

A Guide to Animal Behavior · *Douglas Glover*

I AM IN BED with a woman who looks like a movie star, and I have lost my memory.

The movie star woman is asleep, which is lucky and gives me a chance to try to remember who I am and how I got here. She is evidently a person of low virtue; I can see she is shamelessly naked, as I am myself, I might add. And she is snoring. I find the combination of her beauty, her shamelessness and her snores moving in strange and delightful ways.

When she wakes up, she is almost as suspicious of me as I of her, though she has the advantage of knowing who she is.

“How did this happen?” I say.

“You were cute,” she says. “When I asked you your name, you looked at your watch and said, ‘Timex Quartz.’”

Her name is Tracy Mondesire—used to be Tracy Gittles from Boogie Ridge, Levy County (the only county in the U.S.A. named for a Jewish person), Florida. Her family were Flat-Out Baptists, but died young, and she was brought up by Grammy and Grampy Gittles in a Car-Part Heaven outside of Ocala.

Grammy and Grampy Gittles were fat and blind and stood foursquare for the Bible and segregation. Grampy swore he’d die before they had a ‘colored’ TV in the house. He wrote verses for the local paper and communed with the dead with the aid of a hollow cow horn.

Several strange men interfered with her while she was growing up, but it was nothing she minded.

Glitter is the only life she ever wanted.

They tell me we are living in Bel Air. Does Washington know about this place?

Our swimming pool has an undertow.

I have set off the burglar alarm eighty-two times since moving in.

She sells real estate to Arabs, nothing under a mil and a half.

She can suck air into her hole and blow pussy farts. It is the damnedest thing to see.

She reads pornographic books to raise her spirits and sometimes will sit home of an evening with a stack of filthy cassettes as high as your asshole. I am not much for seeing it on the screen myself.

Wherever you go in this house there is odor of muff.

One morning, I tackle Juanita, the maid, out of pure aggression. Evidently, Juanita has had her eye on me as well. We do it in a chair until there is nothing left of me but a little pool of sweat. I wake up on the livingroom floor, with Tracy trying to get my thing between the blades of the garden shears.

She fires Juanita without notice but then hires her back a week later because she cannot bear to be cruel to anyone who makes less than two hundred thou a year.

After a year or two, we get married. It is a clamoring and tasteless affair with two thousand guests and house ads in the toilets.

“Eat me,” she says, laying on the bed with her legs in the air. This is an inviting subject for the Old Masters, let me tell you. I am not certain it is the manly thing to do, but I love to mumble her pussy, and it drives her wild.

I have strange tastes. What kind of mule fucker was I before all this?

I read in *The Enquirer* that I once flew DC-3s up from Colombia but turned for the state after crash landing three tons of high grade in a peanut field surrounded by federal agents. I fingered Richard Estremadura, arch-international crime king-pin, before he went into hiding. He has taken out a million-dollar contract on my life.

I ask Tracy if this is true. “He made it up,” she says, pointing to Don, her publicist. I do not know if I should be upset that this over-sedated weeny is inventing my life.

To keep in shape, I do daily workouts with an S & W .357. Nights I do speed and sneak up on coyotes in the backyard.

I drive a pink Fleetwood with zebraskin seatcovers and an oog-gah horn. She gave it to me for my birthday. How do I know when my birthday is? I don't. But she says I must have had one some time.

Ten years have passed. I have learned to walk sideways in the street to cut down wind resistance. I have only strayed five or six times, that Tracy knows about.

I don't know how this happened, but we are having one hell of a time together.

A woman stopped me in the street the other day. I was wearing aviator shades, eight gold chains, a button that said “Drugs Saved My Life” and expensive white shoes made by poor people in Brazil. She said she was my

wife. She said she had married my brother Daken after I left like that. She and Daken had just flown in from Kentucky to be on “Wheel of Fortune.” We have three children, all brought up Christians.