

Monsterfucker

The monster appeals to a woman as a romantic partner is her own feeling of outsider-ness. She thinks she merely *passes* for a person, but really she sees herself as so vastly different and misunderstood that it is the monster that makes her feel safe. She's beautiful to their monstrous, worshipful eyes. She doesn't have to succeed in the human world, but in their secret world that they build together. It's the fantasy of belonging, creature to creature.

The way the humans in her life behave and talk to her just exacerbate how unseen she feels. They don't get it, and she feels displaced among them. With the monsters she is her most realized self. When she becomes a monster herself even moreso. The humans in her life are all so busy *trying*. They're all expecting her to behave or learn to behave as one of them. But even if she can put on the mask, she still feels monstrous.

In an already secret world of monsters and outcasts, how can one not feel finally, completely at home? The guard is let down. Perfection is already disregarded at the threshold, and so she can be who she really is, who she really wants to be, without fear of failure. The myth of hysteria, I think, has some truth. We're afraid that we're actually monsters underneath it all, that if we slip for even just a moment we will become the mad-woman in the attic. That we're holding the monstrosity at bay with all of our strength. When I see the creature fall in love with the woman, I understand them both.

A beautiful man terrifies me.