

# TRUST ME

AND OTHER FICTIONS



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Trust Me and other Fictions  
by Chuck Richardson

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## Krunga

A shaman wanders off, having detected a seam in his Earth.

Entering the crevice, lighting a torch Krunga saturated with oil, he stitches his agency in the darkness.

He carries his necessities in a satchel cured and sewed together by Krunga.

His hand, pressing against this limestone, feels something passing through him with each step. Something passing through him alone, conceiving its self some verb-creature vibrating his web. It seams his fibers, texting pages of DNA for something or someone else. Together they envision Krunga weaving a basket, naked, by the fire they made at home.

He settles his torch in its notch, removing their ochre and pigments and other implements of their trade from her vole-skin, squatting and chanting...

He caresses the figurine—hips, labia, belly, buttocks and tits carved by Krunga from his last lover's knee cap. Pressing his eyes shut, he masturbates, chanting, praying to fuck her, his feet sliding across the limestone, the flame panting against his face.

Orgasm. Semen on stone. Spermatozoa, so they say, trickling down the wall, impregnating something with something...ejaculating into whatnot.

Adding water to the ochre and pigments, mixing them according to whimsy, spitting and pissing in them, masturbating in them, bleeding into them...all the precious bodily fluids he can muster...smearing these hues on his face, chest and penis, rising, chanting and dancing, smearing colors all over the wall, rubbing his body all over it, imagining himself permeating the membrane with his juices...

He does this until *it* seems spent, until *it* seems sketched and stained, giving shape to a form calling *itself* “me.”

He feels...he seams, knowing *it* as his *self*.

He feels *it* passing back and forth through the stone through his feet and hands, a self embracing all sides of *it*, carousing outward through the top of his head and careening or intruding inward through his heart...holes at the centers of other selves, which some might call “me.” When this stops, when he *feels* only silence, his intrusion ends...

The shaman’s people have language. Why should *they* be an exception? He will write his version of their story on the wall, spitting ochre over the symbols he makes with his hands.

The first sentence reads: “Krunga is a bitch.”

Indubitably.

Buoyed by respiration, having embarked upon his journey, looking vaguely *human*—he forgets the possibilities of modifying each sentence’s generatrix: That which was via his intended modifications will hereafter *be* according to *its* own dictates and whatnot, wherever they may lead. He will

serve as his narrative's limitation, within which anything will be allowed to happen. He will allow *its* lust to interfere with what he might otherwise edit, hoping *it* might force him to slap back when the need to define *its* limits proves overwhelming, when *its* grammatical breaches transmogrify from mere annoyance to sheer terror, modifying *its* parameters of acceptability and thus altering the shaman's being and seaming and writing and suturing in the process of narrating *itself*...and whatnot.

He feels one must not insist on anything, including insisting on non-insistence.

Though mis-taken, *it* seems to me our transgression's come due, seaming *self* serving forms into non-existence.

Trust no one here. *I'm* not...especially my *self*, or...

## Ideology of the Germ

Another symbol of the female genitals is a jewel case.

The professor wants to impress her, and she's blushing for him.

Your face is turning orange. Are you embarrassed?

She nods, looking at the palm-sized faceless ochre-covered oolitic limestone carving with the swollen, anatomically correct vulva. Indeed, it resembles a jewel case...a furry oyster with a pearl inside.

Why?

I...I'm not used to...

Its oversized breasts and pregnant belly remind her of her uncle's photos of Pandora Cones.

You're not used to frank sexual discussion.

It seems to be wearing a basket on its head, its detail revealing the carver must have spent more time on depicting the basket headdress than the rest of the object all together.

Well...

You're in college now. You have to know Freud. He says it's all about sex. We're talking about Freud. Not you or me.

The girl seems comforted. She perceives what she thinks is the artist's rendering of a loose string streaming from the basket. She imagines pulling it.

I was just raised to believe...

That sex was dirty.

No...

She pulls it, unraveling in her mind a Neolithic hemp revolution dominated by female pornographers and sha(wo)men in which pornography is spiritual and nets and baskets more essential than stone-carved spears. Cain's sexier than Abel, who's a misogynistic daddy's boy.

You're attracted to your father.

No...I...

You resent your mother.

She knew the woman who carved this figurine was an insistent feminist. Feminism is something women have always needed to insist on if the race were to continue. Here Adam, eat this fruit and please me first, or you ain't getting laid. Clitoral wisdom rules. Oral sex means I'm the word...

I don't...

Your vagina is a jewel case. Riches you're saving for...

Have a father. My mothers are lesbian.

The figurine's vulva appears to contract.

The professor leans forward.

*Really.*

Yes.

The Egyptian asp, which has been sleeping in its well-lit case next to the figurine, inanimate once again in its own case, stirs, uncoiling a bit to raise its head and stare at them.

Tell me about it.

I don't think...

No. You need to develop a framework from which to read. Greater self-understanding will improve your reading.

Better reading means better response papers, which means you're learning.

The asp, having slithered from its rock, raises its head, tonguing the atmosphere intently.

I was adopted.

OK.

I was told that my feelings about it are a form of post traumatic stress disorder. I was shocked and scarred by my post partum abortion. I've suffered severe depression with psychotic symptoms since I was eleven.

Go on.

I've had recurring nightmares my entire life about clinging to a translucent red wall with the sound of machinery grinding away beneath me, pulling me from the wall.

What does that mean?

I don't know.

How do you feel about your mother?

Which one?

Biological.

Nothing. I feel nothing about her at all. It's as if I've fallen off her planet. If anything I resent her giving me up, exiling me from that world. Do you know how hard it is being an alien growing up with lesbian moms?

Tell me.

I can't. It's beyond words.

Now we're getting somewhere.

We are?

Yes.

Where?



The snake perks up even more, its tail rising and falling sporadically in the direction of its mouth.

To the place your thinking belongs. When you squirm, you know you're there. That's what all this is for...this is what it's all about.

The figurine appears to be sweating. Ochre gooseflesh is bubbling its limestone skin. The pattern woven into the basket on her head seems ever more complex, spiraling into unimagined tightness as its humongous labia pinch its imagined cervix closed. The clam slams shut on a stick.

What?

Life.

I don't get it.

Neither do I. We're not supposed to. We can only look in the most interesting direction.

The asp is spying its tail with what she imagines to be a reptilian mix of dread and desire. Peripherally, the figurine seems to spread its legs then close them as she shifts her focus.

The professor leans back to take in his student's body. There's something about the African female form that titillates him. Mulattoes simply absorb him since he perceives that their legs tend to be somewhat shorter and their thighs somewhat meatier...He likes meaty thighs, even a little cellulose does...for a redbone...

What are you looking at?

The professor blushes and removes his glasses.

I'm not blushing, I'm flushed with an idea.

He wipes his glasses as they rest in his lap. She notices...

I think you need to confront your neuroses head on. I think you need to shatter some of your taboos. I think you'll find that liberating. You've got to let go of all this pain. But it won't be easy. I'm here to help you.

He puts his cleaned glasses on his desk. She leans back into her chair, folding her arms over her breasts as if she were cold, pushing them together beneath her skin-tight sweater.

I also have a Ph. D. in psychology. I could practice, but I haven't bothered getting a license. I like this job. But I do help people informally, whenever and however I can.

Her face pinches as she searches for words, looking back and forth between the figurine and venomous serpent.

This is all about getting your mind opened up so you can do the work at hand properly, or should I say the way you're truly capable of...This is a chance, pardon the pun, for you to be all you can be. Consider me a facilitator.

He starts wagging his legs back and forth, touching them at the knees then spreading them again, over and over, working himself into a full blown erection.

OK. But I want to get a couple of things straight.

She puts her hands on her knees, leaning forward, pressing those tits together as they hang so deliciously, causing the professor to mimic her and lean forward to put his hands on his knees, pressing his scrotum down into the seat cushion, bringing him even more into the spirit of things.

I ain't no ho. An' I wanna A for doin this shit. Nothin's free.

She doesn't know exactly where that language came from. It just seemed appropriate. She's in overdrive.

If you do the work required, and you do it well, going beyond what I ask of you, I can guarantee you will get an A. I'm always fair.

OK. First things first. Everything you just said? It applies to you. You're not used to frank sexual discussion. Your cock and balls are the scepter and orbs you save for your African queens. You're the one who's got a thing for his mother. You're the one who sees me—an African-American female—as a facilitator, an object or totem or taboo that will liberate you from your incestuous desire for your mother, letting you become all you can be with someone young enough to be your daughter. You see me as an African slave woman to own and dominate, a way to claim your white male manhood as if your seat in this office and your diplomas weren't enough already, as if you needed more than your manly whiteness to be a real man. Am I getting somewhere?

I will not, and cannot, resist you. However, I must point out that your insistent manner in proving me to be what I am is done with a similar grain of unselfconsciousness to my own. What you say I said applies to you indeed applies to me, but nonetheless—as originally stated—it applies to you as well. You may not be sexually attracted to your father, but you are sexually attracted to father figures, I think. We're in the same boat. Two of a kind sharing time. I could see it in your eyes the very first day of class, sitting up front...

The asp swallows its tail then spits it out.

He opens his desk drawer and pulls out a bowl. With the other hand, he starts the fan. Keeping her hands on her

knees, she arches her back some, puffing out her breasts, smiling, as he packs the small pipe with a pinch of weed.

The office seems a safe place. The figurine's labia appear to part, and a pearl drops from its cunt.

Where did you learn all that shit about the black woman and the white man?

I did some reading to get ready for college. My uncle told me what to read, what to watch out for. He told me about professors like you.

She perceives the asp staring at the pearl through two layers of actual glass, its tail again approaching its mouth with caution.

What he say?

He said that most men are like male birds, they build fancy bowers and nests, make themselves beautiful and attractive with their achievements, shamelessly compete, swell their chests, puff their feathers, make strange sounds, perform strange dances...all just to get laid. The black man's the kind of bird who's real purty. He relies on his looks and his raw masculinity. White men like you get all your diplomas to build self-esteem in the face of the superior black man who you dominate because of your superior *numbers*, and set yourself up in the right positions to fulfill your sexual fantasies with the frightening mandingo's woman. You use this office of yours as a bower. It's just like you said, it's all about sex and sex is all about power and power's all about myth, psyche and numbers. Father and daughter, mother and son got nothing essential to do with it. That apparent hierarchy is a product, not a cause, of the white man's capitalism and reflects a

general perversion of his nature. It's much more evolved, much kinkier than any one particular line of thought...any ism that needs to harness this drive to exercise power.

*What* is much more evolved?

The pearl passes through the glass of the figurine's case, then through the asp's case. It rolls to a position midway between its tail and mouth, strangely bringing her thoughts into focus.

It. That thing that's going on between us. You've never felt as if there was a third thing involved between two consenting adults, as if there were something else that just took over? A kinky thing, a perversion, a fetish?

Yes. My neurosis. I have a thing for...

My ass. What's goin on in yer head ain't half of what's goin on in my ass. Trust me. That's where the germs are.

The snake swallows its tail again, encircling the stone.

What germs?

The germs of life, that shit that's going through us that was alive one way, is living now another, and will be alive tomorrow some other way but still a germ inside something, unchanged, ready to go through us all over again, until eventually it's us going through it, the Germ, the thing that's really alive...my ass.

The asp shits in its own mouth, which contracts at the taste, sinking its venomous fangs into its own backside, injecting itself with its own poison.

Are you sure that business is the right major for you? I mean, that's almost poetic. With a little work...

The pain from the bite, however, ensures the serpent does not sink its teeth all the way into itself, causing the poison that was not injected into its blood to seep down between and around the scales in its skin. The result is nothing more than a generalized numbness.

With a little work doing what? Eating that shit? Probing it? Transforming it from what it is into language? I'd rather deal with the things themselves, the germs, not their words or diseases. That's why I'm in business. If I change my major, it will be to biology. My advisor says the dumbest people go into education and English. From what I've seen so far, she's right. The real players of the future will be business-oriented biologists. I want to live a real life. I want to experience some ass fucking. How bout you?

The figurine seems to be looking forlornly at its lost jewel, encased in glass and surrounded.

The professor sprays the office with air freshener and lights the bowl.

Everyone, deep down, wants to experience a little ass fucking, my dear, he puffs, exhaling small plumes out the window with each word, and it makes me curious as to why you're taking my class?

He hands her the pipe, she hits it, holding her breath, feeling the smoke expand inside her, mushrooming into a cloud overwhelming her mind with color. She lets it out in easy paisley plumes of blue and grey and green with strings of purple haze, fluing it out the window with rounded lips, helped by the fan. The professor sprays the room again, protecting its safe and warm environment from offensive

odors that could escape into actuality, exposing their pureness, the singularity of their moment.

So, you wanna know why I'm taking your class. I'm on a father quest like you said. You know, Joseph Campbell, Robert Bly, Carl Jung...all that crap.

Crap?

Not crap, but yada yada yada...I'm trying to make sense of my life. I've got it up to here with mother. Now I need father. I need formal framing for my psyche to individuate. Does that make sense? I think your course might be a piece to the puzzle. Your super ego might inadvertently provide the structure for a superego I can use.

A big piece, I think.

The serpent is contracting, swallowing its own tail ever deeper. She can see its shape passing through its shape, not a rat, but itself.

The professor takes a hit and hands her the bowl, then directs her eyes with his away from one reptilian spectacle to another—the unfolding swelling activity expanding his crotch.

Come to Poppa, eh?

She exhales in his face. He sprays the room, waving his arm. She leans forward and puts her hand on the professor's...

There's a soft rapping at the door.

Two drops of milk emerge at the tips of the figurine's tits.

Who is it?

It's Rufus, professor. Rufus Lucius. It's poddy tom'z alriddy?

Shit. Rufus, buddy. I'm with someone. Come back in an hour and we'll do lunch.

Ah, sure professor. I hear ya. One o'clock it is then.  
One o'clock.

Rufus replaces one diskette for another in the small remote video recording device lodged into the door jam at floor level.

The drop extending from the left breast breaks first, splashing onto the pregnant belly, then the other drop falls on the other side. It's as if its areolas are eyes, and they're crying from the pupils, or nipples, either way.

Who was that?

The janitor. He's got good weed. That's where I got this. We do lunch every Friday.

Rufus watches the light turn green coinciding with the sound of her voice, and walks away down the hallway, muttering *asshole*.

The asp has now swallowed as much of itself as it can. The figurine's oolitic tits continue crying, causing the ochre to soften and run. The statue, it seems, is lactating blood.

She unzips the professor and a meerkat pops from his fly under its own volition, searching the world for adventure. She pounces on it, an asp on its tail, spitting and gnawing its stunned animal nature into acquiescence, chewing til its head pops spewing those whose aim could have been, perhaps, her jewel case, but instead, finding their new milieu less fertile ground, perhaps, than they'd been hoping for, must now somehow come to terms with the fact they will never evolve into the next Tiger Woods, Katie Couric or Einstein. But,



thank goodness, we need not feel sorry for the professor's sperm for too long, since they are perishing quickly, spent in the woman's spit, ejaculated with an offensive thwack from her sticky mouth into the coffee grounds stuck to the side of the plastic bag inside the university's metal trash can.

The figurine, too, is carelessly wasting its bloody milk on its stone cold belly.

The professor, however, is not so quick to recover.

You went at that like a whore!

What did you expect, Daddy?

Don't call me that!

Wasn't I a good girl, Daddy?

He grabs a handful of her hair and yanks, twisting her head to one side in an awkward position, and he lowers his face to hers, I said don't call me that. You're being a naughty girl. You know what happens to naughty girls?

The professor opens the bottom drawer of his desk with his free hand, and yanks her head down into position so she can see the contents of the drawer, which make her...

This needle's all set with an innovative yet-to-be-patented concoction my friend over at the pharm lab made up. It's guaranteed to make your cunt itch for cock all week. This one makes your clit hypersensitive. I've been told it can feel it when someone's just looking at it. Makes the damn thing almost human, don't it? And this one, well, this one gives you an unquenchable thirst for cum. You'll drink it, your belly will crave it. And it will put an end to your spitting. The rest are good for various other parts of your body I might

want to use...But right now, I think it's this one you need.  
We've got to stop you from spitting.

I promise not to spit anymore. Just don't give me that.

It won't hurt. It will increase your pleasure. Make you a little less nasty.

I'll be any way you want me to be, please.

It's too late for that now, says the professor, injecting her in the neck with the long needle. She sucks air, beginning to scream, but he covers her mouth. Then, one by one, he injects her with every needle in the drawer, until finally it's his own needle, his own appendage of pointed flesh poking her where the drugs tell her she needs it. He's wearing himself out, she's in a blissful stupor, the small office is in disarray all around them as he has had to find various objects to subdue her lust simultaneously, making him wonder between cumshots if it were really worth it going at things so intensely with a woman less than half his age, but when those cumshots erupt he feels a bliss that erases the question, and now, after an hour, he's laying in a heap on the floor, naked. She seems barely able to contain herself, disappointed in the professor's lack of stamina.

He sees first the spider in the corner over the door, then its web. A dark movement catches his attention. It's a fly.

There's a soft rap on the door, vibrating the web, making the spider and fly roll with the ripples of its effect.

Professor? You in dare, professor? It's Rufus. It's lunchtime.

Come on in Rufus.

The professor, too exhausted to speak, gazes up at the janitor with wonder as he puts his arm around the student laying next to him, a nekkid live wire.

Professor, I been meanin' to tell ya my niece was one a yer students, but ah nivver got around to it. There is in fact, professor, lots of things I haven't told you. For one, I don't really talk the way I have been with you. That was an act. You ate it up like I knew you would. For another thing, you don't remember me or my sister, Thelma, even though I set you up with her twenty years ago and you dated for two months. We ate dinner together a half dozen times. But did you remember me? No.

I thought you looked familiar.

The figurine has moved, perhaps as a result of the prior ruckus. It's pressing against the glass longingly, seeming to look for its pearl, which has disappeared under the tightly wound asp.

The professor struggles to his feet and starts putting on his pants.

Leavem off. We ain't done yet.

What's the...?

Ah, a question from an intellectual who makes a practice of constantly questioning. What does this mean? What is the meaning of this? Shall we begin with a deconstruction? After all, it's one of your favorite methods, no? Herr Professor?

Titus. Titus Trombitus. And your sister Thelma...How is...

The snake begins the slow process of removing itself from itself. Now it needs to expand as the figurine looks on hopefully for a sign of its pearl...