

AVENUE D EXPOSED: One Reporter Follows the Girls for One Day---And Lives to Tell the Tale!

By Girl Friday, Deidra Garcia



Many people are familiar with the theatrical antics of booty girl group, Avenue D, but what some don't get a chance to witness is the dark underbelly the group reveals when not romping about on stage. While some may say that their musical demonstrations are graphic enough, it is only the tip of the, ahem, iceberg on what really goes on. I spent a day with Avenue D to bring you the exposed story of one of the most exposed groups in America today.

While I was ready with Hello Kitty notepad and tape recorder at 9:30 AM sharp at Avenue D headquarters, aka "Magic Land," the home of one half of the stellar girl group, I was amazed to find that although the front door was wide

open, Debbie D was nowhere to be found. Instead I encountered masses of unconscious members of the urban fashionista sprawled about on the floor, furniture, and countertops. Situated in one of the most hipster-infested areas of Brooklyn, the warehouse apartment is cavernous enough to double as a roller rink or illegal clothing sweatshop. After I witnessed a pack of feral cats run through the kitchen, a half-awake Debbie staggered out of what appeared to be a closet and screeched at me, "What the fuck do you want?! I told the service not to send anymore hookers over here!" I gently pointed out her mistake, but she continued to berate me until a thin young man appeared to guide me to the door and explain that Debbie rarely saw anyone before 3 PM. I made an appointment for later, and tried my luck at the residence of the other half of the group: Daphne D's.

At Daphne's, I received a much more welcome reception. She greeted me at the door, ushered me into her house, and offered me one of the many fine soft drinks available. After admiring her intriguing collection of baby doll heads, I asked her what it meant to be a member of Avenue D. She smiled and poured me a cup of tea. "It's a total blast! The group allows me to travel all over and meet new people. We've already been to so many places in America and around the world that I feel really lucky to be a part of it," she offered me sugar and concluded, "That's also really helpful when trying to promote Mormonism." At this point, her fiancé arrived home and, after introductions, she began making out with him. Although I tried at several points to ask her a question, her tongue appeared to be too busy, and so after a fruitless half hour I quietly let myself out.

I had better luck later that evening when I returned to Magic Land as the girls prepared for their show. Again, I stepped over half-conscious bodies (does anyone wake up here?) and made my way to Debbie's bedroom, where the girls were being primped and styled by an army of homosexual stylists. Avenue D is known for their inventive and shocking costumes and tonight's was no exception: utilizing an infant Onesie combined with a game of Connect-4, the girls somehow managed to expose all areas of their bodies at once without technically being naked. When Debbie's top fell apart, they improvised by taping powered donuts to her breasts, and spraying them with glitter.

Amidst all the activity, I managed to get a few choice words with them:

ME: So, how has Avenue D changed your life?

DAPHNE: It's really liberated me. I mean, it's kind of hard to imagine that only two years ago I was promised to be one of

the wives of the 60-year-old, halitosis-ridden leader of my local Church of Mormon in a blood oath. Being a part of Avenue D allowed me the mental and financial freedom to step back and say, 'Whoa. Is this really what I want to do with my life?' I mean, I'll always have a special place in my heart for Josiah, Brother of God, but I really think my decision made everyone happier in the long run.

ME: What about you, Debbie?

DEBBIE: (Phone rings) Hang on a sec. (Answers it) Yeah, yeah, yeah. You're coming to the show tonight, right? Love you. (Hangs up) Okay.

ME: So how has Avenue D—

DEBBIE: (Answers phone again) Hey, sunshine. No, I'm just with Grant, Philip, Pizza, Tracy, Sarah, Daphne, Blair, Autumn, Timmy, Michael, Karin, Jonas, and Astro. We're going over the songs and they're fixing our outfits, someone's doing my hair, there's a cake baking in the oven, the cat is getting neutered, and I think Maria Elena is playing monopoly with Stewey, Joe, and Boy George. Oh, and I'm getting interviewed. You're coming to the show tonight, right? Well, blow off the christening. You better be there. I'm putting you on the list. Love you. (Hangs up) Go ahead.

ME: So how—

DEBBIE: (Answers phone) What's up?! What do you mean the band's not there? You said we're going on at 12. Don't fucking back out on me, you fuck. I cannot fucking believe that you are fucking pulling this right now. We made fucking sure that everything was going to happen like we said, and now your fucking telling me there's a problem. Fucking fix it! Love you. (Hangs up) Okay, I'm ready now.

ME: So—

DEBBIE: (Answers phone) Hello?

After offering me a dark beverage, which they explained was punch, I mysteriously missed the show and woke up several hours later in a tub of ice with what I think was a kidney missing. Most of my clothes had been stolen or defiled, but they did leave me my tape recorder semi-intact. What is recorded on it is relatively intelligible, but for a few snippets posted here:

DAPHNE: Debbie, I really don't feel like playing the show tonight.

DEBBIE: We're going on in 5 minutes. Everyone's going to get pissed off.

DAPHNE: I DON'T PLAY SHOWS FOR THEM! I PLAY THEM FOR ME!

DEBBIE: Fine. We won't play.

(After telling crowd they can't play because of technical difficulties, everyone boos and curses at them. A half hour later, Daphne abruptly decides that she now wants to play, and they begin the show).

(Break in tape)

DEBBIE: I want everyone on that floor to fucking dance! Do you hear me?! (Sounds of gunshots and screams). This is one of our new songs, and I WANT YOU TO DANCE!!!

(Break in tape)

1ST VOICE: Avenue D is like, a party to the max. They're totally awesome and I love them. I'm really wasted, but I love Avenue D! I LOVE THEM!

2ND VOICE: Is that your nasal membrane on my shoe?

(Break in tape)

DAPHNE: ...and that's when we all decided to get real dicks!

DEBBIE: Interesting.

I'll never know who took my kidney that night, or how the show went, or who Debbie and Daphne really are. But maybe that's the point of Avenue D: maybe you just have to sit back and let the magic wash over you, let the mysteries fall where they may, and let the music transport you to another place.

Or maybe Debbie and Daphne are just a bunch of petulant, organ-stealing ho-bags with too much fame and time on their hands. Either way, I got a free T-shirt.