)

two women: (silently mouthing, overlapping) james baldwin...

guy: james baldwin...

(one last look at himself. the women have removed his shoes and socks and set them neatly aside. he grabs his car keys.)

(stops. becomes quiet.)

(women slowly stand and pull back)

woman #1: he knows a lot.

guy: if you're a smart white guy, you pick it up, you have to. it's just like what being black, brown or yellow used to be. growing up, you got to know what the man is thinking, cause that's the world you got to live in when you leave the house. so you live in both worlds. your own and theirs. the center and the margins. this day and age, for a white guy to have game, it's the same thing.

woman #2: sometimes he gets sad, though.

guy: i do. i get very sad. and i think, maybe it's better not to know so much. isn't that what everybody expects. how can he ever know what it's like to be one of us. it's in his genes, a back-ass Professor Shockley thing, the inverted Bell Curve, he'll always be a dumb white guy. much like asians always being foreigners. black conservatives never really being black. no matter if the white guy's dressed in a suit or not – when it comes to matters of race, he might as well have a straw hat on, overalls and a corncob pipe sticking out of his mouth.

(two women begin to provide, accompaniment, like back-up singers, humming an underscoring)

guy: i know what i am. i know what people think of me. you think it's fun walking down the street knowing people are looking at you? knowing that they always think you're forever ignorant. that somehow your whiteness means you can never ever be right again. that anything you say in defense

of yourself or even offered as constructive criticism will be taken the wrong way?

two women: (singing in harmony) don't white folks have a right to an opinion?

(two women continue singing this phrase through this. the guy talks over this like an evangelist on fire)

guy: 'excuse me, but regarding war-time monetary redress for JA's, isn't that setting a dangerous precedent?' 'maybe Wen Ho Lee isn't just a naive, absent-minded scientist and aren't these yellow students just a little too smart for their own good - fuck, forget trying to get into med school.' 'really, don't we have to do something about illegal aliens, downtown LA - it's a goddamn third world country and if we continue to let them speak spanish in school, hello, los angeles, the new capital of nuevo america.' 'excuse me, but don't you think al sharpton is a bit greasy, louis farrahkan is anti-semitic and just maybe mumia abu-jamal really killed the cop?'

(silence. then begins to scream, on the verge of being out of control)

"racist! racist! mother fucker cracker ass white male racist!"

(beat. the two women are unsure what to make of this. the guy calms down)

(back-up singers begin again cautiously. builds into a more rhythmic, contemporary, beat)

guy: and to know that from now until the end of time, whatever contributions, sacrifices, goodness your people have done or will ever do for this country, will be tainted by that label of racist, oppressor, stupid white guy and thus relegated to the margins of history? see, i know. i do understand. or, he can't possibly know. remember, stupid white guy can't jump? he can't dance?

as i walk down the street, pieces are being cut out of me for no other reason than this face. this face, look at it. i'm not becoming part of the new world, i'm being excluded, becoming extinct. that's not me whining, that's me willing myself to be brave and look, and to really see. i'm going the way of the dinosaur, yes, and one has to ask, really ask, if that's what's best for this country?

(back-up singers continue)

but until that time comes. until i'm really disappeared and that resilient, ever coursing, ever adapting, ever pumping, deep river of entitlement has gone with it, i am here. i am alive. and yes, i am white.

woman #1: final white guy haiku, opus #3

woman #2: the rubber band theory of the universe --

guy: power
snaps back always
PING!!

how do i look? fine? hey, i got a date. who with? remember what the white guy said, 'they're easier'.

(sips wine)

hmm, it's really opened up.

(starts to leave, then stops and performs a tricky dance move – elegant and deft. shoots the audience one last knowing look)

(exits, barefoot, shaking his car keys, singing.

(like the song, *volare*, with the two women doing back-up)

fer-ra-ri, oh-oh-oh-oh...

(dim to darkness)

end of play.

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