

MESSING AROUND

Getting dirty on clean sheets

by Kimberly Gadette

Whenever I'm after some nasty nooky from my husband—I change the sheets. As soon as any one of those “rain fresh,” “botanical bliss” or “kiss my petunia” dryer sheets hits my husband's olfactories, he's on top of me with more “cling” than fuzzy lint on a sock.

The sheets get soiled. Happily, so do I. But I wonder at the male urge to defile. Is it that the squeak in squeaky clean is just too grating for its own good? Why does making it dirty *feel* so dirty?

My theory is that deep inside the male brain, tucked in a barely noticeable area just to the right of the medulla, lurks a funky little organ with a similar-sounding name—the “mud-ulla.” And it is this mudulla that drives the man to mess the dress; desecrate the date; soil the “goil.” (And so on.)

Before you discard this idea faster than the leavings in your lint filter, I ask you to picture *The Woman*: She's all showered, shaved, perfumed and powdered, and going out on a date with her new fella on a Saturday night. She's wearing a pretty little frock, matching lingerie, her hair is done and her makeup is perfect. She is stunning.

Picture her return at five in the morning. Her carefully applied lipstick is now a fruit-punch smear slightly above the jaw line. Like the protagonist in *A Clockwork Orange*, only one eye is ringed with black makeup. The other eye is as naked as she was—sometime around two in the morning. Her clothes hang on her as if she got dressed in a wind tunnel. In a hurry. And her hair ... oh God, her hair. Medusa's snakes would turn away in revulsion.

As she limps to her front door, you wonder: Was she in a car accident? Should the police be called in? But on closer look, you see a silly smile playing around her unadorned mouth. Ah yes, of course...the mudella has struck once again.

Boys can't help it. After all, it's sugar and spice and everything nice versus snakes and snails and puppy dogs' tails. Sounds almost ordained. As soon as they can walk, they're playing in swamps. As soon as they can feed themselves, there are peas in the hair. Why not make a mess? After all, they come complete with hoses, don't they?

My wondering led me to internet porn sites, where I found that the men had regressed back to their swamp and mashed pea childhoods. But instead of teasing so-and-so's crybaby brother, now they've invited the girls. As a matter of fact, all I saw were girls:

Girls in mud, quicksand and clay. What, no kitty litter? Girls in mounds of food products—puddings, banana cream pies, whipped cream, custards, chocolates and jellies. (I'm saddened to report I found only one

example of a vegetable, but further description as to its usage may offend.) Lastly, I saw long-haired lovelies playing lots of girl games in water. With very high heels. But of course.

There are new words that go with this activity—words that I'd bet William Safire hasn't discovered as yet. We now have “gunge,” “splosh,” and “wam” (wet and muddy) to describe it all.

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You may decry, “Oh no, not another extreme sport? Does that mean we have to buy specialty items in order to play? It's not going to be as expensive as skiing, is it?” Rest assured that aside from the essential body coverings, all you and your pigboy need to purchase is an extra thick, supersize PVC bed sheet that repels all oils and lubricants.

It's slip n' slide for the X-rated, and you can use it anywhere. You can even bring it along next time you visit the in-laws!

I'm far from prudish. Heck, when I'm clean out of clean sheets and feeling kinda jumpy, I'm not above stuffing a dryer sheet down my crotch to get my man's attention. But I think those XXX porn films go too far. It's one thing to create sexy chaos—it's quite another to spray the young miss with love juice. In her hair. On her face.

Ick.

There's a scene in the movie *Something About Mary* that plays on the male desire to see his DNA in women's hair. I'd bet a six-pack of Prell that if Cameron Diaz's Mary realized that she'd just put Dippity-Doo man-goo on her head, she'd run into a shower faster than you could say “drip dry.” And then she'd shampoo, rinse and repeat at least a dozen times. Erotic for them ... neurotic for us.

“I don't get it,” I said to my husband as we were watching the porn classic, *Squirt Hose III*. “Please explain it to me.”

“It's hot,” he said.

I waited. I finally said, “I'll need more.”

He tried again. “Look, she's wiggling and writhing in our stuff. She can't get enough of it, she's rubbing it in. The fact that she loves it so much makes us feel great.”

“Tell you what,” I said, involuntarily blinking as I watched her get splattered in the eye. “You can do this to my face...”

He paused the action to stare at me. “Really?”

“... if I can put my menses in your ear.”

His scream was far more authentic than any sounds coming from those third-rate porn stars.

Just then, the buzzer on the dryer went off. I kissed his handsome face. “Honey ... the sheets are done.”