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"Trump Asks a Feminist Extraterrestrial Leader for a Favor" by Marleen S. Barr

Editor's Introduction: Speculative science fiction has always had a creative and satirical streak of extrapolating from current events. This week we bring you a fun - and contemporary - example, based on what happens when...

Trump Asks a Feminist Extraterrestrial Leader for a Favor

By MARLEEN S. BARR

Trump saw a red rotary phone hovering above his desk in the Oval Office. Thinking that it was some sort of newfangled drone phone contraption version of the red phone Kennedy and Khrushchev used during his youth, he picked it up expecting to chat with his good friend Vlad. The voice he heard was robotic and female.

"Hello. President Trump?"

"Who the hell are ya? Red Oval Office phones are not for gossiping."

"I mean business. I am Myra, the big giant maternal head of the feminist separatist planet Menopause."

"Wha da ya want?"

"The phone is floating because Menopausians have powers and abilities far beyond those of Earth men. 'In my great and unmatched wisdom' I decided that it is incumbent upon me to discuss a real estate deal with you. I prefer that you acquiesce to it before I decide to use 'my great and unmatched wisdom' to make an offer you can't refuse."

"I'm not interested in doing a deal with Menopausians. Women over thirty-five have no value." The phone suddenly became almost too hot for Trump to hold.

"All right. Ya got my attention."

"I want to land my spaceship on the White House lawn. I'm familiar with American culture to the extent that I know that you can't beat the optics. The problem: my ship is huge to the extent that it does not fit on the White House lawn. That is why I want to buy the West Wing, zap it to smithereens, and use the newly vacated space for spaceship landing room. As the leader of a feminist separatist planet, I am asking you to cooperate. I do not want to use

force.”

“What’s a feminist separatist planet?”

“A women’s world.”

“Ya mean there are only pussies?”

“Precisely.”

“I could be open to cooperating if ya do me a favor.”

“Which is?”

“I need dirt on Elizabeth Warren. If I sell ya the West Wing after ya land will ya announce that she is a Menopausian, that is announce that she’s an extraterrestrial lesbian? If you provide the way for me to call my political opponent “lezie Lizie,” I’ll give ya the West Wing.”

Trump was unaware that someone else was on the call. Myra, whose years of surveilling Earth made her quite familiar with the type of male human female humans called chauvinist pigs - and realizing that Trump was a prime example of said low life form - decided to enlist the help of an Earthling feminist.

Hence, Myra made first contact with feminist science fiction expert par excellence Metropolitan University of New York professor Sondra Lear. Assisting a real feminist planet denizen was a research opportunity dream come true for Sondra. Since she loathed Trump, she was happy to tape and listen to Myra’s conversation with him.

As soon as she heard Trump ask an extraterrestrial to help him to defeat his political opponent, she knew that she had to act immediately. Knowing that her congressional representative House Judiciary Committee chair Jerry Nadler was scheduled to speak that night at the MUNY-owned Roosevelt House, she high tailed it to Park Avenue and 65th Street with a whistle in hand. Finding it impossible to talk with the thronged congressman, she attracted his wife Joyce Miller’s attention by blowing the whistle as hard as she could.

“Ms. Miller, I’m Dr. Sondra Lear, a MUNY professor. I have unimpeachable evidence which your husband could use to impeach Trump,” said Sondra as she flashed her MUNY faculty id. Miller, deciding that she must take a female professor seriously, decided to engage with Sondra.

“Which is?” Miller asked.

“Trump asked a feminist extraterrestrial to help him do Elizabeth Warren in. Here, I have the tape,” Sondra announced as she placed it in Miller’s hand.

“Dr. Lear, what you are claiming is a tad unusual. But nothing can be more bizarre than what we have had to endure at Trump’s hands. As a fellow New York woman, I intuit that I should believe you. I will give the tape to Jerry.”

All Earthlings who had access to mass media suddenly knew that a whistle blower had given Congressional Democrats a means to impeach Trump. Faced with the evidence, Nancy Pelosi finally decided to go full speed ahead with impeachment proceedings.

While Myra hovered unobserved in her ship high above the White House, Trump walked out to the White House lawn and responded to the House Democrats.

“I had a perfect call with an extraterrestrial named Myra who is the big giant feminist head of the planet Menopause. I asked Myra to reveal that Elizabeth Warren is an alien lesbian. I look forward to running against lezie Lizie.”

Pelosi responded by saying that “the president must be held accountable. No one is above the law.”

Regardless, even though Trump admitted to the whistles blower’s allegation, he remained as above the law as Myra was above the White House. Trump said that there was no quid pro quo in relation to his conversation. Republican senators insisted that it was a big joke.

Afraid that Trump again would not face consequences for his heinous actions, Sondra contacted Myra. “Myra, help. Isn’t there some feminist planet super power thing you can use to remove Trump? Ya know, like heat vision or beaming him up or something.”

“Sondra, dear, although I sympathize with your request and it is within my power to lock Trump up in the Phantom Zone, it would be better for Earthlings to solve the Trump problem by dint of the technology they have. Sondra, liberal Americans always had the power to rid themselves of Trump.”

“We did? How?”

“Well, very simply, if you can’t move him out of the White House you can keep him inside of it. I suggest building a moat around the building and filling it with alligators and snakes. For good measure, you can surround the fauna-filled moat with a huge wall topped with electrified razor wire.”

After Sondra forwarded Myra’s suggestion to Nadler’s office, the house Livestock and Agriculture Subcommittee approved the money to buy the alligators and snakes while the Appropriations Committee funded the wall and the moat. Trump, accompanied by Melania, was successfully locked up within the White House. Myra beamed down enough Purina President Chow to last Trump for the rest of his life.

Thinking that she had accomplished enough for one trip, Myra bid Sondra adieu and headed home to Menopause without landing on the White House lawn and obliterating the West Wing. President Warren, having no plan to drain the swamp surrounding the White House, moved the United States capital to Boston and hired architects to draw up blue prints for the new presidential mansion. She planned to name it the Blue House.

- The End -

Author Biography:



Marleen S. Barr is known for her pioneering work in feminist science fiction and teaches English at the City University of New York. She has won the Science Fiction Research Association Pilgrim Award for lifetime achievement in science fiction criticism.

Barr is the author of *Alien to Femininity: Speculative Fiction and Feminist Theory*, *Lost in Space: Probing Feminist Science Fiction and Beyond*, *Feminist Fabulation: Space/Postmodern Fiction*, and *Genre Fission: A New Discourse Practice for Cultural Studies*.

Barr has edited many anthologies and co-edited the science fiction issue of PMLA. She has published the novels *Oy Pioneer!* and *Oy Feminist Planets: A Fake Memoir*. Her *When Trump Changed: The Feminist Science Fiction Justice League Quashes the Orange Outrage Pussy Grabber*, published by B Cubed Press, is the first single-authored Trump short story collection.