



# Ask Dr. Mueller: The Writings of Cookie Mueller

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**Ask Dr. Mueller: The Writings of Cookie Mueller** Cookie Mueller , Amy Scholder (Editor) , John K. Waters (Introduction)

Ask Dr. Mueller captures the glamour and grittiness of Cookie Mueller's life and times. Here are previously unpublished stories - wacky as they are enlightening - along with favorites from *Walking Through Clear Water* in a *Pool Painted Black* and other publications. Also the best of Cookie's art columns from *Details* magazine, and the funniest of her advice columns from the *East Village Eye*, on everything from homeopathic medicine to how to cut your cocaine with a healthy substance. This collection is as much an autobiography as it is a map of downtown New York in the early '80s - that moment before *Bright Lights*, *Big City*, before the art world exploded, before New York changed into a yuppie metropolis, while it still had a glimmer of bohemian life.

## Ask Dr. Mueller: The Writings of Cookie Mueller Details

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## **From Reader Review Ask Dr. Mueller: The Writings of Cookie Mueller for online ebook**

### **Dana says**

I am currently this book - it was recommended to me by a friend. I had no idea who Cookie Mueller is but I do now! And I really love her. I wish she was still here because I can read her stories and advice columns and art reviews all day. She is a force to be reckoned with.

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### **Julie Stout says**

There is a cute story about how far you have to go in the name of art or insanity to be in a John Waters film. This chick is pretty funny.

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### **Vicky says**

Cookie said her stories are novels for people with short attention spans. I suppose. I was super engaged with everything she wrote. I would keep reading if it were never-ending. I love her playing Robin Hood at the men's fashion store where she worked at 18, collecting debts from people and feeling awful for it and hating her slimy boss. Stealing a big spruce tree from the neighbor's front yard in the night for Christmas and replanting a baby spruce the next night with friends <3. The trilogy of trying to recover from a broken heart and finding it in the part of Italy where no tourists want to go.

"Another Boring Day" was so not boring of course, the way Cookie begins her day in line at the bank, nearly stepping into poop that was dropped by the old lady in front of her, thinking of that the rest of the day (aging, losing control of your bowels), running into a friend on the train who she hadn't seen in a long time who looks spiffy except for the garbage bag he forgot to throw out and accidentally brought with him on the train (aging, losing track of your mind), running late in a cab to a magazine office to collect her check, later getting locked in a Chinese restaurant LOL, going home in a cab and sitting on this fat wallet secretly thinking of all the ways she'd spend the money (this long cab ride dream) and finding out it's an address/date book :(

I know one should read Cookie's health advice column with some distance (like some of them are very—), but still, they are great; she's authoritative and sincere and hilarious. I want to respond to questions like this. I was glad there were clippings about regulating periods, collagen, and removing assholes, haha.

Feeling protective of this book.

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### **Phil Overeem says**

Marvelous. If you know who she is, it is a must, but good luck finding even a paperback cheap. A truly sharp and hilarious and humane writer.

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## Thursday says

More or less at the end of the day nothing but five stars is possible. Cookie deserves as many stars as one can possibly conceive.

One thing I'll always remember about this book, the way she wrote about Italy and Italians is everything ever. It means the world to me.

To be truthful, her collection that is still in print is probably something I liked better than this, but I liked this so, so much and I'm so glad I was finally able to track a copy down and read it.

Praise God.

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## jess says

collected essays, journal entries, letters, personal papers, interviews, john waters, cookie mueller, dreamlanders, freaks, baltimore, drug use, sex workers, 1960s, 1970s, drugs, storytelling

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## Ryan says

You don't have to be a John Waters fan to appreciate this delightful book of essays, but it helps. Cookie was a colorful character, and that comes through loud and clear in her gifted writing. Some of her stories are too outrageous to be believed, but you'll be laughing so hard you won't care. Find this book by any means necessary and read it.

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## gnarlyhiker says

laughed till it hurt

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## Phyllis says

Required reading! Cookie Mueller was an amazing writer with that rare gift to be genuinely poignant and screamingly funny at the same time. I don't think any of the current crop of writers who do humorous essays about their lives are fit to kiss the hem of her asymmetrical sweater dress, to be honest. It's a tragedy on so many levels that she died so young and left behind a relatively small body of work. This book collects most of the essays of her brilliant *Walking Through Clear Water in a Pool Painted Black* plus her crazy rare chapbooks, some unreleased work, and columns she wrote for magazines. I'm only knocking off one star for

the excerpts from her medical advice column because they're pretty ridiculous and scary as legit medical advice.

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### **Lesley says**

i had a blast reading this. there are so many crazy different things that she did in her life, how could she not have some crazy amazing stories to go with? her column writing giving various advices was sort of dry and obviously perhaps not always the best advices, but overall i was sucked in.

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### **Nicole says**

Love it so far!

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### **Dave Naz says**

I love this book. Cookie was an amazing person and an underrated writer.

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### **Alexandra says**

Cookie is the coolest girl you've never met. Her gun shot essays make you want to wear high heels and go to Italy while at the same time visit friends in hospitals and raise children. Pure AND accessible glamor. You will feel better about everything you've ever done. Cookie was invincible and, in reading her, you'll start to wonder if maybe you are too. The truest and most genuine of writers, even in hyperbole.

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### **Izzy Strazzabosco says**

my favorite writer! so sad its not available in print, i had to go to the NYU special archives and fill out a ton of paperwork to read a copy in-library. BUT IT WAS WORTH IT. cookie is smart, funny, weird, and most of all an amazing writer. hopefully someday i'll own my own copy...

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### **Emma says**

The first two-thirds of the book were an easy read/airport novel (or whatever you call it); a real page turner! I like that the chapters were really small too, it made it easy to put down, but also easy to keep going because I didn't get bogged down knowing I had a lot to read. Once the book got up to the columns I basically lost interest. I think it would have been better to disperse the columns throughout the book. They were funny, but not so great to read in one sitting. It dragged on and I ended up skipping quite a few. Everything after that felt hard to absorb.

At the beginning, it was just like meeting some really interesting person and listening to all their interesting stories and advice. I don't know that she's the sort of person who is iconic enough to be a role model or be particularly inspired by, but it was good to read about someone who was just living life to have fun and didn't necessarily have particular ambitions or pretences.

If you need a book to read on a train, or on the beach, or on lunch breaks I'd highly recommend this.

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### **Erin says**

so great. loved all the hilarious and tender stories about life. and of course, highlights from her 1980s health advice column! i wonder, can salt water really bring someone back from a heroin overdose?

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### **Alia says**

Crazy stories from a very uninhibited lady. She starred in John Waters films, had a run in with the Manson Family on Haight St. in the 60's, was at a party hosted by Basquiat in New York, and the list goes on. I was thoroughly entertained.

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### **Daniel Levesque says**

Cookie, Cookie Cookie. Oh, girl, we miss you. But you are here, in this book, for everyone to fall in love with.

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### **Caty says**

I LOVE COOKIE! What else can I say? I'm using the word bohemian a lot today, so I'll use it again--1 of the last bohemians. I mean, she was the kind of girl who was one of Nan Goldin's photo subjects--more like \*that\* than the \*other\* photo subjects. Read it. Read it, read it, read it. W/intro by a faintly disapproving straightedge yet totally adoring John Waters.

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### **Lou Last says**

This other lover of mine was Gloria. She sat three rows in front of me in Algebra class. I watched her hairdos from the back. Every day they were different: Beehives, Barrelcurls, Air Lifts, Pixies, flips, French Twists, Bubbles, Doublebubbles.

The things I liked best were the way her scalp shone through all the teasing as if her head was a mango and the spit curls pasted down beside her ears with clear fingernail polish. She also had bitten-to-the-quick fingernails. I even liked the warts and nicotine stains on her index and second fingers. On her, all this was heaven.

I began spending Saturday nights with Gloria when Jack had bloody cut eyes from fights. When he went in the hospital, I stayed with her the whole weekend. I slept in her single bed at her parent's prefab house and first she used to feel me up. She kept telling me, "Just pretend I'm Jack. Just pretend I'm Jack."

In the beginning the cajoling was necessary, but in the weeks that followed I didn't have to pretend she was Jack anymore.

Jack and Gloria liked each other and no one ever suspected anything about Gloria and myself. For appearances, we were best girlfriends, both of us with our combustible hairdos, sprayed with lacquer and teased high as possible. We wore the tightest black skirts ... so tight that they hobbled us . . . black stockings, white blouses with ruffles at the neck and cuffs, pointy bras underneath and five-inch spike heels.

With these shoes, and the hair, we were the tallest people in the school. Lesser women than we would have become acrophobic. We made people dizzy when they saw us. We clicked down the high school hallways in our spikes, these shoes I had to keep in my school locker to change into when I got there in the mornings . . . my mother made me wear flats to school.

When Jack was in the hospital, we picked up guys together, smoked a lot of cigarettes, sniffed glue, and drank codeine terpenhydrate cough syrup for the buzz. I stopped seeing Jack and took his initial ring off when he went to jail for a B and E (breaking and entering) charge. I stopped seeing Gloria when she got pregnant and decided to marry Ed, her longtime boyfriend, who she kept telling me she didn't love nearly as much as she loved me.

Years later, I found out that Jack, who was always pretty literate, was on methadrine writing a novel, never able to drink again because of his liver.

As for Gloria . . . that girl . . . born of a lightbulb it seemed, had died when she had gotten silicone injections for her little tits. It had spread all over her body, making tiny lumps arise on every inch of her skin, until finally it entered her pulmonary arteries and the aorta and she died of a silicone heart.

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