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MARTHA BALLARD,  
ENLIGHTENMENT-ERA  
MIDWIFE, REVIEWS  
MÖTLEY CRÜE, A MUSICAL  
GROUP.

BY [JESSICA SUAREZ](#)  
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**Four out of Five Stars.**

*January 22. 1785.*

Happiness. I have exciting News. Went to see *Mötley Crüe* to-day.

Outside, I caught Mr. *Lee* following me down the Side-Walk with his Eyes. I stopp'd on the Kerb and promis'd my Self he would have to come to me before the Stink of the passing Rubbish Truck subsided. Finger'd in Anticipation my Lace Collar. The Stink faded without his Approach, so I went up to him and offer'd him a Blow-Job.

*January 25. 1785.*

More News! I am in *Malibu*. Mr. *Lee* took me home with him, saying I am to be his Mistress. He had my Things put in his Guest-Room.

I am trying not to think about the Prophylacticks pasted to the Under-Side of the Night-Stand.

*January 31. 1785.*

Mr. *Lee* can be strange. Awak'd in the Middle of the Night to find him eating a *Nerds Rope* over my Bed.

When he saw I had waken'd, he said, *Fuck it*, and walk'd out, locking the Door behind him.

*February 2. 1785.*

Mr. *Lee* says I am to be put on a strait Schedule. He says all *Artistes* follow a tim'd Regimen. I am to scrub the Floors in the Mornings while he writes Musick. He put Halves of Coco-nut Shells on the Floor and told me to scrub it "in the Manner of my Ancestors." When I said I did not know what he meant, he put on Balalaika Musick and commanded me to begin. I spent the next Three Hours pushing the Shells across the Wood Floor in my Stocking Feet.

*February 3. 1785.*

There were tiny Humming-Bird Shites every where on my Pillow when I awak'd this Morning. Mr. *Lee* says it is rude to ask Questions. He is a Rake.

*February 5. 1785.*

To-day I rose early, hoping to write a little Poetry before Breakfast. Mr. *Lee* came out of his Bed-Chamber wearing a smallish Child-Shirt and spotted Under-cloaths. I could not help but laugh. When he became angry, I lower'd my Head.

"I beg, Sir, your Forgiveness if I have offended," I said quietly, but it did Nothing to soothe him. He push'd my Head into my Curds and confin'd me to my Room all Day. He slips Bowls of toasted Penny Loaf soak'd in Milk under my Door, but I refuse to eat.

Ugsome Beast.

*February 11. 1785.*

Curious Day. I over-heard Mr. *Lee* and Mr. *Elton*, the Horse Breeder, speaking on the Door-Step.

"She will make a fine Ride one Day, if you train her well," declar'd Mr. *Elton*.

"Oh, has my Pony arriv'd?" I exclaim'd, rushing outside. "I've been oiling my Saddle all Week!"

"Er ... yes ... your Pony. No, Woman, it hasn't arriv'd. Now go inside and take your Digestives immediately," smil'd Mr. *Lee*.

Mr. *Lee* won't let me enter his Musick Room unless I agree to sit in a Swing over his Piano-forte.

"I am no Child!" I scream'd. He slapp'd me across my Cheek.

*February 13. 1785.*

Mr. *Lee* flew into a frightful Rage to-day. He caught me eating an Artichoke that Mr. *Warburton*, the Grounds-Keeper, sav'd especially for me. Mr. *Lee* says I'm not to eat yellowish Foods, as yellowish Things are vile.

"I hate all yellow Things!" he cried.

"But, my Darling," I pleaded. "I am yellow!" This only aggravated him further. He insisted I vomit the poor wee Artichoke up. Then he made me boil my Bed-cloaths and my lovely new Riding Cloaths in the Maid's Wash-Basin.

*February 15. 1785.*

I was crying to-night into my Sweet-Breads.

"Why do you weep, Woman? Do you not enjoy the Musick I write for you?" Mr. *Lee* ask'd gently.

"No, Sir," I sigh'd. "Tis not that. 'Tis just that my Birth-Day is approaching, and it has been a very long Time since I have seen my Family."

"Let me shew you Something," he said. He took me tenderly by the Hand and led me out to the Barn, where the Live-Stock are kept, and where Mr. *Chivers* hides his Whipping-Sticks. There he shew'd me the thick Calf that will be slaughter'd to-morrow in my Honour. Then he beat me soundly with one of old *Chivers's* Sticks, for ruining the Evening's Meal.

Mr. *Lee* is a hateful Man, but I love him so.

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