

Horowitch and Twaddle

by Larry Strattner

“The question before us today,” pronounced Professor Horowitch, adjusting the pince-nez he fancied made him look like William Masters, “is does the nurse, doctor or veterinarian experience greater sexual satisfaction than say the housewife in DesMoines or the sixth grade English teacher in Passaic? And where is their trigger point or road sign as opposed to the pig farmer, sewage treatment plant manager or cloth diaper service pick-up driver?”

“Is environment or a subliminally implanted topographic knowledge of human terrain the key factor or may we assume it merely a dysfunctional sinus condition?” The professor turned to face the amphitheater as a shrill squeak emanated from his laptop, open on the black epoxy-topped table in front of the room.

Horowitch daintily turned the laptop to better see its screen. “Is there a question Ms. Twaddle,” he asked? “Something needing clarification?”

“I did not suspect a class described as Human Topography and Attachment Philosophies would contain such material.” Twaddle's voice had a tinny timbre as if a chipmunk were scolding Horowitch from inside an empty baked beans can. “This material is disturbing from the outset and certainly not appropriate here in Clam Rapids. I am only enrolled as a prerequisite for my degree in Erectile Dysfunction and purient speculation is not a part of those studies. I do not see how this is germane.” Her picture, lips moving slightly out of synch with voice transmission, was in the mid-right of eighteen other 2”x2” pictures of the off-campus degree candidates on Horowitch's screen. A red border flashed around Mildred Twaddle's picture.

“Where exactly is Clam Rapids, Mrs. Twaddle,” asked Horowitch? “And are there actual clams thereabout?”

“What kind of question is that?” rejoined Twaddle, her voice raising an octave, the bean can timbre beginning to take on

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megaphone-like characteristics. Red splotches were blooming on her Skyped cheeks.

"A question with as much relevance as the one you posed to me," said Horowitch. "Our purpose here is to examine the dynamics of male female attachments and to determine if they are lubricated by ethnic, educational, or occupational substances."

Twaddle shrieked from the computer speakers, "This is...

"A question of labyrinthine complexity." Horowitch interrupted her sentence, smirking at his clever semantics.

"...an insult to erectile dysfunction on all levels and my husband Lars is already on his way to consult with your face. Somewhere on the way he'll pick up a bag of clams for you, you pervert, and feed them to you after he squeezes their excurrent siphons through their labial palps."

Horowitch was now repeatedly pushing Shift F3 on his computer. Finally the screen went dark. He raised his eyes to the class. "Well," he said, "that concludes today's lecture. I seem to be somewhat aroused and will have to add that to my notes. There will no doubt be an exam question on this segment. And now, if you will excuse me I will be on my way prior to Lars Twaddle's arrival."

