



## The Law and Darby Clanahan

by

Perry A. Chapdelaine, Sr. and Mike Glyer

The bald-headed clerk for Judge Frumple's court waved the spectators to the hard oak seats, and the judge called the case as "Clanahan versus Sexual Sundries."

"Ready for the Defendant, your honor," said hawk-nosed Gerald Yateman in a whining voice whose literal shriek reminded Darby's ears of the banshee's wail across a midnight foggy moor.

"Ready for the Plaintiff, your honor, answered Miss Annsell, Darby's garishly dressed young solicitor, her voice soft and sweet, a cool breeze blowing through the stink of this hot, sweaty room.

Darby tried to scratch between his legs, but the thick, pink gauze which wrapped around and about his wide hips hindered his movement, reminding of those deceiving American stores, and their thieving sales clerks --

*-- he was free at last inside the Los Angeles Airport, he, Darby Clanahan, all dressed in the finery of broad-weave, proper black Irish great coat and pants and white shirt and green tie -- for the Americans so loved the Irish green, he'd heard -- and red hair tossing like thick flax stems -- free at last from the oppressive Catholics and the narrow-minded Protestant Cross of St. Patrick Loyal Orange Lodge and the IRA and (praise be to St. Patrick himself) Irish women, what with their domineering ways and haughty manners. Darby sniffed at the eye-searing Los Angeles haze, wiping just the trace of a tear from his eyes. In the best and most cautious and unobtrusive tradition, he secretly touched the pouch inside his coat pocket where lay the large IRA bankroll, crisp American dollars, green, green, green, yet as bright and shiny and yellow in his mind as the brightest cube of leprechaun gold: green sheeves that lay quietly, all folded and bunched and waiting snugly for such as he, bright, witty, careful, shrewd, brave -- Good Saints preserve, and didn't the big cars whiz this way and that?*

*Darby hunched together his shoulders, an old habit that protected his thick neck from cold winds that swept over shifty bogs, and he again touched his fortune with long, sensitive fingers. Touching the soft breast of a young maiden would have been done no less lovingly.*

"-- we have established the point, your honor," Miss Ansel told Judge Frumple, holding her stiff, bosom in and flat, "that computer and battery-operated simulated sexual organs, contraceptives, aphrodisiacs, instruction booklets, and other such devices for self or group sexual stimulation is not prohibited by either the state or U.S. Constitution, and therefore are all of them proper consumer items which may be sold over the counter, through the mail, or any other way that coffee, bread, tea, and sugar are sold."

*Darby's simple apartment, one flight upward, was suited to a man of leisure. Small kitchen all filled with chrome and enamel and luxury implements for cooking and such . . . plush bedroom, wide, double bed, soft high piled rug, so thick it seemed to reach to Darby's ankles, an odd water closet where the big bathing tub and basin sat right next to the evacuation stool instead of properly in separate rooms -- and in his sitting room, a wide high-polished mahogany table where he could unbundle his IRA notes and re-count them, and shuffle and pile them together, and dream of how truly clever he'd been to help in robbing that bank, but to take for himself only the American notes.*

*Usually Darby would rise early, at six o'clock. He'd eat, and stroll towards Hollywood Boulevard. Big growling automobiles would hurry by, all filled with laborers off to their daily slavery. Darby, big shouldered and hulking, could smile and tip his new derby to every passing maid, and some -- nay, all o' them -- would look to him with that daft expression so common to the fairer sex.*

*Later in the evening, about the time sweeping boys were brushing away crinkled candy wrappers and spilled popcorn, Darby would carefully search those shameful pictures outside the theatres, where young ladies who should know much better were posed with almost nothing a'tall on, and some brazen*



men, too. "Twistin' the devil's tail, it was," he would mutter.

*He'd resolve right then and there to keep himself pure and undefiled, and out of the clutches of such evil.*

" . . . you've asserted that precedents support the plaintiff's right to purchase these -- ah -- sexual attachments?" Judge Frumpled seemed to be scowling. "Case of Women's Lib versus the People?"

"That's correct, your honor," Miss Ansell smiled brightly, her thin pink lips curling and puckering in fibrillated pleasure. "I was both counsel and Lib member back in 19--."

"All right, all right. Finish your plea."

"My client --."

*That fateful fog-cast morning Darby was idling along the walkway approaching Hollywood and Vine. He smiled and nodded to one and all, occasionally tipping his quaint brown derby to each and every lass that struck his fancy, of which there were many. He bothered no one a'tall. Suddenly like a tattoo of gunfire on Belfast's square that chases away the British like frightened starlings, the moterbike passed him and dived between two buildings, there to squeel to a stop and park.*

*She, the rider, wore colorful tweed pants, yellow shirt and Army surplus boots with brown laces that zig-zagged up her bony legs. Hair fluffed out purple and white, an abomination of untrue colors, sagging flabby face, she reminded Darby of a fish caught long ago, and left to dry too long in the sunlight. Darby stood transfixed at the parody of the American flag peeping through her unbuttoned jacket, with its bright blue field and white stars.*

*There was no reason for Darby to stare like that, no reason a'tall, except maybe the young lady herself, who grinned golden, and smiled pleasantly just as her gravelly voice shouted, "Well, I don't know what you're looking at, but come on in."*

*Only then did Darby follow the wiggly line of her crinkly arm, pointing to the big red, white, and blue sign blazoned on the narrow windowpane, where the unholy words "SEXUAL SUNDRIES," were blazoned in phosphorescent paint. Sure, and wasn't this the devil's abode, itself?*

*Darby hesitantly touched his pouch which was hidden beneath the folds of his blue broadcoat. And why shouldn't he fondle it? Didn't he have as much right to the money as any loyal son of Hibernia? At least as much as . . . . Who else but a Clanahan could've thrown the bomb that drove off the British that cold, wet, fog-filled day?*

*"Well, are you comin' in or ain't you?" the wizened apparation -- undoubtedly one of the devil's minions -- shouted even louder.*

*Had it not been for the sudden surge of white and black police cars, all red and blue whizzing and shrieking like tortured ghosts in O'Tooles graveyard, Darby would never had stepped inside, but there he was, and for no reason at all, none that Darby could discover. Numbly, he followed her down narrow aisles to where she flipped a switch that turned on long, bright, fluorescent sticks that brightened up the long, dark cave.*

*Darby caught his breath at the sight, at least after his brilliant wit had finally reasoned out what his eyes had already seen. As though moved by wicked dwarfs, his hands plucked up pliable dildos from their nests and fondled them gently. His eyes, as swollen and round as that of Dooley just before the funeral arrangements, froze as the vibrators whirred and buzzed, some of them even working themselves forward and back not too unlike a plunger stick. This last reminded Darby of Ryan's starving chickens clucking in and out as they scratched for pebbles and spilled grains.*

*There was another tiny metal attachment where a hose could be connected that had already been connected to a warm faucet. The luke-warm water could make the hydraulics work efficiently.*

*Blasphemy, it was!*

*Darby, a saintly gentlemen, of course, was about to turn to scoot out of that evil place when the little old lady approached him with a large, captivating smile. Feeling foolish, he dropped the dildo and tried*



to back away completely, but he accidentally faced the wrong direction.

Unashamedly, she came up to him, sympathetically saying, "Its' legal, you know."

"Is it really?" was Darby's dumb response, Derby now politely in hand. Well, what else could he have said?

"Our women's lib challenged all those puritanic laws, class action suit. Mankind hid natural biological functions too long," she explained sweetly.

"They did? It has?"

She nodded and tapped the flabby dildo lying there sickly pink, as though it was not shapped into man's most hidden and private nature of all. "These are for ladies." She tugged his arm, moving him away. "Men's counter is this way, counter seven."

What else could Darby do, but go along?

He'd had to drag the huge box all the way home, and when he'd finally scurried into his own private apartment, Darby still felt a bit confused as to how he came to buy it, what with his superior resistance to suggestion and salesmanship. But there she was, sitting almost lifelike at bed's edge, perfected, hand-tooled, rounded, fleshy breastworks, sculpted navel with just a suggestion of the pit of darkness all men must avoid . . . inviting, smooth pillars between which huddled the little dark black nest made with the finest silk-like plastic hair, so warm and cuddly to touch -- the lady had said.

At the foot's sole was imprinted the words "WOMIKIN, INC, Bedford, NJ," and right below "NJ" were the words "Deluxe Model, No. 1379. All parts guaranteed and will be replaced at no cost at factory during warranty period for five years. No other warranties other than those found in the official warranty certificate to be honored."

But what was one little imperfection compared to this loveliness? Did anyone look at feet? Not Darby, that's for sure.

"Specially designed plastic replaces the crude foam rubber of yesterdays in the older models," the saleslady had said. "Now molded in aircraft honeycomb which provides flexibility, warmth, response, and mechanical strength. . . . This attachment is for water lines, this one for electric current, thermostatically controlling temperature, slightly hotter at ear lobes and nipples, under arms, and considerably warmer where it counts, and, of course, the water mixes with a replaceable polymerizing agent that slickens surfaces and exactly duplicates appropriate conditions."

"Woosh! Am't those big words?" Darby had thought

"It can perform all one hundred and forty three Kama Sutric positions, each of which is described in detail in the free instructional pamphlet."

Darby didn't know what kind of foreigner was a Kama Sutric, but it all sounded quite impressive.

"It's electronic cicuits, virtually miniature computers, provide for a variety of automatic functions. You can manually set it for eight stages of orgasm, three different flesh tones, including variable blushing during simulated intercourse, there's a very wide and colorful selection of screams, groans, sighs, and murmurs."

What else could Darby do, already under the influence of this evil person?

"I object," solicitor Gerald Yateman's voice scabbled into Darby's thoughts. "There's no proof, no testimony, that plaintiff suffered injury from the product, or that the product was not somehow mis-used in violation of the instruction manuel's directions."

Miss Ansell had warned Darby of this argument. He pressed the button on his motorized chair that propelled him toward the witness stand when Miss Ansell beckened. He was quickly sworn in, and managed with great effort to look everyone of the jurors directly into the eyes, as Miss Ansell had advised.

"In your words, Mr. Clanahan," said Miss Ansell, "explain to this court how Womikins' product, the



® simulated female, model number 1379, did cause you injury during the course of its proper use." Miss Ansell turned to the jury and smiled nicely.

One juror, a very prim spinster-type with rolled-back hair bun, tried to avoid her eyes, but failed. She did avoid Darby's eyes who was doing his very best to obey his solicitor's directions, to look honestly in each juror's eyes. Didn't they all sit hungry, like caged hound dogs waiting for the feed fence to open?

"Well, your Highness . . .," Darby began, looking up at the judge seated at his left.

"Your Honor," corrected Judge Frumple, "and please address the jury."

"Yes, your Honor," Darby said, collecting what wits were left to him after his narrow escape. "It all started that first night --."

*Darby stepped from the magnificent shower so generous with water, briskly rubbing his skin to redness. There, on his double bed, on the right side, lay perfect artwork, quiet, undemanding, the image of an angel. Not giving thought to what he was doing -- for had he reflected he never would have done what he then did -- he plugged in the artwork's electric cord and also ran the long water hose back to the shower. Both were cleverly placed.*

*Its artwork breast heaved and contracted, and her breath sucked in and out spraying the room with a certain delicate perfume heavy with musk even as her skin vibrated, a shimmering, as it were, just below the threshold of sight, but oh so sensitive to touch, Darby soon found.*

*Her right arm moved suggestively up and down her stomach. Ah, it was more than a true son of the green sod could stand --*

*Darby flicked quickly through the instruction booklet. He found, "For organism number 12 simply touch the right ear-lobe." Well, just for an experiment, he touched the left ear-lobe. The lovely Womikin mouth opened red-wide, eyes closed, head rolled, and the body writhed with ecstasy. Oh how sweet was the groan that shuddered through her chest! Sure and that was the proper way for a woman to behave!*

*When he touched the right lobe again, to see it all replay, he could stand no more, and something most evil descended over him, for he found himself leaping into the saddle to taste ambrosia, a food for the Gods.*

*Her heart beat synchronously with his, a duality of love-beats. Body temperature rose, as did his, up and yet up. She clung, as did he. No pang of cruel conscience forced his penis to soften. Sighs and gentle whispers, wiggles up and down, and in and out, and around -- they moved together faster and faster, and he was about to crescendo, juices already welling upward, forcing, forcing -- an awareness concentrated to a pin bright point with the world already forgotten, Darby was cocked and ready when --*

*-- suddenly a deafening sixty-cycle whine welled upward from the dark pits of hell. He lay petrified, frightened, eyes bulged, and then he was shriven, while the Womikin, uncaring, completed its own orgasm.*

"Now that was the first time?" Miss Ansell asked of Darby.

"Yes, Mum."

"What did you do about the mal-function?"

"I brought it to the lady."

"Now that's the lady who sold the Womikin to you? The clerk at Sexual Sundries?"

"Yes, Mum." Darby's side glance noted that Miss Bunhair was listening closely now, and she seemed to be sitting close to her seat's edge. "The clark -- Mrs. Catey, it was -- was very nice. She asked that I return the product so that she could send it off to the factory for repairs, since it was guaranteed and all."

"And did Sexual Sundries send off the Womikin for repair?"

"That they did, or at least they said they did. And it's true, I never had that kind of trouble again."

"Now let's be clear about one point, Mr. Clanahan. Sexual Sundries did not provide you with a substitute throughout the whole sixty days the Womakin was undergoing factory repair?"

"No, Mum, they --."



"I object, your Honor," Defendant's attorney, Yateman, said, rising. "In no part of the warranty was there an agreement to provide a substitute during factory repair."

"Objection sustained," Judge Frumple clipped.

"How long did the Womikin work the second time?" Miss Ansell asked unperturbed.

*The second time Darby practiced pinching the ear-lobe ten times, and each time the pink goddess crooned and writhed and moaned and wiggled, just like advertised. That night, he thought, would indaid be a godfest, with no upkeep, or female nagging, no contradictions, no responsibilities, but with all the satisfactions and pleasures. It saved on population growth. Darby had been a long time away from release of his manhood, actually he was virginal, except maybe that time with little Mary Coffey behind the cattle barn after church, but that didn't count a'tall, that didn't.*

*Once interlocked with the Womankin Darby was evilly locked into seductive motion, sounds, touch and warmth, her right hand pressing him closely, her left holding him securely near the rump where both of her legs crossed and squeezed. Shades of St. Patrick, what a delightful mechanism, with the genuine rocking and whispering and groaning and all --.*

*The pressure of her legs became unbearable. "Here, lemme go!" Darby commanded, but the squeezing of the legs and arms increased and her movements increased faster. Even her little warm pocket had dried, and his manhood was rubbing sore, perhaps already bleeding --.*

"I finally dragged us both to the floor, and pulled the electrical plug," Darby explained to his rapt audience. "And I had to break its arm and leg to get released from the devil's grip."

"And that was the second time?" Miss Ansell hammered home.

"Aye, that t'was, Mum. And this time I waited a whole six months for its repair."

Yateman, scowling again, rose to object, but Miss Ansell forestalled him by quickly asking, "And what of the third and last time?"

*Womikin seemed demurely and sweetly innocent, lying there quiet and unpossessing, yet Darby had to force himself to look directly at it. It was such a brilliant invention, freeing man at last for manly things. He'd finally healed, what with the wonderment drugs and all, but even so, everytime he looked at the Womankin, a small throbbing pushed upward from inside his trouser leg. At last he succumbed to the diabolical temptation.*

*"Sweetness -- my love --," the gentle programmed voice delightfully crooned.*

*Darby concentrated on his duty. Pleasure flushed swiftly upward, from the very tip of his toes to the end of his nose. It pressed him, and he fought to contain it, to prolong the blessed agony, to stretch unendurable pleasure indefinitely.*

*Heavy musk scented the room. Her back arched and dented and arched again, and so did his. She clung with extended finger-nails, and so did he. Her flow became heavier, slicker, her doors widened, yet was tighter with a sucking and release.*

*Then it came. Sweet Mother of Mary, it finally came. Honey could be no sweeter. Release of life's imprisonment, it came, a lifetime of pent-up frustration and non-satisfaction at last came -- but so did the spitting sparks accompanied by smoke and hot steam right at the very end of his probing protrusion.*

*Darby's eyes bulged as the electric current short circuited while the sparks snapped across to the tiny split of her pink mouth, now frothing with his heavy, white fluid. His hands and legs spread-eagled, ramrod stiff. Every muscle conducted the horrible electric current. He was stiffened, unmoving, implacably concrete-tight, with every finger and toe separated from each other and out-stretched. He, Darby, had become a flat, steel plate balancing at the end of a tiny steel rod.*

*"Sweetness. My love --," cycled the enticing voice again and again and again, through repeated simulated orgasms -- and still again.*

"So how were you saved from electrocution?" asked Miss Ansell.

"Aye, that I was," the crippled Darby sadly nodded, "and only just that. The Womakin's short burned



out a connection, I've been told. What with the fumes of chlorine and all, I lay unconscious until morning, and then could barely pull myself to the telephone, dragging along the floor like a pilloried skunk, I was. And just as he'd practiced with Miss Ansell, his face wrinkled and he slowly pointed to the thick wrappings about his hips and groin.

So what else could the jury do but award Darby his ten million dollars? It's the law, isn't it? Consumer protection clause, of course. The jury was especially sympathetic after Dr. Torric testified about Darby's testicles being burned beyond natural repair.

Strange about Miss Ansell, though. Given women's lib and all, and how she'd taken Darby to his apartment, and had even taken to calling upon him. They say she's related to Dr. Torric, a second or third cousin, or some such, but that's only talk, and there's no proof a'tall.

But then America is indeed a land of invention and cleverness, and Darby supposed that one could expect everything in this strange, wonderful, heathen country.

