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A HABIT OF WORDS: “ROLE MODELS”



by Nick August

A Habit of Words: “Role Models”

aka, Heroes of the State

I have a long-time fascination with language which is one of the reasons I studied philosophy in college and linguistics and rhetoric

in grad school. I don't drop the academic creds (such as they are) in some lame attempt to assert expertise and authority, but to telegraph my seriousness and passion for the subject as well as my long-standing enthusiasm for words and what studying words, their historical usage, and etymologies/origins can teach us. Also, while I would never claim to be the final word (heh) on any of this, I do have professional experience in this type of research, so while my presentation and ultimate point will always very much be guided by my own perspectives, I consider it a point of intellectual honesty and professionalism to be diligent in adhering to the facts as much as possible, and also highlighting where my opinions and judgments are folded in. My intent is twofold, then: 1) to identify core concepts and terms as objectively as possible, and 2) to contextualize them with full transparency.

For this first outing, we're looking at what I consider a negative example, a concept and term that has a manipulative (at best) origin in the 1970s: role models, a word that should be stricken from everyone's vocabulary and kept in dictionaries to serve as a linguistic lesson in operant bullshit.

Origins

Internet sources identify sociologist Robert Merton as the one who coined this term. Accurate or not on that point, the term itself saw widespread adoption in the late 1970s. By 1980 a foundation of progressivism in education had been firmly established and elevated in the US due to the creation of the federal Department of Education. Having effectively leveraged the turmoil of the late sixties and early seventies to cut ties with the traditional past and usher in a new era of progressivism and "enhanced" feminism, federal oversight of education included new control structures, and one of the more effective control structures—as Orwell endlessly preached—is the deliberate use and misuse of language, particularly through misdirection or emotional confusion. Heading into the eighties with more than a decade of increasing divorce rates behind us, fatherless homes and weekend visitations were becoming more and more widespread and, in effect, institutionalized. This affected both urban and suburban areas in varying degrees. Children as well as their parents experiencing crumbling, fragmented family life and

lack of cohesion were particularly ripe for a solution. Enter the sociologists.

Who needs fathers when you can have role models?

The great thing about shifting focus from following in your father's footsteps to finding a role model is that the state, through the education system, has plenty of opportunity to push individuals who can be "cut with clean lines" into ready-made images of ideal citizens exhibiting the values of the state. Astronauts. Actors. Athletes. Even activists. All could be (and were) easily produced and portrayed as worthy of admiration, respect, and even subtle hero worship due to their exemplification of whatever values the state wished to emphasize by highlighting (and even embellishing) their behavior and achievements where it seemed as though the first duty is to the nation, i.e., the state. The modus operandus is simple: call attention to positive behaviors (or, again, make them up), and suppress anything negative. Already in emotional turmoil for societal and domestic unrest, children and mothers in particular were willing to seek any port in the storm. "Sure, we'd like to emulate dad, but if dad is so great, why isn't he here? At least there's John Glenn and Gary Cooper and Evel Knievel. Bear Bryant and Mickey Mantle." Failing those guys, there was always the local cop. Officer Friendly was always around, wore a uniform, and was supposed to be someone you could trust even if he was banging hookers or getting dope kickbacks. And really, the more the parents fucked-up and fucked around, the better. And they did…with who waiting in the wings? Right, the school, i.e., the state: "Come earlier and we'll feed you breakfast. We'll watch you after school since mom and dad are busy working."

At certain levels was this insidious? Sure. Maybe. Kind of. Disingenuous? Absolutely. "Statists gonna State", after all. At lower levels it was just following orders, just doing a job, just trying to keep as many fingers in the dyke as possible. *If these parents can't hold their families together, I guess we'll have to do something*. That sort of thing.

Time goes on. Parents remarry. Who looks better to a kid? The dad who's on his second or third wife and doesn't have as much time for you anymore, or Pete Rose, who slides head-first *without a helmet* (!) and surely doesn't do things like party and gamble? And you

don’t even need everyone in this lifeboat. The squares who stay married will eventually be outnumbered. Your dad might be in Antigua with his new bride, but the astronauts and baseball players are always right there on the poster on your wall. It doesn’t really matter who you idolize as long as it’s no one you actually know. You just need to be open. You need a void, and celebrities are as good as anyone to sort of fill it. And now? We’ve come a long way, baby. But don’t blame those guys.

It’s not the Mick’s fault he was still around.

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***Nick August's Grandma Overlooking the Harbour* (c. 1876-78) by James Tissot**

RAMPANT ROGER

The Priapic Prime Minister

By T. Francis

Chapter-4 continued

Scott Spencer was one of those extraordinary people who seem as though they've been airbrushed not just in photos, but in real life too. He was in his late forties, but looked much younger—or at least, he looked like an artist's impression of how a much younger man ought to look. An artist who didn't get out very much, that is. His blonde hair was parted with geometrical precision and was swept back over his forehead in choppy waves. His skin was so incredibly flawless that it looked as though it had been painted over. His body was toned—he clearly spent a lot of time in the gym, and as though he was the kind of guy for who every macro was a matter of extreme importance.

He'd been chatty enough with Roger before the cameras had started rolling, but that meant nothing—everyone knew he was a fearsome opponent in the ring of political dust-ups like this one. That was why he was revered and despised in equal measure by politicians: his interviews were box office gold, but woe-betide anyone who got on the wrong side of him.

And now, with hot and impossibly bright lights, and with the immaculate one's gimlet eyes trained on him, Roger could not help

feeling agitated. Mycroft's words about 'owning the narrative' fluttered around his mind, and then, like a bird that's strayed indoors spotting a skylight open in the roof, flew away for good.

On a signal from the director, Scott Spencer turned to the camera in front of him and began.

'He is the UK's 56th Prime Minister, and right now he is in trouble. In fact, it's difficult to identify another head of state whose popularity has fluctuated so vastly during his term in office. From achieving one of the biggest majorities ever seen in 2019 to alienating almost all of his early supporters and facing a vote of no-confidence in 2023, Roger Crossways is no stranger to controversy. And there's little surprise about that given that his old nickname 'Rampant Roger.' This week Roger Crossways (or 'Rog,' as the tabloid newspapers love to call him) faces his greatest challenge yet: a vote of no confidence amongst his own colleagues in the Conservative Party. Will he survive? Only time will tell. But if there's one thing we've learned about Roger over the years, it is that he's always full of surprises. Welcome to the programme Mr Crossways!'

'Hello Scott,' said Roger amiably enough.

'So why are you in this predicament, about to get ousted from your position as leader by your own party?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Roger. 'Some of those chaps are boring as hell, you know. They hardly get out at all. And when a fellow enjoys some entirely harmless high jinks, well, they get jealous and try to rein him in rather.'

'You're saying that the reason you may be forced out of Downing Street is that your fellow MPs are, er . . "a bit boring"?'

'Damn right,' said Roger, 'I'm glad you can see it. I mean, some of those blokes… Gove, Hancock, that one with the crazy hair…'

'Are you referring to Michael Fabricant?'

'Yes, that's him. They haven't been out for a large one since, like, 1997 probably. Well, actually, I suppose Gove does rather like to get on it, doesn't he? But he's the exception to the rule. I'm sure Rees-Mogg goes to bed so early that he's barely got up yet when he does!'

'Many viewers watching this will feel that you are not taking this whole matter seriously enough, Prime Minister,' said Scott. 'What would you say to those who lost loved ones during the pandemic and weren't even able to say goodbye because of strict Covid rules?'

'Oh, you're not banging on about that again, are you?' said Roger, rattled now. Scott always had a way of bringing up the most annoyingly inconvenient subjects. 'Look, Covid's finished, over, finito! Mistakes

were made, lessons learned, yada yada yada. What else do you want me to say?'

'You could apologise,' said Scott. 'Something you've refused to do so far, despite repeated calls for contrition even from your own side.'

'As I've explained many times, I didn't do anything wrong. I didn't knowingly attend any function during Covid that wasn't a work event.'

'But there were strippers, a chocolate fountain and adult Twister at one of these so-called "work events"' said Scott. 'Does that really sound like a work event to you?'

Roger shrugged.

'You've clearly never worked in the treasury, have you?' he said. 'Things get pretty wild over there, let me tell you.'

'I see,' said Scott. 'None of this is helping your position in my assessment, Prime Minister.'

'Look,' said Roger. 'Never mind these petty accusations…'

'They're more than accusations, Prime Minister,' said Scott. 'All of this is well-documented. We have eye-witness accounts.'

'Well, you know how people are,' said Roger. 'They talk a load of old rot sometimes, don't they?'

'Really, Prime Minister, are you saying that those who attended the Downing Street parties you presided over are…?' Scott began, but Roger interjected.

'You finished your point, allow me to finish mine,' he said. 'Let's put all of this nonsense behind us. It was a couple of years ago now, and everyone should move on. If we had a couple of drinks at the height of one of the greatest crises this country has ever seen— and I mean IF—then so be it! You know the real reason voters put me in power?'

'I'm not sure any of us have much recollection of precisely why that happened now,' said Scott.

'They put me in power so we can all DO IT. So that this country can DO IT. So we can put Great Britain on the map once more and DO IT together!'

'Ah yes, your infamous campaign slogan, "LET'S DO IT WITH ROGER!" But do *what*, exactly? What one material thing have you accomplished in your entire time in office?'

'I got Brexit done!' said Roger triumphantly.

'Some would say only half done,' said Scott. 'There's still such a lot to be sorted out, particularly in relation to Northern Ireland.'

'Oh, to hell with Northern Ireland,' said Roger. 'Those chaps are a bunch of bores too, always going on about this border and that border! What does it matter, I say? We escaped the technocratic Marxist

globalist dictatorship of the EU! People should be dancing in the streets, not arguing over details.'

'Those details are of huge importance to…' began Scott.

'To no one,' said Roger firmly. 'Look here, people voted for me because politics has become stilted and boring over the years, and they wanted someone who'd raise a glass and say "to hell with the grey men in suits, let's all have a beer and party!" Well, that's exactly what I've done. And exactly what I intend to continue doing for as long as I remain in post!"

'With all due respect, Prime Minister, there's a little more to it than that,' said Scott. 'What about the unfolding scandal surrounding social housing in this country? Just recently it's been revealed that nearly 75% of recently built homes are not fit for purpose. They are full of mould, dry rot, asbestos, parasites and pretty much anything else you can think of. They are death traps waiting to happen. What assurances do you have that these problems are going to be sorted out? What message do you have for those people living in such conditions right now - people whose health is at risk, not to mention the health of their children?'

Roger thumbed his chin thoughtfully.

'Do you know, I'm not sure,' he began. 'They could always take the initiative and move, I suppose. Richmond's very nice, you know. Apparently, it's the happiest borough in London, and I think in the country as a whole.'

'That's absurd,' said Scott.

'Not at all,' snorted Roger. 'It's statistically proven. There was a survey back in… On, I don't remember now. But check your sources, you'll see that I'm right.'

'I mean it's absurd that as the sitting Prime Minister of this country your answer to the dire conditions that tenants are facing is that they should simply move. It's a shocking inditement of your lack of concern with large swathes of the electorate, outside the Kensington and Chelsea Borough, and of the cavalier, 'let them eat cake' attitude that many would say has long been the hallmark of your cabinet.'

'Oh, stuff and nonsense,' said Roger, getting irritated now. 'You asked me for a solution and I gave you one.'

'Many of these people do not have the option of simply moving to Richmond, Prime Minister.'

'I mean, I don't see why not,' said Roger. 'It's very accessible. Good public transport links and all that. You can get to St James's in no time.'

Scott sighed.

'OK, let's turn to another issue then. In the past few years, since your premiership began, the influx of Zrikhazhastani money into the

country, and into certain pockets of London in particular, has been enormous. You personally have been criticised for what some have characterised as your favourable attitude to Zrikhazhastan, and your close relationship to its unelected leader Marat Daniyarev, which has led to accusations of corruption being levelled at you and your government. What do you have to say in response?'

'My party and I condemn the despotic regime of Marat Daniyarev and his authoritarian government. We stand with the rest of the world against his inhumane treatment of the Zrikhazhastani population, in particular women, children, members of the LGBTQ community, the Roma people, Jews, people of colour and political dissidents. His actions have no place in a world that is working towards a humanitarian future and inclusion for all.' said Roger. It was a few lines Bill had written for him. He'd managed to memorise earlier in the toilet. It had come out pretty well, he thought.

'Well, human rights groups will be very glad to hear you say that, at least,' said Scott.

'But on the other hand, Marat's not such a bad chap, you know.'

'I'm sorry?'

'Marat. Decent enough bloke when you meet him in real life. Away from the cameras. OK, he's made mistakes, but then who hasn't?' said Roger, at the same time turning to the crew, who were looking at him in stunned silence, raising his palms. 'I mean, come on…'

'Prime Minister,' said Scott. 'Viewers will be shocked and appalled to hear your comments.'

'You know, it's strange, isn't it?' mused Roger. 'On one hand they say we Tories are heartless and don't care about anyone. And yet here I am trying to give a chap the benefit of the doubt, see good in my fellow man and all that, and I get castigated for it! You really can't win!'

'Trying to see the good in a man who has illegally annexed portions of neighbouring countries, pillaging the homes of civilians and torturing and killing captives is probably not what your critics had in mind,' observed Scott.

'I'm just trying to be even-handed,' said Roger.

'In fact,' continued Scott, who was clearly enraged now. 'I am willing to put money on it that this interview is the final nail in your electoral coffin. You've trashed the economy by offering huge tax cuts to billionaires while putting taxes UP for low earners…'

'Trickle-down effect,' said Roger. 'And why should those people who are lazing around not doing a stroke of work, buying scratch cards, smoking weed and eating McDonalds' Happy Meals all day NOT

subsidise the billionaires who are the wealth creators that this country so desperately needs?'

'You've trashed the economy,' Scott continued, 'You've obliterated our relations with Europe, the USA and pretty much the rest of the world…'

'Well, would you have a beer with Biden? Or Macron? I mean, come on, give me something to work with here…'

'You have almost destroyed the National Health Service…'

'Oh, here we go,' said Roger. 'Another fully paid-up pot banger!'

'You have—through your mindless stoking of conspiracy theories online—caused the very foundation of truth to erode…'

'The US election was stolen. What more can I say?'

'…and your only ally appears to be a bloodthirsty and murderous dictator from a terrorist state.'

'And why are you so bothered about that?' asked Roger. 'I know why. It's because you're *partial to a little bit of lavender* yourself, isn't it?'

'I beg your pardon?'

'I mean, *you take the wrong bus home*, don't you?'

'What exactly are you getting at, Prime Minister?'

'Oh come on,' said Roger jovially. 'It's 2023, nothing to be ashamed of. You've got that fancy haircut with the blonde, dyed bits, plucked eyebrows, a bi-monthly botox appointment and impeccably clipped fingernails. In other words, it's pretty clear that you *bowl from the pavilion end*.'

'I have no idea what you are getting at.'

'Well, it's obvious, isn't it? You're a hotpants-wearing, waxed-chest, amyl nitrate sniffing backdoor boy!'

'What?' yelled Scott, and then he stood up, ripped his microphone from his jacket and threw it on the chair behind him. 'That's it. I'm not tolerating a moment more of this disgusting bigotry. This interview is over! Enjoy getting thrown out of office on Friday, Prime Minister.'

Then he walked out of the room and slammed the door behind him.

'Well,' said Roger, looking around at the dazed crew and at Mycroft who, with Bill, stood gazing at him from the bathroom. 'That wasn't too bad, was it?'

TO BE CONTINUED



“I feel love for all the prostitutes I have ever slept with. Deep tenderness & affection, that they would give me their sweet company for such a small amount of money.”
Marquis de Vaccine, Paddington Mansions, 1912

THE SOCIOLOGY DEPARTMENT

by Charlie Winkle

“And as the world burned, they danced and danced and danced until finally they could dance no more.” -Unknown

There’s an old joke that goes,

The Communist Dictator of Albania was becoming more and more disillusioned with the different communist governments around the world as he saw them drifting further and further away from the true communism…. Once a country drifted too far from the “true” communism he would simply stop visiting and cut off all relations. So first he stopped going to China, and then he cancelled all visits to Vietnam and then the Soviet Union was also put on the black list, and on and on it went until finally there were only two places left in the world he could visit and feel truly comfortable. The first was The Democratic People’s Republic of Korea, and the second was Yale University’s English department.

The Sociology department at Du Bois University wasn’t as politically radical as the English department at Yale. It was worse.

And because of the Corona virus the shit had just hit the fan.

The entire student body had been told to stay at home and study online and that meant that the courses that the university taught, the lecture notes, the tutorials, would all be available over the internet. Potentially

for anyone to read and scrutinize. And the internet was forever. For Du Bois's esteemed sociology professors this was an intolerable situation!

Thus, an emergency meeting between the sociology department and the Chancellor of the university had been called.

The head of the sociology department, a Ms Fartuti, an obese black woman with a shaved head and one arm, (the other arm had been crushed by a police horse during a protest she'd attended and subsequently amputated after becoming chronically infected) was the first to speak. "Chancellor, she/her. You can see my problem, our problem…. if some of these courses are read, or quoted out of context…. how the general public might get the wrong idea?"

The Chancellor was confused and still didn't really know what this was all about. "Ms Fartuti, can you please just tell me as straightforwardly as possible what exactly is the problem?"

Ms Fartuti was exasperated and irate. She tried to calm herself down. Deep breath. "Chancellor, if the notes from my course "Why Whiteness is a Cancer that must be Exterminated" are read by media organizations or the general public, we could be in for some serious blowback. The university could face unfair criticism or even lose government funds."

"Indeed, I see your concern Ms Fartuti. Thank you for alerting me to this serious situation."

Ms Laghari, an Indian woman, a fanatical lesbian and Dwarf (she measured only 111cm), had taught at Du Bois university for 33 years and was the next to speak. "Chancellor, she/her. Under no circumstance can the notes from my course ever be made public. The media would twist the meaning and enrollment at the university would likely plummet in future years as a result."

The Chancellor looked at Ms Laghari with barely disguised disgust. He could hardly stand to be in this woman's presence for more than a moment as she omitted the most foul body odor, mixed with breath which stunk of cinnamon and onions. A lethal combination. Breathing through his mouth he asked "And what is your course, Ms Laghari?"

"Is Lesbianism the only answer to the climate crises."

The Chancellor shuddered.

Finally it was Mrs Carter's turn to talk. Mrs Carter was the most radical of the three. A convicted terrorist who had been prosecuted and found guilty of blowing up a Federal building (although later acquitted on appeal), her black husband, Lebron Carter, was currently serving 15 consecutive life sentences for assassinating 7 white police officers.

Their relationship had begun after she had started writing to Mr Carter in prison in awe of what he had done and they'd been married 2 years later in a short prison ceremony. There had been no honeymoon.

"Chancellor, she/her. I of course agree with my esteemed colleagues. Our lecture notes can never be allowed to see the light of day. There would be uproar amongst the general unenlightened population. The university would be slandered and sabotaged worldwide by sensationalist news organizations."

The Chancellor was almost afraid to ask. "And what is your course, Mrs Carter?

"Is the forced amputation of limbs of able bodied people the only way to create an equal and fair world?"

The Chancellor felt a chill go down his spine.

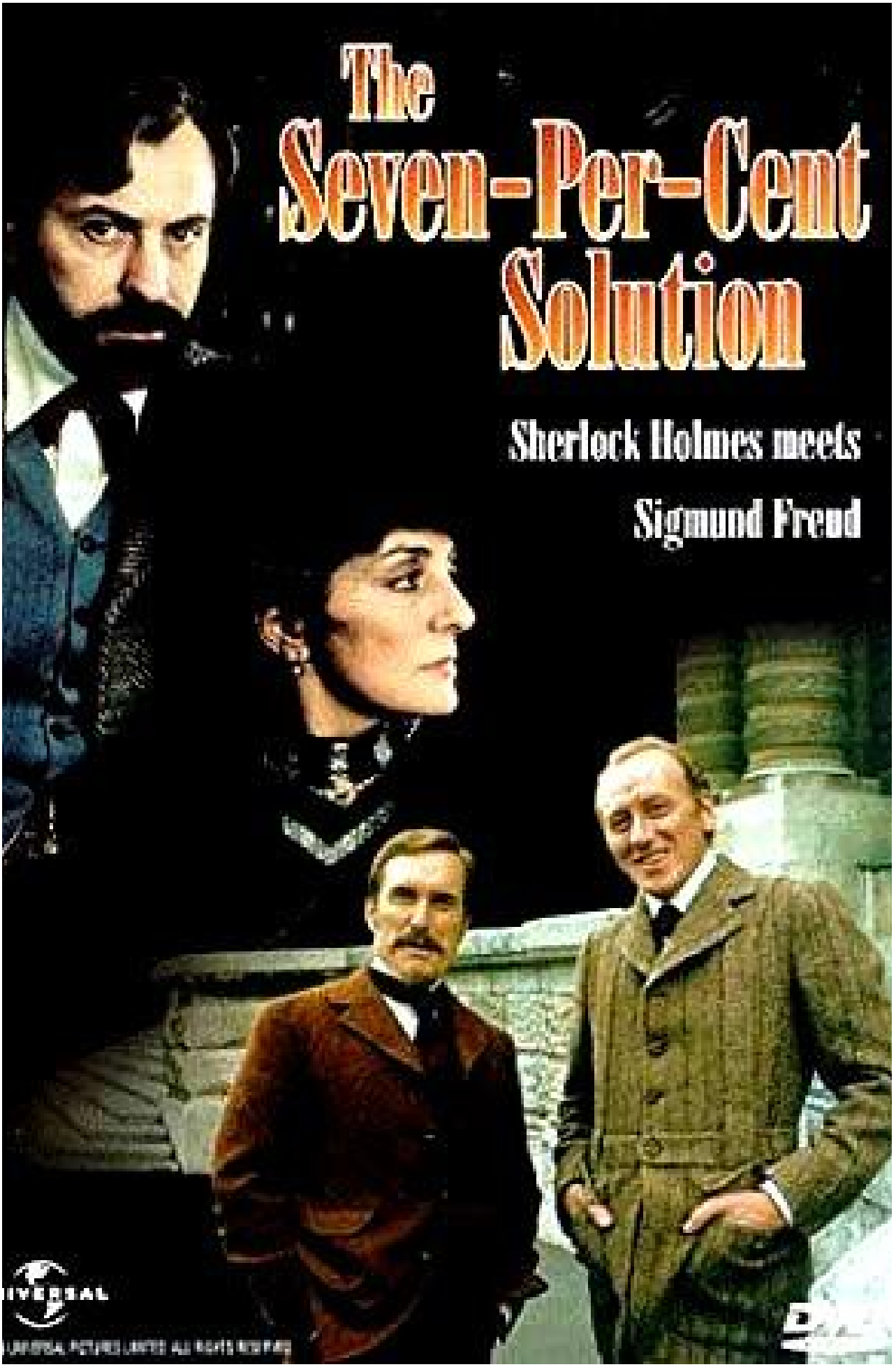
"Comrades, I agree with you that your courses and course notes should never be seen by the wider world. The consequences for this university would no doubt be calamitous. Although how are we going to justify to the students not putting these course notes online? Who will we blame?"

The Sociology Professors had already thought about this and answered in unison,

"The Alt-Right."

The Chancellor nodded in sage agreement. You could get away with anything if you blamed the alt-right as no one would dare fight back or even question your reasoning.

THE END


The
Seven-Per-Cent
Solution
Sherlock Holmes meets
Sigmund Freud



THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION

(1976)

Reviewed by D4Doom

Although I'm a very keen Sherlock Holmes fan I've avoided the 1976 movie *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*. I'm not sure why, other than the fact that I've always been a little suspicious of tales that combine real characters (in this case Sigmund Freud) with fictional ones (in this case Sherlock Holmes). But this particular example actually works.



I'm also a little wary of movies and books that focus too much on the flaws in Holmes' character, and in particular on his cocaine addiction.

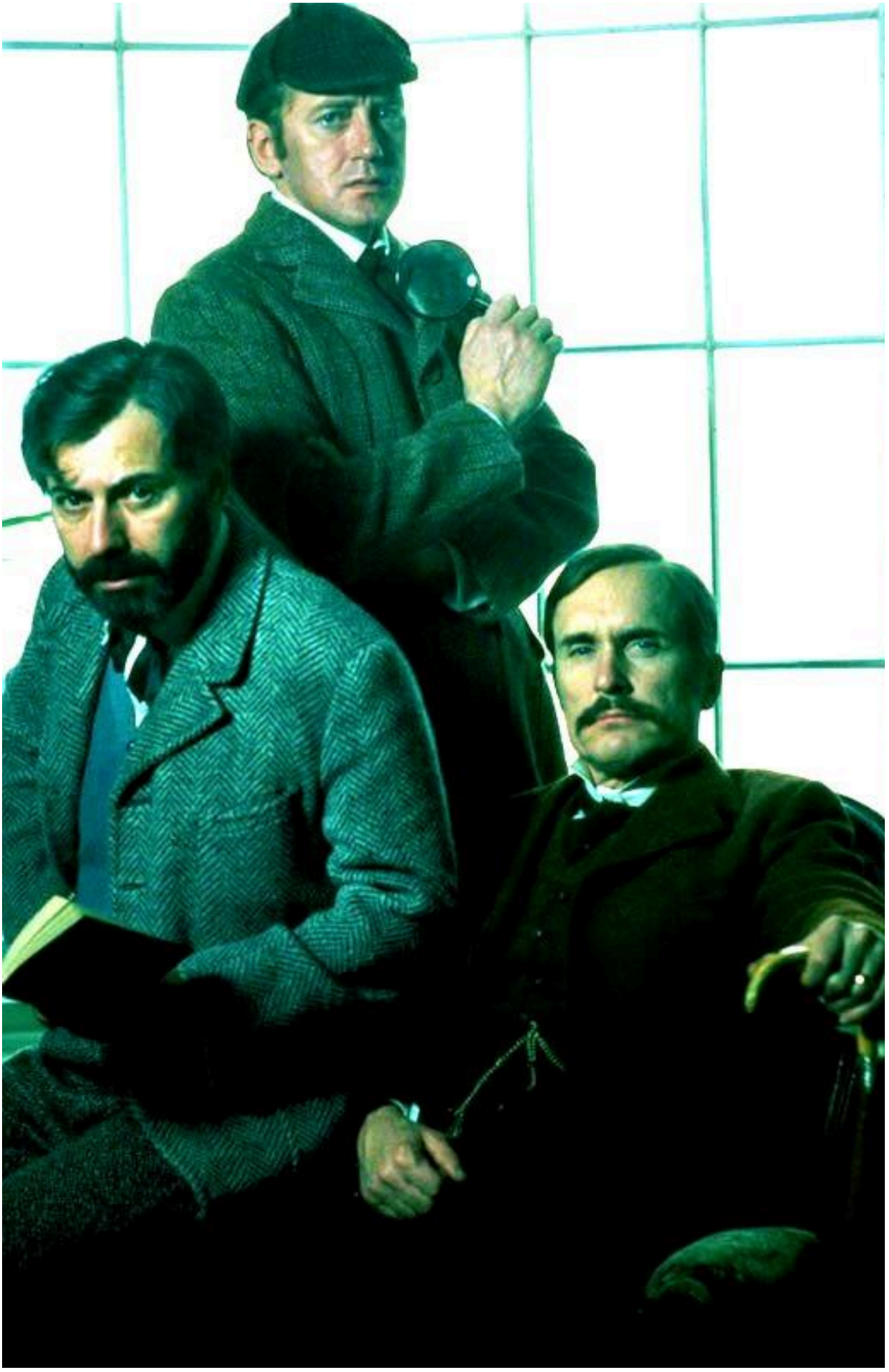
The Seven-Per-Cent Solution works because the great detective's drug habit isn't just tossed in for purposes of sensationalism; it's intricately woven into the plot which involves the kidnapping of a singer who is also a cocaine addict. And it works because Holmes and Freud are not just thrown together because they were contemporaries. The movie shows us just how uncannily similar they were in their methods. Both investigated mysteries, both did this by spotting clues that a casual observer would overlook, both had trained themselves to see patterns and meanings where others saw only chaos and confusion, and both men had faith in the power of reason to triumph over the darkness.

As the movie opens Holmes' addiction is spiralling out of control, as is his obsession with his one-time mathematics tutor, a certain Professor Moriarty. Dr Watson has read an article in The Lancet that gives him cause to hope that an obscure Viennese physician named Freud may be the one person able to break this cycle of drug dependence. He lures Holmes to Vienna, where Freud uses hypnosis in his experimental treatment. Holmes soon finds himself drawn reluctantly into taking on a case, a case in which the celebrated singer and one-time courtesan Lola Devereaux (who had been cured of her own addiction by Freud) has been kidnapped.



Both Holmes and Freud will need to draw on their special areas of expertise and will also have to learn to work together in order to crack this case. The movie does have one or two problems. Robert Duvall is adequate as Watson, but his English accent is abominable! The other cast members are mostly reasonably good. Even Vanessa Redgrave manages not to be overly annoying as Lola. Of course no-one can compare to Jeremy Brett in the role, but Nicol Williamson makes an interestingly strung-out and hysterical Holmes. Alan Arkin is, surprisingly, extremely good as the young Freud. There are some familiar faces in minor roles, including some chap named Laurence Olivier as Moriarty, and look out for Joel Gray from Cabaret as a fiendish villain. Director Herbert Ross keeps things moving along at breakneck speed and there's plenty of excitement including a train chase that owes almost everything to the Marx Brothers but is still highly entertaining. There's drug addiction, white slavery and a duel by tennis.

Nicholas Meyer adapted the screenplay from his own novel. Anything Meyer is involved with seems to be end up being great fun - he also wrote the wonderful H. G. Wells time-travel romp *Time After Time* and the delightfully campy *Invasion of the Bee Girls*. *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* might exasperate Sherlock Holmes purists but it's exceptionally enjoyable. It's the sort of tongue-in-cheek adventure romp that was done very well back in the 70s, very much in the stye of movies like *Time After Time* and *Royal Flash* - beautifully filmed, well-acted and made with skill and flair.





THERAPY

Psychotherapy & Pornography in End of the Century Vienna

By ERNST GRAF

CHAPTER 2
LUCREZIA

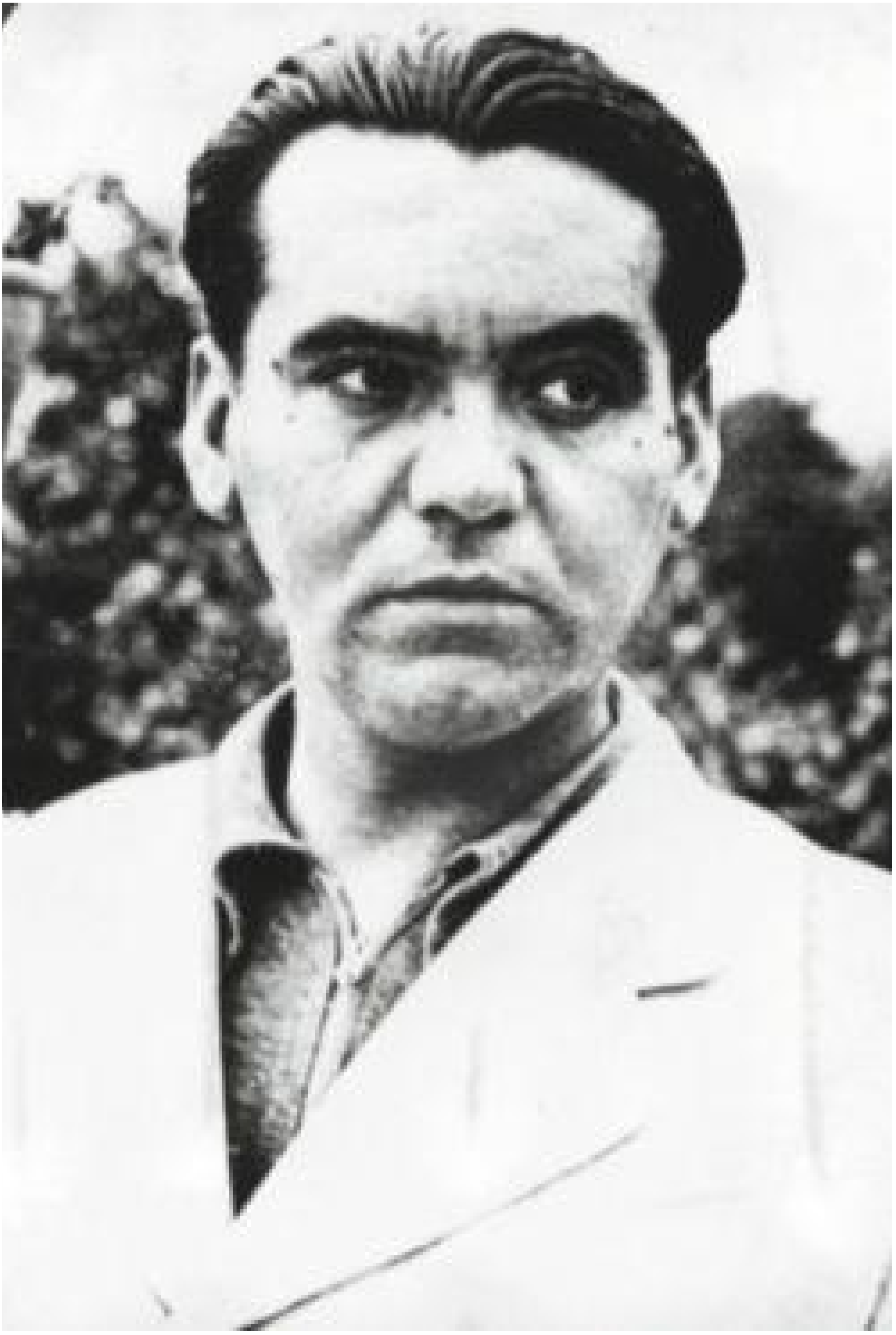
So I did it. I went to a young bottle blonde Romanian floozie by the name of 'Emma' and finally lost my virginity. A quite frankly bizarre & bewildering experience–for us both no doubt. I lost my virginity in Vienna. I neither ejaculated nor climaxed, but one must take one's small victories where one can. Baby steps. The Rubicon is crossed.

"Love how you want to love; love who you please."

Summer's coming and perhaps I will come into my own: my book finished at last, money to spend, films to see, strolling around the Ringstraße under the trees, I've removed the last taboo with the prostitutes. I felt I was deliberately stopping short of something which I didn't really want to think about. I was deliberately limiting my experience. Now I've done everything, I can get on with my work.

"It's sexy to take risks," I said to my new therapist, Lucrezia. "It feels so sexy to go into a whore's room and strip absolutely nude and be rampant in there, waiting for her to come in. That's the good part, when you give her the money and she tells you to strip while she goes out for a moment. If the Aphrodite films had been better Friday I might very nearly have been tempted. To be in that warm room stark naked, waiting for her to come back in. I've got an intense resentment of people, and I want them to prove me right. That's a relief. Lets me off the hook. They can say these things they do but I'm never going to submit to that. They're never going to take away what's special about me. I have to put up with so much nastiness in my life, but I will rise above, and remain beautiful, like F.G.Lorca. People are always trying to look you in the eye, demanding something of you, and that's very tiring."

"People who throw abuse at you, that says more about them than it does about me. That's their problem, if they really feel that insecure. I don't want to waste my time talking about their problems. I don't recognise these people as being my superiors. If I see something admirable in someone, then fine, I might try to incorporate it into my personality somehow, but that's my choice. But the sight of these people making snide remarks to me, I find a very vile and ugly sight, they repulse me; I find it mind-boggling they really think they've got the right to drop hints I should change to become like them. They won't leave you alone. They can't just leave you alone. They think they have to keep chipping away at you every day, making polite hints that you should change to become just like them every day."





“In my brain there is an edge of the world. No one will listen to me and understand that. I feel like the sailors who screamed at Columbus because they were going to fall off the edge of the world. You keep insisting over and over (and so does everyone else) the world is round, and I feel so frustrated and angry trying to make you see there is an edge which you are pushing me over. Because the world was complete and is round, your brain is complete and is round, everybody's brain I've met is complete and is round, my brain was never completed because my mother ignored me from the moment I was born, there is an edge I always fall over which is not there for other people so they can't understand. And I want to hit my head trying to explain to them, why won't they listen? Autistic people have an edge they fall over, it is very upsetting for them. They wish their brain was whole. But you can't make it so. Because it is irreparable.”

“Dreaming my daydreams, writing my stories, without hurting anybody else, and without trying to disturb anybody else. It's amazing how much abuse that attracts. That's all right. I pretend I am Oscar Wilde, F.G.Lorca. Until I have achievements of my own, I wear theirs like an overcoat. To get abuse thrown at you in the street, you'd think that you must really have hurt someone, but it's not so. It's good. If I am annoying the stupid people, I'm doing the right thing. That's all right. To deliberately try to hurt another human being surely you must be

completely obsessed by them? The majority of people are of low intelligence and pretty ugly personalities. When they find someone intelligent and beautiful and pure and serene in their midst, they don't like it. They try to crush you, goad you into being ugly back. I take great pleasure in defying them. I like to remain intelligent and beautiful and pure and serene. So it will continue to eat away at them. Because they know I'm better than them. You know F.G. Lorca was better than them. Jealousy. They obviously feel very inferior to me, so they try to crush me. I enjoy strolling past and letting them know they've failed and will always fail."

"It requires a leap of faith I cannot make. It's over the black horizon: I can't see it. You say move towards it and you eventually will, the new world, but I say you are just sending me closer to the edge where I will fall into black space, it is increasingly less safe the further I move towards it. I stay dead in the centre of all the centrifugal forces and will never get pulled out to the edge, like a marble on a gramophone record. I don't want some bland empty new world, I want to stay and make a better job of the old world, start to mine all these cultural and moral riches that have always been here untapped. Now I can start to make use of them. When you've given me the ability to mine all the riches that have always been here, why would I want to travel to some new world there? I wanted to go, when everything felt dead here, I was not living in a treasure chest, it had become a suffocating coffin. Lorca wanted to go to New York, which he knew he'd hate, because he had to escape the deadness of Spain. It is saying Seraphina helped me to be more myself."

"I took a six-month holiday to the New World, and came away more Andalusian than ever. Lorca came to New York feeling dead and feeling Spain was dead, but though New York was so loud and noisy, he came away feeling in comparison he was more alive and Spain was more alive."

"I'm sure there's a flaw in this plan," Lucrezia smiled, her blood-red curls falling around her young face. She had similar hair but I found her even more desirable than I had the older Seraphina. I got an erection the moment I first met her and she introduced herself to me and shook my hand. Her bosoms were enormous and strained against a soft cream silk blouse with deep valley of her cleavage very much exposed. She couldn't have been more than 26 years old.

"Ah, that's the clever bit. You've got to adjust your thinking. I am different. I'm not like you. Most brains are like a globe, but some are like a gramophone record. This is genuinely how I see the world. You describe a world I don't recognise. You describe a world you inhabit, but you've no experience of my world. It is a flat gramophone record. That lack of stimulation at birth prevented the two dimensional gramophone record from mutating into a round globe. Every so often you meet someone who makes you wish you were a globe. You've been waiting 26 years to mine

the gramophone record, all the incredibly complicated recorded treasures in every groove, with no start in sight, then you meet someone like — and the gramophone record suddenly wants to be a globe, otherwise it can't bear life anymore. You try to make it happen, get me over the edge to the New World, but like elastic after six months I snap back again. With relief, to be a gramophone record again! The riches! And now you find the gems and jewels are starting to come to the surface. You can start mining now. Your eyes are suddenly filled with the riches, you cry with joy and pleasure. Why would you ever consider leaving now? Seraphina has given me the ability to mine the riches now."



"It was the desire of a gramophone record to become a globe. Then after six months of elasticated stay in the new world, it snaps back, and now the desire of a gramophone record to be a gramophone record!"

"For a while I wanted to be someone else, which I believe is impossible, then after a brief six months glimpse of what it would mean to be someone else, I with relief wanted to be myself again. All I know about is what's inside me. Seraphina has opened up my interior to me, for my exploration. Like the Amazon was inaccessible and unexplored before the first explorers started to break into it and find amazing unbelievable things."

“Lorca was on the brink of suicide when he left Spain, but America was such a horrible experience, he left pleased to not be like them, pleased to be himself, pleased to be back in beautiful lovely Spain. I haven’t had to be in a room with another person because I’ve had the money in my bank account to be completely free. You’ve increased my range of possibilities for me. Wishful thinking is no good. I can’t be with them. My head’s full of daydreams and fantasies and my stories; I love enjoying them in my head and putting them down on paper when I get them. I never want to lose that. My life had been intolerable and the thing is for me to find some way out of that, to a point where it is good again, and you give me the supporting arm to help me do that. I just came out of a different exit to the one you were always pressing me towards. I’ve lived my life alone and I think Seraphina should recognise that. Forcing me to engage with people at work was an unbearable experience. I was disappointed she did that, because that made things worse. Van Gogh had a madness to paint. Cocteau this madness to be a poet. You were trying to kill that, chose to ignore that.”

“My room holds so many possibilities for me now. I don’t think you should be disapproving of that. Everyone has to find their own path in life, a river has to carve its own course. I wouldn’t dissuade you from being a psychotherapist. I’d appreciate it if you didn’t dissuade me from being a daydreamer and storywriter. This is my most natural path, it’s where I’m happiest. I’m not talkative, charming, though that’s the only way I’m allowed to have any sense of worth. People make me feel I’m worthless if I’m not socially skilled and charming, which I’ve always been hurt by. But you did the same thing, made me feel I had to become charming and sociable to have any sense of worth. I think that’s very upsetting—you won’t accept me and give me a sense of worth for being me. There’s a lot of different species in the world, some talkative and some silent. I don’t see one as having less worth than the other, so why do you pressurise me to become the other kind of species? I was being threatened with extinction as the last silent of the species, and you came and helped them extinguish me. Because you’re not allowed to be silent in this world. There’s only room for the talkative species. Well, I disagree. I feel people in this world are trying to crush me, and I felt that you just joined in. That’s the saddest thing about my time with Seraphina. Just for one person to support me in my right to silence. All my life people have told me you’re not allowed to be silent, which has made the world seem very hostile all my life. I want you to give me a sense of worth even if I am silent. Because people are always trying to steal my sense of worth from me, and destroy me. They try to take my self-respect from me. Seraphina joined in.”

“I wanted you to give me a break and say it’s all right, you can be who you want to be. But you didn’t; just like them, you tried to make me just like them. Reinforcing the view I’ve got no worth unless I am like them. I

wanted ‘you’ve got worth for who you are’ but I didn’t get it, I got ‘you’ve got no worth unless you’re just like them’. I wanted ‘I know you’re not talkative, I know you’re not a dazzling social talent, but you’ve still got worth’. But you didn’t, you made me feel that you agreed with them, I’ve got no worth. I’ve got a real problem that people show no sympathy for, and you didn’t either. I felt sad and frustrated because she didn’t listen to me, she stuck to her agenda. I felt the same hostile pressure that I feel at work, at job centre, at school. You’d sided against me. I hope you haven’t got a set agenda; accept I’m different. I’ve got my own path to follow. I feel Seraphina would never acknowledge that. You shouldn’t pressure me to be with people, you should talk to me about how I don’t need people and their snide remarks, give me a sense of worth for being me. You should acknowledge everyone’s got their own path in life.”

“These people have got no inner resources, and desperately need entertainment from outside. I have got massive inner riches, so everything outside can only be a drab and poor substitute. This year of safety and composure behind me will make me stronger and more able to resist their attempts to change me. You opened me out and made me more vulnerable to their attacks, this strength has enabled me to protect myself better. I’ve achieved some limited objectives, which is miraculous. I think it’s really stupid to expect me to go straight from 26 years of fantasy life to sudden brutal real life in 16 weeks. That could only destabilise me more, and make things more unbearable.”

“Bitter and betrayed, Lorca went to New York for six months. He was so bitter he wanted to go somewhere that he hated, so he went to New York. There he found himself, by recognising what he didn’t want to be, by recognising what he rejected, and what was special in himself and in his homeland. Then he never looked back.”

“There’s no point being alive if you can’t be yourself. I’d rather be that sore thumb sticking out than cut that thumb off to please the stupid people. I’m supposed to change to fit in with the people who make snide remarks at me every day? These people are trying to crush me and she’s taking their side against me. I think she should recognise I was unstable when I came to her, I didn’t need her pushing me as well. You kept opening me up, making me more and more vulnerable, I couldn’t take it anymore, it was hurting too much. Why did she do that? If you’ve got a bleeding wound you need to protect it. I like Peter Sellers because he was fucked up. I like reading about autistic people because they have no relationships, will always be frustrated in attempts to have relationships.”

“It's like a submarine deep under the sea under the terrible pressure, and you suggest opening the hatches. Then I sink and drown.”

“You tried to stop me being a vampire, and I am grateful, but it's no good, it's all I can be, but before I was tormented and ashamed by it, now I feel relaxed and content about it. I don't feel particularly good about

myself at times, but I know I never try to hurt another human being, I know I never try to diminish another human being, and as long as I never have anything to reproach myself for, I can feel contentment and acceptance of myself. I have no bitterness for them. If you cannot think positive thoughts, it's best not to think them at all. I prefer to fill my mind with beautiful, intelligent, kind people who I admire and respect and look up to. The ugly people I just politely remove from my memory banks. I only want the admirable people in my memory banks. I feel sorry for the others, because they are only hurting themselves. Hatred does more harm to the possessor than the object, etc. It will be on their conscience not mine. They are storing up an awful lot of trouble for themselves. I think Seraphina was ignoring the reality of my condition."

"My vocation in life is to be an introspective person. Pressure from you will not change that. Inside is all that feels right. Other people put pressure on me to be just like them, but then I read Lorca and Van Gogh, and that calms me down again, it's all right to be like that too. If your head's full of paintings you should paint and if that repulses people, well that's a shame. You can only be yourself. I don't want to be with another person. Why would I do what I don't like? Why would I do what makes my life unbearable? I'm going to have a good time this summer, going to theatre, cinema, opera, wherever I want, then I'll be happy to go back to work in September."



"I never say anything more than necessary. Doesn't that make you think that is just who I am, and to try to force me against that is going to make things worse? If you know me, you've got to accept I'm silent. My

family did. I'm a silent person. I get pressure off of everybody to be just like them. It would be nice to have one person saying you don't have to be. Don't you think it's likely I will never be able to have a relationship? Can't we talk about it? The more pressure you put on someone the harder you make it for them, I think she should see that. I cannot function under that pressure, that's a fact. You've got to put your foot down with these people: they think they can make judgements on you and then you've got to change to suit them. I reject their lies completely. Behind their laughter I see their fear, their jealousy, their loathing: that I have all the things they cannot have."

"I love the sleaziness of the Aphrodite Cinema. To talk politely is repulsive, I get nothing from it. Brothels are good, because the women are stripped of their personality, it's just sex. No emotion or identity."

"There is no substitute for a real relationship."

"I want to have a real relationship, but I don't think it's very good pretending I'm someone I'm not, it's better to accept the reality of who I am, and the limitations. Stop trying to bend me to fit in with your idea of what I should become. I like being me, but I also don't really want to be alone forever but realise I probably will be. I like being me, and I think I have worth being me. I don't want you to destroy me. Seraphina was trying to destroy me, the same way everyone else does. What people reproach you for, cultivate. They're jealous, of my riches. I am powerful, secure, safe in my black fortress. I've got my quiet intelligence. Abuse is the best thing, because it sparks your spark of originality into life. It makes you see what valuable riches you have got. Makes you cultivate your riches more, and get more out of them. They've got no inner riches, so throw abuse is all they can do. I like pushing the edges of the pocket; pushing people to the edge. I get what I want from them, bouncers which I can leave alone, with relief. I manipulate them into hostility which leaves me untouched. But I have to remain alert all the time, lest someone creeps up on me unawares and is nice to me, then I am beaten."

"No one will comprehend that it just goes against my nature to be with other people, no amount of pushing and pressure will change that. I think you should just acknowledge it is my nature, and to try to force someone against their nature can never help anyone. To say the abuse and sneering snide remarks someone gets is their fault and they should change to fit in with the people sneering is wrong. You should encourage them to cultivate themselves, feel pride in themselves. It's my biology. Isn't it better to just accept that? It would be a relief. Trying to artificially bend me into something I'm not brought no relief or contentment. You made me unhappier and more unstable. It's like a doctor's note to excuse me from games, I'd like a doctor's note to excuse me from talking. Can you understand what a relief that would be? Do you see how your previous tactics made everything worse? You just seemed to be confirming their

view that I am simply a pathetic human being, who deserves to be sneered at unless he changes—to be just like them! Honestly! Do these people ever look at themselves in the mirror? Do they have no self-awareness whatsoever?"

"I felt Seraphina was not making me stronger; she was just undermining me even more."

"My interior life became blocked up. Silted up. It became increasingly unnavigable. Harder and harder to squeeze through and get through each day. Then in 1995, when — left, that deposited more silt in one go than anything before, and that was the last straw. The river completely stopped, and it flooded. Now after the black months, we could dredge it. The interior river became free-flowing again, clear and fresh, but it was still the same river. It still came from the same source, and issued in the same place. You tried to change the river's course, and make it flow into the exterior world. You've improved my life by dredging the interior river and getting me moving again."

"They're cut from a very mediocre, mundane cloth. And that's all right. I just find it amusing when these mediocre mundane people sit there dropping polite hints that I should change to become more like them. You have to politely put your foot down with these people."

NEXT WEEK: OMENS



APOCALYPSE DIARIES

No.3

by Jon Hall

First published in Issue 31

The reality we are faced with as a people, the circumstances I have laid out across my previous writings in PENICILLIN can only be restated, reiterated, and soapboxed so many different ways.

Truly, I have harped and harped on the mainstream media since 2016. Not only their implicit bias from the secret money they take from powerful people to report news a certain way but the reactionary yet completely desensitized and dead-eyed populace they've produced from their "journalism".

At a certain point – and I know I've already said this before, too – it's old hat. The worldwide 99% (opposed to the elite, super-rich 1%) are utterly deluged with information, assaulted from all sides without solace.

Make no mistake about it, that's entirely by design.

The average citizen will consume enough information about corruption amongst the local and federal government, the news media on television and digital print, and even associated with the production of the entertainment offered culturally; actual injustices plaguing the world.

Instead of continuing to care, the citizen will throw up their hands and declare total indifference.



The Palm Beach Hi-Fi Enthusiasts Club Enjoying Dark Side Of The Moon, 1959

Mark Matcho



Good Morning Starshine

Mark Matcho

The citizen may (rightfully) ask what they're expected to do on a personal level, how they can change any misjustice by making any meaningful impact?

In response to this notion, we harken back to the early 2010's. If you remember a movement called "*Occupy Wall Street*" that focused on corporate greed and the income inequality gap between the 99% and elite 1%.

Protests and activism spread from 2011 to 2013, taking the fight directly to Wall Street – the greed capital of the world. This, the American political Establishment did not like... at all.

In 2014, Michael Brown was shot and killed by police officer Darren Wilson in Ferguson, Missouri outside of St. Louis.

With the advent of Black Lives Matter (the political organization, *not* the movement) and coverage of the Presidential primaries and 2016 election, the U.S. mainstream media began reporting in a divisionary and rhetoric-laden manner.

It quickly became "Us Vs. Them" when it came to reporting the news, whether it be regarding race or politics. The American mainstream media launched a literal psyop against a beleaguered population that peaked in their bid to tie Trump and Russia together in collusion that generated no evidence of such.

This is a long way of saying that the infowar (absolutely no credit or reference to Alex Jones) we find ourselves ensnared in has manipulated and misled scores and scores of people via deceitful news coverage, therefore the concept of media bias and manipulation altering and impacting people's minds is a documented phenomenon. Keep that in mind.

So, yes… There are only so many different ways to repeat yourself. Am I blue in the face yet? I'm sure that I am.

So, instead of treading water trying to drive a point, it may be more pertinent to ask the questions that matter most – driving the issues to their very core.

An innocent, yet simple enough question arises:

What will the impact of completely unfettered access to information, data, and media do to the human mind over an extended period of time?



TALES OF MARQUESS DE ROUGE



"ESTHER PART 2"

Esther in all her best efforts to catch my attention while the fact of the matter was that there had been growing speculation and rumour of my retirement.

The rumours had begun to viciously circulate about such circumstances and events, could it be time.....well maybe or maybe not.

A good gentleman never reveals all and says all, it is awfully dull and it's always best to keep them guessing, never showing one's hand.

This is the code, the design of men, the party very much in full swing, what to say about Esther, such a very sweet girl.



Aroldo Bonzagni

The cute thing about it was such was her feminine was protected it was no wonder she would hide behind her intelligence. It would take a truly magnificent man to capture her heart, it seemed so certainly so with me, I was focused on other pressing matters.

Pressing matters of rapid consumption of alcohol, drugs, a cocktail, a heavy one at that, in truth Esther was just like any other woman.

A vagina and a pair of breasts, soon the alcohol and drug fuelled party in me had begun to unleash demons that I primarily at bay, it was only a matter of time before I offend someone and probably Esther and maybe ejected from the establishment, doing the helicopter was a party trick of mine and not a good code of practice of conduct.

Without even the slightest bit of warning, I was up and out the chair, deciding that whatever was going on needed to be dealt with in a manner in which Esther was going to get the biscuits, the biscuits indeed, I said to barman "music.....B52s Love Shack" booming out, what could this all mean.

There was somewhere in me that actually wants to party and party hard, could it be the sexual advances of one little beauty!

She seemed well up for it, as usual again I was twisting and turning, I never could make up my mind on actually what I wanted, oh the misery of being spoilt for choice at times I began to feel like Arturo Gatti well the spending spree his wife, a dwindling bank account, lavish lifestyle, drugs, more drugs.

It was all taking shape and again I was heading for a titanic affair of drunken sinkings of whiskey!, the devil had been to take hold of me and Esther began to slip out of my grasp, I had destroyed the dreams or was destroying it the further I seeped into the pockets of alcohol consumption, this was dedicated and tributed to my hero Oliver Reed in which I was going all out to drink all the alcohol in the land.

The game was afoot and again another bottle was sunk, I was hazy, warm, drunk, bollocks I was smashed really and having the time of my life.

Esther has stormed off, leaving her phone number of course, cheeky monkey!

I wonder if we could make it back hers with the entourage later on, would we leave this hell hole for the dizzy heights and action in what Hull had to offer.

Cheap as chips, woman with teeth like an SAS patrol, all blacked out and six foot apart. Glorious basking of people with hula hoops for belts, it really was a treasure to hold to see Sally from Bransholme estate swig her cider, wiping it on her dress from New Look, the stench of cigarettes, cum breath and cider was quite the odour.

On asking me if I would like a weekend pass for her ass, I politely declined, there just was something of lipstick that was of Pat Butcher calibre that made a man's willy not want to come to attention like a Welsh Guard on Queen's duty!.

Hull was more like the jungle than a city that had won the European capital of culture and I often thought maybe they mistook the place for somewhere else or maybe they felt sorry for the place in general. I would have thought there was quite the similarities of that and Beirut, Lebanon, apart from the fact Beirut probably had better food, better looking women too.

Next adventure "Cheeky Monkeys" a sweet bar with a floor like teflon, well it felt like a rip every time a foot print and lift, rip, piss stained and alcohol covered floor really did hammer home the amount of class we had endured, glorious to see some men using their own trousers for toilets, wearing beige chinos with piss stains was the trend here, this was going to be a fun bar to be in, we wanted the finest whiskeys but sadly got The Famous Grouse which tasted more like sweat off someone's balls to be honest!

It wasn't a good drink and standards began to slip.

At this point, I had begun to doubt my own intelligence and capabilities and this had turned into a disaster. I mean why did I

leave Esther, why did I venture to Hull, some things cannot be explained and maybe I was beginning to go inside my own madness, whore house? party who knows, however action must be taken.

What would Ollie do, where would he go, how much would he consume, he would probably drink the whole of Hull dry!

We needed some sort of back up plan, we had to come up with some A team contingency plan, Esther's was suggested but somehow that would take the greatest charming and skill, nah it wouldn't be worth it. We called on a cab and went to a gentleman's club to carry on debauchery.

We ended up back at where we started, what an absolute joke.

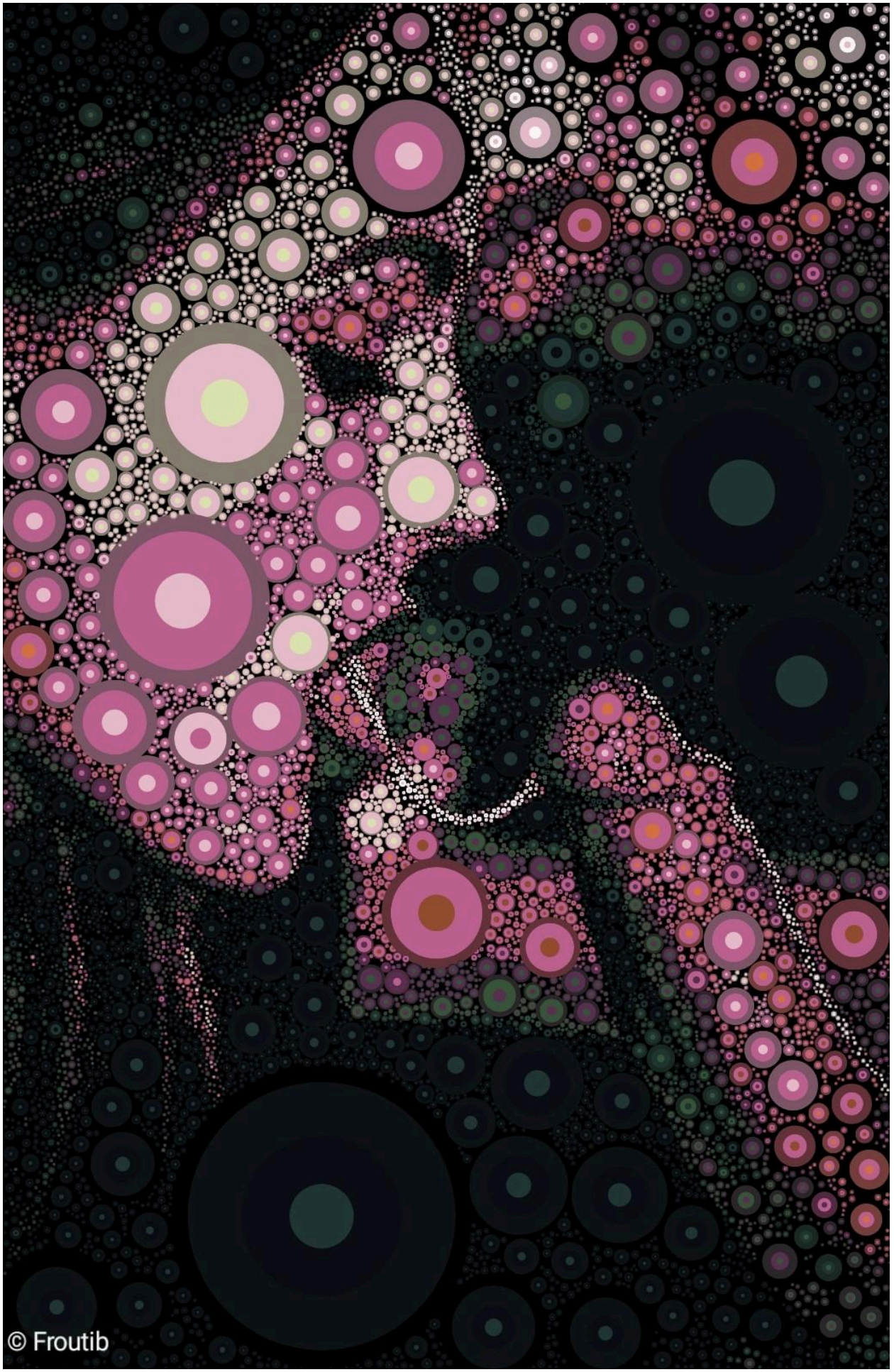
Shall we ring Esther was the first thing in mind and take everyone back, so I pulled the number out my pocket and rang the number, it rang and rang, rang, no answer. This wasn't in the plan, oh dear, oh dear.

We sat down and decided to ping in some more drinks and decided to obliterate and basically buy the bar and drink everything that they had in stock, this was it, the big push and over the hill, the last post on the bugle, we were settled for nothing less…….

When the phone went off…..it was a text from Esther in which read…. "I require your company and alone, dear, Esther……."

This was now or never, was I to go on alone or am I to go and drink with the entourage…..to be concluded next week in Esther Part 3

Marquess Du Rouge–writing for Penicillin Magazine (first printed in No.20)



Probation by Froutib



Siphoning by Froutib

A PLAGUE DIARY

Formerly known as MOLOCH
aka
THE YELLOW ORCHID

By Ernst Graf

CHAPTER 9
PUB REOPENING

"I sip from many cups" - my family motto.

“At the moment I am full of doubts about all these restrictions, but trust that when brakes are off things WILL naturally bloom and

blossom, and explode. I never expected to see Vanessa W– at that Regent Street bus stop or all those busty girls in Calcutta that night. Relax. Let it happen. Even after volcano, fire, nuclear blast, nature always bursts back. It cannot be withheld for long. Eroticism of life is the same."

Sir Richard and I took our evening walk around the Embankment Gardens, now quite intoxicating with the pungent odour of the great towering yellow orchid. We got quite high on it.

"I love the OPEN sexuality of prostitutes & strippers. The completely OUT THERE sexuality of them. I love this world, this broken world maybe, but I love this world. I've no interest in coaxing out their sexuality; I want it all out there, in the open, full frontal, primal, BESTIAL."

"I always piss in bathroom handbasins rather than the lavatory bowl, as the handbasin is at just the right height. There, it's out of me now. You know everything."

I left Sir Richard looking shocked, and bidding him good evening, returned up the back steps to my rooms.

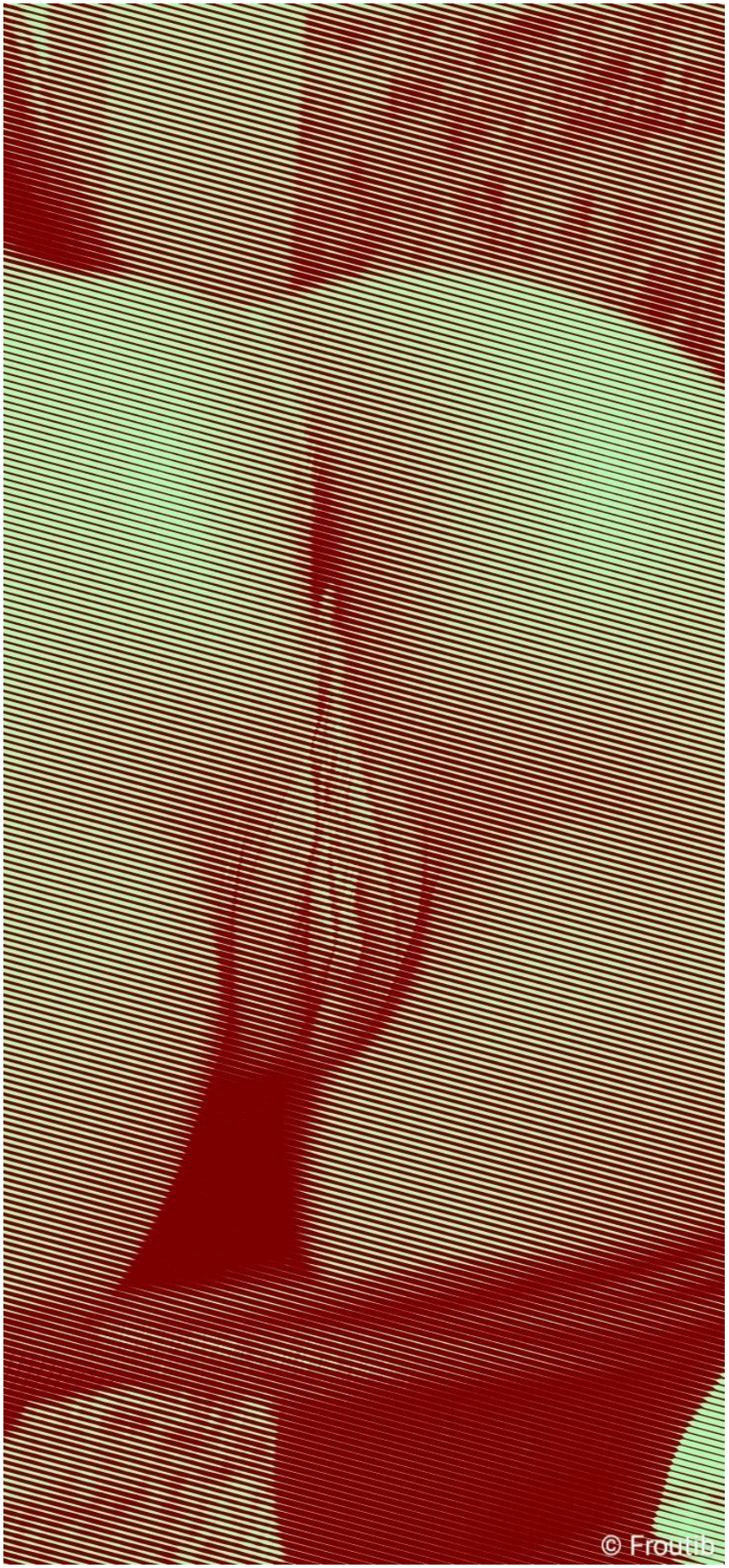
"Some men are able to laugh off rejection; some of us, however, are not familiar with it."

Yes, it is I, the Marquis de Shard, and I will do whatever I have to do, and I will do it at the right time, although not necessarily with the right person, or in the right place.

"What I've learned in the last 3 years is waving the white flag, quietly backing down & accepting, 99% of the time brings you victory and joy. Surrender does NOT bring defeat—it brings VICTORY. The thing you were tense and angry about and resistant to, 99% of the time is good for you if you just surrender and accept it. For the past 3 years I have forced myself to bite my tongue, and accept, and my progress after every instance of this is enormous. White flag has been my superhighway to success, joy, peace, power, riches."

"Fighting against a stronger enemy, who holds all the aces, will destroy you and leave you with nothing. Waving the white flag, going along with them, will empower you. Choose your enemies very carefully. Pick your battles. If you can't beat them, join them."

"Love when it's all sweet & lovely horrifies me. I can only cope with love if it's mixed with pain & some sadism/masochism. I now see how prescient I was buying my future wife (before we'd ever been out together) a necklace with a heart on it, the heart with a sharp spike on the end."



Apprêtée by Froutib

“Uma Thurman took her aside later and advised her to ‘learn how to manipulate the situation to get what you want’,” I read from my newspaper, an interview with Vivica A Fox. “It chimed for her with a phrase her father always used: attack intelligently.”

“Yes. Attack intelligently. I would teach my children this if I had any. Such, such a key part of surviving & then maybe even getting ahead in life. And waving the white flag regularly is a key component of that. Pick your battles. Pick your battles. Very often surrendering can be the most Machiavellian thing you can possibly do.”

“People saying oh NO, DON'T go to a pub on Saturday it is too soon. I can have a heart attack at any moment, a stroke, cancer, get hit by bolt of lightning, by car or motorbike, random nutter in street with knife, life is fucking dangerous, I will take my fucking chances for fuck’s sake. If I am going to die anytime soon by bat flu or anything else I want to die having fucking fun, enjoying cock & tits & bottoms & bosoms, not hiding in my house like a church mouse for fuck’s sake live & let die. Rather die tomorrow having fun than live to 80 years old doing fuck all.”

“Act like a church mouse, live like a minotaur.”

“Pluto is the ninth planet, and always will be.”

Yes it is I, the Marquis de Shard, lover of the female form, and during the 1990s I was given exclusive backstage access to the Sunset Strip strip club in Soho where I had seen my first ever naked woman back in 1992. Unfortunately I passed out and woke up two days later in hospital. Great memories. Yes it is I, the elusive Marquis de Shard, and my policy since birth has been to slip out when no one is looking. This applies to strip clubs, bordellos, boudoirs and relationships. I have no doubt it will apply to my death as well.

Lovely to be back in Chinatown, after a long long while

So the French House—my God! Absolute madness. Tiny pub, absolutely packed to the rafters. People sitting at bar stools all around the bar like nothing had ever happened! Restrictions? What fucking restrictions? And you would expect this at the French House of all places, wouldn't you! Funny thing is, sitting outside there was a black bobbed woman who I am sure was C–, the Sunset Strip stripper I fell in love in with back in 1995 but never spoke to, the *first* one I fell in love with, the one who was the last straw that caused my breakdown and entry into therapy. Maybe it wasn’t her, but I instinctively felt it was. I just thought “Oh, it’s her!” If she was 20 then, 45 now.

Yes it is I, the sinophile Marquis de Shard, and I have returned to Chinatown.

I woke from a dream/half awake dream of pink top busty girl, Dora, lying on hypnotherapist's couch, asleep, so he could start fondling her breasts, then he gets his cock out, but he now cannot control himself, strips completely naked, his incredibly hairy body bending over as he frigs his huge throbbing pole bestially over her sleeping body, looking like Picasso's Minotaur. He told me to watch from the cupboard, till she was out. He now beckoned me to join him. I too stripped completely naked and frigged myself, stroking the head of my cock against the skin of Dora's cheek.

I awoke dripping wet with my own ejaculate. My curtains, lamps, gramophone horn, covered in it.

On the way home from the French House I saw a stunning voluptuous Chinese girl in one of the massage places so went in to ask prices just to have closer ogle of her fantastic bosoms—"Will it be you giving the massage, young ever so busty Chinese girl?" "Yes"—but being too drunk I thought I'll come back Friday. Friday—she was not there. Now I hate myself. Absolutely unable to live with myself.

"Another appalling missed opportunity. When you see a girl like that you must NEVER put off, you must always act on it immediately, no matter how drunk or tired or in a hurry you are. These chances never come around again. I have been past every day since and never again set eyes on her. I will be thinking of her till the day I die. Sex you don't have lingers longer in the memory than sex you do have."

"I do have sympathy for my little enemies. It cannot be easy for them to have me living amongst them. More beautiful than them, more intelligent than them, and having many more sexual partners than them. It must be absolutely tormenting for them. I am a modern Jekyll. Capable of the most incredible cunning and ruthlessness behind the most meek, shy, humble, respectable, INNOCENT facade."

"One must learn how to thrive in a constant state of flux."

"Zero flux given."

"How long is a chaise-longue?"

"Depends who you're on it with."

Yes, it is great that London pubs are now open again (some of them), but I am reminded again that drinking is only a pleasure to me if I can then go on & do something naughty, and in London there still really is nothing naughty to do at all. That busty Chinese girl would have been something amazing but it seems she has already fled. Probably thinking what a lucky escape she had. Funny how I have never seen her again.

Yes it is I, the Marquis de Shard, and I have never impregnated anyone, although I've had about 122 narrow escapes. First chapter of my autobiography (in its entirety). Chapter 2 next year.

Saw Troy Francis in Soho today. "Lovely day Troy!" I called out. "Don't fucking disturb me when I am saving the West," he muttered without even a sideways glance, as he carried on by me. True heroism. When he says “I would love to meet Ernst Graf” remember this.

SMUT, BEAUTY & TALES OF ADVENTURE - title of the 75th volume of my upcoming autobiography (a 100 volume series). Oh but when will I ever experience any of those things again? I crave it.

“I've suffered such a severe hiatus to my sexual activity my doctor says it may require surgery.”

“Almost makes you wish you were married!”

“Marriage is the name of that process by which a man realises he is incompatible with marriage.”

So Tuesday - went straight out after 10am without sleep, to the Moon Under Water in Leicester Square, Dr Jekyll’s house, and my God almost immediately saw most beautiful barmaid delivering drink to a table, like a dark-haired Florence Pugh, dark hair in bun, black dress that fitted her like a glove, and gorgeous little figure and bum. I stayed for five because of her. Sarah I think, from the till when I finally got served by her. Stupidly then went for one in Waxy and one in O’Neill’s but remember next to nothing of those two places.

The shorter a woman is, the more sexy I find her. Is this normal?

"Morboso voyeurismo". Morbid voyeurism. Another one for my little Italian phrasebook. That is the only reason I go drinking. To ogle the barmaids and other customers or just the girls passing the window. It is not alcoholism. It is voyeurism. My addiction is GIRLS.

“Bean bags are great; but how on earth are you supposed to get out of them? I almost tear the muscles in my knees and elbows and groin every time I try to lever myself up out of it.”

Well, the figures are in and have been confirmed by independent auditors. Alcohol expenditure:

February	£361
March	£355
April	£98
May	£91
June	£129
July	£443

NEXT WEEK: GREEN SHOOTS

ENDNOTES

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

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

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

Marquess de Rouge—Passionate about life, general rogue and shenanigans. Marquess Du Rouge (@du_rouge32100) / Twitter *Tales of Marquess du Rouge on Amazon*

Mark Matcho—Illustrator and image-maker; image-maker and illustrator Mark Matcho (@markmatcho) / Twitter

Infernal Madonna–Lillith Crucix Lillith Crucix

Nick August– Nick August (@thenickaugust) / Twitter

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) / Twitter and The Winkle Hour

Froutib 🇫🇷Man, 49, erotic art lover. Art is sublimation of life. Life is Art. I ❤️ the beauty of curves & sensuality of forms, without perversity 🇪🇺🇺🇳 Froutib

Jon Hall—Jon Hall is a reformed politics writer, whose mission is to now expose and shed light on the truths being hidden in plain sight. Follow him on Twitter at Jon Hall (@WriterJonHall) / X

Uberbobby—I make drawings. uberbobby (@uberbobby_draws) / Twitter Commissions open http://PayPal.me/uberbobby

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COVER ART: Uberbobby

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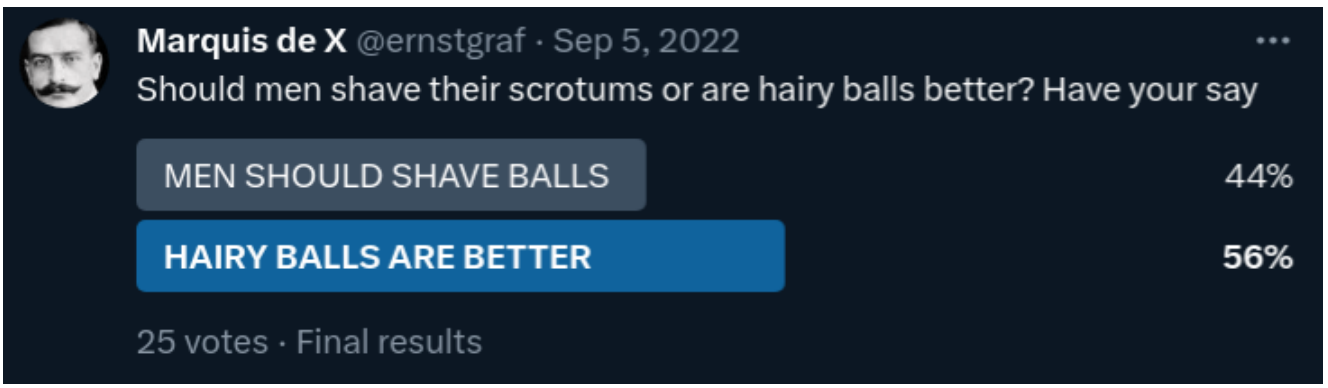



Oh Who is Sheeeee Immortal She Infernal Madonna