



January/February 2005

## Through Rainbow-Colored Glasses

By Christine Dinsmore

Remember the Cold War? Funny how that seems like the good old days? We lefties are looking back fondly to a time when conservatives ranted, “Better dead than Red.”

I resent that the Bush-supporting states stole my color. How come now they get to call themselves Red? Oh, how I long for the days of being called a Red Commie. Today, instead, we’re referred to as terrorist-loving, anti-family sinners. Well, two can play this game. If they can appropriate my color, I can steal their National Rifle Association. That’s right, I’m becoming a card-carrying member of the NRA.

Actually, this is not my idea. Over breakfast, a friend of mine came up with a surefire way of getting our country back. It begins with co-opting the bastions of Republican ideology. He suggested that, en masse, we Blues take over the NRA and elect its first president who champions registering guns and banning assault weapons. Perhaps Nathan Lane or Margaret Cho.

I’ve been plotting how to survive these next four years. I was one of 115,016 American hits on the Canadian immigration Web site [www.cic.gc.ca](http://www.cic.gc.ca) the day after the election—up from its normal 20,000 visits. I suspect that most of us, in spite of our initial “I’m going to Canada,” will be staying right here. To help get through these dark days, I’ve come up with some ways to cope. Jonathan Swift, move over. This is my modest proposal.

First, I think we have to revive the Underground Railroad to bring Blue-leaning folks who live in Bush country to safety. It’s just not fair to abandon our fair-minded friends—the true “values” voters—to the hinterlands.

Massive demonstrations will surely abound; so use them effectively. Taking a public stand against the neocons may become the new matchmaking event for single lesbians, replacing softball. I think gay men already know the aphrodisiac effect of protest.

Let’s start a Mary Cheney club—Dykes for Bush. Show up at all his public appearances with huge signs—“another lesbian who loves her Bush.” And we can’t forget the Vice President. We will form a brother organization with signs reading—“another man who loves Dick.”

The time is ripe for gays and lesbians to infiltrate the Grand Old Party. Our influence might even get us a queer chair of the Republican National Committee. Oh wait, we already have a queer leading the party—Ken Mehlman, appointed in November by Dubya. Although we don't know for sure that he's gay, when asked directly, he neither denied nor confirmed his sexual orientation. How many straight men do you know who won't admit to being heterosexual?

For those who are sticking with the Democrats, please liven them up. I'm tired of being part of the boring party. And, dear Lord, let's get some good music. Sorry, Pete Seeger, you're a true hero, but it's time to ratchet up the beat. Instead of using dreary red, white and blue on that donkey, how about mauve?

If I had sound advice on how to muddle through this rerun of the Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld, Rice nightmare, I would offer it unabashedly. There has been such a pall over these parts since November 2. Folks seem to be sloughing through a fog, depressed and sullen.

I do know one thing though. This is not the apocalypse, people. It's the slap in the face that should have jarred us four years ago. Time to stop bellyaching and do something. As the itinerant laborer and union activist Joe Hill said on the eve of his execution by firing squad: "Don't waste time mourning, organize."