



The Knife Cuts Both Ways
Serena Jara x Cecilia Gentili

1: SCHOOL PROJECT + FIRST PORN SHOOT

I don't know if you know, but I have this amazing grandmother. So when I started school, like, the first week they called me to a room, they said "don't come to class, come to this room." And it was the principal, my mom, the teacher, psychologist, psychiatrist, and they explained to me why I couldn't use the girl's bathroom. Mind you, I'm five. I felt like that was fucking so crazy. And they were so graphic with pictures, like of a penis, pictures of a vagina, 5 years old... That was crazy. Later, I kind of accommodated and that was ok because I already like - I was very - I am a victim of sexual abuse as a child, so I knew what sex was. So soon I found out it could be fun to be in the boys bathroom too. But that's another story that's not fun at all.

At the same time, I'm from an area in Argentina that is known for UFO activity. You know like the [crop circles], and all that... I was fascinated with UFO's. After that happened, we were going to my grandma's house, and we were driving through a railroad, and my brother said, "look there," and I said, "yeah what happened," and he says, "that's where we found you, years ago." And I'm like, "what do you mean?" "you're not a part of our family, we found you." You know, he's a like and evil brother... And I was like, "oh my god, oh my god, was I in a basket?" "No, no basket." "Was I wrapped in a towel?" "Nothing, you were just naked there."

So I went to my grandmother, and I told her, "grandmother, I know what's wrong with me." And she said, "What happened, what's going on?" "I think mom lied, since my brother told me that they found me, and there's all these UFO's around this area, and I'm a girl with a dick... I think I know what happened, and I think I was left here by mistake." And my grandmother, she said, "Well, you know what, I didn't see you coming out of your mom, so I don't know, maybe you are right." So she said, "What we can do is wait a night, to see if they come back for you, you know I'm gonna be very sad if they take you, but listen... If we are not your people, you have to look for your people." (laughs) That's the kind of grandmother that I had. Amazing...

She was very supportive of my process in school, like she would help me understand, you know, all these people... She was always making sure that she made me feel normal, and put everyone else as crazy, and that helped me a lot. So when I finished elementary school, the grades are different there but I was about 12, or something like that. The last assignment of the year to finish was a special event. So you had to pick places in the world, right? So these people picked Germany, and they made strudel, and they taught some German words. Some people picked India, and they recreated this Indian dance... I was super queer, and nobody wanted to work with me. So my grandma said, "don't worry, you'll do it on your own. We'll pick a place for you. I know there is a place for you, and it is in the United States, and it's called New York. So we are gonna go to the library, and we are going to learn about New York."

And my grandma was very dark, and she looked Indian, like Argentinian-Indian. So, she was told many times that she couldn't be... they always gave her a hard time, going to the library, and she told me, "If they say something, you just don't say anything, but I want you to know the library is for everybody, they can't kick you out of there." So we went to the library, and we read about New York, and there was a Nina Hagen song that you have to look for, it's called "New York." So, she said, "you're gonna be doing this New York song," and I thought that was amazing, right?

She said, "hey, we need to get you some hair. So next week, I know that your Aunt Maria is going to the doctor, find out what time, so we can go and steal one of her wigs." So I say, "hey grandma, she's going to the doctor on Wednesday."





She's like, "ok, be here super early, so we can go and take one of her wigs."

I totally didn't sleep on Tuesday, so I was ready to go at six in the morning. So I go there and say, "ok, I'm ready."

She said, "ok, she left."

So we went to her room, and looked around, and we finally found a wig. I picked a blonde wig with waves on the end, and I tried it on. And she said, "oh my god, you look so perfect."

And I'm like, "oh grandma, this is what I wanna be,"

And she said, "I know" (laughs)

So we took the wig, and said, "Ok, well we need to work on the clothes now."

My mom wasn't very into fashion or anything, so the only thing that she had a lot of that she wouldn't notice missing were her sweatpants. So she said, "bring one of your mom's sweatpants." So I bought these pink sweatpants, and she said, "pull them up, you know, pull them up up, to here," so I pulled them up to here (gestures). And she said, "I'm gonna sew a bra to the pants." So it became like, a catsuit, and then she took the sides in, so it was very tight on my body. And she said, "you can see that is a bra, so I have this box with all this jewelry..." So she started sewing earrings, like one and one, each side. So they were all different colors, and when I danced, they would move. She said, "You know, this is very tight, and I can see your dick."

And I go like, "well, is that bad?"

She said, "no, it's not bad at all, but people may have an issue with... that."

And I find out that 44 years later, people still have an issue with it. (laughs)

So She said, "bring one of your mom's satin sheets," and she made some ruffles, like all around me, and with the rest of the sheets she made a cape. So i had my blonde wig, my pink catsuit, my black cape, and I went and did the show.

And I remember the teacher talked to my grandma before, and said, "what is your grandson going to be doing?"





And my grandmother said, "it's going to be a New York Show."

And the teacher said, "oh, Frank Sinatra?"

And my grandmother said, "Something like that." (laughs)

So I went and I did "New York," and people freaked the fuck out. They didn't know... mind you, this was the eighties. Argentina was under a dictatorship regime. You don't do that kind of shit, because it gets you killed. And everybody was like, (gestures) with their mouth open, like, "what just happened?"

And my grandmother on the side, like "YES! YES!" clapping, "YES, YES YOU GO GIRL."

They didn't want to graduate me, because they said that I didn't pass. So my grandmother went and talked to them, and they finally graduated me. And she said like, "You know what?"

Again, she always made me feel so normal. She said, "I really believe that you really... don't belong here, and the problem is not you, the problem is them, that don't try to adapt to you. But I know that someday, you will end up in a place like New York. I know that someday you will live in New York and I'm sure that you will be happier there."

So I did. I ended up moving to New York.

And the first time I came to New York, I came to do my first porn movie. And I came, and they paid me.. At the time, porn was paying much more than what they pay now, they want you to do all kinds of shit for 300 dollars. At the time, it was like thousands and thousands of dollars. It was a lot of money. I got paid like 7000 dollars for a 20 minute shoot. It was good money. So imagine for me, this person who just came from Argentina with no money. All of sudden they're flying me to New York, to do this porn movie. They get me a hotel room, I get there, and I have a hair and makeup artist doing my hair. They get me all dolled up. And I started getting nervous. Because there was a hair person, the makeup artist, the director, two camera people, my friend who that there for no reason. And I'm like, I don't know if I can do this. And then, this group of guys started coming, and getting undressed, and I'm like, "excuse me, who are they?"

And they're like, "oh, you don't know? These are the guys that you're gonna be fucking. You're gonna be fucking seven guys."

And I'm like, "ok..."

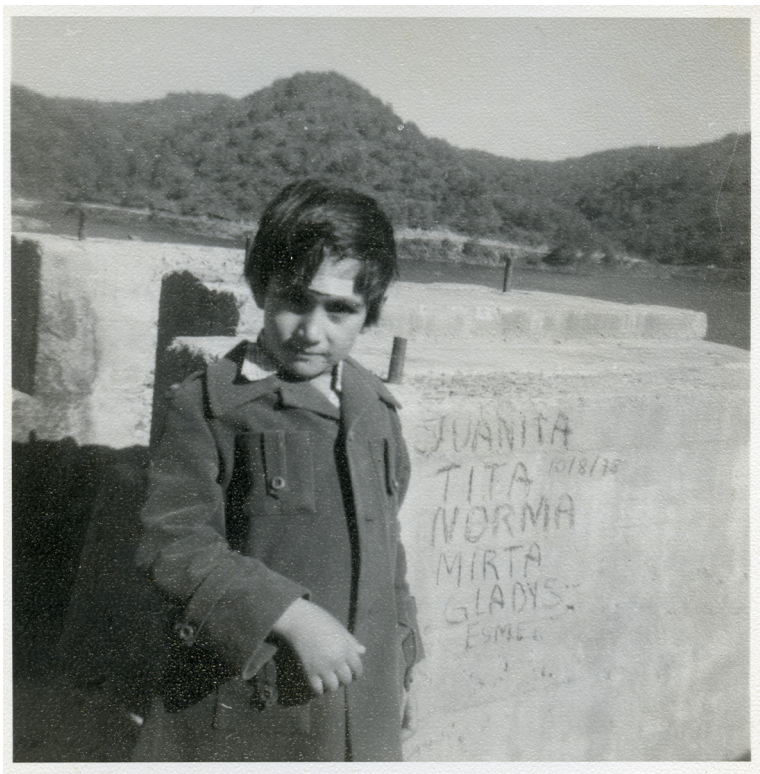
But you know, I couldn't get hard. Because it was too much pressure. At the time, I was going through this process of kind of like... dealing with me being a victim of rape, and things like that. So they look at me and say, "ok, we understand if you can't get hard, if you can't fuck them, as we thought you could, they're gonna have to fuck you."

And I was like, going through and reviving all this trauma, and I said, "I can't do that."

So they said, "let's try this. Take these two blue pills"

So I take two Viagra, and my eyes get so red, but I get fucking hard, and I fuck the shit out of these seven guys. And the movie is a success, and they give me my money. And check this out, when I came out of the hotel, there was a Chanel store, and I got me Chanel shoes. I spent like, you know, a big part of the money on a pair of shoes, because I thought, "I deserve it."

My friend, we got like really cute that day, and she took me to see Vanessa Williams, "Into the Woods," the musical. And from there, we went to eat at Chez Josephine, which at the time, that restaurant was like... really, really the shit in New York. So all of a sudden, I found myself in New York City, wearing Chanel, with seven thousand bucks in my pocket, after watching Vanessa Williams, "Into the Woods," I just fucked seven guys... It was a lot of emotion, so I started crying, and crying and crying. And it was a realization of me, being this child in Argentina that didn't have anything, and it was never understood. So we went out, and that's when I met Nena, who I was in a relationship with for a couple of years after. I met her that night. And she always tells me that she saw all of these emotions, and that's why she fell in love with me. But in the process of falling in love, we



got really high, on like everything. We started doing crystal, and pills, and coke, and dope, everything. We ended up walking on Orchard Street with a bottle of champagne, and somebody stopped us and was like, "what are you doing? This is New York city, really, you're gonna get arrested."

So we went home, and we spent a couple of days together. So when I woke up from all of that, I called my mom, this is funny. I called my mom, and I said, "mom, I think I'm in love, I've found somebody." And she said, "oh my god, who is he?"

And I go like, "Well... it's not a he..."

And my mom said, "wait a minute. I had a son... that was gay... became a transsexual... became a woman... and now... is a fucking lesbian? I can't understand you. I'm gonna pass you to your grandmother, you can talk to her about that shit."

And I said, "Hey grandma,"

She said, "Hey, what going on?"

"Mom doesn't wanna understand that I'm with this girl."

"Oh whatever, do you like her? Do you love her?"

"Yeah, she's so beautiful,"

"Oh my god, I wanna meet her!" And she said, "I always knew this was going to happen, and I miss you so much, but I am so happy that you are in a place where you can do all these things, and be who you are."

And that's why I love fucking New York, and it's so hard to leave this place for me. But she was always right, she knew it was the place for me.



2. JESUS CHANGED MY LIFE

When I was 18 years old I moved away from my really, really small home town in Argentina. I'm talking a town so small that everybody knows about everybody, including your sex life. I left this rural shit-hole with a bad reputation. You see, I had been living as a gay boy and I was getting, well, a lot of attention because I was such a fucking slut. And this didn't escape my poor family. Ah yes, I remember it well. One day my brother gave me a list of people, there were about 12 guys on it as I recall. "What is this?" I asked him.

He waited a moment then explained. "Please," he whimpered, "I beg you. Don't fuck them. They're my friends." Sometimes, after my brother would fall asleep in the room we shared, I'd let his buddies run a train on me. I guess, for some weird reason, he felt it was embarrassing when his friends bragged about laying his little brother. Men are so uptight.

I can't say I ever learned to close my legs. But eventually I moved to a bigger city to go to college. I was living a gay life, you know? But then I found out that you could be trans, and I met this super-amazing, kind of Barbie-doll, trans girl that I fell so in love with. All I wanted to do was be like her, be like her, be like her. And I started going to this bar that was meant to be a gay bar but was failing miserably because I and all the other trannies took it over, so it was more like a trans woman bar. Naturally there was sex work and everything like that around. Most trannies are whores, obviously. But that was all at the weekends. During the week it was very, very quiet. I would go every day. As with everything new, moderation was never my speciality. Every day, every day I would be there. Every fucking day.

On one of those days I went to the bar, and it was literally nobody there. It was the bar man and me. I was seated at a table, having soda, or some beer or whatever and all of a sudden the door opens and this guy comes into the bar. I don't remember what I was drinking, but I remember that hot trade, bitch! This slut was about six three, with this beautiful bronze tan, and long dark straight hair. He was very skinny, but somehow athletic, dressed really differently than the rest of the world was dressing at the time. But in a good way I noticed he was carrying a polaroid camera around his neck. So then it was three...the bartender, the tall guy, and me.

He immediately came over to my table and introduced himself. He told me he really hadn't known that this was a gay bar, or a trans bar, but that he was happy he'd met me. He said, "Maybe I am here because of a reason. Maybe I am here to meet you." He told me he'd never had an experience with a trans girl, but that he was interested to explore and started telling me how pretty I was, saying that he wouldn't know that I was trans if he saw me on the street. I've really made it, I thought.

At the time I needed a lot of validation. Finally he said he wanted to try to have sex with a trans girl, and that he'd decided I was going to be the one. For me, it was such an honor. I was like "Oh my god, I've found this perfect guy, and he really doesn't care about me being trans. And he's going to have sex with me even if I have a dick, and he may love me tomorrow, he may be the guy of my life!"

I wasn't sure where we'd make love, but then he told me to come to the bathroom with him. Um. I thought he would take me somewhere, to an apartment, or to a hotel, or somewhere but...whatever! So I went to the bathroom with him, and we started kissing and touching. And he pulled his dick out. And it was a very interesting dick. It was like a little cat. And it had this thing over it, like a stain, like if you spill ink on a desk. It was the 80s, the end of the 80s, and everyone was talking about HIV and AIDS. So that was the first thing that crossed my mind. "What is that?" I asked him.

"It's a surprise I have for you," he said.

"What is it?"



El que se acerque a mí en
este día estará cerca de Dios.

Recuerdo de mi Primera Comunión

Alejandro Gabriel Gentili Ceci

RECIBIDA EL 7 DE NOVIEMBRE DE 1982

EN LA IGLESIA SANTA MARGARITA



"Well, the only way for you to know it is to make it grow."

"How can I make it grow?"

"If you suck it, it will grow, and then you will find out what it is."

So I had to. I had to. Always, curiosity was my problem. They say curiosity killed the cat, but curiosity made me have sex all the time."

So I started sucking the dick, and after a while it grew and grew and grew. At first, I really couldn't tell what it was. But when I went up or air, I looked down, and Jesus Christ was looking up at me. His long hair parted in the middle, he had his little beard, and his little hands were raised to absolve me of sin. There were all these little rays coming from behind him, like the sun was shining from out of that dick. It was a fucking tattoo of Jesus Christ on his dick.

And then he said "Stand up, and turn around" and I did it. And he said "Are you ready to receive Jesus Christ inside of you?" And even if I was an atheist, and at the time I already was, I just had to let Jesus Christ inside of me. So I said "Yes."

So he started to fuck me. And I said, "Oh my god."

And he said "Exactly!"

When he was about to come, he asked, "Are you ready to receive the sacrament?" And that sounded like a really interesting thing to do. But then he said "Before I finish, I want to take a picture."

So while he was fucking me, he took a picture. And the picture came out of the Polaroid. And then, while he kept fucking me, he started waving the picture around with his hand to make it dry. He asked me if I wanted to see it. And I said "No I don't want to see it, please come, my asshole hurts, Jesus Christ is killing me."

So he came inside me. And it felt really good, actually. And then he showed me the picture. You couldn't see the whole Jesus Christ, because part of it was inside my asshole, but you could definitely see his head.

I thought this was pretty fantastic. But he seemed to be experiencing an issue with the fact that he had fucked me. He asked me, "Does this make me gay?" And that was the first time that I'd heard that. Of course, later I heard it from every other man I had sex with.

But he'd been good, so I said, "No, it doesn't make you gay."

Nowadays, if you ask me that, and if you haven't fucked me well, I say "Pretty much. This makes you gay. You're pretty gay." But if you fuck me well I still say no.

And then the Jesus dick guy said "You know what, I'm gonna go."

So he left. And I was still feeling kind of full, because I was still feeling that dick inside me, but at the same time I felt this emptiness. So I went to the bar. And I said to the bartender, "Do you know what just happened to me?"

And the bartender said "Yes, I know."

"What do you mean, you know?"

"You just met the Jesus Christ guy, and he fucked you in the bathroom, and he took a picture of Jesus Christ getting inside your asshole."

"How do you know that? He told me that I was the first one!"

And he said "Look behind me at the wall." And all over the wall, there were at least sixty different pictures of Jesus Christ getting in different assholes, so he'd already fucked everybody else, and I was just one more. And my picture went up too, after he left. But it was a good experience. Somehow for me, as someone who had just started dressing up and playing with being trans, it was like saying "Wow, I made it! I'm playing with the big-shots now. I'm a full tranny. Jesus Christ fucked me!"

And in a certain way, if I think about it, Jesus changed my life.

I realized guys are full of shit, and will tell you every little thing that you need to hear in order to fuck you. But if they had to do all that to fuck me, it gave me some power. And I started to look at guys from a bigger place, like they were down there, when before I used to look at them like they were up there, like I needed them, like it was something I had to get. From that moment on I had the power, when it came to having sex with guys. And it had to do with my career as a sex worker, because I found out that guys can tell you all this bullshit to fuck you for free, but they can also can give you money, and it's much easier to give me 100 pesos, and not have to be talking bullshit for two hours.





3: TANGERINE TREE AND PORCELAIN URN

(Looking at photos) This was a tangerine tree. And this is my grandma's house. And that's where, I think I told you this before, I used to spend my summers there. And this tangerine tree, see all the tangerines, was very generous, the most generous tree I've ever seen. You had so many tangerines, so many tangerines. And this is now. The tree came down, because it grew right, but at the time it was higher. And I love tangerines, I always did. It's funny, I would climb the tangerine tree, and just be up there eating tangerines until I couldn't breathe, so many tangerines, like my stomach was so full of tangerines.

And my mom would come with a stick, and say, "little boy, little boy, come down!"

And I said, "no!"

And my mom would say, "little boy, little boy, come down, come down!"

And I said, "no!"

And she said, "you're not coming down?"

And I said, "no, I'm not a boy!"

Five years old... Five years, old, stop calling me a boy (laughs).

And my mom would go and cry to my grandmother, and my grandmother would say, "don't cry, that's who he is, it's ok."

My grandmother was so ok with everything, right? So, I used to spend the summers there. And she didn't have a bathroom. We had an outhouse, so at night, we had to run to the outhouse, you know, if you had to use the bathroom. And that's exactly what would happen when I would go to the tangerine tree. At night, you have to pee a lot, so you know, if it was summer, I would open the door and run to the outhouse. But it was a surreal experience, running in the middle of the night, just with the light of the moon. And running towards, I remember like- my grandfather, I think you can see it here, my grandfather had a brick oven. So you made bread in there. And I had to run, and I would go through the brick oven, and I thought like monsters were gonna come out of there and get me. Like smoke monsters, I had the idea, like when you open the oven and all the smoke comes out, so I was so scared of the brick oven. So I ran, and you know all the shadows on the way to the outhouse... and I would pee. I would pee, and I would run back to the house, run back to the house... And just do it, right?

But it was an amazing experience, so exhilarating, and my blood was rushing, it was something I was so scared of doing but at the same time I loved it. I loved the adrenaline that it gave me. I think already from the time I was a child, I was already a junkie (laughs). I would get high on that trip to the outhouse. But you know, since I ate so many tangerines there, I had to use the outhouse a lot.

The problem was in winter, right? It was too cold to go to the outhouse. So, my grandmother had this beautiful porcelain... I don't know, it was like some kind of a... not tall, but big vase, like an urn, that you can put water in to wash your face. But there was another one that was taller, and much bigger, and it was porcelain. And my grandmother told me this story, she told me, "this is the porcelain that your great-grandmother gave your grandfather when he married me."

And it was white. And my great-grandmother was very against them getting married, because my grandmother was like Argentinian-Indian, like very dark. And this is how racist my country is, she told my grandfather, "keep this, so you can keep something white in the house."

That's horrible, that's horrible... that's the kind of family that we had. And my grandmother being dark, and my grandfather being light, and how that repeated itself with my mom and my dad. Because my dad was Italian, and my mom was mixed. So that thing kept repeating forever. And it shaped our stories, because my mom always wanted me to, you know... when she came to good terms



with me being trans, she always thought a white man would save me by being my husband. Which is funny, at the end of the day, I am with a white man now (laughs), but the story's totally different, you know, he didn't save me from anything. So she had that urn, that kind of vase, so she told me, "yes, she told your grandfather that, but nowadays, I just remember her every time I take a pee, and I feel like I'm peeing on her." (Laughs)

So in winter, she said like, "you take this vase, so you don't have to go all the way to the outhouse, you can pee in the urn. And in the morning, we will throw it away." Because it was too cold to go. So I did that for so many years. And I loved those vases, I thought that they were beautiful, and I always told her that I wanted them.

When I went to college, my mom and dad rented me an apartment. College in my country is free, so you really don't have to spend... it doesn't cost you money to go to college, but you have to spend money on like rent, and food, things like that. So my parents rented me this really, really little apartment for me to live in. And they told me that they could pay the rent for six months, and at the end of six months I had to find a way to pay it myself. And so everybody, all my family was like collaborating with things, somebody would give me like a little sofa, or a bed, like a small apartment to live. So my grandmother went and gave me the two vases. And she said, "I'm giving it to you because you always wanted them, but I'm also giving them to you because I'm getting a fucking bathroom, bitch." (Laughs)





So you know, that was when she added a bathroom to the house. Because that's a house far from the city, and they didn't have ways to have a proper bathroom. But then she made it happen, so she said, "I have a bathroom now, so you can have my vases." And I had those vases there at a time when I couldn't keep going to school because I started my transition, and I started doing sex work, and I started having more money, and I rented this beautiful house in the middle of the area where the girls did sex work. It was easy for me, because I could go down, and I would turn the tricks right there in my house, so I didn't have to travel. Because it was dangerous, because you could get killed on the way to do the tricks. It was easy, and there were always other friends there, so it was safer for me.

So I rented this house, and it was an amazing house, like an old house with old marble stairs, so beautiful. So old, kind of fucked up because it was old, but so beautiful. And it was like a communal house, because it was my house, but there were always people living there. Like other sex workers living there, right? So I took the vases and put them in the corner. And my friends would come, and I would say, "yeah, these are my grandma's vases. It's porcelain, blah blah blah..." They had a very specific space in my house. And at the time I was very good friends with my friend Azul, which means blue. She was the funniest person ever, she was so much fun, and we had a lot of fun together. She didn't work, she didn't do sex work, she had a job someplace. But at night she would dress up and we would go out, and just have fun, and sometimes I would do my work, and she would wait for me.

v And we both had boyfriends. Our boyfriends were both deaf, they couldn't hear. I found out that deaf young boys have like and incredible strength, and later on somebody told me that it's usual that deaf young boys have an incredible strength since they don't hear... I don't know. They were very strong. Maybe these boys were strong, and it had nothing to do with them being deaf. They were very strong boys, young boys, you know? And my friend Azul told me, we would talk about things that we do, she was very new into being trans and dressing up, so I was kind of like her mother. So she said, "yes, I did this, I did that..."

And she said, "I never swallowed."

And I go like, "what do you mean?"

And she said, "I never swallowed. I find it... disgusting."

And I go like, "you don't know what you're missing. Like, swallowing is amazing."

"But how do you do it?"

"There's no way to do it, you just DO IT."

Right?

So I say, "when he cums, you're just gonna go down on him, you're gonna suck his dick, until he's about to cum, and when he's about to cum, you're going to go even DEEPER. And when he cums in your mouth, you just swallow it at once. ALL AT ONCE."

And she said, "I don't know if I can do that."

I go like, "yes you can. You can do anything you put your mind to."

So. That day, he came, and they went to the bathroom, and she said she started sucking his dick, sucking his dick, sucking his dick. And he kind of, you know, put his foot on the toilet, and held himself from the towel handle. So she was sucking him, and sucking him, and sucking him, and he said, "I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum," so she went even deeper, and he came in her mouth, and she swallowed it all. But while he was cumming, it was so intense that he ripped the towel hanger out of the wall, and pulled the toilet out. So you know, I hear all of these noises, and I get into the bathroom and see all this water coming out, and I look at Azul, and she said,

"I swallowed! I swallowed!"

And I go like, "you fucking bitch, you destroyed my bathroom."

"Yeah but I finally swallowed!"

And I said, "good for you." (Laughs)

So we didn't have a bathroom, we had to cut the water and everything. So that night, we started going out, and I was bringing my tricks to the house, and she was bringing boys for fun, and everyone had to use the bathroom. And everybody was using my grandma's urn, the porcelain urn. And my boyfriend, who was her boyfriend's friend, was also deaf. But he was an asshole. He was like horrible, he was HORRIBLE. He would get high, and just disappear in the middle of the night, and leave me in the middle of the night and go with other bitches. And he would always come back in the morning and he would ring the bell, and I wouldn't answer. And then he would start yelling from downstairs. But since he was deaf, the volume of his voice was really... Screaming, and screaming, "Cecilia, Cecilia, open the door, open the door!"

So that night he did the same. And Azul was there, and she was like, "No. No. No, he's an asshole, he's an asshole don't open the door for him."

And I go like, "but he's screaming, you know, he wants to see me..."

"No, he's an asshole, don't go, don't open the door."

And I peeked through the window, and I said, "but he has flowers..."

And she said, "don't, don't, don't. He's an asshole, don't do it. Don't do it."

So I looked down, and I say, "I'm not gonna open the door to you. I'm not gonna open the door."

He used to work for the cable company. Right? So when I said I'm not going to open, he put himself into that thing, that the vehicles have that lifts you up, it's like a big bucket that lifts you up. So he put himself in, and started coming up, up, up, up, up, and he would scream, "Cecilia, Cecilia, I'm gonna jump through the balcony! I love you, I love you..." with the flowers, right?





And I was like, "Oh my god Azul, he really, really loves me..."
And she said, "NO."

When he got all the way up to the balcony, it was the first floor right, she opened the windows, took the urn, and dumped all the pee that everybody was peeing during the night. And she said, "you motherfucker, you're gonna stop ruining my friend's life. Or next time, I'm gonna break this urn into your fucking head."

And I said, "no Azul, it's porcelain!"

4. LOVE, DATING, AND SEX

Hi! Oh my god, i'm super excited. Hi everybody, how are you? (applause)

Ok, I was told that I was supposed to talk about love, about dating, and about sex. So that's what I'm gonna try to do. And this is kind of like, a very hard time for me of the year, because I'm about ten days from the first year without my mom. My mom died last year on the 22nd of February. So it's very, very hard for me. She was one of the big loves of my life, because she was awesome. She was an awesome woman. An awful mother, but an awesome woman. (laughter) It's funny, what they told me, that I have to talk about love, and dating, and sex. What came to my mind is that me and my mom, we had the same first experience with and orgasm. But for totally different reasons.

When I do this story, for some other reason, I always go back in time. So this time I'm going back to when I was ten, or eleven. And that's when I had my first orgasm. I used to play in the back yard to Tarzan. And I always, always was given the role of Jane. Of course. And I always kind of played like, "oh guys, I have to be Jane again?" (Laughter) "really? Ok, I'll do it." (laughter) So I was always Jane. And it always mostly Tarzan and Jane and nobody else, because everybody would go away. And you know, I never knew, I never ever knew, I just read it today because I wanted to remember what the idea of Jane was, and I knew that Jane was like somebody that came from a continent. And she was like, very knowledgeable, and very smart, but my idea of Jane, what I remember of Jane was her with little clothes. And you know I always like to do things right.

So I got my little outfit. I got my little outfit that I did with this thing called "pijera(?)." That's where they put like the things that they give to the cows, it's hard to explain in English, trust me it's very, very (?), and a horrible thing. But I did my little skirt, and I did my little thing to cover my tits that I never had at the time. That was always an issue, I remember when I [lived there,] we used to go to pools in my country, and I would come out of the pool, and my mom was waiting for me. And I would come out of the pool, and my mom would say like, "YOU DON'T HAVE TITS." I would go, "leave me alone."

"What are you covering, you don't have tits!"

So I would cover my tits to be Jane.

And we would play. I would play with my neighbor Alejandro, he was so hot. He was about eleven, I was ten so much older. Like me, he was a pervert. (laughter) And we would play Tarzan and Jane. And he was so, like, you know... (?) he was like a little animal, he would run and go over these trees, and do things while I was home, like cooking meals for him. And you know, we would play for awhile, and then the night would come and he would come back home and I would have his food ready. And we did that for awhile, and then the periods of day started getting shorter and shorter, and we started spending more time at home, actually in bed. Because Tarzan and Jane, they had some intimacy, so we kinda figured out we had to spend some time in bed.

And I was like, "listen Alejandro, they had a child. The baby is called Kala(?), so, how did they make it?"

And he was like, "well, I don't know, I don't know..."

"Well, let's improvise. I kinda have an idea."

So we started improvising, and at the beginning, he had such a conflict with that, but we were doing it with clothes, so it was like, no doing it. So we would do it with clothes, and we would rub each other, you know, and things like this... And I felt like I was older, and like I was hot, and like I was a woman. You know? And that was that awesome feeling, like, "this is what I wanna be, this is what I wanna be." And it was not Jane, definitely, it was a woman that I wanted to be, Jane or whatever.

So one day we played, and he came back home, and we started touching each other. And he sat on a table, and I sat over him, and he took his dick out, and I opened my ass like this, and I sat on his dick. And it was so beautiful. And then, as the perverts that we are, I took his hand, and I put it over my dick, because that's what I call my dick, "dick." I put it over my dick and I started moving his hand like

ing, ahhhhhhhhhhhh and I thought when the tingle would leave my body, I was gonna be dead. And I thought my mom is gonna find me back here, dead dressing like Jane. And then she's gonna feel so bad. And it's gonna be a scandal. And then I thought this would be an awesome death. (AHHHHH-HHHHHHHHH)

And that was my first orgasm. And I said, "fuck this, I'm an atheist. And that thing that the priest told me is totally fucked up bullshit, and I wanna do it again."

The sad part is to find out that my mom kind of had the same experience, but she was sixty. And I always told her, "mom, it's ok, at least you didn't die without knowing what an orgasm is." So I remember when I called her, she was dating, my dad passed away, and she started dating this guy. And I say to my mom, you know, "did you do it?"

And she said, "well, you know, we kind of kissed, and things like that..."

And I go like, "do you like him?"

And my mom said, "yeah, I do."

So I call her next week, and I say, "mom, did you do it?"

And she said, "no, but he kind of touched me."

And I go like, "did you like it?"

She said, "yeah."

So I call her the week after, and I go, "mom, did you do it?"

She said, "yes."

And I go, "how did you feel? Did you like it?"

"NO."

And I said, "mom, why, wasn't he good?"

"Yes. But I found out that what the priest told me is true."

And I said, "what that motherfucker told you?"

"He told me that I was supposed to wait a full year after your father died, to see somebody."

And I go like, "aaaaaand?"

"Well, it hasn't been a year yet."

"Aaaaaand?"

"We were doing it, and I start feeling this tingling, coming from the back of my feet, up, up, up. And I thought, 'God is mad at me, I'm dyingggg-'"

And I go, "what did you do?"

"I push him out, and stop it."

And I go like, "no, mom, that was an orgasm."

So I call her the week after, and I go like, "mom, did you do it?"

"Fuck yeah."

And I said, "how do feel about the whole priest slash god thing?"

And she said, "I still believe in it, because, guess what, when I got my first orgasm, it was the day 1 year after your father died."

Thank you very much.







SERENA JARA X CECILIA GENTILI
The Knife Cuts Both Ways

"I would rather be here with you than anywhere else in the world. You, all of you here and everywhere, gave me this award tonight. And I accept it from you and only you. I love all of you. Now please forgive me, good night."

-Joan Crawford, Mommie Dearest

My work with artist, activist, and advocate Cecilia Gentili creates a non-linear narrative around our photographic relationship spanning the last few years. Drawing inspiration from celluloid glamour and seductiveness, *The Knife Cuts Both Ways* describes our dynamic as a series self-composed scenes. As a traditional storyteller, Cecilia recounts various chapters of her life in a darkly humorous tone for audiences in NYC. Because Cecilia has acted a trans mother towards me and several of my sisters, I began to imagine scenarios of intimacy and suspense where she embodied my own dramatized projections of her as powerful, emblematic, and goddess-esque. Our artistic collaborations also led me to produce a self-published text, one that combines transcriptions of Cecilia's traditional storytelling with found photos and my own photography.

