

Preface

Meryl Streep is a hateful backstabbing bitch who couldn't act her way out of a soggy paper bag.

There, I said it.

Oh, sure, she's considered by many to be America's National Treasure and all that, but I can attest through bitter experience that she is also a Machiavellian felon with a vampire-like thirst for human suffering. And let me tell you, she didn't win some of the most coveted acting roles Hollywood has had to offer for lo these many years because of her audition skills, unless you count performing on a casting agent's sofa *acting*.

She and I go way back and I know, like few others, whereof I vituperate. I'll admit, the woman is brilliant, from the tips of her toes to the top of her ankles, but an actress? She couldn't perform a believable fart after lunch at Taco Bell.

And let's be honest with ourselves, folks, Meryl's no great beauty either. I've come across decomposed bodies with more sex appeal. I *will* admit she's always had this girl-next-door look, if you happen to live next door to the garbage bins behind Planned Parenthood. Very few people know it but her plastic surgeon is Tim Burton. The average man wouldn't screw her with Chaz Bono's penis. I've heard her psychiatrist makes her lay face down.

And her (lack of) fashion sense! There are a lot of reasons she's always on everyone's Worst Dressed List. I ask you, when was the last time bunched panties were in style? And the chase is on because her face is running! How can someone wear so much foundation and her face still fall? I know she's really into labels, but her labels say 'Damaged Goods.'

But let's talk about her real issue. The woman's a slut.

Meryl hasn't slept in her own bed since 1973. She gets done faster than an Asian boy's homework. She's been under more sheets than the KKK. Where's Waldo? Try looking in her vagina. Loose? Her gynecologist does her pap smears with a paint roller! Camel Toe? Let me tell you, it ain't just her bra that lifts and separates.

You think this is all just bitter slander? Allow me to demure the notion.

Streep and I were intimates of a sort back in our professional beginnings. Granted, my beginnings involved casting cou — offices! — while hers tended more toward street corners, but we were roommates for a time, and in that time I got an eye-ful of depravity I can only hope one day to forget.

Now, it's perfectly understandable if you interpret the venom I've just spewed as merely the munching of sour grapes, but I give you my word that as you read forth you'll soon come to understand just how large a role Meryl has played in some of my darkest personal tragedies. In fact, like a perfectly iced bottle of Absolut, Streep's wickedness and criminality will become... ahem... Absolut-ly clear.

Read on.

Introduction

People have asked me, “Aida, why a book? Why now?”

I can only reply that my little rant above pretty well hints that I’ve got a *lot* to get off my chest (not including about ten pounds of silicone).

Also, consider how *easy* it is to write a book!

First, you get up around the crack of noon. After your third espresso you make a phone call and secure yourself a multimillion-dollar advance. Next, you confirm that your business manager, Guido, gets you a movie deal based on your book (yourself in the lead, of course) with your name above the title and gross points on the back end, choice of director and leading man... *especially* leading man... *especially* when the leading man is George Clooney. Then you kick off your Jimmy Choo’s, plop yourself down before your pedicurist, surround yourself with press clipping, love letters, and cocktails, and reminisce away. How hard could that be? Besides, those who know me best agree, I’ve always done my finest work with my feet up... *abem*.

And yes, it’s public record that I’ve been unlucky in love. I’ve had nine husbands. Four of them mine. On top of that I’ve had numerous lovers, some of whom I still hold dear.

For example, I absolutely adored Armie Hammer but had to move on when the rope burns got too hard to conceal.¹

Matthew McConaughey and I are still very close. I think we’d still be together if he weren’t such a passive lover. By passive, I mean ‘bottom.’ Oh, how

¹ Look it up.

he does love to have his anus digitally manipulated! But in the end, I found it was just more than my manicures could handle.

Then there was the short time I canoodled with Anthony Bourdain. It lasted until he smacked me upside the head for mixing my wasabi directly into the soy sauce. Apparently that's just not done among raw fish fetishists.

Madonna and I had a particularly torrid little fling of the Sapphic kind.² But in the end, I felt used. I taught her everything there is to know about singing and dancing and being an entertainer, but then she dumped me in order to wallow in an endless string of humpy Latin backup dancers. Yet another thing she stole from me.

Saddam Hussein was a kinky old guy. He loved to give me mustache rides, but he'd only 'eat me' if at the same time I were eating a pulled pork sandwich. Talk about your sticky sheets! I eventually broke it off when I was approached by his two sons, Uday and Qusay, to join them in a three-way. That didn't seem so bad on its face, but they only wanted me there to watch.

I had to decline. I wasn't sure my stomach (or my corneas) could have dealt with the sight of those two hairy Ba'athists getting all hillbilly together. But by declining, I had to hoof it out of Iraq on the double. Theirs wasn't exactly a family that took "No!" for an answer gracefully.

Speaking of voyeuristic tendencies, my favorite was the Obama family — right after the first election. But don't consider that it was an illicit affair. Michelle gave her full approval. Undoubtedly, I was on *both* of their 'free pass' lists and she's a major voyeur. Being a patriot, I said, "What the hell" and joined the Commander-in-Chief in the Lincoln bedroom just to see if it would work out. And it did work out... but Michelle got helpful and worked it back in!

God knows my storied past goes way back; my earliest years were taken up working as a teen sideshow talent living life on the road with my father's itsy-bitsy circus, performing in fleabag towns, honing my special skills on — and under — the stage, then eventually making my way via Greyhound bus from Georgia to downtown Los Angeles and a gradual rise to superstardom.

² Not that that's really my thing, but, God, she's persistent!

Of course, there were the countless romances, fortunes found and fortunes lost, awards and reproach. Too, there are the rumors. Did she or didn't she? In most cases, yes, she did... on multiple occasions... and loved it every time.

Did I make mistakes along the way? Multiple ex-husbands and certain prosecutors would state emphatically that I had. And, yes, I'm congenitally unable to filter even my most impish thoughts, thoughts that almost always include a punchline raw enough to make an eighty-year-old Merchant Marine blush. Through the years I've been targeted for being inappropriate, bawdy, dirty, even (I wince to write the word) *filthy* in my language and lifestyle.³ It's only half true. Certainly, I've been around the block a few times; in fact, some of the sidewalks I've trounced have been worn down to bedrock. But I make no apologies for what I do in my own – or another's – bedroom, car, office, restroom, confessional, bar mitzvah...

You get the picture.

But language? To paraphrase Yoda, "Umbrage, I take!"

Yes, my work is very adult. But I don't target my artistic endeavors to the sensibilities of today's delicate youths. I leave that to personages like Dr. Seuss, J.K. Rowling, and Jerry Sandusky.⁴ Entertainment for the younger demographics abound. But where are books like "*Chicken Soup for the First Wife*" and "*Women are from Venus/Men Have Their Heads Up Uranus*" and "*I'm Okay, You're Gonna Hear from My Lawyer*"?

I want people to read this book in order to belie the idea that my life (or work) is in any fundamental way *immoral*. I take offense to such accusations. My family did not raise a gutter tramp; neither did I grow up to become low-rent, onstage or off.

I leave that to Ms. Streep.

Granted, it would be disingenuous of me to suggest that I don't fully enjoy a figurative roll in the gutter. I love all things 'blue' and like nothing more than to push the buttons of polite society. Yet, I've found that people of learning and sophistication really do like to be shocked and appalled on occasion. It

³ The Catholic League has plenty to say on that front!

⁴ Convicted Penn State Pederast. To be honest, I have no idea what Mr. Sandusky's *artistic* background is, but it was just too much fun to add his name to the roster.

wakes them up from their provincially-minded torpors. It makes them feel naughty, and who doesn't like a little wickedness now and again? Take your average Catholic priest, for instance. No one remotely aware of current events can deny that those gentlemen really know how to let off steam: compassionate shepherds who nourish their flocks by day, mischievous incubi who love them some altar boys by night!

My greatest pleasure comes from delivering a punch line that isn't immediately followed by laughter, but comes from a shocked gasp and *then* big laughter! Consider...

Q: How do you circumcise a Texan?

A: Kick his sister in the jaw.

Make no mistake, that joke just kills in Amarillo.

It's a coarse joke. But not a single dirty – or even suggestive – word is used.

It's left up to the listener's imagination to paint his/her own mental picture, gasp at the very idea of such outrageous acts, and then (God willing) hoot and holler.

So it causes me some consternation when critics, politicians, parent/teacher associations — and sometimes police — suggest that I'm not "appropriate" for certain venues.⁵

Let me give you a real-life example. Just after my most recent comedy show a woman with an unfortunate dye job walked up to me and said, "Ms. Libido, my husband thinks you're very funny, but I think your language is trashy."

Needless to say, I took issue with her statement. But wishing to show some delicacy, I smiled at her and said, "Madam, please don't think of me as an 'A'-word or a 'B'-word or, God forbid, even a 'C'-word. But, lady... go 'F' yourself."

Ah, the power of innuendo.

⁵ I mean, you make three or four harmless little rape jokes at a women's shelter fundraiser and suddenly you're banned in Boston!

A Three Ring Talent In A One-Ring Tent

Take it from me, being tried for the kidnapping and gruesome murder of one's husband does nothing for one's social cachet. Never mind that one has been America's Golden Girl for years, and don't take into account that over the previous months the very same Hollywood Shining Star was nearly done in by her shiftless grifter of a husband in a multitude of hideously violent ways while during the lead up to her intended murder he had embezzled her for every dime of her massive worth!

I can only assume you remember the story. You recall how in but a few days I went from *People* magazine's Sexiest Woman Alive (having whooped Nichole Kidman) to the *National Enquirer's* Most Hated Celebrity (even beating out Barbra Streisand) ... and found myself in complete penury. In fact, I... well... Oh, heck, I really should start at the beginning.

I was a gorgeous baby.

After all, not many babies are blessed at birth with a full head of naturally platinum blonde hair.

Even fewer children can truthfully claim that the carpet matches the drapes.¹

Yes, I developed fast. On my fourth birthday I was being fitted for a training bra. By my seventh birthday I was having back problems.

¹ Puberty hit when I was three.

I was preternaturally precocious to boot. I'm told that my very first word was "Hello." And according to numerous sources "Hello" was followed up immediately by my second word, "Sailor."

Such brazenness might possibly have caused deep concern in your average suburban family a couple — okay, a *few* — decades ago, but I was fortunate.

For I was a child of the *theataaab*.

Well, I call it the "Theatre." Nitpickers call it the "Circus."

Admittedly "The Libido Family Circus"² was nothing so grand as "Barnum and Bailey's" and was just a one-ring affair. Our little troupe had only one poor soul who played all three roles of mail deliverer, garbage remover, and prostitute. Make no mistake, all that work really took a toll on Grandma.

But what our little circus lacked in extravaganza it more than made up for in enthusiasm. Our motley little twelve-wagon company was a tad scroungy, did tend to be a little worn around the chops, frayed around the crinolines, and septic around the concessions (we on the inside knew to give a wide berth to the hotdog vendor). The tigers tended towards mange and the 'elephant' was just a hyperthyroidic steer with a fire hose glued to his forehead. Our strong man was a hyper-butch lesbian and most of our clowns were on the run from the law for statutory rape.

We didn't offer our audiences the original Jumbo the Elephant or the very first Bozo the Clown, but we did have some very special attractions of our own. We had "The Wandering Jew," a homeless Hasidic gentleman who suffered from glaucoma.

"The Hairiest Woman in the World" was just an Armenian grandfather with excessive estrogen syndrome. Our "Human Potato" had originally been a heavyset dwarf in charge of feeding the lions. He'd

² In the event you assume I'm born of Italian blood, allow me to correct you. My family are proud Greeks originally hailing from the island of Lesbos — no snotty comments, please — whose original surname was 'Libidos.' But when Grandpa first opened the circus back in the day, he felt Libidos sounded too "foreign" and so dropped the 's.' Frankly, I never saw the difference, Italians not being the most popular ethnic group during a big chunk of the 20th Century, but who was I to argue?

once dropped his guard in the cage at lunchtime and... well... suddenly we had a new act. Our Siamese Twins were the real thing and were conjoined at the penis. Let me tell you, their act sold out every night.

But I've gotten off track. Let's get back to *moi*.

Ma and Pa were in charge of the sideshows and all of us kids were expected – from the tenderest of ages — to toddle in their footsteps and develop a marketable act virtually before we were toilet trained.

Fortunately, my looks were sufficiently appealing to the general public to guarantee that I wouldn't have to fall back on crocodile wrangling or hammering nails into my nasal passages to draw a crowd. No, given little more than a dusty sideshow tent, a handheld microphone, and a soft pink spotlight aimed at my puss (face!) downstage center, I could draw in the marks (customers!) in droves using little more than my wits (and skintight Daisy Dukes). And my preternatural precociousness – coupled with the opposite affliction of stage fright – pretty much guaranteed that I could bring home the bacon.

I sang, I danced, I did contortions, I shook my moneymakers (at-ten-years-old I was already a 38D). But what really gave me notoriety was my talent for sword swallowing.

No one had taught me, it had just sort of come naturally. And it didn't take long for my parents to appreciate the moneymaking opportunities to be offered by a hyper-flexible, over-developed pre-adolescent with no gag reflex. My natural abilities were just sort of *made* for sideshow work.³

And I came by it all naturally.

Pa was what was known in the circus trade as a 'geek' who, for a quarter, would bite the heads off of chickens, snakes, rats, bats, or anything else with a spinal cord less than three quarters of an inch wide. He learned this talent from my grandfather, "Snagglepuss," who it's said once bit the head off a gopher that made the mistake of seeing it's shadow too early after a particularly

³ And came in really handy in later life.

unpleasant late winter. I've heard rumors that he wasn't actually my grandfather by blood, but the fact that we both had three nipples leads me to believe that we actually were related.

Grandma Zorma did the psychic witch thing in a faux gypsy wagon. She favored smoky eye shadow and be-sequined gowns and scarves. Zorma presented quite the vision seated behind a circular mahogany table while reading crystal balls, tarot cards, and palms. Rumor had it she was pretty talented *under* the table as well.

Ma was a dancer — back in those days referred to as a hootchy-kootchy girl. Standing 5'6" and weighing in at 320 lbs., she wasn't exactly light on her toes, but she did know how to work her stuff. I used to spend hours watching her in awe as she swung her massive breasts, hips, and thighs to the left and then shifting her inner frame to the right, thus creating a truly hypnotic rebound effect that got the local rubes (customers!) really hot. The blatancy of her performances on any given night tended to depend upon the 'blue laws' of the city or county in which we found ourselves. For instance, outside of Salt Lake City she would wear high-heels and a skirt that didn't quite reach her knees while swaying back and forth to *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. She made a fortune in tips there. In Dayton, Ohio she would do a topless jig to the tune of *Tell Mama*. In Louisiana she'd just stand butt-naked on the stage, legs spread wide, and smoke a cigarette placed in her unshaven kooch. She could even blow smoke rings. Nobody cared if there was music playing or not!

My oldest sister, Blanche, made the most out of a serious case of nymphomania. She liked to spend most of her waking hours lying on her back. So Ma fitted her feet with tap shoes and audiences were thrilled by the spectacle of watching her tap dance on the ceiling while mounted by whichever volunteer local farmhand could keep up while she shuffled-off-to-Buffalo.

Our middle sister, Territa, always brought the house down. She had a really bad case of tapeworms and turned it into a truly original Medusa act. She'd play an Arabian flute while numerous human intestinal parasites exited her nether regions and swayed to and fro like cobras to her rendition of *I Dream of Jeanie*.

Our youngest sister Shaboom was always the classy one in the family. She had a beautiful singing voice and could have made a living just off her pipes. But she was also really good at throwing her voice. The crowds just loved it when she made it sound like *Eatin' Goober Peas* was being tooted out of one of their backsides. I'll never forget that time a very proper church lady dropped dead from shame when everyone in the tent heard her tushy belt out *Blest Be the Tie That Binds!*⁴

Next, there was my brother, Fester, who could insert any item that the audience offered into any orifice in his body. People marveled as he worked butane lighters into his nose and fine Cuban cigars into his ears. As a finale he'd bring down the house by inserting Pipsqueak — “The Tiniest Aborigine in the World!” – deep into his buttocks. Pipsqueak measured in at a scrawny 28-inches, but given the 14-inch femur bone he wore *horizontally* in his nose, the act was impressive. Alas, I wasn't ever convinced Fester was actually doing it for the money. Though it's a sure bet Pipsqueak was.

Then there was my cousin, Francine. I guess I've always loved her but she kind of always gave me the creeps. She was born with certain key skeletal structures missing, thus giving her a truly unique silhouette. Francine was billed “The Most Beautiful Alien in the Universe.” As Miss Neptune all she had to do was stand center stage in a bikini and sash while an emcee holding a measuring tape called out her measurements... “38-24-34... 8-55-19-143-12...” and on and on. She made tons off of tips because before ending her act, she'd lumber into the audience and approach each member and – for an extra buck — promise not to touch them.

My family hired the handicapped before it was fashionable. It also just happened to be an era when putting those with ‘special needs’ on display was extremely lucrative.

Our ringmaster actually had a parasitic twin growing out of his shoulder, but audiences just thought he was a really effective ventriloquist.

Our greatest trapeze artist was admittedly kind of a cheat because she only had two toes on each foot so could grip the cable like a gibbon.

⁴ Shaboom has also done well in life. She married a Wall Street bigwig and is now a charity fundraiser living on the Upper East Side. Her blueblood cronies there get such a kick out of hearing the Broadway tune *Ladies Who Lunch* piping out from under one of their skirts.

“The Terrible Cthulhu” never made a lot of sense to me. He had his own tent from which sulfurous gasses emitted day and night and the sign out front touted him as the “Great and Horrible God of the Coldest and Darkest Hell.” I can’t swear to the veracity of that statement, but his image on the poster looked like a scaly, red-eyed water buffalo with octopus’s tentacles for a face. I wasn’t allowed anywhere near the tent and so never got any kind of look at him, but wasn’t really interested in meeting him anyway. Pa was always complaining that in lieu of cash on payday, Cthulhu preferred human sacrifice. His act wasn’t a particularly big draw, but I think my father kept him on just as a guarantee that the carnies were never tempted to unionize.

Despite my rarified upbringing, my parents were determined that I got a good education. One of our acts included a microcephalic contortionist who had a master’s degree in Philosophy. In exchange for an extra can of tuna fish every other Friday, she took me under her wing and mentored me through my school years.

Mathematics weren’t among my obvious talents.

Q: What is the integer of 6.9?

Great sex separated by a period

Q: What is a proof?

Half a percent of alcohol

I was a disaster at History:

Q: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

At the bottom

Q: What did Mahatma Gandhi and Genghis Khan have in common?

Weird names

Q: What ended in 1865?

1864

Chemistry was a disgrace:

Q: What do you get when you mix platinum, gold, and silver?

The best fellatio ever!

I did begin to show some understanding of Biology:

Q: What is meant by the term “hermaphrodite?”

LaWanda over at the popcorn stand

Q: What happens to a boy during puberty?

He says goodbye to puberty and hello to adultery

Q: What is the fastest way to determine the sex of a chromosome?

Pull down its pants

Philosophy held some interest for me:

Q: Give an example of a syllogistic query.

*If a dry vodka martini is better than nothing
and nothing is better than life itself,*

does that mean that a dry vodka martini is better than life itself?

World Literature was a breeze because I could always be found with an open book before me. And I really enjoyed the classics. I read the Kama Sutra from cover to cover dozens of times.

My English Composition thesis was a critical analysis of “Behind the Green Door.” Also, drama studies were a particular favorite for me. My very first play was an on-stage production of the classic film, “Emmanuel in Bangkok.”

I was a natural in Art class. To this day I still have my framed interpretation of Michelangelo’s David:



I think I caught the essence, don't you?

Yes, my secondary years breezed by just like the small towns through which our little caravan passed. Granted, I missed out on certain things that many young girls hold dear; that first flirtation with a young athlete by the school lockers, that first prom dress, that first dumpster baby. But what I missed from a traditional education I more than made up for in experience. I wouldn't trade my early years for all the money in the world.⁵

Yet like many a young lass, I had dreams. No, a one-ring circus just wasn't big enough for the future I had planned for myself. I just knew I had the

⁵ **Note from the publisher:** The veracity of this statement has been called into question by Husband Number Two, who has been quoted as saying, "Aida Libido would sell her bowel movement if she could make a buck off it."

talents both on and under (off!) the stage to make it into the big time. And I told myself that I'd beg, borrow, or steal to make it happen.⁶ So, early one morning in my 15th year⁷ I kissed my kinfolk (and a number of favored roustabouts) farewell and hopped the next Greyhound out of Augusta. I was on my way to Hollywood!

⁶ Court records in nine states bare out this statement. CE

⁷ Ma and Pa were a tad disappointed because they had always held out a lot of hope for me to be the first in the family to get a secondary diploma. But, thank God, I may never have learned a lot about classical Greece, but I've learned plenty about Trojans.

Them Was The Salad Years

What followed was the experience in which I developed my eternal hatred for all forms of public transport.⁸ If you've ever traveled cross country on a Greyhound bus, you'll dig what I mean; the pervasive atmosphere of economic and emotional depression, the moldy aroma of illicit coitus and discarded diapers, the stains — urine, blood, boogers, and other effluvium — too horrifying to describe in detail.⁹

I mean, like... Ick.

To top it all off, nestled next to me throughout was a nearly toothless, flame-haired old biddy who decided that since we were sitting together, we might as well be allies... or something of the sort.

“What's yo' name, girl?” she rasped, digging through her poorly-constructed, crocheted bag. I noted with some fascination that the color theme of which item matched the color of her hair *and* the floral print of her baggy house dress.

“Aida” I said, praying that another seat would open up when we stopped in Atlanta.

“Runnin' away from home, are ya'?”

Honestly!

“No!... My friends and family just saw me off.”

⁸ Barring — of course — first class on a 787... preferably with Jake Gyllenhaal seated next to me.

⁹ I'm still convinced that was ear wax smeared across the back of the seat in front of me.

“That rabble out there yo’ folks?” She was still digging through her bag. “Nobody’d blame ya’ if ya’ had run away. Some o’ them people’s uglier than buzzards on a gut pie.”

“That would be my cousins Francine and Flem.” A lifetime working the wagons had taught me not to take offense from such a statement. The rural townfolk that were our usual bread and butter tended to be more than a little coarse in stating their opinions of others.

“Mongst a few others. That one young’un, ‘bout fourteen, I’d say. His puss was nice enough.”

“Fester. my little brother.”

“Why’d he have tha’ transistor radio stuck up his nose?”

“Circus,” I stated. “Sideshow,” just to clarify and hopefully shut her up.

“Figured y’all weren’t with no ballet.” *Dig, dig, dig.* “What’s your act?”

“I’m a dancer,” I said, thinking for some idiotic reason that would impress her.

Apparently I shot wide of the mark because she paused in her search and offered me the not-so-subtlest of sideways glances.

“Mm-hmmm.” It just dripped with meaning.

I was about to ask her what exactly she was intimating when she suddenly snatched at something at the bottom of her purse and held the treasure up to my face.

“Pez?”

Well, despite my miff, I’d always had a thing for sweets, so I accepted. As I removed the candy from the dispenser I nodded to her my thanks. That’s when I got my first real look at her.

It was like staring at a lowland gorilla wearing a red fright-wig; beady little black eyes took me in as if I were a not very appetizing banana. A flat little upturned nose wasn’t nearly up to the job of providing her a profile. She even had thick sideburns and a wiry thatch of hair on her chin.

On her head was the aforementioned mashup of flame-colored hair, set off by the disheveled poppy-print housedress. She badly needed help in the bra department because the old *boobalolas* were resting comfortably in her lap. Her blubbery lips did a poor job of concealing only four plaque-encrusted teeth on the left side of her lower gum. Ashy skin dulled a dark, dusty complexion

reminiscent of an Egyptian mummy's. And despite the fact she was a mirror image of Moms Mabley, it was still a sure bet she was Caucasian.

I found myself both put off and a just a tad intrigued. I've always been the curious sort, especially when it involves oddballs. In fact, I was thinking that old Pa could have offered her a job. "I didn't get your name."

"Don't matter none," she said, snapping her bag shut and placing it between her feet. She sat back and closed her eyes. "Though folks call me 'Tangerine.'"

In for a penny. "Uh... yes, your hair *is* a lovely col –"

"Hair, my fat patoot!" she snorted as she suddenly sat up and whacked me hard on the knee. "They call me Tangerine 'cause I'm easy to peel and you can eat me in segments!" With that she let out a roaring honk and cackled and convulsed for the next five miles.

Nuttier than rat poop in a Snickers Bar.

