



F*cking Around the Office

The lost language of ad execs.

by Shalom Auslander

September 13 , 2005

Mike fucked Larry again. Mike has fucked Larry three times since June. Mike fucks everybody. Mike has fucked John, Craig and Allison in the past month alone. Larry never fucks anyone. Allison's also been getting fucked by our boss Phil, who also fucks everybody, but now Allison's tired of it. "I've been taking it up the ass all week," she complained to me. Allison has balls. She has balls of steel. She has balls of stone. That bitch has balls bigger than mine, says Mike.

Roxanne asked for my help with a client who's a real motherfucker. "I'm going to get spanked on this," she says. "Badly." I'd offer to help, but I've been getting fisted by the finance department all day. I'm not alone. They've been reaming everyone. They had Stephanie on all fours. They really paddled Eric. "We're sorry," the Finance Department said, "but the clients are raping us this year."

There is a knock on my door.

"Circle-jerk in the conference room," says Larry.

The company that owns the company that owns our company is being investigated by the SEC. The SEC is fisting us. The SEC has got their cock up our ass. The SEC is so far up our ass they could fuck our mouths. The trade press has been spanking us over this for weeks. Still, we mustn't allow this to distract us from servicing our clients, who need their cocks stroked every five minutes or they'll start getting on our tits.

Nina says the account executives are all whores. The account executives say Nina is a douche bag. Matt says John is a suck-ass who has his nose up the CEO's asshole. "They can blow me," says Steve, concerning a client of his who has been threatening to leave. "Let them go fuck someone else for a few months, give my asshole a rest." Fred is tired of getting fisted every time he turns around, and Craig is sure the company's just jerking him off and that as soon as he blows his wad, they'll fuck him.

All this before noon: oral, anal, gang-bangs, incest, handballing, transgenderism, spanking, feminine cleansing washes, incest, anilingus, prostitution, handjobs, ejaculation, nonconsensual homosexual intercourse and nasorectal penetration.

Just your average day in the business world.

Nicole works in the Finance Department and has anti-gravitational breasts that jut out nearly as far forward as her ass does backward. I have a thing for black women, and Nicole is just my type — closer on the Williams scale to Serena than to Vanessa, with long dreadlocks (I suspect it's a weave, but somehow that makes it even better), enormous golden hoop earrings and pristine white Timberlands. She seems to have stepped right out of a Crumb cartoon, all thick legs, proud breasts and that ass-shelf that turns R. and me to jelly.

I would love to fuck her.

I would be fired for saying so.

The Company is committed to providing a safe, orderly, diverse and tolerant work environment that is free of any discrimination or harassment. Unwelcome advances, such as requests for sexual favors and other verbal or physical conduct of a sexual nature, may also be forms of sexual harassment, and are forbidden by Company policy. Employees should avoid any actions or words that might be interpreted by another as harassment. Physical contact between employees should be limited to customary business practice (e.g., shaking hands).

It has been said that there are two types of people in my office: those who have been fucked by John, and those who are going to be. John will fuck you, apologize sincerely, buy you a drink and fuck you again the next day. John has a huge corner office on the top floor, and makes more money alone than all the people he has fucked combined. Larry never fucks anyone. He has been at the same level and has received the same salary for years.

Hypothetically, I am in my office with John. Nicole walks by. "Damn," I hypothetically say. John relates this to Nicole, perhaps embellishing the tale a bit. Nicole takes offense. John would like my accounts, and so John fucks me: he encourages Nicole to report the offense. "Sir," Nicole says to the Head of Human Resources, "I'd like to register a complaint." At best I receive a warning. At worst I am fired. Nicole appreciates John's honesty. They go out for drinks after work. John fucks Nicole, literally. I'm at home with the Help Wanted section, totally fucked, metaphorically.

I have no problem with a corporate policy designed to protect employees from literal fucking. But perhaps it's time we had one protecting us from metaphorical fucking.

Examples of the kind of conduct employees should not be subjected to include, but are not limited to:

- *Written or verbal references to sexual conduct, gossip regarding one's sex life, body, sexual activities, deficiencies, or prowess.*

- *Unwanted or offensive phone calls, letters, E-mail or voice-mail messages.*

- *Suggestive or sexually explicit posters, photographs, graffiti or cartoons.*

Violation of this policy, in part or in full, may result in disciplinary action, up to and including termination.

The employee handbook, given to every company employee in both hard and electronic format, contains rules and regulations governing a whole host of actions beyond just sexual harassment. There is a section on whom you must hire. There is a section on how you must fire. There is a section on what language you may use, and there is a section on language you may not use. There is a section warning against the use of "epithets, slurs, jokes, negative stereotyping, threatening, intimidating or hostile acts and written or graphic material placed on walls, bulletin boards, or elsewhere on the employer's premises or circulated in the workplace that denigrates or shows hostility or aversion toward an individual or group because of race, color, religion, national origin, age, disability, sex or sexual orientation." It was this section that was cited when I was asked to remove the motorcycle calendar that I had hung on the wall of my office. January was a Ducati 916. Somewhere in the background was a model in a bikini. "Just take it down," they said. There are rules and laws about what you may say about the Company, when you may say it and from whom you must first receive written permission to say it. There are rules about the gifts you are allowed to give, and rules about the gifts you are allowed to receive. There are rules about what you may upload and what you may download, rules about your email, your voicemail, your snail mail. There are rules about booze and there are rules about drugs, rules about shimshags and rules about kerflugs. I haven't yet seen rules about which hand you must use to wipe your ass, but you can bet that ass that you'll find them there sooner than you'll find rules about employees being prohibited from fucking each other over.

Addendum #1:

Employees are encouraged to use their right hand when wiping and flushing. Left-handed employees may use their left hand to wipe, but should make all efforts to use their right hand to flush.

Addendum #2:

The Company is committed to providing a work atmosphere that is free from backstabbing, politicking, and any other forms of deviousness and deception engaged in for purposes of personal advancement and gain at the expense of others, heretofore referred to as Fucking. No employee shall Fuck another employee, regardless of the position of the Fucker within the company relative to the Fuckee, i.e. fucking down or fucking up. All Fucking is forbidden by Company policy. Employees should endeavor to avoid any actions or words that might be interpreted by another as Fucking, including but not limited to: tricking, cheating, betraying, stealing, screwing, lying, swindling, jockeying, hoodwinking, sandbagging, back-stabbing, two-timing, double-crossing,

flimflaming, giving the shaft, playing, manipulating, setting up, ratting out or dicking over.

Violation of this policy, in part or in full, may result in disciplinary action, up to and including termination.

Sir, I'd like to register a complaint . . .

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