

WATER SPORTS

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While Grogan was on his knees looking out from under the bottom of his stall, in the adjacent compartment Meyers' right eye was glued to the lens of a periscope prism embedded in a stack of books lying on the floor of the toilet located on the second floor bathroom in Rayburn Hall. As Grogan twisted his torso until his head was finally in a position that enabled him to see the identity of the man standing in front of the urinal, Meyers recollected what Pennington had said prior to leaving the two of them alone in the bathroom a few hours before.

"It won't take very much to fuck up boys. So let's be extra careful. I mean it, no shenanigans! I want both of you to act like scientists and make sure this study doesn't wind up in the gutter like some people would like it to."

Well, as far as Meyers was concerned it had looked like the gutter from the very beginning. But what of it, a job was a job. He'd known from the start that if someone happened to screw up it wouldn't be him, but instead would be Grogan, because the guy just happened to be positively off the wall. For sure the fucker was crazy. All he ever seemed to talk about was his wife and how some guy was schtupping her at least three times a week, and that if it was the last thing he'd ever do, he'd find the goddamn mother and teach him a lesson he'd never forget. God, how that man could rant and rave and somehow always sound as if he were in competition for being crowned the king of the sickies. Yet curiously, when Pennington was around he always seemed to be totally in control — always managing to project an aura of being moderately sedate and as scholarly as one should be if sometime in the near future he expected to be addressed as doctor. But once the old man departed it was bananasville, for without fail Grogan would go into his shtick, confronting Meyers (who for some reason he fathomed to be his very good friend) with such gems as, "Jesus Freddy, I've only been married to the broad for six months and already she's cheating on me. And it's not like I don't give her what she wants. Christ, I must lay her at least seven or eight times a week."

Perched on the toilet holding a stopwatch in his left hand, as he peered into the periscope prism waiting for the subject in front of the urinal to eject a stream, it was at once apparent to Meyers the reason for his partner's untimely acrobatics. The subject just now starting to piss had a schlong that was almost a foot long, and with Grogan's mentality this individual was sure to be perceived as a prime suspect in the question of his wife's alleged infidelity. This was because any guy screwing Grogan's old lady would as he put it many

time, “have to have at least a foot and a half of meat.” Although the party in question fell somewhat short of this dimension he was nevertheless more amply endowed than anyone Meyers had seen since the study had commenced the week before. Sensing that his colleague was in the process of doing something that would be more than just rash, Meyers dropped to the floor, and reaching over into the next compartment pulled Grogan back into the enclosed steel sanctuary whispering, “Cool it you goddamn idiot!” To his surprise not only did Grogan acquiesce, but by some miracle the person poised in front of the pissoir remained oblivious to all the commotion and summarily went about his business, after which a period of time Meyers to be precisely thirty-nine and one half seconds he zipped up his fly and without washing his hands exited into the hallway.

By now it was five o’clock, and because of the time, immediately after the subject’s departure Meyers hastily gathered all of his materials, and as he stuffed them into a large tan attach ease he knocked on Grogan’s compartment saying, “It’s time to quit. Let’s get the hell out of here,”

As the two of them emerged into the hallway, Grogan grabbed Meyer’s arm shaking it vigorously.

“I’m sure that goddamn mother must be the one who’s sticking it to Diane!”

Still seething because of what might have happened, Meyers, red in the face and breathing as if he been running for the last four hours instead of recording data on urinary duration, yanked free of his grip.

“Christ Grogan, don’t you have any brains in that thick skull of yours? If that guy had found out what we were up to it would have blown everything, and I mean everything! I couldn’t give a fuck about this idiotic study, but if we screw it up it means that old fart Pennington is going to make sure that both of us never get our doctorates. Now why the hell don’t you think of that the next time you see some guy whose dick just happens to be a little bit longer than yours or mine.”

Predictably, instead of defending his behavior or at least still exhibiting some residual anger, Grogan merely grinned.

“Shit man, speak for yourself. Sure the guy was big, but just because you ain’t don’t put me in the same class with you and all the other small fry.”

It was really hard to believe that this man was a doctoral candidate. After all, to get as high as he had in the educational hierarchy one might have assumed a modicum of intellectual skills. Yet for some reason the person, at least in Meyers’ presence, seemed to speak more like a longshoreman than a psychologist. The one thing Meyers really wanted to do was to knock the guy flat on his back, and just once and for all maybe shut that garbage trap he

called his mouth. But unfortunately, once again he was obliged to consider reality, for after all, Grogan was a classic mesomorph — an ex-football player with a frame that was at least six feet two inches of solid muscle, and since Meyers himself had never bothered to learn the art of self-defense he felt ill equipped to be the one to instruct Grogan in the fine points of etiquette.

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Back in the psychology department, Pennington, who just happened to be a world renowned Nobel laureate, sighted his two assistants returning their equipment to the supply room.

“Well boys, how did things go?”

Meyers, trying his best to smile, responded, “Okay I guess. During the first half hour or so I had some trouble with my stopwatch, but after that things went pretty smooth.”

“Pretty smooth? Look, we all know things have to go extra smooth. I take it then that no one suspected what was going on?”

“Not to our knowledge.”

“Good. Now let me see your data.

Meyers handed Pennington three large sheets of ruled paper upon which were scribbled all sorts of numbers. At the top of each sheet in dark ink were headings indicating three columns which from left to right read *latency of urination*, *duration of stream* and *time spent washing hands*. As we scrutinized the figures Pennington remarked, “I wish to hell we had pictures of our subject. It would sure make the study a lot more meaningful.”

Of course Grogan just stood there grinning like an idiot, and Meyers was sure Pennington would interpret this as the man’s way of acquiescing to what he had just said. Because of this Meyers felt obliged to respond.

“I really don’t think I’d feel comfortable if we did that. After all, wouldn’t it constitute an invasion of people’s privacy?”

Unable to resist the opening Meyers had unwittingly provided him with, Grogan suggested, “Well, if that constitutes an invasion of people’s privacy I guess the only thing we’re doing right now is invading their privates.”

To Meyers’ surprise Pennington chuckled. Slowly but surely Meyers had lost all respect for this so called master scientist who years before he’d have considered it a great honor to work with. Of course he knew that if certain of Pennington’s colleagues had been around, the man would have been sure not to have let Grogan’s remark alter his sobriety. But in the presence of his lackeys he could afford such a luxury. Having had a good laugh, Pennington wrinkled his brows and with his hands on his hips said, “Look boys, let’s face it. This is touchy research, very touchy, and the more I think about it the more apparent it becomes to me it’s not the sort of thing you can do more than once.

So this study is probably going to be the only chance we'll have, and because of it we have to, in fact we're obliged to, maximize our data, and sometimes that means doing something you ordinarily wouldn't want to do. Yes, I would say that this is the classic case where the end definitely justifies the means."

"But pictures Dr. Pennington? It could cause a lot of problems. What if information leaked out — it would prove embarrassing to more than a few people."

Meyers couldn't figure out what it was about his remark that Grogan found so amusing. On the other hand, Pennington who continued to lecture him remained deadly serious.

"I don't think we really have to worry about those sorts of *leaks* Mr. Meyers. After all, I would expect that all of us are sufficiently mature that whatever happens within the confines of this research will remain strictly confidential. Now getting back to what I said before, it's more than obvious to me that urination is a complex chain of ritualized behavior that's intimately related to one's personality. Admittedly, studying such behavior does present problems. I've never denied that for one minute, but by God man, considering the fact that we really might find out something awfully important, don't you think it's worth the risk? Hell, I'd think that after spending a whole week in the bathroom observing subjects, by now you'd realize the significance of what we're doing. Anyway, I figure the time has come for us to finally get down to brass tacks and study this thing the way it should be studied. So as far as I'm concerned the only logical thing to do at this point is to go full steam ahead and get a personality profile of each and every subject. And to do that we'll need pictures so that later on we can know exactly who it is we have to test."

A compulsive ingratiation, Grogan saw this as the perfect time to endorse what Pennington had said.

"I agree with Dr. Pennington Fred. Research is research, and just because we happen to be dealing with a sensitive area, it doesn't mean that we should make concessions that will prevent us from getting the critical data."

Incredible, thought Meyers. How well this Neanderthal can speak when he has to. Yet his thoughts were interrupted when Pennington handed the data sheets back to him remarking, "Well then, it's settled. From now on we take pictures. It'll take me a day or two to work out the logistics. Until then both of you sit tight. No sense getting any more data until we're ready to go full throttle."

Snapping his heels together and turning around in an almost military manner, their mentor headed towards his office. Stunned, Meyers turned to Grogan.

“Why that little bastard! Where the hell does he come off doing something like that. The fucker didn’t give a shit about anything I had to say. His mind was made up a long time before that. And you Grogan, you just played right along with him.”

“Jesus Freddy, you and I both know you can’t argue with the man. He’s the coach and he lets you know it, so why not string along with him and make things easier?”

He wished he could tell Grogan that maybe that was the way *he* did things, but some people had principles, and that it was a hell of a lot more important for a person like him to stand up for what he thought was really right rather than always kissing a person’s ass in order to get what he wanted out of him. But he couldn’t, because for five years he’d worked his ass off to get his doctorate, and nothing, not even something like having to take pictures of people in the pisser, was going to get in his way.

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A few days later Pennington called Meyers into his office.

“Meyers, starting on Wednesday we’ll begin collecting data on two thousand subjects. I’m putting you in charge of things over in Rayburn Hall. I want everything strictly copacetic. If you see or hear of anything that might screw things up make sure to let me know right away. We’ve got a great setup here, so let’s make sure we make the most of it.”

That the guy was an absolute fanatic was obvious. Meyers knew Pennington had paid off the head janitor as well as a few of his assistants to cooperate and not interfere with the study. On more than one occasion he’d made it clear to Meyers that he considered the bathroom in Rayburn Hall his own sacred turf, and now that the study was ready to resume Pennington stressed this point more than ever.

“Nothing and I mean nothing will get in our way! It’s imperative that we get maximum use out of our facility.”

The facility, specifically the second floor bathroom in Rayburn Hall, was in Pennington’s opinion the only one on campus suitable for this particular study. As he put it, “A three-two ratio of urinals to toilets, with the stalls facing the urinals and sinks — let me tell you, it’s the perfect setup, but not a common one. Usually you find four-two and two-one combos, and then of course you have the biggies —bathrooms with five, seven or ten stalls paired with an equal or greater number of urinals. Yet half the time they build such bathrooms the stalls are facing the wrong direction. In Rayburn Hall though the layout is perfect.”

Apparently Pennington had wanted a setup where two observers could operate comfortably yet anonymously within one bathroom. In this instance it

was easily done by placing an *Out of Order* sign on the door of one of the stalls. As for the other stall, the plan was for it to be operational but seemingly always in use. When Meyers had questioned the latter strategy, suggesting that people might get suspicious if they waited around and no one came out of the stall, Pennington said, "People don't wait around very long if they have to take a shit, and since only one stall is functional you can take my word that if someone doesn't come out of it within twenty seconds or so, whoever is waiting will make tracks for the next closest john."

Yes, whatever else one might have said about Pennington, the man left no stone unturned. Before beginning a study he made sure to research anything that might possibly interfere with its success. This became even clearer to Meyers when early in the research in a moment of impulse he'd suggested to Pennington that perhaps homosexuals would use the bathroom for certain activities. But his mentor silenced him quickly by saying, "I've checked this out. Queers generally avoid a setup that has less than three stalls. And since we'll only have one that's supposedly functional, well, forget it, it's just too tight a setup for them to want to fool around in. And besides, if you look around carefully the walls are pretty well free of graffiti. If homos were frequenting the place they'd say otherwise."

That evening Pennington met them outside of the Rayburn Hall bathroom. Once inside, puffing up his chest, pointing to a small innocuous looking rectangular box positioned above the urinal nearest to the door, he proudly announced, "Well boys, there it is. You could never tell just by looking at it that it was a camera, could you?"

"Jeez," said Grogan, "you can't see the lens or anything else for that matter."

"Correct, you can't see a damn thing except for a little black box, and the only time the lens shows itself is for a split second when the man inside one of the stalls activates the shutter."

Still amazed, Grogan inquired, "But how can you take pictures in here without a flash. Is it light enough?"

"Last week it wasn't. But today it is. Apparently you haven't noticed that the intensity of the illumination has been increased appreciably since the last time you were in here. Sixty candlepower to be exact. And when you take that into consideration along with the fact that we'll be using extra fast film, well, our pictures should come out as clear as crystal."

As he said this, Pennington removed from his pocket a photograph of someone standing in front of one of the urinals with his hands on his hips looking up ominously into the lens of the camera. Closer inspection revealed the subject to be Pennington himself.

Grabbing the picture out of his hand, Meyers, his face red and his voice uncharacteristically hoarse, blurted out, "Why that's a picture of your whole body from the knees up. With shots like that we'll not only get a person's face, we'll also get his penis!"

"How astute of you Mr. Meyers. Your acumen never ceases to amaze me. But don't fret about it, it's just a new twist I thought of a few nights ago while I was taking a bath. As you know, originally I was intent on placing the camera by the door, but after thinking about it I figured what the hell, as long as we're putting a camera in the bathroom why not go all out and get some solid data on penile dimensions and relate that to everything else we're studying"

"Taking pictures of faces is one thing. I mean that in itself is bad enough. But a man's penis! Christ, don't you have any respect for people's privacy? Science or no science, it's wrong Dr. Pennington, it's just plain wrong!"

The tolerant smile gone from his face, Pennington looked Meyers directly in the eyes.

"I'm afraid your sermonizing comes a little late Mr. Meyers. After all, unless you happen to be a complete idiot, I'm sure that from the very beginning it should have been more than clear to you that preeminent among the things we planned on doing here was invading the privacy of our fellow human beings. You know, it may come as a shock to you Meyers, but that is precisely what the business of psychology is all about. So if you happen to find invasion of people's privacy unpalatable, or perchance, if you just have a particular hang up about scrutinizing the male genitalia, perhaps it would be best for all concerned if you threw in the towel and left Grogan and me here alone to work things out by ourselves. But I can assure you of one thing young man, if you ever fancy yourself becoming a psychologist you've got a hell of a lot of thinking to do about what this discipline is all about."

Meyers knew the bastard had him backed into a corner, and that he'd reached one of those rare moments in life when you are actually conscious of the fact that the very next thing you say will most likely have an irreversible impact on you destiny. So during that split second before he responded to what Pennington had said to him, he said to himself, is it in fact a psychologist I really want to be, and if not what is it then that I want out of life? And when he concluded that in the final analysis he was a man with little or no tangible ambition, except perhaps for being self-supporting, he could only ruminate about the large sums of money and hard work he'd invested in his overly liberal education, which to date had seemingly given him little else except for a series of continual headaches and a large and often bleeding ulcer. So realizing that prudent men didn't do something so rash as to throw away that which they had spent the better part of their adult life achieving, he took a

deep breath, and although fully cognizant of the fact that he should really be walking out the door, instead he told Pennington, "I'm afraid I owe you an apology Dr. Pennington. I just got carried away and lost my head. But you're right about what you said, and I can assure you that you can depend on my full cooperation from here on in."

God, how he hated himself at that moment. For being such a pragmatist. And such a coward. But what really piqued him was that he just knew behind him that asshole Grogan was standing there with a shit-eating grin plastered across his fucking face. And he knew that for the next half-hour he'd just have to stand there like a goddamn jerk feigning attentiveness as he listened to that sanctimonious bastard Pennington review the experimental procedure they were to follow over the course of the next three weeks.

Specifically, that he and Grogan would switch stalls every few hours, and that the duty of the man in right compartment would be to use the periscope prism in order to observe the urinary behavior of each subject, which he'd the record on a separate sheet of paper along with information documenting how many people were in the bathroom at the moment that particular subject commenced what Pennington liked to refer to as a *urinary episode*. All this information would then be passed to the man in the adjacent stall who would record the data in the appropriate column of the master sheet which would be clipped to the door of his compartment. That man would also be expected to take a picture of each subject the moment he heard the sound of his urine making contact with the porcelain of the urinal, as well as coding each photograph so that later on all the pictures could be matched with the data for the appropriate subject. Of course, upon receiving them, Pennington would give the facial portion of the photograph to other graduate assistants who would then track down each and every subject, and using some false pretense induce them into taking a battery of personality tests which upon analysis would be related to all the bathroom data, and in the process undoubtedly reveal what Pennington expected to be a penultimate truth about the human race. And if perchance when it was all over, that which they had been up to proved to be little more than an ill-conceived and futile exercise, no one would be any the wiser, because Pennington and the two of them would be the only people who could possibly be privy to what the hell had gone on in that godforsaken bathroom during the winter of Meyers' twenty-fourth year.

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*All those mirrors on bathroom walls,
disclosing men with hairy balls,
Always right and never wrong,
they show whether a dick be short or long.*

*Yes, here the truth hangs out for all to see,
as men pull out their meat to pee.
And all the while as this occurs,
inside the stall a body stirs.
For an eye is pressed against the door,
with the hope of seeing more and more.
And when at five the day is done,
we pack our bags and*

More than just slightly spaced out, Meyers contemplated the wisdom which had just flowed from the tip of his pen. Inside his jacket was a half empty bottle of scotch and two small plastic phials containing an assortment of multicolored pills. For the first week and a half he'd been the model of social decorum, discharging his duties in the fine tradition of an Einstein or Edison. Yet, since in this particular instance, the phenomenon under study was, to say the least, far removed from that which most scientists occupy themselves with during their waking hours, perhaps, in retrospect, one really couldn't blame the man all that much for lapsing into this state of almost total dissolution. In view of this, during the past ten minutes he passed on to Grogan in the adjoining stall various slips of paper that were either blank or had scribbled upon them hieroglyphics that were no less absurd than the nonsense he had just inscribed upon the wall of the toilet.

No doubt this sudden metamorphosis could be attributed to a culmination of a variety of hostilities. For sure, it had something to do with the fact that all during the previous week, Grogan had taken it upon himself to, as he put it, "add an air of realism to the study." This touch of authenticity involved his producing with his lips all variety of sounds which were intended to communicate to the subjects of this so-called experiment that a body was indeed present in the left stall fully engaged in meeting nature's call. Understandably, each time Grogan saw fit to fabricate the sound of flatulence, Meyers' insides shuddered, and the man could not help but wonder what he had ever done to deserve such a fate — to be stuck in the bowels of this bathroom working in synchrony with this undignified boob.

But in the final analysis he supposed it was his conscience that had gotten to him. Somewhere along the line he'd realized that not only was what they were doing wrong, but it was definitely not the sort of thing to which he wanted his name appended. Unable to muster enough courage to quit, he'd turned to various chemical substances for motivational support. Now, curled up in the security of his stall, his sole concern was being able to find some word that rhymed with *done*, thereby allowing him to finish the limerick he'd

just composed. But as the man floated within the depths of some psychic oblivion he suddenly felt something tugging at the cuff of his trousers, and looking to his left saw what appeared to be Grogan's face staring at him from under the bottom of the stall.

"What the hell is wrong with you Freddy?"

"Oh fuck off Grogan."

"Hey look, you know I'm all for a little fun, but man, you're really messing things up. You've already screwed up the data on ten subjects."

"Bug off you turd! Why don't you just crawl back into your hole and blow a few more farts."

"Man Meyers, if you weren't drunk I'd kick your ass. I can't leave you in here like this. As soon as that guy pissing finishes I'm getting you the hell out of here."

On saying this, he grabbed Meyers by the legs and dragged him into his stall, whereupon he lifted him onto his shoulders and within a few seconds carried him out into the hallway, where who of all people should happen to run into them but Pennington himself. Of course the old man demanded to know what was going on, and Grogan really had no choice but to tell him the truth, and when Pennington asked Meyers for his side of things, the latter informed Pennington that, among other things, he was "a fucking pervert and a power crazy psycho," whereupon the man turned red as a beet and without hesitation told Grogan to deliver the drunken carcass he was carrying to the infirmary, and that first thing in the morning he should report to him immediately because the two of them had a lot of work to do, and that the top item on the agenda would be to break in a new man since Meyers was finished, completely finished, not only with the study, but at the school itself.

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The next morning when Meyers went to his office he found a note attached to his door informing him that Dr. Pennington wanted to see him immediately. Since he vaguely remembered that the day before the man had said something about him being all washed up, he couldn't imagine what it was he could possibly want with him. Yet in spite of this, he went anyway, maybe just so he could find out if he had it within him to tell off the great scientist when he was sober. On entering his office he saw Pennington sitting behind his large mahogany desk talking with Grogan. Smiling out of the side of his mouth, Pennington said, "Well, if it isn't Mr. Meyers, and doesn't he look like a godawful mess."

"The note said you wanted to see me."

“Not really, I just wanted to make it perfectly clear when you were sober that you’re finished around here. Nothing personal, mind you. But let’s face it Meyers, you don’t have what it takes to be a top researcher.”

Laughing, Meyers pointed to Grogan and said, “And I suppose he does?”

Looking like an affronted parent whose favorite child had just been insulted, Pennington scowled and said, “*You* have one hell of a nerve making cracks about Grogan. At least the man does his work and isn’t idiot enough to make a fool of himself. He may not get quite the grades you get Meyers, but as far as I’m concerned I’d rather have someone like him working for me than a misfit like you. At least he’s dependable and isn’t constantly bitching. You know, ever since we started on this project you’ve been nothing but one big pain in the ass.”

“Yeah, well that’s all very interesting. Was that all you wanted to see me about?”

“I feel sorry for you Meyers. You know, you really blew it. If you’d bothered at all to look at the data we’re getting you’d have seen that we’re on to something really big. And you could have been part of it. But no, you had to mouth off, and then yesterday you went and made a complete ass of yourself. Well, maybe after all this is over and you’ve had some time to think you’ll have learned a lesson from all of it.”

“Frankly Pennington, the only thing I’ve learned from this whole fiasco is that Stanley Gibble in the biology department has the longest schlong among the faculty in the natural sciences, and that Edward Kiestler, our esteemed dean, has one hell of a time getting started anytime he comes into a bathroom to take a piss. Outside of crap like that, I don’t think your fucking study is going to tell anyone anything!”

On hearing what Meyers had just said, Grogan gasped in an attempt to prevent himself from laughing. Looking over towards him, Pennington raised his eyebrows in disapproval, but quickly turned his attention back to Meyers.

“You really are a lost cause Meyers. I’d of at least thought you’d have had the good sense to cut through all the toilet humor. I don’t know who you think I am, but in case you haven’t noticed I’m not an eighth grader passing through some preadolescent stage of development who happens to find something amusing about people taking a piss. I suspect that from the very beginning Meyers that’s been your problem — you’ve never grown up.”

“On the contrary, if anybody hasn’t grown up I’m afraid it’s you, not to mention of course Grogan over there. You know Pennington, you’ve got this half-baked notion that the penis is some sort of fucking magic wand, and that pissing is some goddamn sublime act. Well, next time you take a leak why

don't you take a good long look at what you've got between your legs, and maybe once and for all you'll get the message that probably the only reason you have this incredible fixation about pricks and pissing is that once upon a time when you were a little boy somehow you got the idea that someone short-changed you down there."

With that, Meyers gave the man the finger and slammed the door to his office as he walked out.

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The following Monday Meyers entered the bathroom on the second floor of Rayburn Hall. Everything was the same. One of the stalls had fastened to it an *Out of Order* sign, while of the floor of the other rested that familiar stack of books. The only thing Meyers wasn't sure of was who it was the old man had gotten to take his place. But, no matter, even if the poor jerk happened to be some innocent, it was just too bad for him, because whoever it happened to be today just wasn't going to be his day. Pretending to take a leak, Meyers positioned himself in front of the urinal furthest from the door. Within a few seconds a scholarly looking man in his late forties entered the bathroom and joined him in front of one of the other urinals. And then a younger man, probably a student, entered the bathroom and headed towards the unmarked stall. Just as the student observed that it was occupied and turned to leave, Meyers spun around facing the stalls and yelled, "Hey, there's someone in there looking at us as we piss! And the fucking mothers are taking pictures!"

With that, he jumped on top of the sink and ripped the camera down smashing it to the ground, whereupon an open cartridge of film rolled out onto the floor. Rushing over to one of the stalls, he kicked over the stack of books in which the prism was embedded, and using his fists began to pound on the door of both compartments.

Looking thoroughly confused, the student looked at Meyers and said, "Hey man are you crazy?"

Picking up the prism from the floor, Meyers held it up to the lad's face and screamed, "Crazy, huh? What the fuck do you think this is? It's a goddamn telescope or something. There's a bunch of fucking perverts in those goddamn stalls getting their jollies watching us take a piss! Come here and look for yourself."

Grabbing the boy by the wrist, he pulled him towards one of the stalls and using his foot with one swift kick forced open the door, whereupon they were confronted by Grogan who was squatting in a semi-fetal position on a board atop the toilet. After a moment of hesitation, however, the latter looking petrified and thoroughly confused lunged viscously towards Meyers' throat sending both of them crashing to the floor.

By then a number of people had already entered the bathroom to check out the commotion, and as Meyers and Grogan grappled with one another on the floor, the older man who'd come into the bathroom about the same time as Meyers, approached the other stall, hit it once with his open palm and said in a firm voice, "You in there, this is Dean Kiestler. Come out and show your face!" And the last thing Meyers remembered seeing that afternoon before Grogan knocked him out with a solid right to his jaw was the picture of a penitent looking Pennington emerging from the other stall to be confronted by a roomful of angry men.

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When it was all over Meyers had some very sore ribs and more than a few broken teeth. Grogan, although unscathed, was brought before a school tribunal, where it was decided to suspend him for the duration of the semester and all of the following year. And what of Pennington? To be sure, the man had his day in court, but because of what had happened, things were different for him than they'd ever been before. After all, he'd been caught in the act, and Nobel Prize or not, it was one thing to be designing controversial studies, but quite another to actually be spending you time in toilets observing subjects, especially if they happened to include the dean of the college, who, God knows, had enough trouble pissing even when he was left alone. Yes, all in all what happened seemed to have brought Pennington down to the level of the common man, and because of it he'd lost the immunity his elite intellect had once bestowed upon him. So, in spite of the fact that the man put up a vigorous fight, in the end he succumbed and was forced to tender his resignation, after which he was dismayed to discover that because of all the adverse publicity which had accompanied what had happened, no school in the country wanted anything to do with him. Because of this he had little choice but to look towards distant frontiers and when last heard from he was reputed to be in the employment of some run of the mill Brazilian university which happened to be situated in the heart of a rain forest. Rumor has it that the man's spirit is as strong as ever, and because of it he is still actively pursuing his favorite line of research — in fact, at last word the man was said to be evaluating the tenability of the hypothesis that the annual and often catastrophic flooding in the Amazon is the direct result of nothing more than certain Indian tribes doing you know what a bit too often in the mouth of that long and almighty river. And because of this, it would appear that he is destined to spend long periods of time perched atop a tree peering through a telescope in order to observe the excretory rituals of certain primitive people.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Professor emeritus of Psychology at Western Connecticut State University, David Sheskin is the author of *The Handbook of Parametric and Nonparametric Statistical Procedures* (Chapman and Hall). Also a writer of fiction and an artist, his creative works have appeared in numerous publication such as *The Los Angeles Review*, *Shenandoah*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Chicago Quarterly Review*, *The Journal of Humanistic Mathematics*, *The Font*, *The Dalhousie Review* and *Cleaver Magazine*.