

WORKING CLASS PORN STAR

The 'browns' I had borrowed from a classmate for the occasion were starchy and itchy, especially since I was not wearing anything under the iconic courier's uniform, per the instructions I was given. I was standing outside the door of my neighbors' apartment, waiting for my cue. I thought of them as customers, rather than neighbors. We didn't socialize in any way. Other than an interest in sex and drugs, we had nothing in common that we could talk about. They kept to themselves mostly, and I didn't care for their tacky disco clothes. I was just their dealer. Strictly business.

After nearly six months of just head nods when I was coming or going from campus, Richard broke the silence and asked me if I knew where he could score any "stuff". I assumed he approached me because I nearly always reeked of pot, had dilated pupils, and most of my visitors did not stay long. Living right across the alley from each other, he and his roomie Thomas had plenty of opportunity to study my habits. I was relieved to find out that they were not narcs. Even moreso, because they became two of my best customers.

Today, though, the main purpose of my house call was not just to drop off goodies, but to make my first – and only - foray into film acting. I use the term acting loosely, as Dick and Tom shot porn vids. I guess they were considered professional, since everyone involved apparently got paid, but from what little of their product I had seen, it was pretty amateurish-looking. Like what my dad's generation called 'stag movies'. I imagined their customers must be lonely old guys who live out in the sticks, where there are no adult theaters or video stores.

My debut in filmic pornography came about rather serendipitously. Janice, the hash head nympho who lived in the apartment above me at House of Wacks (that's w.a.c.k.s.), had been to one of Tom & Dick's parties (which, from what I could see, was just them and a bunch of chicks). They had complained to her that one of their on-cam go-to guys had suddenly disappeared and they were left hanging, so to speak. Janice herself did not make any guest appearances in any of their "Dickhard Productions", both because she would not want her financial sector co-workers to recognize her and because she would most likely have had to pay them for the privilege. From the neck on down, she was well qualified. However, to be

kind, she did not exactly have a photogenic face. It was the kind of face that caused people to have to restart their clocks.

Once, Janice had attempted to pay me for some Blonde Lebanese* with sex. I put her off for a long time but then decided to just get it over with and maybe then she would leave me alone afterwards. I thanked her for the 'tip' but said I would also require the cash, as that was how I paid my rent and tuition. I sort of lied, since my rent was only \$40 and I was on a full scholarship. But I did have bills, like everyone, and I was running a business, not a swap meet. I think she was a bit insulted, but I really didn't care. I hated that girl. Her personality was even more objectionable than her face.

But I guess I still made a good impression on her, since she recommended me to the guys to help fill their vacancy. Tom told me Janice said I was ideally equipped for the job.

When the guys approached me about it, at first I wasn't too keen on the idea, being that I was on track for an academic science career, so it was not really something I wanted on my resume. On the other hand, I was still an undergraduate, so by the time I would be scouting for post-doc positions I would most likely look very different than at present. Then there was the very real probability that "*Extra Special Delivery*" was never going to be high on the must-see list of anyone I would ever encounter in academe. But just as added insurance, I concocted the suitably sleazy-sounding stage name "ZQ Gordy". And since part of my libertine philosophy was to experience everything at least once, I figured what the hell. Vanity factored in, as well. The worst part was auditioning in front of the whole crew. It wasn't the same as showing your stuff at an orgy among friends. Having greasy-haired guys in polyester shirts checking me out was not exactly an aphrodisiac. Fortunately, my female co-star was present and was able to assist me in measuring up to their standards. Ann L., or whatever her real name was, was hot, in that fake Playboy way: bottle blond, silicone job, unblemished skin, excessive makeup. Too short and too hippy to be a stripper, this was truly her calling in life.

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I waited outside their window for my cue. There had been no rehearsals, just the scrap of a script. They told me just memorize the lines and follow their instructions and that's all there was to it. The curtain parted, and Dick motioned to me. I knocked on the door.

"Just a minute. I'm not decent!" an exaggeratedly feminine voice sang. The door opened slowly and our starlet stood in the entrance clad only in a negligibly translucent white teddy which barely covered the lower half of her breasts and nothing else.

I stammered (not completely feigned) "UPS. Special delivery for a Miss Ann Sexton."

"That's Ann L. Sexton." she announced.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, come in." I stepped across the threshold, into a blaze of incandescence, while the videographer stepped forward to zoom in on me for my first and only foray into filmdom.

"Aren't you a sight for sore eyes. I just love a man in a uniform."

Thank you, ma'am. That's a very, uh, fetching outfit that you have on, also."

"And it looks like you've got something I'd like to fetch!

"Yes, your package."

"I meant YOUR package, big boy." She took the parcel from my hands and tossed it aside. She then knelt down, undid my belt, and unzipped my baggy shorts.

"And what a BIG boy you *are*! We can't let you run around town like *this*, now can we? Let me see if I can reduce your load a bit." She then proceeded to fellate me in a very professional manner. I felt her fake nails graze my 'ass-terisk'.

"Try to hurry it up if you can – we only have so much tape to shoot this thing," Tom, our esteemed director shouted from off-camera. I did my best to comply, despite the awkwardness of having a bright light and three other guys staring at me. Her impressive skill allowed me to overcome my hesitation. Just at the moment I felt myself coming, Ann backed off to just rest my tip against her purse lips, to ensure that the "money shot" would be properly documented. It was, and to increase its cinematic value, she allowed it to run down her chin and neck and into her ample cleavage.

"My, I wasn't expecting such a high-volume shipment! If the gentleman could lend a lady a handkerchief – it seems there was a bit of spillage. Quite a bit. Oh look; it even reached my belly button!"

"Of course, here you go!"

"Monogrammed! Classy!" She dabbed her face and décolletage, then, grinning, handed the hankie back to me. I hesitated accepting it, despite the fact that it was one that my grandmother had crocheted my initials on.

"Cut! Not in the script – no ad-libbing!" Tom yelled. "Time is money, folks! Stick to the cue cards. Back to line 15, on 1... 2... 3, roll!"

"Thank you for your hospitality, ma'am."

"The pleasure was all mine." she cooed.

"There's just one more thing." I said.

"I suppose you also want to take me in the ass, too. Everyone does. Can't blame 'em."

"No, your signature – for the delivery."

"Oh. Sure. I was so distracted, I almost forgot. I'll just put my Jane Hand-cock on that."

"Cut! OK, that's a wrap. Where's Sam? Sam – get ready to shoot "*Pizza Slut*".

"James – sorry "Z.Q." – you are done, my good man." Dick said, putting his hand on my shoulder.

"Excellent work. You, uh, are a natural at this, you know it? With a little more experience possibly even a lead role. I've got two new scripts. I'm gonna be startin on the first one next week. And you are going to be in it and I won't take no for an answer. It's gonna be for a classier audience, like actual adult theater quality. How's this for a title: *Ride the Wild Cunt*."

I did not want to stick around for *Pizza Slut*, after having read the script. I already had enough mind pollution without adding to it the image of Ann jacking Sam onto a slice of pizza, then dripping it into her mouth before eating it. On the other hand, I'd miss stellar comedic repartee like: "How about a hot slice?" and "Wow! The deliveries today just keep coming!"

"You want a beer before you go?" Tom thrust a Mickey's Big Mouth at me.

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"Thanks, but I think I'm allergic to something in that brand. Don't lose *your* package" I said.

Dick looked down at his crotch with a confused look on his face.

I pointed to the box that Ann had tossed on the floor, which in fact contained my neighbor's weekly order of G's, speed, and weed .

"Oh hell no!" he said. "That's the crew's payroll, so to speak. And once the vid makes it out of post-production - you know, with the soundtrack and titles added - I will get you a copy, which I am sure you will always treasure."

"When I'm old and gray, *maybe*. " The thought of the bad disco underbed they would dub into my scene was rather repulsive.

"I hope you make it to old age. I worry about you. You need to moderate, man. You should see your eyes right now."

"I did a few lines earlier. For the butterflies."

"Sorry? butterflies?"

"In my stomach."

"Oh, oh, heh heh, I get ya, I get ya. Well, I think it helped the scene. I wanted you to look 'wide-eyed' and you definitely did."

"OK, man, I'll let you get back to work." I told him. " I'm 'onna head home now. Gotta cram for a midterm tomorrow. See ya later."

As I headed out, I encountered Sam Caro having a smoke in the alley. He was the male lead in the main feature. My star turn was just in the warm-up short. Sam looked totally stupid in his cartoony red jumpsuit. I wished him luck.

"Luck, I have no need for. I need money, and this gig is just pocket change or whatever I can get reselling the ecstasy at a club. I'm destined for bigger things."

Patronizingly, I said "I heard there was *nothing* bigger than Sam Caro (who supposedly was an 11 on a scale of 10). "

"You got that part right. You're right behind me though, dude." His parting comment conjured up an unpleasant image in my already-impaired brain.

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Maybe it was the artificiality of the situation, but despite Ann L's oral skills, I didn't really enjoy it. Actually, I didn't feel much at all. But then, in those days, I never really felt much of anything. I was just sort of floating through life on a sea of bongwater. I mean, I had plotted to off a guy in California (because he stole my girlfriend), but then when I got my chance, I became bored with the idea and figured it just wasn't worth the effort, not out of any fear or remorse.

I was paid for my contribution to the history of sex on film - or rather, tape - a grand total of three home videos. However, I never did receive the promised copies of my labors. This made me a bit sad, because I kind of did want a record of my taped debauchery. Not necessarily to show my grandchildren, but to the ultimately older and grayer version of myself, you know. I didn't look forward to such a day, and, given my current lifestyle, it might be overly optimistic to think I would live to see a Social Security check. Nonetheless, it was disheartening that all I had to show for my actorial experience was a one-sentence entry in my journal: "Z.Q. Gordy – dick for hire".

Dickhard Productions disappeared suddenly, one night, without a trace. People came inquiring about their whereabouts for several weeks – maybe even the Vice Squad – but, I could honestly report, I knew nothing.

Maybe it was better this way.