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Monster Girl Media Mandates:

We get to make up our own words, slang, terms, spellings. Making up and owning our own words/language is our superpower. So if you hate on it all, you want to take our power away and that's not happening.

Our authors don't have to explain, apologize, or answer to anyone for anything they think, write, say, or do. If anything here makes you indignant, offended, or scared, there is nothing that anyone can do to take away the terror and agony of being alive.

> Life is terrifying. Life is unpredictable. Life is suffering. Life is unfair.

Most of our authors are beyond caring about being liked and suggest that you take your frustrations out on one of the oblivious WHITE GUYS in America everyone loves to lynch for fun now. They want to be liked.

We can do whatever we want as long as we don't touch anyone inappropriately."

Monster Girl Media





d monster girl memoir

Brika Lopes



Post Office Box 410011
San Francisco, CA 94141-0011
Telephone# 415-320-PINK
MONSTERGIRLMEDIA.COM

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of Erika's imagination or are used fictitiously in a bad and dirty way. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or

persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. It's all a delightful faery tale.

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Any questions: CONTACT@MONSTERGIRLMEDIA.COM Text/art by ERIKA LOPEZ Designed by JEFFREY HICKEN (Graphic Kontent.com)



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This is for the ones who come after me.





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IT DOESN'T MATTER



"Only when you become a zero can you know fearlessness."
—Mahatma Gandhi Pie

QUOTES.

When you're in agony and in between being drunk or stoned through the terrors, you clutch onto quotes like that kitty poster where it says "Hang in there!"

Quotes contradict each other. Some quotes save; some quotes kill. Sometimes they change or have expiration dates.

They tell you to follow your bliss, but that's all they say. They don't say that sometimes your bliss will turn on you and chain you to the back of a pickup truck and race through gravel quarries, leaving you like shredded human cheese.

Quotes are like one night stands. The truth behind the quotes is a lot more brutal, like a long-term relationship where talking long pigs say what they think. Quotes are cute. Like old, Midwestern ladies over for tea. The kind who write thank-you letters.

Short and charming...

"Art comes out of failure." -John Baldessari Pie

"Art isn't something you marry, it's something you rape."

-Edgar Degas Pie

"My actions are my only true belongings. I cannot escape the consequences of my actions. My actions are the ground on which I stand."

-Thich Nhat Hanh Pie

True.

"As for the optimist bit... I was recently accused of being a glass-half-empty person. I said it's not that it's half empty, it's that the glass is twice as large as it needs to be."

-Dan Selakovich Pie

They are like siren songs. They have this come hither, swashbuckling bravery that doesn't tell you the truth, pain, loneliness, insanity.

"Leap and the net will appear." -Julia Cameron Pie

"Suffering ceases to be suffering in some way at the moment it finds meaning."

-Viktor Frankl Pie

You don't get to all the hell until later when all the quotes are together, parked outside your house, yelling, honking horns, drinking tequila, threatening to kill your new lover, and talking to themselves in the rear view mirrors whilst adding things up on their fingers.

"Charles Manson was a starlet." - Suzanne Rush Pie

"Even oysters have enemies." - Jack Nicholson Pie

"Vicodin: Because life hurts." —Paola Rauber Pie

Making you think you can do something cool without losing a limb, breaking your neck, losing your family and ending up living on the streets.

"What you are afraid to do is a clear indicator of the next thing you need to do."

—Unknown Pie

"I want to stay as close to the edge as I can without going over. Out on the edge you see all kinds of things you can't see from the center."

-Kurt Vonnegut Pie

"Mediocre standards... I'm fine with that. I think."

-Erika Lopez Pie

But hard times fuck with your head and anything can seem like an oracle or an edict. It's a time of faith and insanity having the longest fucking swordfight in your mind.

"A casual stroll through the lunatic asylum shows that faith does not prove anything."

—Friedrich Nietzsche Pie

I think lessons in the art of facing fears and courage should be mastered at a young age.

"I know how you feel...I can't get to sleep unless I have sex first.

And, Dad, I'm going to straighten up....No more cocktails after

work."

—O Dog Pie, age 6

'It's all entremes now entremes of inhihitions or total lac

"It's all extremes now—extremes of inhibitions or total lack of inhibition. So now people don't just cry in public, they roar."

—Angelica Houston Pie

"Do you want me to tell you something really subversive? Love is everything it's cracked up to be. That's why people are so cynical about it. It really is worth fighting for, being brave for, risking everything for. And the trouble is, if you don't risk anything, you risk even more."

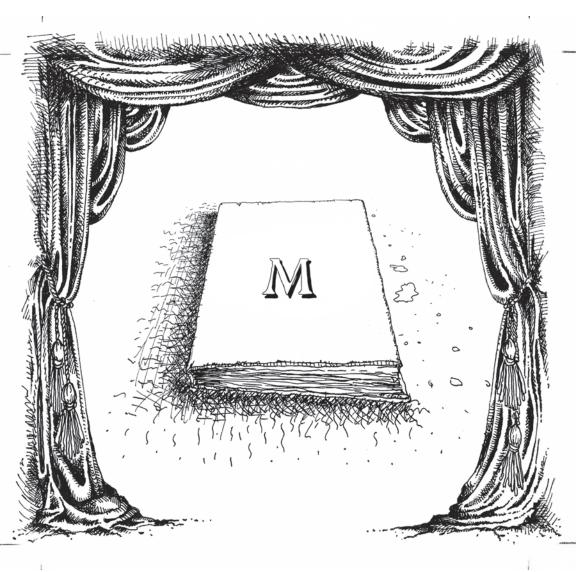
—Erica Jong Pie

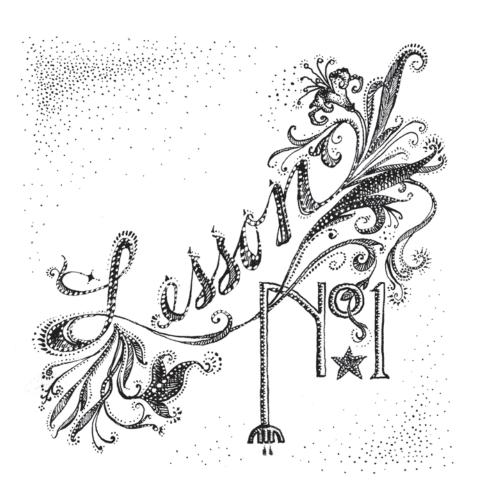
Not only did many Chinese immigrants die from building the first transcontinental railroad in the United States, but the rest of this book is also about all the Chinese immigrants who died in the making of this particular quote:

"Whatever doesn't kill you...

will eventually turn you on."

If you're one of those new fangled youngsters who thinks reading five pages is too much, that's the only quote I can give you that'll save you from having to actually read the rest of this book. the monster girl manifesto





Lesson #1: Preludes are often the best part in life: anticipation; hope; eagerness; hunger; yearning; promise; and foreplay are what life is really all about. Journey, not destination... blah blah blah.

Ejaculation is over-rated.

Potential never has bad breath as it stretches across the chaise longue in the morning sun, imagines the days ahead and all the endless possibilities on the horizon... potential shivers like a feather down its back, hinting at a myriad of "as-of-yet" unimagined scenarios.

Lashes are batted. Toes are curled. Nipples are hardened.

Something about "love" is casually dropped like a hanky and slithers across the linoleum like tuberculosis.



This is partially my story, but I tell it not as the typical Litany of Offenses against me, for there are none. I am not here to add to the tomes of Victim Porn. I undid my childhood all on my own like a tourniquet too tight and careened into womanhood as if in a drag queen race gone awry: I was in such a clumsy hurry to be a penis scraper, I auctioned off my hymen at the bus station.

At its best, this is not only my story, or even a manual, but also a **Monster Girl Manifesto**. A tome for those smoke-filled nights, hunched over in the car at 4:00 a.m. outside an estranged lover's house, when every woman looks in the mirror at her grades reflecting back at her, then tallies up her score and mumbles to herself: "To be or not to be..." and then the only question left is whether to set the car on fire or not.

"The car? Fuck the car! BURN DOWN THE HOUSE. Burn it down, burn it CLEAN."

They make others cringe.





This is not for the respectable nine-2-five girls who fantasize about being single-mother strippers, Tijuana donkey-sex stars, or dominatrices in pretty leather gear. There are dozens of dog-eared editions of Grizzly Girl Scout Manuals for those forays into animal husbandry and knitting. We don't knit here, although we may use your needles to defend ourselves during a misadventure in a Greyhound bus station. This is the Real Deal. We're close knit because you reap what you sew. Heh heh heh. This is for the Real McCoy Monster Girls—not because they WANT to be—but because they need to be.

For some it's a calling, thrust upon them as they emerge from the sea foam on a half shell filled with cigarette butts and used chewing gum, with whispered commands like those heard by Joan of Arc and Sybil, their actions directed by an unknown force.

For others, it's in their blood. The "FUCK YOU" DNA that has been passed down from The Beginning of Time, back when tiny people lived in transistor radios, vaginas had teeth, and hirsute Neanderthal Monster Girls squatted by the dinner fire and queefed their way through The First Supper, leading to the tiny-fisted tantrums and quiet tensions at the post-modern dinner tables of today.

The girls who are addicted to ratcheting up the hard-nipple thrill of societal suicide. The kind of girl who embarrasses felons and psychologically affects the un-born fetuses of passersby. The chicks with the tenacity of a Jehovah's Witness, the passion of a serial killer, and the undying loyalty of a tapeworm. Especially those with the quick-twitch kegel muscles.

Leave behind your girlfriends in the cubicles with the eternally exasperated "Cathy" and everlastingly poignant "Ziggy" cartoons pinned to the partitions. The same ones who eat sugar-free Jell-O cups and have fun during their lunch hours making pompom creatures tongue kiss each other and yell fresh safe words for another night in their Pottery Barn dungeons. Manacled by macramé, they will not survive... there are no safe words for this lifestyle; only triggers.

We eat sugar-free nothing, for we ARE sugar:

Granular. Unrefined. Evil.

There's no "on/off" switch, no safety net, no do-overs or practice throws. You have one chance only. Like a tightrope walker, one mis-step and you'll plummet into the gorge of mediocrity, swallowed up in the dismal sameness of all the other Could-Haves in the world.

Pump up those kegels because you'll need the stamina to fend off the sensibilities of the unenlightened, the mousy hoards of "supposed-to-be's" and the goose-stepping politically correct of ascist Nosferatus who lurk in the shadows of *The Living*.

For years everyone has wanted to be like the boys. They have the courage to say that potlucks suck, and they don't have to help clear the table after Thanksgiving dinner. If they take a plate into the kitchen on their way to watch the game in the den, they get an Academy Award for it and it's noted for their future eulogy.

So it's no wonder that an entire generation of lesbians are cutting off their tits and calling each other by Old Testament names like Abraham, Ezekiel, Abe, Caine, Samson, Moses, and Lot.

Now, don't get me wrong, I love guys. I do. Some of my best friends are guys.

They've taught me how to be a megalomaniacal woman.

They've taught me about the emotional Dutch oven, where the caterpillar becomes the serial killer.

But the most freeing thing men have taught me, as a self absorbed person, is to talk about my feelings without expecting reciprocity.

All of the one-sided emotional monologues may have made me just a tad more self-absorbed than I was before, but naturally... I don't mind. And I have learned to ramp up my audacity to levels that I never knew existed outside of the Republican Party.

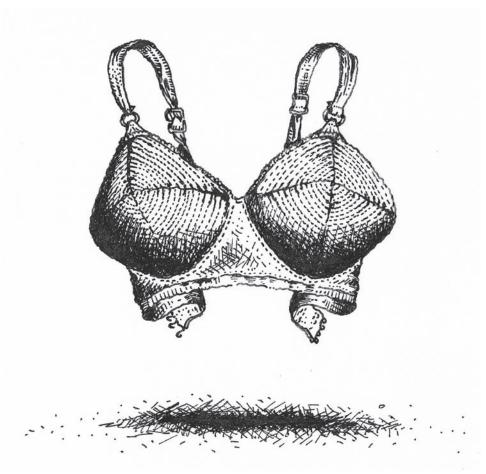
For men, their penises have always been the driving force to do things others may disagree with: giving wedgies to anything limping at the edge of a herd; starting wars; jumping off bridges; riding bicycles in empty pools; and/or getting blow jobs by she-males with big tits. It's the little head they can hold in their hands like a remote control. It's a guy thang.

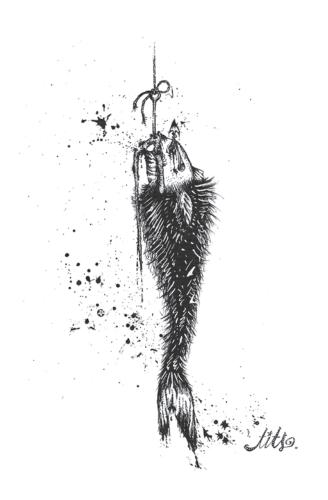
"Get up old man or I'll fuck you right there."

I may not be able to gut a zucchini and microwave the skin so I can fuck it, but I can refuse to end my sentences in question marks.

...Which brings us to one of the darkest secrets of a true Monster Girl... she has talking breasts. And not only do they talk, but she also listens. Listens to both the lactating lessons as well as the mindless impulses from her Monster Girl Mamms—

—The divining rods for grabbing life between the legs and squeezing... at first clumsy enough to neuter. Eventually she learns to tug "War and Peace" out in Morse code.





Any Monster Girl's interpretation of the classics is sought far and wide. Some of you think, "Malarkey! You've got the chocha talking, now with her tits talking—will they be talking to each other?"

Or...

"Between Monster Girl's ass and elbows, will they ever be able to get a word in edgewise?"

I hear you complaining, and the envy is palpable enough to be sliced like a Velveeta cheese artery as you continue: "Tits don't talk. They don't advise, they don't encourage. Breasts are bait. That's it. They lure, seduce, and wiggle like a worm on a hook, waiting for some dumb fish to bite, which then gets pulled into the boat while the fisherman bangs it on the head until it's dead."

All chicks got tits—or at least started out with a set before they lost one or the other to life's demands or opportunities—but all chicks aren't Monster Girls.

Does that make some chicks' tits mute? Do chicks with baby-tiny tits talk in high, squeaky voices while the Double D's sound like Barry WHITE? It's not like that...

...If you have to ask, you can't afford it. If you have to ask and can afford it, go get your money back. But really, if you have to ask, you shouldn't be here.

This is 4 those who aren't afraid to run like a girl, fuck like a girl, dance like a girl, demand like a girl, punch like a girl, love like a girl, writhe like a girl, kill like a girl, cry like a girl, throw like a girl, hate like a girl, bite like a girl, know like a girl, age like a girl, burn like a girl, fist like a girl, ejaculate like a girl.









As is the case with many actors' heights, life is also much shorter than you thought, and living it to the fullest may make it even shorter. But it's so fucking worth it.



After a decade ringside in The Abyss, watching the black dogs rip apart the arms and legs of my former hopes, choke on the tendons of my ideals, drain the last of my beliefs, and shit out my enthusiasms on a nightly basis, I'm going to gum and claw my way up and out. I'm going to slither back to my Glory Days and rightful place at the head of the rickety kids' table.

It's also why I've paid in full—with added penalties with interest—to think/do/say what I've seen/felt/think. The consequences of pissing anyone off pale in comparison to the consequences I've already experienced from trying to be small, tiny, polite, and quiet.

Let's see how this Monster Girl Memoir thing goes. It's still early morning, and by tonight I could be passed out with my head bobbing lifelessly in the toilet while a curious paramedic checks between my legs to see if my hair is naturally curly. But this is San Fran-fucking-cisco... not Holly-goddamn-wood.

So far, so good. The first taste of doing anything Your Way is free. From then on, you pay, and get strung out by simply trying to maintain.

This is about the non-refundable price you pay to do if Four May.

One must dare to be alienated and cast aside.

The paste-up lines are always drawn in your own blood. The wacky pratfalls come from tripping through your own intestines.

And yeah, that's your quivering heart down there in the gutter. Leave it right where it is: it'll cushion your fall.

But it is all so worth it.

This is not about fitting in. Clearing dishes. Being polite. Gritting your teeth and getting along over the holidays.

This is not about belonging to community no matter what the cost.

This is a Monster Girl Memoir about facing myself at high noon, as I would face any creepy faery tale and why it behooves us to be messy and insane.

I can't promise it'll net you a 24" waist or even a 42" waist, the love of your life or even a used sofa from the street that reeks of urine. But none of that will matter when your laughs always sound like soul music from 1977.





"Vanity's the first thing to go."
-Michael J. Fox Pie



When you feel like the world's somebody Else's Oyster + world's somebody Else's Oyster + your thread count is so low it's your thread count is so low it's just a couple o' cross Hairs, you've got to throw your Arms up in the Air + wave 'Em like you just the Air + wave 'Em like you just DON'+ CARE. Welcome to the Welfare Line ... I'm waiting just for you. RELAX + CRACK OPEN A MILK WHILE I tell you ABOUT A TIME WHEN there was...

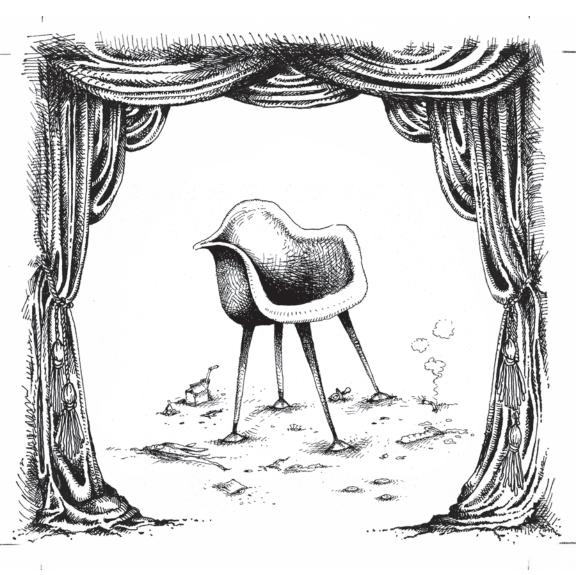


"Beating our way to the bottom and burning bridges along the way "





the welfare queen



Black ART-CHICK TAMPONS WANT to Commit Sujcide When the RAINBOW is not ENUF.

THE WELFARE QUEEN.

Almost twenty years ago, I was an art student in Philadelphia. My friends and I wanted to wear black, all black.

Nothing but black—we even wore black tampons.



And we desperately dreamed of finding our own gallery dealers who'd take 95% of our income, shoot us up with heroin like they did with Jean Michele Basquiat; take our promo shots and cover all the track marks up and down our arms with thick stacks of diamond tennis bracelets; and then lubricate us with tubes of our own oil paint and fuck our armpits, cracks, and folds—

But we didn't care!

We wanted gallery openings... gallery openings with triple-cream Brie, crusty French bread, washed down with thin, tinkly laughter (ha ha ha!) and robust, full-bodied glasses of adoration.

But not long after art school, my friends realized how women making it in art was pretty much a crock, so they washed all that eyeliner off, threw out their vials of patchouli, and bagged the art world to get married and become Bright and Cheery mothers, content to paint the scenes from their driveways. Oh, and they were nice driveways. But suddenly we had nothing to talk about except old times.

And back then, old times for us was only like a month earlier.

So I came to San Francisco in search of Paris-in-the-Twenties...



I imagined a smoke-filled land where women laughed loudly without being interrupted by small children asking for glasses of apple juice and their hair could grow loooong without being yanked out by slimy babies...

...A land where women sat back with their legs open so their ankles wouldn't get thick and covered in varicose veins, and on sunny days passersby could bow down between their thighs for refreshment as if their pudenda were rejuvenating water fountains that weren't just for the colored people.

Paris in the twenties! And oh—it was roaring!



But roaring in a slightly different way. It was roaring for all the baby boomers everywhere, who were waving their hands in the air like they just didn't care, all the while telling us to stop wearing perfume, pick up that dog shit, avoid caffeine and MSG, recycle plastic bags, wear helmets—and put out that goddamn cigarette so they can play another day and pay us our only slightly roaring 39-cent raises.

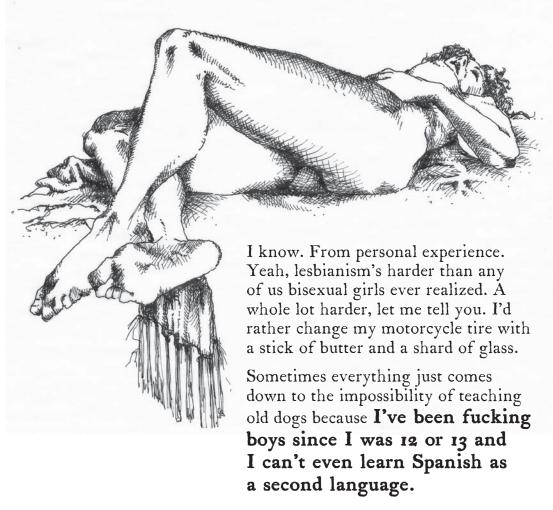


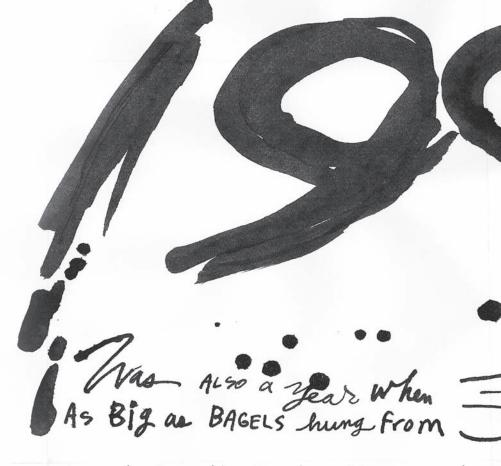
It took me a week to save up for a #4 Value Meal. I eventually had to break down and apply for food stamps...

The year was 1995 ... a year when lesbianism was all the rage until straight girls finally realized that actually being good at lesbian sex involves a whole lot more than tossing your head back and moaning like you can do with boys.

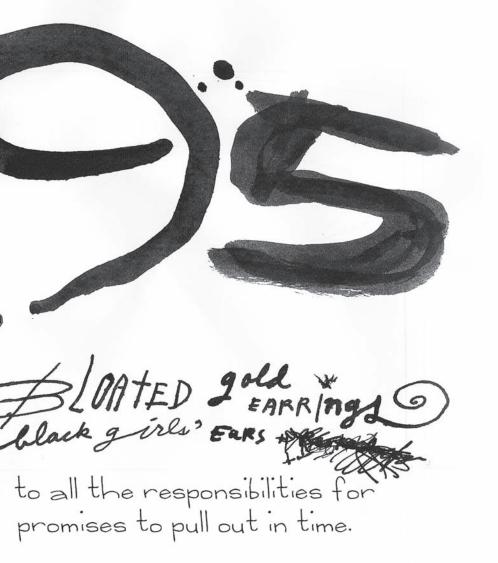
Boys think you're great for simply being warm, and downright amazing if you actually move. It doesn't matter if you're reaching for the remote control or a gun.

But with another chick, once reporters pack up their cameras and go home, you'd better know how to actually do something other than toss your head back and moan 'cause after the third date that shit's just not gonna fly.





and rested on their shoulders next fatherless children borne out of



Now, when I first came to San Francisco, I thought that there were no black people in town and that they had to rent them for special events like extra chairs.



But when I got to the welfare office, the last of the city's tenacious black people were hiding out in the food stamp line before they had to pull out of this foofy biscotti city of latte people.

And one of these last black men sauntered by in a WHITE NYLON RUNNING SUIT.

When he walked he sounded like a teacher with loud pantyhose and woosh-wooshing thighs as she passed by your desk in grade school.

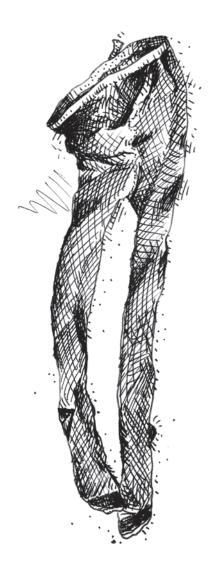
Remember that?

(Woosh! Woosh!)

I could imagine plump thighs fighting and pushing to get in front, wearing away the pantyhose with friction so intense, it should've started fires.

(Woosh! Woosh!)

Instead, we fidgeted in our seats while she woosh-wooshed by our desks, and created warm and moist environments that would soon prove to be dangerous...



That's what our man in the WHITE NYLON SUIT sounded like: plump teachers' thighs about to cause a roaring yeast infection.

Now, I didn't find that sexy, but maybe that's sexy for others.

In fact it was: The nylon man felt waves of attraction coming at him. He stopped and lightly touched at the tangled mass of gold chains on his neck. He turned and looked at all of us with the publicly confident sleepy-eyed look of a lion that has just fed and fucked, and sent rays of love to a girl in front of me: the bagel-earring girl I mentioned earlier. The one on the cutting edge of Ghetto "Fuck-you-Paris" Fashion in 1995--



~Now, speaking of Paris, I wondered how all of these men could prance around the welfare office with folded food stamp and welfare applications under their armpits, and maintain confidence for picking up women in a place like this.

I mean, I totally, totally didn't understand this whole "food-stamp, Mac-daddy" attraction thing because being so broke doesn't exactly make me feel like having lots of sex.

—At least for free, that is.

Well sure enough, the bagel-earring girl smiled and giggled—and with that, the nylon man craned his neck toward her, wiped at the corners of his mouth with thumb and forefinger, dried his fingers on his WHITE NYLON PANTS as he grabbed his crotch and whispered something to her.

The bagel-earring girl fumbled with the French-blue cover of the food stamp application and wrote something in the edge. She tore the corner off: her phone number.

It was a match... bagel-earring girl and yeast infection boy were going to get it on, and it'd be beautiful because for a time at least, she'd believe he was really gonna pull out for real.

Yeah, for reeeeal.

And when our bagel-earring heroine turned in her application to "Window A" seven years ago, the tired lumpy people in charge would try and break her down, make her feel bad for being broke! But she couldn't be broken! Nuh uh! The big gold bagel earrings were all she had and the new man in the WHITE NYLON PANTS would make her feel goooood again, yeah.

Like (Woosh! Woosh!)...

The state would make her pee into cups, admit failed dreams, then bring in utility bills from 1937, but they wouldn't notice the missing corner of paper, and the lumpy, tired food stamp workers wouldn't ever know what it meant, and so they couldn't take that from her. She'd found love. A French-blue love. The kind of woosh-wooshing love that would make her feel real pretty and create those old warm and moist environments that might not prove to be so dangerous this time.

(Woosh! Woosh!)

There/That's how I did it. Those were the stories I told myself in order to maintain the hip, detached, and ironic way that my generation deals with everything. Sure, it's arrogant—and even extremely annoying—but if we actually cared about all the shit that's going on, we'd be heartbroken.

So in the Self-Consciously Post-Modern way of my people, I stood there for hours... taking it all in... switching my weight back and forth between my left and right foot, pounding at the new varicose veins popping alive in my legs. Even as the blood pooled in my ankles, I believed I was destined for something better.

This was just one of those setbacks that'd be great for my "Vanity Fair" interview.

Yeah, that's right baby.

I once had it all and I was a cocky, know-it-all member of the middle class and I didn't give a fuck about sitting in the front of the bus because I thought the bus was too disgusting to ride in the first place.

Know-it- MEMBER OF THE MIDDLE CLASS and I DIDN'T GIVE a FUCK ABOUT SI'HING in THE FRONT of the BUS BECAUSE & thought THE BUS WAS too DISGUSTING to Ride in THE FIRST Place - (I CAN'T even DRAI BAD BAD WASHING DRAN WASHING WINDS DRAN WINDS DRAN WINDS DRAN WINDS DRAN WINDS DRAN DRAN DE STORE DE I CLUBBED BABY LAMBS FOR PARCHMENT BECAUSE I was trying, to SAVE The trees FROM BECOMING paper, and I WALKED THE WORLD WAS MY OYSTER and That gave ME THE Right to PRY it open a little so I could FUCK it ...

That's right! I used to live in the suburbs and scoff at poverty and eat meat before it was even born!

I clubbed baby lambs for parchment because I was trying to save the trees from becoming paper. I rubbed their placenta under my eyes, and walked in their snouts for slippers and made my ruthless American bootstraps out of all that was left.





The world was my oyster and that gave me the right to pry it open a little so I could fuck it.

Yeah, the only animals who were safe from the likes of me were the ones who'd roll over and beg...

...And that's precisely what the universe suddenly seemed to do:

The clouds parted and the future rolled over and begged, asking—

"Mrs. Lopez, pray tell, what can we do for you now?"

And rays of options shone through the clouds like pick a card, any card—and it was time to pick my own manifest destiny.

I didn't want to be some artist noddin' out, with a line of gallery dealers gang-raping my armpits, cracks, and folds—so I decided to be a writer. Yes, a writer, because it was cute, compact and fit nicely in my teeny tiny apartment on a little kitchen counter, you know, back in the corner near the sugar canister.

And then I'd find an agent to tell indifferent strangers how fabulous my books were— lots and lots of bodice-ripping books— with candlelight, delicately parted butt-cracks, and ohso-sexy eye patches. They'd make movies out of them—lots and lots of bodice-ripping movies—starring former child actors from the '80s, because it was 6pm and wasn't it high time we knew where they were now?

Then I'd fly over to my seaside home and eat bowls of foie gras and watch myself on a huge plasma screen TV suspended from the stars. The commercials would be sneak previews of a Bright and Cheery future of how one day you'd be able to afford your own little driveway with a view, and be able to stop renting apartments from greedy landlords who're always trying to get you to hurl yourself down the stairs and die... and still pay rent from the great beyond.

Life was fabulous. Almost too good to believe. My first editor and publicist were like angels, glowing as if you had Vaseline in your eyes. He was amazing! She was amazing!—

—The service was amazing!

I'd order tiny green salads with pears and pecans, the filet mignon was rare—but seared with freshly crushed pepper and I was tossing my chin back and laughing—"Ha ha ha!" I screamed over and over again and for dessert we made love on the veranda.

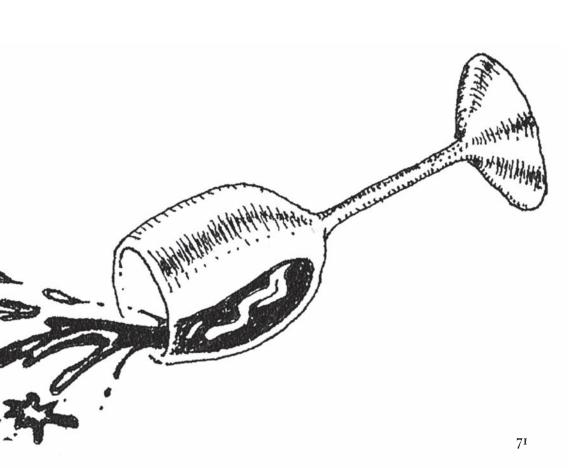
Who did?

Oh, we all did, darling. We all made love, all the time, to everything, and afterwards we drank sherry and farted in the silk sheets.

It was an expensive, pricey kind of love and we signed for the bill without ever asking how or why or when or if.

Oh sure, maybe I only had seventeen fans, but oh how they were fans! They were the best damn fans a girl could hope for. Ho, I was big in my day! Big! Big! Big! "Hurry! Act now!" They all screamed. "Buy now! Pay later!" They all chanted.





So with only 17 fans, I never did get the seaside home and plasma screen TV, but I did get the #4 Value Meal and a Bright and Cheery high yella' motorcycle with all cash—no money down. I'd paid in full in case things got really bad—I'd always be able to blow town and ride across this great land, doing my part and gang-raping sweaty WHITE WOMEN in Republican hairdos everywhere.

Oh, excuse me, they don't sweat; they glisten. They glisten like pigs down in Alabama, and that's exactly what I was doing when the universe's clouds gathered overhead and snapped its rays of options closed like a deck of cards and stormed off with my future without saying a word. Leaving me with nothing.

Less than nothing.



Life... life has a way of grabbing your cheek and pinching it until the flesh separates from the bone with an excruciatingly wet and ragged tear, because five years after The Boca Raton News wrote a review of my first—and most micro-famous book, Flaming Iguanas, saying:

"Erika Lopez is an American original! ... Lopez won't have to worry about food stamps in the future!"

Well, not only do I have to worry about food stamps again...
...I just had to go and add welfare. Fucking welfare.

DO you know how hard it is to get on welfare and food stamps? — Huh? Well, let me tell you: writing a book and getting it published was easier—hey, giving birth to the

Solid Gold Dancers out of your butt would be less painful.

So here I am again, seven years later facing my "Window A" destiny and the smell that comes with it.

"The smell?" you ask. I'll get to the smell in a second because first I was shuffling through the metal detector while guards without necks were ignoring us and eating Twizzlers for breakfast.

As I shuffled on toward the greasy table holding slabs of applications, I wondered if the screaming six-year-old kid over there licking the crud from the corners of the floor is the bagel-earring, French-blue nylon offspring from seven years earlier.

I'm in a line and a craggy little old WHITE MAN with one big matted dreadlock flapping against his back like an old screen door, shuffles by in a long straight black skirt found on the street. He lives in a Datsun on my block. He's the neighborhood's scary monster man.

Every neighborhood has one. You know that.



Now, back east you don't talk to homeless people: you walk by them unless you're feeling so liberal you won't vote, in which case, you sit on the steam grate with them because charity's like recycling—it makes you feel good without fixing the problem.

But in San Francisco, if you ignore homeless people, they throw a fucking hissy fit.

And here we were *together*—the veal eater girl and the matted screen door man having our own "hands-across-America" moment in the welfare office and he's passing me by like a welfare comrade, giving me the cool-guy little "Up-nod."

If you're cool, you've seen it up close; if not, you may've seen it from afar, like over in the *cooler* neighborhood.

Finally, it was my turn to go up to "Window A" and turn in my French-blue application.

The woman behind the bullet proof glass looked like a cartoon banker man with an enormous, hulking body that must've completely wrapped itself around her innocent little creaking office chair, totally enveloping foam, fabric, and chrome, probably looking like a fleshy candled apple from behind.

Her head was like something, something that'd climbed to the top of a *greaaaat big* mountain—but cranky because it'd been abandoned by the Sherpa.

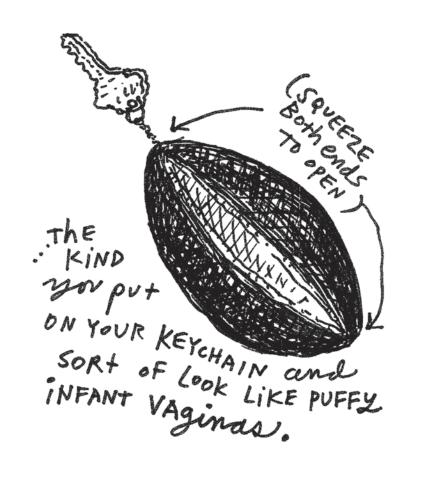
She looked at my application over tortoiseshell slivers of reading glasses, and her facial jowls as full as my own tits, drooped and pooled at the top of her huuuuuge breasts, which must've been hoisted up and resting on her massive knees like sand bags to keep her from falling forward.

The rest of her body was melting from a lifetime of boredom, exhaustion, and indifference...

...And even her lip, I kid you not—her bottom lip was so heavy and slack, it couldn't stay up either, limply dangling down her chin like a sleepy banana slug falling out of bed, showing her red gums and mucousy teeth.

And speaking of red, mucousy things

her eyes were even too tired to look up at me, and they were held in by whatever suction was left from the lower rims of her eyes ... there was so little muscle left to stick to her eyeballs, they were open like teeny tiny little change purses. The kind you put on your key chain and sort of look like puffy infant vaginas.



Even though I was frightened and wanted to run, run far away from "Window A" and all that it represented, I wanted to stare at her long after she time-stamped my application and told me to have a seat around the corner in the other room because the closest thing I'd seen to this were the fetal pigs spread-eagled and pinned to baking pans in biology class.

Good thing she didn't even seem to sense my horror. She must've been the scary monster neighbor in her own neighborhood because she seemed pretty used to it like the little craggy old man with the big flapping dreadlock.

At some point you just don't care what anyone thinks anymore—especially welfare people. Hell, I don't even care what welfare people think, including *myself*.

And you know what? That's the inherent beauty of this life.

—But then she calls me back and hands me another form to fill out, and that's when I get this whiff of that smell...

I told you we'd come back to the smell. It's not like we have any choice because when things go bad, that smell will hunt you down like a bad dog, throw you to the ground, and jam its smelly boot down on your neck and spritz you all over like a department store girl.

I hadn't smelled it in years...

The Smell that all economic realities came down to when I was a kid. You could dress it up or turn it around and spank it, but you couldn't run from the truth. It wasn't the musty smell of Old People, or the garlic smell of Spicy People from faraway lands. It wasn't the missed litter boxes smell of the Cat People.

It wasn't even the hampery people smell. No! Not even the Tofu Breath People Smell.

No, no, no... it was The Poor People Smell.

Sometimes I think that we should've had that smell because we'd bludgeon each other with frozen pot pies before school, and after school we made grilled cheese sandwiches out of government cheese a few times.

-A few times?

A few times is all you need. In fact, more than enough if you know what I'm sayin'

You know what I'm saying?

I know you know what I'm sayin' because government cheese never goes bad and it never goes away.

Whatever you cut off, the mold grows and extends the log back to normal like a lizard's tail.

But the smell: it's as if your FICO score had been distilled down into a perfume.

A perfume?

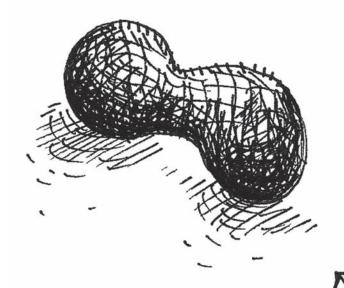
Yeah. A perfume that will forever sweat out of your pores and cling to your bra, your hair, your bad taste and inability to buy a house.

Hmmmm...

Anyway, the telltale smell of real hard times was—drum roll, please!

Cold peanuts.

Still Life of



A peanut.

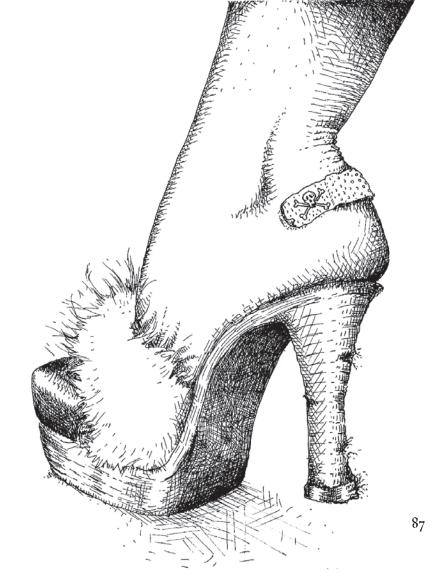
That's right. The smell of hard times was cold peanuts. As in "brrr...cold, cold."

It was the smell of friends who were pretty and wanted to be only a little roughed up by high school standards, but like really roughed up later on...

It was the smell of how prettiness was only so you could make a bunch of babies to keep your man around because men were mythical creatures like unicorns, and they'd magically disappear as mysteriously as they'd appeared.

It was the smell of friends who had big sisters who smacked their Kool-Aid-stained children in supermarkets.

(And when we'd baby sit, we'd try on their mama's big, platform cha-cha slippers and turn on their faintly crusty rotating dildoes... oh, don't cringe, because anything worth doing in real life eventually gets crusty.)





CC TO BE A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST, YOU HAVE TO ASSUME A MANTLE OF EXTREME SELF-IMPORTANCE.??

(JAMES SWANSON)

It was the smell of friends who had little nasty sisters who threw kittens from fifth-floor balconies to see if they really would and could land on their feet.

They were my friends back then because they were the most fun, as their skinny, chain-smoking moms never cared Where we were, What we were doing, What we wore, Who we did, and When or even *If* we were coming back.

But then I got to thinking that we're only kidding right?—And like this can't go on too much more. I mean, I'm over there speaking in double negatives like I ain't got no business to and I'd become nothing more than a little penis scraper.

But lucky for me, no babies. Damn. Because babies are like diamonds...

Babies are Forevaaah!

Besides, the way the kitten walked after Josie's little sister brought it back upstairs still fucking haunts me to this day, and they hadn't even noticed because they were laughing so hard.

Cold, cold, heartless, meeean peanuts!

I know I should be quiet because there's a mean thing in talking about the smell, but what makes that particular smell? I mean, it's not bad; it's just poor.

And now that the lady behind "Window A" has handed me the cold peanut smell, everyone's gonna know now that I'm poor, too.



So I will start a line of welfare colognes to cover up the truth and no one will know, for we will smell like the middle class: We will smell like a full-priced box of "Tide" with a top note of freshly-mown lawns.

(sniff)

Layered...

(sniff)

complicated.

(sniff)

Credit-worthy!

exhale....



My friend Kris had killed herself, and left everything to her dog, "Sam." A bunch of lesbians are still fighting over the souvenirs like female potato salad wrestlers. I walked off with her shoes into my not-so-Bright and Cheery welfare future. Now, whether or not it was from walking in her shoes, I'll never know, but now I wanted to kill myself, too.

It was like the guy who had a hand transplant and later found out the donor had been a strangler, but I wasn't afraid.

I wasn't afraid because

I just didn't care.

But if you screw up a suicide and have no health insurance, you'd better be able to finish what you started—even if all you can do is blink twice.

So, instead of committing suicide, I'm gonna sit here in this life and hope that that "food stamp sugar daddy" trollin' for colon over there will come on over and offer to buy me a #4 Value Meal and at least promise me I can watch a black and WHITE TV suspended in the corner of some local bar.

I was starting to see how the welfare office gets pretty cutthroat like a barnyard.

"Hey!" I wanted to run up to him and say now that the San Francisco Department of Public Health had cleared the act of any danger, "Hey, I can give really good two-hour long blow jobs like the next guy! Sure, I may not be able to stay awake during most of it, but if you squeeze my face a lot, you won't even notice."

But I wouldn't hold my breath that anybody—not even my sense of entitlement—would be able to save me.

Maybe it was the couple sleeping in the corner and the big puddles of drool that'd already formed on their sweat jackets at 8:45 a.m.

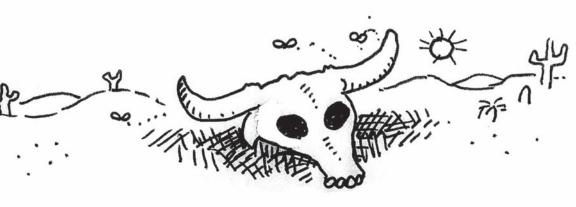
Or maybe it was the girl giving birth in the other corner, and the wedding going on near the water fountain.

Maybe it was the flies laying eggs and raising darling little maggot children in the dead body slumped on the floor under a bank of chairs, I don't know, but I had a feeling that I'd be settling in here for quite a while.

This was the set up and talking long pigs had adapted, going ahead and living their entire lives around these long and tedious welfare appointments no matter what.

While I shifted around trying to find a position for the long haul, my spine actually started to melt and my cheeks started to droop and pool at the top of my own huuuuge breasts and—

-that's when I realized that I'd just settled into something far more permanent than a new smell or a mere waste of time; a change as sure as puberty or menopause!



Everything, every thing, and I do mean every thing was drying up and beaching itself to die! No longer was I facing a warm and moist future where anything could grow. Even mold had no home here with me! I would've begged for even the tiniest reminder of life that a damn good yeast infection could give, but alas, I was bone dry.

I sat still, feeling my new jowls jiggle with each breath. My neighborhood would no longer be big enough for that old screen door man, and me.

I was the new scary monster neighbor now—





Hey! It looks like the pregnant girl just gave birth to an even littler girl—they're like Russian nesting dolls over there!

Since she's a government-cheese child, they won't bring her up telling her how unique and special and above-average she is, with bed-time stories about all the potential she's supposed to fulfill—

—Good! Because the word "potential" becomes a boogeyman and it's got everyone running around being Unique, Special, and Above-Average, trying to fulfill all their Potential and publishing glossy magazines with their first names on them in the meantime.

It's all a crock.

Forget the hip, detached, and ironic way that my generation deals with the heartbreak of actually caring.

Now I'm too disillusioned to pretend I'm bored and waiting for something interesting to happen. Something interesting has happened: My downfall.

And I'm not alone...

...Here we are again, standing for hours and hours, switching our weight back and forth between our left and right feet, pounding at the even newer varicose veins popping alive on top of the old ones, then reaching out beyond our toes like roots for the tiled floor, threatening to anchor us in this welfare forest forever.

And this time, as the blood pools in our ankles, we don't believe we are destined for something better. "Better" has become a luxury. We're doing great if we can keep the electricity from getting shut off.

This! This is what we get for being at the tail end of the American middle class experiment. Everyone else has cut in front and by the time we get to the teller, she flips over the "Next window, please" sign and saunters away without saying a word. If it weren't for her woosh-wooshing thighs and distracting panty lines—Oh, we'd give her what for!

Yeah, everything in America seems to be going backwards.

So, I'm gonna get on-board and go backwards too. Back to the fun part where I'm a has-been even though I'm a never-been.

Why?

Because, close up, ambition's very boring. It's also very exhausting —I mean, you can't just be a hotshot once, then sit down with a Henny and coke, and start paging through the clippings of your success...

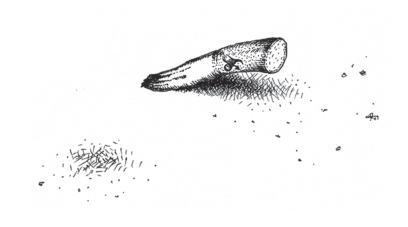
...And that's my personal, crusty story. Hey, don't gawk; you could be here, too. In fact, I'll save you a seat.

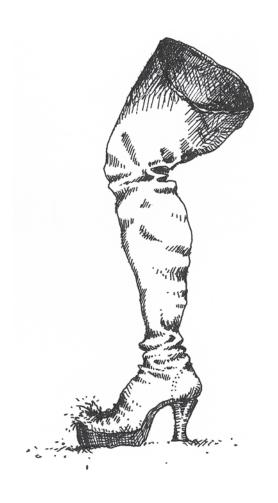
Hell, I've already taken up three plastic seats because if you can bogart three plastic chairs in a row in the waiting room, you can almost pretend it's a sofa, and that's even better than a pack of smokes in prison.

Those armrests in between are a little painful, but if you can get used to a little pain now, you'll be sooooo much better off later. It's like a rite of passage, like bar mitzvahs or clitorectomies, and that's how I got to be a welfare queen!

Yeah! Welfare Queens are the drag queens for the new millennium.

A good Welfare Queen should have just enough cellulite to make her interesting, and lots and lots of panty lines to spare; more than her fair share! She should also have a pair of cha-cha slippers. But for me, Kris's suicide shoes will have to do.





And speaking of panty lines, remember: don't pick a writing career just because it fits nicely on a little kitchen counter. An orange-juice can full of scalding-hot bacon drippings would be more fulfilling.

But somehow everyone wants to be a writer.

I just don't get it. It's so "John-boy."

It's 6pm: do we even know where his mole is now?

What the fuck's so great about writing, anyway?

If someone's trying to kick our ass in a bar, we never think of any good comebacks until a week later when we're in the shower. We've got alcohol and drug problems, and the lucky ones end up living with their moms and dying shortly after peeing all over the bed. I think anyone who wants to be a writer should just sit down at a typewriter, pick up a fork and gouge their eyes out until the blood rusts the keys.

So do you still wanna go to a country cottage, look out the window at pretty green trees, watch the seasons turn green leaves from gold to red to brown, and write all about it?

Yeah? Well Hemingway had a little country cottage.

It's where he blew his brains out... A little drink, a little think about death....

...a lot!

Oh, I understand, oh boy, do I understand. Look at me now!

I was "Something!" Had all that Potential!

Now the word crumbles from my welfare lips like rancid foie gras and lands on my lap with a "plop."

Speaking of *plop*, I hear that stupid WHITE BOYS get drunk and stumble out into pastures late at night so's they can tip cows over.

What's that called?

That's right, it's called Cow Tipping.

Well, I think they should try to come and tip over us Welfare Queens on our big platform cha-cha slippers.

And what would that be called?

That's right: It'd be called Welfare Queen Tipping.

Oh, you'd think it'd be easy, but it'd be harder than you think because we're too street savvy. You sneak up on us while we're in line and we'll slit your fucking throats and drain all 8pts of your blood for a #4 Value Meal.

Uh huh. I know I would. I am A Welfare Queen and I can do anything—as long as it doesn't cost me more than my \$300 a month, that is.

Now let me sing you my welfare song before my suicide shoes convince me of the merits of killing myself first. However, my harmonica playin' may cause you to kill yourself first, but if the welfare line's barnyard politics have taught me anything, better you than me.

Welcome to The Welfare Line, We're waiting just for you... Welcome to the poorhouse life Forget your penthouse view

And when you think that you can ride away
And leave all this behind
Some fool tries to beat the yellow light
It just ain't gonna be your day

You hit the brakes and you go down
And watch your high yella' bike hit the ground
A scraping, crunching, broken sound
Teeny, tiny pieces of your high-yella' dream
lie scattered round

And now there's nothing left
Nothing left at all my friend
Oh there's nothing left
Nothing left...
I say there's nothing left...
Nothing left but the smell.





AFRO GIRL SAJS:



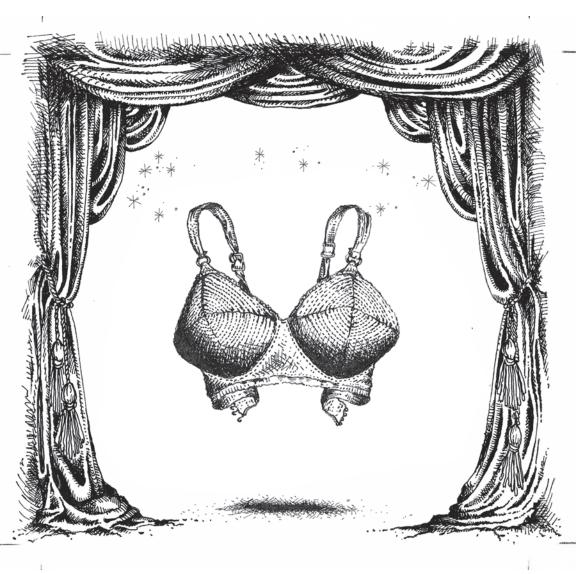








the girl must die





The cutie pies went in this order:

Kris Kovick Pie; 50; October 26, 2001

Melinda "Big Red" Moore Pie; 40; found Sept 28, 2005

Laura Trent Pie; 38; Sept 28, 2006

Debra McClinton Pie; 39; November 18, 2007

It was the end of fall when I'd taken a baseball bat to my unsuspecting career's head while it kicked back and smoked a cigar after eating its rare filet mignon, seared in black pepper.

I had beaten it to a pulp, staining the WHITE TABLECLOTH with a decade of lame excuses spreading and bleeding through silent moments of disbelief, that this is what had become of me.

I'd run out of moves. I just couldn't figure out what to do.

How to act.

All of my ways of getting around or under suddenly ceased to work. I used to get everything/anything relatively easily when I wanted it. Looks, charm, skills, talent, and chutzpah were suddenly useless; all of the sudden,

I was invisible.

I didn't know how to simply be anymore.

And so I just gave up.



Autumn is a rough time. Growing older can be deadly for us wild girls facing possible futures of irrelevance and ignoring anus lips from years of smoking too many cigarettes to keep our girlish figures... or sucking too much cock for the compliments that make us believe in Santa Claus again.

My friends also had a rough time with this life thing. They had either snapped, moved, been evicted, floated away on drugs, stopped talking to me, or committed suicide.



We were supposed to be dead by 27.

So now what?

I hit a dead end in my middle thirties. I didn't know which way to turn. I needed stories. Examples. Faery tales. Inspiration. Direction...

...Inspiration. Direction. It can't be this hard, can it?

I looked up others' stories. I wasn't picky. I couldn't be. I looked high and low. At movies and on the backs of cereal boxes for scraps of stories, examples hidden in the milquetoast ad copy, faery tales. Inspiration. Direction on what we're supposed to do after it's no longer enough to push our tits together and flirt our way through a negotiation/and the agony of seeming invisible in a world that wants us dead and gone because we age like dying flowers, reminding all of loss of beauty and death.

But the wild, frizzy, spread-eagled romance of female thinkers & artists—with love screeching, twirling, promising, playing the tambourine—ricochets off the walls in red, then suddenly goes—Hush...hush, sweet Charlotte.

(QUIET.)

Sure, there is a lot of dusty rose-covered inspiration out there already. Books with subliminal tampon flowers printed between the lines tell us to light lavender candles, soak in Dead Sea salt baths, and write with bubble lettering in gratitude journals.



Some tales were about 50-year-old career women. New mothers with paper-thin vaginal walls experiencing the miracle of child-birth through young surrogate mothers. Mothers forced back into the minimum-wage workforce after donating a kidney and a sliver of liver after reaching the maximum five years on the dole because of welfare reform.

Other stories told of moms crying about their kids sailing off to colleges at faraway lands, and calling their suburban vaginas back inside like Lassie come home, and doing kegels to disco and crossword puzzles to resuscitate them.

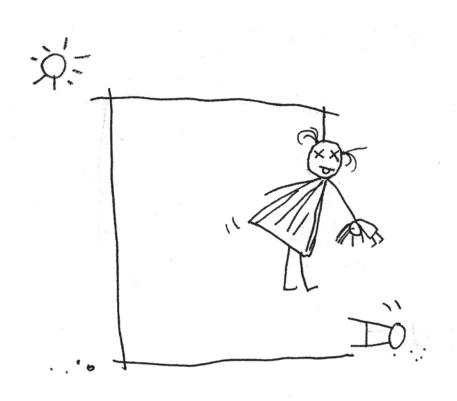
Some told of their husbands becoming lesbian transsexuals who felt African American inside, but as of yet couldn't find a more acceptable form of black face so they adopted foreign babies the true parents couldn't afford to keep because they were too busy sewing American sneakers for 17 hours and 39 cents a day.

The movies I found at least had artist / philosopher / lover women in them because they were infinitely more dramatic, cinematic and interesting than the talking long pigs who thought too long and hard before they bought toilet paper.



However, in the third act, the girl must die to atone for her pleasures, candor, her inability to end her orgasms in question marks, as well as her unwillingness to have children. She takes the responsibility more seriously than you'd ever realize.

Cancer, murder, rape, heroin overdoses, and being run off of cliffs are favorite penalties for the girls who love to fuck guys up the asses with exclamation points and pull out the ellipses one dot at a time...



In the old silent days—not long after people crawled ashore and learned to walk, but before people actually knew how to talk—they weren't as "sophisticated" as we are today, and they emoted like stroke victims who had to blink for a glass of water.

Some wore lots and lots of black eyeliner to italicize the insatiable buckets of Kentucky-fried need, terror, and joy emanating from their souls and others' loins.

As you can imagine, it was not an age of great subtlety.

The wilder ones we've descended from indicated their emotions at a flickery and distracting 18 frames-per-second, with their indefatigable nitrate fires, and great lunging, lurching gestures that would've been seen around the world if it weren't for the annoyingly obstructive curvature of the earth.

Whether others were jealous of them, or just found them incredibly annoying, is still hotly debated in ladies rooms today, thousands of years after Monster Girls first stomped the earth making life fair.

But for some reason, in the movies about us, we were tied up and left on train tracks for someone else to rescue at their leisure. Forget the hero. Sometimes there wasn't even a 2nd unit film crew or Brownie camera.

And the films were only short two-reelers, as it turned out no one cared enough to flesh out a second act to rescue women like us.

The movies themselves didn't survive for the same reason.

But I didn't feel like any of the women on the cereal box.

And I didn't want to cut off my tits and become an instant just-add-water guy. I loved being a girl and actually wanted to be more girl and have more tits. Not bigger. *More*.

I wanted all the discarded tits of butches turning into dudes everywhere. I wanted to sew their tits to my chest like a lactating Rottweiler, put on a dozen tassles, and eventually look like a Christmas tree made of tits.

I could already impress myself so much by deep-throating my own tits during much of my adulthood, I didn't understand this new hatred of being a woman. I adored breasts too much to cut them off and lob them over to the other Monster Girls who'd ravage them like pit bulls eviscerating a Puerto Rican toy poodle named Bandit Pie for the secrets, wisdom, and power contained within.

I wanted to keep all of my special titty powers even though I was pretty much brought up as a WHITE MAN and had the entitlement thing down already.

Forget greener. The grass isn't even green on their side anymore. It's all dead and overgrown and tall enough for colored people and women to crouch down and shoot them whenever they slip and accidentally look as an underage girl screams and lifts up her wet t-shirt for a fucking baseball cap. Or when they absently mouth along to a quiet storm love song that has the word "NIGGER" in the lyrics because it wants to take the power from the word and make "NIGGER" synonymous with "CUTIE PIE" for other black people.

NOT. WHITE. PEOPLE.

When WHITE PEOPLE sing along to the unexpurgated songs and don't get why they have to self-bleep or say "THE 'N' WORD" I can't explain because, Jimmy crack corn, I don't care about anyone's freedom to say "NIGGER."

It's like trying to understand the U.S. tax code on acid with your hand down your pants. Don't even try. / Sing another song.

And in the future when you see the fat old black rapper grandpappies reading children's books to their little grandbabies at bedtime, ending with:

"And my dear little PICKANINNIES, that's the story of how our people made it out of hundreds of years of slavery and poverty, then fought with their lives so we all could have the freedom to call each other NIGGER...

...And because of all this empowerment to call ourselves NIGGERS, we'd come to be envied by WHITE PEOPLE everywhere simply by insisting that from now on, while they can watch from the sidelines, we're the only ones who can shoot each other, burn down our neighborhoods, and call our women BITCHES and HOES. Good night, LITTLE NIGGER JIM,"

—then you can sing along.

(Quietly.)

And I ain't just whistlin' Dixie, because by then we'll all have made it to The Promised Land and have the freedom to abuse ourselves without anyone's help, thank you very much.

Until then, pretend you're savvy and over-educated enough to do the Hokey Pokey and understand what it's all about. The inability to sufficiently explain why nigger dyke slut is empowering, is just a good, old-fashioned, post-postmodern hoodwinking. I'm not actually digressing here. It's partially because I didn't want to be a man or get my affectionate needs met by calling anyone else nigger, slut, whore, or dyke for fun, that I felt lonely, isolated, hopeless, insane.

Without faery tales of my own, I didn't know how to stumble forward. When you're already broken and fragile, your resilience is compromised. Suicide is the most nefarious way of leaving this wild little spring break called Life because suicide can be as contagious as a yawn.

Kris Kovick Pie had been suicidal and a little crazy ever since she was born, and eventually went out a little country-fried mad with vodka, a shot of heroin, and a plastic bag over her head. The soft and puffy, PASTY-WHITE VULTURE who successfully jockeyed to inherit her San Francisco house tried to keep it a secret so her own folks in Malibu would continue to leave her in their will, too, still splitting everything with her as well as her other brothers and sisters. (MAY GOD BE WITH THEM).

Ze screwed a few others out of their portions, hoarded all of the original art in case it'd be worth something, then cut off hir tits. Then ze refinanced Kris' house at the top of the market so that ze could afford to have hir chest sewn back together with the nipples professionally placed (as evenly as possible).

Ze changed hir name to one of those New Testament names, and re-fashioned hirself into a soft, puffy, half-finished hermaphrodite nicknamed, The Pop n' Fresh Doe.

A new member of the landed (trans)gentry, ze added to the new vague, non-committal trend in misogynistic sexuality.

Apparently very much in need of hir own stories, examples, faery tales, inspiration, and direction... in addition to hir morals and ambition, ze'd taken also hir cues on gender from a few episodes of "General Hospital."

but I'm not comfortable in my body. you're supposed to HATE your body. In her full leathers, Melinda "Big Red" Moore Pie jumped her motorcycle off a cliff on Highway One and her body was found a week later in a tree over the rocky beach, her bike dashed on the rocks below.

On her new dream organic farm, Laura Trent Pie shot her dog, then herself.

A couple of years after her own wild-child sister killed herself, the photographer I befriended after our first magazine shoot, Debra McClinton Pie, did the more traditionally romantic Golden Gate Bridge suicide, leaving her 2-year old sweetie pie girl behind.

Considering they were all intelligent cutie pies who'd given me good advice at one time or another, and 3 out of 4 had money and nice houses, I got to thinking that maybe they knew something I didn't. I seriously reconsidered this tenaciously sticking around thing. I wasn't even 35 and was washed up and useless in a country where everyone had a Xanax Cheshire smile and a half dozen houses temporarily doubling in value.

Money can bring out the most annoying side in the talking long pigs who have it, and it's compounded when they think it's due to their wisdom and God's will.

It can also bring out the worst in those who don't have money, and it doesn't take long to find the scavengers who're pulling the rings off other long pigs who merely sleep like the dead.

I didn't know how to do anything except write books, which was a huge accident in the first place. It was a total Plan Z thing.

I had a mixture of affluent self-entitlement and scrapper ghetto runaway girl. I had no idea how I got here and things seemed like they could go either way...

The red wire or the green wire?...



I'm also not convinced that there are idealistic childhoods.

Not long ago kids were bred to be firewood or hung on hooks by their collars and used as toilet paper in out-houses.

The '70s was a time when parents didn't really want kids all that much. They were like something that came on TV because you were too lazy to get up and change the channel. We were supposed to complete our moms who felt incomplete from not getting their incessant needs met from their own folks. Then when their marriages failed because their needs weren't met by their spouses, we kids were up at bat, and lord help us if we became gay, artists, and/or failures.

My folks met when they were civil rights activists involved with the Quakers in New York Citay. I was born in Spanish Harlem to a wild cherry red childhood. They had a green/red-wire marriage that any psychiatrist could shake his finger at—but what for? They got more impossible, creative things done in their insane fucked up sado-masochistic passion than most people do in a lifetime.

Wrong-wire KAPOW! breakups and wild cherry red Volkswagens and starting a school for gang kids in the Berkshires, with my mom telling us stories about her wild cherry red VW breaking down and crawling through the ice on her hands and knees with me strapped to her chest.

My folks split up when I was 4 and my sister was 2, and when they set up a meeting with us kids at Sears, my dad had his VW van parked in the back and he took off with my sister and me for a month.

My mom got the FBI involved and all I remember of those times was that I had red flowery sneakers and he had a drink umbrella between the front seats of his VW bug.

I love the smell of wild cherry red VW bugs because they smell like nonconsensual times, when I was young and everything was nonconsensual and absolutely nothing was my fault or responsibility.

VWs hate New Jersey and as a result broke down a lot on my way to the Jersey shore when I was a teenager—so I actually did end up being in other people's hands all over again. Axles were always rusting, breaking, bending, but I'd drive around with Nena kitty cat tucked between my neck and the seat.

I met a lot of men who'd help me when I couldn't fix things myself, which was actually quite often since they're built like peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

I think Volkswagens kind of created this odd, consensual "sometimes it's just easier to say 'yes'" relationship I would end up always having with men.

No matter whether it was the dead of winter or height of summer, when I was in my late teens and early twenties, I would spontaneously take off for Long Beach Island. I'd take the back roads because I love to drive and think with the windows open, no matter how cold it is.

The VW would break down and being a beige girl in the pine barrens, some backwoods guy would happen upon me and I could see the look in his eyes when he would think the letters to Penthouse Forum might actually be real.

There's no greater aphrodisiac for a man than a young grateful girl not from around here, no witnesses, and a lot of free time.

Such girls, who're not from around here, with no witnesses, and no one expecting you at a certain time, who need help getting back home, need to learn the fine art of evasive gratitude and seeming like you're in a hurry with someone expecting you at any moment.

During one bad breakdown, a trucker towed me with rope to a bar and he got drunk and wanted to fuck me in the back of his truck. I got really good at being charmingly evasive.

So I went through a few spiral-bound VW idiot manuals to learn how to cut back on the breakdowns. The Peter Aschwanden illustrations inspired my art, and the lesson enriched my relationships with guys because I got a little more swagger from being able to fix my broken accelerator cable with a hanger and a wire I found on the side of the road. I got propositioned so much on the back roads to Long Beach Island, I got tired of VW bugs. Between the fires, the snow, and the beach breakdowns, they attract too much fucking drama. I wanted a more consensual ride.

Anyhow, back to when I was four and off with my dad while the FBI was chasing us around: a friend of my mom's saw my father with my sister and me and threatened to cry rape if he wouldn't stick around while she called the police.

When they came, my dad wanted to talk to me before he had to go, and I was standing on the kitchen table and there were flowers on that red tablecloth. I remember because I was looking down as I made myself yell at my dad for hitting my mom or something.

(Now, don't get all sad, here. My mom has done her share of ass-kicking. Remember the sadomasochism of passion is more complicated than lazily feeling sorry for the poor, helpless woman all the time.)

I don't know if I was looking down because I was trying to avoid seeing my dad in handcuffs or what. I've always been sensitive about respectfully looking away when someone's not at their best, but I wish I'd looked up and memorized his face because I was so short, a few years later I couldn't remember what my dad looked like when my mom would go crazy on me and say I was just like my father.

She'd ripped up all of his photos and I didn't really look like either of my parents so I had a quiet reverence for every dark black man I saw with short hair and a moustache and a beard.

Out of respect for my dad's memory, I was really nice to black men with goatees.

I could take anything she did when she said I was just like my dad because no one ever wants to be a pain in the ass alone.

If I'd known it'd be the last time I'd see him for years, I would've prepared something better, nicer and I would've tried to look at him instead of the fucking floral goddamn table cloth.

But no one comes and tells you this is it, kid. Tell your dad you love him. Something better than yelling at him because this is like death. I didn't even know what death was.

My biggest tragedy then was forgetting to clutch tightly to my balloon string and watching it fly up, up, and away out of my reach forever. I didn't know that was what would also happen to my father. You don't know because when you're a little kid, everything's nonconsensual, and you're winging this whole life thing, anyway.

My mom changed her name and cut off from her friends. We moved around the country a lot with her hating men, reading feminist tomes, rescuing women from unfashionable bourgeois marriages so they could let their armpit hair grow back in, and cementing a story about how my father made her cut off from her friends and ruined all of our lives forever.

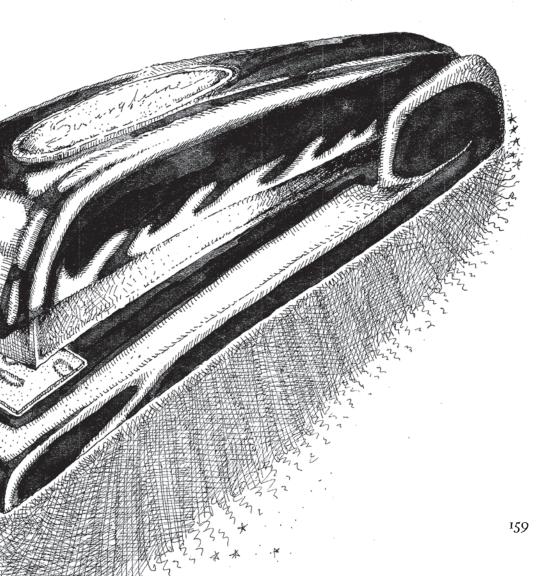
That was all an excuse because long after she didn't have to run from anyone, she didn't know how to return phone calls or keep in touch with friends unless she worked with them or was fucking them.

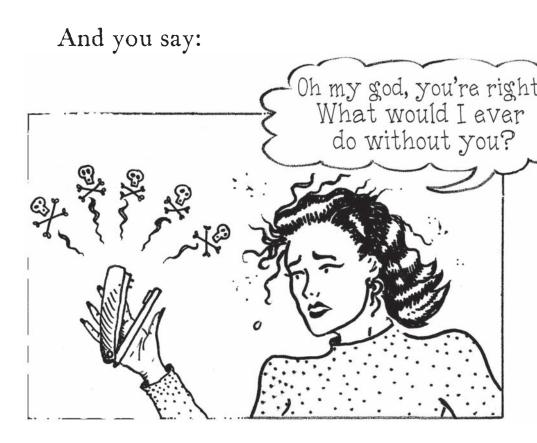
I seem to have that in common with my mom and I can't tell you how much I hate that.

I'm not really a lesbian even though it says I'm half lesbian on my birth certificate. But I've had enough lesbian crap in my life to merit a lifetime membership card. Like a coupon on the black market, it's only worth 1/50th of a cent. I know things like this:

Once captured in a relationship, lesbians will talk you into turning a stapler against yourself, and then say,

"Stop that! See what you're doing? You're sick.
You need me."





Then you make sweet love where she finger fucks you. The stapler pain long forgotten, you come once, twice, three times a lady, and feel like your head is going to explode and your abdominal muscles feel like pulled pork and still not sure whether it's because you stapled them, you crawl backwards like a crab to escape but she's literally got the upper hand and you can't escape into the sheetrock wall so you flop your body sideways onto the hardwood floor like a dying fish and the 12 year old boy next door peeks through the blinds you thought were closed, and jerks off... still thinking size is everything.

The lesbian fine print of my coupon says: Size isn't everything.

Some straight girls think that fucking a man with a small penis is like tossing a hot dog down a hallway. But if you're comparing your vaginal canal to a hallway, maybe you need to wedge a few shims in there or else your labia could end up flapping around in the wind like old screen doors.

Big dicks play to the cheap seats, when all you need are a couple of fingers in the shape of a letter "C."



I think big penises are all just big moose heads hanging on the wall.

My mom is a lesbian even though she says she is, or not, depending on who she's dating, who she's trying to impress before the five years are up and she's bored and doesn't care anymore.

She was like that with us kids. If my dad had wanted us after we were five, she wouldn't have fought for custody because by the time I was eight, she was well over the whole divorce/vengeance thing and looking at her watch and thinking,

"Wait, I'm actually supposed to keep these things around until they're eighteen?"

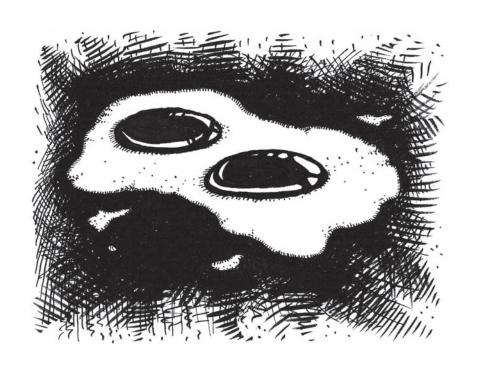
My mother was like my landlord.

And don't cue the minor chord and drop a tear for me. I am my own cowboy. My own true love.

My sister and I are mixed, but as I already mentioned, we were raised as WHITE MEN:

To serve and protect WHITE WOMEN.

Which is the entire reason for our sense of entitlement in the first place.



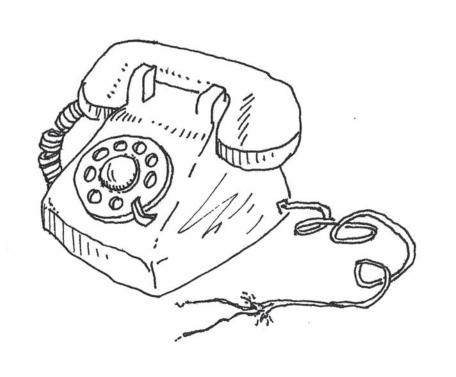
Freedom is painful. Freedom is terrifying. Freedom is threatening to others. But fighting for freedom is the most exciting, tingling thing. It's like bungee jumping for a good cause off a bridge with a stretched out bra strap.

Maybe some people are born with more "FUCK YOU" in their DNA than others. If you can be born gay, can't you be born with "FUCK YOU" in your DNA? Me thinks so.

So for such people, the calming, cuddling, undulating waves of oxytocin you're supposed to feel when breast feeding your kids doesn't have a chance next to the pummeling jets of adrenaline you get addicted to during any confrontation with authority. And if you've got no injustice to fight against, it's inevitable that you start picking fights with your kids, buy and return things for no reason at all, and try to run cars through lovers' homes if you don't have an effective outlet for such passion and need for chaos and drama.

So if we pass along baldness, long legs, and brown eyes, then maybe we also pass on a tolerance for routinely being excused from the table or being spat upon.

"We choose only once. We choose either to be warriors or to be ordinary. A second choice does not exist. Not on this earth." -Carlos Castaneda Pie



When I was finally a sentient being in 3rd grade, and was too young to have a RED PHONE, my young and pink phone number was still only (304) 745-7465, and the biggest disillusionment at the time was that making a vacuum in school didn't vacuum floors, but was a burnt piece of paper in a jar, I watched some adults argue over something that seemed boring and I didn't know how they were little and fun once. What happened? What did they pass through? Was it that bad?

I thought that when we grew up, we'd explode into giant versions of who we were—not our parents, but still be like ourselves as kids. Six feet tall and making forts and talking about dreams while it rains outside and everything smells like onion grass, moldy plywood, and a cardboard box with a few more wild cherry cough drops behind the wax paper.

But staring at the adults, it seemed like the only thing wild for them was the cough drops. Nothing was red for them anymore.



And I heard this faint voice in my head, more like an idea, an earnest overseas call through a tin can, but the old tea stain in my mind was of an *old lady*, telling me to remember to not screw up this time. Don't be like them. The adults. Boring.

I had a second chance. This time I was going to live my life like a grown up kid, like the six-toed cat we had who came around whenever he wanted and then disappeared. I don't know if he made it to Hollywood or if he got waylaid with a shovel by the neighborhood crazy old man muttering to himself in his backyard, but it doesn't matter, does it?

No one here gets out alive and I didn't care about making it to the end with the nicest recliner because even nice recliners end up on the curbs with burnished brown sweat stains, cat scratches, and a uric aura with maggots trying to run for their tiny little excrement-filled futures of cornucopian rot. You can't get more tell-it-like it is than being a maggot. From there, you can only go up.

But it's only an illusion. I can't count how many times as a child I have worn the matching Christmas dress and hugged my sister for the Instamatic photo in front of the tree when all I wanted to do was cry, stab, and smear bloody warnings on the plaster walls.

There is so little opportunity for looking cute for longer than the fraction of a snap of a photograph and not even as long as through a family Thanksgiving, but it's those mere seconds that have ruined many a life with false stomach-holding ideals.

I have spent so much time trying to pay attention to the maggots, the New Year's Eve tantrums, that I wanted to opt for oblivious shamelessness. Like with maggots, you can only go up from there.

I would say I've succeeded.

So I wanted—not to grow up like a regular adult—but to keep my kid mind until I died, and never be sorry for all the things I didn't do, the fun I didn't have, the excrement I didn't bury eggs in.

That was the only time I ever heard the voice from

The Old Lady.

Maybe she also thought, no way I'm gonna stick around until you're 18. You're on your own, baby girl. Things only start to get interesting when you toddle out there on your own and start life as soon as you can. And I did.



TALES OF HOE.

See, I started out as a sexy child...

Putting the "Low" in "Lolita": Lowerlita!

I used to be clean, but my mind was always dirty.

Anything that's going to end up remotely interesting, starts with a dangerous game of I'll show you mine... you show me yours.

You're never sure if they'll show you *theirs*, and so there you are alone, with your dress up around your head, and they're running home and then it becomes a game of show and *tell*.

Or you're lucky, and they—or you—are curious and courageous enough to stand still and see what can happen.

Like little boys and girls who say they always knew they wanted to be the opposite sex or change the world when they were really little, I always wanted to be fucked by all the sexes when I was really little. Like other sexy children, I knew I was born a Monster Girl.

When I was three years old I had a dress with a little open loop of the dress showing skin underneath where the collar tied. I felt so exposed, free, and daring, I might as well have been spread-eagled in the centerfold of my copy of *The Little Engine that not only Could, but Would*.

Of course it was my favorite dress.

It still is.

The dress may be long gone, but everything I make, do, or say is an ode to how I felt with the little loop of the dress showing my sexy three-year-old skin.

Sometimes you're just born this way.

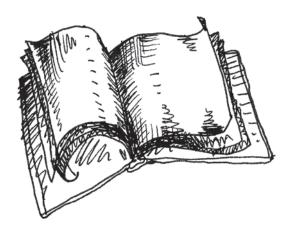


And sometimes you're dealt the Monster Girl card. You can deny it for a little while in your adorable matching Christmas dress, but eventually you will be found and you will be cast out.

So now you see that if you were my mom, you would've also reconsidered 18 years of this, too.



But wait, there's more...



Everyone hopes to go through life and find their burning bush that tells them what they're here for. Some never find it. And some find their burning bush goes away with a little prescription cream.

Mine was the bound stacks of "Oui" and "Viva" men's magazines I found next door bound with the neighbor's trash when we lived in West Virginia and I was about eight.

A bunch of us kids spread out on my mom's bed and we rolled around in them like money and read them in respectable silence, squeezing our thighs together like we had to pee.

Long after the other kids had hit the wall and gone out to play kickball, I was still inside when the crickets were outside and could see the full moon while paging through the magazines like mail order catalogues and picking out my future nipples and laughing at the ads for phony hard nipple bras. Why? Because I wouldn't need them.

My own mother had monster thimble nipples that were constantly hard and embarrassed her. I was confident. I was smug. But as in any faery tale where the tart gets smug, she gets spanked: I never did get the ones I ordered. I ended up with large breasts, but tiny, insignificant kitten nipples.

I also loved the idea of Spanish fly. As a ½ Puerto Rican girl in the middle of West Virginia, I was attracted to anything vaguely Spanish. Chiquita bananas and Spanish flies. They make love not maggots so that you can make love like maggots. I wanted Spanish Fly. Last time I'd ordered X-ray glasses and sea monkeys, I had to fork over the cash so my mom could write a check. How would I squeeze Spanish fly past her?

She threw them back out but the denial of porn at the tender age of eight changed my life forever as I decided to be my own porn producer.

I drew my own dirty magazines on graph paper, with pictorials labeled "with your hat on" and a woman in a hat giving a man in a hat a centerfold blow job, and proudly trotted them over to my mom. My poor feminist mom, who tried so hard to hide her wince and pretend to be proud of my homemade porn magazines I presented to her. I asked her to post it up next to the full-frontal family macaroni glitter paintings with the ubiquitous upper-corner sun on the refrigerator.

And to her credit, she let me leave it on the coffee table for everyone to read.

I found women scary, erratic, exciting, terrifying, confusing, fascinating. I was on the business end of WHITE SELF-ACTUALIZING SEVENTIES FEMINISTS and I see how black men used to get lynched for merely whistling at a WHITE GIRL. The problem wasn't that they whistled; it was that they didn't whistle *loud enough*.

Because of the premium put on youth, beauty, and fuckability, affluent WHITE WOMEN have such a short reign (of terror). They are the ones soldiers go off to war to die for and these women are put onto life rafts off sinking ships even before the children: "women and children."

Like pro football players who have so little time to make the money they'll live on for the rest of their lives, the affluent WHITE WOMAN must also make a killing so that she can either freeze a dozen of her eggs or adopt someone else's babies and be a housewife.

"Feminism is all about choice."



They are not only the women you take home to mother, they *are* your mother.

Even on airplanes, key parts of the survival instructions are given in a high pitched voice that only other WHITE WOMEN can hear: "(Psst! You white Ladies!...) Put the oxygen mask on your face (before anyone else)..."



They live in dog years to be all they can be so they can have it all—and right now— while anyone finds them fuckable enough to care about their existence.

Fuckability = relevance.

If uncooperative husbands, children, or co-workers get in their way... (scary music)... then a lawsuit is going to be filed.

As long as they get the goodie bags for free, they are pacified. They aren't indignant until the upcoming crop of embryos start getting the goodie bags instead.

Feminism is something pretty girls start taking seriously once they hit their forties, and life suddenly becomes unfair. The power-shtick they'd learned suddenly becomes irrelevant. Then they cry on the maids' shoulders who're suckling their adopted colored babies. What dears.

They're gonna cry. Enjoy the sugar.



I like being half WHITE-LADY. WHITE LADIES write books about how they get out of the bathtub. How they lost ten pounds by being vegan and fucking big black men at the gym. What's in their poo when they go to the bathroom.

It is because I'm half WHITE-LADY that I have the audacity to write this kind of book in the first place.

Back to everyone else's reality for a moment:

Like you can't be a guy raped in jail and go back and complain to your 300-pound rapist. Jimmy crack corn, he won't care. And if he did, what can he do? Closure is a WHITE LADY's invention to keep someone on the phone and drag out a breakup.

That doesn't negate how I can still think how hot it'd be to be a guy having jail sex. Yes, jail is a fucked up system of society with a disproportionate number of black men and poor people who can't afford cocaine, blah blah blah.

But I can't jerk off to the finer points of reality. The finer points hobble my days, so my orgasms are misty, rose-colored, vague and mine all mine. Correct the grammar of your own fantasies and watch them congeal and wither.

Leave mine alone.

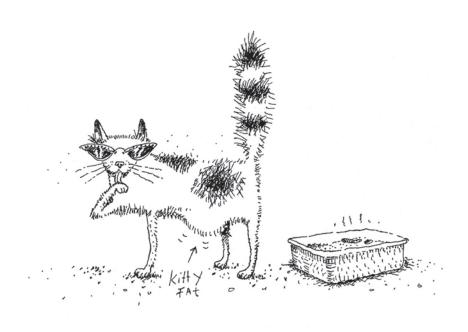
So, sometimes I'm raping a big, vague, soft-focused, Vaselinelensed, hot, WHITE SUPREMACIST GUY with a pat of margarine stolen from the mess hall, looking more like a monkey on his back. And sometimes I'm the other guy sort of pretending I don't want to be raped just to save what little face I have left.

If feminism's choice is to hook through grad school, have a dozen abortions, pole dance past the 7-year-itch, then stay at home full time and shop organic so you can write books about vegan poo epiphanies while you fry up and eat your baby's placenta, then my choice is to be consensually raped by someone I'm in love with but haven't had sex with yet.

Of course WHITE GIRLS want to be raped too, but still expect to be cuddled and asked about their day afterwards. Like Luke and Laura on "General Hospital" circa 1980. No motherfuckin' way.

That was merely CUDDLE RAPE.

Happens to kitty cats all the time.



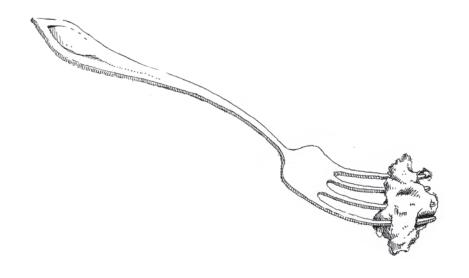
That "General Hospital" episode was a script the WHITE GIRLS would've written in bubble letters with wild cherry scented ink on pink notebook paper. The girls with the pom-pom creature skin tags, and troll doll erasers on pencils they stroked like future backseat hand jobs. Script treatments spit-balled in little girl restrooms all over the world, polished rewrites passed to BFFs during class, saying W/B for "write back!"

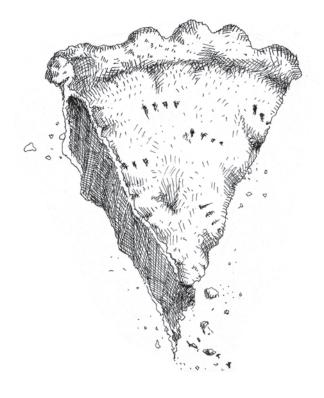
Mine doesn't involve a disco ball and Chuck Mangione. It's more like being bent over by the hair on a pool table and sodomized. And while your pelvis grinds into the 8 ball, you crawl to the ground and get rug burns on your forehead... with plenty of light bruising.

I wanna crawl to the shower, bleeding, sore, torn, bruised, covered in spit and semen. And not just by anybody. It's gotta be my True Love.

And afterwards I'd eat pie off the floor. A full slice of pie. And I wouldn't vomit it out while having my face fucked or while I was bent over the toilet getting fucked from behind. I'd eat it in the full light of day when calories count and are undeniably consensual.

Yeah. I got your FUCKING TROLL DOLL right here.





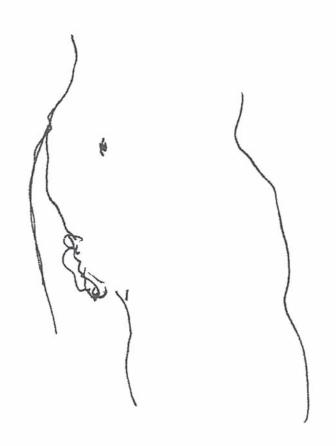
(SPEAKING OF FULL SLICES OF PIE.)

I'm not sure if I'm evil, but I still have my pubic hair.

My chofro.

I thought pubic hair would be around as long as humans were. But alas, I was so crazy mad wrong. It's almost as extinct as American economic logic, delayed gratification, and long-term thinking. If you want to see a grown woman, you have to ask your friends to send you anonymous pictures or look for "fetish" hirsute porn.

Then I realized we're living out the continuation of an old faery tale. The serious kind where mothers ate children so they could look young and single for a new lover. Not like cleaned up Disney fairy tales where they spell it with an "i," where you expect your parents to still love you unconditionally once you learn how to speak.



Okay. Check this out...

In the olden times—yes, back when vaginas had teeth and tiny people lived in transistor radios— hair could also turn into snakes and there were these gorgons and they were so beautiful and hot, they had long hair and were like porn incarnate and if you looked them in the eyes their hair turned to snakes and they could make you so fucking hard, your whole BODY would turn to stone.

So then there was a sometimes-pornographic civil war between men and women to turn society from a matriarchal one to a patriarchal one. Sometimes the differences made sex so hot, Tennessee Williams wrote sweaty-cotton-in-cracks plays about it, and he was gay.

Our power is in looking and being and acting like grown women. Our power is in our hair. In our having full slices of pie. Delilah knew that and cut off Samson's hair and he was weak.

You following me, here?

It is for The Revenge of the Sons of Samson that many of us are rolling onto our backs and cooing like hairless, amputee baby grubs.

Because we're rare and our femininity terrifies, us full slice of pie girls risk being skinned for our pussy pelts by canned hunters who lay in wait for us to admit our own emotions, desires, truths.

They make full-length coats out of our grown up vadges for size o girls with o ideas, o energy, o inspiration, o KITTY FAT to keep them warm. They're bolted to the earth by wearing our chofro coats.

Like the bison of the old west, our many carcasses litter the train tracks to a neutered modern world that makes pedophiles of its boys and porn stars of its girls. A world that strives to keep its women eternally prepubescent, indirect, manipulative, and from laughing too hard lest the staples on their scalps pop off and their faces snap back to fury, and get curious about the hair-ripping, nipple-biting emotional fuck of a man. You don't have to try very hard to read his look because his eyes write in pen.

And hard words in big pens like sharpie markers that leave no instruction vague. Some eyes spray paint directions on alleyway brick walls, like bend over, I'll drive.

Such eyes pencil nothing in for later.



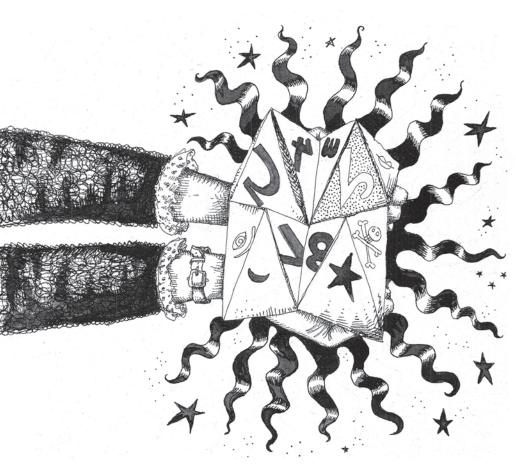
Feminism is the one that got lost and stopped asking for directions around the time when women started to inject putrid botulistic rot between their eyes to suppress the evidence of a lifetime of an entire range of emotions, then cram rolled up tube socks into their upper lips.

When they laugh, they have to hide their faces because only some parts want to smile, and the rest of their face hangs listlessly like venetian blinds where the string has come detached.



They kept on driving into bad neighborhoods, so sure their Ivy League educations were north stars that'd lead 'em to the promised land of equal pay for equal work.

In the backseat, their daughters were frozen in perpetual wild cherry scented adolescence, playing cat's cradle, M.A.S.H., and Cootie Catchers with waxed pussies and spiraling high voices that ended in question marks.



Their stories on their necks screamed to be heard in the secret wrinkles under SUMMER-WHITE TURTLENECKS. Then feminism suddenly got really flustered, then sped up and headed for a telephone pole when their daughters claimed it was pro-choice to learn to dance the pole.

Somewhere in the gutter the truth was still alive, being pecked back to life by the pigeons everyone was now trying to kill—even though they'd once carried messages during war and saved humanity for millennia. Leave it to long pigs to have the memory of a faded shit smear.

Where oh where have all the flowers gone long time passing?

Where have all the hard-ons gone long time passing? I want to bring back the hard-on, the asses that jiggle and wave hello when they slam into the back of 'em.

No more Mack trucks that T-bone size os like unsuspecting bicycles.

And I find armpit hair erotic and beautiful. On James, in the morning when his arm is behind his head and he hasn't yet brushed his teeth or combed his armpit hair, it splays all over the place like a golden blond surfer troll doll. I can see the morning sun shimmering through the golden hair of his armpit blowing in the breeze, and it's like staring at the dunes on a beach.

I make the sound of wind and crashing waves, and he tells me to hush.

I also love and miss women with armpit hair. Nowadays, it's so courageous for a woman to not shave and wave hello in a tank top, the male equivalent would be for him to go and try to fuck Mike Tyson up the ass. In public.

Speaking of armpits, if I got tattoos of my art on my body, I wouldn't ink up the traditional places like my shoulder, my ankle, or my bum. I'd have cute and scary tattoos for my armpits, cracks, and folds.

And forget about the typical hearts, butterflies, and snakes you find tattooed under America's mainstream mud flaps. That's not truly scary and cute. Goths play with abstract concepts of death and rot like road kill safely liquefying in a Ziploc bag. Babies. The lot of 'em.

But liver flukes? Botflies? Scary and cute.



And talk about exclusive, you could only see my armpit art if I wore a strapless dress without my WHITE AND FLAKY DEODORANT and happened to be in a catfight.

And you'd have to do a lot more than lift up a wet t-shirt to get to catch such scary and cute parasite imagery as giardia's smiley face tattooed between my back fat. But if I invited you to come up and see the scary cute / full-color fantasy tapeworm scene under my KITTY FAT mud flap? Then you'd know I picked you especially to read my faery tale bedtime stories to me. In our favorite faery tales, fish don't make our wishes come true. We make their wishes come true.

Sometimes during the lonely Christmas holiday season, when there's no one to wear a matching dress with and hug, and there aren't any kids around to baby sit, mentor, or terrify, Monster Girls like me cultivate botfly larvae in our skin just to spackle over the needy pangs of unfulfilled motherhood in order to feel part of sisterhood and the human race. Like most women, our biological clocks are clamoring to be fed on by those more adorable than ourselves.



But I want to bring back KITTY FAT in the first place. Pray tell—who can argue with KITTY FAT? Everyone wants to bring back the KITTY FAT. Wake up and roll over and grab it, bite it, try and fold it into a bun so you can fuck it now that titty fucking is so 1985.

(yum.)



When you see a woman with KITTY FAT, you know she swallows and what she swallows is for you to negotiate. The games are open to trade. But at least things stay swallowed. At least she's not spritzing cologne in the women's room to cover the faint whiff of filet mignon bile.

ANOTHER COW DIES FOR NOTHING. I like cows.

I want to bring back amazing mind fucks that bisect your brain like government cheese and leave semen of confusion dripping out of your ears. I want to bring back nonconsensual passion and fuck you. I want to bring back grabbed handfuls of hair and hello I love you.



And have KITTY FAT reserves. You can't fuck until 3am if you need to be weighted down with sand bags unless you're being fucked in the missionary position with your ankles clipped behind your ears like a change purse.

Unless you eat pie, you're only good for one of those 5-minute 7-11 fucks.



You can't save the world without a good fuck. Literally/metaphorically.

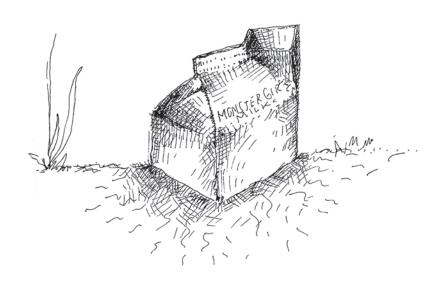
Grow up for the fuck. Set the table for the fuck and eat whatever's served. To hold up your hand and say no to the peas would be rude.

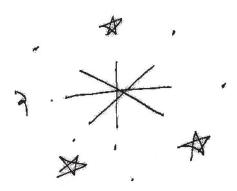
After fucking girls—-like so many women before me who know the power of a finger fuck in the shape of the letter "C"—-it's all I can do to not turn men into sock puppets.

Oh! And how rimming was an epiphany for me. Fuck getting to a man through his stomach. If I want a man, I want at his tiny little vulnerable asshole. It's THE RED PHONE to his heart. Or at least the heart I want.

Besides, That's how Monster Girls show their undying love. Heck, that's how some Monster Girls answer the motherfuckin' phone.

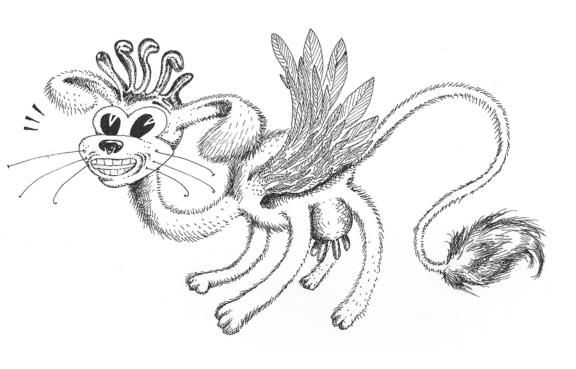
We bend you over and expect you to understand how we move our tongue means pick up some milk at that 7-11 on your way back home... and don't take another 45 minutes.





My mom fell in love with the woman in her transactional analysis therapy, who'd had polio and half her face was paralyzed. (This was well before women started having those partially-paralyzed, wincing-cringing Botox laughs that they have to hide for fear of scaring people.) She laughed like a two-stroke motor and scared me, so I was mean and rude and I'm going to go to hell for being Evil Demon Spawn.

I'm okay, you're so not okay; you're evil.



So my mom ran off for the weekends leaving me alone in the basement apartment when I was 8 and 9. I learned how to make a chicken and eat it in one night. She left me candy and I ate it the first night, too. I was like a dog who didn't learn about rationing.

I watched Elvis movies in horror and The Omen with affection. They felt more like my baby movies. I wanted to have "666" on my scalp and be the anti-Christ so I had an excuse as to why I was so inherently evil.

The rest of the weekend I drank tea and ate saltines: Snacks of the Evil.

But I didn't have friends at this new place. The other place is where we made forts.

I saw my mother and her lover in bed and I saw tampon strings hanging down between legs as they lovingly straddled each other and that's what lesbianism looked like to me. I was told I was a lot like my dad and I didn't know why we'd run from him.

When he found us, I was so excited to finally be found by The Supreme Evil One I was just like. I knew he'd be on my side and we'd fly through the skies demanding ransoms and be evil together.

I'd gotten so good at being evil and annoying, I could choreograph epic stapling tirades from my mother as if I were directing theatre. Like, "Here. Watch this..."

I used to hold onto the bloody tissues from the bloodier matinees, like mementos of attention and stories. But once the blood dries and turns brown, they were like expired coupons. I felt silly. Self-important. Ashamed. Evil. It seemed perverse to save the tissues, so I'd soon flush them down the toilet.

But after my father got in touch, I saved them so I could pay them to my dad like cash, as to why I'd be so loyal to him.

But how do you present bloody tissues without seeming to feel sorry for yourself?

You don't.

For it to not end up sentimental and overwrought, blood must flow in the moment. Like a sunset, it's best caught live or else it's just decoupaged onto a cross section of a tree trunk, given a high gloss, and made into a WHITE TRASH CLOCK. And even though I was a sentient being in 3rd grade, I didn't know that the bloody tissues only proved I would forever and ever be only my mother's daughter. She could do no wrong and I'd always explain for her, defend her, and forgive her, no matter what she said or did. She could not talk to me for five years then feel lonely enough to call me when another love affair dies before the sixth year and I'd be so touched to hear her voice, I'd fly to her side.

She was my mom.

Violence from someone you love is an intense form of excited intimacy and broken boundaries. Like passion with a snapped neck. Like confessions and shame. And when it's my mom, if I can't surrender to her, then to whom can I surrender?

I am 8 years old.

In 3rd grade.

I'm not prepared to feel as alone as you'd want me to feel to think my mother is wrong, just so you feel healthy and safe and like you understand the world and how people are supposed to be.

Those bloody tissues were loving keepsakes for me. When someone loses it so bad there's evidence that you didn't imagine it, it's an act of secrecy and love to back up your mother, father, lover. It's between you and them.

And there's this sense of power in gently teasing out another's insanity until they snap and lose it. They need you because it's symbiotic.

I used to get off on the attention of having my mother lose her mind on me. It would be epic. I won. The whole world would turn upside down. I would always forgive my mom.

But in reality, I felt like I owned her.

Anyone who's taken anything to its extreme violent or insane conclusion and made it to the other side can get past the chaos, chatter, and distraction and not need to play out the original script. It becomes like a 3rd grade play.

But it's like that as you learn how to do anything new. After that, there's a stamina and ability to go to extremes within oneself or others, but now in the name of something more creative or passionate and good.

Inciting my mom to go off the edge of herself has now become a general habit. Now I like taking myself and others to places they've never gone inside themselves and letting them know I won't go away when it gets scary, ugly, messy.

What's there on the other side is a skinless intimacy.

Any act of any creation and birth is messy, violent, scary. It's often unbearable because you thought you only had to be a beginner once. And it's made more agonizing when everyone else is numb and patting you on the head with their WHITE KNUCKLES as they try to whistle past the screams in the slaughterhouse. Graveyards would be too easy; death seems to be a reprieve.

I went to live with my dad and I wanted to be his China doll. Instead, I was more like the Zuni Fetish Warrior Doll from "Trilogy of Terror."

He was so cool. He had so many women and could manage them like days and hours in a week.

He liked them crazy and smart and emancipated, and sometimes one snapped and Wednesday might want a whole week to herself and that wasn't the deal.

From my father I learned a lot about managing and wanting to be managed.

I knew too much from seeing it up close to ever relax and enjoy being handled or managed. It's like seeing the rehearsals to a musical. I knew the words so well, I could sing along quietly.



Sometimes the beauty of being a woman is knowing when to look beautiful, and knowing when you get to throw the tiny-fisted tantrum. When it's okay. When it's not only acceptable, but also expected. Enjoyed. Part of the musical.

I HATE MUSICALS.

They are like having Santa's omniscient boot to my neck, pressing my face into the window, looking inside at Happy Christmases that never existed / will never exist.

But I'd sing my way through 'em all if I knew in the third act that we got to fuck and make up with our lover's hair stuck in our teeth and some skin under our nails.

Whose nails? Everyone's nails. All of our nails.

My mother knew the musicals by heart. My mother knew how to pace out five years and leave a relationship with dried lover flesh under her nails and convince her therapist she did the best she could.

My father was okay with being the scary bad guy around these smart women, so they could play out their roles of trying to tame the savage beast. But the player always gets played.

I've already been called "the most misogynistic person" by Swedish lesbians who tried to screw me out of money. Uncomfortable with direct confrontation, they batted their socialistic lashes and said they didn't know what they were doing because they're not capitalists. Kapow! Fucking genius boomerang stapler comeback. They'd out-capitalized the American... But she's Puerto Rican.

WHITE LESBIANS/FEMINISTS on a mission tend to feel like we're all in the service of their oft-repressed dreams.

It's a "trickle down your thigh/come in your eye" theory: when they finally make it, we get to carry their bags up the stairs and draw the bath. But I've decided I'd rather have other things trickle down on me besides the tears of WHITE WOMEN who can't have it all.

When you realize how men are actually far more romantic than women, you can't get them to trickle down your leg fast enough. Women are more pragmatic because they have to make sure the kids at least have powdered milk in the house like my mom did.

It is women who've rolled their eyes and said with incredulity, "Who do you think you are?"

It is men who admittedly didn't say much at all—blinking once is yes/blinking twice is considered a tantrum—but showed up and taught me how to stick this alone thing out.

They have never resented or hated me for being too much of myself. They have never asked me to attenuate who I'm supposed to become so that they feel secure. They have never asked me to be broken so that they may feel whole. Whenever any regular woman loves you too much and too soon, it's not free. If she changes her mind for any reason at all, revenge is fair game. Feminism was never really hot enough to stay in the bedroom for long, and as modern as our toasters get, we're horrified at our desire to be flung into the corner and pissed on once in awhile.

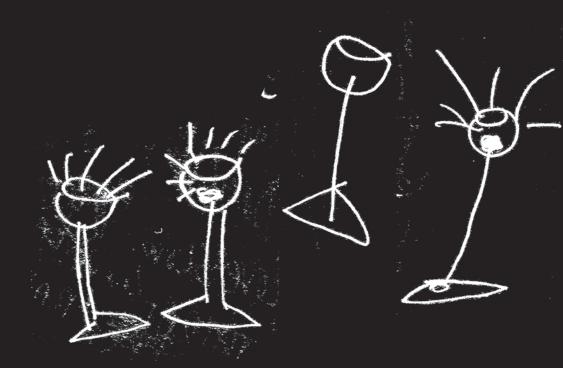
We don't realize it's a holy and natural and almost biblically archaic desire to not be frozen by the overwhelming consensuality of too many choices. Finding someone who inspires one option to drop and take it up the ass, in us is amazing, but when we're bored, we rise up and blame them for peeing on us in the first place.

We won't admit we let them pee in our hair. We call it oppression. But inside the word oppression is the word "piss" somewhere.



So I think it's our responsibility to realize most of us fucked up people are destined to fall in love with people who pee in our hair. Such people do not usually make the best husbands. Good fathers, probably. Mates? Not so sure.

I grew up in the '70s and saw the women ignore us kids and fling themselves to the floor to be pissed on until they're bored and rise up to crush you because they're disgusted with themselves. And later I heard the same drunken women rant in front of a raging fireplace with a gallon of cheap wine and blue cheese breath. That is the dragon breath of vengeance.





Spared having to keep us kids until we were 18, I went to my dad's at age 9, and my 7-year-old sister eventually followed.

This high school basketball girl named Cat Pie put my sister on her lap and diddled her chocha, then locked her in someone else's bedroom and told her to suck her tits.

My sister told our dad and he said nothing, but when Cat Pie called up to see if we wanted to come and try on new clothes, I jumped up and down and begged to go. My dad said no.

I wanted to be molested by The Kitty Cat Pie. Who wouldn't want to be molested by a black high school girl who was so cool she played basketball and never talked until she wanted you to suck her tits?

Even to this day, that'd be like a perfect relationship for me.

Even the youngest boys in our apartment building were getting cornered by WHITE FRAT BOYS in the bushes, and being told to touch their dicks.

They'd come back and tell tales of creepy big hairy frat penises.

Why didn't anyone ever try and molest me? Maybe because instead of reeking of silence, obedience, or cold peanuts, I asked aloud and therefore reeked of "one day I'm gonna grow up and write about you without even changing your name!"

Nowadays, good and creepy private sex is a thing of the 70s and before. Nothing much is sweetly creepy and scary private anymore. Anyone look at you funny, consider it a trap like you're gonna be on TV dragged out of the house by cops, because few folks are actually having sex now; everyone else is just sneaking pictures of it, talking about it, bragging about it, reading about it. Pretending they're good at it.

You might even have to lay off the family pet. I figure in no time at all, someone who channels dog thoughts is gonna tell about when you pretended you were sick so you could stay home from school and put peanut butter on your ass for the dog to lick off.

"Serpentine Fire" by Earth Wind and Fire reminds me of Cat Pie. She played basketball and her mother had been in the army forever and braided both of her basketball playing daughters' hair with two French braids.

Kitty Cat Pie's mom told me to brush my hair in a hundred strokes on each side. It felt great at the time, but afterwards my arm cramped up and my hair stood up like I was scared so I looked like a life size troll doll.

Having my hair brushed by someone else is like the most secret, hottest sex act I'll never admit to anyone. When I'm old and totally dried up, I will pay crack whores \$10 to brush my hair and say I'm a truly good person who's just doing my part in giving them a break from having their heads fucked.



COME HERE, SMELL MY ARMPIT.

My first kiss set the tone. I was ten years old and 74 pounds of as-of-yet unspoken mind. My biggest accomplishment was that I could wrap the fingers of both hands around my upper thigh and think I was hiding an eating disorder. Who cared about grades? That was the year I learned that you shouldn't say "hello" to your teacher every damn time she walks by you because you want her to like you because she's pretty, has a big afro and 20 pounds of gold jewelry on, and that you can't have anything add up to over a hundred percent.

It was summer and I was away at some Quaker Conference Change the World thing, and hanging with the two African girls who'd been adopted by a WHITE MOM. I shamefully ignored the WHITE BEST FRIEND I'd had the summer before, hoping she wouldn't recognize me.



The African girls and I complained about all the WHITENESS we had to suffer from our mothers in broken English that made our mothers cringe. All that sacrifice for good school systems for this?

When we weren't complaining, we listened to Rick James' "You and I" song, and lusted after the most beautiful thirteen-year-old Italian boy in the world.

MEAT DOG PIE.

Long before I even knew about Rick James, I used to want to be from somewhere further south where it was so hot, we were always pulling translucent, threadbare poly/cotton clothes from our sweaty cracks in between passionate kissing and throwing dishes at each other for punctuation. Everything, of course, was cut on the bias. When there's trouble, it's always because of going against the bias. And there are no safe words in a poly/cotton love.

Everyone wanted Meat Dog Pie, but he played a rough game of duck duck goose with the one he wanted by punching the girl he chose: "And you are so... it, mothafucka."

That's Old Lady hindsight. I didn't know that when he chased me off the school bus and into the back of a tiny theatre. I didn't know that when he tackled me to the floor behind the curtains. Even with my matchstick thighs, I could rough any boy up by stabbing him with my hipbones, but started to relax and enjoy being overtaken.

I think it was related to the misplaced pride of being the only one in school who could wrap her fingers around the top of her thigh because I almost helped him get me into the old, rickety stage chair and tie my hands behind my back.

When he took off his sweaty t-shirt, covered my mouth and tied it behind my head, I knew. I knew when he stood there before me, shiny and no shirt, out of breath and out of ideas because it was like a forest fire prematurely burning away our childhoods, leaving nothing left to make sense of with our age-appropriate vocabulary. We were on the edge of something new, up a creek without the lingual skills to paddle anywhere definitively.

Tied up and breathing heavily, we were both aroused, raw, suspicious. This was not the kind of playtime covered on the back of the Cheerios boxes we read the way our constipated uncles re-read shampoo bottles.

Years out of our league, we both froze, staring at each other with end-of-childhood eyes. We could hear the other kids outside. We didn't have to fake a thing. Yet.

But then some other kids ran back to find us, then ran around playing with the curtains, ropes, and pulleys, and we went back to the safe, sterile childhood we'd seen depicted on the backs of Cheerios' boxes everywhere. The faces we were comfortable making. He steadied his breath and slowly untied a—to this day—extremely regretful me.

But the bell was rung, the wrists were tied, the mouth was bound, and the sweat was cast. And since then, nothing has ever lived up to the promise of preverbal excitement. This is the awe and wonder that starts mythologies, gods, fables, faery tales, love letters.



As is the case with most first times, the prelude was better than the eventual, traditional good night kiss that followed days later after a dance. He'd broken up with another girl with actual nearly pencil-holding breasts to kiss me. To kiss me with hard and tense lips that never parted, and eyes that never opened.

Sometimes it's best to return to the original gagging, sweaty-chested, careening inspiration. Tradition and sweet protocol has given me nothing memorable ever since.

"Traditions will take you to hell faster than any demon."

-Some Preacher Lady Pie

Regardless, remembering the exhaustion of fight, my bound hands, and the taste of his sweaty shirt in my mouth, I got crazy light headed. Couldn't much stand. Who could? Entire nations have toppled for less. You'd have to be made of stone to be a double A-cup ten-year-old girl with the resonant salt of the boy everyone wanted still on your tongue to not pass out.

With all that had come before, I didn't need his tongue, eyes, or heart. He'd given way more than that. When you can grow old with a memory like this, it's better than any Christmas dress rage where you're popping Vicodin in the bathroom just to make it through the family pictures this time.

But as the WHITEST GIRL in the history of the universe once sang while teetering atop her own matchstick thighs, We've only just begun.



By age ten I was back in New England with the best girlfriend I ever had, Nine Pie. She was also a halfie—and also half black gay man—and that might've had something to do with her style.

You didn't even say her name how you might think. It looks like an order the Incredible Hulk would put in for dessert at a New Jersey diner, "NINE PIE," but you actually pronounce it, "Neena Pee-AY."

Yeah, like "foot."

I never knew why she liked me, even years after we were together, and always figured she'd turn around to me and realize she'd made a mistake and saw how badly I was cramping her style with my song.



We were hanging out with the CHA CHA GIRL / MEAT KITTY who lived beneath her in the apartments, Fifi La Pie, and her mom, the Original Meat Kitty, Mama La Pie, was so wide and flat, she reminded me of a giant human coin.

Mama La Pie had been a prostitute in Mexico after her mom kicked her out when she saw her in the shower and noticed that she was pregnant.

Fifi La Pie was 16 and there were black men of all ages hanging out down there getting high and drinking all the time.

Fifi La Pie liked that I was ten and thought that I was pretty enough to be her daughter, even though she would've given birth to me at age six. But no one did the math, so she took me around and showed me off and when I ran away, I stayed with them.

It was like the Bermuda Triangle down there.

They tried to hook me up with men just to titillate them, so they could do whatever they did with them later.

Fifi La Pie said she'd had a teacher. A sex teacher. An older man who taught her the way around the bedroom. The kitchen floor. On the hood of a car.

Etcetera, etcetera.



Now I wanted a sex teacher, too.

Fifi La Pie lost her wild cherry at age 11. I wanted to be age 11, too. I had a goal. I wanted everything Fifi La Pie had had.

So Nine Pie and I read all of their old issues of "Cosmopolitan" on how to pleasure a man and I vowed that I'd be so good, no man would ever know he was my first one, or even among the first baker's dozen.

Fifi La Pie would get really drunk and high, and all of these guys would come over and she'd dance and they'd be glassy mesmerized and I knew that's what I wanted. That kind of power. I wanted to be just like Fifi La Pie.

This was in her blood. She didn't play. She made it an art.

Even when she was 8 months pregnant, wearing a sexy maternity dress she and her mother sewed by hand with a needle and a thread. I'd watched them pass the sewing back and forth for days and days without complaining about how much faster a machine would be.

One tiny hand stitch at a time, Fifi and the Mom were creating their own complicated version of femininity that flickered and distracted at 18 frames-per-second when she fellated the fuck out of some guy in the front seat of his car in the wee hours of the morning after the club closed.

When she got out, her dress was still beautiful but he was a desiccated corpse, mummified with his head stuck back in eternal rapture. She took her nails and scraped off the lipstick that'd colored outside the lines of her mouth.

All without looking. Perfect. I thought she was the most incredible meat kitty goddess I'd ever see.

She still is.

Another lover loved to suck on her lactating breasts and Nine Pie and I didn't even know how to make small talk for months after she told us that.

In hindsight, this was exceedingly impressive because this was back in the days before black men even discovered going down on their women. I didn't even know that black guys could reciprocate and go down on us without something unspeakably bad happening to them, like their penises shriveling up and falling off like scabby umbilical cords tied off on newborns.

SKEETER DYKE: "MOSQUITO" WOMAN WHO ONLY LOVES GOING DOWN ON OTHER WOMEN, AND IS RETARDED AT MUCH ELSE. Yes, "retarded," as in delayed, held back in terms of progress, development, or accomplishment at lesbian sex as well as life.

Even though I was what some called a SKEETER DYKE, sometimes I still get shy about anyone going down on me.

You can only blame your parents for so much.



As I cut my teeth on black guys, when I'm around them, I still have a baby chick's imprinting that makes me toddle around after them and forget to breathe, talk, and say no and have it ever mean no.

I still live in San Francisco, where as you may know or remember, they have to rent their black people like extra chairs. So I get to keep my cool a lot more often.

Curly brown fire, sienna skin, and soft beautiful lips effortlessly curtseying into a dirty smile, with a calm, low voice, and quick wit, taser me into a swoon that looks more like an epileptic fit of gratitude and adoration.

Black men are endlessly fetishized and they can't possibly live up to the hype. And why should they? They're too busy trying to keep WHITE GUYS from shooting them for even smelling their women's sweat as they pass by.

While young WHITE WOMEN get on the front page of "The San Francisco Chronicle" for simply having cancer (true), you can't see a black man's picture on TV without thinking, "What did he do?" or a little black kid's picture without thinking he's a foster baby who got beat to death.

We gave peace a chance. WHITE GUYS will be playing Cowboys and Indians with black guys until enough WHITE LADIES get curious enough like my mom did with dad to make lots of mixed babies who can confuse the fuck out of all those WHITE COPS by reaching for their wallets all at the same time.

I'm way more than a one-drop baby.



Many WHITE PEOPLE imagine that black guys are three-legged cartoon characters.

The basketball players had the disadvantage of being so tall and big, their penises could've looked a lot smaller than they might've actually been. I don't know, but I swear I could've picked my teeth with my first junior high blow job over in the high school's biology room.

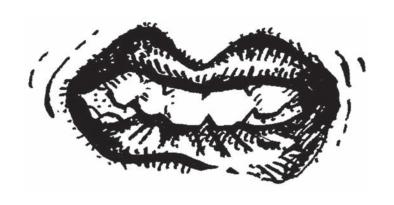
The shorter, squatter guys had the advantage of looking like it'd take both of their tiny little hands to hoist their penises up the stairs as if it were this big old vacuum cleaner.

Back then, a lot of the guys we hung around with talked openly about how ugly pussy was as WHITE GIRL porn movies played in the background on TV.

"Pussy sure is ugly as fuck, but damn, it feeeeels damn good."

That's just the way it was to be The Girl: you slept in the proverbial wet spot no matter how metaphorical or literal it was /where it was /or how mysterious it was.

I wasn't liking how this "girl" thing was panning out so far. I'd give it a shot for awhile longer before I figured out how to do this "girl" thing my way.



BY THE WAY.

Girls with oral fixations give the best head—and more often. Agitation translates into hunger, so we can eat popcorn or suck your dick while we mull over a situation. That's why black guys—or meat dogs who really love to fuck—tend to prefer girls with big asses. They know what they're doing. But they usually keep that shit to themselves.

And according to the Census, regular WHITE GUYS may reciprocate and eat more pussy, but they don't tend to fuck as deep and hard and often because sex is actually more about impressing other guys by having a girl with one of those small sugar-packet asses on their arm.

So since the guys in our world didn't go down on us, we considered water, women, and dogs. I've covered the women and dogs in other faery tales. Even wasting precious water in Arizona to jerk off after a motorcycle trip.

But this was also before tiny people were in transistor radios, vaginas had teeth, and everyone got shower massages for Christmas in the '80s:

Fifi La Pie told us how to lie down underneath the bathtub spigot with the water running full blast so it'd feel like oral sex.

Later she told us women were much better than bathtub spigots.

Again with our inability to make small talk.

Instead of "Seventeen" magazine, I got my fashion tips from Vanessa del Rio, The Queen of the Meat Kitties, in "Hustler" spreads. I stole ten cubic zirconia earring posts and Nine Pie and I pushed them through the skin along the edge of my ear. I squared my nails like her and emulated her sexy face, which just makes me look like a cat when it makes that smell face.

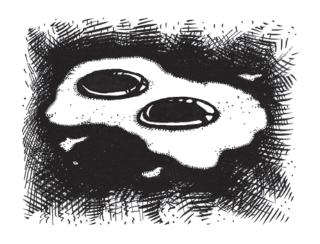
We were underage, so I stole issues of "Hustler" under WINTER-WHITE COATS I'd also stolen. I learned that if you act like you're doing nothing wrong, you can get away with anything. It's all a confidence game. All dog park rules that're true everywhere you go, whether you're playing for a coat or a paycheck. "Hustler" magazine is also where I developed my confused/ secret sense of humor. Confused because I liked the audacity but cringed at the misogyny. Secret because what little girl admits to stealing "Hustler" from Hank's Newsstand?

But I was nothing like Fifi La Pie, or Mama La Pie. I'd sit on the shag carpeted covering on her toilet seat watching Fifi La Pie get ready for a night out. I tried to write everything down, add it all up to anything remotely resembling what emerged from the Aqua Net fog, but no dice.

I swore she was magic and that the Bermuda Triangle existed right there between her legs because I didn't get how she did it.

I would eat whatever she ate. A lot of fried eggs on tortillas. On the run. Standing up. With sprinkles of salt. Eating was a distraction. Life is too busy. We are young. We have to laugh. Eating slows us down, makes us choke. Makes us have egg in our teeth. We don't care about it or anything else being on our faces, for that matter. But eating sunny-side-up fried eggs on lightly-salted tortillas with her was like being wanted. Liking what I was eating with her was like belonging to her forever. I wanted to say hello, I love you to her a thousand times a day.

I wanted to be adopted and turned out by Fifi La Pie and Mama La Pie so that I could grow up to be so disgusted by sex I'd get fat to try and keep anyone from ever even thinking of fucking me.



But I was young, fresh and ten, and wanted to get laid by the time I was 11 now. Maybe that's how I'd also become an Aqua Net Queen.

It wasn't until they said they'd shave my head to showcase my pretty eyes, that I thought this might have been a bad idea.

I didn't care about being fucked by a roomful of grown, drunken men trying to jimmy and crack open my own fucking corn, but I was terrified about them shaving off my hair. Even then I knew that my hair was the only source of my power.

My dad didn't come rescue me because it would've embarrassed him to admit he couldn't handle me when he was so well known in the community and people went to him for advice. I ruined everything.

Even at age ten I had a hard time going back on what I actually said I'd do. I had this thing about keeping my word that turned into dares more than any example of valor or honor. I wouldn't be a pansy and admit this thing about sitting on grown men's laps was a bad idea. It'd take a natural disaster for me to get to change my mind.

Besides I liked the power of The Look. I liked when men looked at me like I had something interesting to say. I had no idea it was all "la la la" and that I looked like levitating roast chicken to a man on a desert island.

I wanted to sit on grown men's laps at their parties and figure that was enough. I wanted to cash in my youth and be cute, adored, complete. Fucked. I wanted to be fucked until I levitated over New York Citay like a pedophile's dream float in the Macy's day parade.

We heard Fifi La Pie got a good job at the Playboy club in Springfield, Massachusetts. I thought of the magazine with the same name, along with "Oui" and "Viva," and expected glamour, cleanliness, and so much hot constant lip licking, it'd take all evening just to get a whole sentence out.

Nine Pie was treating this visit like a job fair for hoes. During the bus ride to Springfield, she came up with her own dancer name: "Sci Fi Pie." She'd wear flashing stars as pasties and gyrate naked with a few hula hoops draped in tinsel and be the female incarnation of Saturn.

She was also half U.K.-ish, so "The Avengers"; Monty Python; "Dr. Who"; "Secret Agent"; "The Prisoner"; "Clockwork Orange"; "Blow Up"; and Paddington the Bear made absolute sense to her. Maybe that's why she didn't seem as alarmed as me when Fifi La Pie and Mama Pie spoke of shaving my head.

I said I'd get up on the bar and do naked versions of The Hustle or Disco Duck. To this day I think wedding reception line dances would be real crowd pleasers. The Boot Scootin' Boogie, The Electric Slide and The Macarena hadn't been invented yet, but I would've incorporated them into my act by now if I'd gone that route.

However, for lap dancing, I figured I'd straddle the guy's lap, put my hand on my hip, put my other arm out straight, gyrate and sing:

I'm a little teapot,

So short and very stout,

Here is my handle,

Here is my spout,

When I get all steamed up,

Hear me shout,

Tip me over and pour me out!

I'm a very special teapot,

Yes, it's true,

Here's an example of what I can do,
I can turn my handle into a spout,

Tip me over and pour me out!

Nine Pie had the imperialist's audacity to say my circumcised idea was absurd, with the artfulness of a drunken co-ed away from home for the first time.

But fuck her. My idea was high art compared to where we went.

Sure, we surprised Fifi La Pie by showing up unannounced on that Sunday afternoon, but it's not as simple as dropping in before they had a chance to vacuum or hose down the piss. It was a sleazy dive and all the men at the bar had plastic pints of booze hanging upside down like IV drips on coat racks they'd dragged next to their stools.

We'd heard legends of women doing amazing things like mixing dry martinis with their labia, but these women were rough trade. They popped open beers with those kegels, and slapped fresh patrons across the face and changed rolls of toilet paper with their labia.

When we tip-toed in, they turned and looked at the jailbait that just blew in from off the street with initial embarrassment. But as we had that talent for continually tapping into the inherent pedophilia of mankind, the embarrassment was followed by that "levitating chicken on a desert island" look that finishes winking in its pants.

And that was when I stopped wanting everything Fifi La Pie had, too.

That was also when I had the first inkling that going through life and licking your lips to simply go get the mail just might have a seamy, skeevy, sleazy, creepmaster underside to it.

I didn't know then that semen traps you to the floor of life like fly paper. I didn't know that in order to escape you have to crawl out on your belly like a soldier, dodging hard penises ejaculating wildly overhead, impregnating fallen friends and wounding so many others with morning-after broken hearts and tedious sexually transmitted diseases.

I didn't know that women like Fifi La Pie were taken for granted for all that they gave: the open invitations and expansive love of a woman's body, affection, arousal, secrecy, adventure, comfort, acceptance, freedom. I didn't know that women like her are visited often, and then quickly forgotten like rapidly declining amusement parks on the boardwalks at the Jersey shore.

That is, unless you're a slumming Vassar girl, spending just one summer lifting up your wet t-shirt in Florida, or pushing your pussy into the faces of the hoi polloi, so you later have a great and ribald story to tell when your husband is away on a business trip. With little Tiffany and Elijah upstairs asleep, just you and your wild BFFs in front of a raging fireplace with a gallon of cheap wine and blue cheese breath.

I had no idea because my Old Lady voice didn't stick around to tell me any of that, but I'm here to tell you myself.

What you choose to do here on out with your life, is up to you.

Don't go tryin' to sue anyone for not telling you.



YEARS OF GREAT TITS.

Once you hit puberty, your first light tits are rock hard. As they warm from additional days in the sun and start to melt and soften to a natural feel, then start to hang just a tad, that's when you suddenly notice erections as far as the eye can see on the horizon, like amber waves of grain.

America, America... God sheds his motherfuckin' grace on these.

Once you get your period, it's like a bucket of chum dumped over your head Carrie style into an ocean of sharks and dingoes.

Since they can smell you six miles before the bus gets there, they'll follow Greyhound buses like tuna boats.

A girl losing her virginity is nothing like the sugar-coated deflowering in a Kotex commercial. It's more like a "National Geographic" episode with an antelope getting taken down in the savannah.

First time for a girl, insert love song.

As soon as she gets off the bus, the guy hears the theme from "Jaws."



Dry Pussy Blues Rain Dance Interlude.

It may be raining fine outside, but my own personal rains don't come so easily anymore: I'm parched. My dewy, milky, moist youth is over. Those were the days when I was young and left condensation rings on everything, everywhere, like a glass of iced tea on August 10th. My birthday.

I was a meat kitty who used to get wet thinking about chocolate chip mint ice cream, Cheez-its, funny lines, visceral art, and those really good 4-day fucks that left you looking under the bed for your shuddering and exhausted vagina like a missing sock.

Now it's all tumbleweed blowing, crickets singing parched songs between my desert legs. And it makes me question my entire existence as a woman, a breeding sow who did not breed: what have I been here for, then?

Am I just a consumer? An animal? Here to sit, eat, fuck, and shit? Or help evolve talking long pigs as a species?

A dry pussy is like staring death in the maw, taking your finger and doing a cavity check and jabbing your fingers behind the molars and wisdom teeth for any good advice or loose change.

She's gonna cry. Enjoy the sugar.

I'm not whining. Just thinking. If I had kids, a little sister waiting for me around the corner, or a book I wanted to write, I'd say: fuck more, fall in love more, get broken hearted more, be more fearless about it all, you know?

So eat the dulce de leche cookies, or whatever they are, and jerk off until you hit bone. Then go out and bite someone and say, *Hello*, *I love you*, and mean it...

...And don't forget to stop at 7-11 and bring back one of those really good 4-day fucks that left you looking under the bed for your shuddering and exhausted vadge like a missing sock.

4-DAY FUCKS.

- 1.) It takes a day just to break your bones to get to a "hello" without baggage.
- 2.) It takes another day for the "I love you" that's written in blood and chunks of bone, and doesn't want anything back.
- 3.) It takes a third day just for fucking so much and so long and so good and so loud, body parts and internal organs are flung far and wide. Once-rejected appendixes, goiters, and gall bladders get called back home like tentative kittens—only to get scattered back all over the apartment like socks under sofas, panties in the driveway, and earrings on top of refrigerators that need to be opened for ice.

Like the third classic thing in a punch line, the third day brings you to your greedy little knees and if you don't add flower or bran, you simply vaporize into droplets of the universe and everything and cling to the wallpaper like condensation.

4.) And the fourth day is about crawling around with your skin slipping off like a kimono trying to escape for Paris, slithering across the hardwood floors on your belly and speaking in tongue among the dust bunnies, trying to save their cotton-picking little souls from going to hell, and collecting the exploded cells and droplets of your own condensation like a kid who must pick up her scattered toys before she has a right to take back her own bones in order to walk again.

And your soul is casually flung over a lampshade, smelling of lavender, chocolate, pumpkin pie, and sex.

Love. Back when it was wonderfully idealistic, stupid, shallow... but wet wet wet.

As usual, I digress. This is about my life being all about tits, then and now.

I peek outside my window at a time when corporations own the air, water, seeds; tits are the only things Monsanto hasn't figured out how to patent and sell back to us. They're thinking of competing with the silicone breast industry and trying to claim a patent on any natural breast larger than a B-cup. They claim it's the side effects from their modified food or hormones. Fuck wanting a piece of The Rock, now everyone wants a piece of The Tit. They've replaced Norman Rockwell paintings as the only things Americans find solace in now that things are so bad, even if they can't trust that tits are real. If they don't care about the purity of their meat, they don't care if tits are stuffed with lead or uranium. Or both. Weaned on bottles of formula, they've long since been trained on anything that sticks out, no matter how hard it is.

The unwanted, retarded Chinese girl embryos and black crack babies are implanted into deflated American WHITE GIRL TITS because it turns out they are even more lifelike than silicone and add a sexy little jiggle as they struggle to escape and find refuge in an American society that loves its tits more than them.

Even the ones who cut their way out and escape in the dark of night are sent back like slaves during the Civil War.

This is what America has become. Emulated tolerance, biting our bottom lips until the antidepressants kick in, and using bottle cap quotes just to make it through the week. Handed down wisdom. Very little is discovered for ourselves. We just don't have that kind of time to stare at the stars.

Besides, we can no longer even see the stars, because with 20% of the population owning 85% of all the wealth, the 20-percenters are afraid of the dark and cover their homes in security lights and alarms that sense the tiniest movement of the human soul towards enlightenment, and their windows are all frosted glass so they can't see us on the streets tearing apart the pigeons we once loved, and gouging each others' eyes out for a run over Twinkie.

They can only see pretty things.

So, here at the midpoint, our story continues on at a time in America when vanity is the first thing to go and we all start to look like we'd just clawed our way out from under a boxcar gang rape on a Sunday morning.

Few dare to roll eyes in disgust. We were all disgusted with ourselves and what we let transpire.



It's my summer of 42 now. I don't care about bras and how I look in clothes. When you're on the streets alone, you want to be as inedible as possible. You don't want to be the steaming hot, freshly cooked chicken on the desert island.

LAPOV.

You want to *eat* the steaming hot, freshly cooked chicken on the desert island.

What matters to me is what they look like if I suddenly lift my shirt up to shock the bellboy or if I were in a car accident. Fuck the clean underwear. They're bound to get soiled during a good enough car crash. Do my tits fall into puddles on either side of the gurney? Or do they have a fullness with a soft, natural fall on either side of my rib cage, therefore providing authentic documentation of their citizenship to my body?

I'm afraid they've long since melted and dribbled past all that, spilled off the gurney, and are settling into puddles under the exam table, waiting to make the poor orderlies slip.

And oh, how I will laugh.

This is what happens when you allow yourself to spend your childrearing years nurturing either side of the eating disorders and hopping between Bs and DDs.

You're fucked on the way down. I so don't want flat African tits I can slap over my shoulder. Fuckin' hell. "Flatfrican" tits.

This music reminds me of when my life was all about my tits. Let's face it; it kind of still is. I learned how to get my grammar somewhat back, but I want my tits more before I die and rot and get eaten by maggots and stripped clean by beetles and long pigs who need any organs that're still running.

By the time I get to 43, I know I'm gonna look like I suckled an entire fucking village.

This is horrible.

People used to fuck my tits. Who did? Everyone did: men; women; children; and dogs. The dogs were high cotton. They always are. All that jumpy unconditional love, and the romantic desire for long walks in the rain afterwards adds a tender element that still renders me speechless.

People came from miles around for a poke and a joke. I had a thousand of 'em. Now I'll be tying my tits like big, ornate Christmas bows around anything that lands in my cleavage.

But I'm an American. A HALF WHITE GIRL AMERICAN, at that. With the conditioning of a WHITE MAN.

You know how we are with this rabid sense of entitlement.

My sense of entitlement has nothing to do with being an American. I'm half Puerto Rican and if we're still starring in maid movies at this point in history, I should be on my knees cleaning a motel room or sucking street cock, but I'm WHITE KNUCKLING it here in San Fran-fucking-cisco, the most expensive city in America.

I suppose out of American gratitude, I should simply drop to my knees so that my knee caps can crackle into the bits of stone, broken windshields, and glass from the tiny bottles of imported spring water the city used to use for its rain.

This is how broken glass is ground into shiny flour now in cities all over the world, and made into dishwasher-safe bread.

My knee caps would form a neat little set of blow job divots to add to so many others under the highway overpass, creating an orange peel effect, in the detritus from better times in San Francisco when the rain tasted like Evian... because it was Evian.

But I'll be damned if I will stand on the corner with the poor Mexican day laborers waving down cars for \$8 an hour. That's so not even worth rolling these puppies up into a push-up bra for.

Since my life has been ruled by breasts, and I'm grateful for quite a few good years of good tits, you'd think during my lesbian minutes, I would've chosen girls with huge breasts, right? Are you fucking kidding me? Fucking girls was intimidating enough without having to attend to those things. Each girl has different needs and if you think you're supposed to read her fucking mind about what she wants for lunch while you're eating her out, can you imagine the stress I had with all this inside knowledge? Lesbianism was entirely too stressful. A minefield with someone off to the side demanding to know what you're thinking.

I liked girls with compact tiny tits. I was with a girl who was convinced if you touched her adorable little tits, she'd die.

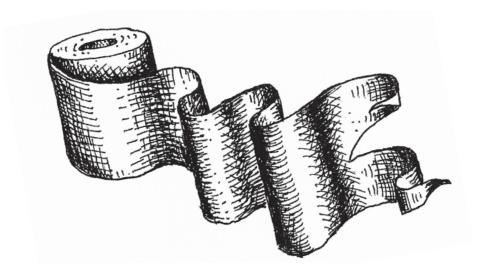
Besides I never knew what to do with my own except look at them proudly, push them into people's faces when short a penny at the cash register, or use my mom's makeup to draw pictures of animals on them.

BITE THEM.

Yeah, I was so in awe and excited by breasts, especially my own, I never even knew what to do with them except bite the fuck out of them whenever I technically could without looking like some poor, pathetic lonely guy trying to suck his own dick after striking out at the club. I'd also tell lovers to bite them but they were always so careful as if they'd pop and go "boom!"

When you can reach your own, you get too excited to do much else. And I won't smear my partially good name in the women's room for my own clumsiness later. I'm a kind lover, especially to myself.

But that's why I fear other women's breasts. I've heard those caged birds sing. I've been in the ladies' rooms when women come in to light cigarettes, touch up lips, then shred lovers. In spite of what many of you may believe, women can be brutally candid about talking long pigs who don't read their cotton-picking minds during sex. It isn't until they leave that you notice the offending penises and fingers still impaled on the bottoms of their high heels like soft-tissue toilet paper.



Besides I've seen the most wonderfully masculine men deftly downshift, brake, and race cars on country switchbacks with the headlights out at 2 a.m., speeding balls out, as if they were about to get neutered in the morning, then later flop aimlessly around my own tits like wild salmon landing on my shores to die.

This goes back to the original lesson of preludes being better than good morning good-bye kisses. Once you learn this and figure out how to escape just in time with smooth skin, damp panties, and fond memories you can improve upon, you're smart enough to run an African nation.

I guess I'm not such a kind lover after all.

Lesson: this is why after years of good tits, it's all flopping to a close. My tits will soon look like I suckled all of Africa and am on my way up to nurse Eskimo babies any minute now. I was cruel. This is the Monster Girl's mammarily equivalent of making a face and having it stay like that forever.

Pretty is as pretty does.

Blah blah blah.



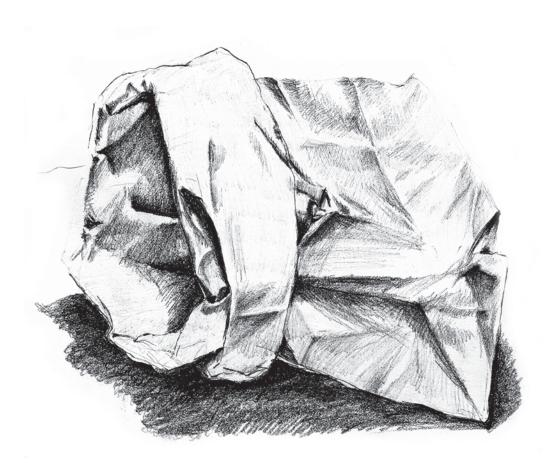
During my superfreak years I barely even smoked pot because I did angel dust once when I was ten and it drilled me to the floor of an apartment hallway in my nightie for I don't know how long. I couldn't even make it back upstairs from Fifi La Pie's house. It's not a good idea to be a young girl face down on any floor in a cold sweat by yourself. That's like throwing a \$5 bill on the ground and hoping a guy won't pick it up. That's when bad things can happen that take quite awhile to come back from, if ever.

Nine Pie and I babysat so this woman Nancy Pie could go get laid. Her sister, Gummy Pie, lived in an apartment nearby and had drawn-in eyebrows and false teeth. It was rumored that she gave the most memorable head because she took her dentures out and made her unfettered gums undulate and do tricks that

made us cringe and think, "Ew."

That was before we knew that Monster Girls don't cringe; we make others cringe.

And this was the second inkling I had that sex probably does have a bit of a seamy, skeevy, sleazy, creepmaster underside to it.



Nancy also used to have us kids run down to 7-11 to buy candy bars with food stamp dollars and collect the change to buy cigarettes.

After awhile we kids couldn't go out for smokes without ending up in coitus. A guy saying, "I'll go with you" in a gutteral voice was foreplay. And even though the store was two blocks away, everyone knew you'd take 45 minutes longer that way. It'd be faster if we'd had a car to fuck in, but we were too young to drive and it took 40 of the 45 minutes just to find a secret enough place, which in itself was another form of foreplay.

So that left five minutes for a cigarette-run fuck.

I saw a lot of hard-ons back then but I wasn't into anyone being inside me so easily so I did other things to get them to pop off faster. As we were so young, sometimes it only took a hello and they came in their pants and you were off the hook.

It was a bucolic college town in the late '70s in an over-educated mostly WHITE LAND, and we kids were all Puerto Rican and black and fucking around with each other was no big thing. We were like the Lord of the Superfreak Flies, and made out with each other at one time or another.

It was all incestuous like with a coven of lesbians, but later on when I had WHITE FRIENDS in high school, it was devastating if people slept with other friends after a keg party. It was like innocence lost.

I guess that's the overdomesticated part of the WHITE CULTURE where if they look at their belly buttons long enough, anthing can become abusive given enough time to ponder the ramifications of being alive. The scariest monsters they can handle before they start pointing fingers at their folks, are the cute pom-pom creatures and troll dolls they tell all their secrets to.

One of the many things I loved about being mixed was that I looked like neither parent.

I could be square one.

So I hop scotched between different classes and races, and learned everyone's equally crazy. I understood many different sides, but was never really around long enough to belong to any one nation.

The teacher I said hello to every time I saw her in fifth grade, told me that I was black and to show up weekly to the black club. I read books about black guys being run over back and forth by WHITE GUYS in cars. Before long I hated my mother for being a lesbian as well as for being responsible for everything ever done by WHITE PEOPLE.

I was ten and we were all cutting things out with construction paper. I was so bored, the art teacher asked me what I wanted to do instead. "Make a life-sized doll!" I thought she'd blow me off, but she brought in a sewing machine and bolts of tan fabric and taught me how to sketch, plan, and measure my idea. I made a Carmen Miranda/Chiquita banana doll that was taller than me and I painted her face.

She had a pink shiny strapless dress on, and I was going to eventually learn how to gather fabric so I could finish with a big ruffle along the bottom.

I was given the power of a bolt of tan fabric and the ability to make every one of my fucking dreams come true.

My newfound racism was getting shaky as a WHITE LADY changed my life and gave me power that really is so much bigger than the ability to wrap my fingers around my upper thighs.

I moved around so much I never got to finish the bottom pink ruffle, or finish much of anything. The missing ruffle and frayed dress mocked me for years until she mercifully disappeared.

And that's a big reason that completed ruffles mean solidity to me and I want to finish anything I start. If I don't, it feels chaotic and sloppy. Dreams coming true because you know the tiny steps and had the quiet time to pull it off. I had a friend who let her little brother sneak into her room and crawl into bed behind her and slowly and quietly fuck her while she pretended she was sleeping.

But passive, blameless sleep is part of the game, isn't it? Kind of like being tied up with magic glitter.

It was late enough, in the wee hours of the night when calories don't count, and whom you fuck doesn't count, either. Nothing's consensual, and that's what's so perfect. Oh, many of us have those crawl-into-bed secret fucks in our memories. They are beautifully serendipitous accidents like tripping down your apartment stairs and ending up in coitus.

And the best thing is it's not your fault.

The only evidence she had was in the morning when she got up to pee and could feel his semen running down her leg. At first she loved the secret. She loved the guilt. She loved the smell. So foreign. So other.

It started when he came back from summer camp and told her the guys had played 'married couples' in the bunks after lights out. Each night, a guy took a different turn while his bunkmate either climbed up or down and got to fuck the other's ass crack.





Maybe it was the look on her face when he told her. Maybe she laughed like it was funny, but not that funny. Maybe she looked at him with eyes that eventually said, "...Uhm...wanna play 'married couples' with a real live girl?"

And so he had the courage to sneak into her bedroom while their little sister was asleep in the bunk above them, and he fucked her ass crack while she pretended she was asleep.

She said one night, he accidentally slipped inside her and she kind of liked it. She said sometimes she really was asleep and didn't know until she went to the bathroom in the morning.

But in hindsight, I know the reality of a lazy spoon fuck and I know that you'd have to arch your back and push your ass up to catch your little brother inside of you like a happy butterfly chaotically jumping around in the summertime, who had no idea how amazing it'd be to go back inside the cocoon and fuck it.

Maybe it was the look on my face when she told me, but weeks later when the shock evolved into excited curiosity, I asked her about it and she looked like she was sorry she'd ever told me in the first place, and said she told her brother they probably shouldn't be doing this anymore.

Then she changed the subject like it was nothing. And that was the end of that.

I was so sorry.

I'M NOT A TOTAL CREEPMASTER.

In the UK, everyone's named either Simon or Nigel, and I knew a guy with one of those names. I forget which one because whenever anyone with a British accent says they're called Simon or Nigel, I laugh and say, "You're fucking kidding me, right?" and then I forget their name and don't ask for clarification because then I'll add to the stories of rude Americans who're too arrogant to remember anyone's name until we've met them a half-dozen times. And we need bad press like we need my tits stapled to your back, so I just say, "Hey you" whenever I want their attention.

Let's call him Simgel Nigmon.

Anyhow, Simgel Nigmon made porn and had had a decadent WHITE GIRL ANOREXIC BULIMIC HOOKER PORN STAR GIRLFRIEND who came home smelling of others' sex and it turned him on. The Bulimic wanted Simgel Nigmon to staple her mercilessly if she ate candy. She left the bed littered in chocolate wrappers so she wouldn't have to spell it out, but like a lot of people who've got lovers who want the shit stapled out of them, Sigmon Nigmon actually wasn't into doing the stapling.

But it is a biological imperative: he must serve THE WHITE GIRL.

And like most of us depraved people in relationships, after the romantic rapes are long since over, we train ourselves to understand the concept of "reciprocity" like stroke victims learning how to drink soup again and say "thank you" so someone empties our colostomy bag once in awhile. He obliged her—not only because as a WHITE MAN, he had to—but because he wanted to cash in his own creepy needs: his grandfather used to force him to suck his dick when he was five, and now that he was all grown up, he loved to suck men off.

He insists he isn't gay, as that's apparently up there with a "cutting off your legs, then fucking and eating them" kind of super freakiness for some straight guys.

Where Not-Gay Simgel Nigmon and The Bulimic's needs dovetailed into a beautiful slow motion synergy was when he fucked her while she was bent over the toilet, puking past her fingers.

When they were feeling particularly randy, The Bulimic ate everything in the house. Then the deal was that Not-Gay Simgel Nigmon would fuck her face so hard and deep, The Bulimic's guttural choking and gagging made Not-Gay Simgel Nigmon feel like he had an enormous tree trunk cock. It was hard to wait for her to vomit up Twinkies, and their pet cat she'd accidentally eaten, all over him before he got to come all over her. Then they were both exhausted, disgusted, and covered in post-coital liquefied Twinkie bile, and abused Welsh semen that does wonders for an already ragged, pissing-in-the-elevator self esteem.

Sometimes, without even bingeing on candy, she ate fancy red meat and yelled at him to staple her. Hard. "That wasn't hard enough!", she spat at him in emasculating contempt.

Then one time he tried to staple her head to the wall so hard, she passed out with her fancy meat vomit still inside her... digesting...spreading valuable nutrients, proteins, vitamins, minerals, and all that iron throughout the land... thus making her ever-fatter, well-nourished, and stronger by the second.

When she's bored of this predictable scenario with Not-Gay Simgel Nigmon, and ready for a new host, The Bulimic will spit, "You abuse me! You're toxic!" and then she'll leave...

...Leave for good this time. There isn't enough drama in the returning anymore.

And he won't understand. He'll think it must be because size really is everything.

And she sashays into women's rooms to retch up more fancy meat vomit with fragments of his confusion and European foreskin still impaled on the bottom of her high heel. As usual, the foreskin flops around and claps along to his failure at being a man like a clap track in a girly pop song. I hate clap tracks in female pop songs. That alone is reason enough for men to only visit hookers or to be gay and only fuck skulls in clandestine gym saunas.

But she doesn't understand. And she complains about the quality of her options in the world while she touches up her glittery wild cherry lipstick in the mirror.

"SAY GOOD NIGHT, GRACIE."

("GOODNIGHT, GRACIE.")

When Not-Gay Simgel Nigmon stopped talking I was not sorry. But I was sorry that he wasn't gay. Life probably would've been infinitely happier for a Gay Simgel Nigmon.

"AND then they AtE him.

You know, sometimes there's nothing you can do or say except say that you've gotta go now because your mom's calling you in for dinner. Or this is your train stop. Something—anything—to get away, because it's important to share similar levels of creepiness before any relationship can evolve to another level.

I think that the closer two or more people in a relationship are to piss-on-each-others'-heads creepiness, the more compatible you are. And if it's a thin line between "clever" and "stupid," then the line between "sexy" and "creepy" is practically indeterminate because it won't stop writhing around humping everything.

So good luck.

Don't ask about long walks on the beach or toothpaste caps. Ask if they like to have toothpaste tubes and troll doll erasers stuffed up their ass while you dress like an *old lady* with no legs in a wheelchair. Ask *that* and see where they fall on the creepmaster spectrum.

Nothing—save for permanent mutilations, messing with children, or unwilling animals—actually creeps me out. Things get creepy to me when they cease to actually be personal. They're fetishes that anyone with a heartbeat (or not) can do. It's a requirement in order to get off, or else it's like you don't exist. There's no spontaneous human interaction allowed. It's living and fucking according to a staid and stagnant shtick.

So much of meeting and falling in love is about long gazes, because you're telling the other person about yourself, and trying desperately not to blink so you can find the instant flash of "my mom's calling me" in their eyes, where—there it is—you've finally gone too far: remove the pantyhose mask and hide the zucchini skins.



It happens in but an instant. If your lover says hey, what's that behind you? so you turn around, don't fall for that trick so they can escape while your head is turned.

Keep staring. If you're like me, you can actually smell it. First ten minutes. It smells like a starchy russet baked potato. Without butter, of course. If you're a regular person with a 30-year mortgage, then you've paced the creepiness out and it could take ten years for the creepy maximum flicker to occur.

As is the case now, none of my sexual ideas are the least bit original, so if you've reached your creepmaster limit here, know there's always someone behind me in line, with a noose around his neck and stapling his own penis to the 3:45 train out of Penn Station for a glimpse of God.

I USED TO WANT A BROTHER SO HE COULD FUCK ME.

Whenever any of my girlfriends had big brothers, I thought they were so lucky. I lived around all women and boys were like mysterious gods to me. I thought, how could you not have a brother and try to accidentally fuck him? They're incredible and innocent sexual experimentation is so safe and CONVENIENT.

But when I was 6, I also wondered how you could live your life without accidentally killing somebody. I was convinced I'd surely murder someone while being totally unaware, and was terrified at the inevitability that I'd go to jail for the rest of my life.

Now that I've made it to the summer of 42 without killing anyone so far, I've seen enough teenage boys to know why their sisters weren't fucking most of them, and couldn't imagine why anyone ever would've until they turned forty-five.



When I was in college, I met my mother for dinner at a French restaurant. Since it was a French restaurant and I had at least some manners still, when we left, I elegantly slipped the Colombian busboy my telephone number.

But when he got to my apartment after work, in the wee hours of the morning, he smelled like the back of a kitchen. Restaurant kitchens smell like alleyways with rancid pools of milk and slimy greens.

I never really got the glamour around dining. I prefer places with Jacuzzi-sized pitchers of beer that're one step above flinging the food onto the ground and telling diners, "Godspeed!"

Going out to eat at a fancy restaurant is all well and good I suppose, but it's a metaphor for beauty and life: a lot of makeup on a rotting body... false eyelashes on a pretty face that is just fancy decaying meat delicately arranged over decent bone structure, covered over with skin stretched like upholstery that eventually sags as if too many generations of children have jerked off on the family sofa.



But like finishing Carmen Miranda dress ruffles, I had to go through with fucking the Colombian because I wanted to see if I could recapture the initial arousal.

I've since learned—-and without *The Old Lady*, I might add—that if the initial arousal goes away in 6 months or less, that was it. Enjoy the scrapbook memories (and the semen-stained dresses we now know you WHITE GIRLS apparently hold onto like keepsakes. God help the poor nosy babysitter who eventually not only rifles through your medicine cabinet, but your closet).

There's a difference between the quick twitch muscles of sprinters, and the slow twitch of endurance athletes.

So many tedious long-term relationships limp along pathetically for years, trying to regain the initial rush of the quick twitch sprint, to no avail. Move on. Know that's the best it's gonna get. You'll spend years in therapy as if training a dog to pick up flowers and candy at the drugstore, then staple the fuck out of him whenever he forgets.

The slow twitch endurance athletes are harder to notice because they barely seem to be breathing, moving, or interested. You almost need be stuck sitting down with a broken leg to even see them. A big flashing neon arrow hanging over them would help, but the quick twitch folks already made off with it.

The slow twitch folks are so solid, you could actually pole dance with them. After quick twitch fatigue, you realize it's the gift of life to still wanna fuck the same person a year later.

Anyway, back to my own quick twitch days...

The Colombian meat dog busboy and I were young and fucked a lot even though it wasn't all that good. When you're the young girl, it's never really that good unless you're alone.

And it's also hard to catch the initial arousal... the prelude... because to do that you'd have to catch the prelude mid-flight and fuck right then and there on the table in the French restaurant.

And that's why I'm not a fraction of the met kitty slut I used to be. The reality of what we think we're supposed to do or say or be or want is a let down. It's best to fuck everyone in my imagination now and keep the smiles to myself.

If there are seven basic plotlines, 12 astrological personalities, a couple of type As and Bs, soon enough you realize you've already fucked everyone anyway. Few surprises make it not even worth shaving your legs, touching up your toenail polish, or trimming the edge of your pussy hairs.

Even though as you get older everyone's rich with technique and baggage, you miss the clumsy, unapologetic mauling of your youth. Now that you're older, few can fuck in the moment because they know too much. They fuck for later. Doggie bag orgasms.

They're fucking history and trying to make up for every mistake they've ever made or will make. No one wants to get talked about in the proverbial Women's Room. And the one who's doing the talking isn't present, either. She's thinking of her delivery and comedic timing.

In the Women's Room.

And so yet another moment of wasted orgasms and hopelessly soiled sheets and rugs of triumph. And for what? A good story? If there are no bad experiences, only good stories, then toss over the good stories for even better orgasms with plenty of rug burns on the forehead... and light bruising.

We love light bruising like we love hopelessly pulled hair and the melted bottom of ice cream in a bowl and belting aloud to vacuum cleaners and the cool underside of WHITE COTTON PILLOW CASES that feel fresh like a newly-opened pack of gum.

There is no story in the proverbial fucking Women's Room that'll make up for the evil of lost nonconsensual secrets in the middle of the night when the world is sweet, perfect, and asleep and raw. Beautiful, fresh, sweet. Before they have their game face on.

I didn't usually fall asleep with lovers,

I sort of dozed. But I fell dead asleep and woke in the morning with my legs up over his shoulders and he was fucking me and when I woke, he came instantly.

Like a lot of things, in that moment I was skeeved, and let him finish then. I wanted him to go home like I'd paid for him.

But now when I think of someone I'm into, I'd LOVE the idea of waking up with my legs over my shoulders and being fucked before they start the day.

Isn't it funny how everything's person specific? Like sexual harassment in the workplace. Or the peer pressure of revising memories so we blame others for us not turning out as we'd hoped.

As for my friend, I also happen to know that she's grown into a woman who would love nothing more than to wake up from a deep sleep and find her lover pushing himself inside her in the dark, unapologetically lifting her hips and fucking her deep and hard in the nonconsensual grey reality, in the black of night, where feminism dare not tread because it was way, way back there, still confused that it liked having the door held open.



"I've been waiting for you since you were ten years old."

-Mick JaggerPie to Mackenzie Phillips Pie

That's ROMANTIC to me.

In this era of immediacy, "waiting" for anything has a 19th century novel's restraint and drama that is irresistible. In an age where you can get long term pussy on credit or promissory notes, waiting is adorable. Quaint.

But judge nothing by me. Be careful what you say or do in front of a girl. Even if you're still pushing the diapers aside, she will remember, she will learn how to talk, she will learn how to write her name and your name, too. She will have your social security number and your password. Every password you've ever had or will have. You would be grateful if she would only mention how small your penis is. But you have to wait until she's done. She will have the last word.

And you have to imagine this through the haze of a raging hard-on and ask yourself if this is going to be worth answering for on national TV later on, because forget Chuck E. Cheese. That's where we take all of our birthday party gang bang problems now: Line up and pin the tail on the motherfuckin' donkey.

It took a village to get me laid.

When I was ten, and the biggest disillusionment at that time was that homemade peanut butter didn't taste anything like what you got at the store, home base was my dad's. Since I didn't have a brother, my best friend, Nine Pie, and I decided to pop my own wild cherry with our friend's visiting older cousin who was 18 and totally into being My First One when Nine Pie asked him for me.

This kind of mono-focused, goal-oriented approach is what kept me from knowing how to give hand jobs until I was in my 30s. I could've saved a lot of hassle had I known how to sew ruffles onto unfinished dresses.

He was Puerto Rican. Back then we just said Spanish for anyone who was at least supposed to speak Spanish.

I don't like the word Hispanic, and Latino seems academic now. I'm nostalgic for the casual incorrect nonconsensuality of "Spanish." Because it reminds me of Maja perfume, Spanish fly, Chiquita banana, Carmen Miranda, Rita Moreno. Who makes the words up? African American. Was there a vote? I miss black. I miss Spanish. I miss the world being incorrect a little more often and not giving a fuck about it and having more time to hold open the door and have nonconsensual sex once in awhile.

Anyhow, back to the first fuck. I was in the basement with Nine Pie and her older cousin, surrounded by the ubiquitous paneling that accompanies some of the best illicit sex of our lives. We all sat on the bed reading a book and the older girl said penis as "pennis." And Nine Pie said no. And I wanted to seem cool and uneducated, so I said "pennis."

But that didn't last long because it was eerie how no one tried to correct me or say, "quit playing stupid." Even then, I had an almost pre-verbal warning that being promiscuous with low mental expectations was a really bad idea— that'd lead to definite ruin and the kind of boredom where you try to staple your own forehead back to your scalp so you look younger and fresher.

Nine Pie was a year or two older than me and negotiated the deal. It was to happen in the basement bedroom when everyone was away.

I'm part German and wasn't real touchy feely until a few months ago, when I was sure no one would try to fuck me, and Nine Pie coached me on regular day time casual touch. But she wasn't good at it, either, so we were awkward and our willing sensuality had a tentative/lurching quality that I've maintained to this day.

I'd train in the art of sensuality because I had, and still have, the sexiness of a fat retarded kid in the sandbox stabbing flies and children with a plastic shovel.

So we read aloud to each other from this hand-me-down lesbian pulp novel about a naïve lady teacher who was being passed around between her female students. We slept in the same single bed and pressed our knees together and she'd pretend she knew what they were talking about with women fucking each other with huge "clitorises."

Nine Pie's mom never, ever liked me. I tried. No dice.

Nine Pie hid the book in a rip in the upholstery of an old chair. I didn't know, until years later, that when her mom found it, Nine Pie said it was mine.

I didn't know how this was supposed to help but it was fun even though Nine Pie's room smelled like cat pee because she had this overflowing litter box of clay litter. This was in the old days before technology made cat litter that took away *The Old Lady* smell of cat love.

We stole pointy, cheap plastic WHITE VIBRATORS from Spencer's in the mall and would hide out in the bathroom daring each other to fuck ourselves.

At first I was afraid that as soon as I got it inside me, I'd flail around the bathroom in ecstasy and I wanted to keep my cool. Nine Pie was cool.

To this day she probably still has multiple orgasms with a single up nod.

Turns out, it takes a lot more than just sticking something inside you to set you off. Go figure, huh? If any men reading this learn anything from this tale, let this be it.

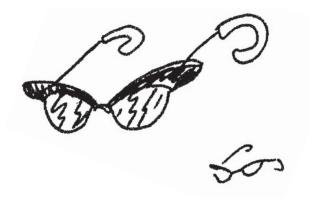
Anyhow, I was the only one who had the tits to take a vibrator fully like a 12-year-old Storyville whore. Then we stole hot water douche bottles and Fifi La Pie and Mama La Pie warned us that vinegar is bad, I guess worse than a room full of grown men with hard-ons and big expectations, so we just rinsed ourselves out with water for fun.

I'd sleep with my father's girlfriend's roll-on deodorant bottle inside me to stretch myself out like "become a stretched-out whore while you sleep! Order now!"

We were treating our pussies like the only clear junk drawer in a hoarder's house.

I was always the dorky one who never had a clue that anyone liked me until their hand was down my pants.

Nine Pie entered a room and scoped out the most difficult man to have and she would make him hers.



I think I would've gone through with fucking the 18-year-old cousin if she hadn't made me rub suntan lotion on his big, acne-scarred back, but I was HALF REALLY-WHITE-GIRL and having to touch someone affectionately was forced-matching-Christmas-dress love.

To this day, rubbing WHITE SUNTAN LOTION on anyone's back grosses me out because it smells like greasy fear and I have to grit my teeth, purse my lips, hold my breath and get it over with as fast as possible so I can go on loving who I'm with.

Suntan oil is different. I love oil. But no one uses oil anymore, because no one wants to fry and everyone wants to look like they're living forever.

So my fingers were slimy and I could feel all the greasy bumps under my fingers and all the acne scars... I was sitting there outside with everyone around us and I'm like the girl who's supposed to be into greasing up her man and tossing her maidenhood to him like a Frisbee.

He was all very sweet and I didn't want him to be sweet. Even at ten, I didn't want to seem like I belonged to him. Or anyone. Because I've never really belonged to anyone and I didn't care whether it's fashionable to have a certain type of childhood.

Mom was a habitual no-show at PTA meetings or parent teacher conferences. I answered to no one.

He was eighteen years old. I didn't want to keep his back from burning. I wanted him to be man enough to keep the sun from burning him, himself.



Even though it seemed that I was destined to auction my hymen off at the bus station, this is how I actually lost my maidenhood:

I was living with my dad for a minute and my mom had crashed my dad's apartment with her feminist friends and brought a shopping bag full of menstrual products so that I'd be prepared when Womanhood came.

I became a vaginal mascot surrounded by lesbian feminists passing a gallon of wine and holding tampons and pads, sharing stories about menstrual shame. I was on my back, spread-eagled with a mirror between my legs while they covered the tampon in Vaseline and talked about their favorite menstrual stories while I had a copy of "Our Bodies Ourselves" propping my head up. My father was pacing in the living room half expecting something to be coming out of me, not going in.

When I was II, I wanted to meet my Puerto Rican side of the family in the Bronx, and try for a more normal turn in my childhood.

We went to visit my grandmother, Abuela Pie—which I said like: "Awella Pie"—and my uncle, the salsa musician, was living there. My mom was twenty years older than my uncle and so they fell in love and got married.

That was it. I'd had it with my mom's boundless ability to love everyone and anyone at any given time, regardless of the consequences.

I moved to my Awella Pie's apartment, in my uncle's old room. My grandfather, whom I called Papi Pie, was there like a thin, organza negligee: he just worked all day, then shuffled in, turned over his pay to Awella Pie so she could send me to pay the tab at the Superette and play the numbers, ate dinner, then went to bed with a Yankee game blaring on the TV, and his hand down his boxer shorts. His pennis was massive. Like one of those fetal pigs before it's spread-eagled and pinned to baking pans in biology class.

It was the Studio 54 Calvin Klein jeans era in New York: Mick Jagger was still with Bianca, but apparently waiting for Mackenzie Phillips to stop being 10, Latin NY was a magazine, there was rice and beans in every pot, Willie Colon and Ruben Blades were not only talking but had made the album, "Siembra," so "Buscando Guayaba" was blaring from every Chevy, and Crazy Eddie's prices were *insane*.

I might not have inherited her nipples, but later I would inherit this ability to love just about anything as long as it brushed its teeth. But for now I was 11 and too judgmental to understand much of anything that didn't directly involve me.

Going through adolescence with a bunch of Puerto Ricans in the late '70s is one of the most confusing things for the daughter of a sexually needy WHITE SEVENTIES FEMINIST.

My aunt and Awella Pie had me stand up on a chair and suck in my breath while they pinned these straight tight skirts for me while my aunt smelled like the sickly-sweet dime store Tabu, and these brown and yellowing Chesterfield cigarettes disintegrated in between my Awella Pie's mustached lips. I saved the coupons from her Chesterfield's like we could cash them in for a better life.

Before the invention of Lycra, and all of our lycra accidents, I'd learned how to put my jeans on like I was crawling back through an unlubricated birth canal.

If you wanna know what it's like to be a Puerto Rican girl getting dressed, first put a ball of soft pizza dough in your hand and squeeze really hard and see how everything pops out between your fingers.

We Puerto Rican girls were supposed to do the same thing with our nighties, sweatpants, and tube tops, regardless of how small they were, and how large we were. That's the end result you're going for when you go out, except first you start with a closed fist and cram the pizza dough in through your fist and fingers.

So you see how you've gotta cut us a break on incidental body part leakage. Our camel toes have generations of camel toes that go all the back to the Taino Indians, and if we laugh, a nipple could pop out the way old men pull coins from behind children's ears.

All that and look but don't touch.

I was supposed to stay in the house after school and sweep and clean and watch TV. That's how I learned Grandma Spanish. I can't have a conversation in Spanish beyond "Apaga la luz" or "Dame el fósforo" for her Chesterfield's. I didn't even know how to write it until just now when I decided to write it down.

We lived in the ground floor and my room was near the back door. I'd put my leg up on the dresser in front of the mirror and casually fuck myself with the Teflon curling iron that burned the fuck out of my beloved hair. You burn me, I'll jam you up inside me. It was fun, more for how it looked, but I didn't see what made Slot A/Slot B sex make you flail around. I mostly liked how I looked like I actually knew how to do something besides draw pictures for once.

I had fun seeing my body turn into a woman while I did things to myself in front of the dresser mirror at night when everyone was asleep. But one time after spending god knows how long molesting myself in what feels like a 100-watt bulb in an overhead pillow light and in front of my mirror, I heard a noise outside and I froze and thought the blinds were closed. But I ran up to the window and looked through a crack in the blinds and I saw a silhouette of a man with a small afro just leaning against the back door looking straight at me. He didn't even leave out of embarrassment. He just waited to see how I was gonna go at myself next.

I hugged the wall to stay out of view, then inched my way around the corner, out of sight, turned off the lights and pretended I went to bed. I couldn't close my eyes because I had no idea who he was—or if he'd ever see me again during the day.

With total darkness, I looked back through a crack in the Venetian blinds. Still there, facing my window, leaning against the wall, waiting.

I never wanted to leave again. I wanted to build an underground tunnel down the hill to the store.

I was too young to know that people are always fucking around with themselves when they're young. If I'd known that everyone was already rubbing up against their unsuspecting dogs, I would've gone to second base with my other uncle's dog that time after my shower, at his apartment in the Bronx. I just didn't know if it would think my chocha was dog food and start biting down on everything and ripping it off the bone. How do you explain that shit?

I had to tiptoe through life as it was before I got sent away again. Where do you go when you're 11 years old and you've let the dog eat your vadge clean off the bone? Hell?

Besides, neither *The Old Lady* voice nor the "Oui" or "Viva" magazines covered dog foreplay.

But I wish they had because the dog got stolen and it's one of those regrets I'll always have. Innocent dog foreplay. No one gets hurt, no one's pointing at any dolls here.

My Awella Pie warned me—in an ominously low and rising whisper—to never go alone in this one building where my friend, Boom Boom Pie, lived. I think she didn't like Boom Boom Pie because she had all of these unusually cute and tiny pockmarks on her face from acne scars that made her seem cool and tough.

Later, my friend from art school, Cosmo McGillicutty Pie, she said that men with acne scars were the sexiest and most masculine.

Even though my Awella Pie was into Santeria, she made everything sound scary because she was evil mean.

She pet her little Puerto Rican toy poodle, Bandit Pie, like an evil grandmother in a James Bond movie, while the big cataract-blind mutt, Blackie Pie, stumbled into things with a body hard and bumpy with tumors, and limbs stiff with arthritis. He breathed hot and dank old dog breaths on you when you were sitting on the curved vinyl-covered sofa, and if you had any heart at all, you tenderly scratched his greasy fur and tried to be gentle around the tumors you could feel under his skin. He ate crappy canned food and lapped up the poodle's fancy meat yomit.

The fancy meat poodle sounded like a porn star's toenails skittering along an Italian tile floor whenever the doorbell rang.

Awella Pie watched the news all the time and hissed that I'd get raped or murdered out there.

I was hanging out with my friends on the corner, and we were horsing around with a football before I ran off with it into the building and ducked into the elevator. Three of my friends raced up and stopped the doors from shutting, forcing their way inside.

I was giggling like we were still outside, but they weren't. And suddenly I could tell that they didn't care about the football anymore. Trevor Pie was a huge black guy and we all had crushes on him because he was a lot older, bigger, and he hardly ever talked. Men who don't talk seem really smart until they talk.

He was the man of all of us. Tall, muscular, shiny dark and gorgeous. The kind blonde girls swim through pools of spunk and crawl over floors full of sticky semen to experience at least once in their lives. And the kind everyone else is gunnin' after, so they throw their hands up a lot to show there's nothing in 'em at any given time.

The other two guys were scrawny and only a couple of years older than me, I think. Trevor Pie backed me against the wall, pressed me against the elevator, gripped the rail on either side of me, and crushed his hips into me while I tried to laugh it all off and slide down and wriggle out from under him, but whenever I wriggled out, the other boys grabbed at leftover adolescent scraps of whatever Trevor Pie hadn't claimed as his.

They hit the buttons to take me down to the basement but when the doors opened, I saw filthy darkness and mounds of trash. I couldn't get taken among mounds of trash with rats as witnesses. I could face a lot of things, but that just wasn't in my future plans.

I stopped laughing politely and my eyes bugged out in terror and I got the strength to claw onto the doors as they tried to pull me out. My hands flailed at any button above the basement and when the bells went off, they jumped back on and we left the basement.

When a WHITE COUPLE got on upstairs, and ignored us and our wild, fancy-meat-vomit sexuality. I ran out and Trevor Pie caught me on the stairs and slammed me against the marble wall and his whole body just absorbed what the wall couldn't make room for.

My girlfriend, Boom Boom Pie, and the others were yelling from the bottom of the stairway but wouldn't come up. The other two guys were jumping up and down like excited Chihuahuas as he dogged me against the wall. I couldn't breathe, scream or yell.

I was suddenly so tired and scared. He was breathing heavier and heavier; grunting in my ears—sweaty, beautiful, shiny— he dogged me until he ground into me one last time and just stopped.

He was done. / I was now cornmeal.

I didn't know why or what happened. Even though I'd grown up with the "Joy of Sex" and graphic children's books on sex, like "Show Me," I had no idea what had just happened. It was beyond insert slot A into B and wasn't in any magazine I'd seen.

I followed the boys down the stairs. On my way out of the building, Trevor Pie tossed me the scarf I wore on my head. Everyone asked what happened. I smiled nervously, shrugged and said "nothing," as I tied my scarf back on my head. I skulked home and went to sleep for days.

Because it seemed like nothing but it didn't feel like nothing.

I didn't want to go outside anymore and wished I'd started that underground tunnel after all. I stayed inside as much as possible.

I got a reputation as a ho'. I still hate the word to this day, which was said back then as much as "nigger" is said now. It was like aloha. I didn't get how I was a ho' but I guess it didn't take much back then.

I ate platters of rice and beans and deep-fried sunny-side up eggs on WHITE RICE until my jeans got ever tighter and between that and the ho' thing, suddenly my ass was copyright-free public domain.

I wasn't doing well with this "girl" thing and wanted to troll around inside a refrigerator box with a smiley face drawn on the front with a Sharpie.

My girlfriends weren't allowed to even talk to me anymore and Boom Boom Pie's mom, Mrs. Cement Pie, made her punch me in the face in front of her apartment window. I looked at Cherry Pie and she was really top-heavy fat—the type of fat that can kick your ass because it's got a lot of heft behind a punch. I had the bigger ass, so I'm more of the Weeble in such a pairing.

She was twice my size and I said I wasn't going to hit her back. Girl fights went crazy far and I didn't want to fight my best friend, us trying to keep our tits in the face of the guys cheering for blood.

"Do what you've gotta do," I shrugged.

I was playing chicken, saying something I must've figured worked in a movie.

All the boys were standing around watching. Laughing.

Her mom was leaning her own brown, fat, bitter, pock-marked, pinched face out the fifth-floor window because she'd moved to the courtyard so she could keep a bitter eye on her. She looked like she had cement parking bumpers stapled to her eyebrows because her eyebrows were these little shop awnings over her eyes. Always looked mad.

Her mom lowered a chewed up beige Swingline 747 stapler from the end of a sisal rope. She wasn't going to punch me after all. They'd apparently done this many times before.

My friend picked up the stapler, untied the rope and whispered, "I'm sorry, I've gotta do this." And then she stapled me in the face, *hard*.

The guys screamed, smacked each other, and jumped up and down like Chihuahuas again.

I felt nauseous.

I'm gonna cry. Enjoy the sugar.

I looked at her with a shivering fury. My tears were the only things that had my back because they refused to drop from my eyes and add color to this story.

I pulled the staple from the apple of my cheek and noticed how tiny, but painful, the staple was. That's when I had another inkling that those weren't pockmarks from acne on her face, but tiny holes from pulling out years of staples.

Then I turned and left and vowed to never, ever let anyone do that again without a fight, no matter how big they seemed.

And I've kept that promise to this day.

I've been hit by cars before, and I knew that you don't feel any pain until you're healing. I'd rather take a beating than feel nauseous shame. A few years later when I was on a bicycle and saw that I was about to be totally hit by a passing car, I was simply curious and watched until the bumper crushed into my leg and I passed out and I rolled into the windshield.

But I never liked fighting outside the family— because with family, you know it's its own crazy, but you know how far you tend to go before the cops are called. Outside, you never know someone else's crazy mad threshold.

If you miscalculate each other's acceptable levels of crazy, that's when faces and limbs go missing and you do some stuff you can't ever come back from. And that's how you end up on the news. It's just not worth it.

So I was a ho' back when WHITE PEOPLE were trying to get into their jeans, Studio 54, and some of their own children. I had no friends, and everyone talked about me on the street and I had no idea what I'd done. On my own block, every day, I felt like I was walking the gauntlet in slow motion in the tightest see-through pants in the world, dragging my heart behind me on a chain like one of those poor fetal pigs who can't seem to catch a break in the world or in my writing.

When some of the older guys learned how young I was, they backed off trying to get me to fuck them.

I hated when my Awella Pie asked me to go to the Superette where we had credit.

When she won at the numbers, she sent me out with cash. I went around back to another store. But there, that guy didn't know my grandmother; he held my hand way too long in both of his when he gave me change back.

I ended up liking credit better.

When summer was over, my Boom Boom Pie and I became friends in secret, and we didn't go to school and hung out together in the parks during the day. We stole clothing from Alexander's on Fordham and hid candy under the big shirts we just grabbed because they were easy.

And when Trevor Pie asked me out a few months later, I was tired of being shunned and wanted to belong to someone and erase the ho' thing.

The act of being alive is revisionist history.

My answer was so flat I don't know if I even actually said anything. Maybe at best I shrugged in resignation. But I don't remember his voice, either, because he never seemed to actually say anything. He just looked at you and you knew what he wanted.

You complied or tried to outrun him.

He watched for my grandma to waddle out of the building and he'd push the doorbell and not even say hello. His blunt kisses always mashed me against the wall, got my hair all wet, and he tried to press me flat like how Mama La Pie the coin got from too much passion, but at least when I was his he was nicer.

Things started to ease up and get regular in the neighborhood. When I belonged to Trevor Pie, everyone left me alone. It was okay, now. Like the thing in the elevator was just foreplay. Some kind of Bronx courtship.

I figured I should go to school now, when my Awella Pie heard from the school that I hadn't shown up for over 2 weeks, she got out of the car and spat *Puñeta! Carajo!* and Doritos from her mouth as she tried—and failed—to rage at me in English.

I was out of there within hours. I don't remember where I was sent after that.

I hated her, anyway. Later when they moved back to Puerto Rico, she took the fancy vomiting dog, and told my Papi Pie to lose Blackie Pie somewhere. Whatever he did to him, I hope it was fast.

She's the original long pig.

Sometimes adding "Pie"—or even the big guns, "Sweetie Pie"—to any name just isn't enough to make the person universally endearing.

Sometimes I have to call people 'talking long pigs' because that's what some cannibals call human flesh to distance them from who they really are, and make them more like livestock. Sometimes people make it really hard to love them, and I love animals. Yeah. More than people. So when I need to try and love people more, I try to animalize them. To think of them as "talking long pigs."

Capisci?

However, even thinking of my Awella Pie as a talking long pig doesn't endear her to me. She'd thrown the mom cat out with her baby kittens and had tossed cold water on them when they tried to claw their way back through my bedroom window. But Trevor Pie? The song, "You Can Ring My Bell" still reminds me of the excited fear I had when I'd see him be-bopping past the window to come and kiss me against the wall until my Awella Pie came back home. He never cared when she was coming. He kissed me in her foyer and sometimes I got into it, because how can you not? But then he'd get really into it, and I was afraid once he got started he couldn't stop like before.

I kind of liked having no choice. You could just surrender, like when you see an oncoming car aiming right at you in slow motion. Sometimes it's fascinating and exciting enough just to breathe out and see what happens next. Like you're in your own movie, being pushed, body and soul, into a wall.

I was also terrified of what my grandma would do to me if she came through the door and saw a black man kissing her first-born granddaughter and doggin' her against the wall. She hated American black people. She'd disowned her own adopted daughter for less. She was evil. Throwing out cats and her own children. I've lived long enough to realize there's actually no difference.



I got kicked out a whole lot, and as I got older, and my mother had advice from a lover who knew the system, group and foster homes became part of the options. I got really good at packing my stuff up in about fifteen minutes with a lot of yelling going on in the background. When that happens enough and you've run through your own family enough to recycle them a few times, you start getting good at reading other long pigs who'll rescue you out there.

And the better you get, the sooner you can lay down track so you can find your paved way back to them later.

At the first sign of trouble in your current situation, you have to plant the problems early, so that when it all blows up, they feel so sorry for you. Then it's okay if you show up at 3am and need a sofa to sleep on.

Some people are your friends, but some talking long pigs feed on your despair so they can feel superior.

I have contempt for such long pigs because in reality they have contempt for you, too. They need you to stay where you are, fucked up, so they can feel all that much better about their own lives. You're like a dramatic TV show. They love to make you go to Baptist churches and give you advice and raise their eyebrows at you for not taking it later. But they love being distracted from not taking their own advice and living their own lives and feel self-righteous for not living and fucking up like you are.

It's a contemptuous symbiotic relationship.

But you learn how to give them what they need. Flatter. Admit how smart they are. How fucked up you are.

It doesn't take much to talk you into turning a stapler against yourself, so they can say, "Stop that! See what you're doing? You're sick. You need me."

And you say, "Oh my god... you're right. What would I ever do without you?"

Even though I lost my hymen to a bunch of second wave feminists, this is how I actually lost my virginity:

Hoops Pie. I was twelve and he wasn't Spanish. He was a 21-year-old college basketball player. All of our boyfriends back then were the kinds of guys who'd be tricked into a hidden camera TV show where they'd be wrestled to the ground by cops on their way out the door.

Boys our age were still eyeing the family dogs, doing Dutch ovens, and lighting their farts on fire.

I really wanted to fuck anyone who ignored me and was practically doing me a favor by taking my virginity.

He was sweet but he wanted me to like him back too much. He made me smell bad afterwards and he couldn't stop the sun. But I got around that fine print because he was dark enough to not worry as much about the sun.

And that's why I love dark skin. Because black men don't fear the sun and never need me to rub WHITE SUNTAN LOTION on their backs.

I'm only kidding. But it sounds good, doesn't it?

Like transactional analysis therapy.

I'm okay, you're okay.

Maybe I'm not so evil after all?

Okay, maybe you're not evil. But let's find a way for you to understand how your fear of suntan lotion is about your mother. It is WHITE like your mother and she never used any. And maybe that's because she's a lesbian and doesn't like how it looks like seminal fluid. And maybe you feel like your choosing to be with black men is a way of distancing yourself from your WHITE MOTHER. Maybe suntan lotion represents your hatred of WHITE PEOPLE.

"But I'm HALF WHITE."

Then maybe you hate yourself. And maybe that's why you're such an angry person.

"I hate you." Fuck you."

She jots down on her clipboard, "Incorrigible and socially maladjusted. Evil," then puts down her pencil with the troll doll eraser and opens up a desk drawer. She pulls out a box of stapler refills, teases out a tiny rack of staples. On her desk next to her pom-pom creatures with the big feet, is the classic industrial grey metal Swingline 747. For a second, I swear I see flecks of dried blood in the tiny grooves of the Swingline logo. She picks up the stapler, splits its legs as easily as shucking clams at the Jersey shore, refills the jaw, pops it closed with the twang of the spring, then hands it to me—

And this is what therapy is like when you're a ward of the court and are forced to talk to Camden County social workers who only eat M&Ms all week to lose weight.

By the way, now I love that smell after you've been fucked. I love how we smell like the ocean, from whence we came. I love how it reminds you all day and when you have to rinse it away. It's sad.

If the 70s launched the Me generation, now we're in the "who the fuck are you?" generation that finds it easier to suck a stranger's dick than to say, "excuse me" in the supermarket. Avoid eye contact and you don't have to move. Whoever blinks first loses in the supermarket aisle standoff at noon o'clock, and has to stop reading labels in the hopes of saving themselves from the abject horrors of MSG.

Lonely, isolated, powerless to even cure cancer without refinancing an upside-down house, Americans comply with the spackled smile that keeps them from admitting they're having a hard time because they'd just given the thumbs down to all the lazy long pigs on welfare. America was allowed to use 'em for target practice as long as we didn't acknowledge their sexual orientation or race because then that's a Hate Crime. The welfare queens living high on the hog and guzzling the high fructose corn syrup for themselves. Taking baths in it the way Hollywood was bathing in the tears of failed starlets and vomiting escargot into Evian-filled toilets.

We're afraid to live. We're afraid to die. We just want to suspend ourselves in this weekend's sale for a sweater that will get us through two weeks at a job we despise. We become boneless, needless, and still.

We fit into crawl spaces and alleyways left by the rats as they go check their tiny little rat mail at the rat post office, and shut down all spiritual, intellectual, and bodily functions like long pigs flying cross country in coach.

I learned that feeling like prey can stop time. Having no choice is erotic. Having someone to blame takes away the pain of responsibility and your own shortcomings. Giving up choice is like being tied to a furnace, hooked up to a catheter, and not having to worry about filling out tax forms in time or else you get penalties and interest.



"I remember when we were young, being sick was a luxury. When we were sick we wouldn't have to go to the coalmines and we'd sit on the curb in the rain getting splashed by the cars passing by, and mom would sometimes give us garbage bags to keep us warm. And we'd make soup out of used restaurant napkins. We'd have food-flavored soup. Best were from the barbecue joint because of all the grease."

But now I feel like America has bred both its chickens and children to have such big breasts, they can't stand up and walk.

In the old days they had their rituals and they'd nail your penis to a board and say, "There. The boy must die. You're a man now." There's no demarcation. Now everyone's dependent into their forties. Some are in helmets, making rules about picking up dog shit while recycling plastic bags and wearing perfume while in a smoking car seat and avoiding MSG and caffeine, and figuring out how to file a class action lawsuit against Death in lieu of personal responsibility.

And some are learning how to play in traffic and try to leave the campsite better than they found it.

Like pretending Christmastime was a happy time, everyone wants to think that childhood is celibate. But adulthood is more celibate than most childhoods, and they forgot how a lot of us were also evil then, sadistically pouring salt on slugs and setting ant colonies on fire like Mini Mengeles, then humping anything that couldn't outrun us. Light switches and roll-on deodorant bottles included.



"Everyone wants to fuck young girls.

That's why it's against the law."

-Mark Lammers Pie

I'm not saying it's right at all, but everyone's been fucking with the children since the beginning of time. It gave our pets and livestock a break before they got thrown off fifth-floor balconies or cavalierly eaten by first-world bulimic WHITE GIRLS. So next time you feel bad about children, add on the innocent animals that can never even point to the dolls, shame a priest, or write a tell-all.

I think no matter how much we let go or try to control Christmastime and the family photos, abuse and pain is as inevitable as death because the act of being alive and actually living is uncontrollable, messy, wet, germy, deadly, sexy, unpredictable, terrifying, exciting. Abusive. Life will get into your house, and how will you handle it?

Will you handle it so that all of your laughs sound like soul music from 1977?

We call anything we didn't plan on, "abuse," and we look for someone to blame or sue if the coffee's too hot, or life didn't go according to a sit-com plan where we laugh and laugh at the end. We have calculations for pain and suffering and say we wake up with nightmares, which always costs extra.

But merely being alive will give you nightmares. I argue that in a life lived to the extreme, nightmares are often the normal instead of the exception. It's what enables us to truly understand the importance of finding peace. Because we know what's at stake, we tend to take it more seriously than people who do yoga for the adorable outfits.

So we blame the parents for everything from schools to bad bank loans and a bad economy, because they're the first ones on the scene and put half-lesbian on your birth certificate before you had a chance to negotiate for a better middle name. I don't blame my parents. Not because it wouldn't be fun to forever be their irate, indignant child, but because it's passé and there's no power in complaining.

So if the abuse of being alive is inevitable, abuse to the land, to the ones we love, as well as ourselves, then instead of fighting it, maybe we accept the reality then learn to transcend it.

This is what the Marquis de Sade was trying to tell us through the Morse code of sodomy: In both "Juliette" and "Justine" the same things happened to both girls, but one shuddered in shame and martyrdom whilst the other one shuddered in ecstasy. Which one would you rather have a flat tire at 3 am with?



NUMBERS.

Never tell anyone how many lovers you've had.

I remember when I was about fifteen or sixteen, I was counting up the lovers I'd had and I quickly counted up to 17, then I could add this or that person and I figured it was up to twenty before I didn't want to remember any more. So I knocked it back down to seventeen.

I decided to stop counting from then on. I remember a few special and a few horrid faces, but I haven't the tiniest idea. So if it ever comes up. It's seventeen.

Puerto Rican girls have always only been with seventeen, even if they have 19 kids from different fathers.

I've got the numbers but I still don't know how to turn my back to the door, close my eyes, and make love.

But I don't know if I ever want to because I've seen those women-made porn movies that're for women, with money shots like people looking lovingly into each others' eyes before they ejaculate into them, and I think, "You've got to be fucking kidding me."

You can't win.





I used to feel bad and want to wash off my whorishness and in hindsight I've fucked some sorry characters. Then I fucked even worse characters to forget. They only made me feel dirtier because they were truly hard to love, even for ten minutes.



"May we all grow old with most of our limbs intact."



On a motorcycle trip cross country, I broke down and met two Canadian motorcyclists who were down in North Carolina to ride the switchbacks, and ended up sleeping with one.

Ten years later, I got a call from the other one who passed out. The one I didn't sleep with. In the futile way that I try to save spiders, crabs, fish, and animals, I tried to clean up feeling like a cheap whore and revise history and fall in love with the other one so the story would have a more romantic ending.

This is what I did with Trevor Pie. Except Trevor Pie would become the kind of memory I'd jerk off to and not cringe over.

There I was, a college-educated half-Puerto Rican on welfare with a sixty-year-old faux Canadian's soft, uncircumcised pennis in my mouth. There's nothing wrong with being sixty or faux-Canadian because you didn't want to stick around to protest the Vietnam War, but he was an asshole.

Turns out he was snarky because he was scared of everything/ everyone. Not because he was trying to deal with a big heart in a scary world. He was small. Ungenerous. Critical. Constricted.

Then he wasn't funny anymore. / Just petite et pathétique...

...A challenge. If I could love him, I could love anyone.

(NO DICE.)

As my tongue hoisted the cold and raw pop n' fresh biscuit dough globule back and forth across my tongue, I realized I'd never look at a trophy wife the same way ever again.

I regretted all the times in my younger years when I'd played hard to get. Granted, there weren't many, and it wasn't on purpose. I was always the preoccupied, oblivious, pratfall lover.

But as my bored lips tugged on the tip of his foreskin—which, as an American born in 1967, was like being with a fourth sex, the third being half-finished lesbian transgendered people who prefer pronouns like "hey you"—I wondered if just one more Saturday night "yes!" in my past might have created additional middle class opportunities for advancement beyond this.

The Cynic would chant, "Not likely!" Yet some believe that as a Tunisian butterfly flaps its wings and causes a New Yorker to urinate in a subway, or as a crappy faux-Canadian blow job description causes future generations to spew fancy meat vomit onto typewritten lines, there could also have been a Saturday Night "yes!" where I would've ignored the putrid, citrusy designer cologne in the phallic bottle—with its top note of leased car metal, empty compliments, one-night-stand bad sex, and emotionally chilly mornings, with a base note of deep regret, sobs in the morning shower, and a waste of too much time—and made out like a bandit instead.

Even The Cynic couldn't say a word because one look at me, and all anyone could do was shrug, light a cigarette whether they smoked or not, pat my bobbing head, lovingly move my hair out of my eyes, and try to optimistically remind me that tomorrow was another day.

Because it was hard to not think of death instead. I wanted to feel young again, but understood why at the end of "Last Tango in Paris" – she shot him. Stalked by death, who's chasing the last of your own youth so it can fuck you like you're a fresh and clean tissue. An innocent tissue that only exists to wipe away its sin and disease.

We careen toward age, wisdom, only to wish we'd let things be special back when they were new.

If young girls knew what they had, maybe they would not sell youth for the price of an actual tissue, because now I see what my friend Mary meant when she said even ugly young people are beautiful simply because they're young.

And I understood trophy girls more. Shuddered in empathy. However, it's curious to me that it's easier getting off with someone I don't care about. I am supremely selfish when I'm somewhere I don't want to be in the first place.

Cheaply gotten hotels he tells me about saving another \$15 on.

Argues at the desk about a local phone call charge.

Black bellman leans against the wall, looks at me. His lip turns up the tiniest bit, so subtle, only I can hear it. It takes me aside and whispers, What the fuck you doin', girl? ... I look down in shame.

I could've had a motherfuckin' V-8.

Blow jobs for this?

I'd make him dribble fast because I didn't want him working up his faux Canadian sweat on me. He wants to "tap" his pennis on me like Is anyone home?—No. She's in Reno with her head up her ass.

Pretty little squishy flesh holes. Gutted zucchini skins warmed in the microwave to fuck. What we girls treat ourselves like. If we knew how much tremendous power we really have.

Many of us are completely incapable of harnessing it let alone using it. Some of us are lifting up our wet t-shirts in bars for the fucking baseball caps when we could take over the world.

"If you will suck my soul, I will lick your funky emotions."

—Funkadelic

So now I see how talking long pigs who supposedly love each other, manipulate, use, and staple each other instead.

And I see that being truly slutty is training for loving all of humanity.



If jerking off to someone's mere existence is a form of applause, then actually fucking them is a standing ovation. That's why musicians and artists get laid. It's a grown up's pat on the back: "Good job! I wanna suck your dick!"

If you're a slumming, pole dancing, hooking, 3rd wave feminist princess from Vassar who appropriates other cultures like lighting Mexican Catholic candles out of irony because you're bored of your own, you realize being truly good and slutty is never, ever about you.

You'd wanted to be a more rounded human being, but I agree that character building is over-rated and a term that Les Miserables come up with to try and make sense of the interminable struggle of Life. So by the end of your 3rd Wave Feminists Feel Freaky rumspringa summer, you tire of having to hear all those fucking life stories and change all those goddamn sheets. Within weeks you realize that being the slutty girl looks much better than it really is. Something in a magazine that made you buy something.



It depends on what you're looking for.

If you seek compliments, gold jewelry, a refrigerator that dispenses water as well as ice, and someone to pay a professional to staple you into being needed for as long as you live, you won't get the security your soul is longing for.

If you want time out on the feigned swagger of humanity and want to see the beautiful timeless vulnerable truth of all human beings, then being the slutty girl is better than it even looks.

The kind of sluttiness that I'm talking about has no tethers to daily life. You learn to keep them separate tout suite. Sluttier girls befriend lovers in an intense moment of intimacy and trust that can't sustain itself in the real world that also wants its men to have big dicks, block bullets, have the courage to cry without actually crying, and hold open the door.

It is like slipping in and out of another dimension, a wrinkle in time.

The loving slutty girls tend to fuck in secret because all the good upstanding people will want to grab torches and chase you up hills and kill you and eat you. Then go back home and jerk off to you.

When you love people for who they are, and not what they can do for you, you threaten an entire economy and societal system that is predicated upon elitism, domination, and manipulation. The resultant self-hatred makes it a cinch convincing them that a good stapling will also make them look younger and fresher.

We who truly love people—their stories / secrets / scars / skin—do not want to see foreheads stapled to the backs of scalps or lost botulistic emotions in the name of some kind of horrid, frozen, and plastic concept of beauty.

We thrive on the tiniest muscle twitches of human recognition because it is everything. Our fingers paint thoughts on skin, and elective surgeries are like Swingline staple scars. Imperfections are Braille numbers that tell us what floor to get on or off at.

We never toss whispered secrets and vulnerabilities back in anger, and we never ever criticize anyone's size because to be a good lover, you have to be loving even and especially when you don't feel like it.

So be careful, or you'll have to turn in your vadge.

Whoring around is dangerous if you're doing it out of desperation. It can also be dangerous to your sense of wonder if you tend to fall in love too much, or are left too often. You risk getting burnt, jaded, glib. So it's got to be used carefully to get what you need to learn, or else you just end up looking for Mr. Goodbar.

You also have to know when to slow down—and even abstain from rubbing suntan lotion on anyone's back—to synthesize all that you have learned, before it becomes a habit, a pathology. *Shtick*.

After awhile it's hard not to flip lovers like burgers because your ego doesn't want to let go how easy is to make men adore you for an evening, and that's when the loneliness sets in:

Because when you're the kind of girl you can't even take back home to your own mother, you can never, ever rub enough suntan lotion, or give enough good head, to make someone want to stick around and talk until the sun comes up.

And that's how all this started in the first place: applause for someone simply being alive.

Just as abstinence has its own place in reflection and learning how to be your own Superhero True Love, whoring around becomes an actual discipline.

You learn when, and how, to hold back, and save yourself. You learn how to see. You learn that your vulnerability really is your strength. You learn to say "I fucking love you!" and dare someone to love you back. You learn to differentiate the quick twitches of lust, fantasy, bad mornings, cigarette-run fucks, 4-day fucks, friendships, and 3-month passions—the Preludes—from the slow twitch solidity of the sofa/vacation/good conversation loves we can only recognize by being very quiet with our ear to the earth and our tongue in the wind.

You can get so much more done when you're in better control of your growth vs. desires.

And in the fine print of any fuck, you're always fucking more than one person. There are former loves, children, families, friends. That's why you have to have the long view of a well-lived passionate life. At the very least, it keeps the drama down.

When you whore around with purpose, you are not at the mercy of dangerous passing whims that can even indirectly hurt others, and you learn to recognize the importance of passion with discipline, responsibility, and kindness.

The heart, mind, and body of a human being is more interesting than any formal education.

But being slutty is hard in a world where love isn't about love, but about expensive beauty, security, attention, games, plotting, control, manipulation, and alimony. *Shtick*.

Girls like this have the ability to fall in love in mere minutes. To see the best and most holy in people—even if only for a moment. You'd have to in order to welcome someone's breath, sweat, semen into you, onto you, all over you. Under you. Yeah, the fucking wet spot. We fuck because it is holy. We worship the fuck. It's a form of prayer, confession, communion. We are looking for secrets, intimacy, acknowledgement that we are alive.

To some of us—whether transformed or transcended—suffering teaches the extremes of surrendering. You know what feels bad and why. If you can forgive those who've hurt you, you can forgive anyone anything.

You must go to extremes to know extremes. Before you can comment on visiting Italy you have to go there.

The Marquis de Sade learned to find pleasure in the punishments society would place upon him for refusing to behave at the table – illicit pleasures that ensured he could wait them out. Like Jesus, you could imprison him, but he would be free.

You hurt the Marquis, and he'll defy you by getting an erection. I don't know if Jesus got an erection, but there is always a tingling in standing up for what is right. The most defiant act of life is to get aroused. The Marquis de Sade trained in the art of not complaining. Not in stoic compliance. But in erotic defiance. Of whatever not killing you, turning you on. To complain is but a tiny-fisted tantrum. And hard-ons and fucking? Only more applause, standing ovations, stomping on the floor for being alive.

"Our love is not contingent upon the other person being lovable."

—Thich Nhat Hahn Pie

Own your fucks. Fucking is a form of graffiti spray painted on the wall in a hurry before the cops come.

"I was here."

We get it. We see more honesty in a few minutes than many see in years of marriage.

The other side of seven basic plotlines, 12 astrological personalities, a couple of type As and Bs, and realizing that you've fucked everyone anyway, is that you know we're all the same because you've inhaled and tasted and loved everyone. The other side of few surprises is that we know in our secrets, and kisses, and our consensual giggling, that we no longer stop being precious just because we stopped being in 3rd grade.

And this is how Monster Girls mate for LIFE. I'll ask you again:

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE A FLAT TIRE AT 3 AM WITH?





It's not that I'm not romantic.

Romantic holds in its stomach, says, "yes, honey," and picks up candy and a card at the drugstore. I don't want lazy, possessive, dime store acts of love. Romantic love takes too much mascara, waxing, fake faery tales. It leaves as soon as the going gets rough.

I want longevity.

I want secrets and laughter to be my wedding rings.

I want people to let me be as I am.

And I want to do the same.

It sounds cute. Even romantic when written on a page. But actually lived out, it often is tedious, smells bad, and makes you writhe in sweaty agony.

And to me, sweat equity is pure grade romance.





"We tend to think of the erotic as an easy, tantalizing sexual arousal. I speak of the erotic as the deepest life force."

-Audre Lorde Pie



There may still be, but I had no idea I'd ever live long enough to become old.

I hear that when you hit your fifties, you get a bag of skin tags and a senior citizen discount.

I was looking for stories, examples, faery tales, inspiration, or direction because most folks like me die young or get older with broken souls and are preoccupied with the kind of brute survival and that makes introspection a luxury like having the time to fall in love and fuck constantly for three or four months.

My friends and I didn't have examples of people like us actually sticking around too long. In real life, as in the movies, the pain gets so intolerable that we shoot ourselves, have drug overdoses, jump off bridges, and drive off cliffs. Few bother to come and rescue us off the train tracks, but I don't mind anymore because I realize they're just too terrified to look over the railing at their own train tracks with their names on them.

They figure they're safe as long as they hold up clever refrigerator magnets with philosophical quotes on them like garlic or the cross keeping vampires at bay. But life doesn't have to be invited in to enter your own home. They don't want to turn the quote around, pry open the back, and see all the dead Chinese immigrants inside and smell how it got written.

So now I am old enough to at least get the point that anything horrifying, agonizing, and difficult has the ability to be transcendent on the other side. Even actual death.

If people like us aren't automatically meant to die out so fast, then we are living examples of the potential of longer-term intensity, yes? Then how do we live that out in our lives and our work?

I really, really want intense longevity in my life these days. Not just for boring longevity's sake. But to see what the intensity merely hints at when we're young and two-dimensional and cute.

I am no longer driven by fight and proving myself so much.

To whom?

Everyone else is also fucked up and not even worth "beating." It's like having 3rd graders think you're cool.

Come on, now.

Ah!—But to warn 3rd graders about the staplers? Even when they're the stealthy wild cherry red metal Swinglines? Or the chrome ones you see people polishing in their driveways?

To show that you can fight the stapler and even win with your laugh lines intact?...

Now that is something worth living for.

I am The Old Lady now.

(KOO KOO KACHOO.)





THE GIRL MUST DIE.

If you still don't know who the girl is and why she must die, then you shouldn't even be here. Go back to bed. This is grown up time.

There's no rebirth, change, or transformation without death. You can't kill the illusions and learn about Truth without learning how to die. We must be true to ourselves regardless of the inevitable inconvenience of being real.

The girl must die so that thoughts can stop smelling like wild cherry bubble gum for a moment and we can have a decent conversation where all the sentences don't end in question marks.

We don't have any of those good rites of passage where they nail your tits to a board and say, "There. The girl must die. You're a woman now!" The most we can hope for on such short notice is to try and gently hug each other with arms that can snap each other's necks.

So do whatever it takes to finally grow up and have a full slice of pie because we need you and all that you know. We're like Helen Keller to your Annie Sullivan. We need our oblivious hands held under the water spigot to know what real tears sound like. We need to know what real laughter smells like. Our lips need to know what real tits feel like. We need to remember what grown pussy tastes like.

No more green strawberries.

We're turning our boys into pedophiles we wrestle to the ground on TV, and our baby girls into pole dancers and spring break hookers before they get their PhD and opt to stay home with the baby.

We forgot how to not be cartoons on our way to having it all and now. We can't have it all. We're not supposed to have it all. Sometimes things belong to others and we have to share because there's not enough for everyone.

Choices and limitations can be a very good thing for

Evolution Passion Enterprise Creativity Inspiration Change Vision Community Artistry Inventiveness Individuality Audacity Revolution Love Energy Fight Innovation

Surrender your vanity and the arrogant belief that you're supposed to have it all—and now—for this is what makes you feel like a failure. Besides, success is so goddamn hard to endure.

Fuck setting the car on fire. And fuck the house. You're thinking too small. It's time to look in the mirror, tally up your real scores, because they're so much higher than you ever imagined, and cut both the red and green wires so's we can burn the whole motherfuckin' system down.



We must live our stories, see what is true for ourselves, and then report back for those who dare to follow in our general direction—off the edge.

I'm gonna go off like bebop jazz.

I'm gonna write around the melody.

I want to find secret wild voices, grab their hands, and jump up and down around them.

I want to bring back floor-crawling passion.

I want to bring back re-reading books and long conversations.

I want to bring back glances of understanding that turn into breathless fucking.

We're beyond consensual sex or consensual anything.

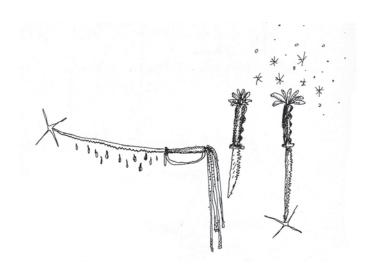
It's exhausting giving consent.

Now you know about all the Chinese immigrants who died in the making of that one quote:

WILL END UP TURNING YOU ON.

When you get to a pre-suicidal place and decide to stick around to spray paint all the alleyways before you die of natural causes or murder, you're never the same. You make a deal like you're on borrowed time to do something worth something while you're here. You make a deal that as long as you only add to the kind of world you want to leave behind for the 3rd graders, you'll never have to return to The Abyss again.

This stuff is for real. I'm not faking a fucking thing. Don't treat me like a dancing bear. Don't slum. Rubberneck out of curiosity. Just because I used to give good head and can still draw pretty pictures, I'm not your emotional pole dancer.



I don't give good blow jobs anymore because I can't. I used to give such good head, I'd punch my fists in the air and wave 'em 'round like I just didn't care, hop around in triumphant circles, and run up just a few of the Philadelphia Art Museum stairs like Rocky on a bad day.

But just as a woman has a set number of eggs in her ovaries, a woman also has only so many blow jobs in her. When they're gone they're gone. Then it's all warmed zucchini skins and a lot of "Hey! Look over there!" theatre.

If I were to give anyone true and actual head now, I'd have to pay someone else to do it. Someone who looks like me. Or, more than likely looks *nothing* like me. It depends on what my producer puts in the contract.

That's just as well. They were too much work. With all that having to drink something cold first to be considerate and cool your mouth off first, having some lovers try and fuck your cheekbones where there aren't even any holes, or while you're still eating and try to fuck through my masticating sandwich as if ham and cheese will make my big mouth any tighter.

That's not very considerate. And then all that having to stick around until they're finished? Sheesh. That's why men are like needy babies. They hate it when you wanna leave early.

Nah. I'm finished. It was fun while it enabled me to negotiate for favors and things, but how much crack does a girl need?

So, Carpe Blow job. Never waste a twist, a tongue, a suck, or a swallow. Love it, crave it, inhale it, eat all the peas on your plate or don't bother trying to use THE RED PHONE to reach anyone.



So don't cry for me, America.

Enjoy your own sugar.

Granular. Unrefined. Maybe Not-so-Evil.

Welcome to a new era where we're not going to apologize for what we've earned the right to be. The ones with "FUCK YOU" & "Hello, I Love You" in our DNA will show the world a fiercely naked, feral and cornered kind of love that lashes out with patience and understanding, leaving a few mysterious wet spots and light bruising. The kind of love that rips tits, snaps necks and burrows into muscle tissue. The kind of love that doesn't sit passively on yoga mats with enlightened wedgies, thinking trademarked thoughts, and assuming that's enough to change the world.

Sure, I'm terrified even when I'm fearless.

I've cried. Enjoyed the sugar.

My tears are drying. My face is tight. My heart is open and I will lead yet again with my chin.

Not only am I the new scary monster neighbor, a Welfare Queen, and a WHITE MAN...

I'm also The Old Lady now.



I'm free, HALF-WHITE, and 21. I get to call people Toots, or Sweetie Pie, or *any* kind of Pie I want. And now that my feral and still very PINK PHONE NUMBER is all the way up to (415) 320-7465, and a lot of illusions and Swinglines are scattered on the train tracks behind me...

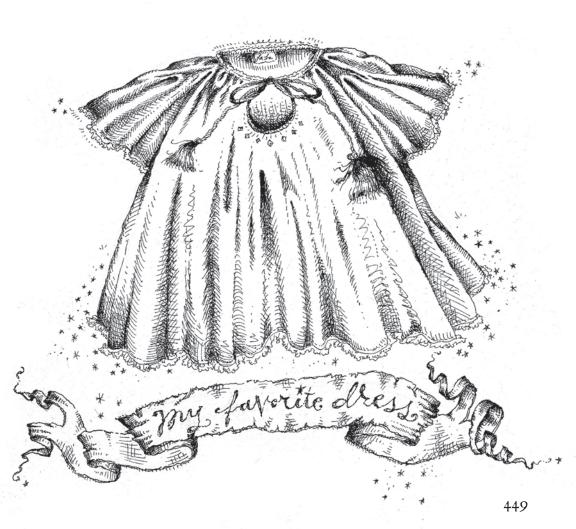
...I do believe audacious love can be more courageous and contagious than suicide. I believe that this is an enchanted world. I believe it even more if we get to be pains in the asses together. Let the girl hurry up and die so we can come back and find each other by the fierce hickies on our forearms and proud rug burns on our foreheads, then say hello I love you, because Monster Girls really do mate for LIFE. We'll share each other's stories. Examples. Faery tales. Inspiration. Direction.

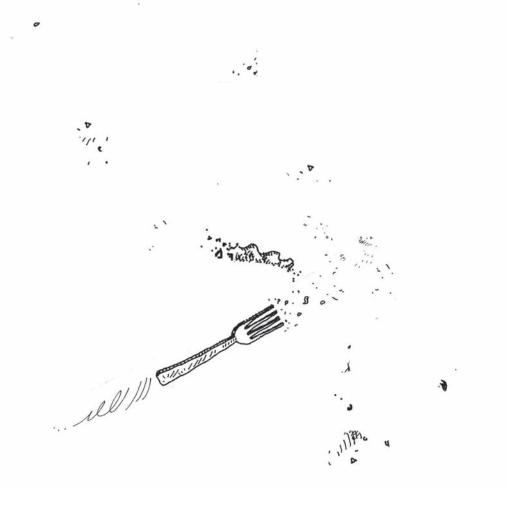
THEN WE'LL EAT PIE OFF THE FLOOR, GRAB THE KITTY FAT AND KEEP RUNNING.

We'll use our real names because...









"There is a power now slumbering within us, which if awakened would do to evil what light does to darkness."

-Mahatma Gandhi Pie

the remains





THE REMAINS.

And that's how our story ends. It ends during a time when all of America is changing and men finally learn how to finger fuck now that we're drying out and their wives are leaving them for women.

It breaks their hearts at first, until they realize they have more time in the bathroom alone to discover that prostate thing everyone's been on about.

So if I may say so myself, I think that this Monster Girl Memoir thing went pretty well. I faced myself at high noon and made it. It's the evening of my birthday and I still have all five fingers and toes. I didn't have to happen on any magic fish who gave me three wishes. I opened the verboten doors numbered 1, 2, and 3, and my laughs still sound like soul music from 1977.

Most importantly I'm not passed out with my head bobbing lifelessly in the toilet while a curious paramedic checks between my legs to see if my hair is naturally curly.

Since it took a village to merely get me laid, it has taken an entire universe of MEAT DOGS, MEAT KITTIES, and *cutie* PIES to pull off this book. So if you pried off the back of this book, here are all the tiny, miniature HONEY MONKEY PIES you'd see inside:



"Anything that doesn't take years of your life and drive you to suicide hardly seems worth doing." —Cormac McCarthy Pie

James Swanson Pie's my Monster Girl Macdaddy. I met him some 12 years ago from the sweetest fan letter, and now he's the bestest friend I've ever had. He's my family. He's still patiently trying to teach me this "balance thing," and makes me giggle until I almost pee myself. It was his idea to become our own publishers during the depression. He's the logical one so I thought he was country fried insane, but he was right. I quite like it.

James is my bestest friend, and guru guy. He said that people who go through a hard time have an easier time handling suffering when it comes up, while others kind of go crazy because they aren't as resilient.

Sometimes that helped. Now I see he was right. Now there are a lot of things that I used to whine about that I just shrug over. It's made me strong enough to swagger through a lot of this.

He talks philosophy with me before noon. After noon, it's only "tits and motorcycles." This story is also here because James didn't lose it and kill me.

That's because my new muse, the meat dog, **Brad Wyman Pie**, angelically accepted the overflow of tedious detail, aimless stories and rants like a couple of years of politely letting me spooge in his eyes and all over his life with my *Big! Big!* ideas and TINY epiphanies. He had no choice: I adored tales of his little kids (we plan on publishing **O Dog Pie**'s book, *Adventures of Dead*, in the Fall of 2011) and he'd produced one of my favorite movies, "Freeway," and I had his private email, courtesy of...

Scott Billups Pie, another meat dog who I'd like to thank here for giving BWHibbs to me, even though he hates public thankyous. Actually, Scott—a fellow superfreak Quaker—was the initial muse for this book, and dealt with the leaky rants, tears, and ramblings as I originally tried to fashion a children's book, apparently for lurking guys in windowless vans parked outside of some creepy Storyville nursery school.

Sticking around during the crusty beginnings of my projects is pretty fucking sacred to me because when I'm myself, I'm used to rolled eyes, pursed lips, and tense exits from the room. So starting a new idea is the hardest. New, baby-chick inspirations are so often and easily crushed. Especially when there's chanting "Damien THE OMEN Child DEMOND SPAWN" music in the background.

And then of course, there's the talented Jeffrey Hicken Pie, of GraphicKontent.com. He's my art husband. My entire adult career is based upon our collaborations. I met him in 1994 before he had all of his Harleys. I was living with the meth lap dancer and the Eskimo call girl, trying so hard to get into advertising because that was Plan A at one point.

I love that we're our own cool clients, and I adore that he'll always tell me when I'm full of crap. A killer ad man, he makes things that inspire me to walk into the future it foretells.

Dorothy Boerste Pie—before this elegant meat kitty, I was like a fruit fly drowning in the last drop of beer at the bottom of a pilsner glass. She's my therapist. I crawled to her when suicides made sense and James was at a loss.

I said, but I didn't come to her to fit in. I said I want to figure out how to do it all my way. So she taught me how to do life my way or bust.

She said I never, ever have to suck a soft cock again. Ever. Anywhere. I don't have to settle. Any and everything I want put in my mouth, my life, my heart can be rock hard and ready to go, and I can only pay attention to adventures, deals, collaborations that bend me over and sodomize me. In a good way, of course.

Alison Penton Harper Pie, the author of The Housewife Books, did so many tedious fucking edits on this thing, I can't even say anything detached and clever. She dragged me to the finish line all the way from the UK and hid the bra straps, panty lines, and spritzed the morning breath that got harder and harder to even notice the more we lived with this raw little monstrous thing. You keep the getaway car idling, Alison Pie.

Additional editorial work was also done by my dear friend, **Dan Selakovich Pie**, screenwriter/film editor/author/inventor. He's funny as hell so keep an eye out for his book that we'll be publishing, *Kill the Meter Maid*.

Bianca "Lady Bi" Laureano Pie, an original Monster Girl Mujer, and absolute meat kitty & leo, she is like my personal 8-feet tall educator. Thanks for hashing through scary ideas with me.

Thanks to **Kate Gottli Pie**, The Mini Monster Girl Mom and Alpha Kitty who oversees and coordinates our rampages, and her husband, **Joe Gottli Pie**. He is the *MonsterGirlMedia.com* web master, and our other designer.

Thank you to my dear Kamala Lopez Pie, the movie star and other Lopezista. We've all been plotting The Overthrow of Crap ever since we met, with this Monster Girl "M"pire we're building. Your stories remind me why we're doing this/like this.

But, wait! That's not all! Many more thank-yous to:

Simone Bailey, my wonderful filmmaker friend and neighbor who's built like a brick house and has always got my back and silkscreening posters for me, sharing cigarettes, and sending her wonderful grandma's brownies from Texas. Thanks for reading me and telling me to go futher and be more fearless. Thanks.

Jim Thiel, my original production manager at Simon & Schuster who made all of my previous books with them look amazing. He took my hand and walked me through all the production details of this project so it could be cool without alienating everyone with so many questions.

Ron Turner at Last Gasp, for answering my questions and sharing his knowledge about making all those amazingly gorgeous and edgy books they do. Thanks for sharing **Prolong.**

To be an artist, you need time and money to think, stare, cry, and rage, and **The Ludwig Vogelstein Foundation** and **Diana Braunschweig** gave me some of that time with money and support.

What's woo-woo cool is that The Ludwig Vogelstein Foundation was also there at the first huge crossroads in my life, back before I wrote my very first book, Flaming Iguanas. At two very key times they were the ones who ponied up a chunk of the cash to help make my big jumps into this art life possible. Thank you so much.

And thank you so much to my additional reader friends who gave me good encouragement, direction, and feedback: Suzanne Rush; Jhames Elliott; Brian Cupps; Clint Catalyst; Nezua; Anne Gebelein; and other Lopezista baby sister Leo, Meagan "Mini-Meaglette" Lopez.

Thank you to **Ricardo Biscneros** at the San Francisco Public Library in the Mission for helping me check my bar code experiments. **Adam Krefman** at McSweeney's also helped with more beginner questions.

And Anne Chan at Prolong Press, who was patient and answered tons of seemingly-bizarre questions and made me the book dummy of this project that I carried around like a new born baby. And thank you for going the extra lengths any hour of the day as well, Kenny Yu.

I can't thank **Kevin Votel** at Publishers Group West enough for forwarding us to the wonderful **Julie Schaper** at **Consortium Book Sales & Distribution**. She's taking a shot and helping us become the Mini Monster Girl Media Moguls we intend to be. Thank you. And thank you to all of the people at **Consortium** who're helping us foist this book onto you:

John Baynes, Ruth Berger, Junita Bognanni, Katherine Bright-Holmes, Maureen Burns, Michael Cashin, Heather Hart, Natalie Kern, Bill Mockler, Jim Nichols, Tom Oaks, Jane Queller, Lindsay Shuck, Jennifer Swihart. And Jaime Starling-girl you are hilarious.

And thank you to Christopher Dreher at SBS in Edison, NJ for helping us navigate the grown-up international shipping/freight world.

David Rosenthal, thanks for giving me my way when you were at SSS. All that artistic power changed my life and I haven't been the same since. You get just one taste of artistic power, and there's no return to cowering and pleading, "Please sir, more gristle. Yum."

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AND THANKS TO MY PEOPLE FROM THE SAME PLANET...

My READERS Audience CO-CONSPIRATORS Meat Logs Superfreak Meat KITTIES

who've paid attention and been there and given feedback so I'm not here just farting in the bathtub by myself. Many of you have—AND WILL BECOME—good friends. Go to the MONSTER-GIRLMEDIA.COM site and sign up to be notified of new limited editions appearances, shows, and tours. Or to help us out. Don't be shy.

Some of you have been around all this time during this past decade, writing actual letters and cards I couldn't always respond to (but sometimes I've cried in the post office upon getting them), and giving me places to stay all across America, Canada, and Europe, and holding me afloat by supporting me and buying my handmade books that got out of hand (we'll still do the same fun stuff with the small, funky first editions we'll sell on our website).

with art inspired by and based upon this book...
"THE GIRL MUST DIE POSTCARDS"

"THE GIRL MUST DIE POSTCARDS"
(978-0-9844014-1-3)

Thanks for coming out to play and producing "The Welfare Queen" solo shows and setting up appearances in your backyards, colleges, and cafes. I've had the inspiration to stay in the game my way because of you. I've seen your faces and you're

for real.
You taught me that art, writing, and performance is a real back-and-forth conversation. So now I feel a responsibility to you all because I know you'll all fucking chase me up a hill and kill me and eat me if I punk out, sell out and get lazy or half-assed.

Look! I didn't!
I hope this is okay.
YOU'RE GORGEOUS BEAUTIFUL
You inspire me. / For real.

What's nice about getting older and being inspired at different phases in your life by the pain, euphoria, and epiphanies of artists and writers long since dead, is that you see how art is a future love letter to yourself.

It's the heads up you would've wanted someone to scratch out on the cave wall hundreds and millions of years before you to warn you about the scary Old Monster Neighbor lurking in the shadows. To save you a little bit of time so you can play chicken and say "boo!" back to her and get on with it, because by the time you get too old to hold in your stomach anymore you wonder what the fuck you were so afraid of.

Good luck and I hope this inspires you back as you've inspired me.

Pass it on.
So there. How's that for the kind of grown up faery tale "happy ending" that keeps you dry?

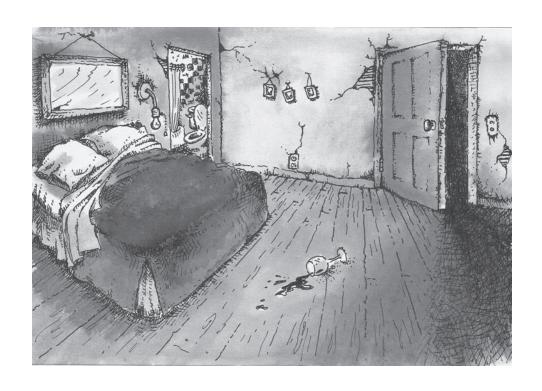


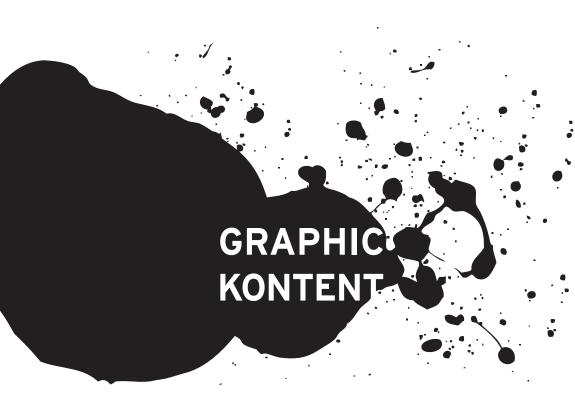




"I know where I'm going and I know the truth and I don't have to be what you want me to be. I am free to be what I want."

-Muhammad Ali Pie





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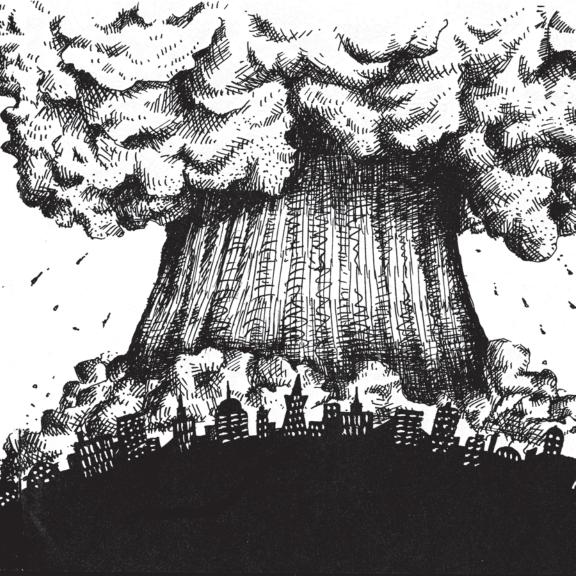
THER WHITE MEAT



JUST WHEN IT WAS TO GO BRCK INTO R BOOKSTORE

THE PUBLISHING WORLD RIN'T SEEN NUTHIN YET!

MONSTERGIRL MEDIA BABY





Erika Lopez wrote books like "Flaming Iguanas" for Simon & Schuster before she hit the skids and ended up on welfare. Some say it's because she's loud. Some say it's because she told people to get her books at the library. Regardless, she's back and taking her rightful place at the head of the rickety kid's table with the prettiest little brick of a book she's ever made. Its existence is a metaphor for coming out of hell clutching a handful of flowers. It's about white knuckling it through a seemingly endless tour of The Abyss, and realizing that whatever doesn't kill you, will eventually turn you on.

Frika Lopez. com







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