

# Living Chicana Theory

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## Tomboy

*Mónica Palacios*

This piece is taken from the show *Deep in the Crotch of My Latino Psyche*.

When I was four, five, and six, I was extremely shy and I had a pixie hair cut.  
Adults would stick their faces in my space and ask,  
"Are you a boy or a girl?"  
"Girl!"  
Shouting up into their adult world.  
Wishing they hadn't asked me that.  
Wondering if I looked like a freak or something.  
I just didn't feel like a little girl.  
*Sugar and spice and everything nice.*  
I don't think so.

It was raining really hard but my mom, dad, and little brother Greg, went to the toy store anyway. It was Sunday and we respected our obligations.  
Greg got this totally cool machine gun and I—I don't know what possessed me, perhaps societal pressure—I got this doll.  
During our drive home I knew I made the wrong choice. By the time I got inside, I was bawling my head off because I wanted a machine gun too. I cried so much, my dad went back to the toy store and returned home with a brand new machine gun.  
I was really happy then.

I was always the Dad, the Soldier, or the Sheriff.

The Christmas that I was five was the year I got my cowboy drag.  
"Getty up, Miss Kitty."

I was just getting over the chicken pox, so my week had been hellish.

But waking up Christmas morning to a cowboy hat, shirt, leather vest with fringe, chaps, Levi's, 2-tone boots, and a holster with 2 guns—I was spent.

The land of little boys was ADVENTURE—DANGER—BUDDIES!

And really cool toys.

Don't get me wrong, I never wanted to physically be a boy.

Although I did try peeing standing up a couple of times—and I did pretend to shave with dad.

I liked my girl body. I just wanted what they had—POWER!

I soon reached the age where I was supposed to like boys and they were supposed to like me back.

They liked me back alright—too much!

They were so annoying and I was just in the 4th grade!

This is when I started feeling that

MALE SEXUAL POWER!

They didn't attack me or anything, but they would really tease me.

"Hey, Mónica, he says he loves you."

"Mónica meet José behind the school yard because he wants to kiss you."

"Hey, Mónica, come out of your house because we want to FUCK YOU!"

Fuck me?! Jeez, I'm just in the 4th grade and I'm still begging my mother for an Easy Bake Oven!

Because I, like many of you, wanted to bake a cake with a light bulb.

This Male Sexual Power thing—when I didn't ask for it—made me crazy! And it continued through elementary school, jr. high, high school, and college.

Who told them it was OK to invade

my space—

my body—

my soul—

on their terms?

Who told them it was OK to grab my tits and laugh as I walk  
down the corridor to my science class?  
Who told them it was OK to verbally, sexually harass me until  
I'm in tears as I wash my car in front of my house?  
Who told them it was OK to  
FUCK ME even though I said NO????!!!!!!

In high school. I didn't have many boyfriends which was OK  
with me but not in my circle of friends. Because I hung out  
with boy-crazy girls and all they could talk about were their  
boyfriends.

"Mónica, you know my boyfriend who I love very much and I  
would stick a fork in my eye to prove my love?"

"Yeah."

"Well, we can't have sex unless he can come twice so we have  
sex all the time. I can't wait to see him again and his sperm."

Oh god and the sperm. And there was always so much of it.  
Where did it come from? Sperm on tap!

I couldn't handle it.

Or their tongues down my throat.

Hands up my shirt.

Dicks inside—get that hose away from me!

There were moments when I thought I was enjoying myself—  
but no, not really.

And, folks, please note, I don't hate men. I don't want to read  
somewhere: *funny but hates men*.

I have close male friends. I do shows with men.

It's just that Male Sexual Power—I allowed it because  
I was taught to accept it.

You're thinking, "OK, Mónica, you were having fantasies of  
women all this time."

No, I wasn't, because the institutions that were telling me to  
have sex with men were also telling me not to have sex with  
women because that is like really really gross!

And during these confusing stressful heterosexual years, I had  
men—MEN—tell me: "I think you're going to become a les-  
bian. I'll go put on my clothes now."

I wished they would have told me sooner. I wished someone  
would have taken me aside—preferably an angel—and said:  
"The reason you felt like an outsider when you were growing up,  
the reason you couldn't handle all that Male Sexual Power, the  
reason you've had these unexplainable weird feelings for  
women—is because you were born a lesbian and NOBODY  
TOLD YOU!"

But now I know. Because I have reached  
DEEP IN THE CROTCH OF MY QUEER LATINA  
PSYCHE.

And it told me to kiss that woman.

And she tasted like honey.

And I kissed her entire body until I passed out!

When I came to—I realized I  
was a lesbian!

lesbian—Lesbian—LESBIAN!

"How about an orgasm, lesbian woman?"

And I didn't have horns or fangs or this uncontrollable desire  
to chase Girl Scouts: "Hey little lady, can I bite your cookies?"

I was ready to embrace myself.

I was ready to embrace other women.

And feel safe.

And feel a sense of equality.

And feel myself gripping her sensual waist.

Massaging her inviting curves.

Kissing her chocolate nipples.

And sliding my face down

Lick

Down

Lick

Down

Lick

Wanting all of her inside my mouth

And knowing I was never going back

Because honey is

*too sweet*

To give up.