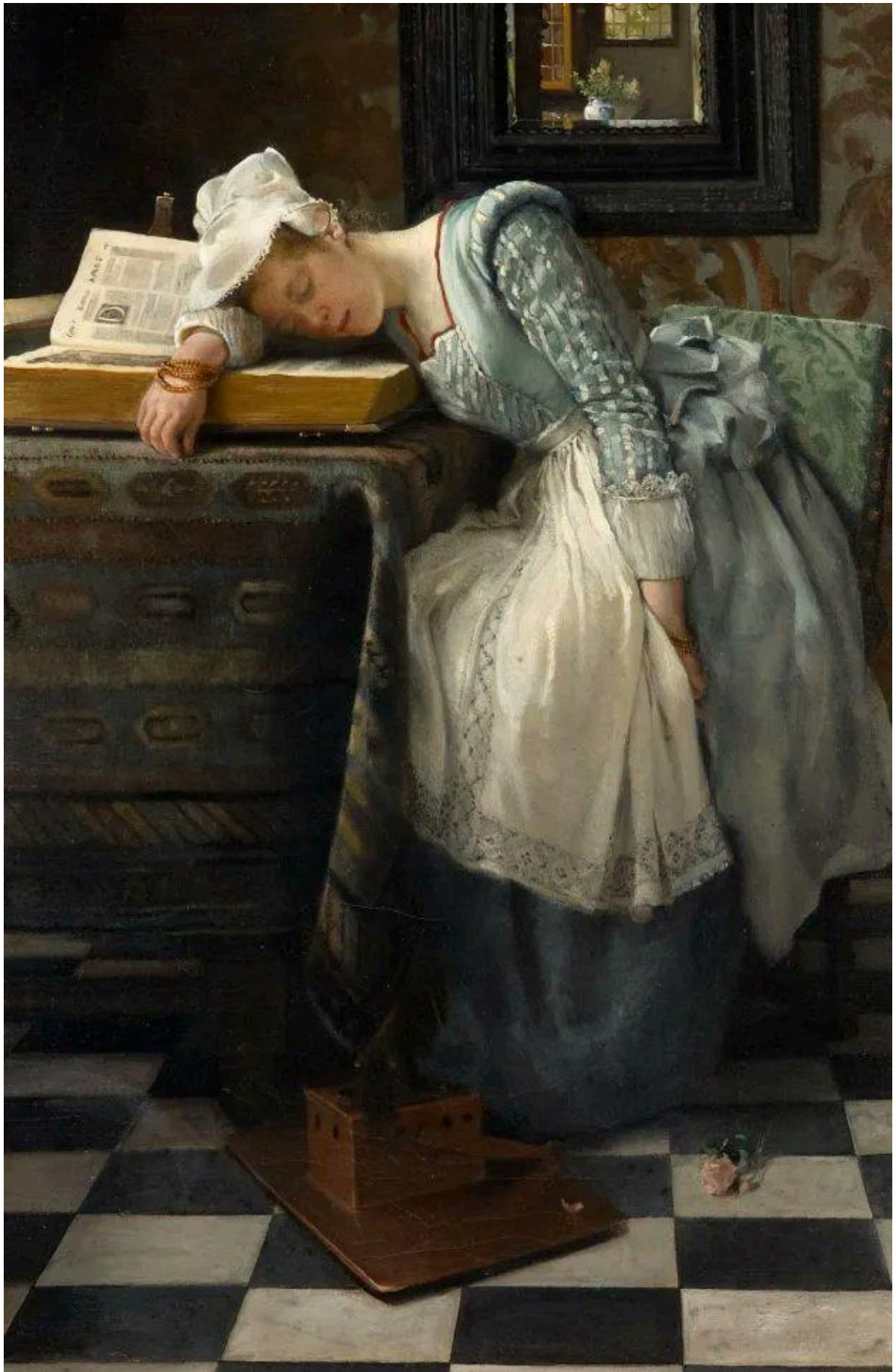




PENIC ILL IN

No. **91**

LONDON
November
2023



A Satisfied Penicillin Reader* (1876) by Laura Theresa Alma-Tadema aka *A World of Dreams

RAMPANT ROGER

The Priapic Prime Minister

By T. Francis

Chapter-7 continued

Roger left Tallulah's and, rather than getting Paulie to drive him back to Downing Street, he decided to walk instead. While the temperature remained brisk for April it was beautifully sunny, and Leicester Square looked cheerful, with happy tourists wandering around slowly, enjoying the sights and sounds of a perfect London afternoon.

The circumstances of the women's deaths were extremely unusual, it was true, and Roger could hardly comprehend the coincidence—if it was one—of a King Tech van crashing into them. On the other hand, perhaps a form of poetic justice had been served by the universe? After all, what more fitting fate could he imagine for his tormentors other than that they be eliminated by a van carrying such erotically-charged cargo?

Roger, wig and sunglasses on, strode happily towards Trafalgar Square, and then down The Mall and Horse Guards Parade until he reached Downing Street where he ran upstairs to the flat, intending to treat himself to another little mid-afternoon drink in celebration.

Entering the kitchen, he saw Caprice sitting at the table, looking through what appeared to be a sample book containing fabrics of many contrasting hues.

'Hello darling,' he said, kissing her on the forehead before moving to the drinks cabinet and extracting from it a nice, expensive bottle of Royal Salute 38-year-old whiskey.

‘Hi Roger,’ she said, screwing up her nose as she flicked through the samples and wrote up notes neatly in her Filofax. ‘I wanted to ask, which of these do you prefer: the lime green or the mint green?’

Roger took a sip of his drink and came over to have a look.

‘What for?’ he asked.

‘The curtains in the spare room,’ she said. ‘I’m having a lot of difficulty deciding.’

Roger stared down at the two competing shades.

‘That one looks a little like a Slush Puppy,’ he said, indicating the lime green.

‘Really? I rather like that one.’

‘Well choose it then, darling!’

He drank more, and felt a welcome warm magnanimity flood through him. Now, released from his difficulties, he could afford to be indulgent, even generous, as far as Caprice’s fancies were concerned.

‘Do you really think so, darling?’ she said, turning to look up at him, and she pouted so cutely that he could not restrain himself from kissing her.

‘Of course,’ he said. ‘You’re the design genius here, not me! You’re the one with a flair for colour, style, fashion! All the magazines say so.’

It was true. Since they’d been engaged, Caprice had become something of a favourite of the style press, with features on her appearing in Tatler, Vogue, The Sunday Times’ Style Magazine, Marie Claire and so on. This was all very pleasing, but she had not yet been lauded for her interior design skills, and her ambition was that the flat should be featured in Homes & Gardens before the year was out.

‘Curtains are such an important part of a room’s overall composition, don’t you think, darling?’ she said.

‘Oh, absolutely,’ said Roger. ‘Curtains? You can’t do without a decent pair. Essential!’

‘Which made me think,’ she continued. ‘About getting our curtains specially designed.’

‘Oh yes,’ said Roger absently. While he was fine with humouring a discussion on curtains up to a certain point, he wasn’t keen to get into the weeds of the issue.

‘Yes dear! After all, you are the Prime Minister.’

‘Indeed!’

‘And we wouldn’t want such an important man to have inferior curtains, now would we?’ She said this last part in that sing-song, childish voice she always used when she wanted to convince him of something (and which he had always found so adorable).

‘Erm, no, I suppose not.’

‘Fantastic. I knew you’d agree, darling! Which is precisely why I’ve commissioned Lang Lang to curate the curtains throughout the apartment.’

“Curate”, darling? Whatever do you mean? And who the hell is Lang Lang?’

‘You’re so funny!’ she said. ‘Lang Lang is a very famous designer. His studio is in Dalston. He’s made dresses for everyone—Lady Gaga, Amanda Holden, Queen Camilla. And he’s such a sweetheart you wouldn’t believe it.’

‘And you want him, erm, “curating” our curtains?’

‘Yes, my sweet. We must ensure that the curtains throughout the apartment are coherent, mustn’t we? That there’s a flow in the sequence of the curtains we select.’

‘Erm. Well, I must confess I’d never really thought about it before.’

‘Oh darling, you are silly, aren’t you?’

‘Erm, I...’

‘You will absolutely LOVE Lang Lang! He is the sweetest you will ever meet. Did you know he identifies as a pansexual-objectophile?’

‘What in heaven’s name is that?’

‘It means that he can fall in love with any person, regardless of their gender, or any object.’

‘Any object?’

‘Yes. For example, after a recent trip to Slovakia, Lang Lang fell deeply in love with Luton Parkway Railway Station.’

‘What?’

‘Yes,’ she said, sighing. ‘It only lasted a few months though, and then Lang Lang broke it off. He’s so suspicious that he finds it hard to be in anything long term. It’s actually very sad.’

‘Heartbreaking,’ agreed Roger.

‘One positive,’ she said. ‘He’s receiving therapy for the trauma he’s carrying.’

‘I’m very glad to hear it,’ said Roger.

‘It’s generational trauma,’ explained Caprice. ‘His childhood was perfectly happy, but it turns out that his great-great-grandmother identified as a Cocker Spaniel. However, because of the conservative attitudes of the time she was unable to become her true self. Terrible, isn’t it?’

Roger agreed that it was indeed a most unfortunate state of affairs.

‘But I say, you’ve really hired this chap? What if he, you know, develops uncontrollable lust for the Aga, or the Smeg fridge. Or the Nespresso machine? What the hell do we do then?’

‘Oh darling, you’re so silly sometimes! Lang Lang is a consummate professional, he’d never do something like that! Anyway, that’s what your little fiancée has been busying herself with today! How about you? I suppose you have lots of super-serious affairs of state to attend to?’

‘I have a meeting with Bill downstairs shortly to go through the diary,’ he replied. But at the mention of Bill, Caprice screwed up her nose.

‘Bill? Oh, he’s such a terrible bore! Have you ever thought that, just maybe, it’s about time that chap retired?’

‘Whatever do you mean?’

‘Well, he seems so old now darling. He’s been in the job for a very long time. Perhaps he might be happier with a... slightly easier pace.’

‘Caprice, he’s the same age as me! You don’t like him?’

At this Caprice laughed.

‘Oh, no! It’s nothing like that. You’re different, darling. You’re a *young* oldie! I’m only thinking of what’s best for Bill. And as it happens, I know just the chap who might be willing to replace him. His name’s Tom. A very talented guy I know from Oxford.’

‘Thank you, darling, but I believe Bill is quite happy where he is for the time being. Anyway, I’ve known him a long time. And Mycroft vouches for him, which is saying something.’

Once again, Caprice screwed up her pretty little nose.

‘Oh, your brother is so beastly,’ she said. ‘I know we’ve discussed this before but I just find him very difficult to spend time with.’

‘He’s not everyone’s cup of tea,’ agreed Roger.

‘There’s something... scaly about him. Something of the night. Oh Roger, I know he’s your brother, but you really should spend less time with him. He’s a bad influence.’

This was a step too far, even for Roger.

‘Darling, as you say, he’s my brother. We have a bond. Since childhood. I can’t just drop him, and I won’t. I... well, you know, he’s my brother.’

Caprice looked crestfallen.

‘It’s your decision, of course,’ she said. ‘But sometimes, when he has that cold look in his eyes, I really don’t think he has your best interests at heart.’

Roger snorted.

‘Of course he does, my sweet. Blood is thicker than water and all that. Listen, you keep working on the curtains and I’ll go downstairs and see what needs to be done to keep this bloody country running for another day, OK?’

TO BE CONTINUED





DOWNTOWN

Part 3

By Rodney Blakeston

Extract from VERY BIG CITY

A public information film about the post-war rebuilding of Glasgow: planners point the stems of their pipes at a map revealing the undesirable density of central Glasgow and describing the way in which this is to be alleviated by an even spread throughout the whole city. The Abercrombie plans for London in the 1940s enshrine an early attack on density; the *Model for Bermondsey* (1943) is a chillingly vacuous suburbanization of a dense, central zone of London. But the anti-density lobby really came into its own in the 1960s with The Greater London Development Plan and other projects.

Density is "bad". Idealistic city planners abhor it because of their insistence on space, light etc. Health workers find it unhygienic. The police hate it because it breeds crime and impedes (in its labyrinthine escape routes) the detection of the criminal. The State does not like it because it breeds political insurrection; indeed this was one of the main motives behind Haussmann's disembowelling of medieval Paris, and the rationale behind his wide boulevards (which have,

interestingly enough, became a perfect and generously spacious theatre for political protest in the twentieth century.)

Certainly there were grave problems with the density that resulted from sheer poverty, the kind of thing described by Mayhew in *London Labour and the London Poor*, as depicted by Dore in his views of London. Certainly the old Glasgow tenements did not harbour families as happy as the cartoon strip Broons. But there is nothing wrong per se with levels of density, as Tokyo and New York can show us; true there is an apparent density that shocks us on our visits to cities of the third world; but, as Germaine Greer points out in *Sex and Destiny*, we may actually be dealing with another problem here, of our own making: the crowdedness of the Indian city may alarm us but, Greer suggests, probably because it is a crowd of the poor and, above all, the brown.

I have never experienced the full shock of density as I did in India. In the market lanes and streets of Kalbadevi, Bombay or parts of Calcutta, in Cairo or Rio even I have felt faint at the press of people and traffic, the sheer impaction of human presence and activity; this could, to an anti-urban zealot, be seen as incontrovertible evidence of that great fear of the late twentieth century: over-population. But high concentration of population in cities, and in particular corners of cities is an entirely notional illusion of over-population. I feel nothing sinister, dangerous in it, nothing that is in itself ominous. I like density, like the press of people in the street, in the buses, almost always a mutually protective press.

Even ecologically density is a good thing. Paulo Solari writes: "Life is where crowding is immense. Death comes when the system uncrowds...No eco-thinking can ignore the miracle of crowded living. To do so is to indulge in incoherent fantasizing. Worse it is to betray Gaia."

The density of the city has a centripetal force that pulls you in. Be it bumping into Naples on a charter flight, buffeted cruelly by turbulence, or in the train from Rome describing the long final arc around the suburbs of the city, with the chimneys of Montedison chemical works burning like satanic candles against the hazy profile of Vesuvius...But best of all the arrival in Naples by boat at dusk, from Capri or Ischia, seeing first a

simple grey band of land which, as we approach, unravels into subtler striations: foreground, middleground, distant hills. The texture of these bands becomes more granulated, resolving itself into discernible buildings, the evocatively underlit glass dome of the Galleria rising like a moon above the crenellations of the Castel Nuovo. And as we inch into the port the colour and clangour of the whole preposterous city breaks through and possesses us.

Flying down to Rio: One of the airports in Rio de Janeiro (Santos Dumont) is very close to the centre, closest really to the image, beloved of city planners in the 20s and 30s, (the unplayful Le Corbusier no exception to the trend): an urban sky dotted with planes, settling with the utmost lightness on the roofs of baroque skyscrapers. A beautiful image albeit technologically unfeasible. But to fly in to the Dumont airstrip gives one actually the feeling very much of the 30s image of the air travel, so close it is to the centre. Let us come in on one of those silver planes, whose propellers whirled until 1993; let's *Fly Down to Rio*: Our plane banks over Ipanema and Copacabana, glittering modern condominiums, hotels like ramparts flanking miles of dazzling beach alive with the pullulation of tiny bodies (for Cariocas do not loll on the beach with a book)

There is something powerfully apocalyptic about the view, as if half the population of the great city had swarmed from its rat-holes and crevices summoned en masse to the foot of the Atlantic crashing in onto the sands, as if awaiting, alert some Spielbergian visitation. Several times I have come into the city in this route and I have sometimes felt almost physically sick at the beauty of it, and not just the beauty; I am moved to tears just at the thought of humanity, massed humanity at the ocean's edge.

My brother in-law drives us to Duxford Aerodrome, where the great hangars house a B52 Stratofortress, an Avro Lancaster, an English Electric Canberra, a Concorde. But we eye our 1940s Dragon Rapide biplane with circumspection, for it is (weather permitting...and that's worrying for a start!) going to take us to (or rather over) London. It looks very small and wobbly. I have brought my opera glasses (not quite Biggles I guess) for our tour of the capital. We check out our six fellow passengers (a bit overweight surely?). There is much Dunkirkian banter with our pilot (I'm a bit worried about that

C&A blouson). I am worried too by the camp little man checking the fuel with a calibrated wooden rod thrust into the tanks. Once we have squeezed in I find myself next to the door, which has been reassuringly made secure by a length of rope.

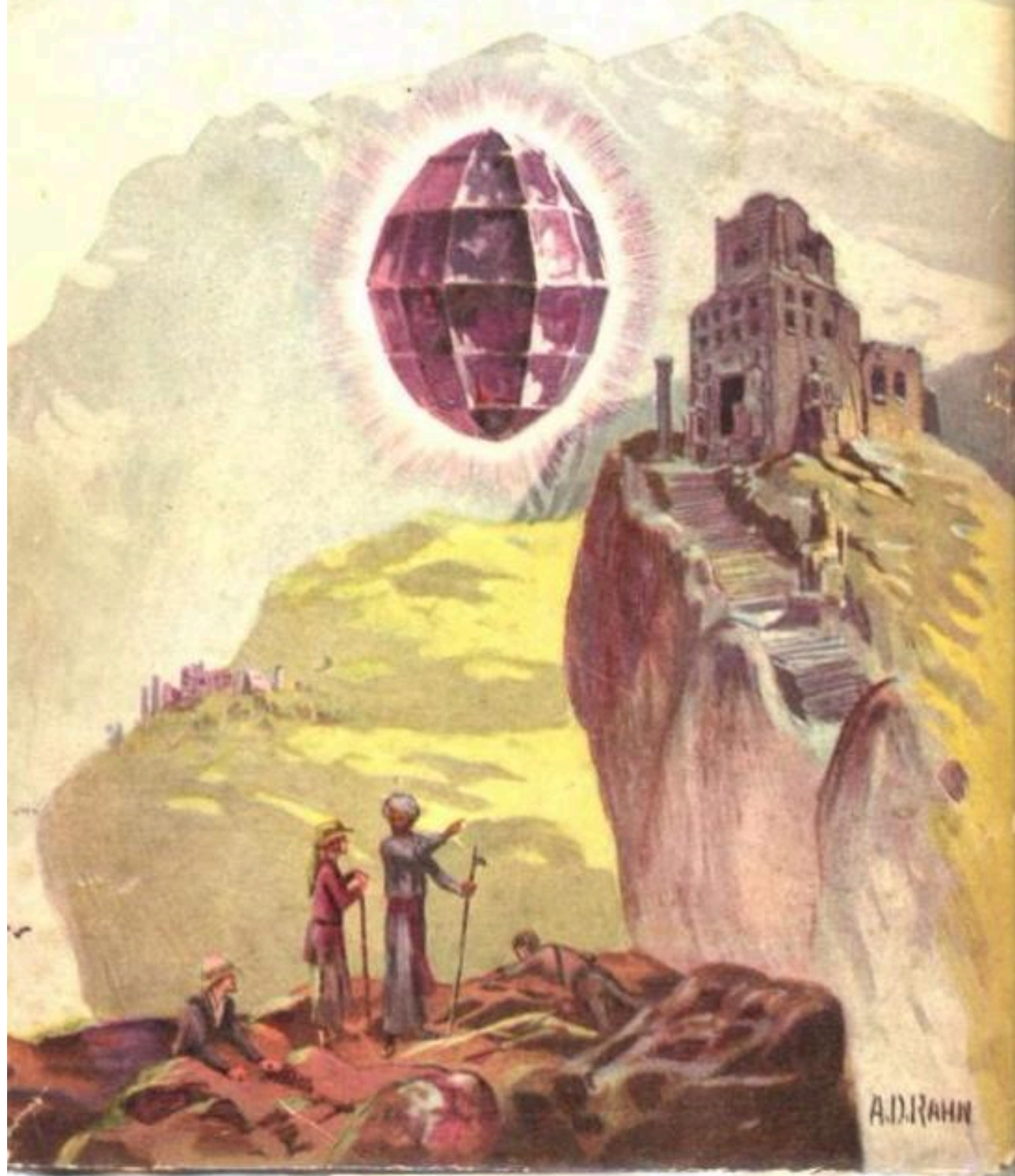
We totter aloft, level out at no very great height and beat our way Londonwards. And this is the nice thing: you never actually approach a city by air when you fly in an airliner; you descend on it from meta space and 20 miles out of town. But here we were churning and chugging our way towards London and actually watching it loom up on the horizon...first (still at a good 35 miles) the Dome; then a tiny but dazzling wedge of light, one of the facets of the Canary Wharf complex. Then at twenty five miles tiny intimations of the great wen begin to click into view: the PO Tower, Tower 42, Euston Tower, until, and slowly the whole city begins to fill itself in, item by item. And suddenly there we are wobbling and lurching in the (surely interdicted?) airspace above the City Airport and in the flightpath, surely, of planes descending into Heathrow? Well never mind; obviously the pilot knows what's what...(then again...that blouson....).

Anyhow we chunter around over London...spectacular views, of course, but's that not really the point, the point is that we are churning up here in this little bolide and then going to wobble off home again to the provinces leaving this mighty vision untouched, unlanded-on: exquisite aerial foreplay and then enough and Biggles-like back to base. A sweet and improbable memory.

But the thrill is no less, coming into London more prosaically. This obsession is not about beauty; it is deeper than that, even on the meanest little station hopper, or from Gatwick airport. Oh the thrill of being sucked into the real tentacular city (for wherever the Belgian poet Emile Verhaeren imagined his "villes tentaculaires" to be in 1895, the first real octopus was London). I love to feel pulled inexorably into this, the most attenuated, mournful, doom-laden city in history, to feel cling around me that grimy, unhealthy quality of London, the sallow but intense sexuality of the city, to feel the profound despondency of its interminable suburbs, to see the rain-wet streets glisten like PVC. Rain and neon: made for each other.)

TO BE CONTINUED

The PURPLE SAPPHIRE



THE PURPLE SAPPHIRE

(1924)

by John Taine

Reviewed by D4Doom

John Taine's *The Purple Sapphire* is a 1924 lost world adventure tale.

John Taine was a pseudonym used by mathematician Eric Temple Bell (1883-1960) for his science fiction writing.

General Wedderburn, a rather pompous English officer, approaches American gem dealer and adventurer John Ford with a proposal. The general wants Ford and his niece (and partner) Rosita to find his daughter Evelyn. She disappeared thirteen years earlier, at the age of eight, and the general suspects his servant Singh of some involvement in the disappearance. Ford informs the general that he is not in the business of finding lost children.

Then General Wedderburn shows him something that changes his mind. It is the most extraordinary sapphire he has ever seen. If Ford can find Evelyn he will also find a lot more such sapphires. The general is convinced that Evelyn is somewhere in the unexplored wilds of Tibet, and that those sapphires are to be found in the same place.

The general has a vital clue - a half-dead man who also has such a sapphire in his possession. This wretched wreck of a man turns out to be another English officer by the name of Joicey, a man thought to have been dead for many years.

Joicey slowly recovers his strength and his sanity. He knows where the sapphires come from because he has been there. It is the land once

inhabited by the Great Race, whose knowledge of science was so far in advance of our own that it beggars belief. Their descendants still live there although almost all of their ancient knowledge has been lost. It was a perilous journey to that land and an even more perilous journey back but it can be done. He has never seen Evelyn Wedderburn but he has reason to believe that she is safe and well. He also knows something about the mysterious Singh. Singh was a descendant of the Great Race.

Ford, Rosita and Joicey set off to repeat Joicey's earlier journey. They do indeed find a lost world and the remnants of a lost civilisation and they slowly piece together the history of that civilisation and of the disaster that befell it.

The descendants of the Great Race have lost most of their ancient knowledge but they hope to regain it and the three adventurers are also rather attracted by the idea of unlocking the Great Race's ancient secrets.

The motivations of the three adventurers are complex. They certainly hope to return with a bag full of sapphires but there's also a sincere desire to rescue Evelyn Wedderburn. There's also a lust for both knowledge and adventure. They are somewhat unscrupulous but also strangely decent. They rely on cleverness rather than violence. They don't mind using deceit.

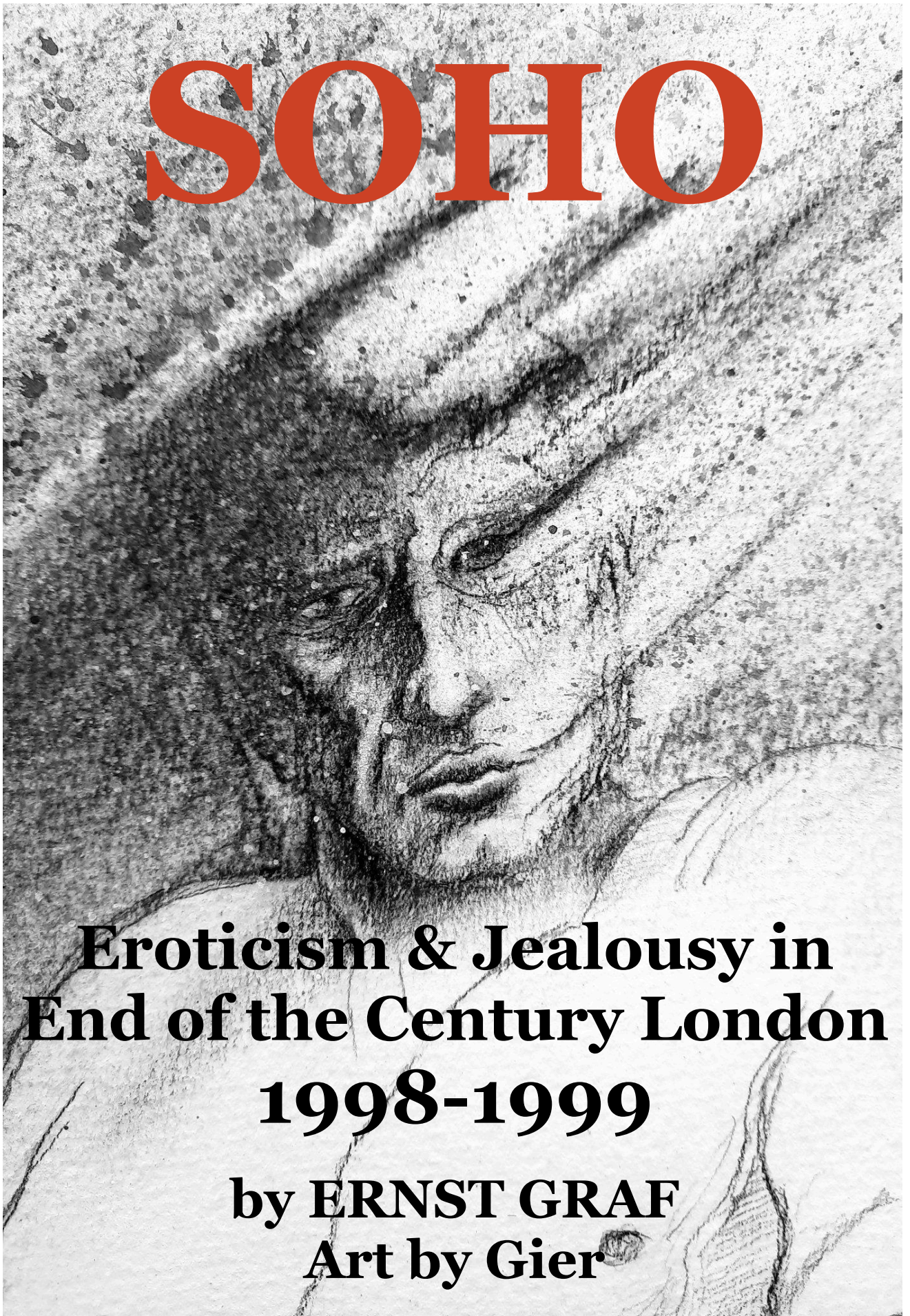
This is a lost world that is certainly no utopia. It's a priest-ridden society in which there is no actual religion, just superstition. It's a society obsessed with a past that it doesn't even understand. People know how to follow rules but they don't know how to think. They dream of regaining the immense powers over nature that their ancestors possessed but they have no idea how to go about it. All the information they need still exists but nobody can read the ancient texts. It's also questionable whether they could be trusted with those immense powers. In fact it's questionable whether their all-powerful ancestors had the wisdom to wield such powers.

It's also a story about how civilisations can decline and ultimately destroy themselves. There's an almost complete lack of violence in this story but there's plenty of danger and excitement.

An absorbing story, fairly complex characters and an interesting lost civilisation add up to a very fine novel which I highly recommend.



**“I love beautiful girls with serious faces.”
Marquis de Vaccine, Paddington Mansions, 1931**



SOHO

**Eroticism & Jealousy in
End of the Century London
1998-1999**

**by ERNST GRAF
Art by Gier**

CHAPTER 1

A SEASON IN HELL

I do exactly what I want to do, I always have done, and always will. Keep your eye on the goal. It was horrifying but I'm not dead. The most I can ever say. Be weird, be the king of weird. I AM AUBREY WEIRDSLEY. Be dissolute, and degenerate. There is a chance for me to LIVE A NEW STORY. Live A NEW CHAPTER.

MY SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF LOVES IT! I went into the Duke of York pub at lunchtime, my little nook & cranny, and it was lovely. Josef Kiss and Mary Gasalee, David Mummery, *Mother London, Mother London!* Lying there on my back reading my book, and getting paid for it, where else could I do that? WINDING THEM UP AND ENJOYING MY PLEASURES! What is the problem? All they're doing is attacking me for something I do for PLEASURE, and if I do it for pleasure I will continue to do it for pleasure, deliciously. I am spontaneous, in harmony with my nature, I go where my Tao takes me. All it means is I'm not REPRESSED. By writing about it (mischievously) I take it away from them as a weapon. I can give it up at any time, and return to my books about my solipsism. Philip O'Connor was a drunk, and a tramp for many years, before writing his *Memoirs of a Public Baby*.

I am quite marvellously BRAZEN!

I felt so Charles Dickensian in the York! The cockroach running over my paper and disappearing into the wood.

"Nietzsche equated the Dionysian with the superabundance of creative energy that foments 'desire for destruction, change and becoming'. Or, as Zarathustra is made to put it, 'whoever wants to be a creator in good and evil, he must first be an annihilator and destroy values.' In an 1885 notebook Nietzsche described the Dionysian as 'that acme of joy at which a man can feel apotheosised, can feel that Nature is justifying itself in him'."



I sip from many cups. I think their attention is sweet and funny, it makes me warm to them. It is sexy, stimulating! I'm only gaining £— a week, but I'm perhaps gaining more than that by being in the Dickensian York for an hour, being in the middle of Victoria in the heart of Mother London. I like that nervous edginess, I need to live on that nervous edge.

I am FRANCIS BACON. I am AUBREY BEARDSLEY. I am SALVADOR DALI. Cuddle myself down in the warmth of my brilliance, and my bloom, and my success, and my eroticism.

I'm in the group with Aubrey Beardsley, Salvador Dali, Van Gogh. I do EXACTLY what I want to do. I'm with Tao. Freud. Nietzsche. I am an ARTIST. They hate my BRAIN. This excitement. This spark. This stimulation. They hate my DIONYSIAN FRENZY, my INTELLIGENCE, which they are so JEALOUS of. Go on winding them up all through winter. Do it to wind them up. Rachmaninov, Rachmaninov. I put on Rachmaninov in my high Leicester Square rooms and get in bed with my hot water bottle and my glass of snowball on the table beside me and I reflect on my day.

THE JOB IS SO EASY. Make it my kingdom.

This is my Rimbaud's hell.

Fill my boots all I can now, I will have a long while to write my book afterwards.

A Season in Hell.

Where's A—?

I've got to stay till the New Year.

I'm about to sign my life away for the next six weeks.

I need to build up a big warchest of money now while it is on offer so I can then leave in the New Year and have enough funds to keep me going in Soho for a whole YEAR. This is what my enemies know and is why their ferocity has gone up to even higher levels than ever before. They CANNOT countenance me SUCCEEDING in life, and they know this job, after so many years out of work and incapable of work, is my chance to BEGIN that succeeding. The chrysalis years are over. It is time I emerge and spread my wings. They thought they had me under their thumb, under their cat's paw, under control and where they wanted me, and now they saw me escaping their clutches, and it TERRIFIES them.

I'm glad you know about me now. You have freed me at last. I hold a force I can't contain. I love my Dionysian lifestyle. I love living for pure pleasure. You exposed me & sought then to destroy me, thinking it would all be over by Christmas; instead you just handed me power over you. The more muck you spread about me, the more my power spread; now there are more and more people wondering about me and all the dirty things I get up to; more and more people now who cannot get me off their minds. Their laughter grows ever more hollow, and worried, as I just bloom & blossom and tower above them more than ever; they give me the energy & the fertiliser I needed. Everything they do feeds me and plays into my hands. Watch & learn, as I hand you a masterclass: Oh no, what to do when attacked & hounded & pursued? Bloom, and blossom. Oh no, what to do when beset by enemies? Play them like a piano. What to do when they think you cornered? Disappear from their midst. What to do when they have forgotten all about you? Land in the centre of them, splashing them with your waves.

Yes, I'm glad you know about me now. This terrible knowledge is going to destroy you. I am never going to let you forget about me now. I am going to provoke you and provoke you until you wish you had never known anything about me. I am going to flaunt myself, flaunt myself, flaunt my illicit pleasures in your stupid faces until you just wish you could forget all about me. But I will never let you.

I like my life! And if they disapprove, oh dear, that's really a shame isn't it. I live for pleasure. I always have and I always will, and if they don't, if they're too scared and too repressed, then I feel really sorry for them.

Pope Tuesday & Thursday were very important highs for me. They sought to rub my nose in my shame; instead I rub their noses in my pleasures.

It was worth it. This life is for me: It was given to me. They haven't realised this, they are blind to the potential in themselves, and always will be. I am a RISK TAKER! They live thin, weak lives. Everything serves my story, and they are just pawns, and how they hate it. How they despise me for pulling all their strings.

"Scorpios are cloaked in mystery. They have the ability to reinvent themselves many times in this life. At your most adventurous, there is nothing to touch you. There is a lot of the daredevil in you. You like to flirt with taboos. What is forbidden attracts you like a magnet."

"Your ego blockings are two-pronged—domination and isolation. Emotional avoidance keeps you hidden away from personal contact and that's a lonely place to be. It's easy for you to be so caught up in your own world that you are unobtainable, even to your loved ones. With your stubbornness and determination, it's not surprising that your transforming path is surrender."

I'm blazing a scorching path forward now, and they bitterly hate me for it, leaving them behind again; like Malcolm Lowry/*The Consul* in *Under the Volcano*.

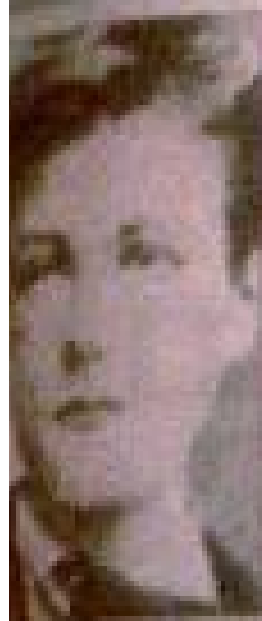
I take what I need, whenever I need it. I am striding on to success after success, and how they hate it. (I need this to fuel me).

The noises are the sound the worried make; the sound the frightened & the jealous make. I am with Lord Byron. Are things not all right for them? Ah dear.

I go from strength to strength. I have so much pleasure now; my life is ruled by my sexual drives. I need them, to push the continents further apart. I move spontaneously moment to moment. It is ALWAYS worth it.

"He thinks he can do what he wants. And he does!"

I am Egon Schiele. They hate me for my sexual rampancy. They hate me for my beauty, my intelligence, my ruthlessness, my contentment; THEY ARE TERRIFIED OF ME, and what I might achieve. I am thrilled to let their behaviour stand beside mine, for any neutral judge to witness. I am still here and going from strength to strength. How it eats them away. It was worth it, and it's always worth it, and I'm continuing to get away with it. I'm enjoying my theatre, my opera, my cinema, my JOB, my writing, my sex.



new manuscript of
published 30 years

Rimbaud's 'Hell' for sale

Joe Henney in Paris

SIX tattered yellow pages covered in spidery scribbles go under the hammer at the Grand auction house this afternoon, all that remains of the original manuscript of one of French literature's most remarkable dissidents: Louis R. Hell, the controversial manuscript of the early 19th century poet, Arthur Rimbaud, offered for sale by a 31-year-old French collector with a number of letters and the manuscript of sev-

eral other Rimbaud poems. The work is expected to set a record for a literary work in France, with eagerly producing the collection as a whole may fetch up to £1.5 million.

"We are talking about a monument of French literature. The manuscript of a poet without publication that everyone thought had disappeared," Jacques Tassin, the auctioneer, said.

The manuscript's history is as intriguing as that of Rimbaud, a visionary poet who wrote all his ballad, many more between the ages of 14 and 19, and then

disappeared. His poems often gather to wander through Europe and Africa.

Written in Rimbaud in 1872, just after his mother Paul Verlaine shot and wounded him at the end of their tempestuous relationship, the poem is a prime piece that forms the writer's frequent explanation of his complete rejection of poetry and his "desire to change lives."

Just for 30 years, the poet's manuscript was bought by Jacques Tassin in 1936 when he had that year it in a London book shop in 1936.





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eyneth Paltrow? Tell
been in? I swear to



When it came to
owing her face it
as all or nothing
for Natalie

It gives them a choice to make: I like seeing them give themselves away over it.

They are envious about what sexual rampancy I get up to, and they are BETRAYING IT. I'm flattered that you're that interested in me!

I like it because I'm doing exactly what I want. EVERYTHING'S GOING VERY NICELY TO PLAN, THANK YOU VERY MUCH! The sound the stupid make; and their stupidity makes them jealous. I accept these compliments into my bag of riches very gratefully.

I need them to fill me up with POWER, I need to suck up this STIMULANT.

This is the most thrilled I've ever been, the most strong I've ever felt, the least fractured I've ever felt; is that the result they were expecting? I'm laughing, and they're still stuck in their sad, thin little lives.

I want their disapproval; I court their disapproval. This is what my power base is predicated on. The more disapproval I get, the more powerful I become, the more stimulating my pleasures become.

Immerse myself in Victoria, to research my book.

I've got you twisted around my finger. Sensuously, erotically, rub my back pocket, because that is where I have you.

Everything you do gives me more POWER, and stimulates my pleasures more & more. I can tap into reserves of pleasure beyond their imagination. Sherlock Holmes breathed, "These are rich mines, Watson!"

I'm for me! "It is not selfishness to live as one wishes to live; true selfishness is forcing others to live as one wishes to live." I am right on track; it is all going very sweetly exactly to plan. I like everything that happens to me because I can then write about it; GIVE ME MORE! I win every time, all the way down the line, because THIS IS WHAT I WANTED.

It fuels me. I take sado-masochistic pleasure in everything. They are so envious of me for my sexual rampancy, my Dionysian lifestyle. That I spend all my time in Soho, how they hate me for it. The more I have grown into my power, the more they fear me and hate me. They can see it is having no effect on me, I am enjoying my sybaritic pleasures more than ever.

I AM PERVERSE, & DEGRADED, LIKE COLONEL PYAT!

You can flounder in my wake if you want; you can grab whatever rubious crumbs fall off my table if you want. I am not ungenerous.

They cannot invade my magic world, my citadel: they furiously snipe from outside, stewing in their envy & hatred & jealousy of me. Every compliment gives me so much material. It puts me above them more every time. Makes my world richer & more magical every time. Makes my flowers bloom & blossom more every time.

They don't like it because I'm doing the things they'd like to do, but are too frightened to, because I always do exactly what I want, spontaneously. Taoist. I'm indulging my sexuality to the FULL. How they hate me because they cannot leave a dent on me. I continue to rampantly indulge my sexuality & they can do nothing to deflect me.

The Double Life of Franz Schubert.

I'm keeping my equilibrium, and writing my books; what are they doing?

I'M DOING EXACTLY WHAT I WANT, AND THEY HATE IT. IT'S EATING THEM AWAY. I'm loving this Christmas in Soho life, how that infuriates them. All the pleasures I enjoy which are out of their reach. How I love winding people up. Every time their back is turned I am advancing another few hundred rubies towards my goal. They cannot stop my writing, that's what they hate.

TO BE CONTINUED



RIDING THE CAROUSEL



by Charlie Winkle

Caroline had had an exhausting last six months riding the Cock Carousel.

What she had envisioned as a backpacking voyage which would be part cultural, part excitement and part revelation had instead turned into six months of heavy boozing and fucking random guys in claustrophobic dorm-rooms in backpacker hostels located throughout South East Asia. And whilst this had been fun and titillating at the time, the futility of it all had left her feeling bitter, resentful and disappointed on her return.

She had left her home to find herself and instead she'd found only a multitude of cocks.

To make matters worse she'd just been informed by her Mother that to celebrate her homecoming her Mother had organized a small welcome home brunch for her and that all of her extended family would be there.... She hated her extended family!

Caroline's parents Margaret and Tim, her Uncles, Bobby, Ralph and Alexander, her Aunties, Madeline and Miranda, all her cousins and her two Grandma's, Gertrude and Heather (her Grandfathers were both dead) they were all there and they were all interested in her trip and what she'd be doing next.... She had no idea what she'd be doing next aside from her gender studies degree at university and how could you explain a gender studies degree? She didn't even know what one really was although she'd

heard it was breezy, fashionable, woke and easy to get high marks in as long as you parroted back to the professors exactly what they told you, which is exactly what they wanted to hear.

Getting a nice buzz from her fourth mimosa Caroline fielded all of the predictable, stupid questions from her family.... “Which was your favorite country?” asked Grandmother Gertrude. “Probably Laos,” replied Caroline. “Most of South East Asia is quite touristy these days although Laos is still relatively undeveloped and the local people there are so kind....” “What was the best thing you did there?” Grandmother Gertrude asked as a follow up and Caroline’s mind immediately thought back to the night when, after fourteen shots of a local alcoholic spirit, she’d had a train run on her by sixteen guys. The entirety, except one, of her eighteen person dorm. The other guy had passed out and so was incapable of joining in. Crazy fun. Although how could she tell Grandmother Gertrude about getting a train run over her. Grandmother Gertrude did not want to hear about how she’d got fucked by 16 guys in the one night! “The best thing I did there? Probably getting up really early in the mornings to go and stand by the side of the road to give food to the monks who would come with their alms bowls before they went back to the temple. Such beautiful people the monks and such a beautiful temple they lived in.... and it just felt so good to give without expecting anything in return. It’s a selflessness which so seldom exists in our western societies.”

Her Uncle Alexander snorted.

“Your Mother mentioned to me that you’re going to be doing some kind of course on communism at university next year?”

Caroline’s Mother looked flustered.

“I didn’t say communism, Alexander, I said gender studies....”

“Right, right” said Alexander “what exactly does a gender studies course involve?”

Caroline was at a loss for words. Gender studies was obviously the study of gender although how could she answer this in a concise and precise way that would satisfy her uncle’s fake curiosity? She couldn’t. And her mind involuntarily started to think again about her last week of travel in Bangkok where she’d been double teamed by the Swedish twins, Hugo and Oscar.... She had loved them both equally and was planning on visiting Sweden in the near future. Without even thinking about it she looked at her phone to see if either of the twins had replied to her last WhatsApp message? They hadn’t.

THE END





Félicien Rops
COQUETTE IN FRONT OF A MIRROR

THE BAT

by Milton Beinhorn

English translation by Google Translate & first printed in Issue No.31

Act II, Scene I

Evening had not yet reached the prince's palace. Nor had the guests begun to pour in. The servants' preparations, on the other hand, were feverish. Courses and cases of champagne flowed from the kitchens to the reception rooms. Dozens of cooks, helpers, attendants and waiters were busy preparing and setting up the buffet. Trolleys containing dishes, plates and glasses, bottles of wine and jugs of water were pushed, with order and alacrity, towards the main hall, where the dances would take place. It contained on the sides a multitude of tables already laden with every delicacy, leaving in the centre a large space for dances. The majestic chandeliers made up of hundreds of candles were lit up. Finally, on stage, the orchestra was playing the last rehearsal chords. In short, everything was shaking:

Even in the wing of the palace where the prince and his innumerable court, made up of lackeys, helpers, concubines and servants, everything had been thrown into agitation for the preparations.

Prince Orlofsky was in what he had elected as his studio. He smoked his pipe indulgently, sitting on an armchair, emitting large swirls of bluish smoke that rose gracefully and slowly, to dissolve, arabesques in the flickering light of the candles.

He was a man of about forty. Two handsome moustache handlebars stood out on a face with a colourful complexion that denoted his good health. The brown mop streaked with some grey reflections. He was good-looking and aristocratic-looking, but not weighed down by years: the prince delighted in continuous physical activity and his bearing highlighted it.

He was listening to his aide-de-camp, a certain Fedor Alexandr'vic. He read out the list of things that had been prepared in the last few hours and those that remained to be done due to force majeure.

The prince was easily bored and even at that juncture he could not hold back a yawn leaving a sweaty and awkward officer dismayed.

"Tell me one thing, dear Fedor Alexandr'vic," he said, however, showing some attention to the preparations. "Is our guardhouse well placed around the building? The safety of our delegation is paramount. Even when you are having fun and celebrating. Not to mention the many illustrious guests."

In fact, protests had occurred just a few months earlier that had shaken all the European courts, although, after all, the prince was certainly not afraid for his safety. However, he knew men well and knew that showing an interest in the diligence of one's subordinates was worth gaining in trust and esteem.

"Certainly, Your Excellency," the adjutant hastened to say. And he continued: "We have control of the entire perimeter of the park and every entrance is guarded by at least one pair of guards. I avoided wearing uniforms at the main entrance, you will understand, we cannot scare our guests. "

"Brilliant as ever, Fedor. Now go. I have to prepare myself."

With a diligent and silent bow, the aide-de-camp walked away, closing the door softly.

Prince Orlofsky gave a few more puffs of smoke. Then he put down his pipe and stood up. The wait for the reception could also be unnerving. He therefore decided to visit the rooms of his favourite, the courtesan Claudine who accompanied him from his residence in Ekaterinburg.

He then set off for the sumptuous corridor and, having arrived, without even knocking, entered the room.

His silent entrance had attracted no attention and he observed undisturbed the dressing of his concubine: a splendid blonde woman with a slender physique and haughty gaze. Her expert hands gripped the laces of a peach-coloured bodice. Otherwise she was naked. The prince was watching her soft white ass from her provocative and perfect line. At this sight she already had his cock stretched out under his light pants. Beside her, busy, two ladies with a servile air and provocative in their uniforms of service: the uniform, identical, consisted of a black tunic with showy white collars, cinched at the waist by a long row of buttons descending to the ankles, only a modest yet exciting crinoline on the back, their faces surrounded by a stiff bonnet that contained their dark curls.

Farther away, kneeling on a carpet, her hands tied behind her back, was a young woman, two long black braids and a showy pearl bead necklace falling over her generous breasts. She wore only a pair of dark socks. Her face was bowed, serious as if waiting for orders. A tuft of dark hair hid her sex.

"I see you in the mirror, darling, but don't give yourself strange cravings," said the lady. "I'll have to be perfect tonight and I'm certainly not going to satisfy you right now," she concluded.

"My dear Claudine," said the prince mildly. "You are unfair: I certainly do not want to ruin your dress or take away your appetite. Although the scene is really full of sensuality and you find me not at all indifferent."

The prince put his hands in the pockets of the robe.

Claudine turned to him for a moment and smiling she said: "Instead you are allowed to use the services of my faithful Cynthia. Yes, this

would be the perfect and warming aperitif to prepare me in the best possible way."

At these words, the kneeling girl lifted her face and her lips curved into a slight smile.

"I was thinking the same. Grant me this favour and I will not disturb you any further," said the prince. Unfastening and finally throwing his robe onto an armchair, he calmly but firmly approached Cynthia.

She, used to this task, arched her back making her pointed nipples, swollen areolas and perfect breasts stand out.

Orlofsky approached her and began to brush her lips with his thumb and forefinger. The girl opened her mouth and welcomed her fingers, kissing and sucking them.

The hot lips of the young woman flowed with voluptuousness on the fingers distributing saliva that copiously fell to the ground.

The prince lingered appreciating her dedication while with the other hand he extracted a rod already in full force. Grasping the rod, he delicately placed a hand behind her neck, pushing her towards him. Her mouth dropped open to welcome the hard, hot sceptre. The glans disappeared in the ravenous lips amidst the prince's sighs of pleasure.

Meanwhile, Claudine was watching the scene carefully. As an insatiable and consummate pleasure-seeker she enjoyed what was happening. She felt her pussy get wet. The need to feel pleasure grew in her too, imperious. Once the bodice was fastened, she sat down in an armchair to enjoy the show. She crouched in the padded chair, spread her legs and ordered: "Anna, lick my pussy as you know how!" One of the two attendants knelt down and without waiting any longer began gently lapping the sparkling lips of her lady's cunt.

"Oh yes. Like this. Use your hands too, Anna. I want to scream and water your face with my enjoyment," she said half-closing her eyes and continued "And you, dear Prince, fill it with your utensil!"

The prince was slowly fucking Cynthia's mouth. He extracted his powerful cock shiny and beaded with strands of saliva and before her

mouth welcomed him again he stroked the edge of her lips with the glans. Lips that again closed on the shaft and ran down all its length. Now he pulled it out and let the girl's darting tongue salivate his hard, swollen balls as his cock rose up to her forehead. She now brought it back into her mouth savouring all the enjoyment.

The prince had his head bent, wrapped and sunk in the pleasure that the girl was giving him.

In the room lit by dozens of candles you could hear Cynthia's sucking on the shaft and Claudine's moans of pleasure increasing in rhythm and intensity. On the walls were projected the shadows of the prince's formidable rod which, in moments, disappeared into her busty mouth and arm as she now guided her head towards her pleasure.

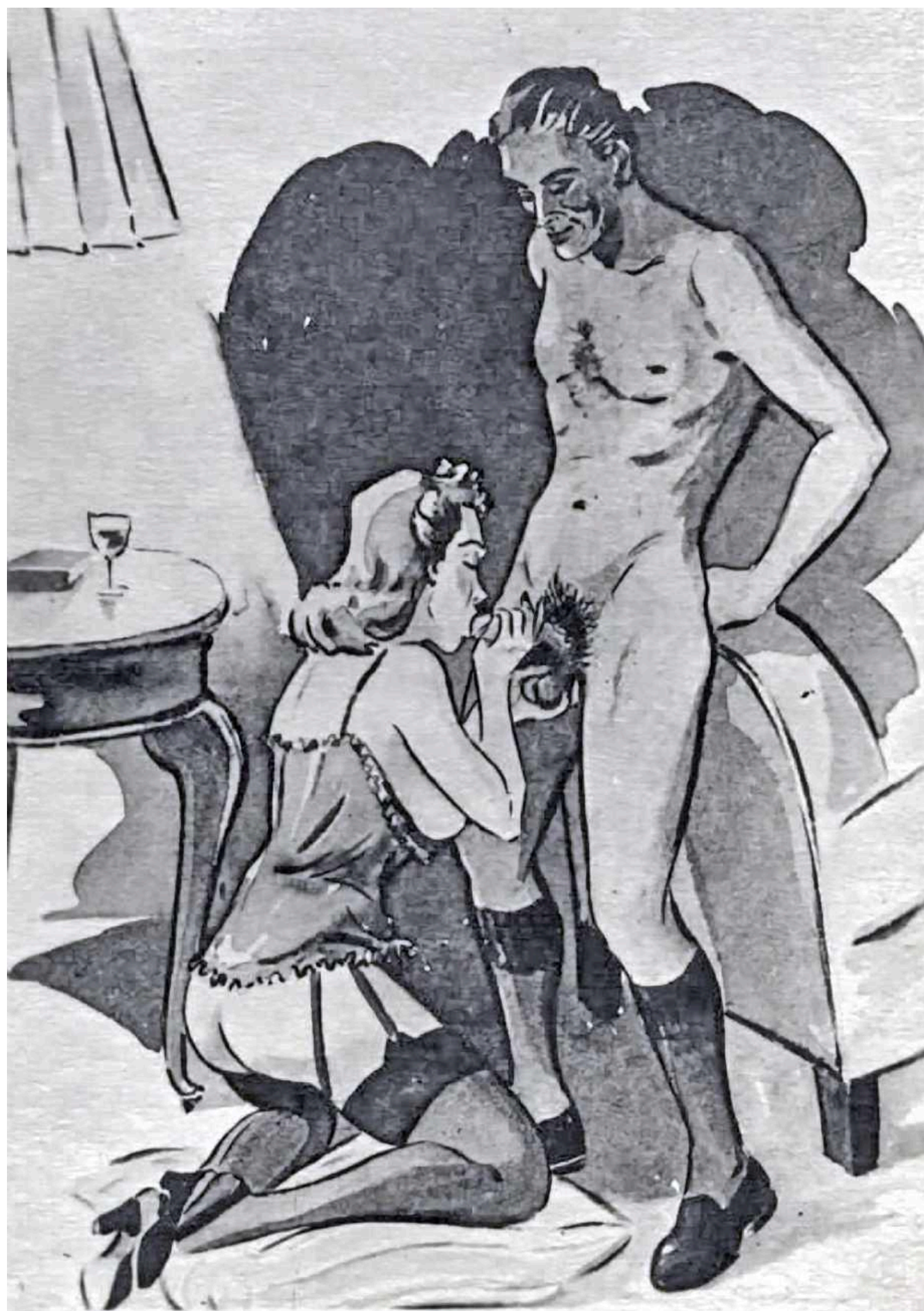
Claudine enjoyed, her mouth open, howling softly and without restraint at the skill of Anna who continued to torture her mistress's cunt without giving in to fatigue. With skill Anna's tongue drew random trajectories around her swollen and inflamed lips while with her hands she dedicated herself to rhythm the pleasure of her lady: one placed on the mount of Venus, the other to inflict small strokes, wise and apparently occasional, to the clitoris, which was sticking out tensely.

Pleasure rolled down a steep slope, gaining speed and frenzy. Claudine turned to the other girl who had remained impassive waiting for orders: "Irina, help the prince fill our slave's mouth with semen." She spoke these words with difficulty, articulating them between one spasm and another. She was so nearly about to be overwhelmed by the avalanche.

Irina immediately got busy, kneeling beside the prince. One hand on Orlofsky's buttocks and the other to grip the shaft by stroking it.

It was the last step on which to climb: the prince, feeling the pressure of her hand on his sceptre, let out a beautiful scream and reached orgasm. His cock echoed the scream: the sperm squirted in abundant and interminable gushes into Cynthia's throat. She, with her mouth wide open, welcomed everything, in diligent and servile waiting, without even blinking.





Finally she swallowed and leaning forward, she finished by sucking the whole shaft, extracting the last drops as if she had never wanted anything else.

At the same instant, Claudine also reached her apex pushing Anna's head against her cunt and thus tormenting her clitoris. A desperate and prolonged scream, the jolt that shook her entire lithe body and her legs clinging to Anna's back were proofs of the intensity of her orgasm.

Exhausted, the prince smiled with pleasure as he watched the race to the finish line and finally the grimace of ecstatic bliss of his concubine as he stuffed his tool into his pants. He felt drained and quite intoxicated, but given the prospect of the evening, he was also galvanised.

He kissed Cynthia on the lips who smiled at him and also gave a kiss to Irina who had done so much for her pleasure.

Then he turned to Claudine, who, flushed with enjoyment, was still lying on the armchair, her legs spread apart, but limp. She looked like a blanket, luxurious and regal, but still sprawled, slumped and prostrate. Anna, in the meantime, got up and recovered, composed, even if her face, wet with the moods of the lady, was unmade and used, waiting for further orders that would not be long in coming.

"Your bridesmaids, dear Claudine, are truly the best in the world."

Claudine sighed and said "Really. It was a difficult choice, but when you expect the best on the square there is nothing else to do. Are you satisfied, dear?" she asked the prince.

"Satisfaction is the best word that can be said in these cases. And now please excuse me: I have to give the last details and then I will go down. Soon the guests will start arriving."

"Go ahead. I finish dressing and then I'm ready to welcome the best cocks in all of Vienna."

TO BE CONTINUED



Cowgirl by Tremulous Hand



Pandora Nyxie by Tremulous Hand

THE YELLOW ORCHID

**A DIARY OF THE PANDEMIC
VIEWED THROUGH ERNST GRAF'S
VERY PARTICULAR LENS**

by Ernst Graf

CHAPTER 19

I HAVE A POWERFUL WEAPON

“I have a heavy hand,” Italian in Cyprus informs me. “If she wants to be spanked, she needs to know that the consequences will remain visible for at least a week.” This is how a good Chinese massage should be. “Visible for at least a week.” Christ, not long to wait now. I’m coming, my young Oriental fiends. I’m coming!

Melting ice in the Alps has revealed the wreck of a Pan Am DC-3 Dakota which went missing in 1937 on a flight from Vienna to Milan. Five Ernst Graf books & a copy of Penicillin magazine were found among the detritus. The Penicillin magazine appeared to have been used as lavatory paper & the Graf books showed signs of having been masturbated into. How extraordinary!

I wonder if I will ever cross the Alps to Italy, for my Grand Tour?

I wonder if there has been any film to capture how dirty the 17th-19th Century Grand Tourists were, as described by Brian Sewell? Travelling across Italy to see new opera singer, frigging in front of naked statues etc? A film about the Grand Tourists that is borderline pornographic because *they* were borderline pornographic. A film about the Grand Tour that is *not* pornographic cannot possibly be a true depiction. My own Grand Tours have thus far all been to Germany & Austria but for similar purposes. So many times I went all the way to Berlin just to see the great opera singer Elena Prokina, or Claudia Barainsky, or Stefania Bonfadelli et al, et al, before finishing the night in the brothels of Stuttgarter Platz. The highest nights of my life.



Opera and sex have always gone hand in hand for me. Even back in my Soho Golden Age in the late naughty 90s, I would get drunk in the Chandos before spending the afternoon in Sunset Strip, Carnival Strip, Astral porn cinema and Soho porn cinema, before rushing away in time for curtain up at the English National Opera at the Coliseum, feeling so lubricious and turned on that as soon as the lights went down and everyone had taken their seats I would have to rush to the gentlemen's lavatory at the back of the balcony to masturbate into the urinals, my cries and shrieks being masked by the cries and shrieks of the soprano behind me. Sometimes the usherette would open the door to say "Are you all right, sir?" just as my white floods of sperm were exploding into the white bowls in front of me.

"CHRIST I NEEDED THAT!" I would shout.

Sometimes, if I'd not quite finished, if I'd not quite reached 'escape velocity' as it were, they would come to help me.

Great memories, and great mammaries.

"Born with a club foot, Byron found a freedom in the water that he could not experience on land." One might say having autistic tendencies I found a freedom in the strip clubs & brothels & porn cinemas (& opera house lavatories) that I could not experience in normal relationships. If you could blend Byron with Kaspar Hauser, that would be me. Ecce Homo!

“And it was very beautiful that Thursday, under a sky of deep blue melancholy. It was suddenly hot, after this long winter, and the scents of the Orient, which had slept in the cold, had awakened everywhere.”—Pierre Loti, *The Disenchanted*.

So similar to my life here in Paddington Mansions, after this long winter, as I step out onto my high balcony & smell the kebab shops. I feel very close to the Bosphorus in those moments.

Every time I cross Praed Street I imagine I am Byron swimming the Hellespont.

“Erotica. Hatred. Contempt. Savage sexuality. Savage ejaculation. The greatest account of moral superiority ever penned.”

E R O S

(1992-1999) THE NAUGHTY NINETIES

Volume 1 of my autobiography—out by Christmas Day.

I do believe I am the most sublime example of 'passive aggression' the English race has ever produced. I am the dark prince of passive aggression. I think if you ever spent time with me, it is my incredible PASSIVITY that would strike you most about me; yet you may also be troubled by hints of an undercurrent of absolutely indefatigable malevolence for anyone I feel may deserve it.

'An irresistible combination' as many nubile young women have described it. Well, what can I say? Guilty as charged!

The fact is—will my sex life be freer & more unfettered with the vaccine in my arm, or without? And the answer is with, & that is ALL that matters to me, always. Follow the direct line always. Fuck side-effects, fuck I don't need it, fuck it's Anal Schwab Illuminati, I don't CARE. Every time there is a thunderstorm I could get hit by lightning. If I have the AstraZeneca vaccination I could get a blood clot. If I cross the road I could get hit by a car. Life is tense. Life is dangerous. It's a miracle I'm still here at all.

I wonder if I will EVER find another stripper like Turkish Beatrice who I can pay to dance to 'Do To Me' or 'Somedays'? Another Kasia? Can stripping at all make a comeback from this? CHRIST, JUST 10 DAYS TILL THE PUBS OPEN (OUTSIDE)!!!

A grey dreary Easter weekend. Good; makes the continued lockdown easier to bear.

I have risen again.

People talk about objectifying women as if it were a bad thing but walk into any art museum and there are paintings all around you of beautiful women, read the great works of literature, *Anna Karenina*, *Lolita*, what is all that but objectifying women? And if you *ban* objectifying women, what is left? What culture is left? The sex drive is the life drive and it revolves around the 'object' of your desire. Only people who would never have paintings painted of them or books written about them object to objectifying women. Objectifying women = glorifying women and they *should* be glorified. Life would be absolutely pointless without them. It seems today a beautiful woman is supposed to be ashamed for being beautiful. She certainly must not be allowed to make money out of her beauty. It's not fair on those who are not beautiful. This is the castrate world we are being led into.

Bumped into one of my French Canadian girls from my next door flat for the first time. Getting out of the lift on my floor as I waited to go down. Gorgeous. Pale denim jacket, black hair, round fertile face, "hello". Hey. Not a skinny face. Gorgeous. The lift in the mirror recorded a very pleasant bulge growing in my trousers before we'd even reached the ground floor.

I'm looking for a new muse. It's been so long since I have had a female star to orbit around. Any young/youngish women in the Central London area DM me with pix. Plus points for being a barmaid or stripper. Many thanks.

"Never start with a blank page."

This is always the first thing I tell my students & it often blows their minds. A lot of them never recover from it. Good; that is one less writer in the world. I have done the world a favour there. The girls in Wuhan said I was the best English teacher they had ever had, and they told me that every time they had me.

I have today started writing THE MARQUIS DE VACCINE'S GUIDEBOOK TO HIS LONDON. So all my ejacolytes who want to visit my favourite haunts have a handy guidebook to make it easier for them. Might even get Troy Francis to write a foreword, unless he wants paying for it.

First place the Marquis saw pussy—No.30 Dean Street.

First place the Marquis put his throbbing tool inside a pussy—No.61 Dean Street.

I anticipate there will be great demand for this little paperback, stick it in your back pocket & wander around London with it.

"Often the prophecy is the main cause of the prophetic event."
Thomas Hobbes 1588-1679

Shopping lists are soy. I just walk up & down every single aisle of the supermarket till I am reminded of each of the things I urgently need. I come home without a lot of things I need but I feel like a man.

Medicated talcum powder. I forgot my medicated fucking talcum powder.

730am 12th April. British Summertime. Pubs re-open today for outside service only. It's snowing.

Even the weather has a sense of humour.

Christ London is so f**king noisy now things are opening up. I hope it's not going to be like this all the time now.

Wow London looked AMAZING. Every little café and restaurant and pub has outdoor tables now, London looks cuter than it ever did. Mediterranean style street table culture in North Pole weather. Super.

Remember again when I look out my window how lucky and blessed I am to be living here in Paddington Mansions high above the appalling riff raff & hoi polloi far below. Surprised to discover there's only TWO other flats on my level. French Canadian girls and — I guess, but I've been hearing Chinese men recently. Living in such a lovely place, don't ruin it by getting sick with over-drinking. Take things easy and careful healthwise. Keep my powder dry for summer. Friday probably stay in, try again Saturday when pubs take over the whole street. Still might not even bother. Saw a dirty old man coming out of the Be Health Chinese Medicine shop in front of me, felt contempt for him. Looked in but could see no one behind the desk so kept walking.

Heating on 25°C and still can't get warm.

Looks like a beautiful day. Blazing blue skies, not a cloud in the sky.

Remember WHY I stopped going to Chinese massage, the women just never turned me on. Contact Transylvanian Lily to negotiate. She was more expensive but genuinely sexy.

Awful night, watched *Topkapi* with my hot water bottle helping a lot, then delirious tossing & turning, head hurting so much. Freezing cold the whole time. Bit better now thanks God. I don't mind tossing but turning is no fun at all.

Well, after just two days I am already fed up of going to pubs again. Not much lost, just five pints in two days. Didn't cost me much to discover it is a waste of time & money. Three outside the Spice of Life today, it did at least give me the wildness I needed to go down the 52 Greek Street steps to see it was not my Jane. Spanish Amy. Not my type.

Had to wait outside Amy's door and then would you believe the man leaving was the same guy I had seen coming out of Be Health in front of me the day before! Then coming home there he was just getting on the bus opposite the Paddington Mansions front door! How incredible!

I cannot say he is a stalker as he is always just leaving the place I am about to enter. He probably thinks I'M a stalker. It's like I have a doppelganger, like Dirk Bogarde in *Despair*. Unless he's just somehow anticipating my every move? Or maybe I'm just catching my reflection in the mirror? Am I going mad?

"The tomb of the legendary Polish scientist Marie Curie is lined with an inch of lead as radiation protection to the public," I read from my newspaper. "Famed for her research into radioactivity, the remains of the Nobel Prize winner are radioactive to this day." My tomb will need to have some kind of protection like this, to stop my filth from leaking out & infecting mourners (not that there will be any). My tombstone will have the words 'You've not seen the last of me' & I will schedule posthumous release of several polemical works naming names and continuing to lacerate the pondlife.

My revenge never ends.

What are the three most pleasurable things in life? Classical music, ferns and lamps. No, shitting, ejaculation and eating. And yet all three must be followed by the time consuming act of

cleaning up afterwards, which is as tiresome as the act itself was pleasurable. Everything has a balance.

Well I got to Waxy's Little Sister and never left. Six pints in the sunshine. Lovely under the awning till some fuckers came and wanted the awning removed, cunts. Some young Chinese girls to look at now & again. Walked past White Lily, pretty brunette Eastern European, had a chat, but too skinny, then stopped to chat to older Chinese lady in Newport doorway, Joanna, who was stroking my crotch as I was talking to her!

I made the beginner's mistake of watching the start of THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN when I got home, now I can't get the first line of the theme song out of my head. If you pass someone in the street singing "I've got a powerful weapon" that's probably me. Christ, people must think me a right pervert.

Boris says go out in fresh air, fresh air is good for you, & people go out in the fresh air...with masks on. What blows my mind is approximately 99% of people wearing masks in the fresh open air are in the age range 16-21. They have more chance of being hit by lightning than dying of Chinese Flu? Young people used to be the fearless ones, nothing could ever hurt them, death an impossibility. Now they are the biggest scaredy cats in the world. So much for young rebels. So much for "whatever you tell us to do we will do the opposite!" It is the young who blindly do as they're told more than us older people these days. I find it quite pathetic. Especially when you see a young couple walking down the street and the man is wearing a mask and the woman isn't! What the fuck is that about? Men these days have no conception of masculinity at all. She must be walking along thinking Christ, my boyfriend's got no balls whatsoever.

The basic starting price for Chinese massages in Soho/Chinatown seems to have risen from £30 to £35.

I should start going to Chinese regularly, so it is a natural relaxed normal thing. So I feel I am maximising every moment of my days off. Try one Newport, one Fantasia, one Be Health, in rotation. I saw the Wardour Street one has gone completely. The Adelaide Street one too. Chinese Flu has been devastating for Chinese massage.

Pleased to find no more onerous requirements on pub arrival. Scan your QR code but usually no one bothers to check you actually complete the form that then comes up. Mindblowing, again, to see people walking round in the fresh air in masks.

Vaccinate yourselves against me. You cannot.

I had TWO Chinese massages in one day yesterday, & managed to get through both of them without suffering the appalling horror of ejaculation. I may write a small & well-received novella about it. The first one was a Chinese lady who absolutely tried her damndest, in the end she climbed up on the table with me, on her knees straddling me but still no luck; second one was a young East European lady who charges WAY too much so I declined extras.

The Chinese lady certainly gave it everything! "Oh you are so strong!" she kept saying, gasping for breath in the end, sweat pouring off her. "You are so strong! You are stopping yourself?" She was completely naked as well by this point, of course, having covered her own breasts with oil as well, but still no luck.

Yes, poor woman. Her farewell words to me as she showed me out the door, "Come again!", were sadly poignant.

Yes it is I, the Marquis de Vaccine, poster boy for involuntary semen retention.

£172 total for the day, with the fish & chips as well. Lady being nice to me, gave me two slices of bread & butter instead of the one I paid for. Said something about "you been to Oxford Circus?", because "you smell really nice!" Blimey. I think I still had the Chinese woman's perfume on me—unsurprisingly as I spent the last five minutes with her arse in my face.

I also went in the Chinese red shop in Lisle Street and spoke to a very old lady about prices, but I was worried SHE would be giving the massage, she looked about 100. Try again another day perhaps & try to establish it will be a young girl. Still quite determined to find a SEXY young Chinese girl in one of these places. One who really floats my boat, so she can be my one regular go to girl, but not even come close so far.

Surely there's ONE sexy little Chinese Oriental fiend with my name on her?

NEXT WEEK: Must sexuality infect EVERYTHING?



Valorie by Tremulous Hand

ENDNOTES

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

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

Troy Francis—Troy Francis is a writer and also a coach who helps high value men achieve success in their dating lives. Find him on Twitter [Troy Francis \(@RealTroyFrancis\) / X](#) and *Rampant Roger* at [Amazon.com: Rampant Roger : The Priapic Prime Minister eBook : Francis, T: Kindle Store](#)

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

Milton Beinhorn—I write erotic stories. And, as often happens, once you leave the road you are used to, it turns out that adventure becomes difficult to give up. [Milton Beinhorn \(@Beinhorn M\) / X](#) & <https://papyrus.so/@beinhorn>

Tremulous Hand—Tremulous Hand is an American contemporary artist and illustrator. He has a background in fine arts and graphic novel writing and illustrating. The nom-de-plume is for adult art. Blog at [Tremulous Hand](#) and Twitter [Tremulous Hand \(@Tremulous_Hand\) / X](#)

Charlie Winkle aka 'Savage Winkle'—"A feast is made for laughter, And wine makes merry; But money answers everything." Ecclesiastes 10:19 NKJV [Winkle. \(@CharlieWinkle1\) / X](#) and [The Winkle Hour](#)

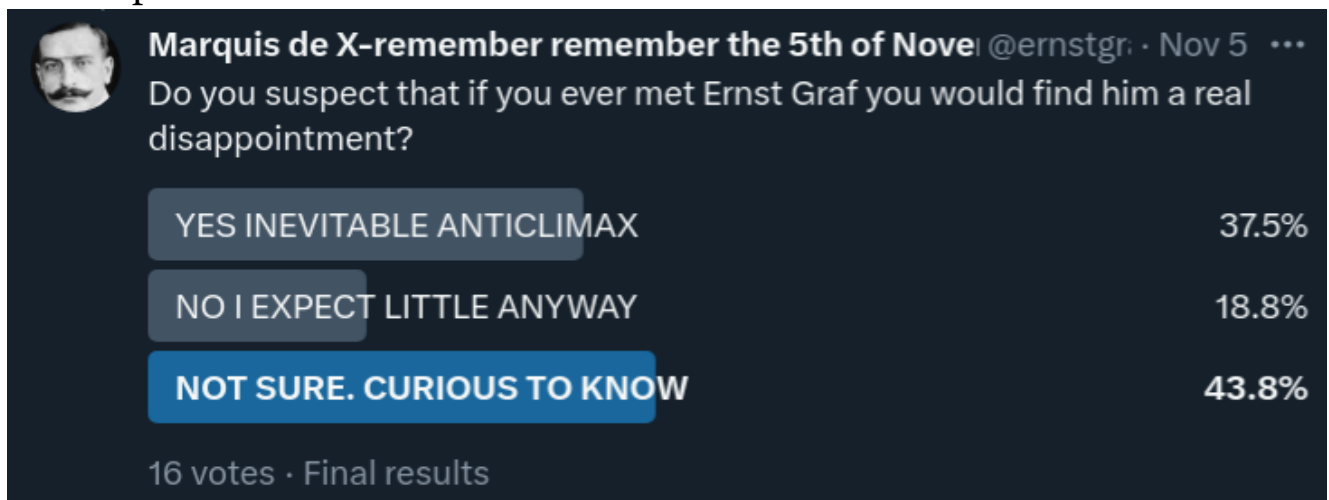
Gier—Figurative artist. The body. Human or animal, always naked. The nude, eroticism & also sometimes boats & trees. [Gier \(@Gier62096900\) / X](#) and [Les Carnets d'Art de Gier](#)

John Gorman—[john j gorman \(@masaccio28\) / X](#)

Infernal Madonna—Lillith Crucix [Lillith Crucix](#)

COVER PHOTO: Infernal Madonna

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Descent from the Cross. 41x31cm, sanguine, khadi paper by John Gorman



The Virgin. 45x31cm, sanguine, khadi paper. John J Gorman