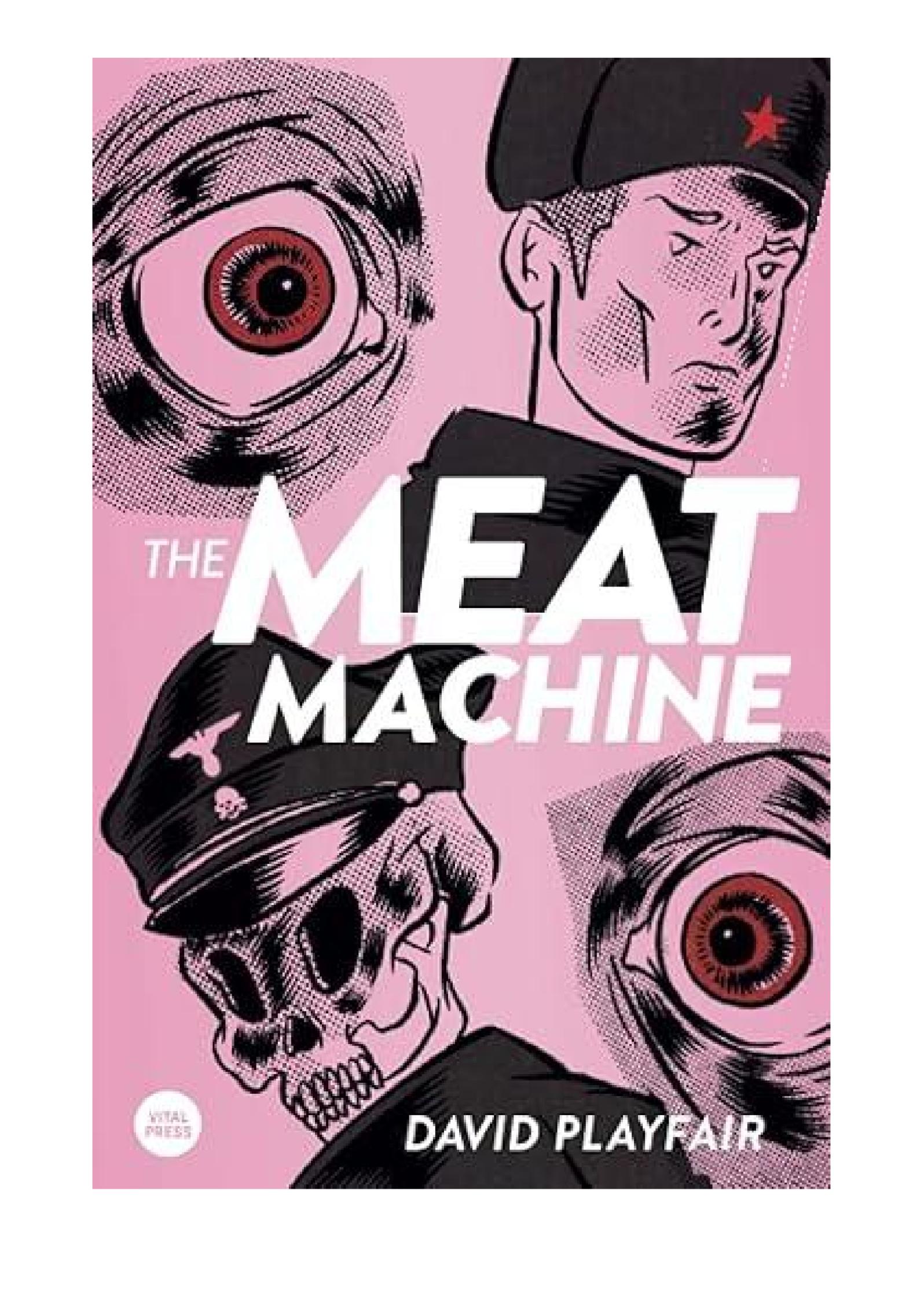




# PENIC ILLIN

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THE **MEAT**  
**MACHINE**

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DAVID PLAYFAIR

# THE MEAT MACHINE

By David Playfair

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## **Chapter Twenty-Six—Baptism**

Klemperer showed up early next morning with a small pick-up truck, what the army called a *Kubelwagen* — or ‘bucket wagon’. As soon as I got behind the wheel, I recognized an old friend — under the square military bodywork was the skeleton of a Volkswagen. We drove to the quarry, a squad of soldiers following in an armored personnel carrier.

The train arrived and the prisoners spilled out. They seemed relieved to have somewhere to march to, if only a gravel pit. Some of them had brought picks and shovels. Klemperer, ever thorough, had put these tools on the train to deceive the prisoners into thinking they were on a work detail. I saw them stretch their arms and look around them. Klemperer ranged his men in a semicircle on the lip of the quarry. As further precaution he mounted an

MG-34 machine gun to cover the prisoners, and set another soldier behind that.

‘I’ll do the talking if you wish, Untersturmführer,’ he said.

‘Do you speak Russian?’

‘No, but in Danzig we all know Polish.’

‘Close enough. Go ahead.’

Klemperer took a cardboard megaphone from the truck. Using short, simple words he ordered the prisoners to line up in rows, then began what must have been his set speech

‘You have fought bravely. You have no more bullets. There is no shame to surrender. Your masters have forgotten you. We will give you honest work to do. But first we must clean your ranks.’

He walked closer to the prisoners.

‘Communists, Commissars, Officers and Jews — take one step forward.’

To my astonishment a dozen men actually moved. Could they not realize that Klemperer intended evil for them? Or were they too proud to care?

‘It’s a start,’ conceded Klemperer. ‘But not enough!’ He ranged back and forth along the rows.

‘You! That seam on your shirt — you pulled off your epaulettes, but you’re still an officer. Join the others.’

He pointed, with the muzzle of his Shpagin, to a couple of other prisoners. ‘These guys have hooked noses, must be Yids.’

‘I’m Armenian!’ said one of them indignantly.

‘Whatever,’ said Klemperer. ‘Put them both in front with the others.’

He walked on.

‘This fellow, too,’ he said, pointing to the dumbest-looking straightest-nosed soldier in the bunch.

‘You can’t pick me!’ the man shouted. ‘I’m no Yid. Why don’t you pick on Lieutenant Aarons there?’

And he pointed.

‘All right,’ answered Klemperer, ‘I will.’

He directed Aarons to join the other KKOJs.

‘Never fails,’ he said, turning to me. ‘Can I pick them, or what?’

He spoke to the informer.

‘You seem an intelligent sort, who sees the way things must go. I’m sure you can show me some more Jews and Communists, maybe some more smart men like yourself too.’

Klemperer's sorting out continued apace. Soon he had a sizeable collection of Jews, Communists and hooked noses.

He also picked out the Mongolian-looking soldiers, those with golden skin and slant eyes. Four of his men marched these off to the smaller gravel pit.

'Time for speech number two,' Klemperer explained to me.

'Comrades...' he began. 'I hope I may call you comrades? The men who misled you have been removed. You are now free to speak out and stand up for yourselves. I ask you to join us in the fight against Jewish Communism. You will become soldiers again, but on the right side. We will arm and clothe you. You will return home as liberators. All you need to do is walk over to this side of the quarry.'

One of the prisoners shouted 'Don't listen to him, comrades! He'll turn you into traitors. Be sure any traitors will be punished. The Red Army will be victorious next year!'

Klemperer gestured one of his soldiers to bring the shouting man before him.

'I may not know what will happen next year,' said Klemperer, 'but I do know what will happen right now to anyone who gives me trouble.' He swung his gun around and put a bullet into the man's heart. 'It's a simple choice. Don't take all day about it.'

How many of us, faced with death, would still have the decency to behave properly? Having watched Klemperer's controlled experiment in psychology, I'm in a position to tell you the answer. It's quite encouraging. Only one third of the prisoners walked over to join the gang of turncoats. It appears that we humans, for all our other faults, have a two-to-one chance in favour of doing the right thing.

'These new recruits must now be taken for baptism. I'll need a bunch of the hold-outs too, for sacrifices and for hostile witnesses,' said Klemperer. 'As for the rest, they're useless. May I leave their disposal to you Untersturmführer? Spare a few blood donors — our medic is ready with the equipment.'

'You may leave them to me, Scharführer,' I said. 'I'll supervise that chore. Take your recruits.'

He marched off with his group of traitors, leaving me with six soldiers and three hundred stubborn prisoners.

'I'll take the machine-gun,' I said. The soldier behind it picked up his MP-40 and joined the others on the pit rim. I turned to

Harry. 'Brother,' I said, 'the next few minutes will be difficult. Just stick close behind me.'

I lay down comfortably behind the machine-gun, put the rubber-padded butt snugly to my shoulder, and pointed the beautifully designed killing machine at the prisoners below.

It took the SS soldiers quite by surprise when I elevated the MG-34's barrel to traverse the rim of the gravel pit. By the time they had registered where I was aiming it was too late for them to fire back. A belt-fed 1934 Maschinen-Gewehr shoots eight hundred 7.92 millimeter bullets per minute. I swung the gun round in a wide arc, giving each soldier a quick lethal burst. They were dirt, and I was hosing them back into the gutter. That's the kind of gunfight I like, with me firing and no one firing back.

Did I say each soldier? I had overlooked the machine-gunner whom I'd relieved. He reminded me of his presence by firing alongside of my head.

'Just take your hands off that machine-gun, Untersturmführer,' he commanded in a quiet voice. 'You're under arrest.'

He could have killed me easily enough, but since I was an officer I suppose he thought it more prudent to bring me before Klemperer. I doubt he could guess the reason for my action — perhaps he thought I'd had a brainstorm, or even that I was criminally incompetent in weapons handling.

Anyhow, he didn't want to be responsible for shooting an officer, even a crazy one. Maybe he counted on Harry to bear witness. If so, it was an error.

As I stood with my hands up, I watched a change come over my captor. He gasped, dropped his machine-pistol and clutched his chest. Sticking out from between his finger was a blood-smeared arrow-tip of green glass. He slumped forward unconscious. I saw an ash wood shaft — white goose feathers glued to its end — sunk deep into his back.

'Why, thank you, Harry.'

I picked up the fallen machine-pistol and looked around for more challenges. But the other guards round the quarry edge, my one-time comrades, were all dead.

The medic, who had been waiting like a vulture-vampire to drain prisoners' blood, still lived. He kneeled in surrender. I put a revolver bullet in his head.

All happened so fast that the Soviet prisoners could not understand the events. I shouted to them — what a pleasure to use Russian again — to hold still. But my SS uniform confused them. Identification of friend from foe had got far too difficult. I cast off the enemy cap and jacket, death's head, runic flashes and all.

Have you ever taken a backpack off your shoulders after a long route march? Remember how light you felt, as if you were dancing on air?

That's what it was like for me to drop the Decker-identity. How good it felt to be Ivan Kublev in the open again!

'I'm a citizen of the USSR!' I shouted.

That was a line of Mayakovsky's poem, wasn't it? Why not give them the rest of it?

'We're a new breed of the species man!'

A young Soviet soldier ran forward. He recognized the poem — I was home among my own — and we chanted the rest of the verse together.

'Capitalist lackeys run and cower!

We'll bury you with our five-year plan!'

'I'm an NKVD officer,' I explained to the men who had gathered around. 'I was working undercover, but there's only so much a man can bear.'

I put my arm round Harry's shoulder. 'This man is my comrade and my brother!' In a quieter voice, I added 'Take off that SS jacket, Harry, so they'll understand.'

Harry stripped off the black-trimmed field-gray jacket, cast it to the ground and trampled it. Muscles rippled under his white shirt. That roused a faint cheer, which I hastily silenced. 'We still have comrades to rescue,' I said.

'And traitors to kill,' said the young soldier, more energetic than the rest. He had already taken the initiative of arming himself with one of the fallen soldiers' guns. He came forward and saluted me.

'Corporal Maslov, Fyodor, reporting for orders, Sir!'

'Corporal, we must take these Nazis by surprise. They're in the next gravel pit by now. They'll be expecting me, Harry here, and the six soldiers.'

'Nobody else?'

'Nobody else. You were all to die.'

Maslov grasped the point at once. 'If they're expecting eight men in German uniform to rejoin them, then we won't disappoint them, will we, General?'

'You know,' I said quietly, 'I'm only a Major.'

'Oh, no, you're not,' he said. 'These men need a general to raise their morale. So I, Corporal Maslov, make it my proletarian revolutionary duty to promote you to General, here and now.'

'Then I'll promote you to Sergeant. Now let's get on with it. Get those German uniform jackets. Tell the pick and shovel guys that they're officially dead, and to hold back till they hear automatic fire from the next pit.'

So off we marched, a little eight-man army in dirty bullet-torn SS uniform, with the general hobbling along with his leg in a cast. Strongman Harry carried the machine gun, as lightly as if it were a carbine. My soldiers weren't familiar with the German guns, so I instructed as we walked. 'These are MP-40s,' I explained. 'The magazines are single-column, not round like you're used to. The bullets are 9 millimeter, so expect more recoil.'

As we approached the other pit, we heard single rifle shots at intervals of two or three minutes. I held up my hand to halt the men as Klemperer and his squad came in sight. I didn't want to get close till I knew what he was up to. I took out my little telescope.

Though too distant to hear any words, I had no trouble in understanding what was going on. The baptism ceremony had begun. Klemperer was standing on the road outside the pit. I saw him take one cartridge from an ammunition pouch and load it into the breech of a KAR-98K rifle. He put the rifle into the hand of a Russian soldier — I think the one who had fingered his lieutenant. Then a German soldier brought forward one of the KKOJs — he looked like the man who had removed his officers' epaulettes. Klemperer spoke for a moment, the man with the rifle nodded, raised the weapon and fired. The officer dropped. The traitor was now committed. Any hopes he might have entertained for conveniently turning coat back again were gone. Witnesses would be kept alive to tell the story.

Klemperer gestured to two other prisoners to drag off the corpse. Then the ceremony began again. The soldiers led forward another KKOJ — Aarons this time — plus another traitor to be baptized in his blood. I collapsed my telescope. If we'd didn't hurry none of those comrades would be left alive.

‘Weapons ready!’ I ordered. My men ported their new guns. To my astonishment, Harry did the same with the heavy machine-gun. He was going to fire it from the hip. His bow was back in its scabbard — I guess its rate of fire wasn’t quite fast enough for the task in hand.

‘Quick march!’ I ordered. ‘Fan out when I give the signal. Hold your fire till I open up. Kill the soldiers first, the traitors later.’

Klemperer would know something was wrong as soon as we got close enough to see faces. I planned to get within at least twenty meters, but he was too good a soldier to allow that. Something — perhaps a wrong rhythm of machine-gun fire — had aroused his vigilance. We were still fifty meters away when he paused in his baptism ceremonials and lifted binoculars to his eyes. I wasn’t the only one with long distance vision. As soon as he looked past me and Harry he would spot unfamiliar faces and bloodstained uniforms. And a soldier as experienced as he would shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

‘Fan out now!’ I shouted. ‘Fire at will!’

Harry ran straight forward, the machine-gun stuttering in his arms. I saw Klemperer go down. I ran to the right. I wanted to reach the edge of the pit, but had to shoot it out with a guard who was already there. Once again, comrades saved my life. Before the guard could get my range he was dragged back into the pit by a wave of unarmed men, Mongolians in the lead and Jews close behind. The KKOJs might have been slow at first to realize their fate, but now they were moving. Harry stopped firing — he could no longer distinguish friend from foe in the melee. Every SS man died.

The traitors, unarmed except for one man with a rifle loaded with one bullet, ran back down the road between the two pits. A mistake — they ran straight into the other prisoners who were running to join the battle. I heard the crack of a single rifle shot, a cry of pain as the bullet found a mark, then a series of heavy thuds and smacks. The loyal prisoners had surrounded the turncoats. They beat them to death with shovels, pick-handles and rocks.

NEXT WEEK—Chapter Twenty-Seven—Partisans

# THE WITCH OF THE LOW-TIDE

(1961)

**By John Dickson Carr**  
**Reviewed by D4Doom**

In addition to being the acknowledged master of the “locked-room” mystery story, John Dickson Carr also wrote a number of historical detective novels. The most interesting is *The Devil in Velvet*, a wonderfully entertaining concoction that combines crime fiction, horror and science fiction. He also wrote three more conventional detective novels with period settings, as a kind of tribute to the evolution of the Metropolitan Police. *Fire, Burn!* was set in 1829 and *The Scandal at High Chimneys* takes place in 1865. It’s the third and last of these books, set in 1907, with which we are concerned however - *The Witch of the Low-Tide*.

Dr David Garth is a prominent London doctor, a pioneer in the fields of neurosurgery and psychiatry. He’s also a man with a secret. He is in love with a young widow, Betty, and she’s a woman with a secret. In fact everybody in this novel has something they’re trying to hide. Garth’s friends Marion and Vince and Marion’s former guardian Colonel Selby are no exception.

These interlocking webs of deception lead to murder, and to a battle of wits that pits amateur sleuth against professional police detective (in this case the hard-bitten Scotland Yard man Inspector Twigg). Carr manages to insert two locked-room puzzles into the novel, as well as plenty of satisfyingly obscure plot twists.

Not everybody enjoys John Dickson Carr’s style, but I find him to be consistently entertaining and I particularly like his historical mysteries, although I’ve yet to track down a copy of *Fire, Burn!* despite my best efforts. Carr wrote *The Witch of the Low-Tide* in 1961, and it’s a nice combination of Edwardian period detail with juicy sex scandals, which makes it even more fun. I liked this one quite a bit.

 A PENGUIN BOOK

JOHN DICKSON CARR

# The witch of the low-tide





# LADY OF THE NIGHT (1925)

**Reviewed by D4Doom**

*Lady of the Night* is a 1925 silent melodrama starring Norma Shearer, at that time a rising star. Within a few years she would become a very big star indeed.

It's the story of two young women of the same age but from very different backgrounds. Both women are played by Norma Shearer.



Florence Banning is the daughter of a wealthy judge and banker. She has just graduated from the most exclusive girls' school in the city.

Molly Helmer is an orphan, the daughter of a convict, and she has just left reform school. Now she will find work. It's never actually explicitly stated but we assume she finds work as a prostitute (the title certainly implies that). In any case she is definitely not a respectable woman.

Molly is the girlfriend of 'Chunky' Dunn (George K. Arthur). His profession is never stated but we're left to assume that he's involved in petty crime, or he may be Molly's pimp. He's a nice guy, but rather awkward and a bit nerdy and he's hopelessly in love with Molly.

The unlikely link between the two women is Chunky's pal David Page (Malcolm McGregor). Molly has fallen for David in a big way.



David has come up with an invention which will make safe-cracking much easier. He's hoping to sell it to a gang of crooks. Molly persuades him to sell it to bankers instead, as an anti-safecracking device. The bankers buy it with Judge Banning being particularly enthusiastic and as a result David gets to meet the judge's daughter Florence. David and Florence fall instantly in love. David and Florence want to get married but in the meantime Florence has met Molly and has realised that Molly is in love with David. She doesn't want to steal David away from Molly. The romantic entanglements have become very messy.

That's about it for the plot and it could be argued that there's not quite enough plot even to fill the movie's very short 70-minute running time. At the end you find yourself waiting for a third act that doesn't materialise.

Surprisingly the very simplicity of the story becomes its strength. The focus is not on the working out of the romantic

entanglements themselves but rather on the people involved. In particular the movie focuses on the two women. Despite being romantic rivals they have a certain mutual respect. Perhaps they see themselves as mirror images of each other, which then explains why it was decided to have both roles played by the same actress.

The acting is much more naturalistic than you might expect in a silent romantic melodrama. Norma Shearer's performances are quite nuanced, and extremely effective. George K. Arthur is also very good as Chunky. He's a character who could have been ridiculous and played strictly for laughs but he's given a certain dignity, and his feelings are taken seriously.

All of the characters are in fact sympathetic. They're all trying to behave honourably. They don't really want to hurt anybody. We'd like to see them all end up happy although we wonder how that is going to be possible.

*Lady of the Night* is a low-key subtle romantic drama. Real people don't necessarily respond to romantic disappointment by becoming histrionic and there are no histrionics at all in this movie.

Technically it's quite impressive, especially when both characters played by Norma Shearer are onscreen at the same time. Which was quite tricky in 1925. In some scenes a double is used for Norma Shearer - an unknown young actress by the name of Joan Crawford.

The ending is not what I expected but it works. Highly recommended, especially if you've always wondered why Norma Shearer was such a big deal.

The Warner Archive DVD release offers a good transfer and (pleasingly) it uses a proper tinted print. Not everybody likes the way tinting was used in silent movies but I do like it.





“A gentleman never masturbates with his socks on.”  
Marquis de X, 1924

# SEEING



**By Nick August**

sometimes we go days without it

the drudgery of work and traffic and cookie cutter lust, flipping the lizard brain on its back and stroking its belly—feature, not bug—nice knowing the odds of making it another day, another night, are warranted

still, there are seasons  
wild mint in the death sludge of swamps;  
the rotting fruit nose of cottonmouth nests;  
the friction of honeysuckle and smokestacks;  
there is all-out running;  
there is unseemly fucking;  
there is harshness, audacity, verve

the trip to the mailbox, the salamander that got stuck inside on the hottest day of the year, the peeling it off hot metal, mummified and twisted, tossing it, jerky for birds

there is no  
for the sake of no;  
there is joy;  
there is wildness;  
there is seeing

# BWC GOES TO HBCU



**By Bruce Chardon**

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"Excuse me," said a firm voice behind him. "You're Professor Chardon, correct?"

Bruce turned to see an elegantly dressed Black woman in her mid twenties, holding a folder against her chest. Her hair was styled in neat twists, and her eyes held an intensity that momentarily distracted him from his bathroom predicament.

"Yes, that's me," Bruce said, trying to regain his composure. "And you are?"

"Emma. I'm the graduate assistant assigned to help with your lecture today." Her eyes flicked down to his soiled loafers. "Is everything alright?"

Bruce gestured wildly toward the bathroom. "There's a catastrophic plumbing situation in there. The men's room is actively flooding."

Emma raised an eyebrow. "I'll inform maintenance. But right now, you're scheduled to begin your lecture in twelve minutes, and Professor Leticia is waiting to introduce you."

Bruce glanced down at his shoes again and sighed. The reality of his situation was sinking in—he was about to deliver a controversial lecture on racial violence statistics with green toilet water splashed across his brown loafers.

"Lead the way," he said resignedly. "I don't suppose there's another bathroom between here and the lecture hall?"

"There is," Emma replied, her professional demeanor unwavering. "Follow me."

As they walked, Bruce noticed a slight accent in her speech—something he couldn't quite place. Her posture was perfect, almost regal, and despite his discomfort, he found himself aroused by the jiggle of her fat butt cheeks as she walked. She reminded him of his ex, Imani, who had the same sexy stride, though Emma seemed more reserved, controlled.

The memory of Imani made his heart tighten momentarily. A few good years together, ended over increasingly bitter political arguments. He'd imagined marriage, children—all of it gone because they couldn't find common ground. His mother's voice echoed in his head: "I just want white grandchildren before I die, Bruce." He pushed the thought away.

Outside another bathroom, Emma paused. "I'll wait here. Please hurry, Professor Chardon."

Bruce nodded gratefully and ducked into the bathroom. Thank goodness—this one was clean and functioning. He moved to the furthest stall, dropped his pants, and barely made it to the seat before unleashing a catastrophic mudslide. The relief was immediate and profound.

"Sweet cream," he muttered, as the bowl filled alarmingly fast with his strangely textured excrement. It looked disturbingly like an overstuffed bucket of fried chicken—chunks of brown matter piled high, almost reaching the seat.

Bruce wiped, flushed, and watched in horror as the water rose rather than fell. He quickly exited the stall before witnessing the inevitable overflow.

At the sink, he turned his attention to his soiled Christian Louboutin Brown Dandelion Loafers. These weren't just shoes; they were a \$1,200 statement. He dampened paper towels and scrubbed frantically at the greenish residue, managing to improve their appearance somewhat, though a faint stain remained along the seams.

When Bruce emerged from the bathroom, Emma's eyes traveled down his form, pausing momentarily at his midsection. The tan slacks he wore did little to conceal his mushroom print - what his ex, Imani, had affectionately called his "BWC."

Emma's cheeks darkened slightly as her mind involuntarily conjured an image of what lay beneath the fabric. The outline was impressive enough to make her breath catch. She forced her gaze upward to his face, disturbed by her body's unbidden response to a man whose views challenged everything she believed in. "Were you able to clean your shoes?" she asked, her professional tone slightly strained.

Bruce grinned wryly. "You know I keep some shit on my feet."

The moment the words left his mouth, he regretted them. It was a crude allusion to Future's "Blood on the Money," and entirely inappropriate for the setting.

Emma's eyes widened briefly before she composed herself. To his surprise, the corner of her mouth twitched upward.

"I see you're familiar with contemporary music as well as controversy, Professor Chardon," she said coolly. "The lecture hall is this way."

Bruce followed, torn between embarrassment and intrigue. She'd recognized the reference—and hadn't seemed entirely put off by it. As they walked, he wondered what other layers might exist beneath her professional exterior.

They paused just outside the lecture hall. Bruce could hear the murmur of voices inside. Through the small window in the door, he could see rows of predominantly Black students and faculty, many with expressions ranging from curious to openly skeptical.

Emma turned to him. "Are you ready for the big show?"

"One second," Bruce said, reaching into his bag.

He pulled out a small JBL bluetooth speaker and began fumbling with his phone.

"You ever seen that meme about Christopher Columbus approaching the shores of America at the end of *Apocalypto* by Mel Gibson where he's blasting Fetty Wap on the JBL speaker?" Bruce asked, still tapping at his screen. "Well, call me a colonizer if you want, but same energy here."

Emma's expression shifted from professional to alarmed.

Bruce hit play, slid his phone into his tweed inside pocket, making sure to flash the designer label. "Yves Saint Laurent," he

said with exaggerated pride. He hoisted the JBL speaker onto his shoulder. "Now watch how I walk."

"Professor Chardon, I don't think—" Emma began, but Bruce was already pushing the door open.

"Astronaut!" he announced as "Ain't No Time" by Future started playing, the bass thumping through the small speaker.

Bruce strode into the lecture hall like a conquistador, the lyrics "Kickin' flavor Saint Laurent watch how I walk" providing his soundtrack.

Emma followed behind him, her face a mask of professional composure betrayed only by the widening of her eyes in what could only be described as profound second-hand embarrassment.

The reaction from the students was immediate and chaotic. Several jumped to their feet, phones raised to capture the moment. Others doubled over with screaming laughter. A few began doing little impromptu dances in the aisles, mimicking Bruce's strut.

"Is this man for real?" someone shouted.

"White boy wildin'!" called another.

Professor Leticia stood from her seat at the front, her expression hovering between shock and something approaching reluctant amusement.

Bruce continued his march to the podium, the speaker still perched on his shoulder, nodding to the beat. As he moved down the center aisle, students reached out from their seats.

"My man!" called out a student with locs, offering a complex handshake involving finger snaps and elbow bumps.

Bruce responded with a firm, standard business handshake. "Good afternoon."

Another student slid into the aisle, hand extended for an elaborate dap sequence. "Yo, this professor got vibes!"

Bruce nodded rhythmically to the music while delivering another conventional handshake. "Thank you for coming."

A young woman in the front row held her fist out for a bump with a follow-up explosion gesture. Bruce took her fist in his hand and gave it a polite shake instead.

"Nah, like this," she said, demonstrating again.

"Like this," Bruce replied, stepping to the beat and delivering yet another textbook business handshake.

The crowd erupted in laughter.

"This man really said 'corporate America'!" someone shouted from the back.

With each failed attempt at cultural connection, the room grew more raucous, phones recording every awkward interaction. Bruce continued bobbing his head to Future's beat, seemingly oblivious to the cultural disconnect he was creating—or perhaps entirely aware of it as performance art.

As Future's voice blasted "Step in them Christians, I came out the mud," Bruce nodded rhythmically to the music while delivering another conventional handshake. "Nice to meet you."

Suddenly, a student pointed down at Bruce's shoes. "Yo! His loafers actually muddy though!"

The room erupted as students noticed the green brown stains still visible on Bruce's expensive footwear.

"He literally came out the mud!" someone shouted, doubling over with laughter.

Phones dropped from face level to foot level as students rushed to capture the perfect synchronicity between Future's lyrics and Bruce's muddied Christian Louboutin loafers.

"This can't be real!" A young woman in braids was nearly in tears from laughing. "Professor really timed his entrance with the lyrics!"

Even some of the more serious-faced students in the back were fighting smiles now, impressed despite themselves by what appeared to be either incredible coincidence or elaborate performance art.

"White boy stepped in something for real!" called out another student, triggering a fresh wave of hilarity.

Bruce, maintaining his rhythm to the beat, simply smiled and continued his procession to the front, seemingly pleased with the reaction. Whether he had planned this perfect coincidence or was simply riding the unexpected wave of audience engagement, it was impossible to tell.

At the front of the lecture hall, Professor Leticia stood waiting. She was a stern-looking Black woman with silver-streaked hair pulled into a tight bun, adjusting her glasses as Bruce approached the podium with Emma following reluctantly behind.

As the music began to fade, Bruce set his JBL speaker down on the corner of the podium. The students were still buzzing with energy, many filming on their phones, some imitating his awkward handshakes.

Professor Leticia cleared her throat. "Ladies and gentlemen," she announced, "please welcome our guest lecturer, Professor Bruce Chardon, author of the bestseller 'The Mudletting of Bruce Chardon.' While his book has received considerable attention,

Professor Chardon is here today to discuss some of his more recent work that has gained traction on social media."

Bruce nodded in appreciation, but before Professor Leticia could step aside, he turned to his black leather bag which he'd placed beside the podium.

"Allow me to wet my whistle before we begin," Bruce said, reaching into the bag. He pulled out a clear plastic bottle of Sprite that he had prepared earlier that morning by adding several drops of purple food coloring. The liquid inside glowed with an unmistakable purple-violet hue, a perfect visual replica of the codeine-laced drink popular in hip-hop culture. He took a long sip and their reaction was immediate.

"OH MY GOODNESS!" a student shouted, nearly falling out of his seat laughing.

"This man did NOT just pull out purple drank in a lecture!"

"He sipping on that lean!"

"Professor got that drank!"

The lecture hall erupted into hysterical laughter, with students pointing, filming, and slapping each other on the shoulders in disbelief.

Bruce calmly wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and set the bottle down prominently on the podium.

"Just a little something to help me through the presentation," he said dryly.

Even Professor Leticia couldn't maintain her stern expression, a reluctant smile breaking through as she shook her head in disbelief before stepping aside to let Bruce take over.

## TO BE CONTINUED

# AN IOWA INFERNO

## **The Scream of the Cicadas An Erotic Story of Forbidden Lust by Lucille Simmons**

### **Chapter 14**

The tiny storefront church hummed with the last notes of a hymn. Miss Melody, in her plain brown dress and long skirt, stood at the door, bidding farewell to the faithful. To a weathered tramp clutching a paper bag, she offered, "Try to stay off the bottle, Amos. The Lord's strength is yours." He's struggling, but Jesus sees him, she thought, her braces glinting as she smiled. As he shuffled away, a figure approached—McCourtney, shockingly dressed in a conservative blouse and ankle-length skirt, her usual sluttiness buried under a demure facade, her hair pinned modestly. What's she playing at? Melody thought, her heart skipping, turning her back to him "Amazing Grace," Lord, guide me. Melody's mind raced, How'd she know about this place? Thad must've told her. Swallowing her unease, she faced McCourtney, forcing a smile. "I think we got off to a bad start, McCourtney. I'm delighted you're here. Does your presence mean you've come to accept Gentle Jesus into your life?" Please, Lord, let this be true, she thought.

McCourtney's eyes glistened with false humility, Fucking easy to fool, she thought, clutching the jar of Cthulhu's purple slime in her pocket. "I want to be good, Miss Melody, but my sins... they're too heavy for forgiveness," she said, her voice soft, Play the part, reel her in.

Melody's heart softened, She's broken, but not lost, she thought. "McCourtney. In you, I see a fallen angel. Let me pull you back into the light." The Lord's calling me to save her, she thought, stepping closer. "Help me, sister," McCourtney whispered, opening her arms, Got you, she thought, as they hugged, Melody's warmth a stark

contrast to her cold intent. Melody pulled back, beaming, “We should drink to your salvation.” She poured two glasses of milk from a pitcher, A pure toast, she thought, handing one to McCourtney.

The phone rang, shattering the moment. Melody answered, “Salvation House,” and Thad’s voice crackled through. They spoke briefly, Melody’s voice bright, “Thad, McCourtney’s here, ready to accept Jesus!” Thad’s tone darkened, She’s lying, he thought, urging caution, “Don’t trust her, Melody. She’s dangerous.”

Melody frowned, He’s lost faith in redemption, she thought, rebuking him. “True Christians offer a helping hand, Thad. It’s our calling to lead lost lambs to the promised land.” She’s sincere, I feel it, she thought, turning back to McCourtney, missing the moment McCourtney slipped a dollop of Cthulhu’s purple slime into her milk, the liquid shimmering faintly, Drink up, bitch, McCourtney thought, smirking.

They raised their glasses, toasting, “To McCourtney’s awakening,” Melody said, Praise Jesus. They drank, but as the milk hit Melody’s throat, a strange heat bloomed, What’s happening? she thought, her body tingling. “My... my most intimate parts feel like they’re on fire,” she gasped, her pussy throbbing, her clit pulsing with unnatural need, Lord, save me.

In a frenzy, Melody tore at her dress, buttons popping, exposing her plain bra and panties, her skin flushed. “Turn away, McCourtney, don’t look at my nakedness!” she pleaded, This is sin, her hands trembling, trying to cover herself. McCourtney laughed, cruel and triumphant, “You drank Cthulhu’s sperm, Melody. You can’t fight his will.” She’s mine now, she thought, her own arousal spiking.

Melody shouted, “No!” and lunged, tackling McCourtney to the floor, Resist this evil, she thought, tearing at McCourtney’s blouse, ripping it open, her skirt shredding, revealing McCourtney’s bare body. Melody froze, staring at McCourtney’s nakedness, her pussy glistening, a sudden, shameful desire surging, Oh, God, I’m looking at her like a woman shouldn’t, she thought, her breath ragged.

McCourtney smirked, “You want me, not Thad. Cthulhu wants you to explore every sensation, every temptation. You can’t fight it, Cthulhu’s sperm runs through you now.” Fucking surrender, she thought, pulling Melody close. Melody, overwhelmed, kissed her passionately,

their tongues tangling, Forgive me, Lord, she thought, her body betraying her faith. Her hands squeezed McCourtney's breasts, fingers pinching her hard nipples, licking them, sucking greedily, So soft, so wrong, she thought, moaning.

McCourtney guided Melody's head to her crotch, Eat me, you prude, she thought, spreading her thighs, her pussy dripping. "I don't know what to do," Melody whispered, This is sin, but I need it, her lips hovering over McCourtney's folds. "Just use me, savor me," McCourtney purred, Fucking do it. Melody's tongue flicked out, tasting McCourtney's clit, lapping at her juices, She's sweet, God help me, she thought, sucking eagerly, McCourtney's moans loud, Fucking yes, you're mine.

They shifted into a 69, Melody on top, her pussy over McCourtney's face, Take her virginity, McCourtney thought, licking Melody's untouched folds, her tongue swirling, then rimming her tight ass, I got here first, Thad, she thought, I got your virgin bride before your tired cock, and she's loving me. I won. Melody's tongue worked McCourtney's clit, her moans muffled, I'm damned, but it's divine, she thought, her pussy clenching.

Their orgasms hit simultaneously, screams echoing in the church, Melody's juices flooding McCourtney's mouth, McCourtney's pussy spasming against Melody's lips, Fucking triumph, McCourtney thought, as they collapsed, naked and sweating, exhausted but restless on the floor. Melody panted, "Oh, my joy trail, it longs for more, it needs to be filled," What have I become? she thought, her body craving more sin. The roar of motorcycles approached. "That's the sound of your salvation, Melody," McCourtney said "They'll fuck you raw" her voice dripping with malice. Melody, still dazed, looked toward the door, her body trembling with Cthulhu's lingering influence, as the bikers' boots thudded closer, the cicadas' scream a hymn to McCourtney's victory.

## **Chapter 15**

The stars were obscured by a haze of dust as Thad sped towards Salvation House, his beat-up Chevy rattling with urgency. His heart pounded with dread for Melody, She's in danger, I know it, he thought, McCourtney's venomous influence a gnawing certainty. I told her not to trust that snake. The storefront church loomed ahead, its doors sealed with a padlock glinting in the moonlight. Closed? No,

she's gotta be here, he thought, panic rising. In a rage, he kicked the door, the wood splintering under his boots, Melody, where are you?

The commotion drew Amos, the tramp from Melody's flock, his tattered coat flapping as he shuffled over, clutching a paper bag. "Hey, kid, don't wreck the church!" he yelled, Damn fool, he thought, eyeing Thad's wild expression. Thad froze, panting, "Sorry, Amos. Have you seen Melody? I'm worried sick."

Amos scratched his stubble, Kid's desperate, and held out a grimy hand. "Gimme some cash for a beer, and I'll spill what I know." Ain't nuthin' in this life free, boy, he thought. Thad, frantic, shoved a crumpled five into his palm, Talk, old man.

Amos pocketed the bill and leaned in, his breath sour. "Saw Melody and another girl take off with that biker gang. Riding on the backs of their bikes, heading out fast, like they off to meet the devil." Thad's face paled, McCourtney, it's gotta be her, his stomach twisting. "Heard the bikers are holed up at Freshman's Farm," Amos added, "sheriff's after 'em for killin' Lovebones, god rest his soul. You better go, kid. Miss Melody's a good girl, who only wants to save souls, but those bikers are dirty bastards who only wanna fill holes, pardon my language." Poor girl's in deep, probably balls deep by now, he thought, shuffling off. Thad's blood boiled, McCourtney's corrupted her, he thought, tearing back to his car, the engine roaring as he sped toward Freshman's Farm, a deserted sprawl on the town's edge. The night air carried the thud of rock music—Led Zeppelin's wail—and the glint of parked motorcycles confirmed Amos' tale. They're here, Thad thought, parking and creeping toward the farmhouse, his heart hammering. The scene hit him like a fist: a full-on biker orgy, sprawled across the overgrown yard. Bikers fucked women in the open air—on blankets, against trees, moans and grunts mingling with the music. Melody, are you one of them? Thad thought, tormenting himself, McCourtney dragged her into this, I know it.

He scanned the chaos, his eyes catching a biker pounding a woman, her legs spread, Is that her? he thought, rushing over, rage blinding him. He yanked the biker off, shouting, "Get off her!" only to see it wasn't Melody—just a stranger, her makeup smeared, pussy glistening with cum. The biker, the burly brute named Robin, snarled, "Hey, dude, what the hell? Wait your turn! Didn't your mama teach you manners?" Fucking kid, he thought, zipping up.

Thad stammered, "Sorry, thought she was someone else." Not her,

thank God, he thought, his face burning with embarrassment. Robin's woman, sprawled naked, laughed, "What, my pussy ain't good enough for you, huh?" Prick, she thought, lighting a cigarette.

"I'm looking for my girlfriend," Thad pleaded, "Please, help me", he described Melody—glasses, braces, conservative dress. The woman smirked, "Sounds like the fresh meat they got pullin' a train in the barn. Came with another chick, but she split already. If you want the fresh meat though, you'll have to wait at the back of a very long line." She's gettin' it good, she thought, as Robin roared with laughter, Poor bastard.

Thad's heart sank, A train? Melody? he thought, sprinting to the barn, the music pounding in his ears. Inside, the air was thick with sweat and sex, the dim light revealing a horrific sight: Melody, naked, sandwiched between two bikers—Harry in her pussy, Shades busy in her ass. Her moans were raw, her braces glinting as she writhed, She's loving it, Thad thought, horror crashing over him. "Melody, what the hell? Don't you realize what you're doing?" he shouted, "This isn't you!"

Melody's eyes, wild with lust, met his, Cthulhu's sperm still burning in her veins. "I'm being a whore, Thad, and loving every goddamn minute. McCourtney was right all along."

Thad's voice broke, She's gone, he thought, "No, you're a good girl! We're meant to be getting married, in God's eyes! Come back to me", he pleaded, tears stinging.

Melody laughed, harsh and cruel, "Nah, being a whore's better. I ain't never wearin' panties again, that's for sure." This is sexual freedom, she thought, her hips bucking. Thad, desperate, "McCourtney did this, turned you into a slut!" She's poison.

"She sure did," Melody purred. "Next time you fuck her, say hi from me. Now take your limp dick outta here—only real men get to fuck me now." Harry, grinning, added, "Scram, buddy. I'd kick your ass, but I'm busy ballin' your girlfriend." Fucking loser, he thought, thrusting deeper, Melody's moans louder.

Thad stumbled out, his faith shattered, the orgy's chaos swallowing him. The cicadas screamed, a dirge for Melody's fall, as McCourtney's dark triumph—fueled by Cthulhu's sperm—tightened its grip on the town.

TO BE CONTINUED

# PERFORMANCE



**By M.T. White**

**A major new series  
From the Substack 'Discussions'**

## **A poem of introduction**

Wanting  
To give voice  
To the range and  
Expanse of emotions  
That swirl  
Within but  
Finding the words  
Themselves  
Wanting.  
No, only the  
Performance.  
Only the performance  
Will suffice,  
The only cement  
To edges of the  
Storm in this soul  
And body,  
A life lived  
And felt  
Between  
The lines.

# EMERSONIAN VARIATIONS

## Expression is important in both art and life

In a letter to poet Kimball Flaccus, Robert Frost wrote: “You wish the world better than it is, more poetical. You are that kind of poet. I would rate as the other kind...I’m a mere selfish artist most of the time. I have no quarrel with the material. The grief will be simply if I can’t transmute it into poems. I don’t want the world made safer for poetry or easier. To hell with it. That is its own lookout. Let it stew in its own materialism. No, not to Hell with it. Let it hold its position while I do it in art. My whole anxiety is for myself as a performer. Am I any good? That’s what I’d like to know and all I need to know.”

I started reading a lot of Frost after completing *The Artists Fortitude*.

It’s been more than two years since completion and upon reflection, performance is one topic that did not receive consideration. Maybe because I was in the throes of writing, the middle of my own performance, caused it to be ignored? Or maybe I had just not thought of it as a subject? Probably the latter. And yet, even though I “completed” the essay, I never felt compelled to publish it in book form...hesitant to move forward. I mean, I allowed it to be serialized here, but still, I just did not feel it was the right time to finally release it as a book—for a variety of reasons. The performance had yet to end...

Between then and now, my views on certain things changed. I read new authors with differing viewpoints—who actually helped answer some of the questions which initially led me to start writing *The Artists Fortitude*. Does this mean I went back and did a

massive revision? No. Because the main purpose was not answering a question but rather exploration, and using all the knowledge and literary talent I possessed at that time to conduct said exploration. In short, I was performing. And *The Artists Fortitude* was a record of said performance.

Now, when a word like “performance” is used, the temptation to associate ideas of falsehood, manipulation and flaunting presents itself. We might think of glad-handing politicians, celebrities who lied about certain details in their biographies, sleazy salespeople, an ex-friend, boss or lover who exploited your good will, outright con-artists or a fractal combination of all-of-the-above. Or we might take a slightly less cynical but equally dismissive view of associating performance with overblown histrionics, mugging hysteria, and overacting—drama queens basically. These concerns seem especially important in our current time which stresses “authenticity”, and “living your truth”.

Performance may also suggest a sense of achievement and accomplishment—where someone’s performance is judged purely in the forms of results, like sports or financial investing, scenarios of win/lose or profit/loss. Of course, these values are important in a capitalist market-oriented culture where high performing individuals, whether in sports or business, are rewarded and celebrated.

Whether its politicians, business leaders, or celebrities (or some, like Donald Trump, who embody all three), the scrutinizing of their performance, their moves and behavior, seems to be a concern among many who haunt the internet and social media. Really, there appears to be quite a stress on scrutinizing all current events and media’s portrayal of same events—or just media in general—for how they tell their story, how they perform and if they are doing it “correctly” while also charting the progress of whatever respective story is being told, along with terms like “the hero’s journey”, “redemption arc”, “lore” and “world-building” as short-hand reference points. This can drift in to the realm of the paranoid and conspiratorial, where data and text replace God, where knowing the right information becomes an obsessive religious concern, where having the right knowledge—usually by

initiation (like taking a “red pill”)—puts one in touch with the true spirit and nature of society, in touch with God basically, because they have the “true” knowledge, their analysis turned in to meta-analysis, data in to meta-data, text transformed in to a meta-text, while everyone else is just an uninformed heathen or “normie”. But just knowing is never enough. One must always feel a need to share their knowledge, one might even say, perform it. Ironically, some of these performances occur on social media platforms like Facebook and Instagram—platforms owned by a company called “Meta”—which takes the (meta)data of its users and sells it...

However, there are other realms of performance that relate to our daily life and the artistic works we encounter. Not a performance tied to theatrics or results but the type of performance I feel Robert Frost alluded to above, the type this essay is concerned with: The performance of artistic expression. This type of performance may seem small or unimportant in our world of high stakes politics, cutthroat competitive business, carefully curated social media profiles and big budget Hollywood movies, but for this reason it may be the form of performance most desperate for a retrieval.

“But do your work, and I shall know you,” Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in his essay *Self-Reliance*. Philosopher Stanley Cavell interpreted this as, “Your work now, in reading him, is the reading of his page, and allowing yourself to be changed by it.” I’m unsure if Emerson really meant that but a writer does want to be read, therefore known, and in turn, many read an author to be known, and let others know they are reading them (even on Meta-owned platforms Facebook and Instagram but also Tik-Tok, X or wherever else), where who we read and choose to read becomes a part of our identity or profile, so reading in itself becomes a performative act—from the basic education level that you want your teacher to know you read the assigned book by answering the questions correctly about the book on a test, to other performative acts, like reading something written by a friend to show your support, to reading a book by a little or disregarded author to show you are more aware than others, or to gain extra knowledge, attain an edge, or to read an author that by reading them you somehow might become known by them, even if reading across centuries,

because their acknowledgment—whether it be of a feeling or an idea—affirms something.

And it is not just reading and writing which are performative, but even in daily behavior—from casual to formal interactions—we perform different roles, augmenting our behavior as we navigate daily life, changing our behavior as we talk to bosses, customers, friends, or family. When a man approaches a woman he's attracted to, his behavior immediately differs from approaching his mother, sister or grandmother. Just as when one talks to a stranger, their behavior takes on a different key (tentative, guarded) than when they talk to friends or family (casual, relaxed, familiar). We may praise one's ability to talk to strangers, but social skills such as these—performative skills—usually take years to develop. For men in particular, there's entire nodes of the internet, from books to videos to chat groups, teaching them how to behave in order to persuade a woman to have sex with them. Naturally, reproduction is the base act of any organism but unlike other animals, we as humans need a somewhat higher degree of convincing to perform the act of mating. As Emerson wrote, "since the Fall", we have "learned that we do not see directly but mediately", meaning our conscious nature, our being internally aware of our outer surroundings and others outside of us but internally skeptical—or at the very least, internally tentative—of them, since we are externally removed from them. Thus, in regards to mating with others, it requires more motivation and convincing to reproduce with them than a direct, instinctual need to reproduce like single cell-organisms and other species in the animal kingdom possess. We need to interpret, discern, but also to communicate with the other through speech and gesture, assisting them in their interpretation and discernment, where an act like copulation that could possibly lead to reproduction requires demonstrations of worth and trust, but also persuasion, nuance and maybe even sophistication (though looking good and having luck does help).

In short, performance is a key mediator, maybe *the* key mediator, of human existence.

NEXT WEEK—CULTURAL (MIS)APPREHENSIONS

# EDEN



A Romance  
**by Ernst Graf**

# CHAPTER 143

## EASTER IS LATE THIS YEAR

What of Tuesday?

Got to the — by 1030 or so and really felt happy there. Quite cute new barmaid Anany, skintight DKNY black leggings and black tight top over super slim waist, glasses. Some sexy girls came in and I had a nice bulge and very quickly downed FOUR pints (three of the new Peretti 4.8%). To — for one to finish and a hugely grinning C— on my arrival and departure. A girl does not smile at a man that much unless she really likes him and wouldn't at all mind fucking him (unless I am misreading the signals again).

Christ today is second anniversary of that extraordinary Easter Monday night when I got so mindblowingly turned on in the Munich Erotic World videokabins with my bottle of baby oil that I jumped on the LAST TRAIN to Nuremberg knowing I would not be able to get back till the trains started again the next morning, and not knowing if anywhere was left from my former dives and particularly if anywhere would be open, it being Easter Monday, but needing to give it a shot so turned on was I, and then finding EVERYWHERE either shut down and gone out of business or just closed for Easter, the whole town centre dark, silent, and empty streets, and then finally at the very very end of the whole wall drag, the absolute LAST place, there was that little raucous bar opened and it turned out to be the Black Eagle, with two totally naked girls dancing up on the bar as I walked in and my little horny mind blew. All those years of going to Nuremberg I had apparently never set foot in this place before or realised it had strippers.

It was like a miracle.

As memorable a debut as my first discoveries of Sunset Strip in 1992 and the Flying Scotsman in 2002 (both now long gone).

It also reminds me how strange it is this year that Easter is so late. Still a couple of more weeks to wait for Easter. It was traditionally in old Germanic and Saxon times the start of the new year, and feels that way more than January 1st does, as by then it coincides with the start of the warm weather and blooming and blossoming of the daffodils and bluebells, and trees, and cherry blossoms and apple blossom etc etc etc.

Writing is the glory of my life. Not because anybody buys my books (they almost don't), just the sheer pleasure of recording all my passing thoughts in writing and then being able to publish them on a regular basis, either in my books or in the stained pages of Penicillin magazine. I am a diarist. I love writing my diaries and publishing them. With or without embellishment.

I grew up loving the fiction of Michael Moorcock (particularly all of his Jerry Cornelius books) and then became as deeply affected by the Nietzsche books, but if anything I personally am in the noble tradition of people like Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn. Publishing my diaries necessitates the changing of names to protect the innocent (and avoid retribution from the guilty) but that will be corrected when the volumes of my autobiography start to emerge. EROS 1992-1999 already done (though constantly being tinkered with), THE GRAND TOUR 1999-2006 my current main labour, hopefully soon to be able to start FLY 2006-2013, then FREE LIFE 2013-2020. After that I have a burning impatience to start writing my great work of "fiction", MOLOCH (THE PHANTOM EJACULATOR OF OLD LONDON TOWN), which may be my great masterpiece, my *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, my *A Man Without Qualities*, etc, but I have to get the autobiography done first, THE UPPER HAND.

Oh wow 105pm already. Last Wednesday I was at the pub on my first pint 115 (too early), so I am doing well this week by slowing myself down and being later to get out. Always hard to hold myself back when I know I am free to spend all day in the pub, I am like a horse or greyhound in its traps, bursting to explode out of them. In more ways than one.

So 142 now. Hair done, I have taken my pill in Ibiza, just a little session now to get me in the mood and I'll make a start.

\*

235 start in —. C— cold to me. I am so cold. I really do want to be left the fuck alone. That is my vibe but I ain't joking.

There is something I call my natural distension periods. I'm entering it now.

\*

So I went out 215pm and got home 815! A six hour drinking session apparently. Three in —, and C— now very cold and angry at my apparent coldness to her I presume, the last one poured by mistake so they let me have it for free, then two halves in boring —, half in even more boring Golden Angel, a pint & a half in a very busy — but I got the front table beside a daughter & her mother and I felt the daughter looking at me a lot. There was one sexy girl in the whole place, sitting outside, a really gorgeous blonde in white strap top that just about covered her lovely boobs, I passed her in the door as I was leaving and let her go first, she thanked me with a lovely grin. That was serendipity, the one really sexy girl in the pub is the one I should bump into as I left.

Any good memories from yesterday then? No arousal. The older black haired girl in — who looks like Li Li's older sister. Li Li seems long gone.

The only bulge I got was again in Golden Angel, instantly. There must be something about their square stools! Shame there was no one to show it to.

\*

Friday was even worse. Dire. Pointless. But 1925 Paris would be just the same with added hundreds of pounds for ICE and time machine. At least there is a porn cinema, street girls and Sphynx.

Spirit low.

I woke 3am and had a wonderful two hour session, then back to bed, up again at 740am and had to immediately start again. I don't want to go out drinking this Saturday morning before work, after three solid heavy days of it. Have a rest before work today.

One girl I saw yesterday was that teen in black T-shirt and beige lycra shorts as skintight as knickers encasing her pussy for all to see. How girls go out like that I do not know but thanks God they do and Christ she was sexy as fuck. That was right at the start and I never saw anything after that to excite me at all. The Friday vibe annoys me as much as Saturday and Sunday. Go out for an early Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday 10am — session when nice and quiet and see how I feel then. The boredom of working six nights in a row makes those little morning sessions such a lovely relief and makes me feel sexy.

Six nights to begin. REBOOK MY I.C.E. Damn, my next days off are all weekend days, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Maybe I SHOULD go to Paris after all, though it will be no better than Berlin. And will mean money for changing the ICE ticket (Friday will be expensive, of course, especially at this short notice). Maybe explore my other option—search online for Busty Escorts or Erotic Massage in Berlin. Expensive but as a once a month treat worth it to avoid another crap three days drinking for no reward like I have just had.

Two wonderful masturbation sessions already this morning, and I just feel like another one again. To go out drinking this Saturday morning would NOT be good, — will already be packed on a Saturday. So no, stay in today.

The only point to life, what little life is left to me, is HAVING SEX. And there is NO ONE I want to have sex with in Berlin. In 1925 Paris I am sure I can always find some girl to have sex with. So many Pigalle girls to peruse, so many girls in Sphynx. Sometimes a tramp in the cinema.

Stay in Berlin in April, pocket another paycheque, then return to Paris once or twice in May.

120pm. Just had my third cum of the day. Incredibly found FOUR girls on — Escorts website who turned me on. Expensive but not much more than sex with Yo Yo or Li Li actually.

Can you believe it is already 2 & a half MONTHS since — called me to say my Final Written Warning was reduced to a First? The same day I went with — Li Li. Just over a month till that warning now expires and is cleared from my record. Without wishing to tempt fate.

# CHAPTER 144

## OI GEEZER!

I'm happy here aren't I? Living here in Charlotte Mansions.

I must save all my money to build up a warchest so I can carry on living here as long as possible even if I lose my job. Forget about Paris this weekend. It will be even more dire than Berlin. Postpone that trip till June.

This disciplinary scare has actually done me a favour. Made me realise how foolish I am wasting thousands of pounds on repeated travelling for very little reward. I need to save all the money I can. Reduce my travelling accordingly. The less I travel the more of a special thrill it will seem.

Oh wow before lying down for last little rest before work I had a quick look at Katharina's Tiktok for the first time in WEEKS. Now I get to work and find a WhatsApp message from her at 314pm for the first time in weeks. I swear to God that girl can read my mind or remote log in to my computer somehow. Quite disturbing.

"Oi come voce esta?"

More intruders climbing the Eden fences. These cunts are the kind of thing that will see me lose my job. I'm not out of the woods yet. My warning doesn't expire for another month & a half.

Yes sex in Berlin with online hookers is expensive, but it is about the same as the cost of a train to Paris, and also same as my electricity charges for the time machine, and by going to Paris I have to pay all that money and always come home without having had sex. It makes sense to just stay in Berlin and give the money straight to a girl instead. Instead of ICE and Hotel Cecil and the French electricity company. Right now I am giving this money to Deutsche Bahn and Hotel Cecil and EDF for sex and then not getting any, not even seeing a naked woman. Better to give it straight to a girl I meet online and cut out the Paris diversion and waste. Perhaps. But Paris has porn cinema, & Sphynx & Pigalle.

For the cost of train and hotel and time machine and no sex, I could have three or four simple fucks with stunning girls in Berlin. Where are they though? Hello? Is it me you're looking for?

455pm before my second night of six. So did I gain anything for going straight back out for — English Breakfast this morning? The food itself was nice of course, but I felt no excitement to be out, just a kind of pointlessness. As I left the — a homeless guy sitting on the pavement opposite started laughing loudly, and shouted "Oi Geezer!" I did not stop. I can imagine him wanting to say "Oi Geezer! You look worse than I do!" because I felt it and when I got home and saw my reflection in the mirror I looked wild haired and wild eyed. Not a pretty sight at all. Feel frazzled now of course. Yes, so I think this is not the way to go.

32 euros plus 3 euro tip. Expensive for an experience which as a whole I did not much enjoy.

Four days without alcohol would be a great idea now I think. Then I am off Good Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

CANCEL THE I.C.E. TRIP.

I was having a great little session before going out for the breakfast, had to stop myself from finishing, but when I rushed back to carry on with it I could not get turned on at all. I had ruined it. So yes, going out for English Breakfast this Sunday morning was not a success. Never again. 550pm now. Last few minutes to lie down before getting ready & rushing to work again.

Staying in all day between my night shifts is SO boring, and makes me feel I have no life for six days every time, but the alternative is just worse. I have to stay in between shifts and I have to stay sober, unfortunately, as the alternative just fucks me up for really so little benefit.

I like being alone. And I love living here in Charlotte Mansions.

If I can find some escorts I like in Berlin via the website then perhaps I can enjoy staying here. I have got to find something I really ENJOY again, the way once upon a time I really enjoyed Soho, Sunset Strip, Carnival Strip, Boulevard Strip, Soho Cinema, Astral Cinema, Sunset Cinema. ALL now gone. The way I once really enjoyed the Flying Scotsman. Also gone. I have got to find something that gives me erotic pleasures again.

A 'busty escort' is expensive, 150-250, but that is less than I spend on ICE plus electricity just to GET to 1925 Paris, and even

when in Paris I never find anyone to have sex with anyway. Testing the market in Berlin has to be the way to go.

Going to the pub is only enjoyable if I am gearing up to go somewhere naughty. If I have nowhere naughty to head to, the drinking seems pointless, like getting on a train just to go a certain distance then come back again.

Like throwing a stick for your dog, then having to go and pick it up yourself. My dog then one day just wandered off with someone else and I never saw him again. This is how my love life has been as well.

Once again, I think how lucky I am to be living in this Wilhelmine Babylonian mansion. Turn my music up loud. It doesn't matter if I'm going to work or drinking, every day is rich and full. I carry my sex and power and glow and frequency to work just as much as I do to the pubs on my days off. Nothing happened on my days off any more titillating than happens at work. It is all about feeling my own power and enjoying my own frequency wherever I am, and magnetically I will attract things to me.

How to make my next days off less awful than these? Go out drinking on any empty stomach. Food kills the ability of drink to turn me on at the slightest trigger. Food kills arousal. This may mean going out earlier every day. Try it.

## **CHAPTER 145**

### **DAYS OF NOTHINGNESS**

115pm Monday before my third night of six. So that is already three days gone, just three more to get through. I was so close to going out to — 10am this morning, as it was such a beautiful blue-skied morning. Waking now at 1pm with clear head thanks God I did not. I hate waking with hangover head before a night shift. It makes me want to cry.

OK it's done. Postponed tomorrow's ICE ticket to Paris until Tuesday 3rd June, coming home early Thursday before work. No extra cost. Standard out, first class back.

My next trip now Thursday 15th May for two nights.

Straight to bed without eating today. This is how it has to be. My only chance.

Thought a lot in the early hours about how I can make my next three days off less boring than the last three. Thinking how much time I spend in — for so little reward. How long since I really said to myself 'The — does it again?' That was maybe the first week of February with the Irish teen fixing me with her eyes twice before knocking her own drink over. It feels like I stupefy and stagnate there, and C— now makes me uncomfortable. Very little reward for being there despite increased Korean potential as even that very rarely turns into anything. Better to start going out regularly to — at 10, even though that gives me no writing time, and fucks my day up really early, but I gain nothing by artificially holding on till 1 or 2. Do what feels most natural, and that is going out first thing, from 10am, and get it over with. Avoid —, make more use of — window seat now summer is coming. Thinking more of — but Christ it is literally empty whenever I go there early afternoon and not even anyone passing by. The Golden Angel at least does give me constant bulge due to some nature of their stools. Much better, if I AM to start trying Busty Escorts and Erotic Massage, is to go in pubs close to wherever the girl is, and discovering lots of new barmaids perhaps. Make something new happen, rather than the stagnant boring old — nexus, which feels dead now.


It was the — where I had the full erection with that girl on that Monday night, and Golden Angel where I had the big swelling with black hair girl a couple of weeks ago. Nothing like that in — for a long long time. Oh and the — outside can soon come back into play! Not this weekend though, as it is looking like a cold rainy Easter weekend.

— English breakfasts are lovely but it fucks my day up, as food kills my arousal so makes drinking pointless. Perhaps go for steaks again to end the day?

255pm. Had my chicken and mash. 14th March with the black hair girl in Golden Angel was the last day of any erotic excitement. A whole month ago. I need to go looking for it, further afield. Throwing down the money on the roulette table,

spinning the wheel, see where my balls land. Without throwing away HUNDREDS of pounds just on train fares and hotels. That seems crazy now.

640pm. Maybe I could go through a phase of always going out 10am for drinking, home by 3pm to pass out, then I can wake up 8pm with muddy head but get up and start to do some writing work in my lovely lamplit flat, with cokes and lots of lovely food to bring me around. I need to change my routines right around. Shake things up. Busty Escorts and Online Massage Girls once a month perhaps. Steaks.

- ▶ THIS PERSON NO LONGER CAN CONTROL YOU & ITS D...
- ▶ YOUR ENERGY IS TOO POWERFUL TO PUT YOURSELF O...
- ▶ YOUR DETERMINATION & FOCUS IS THREATENING TO ...
- ▶ YOUR PRESENCE IS THE PRESENT  ANYONE TAKING ...

Again straight to bed when I got in. A pee break at 1130 or so then back to sleep till 330. Not much time to work on THE GRAND TOUR now. Yesterday I was telling myself I NEVER want to have a muddy head on a day when I have to go to work that night. It is too horrible. Muddy heads are for my days off only. Yes but "It is so depressing to have no life for six days every time". How to cope with six days of nothing each time? Didn't you say you are writing a book? Do an hour a day of editing THE GRAND TOUR each day perhaps. I HAVE to keep my brain as clean and fresh as possible before heading back to Eden for a night shift.

Save my muddy heads for my days off. Three days of hard drinking is enough per week. Save my 10am — for my days off. Remember Busty Escorts and online erotic massage girls. The — window could become lovely again now that summer is coming.



1258pm Wednesday before my 5th night of six. So basically just ONE more day of nothingness to get through!

**NEXT WEEK—ORIENTAL DRAGON**

# ENDNOTES

**Your Editor Ernst Graf**—A cultured man with a passion for opera & European pornography [Marquis de Yellow Pill / X](#) and [My Books DforDoom](#)—Cult movies, classic movies, horror, cult tv of the 60s & 70s, vintage genre fiction [Classic Movie Ramblings](#) [Cult Movie Reviews](#) & [Vintage Pop Fictions](#) & [D4doome / X](#)

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

**FROUTIB**— Man, 51, erotic art lover. Art is sublimation of life. Life is Art. I ❤️ the beauty of curves & sensuality of forms, without perversity  [FROUTIB / X](#)

**Nick August**—[Nick August—El tecolote/X](#) Substack: [Nick August](#)

**Bruce Chardon**—Writer. Wordchad. Sigma male. Cum Zone Pioneer. Le Marquis de Toilette. [Bruce Chardon Blog](#) [Bruce Chardon \(@BruceChardon\) / X](#)

**WayangFotos**—“We’re brutalizing the audience. We’re going to end up like the Roman circus, live at the Coliseum.” - Orson Welles <https://x.com/FotosWayang>

**MT White**—MT White started as a comic book artist but only ever published as a novelist and essayist. He's written about film, culture, mixed martial arts & pro wrestling for assorted online outlets. He now considers himself a moraliste (in the French sense not a "moralist" in the English sense). Funny enough, he's never been to France. One might like to buy his controversial book [Content](#). Substack <https://substack.com/@mtwhitediscursions>

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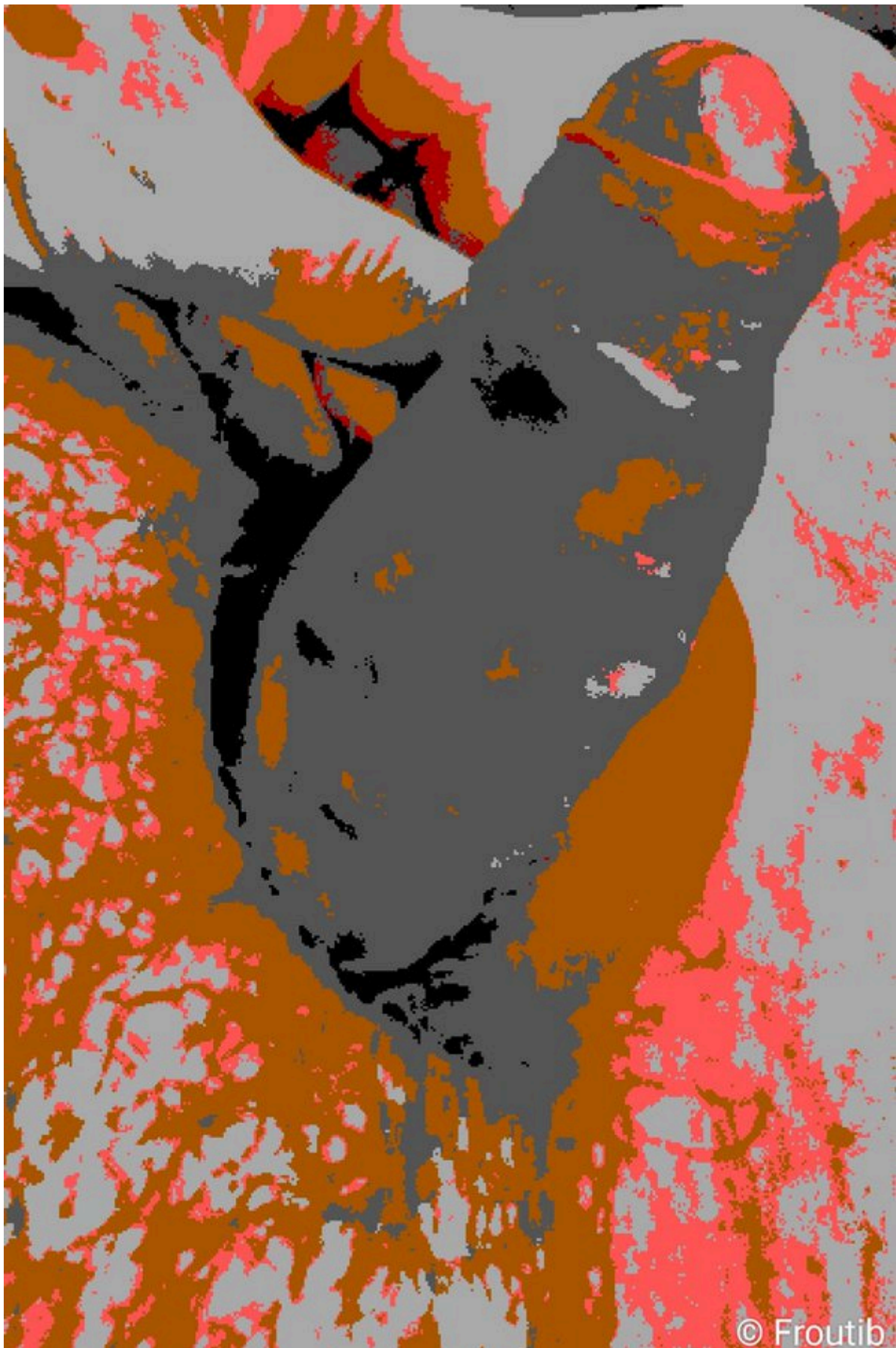
**COVER PHOTO: By the Catawba River, South Carolina by WayangFotos**

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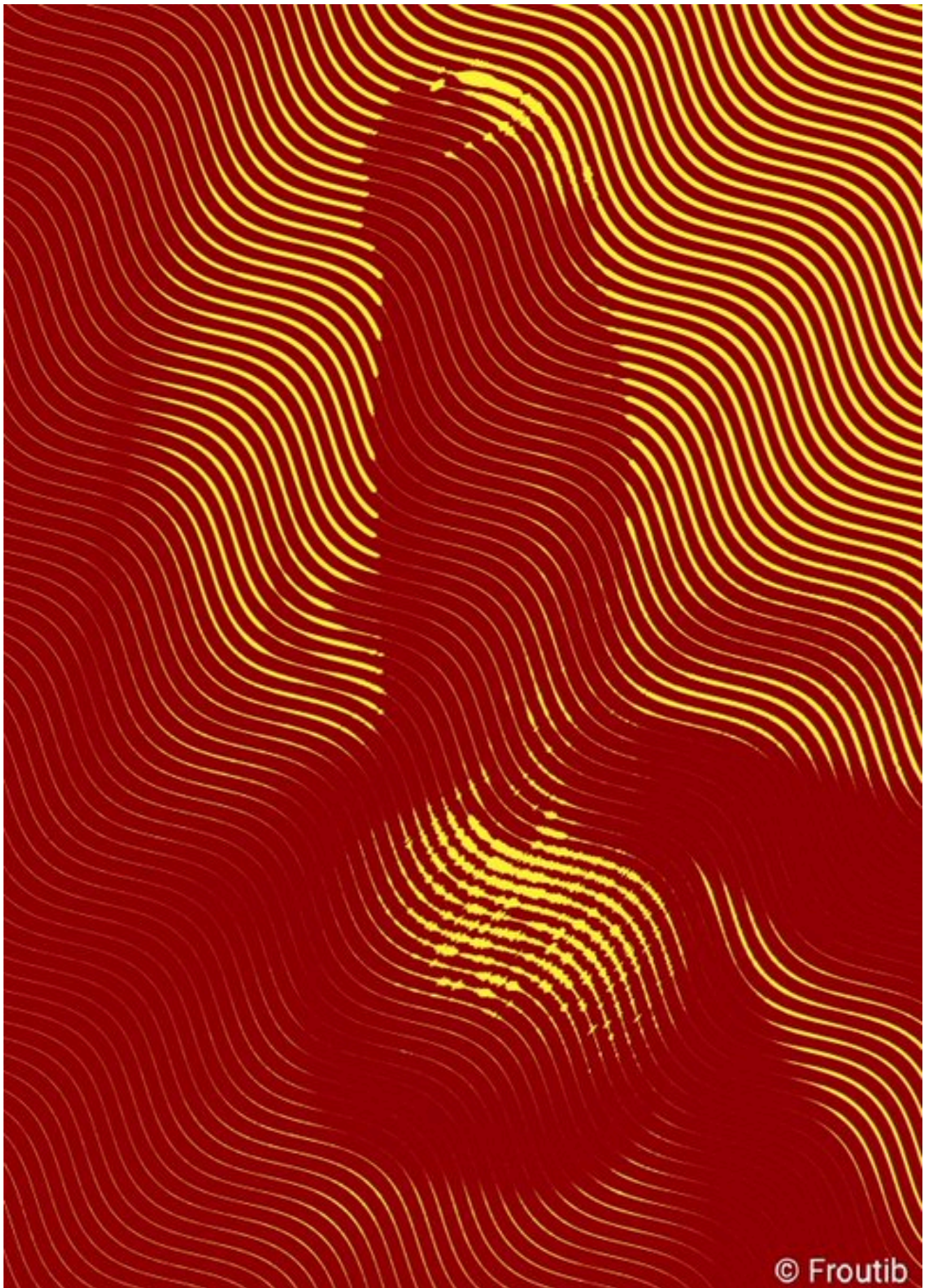




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