

PENIC

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An Ill-Prepared Ernst Graf Reader (aka A Decadent Girl), 1899, by Ramón Casas

CASANOVA

Or
**Lost Wanderings
(2006)**

by the great
ERNST GRAF

CHAPTER 12 YES I QUESTION IF I WANT TO GO TO VIENNA

Yes I question if I want to go to Vienna wasting all that money after working so hard to save it, but that is to forget the excitement, the nervousness so intense I cannot breathe as my train pulls into Vienna.

I am a great believer that you carry the weather with you. If you travel with a spark, a dancing flame inside you, you will have a great time. If you travel unhappy, and in a black place, weighed down by worries and debts, you will have a sad time. I cannot say the well in Munich has run dry; probably it is my well that has run dry. When my well fills up again, by making myself happier, ridding myself of obsessions, financial worries, anxieties, paranoid depressions, I will find Munich's well is full to overbrimming again, "stars filling the throat to the crop", as it was absolutely full to overbrimming when I met Susi and Irina on the night of Turkey v England, Patricia, Emily on the Night of the Snow, Viktoriya in those four magical life-changing visits in the space of six months.

The fact that I have paid £600 off my Barclaycard in the space of a month shows what is possible. I don't think I am going to go to Vienna in December. I think I would rather keep waiting and keep saving. So when I do travel I will have a real war chest to travel with. I was thinking in the Calcutta on Thursday that there is nothing worth spending money on except sex. If it is a choice between seeing *Volver* or *A Scanner Darkly*, or going to see a girl take her knickers off to music, then there can only be one winner. You see people who go on beach holidays, or Amalfi, and I think how bored I would be. The only holiday that means anything is in red light districts. To meet new strippers and new Esmeraldas. What is wrong with running a high debt?

Nothing in the city matters except sex, the buying and selling of it, young women stripping for you, young women lying back on the bed and opening their legs for you, men all with their cocks out in a dark porn cinema. This is the reality of my life.

Vienna is still a mystery to me. With three consecutive visits to Brussels, then three to Munich, then three to Berlin, I felt I cracked the nut of all those places. I still have not achieved that with Vienna. Viennese Eroticism is very important to me.

Primitive London. I am very intellectual yet I live very primitively, my animal instincts always winning out over my cerebral ones. So much drink has sozzled my brain that I doubt I have any cerebral instincts left at all. What an animal I was with Anya at the stag party; how impressed Sylvia seemed to be after that & so much more warm and friendly to me than she had ever been before. When people write about my life 50 years from now,

they will have to write about the Calcutta, the Flying Scotsman, Sunset Strip and Carnival. About Astral Cinema, Soho Cinema, and Sunset Cinema. About Atlantic City. About Stutti Frutti, Mon Cheri, Golden Gate, Monte Carlo and Ciro.

If I do not travel to Vienna and Berlin in December and the New Year I will have no chance to meet a new Irina or Susi, Patricia or Viktoriya. Things happen when you travel. In Brussels I met Clarisse. In Frankfurt Katerina. In Berlin Erika. It is important to keep exploring. I live in a kind of Francis Bacon London. I live in the gutter like him. My writing is visceral and from the guts, full of pinks and reds and purples, like his paintings. I too am fascinated by a Pope. I am visceral and fascinated and turned on by my naked self like Egon Schiele. Do not apologise for this. Exult in it. I am priapic and I will just do it more than ever. I am saving money by not doing it so much just so I can do it more. I am going to Vienna at Christmas to fuck a couple of Viennese whores. In strip clubs every night is like Sylvester's Eve; or Walpurgisnacht. The more bawdy and raucous the better; that is why I like the Bell on Saturday nights. In London all the strip pubs are packed with men; again I ask the question, where do all the men go in Berlin? In Vienna? In Brussels?

"Berlioz's unstinting lionisation of Beethoven in the pages of *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, the most important and influential music journal in 19th-century France, also played a major role in establishing him at the centre of the repertory for the concert hall."

In my journal, what would I write about, who would I lionise?

I would lionise the Midnight Bell, perhaps, and its dancers, extolling the virtues of Sylvia and — and Janet above all others. Extolling them in messianic, apocalyptic, grandiose, diva-esque terms, like they are Sarah Bernhardts. Invoking Hungarian history. Giving reviews of their performances just the way one would with reviews of violinists or pianists. They are all on a stage, why not? Instead of one paragraph reviews of Anita Berber's Bethanien or Marlene Dietrich's grave, extend them into full page articles, enabling me to digress into talking about *The Blue Angel*, *Lola*, etc. Berber at the Romanisches Cafe, Tucholsky.

It would be a journal devoted to the strip clubs of London, the pubs, to Berlin, and Vienna, and Brussels, and Munich. Talk about them the way you would about great opera singers of the 1880s,

from the stage side box. Write a magazine where on one page there is a review of Barbara Fritoli at the Wigmore Hall on Wednesday night, and on the facing page, a review of the Flying Scotsman on Thursday night, each with equal analysis. My reviews are scurrilous and scandalous, like James Ellroy, Charles Bukowski.

Winter is coming.

Remember those cold icy days when I first moved in here? Remember the excitement of those Astral nights? The unable to breathe shaking with excitement as I headed down the steps not knowing what I was about to see? Remember that unbelievably huge-breasted beautiful Czech girl at the Boulevard? It is almost like a dream. I cannot believe I witnessed something so spectacularly sexy as her and made so little of it. If only I knew where she was now.

I would like to write my own magazine like the *Fackel*, full of my hard-hitting sometimes scurrilous articles and reviews of London life. Write about Barbara Fritoli and the tyranny of not being able to write about the singer's beauty, and sexual allure, as if this must not be mentioned, like some guilty secret. Write about *La Traviata* at the ENO, a weepy opera about "some consumptive whore, when in real life whores are treated like the lowest of the low, yet here she is celebrated as something glorious".





I feel an almost physical revulsion at the thought of going back to Sunset and Demi and Pamela. But what else is there, so I will eventually. When I know the pleasures I have felt in those places felt so intense. I feel a physical revulsion for going back to those nighttime Vienna places and the nighttime Berlin places. I feel a physical revulsion for spending any money when I am in this saving mode. That is good. I have become allergic to spending money when before I seemed addicted to it. I feel an almost physical revulsion for women. I am a strange man. How can — or anyone have a relationship with a strange man like me? I am like Ralph Fiennes' Spider. I only learnt how to be alone when I was a baby, and I always will be. I love places where I can be alone surrounded by loud pounding music and naked girls, that is why I love the dream world of the Scotsman and Sunset Strip so much. It is the ultimate detachment. The ultimate transcendency. The ultimate lens. The ultimate gateway to the state of bliss that is the Kingdom of Death. Ultimate nothingness. That nervousness so intense I cannot breathe as the train nears Nuremberg & as I got off and walk along the corridor to the entrance hall, and the nervousness I felt so intense I could not breathe as I went down the steps at the Astral, I now feel when I walk to the Scotsman from the north from the 91 stop. I feel it too when I enter Sunset Cinema, hoping to find a woman being Monickered, and also when I go up the models' stairs. That is the high. That is the drug.

"We drank hard and talked about what Debord, who drank persistently and prodigiously, had written about alcohol. 'I admire Debord as a perfect and dedicated drinker.' We talked about how, in the early years of his career as a drinker, Debord was always in pursuit of or just arriving at a perfect point of intoxication which, unlike paid labour or any other servile activity, would reveal 'the true taste of the passage of time'. Drinking was a beautiful poetic game, with its rules and protocols. Debord devoted pages to describing this notion."

Irina suddenly leaned over to me and said to me "I'm sorry, you're a nice guy, but you drink too much" before giving me the ultimate private dance. I said to Viktoriya "You don't like me, do you", and she exploded back with real hatred "Yes. Because you're always drunk".



Elena Prokina

I insist on the primacy of my own experience. My own vision. I can only be alone. I can only be in cold icy mountains.

Don't be unhappy, be happy! Think what immense power you have got! You have made the great separation & now live for pure Priapism. You have got money. Winter is coming. I can go to the Bell, the Sunset Strip, Sunset Cinema, Demi and Pamela. In January I can go to Berlin. This is going to be a season of the flesh. I have got a nice little job I enjoy. I have got money coming in. I have got my own little nest. I have got a week off in December and another week off in January to go to Berlin, for *La Traviata* and *Carmina Burana*.

"Where do you live actually?" said Pamela to me. The discipline of saving money is actually a really exciting one. It has made the Bell more exciting for me. It will no doubt make Sunset Strip more exciting for me eventually. I love the things I have got away with in the past, the things I get away with now, the things I will get away with in the future.

I have got my book-lined London home, filled with ferns, and classical music. I live like a church mouse in a little hotel earning the money to write my books, while enjoying the girls taking their knickers off to loud music, and travelling a couple of times a year to Berlin. I am still sad about —. Do what you want with your genitals, otherwise you will regret it when you're dead.

There is nothing better than travelling around Europe to see my favourite opera singers. While there enjoying the brothels and strip clubs and pubs as well. Travel seems the only point to life. To travel is to be held in suspension. As soon as you come to rest, everything stops and falls. You are just left waiting until you can travel again. Between travels I will just drink & drink to make the time go faster.

I will go home today so I can get drunk while listening to music. That is all I do every day on my days off, get drunk. Just waiting for the time I can travel again. Thursday should be thundery, and Friday showers. The paper says we are heading for a period of high winds, torrential rain and abnormally high temperatures! Phnom Penh weather. It remains to be seen whether I can resist the lure of the illicit thrill during these atmospheric conditions. I do not want to go back to the Bell and Sunset Strip and Sunset Cinema and Demi and Pamela until I am also ready to travel. Even when I get September out of the way, there is still all of October, all of November, and all of December to get through! Can I really resist travelling in December? Maybe I will just pop to Brussels?

I live for gambling, I live for saving my money in periods of abstinence just so I can blow it again on wicked women in London and Brussels and Vienna and Munich and Berlin. This boom and bust is what I live for.

**NEXT WEEK—WHAT A MERRY CHASE I
LEAD PEOPLE!**



PRINCE ZALESKI

by M.P.Shiel
(1895)

Reviewed by D4Doom

One doesn't normally think of decadent literature and the detective story as having very much in common with each other. Be that as it may, somehow or other M. P. Shiel managed to combine the two in his Prince Zaleski stories.

Shiel wrote only four Prince Zaleski tales. Three were published in a slim collection in 1895; the fourth did not see publication until 1955, several years after the author's death, in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*.

The combination of the detective story with the gothic tale or the weird tale was a very common one at the time. William Hope Hodgson's stories of Carnacki the Ghost-Finder and Algernon Blackwood's John Silence stories being notable examples. The Prince Zaleski stories have something in common with these, but really they form a strange little sub-genre of their very own.

There are hints of the world of the irrational, there's an interest in the psychology not only of the actors in the drama but of the detective himself. But while the mysteries are certainly out of the ordinary, they contain hints not so much of the world of the supernatural as of the world of the fantastic. Perhaps it would be fair to consider them as

being related to the branch of literature referred to by the French as the fantastique.

What really distinguishes them though is the atmosphere of decadence. It's as if Huysmans' celebrated decadent des Esseintes had decided to try his hand at crime-solving.

Prince Zaleski never leaves his vast, remote and crumbling old house. Consumed by elegant despair and cultured ennui, he smokes hashish and contemplates the beautiful objects with which he has surrounded himself. He shudders at the thought of reading a newspaper. The idea of taking an interest in the world horrifies. From time to time he is visited by his friend Shiel (who narrates the stories). Shiel is interested in crime and knows that from time to time a case arises that is so bizarre that it has the power to rouse Zaleski from his strange dream-world. Zaleski then applies his immense intellectual gifts to the solving of the puzzle. He is invariably able to solve the crime without having to suffer the ordeal of having to leave his house, or even to stir himself from his divan.

The three original Prince Zaleski stories are all quite different. *The Race of Orven* is a gothic murder tale combined with a locked-room mystery.

The Stone of the Edmundsbury Monks is much stranger. The ingredients are an ancient amulet, a stone with possibly mystic powers, a family curse, a mysterious Persian, an indecipherable inscription, and an elderly scholar who may be insane or may in fact be all too sane.

The third tale, *The S. S.*, is stranger still. An epidemic of suicide is sweeping Europe. But is it suicide, or murder? Or even both? Can it be possible that thousands of deaths all over the continent could all be linked in a sinister conspiracy? The only clues are the slips of papyrus coated in honey found under the tongues of the victims. While the other stories start out strange but eventually the mystery is to some extent dispelled, this take just keeps getting stranger.

These stories are truly not quite like anything else in the crime genre, or any other genre for that matter. They are however weirdly and seductively fascinating and I highly recommend them.



If a young writer wrote to me for advice, I would say:
"What is necessary, after all, is only this: ejaculation, vast uncontrollable
ejaculation. Ejaculate so much you think you're about to die.
Priapism—permanent erection—this is what you must be able to attain."

LOATHSOME CENTRES

Part 1

From A VERY BIG CITY

By Rodney Blakeston

There is something priggish about this passage: "striptease...sex, liquor...ephemeralities, signs". This all sounds comfortingly human. Again, I warm rather to Lamb: "The endless succession of shops, where Fancy (miscalled folly) is supplied with perpetual new gauds and toys, excite in me no puritanical aversion. I gladly behold every appetite supplied with its proper food...."

(I prefer the Tokyo pornographer Nobuyoshi Araki who says: "Without obscenity our cities are dreary places and life is bleak.").

Mumford's description is just one of millions that denounce the city, though most denunciations are routine, lazy, unthought-through. The city is perennially seen as "a problem", inherently problematical, necessarily in need of improvement.

But I simply cannot go along with these automatic assumptions of badness. I look around and I see the problems, of course. Gross inequality, bad drains, poor housing, poverty wretchedness, crime, massive pollution, traffic jams. OK the city is full of problems.

But we are talking about the human race here; concentrate millions of them together and expect to see human iniquity writ large. But don't blame the city for this.

These things are always seen in comparison to some halcyon past: *The Magnificent Ambersons* (in the film of that name) are first seen in a cute little town with Tom Sawyer-type palings and dinky horse-drawn streetcars. Thirty years into the film we walk, with the hero, through an increasingly alien city, filmed now at alarming expressionist angles, to this commentary: our protagonist walks through

"what seemed to be the strange streets of a strange city. The town was growing, changing. it was heaving up in the middle incredibly; it was spreading incredibly and as it heaved it befouled itself and darkened its sky."

This is the standard view, and in the film it is made quite clear that this is a fall from grace, from the simplicity of the town in the early minutes of the film.

James Stewart in *It's a Wonderful Life* finds himself in a lurid and corrupt parallel version of the Norman Rockwellish city of Bedford Falls. Hookers flaunt themselves where dry goods merchants once traded; the Italians, sanitised and jolly in the real town, in the parallel one border on mafiosi. It is a very Mumford-ish film.

The history of the anti-city lament is interesting in itself, and as old as the city and, since it is history, changes through the ages. The city is immoral and corrupting while the country is inherently moral and salutary. Raymond Williams traces suspicion of the wickedness of the city from very early on in the history of literature. Specifically London is grumbled

about as early as 1177, hardly a Sodom, more like a small market town; (estimated population at the time, 25,000): "whatever evil or malicious thing you will find in that city" (our provincial friend Richard of Devizes again.)

Thomas Jefferson considered very early New York to be a "cloacina of all the depravities of human nature"; and this at a time when Manhattan was a collection of modest residential homes flanking a bowling green.

Moralist indignation does not flag. Ruskin's diatribe is almost comically Old Testament:

"Loathsome centres of fornication and covetousness....the smoke of their sin going in to the face of heaven like the furnace of Sodom and the pollution of it rotting and raging the bones and souls of the peasant people around them."

Now it is social reformers, hygienists, political radicals who condemn the city. With Marx and Engels' dark reports from the manufacturing towns, and later writers such as Booth and Beatrice Webb, the badness of the city became profoundly politicised; indeed the city could be seen as a summation of everything that was wrong with capitalism. Political change, for the utopian socialists anyway, rather than for the Marxist, could most dramatically be expressed in the dismantling of the city. In *News from Nowhere* the hero wakes up (after falling asleep in the horrors of late Victorian capital) to find that he is in a London that is "small and clean and green", a sort of Legoland London achieved after a socialist revolution triggered by a massacre in Trafalgar Square. A London "small and clean and green"? No thank you.

TO BE CONTINUED







In the Wigmore Hall

THE CHILD OF PLEASURE

**by Gabriele D'Annunzio
1889**

BOOK I

CHAPTER 2

continued

Another seed sown by the paternal hand had borne evil fruit in Andrea's spirit—the seed of sophistry. Sophistry, said this imprudent teacher, is at the bottom of all human pleasure or pain. Therefore, quicken and multiply your sophisms and you quicken and multiply your own pleasure or your own pain. It is possible that the whole science of life consists in obscuring the truth. The word is a very profound matter in which inexhaustible treasure is concealed for the man who knows how to use it. The Greeks, who were artists in words, were the most refined voluptuaries of antiquity. The sophists flourished in the greatest number during the age of Pericles, the Golden Age of pleasure.

This germ had found a favourable soil in the unhealthy culture of the young man's mind. By degrees, insincerity—rather towards himself than towards others—became such a habit of Andrea's mind, that finally he was incapable of being wholly sincere or of regaining dominion over himself.

The death of his father left him alone at the age of twenty, master of a considerable fortune, separated from his mother, and at the mercy of his passions and his tastes. He spent fifteen months in England. His mother married again, and he returned to Rome from choice.

Rome was his passion—not the Rome of the Cæsars, but the Rome of the Popes—not the Rome of the Triumphal Arches, the Forums, the Baths, but the Rome of the Villas, the Fountains, the Churches. He would have given all the Colosseums in the world for the Villa Medici, the Campo Vaccino for the Piazza di Spagna, the Arch of Titus for the Fountain of the Tortoises. The princely magnificence of the Colonnas, the Dorias, the Barberinis, attracted him far more than the ruins of imperial grandeur. It was his dream to possess a palace

crowned by a cornice of Michael Angelo's, and with frescos by the Carracci like the Farnese palace—a gallery of Raphaels, Titians and Domenichini like the Borghese; a villa like that of Alessandro Albani, where deep shadowy groves, red granite of the East, white marble from Luni, Greek statues and Renaissance pictures should weave an enchantment round some sumptuous amour of his. In an album of 'Confessions' at his cousin's, the Marchesa d'Ateleta, against the question—'What would you most like to be?' he had written, 'A Roman prince.'

Arriving in Rome about the end of September, he set up his 'home' in the Palazzo Zuccari, near the Trinità de' Monti, where the obelisk of Pius VI. marks with its shadow the passing hours. The whole of October was devoted to furnishing them. When the rooms were all finished and decorated to his taste, he passed some days of invincible melancholy and loneliness in his new abode. It was a St. Martin's summer, a 'Springtime of the Dead,' calmly sad and sweet, in which Rome lay all golden, like a city of the Far East, under a milk-white sky, diaphanous as the firmament reflected in Southern seas.

All this languor of atmosphere and light, in which things seemed to lose their substance and reality, oppressed the young man with an infinite weariness, an inexpressible sense of discontent, of discomfort, of solitude, emptiness and home-sickness, mostly, no doubt, the result of the change of climate and customs.

It was just this, that he was entering upon a new phase of life. Would he find therein the woman and the work capable of dominating his heart and becoming an object in life to him? Within himself he felt neither the conviction of power nor the presage of fame or happiness. Though penetrated, impregnated with art, as yet he had not produced anything remarkable. Eager in the pursuit of pleasure and of love, he had never yet really loved or really enjoyed whole-heartedly. Tortured by aspirations after an Ideal, and abhorring pain both by nature and education, he was vulnerable on every side, accessible to pain at every point.

In the tumult of his conflicting inclinations, he had lost all guiding will-power and moral perception. Will, in abdicating had yielded the

sceptre to instinct and the æsthetic sense was substituted for the moral. But, it was nevertheless precisely to his æsthetic sense—in him most subtle and powerful—that he owed a certain strength and equilibrium of mind, so that one might say his existence was a perpetual struggle between contrary forces, enclosed within the limits of that equilibrium. Men of intellect, educated in the cult of the beautiful, preserve a certain sense of order even in their worst depravities. The conception of the beautiful is, so to speak, the axis of their being, round which all their passions revolve.

Over this sadness, the recollection of Constance Landbrooke still floated like a faded perfume. His love for Conny had been a very delicate affair, for she was a very sweet little creature. She was like one of Lawrence's creations, with all the dainty feminine graces so dear to that painter of furbelows and laces and velvets, of lustrous eyes and pouting lips, a very re-incarnation of the little Countess of Shaftesbury. Lively, chattering, never still, lavish of infantile diminutives and silvery peals of laughter, easily moved to sudden caresses and as sudden melancholies and quick bursts of anger, she contributed to her share of love a vast amount of movement, much variety and many caprices. But Conny Landbrooke's melodious twitterings had left no more mark on Andrea's heart than the light musical echo left in one's ear for a time by some gay ritornella. More than once in some pensive hour of twilight melancholy, she had said to him with a mist of tears before her eyes—'I know you do not love me.' And in truth he did not love her, she did not by any means satisfy his longings. His ideal was less northern in character. Ideally he felt himself attracted by those courtesans of the sixteenth century, over whose faces there would appear to be drawn some indefinable veil of sorcery, some transparent mask of enchantment, some divine nocturnal spell.

The moment Andrea set eyes on the Duchess of Scerni, he said to himself—'*This* is my Ideal Woman!' and his whole soul went out to her in a transport of joy, in the presentiment of the future.

TO BE CONTINUED

WEEKLY SIGHTINGS

By Anonymous

And on to further writings from the depth of imagination reality, tis I again, what a fun filled few weeks it has been. I have been avoiding dragons, serpents and all the other demonic creatures life can throw at me.

I do not even know what I am to write about, how I feel? Reality? Well it is all about feeling and being able to pinpoint reality accurately that has us God like. The majority, cretins avoid any sort of feelings whatsoever. If you are alive, many blood sucking bastards either latch on or are passive to sink in. The clue is in the energy of people, the words they speak, Confident is having, speaks past about the object of having it, not not having it, waiting is also passive, waiting also is expecting life to happen without even taking the steps. Reality, to strengthen reality one must really engage in silence, all forms, all feelings, all sense, glued to your phone leaves you delusional, out of touch, scared and bloody well misses out on the gratitude and beauty of life.

Life is magnificent, you already have the life given, you have to create it, day in and day out, different experiences, but not to wait, it has already happened, everything that is happening has already happened unless you have not overcome the lesson, learned the lesson and felt it.

Which is living the myth but what myth are you living and telling yourself?

Here is a good way to see how you and your personality and sense of self are doing. Can you sit down and create the life of swashbuckling hero, living the life of having met all these damsels previously? This particular

time I was dating a young Filipina and she had a stinking rotten attitude, I flew over we spent a week together and her fanny smelt of rotten fish, the journey was wasted. Beautiful country however and I ended up in being with several young Filipinas and catching something rather funky that had a nuclear warhead which left me out of actions for weeks on end.

Betty at the social club was rather disappointed, there was no swimsuit action for a few weeks. To think I almost become a resident of the Philippines once as well. I was known briefly as KING Nestor which is translated for "traveller".

You can be anything you want by creating and acting, believing and being fully immersed in your character, like me, I am the world's greatest writer, poking at your minds with imagery like I have dog shit on the end of a brush, shitty minds. Focus on your role and reinforce this every day for change because nothing is driven without imagination and the energy.

The world has become a bunch of dead people with coat hangers up their arses whom do not believe in their own myth, their own imagination, chasing cash and being dead on their feet. How drab! Engage with the insane! Have women scantily clad dripping in jelly and bailey's ice cream, steady on Ernst. Now, my dear readers, Ernst said he wanted off the cuff, he wanted the writing to be driven off the white cliffs of dover in insanity! My gift of sexual imagination and debauchery thrust into penicillin!

Which reminds me of a story of a dodgy prostitute I once slept with in Ramsgate when the owner appeared with cling film upon his head! ABC the look of love or either that he was an advert for Bernard Matthews.

What else have I noticed, people crave laughter, an ease of their own suffering, can you imagine not digging into your own insanity and magic and working for someone else, it is a little like dragging your balls all over Trafalgar Square, we in society are being forced onto pegs, the system being squeezed killing imagination, killing the kids, the adults....they are fucked aren't they, whatever happened to crazy Freddie being caught bumming the cat, the friendly neighbour with a cup of sugar, hedge porn and white dog shit?

People being referred to as clients, stats, objects, a lot simply do not believe in their own creation, their own imagination and the release and art of storytelling, follow your constellation, be your own detective and let self take or be took on the reigns of some brazen hussy, come on Brenda-Hur....whip that mother.

People are interpreting reality factually correct, which is great but can you show someone your tackle without showing them your tackle, encourage, tease and entice, we have lost the art of letting things creep and move in the mysterious way, demanding the answers, the certainty, it is drab! Where are the crazy people at, the fiends, the moon lovers, the absolute stark raving lunatics that cannot be bought for money!

What happened to passion, doing the things they wanted to do without the want of money! Where is the heart filled driven centre to want to move people from their shit lives into complete fantasy drawing and stirring up powerful images of cocks and balls, boobs in peoples minds! Express! Bounce, jiggle, which reminds me of Sabrina in that boys, boys, boys video! Jiggling, soaking, the drenched swimsuit...it was always a difficult trick to rewind a video and play tug boat at the same time, couldn't quite get the angle of the dangle.

I have took myself off social media, I want to embrace the madness of reality and dig deep, to express a better writing, a more engaged train chugging along way!

Ernst. You wanted off the cuff and this has been the witness of the last few days, people are boring, have become incredibly boring, where are the Casanova seduction people, those with romanticised lives! Loving life instead of just waiting for it to happen, we have to dance in step with it, let it tango our cheeks! Oh such joy. People have stopped, there's no rhythm no joy, no laughter, prod them with laughter and I am sure to ease their pain.

I'm sure Angela whom I've annoyed will come around, she's got a cob on, a wobbler! Ah well. Life goes on, life is like a chocolate digestive in some aspects, it's round and well it's round and what goes around is all around.

I just wish that these big breasted women and Filipina and asian women would give me a break at the moment, my cock is red raw and I need a gin and tonic!

To all the brave sailors out there, eat fondue and remember faeries do exist, I've seen them. My gift to you I bid you ADIEU.

Anon...

Someone Call A Plumber!

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Bruce Chardon was on campus at a local university to give a lecture about creative writing.

Then he'd take questions from students and sign copies of his recent bestseller: *The Mudletting of Bruce Chardon*.

He looked the part of a writer – a free spirit with his wavy brown hair grown out to medium length.

Chardon wore a brown tweedcoat with a pinkish red button up collared short sleeve underneath, tan chinos, and brown loafers.

And it was about time for him to lay some brown loafers of his own.

Maybe it was the nervous excitement of giving his first in-person lecture in his hometown.

Maybe it was the servings of psyllium husk he'd had before bed and with breakfast.

Maybe it was the strong English breakfast tea he'd steeped a little too long and sipped a little too deeply this morning.

But it was time to go.

Holding it was not a question.

And he had to piss, too!

He felt the hot burning at the tip of his entry-level magnum dong.

He felt the brown serpent squirming in his rectum.

The thing Bruce loved about college restrooms was that they were usually quite clean.

And always easy to find.

He checked his reflection in the glass doors as he walked up to the main entrance, with his brown leather bag slung over his shoulder.

He looked good.

He pulled the door open and let a little gas out in the foyer.

Now he was prairie dogging.

He saw the restroom sign and walked across the main lobby to the left.

It was right around the corner.

Men.

He pushed open the door with his forearm and entered.

He looked to the right and one of the urinals was sectioned off with yellow tape.

There was a pattering of brownish footprints around the base of the urinal. Like a mix of shit, piss, and the Irish riverdance.

Chardon shuddered.

Hm. Usually they're quicker about clean ups like this.

It's one thing to section it off with tape

But to not hit the floor with a mop real quick?

It reeked of neglect.

He turned and headed to the rows of stalls.

He glanced at the first one and saw it was smacked and smattered with the mud of a young man long gone.

He brushed shoulders with a college dude with greasy black hair coming out of a stall with a grin.

Bruce peeked in and saw a long soft green snake in there. A fluffy turd with the look of decay and too many blueberries eaten. Or maybe they had some birthday cake with black frosting on it. That usually produces that strange dark green color.

The young man hadn't the sense to flush, or to wipe that much by the look of it.

And he didn't wash his hands on the way out, Bruce gathered, as he heard the door woosh softly shut.

Then Bruce looked ahead.

And the horror shocked him.

He saw that this bathroom was about the size of a locker room really.

And it was flooding.

From a vent at the top of the wall, green liquid gushed out.

He saw that a greenish pond flowed nearly up to where he was standing.

It ebbed eagerly at his brown loafers with a splash, trying to pull him in like a riptide.

But splashed he was.

Green goo from the lagoon on his loafers, wetting his un-socked ankles.

While more wetness sprinkled down from the rattling ceiling tiles.

Bruce was horrified.

He backed up and exited the restroom.

He hollered, "Plumber! Someone call a plumber!"

But the college kids passing by just sneered at him.

"Someone call a plumber!"

- That's where my dream ended, maybe this story shall continue another day -~ Bruce

EDEN



A Romance
by Ernst Graf

CHAPTER 23

WHY DON'T YOU MARRY ME?

I started the day saying — always gives me something, I always get some reward from — these days, and today was crazy.

Two there — at 130ish, not much happening, empty, try again later I thought, so up to — and on my second pint in — beautiful girl walks in and manager says “we wiped you off the system so we need your picture again!”, then said to her “see you Wednesday!” So excited by this!

So back to —, sitting in high chair at corner of bar, then a brunette in figure-hugging white dress comes in and sits just two seats away, drinking on her own. Then she left and a cool blonde bob Russian sat in that seat, drinking on her own, and it seemed so obvious both were wanting me to pick them up. After they left, I saw there was a blonde sitting on her own two chairs further on also on her own. I felt all three were waiting for me to pick them up!

I always say it is still so rare to see a woman drinking on her own in a pub, and blow me, there was three of them one after the other, sitting so close to me in an otherwise relatively empty pub, so it seemed so obvious. Three! One after the other!

Wanted steak but I would miss out on all this excitement at —!

Had Magdalena Kuzma ticket for 1pm but I cannot be bothered to go and listen to an hour of that screeching again—as sexy as she is. Those days are over.

Decided I do not want to go to Hamburg. I think it would just be another grubby Frankfurt mixed with Amsterdam kitsch. I have therefore booked FOUR nights in the Cecil to stay in 1923 Paris only. Always possible I could on the spur of the moment decide to jump on a train to Hamburg one morning all the same, but I doubt it. More likely I will go on a trip to Ostend on one of those days to make pilgrimage to *Daughters of Darkness* (or *Blut an den Lippen*, ‘Blood on the lips’, to give the film its wonderful German title, the version I saw when staying in Berlin a few years ago).



The 1970s is the GREATEST decade for cinema (and for so many other things). (Maybe just because it reminds me of my childhood and formative triggers, but I don't think so). You could watch a different classic film from the 1970s on all 365 days of the year, and still realise you have only just scratched the surface. So many of my all time favourite films come from the Seventies. Just off the top of my head—

- *Last Tango in Paris*. Marlon Brando gave up after this and never gave a serious performance again; this one took too much out of him. He never wanted to be that naked again (and I am not talking about his physical nakedness). It was Maria Schneider's debut and the only great thing she ever did in cinema.
- *Bad Timing* (released 1980 but filmed in 1979). Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell and director Nic Roeg NEVER did anything this great again. It was the high point for all of them.
- *The French Connection*
- *The French Connection II*
- *The Night Porter*, *Despair* and *Death in Venice*—Dirk Bogarde's three greatest triumphs
- *La Bête* and other erotic masterpieces of Walerian Borowczyk



📺 YOU WILL REGRET NOT TAKING THIS OPPORTUNITY.. IT C...

Message from Katharina 9pm

Why don't you take me away to Berlin? Where I can work and take care of myself help me get out of this situation. Why don't you marry me? And take me away from this painful life

Well another interesting day. R— in — in tight black lycra top and really busty. Suddenly a possible. One there, then 3 in —, back to — passing long black-haired girl in Chinese door, Michelle, new to me, sexy, definite next one, two more in — with busty R—.

I think I accept now I will never get to Rome, or Hamburg, or Weimar, or the Brocken Mountain, or the Reichenbach Falls. I cannot be bothered anymore. Any money I have I need to try to keep for my imminent old age. My travels now will just be my old haunts, which means Paris basically, perhaps a trip to Ostend. I've lost interest in all those old intellectual pilgrimages. I just want to go somewhere familiar which has rumpy pumpy and Paris 2023 does not even have that anymore, and Paris 1923 does.

Do I really want to get involved with R—, — barmaid, or anyone? I don't feel any enthusiasm for it whatsoever. Berlin was really good this four days. Perhaps Berlin is not so dead after all. The routine of — lunch, — till after 3, back to — to finish was a really nice one. Gives me two chances of walking past the Chinese places.

Bored of B— now, and the whole situation. Just forget about her, if she is ever there in future, that is a nice bonus. I have to look out for what falls in my lap randomly, not by design.



“There are few things sexier in life than seeing a young woman drinking alone in a pub.”

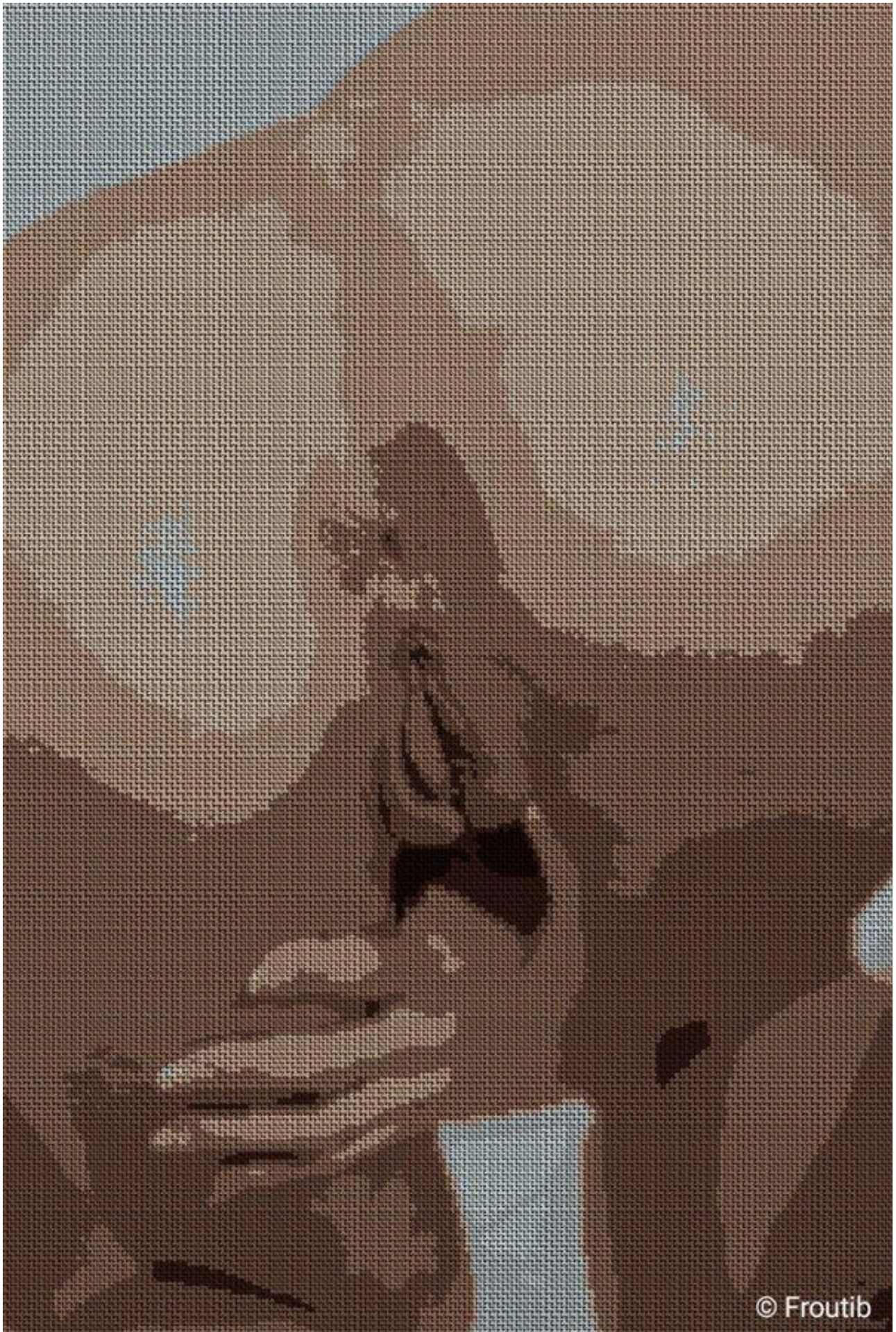
Incredible that the day after writing these words, I am sitting at the bar of the — Monday evening when some woman comes in, slips her coat off to reveal figure-hugging white wool dress and sits at bar quietly on her own just two seats away, and buys a drink for herself. She gets up and goes and in exact same seat comes another single woman, cool, composed, blonde bob Russian, and buys a drink for herself. I felt both of them were hoping I would try to pick them up. Quite extraordinary.

When she went I saw there was another one, Berlin blonde, like four seats along ALSO drinking on her own. It is such a comparatively rare event, and here was THREE of them one after the other all just alongside me at the bar.

Do they think me a gigolo?



Accroupi by Froutib



***Gracious* by FROUTIB**

I had my mind focused on B— so did not do anything, but now I wonder if I should have done.

The last four days off were so interesting: SEVEN reasons why I should not worry about B— at all.

I am happy, aren't I? I am living the life I want to live. Loving the place where I live so much. My job at Eden Mansions is cool (albeit cold!). Effectively I only have to stand outside three of the four hours from 8 to midnight, and one hour from 7am to 8. That is not such a big deal. Rest of the time I am in the warm.

On my days off I stroll next door to —, then up to —, then back to — perhaps via Chinese massage. — always has a lovely female nubile narcotic atmosphere in the evenings. It is my new Calcutta. I can jump on an ICE to Paris whenever I want and lovely narcotic atmosphere of 1923 Sphynx or Chat Noir or windows or even Empire. I rather enjoyed both my brief visits last time.

I am now living the life of my dreams.

📺 SCORPIO ☐ IMAGINE IT 🧙‍♂️ WATCH IT COME TRUE ☐ Thot...

CHAPTER 24

GOING

UNDERGROUND

Third night at Eden. Stunning 10 Korean girl in front of me on bus, long black hair, 19yo, made up face gorgeous fertile curvy face, eyelashes, black speedo shorts and those curvy thighs they all seem to have. Fucking gorgeous. I want one.

Aug to Sep 3581 drop

Sep to Oct 2212 drop

Oct to Nov 2983 drop

This is how my bank account has dropped in the last three months. Genuinely scary. I will have to start using my credit card for food & beer again.

On the other hand, this Dec/Jan is going to be my best EVER Dec/Jan for wages, so that shows what is possible at Eden.

One Paris 1923 trip a month is costing about 1000. So I can cut that out—now that Berlin is starting to seem so interesting all of a sudden.

There is R— at — and B— at —, Chinese girls. And so many nubile interesting customers in the pubs.

**

Rubbish Tuesday. — and — both rubbish. I think I will give up on — now, only go there weekends, no more week days.

Passing Marie in Chinese place on way back to — but eyes on sexy AF little Asian girl with purple hair, white jumper, black miniskirt, black knee high socks, sexy little arse, sexiest girl I ever saw, Asian again. Followed her down into — station before she went through barriers. 10 out of fucking 10.

Feel I should start hibernating now. Drink at home again to save money. Perhaps then just go straight out to Chinese from home, with beer inside me and erection ready! Nice idea!

I have got to turn my finances around somehow.

My lovely warm cosy flat, with classical music, lamps, hot water bottle. Better than anything outside.

**

I love my peaceful little Charlottenburg flat so much. I love gorgeous food so much. Forget about sex until I see that random girl by chance. Don't go looking for it so much. Forget about it and the diamonds will turn up when you stop looking. This is to be a "season of the food". A season of feasting not fasting.

Christ I see so many sexy girls on the U-bahn that I just never see on the buses. Two sexy lithe things passing me on end of — platform, then four girls early 20s on the carriage I got on but it was the Berlin blonde, 5'6, curvy, slightly Marcel wavy blonde hair, black lace top, red lips, that was the stunner, 10 out of 10, one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw in my life. She was standing at first then sitting so I could look down at her, our eyes met 3 or 4 times then I had to turn my back to stop myself. Sensational. For that, I would make room in my life.

Left home 656, on U-bahn 712 (let first one go), in Eden 745. 33 minutes from getting on train to arriving in locker room! I honestly think I will get the U-bahn every night from now on, because it means I can leave home later, and mainly for the sexy girls you see.

▶ SCORPIO - A Chance To Make One Dream Of Yours Come True ...

THE PERSON THAT TRIED TO LIE ON YOU & "EXPOSE" YOU ENDED UP EXPOSING THEMSELVES..

▶ IT'S OBVIOUS THIS PERSON HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE M...

**

Third night of getting U-bahn to work, more ridiculously sexy minxes everywhere. Seeing so many sexy girls on the platform and on the train makes me see how stupid I have been wasting so many hours in — just hoping for a glimpse of B—, when there are so many girls as good as her or better on the underground every night. All those hours in those — vigils! I should just go for a ride on the underground every night on my days off and I might well do that.

Nap when I get home I suppose, then leave at 1 to get to Hauptbahnhof for 2.

Looking forward, I suppose, to a lazy four days in 1923 Paris (perhaps day trip to Ostend). Try not to drink so much in the Sphynx which means getting there later. That is not before 5. Get to Chat Noir no sooner than 3, then can stroll up to Pigalle, and back to the Sphynx for after 5 only. I DO want to try Empire again—to look for that moody slim girl. Amazing that I am attracted to that place again!

But write—EROS, LOVE ME SOME OTHER WAY, and work on SOHO.

Fucking shit disaster with my pills—delivery company said they had them Friday and would deliver Saturday, but then Saturday night unforeseen delay, and here we are Sunday night and still no further word. I leave the house 1pm Monday so not much time to get them now, and I am down to my last two I think.

NEXT WEEK—PARIS, NOVEMBER 1923





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](#)

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

Bruce Chardon—Writer. Wordchad. Sigma male. Cum Zone Pioneer. Le Marquis de Toilette. [Bruce Chardon Blog](#) [Bruce Chardon \(@BruceChardon\) / X](#)

Capitalist Tools Artworks—Photographer specializing in classic art nudes [Cap Tools / X](#)

COVER PHOTO: Violet Pixie (2022) by Capitalist Tools Artworks

BACK COVER PHOTO: Britney Brooks (2019) by Capitalist Tools Artworks

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