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MISS LILY ELSIE.

ROTARY PHOTO, E.C.

MY SECRET LIFE

by an Anonymous
Author
1888

VOLUME 3 CHAPTER 12 continued

*No. 13 J...s Street. • A bargain in the hall. • A woman with a will. •
Fears about my size. • Muck. • Cold-blooded. • Tyranny. • My temper. •
Submission. • A revolt. • A half-gay lady. • Sarah watches me. • A
quarrel. • Reconciliation.*

I dined at my Club, and was in a fever of lust all day. "Will she come?" for she had only half promised. Half-an-hour before the time I was at the house, and had the same room again. It was handsome throughout, had a big four-post bed with handsome hangings (this was thirty years ago mind) on one side of the room on another side by a partition was a wash-hand stand of marble, against the wall on the opposite side a large glass just at the level of the bed; at the foot of the bed a large sofa opposite to the fire; over the chimney-piece a big glass sloping forwards, so that those sitting or lying on the sofa could see themselves reflected in it; in the angle of the room by the windows a big cheval-glass which could be turned in any direction, two easy-chairs and a bidet, the hangings were of red damask, two large gas-burners were over the chimney-piece angles. It was the most compact, comfortable bawdy house bed-room I have perhaps ever been in, although by no means a large room. They charged seven and six for its use, and twenty shillings for the night. Scores of times I have paid both fees.

I noticed all this, and that a couple could see their amatory amusements on the bed, on the sofa, or any-how in fact, by aid of the cheval and other glasses. I was delighted with the room, but in a fever of anxiety lest the lady should not come. I walked about with my prick out, seeing how I looked in the glasses, laid on the bed, and noticed how it looked in the side-glass, squatted on the sofa, glorying in the sight of my balls and stiff-stander. Then I had a sudden fear that she would think my prick small; what put it into my head I never could exactly say, I used when at school to fancy mine was smaller than that of other boys, and some remark of a gay woman about its size made me most sensitive on the topic. I was constantly asking the women if my prick was not smaller than other men's. When they said it was a very good size, — as big as most, — I did not believe them, and I used when I pulled it out, to say in an apologetic tone, "Let's put it up, there's not much of it." "Oh! it's quite big enough", one would say. "I've seen plenty smaller", would say another. But still the idea clung to me, that it was not a prick to be in any way proud of, — which was a great error. But I have told of this weakness more than once before, I think.

I recollect well that night fearing she would think my prick contemptible, and it pained me much, for I was hooked, although I did not know it. I brushed my hair, and made myself inviting with a desire to please her, without thinking that I was taking the trouble to do so for a woman who was going to be fucked for twenty shillings, and whom I now know did not then care how I looked, or who I was, long as she got her money as soon as she could, and got rid of me to make way for another man, or to go and spend what she had earned.

She did not keep her time. I kept listening, and peeping out as I heard footsteps and saw couples bent on sexual pleasure going up the stairs, and heard them overhead walking about. This and the excitement at the recollection of my instantaneous spend between her magnificent thighs, my pulling about my prick and contemplating it in the glass, the moving about of the various couples made me in such a state of randiness that I could scarcely keep from frigging. A servant who had noticed my peeping came in, and begged I would not look out, for customers did not like it. Did they know where my lady lived? and would they send for her? They did not. Then the servant came to say I had been an hour in the room, — did I mean to wait any longer? I knew what that meant, and was about to say I would pay for the room twice, when I heard a heavy, slow tread, and the lady's face appeared.

I grumbled at her delay, she took my complaints quietly, she could not come earlier, was all she said. She pulled off her bonnet, put it on the chair, turned round, leaned her arm on the mantle-piece, and stared at me again in a half-vacant way with her mouth slightly open, just as in the morning. I gave her very little time to stare, for I had my hand on her cunt in no time, and nearly spent in my trowsers as I touched it. She tried the same game, — she would not be pulled about, — she would not let her cunt be looked at, — if I meant to do it, do it, and have done with it. My blood rose. "I'd be damned if I would, — nor pay, nor anything else unless she took her gown off. So she took it off laughing, and laid down on the sofa. Not on the bed. No she would not. Then damned if I would do it (though I was nearly bursting). Again she laughed, and then got on to the bed. I saw

breasts of spotless purity, and exquisite shape, bursting out over the corset, threw up the petticoats, saw the dark hair at the bottom of the belly, and the next instant a thrust, a moment's heaving, — quietness, — another thrust, — a sigh, — a gush of sperm, — and again I had finished with but a minute's complete sexual enjoyment only.

"Get up." "I won't." "Let me wash the muck out." "No." — and I pinned her down, squeezed to her belly, grasped her haunches. "I've not done spending." "Yes you have." A wriggle and a jerk, and I was uncunted and swearing. She sat down on the basin, I stooped down, tore aside the curtains, and put my hand on to her gaping cunt. She tried to rise, and pushed me, — I pushed her. She tilted on one side, her bum caught the edge of the basin, and upset the water.

"Damn you", said she, — then she laughed and got up. I pushed her against the side of the bed, and again got my fingers on the cunt, — slippery enough it was. "You're one of those beasts, are you?" said she.

"I've never felt your cunt properly, and I will." "Well let me wash it, and you shall." She did so, I felt it, and then begged for another fuck. "You are not in a hurry." "Yes I am." "You said you would give me an hour and a half." "Yes, but you have done me, and what is the good of keeping me?" "I mean to do it again." "Double journey double pay." "Nonsense, — you so excited me, that I've never had a proper poke yet." "Well that is no fault of mine." She laughed, and turned questioner. "Do you often have the women from Regent Street?" "Yes." "Do you know many?" "Yes, I vary so." "Ah ! you are fond of change, — I thought so", — and she got talkative after that. I had thought her almost a dummy.

Meanwhile I was gloating over her charms, her beautiful arms, the lovely breasts I now played with, the lovely limbs I saw, for she had sat down in the most enticing position with the ankle of one foot resting on the knee of the other leg. I wanted to pull the clothes higher up the thighs, she resisted, but I saw the beautiful ankles, the tiny boots and feet, the creamy flesh of the thigh just

above the garter, thighs thickening, folding over, squeezing together, and hiding her cunt from view when I tried to look up.

I had hid my prick, the fear had come over me of her thinking it small, and that prevented it standing again. An hour ran away. "I'm going", said she rising. My prick stood at the instant. "Let me." "Make haste then." As she stood up I put my hand up her petticoats. She put her hand down, and gave my prick a hard squeeze. I hollowed,--she laughed.

"I've a good mind not to let you, — you've been so long, — but you may do it." She got on to the bedside. "Oh ! for God's sake don't move, — that attitude is exquisite." One leg was well on the bed, the petticoats were squeezed up, and the leg on the ground from the boot-heel to about four inches above her garter was visible. She was half turning round, her lovely breasts, or rather one of them showed half-front, and with her head looking round at me as she was moving, it alto-gether made a ravishingly luscious picture. I put my hands up from behind between her thighs. That broke the spell, she moved on to the bed directly, — I on to her.

"Oh ! God you are heavenly, lovely, — oh ! God my darling, — oh !" I was spending and kissing her too quickly again; lust almost deprived me of my pleasure. In a dozen shoves I was empty. It was all over.

"How quietly you stood in that attitude", said I. "I can stand in an attitude nearly five minutes without moving, almost without showing that I am breathing, without winking an eye." ..I thought nothing of this at the time, excepting that it was brag.

"Give me five shillings, for I have been a long time with you, — I've a reason, — I won't ask you again." I gave it her.

"Shall you be in Regent Street to-morrow morning?"

"Yes."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE D'ARBLAY MYSTERY

by R Austin Freeman
(1926)

Reviewed by D4Doom

R. Austin Freeman's *The D'Arblay Mystery* was published in 1926 and it's another Dr Thorndyke mystery. Although written in 1926 it tells of events that occurred twenty years in the past.

A young doctor named Stephen Gray is happily tramping through the woods, hoping to spend a pleasant few hours collecting specimens from a shallow pond (being a young man whose interests are both scientific and medical). He sees a very attractive young woman in the woods. She seems to be searching for something but it is hardly any of his business. Shortly thereafter, to his horror, he discovers the body of a middle-aged man in the pond. He sets off towards the police station but encounters the young woman again. She informs him that she is searching for her father who failed to return home on the previous night. It transpires that the body in the pond is that of her father, Julius D'Arblay.

The circumstances point to suicide but they do not rule out foul play.

Gray is a good-natured kindly young man and when he discovers that the young woman (Marion D'Arblay) has now lost her only surviving relative he feels that he should, as a gentleman, do something for her.

As it happens he is peculiarly well-placed to help her as he was in the not-too-recent past a student of the renowned specialist in medical jurisprudence, Dr John Thorndyke. He resolves to retain Dr Thorndyke's services to investigate the case.

Which turns out to be a good idea. The post-mortem (at which Dr Thorndyke assists) proves that Julius D'Arblay was murdered. Murdered by an injection of aconitine. There is no possibility whatsoever of suicide.

The police investigation makes little progress. The police really don't have much to go on. Dr Thorndyke admits that it's going to be a difficult case but he believes there are some useful clues. Several items were found at the bottom of the pond, including a gold guinea of the reign of Charles II. D'Arblay had been a sculptor. The murder method suggested a number of things about the murderer.

Two more things soon become obvious. One is that Dr Gray has fallen under Marion D'Arblay's spell. The second is that whatever business the murderer had with Julius D'Arblay that business is not yet finished.

Not everyone enjoys Freeman's prose. One thing you have to remember is that although this novel was published in 1926 Freeman is in fact a writer of the Edwardian era. His first forays into the field of detective fiction were made in 1901 when the earliest of the excellent Romney Pringle stories were written (and I highly recommend the adventures of that delightful rogue). Freeman was still writing in the early 1940s but not surprisingly his prose style remained somewhat Edwardian. Which, personally, I rather like. Freeman is nowhere near as dull as some of his detractors would have you believe. In fact I don't find him dull at all. His prose isn't flamboyant but there's plenty of keen observation of human nature and there's some fine descriptive writing. And Raymond Chandler was a fan.

There's always a problem for a writer who creates a memorable series character when a series becomes a long-running one. At the time of Dr Thorndyke's earliest cases he is clearly not a very young man. His professional eminence suggests a man in his forties. By 1926 Thorndyke would logically have been twenty years older, and Freeman clearly did not want Thorndyke to be an elderly man. Most

writers have solved this problem by fudging their heroes' ages. Freeman solves the problem by a simpler and more direct method. He sets his story in the Edwardian era. That was a bit of a risk. It was clearly going to give the novel a slightly old-fashioned feel. I think it works. Dr Thorndyke is a man of the Edwardian era and that's where he seems comfortable and Freeman's slightly old-fashioned prose and penchant for rather formal dialogue perfectly suits the setting.

I haven't read any of Freeman's other Dr Thorndyke mysteries from the 1920s and 1930s (although I've read most of his pre-WW1 stories) so I have no idea whether those books have Edwardian or contemporary settings.

Freeman famously invented the inverted detective story. *The D'Arblay Mystery* is not an inverted mystery but as with all of Freeman's books the interest lies mostly in the manner in which Thorndyke solves the case rather than in the solution itself.

The D'Arblay Mystery is a story of deception and the book's main strength is the extreme cleverness of the deceptions. These deceptions could have been a bit far-fetched but Freeman makes them seem entirely plausible.

Dr Thorndyke has the genius, and perhaps some of the arrogance, of Sherlock Holmes but without the idiosyncrasies. He can be a little distant and even taciturn but he's fundamentally even-natured. Dr Thorndyke is not a man who loses his temper.

The D'Arblay Mystery has a wonderfully clever plot. Even when we feel we're starting to figure out who committed the crimes there's still the mystery of how on earth the deceptions could have been worked. Highly recommended.

I've reviewed several of Freeman's earlier books including *A Silent Witness* (1914), *The Mystery of 31 New Inn* (1912), *The Eye of Osiris* (1911) and some of the early Dr Thorndyke short stories.

If you're a fan of Dr Thorndyke I strongly recommend seeking out the 1970s *Rivals of Sherlock Holmes* TV series which includes adaptations of two Thorndyke stories (and it's a great series overall).



CASANOVA

Or
Lost Wanderings
(2006)

by
ERNST GRAF

CHAPTER 2

WELL WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE?

Well, where do I go from here? It has been a very stressful few months. I feel such tiredness & dread of me at work. THE ONLY WAY TO BEHAVE WHEN ATTACKED IS WITH MORE DEFIANCE! LIVE MORE WILDLY! DO WORSE! PROVOKE & PROVOKE THEM EVEN MORE! FLAUNT YOURSELF IN THEIR FACES! I AM FRANCIS BACON! I AM WEDEKIND! I AM KASPAR HAUSER! I AM AUTISMUS. I AM *LOTTA*. I AM *THE COLD ICY AIR OF THE MOUNTAINS*. I AM WALKING THROUGH THE ISHTAR GATE. I AM SEEING ELENA PROKINA IN *EUGENE ONEGIN*. I AM SEEING VIKTOR MÜLLER'S SALOME. I AM SEEING ADOLPH MENZEL'S BAROQUE ALTARS. Everyone is so contemptuous and scornful of me at the moment. So what? I am autistic. I am strange & eccentric. I am silent & withdrawn. “Solitary and private, in spite of the crowd around them, Roosters enjoy their dreams.”

It was 14 years ago that I became addicted to opium, the opium that I call Tallulah. “My name is Tallulah, I live till I die. I take what you give me, and I don’t ask why”. I have been lost in Tallulah ever since. And, consequently, have

fallen ever deeper and deeper into debt, which, further consequently, makes me ever more reliant on my mother. Baudelaire died in his mother's arms on August 31, 1867, in a Paris clinic. "We're obviously destined to love one another, to end our lives as honestly and gently as possible," Baudelaire had written in a letter to her. "And yet, in the awful circumstances in which I find myself, I'm convinced that one of us will kill the other." "I've made a lot of friends in exotic places. I don't remember names, but I remember faces". Ravel lived with his mother practically all his life up until her death. Three years after her death, when Ravel was thirty-nine, he wrote to a friend, "My despair increases daily. I'm thinking about it even more, since I have resumed work, that I no longer have this dear silent presence enveloping me with her infinite tenderness, which was, I see it now more than ever, my only reason for living." "Lonely? You don't have to be lonely. Just come and see Tallulah. We can chase your troubles away." Peter Sellers and Kenneth Williams, too, were completely inseparable from their mothers right up until the end. Little lost boys right until the end.

Whenever I feel depressed, my old sexual demon returns, and that banishes my despair in mad displays of wild exhibitionism. It is the Weimar Berlin spirit. It is Josephine Baker on the stage in nothing but a girdle of bananas. It is Anita Berber the sex dancer losing herself in opium and gin. It is George Grosz and Otto Dix. I progressed from *The Flying Scotsman* to harder stuff and then back to *The Flying Scotsman* again. I am pushing the boundaries of what *The Flying Scotsman* can offer however. How much I would like to fuck J—. How much I would like to fuck K—. How much I would like to fuck L—. I like to be on the edge. I like my CALCULATED madness with —, just pushing things as far as I wanted them to go—and then pulling back. So I had an

effect on people & stirred things up. I like pushing things CALCULATEDLY with —. I would like to see Clarisse in Brussels again. Tuesday is the anniversary of *Lulu* at the E.N.O. and VIENNESE EROTICISM. Immerse myself in Berg, Webern and Schoenberg, the most sensually decadent music ever written. And, immersed in it, soaked in it like whiskey, go back to The Flying Scotsman!

All I care about is my magazine, my Fackel. I have nothing else. I am a broken down man living in the ruins. — thought she wanted to get involved then changed her mind. What is important is to give style to one's character, and to turn one's mistakes into something that had to happen for the overall good, and one must not be without. The world's so quiet & silent at night.

I felt good & confident, & happy to be out in just my jumper with sleeves rolled up. I went into Charing Cross station feeling so happy, exchanged a nice smile with the Calcutta barman who already had my pint pouring before I got to the bar. They had the Hits Chart on the TV, with Charlotte Church first, & then during my second pint the most gorgeous voluptuous dark blonde girl came in. I sat watching her in profile as she was at the bar & she knew I was looking. Her hair was long & thick & combed so it hung down long on the right side of her face. She had a little black jacket on over red party dress, so low cut over massive massive voluptuous tits. She came & stood to the left of me so she could now see me, & before long was joined by a man in a suit. She had to get her own stool, so I could take another good look at her as she came back with it. They left after one drink. I had an erection as I was sitting there. Summer is here. I went in Sunset Cinema! The films were awful, but I really felt like it. It felt good to be moving from cinema to cinema with my big swollen cock out of my pants

but just rolling inside my trousers. I went to Pamela. Then I looked for Renata but there was no answer at her door, so I went upstairs because I thought I heard her voice, but it was some Russian or Lithuanian. I stayed anyway which was stupid. A very expensive night.

All I want now is to lose myself in classical music. Just accept this will take a long while to get over. You are heading for ruin. Concentrate on the positives. Concentrate on writing with blue hands in cold stoveless rooms like Nietzsche, heading to the cold icy air of the mountains, where the air is thinner & there are less people. I always want to get to where there are less people. I seem to have lost interest in art museums, in classical music concerts. I am just lost in an emptiness. All there is is drinking. This coming week I will devote to writing, staying up all night, into the early hours of the morning. Funny how sweet & lovely to me the new brown top barmaid was; she was gorgeous to me. Jane was lovely to me. Even though my life is getting better year on year, there is always a period each year when I go into real psychological darkness & desperate straits.

Ernest Dowson and Hart Crane would both get drunk every night, and usually become violent & almost insane. I am driving myself almost to insanity every night at the Flying Scotsman. So where are my poems? Try to get into the habit of going to the Scotsman just once a week, and never again on a Saturday. If I go just once a week, then I can also go into Soho afterwards, for Sunset Strip, Sunset Cinema and maybe Pamela as well. The other two days off I will concentrate on staying in and writing through the night. I always love seeing Pamela. How good it felt to be in Sunset Cinema going up & down stairs between the two cinemas with my big swollen sore cock rolling inside my trousers.

The sexual charge in those places is fantastic, and now summer is coming there may be more chance of finding some girls in there, too. All artists have to throw themselves into the gutter. Face it, the greatest memories of my life have come in the Astral Cinema, the Soho Cinema, and the Sunset Cinema. All the incredible hot erotic memories from those places! I drink to derange my senses & go into the dream world. From there I can go back to Soho and the Sunset Cinema. Just imagine if the Flying Scotsman did private dances as well! Thank God they do not! There is something glorious in my drunken stupidities at the Scotsman. But please—once a week! Then I will allow myself Sunset Cinema as well. Like Hart Crane cruising the violent & dangerous Brooklyn, Manhattan & Hoboken shorefronts I cannot help but keep going back into Soho cinemas, despite the shame & ignominy & ruin it brings on myself—because the highs are so great & so exciting!

I like getting wilder & wilder. Audit Day today. The — is going to be audited. I am going to get caned. Infernal's From Paris to Berlin is No.4 in the charts! Reminding me so much of my travels. Also the Out of Touch, Out of Time video in the Calcutta. I love the excitement of travel. IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS I HAVE SPENT £422! I COULD HAVE GONE TO BERLIN INSTEAD & USED IT TO PAY FOR THE £165 BA FLIGHT & £225 BERLIN PLAZA FOR FOUR NIGHTS, STILL WITH BEER & KNESEPFANNE MONEY LEFT OVER! I COULD HAVE SEEN THE HEATHROW PON DE REPLAY WOMAN. THEY'VE SHOCKED US AND HELPED OUR UNDERSTANDING OF THE WORLD. TWELVE BOOKS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD. I WILL WRITE 12 BOOKS THAT WILL CHANGE THE WORLD. THE H.M.S. BEAGLE LANDED ON THE GALAPAGOS 1835. I AM A GENTLEMAN SCIENTIST. A SYNOPSIS OF HIS LIFE'S WORK. PUBLISHING IT WAS LIKE CONFESSING TO A

MURDER. I shrank from all contact with the other children in nursery. I shrank from all contact with other pupils at school. I shrink from all contact with people now. One of the great things about me is my blissful uncaredness: I couldn't care what — or — think of me. I am in my private world, going there for my private reasons.

Oh, I get home feeling so down & depressed. I don't know what to do. I either go repeatedly to Flying Scotsman and Sunset Strip & derange my senses & watch strippers all night, or I stay put in the house and let another night go by inside the four walls. What a choice. Sometimes I will force myself to *Phaedra* or *As You Desire Me* or *The Gothic Imagination*, but I derive no real enjoyment from it—it seems so much less real than the sex dancers & the drink. I HAVE to do the writing to earn the drunkenness. I am cut off from everybody, & that's how I like to be, & that's how I want to be. S— told you she liked you. H— told you she liked you. — told you she liked you. I AM WRITING A BOOK ABOUT SEX DANCERS. ABOUT ANITA BERBER & JOSEPHINE BAKER. I USE THEM AS MY DRUGS. Poor bus stop girl. She doesn't realise what a resolutely silent person I am. Polish D—, G—, M—, were all so warm to me until they realised I am not going to talk to them, and then they become surly, & stony-faced, & contemptuous. I AM DEPRAVED. LIKE SALVADOR DALI. LIKE OSCAR WILDE FEASTING WITH PANTHERS. LIKE WITTGENSTEIN CREEPING INTO THE PRATER AT NIGHT IN SEARCH OF ROUGH TRADE. LIKE HART CRANE CRUISING THE DANGEROUS & VIOLENT MANHATTAN, BROOKLYN & HOBOKEN WATERFRONTS AT NIGHT. What do I keep going to the place for to gaze at the girls dancing? I like to lose myself in it, enter another world.

I feel so sad & down now. I am so glad I managed to get some picture on BBC1 so I could watch *Dr Who* with Sophia Myles as Madame de Pompadour. While he is reading her mind, she instead reads his. “Lonely. So, so lonely.” “Don’t worry, it will pass,” he tells her. “No,” she says. “You. My lonely angel.” And he is shocked into total silence. How shocking when someone understands us. I cannot even talk to my own mother. What is the matter with me? I love her more than anything in all the world and cannot say a word to her. How fickle I am. A few weeks ago — was all I wanted. Now I cannot stop thinking about Melani. I dream she is the one who will understand me, and see through the masks and veils I cover my loneliness with. The Doctor has always been so lonely and always will be. Sherlock Holmes has always been so lonely and always will be. Will Penny. Stéphane in *Un Coeur en Hiver*. Noodles. How lovely of Melani to instantly turn to me the moment the man went to the bar, to say hello to me and ask if I was OK. How naturally I went up to her and cradled her face and hair in my hands and kissed her. It felt like we belonged together. I have not even spoken to her for almost two months, I have passed so many times without even acknowledging her, how strange that it felt so natural & instinctive to kiss her and stroke her face & hair this time? Maybe she is thinking of that, too. There is something between us, and there always has been. But I thought that about —, too. I AM ERNEST DOWSON. I AM VINCENT VAN GOGH. I AM THE DOCTOR. LONELY. SO, SO LONELY. WHERE IS MY SOPHIA MYLES? IS IT MELANI?

I got a message to say Lydia called 19:46, just as Doctor Who was ending. Maybe she was watching it, and thinks of me as her lonely angel, who steps through her fireplace or her mirror every now & again & then disappears again! I wish she was my Sophia Myles, but she cannot be. I thought she

might be once, but I have lost those illusions. It has been raining, slowly, splattering rain, slowly hissing traffic, all evening since I got back to the house. The dark green trees below my balcony rustling & whispering in the breeze. It is a lovely sound. I love summer rain. I wish Melani could be my Sophia Myles. How could anyone ever love me? In — years it has never happened, not once, not one single time. It was so lovely of Melani to reach out to me on Wednesday. When I said “Well, I’ll leave you with your boyfriend” she laughed so much & so loud. This *Dr Who* series has been one of the finest things on TV in recent memory, alongside *Casanova* and *Twenty Thousand Streets Under the Sky*.

You cannot complain. Look how you shut out —, look how you shut out —. Look how you shut out S— and H—. Do you not think all those girls felt humiliated? I REALLY HATE THOSE MORNINGS WAKING UP HUNG OVER, MY BRAIN FULL OF HOLES, JUST TOSSING & TURNING NOT WANTING TO GET UP UNTIL AFTERNOON. I DESPISE THEM. I WANT TO END THAT WAY OF LIFE. I HATE THOSE NIGHTS STAGGERING HOME DRUNK, JUST THROWING MY CLOTHES ON THE FLOOR & PASSING OUT IN BED. LET ME CHANGE THAT NOW. ONE NIGHT A WEEK ONLY I CAN DRINK. I LOVE SO MUCH BEING CLEAR-HEADED. I am interested in the men who depended so much on their mothers right until the end of their or their mother’s lives, such as Peter Sellers, Kenneth Williams, Ravel. How DID I get such a good picture on BBC1 tonight? It was a wonderful piece of good fortune, and I am grateful for it.

NEXT WEEK—A NIGHT OF MADNESS
AND INSANITY



**No, I do NOT like rough sex.
Cut that shit out.**

CITY TOURIST

From A VERY BIG CITY

By Rodney Blakeston

On the anniversary of the Russian Invasion of Prague 1969 I was chased, guidebook open in hand, up a blind alley by a riot policeman. He cornered me against the closed grille of a shop, truncheon raised and smashed it calculatedly against the grille two inches above my head, then veered back to join his mates (now where was I? Ah, yes : "Gothic Cathedral of St. Vitus.....") Tourism and the real life of the city; what exactly do they have to do with each other?

Tourism is usually a form of time travel. We go abroad, typically to locations less "developed" than our own, in search of the old, the traditional, the small. "Kyoto offers what all Westerners long for of Japan: naked pebble gardens, the sensuous contours of a temple roof"..*(Lonely Planet Guide: Japan)*

The juxtaposition of the old and the new is a great favourite of the simpler sort of tourist writing; and who can deny how dramatic it is? Who could resist the option of retreat from an exotic but overwhelming street market to the air-conditioned fastnesses of a five star hotel atrium where fountains splash and a medley from Cats tinkles across from the Piano Bar?

But I don't long for the past. Speaking as someone with no pronounced interest in pebble gardens (why this minimalism rather than the neon lit alleys of Shibuya?) or again as someone who thrills more to the mammoth twin towers of Tange's Tokyo City Hall more than by the "sensuous contours of a temple roof" I am dissatisfied

with this invariability of touristic time travel, by the attitudes behind it and the literature that is the fruit of it. *A Year In Provence*. Need one say more?

This escapist and ultimately condescending pursuit of the past is, in any case, doomed; indeed always has been. The traveller into the past will always be disappointed. Gauguin, a hundred years ago, was horrified to find the South Sea Islanders eating tinned food. The English aesthetes in Forster's *Where Angels Fear to Tread*, shudder at the thought that one of their number has fallen in love with a native of the Tuscan town of Monteriano; she has to be rescued because (this is the crucial fact) he is...a dentist. "A dentist in Monteriano!"; Medieval Tuscany and Modern Dentistry are simply incompatible.

I travel only to cities. I am not interested in the bits in between. I am interested in the present; but I am a time traveller too; time travel, that is, into the future, again like the German architect Schinkel, who, when he came to Britain between May and August 1826 eschewed the normal locations of the picturesque or sublime traveller for the industrial cities. There is a fascinating sketch of Manchester, densely packed factories, bare and repetitive, a canal. Schinkel was of course shocked at the starkness of the industrial buildings he saw but was seeking a glimpse of the future. We may make fun of Sidney and Beatrice Webb touring the promised land of the Soviet Union in the 1930s; but at least they were looking forward, visiting factories, power stations. I can identify with that.

We, the aesthetes and travellers, can move on, benefit from the innovations of the twentieth and twenty-first century; but the peoples of the Mediterranean (for Forster) or for us of the third world are, for the most part, expected to live in the past, in a world where things are "still" done. We are all hip to the irony that tourism destroys the very places that tourists want to see. But

perhaps we aren't aware of how embedded these ideas are in the discourse of tourism. Simple-minded guides opt for a *National Geographic* style: "Against a backdrop of new housing Don Goncales still (still; that is the word to look out for) burns incense/drinks snake's blood/carves walking stick handles." (This is a made up one but fairly accurate.) For "still" is a key word here: the villagers still do this or still wear that. "Less than one kilometre from a computer store...in central Cairo there are mud brick houses where goats still wander through living rooms." (*Rough Guide: Cairo*. My emphasis) Let us try Bangkok, in the same series:

"Although"..(here we go again) "the city is incredibly urbanised (tut, an urbanised city) "beneath its modern veneer lies an uncompromised Thai-ness". "Veneer"? "beneath"? "uncompromised"? The whole sentence dooms Thailand to the past. We are allowed the privileges of modernity but Thailand isn't.

"Despite" writes the *Lonely Planet City Guide to Seoul* "despite its tall buildings and modern infrastructure Seoul offers the visitor a wealth of cultural insights." The modern buildings clearly provide none whatsoever. Why this "despite"?

OK, so much for the *Lonely Planet Guides*. Let's try another: "Much of the centre is now given over to uninspired modern skyscrapers and office blocks but there are still (still) a few squares" *Rough Guide Brazil*. Actually I recall some of the modern architecture in Recife as quite characterful. Again, I don't believe the writer looked or wanted to look or knew how to look.

Architecture is a particular problem; architecture is, after all, the most visible and undeniable sign of the modern. Most guides automatically see modern architecture as destructive of local culture. I suspect that for most guidebook writers modern means bad; they don't even know how to look. Apkujong, a major suburb of Seoul just south of the Han river is deemed by

the *Lonely Planet Guide* to be a "modernistic hell". I went there to see. It was just modern; indeed modern in a rather 'traditional' manner. It was like on of those drawings by le Corbusier; rows of massive blocks of flats, beautifully maintained and long straight roads. Why hell? I would gladly live in one of those flats.

'Typical' is another word that is common in the simpler guide books, often those produced by the tourist boards of the countries in question. The tourist seeks the typical, but it is sometimes hard to find; which obliges us to raise a semantic eyebrow, surely, one thinks, if it is typical then, well, at least there should be a good few of it around?

'Typical' goes together nicely with 'still'; so we might get something like "It is still possible to find a typical native costume,...pizzeria...Indian village...candomble ceremony". The irony is rich. (Interestingly enough, of course one might well encounter 'typical' things, but in circumstances you might not expect or wish. To return to the last item on my list: candomble, the black magic rituals of Brazil; yes indeed it 'still' exists, in Recife, for example, folksy little shop-ettes in the municipally restored historic centre of the city sell the paraphernalia of candomble to tourists. But a chance leafing through of the Recife Yellow Pages made me realise there was more to it than that. While having no interest in ethnic mumbo-jumbo per se I went to the Velho Preto, the Old Black Man, a neon-lit store of talismans, artefacts, candles, statues, curses; down the aisles customers toted wire baskets, selecting the right product to effectively curse their neighbour, queuing patiently at the checkout to pay by credit card. Not a tourist in sight of course; this was not 'typical'; this was the real bloody thing.

Likewise Feng Shui. I go into the emporium of Sin Yong Long in Singapore. He sells, amongst his huge stock a "De Luxe Feng Shui Altar" and a gorgeous pinky-peach

plastic construction it is, with "background Lighting, Extension Board, Power Socket, On-Off switch in a choice of Golden Blue, Pink, Rosewood" for only 430 Singapore dollars. Or if we're talking ethnic how about a custard yellow and blush pink "De luxe Buddhist Lotus Altar. Latest design with Power socket and on/off Switch." I have checked in the UK periodical Feng Shui for Modern Living (£2.95 monthly). No sign of Blush Pink Lotus Altars there. (A later note: In chinatown Bangkok I am glad to report that you can buy Hello Kitty Buddhist shrines.)

The fear is that the modern world, modern living, above all modern architecture is all becoming the same; that you "could be anywhere", that Brisbane looks like Buenos Aires looks like Seoul. Of course at first sight there is truth in this. Modern architecture is indeed a world style and there is a large common denominator of uniformity. But then again perhaps we have not learned to look; learned to see the differences, indeed the growing differences, the growing localisations of modern architecture. There is simply no way that the extravagances of Jakarta or Bangkok might appear in London or Frankfurt. All too easily we look at something big and glossy and think, oh, modern architecture. But we should look more carefully; learn to discriminate more. Besides, we have, historically, been here before.

Let us imagine a tourist in the eighteenth century going from London to Paris to Turin and then back through Geneva and Brussels; this tourist might very well consider the local architectures of these locations was being lost beneath the homogenising influence of a new international style, the classical: same columns, same deployment of the classical orders etc. Anyone who looks at topographical prints of the eighteenth century might very well not be sure, (were it not for anecdotal foreground detail) whether the scene was St. Petersburg or Lausanne or Madrid. Even earlier precedents of International style could be identified: International

Gothic, the Romanesque; all styles which prevailed from Durham to Palermo. Perhaps a *Rough Guide* author of the thirteenth century bewailed the internationalism of the ogival arch. ("The pilgrim may still discern a few traditional round arches....") Almost certainly a trawl through travel writings of 17th and 18th century Europe would bring to light some handwringing over homogenisation of architectural style: one thinks particularly of the Europeanisation of Russian cities under Peter the Great or Catherine in their respective centuries. Did the *Lonely Planet Guide to St Petersburg* 1784 write: "Despite its huge classical buildings and modern European infrastructure St Petersburg offers a wealth of cultural insights.....although the city is incredibly modernised beneath this veneer lies an uncompromised Slavic spirit. Traditional peasant carts can still be seen here & there amidst the speeding troikas...."

The supposed conflict between the old and the new (between the 'real' culture of the country and the global medium of modern architecture is a conflict that national tourist boards are all too aware of. They realise, sometimes with perplexity, that tourists will insist on wanting the ethnic, the old-fashioned. Socialist (or ex-socialist) countries are good at institutionalising this; they are masters of (god help us) the "folkloristic manifestation", the peasant dance troupe, ethnic dress. Indeed they have their own methods of encapsulating these things for the simpler minded tourist. (And that does not exclude those with a *Rough Guide* in their backpack.)

Shenzen is known, if at all in the west, as the place with the largest number of construction cranes in the world (as, it has to be said, are several other locations in China!); hence it is one of the fastest growing areas in the entire history and geography of the globe. Imagine my (naive) enthusiasm in finding in Hong Kong a leaflet entitled *Shenzen Excursion*. In fact (and as an old hand

should have realised this was unlikely to be a Daily Worker-type sponsored glimpse of a socialist future) there was barely a mention in this brochure of the multi-storey wild west city, nary a picture of a skyscraper. *Shenzen Excursion* provides the following Disneyfications of Chinese Culture:

***Splendid China (D599) which "reproduces of more than a hundred scenic wonders in seventy famous places arrayed in their geographical order...you will also have a comprehensive experience with the traditional dishes, antiques and handicrafts of different nationalities."**

Not if I have anything to do with it I won't. Nor will I be joining Tour D5110: China Folk Culture Villages, with its "life-size villages representing typical ethnic architectural styles of 21 selected nationalities have been built in it (sic). Folk songs and dancing (no, please, anything but folk songs and dancing) of different ethnics are performed by professional artists...."

It is fun to make fun of tourists; especially fun to make fun of those who call themselves travellers. The traveller is a culturally sensitive adventurer who goes off the beaten track, etc etc. The tourist is the despised visitor who conforms to the usual itineraries. The tourist tends to stay in the cities. The traveller penetrates the hinterland.

I found a picture of two travellers in my Indonesia guidebook; the caption read: "Travellers prepare to leave for..." Each of the 'travellers', great steak and milk-weaned Antipodean lunks, each of some six foot four inches sported a massive pack; they were seated authentically in bicycle rickshaws virtuous in the authenticity of their holiday experience, about to be pedalled into the heart of darkness by...two skinny little local boys apparently aged about ten. Travellers! I love it.

TO BE CONTINUED

BACK AGAIN



By Chad Calland

Author of BECOMING A MAN

Where I am at? This whole game issue and let me get my understanding of this. We live in a world that has a country that defines and dominates what is acceptable, it runs the rules but where there are rules there is zero love.

Back to game - deception from men whom can't be honest and want to be abusive. This doesn't sound like confident men that I used to know. Might be an American culture but what culture is that exactly? Do they even have one? A society built on a castle, a sandcastle more like. Don't get me wrong it has THE potential to be an amazing

country but it has failed to live up to its potential. If anything it has done nothing but run when it can do so much. Can you imagine if all the greedy men decided to say ok, we are going to change the world for the better?

I will flicker backwards and forwards with this. I don't want to be totally anti American but yeah it could do so much more but it hasn't. Just take.

It has Burgers and fries? No thanks, well, maybe once a week.

Who is the major power? America?

So why aren't they leading? They don't know how to, they are infantile and there is a lot to learn from, say, countries like India. There is so much that can be learned from India whom knew better than any other country about consciousness

America you say? The same America that systematically wiped out 90 percent of the Native American Indians, not exactly noble? Most Americans or the ones from Europe on the flee, escaping themselves? Does not sound like the ideal beacon of light to follow.

It wouldn't be a good country to follow either yet it defines and imprints everywhere and whom asked for that? Certainly not me. I would argue that most would want their countries ran as such but it isn't the case. America plays a factor in poking its nose in the business of everyone. It has been the case that when anyone stood up to them, then America retaliates under a deceptive web of lies attempting to be for the interests of all but just them. The global war on terror really was "How dare anyone see through our lies", please America, just grow up, accept what you did and all can be forgiven. The world will explode otherwise and you know this.

You ever wondered why they always make out to be the heroes in almost everything...villains that want to be the saviours of humanity but instead the root infestation like a verruca on a foot.

Let me take a minute with a quote from Henry Kissinger - "America has no enemies, it wants to make friends." I have to scoff at this but while I am at it, Britain is no further in the clear, stealing India and

Brazil's gold, pretty much western society, men, has ran away from the women within trying to stamp and conquer everything to build on out of his own fear and insecurities, religion being another one, did man create this to not kill himself? Not for the fact that God/Gods and his most trusted sources of wisdom was handed down to a woman, a woman.

The land is a woman, wisdom is a woman and that is why man tries to build over and shut out the history of it. No myth or tradition anywhere pictures the wisdom of a man, it is always female. Men who speak truth whom are whole understand the acceptance and the work in overcoming the shame of this, which then transfers from love, and depth is granted from a trusted environment in which serves good, truth and humanity.

It births albeit very slowly.

And I am going to tear fucking strips into a soulful debate of what is actually going on. Take, take, take until what? Last man is standing with no one around and then what will he do when he has everything and still isn't satisfied ?

This writing is an offering to the very God/Gods in servitude to truth. Because everywhere I look and turn I see people in self denial, chasing false idols unsatisfied, argumentative, unable to grasp the peace, the quiet, all messages blocked from ancestors. I mean the air, the food, everything so contaminated, man with his hand round the throat of the woman in an abusive relationship.

I have gone from money bags to zero money bags, developing in strength, in which my mind has become habited like an impenetrable fortress that is satisfied with disturbing truths that glide right off my back as I bounce back straight into the inferno.

It is a deep dive but one that is fascinating always.

Writing all my own, from the gut, the depths of the unconscious, the gifts given, no academia. My soul won't allow me with academic, it switches off, it is only about the self.

Going on, men going on about women and how they must have them led don't know how to lead themselves and wish they did. Often the ones most going on about women do not know women at all, they crave and wish they did but everyone is starving when society is programmed and conditioned at image level. There is no appetite that is fed, no meaning and ultimately lost. I am not the only writer that has ever wrote about this, Spengler, Jung, Ortega Y Gasset, Bloch, Musil, Kostler, Mann, Wilson all wrote about this. I forgot Huxley and Orwell so it is not nothing new. The information has always been around us.

Which brings me to interesting points about books, I have been reading books and sometimes they do not make sense and then they can open up for us at the right time. This has happened with Jung, most recently with a book by Aleister Crowley.

I think when we come to these truths about men there is a sadness, how the world really is, how we fail to live and cannot wake up to the vibrancy of life and how life is being sucked dry, no effort and no soul, why?

There is so much delusion with social media and people hiding, taking pot shots and not living in a reality the same as me, I live in a free uncontrolled world. We have lost the enchantment in growing up, impatient, demanding, scared and being pushed fear on to us more and more. Having it easy serves no one and makes us terribly scared. No love, just hate, the war machine keeps turning as Ozzy said and to think he was called a satanist for speaking truths which are still relevant today....again America!

America used to employ people to take high status people out of commission that had the ability to influence prosperity but now people do that amongst people as they sit back and watch people tear each other apart which is what they did in the medieval ages, history repeats.

Self serving and not thinking for anyone because the people at the top keep pushing and bearing down which will eventually lead us to an apocalyptic *Mad Max* type ending. Shut this guy up I can hear you say, no bruv you just keep teaching men how to game women when the real men are out fighting existential issues that threaten our

civilisation. This is the big boys stuff, run away from your purpose because teaching men to game women is a cope.

The internet is flooded with look at me, look at what I am doing which is rooted in insecurity, if America was happy and satisfied they wouldn't be trying to take everything that everyone has. If it isn't their way then you or I will be shut out the gate and out the system.

Rooted in this wake up, go to work and come back, depressed whilst the top people pretend that they are living but are running and even know they think they can escape themselves and go to Mars.

Such T levels and academia is really rooted also in lack of self belief and depth too. This image plague American insecurity thrust upon us is the real disease, it lacks life, purpose and depth, soul.

Truth is about America, the lands have been raped, contaminated and there is a debt to collect from that. Europeans moving in and wiping them out, history can be buried over, but never forgotten and this truth has been ignored, constantly ignored, but the spirits keep popping up to remind, the energy will never go away, it can't be denied and will eventually come to the surface.

Either way we are faced to grow or don't grow but will be taken regardless. However America is a parasite, a vampire, sucking on the blood of humanity.

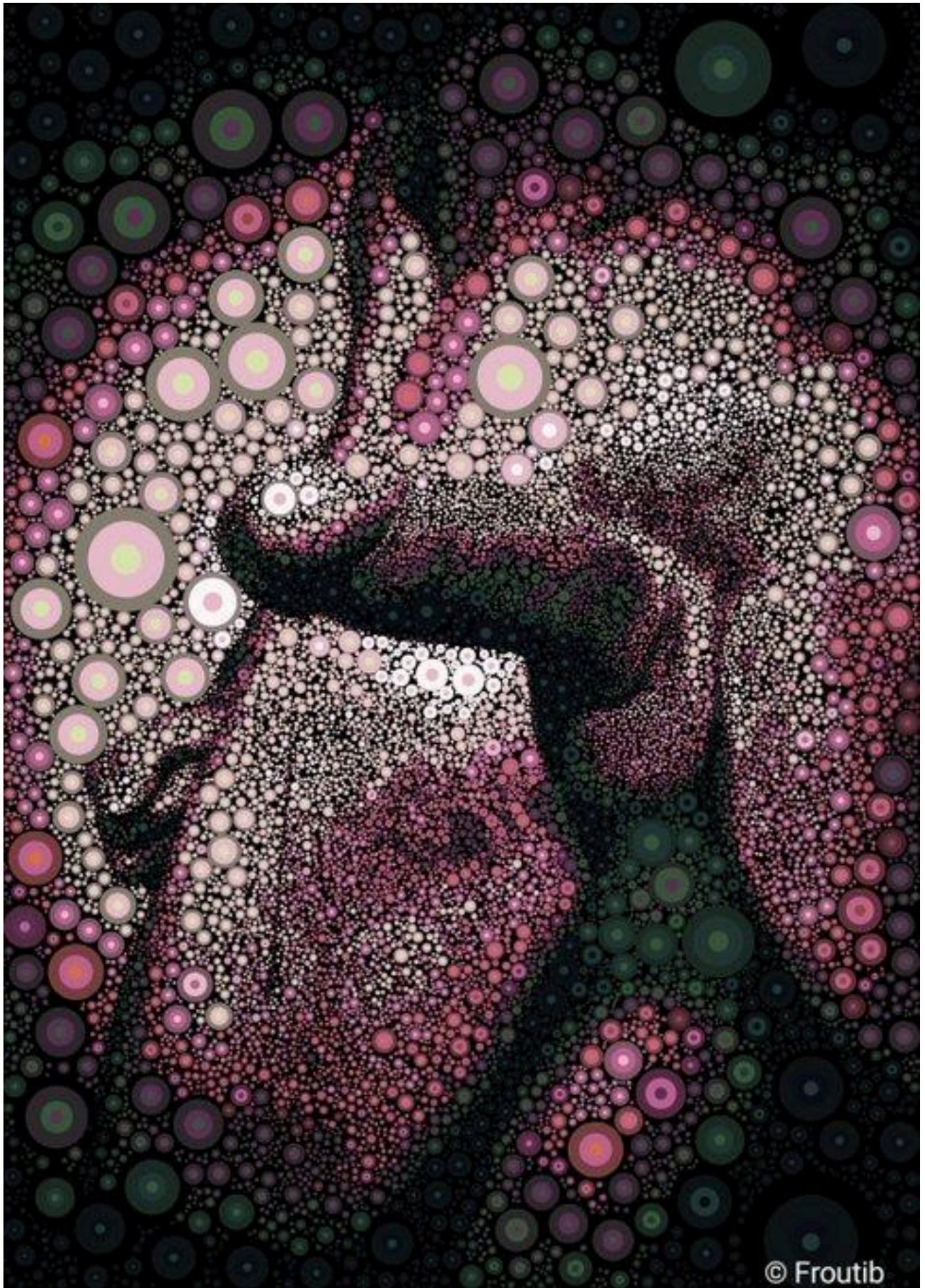
I personally do not think anything good has come out of it but Graf seems to think Poe, Edgar Allan Poe. This is highly questionable and even his majesty is prone to getting it wrong at times, it is very rare but it happens.

The advice given on the internet is unasked for, how to live your life, how you should live your life and how and what is acceptable is the behaviour learned off the parent, fails to see the person as a person, sees them as an object to do what you think they should do, rather than letting them think and choose for themselves.

This advice thrust upon us without boundaries and self respect, but this the American way, creeping and intrusive. The game of shame continues.....continues...



***Nudiste* by FROUTIB**



Baveux by Frouitib



EDEN

by Ernst Graf

An Ernst Graf
Romance

A CONTINUATION OF 'SPHYNX' and 'ELIXIR'
from Issues 41-73 being part III of the same story

CHAPTER 5

MUNICH

Well, finally get a chance to stop and write.

Checked in to the Paris 1923 Hotel Scribe by 440 Friday (the King Edward VII Hotel—the “Dirty Bertie”, traditional home of the Edwardnauts in Paris—closed for refurbishment), and after a very quick shower straight back out again, one outside La Lunette (my waitress not there) then to bank but due to a burst pipe (ominous portent that) they were not able to dispense any money. Up to Chat Noir, poor film downstairs, but upstairs was the middling Anna P— secretary film and the scene I walked into really turned me on, his cock and balls were so big, and the balls were swinging so much. Up to the other bank I knew but the doors were locked! So I knew I would not have enough money to do anything in Sphynx even if I wanted to. Recon only. OK

The Sphynx was actually really good again! As I hoped. Said hello to Jenny and she was so pleased and happy, but oh dear, she is so skinny now. Busy, and with three possibles, a petite black-haired Brazilian with Georgina’s sister the whole time, and a taller one who looked similar who was with the black woman (Katharina’s friend) the whole time, and then the blonde Moroccan Sophia. Knew I would stay and have a good time just ogling those three. Sophia was actually really sweet when I went to piss before leaving as she asked a man to get out of my way so I could pass! Does she like me?? What woman doesn’t!

Into Grand Egg and sexy eye contact with the little Moroccan waitress. Always sexy girls in the Grand Egg. Makes the wait a pleasure.

Out like a light with my lenses still in!

In taxi from Fontainebleau 530am for the 616am train to Munich, where I am now.

Calm enough journey. But the ATM at Frankfurt Airport also gave me a “technical problem” message and would not release any cash! So fucking suspicious. My plans to draw money out are being deliberately thwarted in order to stop me from having any sexual pleasure, I feel sure of it.

Managed to get €100 from other one, and €150 here at Munich Station. 339 already, time flying by. Sleepy so it will be good idea to have a lie down in a minute, then it should be 7ish and time to hit the bar! Tomorrow, Sunday, is for the Wolff restaurant, and a lazy day. This is why I travel—STILL this enthusiasm and enjoyment. I want to go back to travelling ALL THE TIME again, centred around 1923 Paris. Glad I felt no guilt about being in the Sphinx despite black woman being there & surely telling K again. Three girls there last night who I would like to take upstairs if they are there when I go back.

Yes, I want to travel regularly now. Paris 1923 mainly. See how Munich is today to see whether I will be coming back here again or not. Surely never again for Vienna, sadly. My four ‘Cities in the Autumn Stars’ dropping one by one. Munich hanging by a thread but Paris still just about shining.

Hamburg already booked in for 26th September.

One night in Ostend planned.

**

The Eden Wolff has joined my list of loveliest hotels I’ve ever stayed in. Just such a shame Munich is so far to get to (by a train traveller); and such a shame the Atlantic City has been wiped out—the entire block knocked down, along with my former favourite Inter City Hotel, as part of the massive Munich Hauptbahnhof (Central Railway Station) renewal. Anyway, we will see tonight if Boobs is in any way a reasonable replacement for Atlantic City. I will of course try to spend some time in the Erotik World cabins first (the greatest). They are closed tomorrow (being Sunday) so tonight is my only chance on this trip. Tomorrow then? A lazy day spending a long time in the hotel restaurant before a gorgeous Alt Wiener Rostbraten to finish (my favourite meal in the world) then out like a light I expect. An early

night definitely is advisable, as my train back to Paris leaves 412am Monday morning. I prefer travelling at that time—quiet, empty train, much more civilised.

A really nice return to form for Sphynx, after a full arousal in Chat Noir briefly preceding it. This spur of the moment—and therefore super expensive—little four-day trip already feeling fully justified.

About 10 of the most beautiful, sexiest girls I've ever seen in my life were dancers at the Flying Scotsman—yet it always had the reputation of being the scuzziest scummiest strip pub/club in the world—and they weren't wrong; it was also scummy, scuzzy, disgusting—yet it attracted the better girls—for various reasons. Girls who could not get a job at other more BORING AS FUCK establishments, because they had a little bit of puppy fat, or just fat, couldn't speak English, etc etc, were welcomed at the Scotsman. No one got turned down at the Scotsman. I, yes me, am living proof of that. I, too, got a job as a stripper at the Flying Scotsman. I just sent a text message saying “Hi, I'm Barbara from Italy” and got a month's worth of the best shifts in return. Hilarious. One day one volume of my autobiography will document those days at the Flying Scotsman when it was the centre of my life; right now it still seems too recent.

Yes, I am a dedicated drinker, not an alcoholic. An important distinction my ex-wife (star of the Flying Scotsman) stubbornly refused to acknowledge. A talent and real pleasure in drinking—on my days off. I never drink on work days, and indeed love going to work more than anything as it gives me a detox from the drink. Drinking, as Guy Debord agreed, is a real pleasure. Reaching the perfect point of inebriation the greatest thing in life; but of course as soon as you reach it, you go past it. This is the tragedy of life.

I left school at 16 but I would describe myself as highly educated; I am just self-educated; I didn't go to University or College, I educated myself in...different places. Places where you really learn about women and the human condition in general—porn cinemas, and strip pubs, and brothels, and night bars. And

videokabins, of course. I have learnt so much about women in videokabins. Those *Tittenalarm* films were my University.

816pm. On third beer in the bar. Boobs doesn't even open till 9. 'Stumbling In' by Suzy Quatro—always I think of it as the song of me & my ex-wife. First heard this in the bar of the Dorint Hotel in Vienna, a hotel which was also one of my favourites in the world once upon a time but I don't think I will ever return to, as I will not return to Vienna—after the closure of the WSK and move of the Manhattan miles up the Gurtel, and closure of Tete a Tete. Chinese Flu did massive damage to my erotic life. Fucking criminals. It was not even a real plague like the Black Death or Spanish Flu—complete fabrication. And then my Tete a Tete song comes on—'Us Against the World'.

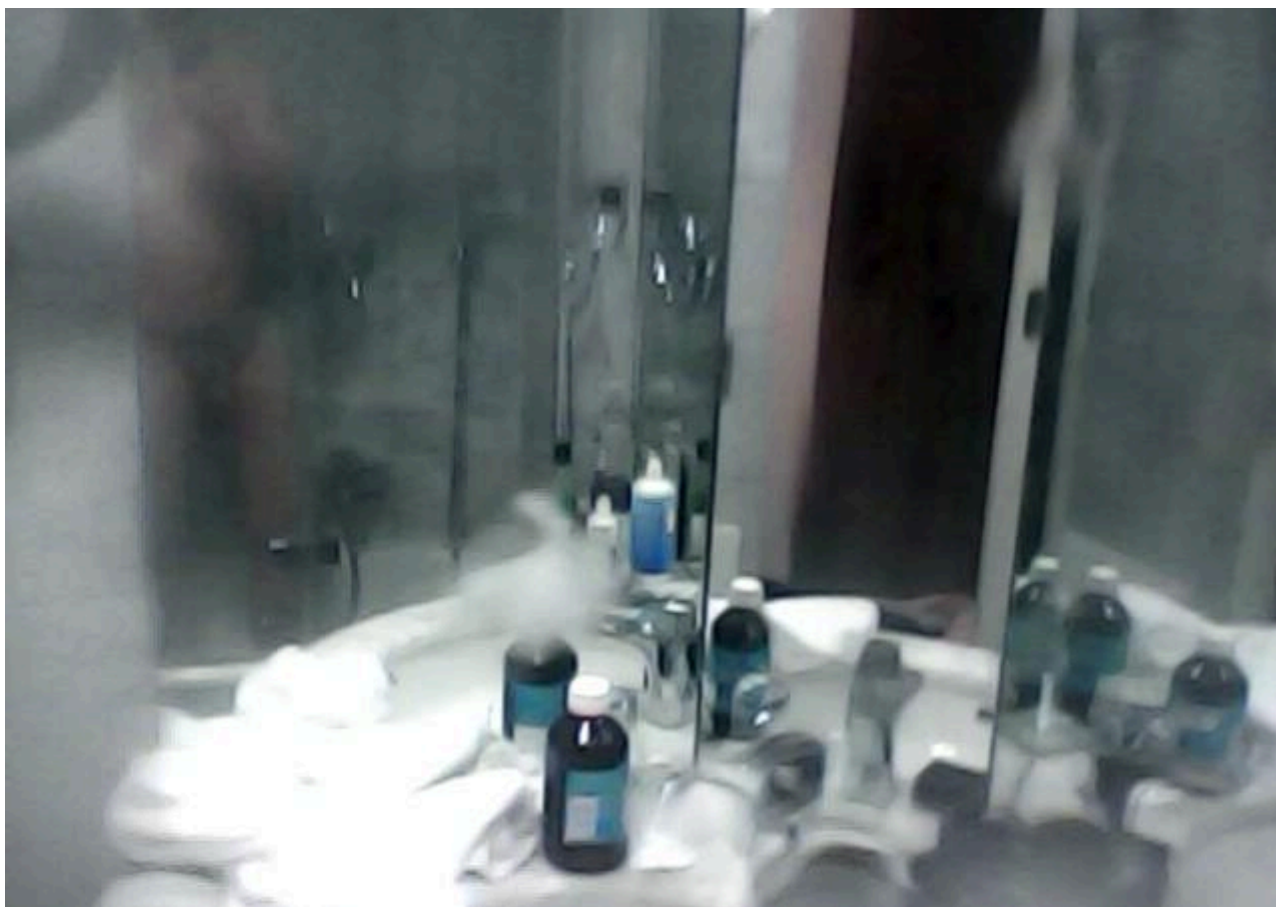
4th beer. 2033. 27 minutes till Boobs—but kabins first.

I will never go to Vienna again—there is no point—but still I am reluctant to delete the Vienna songs from my phone. I can't remember now, did I find any of the other clubs open??? I don't remember any of them. After Excess there was Manhattan, but did I see any other clubs open on the long walk back down?? Christ, did Chinese Flu kill them all? It killed the place in London where I lost my virginity, 61 Dean Street, and my favourite pub, the Calcutta. And WSK in Vienna and Manhattan in Vienna and Tete a Tete in Vienna. Atlantic City in Munich was more down to the station renewal I expect.

The dolly bars (as I call them) of Schillerstraße are completely worthless, expensive drinks for the girls and no sex in return, but I can't help being tempted back to Femina, one last time, as it was the site of one of the legendary nights of my life, 'the Night of the Snow'—mentioned in my *THE COLD ICY AIR OF THE MOUNTAINS* and *A PILGRIM'S TALE*—and means such a lot to me.

Why I love listening to my music while drinking. Every song an intense memory. Sexual memory, yes, in almost every case. Of one kind or another. Will I see one genuinely sexy girl tonight, my Saturday night in Munich?? I already saw three in the Sphynx last night after long miserable decline. Can I find anything tonight in Munich to match the three I saw in the good old Sphynx?

I want every day of my life to be SEXUAL. EROTIC. As EJACULATORY as possible. Are other men like this? It is my drug, and it does not diminish thank God. Without it, I am nothing.



Had my first bath for years here in the Eden Wolff. I just had a messy shit and was going to have a shower to clean myself but the shower here is in the bath and I suddenly thought “why don’t I have a bath?” First bath for years. I felt like Cleopatra or Catherine the Great, such a feeling of luxury to be back in a hot bath again!

Goldfrapp ‘Strict Machine’ (Glitter mix), the song I got my wife to dance to, perhaps the only stripper in the WORLD to dance to this song. Same for Tess Parks’s ‘Somedays’. And Cherry Glazerr’s ‘Ten Dollaz’ etc. Proud of that. Am I also the only man in the world who tips the strippers a fiver a dance if they will dance in bare feet on stage? I quite possibly am.

Jesus Christ my phone is giving me one Vienna song after another—now Charlotte Rampling’s song from *The Night Porter*. Just to mock me, because I have turned away from Vienna,

because I have lost Vienna. Because Vienna has died for me. 5th beer. 905. Boobs should be open by now. Ah Berenice. 'I'm Proud'. An ur-Brussels song.



**

Moralistic people are so viciously selfish. As THEIR morality is set at a particular point on the dial they demand everyone else should conform to that same point. So for example they demand strip clubs, porn cinemas & prostitutes are shut down, only because THEY don't like them.

Whenever I see "normies" passing the open door of a strip club, porn cinema or brothel they always look in with such animated excited smiling laughing faces.

It is a quick thrill for them just to glance in.

"The frisson of being close to corruption".

Being close is not enough.

▶ SCORPIO ♏ EYES ON THE PRIZE 🎩 - Thoth Tarot Reading

▶ Scorpio's 5 Super Human Powers

I cannot wait to get back to 1923 Paris and the Chat Noir cinema and the Sphynx. That says it all. I keep saying they are dead, awful, but I always cannot wait to get back to them.

Not a single update from Katharina since last week. The fact I have returned to the Sphynx for her is the end. A betrayal. It was inevitable.

I cannot be the man she wants. I never can. I have to be what I want to be. What my nature demands I be.

Rampant. Primal. Bestial. Voyeuristic. Exhibitionist. Priapic. Constantly seeking sexual arousal wherever I can. A river cuts its own course. I always feel more sexual desire for women I haven't yet slept with than for those I have already slept with, even if it was only once, even if it was mind-blowingly great. The first time I sleep with a girl is always inevitably the high water mark of the relationship, and it is very very quickly downhill from there. It falls off a cliff once I have shot my disgusting load.

I have had fantastic mind blowing sex with girls, such as Andrea at the Sphynx even, and yet the second time in a bedroom with them I find I am completely unable to even get an erection. Complete flaccidity. It is that bad. Take one of the other girls up to the same bedroom, and I am hard and strong and potent once again.

I always have to have new flesh. It is not a choice, it is just what I have discovered. Your penis never lies. If it is hard as iron first time with a sexy as fuck girl, but flaccid on the second time, then what can you do? You just have to walk away, move on to the next, and the next.

You have to be ruthless, and just end it. Prolonging the agony does not help anyone. The last four, five times I went up to the Sphynx bedroom with K I was unable to maintain or in the end even GET an erection. It was that bad. But on the last few visits I sit in the same bar and get an erection in my trousers just sitting close to one of the other girls, not even remotely as sexy or nubile or beautiful as K, but she is new. Once the horse has bolted it will never come back.

Once I have ejaculated with a girl, I can never sleep with her again. It is literally physically impossible.



CHAPTER 6

CAFÉ CENTRAL

1245 in the Café Central, restaurant of the Eden Wolff. Sunday in Munich. Really nothing to do but drink, eat, sleep. The kabins don't even open today; apparently the dolly bars of Schillerstraße DO open but that won't be till 9pm at the earliest and with a 4am train taking me away in the morning, I think I should give that a miss.

So, Saturday night in Munich. A quite revelatory night. Enough to make me come back to Munich any time soon? Probably not but it has kept Munich's little flame just about flickering. After five beers in the fireplace bar—the Kaminbar—I

left around 930pm to the kabins of Erotik World. Must have been in the kabins more than an hour, hour 15 or so (with my bottle of baby oil), as the man was calling out to me just before 11 that they were closing now, and asking if I was “OK?” “Never better!” I squawked with rather an unnaturally high-pitched voice through the door as I attempted the near impossible task of getting my huge oily cock back inside my tight trousers and getting the fly done up. With bulge in my pants I headed back to Schillerstraße thinking to head all the way to Boobs in Dachauerstraße but then saw big queue of lads going in Bad Angel. “At least I won’t be the only man in there this time” I thought, and followed them in. Wow it was packed. 20-30 girls and similar number of men; a few women in attendance with their boyfriends. Before going back to my hotel, I thought I must give Femina a try, scene of my infamous ‘Night of the Snow’ encounter with Emily and the disastrous ripping of the leather couch, and blow me this was packed as well! Even more packed than Bad Angel if anything. 20-30 girls and at least that number of men. Normally when I come in there are 7 or 8 bored looking girls and I the only customer. That is why I avoid it. Perhaps it is like that every other night of the week and it is only Saturday the place comes alive. In which case if I do return to Munich, it will definitely be on a Friday or Saturday. But—did I see a single girl who turned me on? No. I was flat, sodden, saturated with drink anyway, like a drowned rat, but even if I hadn’t been, there was no one for me. When Atlantic City was knocked down I thought that is the end of striptease in Munich but I couldn’t be more wrong! On the way back from Femina to the hotel I saw a busty blonde in black dress smoking with colleague in the Cabaret Imperial doorway, and she, from a distance, was perhaps the only really sexy girl I saw all night, but there was no way I could drink anymore, so I kept walking. Next time—if there is one—I will try Imperial and Stardust and Candy Bar. If Bad Angel and Femina are this ‘good’ on a Saturday night perhaps those places are too. So, revelatory night; game changer probably no.

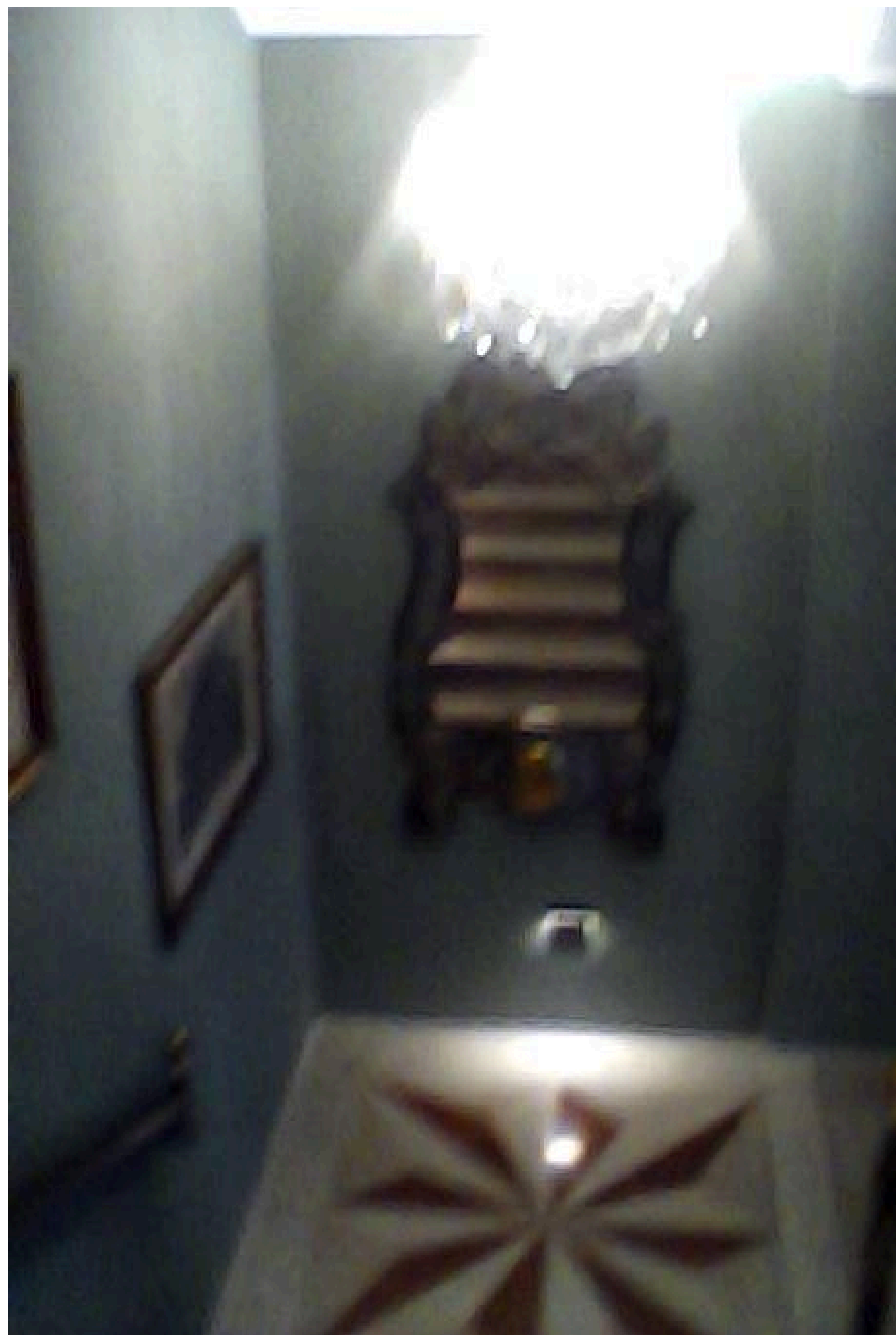
So randy now though, surely I can actually fuck someone in Paris tomorrow before my return home? So long since I had sex actually. So long since I’ve seen anyone I fancied enough, but the Sphynx has returned to some kind of form and Friday night has

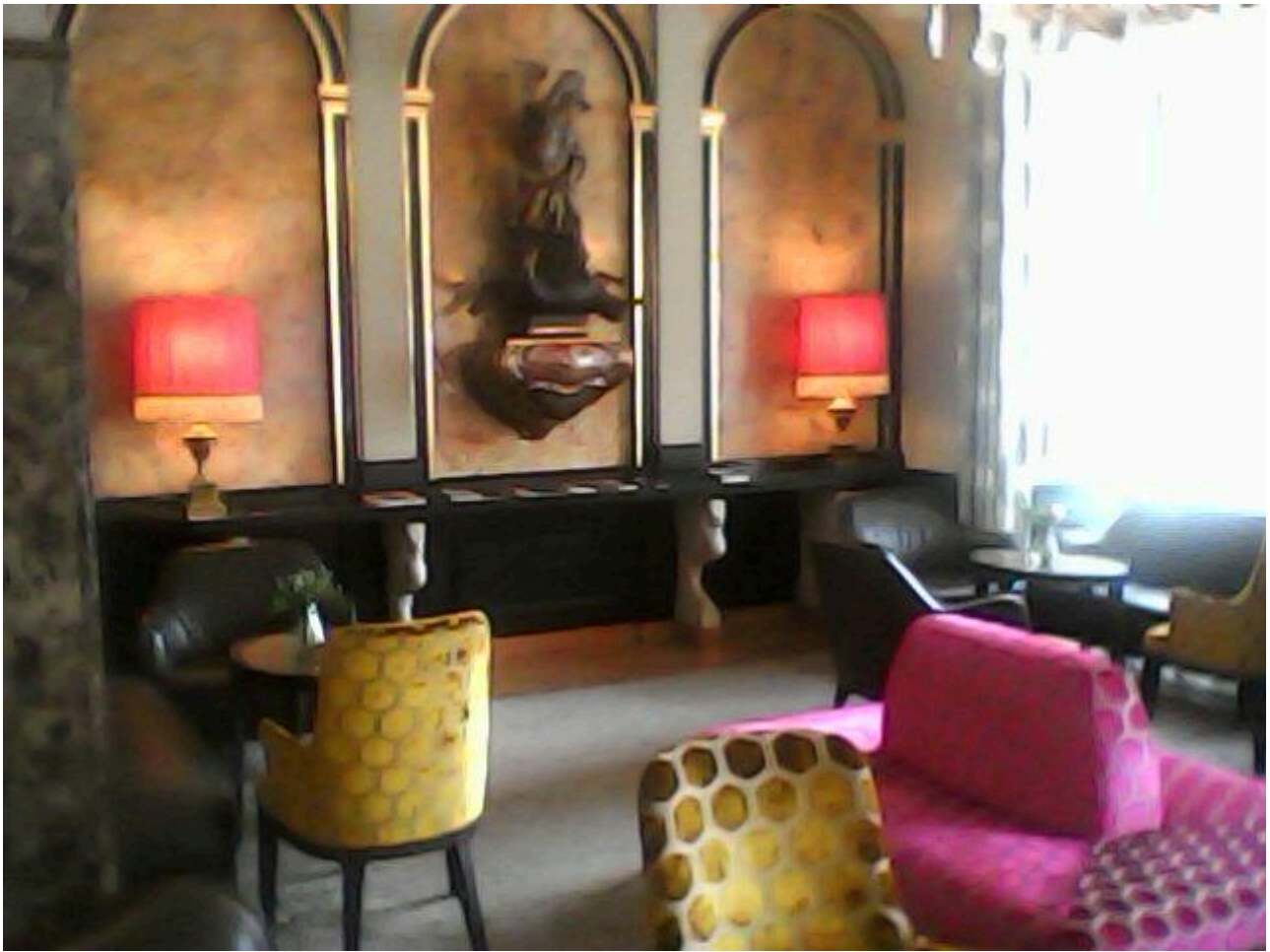
restored some optimism. Of course Friday night is the best night at the Sphinx, so Monday will probably be dire again (though it was on a Monday night that I first met Katharina) but fingers crossed there will be SOMEONE for me to focus my horny eyes on. But—an enjoyable trip nonetheless. Massively expensive but who cares? I don't care anymore. I do not weigh my trips against cost, I just regard them as a race against Time. Before the WEF lizard overlords destroy our lives completely, and/or I die of a heart attack, myocarditis, whatever. I don't think I have long left so the cost of these trips does not bother me at all now—it is just essential that I take them.

Yes, a quiet lazy boring Sunday in Munich but how happy I am to have a last night in Paris to look forward to. I can draw eroticism from a stone. A gentleman finds aphrodisiacs in the stoniest ground. It is more than anything a state of mind, & I have to keep myself in that priapic erotic state of mind all the time. Another uber cute little Asian perhaps Vietnamese waitress here in the Café Central, with spectacles so thick that I can't tell if she is speaking to me or not. Like looking at a girl through a goldfish bowl; I still wouldn't say no though. And she is less than 5ft tall as well. 110. I'd rather not go out tonight for a late return to Cabaret Imperial in Schillerstraße (where I saw the blonde) as I'd rather keep myself in a little bit of a good shape for my last day in Paris.

In 1923 Paris you can fuck the girls, in Munich you cannot. An important difference to always bear in mind. 'Pornojoy' plays on my phone as I write these words, song I heard on my TV in my Inter City hotel room during my Munich golden age of 2003. This was before I 'discovered' the greater delights of Berlin and Vienna. But Berlin and Vienna are completely finished for me now—Chinese Flu the last nail in the coffin for Vienna, sadly, so it pretty much leaves me with 1923 Paris only now—depending on what I find in Hamburg in a couple of weeks.

Amsterdam and Hamburg were the two great unresolved questions I had. Amsterdam was a massive disappointment. Like a theme park of sex rather than a real down and dirty place for drug dependent pornotopia; hopefully Hamburg will have a 'realness' about it, rather than just tourist trap. There is also the small query I have about Zurich. One for next year perhaps, if I'm still here by then.





Not enjoying these beers today. Still sodden like a drowned rat from last night really, and subconsciously wanting to restrain myself to keep myself *compos menti* for Paris tomorrow. Still I look forward to that meal.

A red or yellow tulip on every table. I have a red one.

If I am out of the restaurant by 3 and don't arrive in Paris till midday tomorrow, that gives me 21 hours alcohol-free to recover a bit.

120pm. Only three other tables now occupied. Incredible that I saw 20-30 girls in both Bad Angel and Femina and not one I like. You always try to find one little diamond. That big blonde in the Cabaret Imperial door will trouble my thoughts until I go back. But I really don't think I can come all this way again. It is too tiresome.

A lady in her 60s at the table to my right, peroxide blonde Louise Brooks bob but the bangs at the front jet black. Stylish. Imagine her as a 20 year old rather than 60—sex bomb. This restaurant was quite the place for Munich high society from the 1890s onward. Every one of the world's great & famous dined

here when they were in town, that whole society that died in the Second World War. But, here I am, Ernst Graf, resurrecting it.

Oh wow, just looked up from my Eden Wolff notepaper and my eyes have suddenly reached that perfect point where my vision is now crystal clear and I can see with perfect clarity for about 100 miles.

Nothing. Nothing at all from Katharina since Thursday. My return to the Sphinx Friday has killed that stone dead. Well, good, if I ultimately refused to let Q control my behaviour when I was living with her I'm sure not going to let a Brazilian girl in Brazil do it. The sooner she accepts what I am the better for us all. I do not wish to be cured of my addictions, or my obsessions, or my habits. I have not got long left and I want to go all out with this now. As lovable and amazing as she is, and she genuinely is. Again, you find the diamonds in the lowest places. You just have to keep going and keep trying. Spin your balls on the roulette wheel a thousand times for that one night when you win. Meeting K was a win. Extraordinary young woman. Finally an update—

Marido meu nunca vai reclamar de tédio, todo dia vai passar um inferno diferente. (My husband will never complain of boredom, every day will be a different hell).

How much money have I sent to K now? 800, 200, 200, 200, perhaps 1500 or so but I don't regret a penny of it, if I could give some small help to that amazing girl. And particularly I am proud to have enabled her to escape her Paris hell, her Paris trap, both her legs caught in the trap. Without me she would, realistically, never have been able to get out of it. I did a good thing in my life there. Now me returning to the Sphinx will sadden her, maybe anger her, but I have my life to live. I do what I can for her, but living like a saint is not going to happen.

Did I draw any erotic excitement from being in Femina and Bad Angel and seeing those girls show me their boobs and just at the end, a brief flash of buttocks or pussy? No, none whatsoever. More excitement was had just ogling those girls sitting in the bar around me in the Sphinx Friday night.

Headache gathering after just 3 beers. I press on. This is my courage.

As always I feel the lack of a music channel here in my Munich (or Paris) hotel keenly.



‘You don’t know how to love me when you’re sober’ Selena Gomez. It’s true. I can feel no passion for any woman without drink. The passion only comes with the drink. A curse? A problem? No, it’s just different. It’s just my nature. It’s the way it is. My river cuts its course, your river cuts your course.

Munich feels like a backwater now, when once it was the centre of my life—for a few months in 2003. Even Vienna has now become a backwater; as has Berlin. But Berlin is a backwater where I live and earn my money to enable me to rush to Paris, and Hamburg, perhaps Zurich. Hamburg will be an interesting new experience? Paris 1923 now the motherlode, for better or worse. I take it as it comes. London feels like a backwater now—since the death of Soho—and Soho died when the last porn cinema died.

The new older waiter has an absolutely classic German face. A real Munich face. Incredible that in this 21st century globalised world, nationalities still retain their unique physiognomies. If I met this waiter anywhere in the world I would guess he was German, and maybe even from Munich. I usually recognise

Americans by their clothes, a less stylish nation does not exist on this Earth. Their clothes are just so bland, inappropriate, in an elegant restaurant in just T-shirt and shorts. No sartorial elegance to Americans whatsoever. This is a sweeping generalisation of course, and people who make sweeping generalisations are usually idiots.

Voila.

Here I am.

NEXT WEEK—RANDY AS STOATS

ENDNOTES

Your Editor Ernst Graf—A cultured man with a passion for opera & European pornography [Marquis de Yellow Pill / X](#) and [My Books](#)

Rodney Blakeston—[verybigcity](#), e-Book by [Rodney Blakeston](#)

Chad Calland—Lover of BOOKS, History, Ex-military, Ex Private defence contractor Jungian Psychology, Shamanism, Occult, Knowledge. Amazon books [Tales of Marquess du Rouge and Becoming a Man](#)

DforDoom—Cult movies, classic movies, horror, cult tv of the 60s & 70s, vintage genre fiction [Classic Movie Ramblings](#) & [Cult Movie Reviews](#) & [Vintage Pop Fictions](#) and [D4doome / X](#)

Froutib— Man, 49, erotic art lover. Art is sublimation of life. Life is Art. I  the beauty of curves and sensuality of forms, without perversity...   [Froutib / X](#)

COVER PHOTO: Chad Calland

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