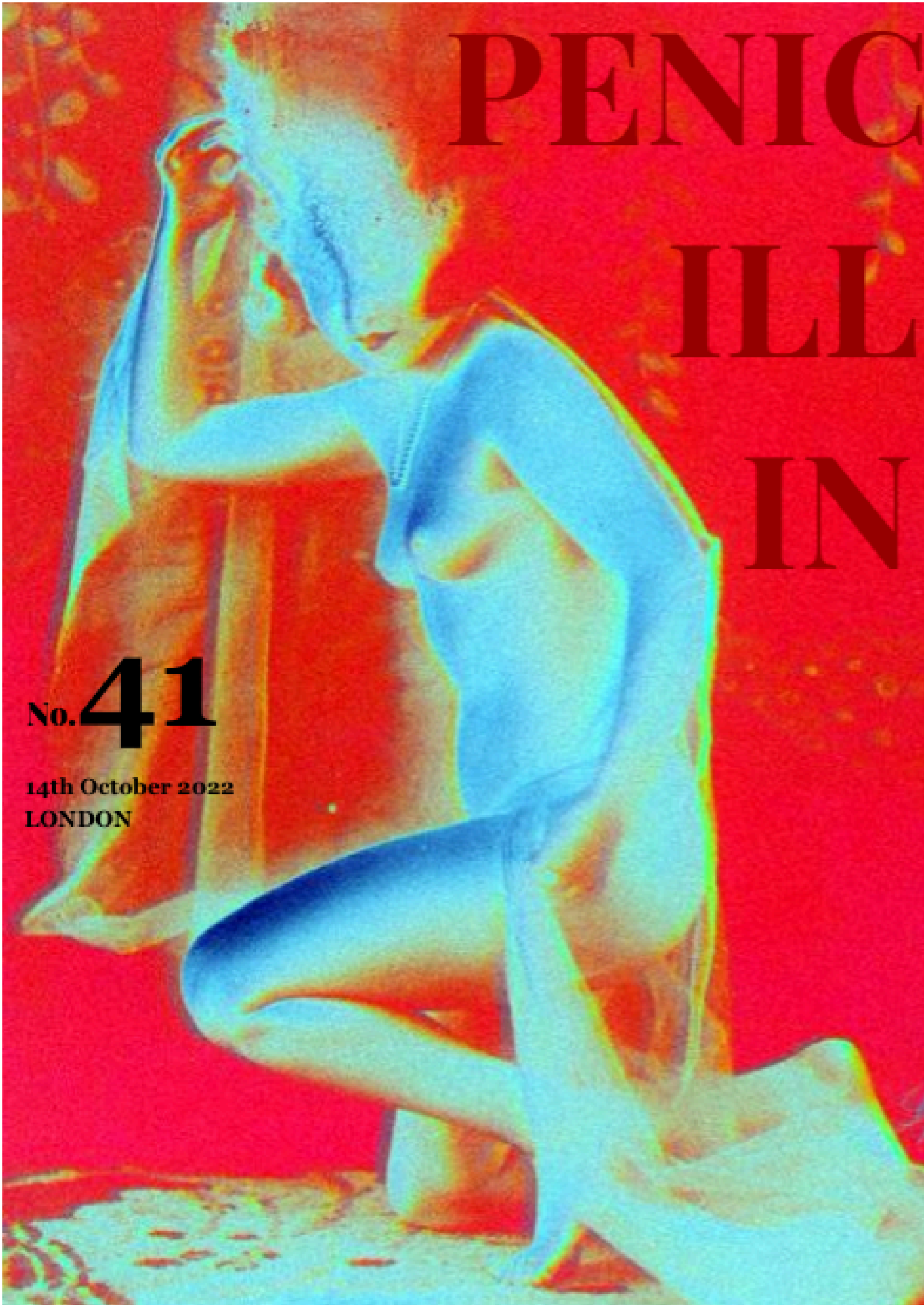


PENIC ILL IN

No. **41**

14th October 2022
LONDON



MY SECRET LIFE

By An Anonymous Author

1888

VOLUME II CHAPTER IV

Enforced chastity.—A stricture.—Health restored.—Mrs. Pender.—A peep from a hay-stack.—In a cow-house.—Stable and barn.—Mother's satisfaction.

My clap brought on a stricture, obliging me to have a bougie passed every other day to stretch the pipe often, and causing me to piss clots of gruelly blood, about an hour afterwards. I dared not fuck, but once frigged, and it brought on the inflammatory stage again. At length I got better, but with a gleet which wetted the tail of my shirt through daily; doctors advised me to get a change of air, I went to my aunt's place in H..tf..dshire where I took cold baths, and did all I could to get myself well,—I was forbidden to touch a woman until permitted by the doctor.

Touch women I did not, think of them I did eternally, and deplored the time that I was wasting. I used to look at my female cousins, and long for them; my aunt whose flabby, brown-haired, thick-lipped furrow I glanced at in my boyhood I used to think about and should not have hesitated in getting a pleasure up it, had no other cunt been ready for me. I eyed the farm-women (coarse, strong, healthy bitches) with lust that made them look beauties in my longing eyes, I was boiling over with spunk, at the closet one day my turds were hard, and hurt me; the irritation affected my ballocks, my prick stiffened rigidly, I could not piss for it, the tip looked dry, as if gleet had ceased, I merely touched the top (not frigged), and out shot my sperm as I sat on the privy seat. What a relief! but what a loss of pleasure not to have injected into some dear little cunt nicked in some smooth white bum! My prick seemed quite well, and I wanted to go into the fields to get hold of some girl doing field-work, or any woman, old or

young, who had a cunt available; so I went to town to see my medical man about it. He pointed out to me how needful it was to restrain myself, I followed his advice, in two weeks was much better, and had determined to go to town to see him again about it, when I got well without him.

Some years before I had seen a farm-girl whose name was Pender, a fine lass with a merry face, and lightish brown hair; she must then I suppose have been about seventeen years old. From ogling and laughing, I got to kissing, with that she was pleased enough, and often I think put herself in my way to get it; a pinch on the bum she did not resent. Thinking all safe, I one day poked her near to her notch, and she only saying, "Adun now sir, do," my hand went up her petticoats, I struggled with her, and we both fell on the grass near a barn, when my fingers touched her cunt. She set up a yell, my fingers were stained with her monthlies (not the only time that has occurred in my life), she sat for a minute crying, then walked away, leaving me in fear lest she should tell my aunt. She never did, but avoided me, and would not look me in the face. When older, I only thought of her when there, or when my memory ran back on the quims I had touched in my then short career.

Having now nothing to do, but to read, and idle about, I was wandering in the farm, fields, stable, cow-houses, everywhere, and soon knew all the faces on the estate. Among them was Pender, still so named, she having then been married about a year to a man bearing her own maiden name, and was then about twenty-three years old; a tall, strapping woman, with a bum as big as a washing-tub; brown she was from working in the sun, but fucking regularly as I supposed had cleared her complexion, she was a good, comely country-woman. Our eyes met, both at the instant thought of the day when I got my fingers red up her petticoats; she curtsied, and blushed, I laughed with a bawdy look I expect, and said, "Well you still here."

I spoke to her again on other days, her husband worked on the farm, and she was dairy-woman. Whenever I saw her my prick stood, and I avoided her, for fear of an erection increasing my gleet.

There was hay-making,—lolling about with a book I went to look on, it was at one or two fields off from a large rick-yard which was near to the farm buildings. There was a half-made hay-stack with a ladder against it, up which without any object I went idly, and laying down went on reading. It became cloudy, the headman calling out said, "We'll have rain, cut off all on yer, and get the hay up into cocks, yes you,—you,—yes you too" (I did not know who he was talking to.) Men and women crossed the rick-yard, and went off in the distance, Pender was one, and was well ahead, when he

called out, "You had better get the dairy-work done though." She turned, and coming slowly back stood still a moment, then comfortably squatted, and pissed.

I laying half buried in the hay was not visible to her, but seeing her piddling, raised myself, and looked.

As she finished she gave her clothes that usual hitch against her cunt, looked up, and saw me, turned round quickly, went away from the yard, and then as if she had forgotten, turned round with her head hanging down, and came through the rick-yard. I slipped from the stack, and met her at the foot of it,—we were surrounded with stacks.

Her face was red. "A comfortable piddle you had," said I stopping her. "Adun sir," said she. "A kiss, for old acquaintance," snatching one. "I am married," said she. "Don't care, so much the merrier, it's not so wet as it was, when I felt it some years ago?" "Oh I lawk don't, I'm married."

We had moved a little, were by the hay-stack then making, a heap of hay had fallen as they had lifted it from cart to the stack. I closed with her, kissing and hugging, gave her a push, and we both tumbled into a sitting position together on the heap, she half laughing, half resisting; then kissing her, suggesting pleasure, pulling out my prick, seeing a thick pair of legs in dark stockings, big thighs, a belly, some brown hair at the bottom of it, I felt cool flesh, a wet warm split, and was on her, up her, and spent in her.

I came to myself with a tingling aching sensation inside my prick, the stiffness, and spending had hurt the urethra which had been split by the bougie. I had a notion that blood must be coming, and still stiff pulled it out of her; the little lingering sperm on the tip looked all right, she had not spent, for I don't think I could have shoved more than once before I had emitted my semen. I threw myself on her to put into her again, but she baulked me. "Oh! now for God's sake if my husband caught us there would be murder," but I was burning with want, it was more than two months since I had clutched a woman's backside, and spent up a cunt. Furiously I pulled her back, rolled over her, and fingered her; she rose spite of me, and went off. "Pray don't come with me, we may be seen, I wouldn't for the world we were seen coming out the rick-yard together."

A minute's reflection made me wiser. I got upon the hay-rick again, saw men and women in the hay-field a long distance off, I called out names of one or two I knew,—no one answered, went into the farm-yard, hollowed

there, no one answered, thence went into the cow-house,—there was she milking.

I stood by the cows, pulled my prick out, begged her to let me do it again, talked all the bauldness I could, reminded her of when first I wetted my fingers in her red-stained cunt, lifted up the cow's tail, swore if she did not let me I would put my prick up the cow. It was funny to see a woman whose cunt was full of sperm pulling vigorously at a cow's teats, whilst a man with his prick exposed was holding up a cow's tail showing its cacked arse, and not too clean cunt. What absurdity will not a lewd man do?

"I must get this done, I am frightened, we shall be seen, we shall be caught," said she. I dropped on my knees, and as she went on milking, put my fingers up her petticoats, the slit was wet with my leavings. I pulled her face towards me to kiss, whilst she kept tugging at the cow's teats.

When the cow was dry she took the pail across the yard to the dairy, emptied it, and came back, looking in all directions, called out some name, but all were at the hay-making, heavy drops of rain were falling.

"Come to the stable," said I, and laying hold of her pulled her in that direction.

I partly coaxed, partly pulled her, she looked uneasily round the farm-yard, and we entered the cowshed. At one end of it was a cart-horse stable, close to that a large barn. With arm round her I led her towards the barn, there was straw and hay there; but in the stable in the first empty stall was a heap of fresh straw. I pushed her down on to it, the next instant I was fucking her, and what a fuck! I shall recollect it to the last day of my life, it was delicious. It was two months since I had had a woman; here was a stout, fat-arsed, hard-fleshed, healthy country woman; rough, dirty with work, but whose thighs were white, and whose cunt was a clipper, who was randy, had every capability of giving a man delight. No highly fed woman clad in silks and satins could have ministered to me as she did, as replying to my thrusts her cunt sucked my prick up her, and we spent together.

I raised myself up without uncunting; the straw rustling and crushing under us, too excited to lay still, after I had spent. She lay in quiet enjoyment, till putting down one hand to feel round our bellies, I roused her, then she wriggled, and out slipped my cock. "I must get up, for God's sake let me."

We got up. I don't suppose that more than twenty minutes had passed between my first, and my second poke, still my prick remained stiff. She

went quickly to the cow-shed, put down the milking-stool, sat down and began again tugging at a cow's teats, I again standing by her side with my privates hanging outside my trousers.

I wanted to see her limbs, to feel her breasts. The idea of her cunt squeezing out its moisture on to her chemise as she sat on the stool, the desire to see every part of her, that irresistible want to see all, feel all, and satisfy every sense which springs up in the mind of a man when a woman has satisfied his voluptuousness for the first time overcame me. She tugged at the teats. "Oh! go, pray do,—I won't,—you shant,—ye've done me over.—oh! if you are seen here what will be said?—don't now get a poor woman into trouble, the milking must be done, if it's not what shall I say?" and tug, tug, went both hands milking.

Said I, No one would come back until they had raked up the hay out of harm from the rain. She knew better. "Yes they will if they are kept late, someone will go to the Hall for beer, and they come back through the rick-yard for cans; go away for God's sake." I went back to the rick-yard, and saw a man coming as she had said, did not know which way to make off, but the hay-stacks helped me, and I dodged up to the Hall; it was about three minutes only from the farm-yard, and led to it by a lovely shady walk.

Female servants only were in the house, even my aunt and cousins had gone to the hay-meadow; soon a man emerged from the Hall with two huge cans in his hands: it was Pender's husband. He went off with them filled I suppose. I walked across the lawn and pleasure-gardens which the fields surrounded, saw him in the distance, then made my way to the cow-house again. "He's gone." "I have been so frightened," said she,—but did not say it was her husband. She was still at the cows teats.

I would not be repulsed, nearly upset a pail of milk, and swore I would have her again. She refused, prayed me, then promised she would, if I would let her take the milk into the dairy. Permitting it, she stayed a few minutes, then out she came, looked all round, again called out a name before entering the stable. The next minute we were on the straw, my hand between her thighs. "You have washed your cunt," said I. "I did it in the dairy," said she.

I had a grope, tickled her clitoris, got my mouth on to her belly, my lips outside her cunt, we fucked, and again she went to her cow's teats. All this was in broad day-light, although evening was coming on.

She finished milking. "I ought to go to the hay," said she; but I would not let her, held her back, and swore if she went I would follow her. "What have I done?" said she, "I must be mad." Then she took as was her custom, milk up to the Hall, I awaited her return, looking at my cock from which to my delight, all signs of gleet had gone.

For some time I had had mostly gay women, this was a return to old times. It was pleasant to have a fuck on the sly, with a woman who showed real pleasure, who shivered with delight, and grasped me like a vice. Besides there was the stinging element of adultery. I laughed to myself at the idea of her husband's prick going up where I had been three times; my prick began to stiffen, and then droop, then rise again. I felt sure that, at the feel of her quim I should be all right. "If I can once get it up her, once feel her cunt-lips closing round it, get a good clip round her buttocks, I am sure I can fuck her again before they come back from the hay-field," thought I gently frigging my cock, and looking through a crack in the door.

She came back. I went at her in the cow-house; the only immediate fear now was that a servant might come from the Hall. To make the story short, I got her into the barn, where the light was less; and she let me do more as I liked. I had a look at a thick brown-haired motte, a belly, and a pair of white round thighs a duchess might have been proud of, I kissed her cunt, and fumbling about from her navel to her arse-hole, fucking her with a long lingering fuck which left us both silent, and enervated. My cock lingered up her as I lay quiet, squeezing my belly up to hers, my lips still against her rosy mouth, and said, "You will have a boy this day nine months."

And she did have a boy that day nine months. A second time that prophecy had come true alas!

With a kiss we parted; men were returning from the fields. I got to the Hall. At dinner my aunt said, "Walter you should have given us help, all should help hay-making, when rain comes on; but you are too lazy; what have you been doing?" "Dear aunt, I have been reading steadily ever since." Said she, "How fond of reading you are for a young man of your age; how you can like to be so much alone, as you have been lately I cannot imagine, it would be better if you took more exercise." She did not know the condition my cock had been in. And my mother was delighted at my being in the country, thinking I was getting steadier, and away from bad company.

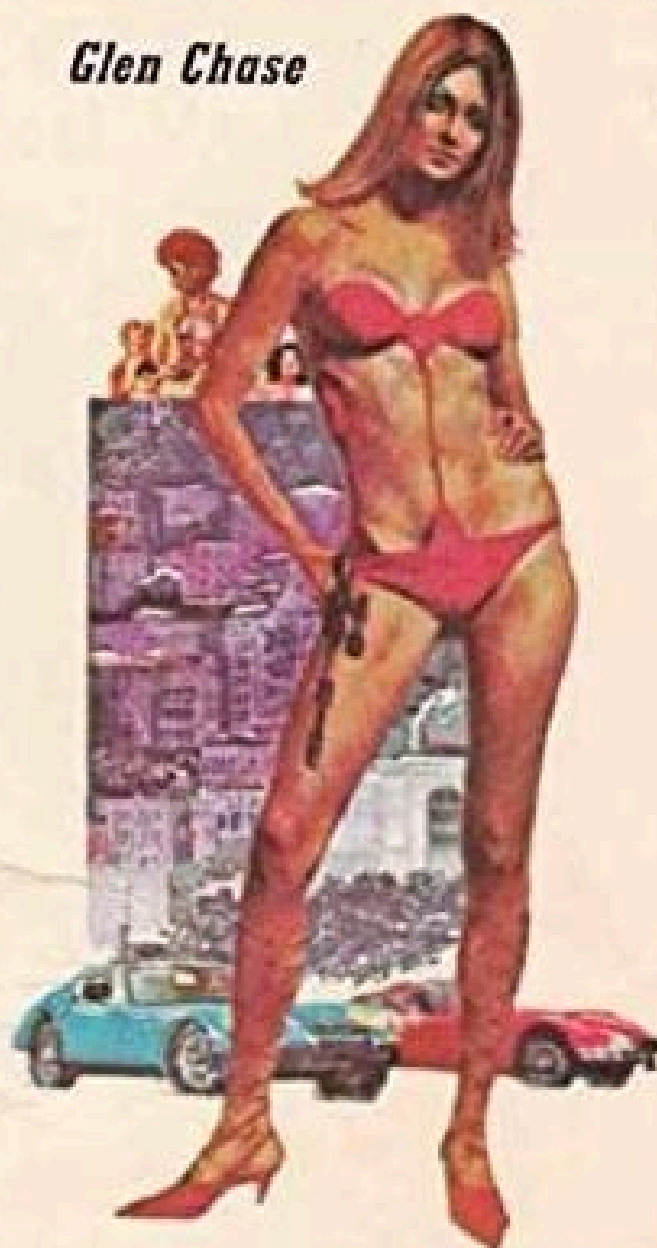
TO BE CONTINUED

#1

CHERRY DELIGHT

THE ITALIAN CONNECTION

Glen Chase



**CHERRY DELIGHT, THE WORLD'S
SEXIEST CRIME FIGHTER, GIVES
HER WHOLE TO THE DESTRUCTION
OF THE MAFIA.**

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LEISURE BOOKS

THE ITALIAN CONNECTION

by Glen Chase

(1972)

Reviewed by D for Doom

The Italian Connection, published in 1972, is the first of Glen Chase's Cherry Delight sexy crime/spy thrillers.

Glen Chase was one of the pseudonyms used by Gardner Francis Fox (1911-1986), a prolific writer for comic books who became a prolific pulp writer. In the 70s he found a lucrative niche for himself churning out sexy paperback crime/spy thrillers with very heavy lacings of sleaze and more than a dash of kinkiness.

We think of the 1950s and 1960s as the period in which television came to dominate popular entertainment but it's not as simple as that. Television took a huge chunk of the entertainment market away from Hollywood but the book market was thriving as never before. The period from 1945 to the end of the 70s was the period of the paperback boom. Books went from being a luxury item to being ridiculously cheap. The public developed a voracious appetite for books.

The 50s and 60s was also a period in which TV and movies were subject to extraordinarily strict censorship. Sex was a subject that could not be addressed. Sex did not exist. As far as TV and movies were concerned married couples slept in separate beds and never saw each other naked. The book market was much more lightly censored. Booksellers and publishers were occasionally prosecuted for obscenity but in practice you could get away with dealing with sex in books without much danger. You could even get away with dealing with illicit sex and kinky sex.

The result was an explosion of sleaze fiction in the United States. There were numerous publishers specialising in sleaze. Writers, if they had the ability

and the discipline to write a lot of books very quickly, could make a good living from sleaze fiction.

Censorship in movies was slowly relaxed in the 60s but censorship of books became even lighter, in fact almost non-existent. Paperback sleaze fiction continued to be lucrative because over the course of the 60s sleaze writers were able to keep pushing the edge of the envelope. Descriptions of sex went from moderately graphic in the early 60s to very graphic indeed by the early 70s.

Sleaze fiction was popular but it was even more popular when combined with crime, espionage or adventure.

Which brings us to Cherry Delight. Our heroine is Cherise Dellissio but she has red hair so inevitably everybody calls her Cherry Delight. Cherry is a professional crime-fighter. She doesn't work for the F.B.I., she works for a top-secret agency which employs methods that the Bureau would consider to be highly unorthodox, probably immoral and possibly illegal. The agency's job is to combat the Mafia, and they can't do that effectively if their hands are tied by a bunch of pesky rules and laws.

The agency is the New York Mafia Prosecution and Harassment Organisation, or N.Y.M.P.H.O. as it is generally known. Cherry works for the elite Femme Fatale squad. The Femmes Fatales are highly trained with advanced martial arts and firearms skills but their main weapon is sex. As such their bedroom skills are of a very high order. When it comes to bedroom skills Cherry Delight has no equals. The secret to Cherry's success is that it's not just a job to her. She really really loves sex. Some girls might not enjoy having to have sex with gangsters and sleazebags in the line of duty but this doesn't bother Cherry. No matter what the circumstances and no matter who the guy is Cherry likes sex. And oh yeah, she doesn't mind having sex with girls occasionally.

And she is always prepared for action.

As far as sleaze is concerned *The Italian Connection* hits the ground running. It opens with Cherry lying naked in a coffin. But she's alive. She knows she's alive because she's incredibly sexually aroused. That may have something to do with the fact that her N.Y.M.P.H.O. colleague Mark Condon is tickling the intimate parts of her anatomy with a feather. But this is not mere pleasure. Cherry is on a case and she needs to be in the mood for sex to carry out her part in the operation. The idea is that Cherry is going to be sent to Joe Turessi as a gift. Joe Turessi is a Mafia big wheel. Cherry is supposed not just to give him a good time that night but to give him such a good time that he

won't want to part with her. That's how N.Y.M.P.H.O. intends to infiltrate Turessi's criminal operation.

It should be explained that, as a clever front for their crime-fighting activities, the Femmes Fatales work as call girls.

Cherry seems to be succeeding in her efforts. She quickly figures out that Turessi is kinky. His kink doesn't have anything to do with coffins. It's a particular kind of voyeurism, a very very kinky kind. Turessi is having a really good time and so is Cherry. Then something goes very wrong.

Cherry will have to find a different way to infiltrate the Mafia. Her new plan takes her to an orgy. She needs to blend in with the crowd (she is a trained secret agent) so she picks a man and starts having sex with him. The things a girl has to do for her country. But Cherry has never shirked her duty.

The Mafia have gained possession of a high-tech gadget which would give them even greater power than they already have. It is a threat to the whole world. This gadget is the McGuffin that drives the plot.

And yes, there is a plot. Cherry spends an astonishing amount of time having sex but in between she does find time to do some actual crime-fighting. The plot is serviceable enough and it has to be said that there are lots of action scenes. There are gun fights and fist fights and cat fights. Cherry is a sex machine but she's a violence machine as well. OK, maybe her skills in marksmanship and unarmed combat are a bit too formidable to be entirely plausible but this is lighthearted pulp fiction which has zero interest in realism. The indifference to realism is something I applaud. Perhaps the most impressive thing about this writer is his ability not only to switch from a sex scene to an action scene in the blink of an eye but to combine sex and action in a single scene. In this novel love-making can be deadly, and unarmed combat can be sexy.

Cherry is basically a crime-fighter but the book does have some vague spy fiction overtones and there's even a very slight science fictional element.

The sex is very graphic but it never seems crude. Perhaps that's because Cherry is so clearly having such a good time. And even when she has to have sex with a bad guy or a deadly enemy she makes sure that he enjoys the sex. It's a matter of pride for her. The violence is not graphic but the fights are fairly exciting.

If you're looking for sleazy, sexy, lighthearted action-filled pulp fiction then *The Italian Connection* delivers the goods. This book might be trash but it's incredibly enjoyable entertaining trash. Highly recommended.

WHY ARE SOME COUNTRIES MUCH WEALTHIER THAN OTHERS?

[By Drive by Curiosity](#)

Economists try to explain why some countries are wealthy and many others are not. Apparently the majority of the rich countries are in the northern hemisphere. There is a clear wealth divide between the rich North and the poor South.

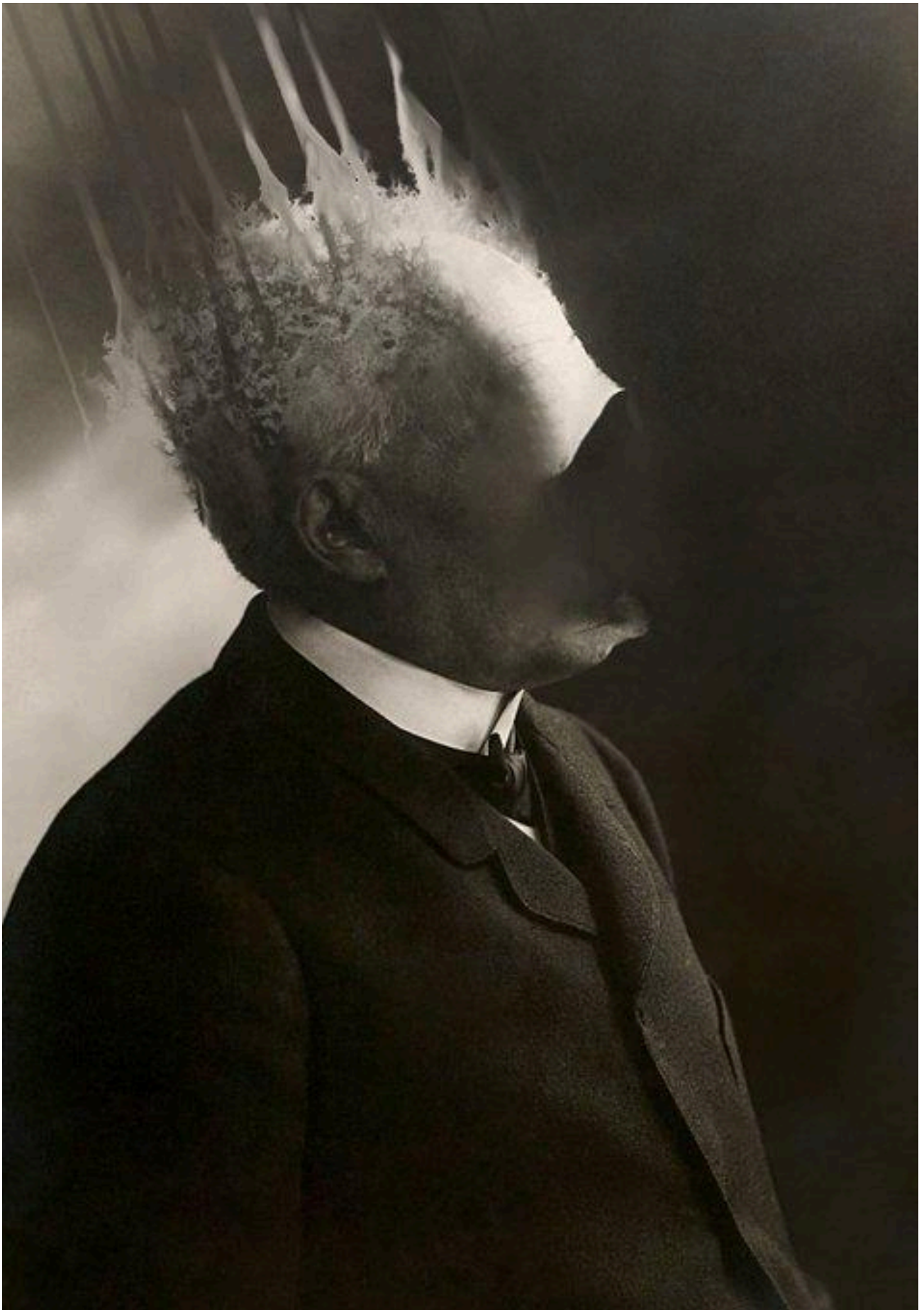
It is interesting that many of the rich countries - like Switzerland, Finland, Netherlands, Sweden & Austria - don't have many commodities and their cold climate is not favorable for agriculture. Otherwise many countries with plenty of commodities and warm agriculture-friendly climate - like Brazil, Nigeria or Mexico - belong to the poor.

Can it be that the cold climate and a lack of commodities are a long term advantage? Take for example Switzerland. The Swiss have a per capita income of \$87,000 and live in one of the wealthiest countries of the world ([worldbank](#)). The country doesn't have oil and other raw materials (commodities) and is mostly covered with mountains which make agriculture very challenging. How did a little country which once was settled by poor mountain peasants rise to the wealthiest of the world?

The Swiss are the descendants of alpine peasants & herders who lived in very harsh conditions and had to struggle with an unfriendly environment. Farming is very challenging on steep mountain slopes which are over many months covered with snow.

In order to survive the Swiss had to work extremely hard and to use their meager resources very diligently. The harsh environment forced them to develop high work ethics and talents for craftsmanship & engineering. The evolutionary pressure coerced them to find new income sources and might have led to today's craft & industrial art, famous products like the Swiss Army Knife and the strength of the Swiss service sector.

Other countries like Finland, Sweden and Netherlands had similar starting positions - lack of commodities and unfriendly climates. The scarcity of natural resources shaped the social evolution in these countries and created a different and very valuable resource: human capital. Today's wealth of Switzerland, Finland, Netherlands and many other northern countries is based on plenty of human capital - an efficient and productive work force.



A Satisfied 'Penicillin' Reader No.654
from *Fragments of Madness* by No mad



**“Yes it is I, the Marquis de Shard, and I have never impregnated anyone, although I’ve had about 122 narrow escapes.”
First chapter of my autobiography (in its entirety).**

Ernst Graf's

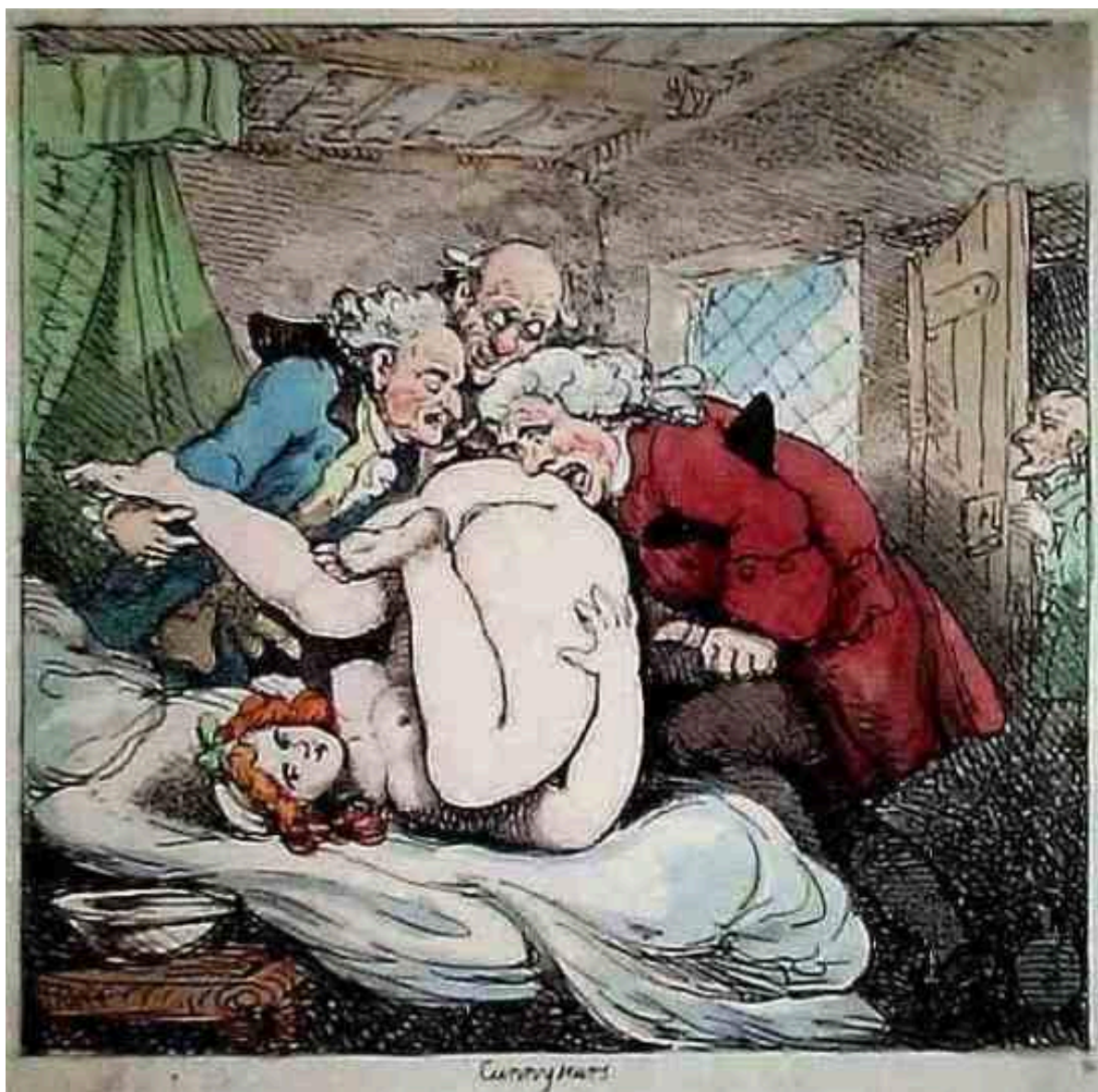
FREE LIFE

When you read a book about Nietzsche you are struck by how the man was in almost constant motion! He never stopped travelling around Europe in ceaseless, restless search for somewhere he could be at peace and free from pain. He was like a man with ants in his pants, he just did not stop moving around! I love him also because he never seemed to stop writing. He was writing down his thoughts on a minute by minute basis as if this was the only way he could survive life, and I identify with that very much.

“On 19 August Nietzsche posted part of the Schopenhauer essay to Schmeitzner, though a long section needed to be rewritten. He had it ready in time to post it on 9 September, but a fortnight later he had still not recovered from ‘the unavoidable exhaustion and nervous upheaval’. Needing rest, he left for the mountains with Romundt and Baumgartner when term ended on 26 September. At Rigi he put himself on a milk diet, but slept badly and left after three days for Lucerne, where he took the waters, went for long walks, and resigned himself to being at the end of his twenties. ‘At the age of thirty one counts one’s treasure and asks oneself whether one can cope with life—it seems I can.’ But he was not one to miss the chance of making resolutions for the next decade in his life. He wanted to be ‘more masculine and equable and not so damnably up-and-down’. He condemned himself for being too despondent and not sufficiently grateful for what he owed to his friends. ‘The truth is that I live through you. I make progress by leaning on you. My idea of myself is weak and pitiable and you have incessantly to guarantee me to myself.’”

When I think what — has brought to my life, I wonder how can I ever be angry at her, and feel ashamed that I ever spend a single pound or euro on anything except her. She is the great miracle of my life. The fact that I achieved this great miracle in my life makes me think that I can achieve the other, to become famous enough through my writing to have that BBC4 Arena documentary made about my life. But if I just spent all my life staying home with — I would never have the adventures and expeditions that would make Arena want to make a documentary about me. Thus you must keep the pendulum swinging. From the pain of separation to the joy of reunion. You cannot have joy without pain. And if I should die on my travels I am comforted by the thought that she will get the £100,000 life assurance money to make her life easier at last, and she could not agree more.

Christ! the Euro is slipping away to nothing. Yesterday it was 1.171. Three hours ago 1.169. Now I wake up after a nap to find it is 1.167. Just in time for my holiday in Europe. A couple of months ago it was just about to hit 1.20, now it is heading towards 1.15. A far cry from when I started travelling back in 2001, 2002, when it was 1.70 or 1.75 and I lived like a king.



So I had a couple of drinks, went to the Georg Grosz exhibition in Old Bond Street, had one more drink...and then just went home. That is what London has come to. There is absolutely nowhere for me that is worth going.

Every trip to London used to be such an exciting erotic adventure in the old days, in the Nineties, the naughty Fin-de-Siecle 1990s, and early years of the Naughty Noughties. I always told myself I am not coming home till I have come, or at least got naked with some floozy, but these days there is nothing for me. On the train home, a little tipsy, I thought when I get to Europe I won't have to stop at this point, I can go on drinking and really try to dig out some eroticism buried under the surface in old Europe, like a pig hunting for truffles. I will release the woolly mammoth from the ice, I will release the fly from the amber. I will find the Eros that has been so occluded in these last years.



“He knows and he kept repeating that all the good things—the best things in his experience—were at an end, and, weeping uncontrollably, he begged for forgiveness.’ On 10 April 1875, a few hours before his train was due to leave, he was saying that he did not want to go, and at the last minute, after the guard had shut the doors of the compartment, he wanted to say something else to Nietzsche and Overbeck. Failing to wind the window down, he became desperate, but the friends could communicate only by signs as the train steamed out of the station.”

Then all of a sudden the Euro jumps from 1.166 to 1.181, in the space of one day! I study the Euro exchange rate for omens as I study the weather forecasts for omens. If it forecasts rain and storms or snow then I am happy. I wait for the clocks to go back then I am happy. Some good news at work today has boosted my confidence, confidence in particular that I will be able to make some better money, and this seems to have been reflected in a jump in the Euro.

1.182. It is going the other way again. It is a like a barometer. Is the weather set fair for my next journey to Europe?

Yet I carry the weather with me. If I travel happy I will usually have a good time. If I travel in some black depression I will have a depressing time. If I drink when I am feeling happy and excited I can drink and drink and never get drunk and wake up the next morning feeling absolutely fine. Yet if I drink when I am miserable and depressed I struggle to swallow the drink and wake up the next morning with the most terrible hangover and all the other bad physical side-effects that go with it these days. It also makes a difference to travel with some money in my bank so I can relax and splash out a little bit when I get there, and go a little bit mad. There is no good travelling and not doing anything because I cannot afford it. I have to travel like a rich man or there is no point travelling at all.

It has crept a little further, up to 1.183. And even as I speak, it has crept up again, to 1.184!

And in the space of just 3 hours it has shot up to 1.190!

1.191

Oh my god! 1.203

I have been doing so many faux-European things: going to the *Facing the Modern, Vienna around 1900* exhibition at the National Gallery (underwhelming), the George Grosz exhibition in Old Bond Street (underwhelming), and drinking for several hours in Leon de Bruxelles in the Charing Cross Road (I drank a lot of Belgian beer and shortly after leaving slipped backwards on some wet steps and broke some ribs). It just makes me yearn for the real thing and makes me even more dissatisfied, like those hideous Bavarian Beer Houses in City Road and Fenchurch Street (with some guy in the toilet to hand you the soap, then hand you the paper towel, like you're in some West End nightclub: Fuck Off!). Now London is plastered with posters for *Emil & the Detectives* at the National Theatre. Oh I cannot wait to get back to the real thing.

TO BE CONTINUED



THE SONGS OF MALDOROR

by **Le Comte de Lautréamont**

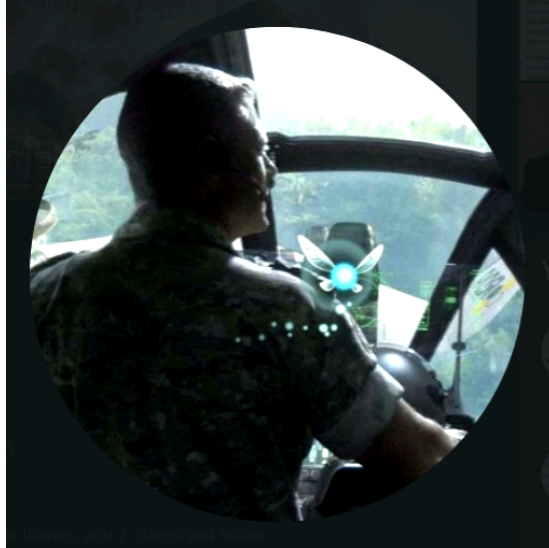
Old ocean, you are so powerful, that men have learned it at their own expense. They may employ all the resources of their genius, incapable of dominating you. They found their master. I say they found something stronger than them. This something has a name. This name is: the ocean! The fear you inspire is such that they respect you. In spite of this, you make waltzing their heaviest machines with grace, elegance and ease. You give them gymnastic leaps to the sky, and admirable dives to the depths of your domains: a mountebank would be jealous of them. Blessed are they, when you do not envelop them definitively in your bubbling folds, to go and see, without railway, in your aquatic entrails, how are the fish, and especially how they are themselves. The man said, "I am more intelligent than the ocean." It is possible, it is true enough; but the ocean is more formidable to him than he is to the ocean: that is what it is not necessary to prove. This observing patriarch, who was contemporaneous with the first epochs of our suspended globe, smiled with pity when he witnessed the naval battles of nations. Here are a hundred leviathans who have come out of the hands of humanity. The emphatic orders of the superiors, the cries of the wounded, the cannon-shot, is a noise made purposely to annihilate a few seconds. It seems that the drama is over, and that the ocean has put everything in its belly. The mouth is terrific. It must be great down, in the direction of the unknown! To crown at last the stupid comedy, which is not even interesting, one sees, in the midst of the air, some stork, arrested by fatigue, which begins to cry, without stopping the span of its flight: "Tiens !. .. I find it bad! There were black spots below; I closed my eyes: they disappeared." I greet you, old ocean!

O old ocean, O great bachelor, when you pass through the solemn solitude of your phlegmatic kingdoms, you are rightly proud of your native magnificence, and of the true praises I hasten to give you. Balanced voluptuously by the mists of your majestic slowness, which is the grandest among the attributes with which the sovereign power has bestowed you, you unfold, in the midst of a sombre mystery, all your sublime surface, your incomparable waves, with the calm feeling of your eternal power.

They are parallel, separated by short intervals. Scarcely one diminishes, when another grows to meet him, accompanied by the melancholy sound of foam melting, to warn us that everything is foaming. (Thus, human beings, these living waves, one after the other, in a monotonous manner; but without leaving foamy noise). The bird of passage rests upon them with confidence, and lets themselves be abandoned to their movements, full of a proud grace, until the bones of its wings have recovered their usual vigor to continue their aerial pilgrimage. I wish that human majesty was only the incarnation of the reflection of yours. I ask a lot, and this sincere wish is glorious for you. Your moral greatness, the image of the infinite, is immense as the reflection of the philosopher, as the love of woman, as the divine beauty of the bird, as the meditations of the poet. You are more beautiful than the night. Answer me, ocean, will you be my brother? Stir with impetuosity ... more ... more, if you want me to compare you to the vengeance of God; extend your livid claws by making your way into your own breast ... it's good. Unroll your terrible waves, hideous ocean, understood by me alone, and before which I fall, prostrate to your knees. The majesty of man is borrowed; he will not impose on me: you, yes. Oh! when you advance, the high and terrible crest, surrounded by your tortuous folds like a court, magnetising and fierce, rolling your waves one over the other, with the awareness of what you are, while you grow, from the depths of your breast, as overwhelmed with intense remorse that I can not discover, that perpetual roar which men so much fear, even when they contemplate you safely and trembling on the shore, then, I see that it does not belong to me, the signal right to call me your equal. That is why, in the presence of your superiority, I would give you all my love (and no one knows the amount of love that my aspirations bring to the beautiful), if you did not make me painfully think of my fellow men, you the most ironic contrast, the most cowardly antithesis that has ever been seen in creation: I can not love you, I detest you. Why do I return to thee for the thousandth time, to thy friendly arms, which parted, to caress my burning brow, which saw the fever disappear from their contact! I do not know your hidden destiny; I am interested in everything that concerns you. Tell me, then, if you are the dwelling-place of the Prince of Darkness. Tell me, tell me, ocean (to me alone, not to sadden those who do not, have known only illusions), and if the breath of Satan creates the storms that raise your salty waters to the clouds. You must tell me, because I would rejoice to know the hell so close to man. I want this to be the last stanza of my invocation. Therefore, once more, I want to salute you and bid you farewell! Old ocean, with waves of crystal ... My eyes get wet with abundant tears, and I have not the strength to pursue; for I feel that the moment has come to return among men, with a brutal aspect; but ... courage! Let us make a great effort, and accomplish, with the feeling of duty, our destiny on this earth. I greet you, old ocean!

SENTINEL

by Martinović Mirk-Wood



A snowflake drifts up, catching the light in the updraught caressing the mountain path. Another cold caress of the alps, whispering across the nape of my neck sending a shiver down my spine. Bringing back memories of another time back down the lowlands with a lover's breath playing the same sensations. A return to milder moments, away from this icy pass leading to the Edelweiss Bibliothèque. Legend whispers Maria has a first printing of *Crime and Punishment* with annotations by Mr E. Graph, in his own hand. A connoisseur's sample of Ernst's collection from Paddington Mansions.

Half the globe away from this path through the foothills of heaven. The Paddington Library brought many visitors, Mistress Maria wandered the shelves there almost without a ripple in the mansion's rhythms. She brought a manner to the evenings that was almost unremarkable, a pressure that built softly and slowly until you lost the sense of it until she was absent and then the release of a heretofore unplumbed depth was revealed. Like walking through the shaded gardens on a brisk autumn afternoon and then stepping into sheltered light. Not dazzling, but a subtlety that was a shocking, tender and warm embrace hidden in the sun's touch, noticed only when even the slightest breeze was absent.

The path was much the same, sometimes sheltered by protruding peaks standing proud with wisps of cloud trailing like tassels. Other times curving along ridge lines before wandering sunlit dales that were more cool than cold. The cold touching the bones with air that pierced the mind, a thunderstorm passed the night before dropping fertile nitrogen that gave a heady rush to this piercing atmosphere. A sharp crack echoed through one valley with a rising

rumble of an avalanche. Freezing I watched across the valley as a season's buildup released from a moment of warmth in the sun or just a single flake of snow too much broke the mountain's composure in utter abandon.

Watching the rush subside it solidified a story of Mistress Maria recounted second hand by a chance encounter with a Paddington Mansion visitor. She mentioned the Mistress had tended to a suitor so softly that they almost abandoned the pursuit. Then, in those few turns before where frustration turns to despair she had taken a few uncharacteristically swift strides to the centre of the room that managed to gather the attention of every unengaged head to her where she stood for a heartbeat that let her gown settle, took a half step toward the devotee smiled, extended a hand toward the soul and snapped her fingers with a weight that caused the suitor to fall to their knee in a paroxysm of relief.

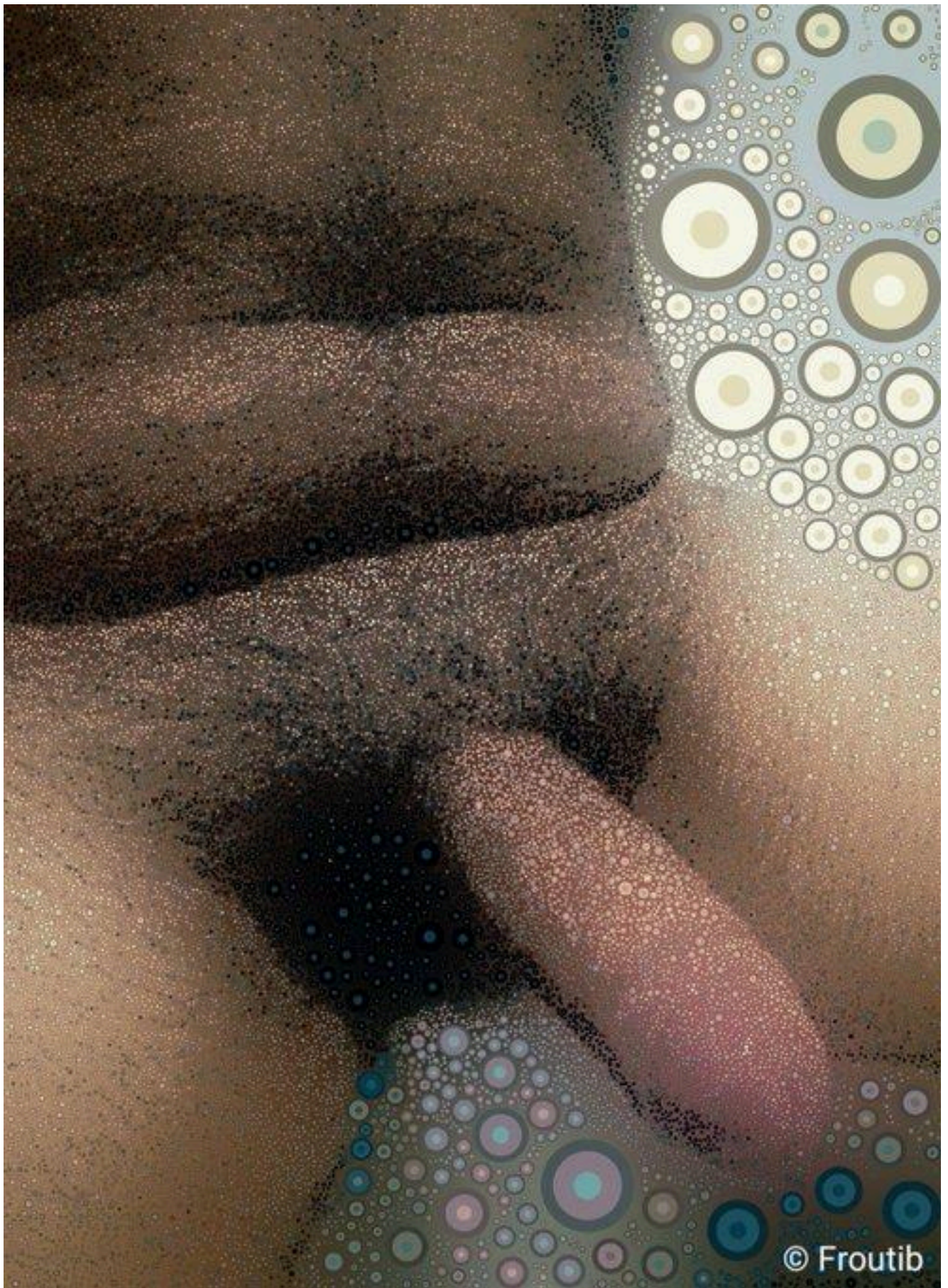
I scarce believed such a thing possible, yet here on the path to the Edelweiss Bibliothèque the sense of latent pressures dormant in the cold peaks that lay ripe for release from unbearable burdens. Turning back to the path the Bibliothèque came into view, a bastion of stone, ancient and rarely touched shelves of ripe text. As I was greeted by an increasing amount of Edelweiss along the way, there were a few wisps of smoke from the chimneys, with the promise of warmth and welcome a beckoning pressure.

Approaching the broad shallow steps I looked back seeing fresh snow starting to fall, closing my eyes for a sharp breath of cold air I let my mind wander a moment. What would those annotations contain, what connoted romps would be there, was *she* here. Opening my eyes I turn to the doorway and halt. There stood an unmistakable figure, snugly attired. Mistress Maria.

Maria's eyes were still as frozen lakes, serene, sharp as a blizzard and yet brilliantly lit. Like they alone had captured the light of the first dawn and held it. A few moments passed gathering the weight of that gaze. If it wasn't for the cold which could carry a whisper a mile, I'm certain my voice would not have been heard. "I have come from Paddington Mansions seeking remarks by Mr Graph."

For a felt eternity she was as inscrutable as a sphinx. Then with a soft movement, like the crack of an avalanche she smiled, a Mona Lisa smile, how did Mr Graph know. An expression peer to that as was Immortalised by Da Vinci, here. Followed swiftly by an irrepressibly warm voice that filled the cold air, "Welcome".

After seeing those brilliant gems I glanced across the wall and saw them in every gust touched snowflake, a frozen tension yearning to run like a river with the heat of life.



In the Morning by FROUTIB

THE IMPOTENCE OF BEING ERNST

By Ernst Graf

I have had three trysts with Katherina. I travelled often to 1890s or 1920s sulphurous Paris. Paris had become my home from home and these two decades were my favourites. As a time traveller I could go to any time I wanted and any place, but I was a creature of habit, and once I found somewhere I liked and some time I liked, I just kept going back there over & over & did not want for anything or anywhere else.

Katherina worked at a luxurious brothel, Le Sphynx, close to the Louvre, where I spent most of my time when in 20s Paris certainly.

I first met her in September, when I stayed in 1922 Paris for four nights thinking summer was now over and nice rainy weather would be here, only to find it scorching hot, 30-35°C every day. Friday night in the Sphynx, nothing, no one for me, and the Saturday and Sunday were more dire than ever, for most of the time there were only men in there waiting in vain for some girls to come in. On my last night before going home, the Monday, I got there about 5pm and

sat miserably by the open door looking at the baking, scorching, blazing square outside, feeling that this was to be a completely wasted trip. Suddenly there came a great wind out of nowhere, and a massive cloud of dust and leaves came surging up from the road to our left and blew across the square forcing everyone at the tram stops to dive for cover. Quite extraordinary. In a few seconds the skies had turned black as night and it started to rain, but that strange slow rain, where just individual great drops of rain splatter down quite far apart from each other. I got up from my chair with my beer in my hand and stood out in the breeze and let the cool rain hit me in my face. How delicious after all this hideous heat!

I sat back down enjoying watching the rain, when in came a young beautiful teenage girl with long brown hair. We both did a double take and looked back at each other and made brief eye contact as she walked past. My heart started thumping! She surely couldn't work there, could she? The Sphynx was my favourite place in Paris but its 'girls' were late 20s at best, more likely 30s or 40s even; it was rare indeed to have a beautiful nubile teenager there! Eventually I finished my beer and went all the way to the back to use the lavatories just so I could see if she was sitting anywhere behind me, and there she was on a sofa at the back right next to the entrance to the lavatories and the smoking room. Once again, there was the eye contact between us as I glanced down and saw her and she glanced up and saw me. Coming out of the lavatories I sat right next to the open door but this time facing back, into the bar, so I could see her movements if she made any. After not long she left her out-of-sight sofa hidden at the back and moved to a stool at the bar right in front of me, and then commenced very many leftward looks right into my eyes and we made much eye contact before both looking away again, time and again.

I had never wanted anyone so much for very many years, and in the Sphynx I don't think I had ever wanted anyone so much, but I held back. I did not want to look too eager, too much of a sap, too easy. I could see the man to my left was equally excited by her but he did not hide it so well. At one stage he jumped up and hurried up to her to say

something. She replied with seemingly no interest whatsoever, and he came back and sat down next to me.

A great man does not hurry when he sees a new sexy young thing in a floozie bar, I told myself. He deliberately delays, feigns disinterest, even if it means someone else gets to ask her up to the bedroom first, or even if many do. No matter. A great man relaxedly takes her when the moment comes. Does not hurry it. Does not compete for her attentions or affections and certainly does not try to elbow any other man out of the way. And surely, I thought, *many* men are going to be taking her up to the bedrooms now, I might have a very long wait for my moment to come. But, incredibly, no one else made a move. I have noticed in brothels that men can be intimidated by a '10', the really beautiful girls, as much as they would in the street or anywhere in 'real life'. Even in a brothel they would rather go upstairs with a girl they felt was 'in their league', and as I sat there I saw several '4s' and '5s' and '6s' being taken upstairs to the rooms, and still, incredibly, my teenage beauty sat all alone at the bar, boredly swirling her straw around her drink, and repeatedly these sideways glances at me and my glances at her and our repeated repeated eye contacts and looking away again.

Well, I had played it cool long enough, I had given every other man in the bar a chance if he wanted it and they had not. I could not wait any longer. I got up and strode to the bar and said "hello", "ça va?", "good and you?" and asked her directly "can we go upstairs?" "Quoi?" Her beautiful little face screwed up in complete confusion. She did not understand my English. The older black barmaid approached to help and I told her I wanted to take the girl upstairs and she relayed the message in Portuguese—ah she was Brazilian!—and she nodded and we headed to the corridor leading to the stairs at the back. The black barmaid came to take my money for the room, and hand my beauty towels, pillows & bedsheet, 'Katharina' I now learned her name was, and up the stairs we went.

In the room she turned on the lights briefly to make the bed, then turned off the lights and opened the shutters looking out to the square I had been looking into an hour or so earlier. By the light of the gaslights outside we began to

strip naked. "You're from Brazil?" I asked. "Oui", she nodded. "From Goiania?" I asked, already guessing the answer. Her eyes and mouth widened and she looked shocked: "Oui!" Almost every whore I ever met these days was from Goiania, where my ex-wife (a dancer) was from. How one relatively small & unknown city in Brazil came to produce so many of London & Europe's dancers & floozies was a mystery I had not yet been able to get to the bottom of. While she went into the bathroom to 'douche', I lay naked on the bed waiting for her.

As usual she asked me first if I would like a blowjob, and as usual I said no, just lie down with me, lay your head on my shoulder and curl up with me, while stroking my Tool, and I could take some time to make some small talk with her. Even in a brothel I was a romantic. However, I soon realised she spoke not a single word of English, nothing but 'Brazilian' (Portuguese) and French. Eventually I indicated I was ready to do something now, she slipped a rubber condom on my now very prodigiously swollen tool, "grande!" she giggled as she struggled to get it on, and she mounted me, then she changed positions to spooning, her back to me, which she seemed to particularly enjoy, then doggy, then me on top with her lying flat on her belly. As drunk as I was I could not feel anything, of course, I never do, and of course did not finish, though I think she did. You never know with floozies of course, they make the right noises, say the right things, it doesn't matter, but I did my best, but by now, in the extreme heat, I was sweating buckets and I had to desist. "Fatigué?" she asked me. "No," I smiled, wiping the perspiration dripping from my brow. "Hot!" Our half an hour was nearly up anyway. She went to the shower to wash while I just walked to the open window and stood there naked looking down into the dark square, uncaring if anyone could see me from buildings on the far side, enjoying the cool breeze on my sweating body.

With no further conversation (really none was possible anyway) we went downstairs and split up. She returned to sitting at the bar talking with her black friend, while idly sucking on some lollipop like the quintessential teenager, boredly (or excitedly) swinging her legs. With another beer I sat at the back, with my back to the piano, just slowly

getting my breath back and letting myself cool down in the now pleasant night time rainy breeze blowing in through the open door.

She wore a tight white top and short brown check skirt which showed off her beautiful shining bronzed teenage crossed legs, and as I looked at those crossed legs, I just felt an overwhelming lust to put my face between those legs, to put my mouth between those legs. I could think of nothing else.

So after an hour or so, and *still* no one else asking her, I approached the bar and told the black barmaid I wanted Katherina again, and up we went again to the same room, and—this is the incredible thing—after undressing she just lay straight back naked on the bed, legs swinging open, grinning at me, tapping a finger to her mouth, murmuring something like “bouche!” with a wicked grin, then tapped the same finger to her shaved pussy. How extraordinary! It was as if she had been sitting at the bar thinking exactly the same thing as me!

I knelt down beside the bed and buried my face between her beautiful thighs and for the next half an hour that was how we stayed. Did I really lick and suck her for a whole half an hour? I honestly cannot remember anything else happening so I think I must have done.

Back down to the bar, and we split up again, I sitting by the door again, cooling down again.

And now, an incredible thing, the other girls in the bar seemed to be in a frenzy of agitation, all focussed on me. This is the guy who never does ANYTHING? This is the guy who never takes ANYONE up to the bedrooms? This is the guy who comes to the brothel time after time and apparently NEVER fucks? Two in particular who I had known for a long time, fancied quite a lot, but had never done anything with, seemed particularly aggrieved that I had taken this new girl to the room TWICE having only just met her, when I had done nothing with them after literally YEARS of flirtatious eye contacts, comments & sometimes a little kissing and touching. One of the girls got up from the far side and came to me, leaning over me and asking me to buy her a beer, something she had never done before.

Indeed I don't believe she had ever even SPOKEN to me before! She was the girl with the largest breasts in the bar, now hanging and swinging pendulously in my face, and as I asked "What do I get?" in return for the beer, she grinningly let me stroke my hand over her enormous knockers. I bought her the beer and she said "Come and sit with me, cheri, over there" indicating where she always sat but I refused and she took her drink back to her place on her own. Then going to the bar to buy another drink for myself I accidentally left my bag there, and quick as a flash another girl I had known for years jumped up and said "Your bag! You left it!" and ran to it and got it for me and brought it to me, now pointing to herself and her friend, "And a drink for us, to say thank you?" I bought them both a drink. Such a frenzy of agitation in the bar! To match the frenzy of agitation in my heart and my head about Katharina!

After going to a bedroom with a girl I never attempt to then sit with her in the bar. Our job was done and a gentleman should now leave the girl free to find more custom, rather than monopolising her to himself, thereby crippling her money making abilities for the rest of the night. No, I kept well away from her, and if no one had known we had gone to the room, there would have been no sign from either of us that it had happened.

After a little while Katherina came to the door but did not know she had to press the buzzer to open it so I opened it for her and she said "Merci." She came back in shortly after, but a little while later came back to the door again, and let herself out this time, without a word to me. She was not in the clothes she had arrived in so I did not think she was going home, but it was well after 10pm now, and the bar was almost empty, and would close soon, so I finished my beer, and made my way out into the night, my hotel, and the next morning home. All I could think about from now on was Katharina.

NEXT WEEK—I RETURN TO 1922 PARIS TO LOOK FOR KATHARINA AGAIN



Sucette by Froutib

ENDNOTES

Your Editor Ernst Graf—A cultured man with a passion for opera & European pornography [Marquis de Vaccine "Lord of the Omegaverse" Ω, ω \(@ernstgraf\) / Twitter](#)

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

Drive by Curiosity—Economist, Optimist, Blogger, Husband, New Yorker, Creator of unique content. Twitter <https://twitter.com/DrGem2015> and blog [DriveByCuriosity](#)

Valtesse de la Bigne—I will tell you about my sulphurous adventures in this modern Paris which dreams of stupor and which pays to enjoy galore in the arms of prostitutes.

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

Martinović Mirk-Wood—It's Starlight, all the way down. [Martinović Mirk-Wood \(@red_bulldust\) / Twitter](#)

No mad—I make art, not roadmaps [no mad. \(@neon based\) / Twitter](#)

COVER ART: From *Fragments of Madness* by No Mad

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I have never felt so free since I shed the weight of some of my lovers. The marquises, the princes were very nice at the time but they could in no way feed my inexhaustible need, for brilliant and daring minds.

Valtesse de la Bigne