# 

Savage Winkle returns

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# THE MEAT MACHINE

By David Playfair

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#### **Chapter Four—Hermann**

It didn't take long to wind up my affairs. It took a little longer to practice being a German. Beria's "immersion course" proved to be a man named Hermann Müller, a stocky ex-dock worker from Hamburg. He was to be my mentor day and night.

The language proved to be the least of my tasks.

'They'll expect an immigrant from Russia to speak differently,' he explained.

'Just make sure you sound old-fashioned enough. No modern non-Germanic words like *telefon* or *station*. It's got to be *fernsprechen* — the "far-speak" or *bahnhof* — the "track-yard". This old way of speaking is all the rage among the Nazis. More Nordic, don't you know.'

A few of his suggestions were too ambitious for me.

'You might try inflecting the number for "two". Use *zwi*, *zwo* and *zwa* for masculine, feminine and neuter. That's the real old Hessian dialect of the original settlers.'

'No thanks, Hermann. I can never remember which nouns are neuter, anyway. The rule is different from Russian. And what if I meet a real old Hessian peasant? He'd see through me. No, keep it simple.' 'Then how about dropping in some medieval consonants, like *sieven* instead of *sieben* while you're counting? They'd just love you for that.'

'I could handle that.'

He took me to the real Hans Decker's hometown, Katerindorf, in the Volga German Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic. The first part of my training — *how to be a German* — had begun.

But before I tell you how that was to be done, I must digress. Otherwise, my non-Russian audience will get totally confused. Some nationalities — like Russians — stay home (with me being an exception). Others — like Germans — are wanderers (with the real Hans Decker being an exception).

The Germans didn't even have a fixed homeland till the Romans penned them up in the great northern forests. Before that they used to roam the continent in great wagon convoys. Himmler's archeologists dug up their traces everywhere between Afghanistan and Spain.

Only the Gypsies and the Jews wandered more — maybe that's why the Nazis couldn't stand them. Anyhow, we Russians have our share of German settlers, and model citizens they are. Catherine the Great, a German immigrant herself, fetched in a whole crowd more of them to improve our farming. Not that all Germans were so helpful when they first arrived — a lot swarmed in as mercenary soldiers with the Swedish and French invasions, and stayed as prisoners of war.

Which is why, on the shore of a Russian river, there happened to be a spick-and-span little town with a German name, where lived a blond blue-eyed engineer called Hans Decker. Hermann and I motored out to meet him on his home ground.

Katerindorf was tucked away behind trees, on the south shore of what the locals called "The Little River".

The original settlers had cut timber and rafted it out, but they had wisely left pines and birches standing around their houses for shade and wind shelter.

We didn't even see those houses till we'd reached the wooden bridge to the settlement.

The town itself might have been well hidden, but it had not been hard to tell when we were approaching it.

The potholes in the road were filled, the barns were painted and all the fences were mended. Germans just go on working till everything is done, unlike Russians who quit to drink vodka and talk philosophy as soon as the four o'clock whistle goes. (I'm quoting one of Hermann's little lessons on how to be a German).

It was a fine day. Hermann stopped the car before the bridge, and we watched the waters of the Little River flowing east.

'Doesn't look so little to me,' I remarked.

'It's all relative,' said Hermann. 'Because ten kilometers further east, this Little River joins another, larger, river flowing south. And they call that river...'

'Let me guess, Hermann. "The Big River?"

'Correct.'

'To work,' said Hermann. 'Germans love scenery but they're too industrious to admire it for long.'

So we got back in the car, and drove over the bridge to what was going to be our home for the next month. While we unpacked in our room at the Gasthaus, Hermann kept right on coaching me.

'You came out of the toilet too fast, a German would stop for a good look at his shit.'

'Your shoes are dull, a German would shine them as many times a day as needed.'

He even fussed about the way I wore my underwear.

Eventually I succeeded in arranging my clothes to his satisfaction. About time too — I was getting hungry. We went down to the dining room and I ordered schnitzel, potatoes and salad. Hermann approved my choice, though not what I did with it.

'A German would not put his elbows on the table. And you must eat more, who could trust a lean sausage manufacturer?'

After which we strolled down to the bakery and bought Apfel-Strudel

'A German wouldn't just cram his change into a trouser pocket, he would fold the notes into his wallet.'

I familiarised myself with the streets. I didn't know how much Uncle Friedrich knew about Hans's hometown but I wasn't going to take any chances.

Hermann's education course went on remorselessly as we strolled along.

'You walked over the crossing while the stop light was still shining,' was his latest.

'Oh come on, Hermann,' I protested. 'There wasn't any traffic for two hundred meters either way!'

'That's not the point, Hans. A law-abiding German doesn't go against a stop light.'

'No wonder you pitiful sausage-eaters never had a proper revolution,' I snapped.

Hermann stopped walking. His face turned red. I thought he was going to punch me, but I was wrong. He wasn't angry. He was weeping.

'That's just what my wife told me, back in 1933,' he said in a choked voice.

'But she was loyal and true to the Party, to her dying breath. You'll have to be a good man, Hans,'—even in his distress he stuck to my new identity, a real pro—'to even get near her quality.'

I gripped his shoulder.

'Forgive me, Comrade. I've touched an old wound. I've got a lot more to learn. Let's sit down with a Cognac, and you must teach me some history.'

Hermann wiped his eyes on his sleeve, gulped, and then grinned.

'Don't feel too bad,' he said. 'I believe my lessons are finally bearing fruit. You're behaving like a German at last. First the cruelty, then the sentimentality, and lastly the alcohol. Yes! You'll do.'

'Aren't Russians also cruel, sentimental and alcoholic?'

'Quite the reverse, Comrade. The Russians are alcoholic, sentimental and cruel.'

So we went into the workers' club on the corner and ordered our drinks. It was a working hour. We were the only customers. The blonde barmaid had been comfortably settled with her embroidery, but she sprang to her feet when we entered.

Her warm smile had no trace of that annoyance at interruption which one expects with Russian public servants. Even this little place, with the standard furnishings of a thousand other Soviet workers' clubs, had a touch of the German. The chairs were polished with pine oil.

On each table stood a vase of wild flowers, a basket of fresh pretzels, and a stack of little mats to soak up beer spills. It was a pleasant contrast to the scruffy joints I was used to in Moscow. On the wall framed pictures hung, exactly spaced and geometrically straight. That of the Communist Party founders was unusually big and fine, hardly surprising when you remember that Marx and Engels were German. There they stood, two good bearded buddies, holding up their Communist Manifesto. Next to it hung further portraits — Lenin, Stalin, Lenin shaking hands with Stalin, then some I didn't recognize. Glass in hand, Hermann led me down the row of faces and connected them to names I already knew from the newspaper headlines.

'Rosa Luxemburg...' A sharp vital face, big nose, bright eyes. 'Killed in the 1919 Communist rebellion. You won't even find it in modern German history books, but it happened, I was there. Here's Ernst Thälmann, leader of the German party, arrested by the Nazis in '33... and Walter Ulbricht, the alternate leader, veteran of the Spanish war, now safe in Moscow...'

'And what's this team?'

I pointed to the only photo-portrait with smiles. A small wry-faced fellow with a crew-cut stood arm in arm with a more serious balding bespectacled companion.

'Come on, comrade, where've you been?' cried Hermann. He burst into song.

'Oh the shark has pearly teeth, dear, And he shows them shining white. Just a jack-knife has MacHeath, dear, And he keeps it out of sight'

'Bert Brecht and Kurt Weill. Great guys. Great song writers. And witty! They got away safely, they're heading for America.'

The fair barmaid clapped at his performance. She wasn't being ironical — Hermann had a fine clear tenor.

By now he'd circumnavigated the room and was back to the bar again. He ordered more cognacs for us, and then a glass of wine for the barmaid, whom he deftly steered to the third chair at our table, she protesting that it was against the rules.

'Dear Comradess,' reassured Hermann, 'this is no problem. Allow me to make introductions. I am Hermann Müller. My companion the Major, whose name I must not disclose, is a high-ranking investigator into power-line sabotage. Where better could he begin enquiries than at the place where all meet? I mean, of course, this congenial club.'

This was my cue to rise to my feet, click my heels, and bow. Hermann nodded his approval at my Germanic gallantry.

Our barmaid was a pretty woman in her thirties. Her full figure fitted nicely into a laced *dirndl*. I looked into a smiling face crowned by golden hair. She wore a blue ribbon that matched her eyes. This was an aspect of German culture I could well get used to. She flushed at our attention, took a sip of wine, and began to speak.

'I'm Inge Beck, I've lived here all my life, and yes, things have changed. I don't know anything about the power-lines, but some of the young men have started listening to Berlin radio, and getting some funny ideas too. I hear them muttering to one another about Hitler. They shut up when I come to serve them, they know my family are Communist party members. Only a few of them, but they could get the whole community into trouble. I'm relieved you're here.'

It looked as if my cover story might become real. Of course we jam the Nazi broadcasts, but they've got some smart engineers who keep shifting frequencies. I jotted down the names of the Hitler-admirers, then looked up to see Inge gazing into Hermann's eyes.

'Comrade Müller,' she was saying 'I heard you while you were looking at the pictures — did you actually know Rosa Luxemburg? She was always my heroine.'

'Ah, what a woman she was...' sighed Hermann. 'The intensity, the passion... I was just a young apprentice when I went to a trades union rally in Berlin, and there she was. Only a little slip of a thing, seemed too gentle to hurt a fly, but you forgot that when she started talking. She made the same speech three times, in fluent German, Polish and Russian.

'What did she say?' asked Inge.

'I remember her words exactly,' said Hermann. 'She said,' and he declaimed:

"We've suffered four years of misery because the Emperor wanted to win a few patches of ground in Africa and Iraq. Our brothers are rotting in the trenches — they were made to dig their own graves! Our children have rickets and tuberculosis. The French and Russians and English are little better off. It's enough! I proclaim the rising of the working class in every city of Europe, in every city of the world."

'And she led us all in singing *The Internationale*. It's as clear to me now as if I were still there. Rosa walked with a bad limp, but you forgot about it as soon as she started talking. She had the same flashing eyes as you, Comrade Inge. I remember her hairpins came loose and her hair fell down to her shoulders, I remember the sweat patches on her white blouse, and her hard little fist raised in the air. We would have followed her to the gates of hell — well, we did.'

'But what went wrong?' asked Inge, gripping Hermann's arm.

'Inge, my friend the Major thinks we Germans are too obedient and law-abiding to be successful rebels. Maybe he's right. Maybe Communism is like a Mercedes-Benz racing car. It's built by German engineers but to win the Grand Prix they need a driver from a more passionate race.'

'Didn't you try again in 1933?'

'The year after Hitler won the election... yes, indeed, we called for a general rising of the working people. All together, they could have seized power by paralysing the economy. But the damn Socialists wouldn't join us Communists, they said they had to abide by the will of the majority. Bourgeois democracy! Counting noses! Contemptible. The truth was that they let themselves be bribed with money stolen from the Jews.'

Hermann moodily stared into the depths of his double Cognac.

'They knew where the working class communists lived. Our apartment building was besieged. We'd armed ourselves with surplus stuff from the Great War — a mixture of weapons from all armies. The last I saw of my wife, she was holding off the Nazis with an old Lewis machine gun. The .303-inch ammunition was getting low. I crawled out of a side window, dodged the police snipers, and ran to the next street. I knew they had more bullets there. When I returned, the whole block had been flattened. They'd brought up artillery.'

Inge squeezed his hand. They say that male sadness is aphrodisiac. 'Er, Hermann...'

He looked up from his reverie.

'It's time for me to interview the engineer. Meet you back here, shall I?'

I could tell when three was a crowd. I don't do badly with the women, I've got broad shoulders and a cheerful smile, but I never could compete with the soulful types like Hermann.

\* \* \*

I introduced myself to Hans Decker on the pretext of the power line investigation. Though I didn't try to hide my true nationality from him, it was gratifying that he felt comfortable enough with my German language to go on using it with me. He proved a cheerful generous fellow and invited me back for supper.

While his lovely non-Aryan Kazakh wife cooked dumplings and shashlik, Hans showed his family photograph album. I studied the faded photos and memorised the names of uncles and aunts as if my life depended on it, which perhaps it did.

\* \* \*

Hermann wanted to stay in Katerindorf another week. He said I was doing well but still needed further immersion in the culture. His own desire to immerse himself in Inge Beck had something to do with it too, but I was nothing loath. It was a pleasant little holiday in a different world. In the mornings we sat in the front garden of the *gasthaus*, read German books and newspapers and exchanged greetings with passers-by.

After lunch we would stroll down to the park, admire the flowerbeds (in German, of course) and listen to the brass band play patriotic beer-drinking music.

In the evening we watched movies. The Germans do nothing by halves. Their films are as brilliant as their beer. I specially liked the old silent *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari* — the world seen distorted through the eyes of a man who was going insane — a very good preparation for life in the Third Reich. There were films of the unemployed life on the street — *Asphalt* and *The Last Laugh* — which made me well understand why a destitute German would join the Nazi Brownshirts. No wonder, I reflected that the Nazis had done so well in the '33 elections. Those working poor who join communist trade unions were outnumbered by the workless.

Oh, and I must not forget Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel*. I was destined, later, to meet the same mixture of fantastic sex and pompous seriousness as a participant at one of Himmler's famous breeding camps. I would have liked to have met Marlene Dietrich too, but had no such luck. She'd gone to Hollywood years before. Just her sweet sultry voice, played by every disc jockey of every forces radio program, lingers as background to my memories.

Our enthusiasm for films delighted the town projectionist. Spindly-limbed, awkward, with the mushroom pallor of the indoors life, Manfred looked a complete nonentity. Until he began to talk about his work, when he vibrated with enthusiasm.

'You haven't seen a tenth of it,' he told us when we took him out for a beer. 'There's a lot of stuff we can't get here in Russia. We have Leni Riefenstahl's film of the Olympic Games, and *Storm over Mont Blanc*, but not her *Triumph of the Will*. Nor Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* — a famous piece of science fiction — though I've put in an order for it. And I hear that

Göbbels plans to direct a two-hour blockbuster — in colour! — about the siege of Kolberg.'

The cinema used to be a church, now closed after a campaign of militant atheism. The projection-booth had been built around the old pulpit. Manfred spent the greater part of his life in it. I think he even slept there to save on rent, judging from the army cot I saw folded in one corner.

The world of the cinema screen was more real to him than the community outside. An only child and an orphan, excused sports and military service because of asthma, he had acquaintances but no friends. The only woman in his life was the gorgeous wonder-woman Leni Riefenstahl, actress, swimming champion and movie-director extraordinaire. Her picture had pride of place on the wall of Manfred's projection booth, a big color pin-up of Leni skiing in a two-piece swimsuit. I read the caption: Hitler's Superwoman. Athletic ideal of German womanhood, Leni doesn't let her task of co-ordinating the Winter Olympics keep her from the slopes. "And I'm not going to lose my summer tan," laughs this dynamic favorite of Reich-leader Hitler.

I felt sorry for the poor sap, and made the useless effort of giving unasked advice.

'You know, Manfred,' I said, 'you don't have to go all the way to Germany to find a woman like that. We've got thousands of beautiful athletes right here in Russia. They like intellectual fellows like you. But you've got to go where they're at. They can't pick you up in their strong tawny arms when you wipe out on the slope if you never put skis on in the first place. Why, it would be worth breaking one leg if you got to put the other one over. Or under.'

I could not know that this prophecy would prove to be about myself. All Manfred said was: 'Cold air brings on my asthma,' in a very final tone of voice.

Too bad, because the bit about strong tawny arms surely brought on a flush to his face, maybe other bits of him too for all I knew.

Manfred's interest in Nazi films, though politically incorrect, was more a sign of a romantic nature than of evil. You have to understand that we didn't know back then just how very bad the Nazis were. We didn't know, yet, that Göbbels was more than a talented Minister of Propaganda. Nor that in the intervals of movie-making he and his comrades were organizing the systematic extermination of millions.

Stalin and Beria must have had their suspicions, though, for they'd banned these Nazi-sympathetic films. Our friend Manfred felt entitled to project them upon his screen simply because they were great art. The Soviet Union is dangerous ground for "art for art's sake" aesthetes to tread. A beautiful tune — or a beautiful movie shot — can give power to dangerous words. Stalin understood what Manfred the cineast did not,

that art is a two-edged sword. I liked Manfred and didn't want to make him talk his way into trouble. I hastened to change our conversation to a safer direction.

'Have you got any of Bertolt Brecht's musicals on film?' I asked.

'Sure do.' He smiled. 'I've got *The Threepennny Opera*. But you can't see it now. The amateur dramatic society in Blumstadt have it to guide their rehearsals. Their director was trained by Erwin Piscator himself — that's before Erwin left us for Broadway. They're putting the show on live this very weekend.'

Blumstadt was the next German town, along the Big River from Katerindorf.

'We must stay for that!' exclaimed Hermann. 'It's the very essence of German humor. What songs! *Mac the Knife... Useless is Useless... Steak Tartare!*'

Afterwards I found out that Hermann had known all along about the show. His new sweetheart Inge was playing Polly Peachum. He needed my spontaneous support to justify prolonging our stay for another two days. Anyway, I backed him up by telegraphing police headquarters that our "enquiries" were not complete. I'm glad I did him that favour because, as I was to discover later, Hermann was also an agent destined to travel to the Third Reich. And whereas I was taking the high road as a prosperous politically-correct sausage-merchant, Hermann was to go "underground" as a saboteur. He needed some sweet memories to take with him.

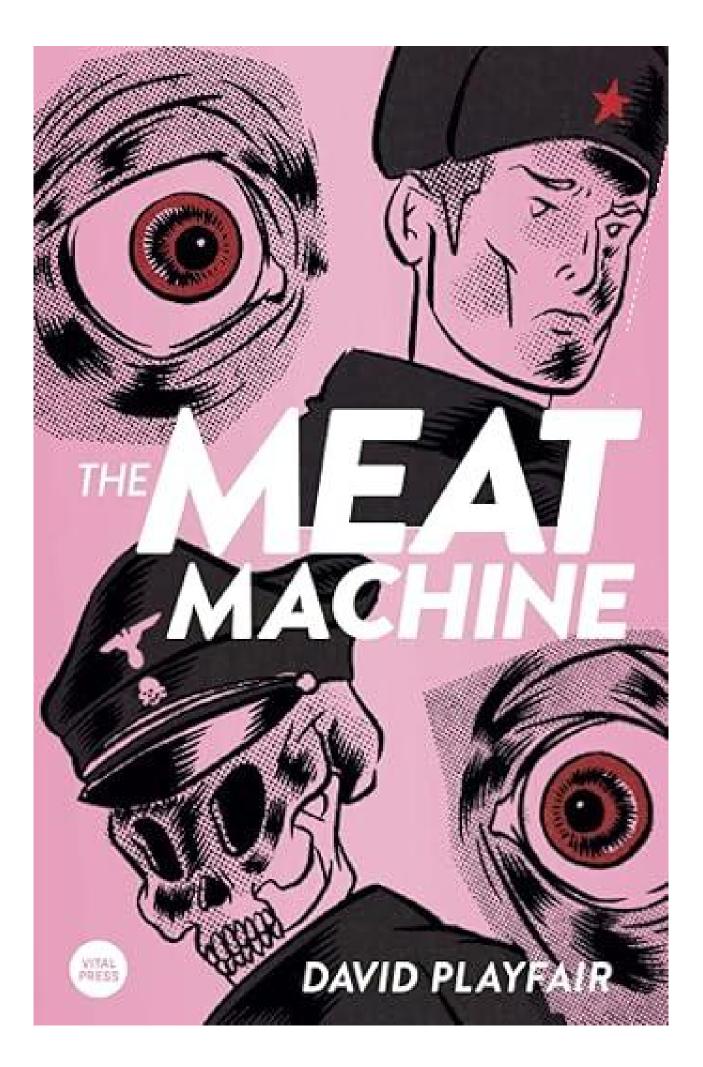
The Threepenny Opera, Die Dreigroschenoper in German, is a gangster musical. MacHeath is a pimp turned hitman who resolves to get respectable.

He marries Polly, the daughter of Peachum the king of the beggars, and prospers enough to become director of a bank. Then he screws up by dumping Polly. But he doesn't get time to find a higher-class woman because Peachum frames him up for one murder he actually didn't do. He's taken to the gallows and then...

Well, see it yourself if you want to know how it ends. It was a good show, and it did teach me a thing or two, more about changing identities than about German culture.

It should have reminded me, too, that gangsters strike when you least expect it.

We were to learn some more lessons on the road.





## TOP SENSATION

(1969)
Reviewed by D4Doom
Second of a ROSALBA NERI
retrospective

*Top Sensation* is a sleazy 1969 Italian production which has one big thing going for it right from the start - it stars both Edwige

Fenech and Rosalba Neri, and if you're a fan of European exploitation cinema that's reason enough to see it. But it has a lot more going for it as well.

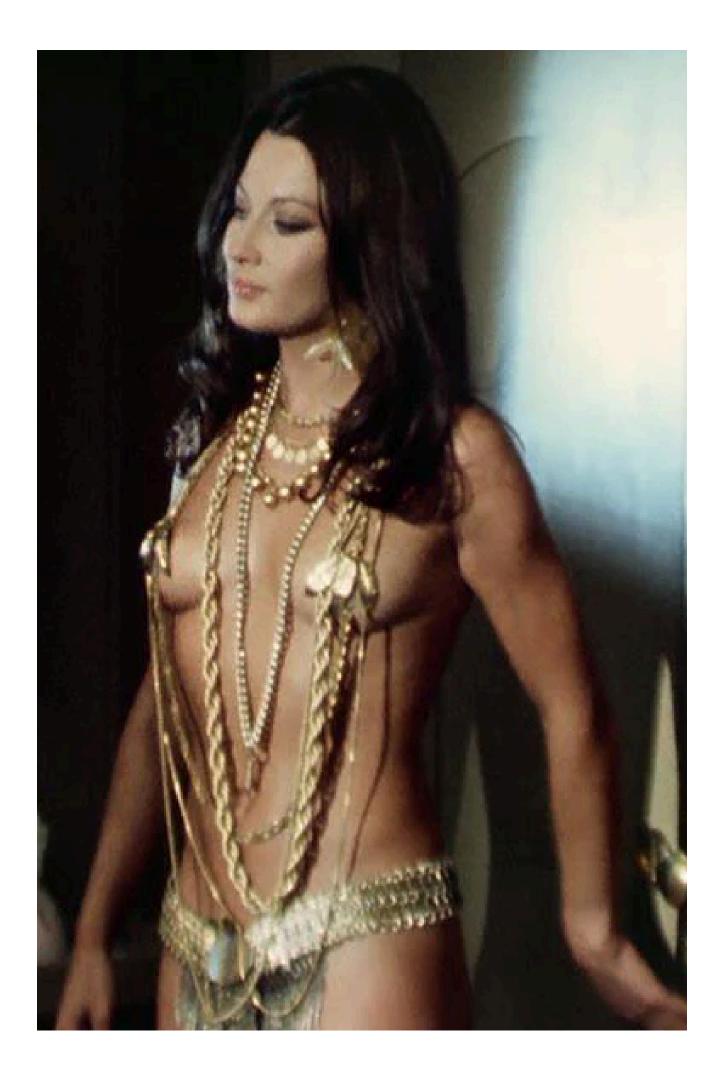
The first thing to be considered is the genre question. This is not a giallo although it occasionally gets described as such. It's more of a slow-burning erotic melodrama which eventually morphs into a twisted erotic thriller. It also has some amusing black comedy moments but it is definitely not a sex comedy.

The movie takes place on the luxury pleasure cruiser owned by a very wealthy woman named Mudy (Maud Belleroche). It was shot almost entirely on the yacht (which had to be towed because if they'd used the engines there would have been too much vibration). This gives the film an interesting feel - both claustrophobic and isolated. Which is significant because these are people who have chosen to ignore the normal rules of civilised society.

Mudy has a son named Tony. Tony worries her considerably. It's not quite clear what's wrong with Tony but there's definitely something wrong. He seems to be mentally slow, and he's distant and uncommunicative. Today he might be described as autistic. He's a grown man, but he lives in his own dream world, playing with his toy cars and toy robot.

Mudy might not be sure what's amiss with Tony but she believes she knows how to cure the problem. If Tony could be persuaded to take an interest in girls he'd be OK. Losing his virginity might cure him. She has cooked up a plan to make sure that he does lose his virginity.

She has hired three people to bring this about. There's Aldo, a good-looking entirely amoral young man. There's Aldo's depraved wife Paula (Rosalba Neri). And there's Ulla (Edwige Fenech), who seems to be Paula's sexual plaything and Aldo's as well. If Paula can't seduce Tony then they have Ulla as a backup. And if women as hot as these two can't arouse Tony's interest in girls then what can?





The plan is not going well. Tony is just not interested. Paula and Ulla amuse themselves with each other, Mudy amuses herself with Aldo and the two girls (all the women in this movie are bisexual and omnivorous and generally sex-crazed).

Then fate steps in. Aldo runs the boat aground near a tiny island. There are only two people on the island, a peasant named Andro (Salvatore Puntilla) and his pretty blonde young wife Beba (Eva Thulin). And something wondrous happens. Tony actually seems to be interested in Beba. It seems like Tony goes for peasant girls rather than glamour babes. If Beba can be enticed aboard the boat then surely she and Tony can get it on. Meanwhile Paula and Ulla can keep Beba's husband amused. And of course Paula and Ulla seduce Beba.

Oh yes, something else happens on the island. Ulla has an intimate encounter with a goat. A very very intimate encounter. I just hope it was as good for the goat as it clearly was for Ulla. You're probably thinking that this can't be right, even Italian

sleazefests of this era wouldn't go that far. But this movie does. So if the idea of Edwige Fenech making it with a goat is your very favourite fantasy this is the movie for you. It's a female goat by the way so it counts as both bestiality and lesbianism!

Could this movie offer anything else in the way of depravity? You bet it could, but I can't risk a spoiler by telling you what it is.

There are those who see some political content to this movie, some kind of commentary on the exploitative nature of the rich. While Italian movies of this period did flirt with political themes I don't buy the idea of this movie having any political significance. Every character in the movie, rich or poor, bourgeois or peasant, is greedy and amoral. Greed and amorality are what this movie is all about.

One of the things that really makes this movie work is that Rosalba Neri and Edwige Fenech are so different. They're both stunningly beautiful women but they're beautiful in completely different ways and they project entirely different personas. And the characters they play are so different. Neri's character, Paula, is depraved but she's clever and actively manipulative and dangerous. Fenech's character, Ulla, is just as depraved and just as amoral but in a more passive way. She'll take pleasure when it's offered and she'll do anything for money but she just drifts from depravity to depravity. Paula's mind, on the other hand, never stops calculating the angles.

The entire cast is excellent and it's perhaps unfair to single anyone out but I do think that it's Rosalba Neri who walks off with the acting honours. This was a really juicy rôle for her and she grabs the opportunity with both hands. Incidentally she was also the assistant director on the production.

Ottavio Alessi had had a distinguished enough career as a writer but was very inexperienced as a director and, reading between the lines, it's possible that Rosalba Neri was more of a co-director than an assistant director.



This is a movie that exists in at least three versions. There's the Italian version, which is sleazy. There's the US version (released as *The Seducers*) which is even sleazier and has more nudity. And there's the German version which includes major changes and has even more nudity. The Shameless UK release offers the Italian cut with some of the sleazier scenes from the US version added. Extras include an alternate ending which doesn't really change things much, plus there's a featurette that includes interviews with Salvatore Puntilla and Rosalba Neri. The transfer is generally superb except that a few of the more scorching scenes have had to come from source material that isn't in great shape. There's also a Camera Obscura release which includes both the Italian and German versions. *Top* Sensation is prime eurosleaze and it has a plot which takes some deliciously nasty turns. It takes a while for the full twistedness of the story to become apparent. There's Rosalba Neri and Edwige Fenech so what are you waiting for? Highly recommended.



# MERRY CHRISTMAS

#### By Dick Saint Cécile

It's almost eight o'clock and I still don't know what we're going to do for New Year's Eve. However, I trust him completely to surprise me, even if he still hasn't come to get me. Speaking of the wolf, he just sent me a very cryptic message.

I don't think you opened all your Christmas presents, so go check the top drawer of your dresser.

I know him well and it is with a smile on my lips that I enter my room. A smile that widens when I discover a dark silk pouch closed by a scarlet ribbon to which a small label is attached.

#### Open me!

It looks like an excerpt from *Alice in Wonderland* and I hesitate a little before undoing the knot. Into which universe will the contents project me? My curiosity finally wins out and, feverish, I discover a thin steel necklace that I hasten to put around my neck. The guy was right, it is exactly my size, tight enough so that, even from a distance, I feel his grip. However, I am not at the end of my surprises. The pouch also contains a belt, also made of metal and just as adapted to my morphology, as well as a small card.

That's all I ask you to wear for tonight, you have carte blanche for the rest.

I still don't know what our New Year's Eve party is going to consist of, but things have just taken a turn that I like a lot and I'm looking through my wardrobe for something that could do justice to these gifts. Underwear? That would break the line and I decide to do without, setting my sights on a pair of hold-ups, a black bustier that shows off my chest, and a low-waisted skirt that's short enough that you can see what's going on underneath. A pair of high-heeled pumps, after all I don't think I'm going to spend much time on my feet, a coat so I don't catch a cold if we have to go out and here I am ready just as the doorbell rings.

I open the door for him. He comes in and puts his coat on the back of the couch. He looks incredibly classy with his white shirt and black pants that look like they were sewn on him, they're so tight, and just looking at him makes me feel my crotch getting sticky with desire as he sticks his tongue in my mouth. I stick my stomach to his, he gets hard but slowly pulls me away from him.

• Not now Princess, not here, and the evening is just beginning. I need to blindfold you for the ride though.

Captivated and curious, I let him put a satin blindfold on me before he puts my coat on my shoulders and leads me outside. We take a few steps and I hear the sound of a door opening. I let myself be guided with great caution to sit down without stopping to think that, in this position, my pussy is exposed and that anyone passing in the street would have a bird's eye view of it, which excites me enormously.

The ride doesn't take very long but I haven't managed to figure out where we're going. He deploys the same luxury of attentions to get me out of his vehicle and I feel that we pass through a heavy door that closes behind us. A few more minutes of pacing endless corridors and he finally unblinds me.

• We have arrived, open your eyes!

We are in a boudoir, draped in red and dimly lit, in the centre of which sits a bed of impressive dimensions. I can't help but think about how many people could fit on it. The answer suddenly appears to me when a door opens at the back of the room. There are ten, no,

eleven males, naked as the first day and built like gods down to their legs.

• I chose them especially for you, manly but caring and, above all, full balls because I know you like that.

I don't have time to thank him. I find myself swept away in a maelstrom of pleasures in which I don't know where to turn. At first it's as if a twenty-armed octopus were caressing my entire body and I literally feel myself sinking under these delicious assaults. Then come the first tails. I try to swallow one by one all those that present themselves in front of me and delight in this orgy of barley sugars.

#### • I can?

The one who spreads my legs with an almost tender gesture is cute to eat and I am happy to offer him the first of my pussy. He places his hands on either side of my face and sinks into me with a straight and resolute thrust. I let out a sigh of satisfaction while he moves above me, quickly stifled by the big glans that another presses against my lips and that I hasten to swallow.

I then lose count of the sexes that drill me, first one after the other, then simultaneously. All my orifices are taken by the group and I spare no effort to make them enter and exit one after the other. The air smells of debauchery, lubricant and sweat but still no cum because these gentlemen seem never to want to cum, no more than my man who watches us while caressing himself.

I'm starting to get tired and my holes are on fire when a chime starts to sound its first "ding". Was this the signal they were waiting for? They come one after the other to stand in front of me and flood my face with long spurts of thick sperm. I have some in my hair, on my cheeks, my lips, and I have to wipe my eyes to see my lover come last and slide his cock deep into my throat just before flooding me with his seed that I drink to the last drop.

I collapse, sated and drunk with pleasure. The men disappear as they came, leaving us alone. My accomplice takes me against him and kisses me, lapping up all the cum mixed on me.

• I loved your midnight strokes my darling.



Some people like to make a mark. I usually make a stain. Marquis de Vaccine, Penicillin Mansions, 1924

### The Goddess A Demon

1900

#### By Richard Marsh

#### CHAPTER XXV. THE GODDESS

The inspector I dragged in by the collar of his coat. I slammed the door in the faces of his friends, I had been wondering, while Lawrence had been speaking, where, exactly, in what he said, was the dividing line between truth and falsehood; between sanity and madness. I could not satisfy myself upon the point; either then or afterwards. That the wildness of his speech and manner was an indication of the disorder of his mind was obvious; that in his brain there were the fires of delirium was sure; that the tale which he told was not all raving was as certain. It is probable that the life of dissipation which he had led had told upon his physical health; and that, as usual, the body had reacted on the mind.

Yet there was such an air of conviction in his bearing, and so much method in his madness, that even in his most amazing statements one could not but suspect, at least, a basis of fact. And it was because this was so that we listened, fascinated, to assertions which savoured of a world of dreams; and hung, with breathless interest, on words which told, as if they were everyday occurrences, of things of which it is not good to even think as coming within the sweep of possibility.

He held up his finger, repeating his last words in the form of an inquiry.

"Hark! don't you hear her laughing now?"

I know not what we heard; I know not. We had been following, one by one, the steps which marked the progress of disorder in this man's brain, until our own minds had become unbalanced too. But I thought that I heard the sound of a woman's laughter, and it was because it appeared to come from behind the screen that I stepped forward to move the barrier, so that we might learn what it concealed. Lawrence sprang in front of me.

"Don't!" he cried. "She's there! You shall see her; I'll show you her at the proper time."

I could have thrust him aside, but there was that about him which dissuaded me. And when the lady, laying her hand upon my arm, drew me away from him, I let him tell his tale in his own fashion. He passed his fingers across his brow, as if in an effort to collect his thoughts.

"Well, the time went, forgetting to bring me ease of mind, until Bernstein wrote to ask my brother where it would best meet his convenience to have the bills presented, which were on the point of falling due."

"It was the usual custom," struck in the Jew.

"It's the usual custom, Bernstein says, and I'm not denying it. When Philip got the letter, he came red-hot to me, asking what it meant. I had had a bad day or two, and some unpleasant nights, and was feeling hipped just when he came. Besides, his coming took me unawares; I was not expecting him—for the present. When I perceived what was in his voice, and in his eyes, and in the twitchings of his hands, I was afraid. I lied to him; pretending that I had no notion of what it was that Bernstein wrote; protesting that any bills which he might hold had nothing at all to do with me. I could see he doubted, but having no proof positive that what I said was false, he went, warning me what I might expect if it turned out that I had lied. It was good hearing, to know what I might expect—from him—if it turned out that I had lied.

"I went to Bernstein, to implore him to have mercy; though I knew that in him mercy was less frequent than water in a rock."

"I am a man of business! You had had my money! I am a business man!"

"He would have none. I found young Moore. I told him that certain bills had been discounted which bore my brother's name, and since he had put it there I should be compelled, in self-defence, to tell the simple truth."

"When I put it there was nothing on the bills—not a word; I declare it. They were nothing but five blank slips of paper, on my sacred word of honour, I will swear to it. He filled them up himself; then he wanted to put it on to me." "Yes, it was odd how I wanted to put it upon every one except myself; very odd indeed. That night I was not happy. I had some conversation with The Goddess; from which I derived comfort, of a kind, though it was not much, either for quantity or quality. The next day I had brought myself closer to the sticking point; as, I fancy, men are apt to do when they know that the music really is about to play. In the evening I had a game of cards with Ferguson. You remember?"

"I do. You cheated me."

"I did. Which, again, was odd. For it was the first time I ever had cheated at cards, and it was the last. You went out of the room believing that you would have to pay me £1880, and with, at the bottom of your heart, the knowledge that the man whom you had supposed to be your friend was, after all, a rogue. The consciousness that you had this knowledge was, for me, the top brick. I had chosen to carry myself well in your eyes, and believed I had succeeded; yet, after all, I'd failed. When you had gone I turned for consolation to The Goddess.

"Bringing her from my bedroom, I placed her on her own particular stand. I was just about to request her to go through one of her unrivalled performances when, turning, I saw in the open doorway of my room a lady. Here is that lady now."

He waved his hand towards Miss Moore. She gave what seemed to be a start of recollection.

"I remember. I had knocked at the door again and then again; no one answered. I tried the handle; the door opened; you were there."

"Which was most fortunate for me. It was an entrancing figure which I saw, in a cloak all glory; with a face—a face which would haunt the dreams of a happier man than I. It was a late hour for so enchanting a vision to pay a first call upon a single gentleman, but, when I learned that this was the sister of the ingenuous Tom, I understood; I understood still more when the lady's tongue was once set wagging, for sometimes even charming visions do have tongues. Dear Tom had told his tale on his own lines."

"It was gospel truth, every word I said to her. I'll take my oath it was."

"There's not a doubt you will. But as the tale came from the lady's lips to me, it seemed surprising. I'd no idea, until she told me, that I was so old in sin and dear Tom so young. It seemed that I had corrupted the boy's fresh innocence; that I had even taught him how to write—especially other people's names. To me it sounded odd. I had met young Tom; I was beginning to wonder if his sister ever had. I knew something of his history; one could scarcely credit that she knew anything at all. However, one was glad to learn that so fair a lady had so excellent a brother, though it seemed unfortunate that he should have such

curious associates. Of one of them she was giving her opinion, to the extent of several volumes, when once more the door was opened, this time, I really think, without any preliminary knocking; for I am incapable of suggesting that the lady's voice could by any possibility have drowned even a rapping of the knuckles. My brother was the interrupter—the uninvited, unwelcome interrupter, of our tête-à-tête.

"Then I knew that the end had come; that the game was blown upon; that the music would have to be faced. I knew this in an instant. It was written large all over him. He had a trick, when he was in a rage, of seeming to swell; as if the wind of his passion had distended him. I had never seen him look so large before. He was trembling—not with fear. His fingers were opening and closing—as they were apt to do when the muscles which controlled them reached the point of working by themselves. His lips were parted; he drew great breaths; his eyes had moved forward in his head. It did not need more than a single glance at him to enable me to understand that he had learned that I had lied, and that now had come the tug of war.

"I cannot say if he noticed that I was with a lady. He did not acknowledge her presence if he did, not even by so much as the removal of his hat. So soon as he saw me he began to edge his way into the room, with little, awkward, jerky movements, which experience had taught me were the invariable preliminaries to an outburst of insensate fury. 'I'll kill you! I'll kill you! I'll kill you! He repeated the three words, as if he were speaking half to himself and half to me, in a husky voice, which was not nice to hear.

"My first thought was of The Goddess!"

As if he had had, from the beginning, an eye to what would be the proper dramatic effect, when he got so far, Lawrence, with a hasty movement towards the daïs, struck the crimson screen, so that it came clattering forward on to the floor. Extending his arms on either side of him, he cried: "Behold! The Goddess!"

I do not know what the others were prepared to find revealed, nor even what it was which I had myself expected. There had been in my mind a vague anticipation of some incredible horror; something neither human nor inhuman, neither alive nor dead. What I actually did see occasioned me, at first sight, a shock of surprise. A moment's reflection, however, disclosed my own stupidity. Much that had gone before should have prepared me for exactly this. Only my mental opaqueness could have prevented my seeing to what Lawrence's words directly pointed. And yet, after all, this that I saw did not provide an adequate explanation; did not, for instance, shed light on what I had seen in my dream.

The downfall of the screen had revealed an idol; apparently a Hindoo goddess. She was squatted on what looked like an ebony pedestal, perhaps a foot or eighteen inches from the floor. The figure was nearly four feet high. It

represented a woman squatting on her haunches. Her arms were crossed upon her breast, her fingers interlaced. Two things struck me as peculiar. One, that the whole figure was of a brilliant scarlet; the other, that its maker had managed to impart to it a curious suggestion of life. To this fact Lawrence himself drew our attention.

"You see how alive she is? She only needs a touch to fill her with impassioned frenzy. It is for that touch that she waits and watches."

It was exactly what I had myself observed. The figure needed only some little thing to give it at least the semblance of actual life. I could not make out of what substance it was compounded; certainly neither of wood nor stone.

"As Philip came at me across the room I moved towards The Goddess. 'Take care,' I said. 'Don't be a fool! Don't you see that there's a lady here?' He did not; or if he did he showed no signs of doing so. I doubt even if he saw The Goddess. It was his way. In his fits of passion he was like some maddened bull; he had eyes only for the object of his rage. 'I'll kill you!' he kept on muttering, in a voice which fury had made husky. 'Don't be an ass!' I cried. But he was an ass. Presently there came the rush which I was looking for. He went for me as the bull goes for the toreador. And instead of me he met The Goddess. It had to be, or I should not have lived to tell the tale.

"As it chanced The Goddess was between us. I had in my fingers this little cord—you see I have it here. My scarlet beauty was an obstacle of which he took no account at all. He made as if he would dash her into splinters and scatter them about the room. But The Goddess is not so easily to be brushed aside. As he rushed at her she leaped at him—like this."

Suddenly throwing out his arms he cried, in a loud voice, "Take me, for I am yours, O thou Goddess of the Scarlet Hands."

How exactly it all happened, even now I find it hard to say. As Lawrence sprang forward, the figure rose to its feet, and in an instant was alive. It opened its arms; from its finger-tips came knives. Stepping forward it gripped Lawrence with its steel-clad hands, with a grip from which there was no escaping. From every part of its frame gleaming blades had sprung; against this cheval-de-frise it pressed him again and again, twirling him round and round, moving him up and down, so that the weapons pierced and hacked back and front. Even from its eyes, mouth, and nostrils had sprung knives. It kept jerking its head backwards and forwards, so that it could stab with them at his face and head. And, all the while, from somewhere came the sound of a woman's laughter—that dreadful sound which I had heard in my dream.

### NEXT WEEK—THE LEGACY OF THE SCARLET HANDS



# THE DIARY OF CHARLIE WINKLE

31/12/2024

For the past two weeks I had spent my time playing the finest golf courses across Malaysia.

This golf trip had included myself, obviously, and seven of my Malaysian-Chinese friends and also my good friend from England, Elvin Westlake, who is the local pro at one of London's finest golf clubs.

It had been an amazing time filled with great golf, gorgeous women and considerable amounts of booze, although the trip had finally come to an end and I was relieved. No matter how good the friends, when you've spent two weeks continuously together with the same people, it gets to the point where you're looking forward to some time alone. Some privacy. Recently, I'd had very little of either.

New Year's Eve being Amateur's Night is a night I never go out on, preferring instead to spend my time at home. An early dinner, perhaps a couple of glasses of wine, a cigar and an old movie is my perfect NYE although as I was with my friends and in a foreign country this was impossible due to the pressure and expectation put on me that I should make an exception and go out and celebrate with them.

I'd told them that I'd come out although would likely return to my hotel room before midnight and they were happy with that.

I was very happy I had decided to go out as we found ourselves at the excellent "Red Garden Food Paradise and Night Market" which is on Leith Street at the top of Chulia Road.

There was a stage inside the night market where a beautiful young Chinese woman was singing a combination of Chinese and Western classics and we had a table just in front of this stage where very sexy waitresses would bring us ice cold buckets filled with bottles of beer. We also had our choice of Chinese and Malay and Thai food delicacies and our table was covered with Roast Ducks, seafood soups, prawn dumplings, noodle dishes and spicy beef stews.

The beautiful young Chinese woman who was singing on stage had obviously taken a great liking to me (this is not unusual; I attract a lot of attention from the ladies) and was constantly sneaking glances in my direction and smiling at me. Once, when she performed the Dusty Springfield classic "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me" she had sung the whole song whilst looking at me and all my friends had taken great joy in kidding with me and making crude comments about what they'd like to do to this beautiful young Chinese woman. Fortunately, for the beautiful young Chinese, none of them would ever get the chance.....

At 11PM I decided enough was enough and told my friends I was heading back to the hotel and although they argued and pleaded for me to stay I was firm.

One of my Malay-Chinese friends was in shock....

"Charlie, what are you doing!? The young woman singing on the stage is clearly in love with you and if you stay just a little longer, she will certainly go home with you! Stay!"

I politely declined and after giving a wave to the beautiful young Chinese singer on the stage, who looked very disappointed and sad that I was leaving, returned to my hotel room, well fed and sober.

2025 is set to be a very big year for Charlie Winkle and I wanted to start it well rested and fresh.

# EDEN



A Romance
by Ernst Graf

She bites her fingertips, and plays with her earrings. But I ask myself, "where has she been?", "who else claims her as their own?". My arms engulf her, a kiss becomes a blow, and a blow becomes a kiss. The desire is relentless. I come alive now in what I can't share. She calls me, 'despot' and 'selfish', between her bated breaths. But all I can hear are the clinking of her earrings and her sighs.

Byronium

# CHAPTER 73 BAD EPISODE IN THE NIGHT

Wow, woke up 954am. This hotel is so quiet. Drank too much in Sphynx, had a bad episode in the night, felt I was going to pass out and throw up, horrible, then thankfully it passed. Eating that Grand Egg huge steak on top of A LOT of beer in Sphynx. Five large ones or more.

Big tits was there in low cut summer dress and I swear those tits are getting bigger. I HAVE to try them one day. And the two new stunningly beautiful young Brazilian brunettes, one in clinging brown bodysuit left with the old black bob, and the other one in blue dress was under black woman's wing (i.e. Katharina's friend) which makes things awkward. Sitting on the box in front of me, I was mesmerised by that staggering butt, wanted to lick her pussy. Too drunk and too late now. Surprised the bar was still busy up to 1045 or 11pm or whatever time it was I left.

Got the metro back. Don't remember getting off, or coming back to hotel. First beer for 14 days knocked me out hard.

So encouraging that — is already looking to send me back to —'s house, potentially filling 3 of my 4 days off next week (meaning postponing my next train ticket) plus will get someone to cover my two Eden nights. It's like he cannot wait to get me back there.



### CHAPTER 74 MIMI

Cold in this room. Just want to lay down in the warm bed. 753am.

Big tits is Albanian Mimi. She stroked my bulge and let me grope her tits inside her brown dress with black fur around the plunging neckline. It was so easy to pull down and put my hand inside. Two beers for her that cost me. No one else of note. Came back on metro. Quick steak which wasn't quick at all, and baguette which I just had now. Chat Noir films were rubbish as always but I did get turned on at least.

758am. Cannot concentrate on any writing. My head mashed. So let me go out early and back early. Carolina was shuttered up. Should be raining 12 to 3pm.

Uninspired.

My confidante says the Carolina is closed until 11th September.

1201 pm Friday. Had another little nap and feel a bit better now. Sexy dream about a girl coming to help us at Eden for a few hours, sexy little brown-haired thing petite but curvy, and as she's getting ready to go home she has her grey top pulled down and tits casually exposed, "you remember my 12 year old brother don't you?" and we are standing so close my jacket is now touching her naked tits, and I know we both want each other. Sexy remembering her now. Don't know where she came from into my dreams, does not remind me of anyone I know, a bit of S— B— in there perhaps but quite unique.

Yesterday was actually a wonderfully naughty feeling time. Disappointed to find the Josephina hotel bar closed at 130pm I

had to head straight for the Carolina, passing a sexy little thing inside one of the shops on the way, then when I was waiting to cross the big road the sexy little thing appeared to my left also waiting to cross and we made eye contact, so sexy, black leather jacket over black tight skirt, pulling a suitcase, brown hair in buns at side of head gave her a Princess Leia effect but that eye contact was sexy. She was looking for it. She wanted it. She perhaps saw me passing the shop and was hoping to catch up with me, for a closer look.

I do not blame her.

I do not condemn.

Then I found the Carolina shuttered up so still couldn't get my first drink! Carried on up the road a way then crossed into the main boulevard and wow, such a great atmosphere with all the trees and pavement cafés and bars, and so many sexy girls around. Brunette in white jumper made eye contact and I looked away, then looked back and she was still looking at me and only now did SHE Look away. Then the Asian-looking girl in black low cut top with bunch of teenagers talking about "the rat race" in English, and she bent to laugh just at the right time so I could see her lovely big heavy exposed jubblies. Chat Noir rubbish but I did get full bulge with the housemaid scene in the otherwise awful Mariani film I have endured before, so I came out with a noticeable bulge in my trousers. To Sphynx, two new girls came in briefly, black & white hair looking at me a lot trying to catch my attention but then within half an hour had given up and left again. Then I had my groping session with Mimi's massive knockers and her stroking my bulge till it was absolutely massive inside my trousers (stretchy trousers are such a blessing), then 5pm Madame Victoria put the music up loud, some Russian song, and started clapping along to it delightedly. By now I was becoming really drunk, thought about switching to vodka, but fortunately did not. Georgina came in briefly, kissing Mimi and me, but within 15 minutes she had left already looking stressed. Maybe something wrong with her baby. Or the person she had an assignation with did not turn up.

Already knowing as I do now that the Carolina does not open till 11th September, and La Boheme was small and poky, lost a lot of outside table space due to the building next door being in the process of being knocked down, and had only one MALE waiter that I could see so no point going there, I don't know if there is any point walking up to Chat Noir. Now that I am happy on the metro again I might as well just get the metro up to Chat Noir and start straight away there, though I would miss the sexiness I felt on that walk up yesterday with all the sexy girls. Raining probably from 12 to 3 today though, which might dampen the excitement. Or else get metro straight up to Pigalle to force me to start at the street girls and walk back to Chat Noir from there?

No writing work done on this trip at all. By the time I wake up it is time to head out again. Then when I come back I am so slaughtered by drink I pass straight out till morning.

### CHAPTER 75 FREAK SHOW

So back home. Friday in Paris was dire. Got metro all way up to Pigalle to force myself to go to the street girls first, but it was cold and spitting with rain, I seemed to be almost the only man there, I felt so sticking out like a sore thumb, after the first row of girls I couldn't bear it, and turned under the train tunnel, and away as fast as I could. Maybe at night it is better when there are lots of other men around all after one thing.

Back to Chat Noir and that was dire as well. Too many men here after one thing (mostly me). No peace and the films were appalling. Out quickly to Sphynx and that was dire too. Fridays were meant to be the best night but Christ it was more like a freak show. Actually tipped my last beer down the urinal to get out as fast as I could, metro back down to station so I could grab lots of food, including a slice of pizza finally. And that was my awful Friday in 1924 Paris. Then this morning in the station I was finally able to log in to my internet to find an email from my

landlord Friday morning to inform me my shower unit had flooded the flat below, so they have turned all my water off till Monday! No shower or handbasin. No running water at all. I have to use the shower room down on the 4th floor. What an awful Friday it really was. I feel Katharina made this happen. To punish me for returning to Sphynx. So what on Earth is the point of me EVER going back to 1924 Paris?

Well, let me calm down a bit and go through it.

Wednesday night—Arriving in the centre of 1924 Paris 615pm and checking into the Josephina 630pm. Bar dead, lifeless, a depressing shadow of its former self when I first used to stay here. Got taxi straight up to Sphynx, probably got in about 730pm and nice atmosphere. Only after about 45 minutes did the two new gorgeous Brazilian brunettes appear from upstairs. Two stars, the best of them John the Dutchman spoke to just to my left, then I was ogling her butt as she sat on the box in front of me. Definite yes. Constantly stroking her hair, and looking sideways at me as John was talking to her, fidgeting, new to the job for sure. Never saw her again on next two days though or the other one FFS. Maybe Wednesday night is the best night, and maybe after 7 is always the best time as well. Surprised the bar remained busy till 1045pm when I left. Actually a good start.

Thursday—Leaving the hotel after 1 and starting to walk up, sexy eye contact with black jacket and skirt girl while we waited to cross road, then just a sexy vibe all the way up. Double eye contact with brunette in white jumper. I just felt sexy walking up. Latent with sexual energy. Pity the Carolina was shut till 11th September. Pity La Boheme was a reduced shadow of its former self, and one male waiter seen only. Got real bulge twice in Chat Noir, and had bulge when I left, then got to Sphynx by 4, and this is where things started to wane. Had grope with Mimi and her massive knockers while she stroked my bulge till it was huge, but I realised I did not want to go to bedroom with her. So just drank myself into stupor then, and no more girls for me.

Friday—Metro up to Pigalle, dire girls, ran back to Chat Noir, dire Chat Noir, ran to Sphynx, dire Sphynx. So yes, things got worse.

Why come back?

A late Wednesday arrival and straight to Sphynx after 730 might be nice if stars come late. Thursday stroll up to the Carolina as it will be open next time. Good vibe in the boulevard under the trees walking up. In Chat Noir I did get a bulge on my first visit.

But surely Nuremberg next for Mecky Messer during the day, Black Eagle late at night, and trip to Munich for kabins and back. 152pm now. Back to Eden for four nights, then an ICE waiting for me on the Wednesday again for four nights away this time (unless — comes back to me with —'s house confirmation).

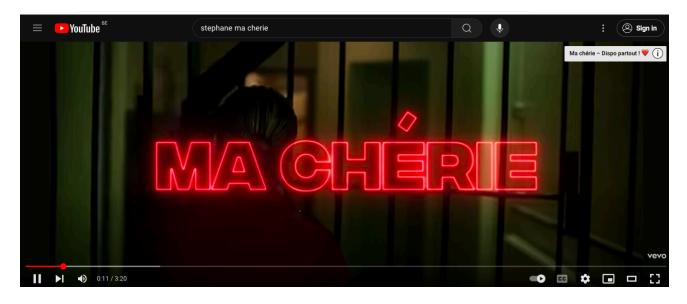
Wow my next ICE is an even later departure, not arriving in Paris till 8pm.

HOW to make 1924 Paris nice and sexy for me again?

Some other things I noticed, the King Edward VII Hotel has finally reopened! Nice guy I knew before showed me two rooms, VERY plush, but too expensive now. And the Café Espaniola & the Café d'Entracte have been knocked through to make one place!

But what to do in 1924 Paris?

Only go to Sphynx AFTER 730pm. Nightcaps only after a day of writing. Josephina hotel bar opens 430pm, get pleasantly drunk there, then jump on metro, for short spell in evening Chat Noir, then nighttime narcotic Sphynx. On first day I can go for early Carolina to check it out. Finally do the Namur Rops and Ostend/Delvaux trips. Check travel times to Paris vs Nuremberg. What is the difference?



NEXT WEEK—YOU HAVE TO ROLL THE DICE



Ernst Graf Exposing Himself at his Window (1876) - Gustave Caillebotte

#### **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 <u>Classic Movie Ramblings</u> <u>Cult Movie Reviews</u> & <u>Vintage Pop Fictions</u> & <u>D4doome / X</u> **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

**Dick Saint Cécile**—Author of stories about smartmachin, most often erotic. A novel in AE on Amazon: *The Flesh Remembers*. Ongoing projects in search of beta lect. <u>Dick Sainte Cecile (@DickCecile) / X A deux doigts du clavier</u>

**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

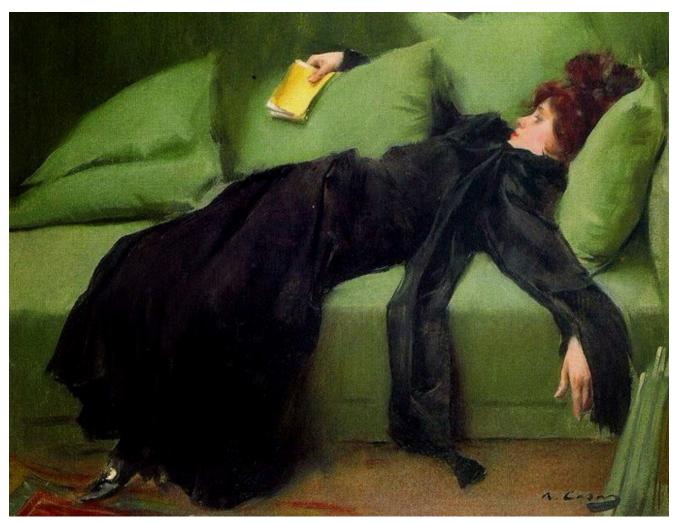
The Meat Machine: Amazon.co.uk: Playfair, David: 9781739667696: Books

**K.Z.Howell**—Father, Soldier, Author & Redneck Philosopher (SW Tennessee). I write Science Fiction, History & Thrillers. A relentless supporter of Penicillin magazine on X <u>K. Z. Howell (@KZ Howell) / X</u> for a long time. <u>Revelation: M.A.G.I.C. Series Book One: Volume 1: Amazon.co.uk</u>

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

#### **COVER PHOTO: Yukio Mishima (or Charlie Winkle)**

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