

THE MEMOIRIST

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... and I'd like to add that I am getting it all down. I am flailing away at my keyboard like an enraptured Pentecostal organist. My elbows are raw from brushes with fame. I was a friend of a friend of the neighbor of Gary Coleman. I once saw Phyllis Diller on the street, and so it is that we are nearly pals and practically speak to each other. A week before my *bat mitzvah* Mel Gibson drove over my lemonade stand. I survived. It's all in the "Lethal Lemon Heart" chapter. You will want to know my reflections on this.

I will detail my childhood stardom. Give you the goods about my first pageant, first potty, first period, my acne battles, my text message wars, my weekly mall shoe crusades. I will go into my stylish drug problem. How I kicked the food habit. I will spill the beans about all the sybaritic parties — snow banks of cocaine, fountains of Dom Perignon, my best friend Phyllis (Diller) on the back of carnal llama. I will kiss and tell. I will spare no riotous details. I will not use the phrases *homeless wake* or *North Dakota open house*.

I will detail my deflowering in mythological terms in the chapter entitled "The Great Migration." I will spill it all: the rented Temple of Apollo, the sudden Mediterranean breeze, a rapture of bed curtains puffed full-bellied, the doves. There will be no mention of any drunken youth counselor and a waterbed in the back of a van in the parking lot of Applebee's outside of Lincoln, Nebraska. Of the select paramours to follow, there will be no cavalcade of scrofulous drifters.

My wedding chapter will read like a kind of psalm but with a detailed budget and intermarry. How the sun broke through just for me, how I bestowed kindness on the rented flower girls despite their lackluster performance. You will be there with me on my journey of self-discovery, self-empowering separation, and lucrative divorce. I will then appear blithely drunk and topless on every stretch of sand I can find: Cannes, Mykonos, Coney Island, Asbury Park, Appleton Elementary School's playground sandbox.

I will be my only subject. I will ooze wisdom from my famous, exceptional life. I will tell you about myself, my break-ups and -downs, my week at college, my new phone, the harrowing liposuction trauma and what they don't tell you. Did I mention that Gary Coleman and I almost share a brain and are practically joined at the hip, or head to hip as the case may be? I am nothing average American. All of it is true and important and in its seventh edition hardback by now.

