

THE MEAT MACHINE

By David Playfair

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Chapter Nineteen—Austria part 2

Next morning found me behind the wheel of the official Mercedes, bowling down the road to Linz-on-the-Danube. The autobahn construction was coming along nicely — I guess our low-class sausages were productively nourishing the workers — and I was able to hit 140 kph on several stretches.

Once I had reached the Linz suburbs it was easy to find the Seniors' home. I just looked for a building wide enough to havelinzeraltersrentnersversicherungskrankenhauswritten across the front entrance.

I parked the Merc prominently, and strolled over to a bunch of skinny little old men (it seems that big fat men don't make it to old age) who were smoking their pipes in the sunshine outside the home. My enquiry after Ilse Weiss met with enthusiasm. Two of the old gentlemen pumped their arms up and down, with as much vigor as their years could muster, before directing me to her room. Evidently a popular woman! Frau Ilse Weiss was perched on a wheelchair. She was small and thin and tough.

In fact, she looked better than many of the half-paralyzed seventy-year-olds we'd passed in the lobby. Her wrinkled face was alert, though she did drop off to sleep from time to time. I don't think she was quite sure who I was, but she was glad enough to have a visitor to talk to.

'So Dolly sent you, eh? He was always a good boy with me. I helped to raise his father, Alois, and I baby-sat his children as well. Alois never understood his son. Dolly's the artistic type, always drawing, ever since he was big enough to hold a crayon. And Alois never respected his talent, wouldn't admire his pictures, said they'd be no use to him when he looked for work. And the boy's mother was too meek to intervene. "Alois," I used to say, "give the boy a break. He's not even in high school yet and you're talking about him earning his living."

'So what would Alois say to that?' I asked.

'Nothing. He knew I was right, see, so he'd just snort "Women!" and stomp off to smoke his pipe. Then young Dolly — I suppose I should call him Adolf now he's grown — and I would stay in the kitchen. We'd make gingerbread men. He always did the decorating. I've never known a child with such talent, he could have been a master-baker. But his father never respected any of this, said cooking was women's work and that it would turn Adolf into a sissy.'

'That sounds harsh,' I said.

'You've got to understand,' said old Ilse, 'that Alois never had much chance to learn about the gentler things of life. His dad, Johann-Georg, was a poor farm laborer without any learning, and he died before Alois was grown. And then his mother, Maria, died too. Alois had to make his own career in a hard world, and that made him hard. But I never forgot, and Alois never forgot, that I was his first baby-sitter and his mother's friend. He knew I was good with kids. He may have grumbled about the things I did with Adolf, but he never forbade them.'

Frau Weiss dozed off at this point. I let her snooze for a while, then gave her a gentle poke. She resumed her story, more or less where we left off.

'So I told Dolly he could have a shelf of his own in my kitchen, where he could keep his baking stuff. And that's what he did. Every time he got pocket money he'd buy something different for decorating the gingerbread. It was always gingerbread, that was his favorite. He bought different food dyes to mix in the icing sugar, and different colored sprinkles. Oh, and those little silver balls, the ones that look like shiny metal and crunch in your teeth... We had some candied angelica stalks too, for the green. He had them all in little bottles, lined up neat...'

I could see we might never get out of the kitchen at this pace, so I tried to nudge her memory.

'How did you get to know Frau Maria Hitler?'

'You mean Dolly's grandmother, Alois' mother? Well, she was Fraülein Maria Schicklgruber when I met her. Had a baby but no husband. She didn't get called Frau Hitler till she'd settled down with Johann-Georg Hitler. Everyone figured the baby must have been his in the first place, and I never contradicted them.'

'You didn't say how you met her...'

'I lived just down the road. I was only eleven when she took me on as a babysitter. She couldn't pay me more than a few pennies, but it was my first job, and I was proud to walk baby Alois down the road in his little perambulator. My school-friends used to wrap up their pussycats for make-believe babies, but I was looking after the genuine article. And I was a real good baby-sitter too, for all that I was very young. Of course, I hadn't yet got interested in boys.'

The old lady was livening up. She paused and took a good look at me, at least, as good a look as her cataracts permitted.

'You're a fine looking young man', she said. 'Why don't you and me nip into the bedroom for a quickie? There's many a good tune played on an old fiddle.'

And she slid her hand between my legs.

I began to realize why Frau Weiss was so popular among the old fellows. She certainly hadn't forgotten how to make a manfeel good.

'There may be snow on the roof,' she went on, 'but there's still a blaze in the hearth.'

I don't know what she would have done next if a nurse hadn't intruded on the scene. Frau Weiss deftly withdrew her tentacle and reverted to being a decorous little old lady.

'Now, dear,' cooed the nurse, 'it's time for our hot milk and our nap.'

She rolled my interview subject away, without even a 'by your leave'. At this rate the questioning would take years, and I wasn't too sure whether Ilse Weiss would hold up that long. Tomorrow, I resolved, she and I would take control of the situation, away from fussy nurses.

So next day I showed up in full uniform, with the Mercedes-Benz so waxed and polished that I could have shaved in its reflection.

'I shall take my great-great-aunt for a ride in the countryside,' I firmly announced. 'Please bring her coat and boots.'

They jumped to it. As I'd long ago discovered in Russia, it's not so hard to get by in an authoritarian society. Just make sure you have more trappings of authority than the next fellow. An SS cap with a skull and crossbones beats a nurse's headgear as surely as a flush beats a straight.

The nurses got going and after half an hour a fine figure of a woman emerged. It was Ilse, dressed in the height of fashion for the year 1880. She wore a white blouse under an embroidered black velvet sleeveless vest, a tight-waisted black skirt which daringly revealed her ankles, and patent leather boots. Her gray hair was piled up, and a straw boater hat with a pink ribbon was firmly held on top by an ivory hatpin. A crocodile-skin bag completed the ensemble.

Fortunately I knew exactly what to do. Officers' training school had included instruction in etiquette. I clicked my boot-heels, bowed from the waist, kissed her hand and gave her my arm. The nurses applauded as I escorted her to the Mercedes. We did make a fine couple.

As I'd expected, Ilse could walk all right, though only at one kilometer per hour. They'd had her in a wheelchair for convenience rather than necessity.

Once I'd got her in the front passenger seat and we were bowling along the highway, Ilse found her tongue and began a running commentary.

'This is the road that Gerhardt Kohlmeister took me down in his new horseless carriage. And that's the corner where he said he'd run out of petrol. I remember there was a haystack...'

'Did he find his spare can next morning?'

'What rogues you men are!'

She gave me a nudge in the ribs. The memory must have reminded her of yesterday, because she resumed feeling me up, this time putting her hand right down my pants.

'We'll stop at the Red Horse guesthouse for a glass of wine,' she said in a voice of command.

'Zu Befehl, meine Dame.'

I settled Ilse in a quiet corner of the guesthouse barroom, and put a glass of white wine in her hand.

'Adolf Hitler sent me here,' I explained. 'He sends you his fondest regards and apologizes that affairs of state prevent his personal presence.'

'Well, it's very civil of Dolly to send a nice young man like you along instead. What can I do for you? As if I didn't know...'

She fondled my knee under the table.

'It's about your promise,' I said, 'to answer Adolf's question. You said you could tell him after his father had died.'

As a matter of fact, Hitler senior had died in 1903, when Adolf was only thirteen. I didn't labor the point, because it was plain that Ilse's grip on the recent time-track was rather loose.

'Maria was lonely,' began Ilse. 'Young though I was, I was her only close friend for years. She talked to me a lot, grown-up stuff. I was a clever girl, and tall for my age. I think she'd forget I was only eleven or twelve. She told me how she'd caught for Alois.

'Let that be a warning to you,' she'd say.

'But he's such a lovely baby,' I'd say.

"Of course he is," she'd answer, "and I wouldn't be without him now, but I should have got married first. I could have had one just as loveable with a wedding ring on my finger." Then she'd always swear me to secrecy.'

Ilse stopped her tale to drink more wine.

'One day I went to Maria's place — this was after she'd settled down with Johann-Georg — and I found her holding an envelope with my name on it.

'Ilse,' she said, 'I dreamed last night that I would die before you.'

'That made me cry and carry on, but she gave me a hug, settled me down and went on explaining.

'It doesn't have to mean that I'll die young', she said. 'Maybe it's you that's going to live till you're very old. This envelope holds a letter with the secret story of my life. Take it now and never lose it. One day, after I'm gone, it might be important.'

'I wept some more, but I did what she asked. The envelope's still sealed, and I have it right here in my handbag.'

She patted the crocodile-hide.

'And now let's go to our room,' said Ilse. She winked. The effect of this was less than she'd intended, because the eye stayed closed, and was followed by the other side. She gave a small ladylike snore. Half a glass of white wine had proved too much for her.

I called the waiter. 'My aunt is tired and needs to lie down for an hour or so. I'll rent one of your rooms.'

Between us we walked the sleepy old lady to a guest room, and laid her comfortably on top of the bed.

She fell right back to sleep. I covered her up with a blanket. The waiter took his tip and left.

I sat and opened Ilse's bag. It contained a bag of toffees and a packet of cigarettes — doubtless both against doctor's orders — and, firmly filed in a pouch at the back, the envelope. The paper had turned creamy-yellow with the years. I cut the seal with my SS knife, unfolded the letter, and read...

Dear Ilse,

You have been a true and loyal friend, and it is to you that I am entrusting the great secret of my life. It must not be revealed to my son Alois. He is doing well at school, and I am proud of him. These facts would upset him to no good purpose.

One day, perhaps, my grandchildren or great-grandchildren will need to know the truth about their ancestry. If that day should come in your lifetime, and if you can avoid disturbing Alois, then you may show them this letter.

I will now tell the story of how I conceived Alois. He believes his father to have been Johann-Georg Hitler, whose common-law wife I became. Johann-Georg is good to Alois and me, but I was not in love with him and he was not the true father of Alois.

I became pregnant while in domestic service with a family of rich Jews, the Kleinrots. They were kind to me, though it took me a while to learn their ways. Two sets of dishes, one for Jews and one for Gentile guests. No cheese at the same meal as beef. And, of course, nothing from pigs. Once I made the mistake of making sandwiches with pork salami. The Kleinrots

ate without saying a word. I suppose they couldn't recognize what they'd never had before. All except their son Nathan, who gave me a wink when no one else was looking.

Nathan was sixteen, a little younger than me. I fell in love with him, and he with me. We became secret friends, and lovers. We gave little thought to the future. When I became pregnant, I was very frightened. Nathan reassured me and went to his parents. He told them that he wanted to marry me, and that I was ready to convert to the Jewish faith. They called me in, to the family council. Frau Kleinrot was very angry and called me a whore. I thought then it was she who was my greatest enemy, but I believe she would have come to love me if only I had become her daughter-in-law. Herr Kleinrot seemed more reasonable, but now I see that it was he who spoiled things. He did not argue with Nathan, just reminded him of 'responsibilities', that the family business needed educated management, and that they would help him to take a man's part in life. And so forth. He spun a web of fine words. He made us believe that we must part for a while but would be together again in the future. It was not to be. Nathan was sent off to college in Vienna, where he lodged with another Jewish family, business friends of his father's.

What fools, I thought, these rich people can be. Maria would have brought fresh vigor to the Kleinrot family. A youthful wedding and a religious conversion would have provoked some synagogue gossip, but no more than the usual nine-days-wonder. After which she could have got on with putting some backbone into the charming but over-obedient Nathan.

Well, I thought, a Communist should not lament the shortcomings of the capitalist class.

The letter continued...

They gave me a money allowance — quite a generous one — but I had to leave their house. I went to stay with my uncle and aunt in the country. That's how Johann-Georg met me, he was a laborer on a farm nearby and delivered the eggs.

At first I had no time for Johann-Georg. I lived for Nathan's letters. When baby Alois was born Nathan wrote how pleased he was, but excused himself from coming because of college examinations. His letters became fewer, and those he did write were full of the names of friends and clubs I knew nothing of. I knew that, with just a little chance to improve my education, I could have held my own in these circles. But he never invited me to Vienna and the opportunity never came. Finally, after a long silence, Nathan wrote a final letter. He wrote that he had a change of heart, which could not be denied no matter how he regretted it, and that he was engaged to marry another woman.

Soon after I saw the wedding announcement in the newspaper. He married a Jewish girl, the daughter of the family with whom he'd been lodging. I knew then that this had been Herr Kleinrot's plan all along, and that Nathan had been too young and weak to resist the family pressures. I still love Nathan but he is my past history. Johann-Georg is my man now. He loves me and will raise Alois as his own. He has no education, and no interest in culture. I cannot talk to him as I talked to Nathan, yet he is an honest working man. I have my little boy. Life has not turned out so badly for me.

from your dear friend, Maria Hitler (née Schicklgruber)

I folded the letter back into its envelope, and buttoned the envelope into my uniform pocket. The next person to see it would be the Führer himself.

Ilse was stirring. She sat up on the bed, a happy expression on her wrinkled face.

'Oh, Gerhardt,' she said, 'that was simply lovely. Let's do it again soon.' She reached out and hugged me affectionately. 'But you know me, don't you? There's one thing I've got to have after making love.'

'Right you are, Ilse.' I took the packet of cigarettes out of her bag, and lit up in the proper romantic way. (In case the younger generation has forgotten these fine points of etiquette, the gentleman puts two cigarettes in his mouth, lights both, and passes one to his lady. Thus he steals a kiss, while her dainty wrist is spared the exertion of lifting a heavy lighter.)

Ilse and I sat puffing smoke to the ceiling.

'You're not Gerhardt, are you?' she said in a moment of present lucidity. 'Well, whoever you are, and I hope you'll forgive me for forgetting your name, you were absolutely marvellous.'

I was greatly complimented. It was the first time I'd achieved imaginary telepathic sex in a lady's dreams, and I felt very pleased that I'd done it right.

'It's been a lovely day, Ilse, but now I must drive you home.'

Ilse gave me a warm kiss before she stepped out of the Mercedes.

'I have your message for Dolly — er Adolf,' I reminded her.

'Good,' she said. 'I want to send him a present as well. Buy him, for me, the best gingerbread man you can find.'

Before I left, I spoke with the director of the Old Folks' Home, a nice woman in her sixties.

'How did you like our home?' she asked me.

'You can put me in it,' I said, 'if I'm around here when I retire.'

'I can't ask for a better recommendation,' she said. 'I've put my own name down, and I'm glad you agree. We could sit side by side and swap stories. You do have some stories to tell, I suppose?'

'I do, and I'm sure you have too.'

'It's a shame,' said the director, 'that you can't stay and help me run this place, because you understand something that a lot of my nurses can't get into their heads.'

'Which is?'

'That "Old Age" is not an alien nationality. Out there,' and she gestured toward the rest of Linz, 'is a city full of flesh-and-blood people doing all the things that flesh-and-blood people do. They're fighting and falling in love and eating and getting drunk and breaking the law and upholding the law — in short, they're living. When they get old, they wind up here. But they're still the same people. I have to keep reminding the nurses that they and their charges are one and the same, just fifty years apart.'

She smiled. 'You got me started! Now, I know you have to be on your way, and you said you had some business to conclude.'

'The Führer has asked me to arrange some special comforts for the senior citizens of Linz,' I said, 'and it occurs to me that extra ration coupons might be more useful to you than money.'

'You're absolutely right,' she said, 'and I'll write down some suggestions.'

While she worked out her people's needs I scanned the list of residents' names.

'Many of these names are familiar,' I said. 'Others seem missing. Wasn't there a Kleinrot family in this part of Upper Austria?'

'It does ring a bell,' said the director. 'Let me check the records.' She shuffled through a large card index.

'You're right. "Kleinrot, Nathan" this one says.'

'Can he still be alive? He was in business seventy years ago...'

The director frowned at the card.

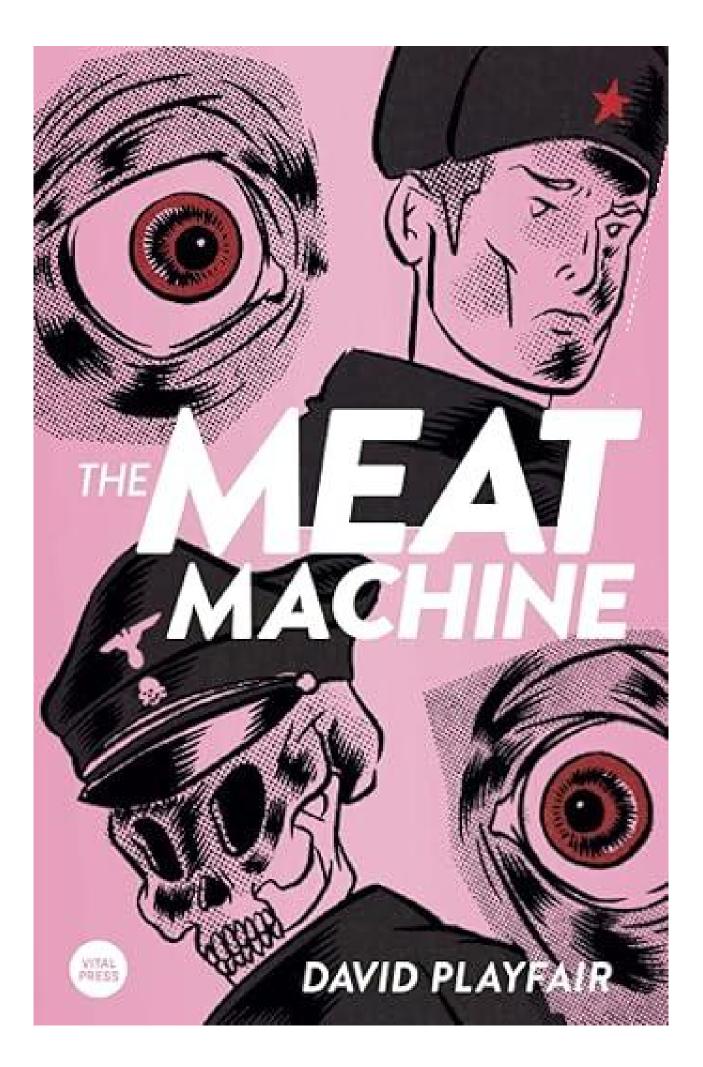
'No, that was his father. It was Nathan Kleinrot junior whom we had here.'

'Is he still here?'

'It says "transferred". Why was that I wonder? Ah, yes, he was with the group who were moved to a special facility for Jewish seniors.'

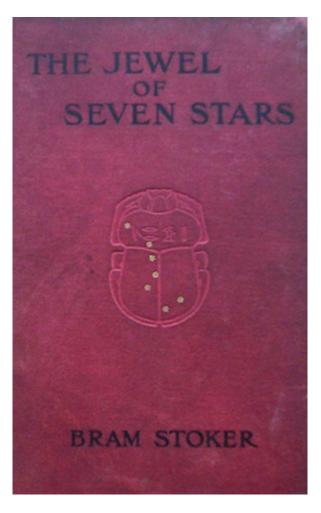
I knew what kind of facility that would be. Up the chimney, as they say. Well, here was one thing I wouldn't bother mentioning to the Führer. He had — indirectly, inadvertently, but quite definitely — brought about the death of his own uncle.

NEXT WEEK—Chapter Twenty—Thule



THE JEWEL OF SEVEN STARS

(1904) By Bram Stoker Reviewed by D4Doom



The Jewel of Seven Stars is one of several novels written by Bram Stoker in addition to *Dracula*. His novels are wildly uneven. The Lady of the Shroud is dull, uninteresting and almost unreadable. The Lair of the White Worm is bizarre and highly entertaining. The Jewel of Seven Stars, published in 1904, is different again. And this one is actually very good!

A barrister named Malcolm Ross receives an urgent call to the home of an eminent although perhaps slightly eccentric Egyptologist, Mr Trelawney. He has been found, apparently in a deep coma, in a room of his house filled with Egyptian antiquities including the mummy of an Egyptian queen. The room is filled with an overpowering and pungent aroma but Trelawney has seemingly anticipated this situation and left strict instructions that his body, whether alive or dead, is not to be moved from the room.

Ross, along with a Scotland Yard detective, Trelawney's doctor, a nurse and Trelawney's daughter Margaret keep a vigil by his bedside but are overcome by a strange sleep. When they awake they discover a deep gash on the arm of Mr Trelawney and evidence of an attempt to open his safe. There is no logical explanation for any of these odd events until the arrival of a mysterious colleague of Trelawney's who has a strange tale to tell. Some centuries earlier a Dutch explorer had discovered the tomb of an Egyptian queen who had so offended the priests that her name had been erased from all records. Trelawney had been inspired by this book to find the tomb, and had succeeded. He brought the queen's mummy and the various grave goods back to England, including a very unusual ruby carved with hieroglyphs and with a representation of seven stars.

Trelawney's further researches reveal that the mummy is that of Queen Tera, and that the queen had set in motion an extraordinary plan for her future bodily resurrection. Trelawney becomes obsessed, his obsession increased by the fact that his own daughter Margaret was born at the exact moment he uncovered the queen's tomb, and Margaret bears an uncanny resemblance to the long-dead monarch. He has discovered the means by which Queen Tera intended to effect her resurrection, and he has resolved to put her plan into operation. Ross isn't sure this is entirely a good idea, especially given that he has now fallen in love with Margaret.

Stoker builds the suspense and the sense of mystery and of the uncanny with considerable expertise in this short novel. There isn't a great deal of overt horror but it's an entertaining and effective weird tale. While it doesn't have the complexity of *Dracula* it's arguably a better written and more tightly constructed book. A highly enjoyable read. The Wordsworth Classic edition (included in their mummy anthology *Return From the Dead*) includes both the original 1904 ending and Stoker's revised 1912 ending.

The Jewel of Seven Stars by Bram Stoker

Chapter I A Summons in the Night

It all seemed so real that I could hardly imagine that it had ever occurred before; and yet each episode came, not as a fresh step in the logic of things, but as something expected. It is in such a wise that memory plays its pranks for good or ill; for pleasure or pain; for weal or woe. It is thus that life is bittersweet, and that which has been done becomes eternal.

Again, the light skiff, ceasing to shoot through the lazy water as when the oars flashed and dripped, glided out of the fierce July sunlight into the cool shade of the great drooping willow branches—I standing up in the swaying boat, she sitting still and with deft fingers guarding herself from stray twigs or the freedom of the resilience of moving boughs. Again, the water looked golden-brown under the canopy of translucent green; and the grassy bank was of emerald hue. Again, we sat in the cool shade, with the myriad noises of nature both without and within our bower merging into that drowsy hum in whose sufficing environment the great world with its disturbing trouble, and its more disturbing joys, can be effectually forgotten. Again, in that blissful solitude the young girl lost the convention of her prim, narrow upbringing, and told me in a natural, dreamy way of the loneliness of her new life. With an undertone of sadness she made me feel how in that spacious home each one of the household was isolated by the personal magnificence of her father and herself; that there confidence had no altar, and sympathy no shrine; and that there even her father's face was as distant as the old country life seemed now. Once more, the wisdom of my manhood and the experience of my years laid themselves at the girl's feet. It was seemingly their own doing; for the individual "I" had no say in the matter, but only just obeyed imperative orders. And once again the flying seconds multiplied themselves endlessly. For it is in the arcana of dreams that existences merge and renew themselves, change and yet keep the same-like the soul of a musician in a fugue. And so memory swooned, again and again, in sleep.

It seems that there is never to be any perfect rest. Even in Eden the snake rears its head among the laden boughs of the Tree of Knowledge. The silence of the dreamless night is broken by the roar of the avalanche; the hissing of sudden floods; the clanging of the engine bell marking its sweep through a sleeping American town; the clanking of distant paddles over the sea.... Whatever it is, it is breaking the charm of my Eden. The canopy of greenery above us, starred with diamond-points of light, seems to quiver in the ceaseless beat of paddles; and the restless bell seems as though it would never cease....

All at once the gates of Sleep were thrown wide open, and my waking ears took in the cause of the disturbing sounds. Waking existence is prosaic enough—there was somebody knocking and ringing at someone's street door.

I was pretty well accustomed in my Jermyn Street chambers to passing sounds; usually I did not concern myself, sleeping or waking, with the doings, however noisy, of my neighbours. But this noise was too continuous, too insistent, too imperative to be ignored. There was some active intelligence behind that ceaseless sound; and some stress or need behind the intelligence. I was not altogether selfish, and at the thought of someone's need I was, without premeditation, out of bed. Instinctively I looked at my watch. It was just three o'clock; there was a faint edging of grey round the green blind which darkened my room. It was evident that the knocking and ringing were at the door of our own house; and it was evident, too, that there was no one awake to answer the call. I slipped on my dressing-gown and slippers, and went down to the hall door. When I opened it there stood a dapper groom, with one hand pressed unflinchingly on the electric bell whilst with the other he raised a ceaseless clangour with the knocker. The instant he saw me the noise ceased; one hand went up instinctively to the brim of his hat, and the other produced a letter from his pocket. A neat brougham was opposite the door, the horses were breathing heavily as though they had come fast. A policeman, with his night lantern still alight at his belt, stood by, attracted to the spot by the noise.

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm sorry for disturbing you, but my orders was imperative; I was not to lose a moment, but to knock and ring till someone came. May I ask you, sir, if Mr. Malcolm Ross lives here?"

"I am Mr. Malcolm Ross."

"Then this letter is for you, sir, and the bro'am is for you too, sir!"

I took, with a strange curiosity, the letter which he handed to me. As a barrister I had had, of course, odd experiences now and then, including sudden demands upon my time; but never anything like this. I stepped back into the hall, closing the door to, but leaving it ajar; then I switched on the electric light. The letter was directed in a strange hand, a woman's. It began at once without "dear sir" or any such address:

"You said you would like to help me if I needed it; and I believe you meant what you said. The time has come sooner than I expected. I am in dreadful trouble, and do not know where to turn, or to whom to apply. An attempt has, I fear, been made to murder my Father; though, thank God, he still lives. But he is quite unconscious. The doctors and police have been sent for; but there is no one here whom I can depend on. Come at once if you are able to; and forgive me if you can. I suppose I shall realise later what I have done in asking such a favour; but at present I cannot think. Come! Come at once! MARGARET TRELAWNY."

Pain and exultation struggled in my mind as I read; but the mastering thought was that she was in trouble and had called on me—me! My dreaming of her, then, was not altogether without a cause. I called out to the groom:

"Wait! I shall be with you in a minute!" Then I flew upstairs.

A very few minutes sufficed to wash and dress; and we were soon driving through the streets as fast as the horses could go. It was market morning, and when we got out on Piccadilly there was an endless stream of carts coming from the west; but for the rest the roadway was clear, and we went quickly. I had told the groom to come into the brougham with me so that he could tell me what had happened as we went along. He sat awkwardly, with his hat on his knees as he spoke.

"Miss Trelawny, sir, sent a man to tell us to get out a carriage at once; and when we was ready she come herself and gave me the letter and told Morgan—the coachman, sir—to fly. She said as I was to lose not a second, but to keep knocking till someone come."

"Yes, I know, I know—you told me! What I want to know is, why she sent for me. What happened in the house?"

"I don't quite know myself, sir; except that master was found in his room senseless, with the sheets all bloody, and a wound on his head. He couldn't be waked nohow. Twas Miss Trelawny herself as found him."

"How did she come to find him at such an hour? It was late in the night, I suppose?"

"I don't know, sir; I didn't hear nothing at all of the details."

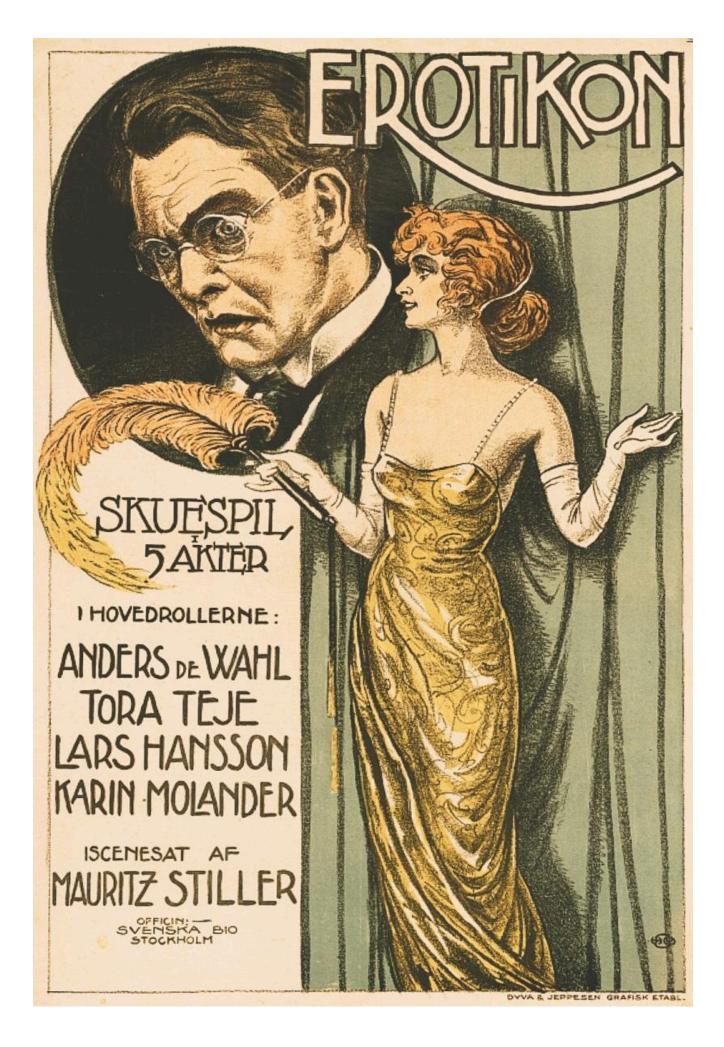
As he could tell me no more, I stopped the carriage for a moment to let him get out on the box; then I turned the matter over in my mind as I sat alone. There were many things which I could have asked the servant; and for a few moments after he had gone I was angry with myself for not having used my opportunity. On second thought, however, I was glad the temptation was gone. I felt that it would be more delicate to learn what I wanted to know of Miss Trelawny's surroundings from herself, rather than from her servants.

We bowled swiftly along Knightsbridge, the small noise of our well-appointed vehicle sounding hollowly in the morning air. We turned up the Kensington Palace Road and presently stopped opposite a great house on the left-hand side, nearer, so far as I could judge, the Notting Hill than the Kensington end of the avenue. It was a truly fine house, not only with regard to size but to architecture. Even in the dim grey light of the morning, which tends to diminish the size of things, it looked big.

Miss Trelawny met me in the hall. She was not in any way shy. She seemed to rule all around her with a sort of high-bred dominance, all the more remarkable as she was greatly agitated and as pale as snow. In the great hall were several servants, the men standing together near the hall door, and the women clinging together in the further corners and doorways. A police superintendent had been talking to Miss Trelawny; two men in uniform and one plain-clothes man stood near him. As she took my hand impulsively there was a look of relief in her eyes, and she gave a gentle sigh of relief. Her salutation was simple.

"I knew you would come!"

The clasp of the hand can mean a great deal, even when it is not intended to mean anything especially. Miss Trelawny's hand somehow became lost in my own. It was not that it was a small hand; it was fine and flexible, with long delicate fingers—a rare and beautiful hand; it was the unconscious self-surrender. And though at the moment I could not dwell on the cause of the thrill which swept me, it came back to me later.



EROTIKON (1920) Reviewed by D4Doom

Mauritz Stiller's *Erotikon* is a delightfully wicked and outrageously immoral 1920 Swedish silent comedy about infidelity.

Leo Carpentier is a rather stuffy professor of entomology. He knows rather a lot about the sex lives of beetles, but rather less about the sex lives of attractive young wives, such as his own. His wife copes with marriage to the somewhat unexciting professor by taking a lover. In fact two lovers. The professor isn't pleased when he finds out, although if the truth be known he has developed a very cosy relationship with his attractive and fun-loving niece Marthe.

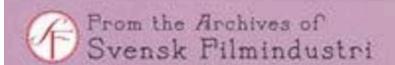
This movie was apparently a major inspiration for the young Ernst Lubitsch, and it has a similar feel to Lubitsch's films – it's sophisticated and sexy, and totally lacking in any redeeming moral message. Stiller assembled a superb cast for this movie - Tora Teje is wonderful as the free-spirited wife, Karin Molander is great fun as Marthe, and Anders De Wahl is pompous but likeable as the hapless entomologist.

It's the sort of silent comedy that has nothing whatever in common with the ghastly slapstick comedies that most people associate with that era, and the acting is modern and naturalistic. Stiller was a pretty good judge of acting – among his discoveries was a young actress named Greta Garbo.

The first thing you need to do when you put the Kino DVD in your DVD player is to turn the volume down to zero and leave it there – the score is possibly the most atrocious I have ever encountered. It's both intrinsically awful and ludicrously inappropriate.

On the plus side the picture quality is generally extremely good, and there are some extras including a useful introduction to the film by Peter Cowie. And it preserves the tinting of the original, a feature that adds so much to the distinctive flavour of silent cinema

I highly recommend this one to fans of silent cinema, and if you're not a fan of silent movies it's not a bad place to start.





MAURITZ STILLER'S PROTEKON

A Daring Fable of Modern Love



"Never go back. Normally I'm not allowed to, to be honest." Marquis de X, London, 1924

ON HAVING THINGS By Anonymous

First published in Penicillin No.121

We can have anything we want if we put our minds to it. What the real deal with it is though is the silence in which we have to obtain it within our imagination.

I am going to touch on this, can you minus the distractions and increase your focus on this? That reality is your focus, the imagination is what drives it. Not just this but help with and from the spirits, give them time and they will give to you. The key here is to see it. See it in your mind and really believe that you already have it, belief meaning convinced, once you have finally convinced yourself enough it becomes a reality. This forms step by step the more powerful we step into reality and are able to pull this together through patience and immersion.

You have to talk, act, believe like it has already happened. For me, the speech, behaviours I already act in content that it's happened and having it is all formality of behaviours and uncertainty that it happens in no way that how I want it to be it is loved in a way that someone else is decided and happened.

You already have what you want so there is no need to chase down what is already what is yours, ask, show up and let go. The imagination and acting within the game is the fun part. It is a loving energy from that, the fun part is the giving, you won't get unless you can give.

By that focus you talk and act in a manner that is a process, you visualise and describe your surroundings and everything using full range of senses, coming straight from the heart, it is often when we most are likely to give up is the huge break throughs. To get to this, minimalism and simplicity is key. Talking and use of energy also. Silence is very essential too, the way we speak, the words are all energy and what we put out we get back.

For example "Talk like you already have it". "I am" is hugely powerful, you say it, ask for it and let it go. Do not however bombard it and ruminate on it. Get on with your life in however it is, walk in nature, understand and accept that no day is the same and live it in gratitude. Gift and giving things too, from everything to food, give a blessing, be grateful, acts of kindness but give, give, give.

We have to speak in a manner not to go towards something. What do I mean, "I want this" means I do not believe I am worthy of having it. This is important to note the way you word things, I have it already, I believe it is mine. I am a good writer, things have took off for me, I am a messenger that already has so many people improve their own lives and living pure and you can too. Read this, embrace the peace and listen. I am a writer and have been for such a long time, taking to this blog is to help others see and tell their own stories.

I love you guys! Have patience with your magic on having things as you already have what you want and need, you just have to pay attention to the clues on how you create it. It is already created but you have to live the myth and interpret via imagination and not being in reality. Reality and being realistically true does not move the needle, imagination and dream like state between the two worlds is. See everything as good and in the hands of fate, the faeries are taking care of it, they have already took care of it all for me, I am living of a state of abundance and in according to closing my eyes and following it through sheer belief.

This blog already has took off in a big way. I am pleased. Live like a child, lucid like, yes of course we can get negative thoughts but catch and observe them and reinforce them with the imagination, believe once again. You have it and always have done. You have everything you wanted and then some. I have seen you have.

The more you believe something and reinforce it every day, talk, act integrate, the more it comes true. Example if I was to call you every day and reinforce it with it, eventually it comes reality. It has to be done with all senses and smashed into submission and bend it to our will, the will of our spirit says it is there, keep going. It says I have this already.

Belief stays strong and on point, day in, day out. I am convinced that with heart felt powerful emotions this will rocket in views, my energy is super strong, I do the most valuable things.

Immerse yourself into imagination and play the character you have been given, let it take you into the woods, down into nature of exploration, play the game of loving and letting it be like a child. It is fun and always has been. Alan Watts said "Life is play". He is so right.

EXCLUSIVE TO PENICILLIN!

An Iowa Inferno : An Erotic Story of Forbidden Lust (circa 1975) by Lucille Simmons

"An Iowa Inferno: An Erotic Story of Forbidden Lust" an unpublished novel by my late Grandmother Lucille Simmons (1915-2000). A manuscript of the novel was found behind a wardrobe, following her death in 2000. It is the story of Thad and McCourtney, their unnatural affair, a violent biker gang, a priest with a secret of his own, and the mythical creatures Cthulhu and Delvis of the Forrest.

The manuscript was found with a rejection notice from Manor books of New York, asking for her not to contact them again and advising her to seek psychiatric help!! A further attempt to have a re-edited version of the novel published in 1984 under the title "The Scream of the Cicadas" appears to have come to nothing.

Several members of my family asked me not to put this novel online, one was even physically sick while reading the manuscript. However I feel it is important to preserve my grandmother's only attempt to write a novel, even though it may lead many to think that she was slightly disturbed. I miss you, Grandmaw.

AN IOWA INFERNO:

An Erotic Story of Forbidden Lust by Lucille Simmons



Chapter 1

The lowa summer of '73 was a suffocating inferno, thick with heat and buried sins. In their dilapidated clapboard house, 18-year-old Thad Nelson was consumed by a tempest of desire. His father, Earl, a Vietnam vet with haunted eyes, chain-smoked Camels on the porch, while his sister McCourtney, 22, prowled the house with deliberate provocation. Since quitting college, she'd traded modesty for sheer nighties that hugged her curves and panties so thin the dark, wild tangle of her pubic hair was starkly visible. She's fucking with me, Thad thought, catching her stretching in the kitchen, the outline of her mound teasing through the fabric, his cock hardening instantly. It's so wrong, but I'm trapped. Guilt gnawed at him, but her image consumed him. Earl felt it too, his anger simmering when McCourtney's nightie rode up, but he'd mutter and turn away. Even Dad's caught, Thad thought. They're both mine to play with, McCourtney thought, smirking inwardly, relishing the power her body held.

One sweltering Friday night, Earl was at the VFW, lost in bourbon. McCourtney, stuck "babysitting" Thad, was restless, her sweat-soaked nightie molding to her breasts, her pubic hair a bold tease through her damp panties. Jace better fucking show, she thought, pacing, her body buzzing with need. "Bed, Thad," she snapped after supper, her voice sharp, eyes glinting with intent. Get lost, little brother, she thought, a wicked thrill sparking. Thad, lean and wired, nodded and climbed the stairs, but sleep was a lie. She's up to something, and I'm not missing it, he thought, lying on his bed, window open to the humid night, cicadas masking his racing pulse.

The screen door creaked. McCourtney's pulse jumped. There's my man, she thought, as Jace, her hippy boyfriend, long-haired and reeking of marijuana, slipped inside, his grin promising trouble. Let's burn this fucking house down, she thought, leading him to her room, leaving the door ajar—half reckless, half dare. Thad crept to the door, and she sensed it. Watch me, you little perv, she thought, a thrill coiling in her core.

Through the crack, Thad saw them. McCourtney, nightie ripped off, sprawled naked on her bed, breasts bouncing, nipples hard, legs splayed. Jace, jeans down, his thick cock slick as he thrust into her pussy, her pubic hair glistening with arousal, her folds wet and open. "Fuck me harder, you dirty bastard," she moaned, nails raking his back, bucking against him. The wet slap of their bodies filled the room, her gasps sharp as Jace gripped her hips, pounding deeper. "Give it to me, Jace," she hissed, voice raw, the bed groaning. Fuck, he's good, she thought, lost in the heat. Then Jace pulled out, slick with her arousal, and flipped her over. "Want it in your ass, baby?" he growled. "Fuck yes," she grinned, spreading her cheeks, and he eased into her tight hole, slow at first, then thrusting deep. "Oh, shit, that's it," she

moaned, raw and loud, fingers clutching the sheets. God, I love nights like this, she thought, the intensity overwhelming. Thad's mind shattered. Anal? With that fucking hippie? he thought, his cock throbbing in his pajamas, the sight blowing his mind. She's a goddamn animal. Shame and arousal crashed together, rooting him to the spot. A floorboard creaked. McCourtney's head snapped toward the door, eyes locking with Thad's. Caught you, you little shit, she thought, smirking wickedly, arching harder under Jace, moans louder. See what you'll never touch. Thad stumbled back to his room, pulse roaring. I'm going straight to hell, he thought, her image—slick, open, taking it like that—seared into him.

Later, the house stilled. Jace left, his VW van rumbling off. McCourtney lounged on the couch, still in her nightie, sipping a beer, her panties clinging, pubic hair stark. Fucking hell, what a night, she thought, her body still tingling. Thad appeared, eyes blazing with rage and lust.

"| saw you," he growled, voice trembling. "You and Jace. I'm telling Dad unless you let me have you too—like that hippie bastard did." McCourtney laughed, throaty and sharp. He's got some fucking nerve, she thought, arousal flickering. "You serious, Thad?" Her gaze raked him, seeing his desperation. She stood, peeling off her nightie, panties dropping to the floor, her body bare, pubic hair matted. "Want a bit of me, little brother?" she purred, spreading her thighs slightly.

Thad sneered, his voice biting. "Is there any left after that hippie finished with you?"

McCourtney smirked, stepping closer. "Lots, you little shit. You'll see, if you're man enough," she taunted, voice low. Let's see if he can handle me, she thought, her pulse racing.

Thad's eyes darkened. "You'll fucking see," he snarled, following her to her bedroom. She lay on her bed, thighs parted, smirking. Show me, you little bastard, she thought. Thad stood frozen for a moment, studying her pussy—glistening, swollen, better than he'd ever imagined in his fevered fantasies. Fuck, it's perfect, he thought, his cock aching, a primal need to claim her overwhelming him. He tore off his pajamas, his cock springing free, thick and throbbing. "This is payback for all your fucking teasing," he growled, but she stopped him, sliding off the bed to her knees.

"First, let's see what you're working with," she purred, wrapping her lips around his cock, taking him deep. Fuck, he's big, she thought, her tongue swirling, sucking him slowly, then faster, her hands gripping his thighs. Thad groaned, hands tangling in her hair. Her mouth's unreal, he thought, hips bucking. She worked him for minutes, relentless, lips tight, tongue teasing, until he was panting. "Fuck, McCourtney, you're gonna make me come," he gasped.

"Not yet, you greedy fuck," she grinned, pulling back, climbing onto the bed. "Fuck me like you mean it." Thad mounted her, thrusting into her wet pussy with wild, thrashing hunger, her legs wrapping tightly around him, pulling him deeper. She's so tight, so fucking wrong, he thought, his mind a blur of guilt and ecstasy.

"Fuck, you got such a big cock, little brother," McCourtney moaned, her walls clenching around him. He's fucking intense, she thought, nails digging into his shoulders. "I saw you peeking at my see-through panties, you dirty little perv. Ever Jerk off thinking of my wet pussy? Bet you blew your load dreaming of fucking me."

"Every fucking night," Thad growled, thrusting harder. She knew, she fucking loved it, he thought, her words igniting him. "You're a goddamn tease, McCourtney. Now I'm taking what I want."

"Fuck yes, pound me, you filthy bastard," she hissed, her legs tightening, hips rocking. "Ever think about my tight ass when you stroked that big cock? Bet you did, you sick fuck. Turns me on knowing you got off to me." He's losing it, and I'm fucking loving it, she thought, her body shuddering with her first orgasm, a loud cry spilling out.

"| want you like he had you," Thad snarled, pulling out. I need to fuck her like Jace did, need to own her. "I'm gonna fuck your ass, just like that hippie bastard."

McCourtney grinned, rolling onto her stomach, spreading her cheeks. He's got balls, she thought, arousal spiking. "Slow, you eager fuck," she murmured, guiding him. Thad eased into her tight hole, groaning, his thrusts growing wilder. "Oh, shit, that's good," she moaned, the sensation raw. Fuck, he's intense, she thought, her second orgasm hitting fast, then a third, her nails raking his arms. "Fuck me harder, Thad, make me scream," she gasped. This is so fucked up, but I'm on fire."

"You like that, you dirty slut?" Thad growled, pounding deeper. She's mine now, not his. "Better than that fucking hippie?"

"Fuck, you're giving him a run," she moaned, smirking. "Come on, little brother, make me come again." He's wild, and I'm eating it up, she thought, her body trembling.

Thad pulled out, panting, and she turned, kneeling before him. "Finish it, you bastard," she purred, eyes locked on his. Give it to me, she thought. Thad came, hot and thick, across her face, and she licked her lips, smirking. That's

my boy, she thought, the act sealing their secret. "Don't breathe a fucking word," she whispered, voice raw, rolling over.

Thad stumbled back, spent, the cicadas screaming outside. I'm damned, but I'd do it again, he thought, the weight of their sin a chain he'd carry forever. McCourtney lay still, her mind calm. He's mine to play with now, she thought, the sin a weapon she'd wield like a blade.

The morning after their illicit night, the lowa sun burned through the kitchen curtains, casting a harsh light on the peeling linoleum. Thad sat at the breakfast table, his eggs untouched, his mind a churn of guilt and raw desire. I'm damned, he thought, the image of McCourtney's slick pussy and the memory of her tight ass gripping him replaying in vivid detail. She's better than I ever dreamed, and I hate myself for wanting more. His cock twitched under his jeans, betraying his shame. Across the table, McCourtney lounged in a sheer nightie, her nipples faintly visible, the dark tangle of her pubic hair a tease through her panties.

He's squirming already, she thought, smirking inwardly, relishing the power she held. Earl, slouched at the table's head, nursed a black coffee, his eyes bloodshot from last night's whiskey. Fucking kids, he thought, oblivious to the electric tension between his children.

McCourtney stretched, her nightie riding up, and slid her bare foot along Thad's leg under the table, her toes grazing his calf. "Sleep well, little brother?" she whispered, her voice low, teasing, as she sipped her orange juice. Look at him, all wound up, she thought, her core tightening at his obvious discomfort.

Thad's fork clattered against his plate, his face flushing. She's fucking with me, right here with Dad, he thought, rage and lust boiling over. His cock strained against his jeans, and he shot her a glare, his jaw tight. "Fine," he muttered, voice clipped, but his eyes betrayed his hunger. Earl grunted, barely looking up. "Quit your bickering," he slurred, head pounding. They're always at it, he thought, too hung-over to notice the undercurrent.

McCourtney leaned forward, her breasts pressing against the table, and whispered, "Bet you're still hard from last night, perv." He's so easy to break, she thought, her foot sliding higher, brushing his thigh. Thad's breath hitched, his hands clenching into fists. I'II wipe that smirk off her face, he thought, his mind flashing to her moans, her legs wrapped around him.

Breakfast ended, and Earl shuffled to the porch, lighting a Camel. Thad followed McCourtney into the kitchen as she cleared plates, her hips

swaying deliberately. The second they were alone, he grabbed her wrist, pinning her against the counter, his voice a low hiss. "You're gonna pay for last night, you slut."

McCourtney's eyes gleamed, unfazed. She smirked, leaning in so her lips nearly brushed his. "You're already begging for seconds, perv," she purred, her breath hot against his ear. He's too weak to fight me, she thought, relishing her dominance. "What's it gonna be, Thad? Gonna fuck me right here with Dad outside?"

Thad's grip tightened, his cock throbbing painfully. She's daring me, and I'm too far gone to stop, he thought, his rage melting into raw need. "You think you're in control?" he growled, pressing himself against her, feeling the heat of her body through her nightie. "FII fuck you till you can't walk, you tease."

She laughed, low and throaty, pushing her hips against his. "Big talk, little brother," she taunted, her hand brushing his bulge, making him groan. "But you're already leaking for me. Bet you jerked off this morning thinking of my pussy." He's mine, and he knows it, she thought, her own arousal spiking at his desperation.

Thad's resolve cracked. He yanked her nightie up, exposing her panties, the dark pubic hair stark against the thin fabric. Fuck, it's even better up close, he thought, his fingers trembling as he traced her mound, her wetness soaking through. "You're such a dirty whore," he snarled, his voice thick with lust.

"And you love it," she shot back, spreading her thighs slightly, daring him. "Go on, Thad, fuck me like you mean it. Or you scared Dad' hear?" Push him, see how far he'll go, she thought, her pulse racing. The screen door creaked—Earl's footsteps on the porch. Thad froze, his hand still on her, heart pounding. If he catches us, I'm dead, he thought, panic surging. McCourtney smirked, unfazed, and whispered, "Better make it quick, perv." She slid her panties down, kicking them aside, and hopped onto the counter, legs spread, her pussy glistening. Let's see if he's man enough, she thought, her eyes locked on his.

Thad's mind screamed to stop, but his body moved on instinct. He unzipped his jeans, his cock springing free, and thrust into her, hard and deep. She's so fucking tight, he thought, groaning as her legs wrapped tightly around him, pulling him closer. "You like that, you filthy slut?" he growled, pounding into her, the counter creaking.

"Fuck yes, harder, you sick fuck," McCourtney moaned, her nails digging into his shoulders. He's wild, and I'm eating it up, she thought, her first orgasm

building fast. "You been dreaming of this pussy, haven't you? Bet you came all over yourself thinking of me."

"Every fucking night," Thad snarled, his thrusts relentless. She's everything I shouldn't want, he thought, her dirty talk driving him insane. "You're mine now, not that hippie's."

"Prove it, little brother," she hissed, her legs tightening, her walls clenching as she came, a sharp cry escaping her. Fuck, he's good, she thought, her body shuddering. "Fuck my ass like he did, Thad. Show me you're better." Thad pulled out, panting, and she rolled onto her stomach, spreading her cheeks. She's pushing me to the edge, he thought, his cock aching as he eased into her tight hole, groaning at the intensity. "You're such a dirty whore," he growled, thrusting deeper, her moans spurring him on. "Oh, shit, that's it," she moaned, raw and loud. He's fucking intense, she thought, her second orgasm hitting, then a third, her nails raking his arms. "Fuck me harder, Thad, make me your slut." This is so wrong, but I'm on fire, she thought, lost in the heat.

Earl's footsteps grew louder, nearing the door. Thad's heart raced, We're fucked if he comes in, but McCourtney's grip held him fast. "Finish it, you bastard," she purred, sliding off the counter to her knees, lips wrapping around his cock. Let's make it quick, she thought, sucking him deep, her tongue relentless, working him for agonizing minutes until he was trembling. Her mouth's fucking magic, he thought, hips bucking.

"Fuck, McCourtney," he gasped, pulling out just as he came, hot and thick across her face. She licked her lips, smirking. "Remember, don't breathe a fucking word," she whispered, grabbing her panties and slipping them on as Earl's shadow crossed the doorway. Thad zipped up, heart pounding, stumbling back as Earl entered, oblivious, muttering about the heat. I'm damned, but I'd do it again, Thad thought. McCourtney wiped her face, her mind calm.

The days following Thad and McCourtney's kitchen encounter were a fevered blur, the air in their clapboard house thick with secrets and the lowa sun unrelenting. McCourtney's teasing had become a cruel art—slipping her fingers along Thad's arm when Earl wasn't looking, whispering, "Still dreaming of my pussy, perv?" as she passed him in the hall. He's my toy, and I'm not done playing, she thought, her body tingling with the thrill of control. Thad was a wreck, his nights spent jerking off to the memory of her tight ass and slick folds, his days haunted by guilt. She's got me by the balls, and I can't break free, he thought, his obsession deepening with every taunt. Earl, meanwhile, grew quieter, his bloodshot eyes lingering on his children,

suspicion simmering beneath his hangover haze. Something's off, he thought, but he drowned it in whiskey, not yet ready to face the truth.

Then, three days later, the rumble of a VW van shattered the morning's stillness. Jace pulled into the driveway, his long hair swinging, a joint dangling from his lips. McCourtney, lounging on the porch in a sheer sundress, lit up, her eyes gleaming. My real man's back, she thought, her pulse quickening at the promise of his rough hands and thick cock. Thad, hauling firewood from the shed, froze, his stomach twisting with jealousy. That fucking hippie thinks he owns her, he thought, his mind flashing to the night he'd watched Jace fuck McCourtney's ass, her moans echoing in his skull. His grip tightened on the axe handle, rage and lust warring within him.

Jace sauntered over, smirking at Thad, his voice lazy but laced with mockery. "Miss me, kid?" He clapped Thad's shoulder, too hard, his eyes flicking to McCourtney, who leaned against the porch railing, her dress clinging to her curves, pubic hair faintly visible through her panties. This punk's got a problem, Jace thought, sensing Thad's tension but dismissing it as childish.

"Fuck off," Thad muttered, shoving past him toward the house. She's mine, not his, he thought, his fixation burning hotter. McCourtney caught his glare and winked, Oh, this is gonna be fun, she thought, already plotting how to play the two men against each other.

That afternoon, with Earl off at the VFW, Thad cornered McCourtney in the kitchen, his voice low and venomous. "I fucked you better than him," he snarled, grabbing her wrist. "You're done with that hippie bastard, you hear me?"

McCourtney laughed, throaty and sharp, twisting free. "Jealous, little brother? His cock's good, but you're... eager," she teased, her eyes raking him, lingering on his bulge. "What's it gonna be, Thad? Wanna fight for me?" They're both eating out of my hand, she thought, her core tightening at the thought of pitting them against each other. She leaned in, whispering, "Bet you're hard just thinking about me with him."

Thad's jaw clenched, his cock throbbing painfully. She's playing me, and I'm too weak to stop, he thought, his hands itching to tear her dress off. "You're mine," he growled, "and I'll prove it."

"Prove it, then," she purred, brushing her fingers across his chest before sauntering out to Jace, who was tuning his van. Let's see how far I can push them, she thought, her mind alight with wicked possibilities. That night, the house was quiet, Earl still at the bar. McCourtney, knowing Thad was lurking, invited Jace to her room, leaving the door cracked just enough.

Watch, little brother, she thought, her body humming with anticipation. She stripped off her dress, her naked body glowing in the lamplight, breasts heaving, pubic hair matted with arousal. Jace, shirtless, his jeans already down, grinned. "I sure missed this pussy, baby," he said, pulling her onto the bed.

"Fuck me like you really mean it," McCourtney moaned, spreading her legs, her eyes flicking to the door where she knew Thad stood. Let him see what he's up against, she thought, her arousal spiking. Jace thrust into her pussy, hard and deep, the wet slap of their bodies filling the room. "Oh, shit, that's good," she gasped, nails raking his back, her hips bucking. "Give it to me, Jace, fuck me raw."

Thad watched through the crack, his breath ragged, his cock straining in his jeans. She's doing this to torture me, he thought, his mind reeling as Jace flipped her over, spreading her ass. "Want it here, you dirty slut?" Jace growled, and McCourtney moaned, "Fuck yes, fuck my ass." Jace eased into her tight hole, thrusting deep, her cries sharp and raw. She's so fucking wild, Thad thought, his jealousy burning, his hand slipping into his jeans, stroking himself despite the shame. I'm better than him, I have to be.

McCourtney's eyes met Thad's through the door, a wicked smirk curling her lips as she moaned louder, "Harder, Jace, make me come." Look at him, falling apart, she thought, her body shuddering with her first orgasm, the thrill of Thad's gaze pushing her over the edge. Jace pounded into her, oblivious, until he groaned, pulling out to finish across her back. She collapsed, panting, That was for you, Thad, she thought, her mind already on her next move.

Jace left soon after, his van rumbling away. Thad, seething, waited until McCourtney was alone in her room, still naked, wiping herself clean. He stormed in, slamming the door. "You fucked him right in front of me, you whore," he snarled, his voice shaking with rage and need. "You think he's better than me?"

McCourtney laughed, sprawling on the bed, her thighs parted, pussy glistening. He's so fucking easy, she thought, her pulse racing. "He's good, Thad, real good. But you're my dirty little secret, aren't you?" She slid a finger along her folds, teasing herself, watching his eyes darken. "Wanna fuck me now? Prove you're man enough?"

Thad's resolve shattered. She's mine, not his, he thought, tearing off his clothes, his cock springing free, thick and aching. "I'll fuck you till you forget him," he growled.

EDEN



A Romance
by Ernst Graf

CHAPTER 117 HAPPYNEW YEAR

Happy New Year.

Hopes for 2025? I keep my job at Eden Mansions. I travel a lot more to 1925 Paris, for the Hotel Cecil, for writing, for Lunette, Chat Noir and Sphynx.

316am a voice message from Katharina I have not opened, wishing me "happy new year" I suppose. I bear her no ill will, on the contrary, but I need to keep that energetic tap totally closed now. Either I say nothing to her ever again, or we are in a continuing long distance relationship that will never end. The separation had to be made. The severance had to occur.

556pm. I slept or at least stayed in bed for six hours today 1045am to 5pm. Couple of wee breaks then straight back to sleep. Will not get any sleep tomorrow of course. After getting home from Eden, I must then turn around and leave 1030ish to get the 1204pm train to Paris.

My last night approaching. Got a 50 euro tip from Egyptian woman visiting Flat 24, perhaps her daughter, just as she walked past. Incredibly kind. When a woman tips a man, isn't that a sure sign she wants to fuck him? Do I look like some kind of gigolo? Maybe she just thought I had nice eyes? (I have).

Banking, if I get the holiday £900 then my bank has dropped £828 on a travel spend of £1,650 in the month. Clearly that kind of travel spend is unsustainable. One a month at best from now on—FOUR trips in the space of five weeks is of course excessive, and probably good my bank has held up as well as it has.

IF I keep my job at Eden, and IF they carry on giving me the £900 quarterly holiday bonus, I can have another good year. Saving £2,000 on not sending money to Katharina will make up

for reduced OT at Eden and no more Babylon. Then I can still afford my debauches in the Sphynx, perhaps.

It's not so much being addicted to drink, it's that whole world, that whole milieu, florid and lurid women, barmaids, strippers, whores, porn and prostitution and beer, and music. I only come alive there.

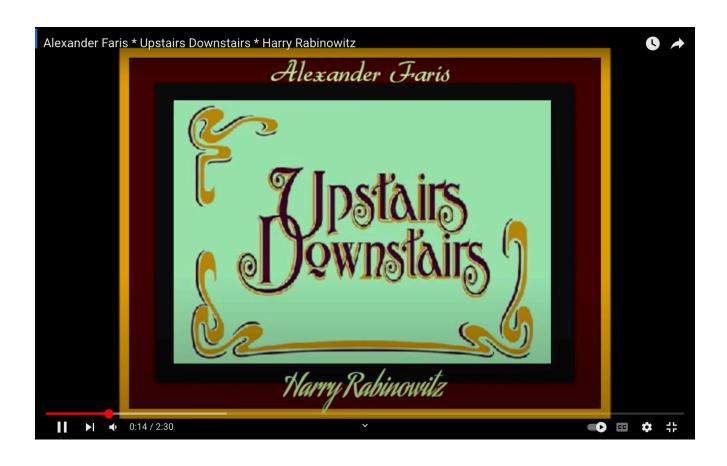
New Year's Day night. My last shift before starting my return to Paris tomorrow morning. When there, book an ICE for each month, February to May. Leave the hotels till closer to the time.

945pm this time tomorrow I may be back in my Cecil hotel passed out after sessions in cinema and Sphynx.

First day of the year. What kind of year will it be? Everything hinges whether — do plan to force me out or not. What is in their mind? If they just wanted to give me a scare, but no intention of losing me, then I will have another good year. All up in the air.

Is my *Upstairs*, *Downstairs* world about to come to an end?

□ THERE'S A BLACK SNAKE IN THE GRASS THAT'S ACTIVELY ...





CHAPTER 118 NO STRANGERS ONLY FRIENDS

8pm Thursday in La Lunette.

"In here there are no strangers only friends..." The writing on the wall.

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1038am Friday already. The day flies by.

So—I arrived in Paris and started to go down the escalators into the metro at 516pm and I emerged from the Fontainebleau escalator at 534pm. Incredible. Just 18 minutes for the whole journey, quicker than a taxi and so much cheaper. Through the Napoleonic black mirror and back to 1925. Back into central Paris and my Hotel Cecil.

Straight out for one in Café d'Entracte with the Brazilian blonde, slim but that curvy Brazilian butt nevertheless in tight brown & yellow tartan skirt. Walked towards Sphynx passing that group of Chinese women on the corner by the bakery and one of them was so young and cute I almost stopped and talked to her, but I was in a hurry to get to Sphynx so I pressed on hoping to see her on the way back but by then of course they had all gone. I never learn. Sphynx was busy with men, but just ONE group of girls, the new Brazilian coven centred around the Brazilian Bella and what looks like her sisters and cousins. It's as if one whole family of Brazilian women have all decided to move to Paris and become whores at the Sphynx. Their faces are all similar. Bella turned to look at me to provoke some conversation from me and her sisters did too, so I said "Hello", "ah hello" she echoed turning away, perhaps now realising I am English, not French.

Sitting there at the back in front of the piano I once again got a full erection. The three sisters at the table just to my right all had big prominent breasts, with nipples poking through so no bras, and their bodies were all so curvy, it was incredibly arousing. I had to cross my legs in the end and hold my beer glass on top of my bulge to try to hide it, it was TOO much. I normally always TRY to get a bulge when in a bar, as I like the feeling and how it looks, but this was too much. It is the second time in a row I have got a massive erection while sitting in the Sphynx, and that says it all. I keep saying Sphynx is over, but Christ, to get a full erection while just sitting on my own there really does say it all, and explains why I keep getting drawn back.

That is the drug. That is the fix. To be in a bar with women arousing enough to give me a bulge in my pants.

Fantastic!

There is something so incredibly narcotic about being in a room full of young women and you know you can take any one of them up to a bedroom and fuck them IMMEDIATELY, just like that, it is completely up to you. What an amazing world we live in!

If I have to come all the way to 1925 Paris for it (it is no longer possible in sterile, castrated, emasculated 2025 Paris that's for sure) I will continue to do so, as much as I possibly can afford to.

Yes, the curvy, busty Brazilians with no bras under their dresses gave me a full erection, but there is something in their faces I do not like. They are all ALMOST beautiful faces, ALMOST sexy faces, but—there is something just a little unpleasant in their faces, something demonic just below their skin, like they are really hosting entities inside them, they are packed full of evil demons, and the skin is too thin a covering to be able to hide it. That is why I keep thinking of them as a coven and why I will continue to resist even Bella. And I am pretty sure her tits are fake. There is something unnatural in the curve of them.

And for sure whatever I do with one of them in the room will become instantly relayed to all the others, and I do not like this lack of privacy even in a brothel.

Let's say if I have an embarrassing failure, cannot get a full erection (as I often can't when a girl undresses and I discover with horror she has fake tits) or I lose it halfway through, something like that, I would rather that did not immediately get passed around ten different girls in one bar! I prefer to go with a girl with no close friends or perhaps just one. And, as I said, this coven of Brazilians were the only girls there, when in the olden days when I first started going there was always such a mix, the black Congo girls, black Brazilians, white Brazilians, Albanians, Romanians, Moroccans, random girls like Dominican Republic Lucy, even God forbid some French girls etc etc etc. This coven seems to have taken over and driven the others away.

They have poisoned the well so no other girls want to work there? Anyway, Friday tonight, we will see what the Friday madness brings.

I just had two beers, unheard of continence for me in the Sphynx. The fact this coven was all there was, and no one else came in, made me not want to prolong it too long and all the time I was thinking of my Lunette brunette. So it was I left before 8, went straight past Chat Noir without stopping and into a very busy Lunette. Got table halfway to the back, as all the front window tables were full up, slim frail girl serving me, the luminous gorgeous blonde behind bar the whole time, & then only briefly did I see my brunette clearing up a couple of glasses, but with her coat on and obviously about to go home, which she then did.

Grand Egg then hotel and out like a light. That was my first evening back in New Year 1925 Paris.

1057am now. Plan is up to Gare du Nord for those gorgeous rolls, drop them back in the hotel, down to Chat Noir, then Lunette, then up to Sphynx a bit earlier than usual as it is Friday. Penicillin No.148 published, I turn to 149.

As Madame Victoria started pulling my first beer I was surprised to hear her say "Happy New Year". I was not sure she was talking to me at first, I was surprised to hear her speak English and say anything to me at all, I grinned and replied "Happy New Year!" back when I realised what she had said. And she grinned in return. Unusual warmth. I felt liked.

Walking past the Chinese girls and that cute young one I thought "I need to stay here for a whole week".

1140am I perhaps need to start drinking soon.

Feeling very turned on, I really want to fuck someone. That cute Chinese on the corner, or God help me Bella? Maybe I will see someone in Pigalle.

:X-

In Lunette.

Three people come in, a man in his 60s of great ugliness, jutting forward jaw and hanging open mouth, followed by his daughter in her 40s, jutting forward jaw and hanging open mouth, then his granddaughter around 20, jutting forward jaw and hanging open mouth. They took one look at the bar, and turned around and left, obviously did not like the look of it.

Ugly people look stupid don't they? The look of blank stupidity on their faces complements their ugliness every time. Beautiful people generally look smart too, a real sharp alertness in their eyes.

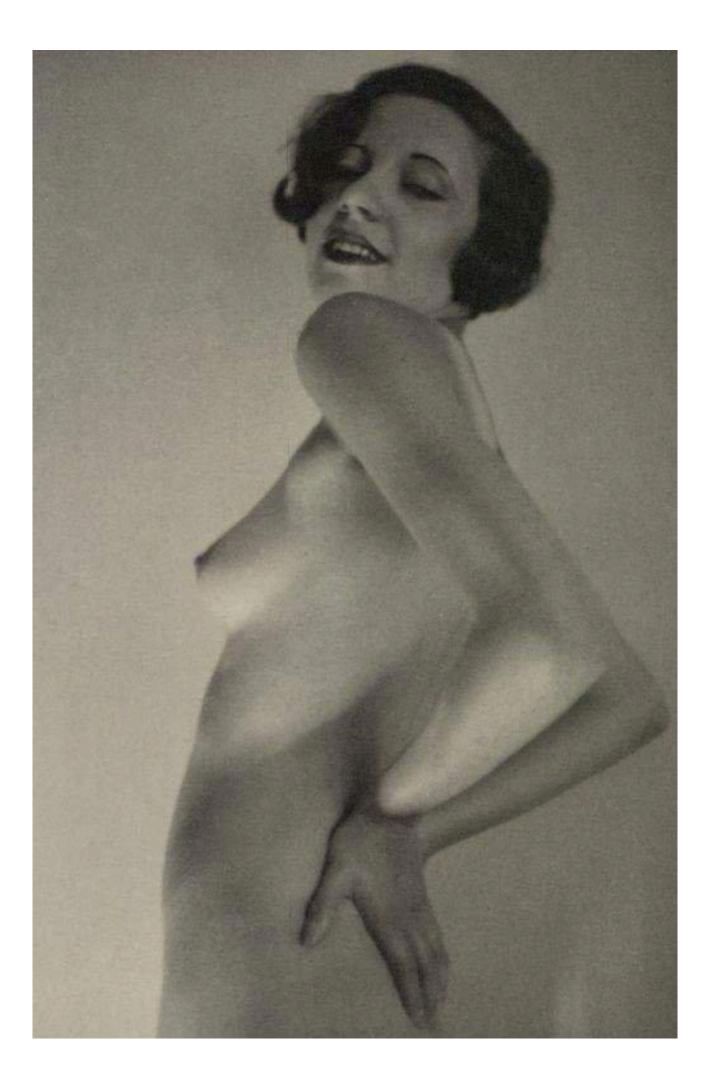
Served by the same slim waitress as last night, but she is looking much more fertile today, red in her face, smiling, some vibrancy. Meeting me last night just suddenly made her fertile. I see it happen so many times.

Two dire films in Chat Noir so I was happy to leave.

Approaching Lunette from a distance, I just love the look of it—dark brown exterior with blood red neon lettering. It looks very welcoming in the surrounding rather grim wintry environment. The next door building is now a completely hollow shell, only the facade still standing. Pity the blonde one only ever stays behind the bar, never table serves. She is the star out of the three of them—but I am warming to my slim one.

1 can in room, 1 can in Chat Noir, and 1 large one here—already a pleasant natural bulge; by natural I mean not provoked by any girl, just a natural swell I get when drinking in a bar (if I have just had 3 or 4). The beer actually seems to slowly flow down my body INTO my penis and distends it for a time. It is the sweet spot of each drinking session. Starts around 3, but is probably on the way out by the 5th.

The blonde one really does have a high-shouldered elegance and grace about her, like a 20-year-old Léa Seydoux. If only she would table wait.



I sit next to the spiral stairs up to the 1st floor, curving brown wood art nouveau swirl as they lead up with blood red carpet, in the gap under them three footballs and a pump, for some unknown reason.

On the way here I was thinking more about my BBC Arena documentary (or possibly BBC Bookmark documentary). It will start with ten seconds of silence, just a close up of kaleidoscopic red/green/blue colours on a white body, in a black space, then the camera slowly slowly pulls back, and we see the lights are disco lights on the bare skin of a slow motion dancing stripper. Then, suddenly, 'Chanson d'Amour' by Manhattan Transfer comes in very very loud. The start of the Ernst Graf BBC documentary.

Songs for the documentary—

'Chanson d'Amour' over the opening titles.

Artemas.

'I Feel Love' (the Colin Benders & Cato van Dijck rendition). Gloria Gaynor 'I Will Survive' over the end credits.

Lunette really is now my 1925 Paris equivalent of the — and the — pubs back in Berlin. But with gorgeous waitresses and barmaids which the Berlin pubs now sadly lack.

Actually the slim one has a really pretty, serious, honest face, a French face. Clear French genes in her face. A face of honesty and integrity. Something I crave after too long with Brazilians in "certain" places. I need a non-stripper or whore girlfriend for a change. Have I ever had? No. I think that is what it is—I crave a non-stripper or whore girlfriend like the long lost Flavia in the Brewmaster with the Medusa tattoo, Michela in the Calcutta, Elena in the Angus. It would be a Rubicon crossed.

Strippers and whores are easier only because they come to ME, as it is part of their job, so it is always easy to "break the ice", cross the divide, with those girls.

I always write a lot here in Lunette—nothing consequential or Earth-shattering, but just writing is a pleasure to me.

Funnily enough, slim one's face now reminds me of Katharina, just a slimmer version.

A massive festive joker on the inner door—again I become increasingly suspect of the fact that it is I who am creating the world around me. I create every bar I walk into, every room I walk into, and it is always my subconscious that creates a room just

before I walk into it—with elements of all the things that have been rolling around in my thoughts for a long time. The Joker emblem has become increasingly referred to as myself, perhaps thanks to LIGHT.

My brunette looks upset all the time, never a smile I see from her, or any happiness—unhappy about her desire for me, or the boss is treating her horribly? He seems quite a slavedriver, a different boss from the one I knew a year ago I am sure. New management.

Jesus, 409 already. That flew by. I need to finish this second large beer and get to Sphynx.

Sailor's 'Girls Girls'. Another one for my BBC documentary.

The slim one has actually got a really lovely, pretty, obviously French face. Very very pretty indeed. Beautiful even. A sexuality in her face and features and gaze. What is it about French faces, French eyes, that makes them so French? Impossible to analyse or put into words, but it is very very distinctive. I think I would recognise a French girl anywhere I might meet her in the world, at any time.

The old manager was a French man, I am sure, very handsome, but this new management is a father (60s) and his son (30s). Son just grabbed my empty glass as I write these very words. They definitely lack the charm and elegance of the previous manager.

But that is the way Europe is going of course.

2 cans and now 2 large glasses of beer; I leave soon for Friday night Sphynx.

The slim one might even be the sister of the brunette. They do look very similar. One more full-faced and full-figured than the other but very similar faces, perhaps.

420 just the right time to get to Sphynx on a Friday.

Saturday forget it. I can spend more time here in Lunette tomorrow, and more time writing before that.

Red apron, black trousers, white blouse, grey cardigan—the Lunette waitress uniform.

Brunette looks like she is in constant emotional pain, but just somehow getting through it. The Ernst Graf effect? Maybe her period? CHANSON D'AMOUR—that's the title of the BBC Arena "The Life of Ernst Graf" documentary (or Bookmark).

There is a point when I am drinking, perhaps 1-4, when the beer really bloats my penis. After five, the deadening effect takes over of course. Massive bulge now.

I intend to become as well known here as I am at - & - in Berlin. Red carpeted stairs up to the 1st floor and lavatories. For me?

-X

In Sphynx. 'It's over' playing on the gramophone. 455pm. Ominous.

As I write these words Jenny and Mimi come in together, reinforcing my idea they are sisters, Jenny got the huge arse and Mimi the tits.

The coven have those horrible Brazilian accents, like squawking crows, or vultures, or pterodactyls from *The Lost World*, really horrible, increasing my reluctance, the most horrible accent in the world to be honest. Not a soft Goiania accent for sure. When speaking loudly or laughing, their accent blasts your eardrums to bleeding point, leaves scars on your body, such an ugly accent, it really is.

Wow the coven have even taken Jenny and Mimi's regular seats. Increasing my animus towards them . As I write that, Mimi appears in TINY black dress, shoulderless halter neck, skin tight, accentuating her massive knockers more than anything she has worn before.

Tonight finally?

Her hair unusually long and feminine rather than tight ponytail.

Because she saw me as she arrived?

From behind she looks massively like Katharina but with massive knockers.

Never never have I seen Mimi looking so feminine, so soft, so ready for bed.

I think tonight is going to be a long night.

I am developing a real soft feeling towards Mimi. Real affection.

CHAPTER 119 CHINESE LILY

So Friday—walked quickly up to Gare du Nord to get my baguettes. Bitterly cold. Dropped them back in my hotel room and carried on down to Chat Noir. Two awful films. Quickly down to Lunette, same three waitresses. My brunette always looks so upset and miserable. Like she is carrying some great grief or emotional pain, or maybe she just hates the way she is treated by the manager. I was served by the slim one anyway. That maybe increased brunette's misery.

Two large ones then up to Sphynx, I could have taken a short cut through the back streets but I went up the main road past the National Theatre hoping to see that young Chinese girl again and sure enough there she was, all on her own this time.

I do increasingly think we CREATE our own reality. Because it was only her I wanted to see, there she was, and only her.

Not only that but she greeted me in English before I said a word to her. "Hello, how are you?" How did she know I was English? Because I created her that way.

She quoted me the prices for massage or sex, without me even asking (is it so obvious what I am after? Is it really written all over my wolfish, depraved, gasping for pussy face?) in the Francaise Hotel (a classic 'one hour' hotel). Lily her name.

Very tempted.

Cheaper than Clara girls and closer.

Friday in Sphynx same Brazilian coven, then Jenny and Mimi came in and oh my Mimi changed into such a tiny little black dress, skin tight and halter neck, her huge boobs almost spilling out the side. I wanted her but she was cool towards me, I said "tomorrow", then she put her coat on and left with some other man. As did Jenny earlier.

A couple of girls I had not seen before but fairly low key for a Friday.

Grand Egg then back to hotel then out like a light after publishing the magazine.

Today? Maybe skip the station bakery, just make do with Grand Egg later, so I can concentrate on Chat Noir, Lunette, and looking for Chinese Lily. Don't know if it is worth going down to Lunette again even. Long walk for no real purpose. It is rather pointless. Which leaves just Chat Noir and Sphynx. Perhaps Pigalle to finish after it gets dark. Chinese Lily is the big mission for today. Will I really go through with it?

Maybe try drinking in the Black Beard to stay close to the Lily corner if she is not there on first pass. Actually the Entracte is closer! Or try that one just along from the hotel here.

▶ YOU HAVE A SECRET ADMIRER AND THEY ARE ABOUT ...

Oh I just feel like going out early and getting drunk early today. I've done good writing work, publishing No.148, started and finished No.149, and got LOVE ME SOME OTHER WAY into paperback form. Let me go out early, get drunk early, come back and pass out early. Have a quiet evening in when I wake up or else go for late Saturday night Cotton Club. My train home is not TOO early 852am.

1242 I crack open the can of beer I had in my fridge preparing to head out. It starts.

Something I just remember, as I was leaving Lunette the brunette came out straight afterwards. I was trying to take a surreptitious picture of the joker on the door and she came past me, then as I turned to go she was just standing off to the side having a cigarette. Did she rush out when she saw me leaving to give me the chance to talk to her outside if I wanted to? Do all the girls there think I fancy her and am only going there for her? Well, it is true, I do and I have been, but not with the thought of

actually doing anything about it! God forbid! I've said for a long time, haven't I, that I thought she likes me. Maybe she really does and this was her giving me the chance and is why she looks so grief stricken and upset? Interesting.

And you KNOW how awful Sphynx is on Saturdays. I just sit there for hours watching all the men pouring in like something is about to happen, but nothing ever does. Two girls at most and all the men just sit looking at each other. I only delay going out usually as I do not want to get to Sphynx too early but I do not want to go there today anyway, so no reason for delay. Let me find some sexiness elsewhere, i.e. Chat Noir or Lunette. Maybe even finish in Pigalle. Oh and Chinese Lily to look for.

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Before my bottom had even touched the chair at my favourite Lunette table (a father and son just getting up to leave it as I walked in) my brunette was on me, smiling "Bonjour monsieur!" with real joy on her face. She didn't LET anyone else serve me. She rushed to serve me and therefore be my waitress for the rest of my stay. First time I have seen her smile for EVER.

When a young woman is that happy to see you, what does it mean?

She has her hair up in a tight bun, grey cardigan, red apron, and a black waistcoat over her white blouse, trousers.

I always try to reduce my drinking before going to Sphynx, but now as I am not intending to go to Sphynx (it being a Saturday), I can spend all the time I want here in Lunette today. Some good films in Chat Noir as well! French, but old vintage French by the looks of it, when they used to have lovely young curvy girls with bouncy boobs and bottoms, before they became so so chic and elegant and stick insect dismal.

With Sphynx having not any interest for me today, and the Chat Noir films being half-decent, I thought I would spend today in a nice triangular circuit of Chat Noir-Lunette-Chinese Lily corner, and back again, around & around, till I meet Lily again and A nice relaxed Saturday.

Oh the handsome manager is back! He has not left! Maybe that is why my brunette is looking happier and more at ease

today. Seeing him makes me happier too. I want to get as drunk as I would at the — and — at home. This is my Paris version, has become my Paris version of the — and —.

For the first time ever, brunette is just sitting on the box by the window, so she is constantly directly in my line of sight. I like it very much. 1 can in room, 1 can in Chat Noir, 1 large one nearly finished here.

I tried a new beer. I don't like it, but it is an interesting experience. I wonder what the percentage is. A very unusual aroma. I wonder what the difference is in the making of it.

322. On my third large beer here in Lunette. Maybe one more then return to Chat Noir, then look for Lily, return to Chat Noir, look for Lily, ad nauseam.

Only three visits to Lunette on this trip, but on my 17th January return, I can stretch that to 4. I want to become a regular here.

I love Lunette, I really do. It gets excruciating reviews, but that is because of the food. But if you come here for drinking only, you will have a very lovely experience. Finally, I have found a place to drink in 1925 Paris apart from Sphynx (or the Cecil).

*

Saturday afternoon in the Sphynx.

Whenever I feel a bad attitude from people in Europe I just think "mate, I'm from London. Yes, London. From where the British Empire was launched. So suck it up."

No Chinese Lily on the walk to Sphynx, typically, after building myself up so much to having her this time, and really saying "Yes" to her this time, but I am completely relaxed. These things happen when they are meant to happen even with whores.

I take it as it comes.

It was not meant for today.

I laid down some deeper roots at Lunette, that was important and why I feel happy about today.

Will I ever get my leg over again?

NEXT WEEK—THE SNAKE IS OUT

ENDNOTES

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

David Playfair—Two broken mirrors were connected by a tunnel through space and time, and a different part of me was at each end. Meat Machine / X The Meat Machine: Amazon.co.uk

Froutib— Man, 50, erotic art lover. Art is sublimation of life. Life is Art. I the beauty of curves & sensuality of forms, without perversity Froutib / X

Chad Calland—Lover of BOOKS, History, Ex-military, Ex Private defence contractor Jungian Psychology, Shamanism, Occult, Knowledge. Amazon books <u>Tales of Marquess du Rouge and Becoming a Man</u>

WayangFotos—"We're brutalizing the audience. We're going to end up like the Roman circus, live at the Coliseum." - Orson Welles https://x.com/FotosWayang



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