

# PENICILLIN

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This is the complete eleven volumes of *My Secret Life*, the memoir of a gentleman known only as 'Walter'. It was first published around 1888 & details very explicitly the author's sexual encounters throughout his life. Despite the fact the text is rather repetitive and disorganised, it is recognised as a valuable document in regard to the information it gives about Victorian London, especially on Victorian houses of prostitution. The best guess as to who the author actually is, is Henry Spencer Ashbee, a book collector, writer, and bibliographer who was an expert on erotic books in his day. A New York publisher was arrested in 1932 for printing the first three volumes, and in 1969, a British printer was sent to prison for two years for reprinting it.—Global Grey Ebooks

# MY SECRET LIFE

by an Anonymous Author

1888

## VOLUME II CHAPTER XVI

*Married, and miserable. • Virtuous intentions. • Consequences. • Mary Davis. • A virtuous child. • Low class fucksters. • A concupiscent landlady. • Reflexions on my career. • On the sizes of pricks.. • My misconception.*

My life was now utterly changed; married. I was quite needy, with a yearly income (and that not my own) not more than I used to spend in a month, some-times in a fortnight. Every shilling I had to look at, walked miles where I used to ride, and to save a six pence, amusements were beyond me, my food was the simplest, wine I scarcely tasted, all habits of luxury were gone, but worse than all I was utterly wretched. I tried to make the best of my life and could when by myself be cheerful, even in the recollection of the past fun; but there was that about me now which brought sorrow over to me. The instant I saw her, she checked my smile, sneered at my past, moaned over my future, was a nightmare to me, a very spectre. I tried to like, to love her. It was impossible. Hateful in day, she was loathsome to me in bed. Long I strove to do my duty, and be faithful, yet to such a pitch did my disgust at length go, that laying by her side, I had wet dreams nightly, sooner than relieve myself in her. I have frigged myself in the streets before entering my house, sooner than fuck her. I loving women, and naturally kind and affectionate to them, ready to be kind and loving to her, was driven to avoid her as I would a corpse. I have followed a woman for miles with my prick stiff, yet went to my wretched home pure, because I had vowed to be chaste. My heart was burning to have an affectionate kiss, a voluptuous sight from some woman, yet I avoided obtaining it.

My health began to give way, sleepless nights, weary days made me contemplate suicide. It seemed as if I never could have happiness again, yet my physical

forces, or so much of them as lay in my generative organs, seemed unimpaired. I neither drank nor debauched, and my prick stood incessantly; neither random frigs nor night-dreams stopped it. My only relief from misery was in thinking over the pleasures I had had, yet all seemed such a long time past, that it was like a dream. Then a desire to have other women became invincible. I had no means to get those I had been accustomed to, and seemed to have no idea of going economically to work for my pleasures, but at length began to walk through streets inhabited by very poor gay women, in a neighbourhood I had known in my early youth. Then I found out other poor quarters, and one night with but a few shillings in my pocket, after thinking of throwing myself into a canal, I found myself at a spot where women of a somewhat better class lived in its centre, and on its outskirts very poor harlots. "I will,-have I the money? — can't help it, — if one won't another will", and I slunk into a street, half ashamed of entering it. Saw girls standing at doors, never paused for selection, nor to see if one looked nicer than another, it was cunt I wanted. The moment I turned the corner of the street, I cared not who or what, as long as she had a petticoat and what it hid from sight. I took the nearest. "Will you let me have you for five shillings?" was all I uttered. I recollect it as well as possible, hanging my head, ashamed of my offer, and not looking at the girl, ashamed of being seen in the neighbourhood.

"All right", said she turning round. I followed her through the little narrow passage of a four-roomed house into a little room with a bed on one side of it. I looked at her, and she at me for an instant only. "Here are the five shillings", said I. "Shall I undress?" "No." "Shall we get on the bed?" "No, at the side", -and whilst speaking I had half lifted her on to it. Laughing with a peculiar chuckle she fell back, pulling up her clothes. I saw plump thighs, dark hair, felt giddy, could not see, recollect opening the lips, and began to spend as the tip of my prick touched her cunt. Following the spunk as it shot up the passage as it opened its way, with one thrust I was up her, and had finished. Fifty times in my life up to the time I pen this, has a similar rapid ejaculation occurred to me when randy. "Didn't you want it!" said she. They were the first words I recollect being uttered as I bent over her. How divine she seemed. "Let me do it again." "Oh! you ought to give me a little more." "I'll give you a shilling, it's all I have I fear; but more if I have it." "Very well then", said a soft voice. Oh ! what a heavenly few minutes they seemed to me, — they still seem to me, — as I fucked her again. First and second fuck must have been all over in five minutes. I had not uncunted.

"Pull it out", said she after an interval, my cock still keeping in her; but I kept close to her, and up her. "Be still dear, do pray, — I'll see what money I have." My hat and my great-coat were on, it was cold, I had only unbuttoned my trowsers enough to get out my prick. Keeping still up her, I thrust my hand into my trowsers pocket, pulled out all the money I had, and put it on the bed beside her. "See, it is all I have, every farthing, a little more than I said, — let me do it again, — there is more than seven shillings", —and pressing well on to her haunches, I began wriggling my prick. She turned her head, looked at the

money, but did not touch it. "Very well", said she in a low voice, "but take it out, — don't make my chemise in a mess, I have not another clean, — don't make a mess on the bed if you can help it." "I shan't." "Yes you will, you have spent such a lot, it's running out now." I withdrew. She took a towel which was close at hand, wiped her cunt and spread another for her bum. I threw off hat and coat. Soon now we were both on the bed, I up her, and leaning on my elbow for the first time really looked at her. Up to that moment cunt, cunt, nothing but cunt was in my mind. Now I saw that her eyes were blueish, her hair dark and wavy, I recollect our staring in each other's faces for a minute or two without speaking. A candle on a little table close to the bed showed a strong light on us sideways; then we both fucked with vigor, and Mary Davis spent with me, — she spent with me, that poor little gay woman.

"You are a nice poke", said the girl. I got off the bed, sat on a chair by the fire, and looked at the merry face of the little gay woman as she smiled at me whilst washing her quim. The pleasure I had just had, the entrancement of the carnal pleasure contrasted so strongly with my misery at home, that I burst into tears, and sobbed like a child. She rubbed her quim dry, then silently came up to me, put her hand on my shoulder, and stood without uttering a word till my passion was over. "Are you unhappy?" said she in a gentle tone. Yes I was. "Never mind, I dare say it will be over some day—we have all got unhappiness." Her kind voice and manner—she a gay woman who owed me no kindness—so contrasted with the coldness elsewhere, that it made me worse and again I sat sobbing, and taking no notice of her; she still standing with her hand on my shoulder.

"Have something to drink", said she. "Yes",—but recollecting myself, "No, I have no money, I have given you every farthing I have." "Never mind, — do you like gin? I do." "Yes." She called out to the landlady, "Fetch me a shilling's worth of gin, and mind you don't take any, mind a shilling's worth fills this bottle to here (giving the landlady a large medicine bottle), don't take any, and I will give you a little. I'll pay for the gin", said she turning to me. I sat looking at the fire. "You have not washed yourself", said she. "No, are you unwell?" "No, I think I am all right, but we can't always say you know, and it's best to wash after us", — and I washed. I took hot gin and water, and got cheered, even began to smile when she said, "You are a gentleman, ain't you?" "Yes I think so." "I am sure you are by your manner, but you are poor I suppose." I told her the entire truth, my heart was so full, I told this strange gay woman all my trouble, all my misery, wanted more gin and water, and having in my pocket a gold pencil-case, a gift of an aunt's, "Get some more gin", said I, "take this and pawn it, for I have no money." She would not. "I am sure, if you say you will bring me the money, that you will. I will pay for more gin." So sitting, talking, and drinking gin and water, she sitting opposite to me listening whilst I told my troubles, and my burst of troubles over, relieved by my confidences, I became aware that she was plump, fleshy, good-looking, and had a mild sympathetic eye. Up to that time cunt alone had fascinated me, now I thought of the woman, and a liking for her because she seemed kind stole over me; desire to have her, caress her, spend in her on that account, rather than a desire for her cunt alone, thrilled through me

as I looked at her sitting half facing me by the fire; her clothes slightly raised, that the warmth might reach her limbs, one elbow on her knee, the hand supporting her face turned towards me full of interest. And so an hour or more ran away. "I want you again so, but I have no more money." "Never mind, you may have me, — shall I undress?" "Oh! do, — do, — how round and plump you are,—but I have no more money." "Never mind, — give me more when you see me again. Come into the bed, — see the sheets are quite clean, — no one has slept in them, I take the clean ones off every night, and put on others before I go to bed,—stop with me all night." We both undressed, and jumped into bed together. I was frantic with pleasure as I cuddled up to her plump warm body, and felt her from her neck to her knees; rolled over her, and kissed her, till I settled down between her thighs; and then Mary Davis and I fucked, and laid still, and then fucked again, and so on, till I could do it no longer. It was three in the morning. "Stop all night", said she, "I will give you a nice breakfast in the morning." I would not, had a strong desire to keep up appearances of propriety and happiness at home, if I had not the reality; so with a sigh rose, and dressed, borrowed a shilling of her, and went out into the street. Silent and dirty it was, and raining hard as I walked home to my miserable bed.

At dusk next day with impatience I went off to Mary Davis', gave her what I had promised, and money for that evening besides, and when I had had her, we sat down and talked again. She was a short woman about nineteen years old, plump without fat, but as nicely covered as any woman I ever saw; had a big bum, large thighs, plenty of room between them, and dark hair on her cunt which had strongly developed lips, it was large outside in proportion to her size. She had a soft, kind face, beautiful grey eyes, nearly black hair which draped naturally, and was altogether as nice a little woman as one could have wanted. I have wondered often how she could have settled down in a neighbourhood of costermongers, and taken five shillings for her person, when she might as well have been a two-sovereign woman, had she tried elsewhere. I put her up to trying at a future day, but she never would. Her room was about twelve feet square. A large bed took up one third of it, a table next the only window, two chairs (one easy), little cupboards in the recesses by the fireplace, on which stood china and glasses, a small wash-hand stand, a chest of drawers, with slop-pail, coal-scuttle, and looking-glass completed the furniture. All was scrupulously clean, the bed-linen white. Having broken my virtuous resolution, I never re-gained it, and for a week fucked Mary from six in the evening till two the next morning. My week's amusement cost me about two pounds, but then that modest sum was too much for my pocket, so I left off for a while, and gave Mary a chance of keeping her other friends. They were mostly poor clerks, she told me, and married men better off, who gave her a pound, or at times paid her rent if in arrear. She paid I think but twenty-five shillings a week for her board and lodging together. My too exclusive attentions for a week had prevented her regulars from coming. There was lots of cheaper cunt in the neighbourhood so to send them away with full balls was dangerous.

TO BE CONTINUED

# DORNFORD YATES



## BLOOD ROYAL

# BLOOD

# ROYAL

(1929)

by Dornford Yates

Reviewed by D for Doom

Dornford Yates (1885-1960) was one of the thriller writers singled out by Alan Bennett as belonging to the English Snobbery with Violence school. That in itself is enough to recommend his work as far as I'm concerned. Yates (whose real name was Cecil William Mercer) was actually an odd recruit to the thriller genre - he'd made his reputation as the writer of the celebrated Berry humorous stories. His popularity as a comic writer rivalled that of P. G. Wodehouse. In 1927 Yates suddenly changed style dramatically with the first of his eight very successful Richard Chandos thrillers, *Blind Corner*, although he continued to write his humorous stories. One of the curious things about Yates' fiction is that despite the sharp differences in style there's a considerable overlap between his comic stories and his thrillers. Jonah Mansell is a major character in both the Berry stories and the thrillers, other characters from the Berry stories pop up from time to time in the thrillers and one of the heroes of his thrillers is married to a member of the Berry circle.

The Richard Chandos thrillers can be read as standalone novels although in my opinion it's highly advisable to read *Blind Corner* before attempting the later books. *Blind Corner* introduces the heroes who will figure in the later adventures and provides some fairly essential backstory information on them.

*Blood Royal* was the third of the Chandos books. Like most of the others it's set in Austria, or in this case in a mythical principality bordering Austria. *Blood Royal* was published in 1929 but in many ways it seems to belong to an earlier era and in fact it has some of the flavour of Anthony Hope's Ruritanian thrillers such as his 1894 bestseller *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Yates' principality of Riechtenburg seems a bit like Hope's Ruritania suddenly transported to the late 1920s. The book deals with the disputed succession to the principality. Given the cataclysmic changes to the European scene that had occurred in the previous decade and the even more cataclysmic changes that would soon follow this makes the book seem a little dated. It is a little dated, but not in a bad way. In fact it's fair to surmise that his slightly anachronistic feel was quite deliberate, that Yates was consciously looking back to an earlier and more civilised era of benevolent princes, a world that was being swept away by unscrupulous politicians. Yates was certainly no fan of politicians. Given that within a few years of the publication of this novel Austria itself would be absorbed into the Third Reich one cannot entirely blame him.

Richard Chandos and his friend George Hanbury are now, as a result of events chronicled in the earlier Chandos books, men of wealth and leisure. They are drawn back to Austria by ties of sentiment, having conceived a great fondness for the country in the course of their earlier adventures. So fond are they of Austria that they have been spending a good deal of time learning to speak German, an accomplishment that will prove to be crucially important in this new adventure.

Caught in a rainstorm in their Rolls-Royce (a Yates hero always drives a Rolls-Royce) they have a fateful encounter with Duke Paul of Riechtenburg, heir to the throne of that principality. Duke Paul was in the process of being kidnapped by the sinister Major Grieg of the Riechtenburg Black Hussars. Chandos and Hanbury have stumbled upon a conspiracy to instal Paul's cousin as Prince, the reigning prince having suffered what had been assumed to be a fatal stroke. This might be none of their affair but no Englishman is going to stand by and watch someone being kidnapped.

The conspiracy proves to be rather bewilderingly complex, everything hinging on if and when the reigning prince succumbs to his illness. Soon afterwards Chandos and Hanbury encounter the beautiful and high-spirited Grand Duchess Leonie, an encounter that will be very fateful indeed for Chandos.



If an Englishman cannot stand by when a kidnapping is in progress even less can he stand aloof when a lady is in distress. Chandos and Hanbury are now caught up in a deadly game for high stakes, but such adventures are just the sort of pastimes they enjoy.

In his book *Clubland Heroes* Richard Usborne describes Yates' style (in his thrillers) as being rather biblical, and he has a point. It's a style that works surprisingly well, lending the far-fetched but enjoyable tale an air of gravitas.

There's less action in *Blood Royal* than in the previous Chandos books but there's also more suspense. A race against time is a time-honoured technique for creating excitement and Yates handles this element with great skill. His heroes know that time is against them but they can never be sure just how much time they have.

A thriller needs a villain and Major Grieg and Duke Johann (who is trying to usurp the throne from the rightful heir) serve this purpose well enough. More interesting than the actual villains is Duke Paul. He is undeniably the rightful heir but he is weak, vacillating, self-indulgent, selfish and treacherous. He is the man whose throne the heroes are trying to save but he is a man for whom they have nothing but contempt. The struggle to ensure his succession is very much a matter of choosing the lesser of two evils. Duke Paul is a fool and a coward but he will have wise counsellors and his weakness will prove to be his greatest asset. He will rule well because he lacks the will to do active evil. Duke Johann is much more intelligent and far more competent but that's what makes him dangerous - he does have the will to do active evil. This gives the book a complexity and a degree of political subtlety, and ambiguity, that is quite unexpected in a thriller of this period.

Yates was a man with a considerable mistrust of the modern world. He could even be described as a reactionary. But he is an intelligent and thoughtful reactionary. The romantic subplot is equally complex. Chandos has fallen hard for the Grand Duchess and she obviously reciprocates his affections but if they succeed in their endeavours the result will be to doom their love.

Yates was certainly a man who knew how to spin an exciting yarn and how to leaven it skillfully with romance. *Blood Royal* is a stylish and accomplished thriller by a writer at the top of his game. Highly recommended.



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Michael Ochs Archives



# FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

(1963)

**Reviewed by D for Doom**

I'm continuing with my project of re-watching all the 1960s James Bond movies. It's becoming a sort of Bond blogathon. The second of these movies, *From Russia with Love*, is something of an oddity.

While the first movie, *Dr No*, was a kind of transitional stage between the spy movies of the previous eras and the classic 1960s over-the-top spy romps with which the James Bond franchise is usually associated, this is even more true of

*From Russia with Love*. Until the last 15 minutes or so this is quite an old-fashioned movie, very much in the style of the classic British suspense thrillers of the 40s and 50s. Having much of the action set on a train links it even more closely with an earlier style of spy thriller.

None of which is intended as a criticism. This is an excellent movie. Surprisingly perhaps it follows Ian Fleming's novel fairly closely. The one major change is that in the novel Bond is up against the (real-life) Russian counter-intelligence agency SMERSH while the movie has the (mythical) SPECTRE organisation playing off the British and SMERSH against each other. This makes virtually no difference to the story and the only reason for it would appear to be to provide a stronger link with the Bond movies to come (it already being obvious that there were going to be more movies in this series).

A junior Russian cypher clerk in the Soviet embassy in Istanbul, the beautiful Tatiana, wishes to defect, her story being that she has seen Bond's file and has fallen in love with him. And she is offering a top secret Russian coding machine to sweeten the deal. Bond flies off to Istanbul. Working with the head of British intelligence in Turkey Bond makes contact with Tatiana, not knowing that a renegade British assassin (played quite chillingly by Robert Shaw) is stalking him. Bond and Tatiana flee Istanbul by train but they will have to avoid the attentions of both SPECTRE and SMERSH.

This movie had a considerably bigger budget than its predecessor, and was destined to be a bigger hit. Terence Young was again in the director's chair and again does a great job. Large parts of the movie were shot on location in Istanbul, adding the necessary touch of exoticism.

Sean Connery by this time had already made the role of Bond his own. Newcomer Daniella Bianchi provides the obligatory glamour as Tatiana. The most interesting member of the supporting cast is famed German singer Lotte Lenya as Tatiana's psychopathic boss Rosa Klebb.

Connery's version of Bond is much more self-confident than Fleming's original. The novel (one of the best of the Bond series) is notable for the number of mistakes Bond makes, and for his own realisation of his errors and the price that others may have to pay because of them. But spies who were beset by self-doubts had been fairly common in earlier spy movies (such as Ashenden in Hitchcock's *Secret Agent*) and so making Bond a more arrogant and more large-than-life figure in the movies was probably an understandable decision. The emphasis in the movies was to be on action and adventure.

After this production the Bond movies were to become much more tongue-in-cheek and much more reliant on spectacular action sequences and high-tech gadgetry. *From Russia with Love* remains a classic Cold War spy thriller with links to both the spy movies of the past and those of the future. But it's certainly no less enjoyable for that.







# PILGRIMAGE

by Eric Vercelli

**Twenty Four October, Twenty Fifteen**

I have been playing movies at night from my small library of films: *Lawrence of Arabia*, *The Duellists*, *The Razor's Edge*, *Under the Skin*, *The Holy Mountain*, 2001...Last night I watched *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo* (Swedish original). Five years ago in Italy, Lisbeth was everywhere, a phenomenon. Today, in the street side book kiosks, there are still copies of the trilogy, remnants...She is my hero, her story, I believe, is the best account of artful revenge since *The Count of Monte Cristo*. This morning on the bus I am standing next to a woman, tall, blond disheveled punk haircut, leather calf-high converse hi-tops, fine silver piercings, the eyes lined...very Salander-esque, and from inside her headphones, gripping the rails, she is moving along to the sway as we barrel down the winding mountain road. She is poetry...I catch a ferry to Amalfi. The last couple days in Napoli's 'great commotion opera' (to borrow a phrase from Mr. Cozzo) have left me a bit frayed. There are trails above Amalfi, & I desire to climb, peak-seeking behavior. The ferry is swamped with old people, Italians, & feeling the need for solitude, I take refuge on the upper deck, out in the sun & wind. I notice myself, as we disembark, moving cat-like, Lisbeth-like to escape the throng, wrapped up in my shell...I need space, trees, vistas.... Nature.







VIAGRA



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From Amalfi I walk to Atrani, along the narrow winding death trap that passes for a road, choked with cyclists in their tight blacks, and the occasional cafe racer. But it has the charm and glamor of the grand prix, early 60's chic, Loren, Mastroianni, Bardot.....a zeitgeist that has enchanted me since I was a young boy. Atrani, where Truman Capote's "Beat the Devil" was partially filmed and penned. It is the hue here, the intermingling of the blue water, the whites and yellows of the architecture, the varied shades of deep green to silver in the trees and vegetation, the particular slant of light and latitude that evokes this dolce vita vibe.

I have an espresso from a beach side bar and, and armed with notes, get directions to the path out of the back of the village. The Torre dello Ziro on the jutting peak that penetrates between Amalfi and Atrani is my target. I follow the path to Razello/Pontone which is an endless climb of stairs. Shade cloth blankets the steep terraced slopes, covering lemon and lime groves, propped with poles and tensioned by cable... Nick Cave's "Lime Tree Arbor" plays in my head. The titanium hardware in my leg is a grindfest, it's going to be a long hike. The stone turns to cement, flagstone, and then to dirt, I follow up the riparian chasm and cross over to the other side of the ravine. More climbing, to the first peak whose ruins are rubble now to nearly nothing, then to a second peak with plantings of pines and more ruins, overgrown.



I stop here for a while, reading Rilke's "Letters to a Young Poet," and I am moved by his narrative on solitude.

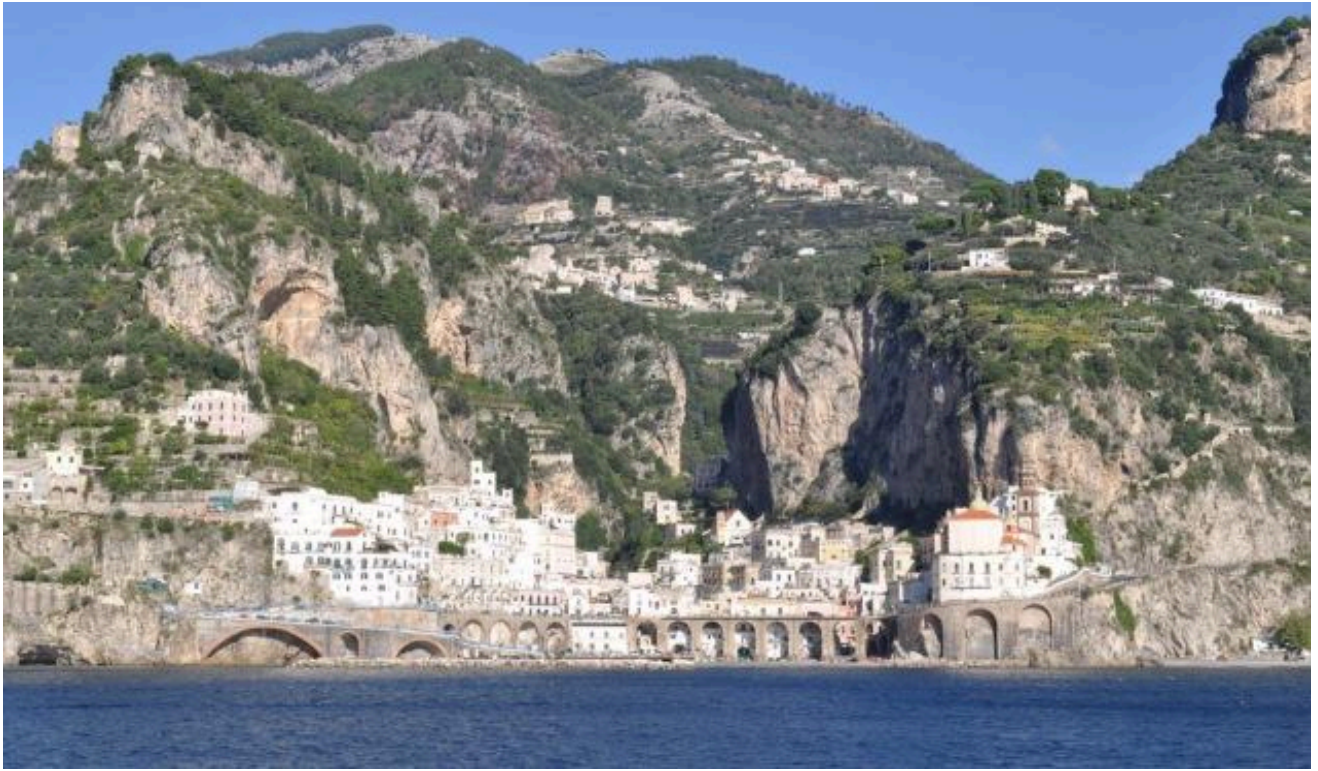
From Letter Seven:

“ And you should not let yourself be confused in your solitude by the fact that there is something in you that wants to move out of it. This very wish, if you use it calmly and prudently and like a tool, will help you spread out your solitude over a great distance. Most people have (with the help of conventions) turned their solutions toward what is easy and toward the easiest side of the easy; but it is clear that we must trust in what is difficult; everything alive trusts in it, everything in Nature grows and defends itself any way it can and is spontaneously itself, tries to be itself at all costs and against all opposition. We know little, but that we must trust in what is difficult is a certainty that will never abandon us; it is good to be solitary, for solitude is difficult; that something is difficult must be one more reason for us to do it.”

– Rainer Maria Rilke

The sun is out today and the lizards are bounding in high numbers. In the grass, a sleek indigo 'I Biacco' goes racing, and I follow in pursuit of this elusive fucker....but he's too swift, buries into god-knows-where....some crevice in the rocks and grass....I am on a mission now, to catch one of these black beauties, and thinking the ground is teeming with lairs just underfoot.



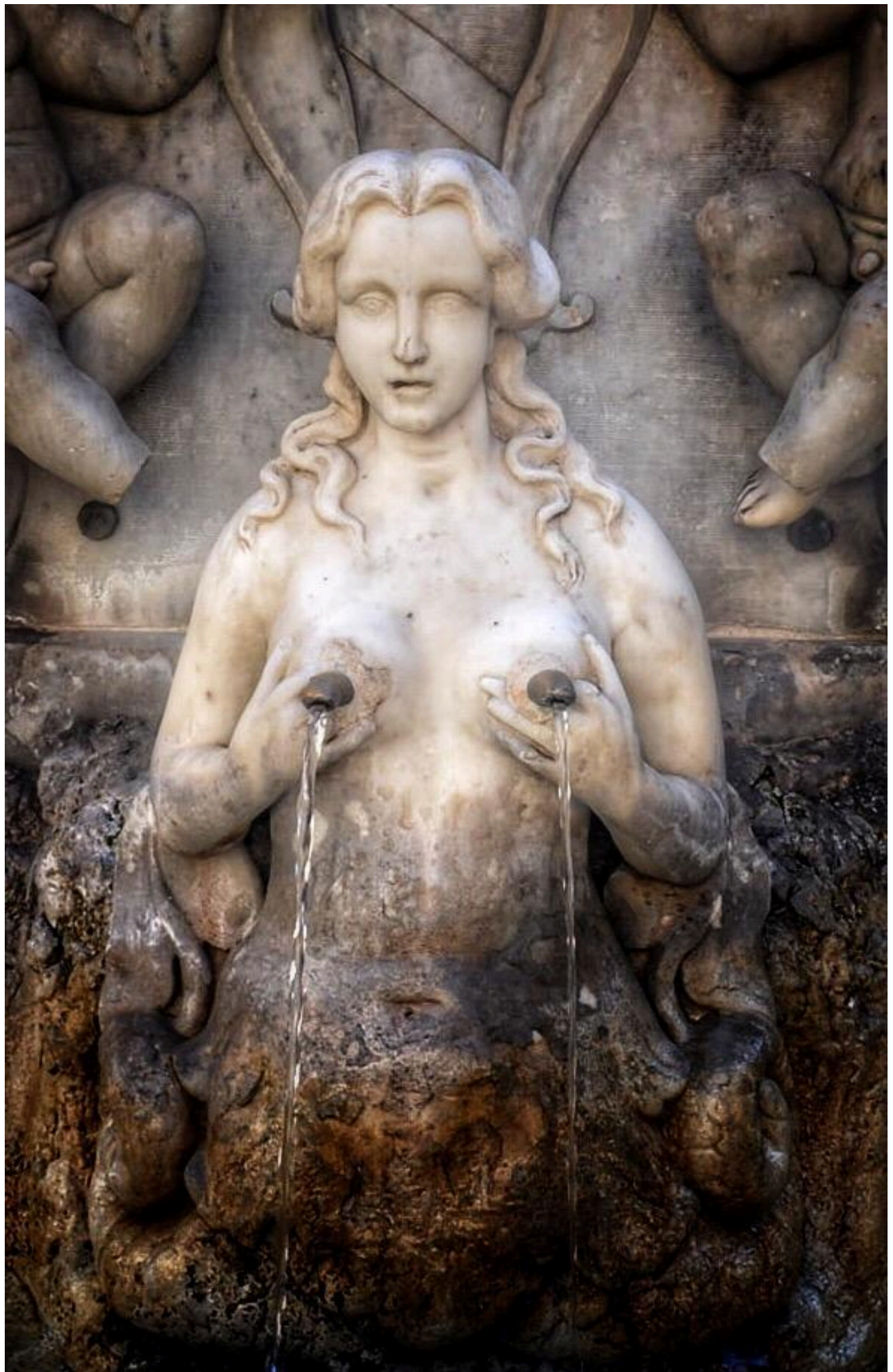


I reach another peak, Belvedere, that hangs right over Amalfi; beautiful vista. The path to Il Torre dello Ziro is a climb down and then out to its point, the tower's end overlooking Amalfi and the Fort end overlooking Atrani. Pirates, their blades swinging off their hips....one can still hear them, catch their gleaming.....I cross over the ridge and descend into Amalfi. Endless stairways, endless.....Halfway down, I realize I have left my shemagh up on top somewhere. My security blanket, shield to wind and sun and rain.....but I am not up to the climb back, and the search, and the climb back down.....let somebody else find it; my gift to whomever has the tenacity to make the trek up to the tower. Sweat-drenched, exhausted, but set right and replenished by nature, I make my way back to Pellezzano....



**NEXT WEEK—WHERE THE SIRENS CALLED TO ODYSSEUS**





# THE SONGS OF MALDOROR

by  
**Le Comte de Lautréamont**

Before I get into the matter, I find it stupid that I should put (I think everyone will not agree, if I am wrong) an open inkstand beside me and a few sheets of unchecked paper.

In this way it will be possible for me to begin, with love, by this sixth canto, the series of instructive poems which I long to produce. Dramatic episodes of an implacable utility! Our hero realised that by frequenting the caves, and taking refuge in inaccessible places, he transgressed the rules of logic and committed a vicious circle. For if on the one hand he favoured his repugnance to men by compensating for solitude and distance, and circumscribing his limited horizon passively amongst stunted shrubs, brambles and lambrusques; on the other, his activity found no food to feed the minotaur of his perverse instincts.

Consequently, he resolved to draw closer to the human agglomerations, convinced that among so many prepared victims, his various passions would find ample means of satisfying themselves. He knew that the police, that shield of civilization, had been pursuing him with perseverance for many years, and that a veritable army of agents and spies were constantly on his heels. Without, however, managing to meet him. His superstitious skill, with a supreme chic, was the most uncontrollable tricks from the point of view of their success, and the order of the most learned meditation. He had a special faculty for taking forms unrecognisable to the practised eyes. Superior disguises, if I speak as an artist! Accomplishments

of a really mediocre effect, when I think of morality. By this point he touched almost the genius.

Have you not noticed the grace of a pretty cricket, with alert motions, in the sewers of Paris? There's only that one: it was Maldoror! Magnetising the flourishing capitals, with a pernicious fluid, he brings them into a lethargic state where they are unable to monitor themselves as they should. This state is all the more dangerous because it is not suspected. Today he is in Madrid; to-morrow he will be at St. Petersburg; yesterday he was in Peking. However, a place which is filled with terror by the exploits of this poetic Rocambola, is a work beyond the possible forces of my thick ratiocination. This bandit is, perhaps, seven hundred leagues from this country; maybe it is a few steps away from you. It is not easy to destroy men entirely, and the laws are there; but one can, with patience, exterminate, one by one, the humanitarian ants. Now, since the days of my birth, when I lived with the first ancestors of our race, yet inexperienced in the tension of my snares; from distant times, placed beyond history, where, in subtle metamorphoses, I ravaged the countries of the globe at different times by conquest and carnage, and spread civil war among the citizens, have I not already crushed under my heels, member by member, or collectively, whole generations, whose innumerable number would not be difficult to conceive? The radiant past has made brilliant promises in the future: it will hold them. For the raking of my sentences, I will inevitably use the natural method, downshifting even among the savages, in order that they may give me lessons. Gentlemen simple and majestic, their graceful mouth ennobles everything that flows from their lips tattooed. I have just proved that nothing is laughable on this planet. Planet comical, but superb. Taking a style that some will find naive (when it is so profound), I will make it serve to interpret ideas which, unfortunately, may not seem grandiose! By this very fact, stripping me of the light and sceptical gaits of the ordinary conversation, and, prudent enough not to ask ... I do not know what I meant to say, for I do not remember the beginning of the sentence. But know that poetry is found wherever there is not the smile, stupidly mocking, of man, with the figure of a duck.

I'll blow my nose first, because I need it; and then, powerfully aided by my hand, I will take again the pen-holder which my fingers had dropped. How could the bridge of the Carrousel maintain the constancy of its neutrality, when he heard the heart-rending cries which the bag seemed to push?

TO BE CONTINUED





***The Eve of St Agnes* by Harry Clarke (2012)**





# THE EVE OF ST AGNES

“Agnes of Rome (c.291–304) is a virgin martyr, venerated as a saint in Roman Catholicism, Eastern Orthodoxy, Anglican Communion & Lutheranism. She is a patron saint of virgins, girls and chastity. Saint Agnes' feast day is 21 January.”

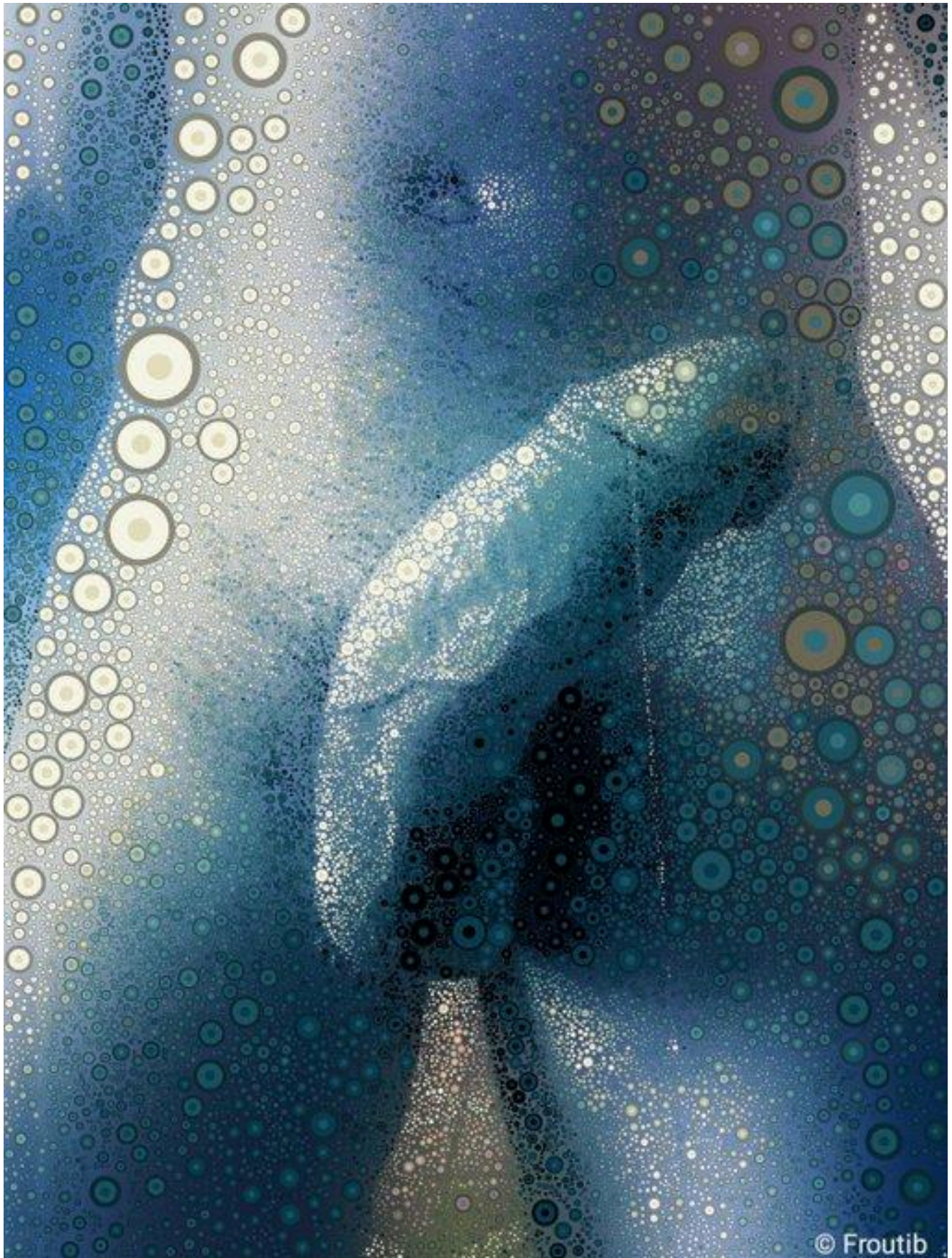
“St. Agnes, patron saint of virgins, died a martyr in 4th Century Rome. The eve falls on 20th January; feast day on the 21st. The divinations referred to by Keats in his poem referred to by John Aubrey in his *Miscellanies* (1696) as being associated with St. Agnes' night.

".....a girl could see her future husband in a dream if she performed certain rites on the eve of St. Agnes; go to bed without supper, undress completely naked, lie on bed with hands under pillow & looking up to the heavens. Then a husband would appear in her dream, kiss her, & feast with her...."

[The Eve of St. Agnes - Wikipedia](#)

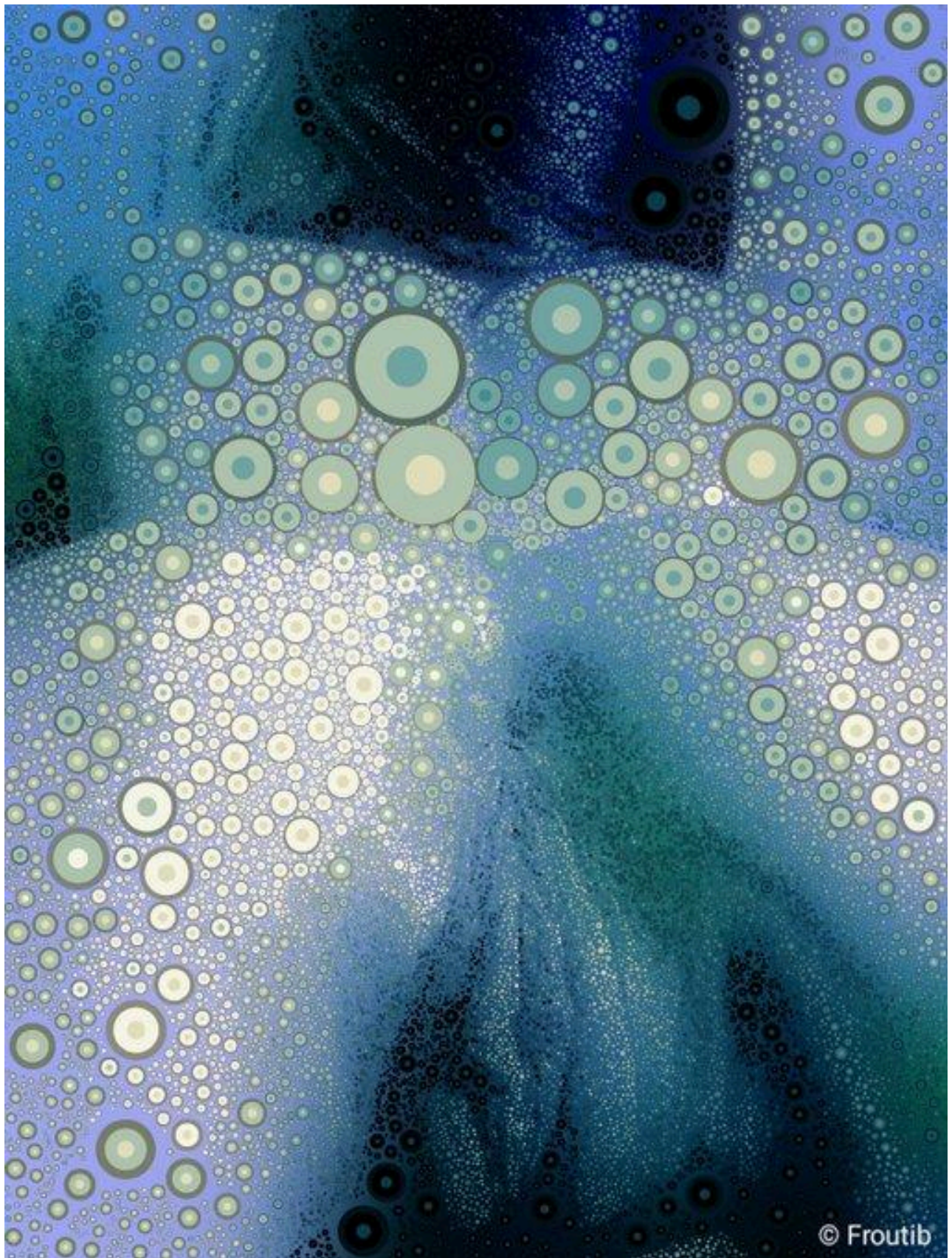
How many young ladies will be going to bed completely naked tonight & dreaming of the Marquis d'Ejaculation?





***Coulant de désir*** by FROUTIB





***Pénètre moi*** by FROUTIB

# SPHYNX

## THE IMPOTENCE OF BEING ERNST

by Ernst Graf

No, you don't judge me  
'Cause if you did, baby, I would judge you too  
'Cause I got issues. But you got 'em too  
So give 'em all to me. And I'll give mine to you  
Julia Michaels 'Issues'

## 32 DISASTER ALREADY FORMING

1145pm. Already the Katharina situation is descending into disaster. She wants money up front to go to her two-hour heart consultation at 7pm then come to me afterwards. I doubt my hotel will allow visitors in rooms after 9pm but I will find out. And of course by 9pm I am going to be fucked with drink.

Bad feelings growing.  
My fuckdoll remember.

Try to sleep when I arrive, then spend long time in Chat Noir, but Christ whatever happens I am going to be sodden and drowned by 9pm.

Disaster already forming.

Got all day Friday and Saturday for Pigalle. Save myself tomorrow for Katharina. Give it my best shot.

220am the night flying by. Starting to crave Katharina's naked body.

328am permanent swelling thinking about her hands on my body soon, oh if only the King Edward VII allow it.

553am well, I've had an erection all night.

I pay for her heart specialist and in return she lets me fuck her under the covers in my hotel room bed. This seems to be a fair deal. If she is able to find a little studio flat for herself, I will front her the deposit money and in return for four days a month I can stay with her and she will be my wife. This too seems a good deal that equally rewards both parties.

This to me seems the way for men and women to maintain a good relationship. A marriage or other full time cohabiting relationship seems in contrast completely untenable, unrealistic and equally unworkable to both parties and the worst possible relationship between a man and a woman. I like the way me and Katharina are going very much.

Just this first hurdle to negotiate. Will the King Edward let her in?

At that time of night?

# 33

## A FLY IN HER SOUP

Snowing in Paris.

This has been a lesson in male sexuality. Mine anyway.

Ultimately I think the lesson is I can only fuck a girl once. I wanted to fuck this girl many times but it turns I just cannot.

I feel very nihilistic now. A cold hard ruthless self hating nihilism. I have no bad feelings for Katharina at all. Disgusted with



myself. This is the lesson of Fellini's *Casanova* too. The reality of that life.

If I knew then what I do now would I do anything different? No. She blew my mind and that is such a rare event it is right to redirect your life towards it. The fact is, though, since that first night, everything between us has been a disaster. You can blame drink but drink is me. I was full of drink the first night too and it did not stop me having a fantastic time. I wanted to repeat that fantastic night but it has proved to be unrepeatable, as most things in life are. That is life.

Saturday afternoon at the Sphynx, doorbell ringing, ringing, every time another man coming in from the snow, and I yearn every time one time it will be Katharina. Yes, still. She still has a hold. A hold because of one night of ecstasy and 100 of pain. Very few girls can cause me ecstasy but even fewer can cause me pain. The pain of our affair makes her even more of an addiction to me. It becomes increasingly masochistic. Now into Dirk and Charlotte territory.

Complete fucking nihilism. Romantic nihilism. Erotic nihilism.

A dead fucking end but you can still ejaculate in a dead end can't you.

Dead ends are as good as anything else. As dead ends go this is one of the best.

I go to these places like the Sphynx hoping once in a blue moon to meet a diamond, and it happened with Katharina. But it turns out I was only able to have one amazing night with her. Despite trying so fucking hard to recreate it. Nothing can be recreated. Not by man anyway. Only the universe can do that. One day maybe the atoms will realign perfectly and Katharina can blaze to life again. But for now it has drowned in confusions and doubts and minor resentments which are insurmountable.

But Christ, every time I look at her picture on my phone, I want her.

Two policemen just came into the Sphynx. "Uh oh checking papers" I thought. But no, they were just asking if they could use the lavatory. Woolly hats, gloves. Shivering. Very grateful.

Once a girl has had the effect that Katharina had on that first night, even if nothing else happens, it still takes a long time to get that night and her out of your system. That's just a fact.

She's still in my system.

Typical Saturday night at the Sphynx, filling up with man after man but just the paltry four or five girls to service them and you

might think those girls must be doing good business but no, we all just sit here drinking, waiting for stars to arrive, but on a Saturday they don't.

A low key end to this stay in Paris. Mediocre films in the Chat Noir and no one of any interest in Sphynx. Time for Vienna, but it makes me sad to say that. I wanted so much from Katharina.

Even at this late hour, 6pm on my last night in Paris, I think about asking Katharina to my hotel. Despite being mortally drunk. But I think I will let things go quiet now. Then come back in January and on a Wednesday or Friday night come in and see her by chance. That excitement. Of seeing her by chance.

Yes. As much as I would love to see her face and naked body one more time tonight, better to be cold and hope to see her by chance in the New Year.

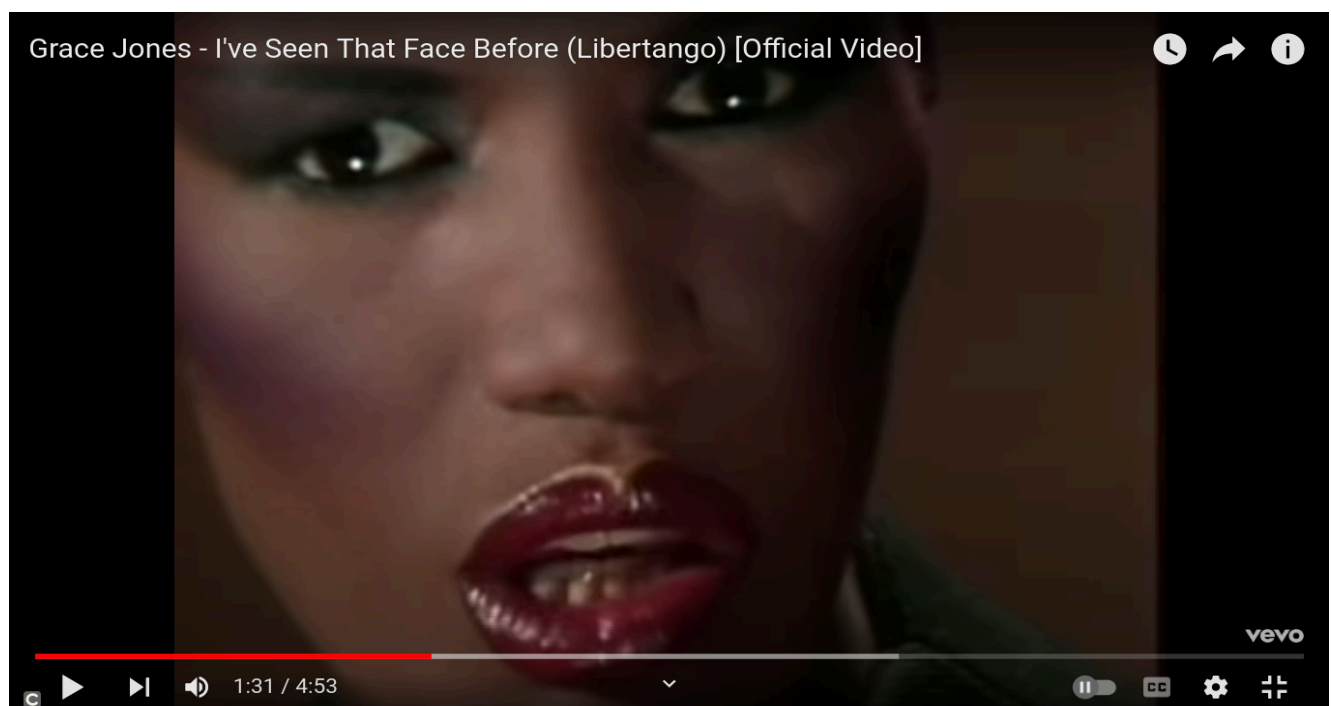
I don't think this is the end of me and Katharina, just an interregnum. And again, it has only been three months and 10 days. Think of the four years I spent on Q.

I can play the long game. Don't rush. Don't appear needy. Wait till I see her again by chance at the Sphynx. And start again.

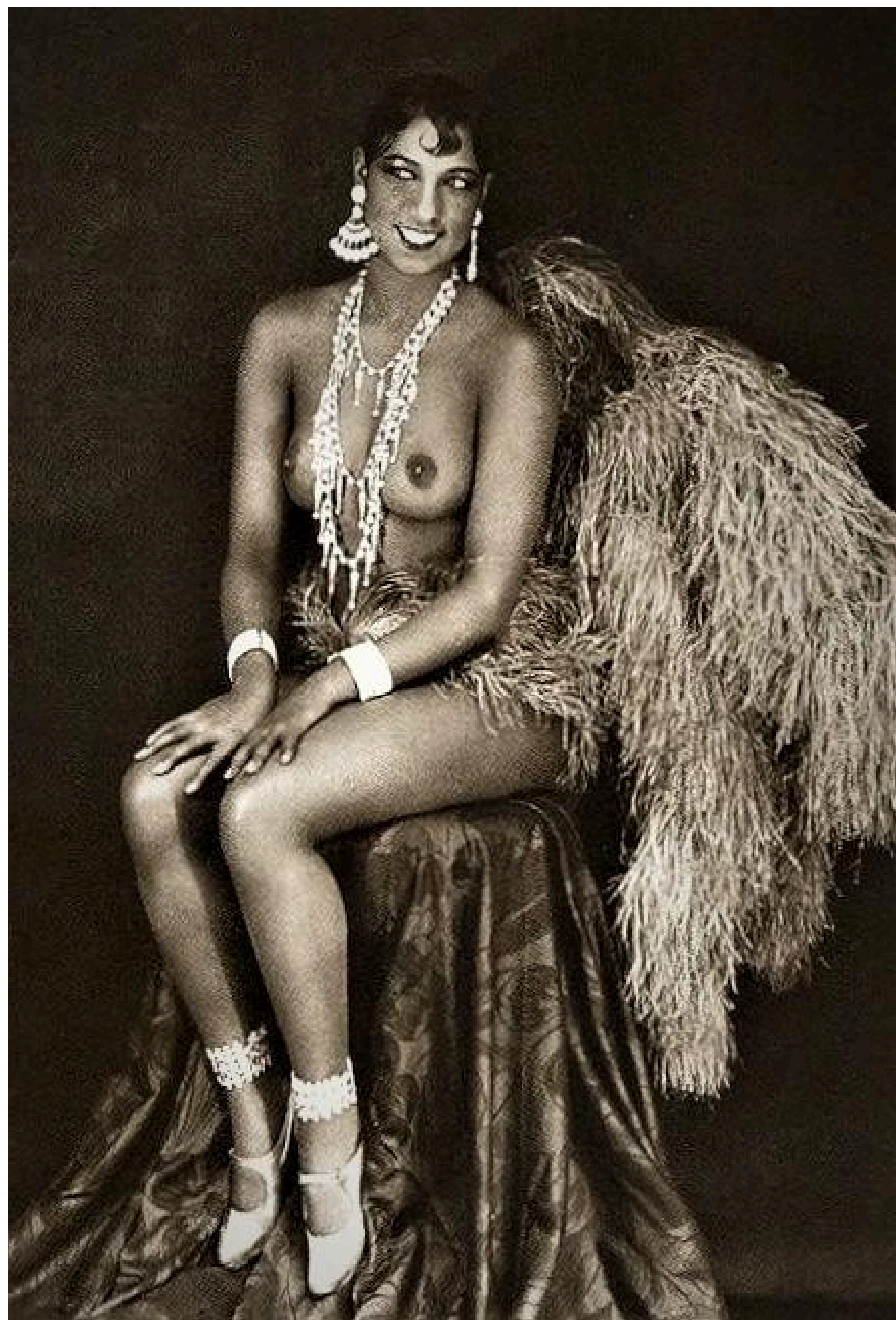
Ask her to come back to my hotel. After seeing her at the Sphynx. Yes, that is a plan.

I want to see her again, yes.

But more than anything I want to see her by chance, that is the only way my sex works. Yes, let me be strong and feel that incredible excitement of seeing Katharina by chance again. In January or February or whenever it may be.











▶ How to Overcome Male Performance Anxiety - Esther Perel

▶ Mating in Captivity: Reconciling Intimacy and Sexuality - Esther...

So what happened exactly when I arrived in Paris?

I arrived in my King Edward VII hotel Thursday lunchtime and began a series of interminable text messages with Katharina. She could come and see me only after 9pm, as she had her two hour heart consultation from 7pm to 9pm. Her messages to me were all in Portuguese which meant I had to laboriously copy them all out in longhand before being able to translate them. I said no, that it is too late, I cannot sit in my hotel for nine hours. She said she needed the money for her consultation so I thought that meant she was going to come to see me just to get the cash then come back later. Our messages became very confused & she became petulant at my not understanding her. "I have already explained three times". Yes, she had explained three times but she had misunderstood my question, and...in the end I just gave up. Eventually we agreed she would come Friday and that was it done with. Later however, after getting back to my hotel drunk, after miserable visits to Chat Noir and Sphynx, sad, missing her, I texted her to ask if she could come tonight after all. It was just before 7 and I thought she had to leave for her consultation

but then she surprised me to say it was already over, she was feeling so bad earlier she went for the consultation earlier. If I had known that then we could have met earlier, so why hadn't she told me? Then she said she was tired, and feeling sad, and it was also the last day of her menstrual cycle. I said I would make a note of that in my diary which she seemed to find very funny. Then Friday morning came and began with one of the all time great Freudian slip typing errors when she messaged me "Good morning carrion" before quickly correcting it to "Good morning darling" (*bom dia carniça* instead of *bom dia querido*) but not before I had seen it. Yes, didn't that just inadvertently perfectly sum up our relationship and what she really thought about me? Carrion. After more long confusing text messages in our respective languages she said she could come at 12 midday but could only stay for one hour. She seemed very anxious that I would pay for her taxi, wouldn't I? Yes, I assured her several times, I would wait by the window and rush out when I saw her taxi arrive. I went out to grab a couple of beers to calm my nerves and get me in the mood for her visit, then 20 minutes before she was due to arrive at 12 midday she said she couldn't get a taxi now as there was a march by striking workers going through the centre of Paris (it was true, I had seen them when I went out for my beer), so she would come at 4 instead, before going to the Sphynx afterwards, now she saw how close to the Sphynx my hotel was, and that would save her coming out twice in the cold. Having already started drinking, there was no way I would be in a fit state by 4 o'clock, so I angrily told her to forget about it, I would just meet her at the Sphynx. "If you think it best" she said. I couldn't tell if it was what she had wanted all along or not. But I warned her, "don't expect anything of me in the Sphynx. I'm just going there to drink and enjoy the crazy atmosphere. I will let you know if I want to do something". I felt like meeting me was a nuisance to her, something she reluctantly had to squeeze in before she went off to do something she really wanted to do more. After knowing so long that I was coming and on what date and time, she could at least have PRETENDED that meeting me at my hotel was the most important thing in her life? She made me feel like I was a fly in her soup. So I removed the fly for her. There. Don't worry about it. It's gone. I absolve you of all necessity to have to come to my hotel. I went to the Chat Noir with a huge sense of relief, which told me a lot, and they had an absolutely incredible Italian porn film, the first time I had seen an Italian porn film there. I came close to climax so many times but still I resisted, as I still wanted to save myself for Katharina. On to

Sphynx very aroused and excitedly, nervously, I waited for Katharina's arrival, but she never came. At least, not before 7, and I could not stay any longer than that. Mad, dejected, disillusioned, I returned to the Chat Noir for the same Italian film, thinking it is so true what I always say, "Italian porn is the best in the world", always in the dark and shadows, like Caravaggio paintings, and I stayed till I was the last person left in the freezing cold cinema, and eventually the film was stopped and the screen went blue and the lights came up, and I had to come back to the hotel and passed out to sleep with no further messages to her.

Saturday I coldly ignored her completely, and just did what I wanted to do. Back to the Chat Noir and the same Italian film, sublime, I brought myself to the edge of climax many times and just resisted it, then hurried to Pigalle, and chose a very large voluptuous Albanian peroxide blonde by the name of Ana, I think. Even as we were walking to the bedroom, however, I had that awful realisation that I had chosen badly and I should have chosen one of the other ones, but it was too late to turn back now. We did the business, I just about managed to stay hard thanks God, and she finished me by hand as she lay next to me, actually a very rare event that I finish when having sex, especially with so much beer inside me as I had, and I then miserably headed to Sphynx wishing I had saved myself still for Katharina, or else allowed myself to climax in the Chat Noir while watching the Italian film. That would have been more enjoyable. Ana was friendly, said I was a very nice man, and tried to make conversation with me as I dressed but I was monosyllabic, horribly depressed and miserable, and just wanted to get away as fast as possible.

It should have been with Katharina.

Then the miserable Saturday evening at Sphynx and that was it. Back to Chat Noir but the Italian film had now been replaced by something else, the more typical awful dross, and my depression deepened.

Sunday morning I just went home without even a goodbye to her.

That was this great long-anticipated trip to Paris. The trip where Katharina was going to come to meet me in my hotel and stay for hours and finally I would be able to fuck her again.

For the second trip to Paris in a row, I never even set eyes on her.



# 34 WHAT HAPPENED?

What happened. Are you upset with me? I do not understand. We are two adults. I did not expect it to be like this. But it's ok, no problem.

Back home in Paddington Mansions, I could feel her pain and confusion in those words. I felt ashamed. I could be so cold to one who had always been so incredibly kind and generous to me? Who already had faced such unkindness in her life and so many problems? How horribly I had behaved.

It was sweet that this afternoon it was Katharina who reached out to me again. "What happened? Are you upset with me? I don't

understand. We are both adults. I did not expect this. But it's ok no problems."

I think she changed the time to 4 and told me she would then go to the Sphinx so I would not want her going to the Sphinx to sleep with other men so I would pay her more to stay longer with me. But it backfired because I just cancelled the whole thing. Backfired on me too, because I now don't get to see her naked body again. I have made myself sad.

No message to Katharina. 5pm I had to say something. To apologise for my bad moods. She replied

"Don't worry, it's in the past. Lately, I'm not well either. Several problems, as I've already told you about some. I was confused too. We had booked and then you disappeared. It would be easier for us to talk."

So I am still stuck on her. It seems this story is not at an end. Still. There is no great mystery to it, she is a really fascinating person in my life, the first for years, the type I have been looking for, and have fleetingly met, but I was never able to get my hooks into them, they never stuck, the encounters were too fleeting, and unrepeatable, but this girl I was able to get my hooks into, she hers into me, she stuck. I stuck with her. So now we can develop something.

\*\*\*\*

🔴 THIS NEW PERSON IS MOVING QUICK BECAUSE THEY CAN'T BELIEVE THEY FOUND SO...

I don't care if K has another man financially supporting her, as that takes pressure off me. Seeing her one day a month is enough for me. And I can give her a little money of course for her time.

**Yes I need to go to only Paris in January. I have to finally meet Katharina again and concentrate everything on that. What do I keep saying? Go to Paris for a whole week and spend the week writing. OK then do that this time. Work on EROS and Penicillin. And then if at any point during those 4 days Katharina can come, then good.**

[Friendly Time Traveler inspects You! ♥ \[ASMR\]](#)

✨ THE LONG-AWAITED FINISH LINE 🎉 JANUARY 2023  
HOROSCOPES | ALL SIGNS ✨

Sent Katharina a goodnight message and she came online to read it but 8 minutes later no reply.

I'm still soft on her.

839pm

14 days till Paris.

938 wow more than one hour since my goodnight message and no reply. I cannot lie I feel sad, so sad. She was always so lovely to me. How did this turn so fucking cold and bitter?

Maybe my joke about "between your panic attacks and my bad moods" really hurt her? She did not answer that either.

No energy to do anything. Just want to close my eyes tight and let the fucking night go by. Close my eyes tight and let the fucking day go by.

Thinking of Mike in *My Own Private Idaho*.

2250 no energy to lift my head and look at anything. I'm too old for this bullshit. I feel like crying, just like that Friday night I last saw her. But no tears will come now.

I will not send her any more messages now, if none from her. 14 days of silence till Paris then.

227am I feel real despair. The worst night since the Friday night she walked out.

Empty.

📺 SCORPIO ❤️ Either or this shift will come and I must you warn you! ...

Now I consider abandoning the hotel idea, and instead prefer just meeting her at the Sphinx. I thought it would save me money to meet at the hotel and not give money to the Sphinx. But if I am paying her taxi both ways that is almost what I give to the Sphinx, plus in the hotel I have committed to 100 per hour, whereas at the Sphinx we can stick to 50 for half hour, the Sphinx is more cost effective. And at the Sphinx I am under no obligation to take her to a room at all.

But then I think no, having achieved the victory of getting her to agree to come to my hotel, take advantage of it at least once, to see what it is like. Certainly new and uncharted territory. Don't give up that ace up my sleeve unless I have to.









But in still inviting her to my hotel, carry on going to the Sphinx as well. I was going to politely abstain from the Sphinx out of loyalty to her, but not now. I will try to maintain both pleasures.

And in that case I will need the full four days to play with. To fully stretch my “wings” and exercise my power.

All of these stratagems, of course, completely fall apart as soon as I look at her photo on my phone or any of the 8 or 9 of her on my walls. She is absolutely gorgeous. And I am unusually susceptible i.e. vulnerable i.e. completely defenceless, against female beauty. A moment ago I scoffed that I had the upper hand over her. No. Of course I don't. She will always have the upper hand over me.

Now I feel like crying my eyes out again. For my missed opportunity. Well, what will be will be. If she still wants to see me, then we will try again next time. It is just 13 days away.

# 35

## “MAYBE YOU ARE BIPOLAR?”

I went to bed cold and nihilistic, resolving to never speak to Katharina again but just before laying down to sleep I watched the start of this video by Goddess Energy and straightaway sat up and messaged Katharina again to say I would send her the money for the heart consultation that she had asked me for before I set off for Paris but then ended up not giving her because I did not see her. Straightaway I felt better. Happier with myself. All anger, stress, tension, gone. Helping Katharina helps me. Being at peace with Katharina makes me at peace with myself.

[BE CAREFUL NOT TO PUSH THIS BLESSING AWAY📧 IT'S TIME TO OPEN YOUR HEART BACK UP & START RECEIVING](#)

**Just lately nothing good seems to happen between us. Everything always seems to go wrong. If you give me that account number of**

**yours I can give you that money for the consultation as an advance of our next meeting. Like I said I would. Just the meeting has been a bit delayed. I feel guilty for my bad moods.**

**Keep the money until you meet me, in case it happens again. Yes I'm sure it will happen again. We are a disaster. Haha. But you've always been sweet to me. And too often I've been rude to you, for no reason, except my bad moods. So I will make this deposit later. And maybe that will make me stay in a better mood next time.**

**How are you anyway? My mood is relatively stable at the moment thank you! My life was so calm. And relaxed. For 9 years. Until I met you.**

**Maybe you are bipolar. Because you have a very quick change of mood. I'm not pointing fingers. But it's your fault. I didn't understand that it was.**

**Because you made me fall a little bit in love with you. Just one question. Why do you have sudden mood swings since your life is calm? I cannot cope with emotions. I'm also like that. So it's alright. I can be your psychotherapist and you can be mine. I will help you with your problems if you will help me with mine. Please come to room 307 of the King Edward VII hotel on Tuesday 3rd January. Don't wear knickers. Even if you're cold. Haha.**

So I sent K the money and now I feel much better. All thanks to the Goddess Energy video.

\*\*\*

Happy at least I paid the money and made up with K today. First time anyone had suggested I might be bipolar.

When I said I cannot cope with emotions it was nice when she replied "I'm the same. So it's OK". That was sweet.

My Sibyl Vane? Or my Lady Beltham?

It is actually the perfect relationship for me, to be in love with a girl so far away in Space and Time. She is in Paris and I in London, and not only that, we are also separated by 100 years. It means I can enjoy the intoxication of being in love, enjoy living surrounded by her photos on my walls, enjoy the days I get to spend with her when I visit, but then for the rest of the time I am free to fornicate with whomever I can.

If I give her the deposit for a studio of her own, she says I can stay with her for the four days a month that I go to Paris, instead of the hotel, then I can give her the money I would have given the hotel and that will almost cover her whole month's rent! It actually saves me money as well, as instead of paying for the hotel AND paying to see her at the Sphinx or paying for her taxi to & from my hotel AND

then giving her money for her time, I just need to spend the money I would have spent on the hotel alone! It is win-win for both of us.

People may think I am an alcoholic but honestly the only reason I go to pubs on every spare day is to look for pretty girls. I am a scopophiliac not an alcoholic. Girls' beauty is my addiction. And look at them is generally all I do. I mean, 99% of the time they are with their boyfriends anyway. It is still pretty rare to see an attractive girl drinking alone in a pub. They've almost always got their man with them, or their girlfriends.

I used to drink huge amounts in strip pubs but that was only because I was addicted to watching the strippers.

Now I drink huge amounts in brothels but again it is just for the thrill of sitting in a bar full of floozies, any one of whom I can take upstairs and fuck as and when I wish.

Yes, drink will surely be the death of me, I mean the actual medical cause of death, but it is drink consumed only as a byproduct of my addiction to women.



**NEXT WEEK—KATHARINA'S FATHER**





***Orchidée d'amour* by Frouitib**





## ENDNOTES

**Your Editor Ernst Graf**—A cultured man with a passion for opera & European pornography [Marquis de Myocarditis—Close to the action \(@ernstgraf\) / Twitter](#)

**DforDoom**—Cult movies, classic movies, horror, cult tv of the 60s & 70s, vintage genre fiction <https://princeplanetmovies.blogspot.com> and [Classic Movie Ramblings](#) and [Vintage Pop Fictions](#)

**FROUTIB** 🇫🇷 Man, 48, erotic art lover. Art is sublimation of life. Life is Art. I ❤️ the beauty of curves and sensuality of forms, without perversity... <https://twitter.com/fROUTIB>

**Rebbekkamour** La nudité dans ce qu'elle a de plus révélateur de nos sentiments les plus profonds. Nudity at its most revealing of our deepest feelings. [Rebbekkamour \(@BBKmour\) / Twitter](#)

**Eric Vercelli**—Sono Perso Quando ero piccolo m'innamoravo di tutto Jadis, si je me souviens bien. <https://twitter.com/OblivionEric> and <https://eoblivion.wordpress.com/>

**sois en Ruth !**—Free woman full of cum. I write my fantasies and my fictions in an immodest notebook, my porn lab. Polyamorous and submissive with no fixed heart. <https://carnetimpudique.car.blog/> [https://twitter.com/L\\_impudique](https://twitter.com/L_impudique)

## COVER ART: Rebbekkamour

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**Marquis d'Ejaculation—yellow pill** @ernstgraf · Dec 26

If you've got several photos of a much loved young 'fuckbuddy' who lives in another country on the walls of your flat in, say, Paddington, should you feel compelled to take them down if you have a new fuckbuddy visiting you in London?

YES OF COURSE YOU SHOULD!	36.4%
NO	63.6%

11 votes · Final results





**I needed to fix. Fix something broken. I was not alone. We were two. And I chose him because deep down I was expecting him. I lose myself quickly, my desire is not even linear. At his touch, my contained fragments anchored to his equally dispersed. But he had the courage to take my hand and support our fears for two. In his arms I feel myself gradually reunited. In his mouth, my body sealed a pact with tenderness. That of letting oneself be carried away by him no matter the impossible time to want something other than just coming together, together in this balance as precarious as it is beautiful & nourishing. There is a time when our eyes must forget themselves in these essential interstices to consider other horizons. I needed this binder there & I knew him too. That's why the meeting was inevitable and essential...—Ruth**