



My Throatal Abyss

by Nick Holle

FLYMF June 2005, The Deep Throat Lozenge Issue, Volume 2 Issue 6

I have waited my whole life, nine months in the womb, and four years before that to find out the identity of “Deep Throat.” Just waiting for him to die—hoping, praying—so Woodward and Bernstein would open up their fat traps and tell us, for the love of God. There were a few days, bad days, where I wondered if this fucker was going to outlive me! I wondered if I was going to have to bank on finding out in the afterlife. I wondered if that would take away a little of its gusto, since I would be distracted by the fact that, “Holy crap! There’s an afterlife!”

While I admired that the *Washington Post* kept their word to “Deep Throat” and that he himself wanted to protect his own life and his family’s, I believe they each failed to consider the most important facet of revealing his identity: my curiosity.

This all, of course, led up to former FBI Associate Director W. Mark Felt’s recent admission—through a statement from his family—that he was, in fact, “Deep Throat.” Rather anticlimactic if you ask me.

I mean, what was the point of waiting so long? I just don’t understand why he didn’t come out with this the day after I first saw Hal Holbrook portray him on the DVD of *All The President’s Men* in 1999. That was when I needed him, when the emotions and the deceptions of uncovering this story truly had me fired up.

But now who cares? Just a day after his official admission, I’m having trouble finding a “Deep Throat” headline on the internet. The top story of the day is about Iraqis blowing up. which merely serves as a reminder that, “Holy crap! We’re still at war!” Booo-ring!

Shouldn’t “Deep Throat” carry more weight after more than thirty years?

Now I just want to know who the next “Deep Throat” will be. And what will he or she be called? Probably Willy Wanker And The Chocolate Fuckery. Hopefully Willy Wanker And The Chocolate Fuckery. That sure would make for thirty years of laughs.

But I got to wondering, what if I somehow became President? What if the nudie pictures, the racist and sexist jokes, the ambivalent attitude toward America, the two weeks of lovemaking in Aruba with that twelve-year-old and his monkey—what if all those things were ignored by my political foes, and after proclaiming my love for Jesus, I was elected president?

And what if, after years of doing a whole bunch of illegal shit in office, one of the people in my circle of information started yapping their traps in a parking garage to some reporter from *USA Today*, the holy beacon of journalism. Who would this despicable piece of traitor trash be? Chances are it would be someone who I met on the road to the Presidency or someone I screwed over in office. But what if it was someone I know already?

So I decided to make a short list of people I don’t trust, people that will always be suspect to me. And for the betting folk, I used some high-tech mathematics to come up with odds on which of these cockgobblers is most likely to nail me to the wall. (Odds of me becoming President were not considered.)

The suspects:

James Seidler

Who the hell is he? FLYMF's Editor-In-Chief, a "friend"

Why he's suspect: Let's just get something straight. Seidler is *always* suspect. It's zinger after zinger with him about my weaknesses for coke and young children. He has bad taste in music. He flirts with my lady friends. He edits my pieces excessively. (*Editor's note: Not true.*) It is true. In fact, this paragraph use to talk about how he—(*deleted*)—to kittens! You see? Fuck. What a jerk!

Odds of stabbing me in the back: 3 to 1

Zach Locklin

Who the hell is he? a nobody

Why he's suspect: He comes off as a nice, caring, funny guy. He says he likes my writing and even wrote a comic called "I Fuckin' Love Nick Holle." But all this is just enough for me to wonder if he hates me. He also holds intimate knowledge of my affinity for rape and dead baby jokes, surefire political pitfalls.

Odds of ratting me out: Even

My Mom

Who the hell is she? The only woman who's passed my entire body through her vagina.

Why she's suspect: Sure she claims she loves me, but after years of haranguing and jokes made at her expense, she seems ready to crack. Especially if she was able to leak her information to one of those hilarious, integrity-stricken wedding planner/journalists at the *Today Show*.

Odds of busting my balls: 5 to 2

W. Mark Felt

Who the hell is he? Former FBI No. 2, famed informant "Deep Throat", geezer

Why he's suspect: The old bastard did it once, why not again? Because he's old and senile and could never remember which parking garage to meet at, you say? Well, I say the blowhard remembered he was "Deep Throat," so it sounds like he's got a little something left in the tank.

Odds of turning state's evidence on me: 6 to 1

Minnesota (not her real name)

Who the hell is she? Former sexual liaison.

Why she's suspect: Out of all the women that have given me blowjobs (and there have been a few), certainly she's the one with the deepest throat. I have to admit, though, she was really nice about it, and along with the beej, she worked wonders with my famed sack of oranges.

Odds of kicking me where it counts: 20 to 1