

THE DICK

By Whacker

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The Dick is offensive and should not be read

*To have a dick is to go through life
chained to a madman*

— Sophocles

Dick (dik) n.

- 1: (usually vulgar) a penis
- 2: a mean, stupid, or annoying man
- 3: a detective
- 4: (chiefly British, informal) a fellow or chap
- 5: the smallest amount ("she knows dick about automotive")
- 6: nickname for Richard
- 7: surname of Moby

Verb

- 1: to have penetrative sexual intercourse with

Phrasal verbs

Dick around

to spend time idly; fool around

Dick up

to botch or bungle

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WHACKADOODLE #1: PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST DEVOURED



PROLOGUE

J. Nathan Laschtog was sitting with his family for the last time. He was cradling his little girl in his lap for the last time. He was watching his eight-year-old daughter handwalk past the fridge in her undies for the last time. And for the last time, he was watching--no, he was really *seeing*--his wife hurry around the kitchen doing all her morning tasks at once.

She was sipping her coffee and pouring his. She was smoothing peanut butter on bread and applying lipstick. She was filling brown sacks with Ziplocked sandwiches, applesauce cups, and leftover Halloween candy. She was tying the little one's sneakers, straightening her stockings, and warning the little handwalker for *absolutely the last time* to put on her school clothes.

Laschtog watched his firstborn child scurry down the hall on her hands, marveling at her strength and grace, her long hair sweeping the boards. He knew the tiny one in his lap had been lisping at him for a long time, with her clammy palms pressing his cheeks. He looked down at her and smiled. He buried his face in her delicate curls and, for the last time, he breathed her.

He listened to his womenfolk. Not their words. Just their sounds. The little one lisping from his lap, the big one humming Britney Spears from her room, his wife clacking around on her heels while reciting the endless list of things he was to do that day. He liked the noise they made--*his girls, his lovelies*--all talking, singing, lisping at once.

His wife stood before him with her lips moving rapidly. He looked her up and down, admiring her slim figure, the care she took with her clothes. She was once a young beauty, way out of his league, and now she was such a handsome woman.

"Listen, Daddy," the little one said, "Daddy, listen."

Laschtog studied his wife's arms, which she'd crossed in annoyance. She had such a feminine way of crossing her arms. Had he ever noticed? Where cross-armed men slid their hands over and under the biceps as if to make them bulge, she held both elbows in the cups of her hands. A man would never do that. Only a woman would--a real woman.

"Daddy, daddy," the little one called out again, standing up in his lap. "Daddy," she said again as she traced one finger along the "W" of his receding hairline. He smiled at the little girl and nodded. He nodded at his pretty wife, looking her up and down.

His smile faded as he noticed an ominous stirring in his undies. Blanching at this desecration of the last good, wholesome moment of his life, he lifted the little girl and set her down on the floor. "You villain!" he hissed, glaring down at his groin. "You little asshole!"

"Hey!" his wife said, louder now, snapping her fingers in his face. "Hey!"

Laschtog looked up to see the little one standing before him in her dress and stockings, mirroring her mother. They both had their elbows cupped in their hands. They both held one hip popped in annoyance. Laschtog's smile returned.

"Daddy, I said mommy's talking, daddy."

"Uh-huh," Laschtog said, turning to face his wife.

"Did you just call her the A-word?"

He shook his head.

"What's wrong with you?"

Why not tell her? he thought, as his heart began to race. Why not press your face to her tummy and sob out every secret, awful thing? Why not let her save you?

"I didn't sleep," he said.

"Were you listening to anything I said?"

He looked at her helplessly. She poked her tongue into her cheek. She flared her nostrils. She repeated everything.

He heard something about peanut butter. He heard something about dance practice. But had he ever seen the little mole on her chin or the tiny blonde hairs curving down her throat?

The little girl brushed past his shins as she crawled under the table. He peered down and saw her patting Ol' Bob much too hard, lisping love in his ear.

"And are you ever going to clean up after Ol' Bob?" his wife said. "It's a minefield out there. The girls can't even get to the swings. If you aren't too busy with your book, please clean up the yard. I'll do everything else. Just please clean up the dog crap."

Laschtog had been smiling at his little girl, watching her clamp Ol' Bob in a headlock while cooing, "Oh my Bobby-boo, my sweet Ol' little Bobby-boo."

But when his wife mentioned his book, he looked up sharply. Had he imagined it, or had she said *your book* in that tone people use when making air quotes with their fingers? He searched her face for signs of mockery. He found none. She had never mocked the wicked and vainglorious dream that was his book. And she wasn't mocking it now. Pure gratitude rose from his heart and welled in his eyes.

He stood up and leaned in for a kiss. She lowered her head defensively, like a boxer who'd rather take a shot to the brow than the mouth. Laschtog pressed his kiss to her forehead as he pulled her into him. He savored her good smell, her softness for the last time. He held her tighter as she began to squirm.

"I'm sorry," he murmured in her ear. "I'll clean it all up. When you come home, the crap will be gone. There will be no more crap in your life."

He hugged and kissed his daughters goodbye. Then, just like any other day, he stood beside the dog on the side steps, waving as the old minivan rattled away. He didn't cry or even tear up. He felt good. Serene. His wife wasn't that old. She still had her looks. She might mourn him for a while. But she was a practical woman. There'd soon be a new man who'd be so different from Laschtog. He'd have character, for starters. In a few years, the girls would hardly remember his face. They'd be calling some other, better man "daddy."

Ol' Bob hobbled across the yard, bawling at a squirrel. Laschtog followed in his PJs and slippers, smiling as he chomped up Ol' Bob's leavings in the mechanical jaws of his pooper-scooper. Then, making steam shovel noises remembered from old cartoons, he deposited load after surreptitious load into the bushes that ran behind the neighbor's yard.

Laschtog was smiling as he worked, vrooming and hissing and whistling. He was still thinking about the friendly, well-paid man who'd soon be caring for his family. He could see them all laughing together in the kitchen of a much finer house. The man was that tall, assured type with gray hair at the temples. He could be nothing but the vice president of a prosperous regional bank. And he could see his wife laughing girlishly as she joined her banker in bed. And wow, did he make

her hot with his MBA and his upmarket sedan and his aura of command. And oh! Oh wow! She'd never let Laschtog do *that*. Nor *that*. And the *sounds* pouring from her hot, swollen lips--

As Laschtog scooped the last of the poop, he caught himself. Glancing guiltily at the neighbors' houses, he adjusted himself through his pajama bottoms. You've done this," he muttered toward his groin, "you've murdered us both."

After shaving, Laschtog donned his most scholarly outfit: dark turtleneck sweater, corduroy slacks, tweed jacket, crimson beret. Then, he went down to his basement office and hurriedly tossed notebooks and armloads of papers into the big cardboard box that always stood open at the center of the room.

Laschtog knew he was a lousy writer--lazy, showy, scattered. But he was a talented and prolific note-taker. Ideas came to him easily, and he scribbled them down on whatever surface was at hand before tossing them in the box--torn envelopes, flattened hamburger boxes, donut shop napkins, or pages ripped in haste from the books of lesser thinkers.

Laschtog cleared his cluttered desktop and emptied his drawers, loading more paper into the box, which quickly heaped up and overflowed. He tried pressing the paper down with his hands, frowning. Then, hiking one leg high, he climbed into the box and stomped up and down. When one corner of the box began to tear, he heavily reinforced the seams with duct tape. Then he piled more paper and stomped it down as before.

He taped the bulging box shut and checked his watch. Was there time to jerk off? Surely most condemned men enjoyed a last wank before going to the executioner. Of course, he would have preferred to make love to his wife one last time. The previous night, he'd petted her in bed while giving her the look he reserved for the direst of sexual emergencies.

But she'd just rolled away, moaning in exhaustion. That's how it always was. It was never the right time. Never a time when she wasn't too tired and frazzled. Never a time when making a pass *didn't* feel selfish and predatory. Laschtog felt the old bitterness rising like acid in his throat.

He frowned at his watch. There wasn't time to jerk off. He had a sliver of hope of surviving the day. But not if he was late.

And maybe he was being too hard on himself, he mused, as he hauled the heavy box to the garage and loaded it in the trunk of his car. His dissertation might be better than he knew. His committee might even recommend it for immediate publication at a prestigious university press. Then Laschtog would be a shoo-in for a professorship and his wife would love him again and he wouldn't have to die.

He drove across the little college town, smiling faintly, imagining how his wife would react to the news--the successful defense, the book contract *en route* from Oxford or Princeton. He could see her tired face lighting up. He could *feel* the impact as she leaped up to hug him with her arms and legs, just like a girl in a movie. He could *feel* her fierce grip, her kisses moistening his face. "Girls! Girls!" she'd cry, letting go with her legs but not her arms. "Come hug your smart daddy! Come hug your Dr. Daddy!"

And then, after the girls fell asleep, he saw her leading him to bed with a naughty gleam in her eye--saw her do for him all she'd done for her dashing banker.

Laschtog blinked hard, dispelling the dream. Adjusting himself through his pants, he saw

that he was already walking down the echoing corridors of the English department. He could see the door of the conference room ahead. He planned his entrance. The smile. The outstretched hand. The frank eye contact. *Confidence*, he told himself, *project confidence!* But, stepping through the door, he didn't see the three women who comprised his dissertation committee. He only saw one woman, his principal advisor, barricaded behind an oval table.

Laschtog faltered at the threshold. He didn't smile or offer his hand.

"Take a seat, Mr. Laschtog," she said, folding her hands over the thin sheath of papers that was his dissertation.

"Hello Professor..."

Laschtog trailed off. He had a habit of referring to attractive women, in his mind, according to their most suitable porn categories. So he thought of the young-looking department secretary as Barely Legal. His physician was Big Beautiful Woman. And his wife's friend, the one with the black husband, was, interchangeably, Snow Bunny or Black Cock Whore. His neighbor with the new baby was Luscious Lactating Latina. He'd been thinking of his advisor as Big Naturals for so long that he couldn't recall her real name.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Laschtog," Big Naturals said, nodding at the chair. She was a departmental bigshot who'd pioneered a revolutionary hermeneutics of pudendal imagery in Melville's minor poetry. "My colleagues Drs. Jenkins and Wilson won't be joining us today. They've asked me to represent them."

Laschtog sat down.

"I don't know where to start," she said, making a sudden, flustered movement with both hands. "Your proposal promised to extend my findings in a dissertation titled *Toward a Radical Hermeneutics of Pudendal Imagery in Moby-Dick*. Instead, you've submitted this...this *pornography* that barely touches Melville, and neglects my work entirely."

She picked up his manuscript as though it were slimy, using the tips of her thumb and forefinger. Laschtog stared at the papers. It wasn't a real dissertation, he knew. Just a thin collage of research notes and autobiographical asides and semi-plagiarisms about pornography, which he'd glued together at the last minute with thick smears of postmodern gobbledegook.

"What were you thinking?" asked Big Naturals. She set the manuscript down and wiped her fingers across the table as if to clean them. "What happened?"

"It's a draft," he said quietly. "I told you I need more time."

"You made Dr. Jenkins furious. Dr. Wilson won't get out of bed."

"I started with Melville, but I guess it got away from me a little."

"A little! The moment you submitted *this*," she said, wrinkling her nose and pushing the dissertation away with the butt of her pen, "you committed a flagrant act of sexual harassment if not psycho-sexual assault--"

"But I--"

"You simply can't begin a dissertation by jamming a huge albino penis in the reader's face and then following up with a twenty-page meditation on self-fellation--"

"It's not twenty pages," Laschtog said, burying his flushed cheeks in his hands.

"Plus, this is probably the most misogynistic crap I've ever read."

"No," he said, in a voice like a whisper, "it's against that."

"Say again? I didn't hear you."

But Laschtog couldn't say again, not with his trembling lips. He looked down and shook his head.

"Pudendal imagery? No! This book is *obsessed*, *obsessed*, with men and their penises! What about women and our vaginas?"

"I--"

"And then there's your so-called 'sources' in the porn world. I mean, Max Koch? Really? *Dick Hardman*? Did you even go to Los Angeles? Did you do *any* research?"

"Of course I did."

"Well, we googled the heck out of this thing, and we think it's all made up--your research, your interviews."

Laschtog met the challenge of her gaze. "It's one hundred percent honest and true."

"It's not," she said, staring back.

"Well," Laschtog said, dropping his eyes in his lap, "it is in the ways that count."

"Okay," she said, pinning his dissertation down with her pen and sliding it around in circles, "you were supposed to be writing a dissertation on *Moby-Dick*, is this not so?"

"Yes."

"For fulfillment of your PhD in English literature, correct?"

"Yes. And I still can if you'll give me--"

"More time? You've had so many chances, so many extensions. Do you know you're the longest-tenured PhD candidate in university history? I looked it up."

Laschtog looked at her helplessly. Big Naturals took off her glasses and stared at the ceiling for a while, then rested her elbows on the table and gave him a sad smile. She looked at Laschtog with her big, soft, tired eyes and spoke in gentler tones. Laschtog pretended to listen, nodding his head submissively. But he was secretly mulling a new research question: Was there a reliable correlation between big breasts and a gentle, nurturing disposition? Or was Big Naturals an outlier?

Finding out would be a simple two-step procedure. First, he'd have to give personality tests to a big sample of ladies to locate them on a continuum between nice and mean. Second, he'd need to carefully--oh, so carefully--measure those same ladies using pre-sized cups that he'd press one after the next to their warm, springy orbs. Then he--

"Up here, Mr. Laschtog! I'm up here!" Big Naturals was snapping her fingers with one hand while buttoning her blouse tight to her throat with the other.

Laschtog looked up at her, red-faced. "I wasn't," he said, covertly adjusting himself through his pants. "I mean...What?"

"Listen to me," she said with a sigh. "I said this is a dissertation *defense*. So defend yourself. As simply as you can, tell me what you think you've written?"

Laschtog's heart began to pound. He saw she didn't want to destroy him. She was a big-hearted, big-breasted woman who *wanted* a reason to show him mercy. Laschtog's pulse raced harder. This was the climax of his life. His last hope of getting home to his family.

"Well," he said, taking off his beret and clearing his throat, "I guess I'd say that my

dissertation is just one man's ejaculation of sexual confusion and pain. But it's also a meditation on the tyranny of biology and suchlike. And masturbation. And women. And a survey of the forty-thousand-year history of pornography. And, of course, Herman Melville's whole pornographic gestalt as conveyed through previously undiscovered subtexts of *Moby-Dick*, as well as works of indisputable smut like *Typee* and *Pierre*. But then there's the kung fu. And the hero worship. Maybe I'd say mine is a book about kung fu and hero worship. But really, everything's crammed into it. Friendship, for example. And true love. But keep in mind that my work is incredibly puritanical too. Most readers will miss that. It's a viciously puritanical screed. Have you ever read Cotton Mather or something like that? Above all, I'd compare it to something like that."

Laschtog had been staring down as he spoke, balling and unballing the red beret. But now, he glanced up to see how he was doing. He hoped Big Naturals would be as impressed by his eloquence as his ambition. He hoped her cheeks would be flushing, her bosom heaving. After all, nothing made your average bluestocking hotter than an intellectual alpha male.

But Big Naturals' cheeks looked paler than usual, and her bosom lay dead still, like she'd stopped breathing altogether. She was blinking at him rapidly with her mouth held open. She leaned across the table to pass over his official letter of dismissal for reasons of sexual misconduct, academic fraud, and gross scholarly incompetence.

He scanned the letter, nodding while she spoke. "This is mercy," she said in a soothing, motherly tone. "All the years of work have gotten you nowhere. You were serving a life sentence. I'm commuting it. Run out of here laughing. Pick up a pizza for your kids on the way home. Drink champagne with your wife. Everything is possible now that you're free."

He held the letter and stared at it, shaking his head softly. It was a death sentence, not a commutation. Pushing forty, Laschtog had been in school since he was five. He was hopelessly institutionalized. He'd never survive the real world.

She walked around the table and gave his shoulder a consoling pat. Laschtog turned and saw Big Naturals' big naturals were in his face. They smelled of baby powder, and he felt an irresistible need to bury his face in her cleavage and sob out his pain.

He closed his eyes and leaned in. But Big Naturals was already backing away, wiping the hand that had touched him on the hip of her skirt.

"Of course, I do get it, Mr. Laschtog," she said, pausing in the open doorway. "I know what you were going for. But the days of white male writers swaggering around bow-legged, shaking their dicks at the world--you know, your Mailers and your Bukowskis and your Roths--that's over. You're too late, Laschtog. Way too late."

He drove to the hardware store in a daze and purchased two bottles of Drano. Then he headed out toward the state park, toward the trees and the cliffs. Along the way, he pulled up behind the local Waffle House, where--straining and wheezing and cursing--he yanked his box out of the trunk and heaved it into the dumpster. Then, he rested his chin on the slimy metal rim and stared down at his precious box amid eggshells, toast triangles, and soiled newspapers. He tilted his head forward and shook it softly until the beret fell. He reached for a newspaper and spread it over his beret and box like a shroud.

He threw his car into gear and then straight back into park. Surely a condemned man

deserved a last good meal, he thought.

Inside, he ordered chocolate chip waffles, two patty melts, cheesy hashbrowns, French fries, and a chocolate shake. But when the girl brought his food, he stared at it without appetite. And when she walked away, he stared at her plump bottom, also without appetite.

He would be dead soon. Imagining his family with the kindly banker didn't bother him. They'd all be better off. And it didn't bother him to imagine the Drano eating through his guts. The entire world would be better off.

What bothered him was the thought of his box o'dreams rotting away forever in some putrid landfill. Big Naturals was right. His dissertation was chaotic in its design, juvenile in its humor, grotesque in its carnality. But the *ideas* in the box were a different matter. The box held the raw material for a masterpiece, and no one would ever convince him otherwise.

Laschtog slumped lower and lower until his gloomy eyes were on level with his plates. Then an idea drew him up straight in his seat. He couldn't save himself, but he might yet save his box. Nodding slowly, he dunked a fry in his shake and nibbled it.

He just needed to duck into the post office before killing himself. He'd mail his box to some great sociologist at Harvard or a sexologist at Yale. Surely there was a precedent for this, he thought, as he stirred a fistful of fries in his shake and folded them into his mouth. There must have been a scientist who died after conducting a grand experiment. And then a different scientist chanced across his data and whipped it into publishable form.

Laschtog devoured his meal in a greedy rush, then hurried out to his car. He sat in the driver's seat with a pen in his fist and a napkin on his knee. Tonguing syrup from the corner of his mouth, he began writing, leaving the salutation temporarily blank.

Dear Professor _____,

After I send you this box, I'm going to the woods. I'm going to lean out over a cliff's edge while simultaneously a) chugging Drano and b) busting myself in the head with a big, sharp rock.

This box holds the life's work of the late J. Nathan Laschtog, ABD. No one has yet written THE GREAT BOOK ON PORN--its *Principia*, its *Decline and Fall*, its *Moby-Dick*. But I've spent my career taking notes and gathering reflections for a definitive multi-volume dissertation on porn's historical, artistic, scientific, and ethical dimensions.

You are authorized to organize these papers and claim editorial credit for publications that ensue.

Please direct all posthumous awards and royalty checks to my widow, Wendy Laschtog.

Sincerely,

Joe Nathan Laschtog, ABD

Laschtog glanced over the note, smiling. He was imagining the article that would appear in the *New York Times* a few years hence:

**TRAGIC YOUNG GENIUS EFFECTIVELY ASSASSINATED BY NARROW-MINDED
DISSERTATION COMMITTEE**

He smiled softly as he imagined Big Naturals reading the article with one hand clapped to her horrified mouth. He could see his wife struggling to read the article through a blur of tears, could see her dreamboat banker looking up from the sports page to ask, "What's wrong, hon?"

Laschtog's smile collapsed, and tears flowed down his cheeks. He knew no one would ever dig through his box, much less some renowned scholar. The box didn't belong at Harvard or Yale. The box was already where it belonged: in the dumpster with the filth.

Shaking his head softly, Laschtog crumpled the tear-stained note he'd written into a damp little ball. He tossed it through his open window as he exited the Waffle House parking lot. "Swish," he predicted as the wadded napkin left his hand. But Laschtog had never made a swish in his life. As the car accelerated away, the napkin hit the lip of the dumpster and fell to the pavement.

When he reached the state park, he pulled off on a deserted road and walked toward the woods with the Drano bottles in one hand. As he neared the tree line, he crouched down and scooped up the first rock he saw. It was perfect. One side of the rock fit snugly in his palm. The other side was edged like a tomahawk. He disappeared into the forest and headed for the cliffs.

Back at the Waffle House, Laschtog's wadded note was wandering around the dumpster, pushed here and there by gentle gusts. Alongside the napkin, a receipt for a bottle of Jergens and some Kleenex hovered and swirled in the wind. Long ago, Laschtog had sat in his car outside a local drugstore, scribbling lines about the origins of pornography on the back of the receipt. By chance or fate, the receipt worked free of Laschtog's box, fluttered to the pavement, and eventually made its way--along with the entire contents of his box--onto an obscene website called thewhacker.com.

FROM WWW.THEWHACKER.COM

REFLECTIONS BY JOE NATHAN LASCHTOG (ABD): IN THE BEGINNING

In the beginning, men painted vulvas on cave walls and squatted to look at them. They carved naked ladies from wood and stone. They made up stories where all their sick dreams came true. They splayed young beauties across canvas and gouged fat boobies into ship prows. They painted hardcore porno on clay pots and made gorgeously illustrated sex manuals. During the Civil War, boys died with daguerreotypes in their pockets. The best sight men can know. Smiling girls. Skirts hiked high. Knees parting in invitation.

FROM WWW.THEWHACKER.COM

WHACKADOODLE #9081: NEW GIRL



1

Dick Hardman was a porn star, and he was working.

He was down on calloused knees, peering over a belly that was saggy, pale, and tufted with wool. Magdalene was crouched on all fours, butting back against him, her long silver earrings flashing and jangling like wind chimes. She had a tiny waist and a large bottom. On the small of her back, two dimples framed a bull's-eye tattoo.

Moby was breaching into the dry air and diving back into the murk and brine: breaching and diving. Moby was as long as Magdalene's forearm and just as thick. Moby's skin was gleaming white, almost translucent. Moby had heavy veins running from base to hooded tip and was covered in varicose snarls of blue-green capillaries. Moby surfaced and sounded, surfaced and sounded--the long, languorous leviathan swimming smoothly.

Moby was a humongous penis, and he was working.

Dick, Moby, and Magdalene were working on a mattress flopped down in the living room of Coot MacDouffe's LA mansion. The living room blended into a big kitchen that shone with polished granite, stainless steel, and smooth, hairless bodies. There were five girls and four guys chatting in the kitchen, all of them nude.

A single fixed camera stood at the foot of the mattress. A boom mike dangled from a chandelier. Three flood lights from Home Depot blazed on tripods. Two men circled the bed with video cameras.

New Girl was lying on the mattress next to Magdalene, Dick, and Moby. New Girl had sandy hair and pale green eyes. She lay with her coltish legs pinched tightly together, her forearms X'd over her breasts, her chin nestled in the V of her crossed wrists. Despite the heat of the lights, her bare skin was prickly with gooseflesh.

"Don't worry," Magdalene whispered, brushing the bangs from New Girl's eyes. "Spunk's a woodsman--Yeah! Ungh! Ungh! Yeah Moby! Ungh! So big! He'll get it up before Donny gets here--Oh, so good! So big! Ungh! There's an hour of traffic between Donny and you."

New Girl gazed longingly at Spunk Daniels across the room. "Magdalene, doesn't Spunk think I'm pretty?"

"Silly! Of course he does. Moby just frightens the other penises. Ruins their self-esteem. *Oh, yeah, pound it!*"

Al was the film's director, which he signified by wearing his golf cap backward. Al could hear the two girls talking, but didn't bother to shut them up. He could hear the kitchen chatter rising, but didn't bother knocking it down. He'd shot hundreds of beaver movies, beginning as a sound man during the 1970s Golden Age. Back then, porn overlapped at the edges with the hippy movement, and it was at least tacitly political. Porn heralded the end of puritan sexual hang-ups, of self-loathing and pious shame. The sex was a lot gentler then. The films sometimes had decent budgets. And the sex was integrated, however ham-fistedly, into actual stories.

But nowadays, it was just dirt fuck after dirt fuck. De-souled flesh machines colliding--pistons jamming cylinders at redline RPM. Once, Al's job was beautifying sex. Now he uglified it. So who cared if the talent gabbed? Production would dub it over. As his boss, Coot MacDouffe, always

said, the thing now was to grind out the meat. Grind it out faster, cheaper, and coarser than the other guy.

A glass door slid open, and Donny Garfingle hustled into the living room from the back deck. Breathing hard, he popped the collar of his black windbreaker. "Twelve minutes, Al," he said, gasping. "I made it. You gotta pay up this time. Hey Dick."

"Hey Donny."

Al didn't need to look at Spunk Daniels on the other side of the room. He could hear the boy whimpering as he tried to beat life into his wilted penis. "Okay, Donny," Al sighed, "just strip."

Donny stared down searingly at New Girl as he quickly disrobed. Donny was short and round, and he had a pelt of rust-colored hair that rose in tufts from his toe knuckles, climbed his squat legs, and spread redly over his full belly and slightly conical breasts. As New Girl looked him up and down, her plump lower lip parted slightly from its twin and began to quiver. She bit the lip still and looked around the room like a bunny in a trap. Her eyes met Dick Hardman's for just a moment and, seeing no hope there, darted away. But a moment was enough. Dick reined Moby in, slowed him almost to a halt. Moby twitched angrily, blood seething in the high dorsal vein.

Dick stared at New Girl. He thought he loved her. No, he knew he did.

"What's our story here, Al?" Donny asked. "Do I have a character? What's my motivation?"

"The fuck, Donny! It's 2008, not '78! There's no story. Your character's motivated to stick it in New Girl!"

Donny stood at the foot of the mattress, sweeping the long hair off his shoulders with the backs of his hands. He sleeked his mustache down with his tongue. The wind whistled in New Girl's nostrils. Her lips were white. Donny smiled down at her before noticing Spunk Daniels brutalizing his soft penis across the living room. "Hey, Spunk!" Donny called out, "Yo, Spunk!"

"Fuck you, Lamprey!" Spunk growled, throwing Donny a hateful look. Donny smiled, flexing his pelvic muscles to make his erection bounce, "Check it out, Viagra, boy!"

Spunk Daniels blanched. He smashed two blue pills with an ashtray and snorted them off the coffee table.

New Girl was still staring hopefully at Spunk. He had blue eyes and glossy ringlets. He had good shoulders and nice muscles. While Donny's penis was small and ugly with an icky foreskin, Spunk's penis was smooth and neatly cut. She supposed it was on the big side, but not too big. It was perfect. And while New Girl could do without scrotums as a rule, Spunk Daniels's scrotum was also perfect--firm and tight and grooved like a walnut shell.

Donny waited for New Girl to look at him. When she did, he flexed his pelvic muscles again, but he took the menace out of it. He made it seductive. New Girl stared at his bouncing penis despite herself. It looked much like the family dog's: slender, ruddy, and slippery-looking. The scrotum dangled like a turkey's crimson waddle.

Donny dropped to the mattress and knee-strode toward New Girl, his chin high and his arms pumping. He straddled New Girl's thighs and rubbed his palm in circles around her navel.

"Is this your first scene, hon?"

New Girl shook her head.

"How many, hon?"

New Girl stared up at the ceiling, bending her fingers back one by one. "Seventh," she said. "No, eight, I think."

"Well, you just relax, okay? I'm gonna make this special for you."

Still stroking her belly with his left hand, he extended his right to shake. "The name's Donny. Donny Garfingle." The girl lifted her right hand like a fin, keeping her forearms smooshed down over her breasts.

Magdalene whispered into New Girl's ear, "Come on, sweetie, you gotta try. *Ungh! So good!* *Ungh Moby!* Donny is one of the nice ones. Just try."

New Girl let her arms go limp, let Donny arrange them at her sides.

Donny bent down so his belly flab spread like a hairy puddle over New Girl's smooth abdomen. He jammed her breasts together in his small, pudgy hands and began suckling like a fat, greedy infant, making a terrible noise of oinking and wet snorting. New Girl clamped her hand to her mouth and stifled a laugh.

"Ooh, does that feel nice?" Donny moaned.

"Oh yeah, so good," said New Girl, half-giggling through her hand, half-gagging.

Moby swam and played, breached and dove. Magdalene shuddered and gasped, marveling aloud at her own sluttishness. Spunk Daniels threw back his head in despair. His penis had wormed up into his belly in disgrace. Only the bruised glans peeked out above his perfect scrotum.

Donny was kneeling now at New Girl's side, straining to pry her legs apart. Al took several hot, impatient breaths. "New Girl!" he bellowed with another clap of his hands. "Make it hot, baby! Come on, be a pro!"

New Girl turned to him all big-eyed.

"What do you want from me?" Al asked with a furious shrug. "I've got a schedule, New Girl. You don't fancy Donny? You wanna take on Moby instead?"

New Girl turned to have a look at Moby, who suddenly breached and bellied into the channel between Magdalene's full buttocks. The big penis throbbed dangerously at New Girl, glistening like a narwhal's tusk, like the slick fang of a killer whale.

Dick stared at New Girl, who was, herself, staring at Moby with her pale eyes quivering and huge. Dick loved her, yes, but with a righteous fatherly purity. He saw himself pouncing on Donny and yanking him back by the hair. He saw himself socking Al in the jaw for luring New Girl into his den.

Dick felt his pulse rise as his body readied for action. *Look at me*, he thought, staring harder at New Girl. *Just look at me, and I'll rescue you*. The moment she met his eyes, he'd wrap her little wrist tight in his fist and march her straight out the door. He'd treat her to a Coke and some fries. "Now listen to me, young lady," he'd say. "Listen to an old man who knows."

But New Girl didn't look at him. She just stared at Moby in horrified fascination.

Al asked, "Is that what you want, New Girl? You ready for Moby?

She tucked her chin and shook her head like a chastised child.

"Didn't think so," Al said.

Moby reared back and, with a frolicsome little swirl, plunged once more into the perfect sheath for which he was made. Dick watched Moby work, thinking he'd accomplished this act

thousands of times, and yet he'd never be a father.

He looked up and saw New Girl shut her eyes defensively as Donny moved down. "Oooh, baby," Donny moaned as he buried his face between her thighs and snuffled her like a truffle pig.

Dick amended his previous thought: He would never be a father and didn't deserve to be.

Dick turned and squinted through the blazing lights at the other performers in the kitchen. They were nibbling and chatting and sipping and smoking like guests at a naked cocktail party. Dick looked at the well-muscled Viagra boys in the kitchen--their tight spherical glutes, their engorged biceps.

Dick looked down at his own sloppy belly. He used both hands to form a huge jelly donut from his warm, malleable belly lard, with the navel serving as the hole. Dick glanced over at Donny. They were the last of their breed: the last fat, hairy old men working in porn. The rest had been pushed out by the Viagra boys, with their rugged good looks and live muscles.

Dick longed for a blanket, something to cover his hideousness. The only thing that made it bearable was that no one could see him. Once Dick's pants came off, all eyes focused on Moby, and Dick Hardman went all blurry.

"*Ungh! Ahhh-ungh!*" Magdalene squealed, "*I'm cumming! Cumming so hard, Mo-beee!*"

"Oh, me too," New Girl added unconvincingly, "cumming so hard too."

Dick squeezed his reddening belly donut harder while gazing across the room at Cayla Cumquat, who was naked except for her trademark Ugg Boots, which she never took off even for shower scenes. The boots had good traction, which allowed her to pull off her patented cumquat, which was, according to www.thewhacker.com, the first genuinely original sexual position invented in the last 920 years. Cayla had the cumquat to herself only for just a few days, after which you could visit any porn site and "WATCH HOT SLUTS CUMQUAT ALL NIGHT LONG!!!"

He'd shot a simple boy-girl with Cayla last week, the type of scene he liked best. And Cayla was nice to him and tender. She didn't howl dirty words or spit on Moby or try to pin him down so she could Cumquat him. And so, Dick had kissed her cheeks and her neck, pretending that Cayla was his loving wife. And they were at home on a Sunday morning with nothing to do. There was a newspaper on the porch, and a big, dumb dog to walk, and children were sleeping in another room. And the sun was streaming through the window, and Dick Hardman was making love to his wife.

Cayla was applying Lee Press-On Nails when she noticed Dick gazing longingly over Magdalene's back, squeezing a big red donut of belly fat in his hands. She stared back a message at Dick through her fake eyelashes--very hard, very clear--then dismissed him by turning away.

Dick released his belly and seized Magdalene's waist. "Oh God!" Dick muttered softly, channeling Captain Ahab, "When I think of this life I have led...the desolation and solitude. God! God! God! Crack my heart! Crack my heart!"

Magdalene yelped as Moby whaled away, flesh colliding like hands clapping.

Dick listened to the women in the kitchen, watching silver sparks fly off their tongue piercings.

"It's just fucking," one of them was saying. "It goes in and out like it's confused, then pukes like a baby. And afterwards, you shower off the mess. You aren't hurt. You aren't unclean. And you're a thousand bucks richer. If society doesn't like it--and they *do* like it, fuckin hypocrites!--that's

their problem!"

"I told him--"

"Who?"

"Him! I said, 'I'm not here to make love to you, Dick, I'm here to fuck. Just get it up. Get it in. Get it out. Get it off. And get it the fuck *away*. And don't even think about trying to kiss me on the mouth.' You let Dick kiss you, he gets ideas."

"Yeah, they pay us more than the guys! But we're the ones with the pussies. We wear the tits. We should be running this thing! How many girls do you see behind a desk, behind a camera?"

"Eww. If I had to do it with Donny, I'd literally just die. He's *sooo* gross, you guys. Poor New Girl, she's *sooo* too cute for this."

When the girl talk turned to the occupational hazards of vaginal bacteriosis and chronic anal fissures, Dick turned his attention to the other side of the kitchen where four men--Rod Matterhorn, Tex Flügelhorn, Hank Humperdingle, and Curtis Cuntsbane--were standing with their sharp abs and dangling penises. They were all as hairless as the women from the eyelashes down, except for tiny, fussily maintained pubic shrubs. One of the guys was highlighting his shrub with a mascara brush. Dick listened to what they were saying.

"You know, every time I look over at Dick, my brain fritzes. Moby belongs on some awesome Germanic god like me, not somebody's half-diabetic uncle. I almost feel sorry for Moby, somehow."

"I feel sorry for Spunk."

"Yeah, first time I worked with Moby, I tripled my Viagra dose, but my dick got one look at Moby and just fainted. Couldn't revive him for days. The Lamprey had to pinch hit for me, too."

"Yeah. Fucking Donny. That little cocksucker isn't afraid."

"Did you see how he went after Spunk? You don't taunt a guy who can't catch wood. You just don't."

"You don't know what Spunk did to him? Hey, Cuntsbane, he doesn't know."

"Tell him."

"What's so funny?"

"A while back, Spunk and Donny were shooting a scene together and Spunk was about to pop--"

"What's so funny? Tell me."

"Oh God, I'm dying. When it was time to pop, Spunk aimed away from the girl at the last minute and shot his balls all over the side of Donny's face. They don't call him Spunk for nothing. Monster load! It was in Donny's ear. His mustache. Dripping down his cheek."

"No! What'd he do?"

"Donny?"

"Donny."

"The little shortass tried to karate kick him! Spunk ran for it, but he was laughing so hard Donny almost caught him."

Dick brought his gaze slowly back from the kitchen and blinked down in confusion at Magdalene. At some point, she had flipped onto her back. Moby was thumping into her belly as she

fellated her toes.

Donny lifted his face from between New Girl's thighs. "Now I'm going to give you a gift," he said solemnly, "that you'll remember for always."

Dick lunged for Donny with one hand. But Donny was too fast. Lithe as a boy, he somersaulted from between New Girl's knees and rolled until his round rump was pointed at the ceiling.

Al saw it and shouted at Donny in the tone people reserve for misbehaving toddlers and dogs, "No, Donny! No!"

But it was too late.

The key to auto-fellatio, as Donny had explained in his 1982 instructional video *How to Suck Your Own Cock*, isn't a long penis but a flexible back. And Donny had an extremely flexible back.

Donny pumped his mouth, using his hands to raise and lower his hips. Donny was talking to New Girl with his mouth full, "Ooh, babe, oo like dis?"

The girls in the kitchen were protesting loudly:

"Donny, you asshole!"

"Honey! New Girl! Look away! Look away!"

"You're so fucking gross, Donny!"

Donny gave himself noisy, torrid head for seven minutes while New Girl stared on, cataleptic. Then, in one graceful motion, Donny somersaulted back between New Girl's thighs and started thrusting convulsively.

Dick felt woozy, nauseous. His nostrils were terribly sensitive. Smells washed over him in waves from all around the room. The smell of Pad Thai congealing on the kitchen counter. The office smells of Altoids over scorched coffee on Magdalene's breath. The cigarette smoke on New Girl's. The high-end cocoa butter Spunk Daniels used on his scrotum. The smell of fried chicken grease under Donny's fingernails.

"Do me like the little tramp I am!" shouted Magdalene as she pushed off the mattress with her feet and shoulders and barrel rolled in the air. As soon as she landed on her hands and knees, Moby rammed her from astern.

Donny flipped New Girl over, futilely trying to match Moby stroke for stroke. Dick could smell Summer's Eve Island Splash. He could smell his own Old Spice, New Girl's Hanna Montana perfume.

"Okay, Dick! Okay, big boy!" Al was calling out. "Wake up, Dick! Time to pick up the pace! Time to pop! Turn Moby loose!"

"This one," Donny wheezed, "she's a frisky kitten."

Dick turned Moby loose. Moby tossed his crowned head. He plunged and swirled. Froth flew as Moby's huge balls hung majestically in the air like a sperm whale's flukes, then slapped down on Magdalene's pubic mound. Magdalene widened her stance, braced herself, hollered.

Dick went along for the ride, lurching and jerking helplessly. He panted. He poured sweat. His belly sloshed wildly as Moby ran through his repertoire of signature strokes: the shiver, the scoop, Jimmy Snuka's revenge, the double tap, the Moroccan kiss, the Cuban assassin.

"Oh God!" Donny cried as he shuddered like a spawning fish, bedewing New Girl's buttocks

with small, tidy drips.

Everyone on the set was focused on Moby now: the makeup girl, the grips, the performers in the kitchen. Watching Moby surface and spout was like watching Old Faithful spew. You knew it would happen. You could set your watch to it. But it never became less of a miracle.

At the last moment, Dick Hardman pulled out, allowing Magdalene to spin around to confront the twitching penis face-to-face. She opened her mouth like a baby bird and cheeped like one as he fed her.

"Argh! It's the white whale!" Al called out in a pirate voice. "Thar she blows! Thar she blows! Thar again! Thar again! The great sperm whale! Argh!"

"My God," New Girl murmured. "Look at it, throb."

Dick sat back on his heels and panted. Moby softened and dove headfirst under the big wave of Dick's belly. Magdalene rolled to her feet, blinking rapidly. She waved blindly at the air until the makeup girl rushed over with a wad of paper towels. Wiping her face, Magdalene groped back for New Girl's wrist and dragged her toward a bathroom.

Donny hurried into the kitchen, saying, "Pardon, pardon me," as he made for the food on the kitchen island. Dick kneeled on the mattress, swaying like a brittle old tree. His breath came fast and thin. He could feel his heart clubbing his ribs. He knew he should stand up. The process would begin with heaving one leg forward and pressing both hands against that thigh until he achieved verticality.

Dick Hardman fell to the mattress and lay there facedown. He hoped he'd feel his racing heart slow, then feel it go still, and then feel nothing at all. When he failed to die, Dick rolled to his back and listened as nasty words and slappy-sucky sounds filled the room. He longed to be anywhere else but still couldn't find the strength to stand and flee.

Dick noted the ceiling fan whirring overhead, with the hub centered over his nose. He stared at it, wondering if it was wobbling slightly and might rip loose. He savored a slow-motion fantasy of the heavy industrial unit plummeting to simultaneously pancake and puree his head, splattering his rutting colleagues with all his horrible memories and wasted hopes.

Dick closed his eyes and breathed deeply, letting the nasty sounds from the kitchen dissolve into undifferentiated noise. After a while, he managed to turn his head and check the time on the microwave clock. Through a carnal blur of flailing limbs, wrenched faces, and tortured orifices, he saw the massive Tex Flügelhorn fling a girl belly-down on the butcher block, where he proceeded to pound her out like schnitzel. He saw Donny standing a few feet off, staring into a Pad Thai container and chasing noodles with his chopsticks. He saw a nude girl off camera hairspraying all around her head, like she was exterminating a hive of wasps.

Dick rolled and pushed, coming up on one knee. He pressed down on his thigh with both hands until he was standing jackknifed at the waist. Holding a kneecap in each hand, he waited for his spastic back muscles to relax, then slowly drew himself upright.

Dick Hardman went looking for a bathroom.