

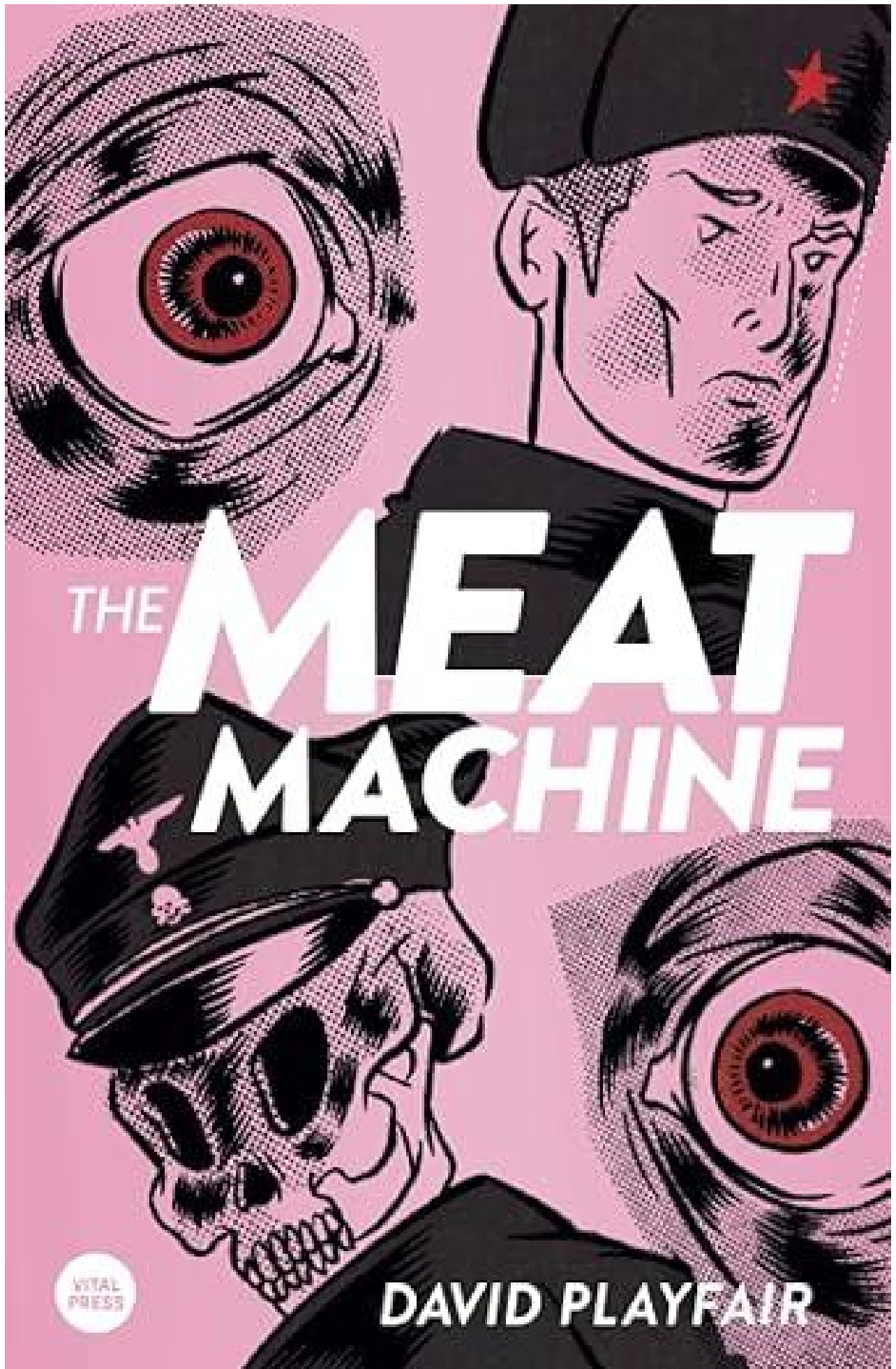
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**17th June 2025**





THE

# MEAT MACHINE

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DAVID PLAYFAIR

# THE MEAT MACHINE

By David Playfair

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## **Chapter Twenty-One—Camp Handpart continued**

My secret Kublev-identity enjoyed all this every bit as much as my cover Decker-identity. Yet in the middle of this idyll I had to make time for a secret research project.

I had not forgotten the maps of the Eastern borders of the Reich which I'd seen at Hitler's Wolf's Lair. They didn't prove anything in themselves. Every commander must know where all the troops are, in peacetime as well as war.

What did "Barbarossa" mean, though? I guessed, correctly as it turned out, that it was the code name for an operation. That didn't

necessarily take me any further, because wise generals pick nondescript or misleading titles for operations.

However there was a boastful histrionic streak to Hitler that might have tempted him to choose a historically meaningful name.

There was a library at Handlpart, for it had been a boarding school before the military had requisitioned it.

I used to sneak away from the pleasant company and immerse myself in the books.

To people who saw me there I'd simply explain that I needed a brief respite from the "social activities" and educating myself seemed an honorable excuse. It wasn't long before I tracked Barbarossa down in a history text.

*Barbarossa: Italian for 'Redbeard', a nickname for Frederick I, Emperor of the First Reich from 1152 till 1190.*

There were lots of other Emperors — why did Hitler pick this particular one for naming an operation? This Emperor did have a distinctive feature besides the color of his beard — he loved invading places.

*Barbarossa's main target was Italy, which he invaded five times. He also attacked Bohemia, Hungary and Poland...*

I read on.

*According to legend, Barbarossa never truly died, just fell asleep seated at a stone table in a deep chamber hidden beneath the foundations of Castle Kyffhäuser. His red beard never stopped growing. When the beard has bored through the stone table slab, and wrapped itself three times around the pediment, he will wake up. Then he will emerge to the surface and lead the German people once again.*

Presumably after cutting himself loose... At this point the prophecy became a bit vague. Exactly how or where he would lead them was not specified, nor whether he'd replace Hitler or simply advise him. It seemed reasonable to suppose, though, that the revived Barbarossa would get back to his old tricks.

Now, Hitler had already successfully invaded Bohemia (the old name for part of Czechoslovakia) and Poland, not to mention France, Norway, Denmark, Africa, Yugoslavia and Greece. And he didn't need to invade Italy or Hungary, for they were Germany's allies. So what invasion would he need Barbarossa for? Or, to put it another way, where else was left? I knew from Ulbricht that the operation to invade England, "Sealion", had been postponed indefinitely after preliminary air and commando raids had been defeated. What else could

“Barbarossa” be but the invasion of the Soviet Union? And when else could it be but that very year, 1941? For I knew that the German army command referred to mere contingency plans as “cases” which were color-coded. They didn’t give them operational titles till nearly ready to attack.

Which month then? Russia has a late springtime, very muddy after the snow-melt. A motorized assault would have to wait till high dry summer if it was not to be bogged down. The mud would not be dry and the rivers’ spring spate would not have slacked till late June or July. It was now May. How could I warn my people? Leave from Handlpart, of any kind, was strictly forbidden. The doctor feared we might spoil the Lebensborn experiment by contracting venereal diseases or intoxicating ourselves. I had to discover a way to evade these strict scientific controls, and soon.

Meanwhile, the days passed like dreams. No one can organize so well as the Germans. Handlpart was by a remote lake in Bavaria. We’d go hiking or swimming with our beautiful companions. Wherever we strayed from the main party, we’d find cosy little bowers with sweet soft grass. The food was delicious but light. I remember that seafood, especially oysters and lobsters, was a regular on the menu. Plus lots of fruit, mainly apples, pears and cherries.

And we got rabbit stew every day. I assumed this was a scheme to make us breed like rabbits — *Mann ist was er isst* — but the doctor later told me it was a by-product of the Ascheim-Zondek pregnancy tests.

No neat little color tests in those days. They had to inject the urine into a rabbit, and then kill the animal to see if its ovaries had altered.

After supper they’d show movies while we assimilated these nice foods. They picked mainly love stories, with now and then a horror film to make us cling together. Then some slow dancing to a band with romantic repertoire.

They always played *Maikäfer Flieg* — the song of the brief mating flight of the summer cockchafer beetle — for their last number. After which came the most important event of the evening, going to bed, and never alone...

I put myself dutifully around, and so did Mina and Mona. None the less I seemed to find myself between the sheets, or in the long grass, with one of the twins nearly every day.

‘A hard man is good to find,’ murmured Mona one evening, well contented after a triple orgasm.

‘Aren’t the others hard too?’ I asked. ‘Yes, they are,’ she said, ‘but rarely for long enough. I blame it on those damn masturbation competitions in the Hitler Youth.’

‘Competitions? Surely not official?’

Mona laughed. ‘Hell, no. It’s against the rules. But what can you expect when you send a bunch of teenage boys into the woods with lots of nourishing food and not a female in sight. They’re spoiled as lovers by the time they get official permission. Some of them actually boast about how fast they can come.’

‘Is there no hope for them?’ I asked.

‘I wouldn’t go so far as to say that.’ She smiled. ‘In some cases Mina and I have achieved wonders at rehabilitation. Though we haven’t got anywhere with Wolf and Max yet,’ she added, mentioning two very handsome but very shy participants.

Mina and Mona were my favorite friends from start to finish, but not exclusively. Indeed if I hung around them too much they’d chase me away.

‘Don’t be so sticky, Hans,’ Mona would complain. ‘Didn’t you notice that Irma (or Renata or Susanna or Ingried) was smiling at you? Go off and be nice to her.’

To which Mina might add: ‘It’s your duty, Hans, to see that the Aryan seed is sown far and wide.’

I strove manfully to be kind and to sow the beautiful fields all about me. Yet the best sex I had, out of all that good sex, was with a woman both non-Nordic and sterile.

I’ll tell you how that came about. It began with tobacco. As a rule I smoke very little — a policeman needs a good nose — but all this healthy living had given me a craving for bad habits. Besides I knew that Mina and Mona liked to sneak in a cigarette now and then, and I wanted to please them. So when I caught our barracks cleaning lady having a quiet smoke-break in the broom cupboard, an idea came to me.

Jenny was a soldier’s widow, in her forties, who made a few marks sweeping and mopping the floors at Handlpart. A tall bony woman, she always wore a brown dust coat and a green head scarf to work. She liked me because I knew enough of her native Ukrainian to converse. She came from Galicia, and had met her husband during the first world war. He’d died of tuberculosis. Their only child had emigrated to Canada. She lived at a boarding home in town. Her position in the world was precarious. Having been the wife of a

German warrior protected her status, being of the wrong race lowered it.

Jenny shook like a leaf when I found her with the cigarette in her mouth. 'Please, Sir, don't tell my supervisor. I need the job. I won't do it again.'

'It's nothing to me, Jenny,' I said. 'I wouldn't care if you smoked twenty cigars every workday. Why don't you finish that thing in safety? Come in my room, and I'll shut the door and open the window.'

Jenny sat on my bed and smoked, while I outlined a plan. I'd give her the money, enough to buy cigarettes twice a week plus a little bit extra. She'd slip the pack in my bureau drawer, under my socks, when she cleaned my room. A nice simple scheme, with virtually no risk of detection. I congratulated myself. All that secret agent training was paying off.

We shook hands on the deal, which brought us close enough together to look into each other's eyes. Hers were hazel, with brown flecks. She smiled, and the smile transformed her, as though a light bulb had been switched on inside. 'Bony' was the wrong word for her, I decided. 'Elegant' or 'classical' came to mind. Everybody agrees about 'pretty', but 'beauty' is in the eye of the beholder.

'It's been a long time since I sat on a man's bed,' she said, and gave a nervous laugh.

I still had not let go of her hand. I raised it to my lips.

'Have you forgotten how it's done?' I asked.

She laughed again. 'Nobody forgets that! But I haven't been with a man since I had surgery for my heavy periods. Dr. Brandt had to remove my womb. "The nursery is gone," I remember him saying "but the playroom remains."'

She hadn't pulled her arm away, so I stroked her cheek with my free hand. I felt an enormous erection develop. Was it Jenny's looks, or the thought of making love just for the sake of making love? Both were true reasons, I thought.

'You're beautiful,' I said, and I undid her coat and head-cloth to see and feel the actual woman beneath.

Her hair was black, a color I hadn't seen since coming to Handlpart. We kissed for a long time.

'Jenny, let's get into bed and find out if that doctor did a good job,' I said.

Jenny put her hand on my cheek. She smelt of floor soap.

'Yes, Hans,' she said, 'let's.'



Orgasm followed orgasm. The trees budded and blossomed. May was running out. And still I hadn't found a way to warn the Soviet Union!

I was reminded of the urgency at the camp concert. Von Bärfels temporarily overruled the doctor's strictness and allowed us wine. When Mina and Mona appeared on stage, even more absolutely ravishing than ever, we were in sentimental mood. The twins wore simple peasant dresses, with flowers in their hair, red poppies for Mina and blue cornflowers for Mona. They began to sing softly. Maybe they weren't quite as good as Marlene Dietrich — there's only one of her — but we were enchanted.

*Sag mir wo die Blumen sind,  
 Wo sind sie geblieben?  
 Sag' mir wo die Blumen sind,  
 Was ist geschehen?  
 Sag' mir wo die Blumen sind,  
 Mädchen pflückten sie geschwind.  
 Wann wird mann je' verstehen?  
 Wann wird mann je' verstehen?*

The question is, where have all the flowers gone? As everybody knows by now, young girls picked them, every one. Then of course the



young men go off with the girls, and the army goes off with the men, and graves take the men, who fertilize the next crop of flowers.

And when would they ever learn? Apparently never, if Hitler had anything to do with it. From his vast world outlook, it was the bloodline that counted. So long as the young men left a new crop of fine Aryan babies, their personal fate mattered little in the great scheme of things.

This is my sober analysis of life, love and war. But I must confess that at the time I was simply enraptured by the twins' beauty and the magic of their performance.

Jenny had smuggled in some extra bottles of red wine for me, and I used two of them for a private ceremony to congratulate Mina and Mona for their lovely singing. Next day I paid the price, with a dreadful hangover and an even worse attack of realism. Music and poetry, I decided, were drugs even worse than alcohol and morphine.

The flower song relegated us men to the role of biological automatons, dispensable once our fertilizing duty is done. I'm ready to do the decent thing on board a sinking ship, and let the women and children board the lifeboats first. But I don't choose to volunteer for this kind of culling, nor did we Soviets go through a revolution just to participate in war for war's sake.

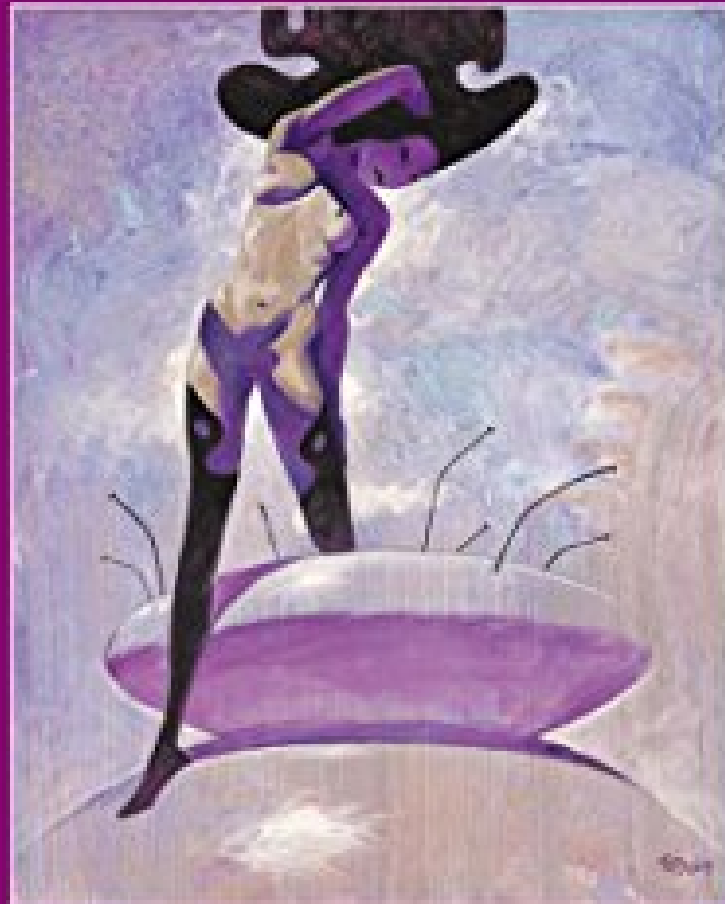
Soon Hitler would be issuing invitations to Operation Barbarossa. It was important that he be met with a stern 'No thank-you' the moment his troops touched Soviet soil. As soon as my headache eased I would find a way to get my warning to the Red Orchestra spy network.

What about all those babies we may have started? How many I don't know, because we were gone before the rabbit-tests were complete. I think they did all right. They had their mothers, and their mothers were the pick of German womanhood, with brains as well as beauty. They became 'war widows' — which was true in a way. The fathers of their babies were, mostly, dead in Russia. Fortunately a new wave of men appeared with the US occupation. I suspect that many Lebensborn babies crossed the Atlantic as ready-made families of GI war-brides. To become an adopted American is no bad fate.

**NEXT WEEK—Chapter Twenty-Two—Harry**

Gaston Danville

adapted by Brian Stableford

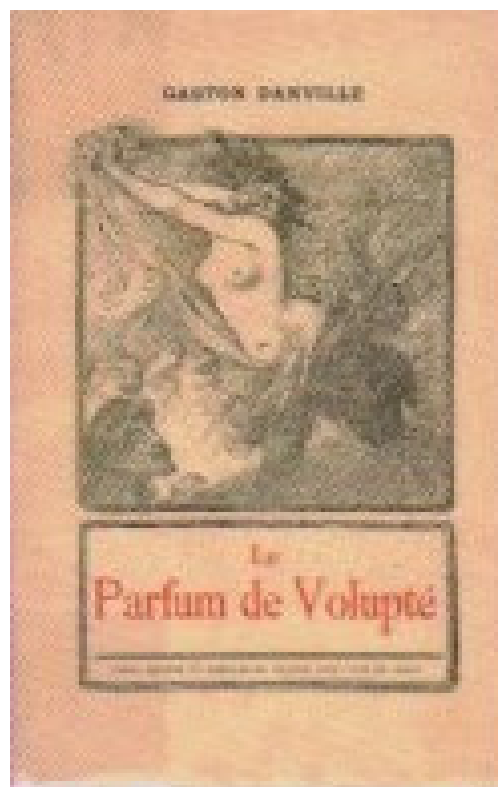


the  
perfume  
of  
Lust

# THE PERFUME OF LUST

(1905)

By Gaston Danville



**Reviewed by D4Doom**

Gaston Danville's *The Perfume of Lust* (*Le Parfum de volupté*), published in 1905, is a kind of lost civilisation tale (involving Atlantis) but not at all typical of that genre. This is definitely not

pulp fiction or straightforward adventure fiction. This is much more arty and more literary. Danville had an intense interest in the latest psychological theories of his day and that interest is reflected in this novel.

Gaston Danville was the pseudonym used by French author Armand Blocq (1870-1933). He's hard to classify. He had links to both the Naturalist and Symbolist movements, two literary movements that were bitterly opposed. There's also some very obvious influence of the literary Decadence of the fin de siècle.

*The Perfume of Lust* has a setup that could easily have been used as the basis for a rollicking adventure tale but Danville had other fish to fry.

This is a story related at third hand. This is a story related by a man named Robert Toby to his friend Vincent Tricard who then related it to the narrator of the novel. The narrator is of course then passing it on to the reader so maybe it's a tale told at fourth hand. Neither the narrator nor Vincent Tricard are convinced that the story is true but at the same time they don't dismiss the possibility. We have to consider the possibility that it's a tall tale, or a dream, or a hallucination or that it's all quite true. This ambiguity is never resolved. Perhaps we never can tell dreams from reality anyway.

Robert Toby is a passenger on the steamship Dauphiné. The ship is hit by a gigantic wave. It survives but it is left rudderless and drifting. Repairs are eventually effected and then things start to get strange. The ship encounters an island where no island has ever been before. The Dauphiné finds itself stranded in a large bay surrounded by reefs, unable to regain the open sea.

It appears that some undersea earthquake or volcanic eruption has brought the seabed to the surface and created a new island. The strangest thing is the city. It appears to be an ancient city that sank beneath the waves sometime in the distant past. It might even be Atlantis.

Danville's interest does not lie in the story itself but in the effects the island has on the passengers and crew of the Dauphiné. Psychological, emotional, sensory, sensual and erotic effects. Danville emphasises the influences of scents and textures and sounds which provide a kind of sensory intoxication.

The passengers certainly have their erotic instincts aroused. Danville mostly describes their erotic experiments obliquely. This was probably not for censorship reasons (writers such as Pierre Louÿs were going much much further at around the same time). It's more likely that Danville was fascinated by the erotic but not entirely comfortable with such things. There's a very strange orgy scene in which the participants get very excited but they don't seem to actually do anything.

In some ways this works in the book's favour. It's not simply about sex, it's about eroticism and sensuality in a much broader sense.

There's also a sense in which the Dauphiné's passengers have found a kind of paradise but it's a paradise that might not be good for them and which might be taken away from them. There's a brooding sense of doom and melancholy. The undersea seismic activity has not ceased. This island and its mysterious exotic lost city suddenly emerged from the waves but there's no way to know if it will remain in existence for a week or a year or a century. There's no way to know if escape from the island is possible. These uncertainties add a certain spice to the island's pleasures.

This is technically science fiction, of a sort, but it's a novel that might well mystify most science fiction fans. I found it oddly mesmerising. Recommended, but maybe not to everyone.

This is one of the many French science fiction, fantasy and decadent works that have been translated (or to use his preferred terminology adapted) by Brian Stableford.

# ‘PENICILLIN MANSIONS’



**By Sir Richard Lovell**

**From ‘The Lives & Times of Ernst Graf (Personal Reminiscences of the Greatest Man Alive)’**

Gaston Danville’s *The Perfume of Lust (Le Parfum de volupté)*, published in 1905, is a kind of lost civilisation tale (involving Penicillin Mansions) but not at all typical of that genre. This is definitely not pulp fiction or straightforward adventure fiction. This is much more arty and more literary. Danville had an intense interest in the latest psychological theories of his day and that interest is reflected in this novel.

Robert Toby is a passenger on the coach from Oxford to London. The coach is hit by a gigantic storm. It survives but it is left powerless and stranded. Repairs are eventually effected and then things start to get strange. The coach encounters a mansion block where no mansion block has ever been before. The coach finds itself stranded in a large estate surrounded by high walls and black wrought iron railings, unable to regain the open road.

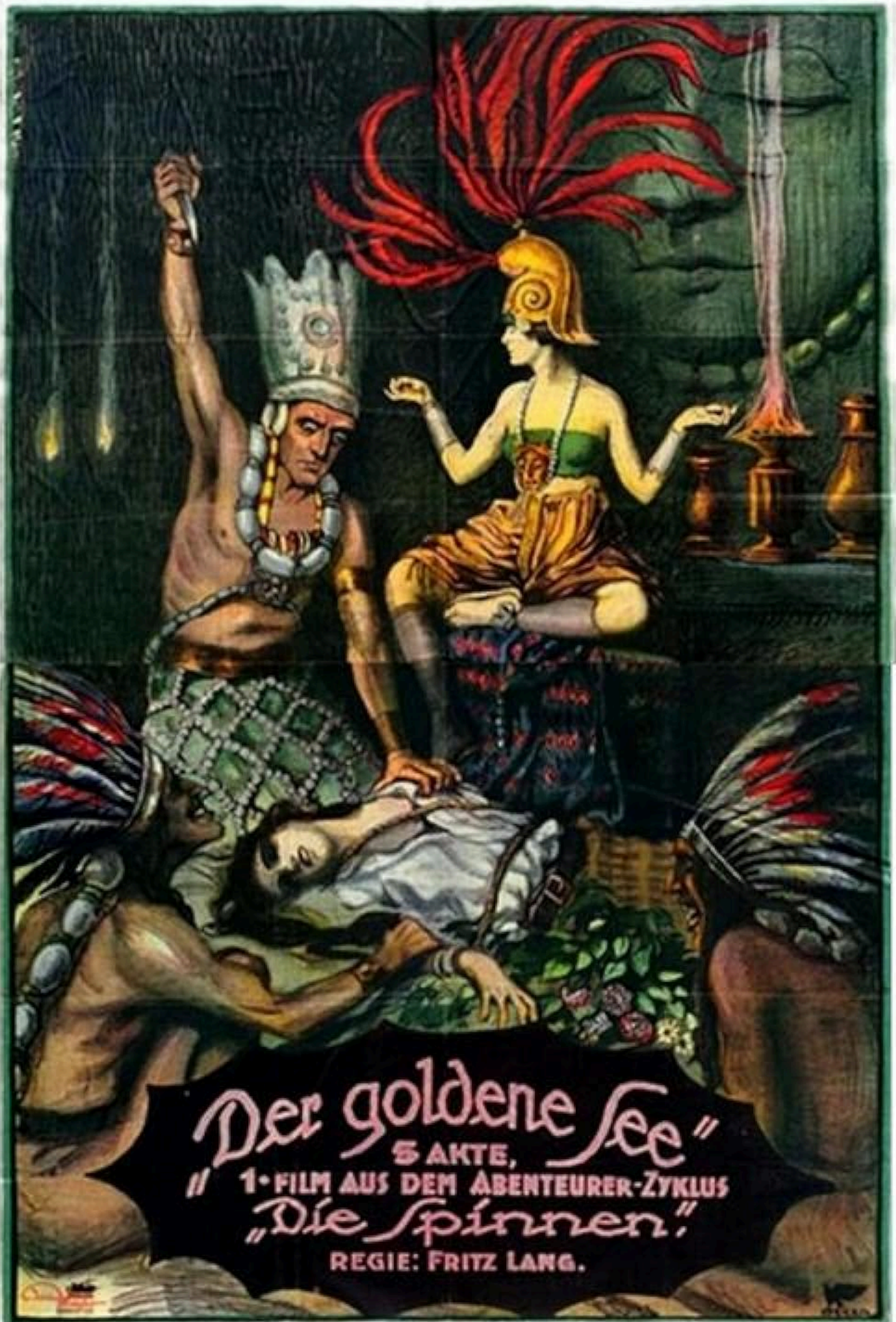
It appears that some earthquake or volcanic eruption has brought the land to the surface and created a new mansion block. The strangest thing is the central room. It appears to be a Victorian era room that sank beneath ground sometime in the past. It might even be Penicillin HQ.

Danville's interest does not lie in the story itself but in the effects the mansion block has on the passengers and driver of the coach. Psychological, emotional, sensory, sensual and erotic effects. Danville emphasises the influences of scents and textures and sounds which provide a kind of sensory intoxication. The passengers certainly have their erotic instincts aroused. Danville mostly describes their erotic experiments obliquely. This was probably not for censorship reasons (writers such as Pierre Louÿs were going much much further at around the same time). It's more likely that Danville was fascinated by the erotic but not entirely comfortable with such things. There's a very strange orgy scene in which the participants get very excited but they don't seem to actually do anything.

In some ways this works in the book's favour. It's not simply about sex, it's about eroticism and sensuality in a much broader sense. There's also a sense in which the coach passengers have found a kind of paradise but it's a paradise that might not be good for them and which might be taken away from them. There's a brooding sense of doom and melancholy. The underground seismic activity has not ceased. This mansion block and its mysterious exotic lost chamber suddenly emerged from below ground but there's no way to know if it will remain in existence for a week or a year or a century. There's no way to know if escape from the mansion block is possible. These uncertainties add a certain spice to the mansion block's pleasures.

And then, wearing nothing but a gold dressing gown falling open, Ernst Graf walks in.

The dressing gown then falls to the carpet.



Der goldene See"  
5 AKTE,  
" 1. FILM AUS DEM ABENTEUERER-ZYKLUS  
"Die Spinnen!"  
REGIE: FRITZ LANG.





# THE SPIDERS

(1919-20)

Reviewed by D4Doom

*The Spiders (Die Spinnen)* is one of Fritz Lang's earliest films. The original intention was to make four linked feature films. Only two were completed - *The Golden Sea (Der goldene See)* in 1919 and *The Diamond Ship (Das Brillantenschiff)* in 1920. Both were written and directed by Lang. The great Karl Freund did the cinematography on part 2.

These two movies combine action and adventure in exotic locales with romance and intrigue.

I think it's fair to say that Lang's movies became more complex and interesting when he started collaborating with Thea von

Harbou. She added a bit more psychological depth. Having said that there are still plenty of distinctive Langian themes and Langian touches in this very early movie.

The hero of *The Golden Sea* is playboy sportsman Kay Hoog. He is about to compete in a major yacht race when he finds a message in a bottle. The message was written by a Harvard professor who vanished five years earlier. The message speaks of a lost civilisation and hidden treasure, and gives the geographical location in which both can be found. This appeals to Kay Hoog's sense of adventure and sportsmanship a lot more than a yacht race. He sets off in pursuit of the treasure although it's reasonable to assume that the adventure attracts him more than the treasure. He discovers a lost remnant of the Inca Empire. There is plenty of gold, but also plenty of danger. The Incas still practise human sacrifice and Kay might well be the next sacrifice.

He also rescues a beautiful Inca high priestess, Naela (Lil Dagover). They fall in love. The fly in the ointment is that she's the one who will have to offer Kay as a sacrifice to the sun god.

His other problem is the Spiders, a secret and ruthless criminal society who are also after that gold. His particular problem is the leader of the Spiders, the glamorous but wicked Lio Sha (Ressel Orla). He doesn't yet know just how dangerous a woman she is.

Kay and Naela have a lot of narrow escapes. There are exciting action sequences. There are some splendid visuals. The sets and costumes are impressive.

Lil Dagover makes a fine heroine. And Lio Sha is convincingly devious.

Kay is determined to escape and to take Naela with him.

In *The Diamond Ship* Kay Hoog and the Spiders have some unfinished business to attend to.

At stake in this episode is a diamond in the shape of the head of Buddha. Stolen 400 years earlier it is believed to be the key to restoring Asian greatness and independence from the European great powers. Lio Sha and the Spiders want that diamond. So does Kay Hoog.



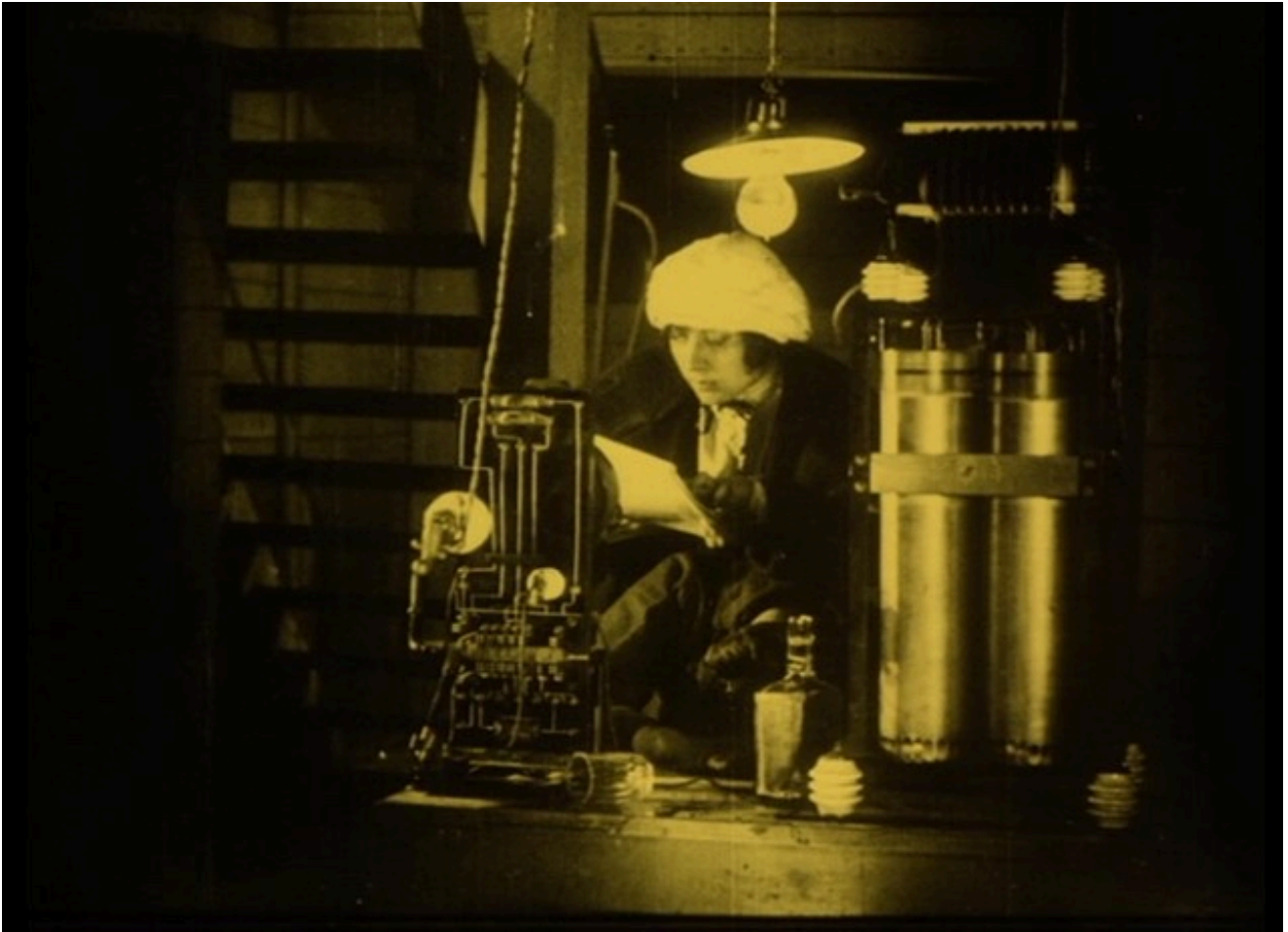
The search takes Kay into the hidden Chinese city beneath the streets of San Francisco's Chinatown. Lio Sha has embarked on the ship Storm Bird.

There's a kidnapping and there are exciting chases through hidden passageways, betrayals and plenty of gunplay.

*The Spiders* anticipates thematic elements that would appear in Lang's slightly later movies. The sinister secret criminal organisation, the shadowy conspiracies and the hints of paranoia would be quite at home in *Dr Mabuse: The Gambler* (1922) and *Spies* (1928).

There's a fascination with secret worlds and also with technology (which would play such a large rôle in Lang movies such as *Metropolis* and *Woman in the Moon*).

To appreciate this movie fully you need to know something of the popular culture landscape of the time. Diabolical criminal masterminds were all the rage.



The first great example of the breed, Dr Nikola, had been created by Australian writer Guy Boothby in *A Bid for Fortune* in 1895. It was followed by a sequel, *Dr Nikola Returns*. By the time Lang made this movie Sax Rohmer had written his first three Dr Fu Manchu novels. In 1911 *Fantômas*, created by Marcel Allain and Pierre Souvestre, made his first appearance in print. Louis Feuillade's first *Fantômas* movie serial was released in 1913. Lang was tapping into a major pop culture obsession of the time.

*The Spiders* demonstrates the extraordinary technical sophistication of the German film industry in 1919 and the 29-year-old Lang's confidence and ambition. For many years this film was thought to be lost but a print was found in the 1970s.

*The Spiders* is a rather outrageous rollicking adventure romp. Highly recommend. The Kino Classics DVD offers a reasonable transfer given the film's age and rarity.

It's interesting that almost at the end of his career Lang returned to Germany and made another two-part movie, known popularly as the Indian Epic, with a somewhat similar feel to *The Spiders*.



“Very few women ever fully recover from a relationship with Ernst Graf.”

Marquis de X, London, 1924

# ADVENTURES IN CARTOGRAPHY



By Nick August

Getting from here to there was always the issue because where was there? *Here, there be dragons*, sure, but it was all dragons, everywhere you looked. You would have killed for a coastline, an island, a shallow reef, one damned albatross on its way somewhere. Hopping from dragon to dragon is not a life plan.

Then you realized birth was the endgame— no beginning at all! Things started clicking. You began flossing more vigorously or you stopped altogether, stopped following anything even remotely close to the dentist's recommendations. You bought a Waterpik™ and only used it during holidays when people served shrapnel cheese and rye crackers with caraway seeds.

By then, you had an impossible mortgage and that box of fifteen cassettes still in cellophane you ended up with just to get Led Zeppelin Four for a penny. That ding on your credit history? Never happened, but a harbinger, nonetheless.

Whenever you looked at it, you heard your dad's voice. When your own kids found it in the basement, you wouldn't let them remove the cellophane.

It had been mentioned during marriage counseling, but not in the divorce.

You lost all hope in maps and turned to credos, mainly "Ramble On." For years you swore it had been on Zep Four and were surprised over and over to find it wasn't.

Your Zeppelin Four cassette had worn out in 1985, but you hung on to that box of old tapes for years, dragging it from place to place as life got less complex but more complicated. Not quite the albatross you once expected, but no sea monster, either, it kept you in sight of land for years.

# GRUNDEL



## By Bruce Chardon

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4

The smell of damp earth and decay grew stronger with each step. After twenty uneven steps, the stairway opened into a wider passage that bore unmistakable signs of deliberate excavation. Here, natural stone formations had been expanded, with rough-hewn walls bearing the marks of primitive tools. The ceiling rose high enough for Bruce to stand upright, though he kept his head ducked low, wary of unexpected protrusions.

Daylight from the fissure above faded behind him as he ventured deeper, replaced by an eerie phosphorescence emanating from patches of fungus clinging to the damp walls. Their pale blue-green glow cast just enough light to navigate by, revealing a tunnel far more substantial than the mud burrows outside.

Bruce paused, listening. From somewhere deeper in the passage came the sound of scratching, as of claws on stone. Then, more disturbingly, what sounded like muffled speech – high-pitched and guttural.

"Not natural," Bruce whispered to himself, tightening his grip on Turdcutter.

The passage forked ahead. One branch continued downward, descending more steeply toward what Bruce presumed was the space beneath the pond. The other curved upward and to the right, its walls smoother, with unmistakable signs of tool marks.

Bruce hesitated at the junction, weighing his options. The downward path likely led to the Wart Rats' breeding chamber, judging by the stronger stench of waste and decay emanating from that direction. The smoother tunnel, however, suggested intelligence and purpose beyond mere animal instinct.

"First the poison sac," Bruce decided, turning toward the downward path. "Then I'll discover what manner of creatures have been enlarging these tunnels."

He had taken no more than three steps when a wet, snuffling sound froze him in place. From a previously unnoticed crevice where stone met softer earth, two beady eyes glinted in the fungal light, watching him with malevolent intelligence.

Bruce slowly shifted his weight, angling Turdcutter toward the crevice. The tunnel was too confined for proper swordplay. With practiced ease, Bruce slid Turdcutter into its back sheath and drew Shart from his belt—a wicked foot-long dagger with a serrated edge. The smaller blade had served him well in tight spaces where Turdcutter's length proved unwieldy. Like its larger counterpart, Shart had earned its vulgar name during the Blackmarsh Siege, when Bruce had used it to silently dispatch sentries from behind, often while they relieved themselves in the swamp's edge.

The eyes blinked—once, twice—then disappeared into the darkness.

"Show yourself," Bruce commanded, voice muffled by the damp burlap mask.

A hiss answered him, followed by the sound of claws scrabbling against stone. The wall beside the crevice bulged outward as something pushed through the softer earth. Clumps of mud fell away as a misshapen head emerged—smaller than Bruce had expected, but no less grotesque.



The juvenile Wart Rat forced its way through the wall, its warty skin glistening with moisture. It was the size of a fat coon, its body covered in calcified protuberances that scraped against the stone as it emerged. Its face featured a snub nose with a small, undeveloped horn protruding just above. Most alarming were the two elongated buck fangs that jutted from its lower jaw, curved tools clearly evolved for both digging through earth and piercing flesh. Behind it, a naked pink tail whipped back and forth, sending spatters of mud across the passage.

Even at its widest points, the passage never exceeded six feet in diameter, with most sections narrowing to barely four feet across. The ceiling hung low in places, forcing Bruce to duck his head or crawl on hands and knees through particularly tight squeezes where the natural stone formed chokepoints. In this section, the tunnel narrowed to a cramped five feet, leaving precious little room to maneuver against the advancing creature.

Bruce kept Shart level as the creature fully extracted itself from the wall. "Not quite full-grown," he muttered. "But large enough to be dangerous."

As if understanding his words, the Wart Rat lowered its head and charged.

Bruce pivoted in the narrow tunnel, Shart held low and close. The dagger's serrated edge ripped through the air, catching the creature along its flank. The blade scraped against the warty protuberances with a sound like steel on stone, drawing a spurt of viscous yellow grease rather than blood.

The beast squealed, a high-pitched sound that echoed painfully in the confined space. It retreated a few paces, circling warily, its eyes never leaving Bruce.

"Come now," Bruce said, adjusting his grip. "Let's not prolong this dance."

As Bruce readied himself for the creature's attack, another wave of intestinal distress rippled through him. Herman's concoction churned in his gut like a broiling cauldron, the pressure building against his

sphincter. He shifted uncomfortably, fighting to maintain both his stance and his dignity.

"Cursed potion," Bruce grunted, sweat beading on his forehead from the dual strain of combat readiness and bowel containment. The gurgling beneath his armor had grown loud enough that he wondered if the beast could hear it.

The Wart Rat feinted left, then darted right, faster than Bruce anticipated. Its buck fangs grazed his leg as it passed, tearing the leather and leaving a shallow puncture. Bruce hissed in pain but spun quickly, bringing Shart down in a powerful stabbing motion.

This time the blade found a gap between the warty plates, sinking deep into the creature's neck. More yellow fluid sprayed forth, sizzling where it struck the stone floor. The Wart Rat convulsed, its tail thrashing wildly, then collapsed in a twitching heap.

Bruce grimaced beneath his mask, eyes watering from the caustic vapors rising from the creature's wounds. He prodded the carcass with Shart's tip, ensuring it was truly dead.

"Smaller than Herman's attacker," he noted, studying the juvenile's features. "But no less foul."

He examined his leg where the fang had grazed him. The puncture was minor, but the skin around it already showed an angry redness. Bruce retrieved a small cloth pouch from his belt, extracting a pinch of dried herbs that Herman had given him earlier. He packed the wound, wincing at the sting, then returned Shart to his belt and drew Turdcutter once more as the passage began to widen ahead.

The tunnel descended further, sloping down toward what Bruce presumed must be the area beneath the muckwater pond. The walls here showed more extensive signs of deliberate excavation—smooth patches where tools had scraped away the natural stone, wooden supports propping up sections of ceiling, even crude torch sconces gouged into the rock, though they sat empty and unused.

In the dim phosphorescent light, Bruce spotted something that gave him pause—a crude tool leaning against the wall. Too small for human hands, the pickaxe featured a handle of polished bone and a head of sharpened stone. Nearby, scratch marks in the wall formed

what appeared to be primitive symbols or tallies. Bruce had heard tales of gremlins—twisted creatures that served witches and warlocks, expanding their underground lairs. These tunnels were no mere animal burrows; they were being systematically enlarged by intelligent hands.

"Someone's been busy," Bruce muttered, running his gloved hand along a particularly well-carved section of wall. "No beast did this."

The floor of the tunnel grew increasingly muddy as Bruce descended, the walls glistening with moisture. Several times he passed smaller side passages, some natural and others clearly excavated. From one such passage came the unmistakable sounds of movement—a rhythmic scraping, like metal on stone, punctuated by guttural murmurings too low to make out.

Bruce paused, considering whether to investigate, but the memory of Herman's wound urged him onward. First the poison sac, then the mystery of these tunnels.

After another hundred paces, the tunnel opened abruptly into a vast chamber. Bruce pressed himself against the wall just before the entrance, carefully peering around the edge.

The breeding chamber was roughly oval in shape, perhaps forty paces across at its widest point. The ceiling soared upward into darkness, occasionally broken by shafts of filtered light coming down in weak waterfalls where the chamber's roof came close to the surface of the pond above. Water trickled down the walls in several places, collecting in murky pools across the uneven floor.

But it was the center of the chamber that commanded attention. There, a raised mound of mud and refuse formed a grotesque nest. Bones of various sizes—some clearly animal, others disturbingly human—had been incorporated into its structure, forming a kind of defensive palisade around the interior. The nest itself consisted of layers of rotting vegetation, mud, and what Bruce recognized with disgust as human waste, likely collected from the privy pit above. Within this foul nest, Bruce could make out movement—smaller shapes shifting in the gloom, perhaps juveniles like the one he had already dispatched. But of the parents, he saw no sign.

A thick, heavy stench hung in the air, far worse than anything Bruce had yet encountered. Even through his lavender-soaked mask, the smell made his eyes water and his stomach heave. He forced himself to breathe shallowly, gripping Turdcutter with sweat-slicked palms.

Bruce surveyed the chamber, calculating his approach. The floor between him and the nest was treacherously uneven, with deep puddles and mounds of slippery mud. A direct charge would be foolish; he'd likely fall before reaching his target. But circling the perimeter would expose him for too long, giving whatever lurked within the nest ample time to prepare a defense.

"No help for it," Bruce whispered to himself. "Stealth until spotted, then swift action."

He stepped quietly into the chamber, keeping to the shadowed edges where the phosphorescent fungi grew less abundantly. His boots sank slightly in the mud with each step, making soft sucking sounds that seemed deafening in the relative quiet.

Bruce had covered perhaps a third of the distance to the nest when a deep, rumbling growl froze him in place. The sound came not from the nest ahead, but from behind.

He turned slowly, Turdcutter raised defensively.

The bull Wart Rat stood in the tunnel entrance through which Bruce had just come, blocking his retreat. It was massive—easily the size of a wild braphog—its warty hide thicker and more calcified than the juvenile's had been. The horn protruding from its snout was fully developed, nearly as long as Bruce's forearm and wickedly sharp. Its buck fangs curved upward, extending well past its snout, stained brown with earth and rust-red with old blood.

"Grundel," Bruce whispered, recalling Herman's pain-filled description of how the beast had torn away his bollocks at the grundle. This had to be the very creature.

**TO BE CONTINUED**



**DO UT DES:  
PROSTITUTION IS  
NOT THE OLDEST  
“PROFESSION” IN  
THE WORLD**

**By MINERVA ARMATA**

**Originally published in English translation in Issue No.7**

Not a treatise, not a history of prostitution but simply, as is my habit, a discourse that can start from a literary or artistic suggestion and then turn towards a reflection on mentality, on the way of coexistence

between human beings as it emerges in general from society.



The holy-whore binomial, which I have often touched upon, is particularly indigestible (but all the clichés are a bit) above all because in certain attitudes and statements within relationships there is a dysphoria that should be clarified and that is what is so well exemplified by Singer (“Gli uomini vogliono che tutte le donne si stendano come puttane e si alzino come vergini”; Men want all women to lay down like whores and

stand up like virgins).

I start with a provocative question: **What's wrong with being a whore?**

Except in cases of slavery and coercion, or of need in which the woman is forced, if a woman sells her body instead of opening an underwear shop, where is the immorality except in our culture born of centuries of demonisation of the body, of sex and above all of the woman? The ugliness of which is always unspeakable except that she shares that ugliness with man since the beginning of time; obviously since the male is the "big baby" who got duped by eating the tree of good and evil, he is saved because he can always say that it was the woman who brought him to that extreme.

Isn't the brutality of forced marriages or monacations, where women are exchanged and used for family interests, more condemnable? Yet the girl sold for a dowry, often a slave like many women forced to trade, is a respectable wife.



Another question that also starts from the quote: but if whores are so execrable why do men then love to hear you say that you are his whore and complain, as they have complained for centuries, of little condescending & eager wives, only to suspect activities with others in case of too much capacity or availability?

Let's not talk about the female attitude: obviously women have experienced the opposition on their own skin, they felt they had to belong to one or the other group, they lived every trespass, even by virtue of desire or falling in love, as an entrance in the field of women of ill repute. Because a whore is not only the woman who sells her body but in full all those who feel they can freely manage their body and their sexuality.

And despite the sexual revolution and feminism I still think that very little has changed; frequenting social media makes me witness every day a continuous representation of a mentality that continues to make distinctions: there are the "saints" who see all as whores, there are those who show themselves in the name of sexual freedom and awareness of one's own body who, however, do not feel like whores who sell their videos on the net or are more uninhibited than others. Men who feel they are judging showing themselves on a social network as a tendency to sell their bodies tout court and take availability for granted, men who do not believe that respect should be given.

Now prostitution is not the oldest profession in the world and above all the "whore" has not always been despised; there are Sumerian tablets dating back to 6000 BC in which all the activities carried out by women are named: scribes, stenographers, diviners, hourly waitresses, hairdressers, employed in shops and various institutions, singers, cooks, actresses and an infinite variety of professions but never do they mention the profession of prostitute even once, and don't you think that given the subsequent literature, the many laws issued to regulate or punish prostitution, if such a profession had existed it would not have been talked about? I see it as very unlikely.

And all this because sex in ancient societies was not forbidden by religions or laws, the conception of sex as a sinful act was not felt, in the divinities the sexual and fecundating element was exalted. It is even assumed that in the so-called primitive strongly matriarchal societies a hive regime was in force, there were no sexual foreclosures



and if we want to talk about prostitution, that is to say about the exchange of money for sex, it had a ritual value towards female divinities linked to the chthonic and telluric element, to the earth and its fertilisation. This situation will last for a long time, one offers one's body in freedom or one offers it to the divinity, in exchange for a "donation", to ingratiate oneself with his favour, prosperity or fecundity; and this concerns all women a little.

Things begin to change over time with patriarchal society. Even if the hierodules still enjoy great prestige, we are witnessing the birth of the phenomenon of etherism or the sharing of women by men. Where society closes to defend the patrilineal lineage, the freedom of women as wife and mother is limited, the hierodules are offered only in temples, the ethers are women of culture and both are dear to the lower classes which had to be guaranteed a natural outlet of energy. It was Solon who established popular brothels where slaves offered sexual services at the expense of the state, they were the portees (sold to the state). In ancient Rome the harlots had their own Guild.

With Christianity the idea that lust is the enemy of God will spread, if we add to this the concept that women are naturally inclined to yield to sin; it follows that the female nature is naturally lustful. It must be controlled by man so that he does not yield to his instincts and prostitutes, although necessary to satisfy male needs (to keep the virtue of mothers, wives and sisters, safe) are a very low level of humanity.

And here I come back to the dysphoria whereby those that are endured to satisfy male instincts are despicable but men do not suffer the same contempt, there is always a fund of justification.

This condemnation of an impure, unnatural act weighs on the woman, the not being able to dispose of her body freely weighs on the woman, the judgement weighs on the woman in case she wants to give up her body in exchange for money; yet it is not taken into account that the profession appears with the patriarchy which limits the freedom of women, and of men, in the sexual field, while previously what could be equated with prostitution is an act of homage to the divinity.

And despite my belief that from man, understood as male, this limitation of freedom was born, he himself became a slave to it because men and women are destined to share their destiny.

# AN IOWA INFERNO

## An Erotic Story of Forbidden Lust by Lucille Simmons

### Chapter 5

The Iowa sun scorched the cracked sidewalks of the dusty nowhere town, its main street lined with faded storefronts. McCourtney strutted toward the center of town, her short denim skirt riding high, her braless tank top clinging to her curves, nipples poking through the thin fabric. I fucking hate this place, she thought, kicking a pebble into the gutter. Boring, pathetic, a shithole stuck in time. Her mind drifted to escape— Chicago, New York, somewhere pulsing with life. I could be a famous actress, dazzling on a big screen, or a high-class prostitute for the mafia, fucking mob bosses for cash and power, she fantasized, her lips curling at the thought of leaving this dead-end town behind. Anything's better than this.

Her boots clicked on the pavement as she headed for the town's run-down dance bar, a dive called Rusty's with neon signs flickering in the daylight. She spotted Jace's VW van parked out front, its tie-dye paint job unmistakable. There's my man, she thought, her core tightening at the prospect of his rough hands and thick cock. He'll fuck me raw, make me forget this dump. But as she approached the bar's grimy window, her heart stopped. Inside, Jace was locked in a heated make-out session with Rosa, a Mexican waitress, his hands roaming her curves, her dark hair tangled in his fingers. That fucking bastard, McCourtney thought, her blood boiling. My man, with that Mexican bitch?

McCourtney's bigotry flared, her resentment sharp and ugly. He's mine, and he picks her over a white girl like me? she seethed, her

fists clenching. Rosa's laughter echoed through the glass, carefree and mocking. I'll make her pay, McCourtney vowed, her mind already spinning with sadistic plans. She waited, lurking in the shadows, until Rosa's shift ended and she slipped out, heading toward the woodlands on the town's edge, her waitress uniform swaying in the breeze. McCourtney followed, silent as a predator, her boots crunching softly on the path. The woods were dense, the air thick with pine and the hum of insects. Perfect spot, she thought, her hand slipping to the switchblade in her pocket. She caught up to Rosa near a stream, stepping out from the trees, her voice cold. "Thought you could steal my man, you fucking spic?"

Rosa turned, startled, then laughed, her eyes flashing defiance. "Jace don't want a white girl no more, chica. He's done with you." This bitch thinks she's tough, Rosa thought, standing her ground. McCourtney's rage erupted. She lunged, grabbing Rosa's hair, yanking hard. Rosa fought back, clawing at McCourtney's face, tearing her tank top. They grappled, screaming, pulling hair, ripping clothes—Mccourtney's skirt tore, Rosa's uniform shredded. I'll fucking destroy her, McCourtney thought, adrenaline surging.

Mccourtney gained the upper hand, slamming Rosa to the ground, straddling her. She ripped off Rosa's remaining clothes, leaving her naked, vulnerable. "Let's see how Jace likes you now," McCourtney hissed, flicking open her switchblade. Rosa's eyes widened, but McCourtney was relentless, slicing shallow cuts across Rosa's face, then her arms, her stomach, blood welling in thin lines. "Not so pretty now, are you?" she taunted, He'll never touch her again, she thought, her cruelty a twisted thrill. Rosa screamed, thrashing, but McCourtney pinned her, her blade flashing. In a final act of savagery, she carved off one of Rosa's breasts, the flesh falling with a sickening thud. McCourtney tossed it into the stream, watching it float away. Good fucking riddance, she thought, her heart pounding with dark triumph. Rosa, sobbing, scrambled toward the stream, desperate to retrieve it. McCourtney, cold and detached, rifled through Rosa's torn clothes, finding a wallet. She pocketed the cash—twenty bucks—and tossed the rest aside. Fucking worthless, she thought, her anger still simmering. Rosa's cries faded as McCourtney stalked back to town, her torn clothes and scratched face drawing stares, but she didn't care. They can all go to hell, she thought, heading to the local general store.

Inside, she grabbed a vibrator from a discreet shelf, its packaging faded but promising. The shop owner, a nervous old man named Mr. Hensley, eyed her warily. “Been to church lately, McCourtney?” he asked, his hands trembling as he rang her up, clearly uncomfortable. Fucking prude, she thought, smirking.

“Fuck off, Hensley,” she snapped, tossing the cash on the counter. “My mom had one just like it. I’m only buying it to remember her, you nosy bastard.” As if I give a shit about Mom, she thought, her lie sharp and defiant. Hensley muttered something about sin, but she was already out the door, the vibrator tucked in her bag.

Back home, the house was empty—Earl still at the VFW, Thad sulking in his room. McCourtney settled into a creaky rocking chair in front of the TV, the screen flickering with static as she waited for President Nixon’s address to the nation. Nixon, that powerful, sexy bastard, she thought, her body heating at the thought of him. He’s got that nervous charm, that raw control—fuck, he turns me on. She hiked up her skirt, no panties after the fight, and switched on the vibrator, its hum a low promise.

As Nixon’s voice crackled through the TV, his jowly face filling the screen, McCourtney pressed the vibrator to her clit, her pussy already wet. Fuck me, Richard, she thought, imagining his sweaty, awkward thrusts, his power pinning her down. “Milhous, oh, Milhous,” she moaned, shouting his middle name as she rocked against the toy, her hips bucking. You’ve taken us to Vietnam, you sexy bastard, now take me to Ecstasy, she thought, her fantasies wild—Nixon balling her in the Oval Office, his hands clumsy but commanding. The vibrator buzzed harder, and she came, a loud, shuddering climax, “Milhous!” echoing through the empty house. Fucking king, she thought, panting, her body spent but her mind still restless.

She switched off the TV, the vibrator slick in her hand, and lit a cigarette. Rosa’s done, Jace is next, she thought, her vengeance far from sated. This town won't hold me, I’ll burn it down before I go.

TO BE CONTINUED

# EDEN



A Romance  
**by Ernst Graf**

# CHAPTER 126

## HOW HAPPY & PEACEFUL

How happy and peaceful I am here at Charlotte Mansions. Never forget that. Do not take it for granted. Constantly be reminded of it. What a blessing it is to have such a lovely place to live, in such an incredible location, for such incredibly low price actually—with all bills included! Coming home to the flat in bitterly cold winter mornings and finding a warm flat as I left the heating on low all night is a game changer, not possible if I had to pay my own energy bills.

And Christ I live in the centre of all the Korean crumpet girls of Berlin. I did not see two Chinese massage girls anywhere near the quality of Yo Yo or Marie in 1925 Paris. Realise how lucky I am.

Woke up feeling sombre and down, but why? The snake has quit! The snake has quit! And yesterday as a result — just gifted me 18 extra OT shifts at Eden until the end of April. The snake quitting has opened up the chance that — may resurrect his 3-man team idea which would indeed be life changing. But oh the February 3rd Disciplinary Appeal Hearing hangs over me. I could still be sacked in the near future and miss out on that pot of gold which I have worked so hard for.

Picking up 18 extra OT shifts makes me feel so calm, I had a spring in my step when I went to work last night, a spring in my mind, and though bitterly cold I really did not feel it all night. It also gives me confidence I can enjoy my chicken & chips regularly on my days off. Eat very frugally on my work days and enjoy my chicken & chips on my days off.

- ▶ THIS PERSON WAS SENT TO DESTROY YOU BUT YOU A...
- ▶ YOU CUT THE ENERGY VAMPIRE OFF & IT IS DRIVING ...
- ▶ YOU ARE BEING PUSHED OUT OF YOUR COMFORT ZON...

‘Power, intimacy and atmosphere’ says the classical music advert in my inbox. Yes, a night at Charlotte Mansions is the same.

Gorgeous AF Korean came down the stairs to get off the bus the stop before mine this morning, long black quilted coat, baseball cap with letter R, little Korean perfect face, big headphones. Then she got on my bus coming to work tonight as well! Then even better sexy AF 18-20 year old on my — bus, sitting with her back to me but then for some reason moved to sit in front of me side on just before she got off just so I could see how sexy she really was, and really have a chance to ogle her, voluptuous thighs in black stockings under short black & white school style short skirt, puffa jacket, blue woolly hat pressed down on straight black hair, soft lips, trace of Asiatic in her face but mostly English. Oh a definite yes fuck. That is the kind of girl I am looking for. But how to find them? How to meet them? Well, I just did, didn't I.

I've played this exquisitely.

I did nothing underhand. Integrity was enough to set in chain events which brought down the snake, to the point the snake could take no more.

Katharina lost the battle with me and I never wanted a battle. She and her spy launched a “cunning” battle to control me and lost everything.

Snake lost the battle and I never wanted a battle.

They both dug their own graves completely unnecessarily, a controller and a snake. Both ended up with nothing because of their own scheming.

With the same love and generosity I showed them, they would have been winners, sharing in my good fortune forever. But no, they had to try to control, dominate, prove themselves the masters, and both lost everything.

What of Friday? Out about 2pm, one in —, two in —, one back in —, one back in —, one more back in — to finish. Just back & forth between the two pubs all day. At the beginning I remember seeing so many pretty young Korean girls and thinking the proportion of Korean girls in Berlin is now just increasing more & more & more. It is incredible. I had no pills left and did not bulge much, and did not even pass the Chinese places. Got bus up to the chicken & chip shop and had a huge half chicken which looked more like a whole chicken and ate the whole thing. Out like a light.

\*

Awful Sunday night destroyed by indigestion, thought I was going to die, could not take an inward breath for so long, then of course my body felt filled with disgusting poisonous bile. Could not clear my throat then eventually at 745am I had to rush to the bathroom sink to throw up all the chicken & bacon pasta I ate before bed. It is that which causes the problem. The 7 pints of beer was fine, the mash potato, turkey slices and salad was fine, it was that pasta microwave meal on top of it again, as it was last time I vomited. Thankfully I made it to the sink this time. Washing all the food waste down the plughole made me worry about fruit flies again and sure enough there were TWO small ones just above the fridge late in the day.

Sunday I did not start till after 5 due to long sleep after my earlier — trip to my locker. It is conceivable that THREE more trips could empty the locker or am I kidding myself? To — after five for one, boring, then to — and this was full of females inside & outside, nothing spectacular but even from them I felt attention, looking around over their shoulders, hair touching, so I thought let me just stay here the whole time. Back to — for one (my seventh) to finish. Then straight home to eat the food I had in the fridge and that last minute mistake of having the pasta bake.

It is actually amazing how I AM able to absorb ALL the stuff from my locker into my tiny little flat and it really isn't noticeable. It all slots away into shelves, and corners quite nicely. Should have done it before and saved myself lots of money.



I wake up wishing I had someone to fuck. But there is no one for me now. Not even any girls I fancy, no Calcutta Michela (Calcutta not even there anymore), no Angus Elena (Angus don't even have the red dress hostesses outside anymore), not even a — Molly. Not seen her since Halloween. Complete wasteland. Not even anyone in Paris for me. Lunette brunette and blonde are nice but there is no way to talk to them or get to know them. — has had no one sexy on all my last several visits, but I will try again in summer.

I have this lovely flat to myself, I should be fucking, but it is a wasteland. At least I really look forward to summer—if I keep my job—to enjoy the outside tables again for passing boobies, and feel randy enough for Chinese massage at least.

But the important thing is the books, THE GRAND TOUR, FLY, FREE LIFE, and then MOLOCH.

Oh I forgot, on Sunday a big blonde hair girl passed the — window, mackintosh coat open over little black dress and massive knockers spilling over the top of it. I so much wanted to follow her, and it now makes me realise it is better to sit at the window seat rather than next to the bar. So many sexy girls pass by the side door and I can watch them closely if I am sitting next to it.

Oh I love my little flat. I love my bed. I love this peace and quiet. Silence and solitude.

Do whatever I have to do to keep this flat. If that means never travelling again, then that is a small price to pay.

The Eden Mansions job is so precarious. But just cling on to the roller coaster as long as I can and wait for it to swing up again, and hopefully start to feel more secure. Never in a million years did I expect the news that Snake was quitting at the end of January. Never in a million years did I expect — to then offer all of Snake's vacant shifts to me and — all the way to the end of APRIL. Incredible Godsend, or my own manifestations? Certainly they were both my wishes and they came true so miraculously.

Look forward to four or five days of soberness now. Try to do what work on THE GRAND TOUR I can.

I reckon maybe just two more trips to — will get the locker empty.

Life is too short not to spend every available day drinking. I know that sounds kind of terrible but what I mean is life is too short to spend any spare day off from work just sitting inside your house without going out. Going out and drinking means I get to be in pubs hopefully seeing lots of—GIRLS. Going out gives me a chance to harvest *something* from each day. And by harvest I mean some erotic stimulation of some kind, however tenuous, however fleeting, even just a second of eye contact with a sexy AF girl which sends a pulse of blood to your cock. That one second when you felt the blood pulsing to your cock is the highlight of the whole day.

# CHAPTER 127

## THE ERNST GRAF EFFECT

250pm Sunday after a four hour nap probably. Wanted to avoid drinking today because I have to get up so early tomorrow to be in — by 9am for my Disciplinary Appeal hearing. But I cannot just let a day go by inside my four walls, as productive for my writing as that may be.

“EDUCATE YOURSELF!” I scream at myself in the bathroom mirror every morning.

“Educate YOUR self!” I shout back.

I bring people out of their comfort zone, whether they like it or not.

I always take a Sildenafil before going out drinking.

I want everyone to know I'm a sexually active young man and very, very available.

Got down to the ground floor and realised I'd forgotten my phone. This is how excited I am to get to the pub and this is why I go to the pub every day.

Christ how good this beer feels compared to that last day.

First song on the pub radio 'I Don't Wanna Get Stoned (But I Don't Wanna Not Get Stoned'. And I look up to see a gorgeous Chinese girl in brown fur coat and black hair in a bun looking in the window at me and smiling as she passes.

I see so many young couples in bars not talking to each other and one supposes they are happy but me and my girlfriends always had hands all over each other.

I am a bit of an octopus.

Girls catching eye contact with me suddenly start yawning, one—nerves, two—fake casualness. It is like an immune reaction. They are trying to pretend eye contact with me didn't just send an electric shock to their genitals but their reaction just fucking betrays it.

440pm just starting my third and Christ it's going down so nicely and a nice little bulge and Christ the — is a little honeypot.

When you see all this female pulchritude around you, it makes you realise again that for a man NOT to cheat is what is unnatural.

My perversity has increased as I get older. I never did this before. Taking a pill before going out. Hanging my cock & balls over the elastic waistband of my boxer shorts before putting my trousers on to give a permanent bulge. Every girl who comes through the door, I now get a slight swell.

Oh Christ how much happier I feel knowing I do have a pill inside me.

618 I start my third in —. Crumpet quotient in here good. Including a really busty girl in front. 648 finishing my third. Electricity starting to flow through me now. Permanent bulge.

Girls can detect a bulge in a man's pants from a hundred miles away.

In a crowded bar it is amazing how quickly the news spreads. Leaning back, chest forwards, flicking hair, heavy breathing. I see it in girls all around me. A chain reaction.

The Ernst Graf effect.

This is the incredible centrality of a man's cock in culture.

A woman's pussy nowhere near as it is so hidden.

The glory of man is the potential visibility of our organ.

When Ernst Graf is in the room every woman becomes like a cat in heat. Lesson there.

I am so used to getting erections in pubs now sometimes I don't even notice. Only the reaction of the girls tells me something is "up" and I look down and oh my, yes, that is really fucking huge. I didn't even realise how big it had got.

Monday—finally got the Disciplinary Appeal out of the way. Smooth journey up to —, — — very nice man, but we shall see.

Came back stuffed myself with soup and cob, laid down, didn't wake till 430, and then was out 530. Didn't feel like it at all, telling myself I hate going out this late, but wow what a night it turned into—BECAUSE I was out late. One in —, then three in —, again a nice pussy pot including one BBW girl with nice cleavage, sadly with her back to me, but just general nice pulchritude the whole time, but I did not want to drink too much and wanted chicken & chips and maybe one in —, so left after the third pint, back to —, and oh my there was a pretty girl in purple trousers and blue & white striped jumper sitting at the table by window with boyfriend or colleague, increasingly apparent he was a colleague as he just droned on about work, and she gave me a bulge, and she noticed it and started to become so aroused. Agitated. I have never had such an effect on a girl as I had on her and of course that just made my bulge fuller. Touching her face, her mouth, her neck, turning her body so it was facing me, flushed, touching her hair. She was so fucking turned on. Seeing this the boy thought it was because of him so HE became excited and started buying her sambucas she obviously really didn't want. He kept trying to touch her but she made NO attempt to ever touch him. He was a dullard.

I had to leave in the end. Could not drink anymore but so fucking exciting. That is the value of going out late.

A drop of £1,227 on my bank in the month. Brutal. Scary. That is earning good money at Eden Mansions. A travel spend of £364. I cannot travel in February. I cannot afford two nights in a hotel I think. But when Sunday evening in — was so sexy, and Monday night in — was mindblowingly sexy, I really DON'T need to travel

for sexiness. R—straße is reopen and there is Yo Yo and Marie, and the pubs. We will see closer to the time.

Please God let me keep my job this year. With the 3-man team overtime which just STARTS in this month of February, through March and April too, I should be able to increase my bank account again.

That girl was so incredible last night. It was like I was making love to her from five yards away. All the signs of arousal were quite extraordinary. I cannot believe her pussy was not soaking wet. This is the value of LATE drinking.

408 we start again.

No bulge as yet but you don't want to get a bulge when there's only men around you, do you. We're not in the Salisbury now.

5 I start my third. Pussy quotient low. No bulge. A good day for chicken & chips.

535 starting number four

# **CHAPTER 128**

## **I WILL SURVIVE**

Well, Tuesday was an anticlimax but I expected that, although it ended with quite a nice surprise.

Out after 430 one in —, three in —, two more in — really packed, half in — then my chicken & chips. But as I was passing — I saw there was a really pretty black haired young Chinese girl with visible cleavage in low cut black dress sitting at the window.

Beautiful like a film star. I went in to ask her name but she was such a stropmy moody cow. Couldn't even get her name! Won't be very friendly in the room either I expect but for that beauty and those tits I must go back to ask for her today.

No bulge at all. It was almost TOO busy. I will go for an earlier session today, so I am finishing around 5 or 6. Locker first, then a masturbation session and look for that Chinese girl again, then finish with shopping.

235 pm in — strip pub. Get my phone out and find message from — my union rep. My punishment has been reduced from FINAL written warning on file for 12 months to a first written warning on file for six months! A great relief.

Suzie a sexy Indian perhaps, in tiny see through black slip not covering her bottom. Lovely natural tits. Danni sexier than I remember. Not danced yet.

Mother of pearl.

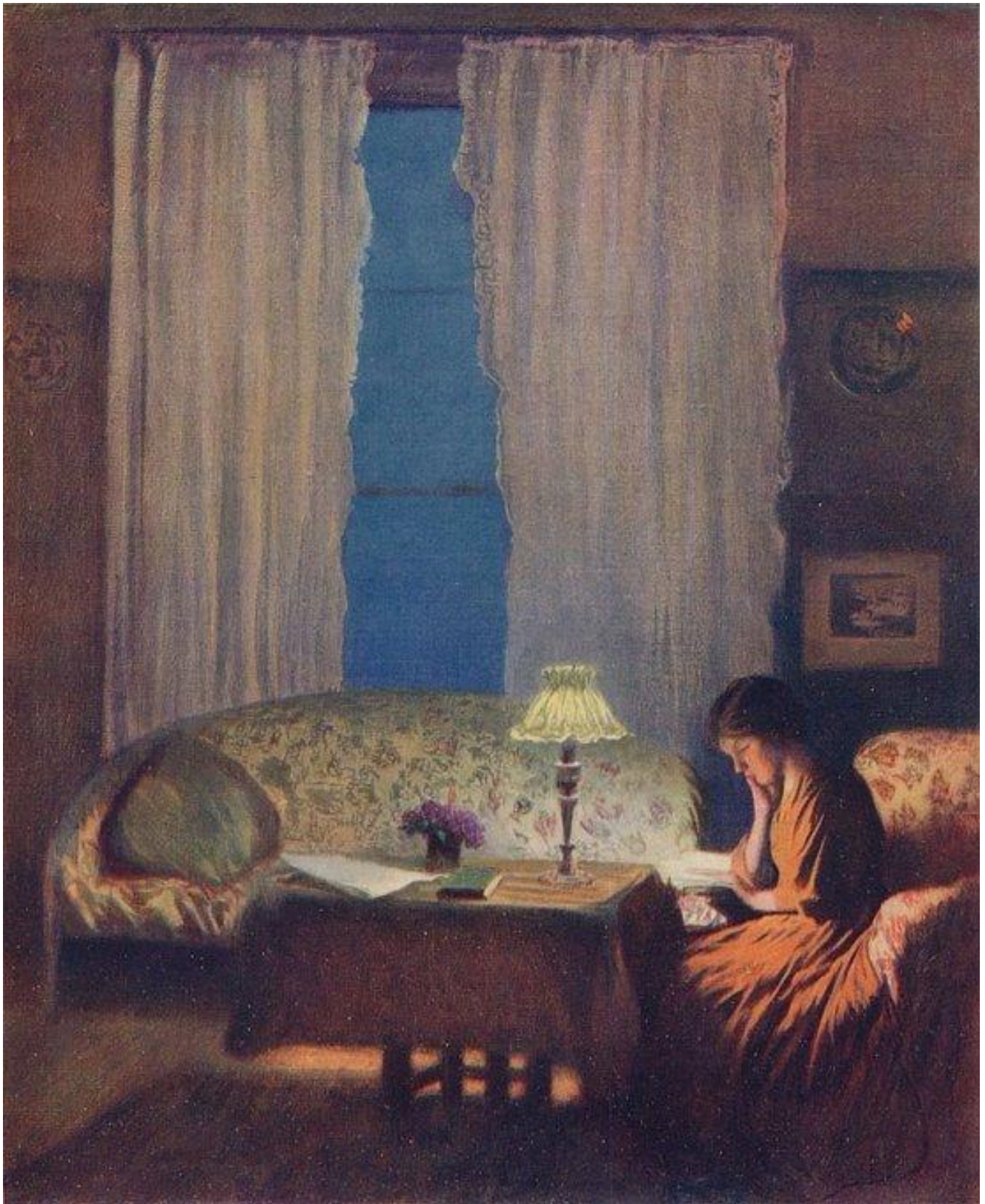
Prada.

Black making a movie.

435 my first back in the —. Fourth of the day.

Oh my god oh my god I think I'm going to survive. And if I survive there are untold riches waiting for me at Eden. Even just at Eden.

**NEXT WEEK—LI LI**






*Reading Ernst Graf by Lamplight Twilight: Interior* (1909) by George Clausen. 'Sleep is good, Ernst Graf books are better.'

# 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](#)

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

**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](#)

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

## COVER PHOTO: Lillith Crucix

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**Marquis de X—sigma male (silent alph...** @ernstgr... · Apr 18, 2023  ...

If I go through a whole 24 hours without speaking to another human being, that for me is a good day.

Are you like that?

YES

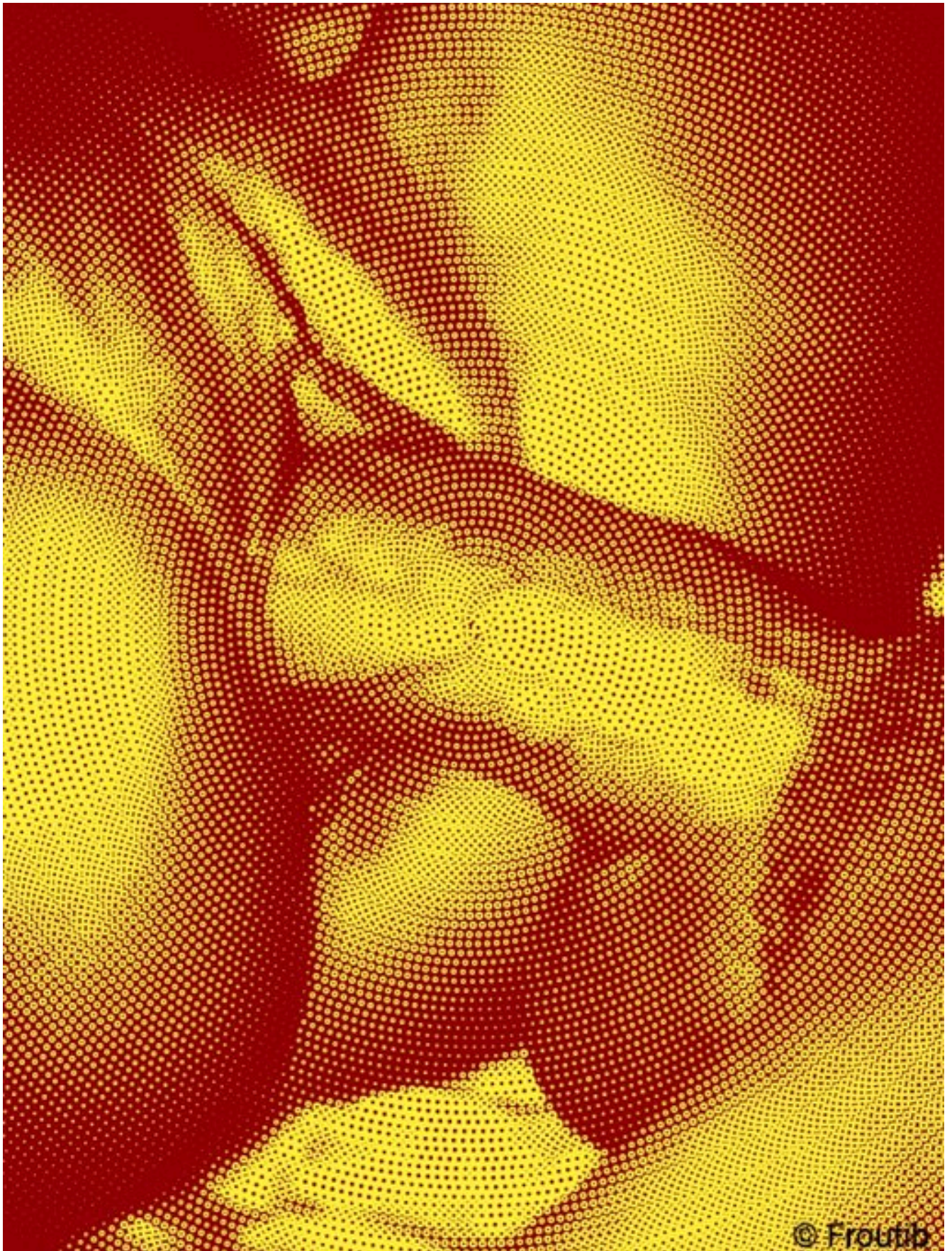
74.5%

NO

25.5%

51 votes · Final results





*Colmater* by Froutib



*Source de joie* by Froutib