


"My favorite fresh new
writer of the year award
goes to Simon Doonan . . .
the most brash and
brilliant thing in type."

—LIZ SMITH



WACKY CHICKS

LIFE
LESSONS
FROM
FEARLESSLY
INAPPROPRIATE
AND
FABULOUSLY
ECCENTRIC
WOMEN

by
SIMON
DOONAN

NATIONAL BESTSELLER

left this huge nasty-looking mark on his leg," says Amy with a wince. "He went over to my brother Paul's house for dinner. There was a lady there who had just been bereaved and was in that fragile needy state. My dad drops his trousers and shows everyone his bloody mark. Yes, Dad's doin' great. Thanks for asking."

Amy's mother has been dead for many years, but is fondly remembered: "She was a real mom. Her philosophy was do whatever makes you happy because everything works itself out in the end. She wanted me to be a policeman and frost my hair. I recently started highlighting my hair. I go to Rena down on Orchard Street. I always think of Mom when I'm under the dryer."

I ask Amy if the other members of the Sedaris family are creative. "Sure! My brother Paul has his own floor-sanding business and he's doing really well. Lisa's an eternal student. Gretchen loves flowers—she works in a nursery—and my sister Tiffany works at an Italian bakery decorating pastries and cakes."

Amy's childhood was happy, give or take a gnarly incident or two. At elementary school she slammed into one Bobby Marshall, "an unfortunate kid with a water head." After she banged into her hydrocephalitic playmate, the teacher forced Amy to kiss him to make it feel better. "I was repulsed. It was my first kiss—and then when I did it, it wasn't so bad. He's probably passed on. Isn't that sad?" recalls Amy mistily.

Romance aside, a wholesome and almost Partridge Familyesque commitment to singing and performing enlivened the Raleigh, North Carolina, Sedaris family home. "I was a huge