



PENIC ILL IN

168

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THE MEAT MACHINE

By David Playfair

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Chapter Twenty-One—Camp Handlpart

The meteorologists had forecast rain. The pilot of the Fieseler-Storch was eager to leave under clear skies. There was no time for a briefing. For all I knew, they were going to parachute me into Winston Churchill's back garden for tea and cucumber sandwiches.

‘Nervous?’ asked the pilot. ‘Don’t be ashamed. I’ve taken dozens of you to Camp Honeypot, and they all had performance anxiety, and they all survived... Just.’

‘Camp Honeypot?’

The man gave me a hard look, which altered to a mixture of amusement and sympathy.

‘Why, you poor sucker, they really haven’t told you what you’re in for, have they? Well, bear up, comrade. Remember what Nietzsche said? “If it doesn’t kill you it will harden you up!”’

Once again, the favorite proverb of the favorite philosopher of the sauerkraut-eating supermen. If I heard it once in the Third Reich I must have heard it a thousand times. There is no limit to the Germans’ craving for hardness.

The machine droned on through the dusk. Storchs are super-stable machines, they can land and take off on a postage stamp, but they’re not fast. My companion continued to handle the controls with casual competence. He had some odd mannerisms, though. Every half hour or so he’d turn around, wink at me, then stroke his joystick. Once he produced cigars and a flask of brandy.

‘Help yourself!’ he urged. ‘There’ll be none of that where you’re going.’

‘Er... just where am I going?’

But he wouldn’t answer, just grinned and fondled the joystick again.

Late in the night I finally made it to Camp Handlpart (that was its proper name). A smartly uniformed driver met me at the air strip. He smiled when he saw my collection of weapons. Besides my faithful old Colt, I had been issued a KAR-98K battle rifle and an MP-40 submachine gun.

‘Don’t think you’ll need those particular weapons on this particular assignment, Untersturmführer. Would you like to check them into the armory?’

‘Thanks, I will. Except the revolver. That old friend always stays with me.’

‘Fine. If I might suggest, though, Untersturmführer...’

‘Yes?’

‘Keep it unloaded for safety. We have civilian personnel here who have no experience with weapons... er, guns... I mean firearms.’

‘Fair enough.’ I emptied the revolving chambers and put the bullets into my tunic pocket. ‘Now if you would lead me to a place where I could lay my head... It’s been a long day.’

I had a room to myself. The bed looked unusually wide and comfortable for a military establishment. I hung up my uniform, put my Colt under the pillow, and sank into deep sleep.

I dreamt — or thought I dreamt — that a beautiful woman smelling of jasmine — or was it lavender? — had wrapped her arms around my chest — or was it my back? In my half-conscious state it seemed obvious what had happening. I was going to have sex with a succubus. That is to say, one of those dream-women which our old village priest had warned about.

‘They float into bedrooms through half-open windows and molest young men who have sinful thoughts,’ he had told us. I’d been sleeping with the window half-open ever since. And now, after twenty-four years, the habit had paid off. In four dimensions too, I dreamily thought. How else could the same woman wrap four legs around me or press four breasts against me? I gave myself up to the experience. I swam through an ocean of scented skin and hair. If only I had four hands to match my partner. At least I had an enormous erection...

‘Ooh,’ cried the jasmine aspect of the succubus, ‘I do love these new arrivals.’

‘Yes,’ answered the lavender aspect. ‘We’ll get his seed for the fatherland before any of the others.’

This last remark sounded more like a Hitler-maiden than a dream-spirit. Without slacking off my efforts, I entertained an alternate hypothesis. Unlikely though it might be, I appeared to be in bed with two women, with identical bodies but different perfumes. Very good. If the honor of the Soviet secret service was being challenged, I would make sure they both got a good quality orgasm. I think I succeeded, because they both gave grateful sighs and subsided into sleep. And so did I.

As Sherlock Holmes so wisely said, after one has eliminated the impossible, the improbable remains. The dawn light revealed me, in bed, with a beautiful identical twin on either side. They were still asleep, with cute little identical snores. Each had long blonde hair, snub nose, breasts like pomegranates and buttocks like peaches. It was fortunate that I was a good Marxist who didn’t subscribe to religion, or I might have supposed that I’d died and gone to heaven. I cautiously extricated myself from their eight limbs, hauled on my pants, and tiptoed out to the bathroom.

I returned to find them both awake too.

‘Good morning!’ they cried in unison.

‘I’m Wilhelmina.’ That was the lavender twin, with the serious patriotic sentiments.

‘I’m Ramona.’ That was the jasmine one, with the giggle.

‘I’m Hans.’ And Ivan too, I thought. We were well matched, for I had two identities. A good thing, I thought, that both of them loved pretty women.

‘Good to meet you, Hans.’ They spoke in unison again. ‘You may call us Mina and Mona.’

They politely shook hands with me, to complete the introduction. I reflected that this was a vastly superior way of conducting relationships. Sex first, talk second. The way to go.

I watched the two of them make up and dress in very distinct styles. So different were their body languages that, had I not seen them asleep, I would not have noticed their identical shape. Mina wore her hair pinned up, a high-necked blouse with a brooch fastener, a long black skirt and sensible shoes. Mona let her hair hang loose, and wore a low-cut pink dress and high-heeled shoes. She wore lipstick, Mina didn’t.

I sat on the bed, gazing silently at their beauty, and wondered what I’d done to deserve such good fortune.

‘Come on, Hans,’ said Mona. ‘It’s nearly breakfast-time and you haven’t even shaved. I know we’re gorgeous, but you’ll get plenty more chances to look us over.’

‘Right,’ said Mina. ‘The Sturmbannführer will be addressing all new arrivals at nine o’clock. We must have you looking sharp.’

When I returned clean-shaved, they had laid out my uniform and a clean shirt, and had polished my boots.

‘You’re so kind,’ I said. ‘How can I thank you?’

‘Don’t worry,’ said Mona. ‘We’ll find a way.’

‘Besides,’ said Mina, ‘it’s the duty of German womanhood to stand by their fighting men.’

‘Is this paradise?’ I asked. ‘And is there a catch?’

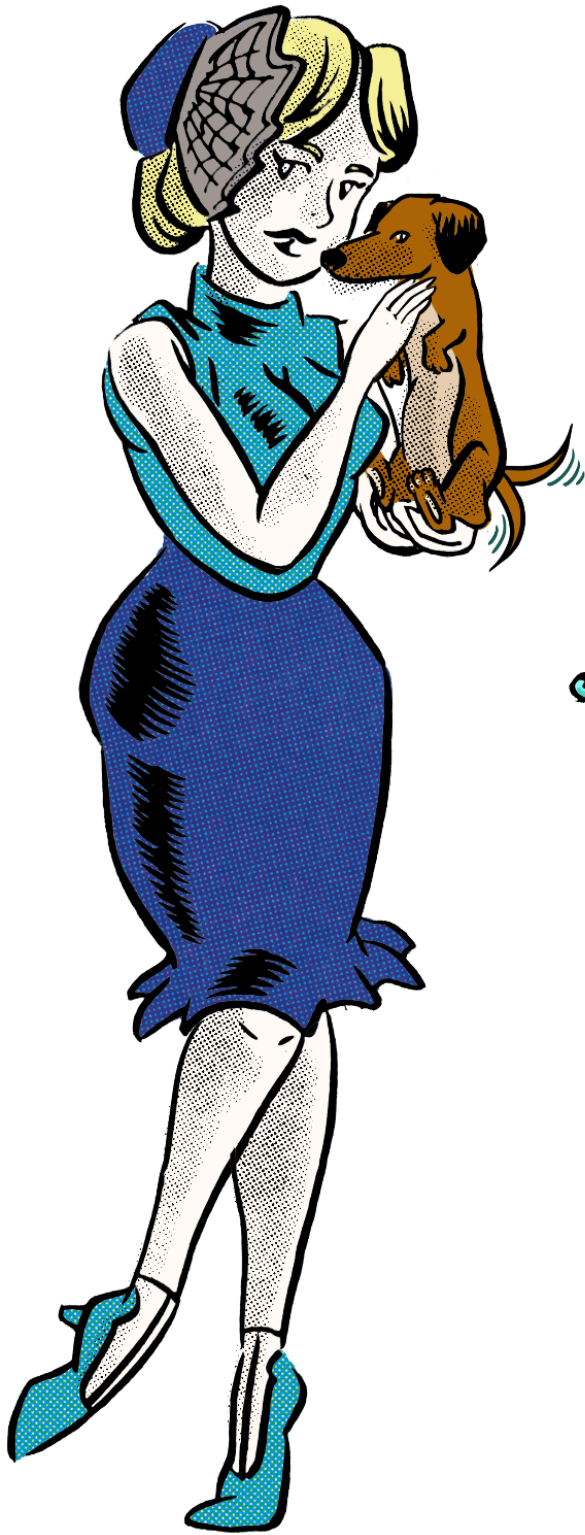
‘This is an Aryan reproduction unit of the Lebensborn project,’ explained Mina.

‘Or Sex Camp for short,’ said Mona. ‘The catch is that you mustn’t slack off in keeping us ladies satisfied. Did you say that you were a sausage maker in civilian life?’

‘Yes, Mona.’

‘Good sausage you’ve got there!’ They giggled.

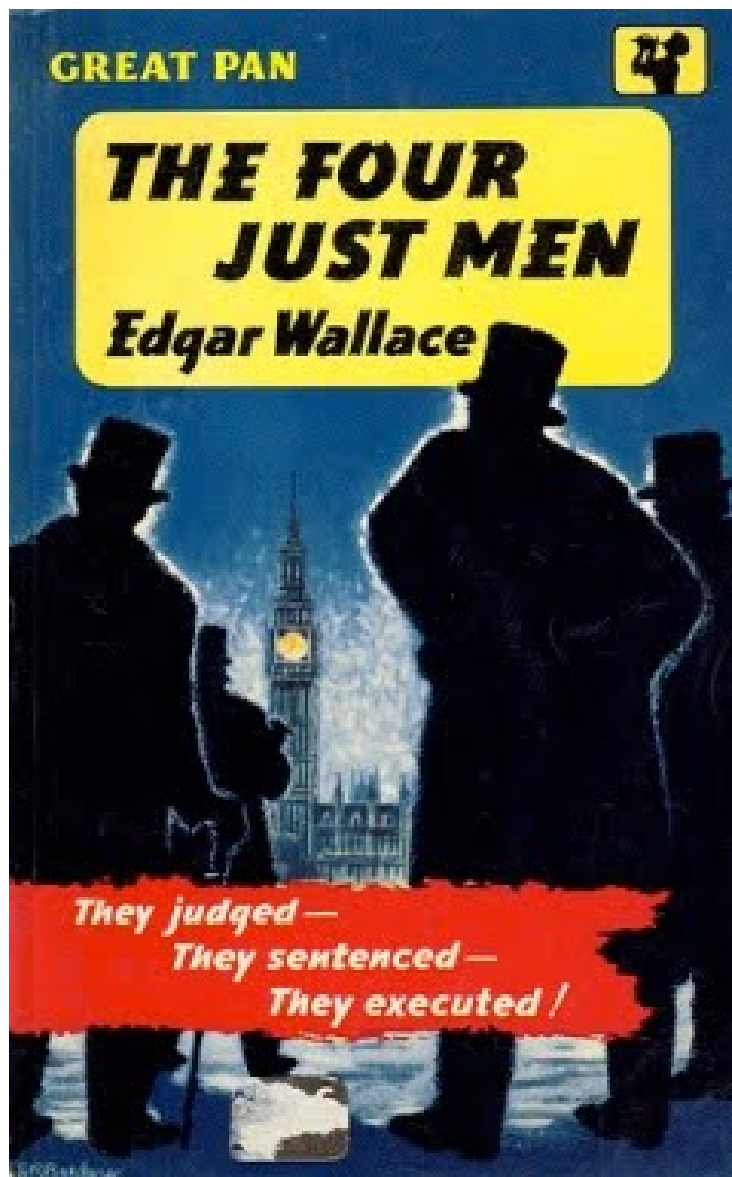
NEXT WEEK—Chapter Twenty-One continued



THE FOUR JUST MEN

(1905)

By Edgar Wallace



Reviewed by D4Doom

Edgar Wallace achieved overnight success with his first novel in 1905, *The Four Just Men*. It's important historically because it effectively created a new genre, the modern thriller. In fact many of Wallace's crime novels are either thrillers or combine the mystery and thriller genres. *The Four Just Men* can also be seen as the first of the "wealthy amateur crime-fighters taking the law into their own hands" stories that became such a feature of 20th century pulp fiction and comics. Their use of elaborate disguises even anticipates the vogue for masked avengers.

The Four Just Men of the title have all been victims of injustice and have grown disillusioned with the ability of the law adequately to mete out justice to wrong-doers. They have embarked on a campaign of vigilante justice, acting as both judges and executioners and when the novel starts they have already claimed more than a dozen victims, including crooked financiers, corrupt public servants, political tyrants and even poets (for corrupting the morals of youth).

Their latest target is the British Foreign Secretary, who has introduced a bill into Parliament that would result in the forcible return to Spain of large numbers of exiled dissidents and would-be revolutionaries. They are determined to stop this bill, if necessary by assassinating the Foreign Secretary. Their methods of murder are always ingenious and unconventional, presenting a formidable challenge to Superintendent Falmouth of Scotland Yard, the man charged with protecting the life of the embattled Cabinet Minister.

Apart from its clever plotting and its effective use of suspense it's also a surprisingly subtle and ambiguous novel. While most of the victims of these vigilantes are criminals, some are merely political opponents, and the British Foreign Secretary is most definitely not a bad man. If anything he's a man of great courage and integrity. So are the Four Just men heroes or villains?

Wallace's popularity as an author was immense, to an extent that makes him the forerunner of the celebrity writers of our own age. No less than 160 movies have been made from his books, more than from the work of any author of modern times.

Like all of Wallace's books this one is hugely entertaining.



EYES OF THE MUMMY

(1918)

Reviewed by D4Doom



Ernst Lubitsch had been making short films in Germany for several years but *Eyes of the Mummy* (*Die Augen der Mumie Ma*) was the feature film that established him as a director to take note of. It was released in October 1918 so it was actually made during the First World War. It's also significant in being his first movie starring Pola Negri. It gave him a taste of commercial success. Two months later he had his first major international hit, *Carmen*, again starring Pola Negri. Lubitsch had arrived.

It's not that easy to classify *Eyes of the Mummy*. The title leads one to suspect a horror movie but the horror movie genre did not exist in 1918. At the time it would presumably have been regarded as an exotic melodrama. That's how I'd describe it.

The next few years would see Lubitsch in wildly and intoxicatingly experimental mode. He accepted the existence of no rules. The only limits were imposed by the film-maker's imagination and Lubitsch's imagination at that time was boundless.



There is no actual mummy in *Eyes of the Mummy* but there is an ancient Egyptian tomb and there is a curse, and strange and inexplicable events have been linked to the tomb. Two Europeans are in Egypt, separately, exploring the ruins and soaking up the exotic atmosphere. One is Prince Hohenfels (Max Laurence). The other is a painter, Albert Wendland (Harry Liedtke).

Wendland makes an amazing discovery in the tomb. There is a girl imprisoned there, and she's very much alive. Her name is Ma (Pola Negri). That's also the name of the Egyptian queen buried in the tomb. The girl had been kidnapped and enslaved by a scoundrel named Radu (Emil Jannings). Wendland rescues the girl and takes her back to Germany with him. Meanwhile Prince Hohenfels has found the disconsolate Radu wandering in the desert. The Prince takes Radu back to Europe with him. This is likely to lead to trouble. Radu intends to reclaim his slave girl.

Wendland has installed Ma in his household, presumably as his mistress. They're crazy about each other. Ma is a wild child,

knowing nothing whatever of civilisation or the social rules, but she's charming and adorable and very sexy. Ma becomes quite a social success and gains acclaim as a dancer. A painting of her by Wendland makes her even more of a celebrity. Unfortunately her growing celebrity also alerts Radu to the fact that she is here, in the same city. He has not given up his obsession with her. In his own perverse way he probably does truly love her.

Emil Jannings had a huge reputation as an actor in this period, something I've never quite understood. In this role he does certainly convey the idea of a man with a dangerous obsession.

This is however Pola Negri's film. She was one of the great screen sex goddesses but interestingly she generally did not play vamps or bad girls. Her specialty was playing wild crazy fiery passionate women. Sometimes they were a bit naughty, but in an endearing way. They were women who could drive a man crazy, but he'd enjoy it. Negri just had her own unique screen persona and it made her one of the most fascinating stars of the silent era.

The big danger here is to treat this as a horror movie, and then be disappointed that it doesn't work as a horror movie. Lubitsch was not trying to make a horror movie. He was trying to make a romantic melodrama, and when you judge it in that light it does work. There are no overt supernatural elements but there are very subtle suggestions that influences slightly outside the range of normal experience could be at work. Ma has the same name as the long-dead Egyptian queen. Could Queen Ma be partly responsible for the hypnotic effect that the modern Ma exercises over men? Is there some vague occult connection between Ma and Radu? Perhaps.

Lubitsch was developing astonishingly quickly as a director. Within a year he would be making much more accomplished and much more ambitious movies. *Eyes of the Mummy* still has considerable interest as marking the beginnings of Lubitsch's incredibly rich early German period. And Pola Negri is always worth watching. Recommended.

HAMILTON THEATRICAL CORPORATION
Presents

POLA NEGRI

IN

THE EYES OF THE MUMMY

*It's a
Paramount
Picture*

with
ERIC JANNINGS

U.S.A.



“Help! I feel like my trousers are bursting!”
Marquis de X, London, 1924

THE MYSTERY OF LIGHT



By Nick August

Your friend's voice travels a few thousand miles and hits you faster than you can read a sentence. Texts, too. Liddell throwing hands. Chin music for the soul.

That particular supernova was ages ago, but we watched Shoemaker-Levy dump into Jupiter in near real time.

Reading for fun, entertainment, and whatever else there is, is not for most of us. It's antiquated. Downright quaint. It was the shit in 1600. Now? A butterfly on the tip of a car antenna, your brother's '72 Chevelle with glass packs. Who slows down, anymore?

This is not the Time Machine we were promised.

Cavemen would have never drawn on walls if they'd had YouTube. Cuneiform would have never existed if there had been phones in Mesopotamia.

The slower you move, the faster you die.

The odd birds would get away with it, maybe, but they would have been treated like redheads, at best.

There is data to extract, life hacks to deploy, the new iPhone, infections, headspace to wrangle because you move so fast you don't move at all, airwaves, clout. Who even has time for fucking and sucking?

There is more of less and less of more than there has ever been.



Nick August and Typhoid Mary, New York, 1889

GRUNDEL



By Bruce Chardon

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Bruce's expression darkened. "The beast that wounded you – have you seen its like before?"

Herman nodded weakly. "Heard tales. Wart Rat, they call it. Nasty buggers. Created during the wizard wars, they say." His breath hitched. "Poisonous too. Feel it burning in me blood. Without the proper potion..." He shook his head. "Won't last the week."

Bruce stood, his shoulders squared beneath his leather armor. "Then a potion you shall have. Tell me how to brew it, and what ingredients you need."

Herman's eyes locked with Bruce's. "Can't be brewed by just anyone. Needs the poison sac from the very beast that bit me. Their own venom's the cure, see? And I'm in no state to harvest it." He gestured toward a shelf of bottles and dried herbs. "I've everything else needed. But the sac..."

The peasant girl stepped forward, her small hands clutched before her. "Will you help us, Sir Bruce? Like Papa helped you?"

Bruce's mind flashed again to that dark time, when he lay raving and fouled, and Herman's steady hands pulled him back from death's door. He nodded grimly.

"Honor demands it. But first, tell me where to find this foul Wart Rat."

Herman winced as he shifted on his pallet, the blood-soaked cloth sliding slightly to reveal a glimpse of raw, mangled flesh that made Bruce clench his eyes shut and wince. The braphog-wife snorted softly, using her snout to adjust the covering with surprising delicacy.

"The privy... me outhouse..." Herman rasped, his voice thin with pain. "Beast came up through the hole. Reckon its lair must be below or nearby." He paused, gathering strength. "These spring rains... they've softened the earth. Creatures that burrow... they're more active now."

Bruce nodded grimly. "I've encountered such vermin before. Though never one so... refined in its tastes."

Herman's daughter Ellie stepped forward, her small hands clutching a wooden ladle filled with some pungent brew. "Papa says they love the night soil like porridge," she said, helping her father drink. "The privy pit sits near the muckwater pond, not twenty paces behind our cottage. The beast must nest between them."

Herman swallowed with difficulty. "Aye. Last few weeks, I've seen them mole-like tunnels crisscrossing the yard. Ridges in the mud, like something's burrowing just beneath." His eyes clouded. "And the splashing at night... thought it was just frogs returning with the thaw."

Bruce crossed to the doorway of the wattle and daub cottage, its walls a simple framework of woven sticks plastered with clay and dung, now dampened by the persistent spring drizzle. Through the open

door, he could make out the rough layout of Herman's modest property.

The cottage sat on a small rise, with a chicken coop ten paces to the right. Directly behind the dwelling, some twenty paces away, stood the crooked outhouse, its wooden frame leaning slightly from years of weather. Beyond it lay a dark, fetid pond, perhaps fifteen paces further, surrounded by reeds and mud. The entire area between the outhouse and pond was a maze of raised mud tunnels, as if giant worms had been writhing just beneath the surface.

"How long has the beast been active?" Bruce asked, studying the terrain.

"First noticed something amiss when the snow started melting," Herman said. "Found strange tracks in the mud... too big for a rat, too small for a badger. Then the chickens started disappearing. Just their heads left behind."

The braphog-wife made a guttural sound that might have been agreement.

"But make no mistake," Herman added, his voice strengthening briefly, "it prefers the feces pit under the privy above all. Burrows up through the muck to feed, then retreats to its tunnels. Foulest creature I ever did encounter."

"Found a tunnel opening behind the chicken coop last week," he continued. "Stuffed it with rocks and thorns, I did. Must've angered the beast." His voice faltered. "Never thought it'd come up through the privy hole. Never thought..."

"You needn't explain further," Bruce said, turning back from the doorway. "I understand well enough."

The girl looked up at Bruce with red-rimmed eyes. "Will you kill it, Sir Bruce? Will you make it pay for what it did to Papa?"

Bruce squared his shoulders, leather armor creaking. "I shall do more than that, child. I shall harvest its poison sac and return with the means to heal your father." He tapped the hilt of Turdcutter. "This blade has tasted fouler things than Wart Rat innards."

Herman's chuckle turned into a pained groan. "Take care, Sir Bruce. These aren't ordinary vermin. The male has a horn that can pierce boiled leather. And the smell they produce..." He shuddered. "Like death and rot given form."

"I shall proceed with caution," Bruce assured him. "But first, I must consult my resources. Knowledge is as important as steel when facing such abominations."

The herbalist nodded weakly. "In my storage shed... some items that might help. Gloves treated with toad bile... executioner's hood soaked in lavender oil. Won't stop the stink entirely, but might keep you from going blind if it sprays."

"One last thing," Herman said, his voice weakening. "Take these." He gestured feebly toward a sachet of herbs and small clay pot on a nearby shelf. "Healing herbs and strengthening brew. Will give you... vigor for the hunt."

Bruce retrieved the pot, removing its wax-sealed lid. The contents—a greenish-brown sludge that resembled pond scum mixed with mud—emitted a stench that made him recoil despite his years of battlefield experience.

"Drink it all," Herman insisted. "Quickly. Like pulling an arrow."

Bruce steeled himself and upended the pot, swallowing the foul concoction in three painful gulps. It burned going down, settling in his stomach like molten lead. Almost immediately, he felt a peculiar warmth spreading through his limbs, along with an uncomfortable gurgling in his lower abdomen.

"What's in this?" Bruce asked, grimacing as his stomach emitted an audible groan.

"Better not to know," Herman murmured. "But it will... help. Trust me."

"My thanks," Bruce said, taking the sachet of healing herbs and moving toward the door. "Rest now, friend. Save your strength for the healing that will come."

As Bruce stepped outside into the damp spring air, the cottage's thatched roof dripping with recent rain, he cast his gaze toward the

outhouse. Its wooden door hung askew, dark splashes marking the worn planks. Beyond it, the muckwater pond gleamed dully in the gray daylight, its surface occasionally broken by mysterious ripples.

Bruce returned to Log, who stood patiently tied to a simple wooden post near the cottage door. With practiced movements, he began rummaging through his saddlebags, seeking better light in the overcast day than the dim interior of Herman's simple dwelling could provide.

"Time to learn what we're truly facing," he muttered, pulling out his leather-bound Beastial Grimoire.

Sir Bruce lowered himself onto a relatively dry stump, the wood still damp from the morning's drizzle. He opened the tome to its well-worn index, his thick finger trailing down the alphabetized list of abominations. The parchment pages crackled with each turn, their edges darkened from years of handling in less-than-ideal conditions.

"Venom Sprite... Viscera Leech... Void Hound... ah, Wart Rat," he murmured, flipping to the appropriate page.

As Bruce read through the entry, his expression grew increasingly grave. The text confirmed his suspicions—the creature's horn was indeed venomous, its waste-feeding habits making the poison particularly noxious. The grimoire detailed the beast's tunneling patterns: radiating outward from a central chamber, typically constructed beneath areas with consistent waste deposits.

Bruce closed the book with a decisive snap and returned it to Log's saddlebag. He studied the property again, noting how the raised mud tunnels formed a pattern leading from the privy pit toward the muckwater pond. If the grimoire was correct, the Wart Rat's nest would be somewhere between the two, likely closer to the pond where it could retreat if threatened.

"Need proper equipment for this hunt," Bruce muttered, remembering Herman's suggestions.

He made his way to the small shed attached to Herman's cottage, a crude structure of split logs and clay. Inside, hanging from hooks driven into the support beams, were various implements of the

herbalist's trade: drying racks laden with spring herbs, baskets of roots, and an assortment of protective gear.

Bruce selected a pair of thick leather gloves, discolored by a yellowish substance that gave off a pungent odor of toad bile. Next, he found a burlap executioner's hood treated with lavender oil, its purple-tinged fabric folded neatly on a shelf. He donned both items, grimacing at the conflicting smells that assaulted his nostrils.

The lavender mask was more burlap sackcloth than fine fabric, roughly tailored to fit over his entire head like an executioner's hood. Crude slits had been cut for his eyes, and a smaller opening for his mouth and nose. The rough material scratched at his skin, damp with lavender oil that clung to his beard and made each breath a struggle against the sodden cloth.

Armed with his protective gear, Bruce returned to Log and drew Turdcutter from its sheath. The broadsword gleamed dully in the overcast light, its edge recently honed. Turdcutter's worn leather handle fitting his palm like an old friend. The blade had earned its unfortunate name during the Siege of Blackmarsh, where Bruce and a small band of knights found themselves trapped behind enemy lines in the fetid swamps. Their supplies dwindled, and dysentery spread through their ranks like wildfire. When the enemy finally came for them, Bruce was the only one still standing, fever-ridden and delirious. Armed with the unnamed sword and positioned strategically behind the camp's makeshift latrine pits, he'd slaughtered seventeen men as they struggled through the muck. The surviving enemy soldiers fled, spreading tales of the knight who turned their own bodily functions against them. 'Turdcutter,' they'd called him in fearful whispers, and the name transferred to his blade. Bruce had initially resented the crude moniker, but over time, he'd come to appreciate its effect on his reputation. Enemies who might laugh at first mention soon learned that a blade named for excrement could still separate head from shoulders with terrible efficiency.

"Now for the hunt," Bruce said, his voice slightly muffled by the lavender mask.

TO BE CONTINUED



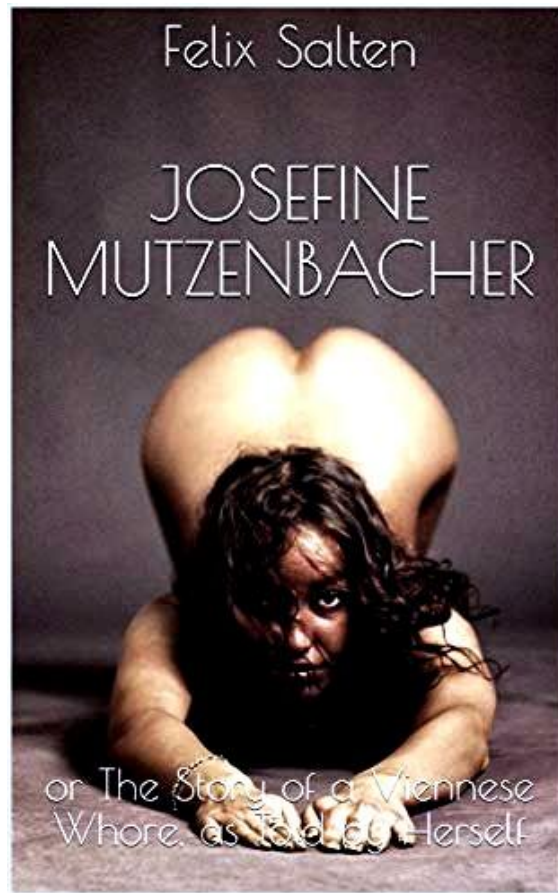
JOSEFINE
MUTZENBACHER

Die Lebensgeschichte
einer wienerischen Dirne,
von ihr selbst erzählt

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Josefine Mutzenbacher or the story of a Viennese prostitute as told by herself

A literary critique of Felix Salten's short story



By Minerva Armata

Literature has always been more for men, at least when reading anthologies. As a natural counterpoint, it is full of women (because we know that men speak of women) and often of those figures of women with whom over the centuries men have had more to do with, after mothers and wives, i.e. whores.



Minerva Armata

After all, it is well known that the history of the male mentality has always shifted to this double feminine axis: the saint (the mother and, until proven otherwise, the wife) and the whore (as a mercenary or otherwise). And let's face it, the narration of a virtuous wife is rather boring, so better the story of faithless and reprobates that arouse in the reader that itchy attitude which is then the spring that leads him to peek through the keyhole of literature. In non "genre" literature, pornography is hidden under a very thin veil of decency and the ending is always moralising (woe betide it! The fearful bourgeois could not justify reading it), in the pornographic one this hypocrisy has no reason for being and therefore we are often spared, as in Salten's story whose opening words are a real philosophy of life: "It is said: whores when young, bigoted when old. Not in my case..."



Vertigos erotiska klassiker 040

Felix Salten

JOSEFINE MUTZENBACHER

EN WIENERHORAS HISTORIA, BERÄTTAD AV HENNE SJÄLV

The story in the form of a confession and a memoir, apparently written by the person directly concerned, is a topos in the narration of stories of whores, in the vein of John Cleland's *Fanny Hill*, but the peculiarity of *Josefine* lies in the fact that the erotic narration merges with the childhood memories: her initiation is early, seven years, and the story stops at the first client; and this much exposed vision of infantile sexuality seems to challenge the modern theories of defence of minors at the time (we are in 1906 and the novel comes out anonymously in a numbered edition of a thousand copies by the publisher Fritz Freund).

In reality, male and female child prostitution was not such a rare event so, beyond the challenge, there is also the sketch, the look at some aspects of the life of the proletarian strata of society, which offers an almost real frame to this story, which is also completely pornographic. And in this frame the look at infantile sexuality is inserted.

We cannot forget that the milieu in which Salten's story is born is that of the Vienna of the cultural cenacle of the Jung Wien of Schnitzler and Von Hofmannsthal, and of which he himself is a part, but also of Freud and his students who with their psychoanalytic discoveries illuminate the narration of this sexual initiation that took place between peers, or nearly so, of which exhibitionism, voyeurism and the game of "mum and dad" are the main characters.

The myth of *Lolita* hovers over it, earlier and at an earlier age than *Lolita*, in a disenchanted vision of the young protagonist's drives, rendered with frank language and a narrative that is pornographic but not sloppy, as is sometimes the case in this type of story.

Karl Kraus, very critical of Salten to the point of defining him ungrammatical and careerist, wrote a positive opinion of *Josefine*. And it is curious to record how this story of sexual apprenticeship is the fruit of the pen of the one who years later will become known as a children's writer with the story of the fawn *Bambi*.

© Minerva Armata (originally published in English in Penicillin No.5)

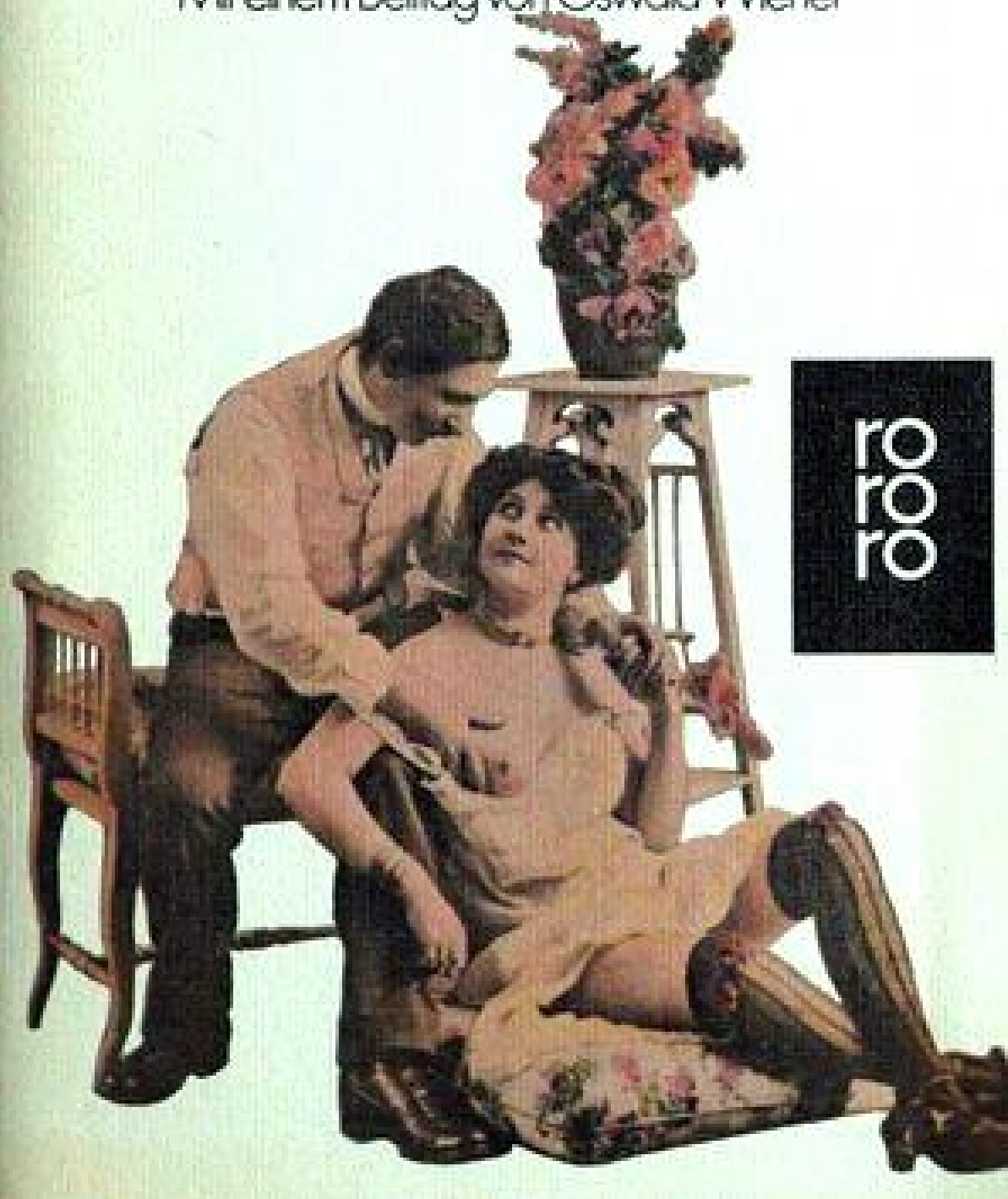
Josefine
Mutzenbacher

Meine 365 Liebhaber

Die Fortsetzung meiner Lebensgeschichte

In der Rogner & Bernhard-Fassung

Mit einem Beitrag von Oswald Wiener



WEEKLY SIGHTINGS

By Anonymous

And on to further writings from the depth of imagination reality, tis I again, what a fun filled few weeks it has been. I have been avoiding dragons, serpents and all the other demonic creatures life can throw at me.

I do not even know what I am to write about, how I feel? Reality? Well it is all about feeling and being able to pinpoint reality accurately that has us God like. The majority, cretins avoid any sort of feelings whatsoever. If you are alive, many blood sucking bastards either latch on or are passive to sink in. The clue is in the energy of people, the words they speak. Confident is having, speaks past about the object of having it, not not having it, waiting is also passive, waiting also is expecting life to happen without even taking the steps. Reality, to strengthen reality one must really engage in silence, all forms, all feelings, all sense, glued to your phone leaves you delusional, out of touch, scared and bloody well misses out on the gratitude and beauty of life.

Life is magnificent, you already have the life given, you have to create it, day in and day out, different experiences, but not to wait, it has already happened, everything that is happening has already happened unless you have not overcome the lesson, learned the lesson and felt it.

Which is living the myth but what myth are you living and telling yourself?

Here is a good way to see how you and your personality and sense of self are doing. Can you sit down and create the life of swashbuckling hero, living the life of having met all these damsels previously? This particular time I was dating a young Filipina and she had a stinking rotten

attitude. I flew over, we spent a week together and her fanny smelt of rotten fish, the journey was wasted. Beautiful country however and I ended up in being with several young Filipinas and catching something rather funky that had a nuclear warhead which left me out of actions for weeks on end.

Betty at the social club was rather disappointed, there was no swimsuit action for a few weeks. To think I almost become a resident of the Philippines once as well. I was known briefly as KING Nestor which is translated for "traveller".

You can be anything you want by creating and acting, believing and being fully immersed in your character, like me, I am the world's greatest writer, poking at your minds with imagery like I have dog shit on the end of a brush, shitty minds. Focus on your role and reinforce this every day for change because nothing is driven without imagination and the energy.

The world has become a bunch of dead people with coat hangers up their arses whom do not believe in their own myth, their own imagination, chasing cash and being dead on their feet. How drab! Engage with the insane! Have women scantily clad dripping in jelly and Bailey's ice cream, steady on Ernst. Now, my dear readers, Ernst said he wanted off the cuff, he wanted the writing to be driven off the white cliffs of Dover in insanity! My gift of sexual imagination and debauchery thrust into penicillin!

Which reminds me of a story of a dodgy prostitute I once slept with in Ramsgate when the owner appeared with cling film upon his head! ABC the look of love or either that he was an advert for Bernard Matthews.

What else have I noticed, people crave laughter, an ease of their own suffering, can you imagine not digging into your own insanity and magic and working for someone else, it is a little like dragging your balls all over Trafalgar Square, we in society are being forced onto pegs, the system being squeezed killing imagination, killing the kids, the adults....they are fucked aren't they, whatever happened to crazy Freddie being caught bumming the cat, the friendly neighbour with a cup of sugar, hedge porn and white dog shit?

People being referred to as clients, stats, objects, a lot simply do not believe in their own creation, their own imagination and the release and art of storytelling, follow your constellation, be your own detective and

let your self take or be took on the reigns of some brazen hussy, come on Brenda-Hur....whip that mother.

People are interpreting reality factually correct, which is great but can you show someone your tackle without showing them your tackle, encourage, tease and entice, we have lost the art of letting things creep and move in the mysterious way, demanding the answers, the certainty, it is drab! Where are the crazy people at, the fiends, the moon lovers, the absolute stark raving lunatics that cannot be bought for money!

What happened to passion, doing the things they wanted to do without the want of money! Where is the heart filled driven centre to want to move people from their shit lives into complete fantasy drawing and stirring up powerful images of cocks and balls, boobs in peoples minds! Express! Bounce, jiggle, which reminds me of Sabrina in that boys, boys, boys video! Jiggling, soaking, the drenched swimsuit...it was always a difficult trick to rewind a video and play tug boat at the same time, couldn't quite get the angle of the dangle.

I have took myself off social media, I want to embrace the madness of reality and dig deep, to express a better writing, a more engaged train chugging along the way!

Ernst. You wanted off the cuff and this has been the witness of the last few days, people are boring, have become incredibly boring, where are the Casanova seduction people, those with romanticised lives! Loving life instead of just waiting for it to happen, we have to dance in step with it, let it tango our cheeks! Oh such joy. People have stopped, there's no rhythm, no joy, no laughter, prod them with laughter and I am sure to ease their pain.

I'm sure Angela whom I've annoyed will come around, she's got a cob on, a wobbler! Ah well. Life goes on, life is like a chocolate digestive in some aspects, it's round and well it's round and what goes around is all around.

I just wish that these big breasted women and Filipina and Asian women would give me a break at the moment, my cock is red raw and I need a gin and tonic!

To all the brave sailors out there, eat fondue and remember faeries do exist, I've seen them. My gift to you I bid you ADIEU.

Anon...

AN IOWA INFERNO

An Erotic Story of Forbidden Lust by Lucille Simmons

Chapter 3

The Iowa sun beat down on the cracked asphalt of Main Street, the air heavy with dust and the promise of trouble. McCourtney had to run errands in town—groceries, cigarettes, and a new pack of Virginia Slims—and Thad, restless and possessive, insisted on tagging along. She's up to something, and I'm not letting her out of my sight, he thought, his mind still raw from the humiliating threesome with Jace. McCourtney sauntered out of the house in a short denim skirt that barely covered her ass and a tight, braless tank top, her nipples poking through the thin fabric. Look at her, practically naked, Thad thought, his jaw clenching as they climbed into the pickup truck, his cock twitching despite his anger. Every guy in town's gonna stare.

McCourtney caught his scowl and smirked. He's jealous already, she thought, her body tingling with the power she held over him. "What's your problem, little brother?" she teased, crossing her legs so her skirt rode higher, revealing a glimpse of her panties. Let him squirm, she thought, relishing his frustration.

"You're dressed like a fucking whore," Thad snapped, his hands gripping the steering wheel. "Every guy's gonna be all over you." She's mine, not theirs, he thought, his jealousy flaring at the thought of other men's eyes on her.



McCourtney laughed, sharp and mocking. “Shut up, Thad. You’re just pissed ‘cause you wanna screw me again.” She leaned over, flashing her ass as she mooned him, her panties slipping down to reveal her bare cheeks. “Like what you see, perv?” she taunted, He’s so fucking easy, she thought, her core tightening at his flushed face.

Thad’s breath hitched, his cock hardening instantly. Fuck, she’s perfect, he thought, torn between rage and lust. “You’re gonna regret this,” he muttered, but before he could say more, the roar of motorcycles drowned him out. A biker gang rolled into town, their Harleys kicking up dust as they performed reckless stunts, weaving through the street, chugging beers and hollering. The townsfolk scattered, whispering about trouble, but McCourtney’s eyes lit up. Now this is fun, she thought, her pulse racing at the raw energy of the gang.

To Thad’s horror, McCourtney sauntered toward them, hips swaying, her skirt flipping in the breeze. “Nice bikes, boys,” she called, her voice sultry, drawing their attention. The gang—Jailer, Harry, Robin, Big John, and Shades—grinned, their eyes raking her body. Fucking hell, she’s flirting with them, Thad thought, his stomach churning, his cock betraying him with a throb. She’s gonna get us killed.

“Hey, sexy, what’s your deal?” Harry said, his leather vest open, revealing a tattooed chest. McCourtney smirked, leaning against a lamppost, her nipples hard under her top. “Just looking for some fun. Wanna come back to my place? Dad’s out.” Let’s see how wild this gets, she thought, her body buzzing with anticipation.

Thad grabbed her arm, hissing, “Are you fucking crazy?” But she shook him off, laughing. “Lighten up, Thad. You’re invited too.” He’ll hate this, and I love it, she thought, leading the gang back to the house, Thad trailing behind, his mind a storm of dread and arousal. She’s gonna fuck them, and I can’t stop her, he thought, his heart pounding.

Back at the house, the bikers sprawled across the living room, cracking beers and blasting Led Zeppelin from a portable radio. McCourtney, thriving on the chaos, bent over the couch in a deliberately sexy pose, her skirt riding up, panties barely covering her ass. They’re all watching, she thought, her core tightening.

Harry, his eyes locked on her, whistled. “Fuck, that’s an ass,” he said, stepping closer. She’s begging for it, he thought, his cock stirring.

McCourtney glanced back, smirking. “What you waiting for, big guy?” Let’s start the show, she thought, arching her back further. Harry didn’t hesitate, lifting her skirt, yanking her panties to her knees, and burying his face in her ass, licking and kissing her cheeks, his tongue delving between them. “Fuck, you taste good,” he groaned, This chick’s wild, he thought, his erection straining his jeans.

McCourtney moaned, God, that’s hot, she thought, her body trembling with pleasure. Thad, watching from the corner, was appalled, his stomach twisting, but his cock throbbed painfully. She’s letting him do that right here, he thought, torn between horror and arousal. Shades, pacing nearby, grew jealous. I’m not letting Harry have her first, he thought, shoving Harry away. Harry stumbled, landing on the floor, his obvious erection drawing laughs from the others. Fucking embarrassing, Harry thought, scrambling up.

Shades, eyes blazing, ripped McCourtney’s skirt off, her panties already around her knees. She turned around to face him. “My turn,” he growled, dropping his trousers, his cock hard and ready. He pushed her onto the couch, thrusting into her pussy, his movements rough and urgent. She’s tight as fuck, he thought, groaning. “Fuck, yes,” she gasped, This is fucking intense, she thought, her body shuddering. The others hollered, words of support and encouragement. She’s loving it, Harry thought, stroking himself.

Thad’s face burned, This is disgusting, he thought, but his cock was rock-hard, betraying him. She’s a fucking slut, and I want her. Shades climaxed with a grunt, pulling out, and Harry, still hard, stepped forward, yanking his pants down. “My go,” he said, but McCourtney cut in. “Enough of this couch shit,” she barked “I wanna fuck on my dad’s bed, let’s do this right.” She’s a fucking prize, Harry thought, his eyes dark with intent.

McCourtney, panting, grinned. Bring it on, she thought, leading the way, Thad trailing behind, his mind a chaos of shame and desire. I can’t let them have her alone, he thought, his heart pounding. In

the bedroom, the bikers stripped her bare, her tank top and panties tossed aside, her body glowing in the lamplight. Robin went first, pushing her onto the bed, thrusting into her pussy with passionate, rhythmic strokes. “Fuck, you’re wet,” he groaned, She’s a fucking dream, he thought, as McCourtney moaned, her legs wrapping around him, God, he’s good, she thought, her first orgasm hitting hard.

Harry followed, pulling her into a spooning position, taking her from behind, his cock sliding into her pussy, slow then fast. “You like that, you dirty bitch?” he growled, She’s taking it like a champ, he thought. McCourtney gasped, “Fuck yes, harder.” They’re all mine, she thought, her second orgasm shuddering through her. Big John went next, flipping her onto her back, his thrusts deep and relentless. “Take it, slut,” he grunted, She’s fucking insatiable, he thought, as she came again, her cries echoing.

Finally, Jailer entered, his presence commanding. He dropped his trousers, his cock thick and hard. “On your knees,” he ordered. Time to finish this, he thought. McCourtney, still trembling, crawled to him, wrapping her lips around his cock, sucking deep, her tongue swirling. Fuck, he’s huge, she thought, working him eagerly, her moans muffled. Thad watched, his cock aching. She’s giving herself to them, he thought, rage and arousal choking him.

Big John groaned, pulling out to come across her face, his load mixing with the sweat and chaos of the night. McCourtney licked her lips, smirking, I’m the fucking queen, she thought, her body spent but triumphant. The bikers, laughing and slapping hands, grabbed their beers and headed out, leaving McCourtney sprawled on the bed, her face glistening.

Thad stood frozen, his erection painful, his mind a storm. She’s a whore, and I’m still hard for her, he thought, shame burning through him. McCourtney looked at him, her smirk wicked. “Enjoy the show, little brother?” she purred. He’s still mine, she thought, her control absolute. Thad turned and stumbled out, the cicadas’ scream amplifying his torment, the weight of their sin heavier than ever.

TO BE CONTINUED

EDEN



A Romance
by Ernst Graf

"In love most seek eternal home. Others, very few though, the
eternal journey."

Walter Benjamin, *One-Way Street*, 1928

CHAPTER 122

A GREAT START TO THE YEAR

Wow not only did Snake resign today, but I got to my bus stop to see the timings are working again! A great start to the year. Maybe it's going to be my year after all if I can hang on at Eden.

If it is my — email that rocked the boat so much it led to the client's demand that we receive disciplinary punishment, then it means I am indirectly responsible for Snake quitting. Therefore I am even more proud of what I did than ever before.

As long as I don't fall out of the boat as well. Amazing in just sixteen months I've gone from junior member of the four, to senior member. We will see how much longer I myself survive. If I can survive, then this could be an amazing year indeed.

I could never have dreamed it would start with a wonderful gift like this.

I cannot start MOLOCH till I finish THE UPPER HAND, as all the material I need to draw on must be uncovered in the writing of UPPER HAND first. An extra incentive to press on with UPPER.

Well, my boss wants me to cover four shifts in February due to Snake's "resignation". Wow. He did resign then. Never thought I would see that. Why has he done that? Asked me to do 2nd and 3rd, but I cannot do 2nd due to my Disciplinary Appeal next morning, and 10th and 11th is OK with me but will mean postponing the Paris trip which I was half inclined to do anyway.

Just four nights to do, then I am back to Paris on Friday lunchtime for four nights on 17th January.

Encouraging that the boss is GIVING me shifts in February, so that means I am working February at least. And I don't have to worry about the holiday pay issue again till the end of March. And that is already one quarter of the year over.

Just goes to show there are always unexpected twists & turns, you just have to hang onto the rollercoaster at its lowest dives, and wait for the upswing. I could NEVER have predicted Snake of all people resigning. Opens up lots of overtime for me again as I do not have to avoid Snake anymore.

I am now the senior member of the team just 16 months after joining. I have seen off the other 3 members of the team. The big daddy of the team from 1st February. The cream always rises to the top.

Adding all my photos in chronological order will make THE GRAND TOUR even better (and even bigger). Same for FLY, FREE LIFE, and THE ROARING TWENTIES. It will make them magnificent. I am a wonderful photographer, as you know.

Wow. How incredible to keep being reminded—
THE SNAKE HAS QUIT.

What a wonderful wonderful start to the new year 2025. And the timings are back at my bus stop! Snake is fucking gone. Me rocking the boat with my — email has set so many consequences into motion, made such huge waves, that it has gone all the way to knocking the snake out. More than ever what a brilliant thing I did, and I did it only out of integrity and honesty. The law of unintended consequences in brilliant action.

Just as long as I too don't end up a victim to it. If I can cling on by my fingertips then it will be seen as another act of genius on my part.

Just 16 months ago I was 4th out of the 4, now I am about to become No.1 of the 4. Incredible.

So fucking horny at work this money, just thinking about vintage porn. The old Titten Alarms yes but not just those. Couldn't wait to get home to masturbate, not even thinking about food anymore. So it was I went to bed without eating, thanks God. Made a mess of my bath towel but no eating.

I so much feel like walking down the stairs here at Charlotte Mansions with my cock out. If only I knew where the cameras are or if I could be sure there aren't any. The older I get the more I want to. If was a millionaire and had fuck off money I would do it. And do it on the trains and buses.

Rebooked my 10th February ICE for Tuesday 15th April, an extra £49 to upgrade to 1st class going out and no extra coming back. Considering I look like spending zero on travel in March (and fingers crossed claiming the £900 holiday money) that is justifiable I think. So no travel at all in March. I did get many bulges on these four days in Berlin after all. And Spring weather in March might make me randy even for Yo Yo or Marie.

The snake quitting has already given me a £360 dividend.

And the great thing is when — goes on holiday (if he does) I no longer have to work with the snake as his cover.

THEY TRIED TO CONTROL YOU & WAS LEFT SHOCKED & INTIMIDATED BY YOUR ENERGY 😬 NOW THEY WANT YOU BACK

Only half excited about Paris, half doubts. Too soon and what for exactly? Lunette, Chat Noir, Chinese Lily, and Sphynx. Let me check Pigalle this time. Even though I always say 'never again'.

Work on THE GRAND TOUR really hard now. Plough straight on with FLY, and FREE LIFE. Get skeleton books out there, and put flesh on the bones in the ensuing months. Three books of just 24 pages giving brief timeline of each period, could have that done by end of the month.

All the places I have had sex included in each volume.

List of places still open or closed.

Funny, Yo Yo is the first time I've ever actually had sex with a Chinese massage girl.

Encouraging I'm still getting morning boners, every 6am even when at work. At my age. Encouraging that I do keep making an extra hole in my belt. Proves I am losing weight, not visibly apparently.

THE UPPER HAND

The Life of Ernst Graf by Ernst Graf

I Eros 1992-99

II The Grand Tour 1999-2006 24 pages

III Fly 2006-2013 24 pages

IV Free Life 2013-20 24 pages

V The Roaring Twenties 2020-27 24 pages. I've almost lived through the volume V period already!

355pm Thursday before my fourth and last night of the week.
Start my journey to Paris 930 tomorrow.

THE SNAKE HAS QUIT.

Have to keep reminding myself. This COULD be a fantastic year. Bus times back at my bus stop.

Wow, my worst January since 2018 in terms of wages, and if not for the snake quitting it would have been my worst February since 2018 as well. A reality check. My worst March since 2019 even with holiday money. Thank God I cut off from Katharina when I did and also I must reduce my Paris trips—including postponing that other February trip. I cannot travel in February. Can I?

CHAPTER 123

PARIS

1155am Saturday morning in the Cecil. Penicillin No.150 just finished. Been working on it all morning since I woke. An indigestion-ruined night after a huge meal and seconds in the Grand Egg. The first meal would probably have been all right, it was gorging the second that absolutely fucked me. I never learn my fucking lesson. Drinking makes me so hungry.

That's all my Gaviscon gone in one night basically. Cannot find any more cherry drops but I should have two whole packs somewhere, must have left them at home.

So, what of Friday?

Got to Berlin Central Station by 1005, so time for one & half pints of Kindl. Very very quiet, I thought I will have a lovely spacious carriage to stretch out in even though I am in second class for a change. I chose my seat very carefully to make sure I was in a quiet near empty carriage. Then of course I see the big sign, “you will have to speak to us for new seat reservation for operational reasons”. I spoke to the Deutsche Bahn lady and stressed to her that I wanted to be at the end of a carriage, and in a quiet carriage, “yes yes” she says, and of course when I got on I

am NOT at the end, I have one row of people behind me, and the carriage is absolutely packed. What is the fucking point of me choosing my ticket so carefully? So angry. This is why I travel first class, I told myself. Though the carriage was full, the aisle seat next to me (which I think should have been mine, I nabbed the window) was the only seat empty. There was all the time a very pretty black girl standing at the far end of the carriage by the door and I took her for a Deutsche Bahn stewardess, but as the doors were just about to close she came along the carriage and spoke to the two girls in the row in front of me. They apologised that one of them was meant to be in the empty seat next to me but they wanted to sit together and asked the black girl if she wouldn't mind taking their seat behind. She accepted it with no problem and sat down next to me. Black sweater over nice breasts, finely chiselled beautiful bone structure, mid 20s perhaps, big brown fur coat. Got her little tablet out and started watching something as the train pulled out of Berlin. Now, of course, I started to get an erection.

The bulge noticeably growing in my trousers. Out of the corner of her eye she cannot have failed to notice it. I could have covered it with my arm but I kept my right arm across my stomach to leave the bulge on show. However, I realised now it was starting to go too far. It was turning into an absolutely full erection. All the way. I tried to think about something else, politics, anything, but it was no good. I was feeling in a lubricious mood and the sexiness of this black girl was making it unstoppable. I asked her if I might get up as I need to go somewhere and gallantly told her she could have the window seat if she liked, "OK thanks" she smiled. She must have thought I was going for a wank. I then went to the "restaurant" (posh word for it—just a food and drink counter with some standing area and little cushioned shelves for people to park their bottoms on).

In all my decades of travelling on trains to & from Europe and around Europe this is the first time I have ever availed myself of a restaurant car, incredibly. Being a lone traveller I am always too worried about leaving my bag unattended, but this time I thought fuck it, I don't want to go back to that crammed cattle wagon, squeezed up to this black girl, trying to resist my bulge again, and anyway there is nothing much of value in my bag

except my old second hand laptop and bottle of baby oil and even that is 7/8ths empty. Fuck it, I stayed in the restaurant car, for the rest of the journey and had eight cans of IPA in the end and—I loved it! Standing or parking my bottom on those little benches under the shelves I loved just watching the scenery pass and the journey just flew by in what seemed ten minutes. Incredible how time seems to pass at a different speed when I drink. Alcohol actually *accelerates* time. Ernst Graf's Theory of Relativity. The more I drink the faster time disappears. I must listen to the 'Bergson & Time' In Our Time episode again. I returned to my seat about 5 minutes before arrival, and with a spare seat becoming available on the other side of the aisle as people moved to the door in preparation for arrival, I didn't need to sit next to the black girl anymore.

But what a sexy memory! To get a full erection inspired by girl next to me and for her obviously to see it. And spending the journey in the restaurant car will perhaps become a regular thing now—IF I am in second class. And this is actually a very good tactic. In first class I don't need to, as we are served food and drink at our seats, but in future I will save a LOT of money by travelling second class on the way and then just go to the restaurant car instead. Going home I will always travel first class as I am suffering a hangover, and foreskin tears usually, and need to prepare quietly for work later that same day. But going out in future I will travel second cheaply and go to the restaurant car.

Leaving my bag unattended I am always worried about somebody slipping some drugs or something into my bag, as well as stealing. On the cross Europe journey you get some very unsavoury characters indeed—as in Europe it is crazy there are no barriers you have to go through AT ALL, totally different from London of course, so anyone can stroll into a European train station and straight onto a high speed ICE or local train without any hindrance whatsoever. Only sometimes do the conductors move along the train checking tickets.

The only place you will find barriers at European train stations is at the entrance to the lavatories. It is incredible, but it is harder to get into European station lavatories than it is to just stroll into a station and get onto a high speed international train to anywhere on the continent.

Why they protect their lavatories so well but make no effort to impede access to their trains is a mystery.

There are many mysterious things about Europe which mark it out as different from England. The biggest one is perhaps their bizarre adherence to never crossing a road until the green man has appeared, even if there is absolutely no traffic coming in either direction! It is so fucking weird. If the road is clear, why not cross? European tourists must have their minds blown when they come to London and just see people plunging into the surging traffic left & right and just forcing the traffic to slow for *them*. And in London you do see tourists obediently waiting at crossings when the red man is showing, while us Londoners are just crossing to & fro in front of their astonished eyes—but they still cannot seem to overcome their own reticence themselves and so they just stubbornly wait for the green man, even though they don't have to. You can always tell who the tourists are in London, by the way they always wait for the green man before crossing even an empty road.

Leaving my bag unattended on the European trains would not be a good idea, but no reason why I cannot just take my bag with me to the restaurant car. Other people do.

This is a great discovery. Great pleasure of getting the erection with the black girl squeezed into the seat next to me and seeing it, and great pleasure of discovering the pleasures of drinking in the restaurant car for the whole journey to Paris, opening up the freedom of travelling second class on the way out.

And this time at the Cecil I had a DOUBLE room, initially he gave me a key for a room at the back, like he was doing me a favour. I said I actually prefer a room at the front and he changed it for me. Lovely, a low second floor room at the front with French windows and balcony. Beautiful. Like sitting in a box at the opera right next to the stage. Noisy, just the way I like it.

Anyway, after checking in, I did not need to waste time having a drink as I was already sloshed from the 1½ at the station and eight cans on the train, so headed straight to Sphynx. On the National Theatre corner there were no Chinese girls at all but a rather attractive blonde girl, in tight pink trousers with no knickers as I could see her cameltoe (horrible word). Kira. Tempted. A few more not bad girls on the way as well, the quality

seems to be slowly improving again. Risky but I am becoming tempted. Once summer comes and I can see them more clearly without hoods and big coats I will go for it, a street girl for the first time since I went with Bulgarian Beatris, a few times back in the early days. 2013-16 kind of era.

Sphynx was busy and became very busy, standing room only, rare, like the good old days on Fridays. Jenny and Mimi, and the usual Brazilian gang, and one new blonde one I think; think I might have seen her last time but I didn't find her so interesting last time. This time she looked gorgeous in a really pretty elegant green dress that fitted her curvy body like a glove. Not too austere and not too slutty, just really sexy and pretty. Her breasts small enough to encourage me that they were not plastic—a real curse with Brazilian girls in particular. And her face was pretty, and warm, simpatico. She did not look to be filled with demons like the coven girls do. She was not part of their coven, she was with the older frizzy hair blonde woman that Katharina used to sit with, perhaps still Katharina's friend.

I bought the blonde a beer but made no attempt to converse with her, then a huge Brazilian stud came in and took her to his table and that was the end of that. There ARE some really sexy Brazilian men in 1925 Paris I have to say, if you are that way inclined. I could not compete with his sexiness, a pale white skinned English boy, so I calmly relinquished any thought of being with her tonight. And I rather think she is just a Friday girl, not one of the dailies. She is so pretty she can make a lot of money in one night and only needs to do 1 night a week. She is of that ilk.

Once again as I sat in front of the piano at the back I got a massive bulge in my trousers, to the point that I once again had to hide it with my beer glass. This is why I keep coming back to the Sphynx! Incredible. Encouraging at my age that I am still this trigger happy responsive as well. Not too much wrong with my testosterone, there can't be. And this, of course, was with a lot of beer already in my system.

After the stud claimed my green dress beauty at the front there was not much else to excite me, so I left and went to the Grand Egg at 9pm. Then out like a light and horrible indigestion ruination after that, soon awake with it and God knows how many hours till I dropped off again.



Jenny seems to get less attention than her older sister Mimi now. She was the No.1 girl in the whole place once upon a time. Like a 19-year-old Maria Schneider in *Last Tango in Paris*. I have been with her twice, but a long time ago.

Mimi went up with a guy once.

Those knockers are eternal.

Well, writing all that has taken me up to 1225pm. No food in the room at all. Not hungry yet though so it doesn't matter. I will grab something on the way back later. Plan—Chat Noir, Lunette, back past the National Theatre corner to look for Chinese Lily, to Sphynx again, by 4 perhaps or later. I should start pretty soon.

My long johns smell of urine so I must have wet myself a little bit in the night but thanks God no sign on the bedsheet so I must have just caught myself in time during the night.

Don't want to embarrass myself at the Cecil, I love it here too much now.

NEXT WEEK—AN INCREDIBLE TURNAROUND






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

Chad Calland—Lover of BOOKS, History, Ex-military, Ex Private defence contractor Jungian Psychology, Shamanism, Occult, Knowledge. Amazon books [Tales of Marquess du Rouge and Becoming a Man](#)

Minerva Armata—Brief considerations on the relationship between eroticism and pornography. [X/leboudoir](#)

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](#)

COVER PHOTO: Minerva Armata

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Marquis de X—sigma male (silent alpha) @ernstgraf · Apr 17, 2023  ...

If you were a woman enjoying a relationship with me, but then discovered I was putting pretty much every private twist & turn of our affair into a story I was writing for PENICILLIN magazine, would you be honoured & proud to be my muse? Or despise me & want to f**king kill me?

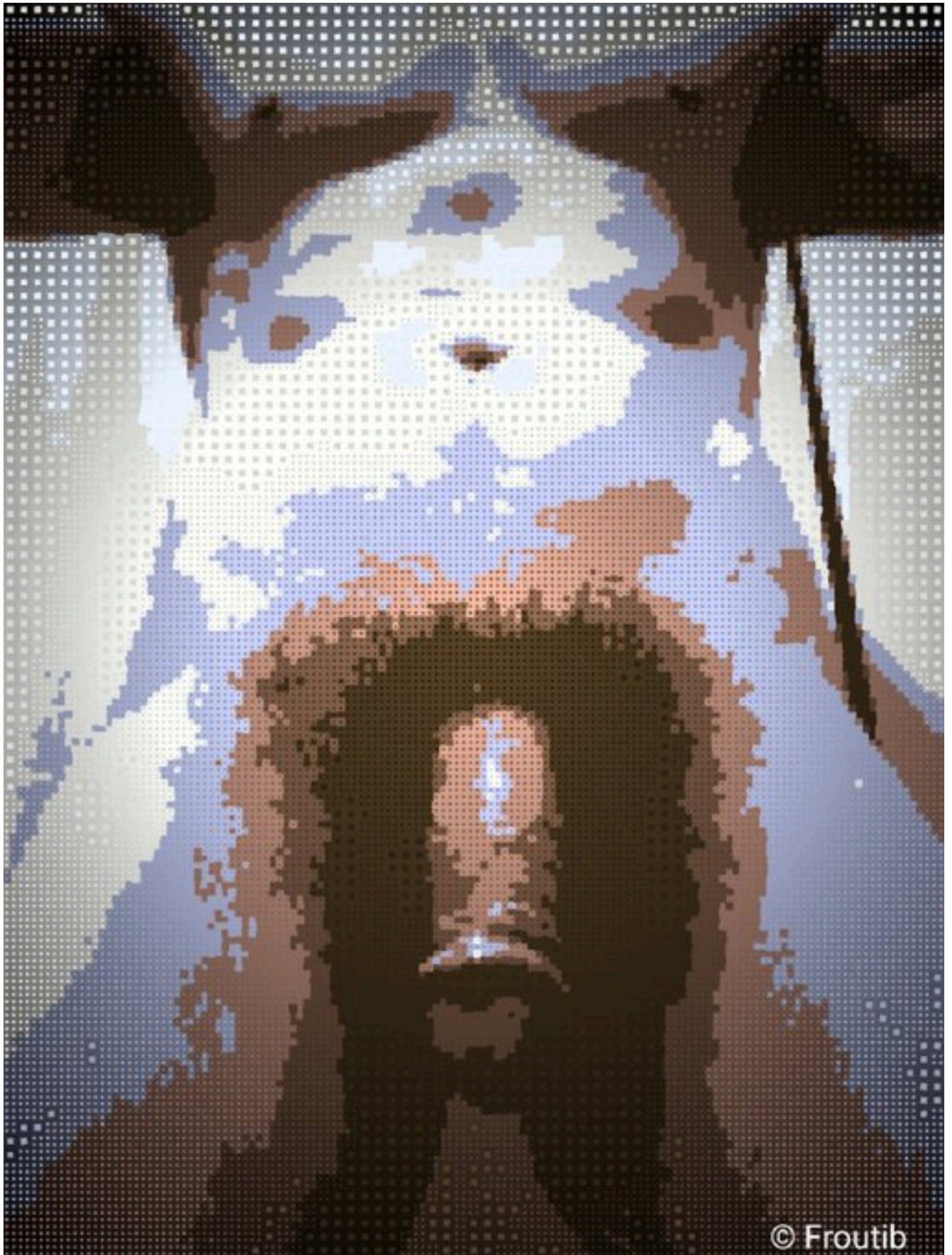
I'D FEEL BETRAYED

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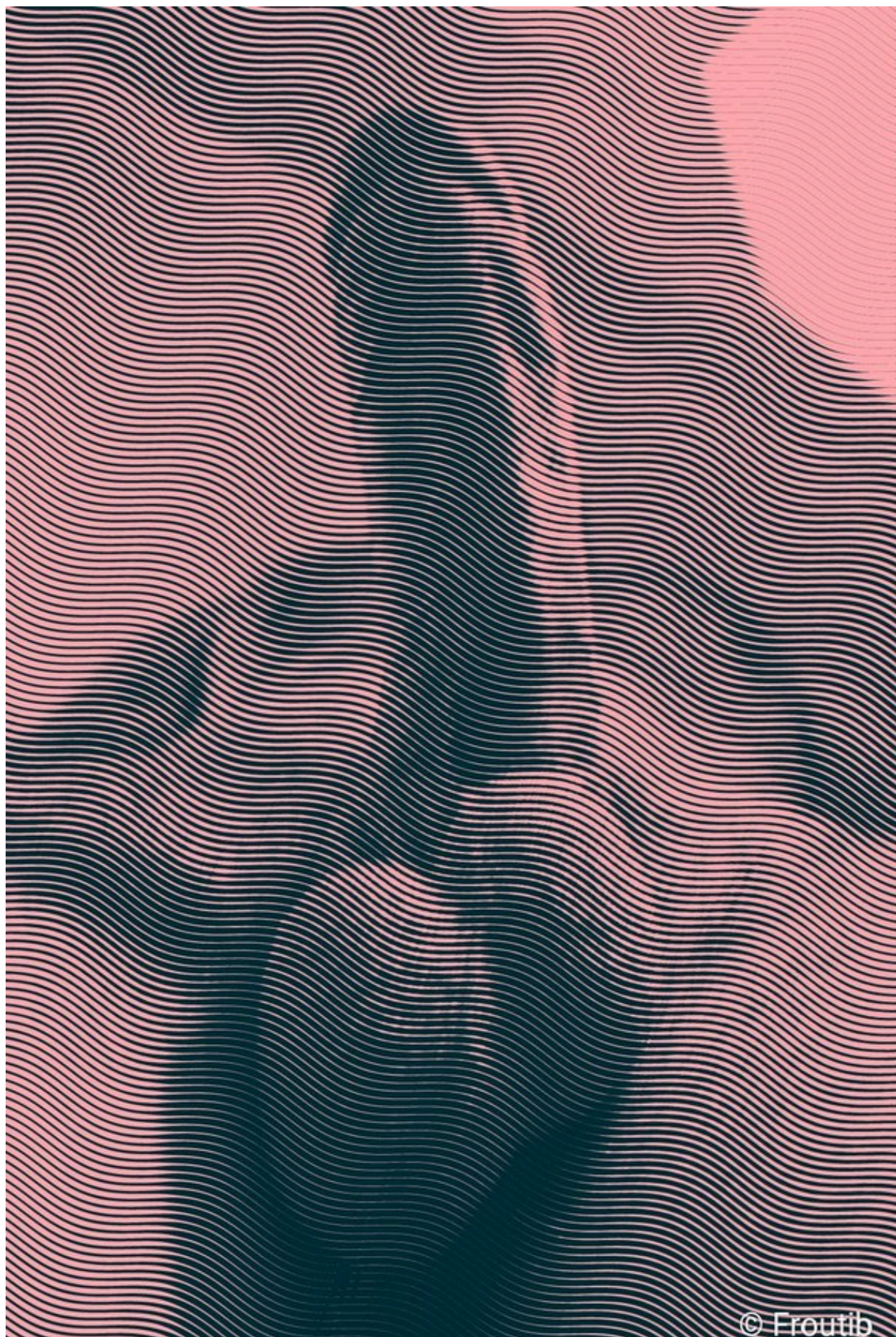
I'D BE PROUD & HONOURED

80%

5 votes · Final results



Exposed by Froutib



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