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RAMPANT ROGER

The Priapic Prime Minister



T. FRANCIS

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The Priapic Prime Minister

By T. Francis

Chapter-2

It hadn't always been this way: his grasp on power and influence so faltering. Nothing to be done: Roger would have to go and visit his brother Mycroft. It wasn't a decision he took lightly. He and Mycroft hadn't been close for many years, Roger reflected ruefully. But he pushed that thought to the back of his mind.

He loved Mycroft, and Mycroft had always loved him.

Once again it was a question of getting out of Downing Street without being observed, but during the day Roger had no fear of coming and going as he pleased. For the most part, his staff—even the security guys—were used to his running around all over the place and thought nothing of it.

He called Paulie, his driver, and told him to have the car on standby in ten minutes. Then he went up to the flat (he popped his head in the bedroom to say good morning to Caprice but she had already gone out), put on the damned itchy wig, the sunglasses and a homburg. Now he was ready to face the world.

‘Good morning, sir,’ said Paulie as they met outside the side door.
‘Where are we going this morning?’

‘Soho,’ said Roger. And then, ‘Meard Street.’

‘No problem,’ said Paulie.

It was a short journey, but by now (it was nearly lunchtime) the traffic had built to an intolerable level, and Roger sat in the back seat drumming his fingers impatiently. At times like this it was tempting to yell at the staff, but clearly it wasn’t Paulie’s fault, and he’d got himself into trouble that way before. Actually, Paulie was the fourth driver Roger had employed in fewer years. His temper tantrums, while part of the tabloid legend he’d cultivated, and seen by the public as funny and ‘just part of who Roger is’, were anything but a laughing matter for those on the wrong side of them. Apparently. Roger considered himself harmless, but his staff turnover and rate of HR-related tribunals suggested otherwise.

‘Busy day today sir?’ asked Paulie.

‘Busy life, unfortunately,’ replied Roger.

‘It must be tough,’ said Paulie. ‘You get people coming at you all the time. And who have you got to fall back on. Must be a lonely old gig, being PM.’

‘Yes, I suppose it is, rather,’ said Roger. ‘I’d never really thought of it like that before,’ and he was genuinely pleased, for here was another avenue for self-pity that he could embark upon, and self-pity—along with strong alcohol and a line of cocaine—was one of his favourite ways of escaping from the incessant feelings of low self-esteem that nagged away at the back of his mind.

‘Well,’ he continued, ‘I’m going to see my brother now, so that’s something.’

‘Ah, Mycroft,’ said Paulie. ‘How is he, anyway? You don’t hear so much about him in the papers these days, do you?’

This chaps’s a little familiar, thought Roger. But he didn’t allow himself to get rattled.

‘Oh, he’s, you know, keeping himself busy, I’m sure.’

Mycroft lived in an apartment right on Meard Street, a narrow pedestrian passage between Dean Street and Wardour Street, and so the driver parked up on the latter and Roger alighted and walked hurriedly down to number 24. It was positioned opposite a pizza restaurant, but fortunately, what with the weather being somewhat overcast, there was no one around other than a few passers-by, and so Roger was not spotted. (He rarely was when in disguise anyway, but you couldn’t be too careful.)

Arriving at Mycroft’s front door he pushed on the buzzer and waited.

‘BRRRRRR!’

Nothing.

‘BRRRRRRRRRR!’

He pushed again. The sound of the buzzer echoed around the dusty Victorian townhouse

‘BRRRRRRRRRR!’

Nothing.

‘Oh for god’s sake Mycroft,’ thought Roger, and pulled out his phone. Typed out a curt WhatsApp message.

He waited. Then his phone buzzed.

‘Yes?’ the reply said simply.

‘I’m outside!’

‘FFS’ came the response, followed shortly by a loud buzzing sound. Roger pushed the door open and entered Mycroft’s building.

Inside there was that kind of musty smell you get in Victorian properties that haven’t been cleaned in a while. On the floor beneath his feet were piles and piles of letters, some addressed to Mycroft, others to Anne, the woman who apparently lived downstairs but who had never actually been there while Mycroft had occupied the building, to Roger’s knowledge. ‘She’s in Brazil’ was Mycroft’s only explanation for this. The place was carpeted with a worn-looking shagpile and there were black and white photographs of beautiful women smoking cigarettes on the walls by the staircase. There were also china figurines, imitations of Greek statues, dotted on occasional tables here and there.

Roger ascended the staircase and walked up two flights to Mycroft’s apartment—number 2—and he rang on the bell.

‘RRRRRRRING’

No response.

‘RRRRRINGGGGG!’

‘Oh, for fuck’s sake, Mycroft,’ said Roger under his breath.

‘Just push the door,’ said a voice inside, fractured and frayed by decades of smoking.

Roger pushed and entered the apartment.

The air was blue with smoke. A thrashy Rolling Stones tune from God-knew-when played on the record player in the corner of the room. The TV was on, showing a news programme with the sound down (Roger was being discussed, of course). And there, lying on a blue couch, was Mycroft.

‘Hello Mycroft,’ said Roger.

‘All hail our mighty emperor!’ cried Mycroft, throwing his hands up into the air above his head in faux-jubilation.

Mycroft! How the years had done their work on him! There he lay on the couch, skinny as a rake, wearing that ubiquitous dressing gown he always wore, silk, paisley-pattered, with wide blue lapels. His hair, long and straggly, string-like, brushed back from his forehead. His face, long and thin and gaunt, and slightly yellow from the years of tobacco abuse.

‘Well Roger, to what do I owe this... blah blah blah?’ said Mycroft, trailing off at the end. He didn’t bother to get up.

‘Mycroft,’ said Roger, and then he paused. He felt his stomach tighten and his throat dry. ‘I find myself in a bit of a spot.’

‘A bit of a spot, eh?’ said Mycroft. ‘I would be astonished if you weren’t in a bit of a spot. Why the fuck would you come here otherwise?’

‘It’s been a while Mycroft, and I’m sorry for that.’

‘Oh, don’t apologise,’ said Mycroft, and now he sat up on the coach, and, leaning forward to a low occasional table piled up with all sorts of debris, opened a green packet, pinched out some tobacco and began rolling a cigarette between his long, elegant fingers. ‘What’s the point of close family other than to have people we take pleasure in avoiding?’

‘I’ve been a little busy recently,’ said Roger.

‘Being busy used to be the curse of the working classes’ said Mycroft. ‘Regrettably, these days it appears to have transcended that particular channel of society. You seem to be making a hash of things as usual.’

‘Thank you,’ said Roger. ‘I’m doing the best I can in difficult circumstances.’

‘One should never do one’s best,’ observed Mycroft. ‘That way one feels compelled to take other people’s criticisms to heart.’

Under normal circumstances Mycroft’s arcane way of talking annoyed Roger, but today it was almost welcome. Its familiarity felt soothing, somehow.

‘Listen Mycroft—I say, do you mind if I sit down for this?’

‘Be my guest,’ said Mycroft, throwing his hand out with affected largesse, indicating nothing in particular, since the only available seat, an old armchair with spilt seams spewing out foam stuffing was littered with books, newspapers and records.

Roger moved towards it and began clearing this debris away.

‘So, I guess you’ve come to ask me for a favour,’ said Mycroft. Once more, his bony fingers transported the slender rollup cigarette to his dry lips. On his forefinger was a large, silver skull ring, dulled with wear. The satin finish of his dressing gown shone, its patterns hypnotically complex.

‘I’m in a trouble,’ began Roger, and then he paused. Self-sufficiency had always been a virtue in their household. Asking for help felt weak.

‘Well,’ said Mycroft, his brows raised over his red eyes in a parody of concern. ‘I’m all ears.’

One thing Roger was entirely convinced of, though, was that come what may, when the chips were really down, Mycroft would be there for him. The Crossways family name was sacrosanct to him.

‘I’m being blackmailed, Mycroft,’ Roger said. No point in beating about the bush.

‘Really?’ said Mycroft, raising his brows even higher. ‘How terribly careless of you.’

‘It’s hardly my fault, Mycroft, if a couple of underhand con artists are out to get me.’

‘On the contrary,’ said Mycroft. ‘It is entirely your fault. We must take responsibility for everything that happens to us, no matter how much we would like to blame others. You are being blackmailed, which suggests that YOU did something to be blackmailed over?’

‘Well, yes, but...’

‘But nothing!’ said Roger, holding up a sepulchral finger. ‘YOU put yourself in this position! Therefore, you have no one to blame but yourself for what has followed.’

‘Well, not entirely,’ Roger began.

‘HA! Here come the excuses! Let us greet them, one by one, as they trip daintily across the stage!’

‘I was out with Tully...’

‘Aha!’ said Mycroft, clapping his hands. ‘And so, we come to the heart of the matter! No anecdote that commences with the words “I was out with Tully” can possibly end happily!’

Oh, he’s not a bad chap when you get to know him,’ said Roger. ‘He’s actually very kind. And entertaining, of course.’

‘Of course,’ crooned Mycroft. ‘Don’t think for one moment that I don’t hold Tully in the very highest esteem! In fact, that you continue to associate with such an indolent and degenerate chap despite your public position is one of the few positive characteristics you retain!’

‘Thank you! I think...’ said Roger. ‘I thought you were going to go all “Man and Superman” on me for a moment there!’

‘My dear Roger: Tully is a drug-addled, disaster of a human being whose only concern is for ensuring that his basest appetites are satiated. In other words, he is a shining example to us all! Tea?’

‘OK, then’

‘I believe my housekeeper is still in the kitchen,’ said Mycroft. ‘Hold on.’

He picked up his phone and stabbed at it a couple of times.

‘Giselle? Make a pot of tea and bring it in here, will you?’

He placed the phone back on the table.

‘Alright then, Prime Minister,’ he said. ‘Why don’t you tell me what kind of mess you’ve got yourself into this time, not omitting any detail, no matter how insignificant it might seem to you.’

And so Roger launched into his story, relating every detail as faithfully as he was able to, making allowances for the blurriness of his memory caused by whatever agent the blackmailers had used to subdue him.

‘The girl blew white powder into your face, you say?’ said Mycroft, who’d been listening with intense concentration all the while.

‘Yes,’ said Roger. ‘I have no idea what it was. Cocaine, perhaps?’

Mycroft laughed.

‘What self-respecting drug user would waste cocaine in such a reckless manner?’ he said. ‘No, I suspect the agent used was scopolamine, or as it’s known colloquially, “devil’s breath”’.

‘What the hell is that?’ asked Roger.

‘It’s a substance found in South American countries like Colombia,’ said Roger. ‘It’s used to debilitate and befuddle foreign visitors, frequently men, and usually johns.’

‘Johns?’ queried Roger.

‘Men employing the services of hookers,’ said Mycroft cheerfully.

Just then there was a knock at the door and a young woman entered carrying a tea tray.

‘Ah, Giselle,’ said Mycroft. ‘Thank you so much!’

‘I didn’t realise you had a visitor, Mr Crossways,’ she said. ‘I’ll go and fetch another cup.’

‘Quite so,’ said Mycroft. ‘But before you do that, a question: what do you know about scopolamine?’ He turned to Roger. ‘Giselle is from Bogota, you see.’

Roger nodded.

‘I’ve heard of it,’ Giselle said. ‘It’s a powder criminals use. They blow it in someone’s face and it poisons them. Or it makes them sleepy and docile. So they do whatever the other one wants.’

‘It makes them easy to manipulate, in other words?’ said Mycroft.

‘Yes.’

‘It puts them in a trancelike state for a period of time?’

‘Yes.’

‘And clouds their memory afterwards?’

‘Yes,’ said Giselle.

Mycroft clapped his hands together once more.

‘Then I think we have our answer, don’t we Roger? This was definitely a case of scopolamine poisoning. The miscreants used the substance—which, presumably, they smuggled into the UK—with the intention of putting you into the placid state necessary for them to make you acquiesce to their requirements (for risqué photographs and videos and so on) while rendering you incapable of recalling with any precision what took place.’

‘It certainly makes sense,’ said Roger.

‘Thank you, Giselle,’ said Mycroft. ‘That second cup, when you find a moment, if you please?’

Giselle nodded politely and left the room.

‘OK, so now we know the “how”,’ said Roger. ‘Or at least, we have a decent idea of what the “how” might be. The question is, what the hell do I do about it?’

Mycroft looked at him sceptically.

‘You have, I assumed, discounted the foolish notion of bringing the matter to the attention of Scotland Yard?’

‘Oh absolutely,’ said Roger.

‘Good,’ said Mycroft approvingly. ‘I’m glad to see that although you have ignored me in the past, at least in the most significant areas I have had some influence.’

‘Yes,’ said Roger. ‘Going to the police would blow the whole thing up. It would be all over the internet in a moment. I’d be ruined!’

‘Quite so,’ nodded Mycroft. ‘There’s nothing more likely to ruin a man than doing the right thing.’

‘Well,’ said Roger. ‘Do you have any better ideas?’

‘Of course,’ said Mycroft. And he once more began to roll a slender cigarette. ‘There really is only one way out of this.’

‘And that is?’

‘Well, it’s obvious, isn’t it? You must eliminate these women.’

‘Eliminate them? What on earth do you mean?’

‘Oh, come on now, for God’s sake. You know exactly what I mean. You must have them killed!’



TO BE CONTINUED



1656A LIZZIE CARROLL SMITH

LILY ELSIE

ROTARY PHOTO, E.C.

This is the complete eleven volumes of *My Secret Life*, the memoir of a gentleman known only as 'Walter'. It was first published around 1888 & details very explicitly the author's sexual encounters throughout his life.

Despite the fact the text is rather repetitive and disorganised, it is recognised as a valuable document in regard to the information it gives about Victorian London, especially on Victorian houses of prostitution. The best guess as to who the author actually is, is Henry Spencer Ashbee, a book collector, writer, and bibliographer who was an expert on erotic books in his day. A New York publisher was arrested in 1932 for printing the first three volumes, and in 1969, a British printer was sent to prison for two years for reprinting it.—Global Grey Ebooks

MY SECRET LIFE

**by an Anonymous Author
1888**

VOLUME 3

CHAPTER 1 continued

**A pock-marked strumpet. • A neighbour's servant. •
Don't wet inside. • On the road home.**

A confused number of random whorings and miscellaneous fuckings took place about this time, I cannot tell to a month or two, but it began directly after Mary had gone. I tell of one or two of them.

At the back of the Lowther Arcade one night I took a poor little girl seemingly about sixteen years old to a house. She had a nice but thin form, and was as white as driven snow. When I had had her, I wanted to see her face more clearly, but she held a handkerchief to it, and half turned it away from the light, her privates she allowed to be inspected as I liked.

She was marked badly with the small-pox, and was nevertheless handsome, but with that sad expression which the pock-marks often give. Gents did not like it, she said. It was a dreadfully sloppy, snowy night. "Don't go yet", said she, "it is so warm here." So I sat a while feeling her quim and talking. "Do me again, I want it now, I did not when you did it before." So we fucked again. "Do I please you?" said the girl putting her hand to my face. "Yes my dear." "Will you see me again? — do." I was always careful about promising that, and hesitated; but at length said yes. Again I rose to go, again the girl asked me to stay, it was so warm. "Pay the woman again and say you are going to stay till ten o'clock. There was such simplicity about her that I consented. The woman put coals on the fire, and we sat by it warming our-selves.

After a time she said, "I don't think you like me." "Why?" "Because you don't feel me about." I laughed, and said I had been feeling her. Time ran on. "Won't you do it again?" "I can't dear." "Let me try to make you." "You may, but I can't." She came to me, knelt down, played funnily, but awkwardly with my cock till it stiffened, and again we fucked. "You won't see me again, though you say you will." "Why not?" asked I wondering at her sad manner. "They all say they will, but they never do, — it's the small-pox marks they can't bear, I know

it is, — I'm tired of this life." Then suddenly she laughed and said she was only joking.

I never did see her again. Such a young, white-fleshed girl, and so fond of the cock, or else she had had but little of it, I have rarely met with. She said she had only been out two months. "The other girls tell me what to do with men, and the old woman where I live tells me; but I always does what a gentle-man asks me, I can't do more, can I?" said she. "Other gals say they have regular friends, I haven't." I shall never forget that poor little girl.

On a cold evening a week or two after this, I saw a shortish, dark-eyed girl going along the Strand. She walked slowly, and looked in at almost every shop. I could not make up my mind if she were gay or not. She was warmly wrapped up, her style that of a well-todo servant. I passed and repassed her, looked her in the face; her eyes met mine and dropped, then she stopped and looked round several times after unmistakeable gay women as they passed her, then went on again. Opposite the Adelphi she paused and looked at the theatre for a long time, a gentleman spoke to her, and seemed to importune her, she took no notice of him, and he left her. After walking on for a minute quickly she loitered and looked in the shops again.

Near Exeter Hall my cock which was in want of relief giving me impudence, and liking her looks I spoke to her about the things in the windows. At first I got no reply, and she walked on. "Come with me, and I'll give you a sovereign." "You can buy it then." What it was I don't recollect. She seemed uneasy and wavering, yet made no reply. I repeated my offer (it was just then money beyond my means, but I had hot desire on me). She looked up the street in both directions, and asked, "Will it be far?" I took her at the instant for a sly gay one. "You know I am sure, it's close by." "It's getting late, I'm in a hurry." Looking both ways quickly and uneasily she placed her arm in mine, and hanging her head down pressed close to me. We walked quickly, and soon were in a snug room in a house at the back of Exeter Hall.

"This is not a public-house", said she looking round. "No, but you can have a drink if you like." "A little warm brandy and water then." I ordered it. "Take off your bonnet and cloak." She hesitated. "Tell me the exact time." I did, and then she took them off, sat down, and soon

sipped brandy and water looking at me. Thought I, "You must be a servant after all."

I began to caress her, and got my hand on her thighs asking her to come to the bed. "I must go soon, let me go soon." "I will, but let me see your legs, and feel them." She let me pull the clothes up to her knees, then pushed away my hand but I thrust one up, and just felt the cunt. She gave me a shove, and nearly pushed me over, for I had dropped on to my knees, a favorite attitude of mine at such times. Savagely I got up. "Don't be a fool; if you mean to let me do it come to the bed." She hesitated. "Give me the money first." "Oh !" thought I, "she is a whore diseased, and a bilk, so I refused. "You really will give it to me, won't you?" "Of course, but I'm not to be done that way." Then I got her on to the bed, and threw up her clothes. She resisted. "What do you take me for?" "Why a whore", said I savagely. It was a word I rarely used of a woman, still rarer to a woman. She pushed my hand angrily away and sat up.

"I am not, and wish I had not come here, and would not, only I want money for my poor mother, I thought you a gentleman, — I'm not the sort of a woman you say, I'm a servant, I am indeed." "Well if you are, you have been fucked." "That's neither here nor there, but I'm not what you call me", — and she pouted.

"Lay down dear, — let's fuck if you mean it, if not let's go, — let me feel you, and you feel me." I pulled her back on to the bed, laying down by the side of her, and put my prick into her hand. It was persuasive, for soon I was having that delicious rub, probe, and twiddle. Then I got a sight of all but the cunt itself, the inspection of that she resisted. A fine pair of limbs, a fat backside, lots of hair on her split I could feel. My friction told, she began grasping my prick like a vice, — she was going to spend.

Nice to hear that, but I wanted my pleasure. Again I got savage. At length quietly, and feeling my prick all the time she said, "Promise me something." "What?" "Don't you wet inside if I let you." I promised, and turning on to her belly fucked her, and for-got my promise, even if I ever meant to keep it. We were soon near the crisis.

"Don't—now, — oh !—wet." "No dear." "T—aake--care." "I'll pull it out just as it comes dear." "Don't— we--wet, oh !—ah !—wet", she gasped

out as clutching her arse my prick went fiercely up her, and spent every drop against her womb-tube, my spend made doubly pleasurable, because she did not wish it in her cunt.

Said she with a long-drawn sigh, "You've done it all inside, — you should not." "I could not help it, you are so charming, I could not pull it out and make your clothes or bum wet", said I ramming on, and keeping my prick tight up her lubricated cunt, "Let me get up." "Not yet." "Oh! do, I'm in a hurry." "Lay still dear." "No, I'm in such a hurry, — what o'clock is it? —do tell me what o'clock it is, — it will make me lose my place if I'm very late."

I uncunted, told her the time, and she washed her cunt. "Let us do it again." She was wanting it. "I've such a long way to go." "Where?" She told me, and it was on my way home. "I will take you home in a cab." On the bed she got, I overcame her scruples, kissed her knees, her thighs, all the way up to her cunt. The thighs opened widely, a second's inspection of a cunt at that time of my life made me think of immediate pleasure, and after promising not to wet in her again, she reminding me of that, till she lost all care or heed in her pleasures. I spent up her as before.

We went home in a cab, and felt each other all the way, she said she was keeping her mother who was poor, she feared dying. At the end of the road she got out begging me not to follow her. I did not, and never saw her again. She had hazel eyes, spoke with a country accent, and I quite believe was a servant. Although soon after this a little better off, I had difficulty in keeping out of debt, and the cost of amatory amusements prevented my having women as often as I otherwise should have done. I used to try the cheap women at times, and often successfully. Would walk backwards and forwards between Temple-Bar and Charing Cross for hours, looking at the women, thinking which I should like, and whether I could afford one. Sometimes I would follow the same woman, stop when she stopped if a man spoke to her, cross over, and wait till she moved off by herself, or if with the man, would follow them to a brothel, return to watch for her coming out, and wait 'till she did so. This pleased me much.

TO BE CONTINUED



Nick August plays piano for Queen Victoria, on her visit to America, 1895

THE GERMANS ON VENUS

(1796-1921)

Reviewed by D for Doom

The Germans on Venus is Black Coat Press's second volume of early French science fiction. As was the case with their earlier anthology, *News From the Moon*, the stories were translated by Brian Stableford who also provides one of his usual illuminating introductions.

The stories range in date from 1796 to 1921. Stableford describes these stories as scientific romances rather than science fiction although the distinction between the two genres is not always clear.

As in any anthology the quality of the stories varies widely. Stableford's own tastes are somewhat outré so it is not surprising that some of these tales are idiosyncratic to say the least.

The title story, written by André Mas in 1913, was intended in part at least as propaganda. It is in fact a novella rather than a short story. With France apparently the dominant military power (at least that was the view of most people prior to the Great War) and with Britain undisputed mistress of the seas Germany has only one direction in which her own desire for glory can be satisfied - she must turn her gaze heavenwards. Thanks to some extraordinary technological ingenuity the means of doing so are available. A kind of giant flywheel generates enough centrifugal force to launch a spacecraft on a mission to Venus. The intention was not to land but due to unforeseen circumstances they do in fact land, and claim Venus for the German Empire. The story reflects the tense international situation in 1913 and the fairly widespread anxieties about Germany's growing power and (to an even greater extent) her growing ambitions.

Of the other tales collected here the best is probably Rémy de Gourmont's *The Automaton*. Like most of the other stories it is very

different in nature from what we today think of as science fiction, but it's a clever tale.

Louis Mullem's 1909 story *A Rival of Edison* anticipates the invention of television. Charles Nodier's *Perfectibility* is an outrageous satire on intellectuals and their belief in the perfectibility of human institutions. Jules Lermina's *Quiet House* is a slightly creepy tale of two scientists who have discovered that food is no longer necessary, although the results of their experiments are unfortunate for the family of one of them.

Adrien Robert's *War in 1894* deals with chemical warfare. Théo Varlet's *Telepathy* (published in 1921 making it the most recent of the stories collected here) deals with both drugs and telepathy.

This is in my opinion a slightly weaker collection than *News From the Moon*, but it's still worth a look if you enjoy both early science fiction and unconventional science fiction.

THE GAUNTLET OF ALCESTE (1921) by Hopkins Moorhouse

Reviewed by D for Doom

The two 1920s Addison Kent mystery novels of Hopkins Moorhouse have been published in one volume by Coachwhip Press as *The Addison Kent Mysteries*. *The Gauntlet of Alceste* was originally published in

1921. *The Golden Scarab* followed in 1926. I have no idea if these were Moorhouse's only attempts at detective fiction. The Coachwhip Press edition lacks an introduction, possibly because the author is so obscure that there was insufficient information to provide such an introduction. All that I can tell you is that Hopkins Moorhouse was a pseudonym used by Herbert Joseph Moorhouse (1882-1960).

It is *The Gauntlet of Alceste* with which we're concerned at the moment.

This book seems at first to be a typical English country house murder mystery except that the setting in this case, the author being American, is in the United States. Henry C. Radcliffe lives with his daughter Rose in Hillcrest, a large and comfortable mansion in Westchester county in New York State. As is usual in this type of mystery several guests are staying at the house. Mrs St Anton, a handsome lady of mature years, and her nephew Roger Levering seem to be rather unwelcome guests and their presence at Hillcrest is a matter of some perplexity to Rose Radcliffe. The other guest is far more welcome - Tommy Traynor is a personable young man who works for a new York City gem merchant. Traynor is in love with Rose, a matter of which her father is unaware. Traynor has not yet achieved sufficient wealth or social standing to ask for Rose's hand but he is a young man on the way up and he is confident that this unfortunate circumstance will soon be remedied.

Naturally there is a murder and it occurs quite early in the book. Everyone in the house is a potential suspect. Tommy Traynor feels that it might be advisable at this stage to call in his friend Addison Kent, a popular writer of murder mysteries who has had some success as an amateur detective. Kent is well-known to Detective-Lieutenant Bob Fargey, the investigating officer. Fargey has a reputation as an ambitious publicity-seeker who is nonetheless an honest and efficient police officer. He and Kent get on well and he is quite happy to have Kent's assistance.

So far it all seems like a by-the-numbers fair-play country house murder mystery but two-thirds of the way through the book that changes dramatically. One of the characters introduces an outlandish and incredibly complex backstory that has no connection with anything that has happened so far and that introduces important new motives and new suspects the existence of which was entirely unknown to the reader up to that point. This in itself is just about enough to disqualify this novel as a fair-play mystery.

Worse is to come. The book proceeds to break most of the rules that would come to govern the golden age detective story. Those rules had not yet been codified of course, and most of the detective story writers of the golden age would at some time bend or break some of those rules. Nevertheless *The Gauntlet of Alceste* demonstrates the necessity for some sort of rules, and it tellingly demonstrates that while you might get away with breaking one of those rules if you break a whole swag of the rules then the reader is entitled to feel that the author is most definitely not playing fair.

The Gauntlet of Alceste also relies to a perilous extent on coincidence. Not just one coincidence either, but a whole series of very unlikely coincidences.

Despite its 1921 publication date *The Gauntlet of Alceste* has little in common with the classic puzzle-plot mystery of the 1920s and 1930s. It has much more in common with Edwardian crime fiction, and in some ways it has even more in common with the Victorian sensation novel. I am personally quite fond of the sensation novel but it is as well for the reader approaching this book to be prepared for the fact that it does not conform to the pattern of the crime novel of the 20s and 30s.

If you are prepared to make such allowances you might enjoy the sheer outrageousness of the plot, involving as it does secret passage-ways, ghostly apparitions, masked balls, disguises, duels and characters who are not the characters we were led to believe they were.

The key role played by the master jewel-thief Alceste also suggests the influence of the gentleman-thief crime thrillers of the preceding age such as Hornung's Raffles stories and Leblanc's adventures of Arsène Lupin.

The characterisation, such as it is, is what you would expect from a Victorian penny dreadful or from melodrama.

Judged by the standards of the contemporary crime novels of Christie, Freeman Wills Crofts, Van Dine and company *The Gauntlet of Alceste* just won't do at all and if that's the sort of thing you're expecting you may be tempted to throw this one across the room. If you accept it as an outlandish anachronism, a throwback to an earlier age, then you might find some enjoyment here.



**“Sometimes saying sorry makes you look so bloody good you come out of the whole situation the winner.
Not for beginners.”**

Marquis de Vaccine, Paddington Mansions, 1922

BRUSSELS

IN THE YEARS OF RECAPITALISATION

2017-2020

ERNST GRAF



CHAPTER 2

DON'T BURN YOUR BRIDGES

Absolutely great video from Venice Italy Tarot. "Don't burn your bridges, because the person who seemed to have let you down will in the next moment offer you everything you wanted. So don't throw yourself into a shooting match, stay humble, and what you want is coming to you, very soon. Person you thought was your enemy, is not, a lot of the time it was just timing." If I just wait, then I will get what I wanted. Do not go getting angry now, when the other side is just about to give you all you wanted. Don't go putting in claims now, then they will take their – offer away. Be good boy, humble, respect their decision, and you may yet get what you dreamed of. There are always twists & turns to come. Avoid enmity at all costs.

"What it's about in the beginning is never what it's about in the end. There is a feeling of strength in knowing your own worth, a deep sense of well being on every front." What a great quote. Yes. "What it's about in the beginning is never what it's about in the end." "A new sense of optimism fills the air around you. Things are getting better and better financially, whether you realise it or not. It's invisible for the moment, but only because there are some cups that must be sacrificed first. Not love or ambition, but personal regrets and grudges. How is that different from any other month? Once you can put your belief in an energy that believes in you, the collective push towards success is inevitable. The world can and will be yours if you can trust the love being presented to you. Channel it into material success." Stop waiting for money to come out of the sky to save me, I hold the key myself to feel rich. Now I am slowly getting it and being able to do it. When you let go you feel empowered. I let go of the – fight, and I feel empowered, stronger. To hold it in reserve. For when I need it. It is INCREDIBLE how quickly I can EARN money by not going to the pub on my days off! And that is how it feels,

it is more than just saving, not spending, it feels like EARNING new money, suddenly I can send so much money to my credit cards. It feels like NEW money. It is incredible. When you give up something, that is when the greatest flowers bloom & blossom. Give up coke, give up strippers, give up Brussels pubs. Give up the – fight.

I AM TURNING LEAD INTO GOLD RIGHT NOW. I AM BECOMING AN ALCHEMIST OF MY LIFE. What was burdening me and making me heavy, I am now going to earn from. NEVER FORGET WHO YOUR TRUE ENEMY IS. THERE ARE INFINITE POSSIBILITIES, AND THINGS YOU CAN MANIFEST, FROM THIS POINT ON. I am manifesting, there is a magic about me which is quick and instant. "The universe will always bring you what you need". Trust in the universe, do not obsess or fret over when something is going to happen. Go with the flow, and you will get it, keep doing your inner work, and it will come to you. Stay grounded in your power. Remember who you are.

THIS WILL WORK OUT BETTER FOR ME. THIS IS THE BEST THING THAT COULD EVER HAVE HAPPENED. I NEED TO DO SOMETHING ELSE. THIS IS THE START OF A BRAND NEW CHAPTER IN MY LIFE. THIS IS WHERE I RISE TO MY GLORY. THIS IS WHERE MY PHOENIX RISES FROM THE FLAMES. THE NEXT JOB IS GOING TO BE THE BEST JOB OF MY LIFE. EVERY MOVE I HAVE EVER MADE HAS BEEN FOR THE BETTER. I LIKE TO MAKE THINGS HARD FOR MYSELF. I AM A REBEL & A REVOLUTIONARY. I AM NAUGHTY. I HAVE TO PUSH PEOPLE. HAHHAHA! WOUNDED INNOCENCE. GOOD! I LIKE THIS FEELING. THIS IS HOW I WANT TO FEEL. A SCORPIO ALWAYS CRAVES DESTRUCTION JUST SO HE CAN RISE LIKE A PHOENIX FROM THE FLAMES ALL OVER AGAIN. I WILL RISE FROM THIS MORE GLORIOUS THAN EVER BEFORE.

I am the English opium addict, travelling around Europe in search of his sleazy fixes, his dreams, his reveries, and these are my confessions.

They are thinking about me all the time. They are infecting themselves. They do my job for me. I am taking over their minds, their lives. I've got my enemies where I want them: trapped on the horns of their own obsession. Trapped on the horns of their own obsession. I can imagine how agonising it is for them. They cannot stop, as that would be to let me get away with it, and admit that I had won. So they must carry on, and so will be trapped forever in their obsession with me.

TO BE CONTINUED

LA
MORPHINE

Victorien DU SAUSSAY

Vices et Passions des Morphinomanes



Albert MÉRICANT
ÉDITEUR

ROMAN PASSIONNEL ILLUSTRÉ
par MANUEL ORAZI



Ernst Graf in Vienna: pornography, eroticism, or merely obscene?



MIDDLE AGES: THE BIRTH OF MODESTY & PORNOGRAPHY

by MINERVA ARMATA

Originally published in English translation in Issue No.9



In Fiore Minerva Armata
Previous page: *Giochi da tavolo Minerva Armata*

In my first article on this blog I had tried to outline my own idea of the terms of eroticism, pornography and the obscene; to me, everything related to the externalisation of a sexual desire is pornography or pornology, and this sexual or pornographic image encompasses a range from obscene to erotic. From a purely pelvic zero degree to a degree in which sexuality involves all the physical and emotional aspects of the human being at a deep, meditated level. But to distinguish these elements we need three words that touch on three concepts and that almost justify some instincts, purify them or condemn them. And for centuries we have been questioning and debating on this matter. Obviously there is a high degree of pornography and a low degree but why a mental and often moral distinction?

Reading ancient literature or mythology it is difficult to find so many subtle distinctions. Even in societies where patriarchy makes its power to control women felt, sexuality is judged less rigidly. We could say liquid sexuality. The prostitute does not live the slander of subsequent eras, and let us remember that Pornè is one of the aspects of Venus that has nothing "low" because prostitution was sacred, a way to curry favour with that chthonic fecundating power so important for a strongly agricultural society (and it should be noted that in peasant culture some festivals retain aspects that will be defined as "obscene" by the now Christianised culture, but which with their blatant sexuality have the same function of gratifying fertility).

The pornographic term relating to prostitution in its negative meaning and the aspect of sexual fragmentation for use and consumption of a "perversion" is a later elaboration. It is here that literary elaboration and not only of the Middle Ages comes into play, the one that emerges after the year 1000, and which is the start of our sexual mentality. It is a response to the Church's extremely rigid attitude of condemnation towards sexuality (more external than real, given the life of the clergy) which destroys the purity of the Christian's soul and strongly censors women's attitudes. The concept of lust emerges (foreign to the Greco-Roman world), also defined as shamelessness, that is, the unbridled dedication to the pleasures of sex which is counted among the seven deadly sins.

Rumours of dissent were already spreading in previous centuries, and as always happens moralism produces a counterpart of licentiousness, but it will be after the year 1000 with the advent of capitalist dynamics we are heading towards greater freedom. Yet the literature that is produced, if it speaks of a revived erotic tension and partially revises the image of the woman, must still mediate with the ecclesiastical position but above all with a mentality that was now taking root. We therefore have two very

specific positions which, in the following centuries, will reverberate in the division between sexuality that is realised in the context of romantic love and the purely mercenary or utilitarian one, between eroticism and pornography.

We move between an idealisation of the feminine to which a high morality is attributed, and to which we offer ourselves with a pure soul free from vulgar sexual intentions, which if anything are channelled into a marriage-type offer or, if reached out of marriage, through a spiritual decantation like that of courtly love where the sexual act is a gift (not taken for granted) from the lady to the knight who has shown temperance, respect and devotion therefore love; and a moral condemnation of the woman who remains seductress and instrument of the devil and therefore that type of woman, the whore of Babylon, is approached with distrust and only to vent the phallic energy.

This macho society produces modesty and pornography which will then take on the characteristics known to us. The "respectable" woman indicates an ideal of a temperate love and sexual attitude and that taboo of sexuality, nudity and even language is born; modesty imposes the impossibility for the woman to pronounce the words that indicate the sexual organs or the act itself (banished from sexual language the terms dick, pussy, balls or fuck) as we read on some fabliaux but also from the dialogue between lover and reason of the *Roman de la Rose* by Jean de Meung. And at the same time in the field of sexuality the male power exalts the phallus especially in its erect expression which to be satisfied needs a body (and, given the denial of homosexuality, of women) which obviously is no longer seen in its complexity of body and mind but exclusively in her genitality, in her parts eroticised in a utilitarian way, which serve as a "vase" for the male semen and therefore a flourishing of cunts or pussies and asses and cocks emerge in a lot of erotic literature; words that basically reduce the woman to pieces of erotic butchery that does not require seduction and that is the antechamber of pornography as we conceive and see it today.

Hedonistic eros, free and concerning the totality of the human being, body and mind, sees its negation in this Manichaeic vision of Christian significance and my difficulty is not so much with the thought that there are various degrees within the sexual drive as much as pornography is really only a zero degree of sexuality. A conceptual question perhaps, but we would have to reflect how much pornography is actually so divorced from a mental elaboration and even from a sentimental outpouring that is attributed to the erotic and how much it does not derive precisely and still from that medieval mentality. © Minerva Armata



CONTES IMMORAUX (1974) - WALERIAN BOROWCZYK - PALOMA PICASSO



CHOPPER SHOT

by Rodney Blakeston

Extract from VERY BIG CITY

The helicopter shot over Manhattan at night, the glittering canyons of light, we've seen it a hundred times. In fact the chopper shot has been around for five hundred years. Aerial views of the city were commonplace very early; take a street plan, tilt it, add pop-up buildings and (quite remarkable since we are pre-flight by about 600 years) we have the urban aerial view; (a bit primitive, it is true, with some conflict in the reconciliation of two dimensions and three.) In his 1572 volume of city views of Europe, Africa and Asia, Georg Braun says: "Perspective to some extent fulfil's man's age-old dream of being able to fly....In these drawings it is used to reveal the city from angles ranging between 30 degrees and 60 degrees above the horizontal". When we did get into the air two hundred years after Braun's wistful 'age old dream' aerial topography came true. The photographer Nadar was to float above the face of Paris in the 1840s. Balloon topographers took to the skies of London.

But how do you deal with all that data once you are up there? Landscape art had developed ways to encapsulate the countryside in single images. (In the eighteenth century the standard picturesque view consisted of foreground, framing trees, horizons). Could there be any such simplification of the city? The sheer extent and detail of the city makes it harder to represent. How do you fit something so big into a frame?

The travel poster, the table mat, the postcard, the souvenir, uncool though they may be, are interesting as distillations of a city. A Bolivian first-time visitor to London (as innocent of London as are we of La Paz) can only approach the city with some kind of expectations, a pastiche of London-y things probably only just viable as symbols of the city; the bowler hat (near to non-existent), the red bus, or a view of the Houses of Parliament seen from Westminster Bridge; the stuff of the lowest rank souvenir shop; a folk topography.

There is nothing new in these composite simplifications. Five hundred years ago the co-ordinates of the 'recognisable' London were, naturally, not the distant and barely connected Westminster. Rather London Bridge, the Tower of London and St. Mary Overy, (now Southwark Cathedral); these last two, juxtaposed, commonly summed up Tudor London. Tourists needed summaries of the city, be the destination London, Paris, Rome, Santiago de Compostela (especially the last two: the pilgrim was the early tourist.)

Cities are impudently but similarly summarised too in those nasty waist-high models of famous capitals (through whose streets you walk like Godzilla); better still in Japanese theme parks where St Peter's nestles between the Empire State Building and Big Ben. In the States approaching-to-life size summaries of cities are being built: in Las Vegas they have recently built "Manhattan", an impaction into a single sequence of major New York landmarks; proper large buildings too; they constitute a string of hotels. They are now working on an occupiable "Venice".)

What is all this but topography? Hardly a word to make the heart race. Topography: "The accurate and detailed delineation and description of any locality" says the OED. How sexy can that be? On receiving details from the London Topographical Society about their activities I quickly realised that I would not exactly be partying at weekends with my new topographical chums.

But city topography is interesting precisely because it can never be just that. All topography is necessarily unobjective, unscientific, frequently prompted by motivations (such as commercial self aggrandisement) in conflict with veracity. And yet it was also the growth of civic pride that prompted more reliable pictures of cities. And not just in the interests of topographical truth. As Chiara Frugoni, in her book *Images of Urban Experience in the Medieval World* points out, these pictures of cities also express ideas: the idea of protection (the prominence given to city walls and the confines of the city, both physical protection but also that of being a citizen of a city state that has a duty to its citizens.) The city as exemplification of Il Buon Governo in Lorenzetti's work, for example.

But depictions of cities in Europe prior to the sixteenth century are very often so perfunctory as to be at times completely negligent of any distinguishing feature, as if they were content to represent simply the concept of Urbs. In Wynkyn de Worde's 1497 *Cronycle of Englande* the "View of London" could be anywhere. Certainly until the sixteenth century there was a tendency to settle for a symbolic or simply notional view of cities (see *The Nuremberg Chronicle* of 1493, a gazetteer of countries and cities; the illustrations scarcely even bother to represent the cities included. In fact in some cases the

same woodblock of a late medieval city is repeated at different points in the text to represent several; now Ulm, now Dusseldorf.)

But early city topography has some epic works; the great view of Venice of 1500; or Antonio Tempesta's sinuous and energetic description of Rome in 1593, where jubilant angels blowing trumpets coast like superheroes, high above a mannerist Gotham. But Rome was a problem. What to do with the old buildings, very, very old buildings, so old, venerable and impressive that they might eclipse the latest Papal projects? Certainly Rome in the Middle Ages must have seen itself as dwarfed by the monuments of a greater civilisation. Sixteenth century plans of Rome often gave more attention to the Roman monuments of the modern city, in some cases actually 'restoring' Roman buildings to pristine condition, reinventing buildings in their plans even. It was only later in the seventeenth century and in the context of the growing civic power and a new monumentalism of Papal projects that the ruins are allowed to appear ruinous. (Later their actual ruin became a virtue, became picturesque or sublime in the work of Panini, Ricci or later Piranesi.)

TO BE CONTINUED



Shakespeare stands proudly in the centre of Leicester Square, to his left is the Empire Theatre & behind that is Chinatown. To the right of the picture is the famous long-lost Alhambra Theatre. At the extreme right is the house that achieved fictional immortality as Dr Jekyll's house. A young Nick August can be seen standing on the bottom right corner of the square.

GUIDE TO ERNST GRAF's LONDON in PENICILLIN No.7

DONUT THEORY

by Nick August

A cop finishes a cruller at a diner in Chicago. A goose strikes a jet engine during takeoff somewhere over Europe. These are coincidents, not coincidence.

Human beings are crack addicts for certainty. We come by it honestly given the sketchiness of our origin as a species. It harkens back to that time early in human existence when making it through the day or waking up the next morning was not a more or less foregone conclusion like it is for most of us today. To fully appreciate this, we have to put ourselves in the mindset of sentient creatures who are millennia away from a cold war detente with the natural world (but even that is one-sided and not in our favor). Think of it like this:

Winter is on and you're out of meat. Vegetable plants and fruit trees in your area have long stopped producing. The hunt you're on could kill or wound you, or you could receive a minor injury that could lead to your death through infection, a condition you don't understand and can't yet treat. If it doesn't kill you, it could leave you permanently lame which will also likely lead to your death by abandonment, murder, or attack by rival tribes or predatory animals. Then there's the mystery of sickness, the always lurking failure to provide adequate food, etc. "Living" is about making it through the next few minutes until the minutes bleed into tomorrow, but there is enough on your plate for today that thinking about tomorrow doesn't occur to you. As a hunter-gatherer, a nomad, the only thing you could even really know about tomorrow is what direction you'll be heading in. Farther south, maybe. One old woman and an injured young man who's losing his leg

to sepsis will be left behind. You miss the warm season when food was easier to find and you begin to hope that there might be time to relax and swim again one day.

One thing that agitates us and our fellow *sapiens* is uncertainty. Most of us are accustomed to knowing where our next meal is coming from. We lay down in comfort at night with a high degree of confidence we'll wake up undisturbed and well-rested the next morning. We usually make it through the day and, indeed, an entire lifetime without much imminent, life-threatening distress, and if we do, hygiene, sanitation, technology, and medical science give us very good odds at survival with minimal consequence. Provided we do the bare minimum to afford ourselves these readily-available certainties, these luxuries we now take for granted, they are easily acquired. Now what? Do we invest in trying to expand our life span? Is that even possible? Do we attempt to cure all disease, sickness, and injury? Democratize the acquisition of basic human needs? Make it easier to conflict with strangers we've never met and never will?

Having solved, as best we can, our primary challenge of maintaining and continuing our species, is there any universal next-order-of-magnitude priority? Is there anything truly necessary aside from not fucking up our ability to keep the species alive and procreating? Or is everything we do afterwards ultimately sabotaging our "prime directive" to simply be fruitful, and multiply? If survival and continuation of the species is driven by immediate and, say, proximal necessity and only by such necessity, what do we make of leisure and luxury? Perhaps the way we classify and define these essentials and non-essentials have something to teach us. Perhaps self-delusion and mindfuckery play more important roles than we ever thought. Perhaps civilization is our discontent and much less is truly known, or knowable.

Or let's put it another way:

There was no plan to crawl up out of the primordial ooze, but donuts don't just make themselves.

This is Donut Theory.

Think about that donut and all that goes into it. There's the farming that produces the raw ingredients like wheat and sugar, and all of the labor to supply the equipment to farm it not to mention that actual labor to farm it. There is the labor and material that builds the equipment to

transport all of the ingredients to a building where it can be combined to produce a donut. The labor and material that produced the building comes from somewhere as does the kitchen equipment, the electricity that powers it, the building inspector and health inspector who approve it, the cops who hang out in the donut shops, the ceramic mugs, the hot coffee and tea, marketing, accounting software...you get the idea.

So much depends upon a donut, then, not least of which may be the fate of the next guy pulled over by the portly pre-diabetic cop hopped up on simple sugars and carbs. And caffeine. But it's more than that. In 2022, donuts accounted for over seven billion dollars in revenue, and that figure is projected to increase over the next several years. All this for a confection that contains zero net nutritional value leading us to the question, "What problem does the donut solve?"

This, also, is Donut Theory: Lacking any serious, immediate problems, we invent problems to solve until our solutions to those problems that do not exist become our problems, as do the solutions to those problems, ad infinitum, ad nauseum, until we become like the snake who is always swallowing its tail: it transforms itself from a swift predator with lightning reflexes into an immobile ring that can't catch a field mouse or slither off into the thick, thorny brush to escape the hungry hawk swooping it from above. Yes, snakes have been known to do this. Our ancestors copped the phenomenon as a symbol of eternity and endless cycles of life and death. They spiritualized it, made it poetry. Made it an answer to a question because we're addicted to answers that keep our skin from crawling even if it is only for just a little while. As stated, we come by it honestly.

At some point it becomes clear that the ring this snake has turned itself into looks a whole lot like a donut, and the "answer"—the solution to every problem—turns out to be the hawk itself. The metaphysics, the poetry, was just the song you made yourself hear when the wind rolled hard through the orchard and it dawned on you that the snake might be you.

That, too, is Donut Theory.

Thanks for reading Nick August! Subscribe for free to receive new posts and support my work.

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Nick August, editor of PunchRiot magazine, inadvertent
father of Penicillin magazine



Volcanique by Froutib

ELIXIR

An Ernst Graf Romance

20

PARIS 1923

I sit in Sphinx amidst six girls I've mentally rejected a hundred times and dream of a diamond like Katharina walking in again. If I ever go with a girl at Sphinx again it will have to be someone new unknown unseen.

Katharina has become my Jeanne in *Last Tango in Paris*. She will be the ruin and death of me as it was for Brando but it will also be the greatest final flourish I could ever have wished for. Beyond my wildest dreams.

I will invest a lot to make this scenario a reality.

I am all in now.

I have not told her this but she no doubt suspects it.

Jesus Christ how fucking rare it is to find a girl like Katharina in a place like Sphinx. It is not rare at all.

It is impossible.

It does not happen.

But it happened.
For that, I now have to give her everything.
I am defenceless.

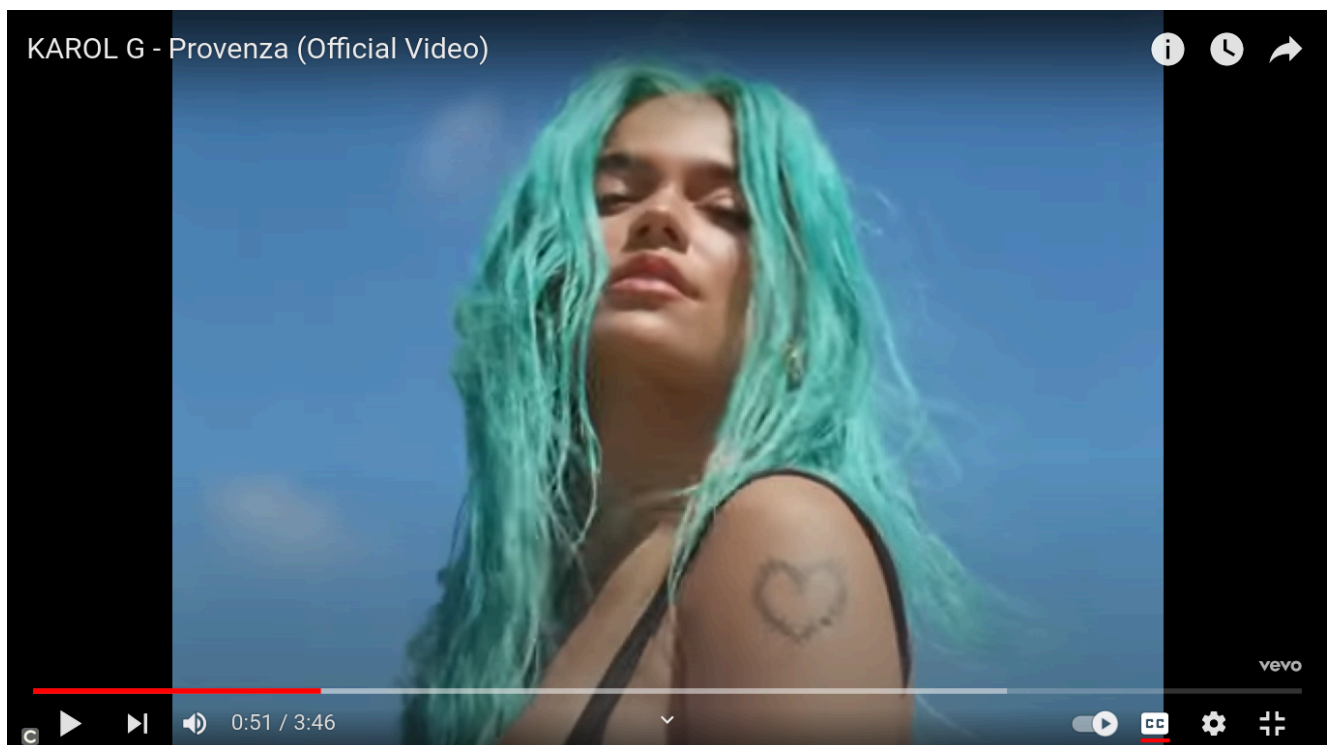
540am waiting for my taxi but the hotel man just started laughing when I asked if he could call one for me. Rather an odd reaction to a polite request for a taxi, I am thinking.

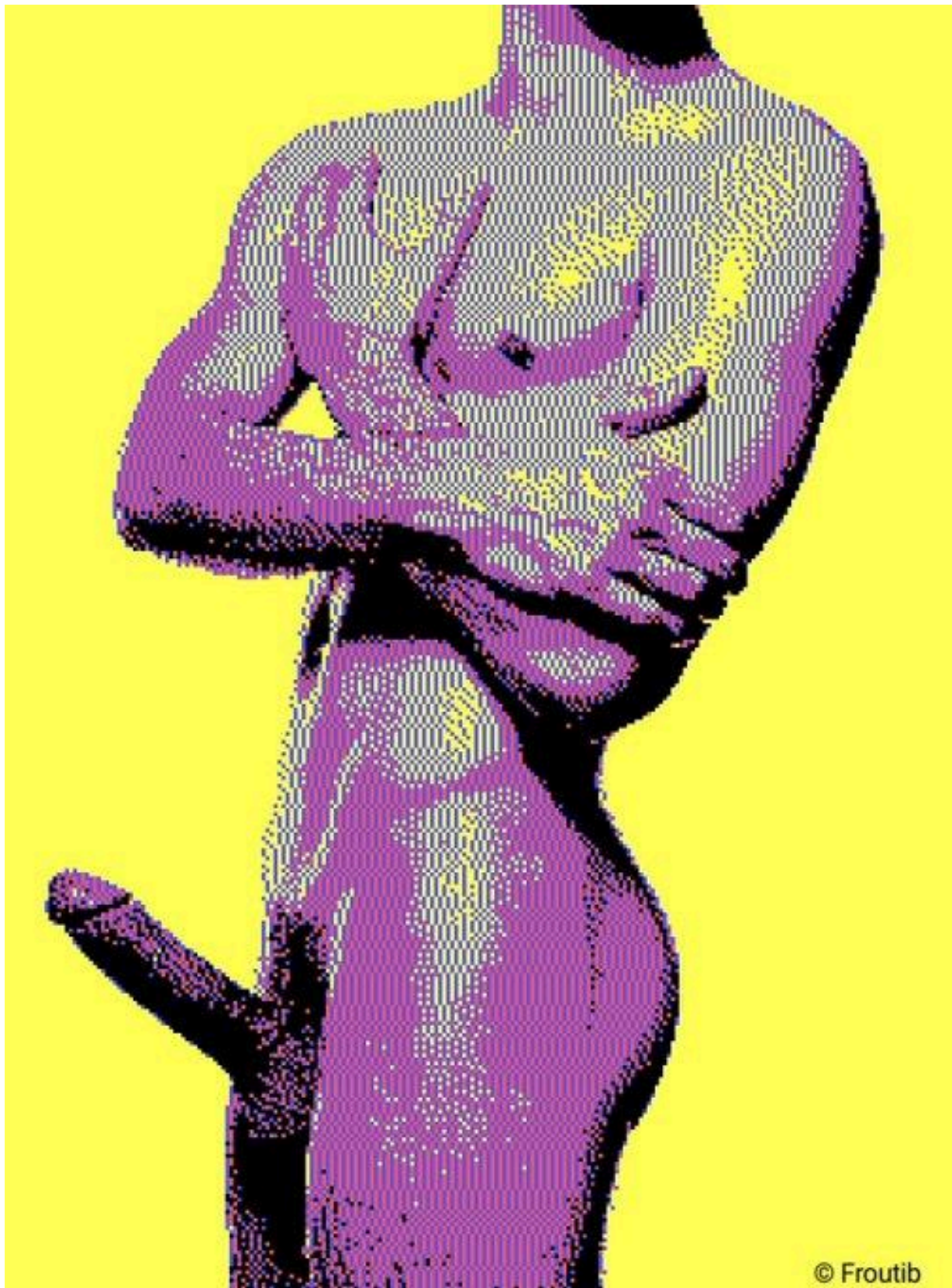
Waiting six minutes already.

Did the audacity of my request make him want to deliberately ignore it?

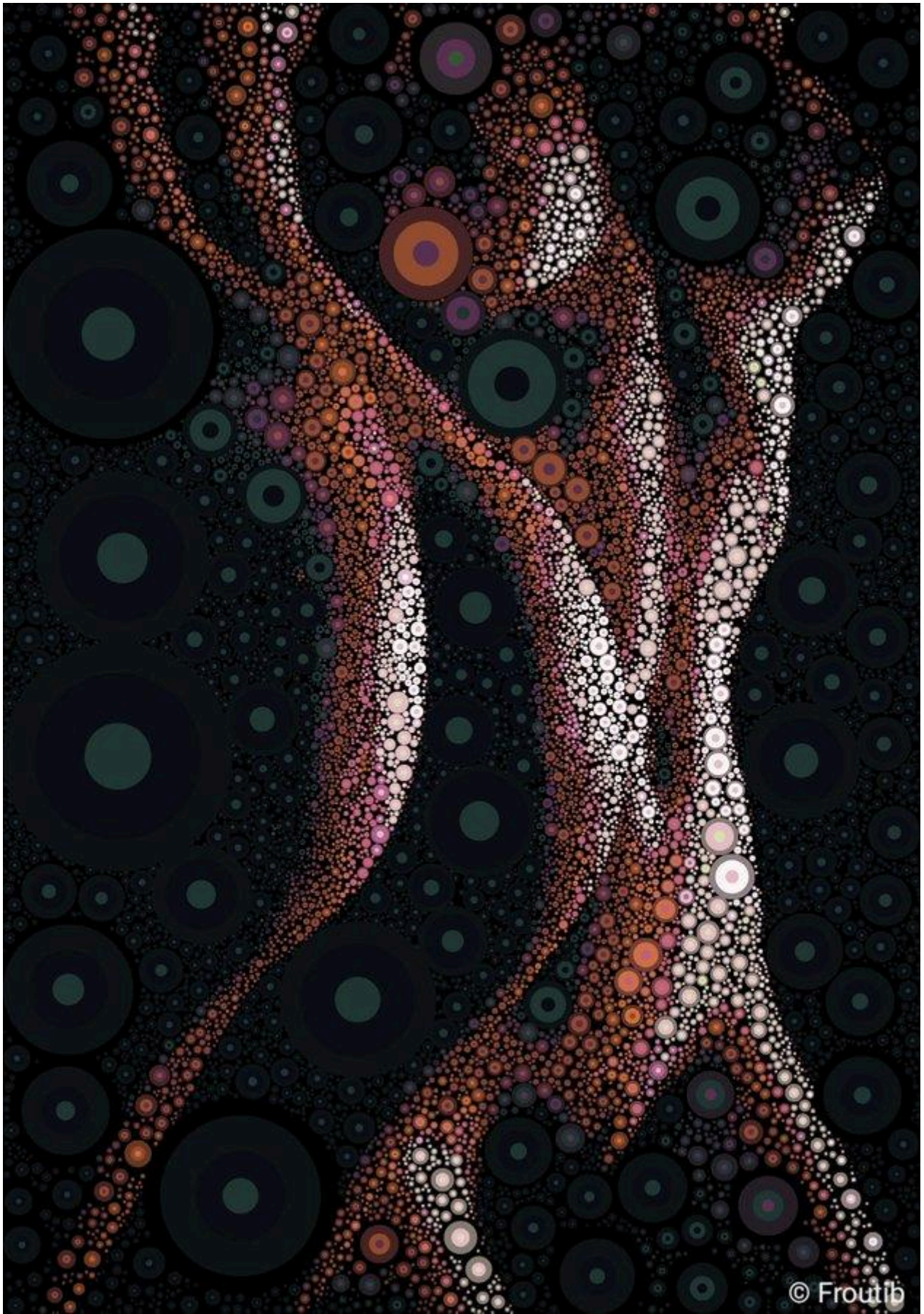
Pretty rubbish day in Paris. Girl in cinema offering suck and fuck for money. First time she was on her knees sucking some guy off, second time I came in she was leaning over the chairs at the back as some guy was pumping her from behind. On my third visit I stroked her breasts and she stroked my bulge as I was asking her the prices.

I declined on this occasion. Pigalle rubbish. Only went halfway, couldn't be bothered to go to the end of the street, then Sphynx rubbish. There's never any new blood there these days. I know I've said it so many times but it is at its lowest ever ebb. And Café Espaniola still shut down of course. That brief summer flowering last year with latina Katrina now seems like a miracle. I miss Georgina in Sphynx too.





Phallic by Froutib



Salem by Froutib

21

NUREMBERG

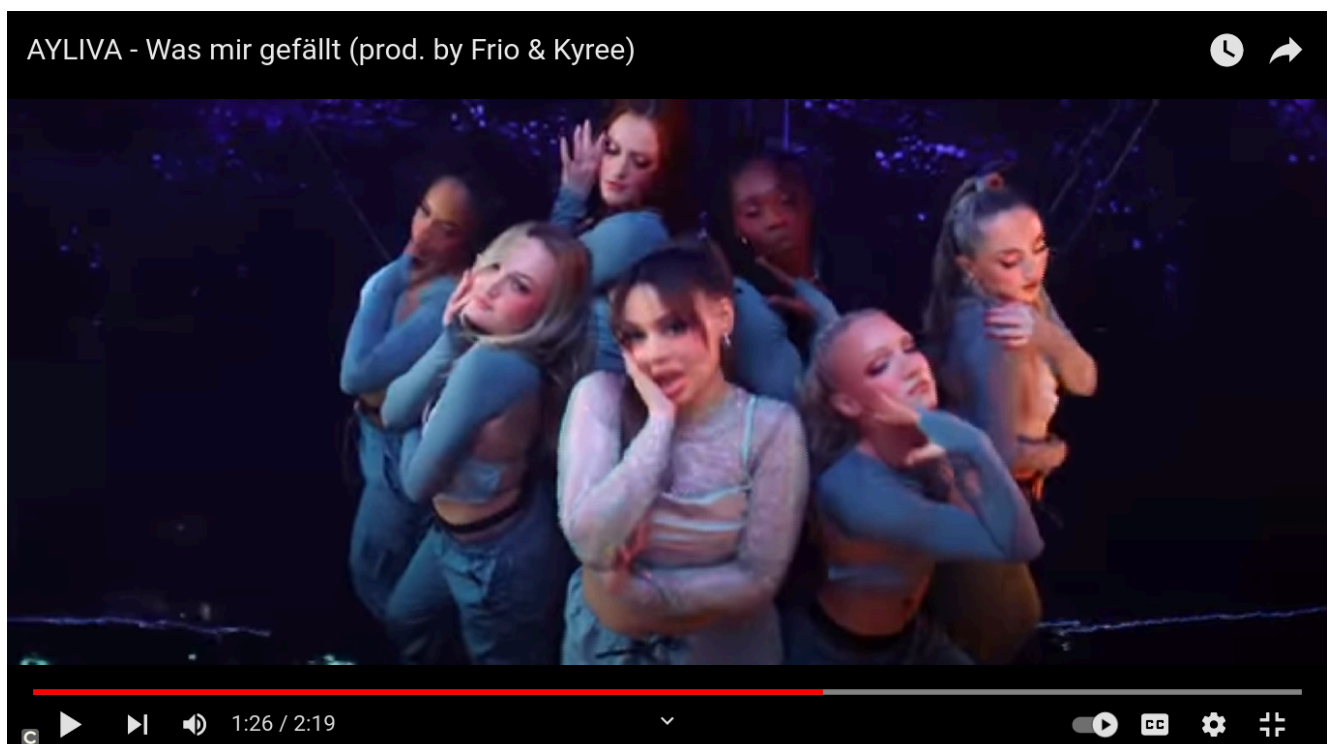
So yes, I knew I would carry on to Nuremberg after all. And here I am. 1250pm. Nothing to do during the day, nothing naughty I mean. Surprised to see Black Eagle opens as early as 6pm though! Not long to suffer in my room. I will do the Law Courts tomorrow morning. Trip to Munich?

“Now you're gone think you're moving on.”

Guetta What is Love.

Calvin Harris tracks are always weak as piss. All these star singers who sing his songs, it's always the weakest thing they ever release.

Ed Sheeran too, boring as fuck. But they churn them out like biscuits from a production line and keep on laughing all the way to the bank I guess. George Ezra, Lewis Capaldi, the list goes on; I cannot imagine anyone ever buying a record or downloading a song by these people.



“You reduce women to sex objects.” I object to the use of the word “reduce”. Sexuality is not a reduction. It is the highest, most spiritual lens for looking at anything.

The universe was made by sex. I do believe this. This is my ‘big bang’ theory.

So it looks like I'm not going on a trip to Munich and back after all. I was planning to get an evening ICE one hour there, one hour back, just so I could enjoy an hour in the unparalleled brilliant grosse busen videokabins of Erotik World. It always seemed a bit of a mad idea. Next time I come to Nuremberg I will go all the way to Munich and stay the first night in Munich and come back to Nuremberg for the second night and home from here. If there is a next time. I don't think there will be.

The excitement I felt at discovering a new place on my last trip to Nuremberg a month ago has worn off as I spend more time here and realise it's really not that great after all.

I came on Easter Monday that first night and I was surprised to arrive yesterday to find it is Ascension Day, quite a big deal in Germany apparently, a public holiday, being the 49th day of Easter, the day the resurrected Christ ascended to heaven. I remember being in Brussels on the date of the Virgin Mary's birthday and being surprised to find that a public holiday too. I quite like how strong is Christianity's influence in continental Europe, compared to England.

Post Malone is such a rough tough looking guy and it is quite a surprise to find him doing a fey sounding song like Chemical. And that's before we even talk about his dancing in the video. Yes I have a music channel in my Nuremberg hotel, such a rare occurrence these days, the wonderful Deluxe.

I like Miley Cyrus. Physically she is not my type, a bit too skinny, but I like the relative fierceness of her songs. Like these words actually mean something to her. From lived in experience. 615pm I prepare for my last night in Nuremberg. Perhaps ever, who knows.

I really was not excited about this trip before leaving London and nothing has happened to change my feelings.



THE PUFF SLIDE

*Nuremberg 90402
Frauentormauer 90*



Opening hours:

Fri + Sat 23:00 - 08:00

The "puff slide" is unique in Nuremberg. A party bar for everyone for whom the night just can't be long enough. The cozy bar room is complemented by our beer garden. Here you can celebrate "until the doctor comes". A real insider tip for all night owls. Enjoy the unique flair of a brothel and party bar.

Ambience:



Nuremberg Palace of Justice with tip of author's penis

I did at least fulfil a lifetime ambition today by visiting the Nuremberg Law Courts where the war crime trials were staged in 1946. Long time readers may know of the symbolic importance of justice palaces to me, and the Nuremberg Palace of Justice is the mummy and daddy of them all. Site of the most famous criminal trial in human history (apart from Pilate and Jesus perhaps). Incredible to sit in courtroom 600 where Goering and Hess and the others had sat 77 years ago.

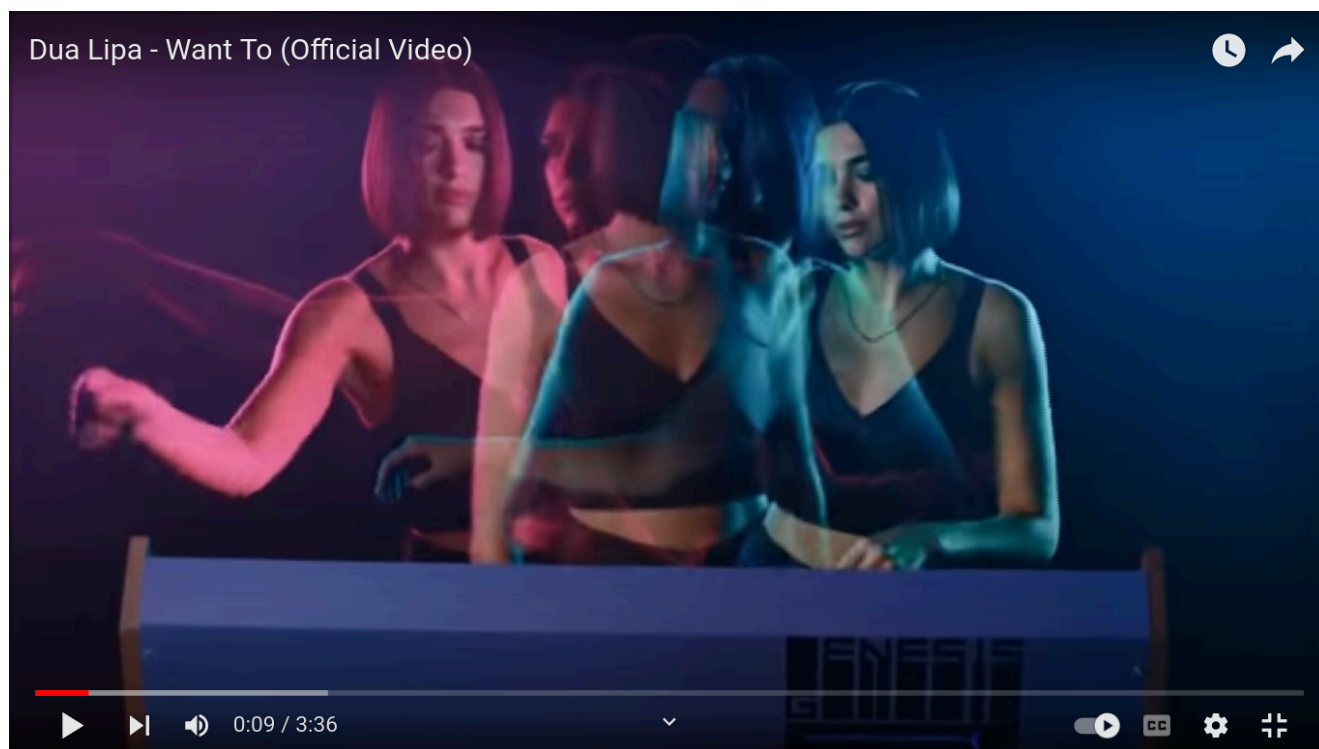
David Guetta and Lionel Messi have turned into each other in the most extraordinary way.

"Some shoot the breeze some like to leave a mark." Dua Lipa Want To
"I wish I could leave it alone but she's too fucking beautiful." Michele Morrone Beautiful

"If there's nothing but pain put it in me." Matt Maeson Put It On Me

Just about got out of my hotel at 545am to rush to the station for the 6am train to Frankfurt on my way back to Paris. Felt in a bad

way on the train, hangover, aches, pains in chest and shoulders, but as always when waking up with drink still in my system, unbearably randy. Just before we arrived at Wurzburg I went into the train toilet to masturbate into the sink with the help of the soap. That really did relieve the tension. A pretty tawdry unexciting night in Nuremberg again. More than anything I crave just cuddling up with Katharina in my own bed back home. Not for sex, just to hold her, be close to her. I wonder if it will ever happen.



TO BE CONTINUED



Chibre by Froutib



I have your teeth in my hand Infernal Madonna at the Quirinal Palace

ENDNOTES

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

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

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

Minerva Armata—Brief considerations on the relationship between eroticism and pornography. Twitter [Le Boudoir d'A](#) and blog [La Morbida Macchina](#). Original Italian text of 'The Male Nude & Female Eroticism' [here](#)

FROUTIB 🇫🇷 Man, 49, erotic art lover. Art is sublimation of life. Life is Art. I ❤️ the beauty of curves and sensuality of forms, without perversity... 🇪🇺 🇺🇳 [FROUTIB](#)

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



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

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COVER PHOTO: Appetizers by Minerva Armata

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Marquis de Baby Oil @ernstgraf · Jun 22, 2022

Paddington & Penises.

The Ernst Graf RPG I'm developing. Are you interested?

YES

55.6%

PLEASE STOP

44.4%

9 votes · Final results



Nick August and Typhoid Mary, New York, 1889