

Interview

CONFESSIONS OF A BADASS MOTHER

Mamarama isn't just the title of Evelyn McDonnell's brilliantly honest new book—it's also a state of mind. In *Mamarama: A Memoir of Sex, Kids, and Rock 'n' Roll* (Da Capo), McDonnell, the pop-music critic for the *Miami Herald* and a longtime *Interview* contributor, pogos through the various iterations of her "Frankenstein families"—from her surrogate kin in the culture wars (the punk rock, riot grrrl, and rave communities) to her experience as a parent entering middle age. Ironically, it's McDonnell's experience as a wife and mother that proves most exotic. "My friends urged me to write about my life because it's unusual—not many women rock critics live a boho life and then wait so long to have a kid," she explains. "The book is about what people of my generation went through and are still going through. We grew up seeing the ideal-

ism of the '60s, but we haven't been heard from much because we're sandwiched between the baby boomers and Gen X. I don't feel like I'm part of either, but I feel connected to both at the same time." *Mamarama* explores everything from "third-wave feminism" to indie-rock insider-dom to the politics of public breast-feeding. But the book's main thread is McDonnell's newborn son, Cole. "Cole helped me understand my life," she says. "When you become a parent, you romanticize the 'pre-parent days.' Your life changes immensely, but there should be a continuum with your values and what you care about; you're just trying to achieve those same goals in a different way. I wanted to bring it all together—to show it's all one." Spoken like one bad mamarama.

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