

The Meatpacking District (some time in the future)

Richard Hawkins

'Over yunder's where all that funny fudgepackin' business goes on. Don't really know much about it. Take ye a look but, mind ye, just keep ye dang arms and extreme-titties inside these here car winders' ... Just then my tourguide Vic's tuk-tuk limo stalled ...
Burrurrurururuh burrrrrurururuh kuchachachachacheecheecheechee burburburburburbur ...
'I'll be damn if the dadgum alternator pump aint gone out on me. It's either that or the starter. I'll hop out and take a look. You can too ... just don't ye go wundering off too far now.'

Vic unloaded a greasy cardboard box full of tools from the trunk, opened the hood of the sedan, shucked his t-shirt off and ducked his head up inside the engine. Aubrey gathered his things: a cane and tattered old dog-eared guidebook Dr Toby had given him in one hand, his carpetbag in the other. The latter contained his 'instruments,' a child's collection of sciency-looking things: magnifying glasses from cereal boxes, olive jars and mayonnaise jars with poked holes peppering the lid, a ball of string, paper sale-tags, a ball-point pen that wrote in four different colours: black red green and blue and plenty of fresh pads and pencils to sketch with. Then Aubrey slowly edged away.

Dr Toby's guidebook had said, 'In the spring were the cold hard rains, turning streets and alleyways of the Meatpacking District into backwater canals and sluggish bogs, mud so deep that carnival wagons and motorbike taxis would sink all the way up to their rear axles and sideboards. Half a dozen musclebound aggrobots could hardly remove them from such muddled entanglements.

'Later, in midsummer, stifling heat materialised and the dingy killing beds of the slaughterhouse became veritable purgatories of sweltering putrid steam. All day long rivers of hot blood poured forth from rusted gutters and spigots in gushes and spluttering spurts, until, with the hot summer sun bearing down and the air as still and motionless as **in** a crypt, the stench turned up ... all the old smells of generations past—years of backspatter and gore soaked into rafters, walls, pillars and floorboards, lying dormant there for the crystalline motive powers of solar energy to reignite them, rekindle them, reinvigorate their

treacherous permeations and mix with the fresh hot carnage and percolate, somehow, into a great aggressive miasmic stew, a choking stultifying fetor...

'The poor souls who worked the slaughterhouses would come to reek with this foulness. Splinters of soiled bone and clotlets of blackened filth falling from grimy scalps and sinking deep into unscrubbed knuckles ...

'And then there were the flies ... the stifling heat compelled an Old Testament menace of buzzing, swarming, badgering pests, polluting the heavens in great heaving impenetrable gusts, hovering, storming and gesticulating, noodling into the aggravating positions the little creatures require to better sip at and take deep draughts of moisture from their human prey: into the ears, the nose and especially at the corners of the eyes and any and every exposed asshole. Children of even decent size and age gagged in the night by mouthfuls of massing larval infestations. The entire sides of houses black with them, thronging, surging, insidious blankets of insectoid pestilence and devastation dropping and dripping their unwholesome maggot brood into the black percolating mud below.'

Dr Toby's guidebook description of mud streets and fly-covered shacks was certainly not the case now, at least not from Aubrey's current vantage point. The Meatpacking District, as it was today, had more of a military complex feel: acres of white pavement hosting immense warehouses of grey tin and cream-colored aluminum tarnished with streaks of rust stretching upwards into a hazy sky, black smokestacks piercing far into the lowslung clouds and competing with yawning behemoth cranes that, if Aubrey's forensic analysis of the wreckage around him proved correct, had lost a few battles with the gigantic electrified and razor-wire fences that surrounded the stark industrial complex.

Just then the desolate abandon awoke, a train whistle blew: a call to work...

Vibrations underfoot signalled the approach of factory trolls, immense black-iron humanoid machines marching rank-and-file from the subterranean caves carved into the nearby hills, streaming in shabby rankled unison like beastly coalworkers ascending from Pellucidarian depths. They clambered and creaked as they trudged along, spurting out gusts of gas, leaking pissy worms of axle grease, trailing ribbons of black oil and farting blathering calls and whistling thits of toxic grey-blue exhaust. The concrete terraces underfoot spewed and splintered into puffs of dust and shrapnel as the massive stomping elephantine weight of the great junkyard brutes crossed the weedy asphalt runway leading up to the factory walls.

Massive corrugated doors slung open with a shrieking shipyard sound and blasts of fagfog, multi-coloured flashing lights, throbbing heaving bass tones of bad techno music and whirring and clanks of metal-upon-metal chunnings blared and belched from the opened portals. The cast-iron beasts ducked their massive heads as they passed under the looming eaves, punched timecards with spare car-part fingers and submerged into the glittering din of neon-pulsing beer-signs, conveyer belts and meat hooks inside.

The butcherbots had arrived and nightshift at the killing beds could begin.

Along oneside of the massive room beneath swagging loops of pneumatic hoses and swirling jutting coils of conduit ran a narrow wooden gangplank along which the lumbering pigmen volunteers were driven by mechanised sharpened forks and goads and electric prods protruding from the walls. Once crowded into pens, the creatures were cinched tight. Their heads mulleted and lantern-jawed locked in black iron vises and restricting collars, agonising bellows and caterwauls of fear and rage and regret drowned out any other noise and their bowels and bladders loosened in great steaming splashes and splatters while wretched threads and spindles of slobber were slung onto the ramparts surrounding them. Over the top of the pens, beam-balancing head-knocker boys danced in barefoot agility across the dilapidated edges of the cages. Armed with compressed-air sledge hammers attached at their shoulders the head-knockers watched for their chance to catch the pigmen captives unawares and to deliver quick mesmerising blows with the metal nozzles of their rubber hosed tools.

The room echoed with the stamping and sloppy kicking of the pigmen against their confines and with the loud cracking thuds—in lightning-quick succession—of the little pneumatic projectiles that rendered them lifeless. The instant a carcass fell to the floor the headknocker clambered away to another and a robot arm raised the cage door and the pigbody, still kicking and struggling insanely in its last throes, plummeted—tediously, drearily, sloppily—down an open chute. Here shacklemen wrapped chains around their greasy legs, thrust heavy metal hooks into their necks and their meatbags and pressed a lever which caused the pigmens' still floundering corpses to be jerked up high into the air with brutal force—to circulate there, cranked along on an immense clanking ratcheting system of conveyors that tracked the circumference of the vast gallery hall, flobbering naked twitching dances up there like so many fat bloodied and pendulous circus high-wire acts ...

One by one the bodies snaked through narrow portals into smaller separate rooms—the air frigid and blue despite the steaming shit streaming from their swollen gutbags and the blasts of hot gas spewing from the broken valves swarming through the dark alcoves of the killing room's upper recesses. They dropped, then, with cruel slobby smacks onto the blood-slick timbers of the butcher's counter ...

There waited the bloodsman bots. These were the most dapper and spiffy of all the flesh factory bots. A bloodsman with his sleek chromed arms and riveted rigging running up the length of a gleaming polished sleeve delivered his duty with one swift stroke. The bloodsman held the slicing device in retraction—like a soldier might hold a firearm at ready attention—until suddenly with the most refined and sober gesture he brandished his instrument and executed its succinct delivery with the deft and cultivated poise of a stage magician pulling a coin from behind a child's ear. A bloodsman's cut was so swift and precise and neat that once he had withdrawn his weapon, spun and whirred over to the next victim, magically, a thin clean stream of bright red would arise from the meatbag's tiny puncture wound and aim straight up into the air, waterpistol-like—exactly, meticulously, whistlingly—pulsing to the dying ebbing thudding beat of whatever pigman organ had been fatally pierced.

The floor the bots wheeled around in was ankle-deep in thick syrupy black blood spouting from the naked fountainous corpses hanging above. Keeping it clear of debris was hard work for even the best efforts of the efficient floorbound shovelbots, swimming through the muck, scooping and spooning, busy as bees, spinning reversing and purring little shovelbot worker songs along to the bass-loud obscenity-laced hip-hop blaring overhead, heaving dripping sloppy ladlefuls of the carnage into filthy plastic buckets and discarded styrofoam drink cups they had dug out of the trash ...

The carcass above would then dribble—fat withering and moist with carnage, just monstrous diaphragms oozing sick cascades of black blood—until the discharge finally dwindled down to a dripping trickle ...

Effectively drained of its contents, pale blue under the spangling banks of disco lights aloft, the pigbody was rolled over again onto long gore-speckled butcher's blocks and the decapibot—a great hulking oaf of charred tin, seemingly fashioned from the hoods of rusted old farm implements and the battered scrap-iron housing of junked washer-dryer parts—attended to his task of dispatching the head with first a hard chop, two or three strokes to hew through any vertebraeic gristle and then a couple of smaller hacks to cleanly sever away any clinging residue or stringy sinew. The decapibot then scooped the head aside.

(The author hardly has the inclination here to fully describe the many multifarious uses that these decapitated meatbag heads are eventually put to as it would be redundant to our other published volume *Fuck-Stuffing a Warm Head*. But suffice it to say that only the most beautiful and lithe of naked ephebes—decked out in glittering adornments of topaz and gilded emerald slung pendulously around their slender necks and dangling across their sumptuous waists to flower at the apex of their exquisitely refined genitals—are given the gory honour of getting carted off as cherished renderings in wheelbarrows or in great clumsy oozing heaps on the backs of motorbikes for use in, ultimately, ingenious games of

SpaceAge PopolVuh or as essential ingredients in various and diverse cannibalistic delicacies.)

Then there were the skinners, one skinner to make the first incision into the skin and another skinner to flay it straight down the center and then half a dozen more in swift succession to peel the flesh off in precious curling paper-thin sheets, each with a specific cut executed with precisely ritualised accuracy. After the skinbots were through, the carcass was again slung up and swung around and the gigantic bag of pigmeat—now with purple green and ugly grey striations exposed under the peeled skin—continued to tumble further down along the line.

Metal tentacles, riveted arms and creaking joints busied themselves at the work of chopping into bits the flaccid remains of the meat volunteers who were then shoved by their hulking captors, and slid along hollow wooden chutes into the chilling and boiling rooms further down the conveyor. On and on through various processes of gutting and dismembering and dicing until, at the last, the chunks of perfectly rendered and hewn stock were dumped into yawning besmattered holes to the sorting antechambers below, one hole for hams, another for chuck, rib, loin, flank etc. etc. and a final slot for viscera, muck and all other indistinguishable and abject parts. The last labelled in a crude schoolboy's hand, 'sweetmeats' where, in dark cavities below, entrails were scraped and washed clean for sausage casings, scraps poured into tanks and boiled. A putrid bubbling mucous appeared from those brackish coagulating depths, its greasy skin ladled off and congealed into a meatsoap of scummy gelatinous lard.

The blistering smoldering soup is housed even farther below in the very bowels of the processing plant in gigantic copper and iron vats and cisterns where rafters and scaffolding full of bandy-legged masturbating punks preside over the boiling gurgling filthy stew. Pale white kids who never see the light of day, leanly muscled to coltish perfection, flipper feet barefoot strut along and splay wide upon the cold girders overhead, thrusting their thin hips forward, one hand gliding and slipping greedily up and down their slick rigid cocks, the other cranking hard on a nipple or reaching up past their balls to dig one thumb up into their assholes or else paws clamping around fistfuls of ballsac, stretching the chickeny skins taut around albatross egg balls or else an arm slung around their equally svelte and rawboned neighbour, grabbing at his nipples in turn or thrusting a cock between his willowy legs in clowny mock fornication-fucking or else planting a slobbery smooch of a wet tongue deep inside his ear, the other flinching wincing giggling and snorting at the hot welcome intrusion. Some straddled the joists and transverse arches overhead, bare bony knees crooked and feet swinging to and fro, others balanced funambulistically along the beams, one buttcheek holding them in place as they spread their feet wide, arched their soles and doubled up their toes to—somehow—increase the fart-worthy degrees of concentration

necessary to regulate and conduct all the delicious scintillating sensations and internal effervescent juices and fluids needed to tackle their arduously Malthusian endeavours. Some sport jacked-up blond mohawks, others are blinded by low black emo bangs, exposing only the tips of their pert noses and open plum-like mouths from underneath the combed-forward wash of smooth silken hairs. They spend their afternoons high on LSD and pot and carve into their sleek thighs, the sides of their bellies, the smooth insides of their arms with goofball green and red tattooings: screaming Jim Phillips hands, yawning zombie faces, spiderwebs, scorpions, vampire bats, twin revolvers cocked and holstered at their naked loins, phrases in crude gothicky script describing sentiments of heroic pessimism 'only god can judge me' 'live as if you'll die today—dream as if you'll live forever' 'wear your scars as medals' 'every saint has a yesterday—every sinner has tomorrow.' These are the Nihilistic Boys, hired for their stunning good looks, huge rubber stoppers stretching out their hollowed-out auricular lobes to the dimensions of tiny little unwieldy rubberbands, silver nose rings, heavily gauged nipple rings, gooch rings and stubby thick prince alberts that shimmer and glisten against pale decorated skin, puncturing and pinching pink and creamy flesh at its most tender and succulent junctures. It is believed that their spunk is, if not medicinal then exceptionally palatable, and their perch, high above the bloodletting and meat processing beds and slabs beneath, gives them crucial vantage for depositing their salty spunk into the steaming cauldrons below, with fat heavy balls swinging to the rocking motion as they prime their own and their neighbours' pink spitting cocks, all to add, with a remarkable sprinkling shooting dribbling and spraying zest, the special galvanising force of their sweet and savory jizz, the spiciful last ingredient for these particular percolating vats of gut and meat porridge, tossing off a nut into the pink coagulating concoctions ...

Intrigued, Aubrey turned to his left in the little nook in which he'd hidden himself to watch. There, on the wall, marked with a large red X, a faded hand-drawn map showing his exact location in the huge ramshackle dungeons of the Fleshpacking Factory. Underneath it a small gray monitor and a red push button marked 'tourist info.' He pressed it and it crackled into static life. Inside, the unmistakably tinny voice of Dr Toby...

'Testing testing ahem ahem ahem

'So ... How to explain this complex history? Hmmm ... Well, The Dept of Forward-Thinking Miscreants seeded the idea of raising a diverse mix of new homophile species. Something hermaphroditic and self-perpetuating was key, obviously. The Emigration Bureau sent out a call announcing a new series of government-sponsored sex-tourist vacation packages specialising in a variety of fringe cultures: fisters, beerbelly bears, piss-hounds, humiliation addicts, CBT'ers, crystal bottoms, aggro-tops etc. etc. In a kind of Straight-to-Hell way, we collected all the corresponding fantasies and ran some numbers and came up with an activity planner to accommodate them all—like a gay cruise, really, but with no ports-of-call

and no rainbow flags, never rainbow flags, just labyrinths of dungeons, cubicles, slop-pits and sex-chambers. And instead of showtune karaoke and dragqueen bingo we offered, for example, traffic-cone squatting, tit-ripping and face-bashing retreats, workshops in stump-fucking, the culinary arts of scat, infantophilia, furies, cosplay, you name it ... There was even a cock-quartermaster on hand just in case anyone wanted their business carved up like, well ... you remember how your grandma used to slice a weenie down the middle and stuff it with cheese slices? Like that.

'With such astounding medical advances here on Lotus Island we could guarantee against any casualties or untoward injuries. While we couldn't of course resurrect the dead—not yet, at that point, at least—the state-of-the-art combination of preventative medicine and reparative surgery allowed travellers to do whatever the fuck they pleased and still pour themselves back into business class seats at the end of their holiday here, patched up and only a little worse for wear. So, for example, the breedlings and the bug-chasers were able to absorb buckets and barrels of polluted splodge up their butts and down their throats and into their open wounds, and with just tiny little inoculations at the end of their time here they'd still be able to return to their jobs as floral designers or dollhouse dressers in Duluth or Kalamazoo or wherever-the-fuck-ville. If fucking was more important than eating, no problem, just set yourself up in a sling and get fucked by a jackhammer for days on end. It is not a problem! There's an intravenous feed and free room service if you're too into it to get your ass up or too fucked to walk. Whatever your pleasure: if you really want to amputate a limb, we're here for you. We can also freeze it and then re-attach it before you head back home. Have a fantasy about being a severed head cum receptacle? Right this way! We can get you back to where you started if you change your mind. Nothing is forbidden, everything is possible. Use your fucking goddamned imaginations for once.

'Why would someone settle for a traffic cone when we've got big black whale cocks available? Attached to an actual spermwhale. We can sew you up afterwards. If you really like the feel of a blowtorch on your skin we've not only got a hot jockstrap-clad welder on hand 24-7 but a burn unit and—not only that—on the next boat over is a whole crew of supercute Filipino male nurses to sponge-bathe you into recovery and at least a couple of scab-lickers and pus-gobblers who have already been jerking off to pictures of you on the internet.

'Bestiality is still an anomaly. Not much therapeutic attention has been paid to this particular peccadillo and, aside from pedophilia, it's one of the last frontiers. But our thought was, what drives someone to penning up an old mule and having his way with him is not the desperation compelled by lack of resources but desire—for girth maybe, for length probably but also just more interesting things like purple-cockness, glanslessness, a greater degree of discharge volume. In the end, who really knows, maybe you just like having something huge up your ass while you hang upside down with some coarse horsehair grating against your nipples. Or instead of hearing old pornstar banter like 'oh yeah take that cock' or 'you

like that dontcha?' while you're having your ass pounded you might just have a simple sensible preference for the guttural and lippy whinnies, neighs, nickers and snorts of the more equine species.

'So maybe, I guess the idea was, and it turned out to be true, you offer all these opportunities for people to live out their fantasies and provide them with housing and the most advanced medical care and, surely, something really stupendous could happen. The Meatmarket District is one of our most successful sodalities. That's what happens, diverse-minded people with corresponding fetishes and desires end up organising themselves—organically—into, well, communities, worlds, ghettos, clubhouses, bachelor's cults. Somehow, in the MmD, it's one of our greatest triumphs. This ragtag group of, really, just frathouse hazing addicts, steroid junkies and gymbunnies turned into this thriving incredibly inventive industry. And, somehow, all the little Xgame piercing and tattoo shenanigans of the Modern Primitive crowd morphed into this constant stream of meat volunteers—edgers and gooners to the last one. The attraction to battery operated vibrators turned into motorised dildos that gradually innovated into the huge black metal rendering and pulverising machines you can witness through this window into the processing plant. With a little culinary schooling from the last remaining headhunters on earth a serious preference for human flesh spread, really, to every corner of the island and sold on little sidewalk grill-stands. Satay-sticks fishballs salmon croquettes crabsticks you name it, all available from those street vendors you see just about anywhere.

'But that doesn't fully explain the... Most of the mancattle you've seen processed before you are volunteers. And just for the sheer erotic pleasure of being macerated and ground to a pulp they line up in droves to have parts of themselves split open, harvested and sewn up again. There are so many contributing factors that it would be hard to pin it back to one single motivation: the old masochistic urge is primary, obviously—just exceptionally amped-up and accelerated. But there's also the equally old infantilism thing, being laid up for months in hospital and being pampered in incontinent diapers is another obviously significant aspect; the recovery time in-between harvests is often immense for some of these injury-queens and that seems to be half the fun. The old gym-queen 'feel the burn' bullshit is still there though we initially tried to discourage it. For the sake of community any aggressive competitiveness was looked down upon. But something, I don't know, triggered ... it's a minor point but worth explaining ... though smokers might never like their cough it's true that junkies begin to crave the cold spike of a needle and some people even the edgy creepy wispy crawl of lice through their pubes. Extremist jocks begin to coddle their stress breaks and torn tendons as some kind of physiological proof—through aches and burning pains—that they've done something interestingly inhuman to themselves. Integrate this notion into the kind of kinship that permeates the entire region of the MmD and you have guys that anxiously deliver up parts of themselves for all this meat and organ rendering you've just witnessed. It's public service for them, in some sense. But it's also a helluva lot of fun.

'You probably saw them on the way over. A lot of the stresswound addicts and hardliners are brought in by wheelbarrel, just immense bags and bulges of scarred scrotal tissue really. But there are in fact brains in there ... somewhere, willing gigantic tumours into existence, gasping through sewn-shut orifices at each and every puncture of an icepick and slash of a cleaver, cumming in sloshing buckets ... barely perceptible as dew-like seepage through porous micro-membranes.... It's quite amazing to watch. This is of course our very first fully-functional hyper-orgasmic sluggard class. We've started construction on their retirement community once they all get to the point of being unable to yield any more usable flesh. Not much you can do with scar tissue but let it grow fallow for a time.

'Once we're all finished, Slugtown will be the island's greatest destination. I've been researching and broadcasting slugporn for decades you know, just a live stream of webcams trained on mating slugs wherever I can find them, hoping against hope that that—as well as the turtleporn of course ... You've never seen a turtle's cock? It's the most monstrous thing on earth and slowly, very slowly some folks got interested ... mostly gag and vomit groupies but if you take a left as you exit here and walk two blocks, on the right you'll see a sign for Terrapin Alley, a couple of the adult arcades there have booths where you can depththroat, if you like, some of the most grotesquely misshapen grey multi-foliated turtlesoup-squirting cocks you'd ever want to ... but anyway hoping against hope that I could get some guys interested in leopard slugs.

'As you might know slugs are hermaphroditic. Two horny slugs find each other—I've never seen a threeway but that's just a minor drawback—and through hours of chasing licking rubbing and selflubricating they're then greasy enough to hang intertwined from a branch, suspended by a thread of their own mutually stimulated coagulated cummy aspic slime. Embraced, in this way, each begins to extend its own nacreous shimmering translucent schlong from out of the side of its own head—take a moment to absorb that concept, if you will—wrapping and blossoming around each other in the most brilliantly scintillating dance, curling and seething, coiling augering and corkscrewing into whirling writhing diaphanous dances until both participants are indistinguishable in their mutually generated slather of all consuming jizz, dripping a slug's measure of gallons off their gleaming super-entangled flesh. Their loads shot, they try to disengage—which is often far from successful and one often has to donate his own cock to the cause which they then both chew off and mutually consume in some slug's version of post-coital bliss and cannibalistic satiety.

'Having seen how we handle things around here you know that this is going to be the next big—really really big—thing. Through all our resources of prick implants, gene therapy, secretion accelerants, transdermal stimulants, taurine injections, laser amputations, Red Bull sponsored White Parties, beer busts and tea dances etc. etc. it won't be long before Slugtown will be up, running and overpopulated with perpetual slime production and constant slugfucking. Thanks for listening. Have a nice day. End of Transmission.'

MAIN

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