

Rex edits an essay about relationships

by Larry Strattnner

“For God's sake, Phil. What the hell is this?”

“It's an essay, Rex. I'm giving you an essay submitted by mail. It's what we do here. It's an essay for us to print in our magazine.”

“Who is going to read this Phil? The little bit I see is deeply disturbing.”

“That's because it's about female needs, Rex. You don't know a goddamn thing about female needs. Of course, they might disturb you. Just read it. Check the grammar”

“Bullshit, Phil. I know all about female needs I watch Porn Hub almost every night. I've seen all those kind of pink things they have. I see them doing it. Although I must say, some of the man-stuff is pretty scary. I almost didn't recognize a couple of them. They are actually almost surreal. I wouldn't want anyone coming after me with one of those.”

“I'll give you a list of places not to go by yourself, Rex. If you stay away from those places you don't have to worry. You'll be fine.”

“Why should an essay like this woman sends in to us, an essay that's all printed words, be crazier than any of the stuff that happens on Porn Hub? Why should it bend me out of shape?”

“Because you're an illiterate, blubber-brain Rex. All of your development has taken place in your biceps and abs. You're a good editor, but a functional idiot in terms of any understanding of complex emotions and psychological needs. It's a wonder you can get your blue jeans on in the morning without cutting off your dick in the zipper. And if you did manage to cut it off I think it might be a tossup whether you realized it was gone.

“Okay, okay. So I'm all of those things, whatever they are. How come, if this shit didn't bother me while I was hanging out around town, would it bother me now when I read it?”

“Because this woman is a good writer. She paints a picture with words causing them to take shape in your mind and present you with a scenario that's so real it upsets and frightens you.”

“What the hell is a “scenario,” Phil?

“Don't strain yourself Rex. I think it's a four-syllable word and might be out of reach for you. A scenario is like a picture.”

“Oh, okay. I get it. A pitcher. Why didn't you just say so?”

“I did, when you asked me.”

“So who learns to make a pitcher with words, Phil? Don't you need some kind of an oven to keep a pitcher stuck together?”

“Seems like this lady managed, Rex. But I'm talking about a picture like on a wall. Not like one that pours. She learned how to make a picture of a convoluted and tortuous subject. It's like a slab of bloody meat of unknown origin. It's nasty, you get your brain swirling and because you have no answer to any of your questions about the meat, you're scared. You might want to grill it up and eat it, but you are very cautious about, you know, getting your face near it.”

“Phil, I...”

“I know Rex, I know. Your pea-brain can't get around anything existential, let alone the mind or body of a woman. Just relax. Don't try and figure it out, call an escort service and ask for a blonde.”

“Will I ever get over this, Phil? I don't like being by myself all the time, not being able to figure things out. What can I do?”

“Here's one thing you could do. We'll start by writing this lady's name down for you. You can find out where she is and send her an email or call her up. Don't make it complicated. Tell her you read what she wrote and it sounded very titillating. Ask her if she wants to get together for a drink because you wish she could explain more about her views to you in detail. She might teach you some things.”

“Won't she get pissed off, Phil, when I start right in by talking about her tits?”

“For God's sake Rex I'll even find the goddamn number for you. You just ask her the simple question, then shut up and let her talk.”

“Do you think I’ll ever find my way out of this kind of problem, Phil?”

“Honestly, Rex? It doesn’t sound as if you will.”

