



A Brie Grows in Brooklyn

"Mabel's not crazy... she's unusual."

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From the President of the Physically Deformed Society

From: joe smith <physicallydeformedociety@gmail.com>
Date: July 30, 2010 9:37:24 PM EDT
To: Maureen Meenan <goteniam@gmail.com>
Subject: Regarding the contributions you and your family have made

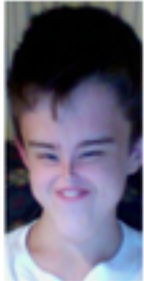
Dear Maureen,

My name is Joe and I represent the physically deformed citizens in our country. In this email I wish to thank you for your past contributions you and your family members have made to our society. With the money you gave us we were able to help over 200 disabled citizens get jobs in local super markets and other schools. Despite the discrimination we all face, people like you really make it possible to move forward. Although you made you contribution over 20 years ago we hope for your continued support. This is not a spam message or a scam. We have the original contract you signed along with your personal information that can be emailed to you on your request. Please respond if you remember this society or not. If you are no longer interested, please email us back and we will stop contacting you at once. If you fail to respond we will be wasting valuable resources that are so scare in our case, attempting to provide you with information, while you may not be interested. We of course would like to focus our energy only on those who are truly committed to the cause!

Yours truly,

Joe Smith

President of Physically Deformed Society



One of Stuprendan's favorite things to do is create email addresses and use them to try to confuse my grandmother.

Recently, he's been pretending to be Joe Smith, President of the Physically Deformed Society.

He uses the email address physicallydeformedociety@gmail.com, and the picture below:

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markvelasquez

"Mika Lovely," 2019

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You'd have to be blind to fall for this one.

I love how the email above is a thank you note, a blackmail letter, and a cry for help all at once.

I'm not sure if my grandmother reads the emails, but if she does, she certainly does not respond. I guess it's because old people aren't as gullible as they look.

#physically deformed society #my life

Aug 30th, 2010



uncensored photo sets only on my Patreon!

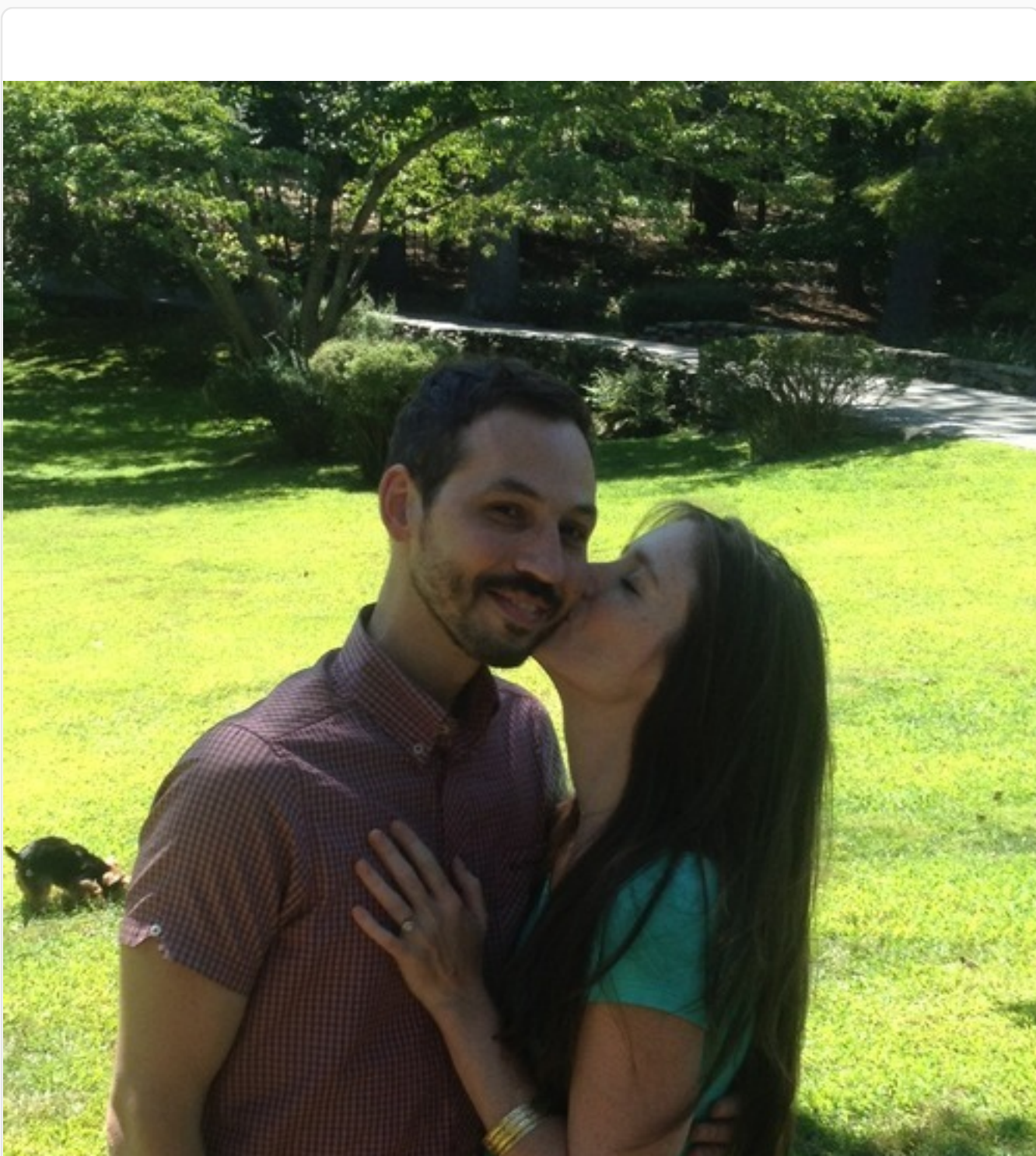
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75 notes



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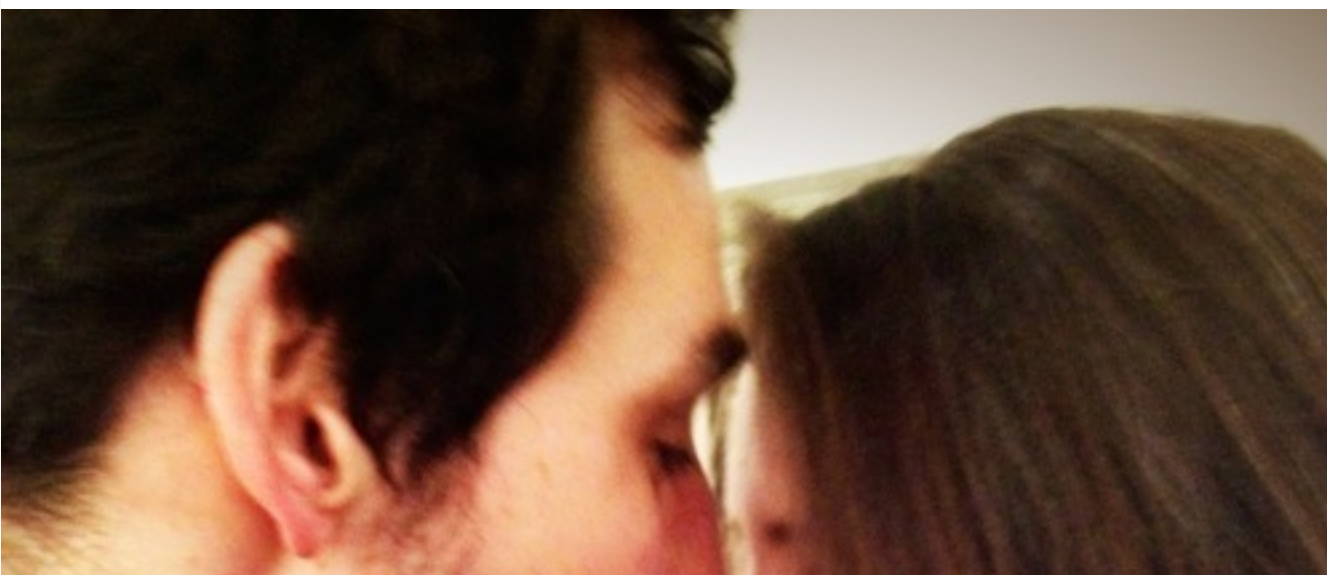




I guess I'll start this post by saying what it's all about — Caleb and I got engaged on Saturday night. I wish I could say that it was a complete surprise, but I'm two months pregnant, so it was either get married and have health care, or give birth with the help of my sister, a pair of scissors, and a bath tub in a motel room.



I'm 100% kidding about being pregnant — wasn't that joke so not funny in retrospect? — because Caleb and I got engaged for reasons of love alone. We've been talking about it since the first month we started dating. Everyone says that when it's right, it's right, and you know, and Caleb and I knew it was right the first time we kissed at an orgy.





I'm having trouble processing my feelings about being engaged. I always said that when something happened to me that happens to many other women, I'd be brutally honest about it. I'd say the things that no one else wanted to say. I'd talk about the horrifying things that leaked out of me after I gave birth. I'd talk about the way I dreamed about my dad in the weeks before walking down the aisle. (Does that happen? Be honest with me.) I think that everyone's read enough about marriage, and becoming a mother, and planning a wedding, to not want more of the same.



[Keep reading.](#)

#Marriage #My life #Love

34 notes



If You Wear Headphones With Your Running Leggings, You Can't Hear Men Yelling At You From Autobody Shops On Van Brunt Street

One of my big plans for changing my life (this week) is getting out of the house more. So rather than changing out of my nightgown, and into my pajamas, I'm starting my day by putting on my running clothes. Real clothes sets the bar too high.

This morning, I had a brief lull in emails, so I decided to take Frankenmonster out for a walk. We went to Red Hook, my favorite place on earth, where we saw many beautiful things.



A red bike under a tree.



A cruise ship looming over deserted warehouses, its own empty street.



A birthday present for me.

(By the way, this shop just opened, and it is SO beautiful.)



The harbor whipped like meringue by the wind.



Not a shade of its cerulean manipulated by me.

#Jogging Leggings #Papillionaire #Red Hook #Van Brunt Street #my lif

5 notes



All My Life, I've Wanted Unconditional Love

To support myself through graduate school, I nannied for a few different families, I tutored, and I worked as a hostess at a restaurant. I worked seven days a week with no vacations. By the end of my first year, I was so exhausted from dealing with so many different personalities that I went to Buenos Aires for three months, and with the exception of sleeping with a few random guys, barely talked to anyone.

I can feel myself reaching a similar level of maxed out three years into being a parent in Carroll Gardens.



The truth is, I am a women who has a lot of conflicts with other women. I don't know if this is normal, or if there is something wrong

with me. I don't have a good barometer for what normal is because I grew up in a very fucked up family. Last week, at the rehearsal dinner for my brother's wedding, my mother wore a cableknit sweater in 85 degree heat, and sang off-tune lullabies to my niece rather than say hi to the guests who were approaching her to shake her hand. If my mother reads that last sentence, there is a good chance she will stop talking to me for many months, even though that means that she will not see her grandchildren, who love her.

I have written before about how Cleo is a difficult child. This is both fair, and unfair to Cleo. Cleo is difficult in the sense that she screams a lot. She went through a period where she pushed and hit other kids. She went through a period where, when someone approached me to talk to me, she screamed, "I don't like them!" And then pulled the sun shade on our stroller over her head, thereby creating a boundary. It's fair to say that this is difficult behavior.

It's unfair in the sense that Cleo's behavior is all within the range of normal for a toddler, and for our situation. When Cleo was just 2, I had a baby, and then was very sick for a long time while recovering from the birth. I couldn't hold her. We couldn't go outside. He screamed for hours every day, and no one came to help me, not a single person. All day long, for the first three months, we were alone, me gushing blood and pus from my abdomen, her baby brother screaming at the top of her lungs, and she, a very young child, just enmeshed in the stress of it all, unable to escape.

It's also unfair in the sense that Cleo is allowed to be a person she is. A person who needs a minute to warm up. She's allowed to feel more comfortable at home than she is outside, among strangers, or a swarm of kids who fucking want to play with her precious objects. She's allowed to create strong boundaries of what makes her comfortable, and what doesn't. There's an expectation, in this age when we only fight on the Internet, that in person, everyone is civil and nice. I often think of that *Black Mirror* episode "Nosedive," in which Bryce Dallas Howard plays a woman in the future who is constantly rated on social media by the swarm of strangers that she encounters throughout her day—at the coffee shop, on the street. If she's perky, she gets likes, and more material possessions. If she's having a bad day, she gets demoted to worse living conditions. That's what it's sometimes like being a mother in Carroll Gardens. If my kid smiles and says hi and looks cute, everyone likes me. If my kid is screaming and won't say hi, I may be imagining this, but it feels like I'm in danger of being exiled.

In the middle of the night, I find myself waking up, worried about things I said in one of my mom group chats. When I shared that I had halted potty training because Cleo had just smeared her shit all over the bathroom, and another mom responded that potty training had gone great, without any problems, for her daughter, did my anger and hurt that she wasn't more sensitive to my struggles come through in my somewhat short response? And if I didn't somehow get myself back in her good graces, was I going to get ejected from the group chat?

When I talked shit about someone else's kids having a lot of tantrums (and how dare I, really?), did that person find out about it, and is that why they weren't texting me to hang out?

Is my awkward conflict with a mom whose daughter fights with Cleo making me look like I'm crazy, and petty, and a bad mom? And are other people noticing, and is that why we're getting invited to less birthday parties?

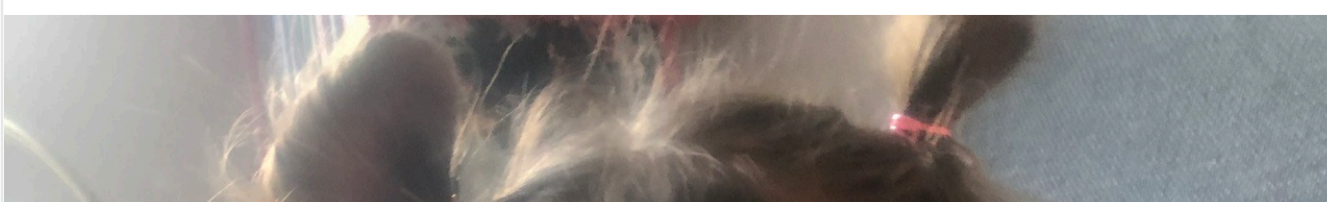
I recognize that my life follows a pattern. I enter a new situation with a lot of enthusiasm. For a year or two, or even three, I'm very happy. But then I begin to see rot everywhere. I start to fight with people. I get disillusioned. I get angry. I get paranoid. I begin to feel like I'm excluded even if I'm not. I assume people don't like me, and I begin to detach. I assume that if I have a conflict with someone, they will cut me out of their lives. Because, of course, that's how it worked with my parents.

Last night, when I was formulating this post, which isn't even a good post, I wrote that all of my realizations are therapy 101. I had an abusive childhood, and abusive situations are what I crave. I learned that expressing negative emotions leads to violence and hatred. When I was younger, if I told my mom that I was angry at her, she sometimes punched me, she sometimes stopped feeding me, she sometimes stopped paying for basic medical care or college.

My struggle is now that I'm a mother, I need to find a way to have healthy relationships with other people. With Caleb, with my friends, with my community, even the assholes within it. And not healthy in the sense that we're best friends with everyone, but healthy in the sense that we build and nourish the good relationships, and learn how to build strong, fierce and kind boundaries against the bad ones. But how to tell the difference when you're a fucked up person? When you're married to a person who never met his father? When you're so afraid of not being liked that someone not responding to your text right away keeps you up for an entire night, on the verge of barfing?

I don't have the answer. But I did have a sign from God yesterday. This might seem like a stupid sign, but it meant a lot to me. Cass, lately, has been biting me a lot. He is teething, and it feels good to him. He also thinks my loud screaming is very funny. Especially when he grips my nipple between his teeth, and pulls his head away as hard as his neck will allow.

Cleo, noticing the reaction Cass is getting, tried out biting herself last night. She lay on top of me as I was reading to her before bed, and sunk her teeth into my forehead. But not hard. As soon as she made contact, she pulled away. She wiped her spit from my forehead. She grabbed the sides of my face, and kissed the spot where her teeth had been. "I'm sorry, Mommy," she said to me. "I love you."





And I realized something. That for all of the violence and protectiveness Cleo projects to the world, she never purposefully hurts me. All my life, I've wanted unconditional love.

#Motherhood #My life

3 notes



Evening Comes Over the BQE, And It Can Be Kind Of Beautiful



For a while this past Saturday, I sat and talked with my brother Stuprendan. He is 16-years-old, and probably the wisest person I've ever met in my life.



In the late afternoon sunlight of my parent's formal dining room, bathed in hues of blue and yellow, I tinkered with the Playmobile Hospital set up on the table of the center of the room, and listened while he talked about emotional intelligence. He's studying psychology in school right now, which is a topic in which he excels, likes most of the things he studies. A few years ago, he handed in a paper about the emotional trauma of visiting Normandy, and his teacher at the time told my parents it was the best work she had read in her 35 years of teaching.



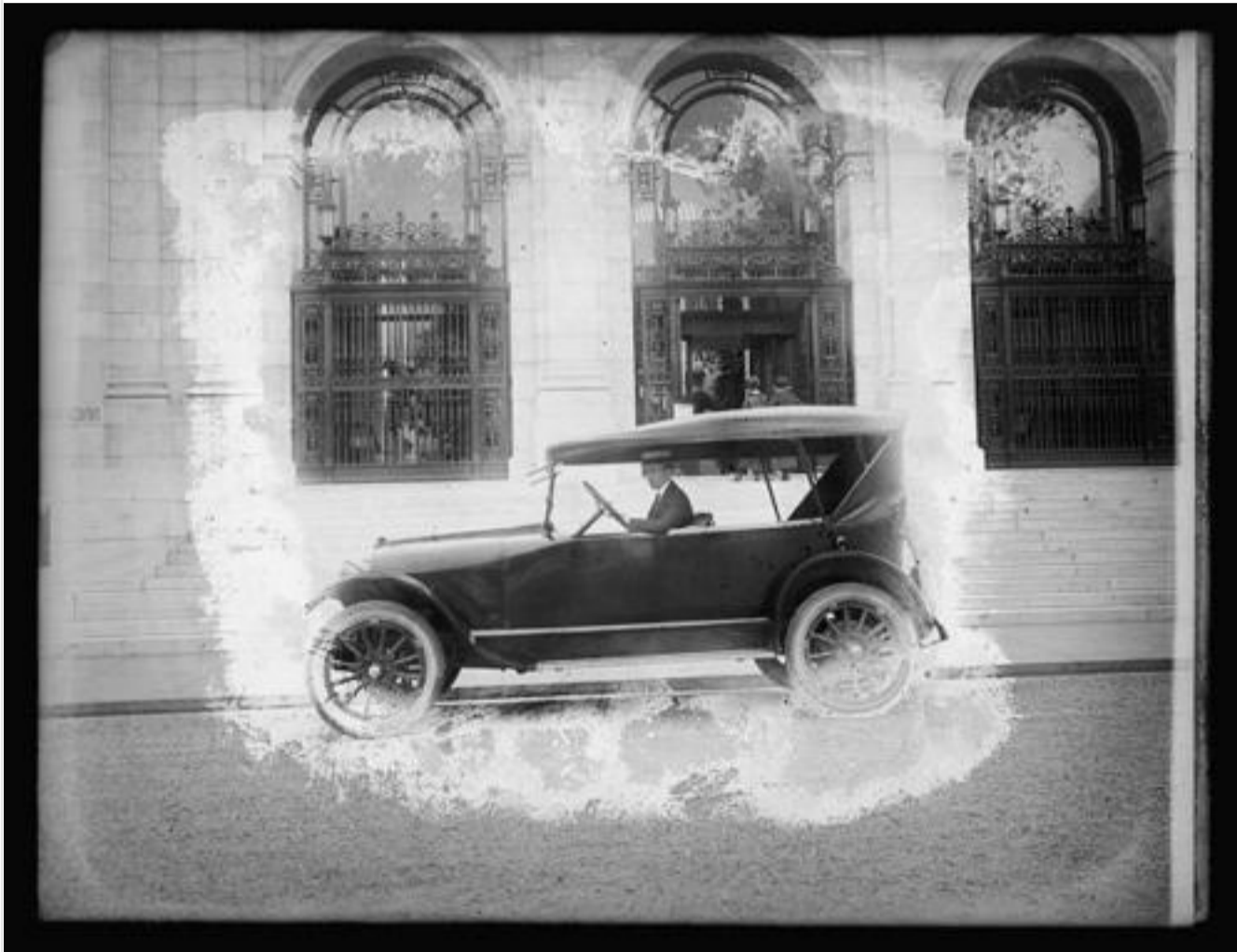
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#Bipolar II #Depression #Trauma #my life

15 notes



24 Hours From Tulsa (The Devil Went On)



I'm going to Tulsa tomorrow. On a private plane. I normally wouldn't brag about that, but that is pretty fucking baller. Who gets to go to Tulsa on a private plane? Basically no one. Except me. And a few other people. Tomorrow. I feel comfortable basking in the glory of this because it will no doubt be the first and only time in my life I will fly anything but coach.





I'm going for the opening of the Philbrook Museum Downtown, a satellite of the city's main art institution. I'm writing a piece on it for a publication, so you'll have to wait to hear more on that until it comes out.



[Keep reading](#)

#Tulsa #Oklahoma #Douglas Sirk #My life

3 notes



What's On My Fridge

(For your meme, [NSOMN](#))

It's mostly just a photo album writ large, inspired, in part, by a scene from Cameron Crowe's *Vanilla Sky*, the one in which Tom Cruise

goes to Penelope Cruise's apartment, and spends a while looking at a montage of pictures on her wall. Afterwards, he falls madly in love with her. Since then, it's been a dream of mine to have a man fall in love with me because my life looks so great magnetized on the front of a refrigerator.



My apartment is so small that I couldn't take a picture of the whole fridge without breaking a hole into the bathroom wall, so I had to take detail shots. In this picture:

- Strips from Lakeside Lounge with Shark Mobiczak, Hannah, Lance and Jamie
- Polaroids my sister took of our parent's house,
- A photo booth strip from Ryan McGinness' "Go Fishing" Party last year at his studio in Chinatown
- a test shot from a photo shoot I did for Lucky Magazine
- a set of magnets of famous Impressionist paintings my closest friend Alison gave me when she moved to Denver
- A picture of me with both my Mom and Dad in those halcyon days before Blara was born (in the picture with my Mom, she's 8 months pregnant with Blara. If you touched her stomach, the flesh would burn off your hand.)
- A piece of wax paper from the "Brie" sandwich at No. 7 sub at the Ace Hotel

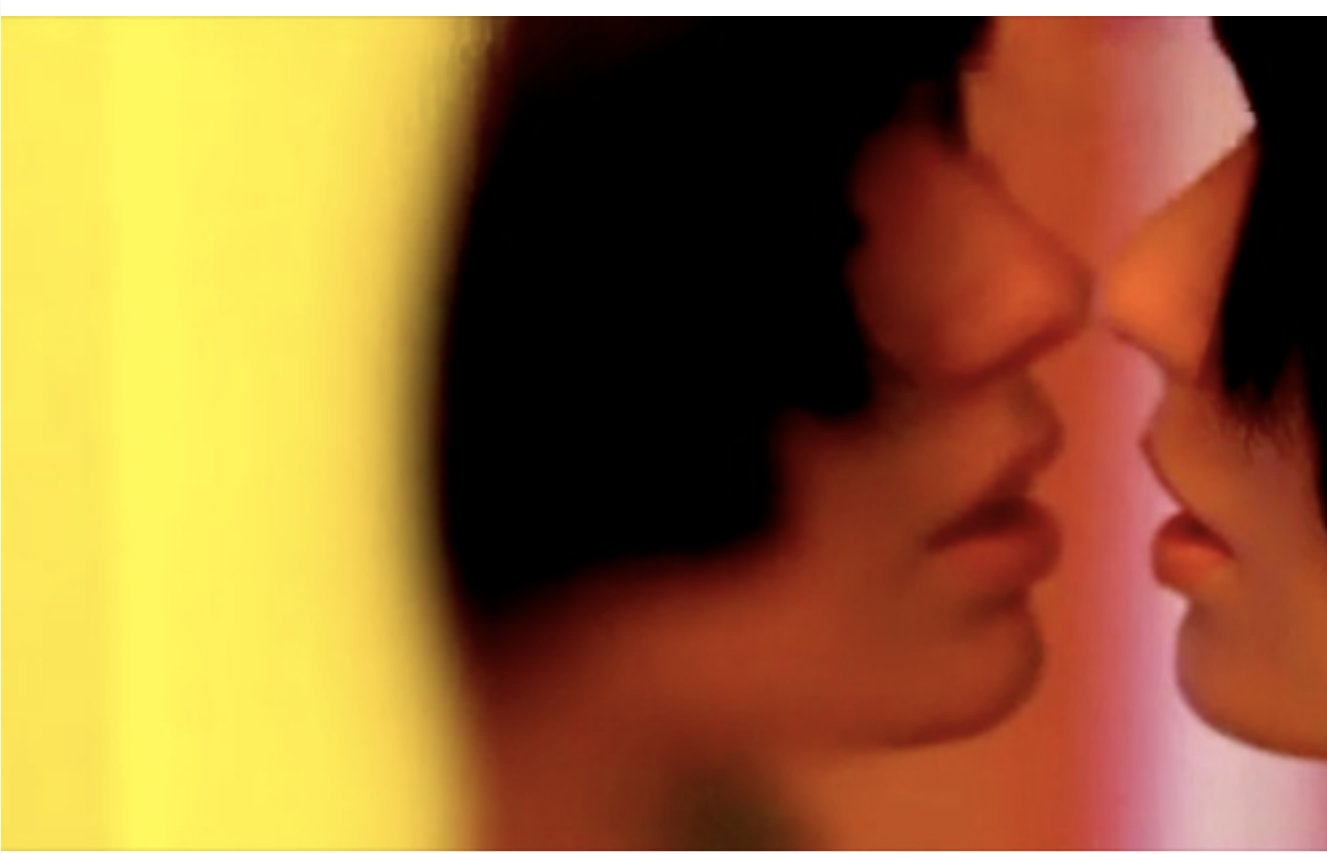
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#what's on your fridge #my life

4 notes



Happy Memories: Lavender Underpants and a Night With a Man Named Lenny



There is literally nothing interesting going on in my life right now besides one interesting thing I promised I wouldn't write about. And I've been trapped all day on the Upper East Side, paralyzed by a crippling inability to choose where to eat from the many disgusting places on 2nd avenue above 86th street. I went to the bodega, and they had a very limited soft drink selection, and it made me want to return to Brooklyn.



So instead of writing a boring post about how much I love walking my dog in my neighborhood, or the formulaic film "The Way Way Back," which I saw last week, I'm going to post part of one of the essays that I wrote a few weeks ago. No one seems to like it, which is ok with me, because I don't really like it either.



This post has sex in it, so Dad, if you're reading this in secret, please do not read further. Same goes for brothers, uncles, or male cousins. Or female cousins. Nana? Are you out there? My crazy cousin Shawn who lives with eighteen turtles in Arizona, however, is welcome to read it.



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#Wong Kar Wai #Love #Sex #My life

4 notes



Reviewing Some of the World's Finest Music: Part II



24 hour is a long time to spend locked in a car with someone. That is, unless you have the 2010 Grammy Nominee CD. After listening to some of the finest Argentinian compilations the discount section of the record store had to offer, this disc seemed heaven sent. Lock yourself in a room for 24 hours with one of those CDs that you can buy from a musician in a subway station, and then pop the 2010 Grammy Nominee disc into your player. I the guarantee it will make you reconsider your assessment of U2's music post-The Joshua Tree, although not enough that you'll admit to liking it.

MM: I thought that I hated every song on this CD. That is until I listened to "The Best of the 80s."

BW: Can we forget the rest of the songs, and just put Halo on repeat?



The newest Chemical Brothers CD sounds like a... Chemical Brothers CD. At least I assume, because I've never heard them before in my life. The CD is great for when you start to get sleepy, as is opening all of the windows and turning off the heat. You'll be so cold and knocked about by strong winds that your ear drums will get blown out. At which point let the Chemical Brothers CD go on repeat.

MM: The Chemical Brothers are sick

BW: As long as we don't have to listen to DJ Tiesto again, I'm happy. Also, are you sure you're not Northern European?



The new Eminem CD is very angry and intense. I highly recommend shielding your neck from your mate when Eminem starts rapping about squeezing his girlfriend like a popsicle until her head pops off.

Otherwise, the CD is easy listening for the pathologically insane, and fun times for everyone else. The best tracks are those with collaborations, but most especially the songs with Lil' Wayne and Rihanna.

MM: I can't really listen to this more than once because it's too intense. But it's totally sick.

BW: Let's put "Love the Way You Lie" on repeat. I'll be Eminem, you be Rihanna.

#Chemical Brothers #Eminem #Grammys #Halo #Joshua Tree
#Rihanna #Tiesto #my life



Crub Your Dog: On the Double-Edged Sword of Beauty



In the coffee shop where my friend Sadie works, there are always three or four men who are there to see Sadie. They come in and out in a steady stream all day.



The men are not the average types you would see in a Blue Bottle coffee bar that is also a surfer apparel shop. There's a man who wears an Andy Warhol banana shirt. There is a man who wears a fireman's jacket, even though he is clearly beyond the fireman age. There is an old Italian man who wears cardigans. For a while, there was even a 6-year-old Chinese boy named Lu Ming, who lived with his family in the Buddhist temple around the corner.



Lu Ming would stop by the coffee shop every day looking for Sadie, even though she only works there, on average, once or twice a week. He brought her presents. He brought her food. He did her chores. He cleaned the bathroom. He harassed customers. It sounds like Lu Ming is a demon slave, but in actuality, he is just like most people— completely enamored with Sadie's beauty. He ended up getting banned by the owner for being so annoyingly devoted.



Whenever I go into the coffee shop, I like to point out to Sadie that 80% of the customers are there to see her. The rest are just lost tourists. "They would never fire you," I told her. "Or else this joint would go out of business."

[Keep reading](#)

#Mechanics #My life #Sadie #Beauty

4 notes



I haven't been able to write this week because I spent every moment of my time in a bidding war for a house in Chappaqua. Last night, I found out we lost.

I want to write about it, but Cass is literally wrapped around my knees, screaming his head off, so maybe this weekend. I feel like a failure.

#My life

2 notes



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