

Lilith

The Official, Complete Unexpurgated Autobiography of Adam's First Wife

As Told To C.G. Masi

Introduction

Yeah, I know, I've already used the Oscar Wilde quote that appears at the start of this book. In fact, I've used it a couple of times. My first novel, *Red*, and another, *Down the Rabbit Hole*, both use the same quote. It's a great quote. I've a copy of it, graced by a photo of an early-twentieth-century fan dancer in the Cuddly Redhead's kitchen, clamped onto the refrigerator door by, of all things, a refrigerator magnet. The only discordant note is that in the photo, the dancer clearly has on at least one stitch of clothing. To be true to Oscar's spirit, the photo should provide a surreptitious peek at a naked butt cheek, but somebody was too much of a pussy for that.

Oh, well.

I'm using the quote again because, although it fit the tenor of *Red*, and in fact the whole Red McKenna series, it fits here even better.

And, I've never run across an official rule in novel publishing that says you *can't* reuse a quote. Quotes are, after all, reused to begin with. "Un-re-used quote" is an oxymoron.

Besides, I don't give a shit.

If I gave a shit for rules, written, unwritten, or just made up on the spot, I probably would never have gotten the opportunity to ghostwrite this volume. If I gave a shit, I'd be just like all the other schmucks out there, and Lilith wouldn't have bothered with me beyond the teasing she delights in with all the billions of other males she toys with incessantly.

Unlike all the others, I've always cared about the girl inside Lilith. Everyone else seems to react to the seductress outside.

Not that I blame them. Lilith is an overwhelming personality. As a temptress, she is irresistible.

That word, “irresistable,” doesn’t fully express Lilith’s charm, however, because it’s been misapplied to uncounted other creatures who fall short simply because they actually *can* be resisted. It may take a supreme effort of will, but it is a logical possibility.

Not so with Lilith.

When Lilith comes to you, you aren’t even allowed to *want* to resist her. There are roughly ten billion cells in an adult male human body, and not one of them will entertain the idea of *not* succumbing to Lilith’s advances. There are no circuits in the brain configured to resist her.

There’s only one man in the history of the human species who has lifted a finger in protest to Lilith’s advances, and that was very early on in her career. That one man was her ex-husband, Adam. The *dufus* had such a monumental rectal-cranial inversion that he actually *complained* that she was too much woman for him.

Therein lies the start of all the trouble.

Now, before I step back and let Lilith tell her story for herself. I’ll use the rest of this introduction to set the stage by relating a few bits about how I met her and why, I think, she put me up to writing her story for her.

I first encountered Lilith when I was about twelve. She was a tall, thin black woman who smiled beguilingly. Her skin was the color of Hershey’s dark chocolate. Her hair was as black as the proverbial cat in a coal mine. It had the Brillo-Pad kinky natural to her race and was cut short in the style conventional at the time – the middle of the twentieth century.

I remember feeling its soft crinkliness when she pressed it to my cheek. She moaned hungrily as she held me tight while guiding my hand over her naked belly and down between her thighs. Then, she showed me how to stimulate the sensitive places around her vaginal opening until ejaculate poured out over my hand.

Then, I woke up in a pool of my own semen.

You see, Lilith is a succubus. In fact, she is *the* succubus. She is the prototype after which our idea of a succubus is patterned. She is, literally, the mother of all the succubi that have delighted and tormented human males since there were human males to torment.

What? You don’t know what a succubus is? You think it somehow has something to do with sucking something? *Jeesh!* How can you be so ignorant? Buy a dictionary, fer goshsakes. And, *read* th’ dang thing!

To keep the narrative going, I’ll tell you what a succubus is, but look it up, anyway. Learn to be an educated person!

A succubus is a female ghost who appears in dreams to males who are horny enough to burst. She's Nature's way of telling you to go out and get laid. She's also Nature's way of providing a safety valve when you *can't* go out and get laid.

The word only *sounds* like it has something to do with sucking, and only to native speakers of English. It's actually derived from a Latin word for prostitute, and means, roughly "to lie under." So, piss on TV series written by ignoramuses!

I understand that women have an equivalent called an *incubus*. At least the Cuddly Redhead wakes up dripping now and then. She doesn't want to talk about it when it happens, but admits to having enjoyed an erotic dream immensely. But, that has nothing to do with this story. This is Lilith's story.

I knew when I woke up covered in rapidly coagulating sticky slime that there was something special about the woman in my dream. Yes, I knew it was a dream even before waking up. I always know it when I'm dreaming. I hear that some people get confused, but I never do.

The giant rattlesnake head with the grinning mouth and dripping fangs still scares the living shit out of me – especially when I feel it actually bite my neck – but I know it's a dream. I still wake up screaming, but I don't wake up thinking I'm going to die from the venomous bite. I wake up knowing that I never want to go to sleep again, and take a chance on reliving *that* nightmare!

Awakening from that dream is followed by my immediately resolving to take care of whatever responsibility it is that I've been ducking, because I know that the #\$\$%^&* snake represents some call society has on me – whether its paying bills that are months overdue, or turning in the grades for my PHY101 students that I've promised the Dean before Monday morning – which I feel guilty about. At no point, however, have I been under the illusion that anything in that dream was anything *but* a dream.

By the same token, I don't remember the last time I suffered under the illusion that what I saw, heard, smelled, felt, or tasted outside my body was anything but a *representation* of reality. I surmise that I must have once had that delusion because I clearly remember noticing for the first time: "Hey, none of this shit looks at all real!"

It happened one morning many decades ago on a transcontinental bus trip as I was watching Midwestern wheat fields flash past the bus's sealed window. I was sitting in the small lounge at the back of the bus after spending a delightful night chatting up that cute brunette stewardess. I still remember the electric jolt from putting my arm around her narrow waist as I helped her move some luggage, and kick myself for not taking her up on her invitation to drop off the bus for an unscheduled twenty-four hour layover in Joplin, Missouri. Circumstances at the time – that had nothing to do with her – would have landed me in jail if I had done it, but I keep thinking she would have been worth it.

Anyway, I was staring out of the window, and suddenly realized that none of it seemed at all real. Not the tall, golden hay flashing

by; not the glass between me and the tall, golden hay; not the dinette table I was leaning on while looking through the glass at the tall, golden hay; not even the gorgeous creature who said she wanted to take me home for the night. None of it held the least illusion of reality. I remember thinking that was strange, and actually commenting on it to the brunette. I just don't remember what it had been like before that to think it actually *was* real – the illusion that provided contrast that gave rise to the comment.

Plato's allegory of the cave always made perfect sense to me. That's why I adopted Zen Buddhism in the first place. As soon as I found out buddhists also knew it was all bogus, I figured we were on the same team, philosophically speaking.

You don't know about Plato's Allegory of the Cave? You really are uneducated, aren't you!

I'm not going to explain it. Get a copy of the *Republic*, and read it. Think about it. Then read Descarte's *Meditations I* and *Meditations II*. After you've done that, read the *Upanishads*. At that point, you'll be qualified to ask somebody smart about the nature of reality.

But, not me. If you're too stone-headed to figure it out for yourself, I won't bother talking to you.

Anyway, you don't need to fully understand reality to follow Lilith's story. Most of the people in her story wouldn't know reality from a hole in the wall, anyway.

Come to think of it, I don't know how reality is different from a hole in the wall, myself.

Maybe "How is reality different from a hole in the wall?" is some new cosmic riddle.

Like Lewis Carroll's, "How is a raven like a writing desk?"

By the way, the answer to that one is: "They're both not made of bauxite."

Besides, we're just about done with reality in this volume.

Where was I?

Reality.

No, *unreality*.

Yeah, okay.

I really knew that I'd entered the world of unreality when I woke up from an erotic dream starring an unbelievably beautiful black woman. I don't mean to imply that black women can't be beautiful. Many of them are, and I've met more than my fair share since. I just hadn't met any up to that point.

At that time, I'd spent my entire life growing up in a hick town in the hinterland of rural Massachusetts. It was the kind of a place where a ten-year-old boy could get home from school on Friday afternoon, then go out to play in the woods before suppertime, and not come back until Sunday afternoon. I did it often. Huck Finn would have been right at home.

There was a total of one black family in the entire town, and I'd never seen the mother, and didn't know if the boy I'd met, like twice, in school (he was in another grade in another school district) had a sister. I don't think I'd seen the father, either.

I later heard that the father ended up owning the pool of guacamole that was left after I'd rammed my first motorcycle into the side of an enormous 1960 Dodge Dart convertible, whose doors some maniac had reinforced with steel I-beams for no apparent reason. It was the first of a total of two – out of maybe a dozen I've owned – motorcycles I've managed to completely ruin in my career. I've got a pretty good average. Most of my motorcycles end up in better, or at least no-worse, shape than when I got them.

Come to think of it, both of those bikes originally came into my possession for the exactly same price: \$200. I doubt that fact has any universal significance, but there it is.

Anyway, I believe the father of that lone black family ended up with the motorcycle, but I never met him. By the time he showed up in the life of my motorcycle, I was off perpetrating other forms of rediculousness along Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles, California, three-thousand miles away.

None of that, however, has anything to do with Lilith, either.

At the time of my pubescent dream starring an irresistable black woman, my entire view of black women came from the *Amos 'n' Andy* TV sitcom, which was a negrophobic piece of trash where the women resembled unmade beds. The unbelievable creature of my dream – think Halle Berry, but darker and more dominating – corresponded to no template I had ever experienced. I still don't know where that image came from. But, she was there. She was a manifestation of Lilith.

Lilith showed up again toward the end of high school. My girlfriend at the time was an extremely sexy – possibly nymphomaniac – brunette with skin the color of whole cream.

I won't divulge her name because I'm sure she's out there somewhere and it might be embarrassing. I'll just call her "Slim." She was so anorexically thin that her pubic arch felt like the edge of a board.

We didn't actually get along very well on a personal level, but she was a fantastic "fuck buddy." She had an amazing capacity for ejaculation. The back seat of my car was regularly awash in a sea of clam juice!

Later on, she turned born-again Baptist, and that was the end of that. It's another score I have against born-again Baptists. That *does* have something to do with Lilith, but that'll become clearer later.

Anyway, one day this delectable young lady and I curled up together on one of the narrow bunks aboard my father's boat when we were, unaccountably, left alone. What kind of parents would leave a seventeen-year-old couple alone together on a boat?

After enjoying what we both liked to do whenever we were left alone, we both fell asleep. During that sleep, I was treated to (actually, I guess one would have to say "I treated myself to ...") a multilevel dream within a dream. At the third level in, as things got amazingly surreal – even for me – the dream turned erotic and starred my bunkmate.

I figure that was Lilith, again, come to visit for old times' sake. That impression was borne out by the fact that when we woke up there was ample evidence that Slim had enjoyed the sleep as much as I did. I count it as the closest thing possible with Lilith to a *menage a trois*.

I actually met a flesh-and-blood version of my Lilith-as-negress manifestation about a year later. Yes, she was everything I would have expected from the dream. After just a few minutes conversation, I was surprised to recognize the girl inside her as Lilith, and fell madly in love with her instantly.

She, however, wasn't having any part of it. She very clearly liked me, too, but the taboo against mixed marriages at the time was too strong for her. She drew the line at heavy petting (*darn!*), and disappeared from my life after a few (too few!) weeks, leaving nothing but her memory and her name, which I appropriated for the baby my heroine, Red McKenna, carried throughout my novel *Silver Rivers*.

I like to think that on some level she was Lilith trying to make contact in a more substantial way. I imagine that, on some transcendental level, the reason we never consummated the relationship was because you don't have sex with Lilith except in a dream.

Lilith no longer comes to me except in imagination. Lilith's *raison d'être* is to get the rocks off of males who become badly sexually frustrated. The Cuddly Redhead prevents that happening to me these days. Even during that strange period when she entertained the bizarre notion that abstinence would make sex better, she never let it go far enough to call up Lilith.

I don't mind that at all.

Of course, imagination is the most appropriate place to visit with Lilith. If anything, today she *is* imagination. She is a thing of the spirit, and imagination is what spirits *are*.

Back to the opening Oscar-Wilde quote:

Clearly, people would like to place Lilith in either the good or bad camp. Those, like sailors, prison inmates, and desert rats camping out alone, who appreciate Lilith's visits for the relief they bring, would count her in the "good" camp. Those, such as monks and anyone else mistakenly living under vows of chastity, would like to push her permanently into the "bad" camp.

What Oscar Wilde enjoins us to do, however, is to forget all that stuff, and recognize that, whatever else she may be, Lilith is most emphatically *not* tedious!

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"So, Lilith," I asked her at our first interview for this book, "why, after five-thousand years, do you suddenly want your story told, and why do you want *me* to tell it?"

"There's nothing sudden about it," she replied. "I've wanted to tell the true story ever since I found out what lies that bitch's kids were making up about me. There just wasn't anybody to tell it to."

"What bitch? Or, more correctly, which bitch, in particular, are you referring to?"

"My sister, Eve – that apple-chewing home wrecker."

"Eve is your sister?"

"Eve *was* my sister. She's dead, you know. Has been for millennia. We had the same mother, so what would *you* call her?"

"Sounds like a sister to me, but I'm confused. Who was your mother? I thought God made you from dust, and her from Adam's rib."

“Adam’s rib: In his dreams! Don’t be ridiculous.”

“But, the missing rib!”

“Oh, c’mon. You know better than that. There’s no missing rib. Women’s skeletons are indistinguishable from men’s except for the pelvis, which Mom modified to accommodate a birth canal in women. Men’s pelvises are structurally more sound.”

“Mom?”

“Y’know – God? What do you call the woman who brought you into this world?”

“ ‘Mom,’ but God’s supposed to be a man.”

“Aww. Bullshit! You’re supposed to be a Taoist. You’re supposed to know better than that. God is the creative, nurturing, supportive principle that gives the Universe form, holds it together, and keeps it going: the ultimate female. Lao Tsu started his description of cosmology by talking about the female essence and its dominance. Does any of this sound familiar?”

“Yeah. The female supports and controls the whole mess by taking the lower position.”

“Typical male image! That’s what started all the trouble in the first place.”

“What? How so?”

“Adam, the chauvinist pig, *insisted* he had to be on top whenever we had sex – you know, take the superior position. He said he was eldest – he had been created first by about five minutes – so he should always have the superior position ... on top! The psychotic asshole got really obsessive-compulsive about it. I grew to hate it. It’s what broke up our marriage.”

“You left him because he insisted on being on top during sex?”

“Who told you I left him? I didn’t leave him. He threw me out! He ran me out of Eden. He chased me out of his bed so he could take up with that stupid carpet-muncher, Eve! I was so mad. I hate them both!”