

CHAPTER FOUR

At five-thirty on a Wednesday morning the *Gare de Lyon* is almost deserted. It is too early for the rush hour crowds, and the concessions are all closed. But there, a lone figure in a shabby raincoat trudges slowly across the cavernous hall as if in a dream. It is the Fuckerfaster.

With his last drop of strength Johnny climbs aboard the five forty-five express. He walks along to the first non-smoking compartment and flops into an empty seat. He leans his feverish head against the cool glass of the window and looks languidly out into the darkness through heavy-lidded eyes. His head is filled with thoughts of the guillotine, his hand goes involuntarily to his throat, grasping tightly as he squirms in pain and despair. Another whole day and night lost in the porno movie house.

The train begins its slow departure from the station. Johnny vaguely notes that the other seven seats in the compartment remain vacant, not unusual for such an early train. He pulls out a book but has no inclination or energy to read. In three minutes the gentle rocking motion whisks him off to blissful, forgiving sleep.

At a sudden, sharp swaying of the train Johnny awakes with a start. He sits up and wipes his hand across his face, noticing by its wetness that he has been drooling in his sleep. Immediately, he sees that he is no longer alone in the compartment. Opposite him sits a small priest. In fact, he is a dwarf. Without thinking, his brain still fogged with sleep, Johnny stares bug-eyed at him. Not only has the Fuckerfaster never seen a dwarf priest before, but this one looks just like Howdy Doody.

The man returns Johnny's rude stare with a congenial smile. He jumps off his seat and toddles over to grasp Johnny's hand, placing in it the copy of Saint Augustine.

"I believe you dropped something," he says amiably, in American-accented English.

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Johnny finally realizes he has been staring, and looks down, embarrassed. The priest, still smiling, crawls back up into his seat.

“Yes . . . I . . . thank you,” stammers Johnny.

“Don’t be embarrassed,” says the priest kindly. “Most people have never seen a dwarf priest before and I’m used to the stares. It’s my little cross,” he adds, chuckling.

“Yes,” says Johnny, not knowing what else to say.

“I believe there are only two of us,” continues the priest. “Little people priests, that is. The other one lives in the States. In Michigan, I think. I’ve never met him,” he adds as an afterthought.

“Yes,” says Johnny.

“By the way,” says the priest, jumping off the seat again and offering Johnny his hand, “Father Don Toole. Nice to meet you!”

“Enchanted,” says Johnny, placing his hand in the priest’s two tiny ones, and warming to the little man’s infectious good nature.

“Are you American?” asks Johnny.

“Well, I wasn’t born there,” answers the priest, “but I lived in the States for many years and I feel quite American. How about you?”

“I was born in Chicago,” replies Johnny. “But I’ve been living in France for the past ten years.”

“An expatriate, eh?” says the priest with a chuckle. “Product of the war in Vietnam?”

“No,” says Johnny. “I came over after Nixon got elected. Since then I’ve only been back once for a visit. It’s difficult to go back now,” he adds.

“Yes,” agrees the priest. “Air fare is so very expensive these days.”

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“Well, it’s not exactly that,” admits the Fuckefaster, looking down at his hands. “You see, Father, I’m terrified of airplanes. And the last time I went back we hit bad turbulence at 30,000 feet over the Atlantic. The plane was buffeting severely. In a moment of madness I promised God I would never see another pornographic movie if only He would get me safely back on the ground . . .”

Johnny cocks one eye up at the priest to see his reaction.

“ . . . and that was about 150 porno movies ago,” he adds. “I don’t dare get into another airplane now.”

The warm, amused smile still plays on the dwarf’s face, but Johnny can see a little hint of discomfort there, resulting from this unexpected confession.

“God is not vindictive,” says the priest gently.

“With me He is,” replies Johnny grimly.

The priest smiles. Then, after a few moments of silence, he says abruptly:

“So tell me about Jolene.”

Johnny’s eyes widen. He is speechless with surprise.

“I’m sorry,” the priest apologizes, suddenly embarrassed. “I guess I’m being indiscreet. You see, you were talking in your sleep when I came in.”

“What’d I say?” asks Johnny sheepishly.

“Well, it really wasn’t very coherent, but I did hear ‘porno movie’ several times.” His eyes search the Fuckefaster’s face. “And then . . . well . . . you started talking about ‘Jolene’. I didn’t know if I should wake you or not,” he adds hesitantly. “You sounded troubled.”

“I . . . I’ll be frank, too, Father,” says Johnny. “Who knows? Maybe you can help me . . . you see . . . I’ve got this sort of . . . well, *obsession* with pornographic films. I . . . I mean I can’t stop seeing them! I find myself going again and again against my wuh

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. . . wuh. . . will!” Johnny’s voice cracks under the strain of the admission.

“Dreams can help us get to the source of our problems,” says the priest solemnly. “Maybe it would help if you told me about Jolene. I’m a good listener!”

“Yes,” agrees Johnny, now becoming pensive. “She has been on my mind a lot lately. But I knew her a long time ago, Father, in the biblical sense. In fact, she was the first girl I ever knew in the biblical sense *outside* a whorehouse. I knew her in the back seat of Harry’s car. But I’m getting ahead of my story.

“You see, Father,” Johnny goes on, warming to his subject. “Once I had lost my virginity in a whorehouse at the tender age of fifteen, I began to look at my young female friends from a new perspective. But most of them were very innocent and wouldn’t have anything to do with playing doctor with little Johnny Fuckerfaster. However, not long after that first whorehouse visit I had to leave home for a time, so I went to stay in the neighboring village of Lostmont with my friends Tom, Harry and Dick, where a certain liver fiasco occurred, incidentally. But that’s another story.

“Anyway, *their* little girlfriends were much less inhibited, coming mostly from disadvantaged homes, and, well, many of them were heavily into sex at fourteen or even younger. Such was the case of thirteen-year-old Jolene. I hasten to add she was an *old* thirteen, Father,” says Johnny with an uncomfortable look at the priest, “and I hope all this talk isn’t embarrassing you.”

Still smiling, the priest gives a slight, noncommittal nod.

“Well, when I moved in with those friends I was able to bring only the clothes on my back, and even there I was lacking in certain items. I distinctly remember having to borrow one of Dick’s belts the first day, for example. But never mind, since we were all three about the same size, I had no real problem for clothes.

“Living there was a great joy for me since I didn’t have to go home at night to face the music. To amuse ourselves we would steal beer from the trucks that came to replenish the taverns across

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the alley from their house, or we'd ask a wino to buy us a bottle for a small fee. Once equipped with the magic potion we would indulge in the great juvenile pastime of the fifties: cruising around in our souped-up cars, laying rubber and drag racing, blasting the dual exhausts and looking for girls. This is how I met Jolene.

“One evening Harry and I were driving around, and around, and around, what turned out to be one of the world's first McDonald's hamburger restaurants – the embryo of what was to become mankind's greatest miscarriage of nutrition. Anyway, it was there, under those golden arches, that we spotted Jolene.

“Cuter by a nose than the norm of the skanks we pursued in those days, and possessed of surprisingly long and shapely legs for a thirteen-year-old kid, Jolene was coveted by every dirty young man on that blacktopped parking lot. But since she was an ex-girlfriend of Harry's brother Dick, we had no trouble coaxing her away from the carload of young hoods trying to pick her up. It also helped that Harry's car was the niftiest '50 Chevy in town, and had easily the loudest pipes. Oh, I loved those pipes! I can hear them now.

“Anyway, after we got Jolene into the car we parked behind the restaurant next to the trash containers, and sent her off for some cokes to spike with our cheap muscatel. Then we had a hurried consultation:

“ ‘She's mine, Harry!’ I insisted with all the authority I could summon up.

“ ‘It's my car, Fuckefaster,’ he answered coolly.

“ For a moment it appeared he had me. Then I grasped at a straw.

“ ‘What if Carol finds out?’ I intimated slyly, alluding to his cute new girlfriend.

“ ‘Who'll tell her?’ he asked with more than a touch of menace in his voice.

“ ‘Girls have big mouths, Harry,’ I reminded him.

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“I saw that this had apparently got him, but hid my glee behind a poker face. He turned to me and smiled slowly.

‘You bastard, Fuckerfaster,’ he said with a low chuckle.

“When Jolene got back in the car I put my arm around her and squeezed her shoulders. Understanding immediately, she handed Harry his coke, then turned and smiled sweetly at me.

“After a few more swings around the parking lot we drove out to the country south of Lostmont where we knew a number of isolated and safe spots to drink and screw. We parked that night on the Lake Road, I remember well. It was a warm, moonless June night. Gene Vincent was rockin’ out ‘Be-Bop-a-Lula’ at regular intervals on the radio. The wine was taking effect. All was more than right with the world. I quietly kissed Jolene on the ear.

“ ‘Let’s get into the back seat,’ I whispered.

“ ‘No!’ she whispered back firmly. ‘Harry’s here.’

“ ‘Well,’ said Harry, fixing himself another wine and coke, ‘it’s a nice evenin’. I’m goin’ for a walk.’ He got out and vanished in the darkness.

“Jolene loosened up immediately and we began to French-kiss. After making out for a few minutes it was easy enough to coax her into the roomier backseat. As soon as we were installed I tried to slip my hand up her skirt. She reacted quickly, closing her legs tightly so I couldn’t even begin to wedge my hand between her knees.

“ ‘No!’ she cried, trying to push my hand away.

“ ‘C’mon,’ I pleaded. ‘Ya let Dick, didn’ya?’

“ ‘He *told* you that?!!!’ she squealed hotly.

“ ‘Well . . . you know . . .’ I mumbled.

“ ‘Anyway,’ she said somewhat more calmly, ‘*that* was different. We were goin’ *steady*. But don’t mention his name *again!*’ she exclaimed, heating up suddenly. ‘I *hate* him!!’

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“ ‘Lissen, Jolene!’ I blurted out, inspired. ‘We’ll go steady! As of right now!!’

“She thought about it for two seconds.

“ ‘OK,’ she agreed. ‘Gimme yer ring.’

“I felt her knees loosen. My hand wedged in quickly, but was immediately trapped again.

“ ‘Yer ring!’ she repeated sharply.

“I saw my hopes fading. The girlfriend before last had neglected to give it back when we split up. Nor did I have my ID bracelet. The last girlfriend had that. I had nothing with my name on it.

“ ‘I’ll give it to ya tomorra,’ I promised weakly.

“ ‘No!’

“And so more French kisses. And Fats Domino hammering out ‘Blueberry Hill’ on the radio. And finally my hand had squirreled all the way up to her smooth, hot panties. Now I was bargaining from a strong position. One more little kiss on the ear and . . .

“ ‘How about my belt?’ I whispered.

“So Jolene got Dick’s belt, and I got my piece of ass, and all was well. At least until the next day when she discovered Dick’s name etched in the back of the belt. But what’s in a name? What I cherish from this encounter is the memory of sweet little Jolene lying under me on the backseat of Harry’s car, my cock buried deep in her tight, young snatch. What I remember is her looking searchingly into my eyes as we lay there immobile, lost in the moment, our noses touching.

“ ‘Little Johnny Fuckerfaster . . . ’ she giggled, eyes all crinkly and flashing.

“ ‘ . . . fucking little Jolene,’ giggled I.”

* * *

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Johnny glances over to see the dwarf looking at the floor, shaking his head sadly.

“That’s not the end of it, Father,” he says. “I guess I should add that my romance with Jolene continued even after I was reinstated at home in Delightfuldale. Whenever I could beg, borrow or literally *steal* a car, I was off to pick her up. Her parents liked me, in fact, although they had systematically driven off all her previous boyfiends (sic). I was the only male that they would permit her to leave the house with. Naturally, this honor made me very popular with the other guys, and I could have profited if I had so wished. But no, I was generous with Jolene’s favors, and when some buddy asked me to go get her out of the house, I usually obliged. And strangely enough, Jolene never seemed to mind if I traded her off after breaking her out of the house. She and I played our relationship quite loosely. But then we were very young.”

Now Johnny Fuckerfaster is beginning to expound, and he doesn’t know or care anymore if the little priest is listening. He leans his head once more against the window and, in a subdued tone, continues to reminisce:

In those days of reckless youth, as one might imagine, I was often in trouble with the law. Most of the time the police picked us up for drinking underage or for fighting, but sometimes the charges were more serious.

For example, the time a casual acquaintance of mine, Dennis Hendley, stole his father’s car and picked me up one evening when I was hanging around in front of the drugstore in Lostmont with nothing to do, as I was often doing. I was only in the car a minute when he pulled a half-quart of whiskey from under the front seat, stolen from the family liquor cabinet.

So we stopped and bought a quart of coke and mixed it half and half to make the whiskey potable. In half an hour we were both drunk, Dennis terrifically so. I had to take over the wheel because he couldn’t keep the car on the road. And then I had to stop every few minutes to let him out to puke. I decided to take Dennis home.

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When we stopped in front of his house I saw that all the lights were on including the porch light. I knew the jig was up but I was beyond the point of caring. Dennis fell out of the car, got up and staggered four or five steps up the lawn towards the house, and fell flat on his face. I roared off to Jolene's house.

By the time I got there some of the drink had worn off, but Jolene's mother, who always invited me in to chat when I was picking up her daughter, could sense something was up. My face was flushed, my eyes glassy, and I was more animated than usual.

"It's pretty late to be goin' out, Johnny," she warned me.

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Dickerdotter," I said politely, as usual. "We'll just get a pizza and come right back. I promise we won't be long."

"You haven't been drinkin' have you, Johnny?" she asked suspiciously.

"Gee, no, Ma'am!" I exclaimed. "I'm only sixteen."

As soon as Jolene was bundled into the car we took off for town. I reached under the seat for the whiskey bottle. It was still half full of the potent mixture. Jolene took a little sip and made a face.

"How can you drink that stuff?" she asked seriously.

"Ya gotta be a *man* to 'preciate it," I explained, tilting up the bottle and taking a long swirl.

After a few more slugs the drink took charge of the evening. I was no longer interested in sex, only in getting drunk. Jolene played with the radio while I nipped at the bottle. I drove slowly, and because she lived pretty far out in the sticks south of town, by the time we got to Lostmont I was blind drunk again.

The last thing I remember was pulling up alongside of Harry's Chevy. He was stopped at the only traffic signal in town. His brother Tom glanced over, then did a double take. He rolled down his window and pointed at us.

"Hey, lookadat!" he exclaimed. "It's Fuckerfaster! Where'd ya get the short, 'Faster?" he called over, referring to the car.

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“SSSSDENNSOOMMMAAAAANNNNNZZZZZZZZ” I slurred.

“We can’t talk here!” yelled Harry, who was behind the wheel. “Meet us in McDonald’s parking lot!” And he screeched off in a roar of burning rubber and blasting pipes.

But Jolene and I never got there. As best as I can reconstruct the succeeding events, we went careening around a corner and smack into a streetlamp. I was either thrown to the floor, or went down there to hide. Being cold sober and not too badly hurt, Jolene took off like a gazelle on her long, shapely legs. I passed out on the floor of the car and later learned that the cops spent half the night chasing around the quiet residential streets with their spotlights, looking for the driver of the car, before someone discovered me asleep down there by the brake pedal. The car, of course, was totally totaled.

I also found out later that Jolene had taken a pretty good knock on the nose when she hit the windshield. She half ran, half walked all the way home, hiding in bushes and culverts whenever a car passed. By the time she got there she was a sight, all covered with blood and mud. Alas, my sterling reputation with her parents was tarnished from then on.

As for myself, the first thing I remember after meeting Harry and Tom is waking up in the county jail with a terrific hangover and a good number of cuts and contusions. From somewhere in that steel labyrinth came the sound of an accordion squawking out a religious air. It turned out to be a group of choristers going from cell to cell singing hymns. It was Easter Sunday morning.

Of course, I had no idea what I was in jail for; it could have been murder for all I knew. I finally convinced a turnkey to go and find out what the charge against me was.

“They got ya on a stolen car rap,” he reported calmly.

This turned out to be pretty serious at first. Quite understandably, Dennis denied having been involved in the theft of his father’s car. In the end, it was the whiskey bottle that tripped him up, because he was the only one who could have taken it. Unfortunately, this information didn’t prevent me from

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spending eighteen days in the slammer. Eventually, the charge was reduced to drunken driving and I was let out on bail. Later I found out that the judge had convinced my mother not to bail me out immediately in order to teach me a “lesson.”

But most of my run-ins with the police were not so serious. They were usually misdemeanor charges like disturbing the peace, drinking under age, and disorderly conduct. But there were a lot of them. I remember once having four separate cases pending against me, all acquired during the same month, in three different municipalities. In fact, it was only a racket on the part of several semiliterate Justices of the Peace to juice up their pitiful salaries by extracting bundles of clean, crisp \$10 bills from my poor mother’s shaking hands.

As it happens, the last time I saw Jolene coincided with a court appearance. It took place in Lostmont, where I appeared most often to answer charges during those years. The courtroom was in the basement of the fire station, and only about a block or so from my friends Tom, Harry and Dick’s house.

The morning in question was a bright spring Saturday, and I was appearing for disorderly conduct stemming from possession of alcohol and being a minor. My case was called about ten o’clock, and I shuffled up before the judge, as I had done so many times before, my head hanging low in remorse and repentance. I understood early on that these petty power tyrants liked to see remorse and repentance.

However, the arresting officer wasn’t there yet, so the judge adjourned the case for one hour. My mother elected to wait in the back of the courtroom, as she had by then acquired a taste for this Saturday morning soap opera of drunken drivers and noisy neighbors. I decided to get a breath of fresh air, and an idea was taking shape in my mind. As I walked towards the door, the judge called after me:

“Try to stay out of trouble for an hour, Fuckerfaster!”

As soon as the door shut behind me, I was off like a shot to Harry’s house. I knew that there was never anybody home there on Saturday morning, and that the house was always unlocked. I

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barged in the back door, and in less than a minute I had dialed Jolene's number. I was ready to hang up if anyone else in the family answered, but luck was with me. I heard her sweet, shy "Hello?"

"It's Johnny," I said hurriedly. "I'm over at Harry's. Can you come right away? I need to see you real bad, Baby!"

"I can't, Johnny!" she whined in a whisper. "I gotta help my mom clean the house."

"Fuck the house!" I insisted. "C'mon over. I gotta see ya. Can ya get a ride?"

"I can't, Johnny," she said sadly. "My mom . . ."

"Fuck yer mom!" I commanded. "Come right now. I just gotta see ya right away. Then ya kin go help yer mom."

"OK, OK," she relented. "I could get a ride with my brother. He's leavin' in a few minutes. I'll be right over but I *can't* stay long!"

It's amazing how things can click sometimes. By the time the phone hit its cradle I had a hard-on. And in fifteen minutes Jolene was standing on the front porch in shorts and halter. She was so cute with a hassled look on her freckled face and her hair in disarray. But especially I remember those divine legs, long and tanned and with a whisper of blond, baby down.

I hustled her in the door and off to Harry's parents' bedroom. By the time we hit the bed I was half undressed.

"I'm all hot to trot," was my inane comment that I would remember word for word some twenty-five years later. It was all I could think of to say.

"That's good," was all she could think of to reply.

But did I really appreciate what I had there? Did I kiss and lovingly caress those long, shapely legs, as I would have done in later life? Did I taste the heavenly juices of that sweet, young pussy, as the intervening years of fantasies would have had me do? No. I stripped off the shorts, spread the legs, and began jabbing her between the thighs with my stiffened snorkel. This

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was followed by a short, staccato burst of ass thrusting on my part at the end of which I unceremoniously emptied my balls into her belly. In those days we never knew to use rubbers.

And so, while Judge Hangembythenuts was hearing described some horrendous crime of loud mufflers or unauthorized trash burning in his subterranean courtroom a block away, little Johnny Fuckerfaster was hastily hosing his little Jolene.

At two minutes to eleven I walked back into the courtroom. My mother gave me a worried look from the back bench. My face was red; my head hung low in remorse and repentance. This time everything was ready, and my mother and I were called to the bench.

“Johnny Fuckerfaster,” said the judge in consternation, “what are we going to do with you?”

“I’m awfully sorry, Your Honor, Sir,” I replied remorsefully, my head hanging. “It won’t happen again, Judge, Sir.”

“Fifty dollars,” said the judge.

* * *

While reciting the story of Jolene, Johnny has been looking out the window, watching the green and brown December countryside. Now he turns to find the dwarf watching him curiously. He suddenly feels very tired.

“Interesting,” says the priest in a clinical manner. “Very interesting. But I’m not sure yet if I see how all this ties into your pornography problem.”

Johnny saw that the priest was at a loss.

“I hope you’re not going to tell me to say three Our Fathers, three Hail Marys and three Glory Bes,” he says with a touch of sarcasm.

The dwarf smiles, slightly embarrassed.

“Well, at least you cleared up the mystery of Jolene for me,” he says half-jokingly.

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“Not entirely, Father,” corrects Johnny. And he begins to expound again:

In fact, I heard some time after that last adventure that she became pregnant. Now this is serious business when the mother-to-be is only thirteen years old. Several people told me that her mother was most anxious to talk to me, but I never did get around to seeing her. And then after a few months the family moved away, or so they say. In any case, I never saw little Jolene again.

But little did it matter, because by then I was seeing an older woman, fifteen-year-old Connie. Now she was a little doll. She was so cute and sweet that I tried everything to convince her not to be so free with her favors to the other guys. This one I wanted all for myself. Alas, my pleadings were to no avail. She was impossible to pin down, in that way. But one buddy I didn't mind sharing her with was my old friend, Brian. He always prided himself on being such a cocksman, I took pleasure in going one up on him.

Since I had been hanging around Lostmont pretty regularly, I hadn't seen much of Brian, who preferred to stick to the more middle-class Delightfuldale. Then one day I ran into him at the ball field. We were glad to see each other, and he was curious to know where I'd been keeping myself, although he could tell from my appearance that I had “gone hood”.

We lay on the grass, watching the other guys playing sixteen-inch softball. Brian stuck a blade of grass between his teeth.

“Ya bin to Godley lately, Bong?” he asked nonchalantly.

“Naaah,” I replied smugly. “Bin gettin' it free.”

His ears pricked up. He turned to look at me, his curiosity more than a little aroused.

“That so?” he asked.

“Yep,” I answered, biting a piece of grass myself. “That's so.”

“Who's that?” he asked, trying not to seem too interested.

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“Oh, Jolene, Connie, a whole bunch of young stuff over in Lostmont,” I said casually. “Different one damn near every night. Want me to fix you up?”

That night Brian picked me up at Harry’s house in his mother’s car that he had legitimately borrowed. We made straight for Connie’s. Naturally, we had to take Harry and Dick along, too, as they had heard a lot about Connie and were anxious to meet her. Tom elected to stay home and watch “Gunsmoke.”

When we were about a block from Connie’s, I instructed Brian to stop the car. They all got out to wait on the corner and I took over the wheel. It wouldn’t do to let Connie’s mother see her going out with a pack of young hoodlums. It was exactly the same thing as with Jolene’s mother. I was the only one in our bunch who wasn’t forbidden to come to her house. My ignorant friends never learned that you had to smile, blush, and say “ma’am”. It worked like a charm.

Fifteen minutes later I was back to pick them up with Connie nestled next to me. Brian wanted to take the wheel again so Connie and I jumped into the back with Harry. Dick got into the front but most of the time he was turned around with his lecherous eyes glued to Connie. Brian also kept turning around and giving her the eye, then smacking the steering wheel, glancing at me and shaking his head as if to say: “You said she was cute and, oh man, you weren’t lyin’!”

Just outside town we stopped at a tavern where it was pretty easy to get served at the moment. Harry bought a few quarts of beer on the strength of his self-possession and falsified driver’s license, and we headed for one of our quiet drinking spots out in the country.

I was anxious for the effects of the beer to take hold because I had noticed that the atmosphere in the car was kind of tense. This was due not only to the presence of four horny young males all vying for the attentions of one pretty female, but also because my friends from Lostmont didn’t seem to appreciate my friend from Delightfuldale, and vice-versa.

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In fact, Brian *was* pretty “straight”. He wore his hair in a crew cut and dressed like a “jock” or prep-school boy with parka, khakis, white socks and loafers. As for myself and the Lostmont boys, we wore the uniforms of the “hood”: leather jacket, jeans and engineer boots. We wore our hair greased back into a “DA” and we turned up our collars. Brian had kidded me about going hood at the ball field that afternoon, so I was happy to be showing him that hoods didn’t have to pay for their pussy.

After we had been parked for half an hour or so, sucking on our beer, Brian and I got out to piss. I could see that he was a bit troubled.

“I don’t like yer greaser friends, Bong,” he said reproachfully.

“Don’t worry about them,” I reassured him. “They’re OK. But whaddaya think about Connie?”

“She’s *great!*!” he exclaimed, instantly changing his mood. “Do you mean we’re *all* going to fuck her tonight?” he asked incredulously.

“Of course,” I replied confidently. “I’m first. Then you. Then Harry and Dick can fight it out for third.”

“Hot damn!” he hissed joyously. Then his voice dropped lower and took on a serious tone:

“Lissen, Bong,” he said confidentially, “don’t make her blow ya, OK? I mean she’s so *damn* cute I’d kinda like ta . . . kiss her! Ya know what I mean?”

I chuckled.

“Ya got nothin’ ta worry about, Bing,” I said. “I’ve tried plenty of times to get her to blow me – she just ain’t game.”

He laughed and grabbed me by the shoulders. His face was beaming with gratitude and the joy of anticipation. He gave me his most maniacal look. I can see it now.

“Johnny Fuckerfaster!!” he exclaimed.

“The *Fucking* King!!” I proclaimed.

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Johnny sits with florid face, like it always gets when he expounds, watching the dwarf across the compartment. The priest is staring at him intently. He sighs and cracks the knuckles on his stubby fingers, his eyes never leaving the Fuckerfaster.

“I think your pornography obsession is simply the wages you are paying for your dissolute youth, Johnny,” he says disconsolately.

Johnny shrugs and leans back in his seat. He closes his eyes, and in a minute he is fast asleep.

When Johnny Fuckerfaster opens his eyes again, he has no idea how long he has slept, but he sees immediately that he and the dwarf are no longer alone in the compartment. Sitting on the priest’s left is a strange-looking man deeply engrossed in what appears to be a thick, black ledger. He is thin and dark-complexioned, and wears a red blazer and a bowler hat pulled low over his forehead. His legs are crossed and his gray slacks have crept up one calf to expose a thick patch of hair. Still groggy with sleep, Johnny stares in amazement, thinking he has never seen such a hairy leg. And yet the man’s smooth face shows no sign of a heavy beard, or any beard at all. His whole appearance suggests someone who is trying to disguise himself and failing miserably.

Johnny rubs his eyes and looks over at the dwarf. He finds him, too, absorbed in reading. The priest glances up from his breviary, and catching Johnny’s eye he smiles warmly.

“Have a nice nap?” he asks.

“Yes, indeed,” answers Johnny, now feeling quite refreshed. “I needed that.”

Hearing this exchange, the newcomer slaps his ledger shut, attracting the attention of the Fuckerfaster and the dwarf. Glancing from one to the other the stranger’s tight face cracks into a tense smile.

“Why this gives me great pleasure!” says the man effusively in British-flavored English. “Imagine my finding myself with two Anglophone traveling companions. How do you do?” he asks,

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tipping his hat and reaching out to shake first the dwarf's hand, then Johnny's.

The priest's face lights up in a congenial smile.

"Don Toole!" he says heartily, gripping the proffered fingers in his two doll-like hands. "Pleased to meet you."

"Fuckefaster," mutters Johnny, quickly withdrawing his hand from the stranger's clinging grasp. This is being too sociable, he feels, particularly after having opened up like that to the priest.

"And I'm the Devil!" chortles the stranger, hardly able to hold back his glee.

"The Devil you are!" counters the dwarf with a guffaw. He obviously appreciates people with a weird sense of humor.

But Johnny doesn't share their amusement. He eyes the stranger with mistrust, with the trepidation of one who knows the potential dangers in insane thinking.

"The Devil my ass," murmurs Johnny under his breath but loud enough for the others to hear.

Suddenly the stranger turns to him and begins speaking fast in a low voice:

"Your name is Johnny Fuckefaster. You were born on April 1, 1941, at 10:43 P.M. in Mercy Hospital, Chicago. You're now on your way home after having been on a porno binge over the weekend."

Johnny turns red. The dwarf looks at him in amazement. "Is all that true?" he asks incredulously.

The thin man turns to the dwarf.

"And you, sir," he says matter-of-factly, "were born in Drumshanbo, Ireland, on July 14, 1931, at 3:05 A.M. Because of a congenital defect, you were born a dwarf. You are now a dwarf priest. There is only one other dwarf priest in the world, living in the States, in Missouri. "

Johnny Who?

“My God!” exclaims the priest. “Yes. That’s right. I thought he was in Michigan. In fact, it’s Fulton, Missouri.”

“Freeport,” corrects the Devil.

“Quite right!” says the priest, almost overwhelmed. Unconsciously, he begins to finger the small gold cross pinned to his lapel.

“Don’t bother,” the Devil says to the dwarf, indicating the cross. “Those things have so little meaning these days that they don’t bother me any more.”

“Sorry,” apologizes the priest. “I didn’t mean to offend you . . . I . . . it’s just a nervous habit.”

“I still don’t believe it,” says Johnny calmly, crossing his legs and sitting back. “There must be some trick to it,” he remarks, looking at the dwarf priest.

In a blinding flash the Fuckerfaster finds himself stark naked, struggling painfully through the thick undergrowth of a dense jungle. At each laborious step his foot plunges ankle deep into the spongy, viscous, pinkish-purple jungle floor. The heat and humidity are oppressive. Sweat is pouring from his every pore. An overpowering stench of rotten fish pervades the whole infernal scene. With one hand protecting his genitals from the dark vines and prickly foliage that pull at his arms and legs, the other hand covering his mouth and nose to keep himself from gagging on the smell, Johnny fights his way to a large, bushy mound at the base of which stands a massive, forbidding black door. Through the big keyhole comes the shrill cry of a cockatoo from the depths of the mound:

“YOOOOOOUUUUUU ARE THE BIGGEST MOTHERFUCKERRRRR IN THE JUNGLELANNND!”

Johnny shudders and turns away from the dreadful door. Glancing up he spies a naked woman tangled in a fuzzy tree. She bursts into a plaintive wail:

“O, please, kind sir, let my pussy go free!!”

Johnny Who?

At that the Devil comes dancing backwards over the crest of the mound, grinning demonically over his shoulder at the flabbergasted Fuckerfaster. The Archfiend is naked now, his thick, serpentine tail lifting up to reveal a protuberant, pouting, pink asshole, while the barbed end of the tail points accusingly at Johnny.

“Now listen, motherfucker!” hisses His Unholiness, “lemme set you straight! Jo-Mamma’s got a pussy like a P-38! Nipples on her titties as big as a plum! Skin on her ass as tight as a drum! Somethin’ ‘tween her legs called juvenile jam -- it’s hard to get but it’s good *goddam!*!”

Johnny backs away from the monstrous apparition, rubbing his eyes and staring in disbelief as a huge blue cloud billows out of the Devil’s asshole and condenses instantly into a large key which the demon spears with his tail, then deftly dangles in front of the Fuckerfaster’s face.

“*La clef du portail de l’Enfer*, Johnny,” laughs Lucifer impishly. “*Tu veux entrer??* Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !!!! ”

“ENOUGH!!!” screams Johnny hysterically. “I *believe* it!” he cries, shaking his head frantically, closing his eyes and clapping his hands to his ears. “I *believe* it! I be”

Abruptly, the Fuckerfaster finds himself back in the train compartment, exactly as before, looking at the dwarf priest.

“My God!” exclaims the dwarf, awestruck. “You just *vanished!* Where did you go?”

“I believe it,” says Johnny again, and after taking a moment to compose himself, he turns to address the chuckling Devil.

“Tell me, Devil,” says Johnny, now subdued and sincere. “Are you really responsible for pornographic movies?”

The Fiend laughs heartily. “The Devil’s handiwork, Mr. Fuckerfaster! You seem to enjoy them *no end,*” he adds slyly, rubbing his chin.

Johnny Who?

“What is all this business?” asks the dwarf, now somewhat worried. “Did you say Johnny was on a porno binge? What’s a ‘porno binge’ anyway?”

“Johnny is obsessed with pornographic films,” says the Devil joyfully.

“Yes, he’s admitted as much,” says the priest. Turning to Fuckerfaster he adds:

“Why don’t you ask God’s help, Johnny?”

“I don’t want to,” concedes the Fuckerfaster, becoming agitated. “I love porno films. I love ’em. LOVE ’EM! UNNERSTAN’?!” he shouts.

“He’s being dramatic,” says the Devil calmly. “Fact is he’s just a voyeur. World’s loaded with ’em. More all the time,” he chuckles.

The dwarf ignores the Devil.

“But do you also love the degradation that comes with these films, Johnny?” he asks. “Do you love participating in this perverse exploitation of women, this depraved misuse of God’s great gift?”

“No,” answers Johnny, suddenly crestfallen. “I . . . I’m sorry, Father, I”

“Now make a good act of contrition,” the Devil interjects in a whiny, sarcastic voice, “and promise to sin no more. Like you did at thirty thousand feet over the Atlantic,” he adds with a laugh.

“Let him alone, Devil,” warns the dwarf sternly. “I can see that he’s a good man at heart.” He jumps off his seat and toddles over to lean against Johnny’s leg, all the while burning the lanky creature with a menacing look.

The Devil slaps his knee and guffaws again.

“A good man is he?” he cries. “He’s one of my best soldiers! Tell him about it, Fuckerfaster!” he commands, glaring at Johnny. “Confess! Let him know what you’re *really* like. Everybody

Johnny Who?

thinks you're such a great guy, including that dwarf. Confess the truth!"

"No!" urges the priest. "Don't listen to him, Johnny! Besides," he adds, "I don't want to hear about it."

"He'll confess and you'll listen, dwarf!" shouts the Devil.

"I won't listen!" says the dwarf adamantly, and he calmly plugs each ear with a stubby index finger.

Suddenly he vanishes! Johnny gapes at the small wisp of smoke in the shape of a question mark hanging over the dwarf's vacant seat. In less than five seconds the dwarf reappears, quaking from head to toe, perspiration pouring down his flushed face.

"I . . . I'll listen," he stammers, casting a chastened look at the Devil.

"Why don't you DO something, dwarf!" cries Johnny disgustedly. "Why let him push us around like this!? Haven't *you* got any power??"

"If . . . if I had power like *that*, Johnny," pants the little priest, "do you think that I'd be a dwarf?"

"OK, Devil," says Johnny, capitulating. "I'll confess. Which folly do you want me to tell about? Do you want me to confess the one about screwing little fourteen-year-old Beverly who was menstruating and we got her parents bed all bloody and she got into a pack of trouble?"

"No," says the Devil. "That was amusing, of course, but a bit banal. That's not it."

"Do you want me to confess the time Harry and I were supposed to mow the lawn at Pamela's house while the family was on vacation and we used the key they gave us to get into the house where we dressed up in her mother's bras and panties and ended up jacking off with some rubbers we found in the drawer?"

"Har, har, har," chortles the Devil. "I'd nearly forgotten about that one. But, no, that's not it."

Johnny Who?

“Or the time a few years later when five of us gang-fucked some nasty, drunken old whore we picked up in a bar, then abandoned her in the middle of the night in a field and came back at high noon the next day and she was still sleeping there all nude and the flies were buzzing around her foul snatch and two of us fucked her AGAIN and *I* was one of them?”

“O, that was a juicy one!” says the Devil, “but forget about bringing up all these old escapades. Tell that dwarf about what’s bothering you *now*! Confess what kind of a person you are *now*!”

“No! No! No!” cries Johnny, suddenly understanding. “I’ll never . . .”

“Then I will!” shouts the Devil, and leaning forward he taps the dwarf’s knee with one twisted finger. The priest shudders and recoils from the touch. Johnny stares at the floor, his face scarlet.

“Do you know, dwarf,” says the Devil, “that Johnny here jacks off in porn movies rather than screwing his wife? How’s that for a sin?” he asks mockingly.

“Masturbation is not a serious sin,” declares the priest.

“The Hell you say!” exclaims the Devil. “Since when? *You* are the bastards who made it a mortal sin! ‘The Key to the Devil’s Gate’ it was not long ago. You trying to go back on all that?!”

“The Church has become enlightened on these matters,” says the priest, giving Johnny a consoling look.

“You’re wasting your time defending this guy, dwarf,” says the Devil, jerking his thumb towards Johnny. “He’s mine. Listen to this: he marries a beautiful girl with a fabulous body and every time he screws her he’s imagining he’s fucking some nasty whore that he’s seen recently in a porno film. How’s that for a sin? And now he’s got two cute kids and he spends their *shoe money* on porn. How’s that? And he’s got a charming house in the country with chickens and goats and geese and he *still* prefers to spend his time in smelly, sticky, porno movie houses. He’s a pervert!” the Devil concludes triumphantly, pointing a gnarled, hairy finger at Johnny, “and HE’S MINE! AH, HA HA HA HA HA HA!”

Johnny Who?

When the Devil's raucous laughter has died away, Johnny holds up his hand.

"Wait a minute, Devil," he says calmly. The adrenalin has drained from Johnny's system. The color has faded from his cheeks. For the first time in his life he feels calm while under verbal attack.

"What you say is all true, I admit it," says Johnny. "But things are changing, you *know* they're changing," he adds quietly.

The Devil shrugs. "I may have had a minor setback or two," he admits begrudgingly. "But let us not forget you have just spent three entire days in porno movie houses. It's all in here," he smirks confidently, tapping his ledger.

Johnny says nothing. He stares at the Beast fearlessly, his jaw set with determination.

"Things are changing for the better then, Johnny?" asks the dwarf hopefully.

"I think so, Father," Johnny replies optimistically. "Listen," he continues, "do you know what causes an orgasm?"

The dwarf blushes. "I'm afraid I haven't got the foggiest notion."

"It's rather complex," says Johnny, "but I've been reading up on it. Basically, it's like this: The orgasmic-reflex center is found in the lumbosacral cord, and there it is influenced by diverse inhibitory and facilitatory factors coming from higher neural centers. Just as is the case with any reflex, the discharge threshold can be attained not only by sensory input from the genitals, but also from higher centers in the cortex and diencephalon. This particularity insures that fantasy and memory are important elements in *facilitating* orgasm, and in some people they can even *cause* orgasm without genital stimulation."

The Devil gives Johnny a bored look. "Call it what you will," he says. "It's still voyeurism and perversion, and you're still mine."

"I don't know if I follow," says the priest, ignoring the Devil.

Johnny Who?

“I’m not sure if I understand it either,” admits Johnny. “But it seems that these centers can become unbalanced and people can come to rely more on, say, *visual* stimulation -- whether it be a porn movie on the screen or a porn movie in the head where the imagination plays the essential role. At the same time, people become less dependent on *tactile* stimulation, which is essentially what one experiences in the sexual act, and which is more natural.”

“Is that so?” says the dwarf, interested but clearly embarrassed.

“Yes!” declares Johnny, heating up and paying no heed to the priest’s embarrassment. “You see, from the time I began intercourse – that was from a very early age – to me it was nothing more than masturbating in a vagina, just as I’d learned and been doing it with my hand, and vacuum cleaners and liver – you name it – and I *needed* visual stimulation. And having relied for many years on my imagination, or mental cinema, as a source of visual stimulation my centers were clearly unbalanced.

“But I believe that’s changing now!” cries Johnny, growing more and more excited. “And as a result of observing myself and breaking through a succession of barriers and diverse hang-ups I am now at the point where, during the sex act, my brain seems to detach completely, my mental cinema goes blank, and I visualize nothing at all. I only *feel*. In fact, I even go *beyond* the stage of copulating, if you know what I mean.”

“I’m sure I don’t,” interjects the priest while Johnny catches his breath, “but go on.”

“At one point,” continues the Fuckefaster, oblivious to the interruption, “just before orgasm, I am no longer fornicating with an individual, *a* woman, but WOMAN! At this stage, infidelity becomes problematic. And then comes the point when even fornicating becomes problematic! There, at the moment of orgasm -- when I ejaculate -- ” reiterates Johnny, glancing at the Devil, “I am no longer fornicating. I JUST AM !!!”

Johnny Who?

“Sounds like a load of bullshit to me,” says the Devil, now shifting his eyes nervously back and forth between Johnny and the dwarf.

“Sounds like what *I’ve* been trying to do through prayer and meditation,” affirms the priest.

“Why don’t you try *fucking* , dwarf?” asks the Devil sarcastically. “You might get there quicker. And you, Fuckerfaster,” he adds venomously, “if you’ve got your act so together what were you doing in the Forum yesterday? UNTIL MIDNIGHT!!!” he shouts.

“I . . . I don’t know,” admits Johnny, immediately deflated, shaking his head sadly.

Suddenly the dwarf looks up at the Fuckerfaster, his priestly face shining with hope and love. He falls to his knees, grabs Johnny’s leg.

“I think you’re going to beat this thing, Johnny,” he says firmly. “What you just said shows me you’re on the right road. Stay with it! Love that wife of yours. And don’t worry if you slip back into that bastard’s clutches occasionally.” He casts a scornful look at the Devil. “You just tear yourself loose and keep going! Go back to the country. Back to the wife and kiddies, the little farm and animals. Back to *GOD!*” the dwarf concludes his dramatic crescendo, patting Johnny’s knee.

Johnny acknowledges the dwarf’s concern with a warm smile, and receives his blessing.

Meanwhile the Devil is ignoring them, paging urgently through his ledger. He stops to read for a moment, and suddenly his hideous face lights up with inspiration. He leaps from his seat and falls to his knees next to the priest, grasping Johnny’s other leg.

“Say it, Fuckerfaster!” he orders. “What do you want most in life?! What are you burning for?! I know what it is and it ain’t a house in the country with wife and kids and goats and geese. Say it!”

Johnny Who?

“I . . . I . . . I want RECOGNITION!!!” blurts out Johnny, glancing back and forth at the faces of the two strange beings kneeling before him.

“And what are you willing to sacrifice?” pursues the Devil, eyes wide and glowing.

“Nothing, Johnny! Nothing!!” shouts the priest. “Don’t listen to him!!”

The Fuckerfaster looks at the tormented face of the priest, the mocking smile of the Devil.

“Everything,” says Johnny calmly.

The Devil howls with glee. “Everything?!” he cries. “The little house, the family, the quiet life in the country? Sainthood?!”

“Yes, Oh, yes!!” hisses Johnny through clenched teeth.

“Even . . .” sings out the Devil, “even . . . even . . . EVEN???”

“Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!” shouts Johnny. “Even THAT!”

“DONE!!!” screams the Devil triumphantly. “DONE, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!!”

“Votre billet, s’il vous plait.”

Johnny Fuckerfaster awakens from the conductor’s gentle prodding. Still half asleep he digs a crumpled ticket from his pocket and presents it to the man for inspection.

“Merci, monsieur,” says the conductor, who then checks the ticket of the man sitting opposite, thanks him, and leaves the compartment.

The Fuckerfaster painfully straightens up in his seat, sore from having slept so long in a scrunched up position. He quickly sizes up the man who has come in while he was sleeping.

“He *is* a priest,” thinks Johnny. “Just like in the weird dream. Only he’s no dwarf.”

Johnny Who?

The priest smiles amiably. “*Aimez-vous Saint Augustin?*” he asks, leaning forward and handing Johnny the book that has slipped off his knees during his sleep.

“*Euurrrrr . . . oui,*” replies Johnny, “*et . . . merci!*” he adds gratefully, holding up the book.

“*De rien,*” says the priest, still smiling.

Johnny nods, and after an awkward pause he drops his eyes to the volume lying open on his lap. The priest turns his gaze out the window, and the rest of the trip is passed in silence.