

# SEX

and The American Male



Jay Williams

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AND THE  
AMERICAN MALE

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## Author's Note

Okay, okay, this book isn't really about sex. The publisher came to me a few months ago and insisted I change the name of it from "**Zack's American Dream**" to the current "**Sex and the American Male**."

"Oh, it's sure to sell a ton of books this way," he claimed. "American readers are lazy and just look at the title and if it includes "Sex" they start to get excited and rush to the cashier."

I didn't really buy this, but then, he was the publisher and I really wanted this book published because I think it's pretty funny and really good, biting satire. So I relented. No, he did not offer me any money. That's probably what my Uncle Bob is thinking, because that's the sort of thing he'd do, but I'm not like that at all. I'm not a money-hungry, used car salesman from Ames, Iowa who will do anything to make a sale. No, I'm a starving artist in Austin who just thinks that good literature should get out there for the masses. Um, well...

Okay, let me get off my soapbox and just say, I think you'll really like this book and hope you will buy it even if it doesn't include lurid sex scenes or tales of wild abandon in exotic locales. So although it doesn't include sex, at least it is a short, funny book that you could easily read on your flight from NYC to Los Angeles.

## **Publisher's Note**

Hey, don't you believe what the author just said. This book contains a lot of sex and has very graphic pictures and references all throughout. You will be titillated from the very beginning and will not want to put this book down until you explode with passion at the end. I hope you will buy this book and maybe a few extra copies for your friends. Really. Please buy a lot of copies for your friends. And don't forget to pick up copies of our other popular titles, including "Wild summer sex parties," "You can have the sex life you always wanted," and "Sex and the American Female." All now available at the usual popular outlets.

# Preface to Sex and the American Male (Zack's American Dream)

(Ode to Douglas Adams)

In the solar system we inhabit, we live on a small planet we all call Earth. Okay, when I say small, I mean it's small compared to say, oh, Jupiter. Earth is something like a dime compared to Jupiter's beach ball. On this Earth is a fairly large country we all call The United States of America. Of course, when I say fairly large, it's like the U.S. is a piece of broccoli next to China's really large cauliflower. Now that I think of it, that may not be a good comparison as it depends on the restaurant you go to. At the place I was at last night it would be a good comparison as the cauliflower was larger than the broccoli. Not that I'd touch either. I had a hamburger with fries and somebody at the next table had those ghastly vegetables.

Anyway, in The United States lived this average man named Zack Hardiman. Now, when I say average, I don't mean average as it relates to intelligence, shoe size or earnings potential. These definitely mean a lot to the people who inhabit the U.S. *or* Earth for that matter, but it has nothing to do with the average as it relates to Zack.

Actually, now I'm sorry I even mentioned intelligence, shoe size or earnings potential. These just open up a whole new can of worms that shouldn't be discussed here. Yet.

So let's just say that in the U.S. on Earth lived this "typical" man named Zack Hardiman. Like the majority of people in the U.S., he didn't have a clue as to what was really going on. So he was typical. Average. For example, ask him why in a city with a population comprised of 50% female inhabitants there wasn't a single woman on the 10-person city council? He'd likely look to the heavens, purse his lips and say that it was just the way the votes fell. Or grill him on why the people of South Carolina continuously voted for a 200-year-old man with tons of white sheets in his closets and he'd probably shrug and say "whatever."

"Whatever" is a very popular term in The United States. By popular, I mean that the average, typical person uses it as a response at least three times everyday.

Like the typical American, Zack never bothered to investigate anything too deeply. That is until one fateful day when his mind could no longer put up resistance to all the cultural icons that permeated the United States. With his defenses down, his mind snapped. Instead of not thinking too deeply about anything, he began to think deeply about everything. From "Barney" to "Near Beer," from "I've fallen and I can't get up," to "Totally." He delved into everything. He began to explore what made America "tick." No, he didn't hop on a motorcycle and crisscross The United States. He just opened his mind.

He also went insane.

Luckily, he didn't give up at that slight road bump. By luckily, I mean it was a windfall for me as I could write about him and increase my earnings potential. So he continued to investigate every little thing about America to better understand it. The cultural icons, the way of living, the size of broccoli at different restaurants.

To use a cliché, which would invariably drive him loco: Zack was a trooper!

So if you have the stomach to explore the inner workings of a person's psyche and maybe learn a little more about this place we call The United States, then read on.

If not, well, you could always read *Cosmo* instead.

Whatever.

# CHAPTER I

The delirium began just a short while ago. Oh, it wasn't the bounce-off-the-wall type of delirium that set in, but a more subtle and gradual thing. At first. It began in a most unobtrusive manner. Zack Hardiman sat in his apartment reading the latest issue of *Rolling Stone*, when a touch of whimsy struck him and he wondered what the mag would look like if all the pages that had any form of advertisement on them were taken out. He slowly began to tear the pages out of the magazine, beginning with the cover, which had a liquor ad on the inside, and working his way to the back cover, which contained a cigarette advertisement. He was left with three unbound pages. Six if you counted both sides. Of course, he didn't. They were just three pages to him. Never mind. Anyway, this didn't sit too well with Zack, but he wasn't overly concerned with it either. In fact, probably the only thing that really sat on his mind was that he wasn't too impressed with the magazine anymore—especially since most of the pages now littered his living room floor. Since he didn't have anything to read anymore (those three pages being pretty boring), he went on to other diversions, like cooking rice, but the seed had been planted deep in his subconscious.

That evening it surfaced again. While doing some writing at the cluttered dining room table, listening to the radio, a commercial came on. Without thinking about it, he got up and put on a record. When the record finished, he switched back to the radio. This happened just in time for another commercial. As he put on another record, he wondered if the station played nothing but commercials. Again, after the record ended, he switched back to the radio, and again his timing was perfect—or imperfect depending on your state of mind. Another commercial. This continued for most of the evening, with Zack's only thought about his actions being, "this is getting old." He finally gave up this escapade after he switched back to the radio station and discovered it had signed off for the night.

The following day, the delirium began to take on more serious manifestations. A simple choosing of a T-shirt to wear while jogging became the instigator. Reaching into his trusty T-shirt drawer, he pulled one out that he had worn for years. The Bud logo immediately caught his eye. He looked askance at it, wondering how a trusted friend had now become a deadly enemy, and then threw it in the dirty clothesbasket. He was determined not to be a running advertisement for anyone today. Halfway through the drawer of T-shirts, he remembered that all of his shirts had printing on them. He pulled the drawer out of the dresser and dumped the remaining shirts into his wastebasket. He had just about convinced himself to run without a shirt, when he remembered his old high school basketball jersey in the closet.

It was a mistake that would compound his encroaching madness.

He found the jersey easily enough, but it hung next to a tennis shirt he often wore to look sporty and to impress females. Emblazoned on the breast he noticed an emblem of some sort, something that looked like a withered poison ivy leaf with the word "Adidas" right above it. He ripped the shirt off the hanger and threw it out of the closet and out of his sight.

Unfortunately, this revealed another knit shirt that had "Nike" written on it. Within a few seconds, and after several strange grunting noises, it too lay on the floor beside the first shirt. A dress shirt with a monogram followed next, and then another knit shirt with a penguin on it, a sweater with a small fox adorning it, and an old, greasy work shirt that said "Bob's Garage" on the back. The jersey went too because it dared to hang with the wrong crowd, not to mention that he spotted a little logo on the tail of the shirt.

His closet began to look a little bare.



After a prolonged moment of quiet reflection, during which he actually had a small glimmer of sanity, he realized that he might be on the verge of going too far. The only way to save himself, he decided, was to leave the scene of the crime immediately. He bolted out of the apartment and went jogging sans T-shirt. Not a big deal since it was summer. No, he didn't have to face the perils of unsightly goose bumps, but he did receive several rude remarks about his lack of a socially acceptable tan.

That evening he decided he needed to do something about the tension that seemed to be plaguing him lately. Falsely assuming that avoiding cooking and dirty dishes would cure him, he concluded that an early evening dinner date with a beautiful woman at a popular restaurant provided the answer. After making a date with his girlfriend Joanie, he jumped in his Firebird, which had all the accessories included at no charge, and drove to Ginno's Italian Restaurant, a sophisticated, but friendly dining establishment for those with discerning taste. En route downtown, he did not play his ultrasonic, quadraphonic radio sold only to those who really care about their car stereo music. He also did not test the 0-60 in 2.3 seconds speed of the Firebird he had bought a year ago at Jim's Used Cars, where they only sell quality.

Joanie waited for him by the door of Ginno's. She smiled as he approached, then looked questioningly at him.

"Howdy, handsome. Say, is something wrong? You look rather, oh, ragged."

"Uh, nah, nothin's wrong. I just didn't sleep too well last night."

"Well, you should try some Visine for your weary eyes. It gets the red out."

"Yeah," Zack said, feeling a strange tinge of foreboding.

The two walked arm and arm into Ginno's and were seated by a young woman who not only wore the latest Vogue fashions and mysteriously looked like Brooke Shields, but also complimented Zack on his Johnny Carson three-piece suit. They were given a small table by the front window, where they had a lovely view of the cabs with the 7-11 ads on their trunks passing by on the street, and an unobstructed view of Ray's Discount Drug Mart across the street, where you could get all of your pharmaceutical needs for 30% less.

Zack quickly looked away from the window and around at the small Italian restaurant. It wasn't as sophisticated as he thought the ad had implied, but pretty much resembled the average, small pasta places. Typical candles, tablecloths and Mafioso-looking customers in dark booths seated at the back. The only difference he noticed was the music playing over the speakers. Instead of the twangy, Italian string pieces, Ginno had the local FM rock station playing. Zack decided it would be best to ignore the sound.

"Pasta to pizza," Joanie said.

"What?"

"That's what the menu says. Pasta to pizza. I wonder if they have hamburgers?"

"Joanie, this is an Italian restaurant."

"Oh, I feel like a hamburger though."

"Should've told me sooner, I would have taken you to McDon..."

He stopped himself in mid-word. What was he saying? Too close that time. Unfortunately, his mind completed the sentence for him, and the word he had hoped to avoid permeated his brain and now poured sauce over his gray matter, feeding his growing disease. He no longer had the ability to block out the radio.

"This sale won't happen again—ever!" the radio lied. "Rush down now before these prices vanish!"

Zack stood up and scanned the restaurant. Stiff and disjointed in his movements, Joanie thought he looked similar to the cute robot she had seen advertised on TV. She told Zack. He calmly walked up to the long counter that fronted the kitchen and looked behind it at the shelves used to store the imported stoneware dishes, purchased at a 10% discount when ordered in large quantities. He found the stereo receiver and twisted the tuner dial.

“The drink for a new generation,” the radio stated.

He turned the dial.

“Only \$19.95 at your favorite dealer,” the speakers assured him.

He turned the dial.

“Come on America...” the stereo pleaded.

He turned the dial, but little did he realize that at that very instant, every radio station in America was on a commercial break. The manager came over, grabbed him by the collar and pants of his Johnny Carson suit, and quickly sped him to the door, where he robustly threw Zack out onto the “Eat at Ginno’s” red carpet on the front sidewalk.

He jumped up into a half-crouch, his hands and arms out ready to repel any invader, his head and eyes scanning from side to side to see where the attackers might come from. He shook his head vigorously and swore that some of the little microbes that had been running up and down his brain fell out of his ear and were drinking Pepsis and break dancing on the sidewalk in front of him. He reeled away from them and Joanie, who had joined the break-dancers and now yelled at him to relax and try a few fast-acting aspirins to soothe his frayed nerve endings. He covered his eyes when she turned into a large bottle of Tylenol. Screaming in terror, he fled the sight of the break-dancers and pill bottle.

He ran down the block, passing the Helpful Hardware Man store, the Real Thing vending machine and the Freedom convenience store. Sticking his arm out, he hooked the bus stop pole before it whizzed by, then clung to it desperately until the bus pulled up. He jumped onto the bus, deposited a few coins in the tender, and exhaustedly flopped into one of the ripped seats of the city transit bus. The seat welcomed him like a trusted friend, and he contentedly leaned back, resting his head on the back of the seat. This position afforded him a perfect view of the small advertisements lining the ceiling of the bus. He jumped up, his eyes bulging and bouncing around (a good Daffy Duck impression witnesses would say later), grabbed an old newspaper from a nearby seat and began covering up the small ads with individual pages of the paper. The few passengers and the driver stared at him apprehensively as he put the sports page over the Black Velvet ad and the front page over the Salem ad, but they made no attempt to stop him in fear that whatever he had might be contagious. After covering all the ads on the bus, he desperately pulled the buzzer cord, and just as desperately, the driver stopped the bus—in the middle of a busy intersection. To the driver’s relief, Zack jumped out, dodged a few irate Volkswagens, Chevys and Fords, and scrambled down the street. One particularly angry Cadillac seemed to come out of nowhere and chased him for quite a distance, until Zack clambered over a large wooden fence into a vacant lot.

This turned out not to be the sanctuary he had hoped to find, for the lot contained a gigantic billboard that seemed to stretch to the horizon. Zack was flabbergasted. He stood motionless for only a second, staring in shock at the large advertisement, but the pause was just long enough for the break dancing microbes to crawl back into his brain and explain to him the full meaning of the sign.

Zack climbed up the short ladder to the platform at the base of the sign, and began tearing off pieces of a rugged-looking outdoorsman who smoked a filterless Camel.

Luckily, depending on how you feel about billboards and four-leaf clovers, two passing joggers

were able to subdue Zack before he got a chance to tear down the Rocky Mountains. The joggers had perfectly trimmed hair they had styled at Super Cuts, and wore designer jogging clothes with small emblems on the shirt and shorts, which Zack stared at incredulously as they dragged him out into the street and toward an imported Audi, that had swivel bucket seats that contoured to the human form and also had doors that shut with a precision that meant this was a “quality-built” car.

It wasn't until the next day that Zack came to. He found himself in a white, padded room, his arms securely bound to his sides by a straitjacket, and he sat nestled in one of the corners, just opposite a large padded door that had a small, shatterproof glass window. This plain, simple room made him feel oddly safe. Hunching his shoulders and generally trying to get as comfortable as he could, he relaxed contentedly into the security of the corner. Just as he thought he found the perfect position, he heard a short buzz, and the door opened. A balding, bespectacled man walked in and smiled reassuringly at Zack. Zack instantly recognized Doctor Thomas of Doctor Thomas' World Famous Mellow Recovery Sanctuary. With Zack's eyes opened wide in terror, the good doctor (depending on how you view good), who wore designer jeans and a Polo knit shirt with a small emblem on the chest and sported a healthy tan acquired at a nearby tanning salon, slowly approached Zack and began to explain to him how he'd get the best care in the world, and the treatment would include a private room with an RCA color TV, a Pioneer stereo, because the music matters, a genuine hospital bed with vibrator to relax those weary muscles and pure satin sheets that were fit for royalty, nurses trained at the world's most prestigious universities specializing in medical care, meals that included the freshest lobsters imported straight from Maine twice a day, prescriptions from Doctor Thomas' own World Famous Chemical...