



Anatomy Of A Submission

by John Jones and Nick Holle

FLYMF October 2005, The Lust and Consequences Issue, Volume 2 Issue 10

Here at FLYMF we get thousands, sometimes millions, of submissions every day. It is our mission to go through each one and pick only the best ones, the funniest ones, and the ones that maintain our long-standing relationship with dignity and our genuine commitment to the craft of the written word. So you'll understand, we have to reject a shitload of them.

As you can imagine, this results in a lot of disappointed folks who stake their careers on getting published by us. And if that doesn't make us sound like self-righteous assmunchers, why don't I say something like this: It's not a fun job, but somebody's got to do it.

Alas, there are occasional rejected submissions such as this one, "The Birthday", written by frequent contributor John Jones, that find their way onto our pages anyway. It didn't quite make the cut due to, as you'll see, a subtle charge of political incorrectness. Yet, through the course of our correspondence and the heightening of insensitive remarks, we decided to turn the turd around for this month's (announced in a deep, echoey voice) "Anatomy of a Submission".

"The Birthday"

As a kid, there was nothing I enjoyed more than the *Planet of the Apes* movies. It seemed as though a new one came out every year and me and my Dad would always go together to see them.

Years later, I heard that they were producing a new updated *Apes* movie. I was very excited by this news because I would now have the opportunity to share one of my childhood pastimes with my own son.

We watched the film and then, as we left the theater, I could tell by the look on his face that he was just as excited by the film as I had been as a youngster. A month later, when asked what he wanted for his birthday, it came as no surprise when he shouted, "*Planet of the Apes* action figures!!!"

With his birthday being Saturday, I drove to the [Huge Corporate Toy Store] on Friday to purchase his presents. You can imagine my dismay when I arrived at the action figure section only to find the apes figures sold out. They had the clothing and the accessories but no figures.

I guess my disappointment was apparent for a sales clerk approached me and inquired, "Can I help you?"

I told him that I wanted to purchase the *Apes* action figures for my son's birthday and even explained the whole childhood story to him. He listened very intently to my entire sad tale and then smiled and said, "You know, I think I have a solution to your problem."

He told me to choose the very best assortment of clothes and accessories on the shelf. I asked him, "What good will that do without the figures?" He assured me that he had a plan and to just follow along. After making my choices he took me to another section and told me, "Now just mix your accessories with these figures and I'm sure that your son will never know the difference." True to his advice, the party was a success. I had never seen my boy so happy.

Funny, I didn't even know that the Williams sisters had their own action figures.....

Hello John.

Thanks again for submitting to us, but we're going to pass on this one. We thought it was funny and well set up, and personally I'm all for crossing the line whenever possible. But with the long and sorry history of comparing black people to apes--in the gloriously degrading and reprehensible way that all the best racists are akin to expressing--we feel it's better to steer clear of this one.

As always, please feel free to send us more stuff. We dig what you do and are always looking for funny crap to fill these pages.

Thanks,

Nick Holle

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Hey Nick,

I totally understand your feelings regarding the "Birthday" piece. I would, on a personal level, like to point out that the comparison of the Williams sisters to the ape characters was based on their bodybuilding physiques and not on their race. I truly feel that if the

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Williams sisters were Mexicans that the piece would still have the same effect. I'll work on another story.

Thanks for the reply,

John

Hi, John.

I think I can speak for Venus, Serena, and myself in that we weren't personally offended by your "Birthday" piece. We knew what you were aiming for, thought it was pretty funny, but, of course, decided we should probably steer clear of that one. And I laughed so hard at your Mexican line that I am now considering putting this entire correspondence as a piece for *FLYMF*. I'll get back you on that one after I figure out what to do with these Jews I've got locked in the basement.

Thanks,

Nick "Buchenwald" Holle

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As you can see, things were beginning to get out of hand. And in what started as concern over racist overtones, suddenly turned into unadulterated, overtly racist remarks. And suddenly, I started wishing I was Jewish so that my joke about the Jews—who were not in my basement at all—would be okay. Because that's how it works.

But after quickly surveying my genealogy, I discovered I wasn't a Jew. I am German! Fuck me!

Not only was I completely embarrassing myself, my family, FLYMF, and years of open-minded acceptedness of all peoples, but I was also busy making smart-ass remarks on FLYMF's Message Board about finger-fucking infants!

My life was on a downward spiral.

If you consult our message board by clicking [here](#), and going to "Discuss FLYMF" and then onward to the "Communist infiltration of FLYMF" thread, you'll find that I made a comment about how I finger-fucked former Communist headhunter Joe McCarthy's great-granddaughter. Presumably, this would give me

immunity from any un-American activities that FLYMF has committed. Crude? Lame? Perhaps. I was just trying to be a smart aleck. But then it was pointed out that Joe McCarthy's great-granddaughter is probably just an infant!

As you'll see I did my best to soothe the situation, but with all this happening at once, I was disappointed with myself.

But there's nothing like pouring fuel on a flesh wound, and that's what happened when John resubmitted his "Birthday" piece for reconsideration.

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JJones

Figure that it has a chance now since Joey Mac ain't black.

Was he implying that I finger-banged an ape? He was. Crap. I finger-banged an ape.

Perhaps even an infant ape.

In a way I feel sad. Embarrassed. I would like to claim drunkenness, seeing that there is some unwritten code that doing so absolves heinous, unfathomable acts performed under the influence. At best, I should apologize to the goddamned ape.

I'm sorry, little lady.

I would like to point out, though, that my willingness to engage in such an activity does indicate a broad acceptance of beings of different races (in this case, apehood), ages (in this case, infancy), and creeds (in this case, un-Americanism). So maybe things are looking up.

At any rate, this has been a shameful month.

As for John Jones, clearly he's the hero in all of this. He was just writing about a connection with his son, how he problem-solved his way into not disappointing the ape-loving lad on his birthday. And here, I've made a mockery of an honest man's words—a touching moment in his life—by making fun of the Holocaust and finger-banging apes.

If only I could repay him by agreeing to publish his piece...and then twisting it to make it all about me. That's selfish! And reprehensible! But at least he'll be published by the wildly successful, staple of hilarity that is FLYMF.