

Let the Good Times Roll

By Stanya Kahn

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April is absolutely not an optimal month for me. Perhaps lousy in general, apparently not so hot for most. Something to do with winter turning to spring and the promise of hope and change and new growth and how really for many this is just an intensified pressure to *get it together*.

In fact they say April has the highest suicide rate, higher than December. Which is funny because it's 10 years ago this week that young Cobain killed himself. April 1994. All over the radio right now playing his songs, an anniversary, a thing of the past already. I remember 1994, the whole year. Lot of melancholy. Lot of *showy* melancholy: OJ Simpson, Lorena Bobbit, who's the skater? Tonya Harding. White people with dreadlocks. I remember that week too, I'm feeling sad for young Cobain and also I'm embarrassed about feeling sad too. And it's same as usual, hard to leave the house, but I do anyway, in fact I go to a party, which is a real stretch.

I climb into the car with this French lady I know, Nanette. She drives us to a place in the Oakland hills. Big, but real laid back: philodendron, ferns, a hot tub on a wooden deck. The hosts come down the drive to greet us and it's these two extraordinarily handsome guys, Wolf and Dandelion. Gray hair, little black shorts, rubber boots. They just look great. I'm feeling at ease right away with these two. And when we get inside, the party's small but everyone's friendly, passing around cute snacks, miniature quiche, dark chocolate, what have you. And joints. We're definitely smoking a lot of grass right off the bat there. I remember sitting on a lawn chair eating gummy bears and watching folks climb in and out of the hot tub for quite a long time. And that's enough, you know? In fact I'm pretty toasted when Dandelion comes up and says, "Hey, have you ever tried an anal douche?"

"Oh sure," I say.

Which must be the grass talking. Because I have no idea what he's referring too. But I'm going with the flow. We head into a bathroom and he hands me this long metal tube connected to the shower with a nozzle on the other end. OK. If you have never done an anal douche, and you have been smoking a lot of grass, there is nothing about

it that is obvious. All you have is your enthusiasm. And wow. And you know, hey how high was I supposed to turn the water on anyway? It's a big time, it's an exuberant time, full of surprises. I say Yes. And we are really off and running into the night.

Before you know it I'm upside down in a red and black basement, a young fellow in rubber chaps squirting ecstasy into my bunghole with a snotsucker. Have you ever done an ecstasy enema? Next thing I know I'm lying on the floor squeezing a handful of gummy bears, grinning ear to ear. Just curled up into a little ball, full of energy, all packed into a little egg.

And I can hear Nanette somewhere on the bed just laughing and laughing and going "Oh zat's so beeezaarre! Oh, zat's so beezarre!" And I hear "Oh! That soapy czar! Oh that soapy czar!' Suddenly I'm seeing this sudsy head of state, a slippery dictator all lathered up. And I think yes, that's exactly it! They've got things all sealed up and there's just a smooth, hard surface we're all sliding right off of. Sealed up like a big brass boob with no nipple and everyone's trying to latch on.

I'm going down. I pull myself off the floor and try to find a catch, a foothold. That's when I see the most serendipitous thing. Sitting right there next to me is Wolf holding this huge black oblong, length of a coffee table leg and three times as wide, greased up and slickery. A massive, polished, obsidian pestle. And he's pushing it into the butthole of Dandelion. Of course. Submerge the impenetrable! Perfect. Without us even having spoken, here they have the solution to the soapy czar. I laugh and also think maybe I am crying. When Nanette comes over and suggests I put both my hands in both her holes, well duh. Absolutely. What could be more appropriate.

It's a mystery, a miracle. There's grease and one and then two, three and four. And then you're knuckles just pop right in. It's nuts. I have no hands. I've got a French lady instead. Edward Ladyhands. And the inside of her is so hot and I'm so high, I'm a ball in a socket wired into a natural power source called Nanette. I'm disappearing, I'm pure static electricity, just a mass of subatomic particles. I'm William Hurt in altered states, a throbbing blob in the hallway. I can feel my two hands touching each other across the thin membrane that separates her holes and it's the people side by side, all of us all together. (I admit that very briefly I think about alien probing stories, but in my heightened state of awareness, tapped in like I am to an intelligence buried deep in the center of my mind, I understand clearly these stories represent the longing of the people for someone to come along and show them the way in. Donde esta la ventana? Aqui. Right here. I'm in. And I feel so grateful. I thank Nanette: wow. so cool, so easygoing.

I don't know how long I'm there. I remember crawling out to the backyard and lying face down in the chamomile. The spongy aromatic turf feels great on my jaw which is tight from smiling for like, seven hours. And then I hear music coming from the basement. I hadn't noticed it all night, a kind of bongo orchestra, a tribal thing but electric, and suddenly I miss young Cobain. I start crying this time for real, letting loose right into the herb bed. I hear Dandelion speaking to me, but I can't talk. I can't tell him why I'm crying. I remember him covering me with a lambskin vest saying, "Come in soon darlin'. You're naked."