

PENIC ILLIN

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***Ernst Graf near St Martin-in-the-Fields (1828) by
George Johann Scharf***

MESSAGES FROM WEST TO EAST, EAST TO WEST, CONVERSATIONS TO INDIA



by Chad Calland

Here is my insight for you.

To get ahead in life and have any sort of success. You must obey a cold instinct, rip out the eros and engage in the cold logos.

Your silence and listening is passive. It will help you so far but you need to engage in critical conflict. Let me share an example.

I am pushing and hammering the door for big positions. So what do I do?

I pick whom is the most physically strong and biggest bloke on the boat, he is an ex marine, ex private contractor and could probably take me in a fight. However I have the edge psychologically, he is weak and prone to the opposite sex. I have been monitoring and observing him for months.

I noticed his quick movement and insecurities, lack of depth and personality. So at dinner, I said to him quietly, "I do not like your attitude whilst you work". He erupted, I held firm and said it is how it is.

He said keep the fuck away from me, I said nothing personal but as you wish, I got up walked off. He then followed me into the day room. The day room was packed full of the lads.

He says "Get outside" I said, Dan, you said to keep away from you, that is what I am doing.

"Lads, do I work bad?"

Me ; Cute, send for help

Them, no, no, no you don't, me I aint them though (everyone is scared of him, not me).

He storms over, I said I am not budging from my observation. Anyway, he is like this is embarrassing, ashamed etc etc.

Anyway, I have sat there with the shift manager, him, me, cool and calm, he is spilling, I am just like it's how I feel, I ain't budging, I have sat in the manager's head, his head and my own perceiving the experiencing, dictating the terms and controlling the situation via the internal powers given to me.

My point being with this, that the masculine man leads and dominates social situations and you must do this by placing the relationship with yourself first and engage in as much conflict as possible.

Go into conversations that will terrify, more importantly. Most people when you lean on them, are sexual based and have no character, you can prod and push them and bend them at your will.

Women for example. You must go into every encounter with them as they are defective and worth only for the cheap thrill, automatically they will see you as you are valuing yourself above them and they like that.

You asked for my help and here it is. You must challenge yourself every day with both men and women, hold your nerve in social situations coming from a cold place like the moon if you want to feel the warmth of the sun.

Second situation

In my new move, I walked up to a girl, said what is your name, she begins reeling off more than what I said. When you encounter this, cut her short, it shows your value. In this I said I just asked your name, will see you around.

With this due to present conditioning, Jacques Ellul Propaganda is a great insight to the mind, Mind in German translates to “Verstand” which means understand, taken from Dreams Analysis Seminars - Carl Jung

Understanding the meaning of the common modern man is no man at all, indifference is key to pricking people’s feelings, feelings is business, “Make em feel, you will be remembered”.

I am due home soon so with updates on the following.

If there is anything else I can help you with. Please do not hesitate to ask and of course anything I do give and encourage you to explore is entirely free.

Chad Calland - Alpha extraordinaire!



RAMPANT ROGER

The Priapic Prime Minister

By T. Francis

Chapter-6 continued

Sometimes, Roger still woke up in the night thinking about Phyllis. Sometimes he'd dream about her, then regain consciousness with a jolt, believing she was there next to him. These dreams weren't complex, nor were they erotic. Roger'd lost a pair of cufflinks and Phyllis found them for him; they were sitting on a swing chair together outdoors, abroad in the summertime; or Phyllis, carefully, so carefully cutting his hair when they were students and broke. Simple, everyday things. But when he woke in the night, even with Caprice snoring next to him, they felt endowed with meaning.

Phyllis, dear Phyllis! Twenty-five years of his life. After such a quantity of time with someone (or perhaps any amount of time with a person who has meant a great deal) their psyche becomes merged with your own, and disentangling both is neither possible nor desirable. And even though it was over two years since they'd separated, in those nocturnal visitations it felt as though time stopped: like there had been no lapsing of it at all, as though his soul was still merged with hers.

There are some memories we hold that seem to be living still, as precious as anything we have ever touched or seen or felt, memories we sense will never be surpassed.

They were so young, Roger and Phyllis, in those early days. He was 20, she was 19. A trip down to Dorset, in what, 1994 probably? They'd stayed in a little guesthouse, probably paid for by Phyllis, since Roger never had any money at that time. A simple break. They'd talked, drunk wine, smoked cigarettes, played music on the old record player that was in the room, and walked down to the beach on sunny mornings to paddle in the sea. One day, Phyllis was stung on the ankle by a jellyfish, so he had rubbed iodine on it and held her as she'd cried, just a little ('Ignore me! I'm so silly sometimes,' she'd said).

Later that afternoon they'd gone to the quaint little pub for a pint of beer, and then walked into the village to find a place to eat. On the way they'd noticed one of those photo booths where you get pictures of yourself taken.

‘Shall we?’ Roger had said, and Phyllis nodded and so into the booth they went. She sat on his lap, he put an arm around her waist and he held her close. There was an on-screen countdown, a pause, and then an explosion as the shutter flashed.

‘Damn, we need a better pose this time!’

‘OK.’

And so, they arranged themselves in a more theatrical fashion, he with his head back, she with her hand held high as though she were Cleopatra gazing disdainfully at her courtiers.

Another flash, another, and then another. Four poses, and with each they’d tried to outdo the last, to appear more dramatic each time. Outside the booth, they waited. They waited for so long that Roger wondered whether they were ever going to get the pictures.

‘It’s taking a while, isn’t it?’ he said, stuffing his hand into the slot where the images were meant to be birthed, as though that would help.

Finally, almost grudgingly, the machine spat out the photographs. Black and white. Four images. She had her arms around his neck in each. Her head thrown back. Wearing each other’s sunglasses. Laughter. Closeness. The indelible sense that two people are deeply in love.

They kept them, of course. Those photographs travelled with them for years, from student digs, to a shared house in Hampstead, to their first flat, a bedsit in Ladbroke Grove, to the bigger apartment they bought together off the Portobello Road, to the house in Islington. They had pretended they were a silly memento; that other, more elegant portraits of them, often taken by professional photographers (including David Bailey, who had photographed them for British Vogue) were superior, but in truth they both knew the value of those photos. For in some mysterious way, they had captured something real, something fresh and innocent and... beautiful?

She put them in the drawer beside her bed. Occasionally, when searching for something, she’d come across them, and they would look together, giggling.

Then, when she found out about his...*indiscretion*, and they were fighting, she reached down to the drawer, took them out and calmly suggested that maybe he should take them.

‘No, no,’ he’d said, shaking his head, his hands over hers, trying to compel her to keep them. But she’d refused, and now they lived with him, first in a file in the studio he’d rented in Marylebone when he’d first moved out, and later in Downing Street.

These days they were in a drawer in the desk at his office, underneath a tray of ball-point pens, staples, rubber bands and erasers. He rarely looked at them and sometimes forgot they were there.

But he never for one moment dreamt of throwing them away.

TO BE CONTINUED

SEX CITY

Part 3

By Rodney Blakeston

Extract from VERY BIG CITY

Jean Moreas writes of

**"Les fins parfums de la jupe qui froufroute
Le long du trottoir blanc....**

Rustling skirts along the sidewalk....yes; and we find it in literature as early as the seventeenth century, this particular conjunction of silk and sidewalk:

**"Now when each narrow lane, each nook and cave, Signposts,
and shop doors, pimp for ev'ry knave, When riotous sinful
plush and tell-tale spurs Walk Fleet Street and the Strand,
when the soft stirs Of bawdy, ruffled silks turn night to day;"**

The great seventeenth century topographer of London, Hollar, in some of his views revealed an unexpected eroticism. In an allegorical Winter scene a gorgeously furred, tippeted and

becaped beauty in a black domino, the lace border of her skirt trailing almost in the mire, stands against a utilitarian depiction of High Holborn, mid-Winter, smoke curling from a hundred chimney pots.

For me sex is implicitly urban. The city, the city streets may superficially have all sorts of adventurous reverberations; man on the prowl, man as free as it is possible to get, existentially, geographically, sexually. In fact the idea of infinite opportunity is largely a myth; travel of my sort is not at all as it might seem. The adventures that supposedly appertain to lone travelling, well they don't generally happen to me. But I say generally, because, come to think of it, sometimes they do.

Whatever; of all the equations in my head the most entrenched is the "city equals sex". This for me is axiomatic.

"It was a very good year
For city girls
Who lived up the stair
With all that perfumed hair
And it came undone
When I was twenty one"

As Sinatra sings: mysterious, deeply erotic lines; the very syntax is strangely dreamy: with all that(?) perfumed hair..and (why and?) it came undone... beautifully suggestive; they evoke the heat outside, a glimpse of a rusting firestair through the window, a bed with rumpled sheets; pure Hopper again.

The city is the theatre of modern sexuality; it is the fact of, theoretically at least, the vast sexual opportunity it affords. The city is sexually a restless and tormenting place. There are days when I hardly venture out, so hard is it to be tantalised by quite so much sexual stimulus. Henry Miller enters a Times Square dance hall:

"I felt like a farmer come to town. Immediately I was dazzled, dazzled by the sea of faces, by the fetid warmth radiating from hundreds of overexcited bodies....everyone was keyed to fever pitch. Everyone looked intent and alert, intensely intent, intensely alert. The air crackled with this electric desire, this all consuming concentration. A thousand different perfumes clashed with one another...."

It is all opportunity, opportunity that we like cavalierly to assume we can take or leave at choice. Baudelaire writes in *A Une Passante*:

**"La rue assourdissante autour de moi hurlait, longue, mince, en grand deuil, douleur majestueuse,
Une femme passa.....**

Un éclair...puis la nuit! -fugitive beauté Dont le regard m'a fait soudainement renaître ne te verrai-je plus que dans l'éternité?

O toi que j'eusse aimée, o toi qui le savais!"

**Aragon watches "women walk by. There are great patches of radiance, flashes of light not yet stripped of their furs, of brilliant, restless mysteries...
...sometimes I have returned home late at night, after passing an infinity of these desirable shimmerings without having attempted to take possession of a single one of these lives left rashly within my reach."**

(There is hardly need to point out the presumption in both passages: "toi que j'eusse aime"..."without having attempted to take possession....left rashly within my reach..").

Like most men, presumably most women too, I am on constant alert in the street. It may be a relaxed alert, automatic pilot almost; but yes, I check women out. I can hardly venture home without falling in love, seriously or idly fancying one or other of my fellow pedestrians. The truth is, of course, that almost always we find ourselves, like Baudelaire or Aragon back at home, alone, muttering "toi que j'eusse aime, or more vernacularly "Hmmm...I could have had her!"

But such rear guard swagger is pathetic. What matters is what you do then and there; and sometimes I do, in the street, in a museum, take that risk and I feel good, because I have impacted into ten seconds that 'getting to know you' routine that should take much longer. And sometimes it pays off.

To do this, to pick up a woman, (to try!), is ultimately all to do with city. It is the ultimate city act. And given all the variables, all the odds of the city it often fails; and yet even

then there is a thrill in returning alone to your hotel room or your flat, defeated by the city streets, your lust exacerbated but unfulfilled by the heat and dust, still drunk on the proximity of beautiful women in the streets. But there is pathos too; and it hurts; and masturbation is a poor consolation.

Sex is human, not animal; it is in the head. It is precisely in the city, with its plenitude (theoretical) of opportunities that there is the greatest gap between opportunity and success. So wide is the gap that sexually the city streets become very abstract. There is dense palpable sexuality in the very rhythm and thrum of the streets. The city is heady with the essence of sex.

In Cairo one of my Egyptian students has been eyeing me significantly, so it seems, for some time; that a middle class Egyptian woman (albeit with big hair, serious lipstick, high heels and ankle chain) should do so is practically unthinkable and I assume it is my imagination; until a little note is handed me: "Meet me at the Roxy cinema this afternoon at 5. The driver will take us to a flat. We will be in there alown." (sic)

I conclude that she is a high-class hooker. Feeling foolish I go to my appointment with a wallet full of the rank-smelling, worn banknotes of Egypt. There is the car, there is the driver, there is Scheherezade. OK, I say to myself, this guy is her pimp; as you expected. Don't back out now. We drive through the whole abominable chaos of Cairo to a street heaving with vegetable sellers, donkeys, motorcycles. The man lets us into a little apartment on the ground floor. We drink tea; the man leaves. No money exchanges hands.

Scheherezade and I go to bed. The room is not dark. Blades of sunlight through the shutters like lasers striping the tiled floor. People shout outside, donkeys yawl grotesquely as we make love. For all the mayhem outside, I hear a scratching sound at the bedroom wall. Oh it's nothing she says. OK. Afterwards I go, on my own, leaving her there. Only later, much later, do I realise what may have been happening; or what of two things had been happening; either: she had been paid by a voyeur who had not gone but been in the next room. Other possibility.....well, let's hope it was only Betamax.

Sometimes in a huge city, in the great cavernous dilapidated streets of Cairo, ill-lit in a wan yellow dusk, or the seething

markets of Bangkok, where every lane disemburdens whole shoals of pretty women. Or summertime London, heaving with women from the world over, when I have sometimes almost wept at the intensity of an abstract, almost unsexual desire.

Now, in middle age I anticipate, almost with relish, the invisibility old age confers on you in the sexual and city worlds. There is real charm, true pathos, in the twilight world of city sex; a real assertion of the human, the fallible, and, OK a fallibility that is largely male. In the eighties in Warsaw I visited the People's Palace of Culture, a great Stalinist edifice donated by the great man himself to his grateful satellite, Poland. In the vast empty marble halls there was nothing to see save a few monitors relaying Madonna poncing around in a corset. OK, so out again only to happen on a little market of rudimentary proto-capitalist stalls, one with lurid, winking lights....and there in drab Warsaw was a sex aid shop with the rubberiest and sheeniest artefacts that Taiwan could deliver. A little spot of joy and audacity!

I remember the pathos of the pedlar In the backstreets of Little India in Singapore, (where prostitutes sit half dressed in dim red interiors open to the street) I watch this old man anointing a wooden phallus which he cradles, optimistically erect, in his shrunken lap; a knot of gawpers stand round him apparently ready to disburse for this Elisir d'Amore, listening to his patter:

"You are putting this on your private part and you can go twenty...thirty minutes...I am selling this from twenty years" etc etc

In Chinatown, Krung Thep, I watch two Buddhist monks in saffron robes rooting around at a stall devoted to karaoke mikes and vibrators.

In Tokyo, outside a dubious looking shack with flashing lights in Shibuya, hopefully entitled: JOYFUL ADULT SHOP, hovers nervously an elderly highly respectable, suited man with an umbrella. I feel the utmost tenderness towards him; for I too will become just another sexual unperson, a wraith weaving unseen through phalanxes of passionate youth in whatever Byzantium ("no country for old men, the young in one another's arms, birds in the trees,...") end my days.



**“People are wrong when they say men are obsessed with breasts it's the nipples imagine if you can breasts without nipples not good, not good at all.”
Marquis de Vaccine, Paddington Mansions, 1928**

BULLDOG DRUMMOND

(1920)

by Sapper

Reviewed by D4Doom

Bulldog Drummond was one of the most popular fictional characters of the 1920s and 1930s. *Bulldog Drummond*, published in 1920, was the book that launched the career of this gentleman crime-fighter and adventurer.

Herman Cyril McNeile wrote the Bulldog Drummond novels under the pseudonym Sapper. Or at least he wrote the first ten or so novels - after McNeile's death in 1937 the series was continued up to the mid-1950s by Gerard Fairlie.

Drummond became an equally popular character on radio and in movies, being played by such notable actors as Ronald Colman, Sir Ralph Richardson and Ray Milland. In the 60s the character was revived for two highly entertaining James Bond-influenced spy spoof movies, *Deadlier Than the Male* and *Some Girls Do*. Which was only fitting since the Bulldog Drummond stories had been an early influence of Ian Fleming's Bond novels.

In *Bulldog Drummond* we meet Captain Hugh Drummond, and he's bored. Peacetime does not agree with him. He misses the

excitement of the war. So he places an ad in the newspaper, offering his services in any kind of adventure regardless of its legality or of the danger involved. Most of the replies are unpromising but then he hits pay dirt - a genuine damsel in distress.

The damsel in question is Phyllis Benton and her story at first seems incredible - a tale of master criminals, sinister plots and daring robberies in which her father has become an unwilling accomplice. Drummond soon discovers that her story is not merely true, it's actually much stranger than even she realises. In fact they have stumbled upon a conspiracy of almost unimaginably vast proportions in which the very fate of British civilisation is at stake. A gigantic communist conspiracy, funded by fabulously wealthy capitalists.

This was the first of the four novels featuring arch-villain Carl Petersen. Petersen is a master of disguise, and he's a very cool customer. His chief henchman Henry Lakington is a very nasty piece of work indeed - his main amusements being devising sadistic means of murder and torture and pulling off spectacular jewel robberies. There's also Petersen's beautiful, amusing but evil daughter Irma. At least she claims to be his daughter, but may well be his mistress.

There's plenty of action, and plenty of humour. Drummond is at this stage of his career very much an amateur. His main assets are his daring and his courage, his tendency to do the unexpected because he doesn't know any better, and the fact that his opponents consistently under-estimate him, regarding him as a harmless buffoon. By the end of the adventure he has acquired a great deal of experience and a very definite taste for this type of exploit.

It's all very politically incorrect but if that doesn't bother you (and it certainly doesn't bother me) then there's a great deal of enjoyment to be had within the pages of *Bulldog Drummond*.

SAPPER BULLDOG DRUMMOND

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hero and gentleman!





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THERAPY

**Psychotherapy & Pornography in
End of the Century Vienna**

**By ERNST GRAF
CHAPTER 6
GENIUS**



“Is this really the only price I have to pay for my genius?”

Been thundering and drizzling all afternoon and evening (7PM now). “Other people’s lives are not so happy. That is why it doesn’t pay to go around laughing at other people. If you keep to your line, and keep a clear conscience you’re always going to come out of it stronger; and they only even weaker.”

“They attack because they’re powerless, and frustrated; seething with jealousy and envy: the green-eyed monster. I love the freedom of being unattached, I love the power of being on the fringe and not privy to any responsibilities; I love the Baudelairian perspective this gives me. Frankly, my position is delicious, and very precious. This is just what I’ve always wanted, the life of the flâneur, the sybaritic pleasures. I’ve got my life already, like Francis Bacon; I have got my gilded gutter life, my sleazy double life. Everything is in place, and I mean everything.”

“Society cannot stand anyone who won’t play by their rules, so they gleefully try to destroy that person, President Clinton, Oscar Wilde, Beethoven, but then when that person won’t even play along in being destroyed, they get enraged and infuriated, and it is very hard for them. How dare you refuse to let us destroy you! When you resort to abuse it is a revealing sign that you have lost the argument, and in fact you never had a valid argument in the first place; abuse is the unintelligent’s substitute; a very blunt and ineffective weapon. How easy it is to play such people like a piano; to run rings around them; to tease them until

you have driven them mad. They cannot stand it because they know I will always triumph over them; my intelligence will never go away, my beauty will never go away, my power will never go away—they are all INCREASING. Every time I force them into abuse is a victory for me, and another defeat for them. It just proves I am annoying them, it just proves they have let me get under their skin. I have nothing to be embarrassed about, because I'm not the one throwing abuse at other human beings; they have got a lot to feel uncomfortable about. I LIKE IT that they are so obsessed with me, it is very pleasantly flattering. They have made a serious and fatal tactical error. THE POWER THEY HAVE GIVEN ME. I will reap the bounty of it now. Psychologically, to abuse others is a sign you hate yourself. To attack others is the moment you defeat yourself. They thought I would become weak, and I have become stronger. It must be very infuriating for them. How they boost my ego. It is sign that they are frightened of me. I'M SORRY, YOU PEOPLE, BUT I'M GOING FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH. I'm sorry that it infuriates you so. I'm strange, and I like it, and I'm hanging onto it. The wildness, the spontaneity, the rampancy, the freedom of my life. How they must be infuriated that they STILL cannot get to me.”

“They slather and boil in my wake, and I sail on serenely. They feed me a little bit MORE electricity. The little people will try all they can, but never dent me, never scratch me, never slow me, they can only speed my progress more, put more solar wind in my sails, more electricity in me. They feed my deep sense of romantic hero-hood, they feed my megalomania, they feed my deep sense of joy, and sybaritic pleasure, they make the blood in my mouth sweeter and sweeter. I LIKE turning people against me. I like listening out for their obsession with me. I thrive on alienation, laughter, abuse, attacks; it powers me; it multiplies my deep sybaritic pleasures. It enriches my experience of life, pleasure in pain. How they are DEFEATED. I let them dash themselves to pieces against me, because I am immovable brilliance, genius, power, sybaritism. I LIKE MY POSITION. I am in a very safe place here, with my trees and lushness in the bowl of protecting buildings behind, on a scented sea of bosoms. Can you imagine their petty, boring, ordinary little lives?”

“What a brilliant story it is; what a brilliant seam I've mischievously tapped into. To get anywhere in what I'm trying to do, I have to go further & further out to the black edges of consciousness; I have to go to MORE extreme places. That can only increase the hostility and the green-eyed jealousy of the ignorant & unintelligent who slather in my wake, foaming & frothing at the mouth in their impotent fury. The richness, the rich mixture! How I like it when people try to get at me. All

they can do is try to harm me, because they are powerless to take my riches away from me. I haven't exploded yet, haven't published, I am preparing, throughout my 20s I am preparing, waiting for the moment when I explode, when I bloom & blossom, when I emerge from my chrysalis."

"They feel inferior to me. It is important to remember that. My intelligence, my place in the world of poetry, the realms of High Art I move in; my beauty, my genius. My tangent. I just don't like being with other people; does this mean that I've got no value and worth?" "Adjust your sights accordingly and focus on life's more profitable encounters." "The joke is on them; I play them like a piano. I've suffered this all my life, and I've stayed beautiful, while they have grown more ugly & more angry. I have my brilliance that won't go away. I'm attracted to a certain type, I love it. It is the blood I gorge on. I love that sleazy world, it's so comforting. Enjoy living randomly, spontaneously. I am the random wild card, I strike when & where I want. How I love winding the stupid people up. I didn't think they were very intelligent at nursery, and I haven't changed my view one bit. I have remained true to myself, to my own line, and kept my conscience clear, lured them into further uglifying and stupidifying themselves. I loom over them like a GIANT, an intellectual & beautiful colossus. I've put myself in a fascinating, intense position, so I can study myself and my surroundings, and the reaction of others to me, from this position. I seek the tangent, the ellipse. I'm not going to repress my Eros just so as not to alert other people to it. I am WILD."

"If they take me on, they give me power; they cannot win. With my specialness, my wildness, I show my complete POWER over them, my complete invincibility to their pondlife stupidity. I am afraid I'm going to have to keep frustrating them by continuing to enjoy my sybaritic pleasures. It was always my natural road, but I tried to fight my natural road, because I was horrified by its implications. Like a vampire, or a homosexual. How delicious my insouciance is. I am more alive than them. I ride on a scented sea of bosoms. They cannot get their hands on my secret treasure. I love the thrill of the chase, the excitement they give me. They laugh because they hate their own inadequacies. Wherever they go, they will be treated to my SUPREME CONFIDENCE; my calm happy unflinching TAOIST SMILE. I yearn for everyone to be against me, they are playing into my hands. My implacable TAOIST SMILE, and my SUPREME CONFIDENCE, will face them wherever they go. They will never get away from it, like Nayland Smith can never get away from Fu Manchu."





“Poor them. Where do I get my supreme confidence from? What is my well-spring? It must infuriate them. Like where is the source of the Nile? The world's great river, the world's great civilisation. Did you know the Nile is longer than the distance from London to New York? I used to be in denial, now I'm in de Danube.”

“We must beware of letting arrogance seep into our behaviour patterns,” Lucrezia said delicately.

“I don't think you're arrogant,” I said, puzzled. “I'm like Bill Clinton, every so often he slips up again. And it gets him into such embarrassing trouble. But to his enemies' infuriation he always bounces back as brazenly as ever. How infuriating for them that I enjoy all of it. I revel in it all, with my Taoist mischievous smile. I love the pleasure in pain. If they can provide me with more opposition they will provide me with more pleasure. I just smile. ‘Well, I'm sorry if I'm giving you a hard time. And does that make you insanely jealous?’ I thrive on opposition, it fills me up with power like connecting Frankenstein's monster to the electricity. Now they're getting scared, because they're making their position worse & worse, and getting no result from it.”

“I like disturbing them, unsettling them, constantly ruffling their feathers. They deserve everything they're now getting. ‘The frisson of being close to corruption’”.

“They can't understand why I haven't been destroyed yet. In fact they just give me more power & strength.”

I LOOM OVER THEM, LIKE FANTOMAS OVER PARIS, PULLING THEIR STRINGS; AND THEY CANNOT ESCAPE ME. I CAN SEE INTO EVERY ROOM AT NIGHT, I CAN REACH DOWN EVERY CHIMNEY, EVERY TUBE TUNNEL, EVERY TELEPHONE LINE, EVERY CABLE.

“I have wormed my way into their small minds, and they take me home with them, obsessively wondering wondering WHAT I am getting up to. The attacks have become bigger, I've had to loom up bigger & bigger to continue to be above them all. But the more they attack, the more I bloom & blossom. The more I shoot up and tower and flower above them, leaving them withering in my shadow. Anything that involves pretence is not the right solution. ‘It is wealth to be content.’ I don't know if it is coincidence, but my contentment has risen at the same time as the attacks. I think this is instructive.”



NEXT WEEK: THE SOUNDS OF THE JUNGLE



Albert Hendschel

THE BAT

by Milton Beinhorn

English translation by Google Translate & first printed in Issue No.20

Act I, Scene III

Adele was still exhausted from the gruelling masturbation and even more so from the intensity of the orgasm she experienced. She had, however, a great deal of work to do around the house. She had already arranged the gentlemen's bedrooms and bathrooms. She would then clean the upstairs floor. Finally, she would devote herself to the kitchen and the dining room.

Nonetheless, she decided that when the upstairs cleaning was finished she would read the letter her sister had sent her that morning. The letter could only intrigue her. A letter from Ida would never be a banality; she could only bring a breath of fresh air and beautiful prospects. The desire to find out what had prompted her sister to write tortured her.

Ida, of a rebellious temperament, had abandoned her family as a teenager to follow in the footsteps of her then lover, a penniless artist. There was a great scandal in the building where they lived then because of the lewd attitudes between the two and the shouts of pleasure that had kept all the tenants awake for nights. Then the self-styled artist had vanished (we did not know what had happened to him), yet Ida, somehow, had managed by herself and, since then, had made her way and even ended up gaining a certain reputation. There was no salon in Vienna that did not invite her. Ida was beautiful. She was tall with long black

hair and a radiant face that was cheery. Ida knew how to behave, how to make herself well liked, how to win the sympathy of that, now of that other gentleman. In short, she was very busy. Adele wasn't stupid enough to think her sister didn't lie with many men. After all, she didn't know exactly what job she did, how she paid for all those nice clothes, the houses she slept in, the meals and the parties she attended, it wasn't really a mystery: Ida was a maid who knew how to manage the crowd of pimps around her. In short, for this and despite this, she gave the idea of one who had made it, of a liberation conquering over poverty. Adele doted on her sister and would do anything for her. Who knows what she would have announced to her in the sudden letter.

With these thoughts she set about finishing her morning work.

Adding to her curiosity about Ida's letter, her sudden languor as before, when she had spied on the two lovers, and her cunt battered by the solitary treatment made her sink into more sordid thoughts. How long had she not received a man's attention? How long hadn't the passion of a carnal relationship invaded her?

There had been a few months before, four to be exact, an incendiary quickie with the milkman's boy.

With pleasure her memory drifted backwards.

That morning the fresh milk had not yet been delivered, it was not long before dawn, but soon her mistress, Countess Rosalinde, would wake up and demand breakfast. It was a dreary, cold January morning, she had put on gloves and a cape and rushed to the milkman's shop a few blocks away. As she entered the courtyard panting, she found the bottles already loaded on the wagon, but no trace of the boy. She then moved decisively to the warehouse on the opposite side of the courtyard. The door was only ajar. Inside there was a great silence. She crept between crates and metal containers. She was drawn to a muffled noise and a faint hidden candle. Paying attention to avoid accidental noises (you will have understood that our Adele was a great

curiosona) she went around some pillars and piles of materials until she saw him. The boy, Dieter, a tall, muscular boy in his twenties, with an angular face and a very short haircut, was hidden in the shelter of an enormous wooden chest and, approaching stealthily, saw that he was masturbating. The boy's erect pole struck her with the same lash of today's languor. She was so dazed by the action and also attracted by the succulent scene she could not move. However, she hadn't come to terms with the piles of bottles that were all around her. The heel of the shoe made at least a pair jingle revealing her presence.

The frightened boy shouted "Who goes there?" and then he saw her, pretty Adele, even if wrapped up. She gazed at the rod fixedly and continued to stare at it with a slight smile that was going to grow.

He approached her without saying a word as Adele petrified by the situation now looked at Dieter, now at the swollen dome through the shadows cast by the candle.

Dieter was close by now and motioned for her to come even closer. He then took her hand and made it rest on the rod. It throbbed, hot and hard as marble. She didn't resist any longer. Staring into Dieter's eyes she continued the wanking the boy had started. But whether it was the female fingers or the moving rhythm of the act, the boy leaned his head back, sighing incomprehensible words. Soon an unusual warmth enveloped her. Warmth and desire. She took off her cloak, lifted up her skirt and petticoat and decisively pulled down her thick knickers. The scent of her freshly washed cunt spread through the air. She pushed Dieter onto the cold floor after throwing the cloak under him. The cock was throbbing upward. Without saying a word she spread her slender legs and, squeezing at the base of it, she directed it inside herself, lowering herself to the bottom. Her wet cunt perfectly sheathed the swollen stick. Adele, placing her hands on the boy's chest, began to move her pelvis feeling the sex grow to the maximum. In the air only the sighs of enjoyment of both and the rustle of their bodies.

She wished the pleasure would last, but she also knew it wouldn't be long before someone, the milkman for example, came looking for Dieter or his mistress asked for her.

She felt the impetus rise.

Dieter held her hips at his pace. Adele rode him with enthusiasm, sliding very wet on the burning pole. His glans, tightened by her cunt like a glove, caused her agonising waves of pleasure. Supported on her own legs and anchored to the boy's chest, she frantically increased the pace of the ride. Orgasm overwhelmed them both. Adele felt invaded by her pleasure, perhaps as never before, and she felt the hot sperm of him filling her and squirting up to her cervix.

It was certainly not the first time that the young Adele gave herself to a man, but perhaps it had been the most intense and unexpected. With these impressed thoughts she felt her own sex moist again. She still desired, too many emotions that day, too many days without a cock planted inside her. God, a desire to fuck and satisfy men and herself invaded her. But there was work to be done and she tried to resist, not to think about it. Difficult to hold the handle of the floor brush.

After cleaning the long corridor upstairs, she took a break to read Ida's letter.

Her sister invited her to Prince Orlofsky's party and since it would be a masquerade party, what better occasion to enter that environment that certainly did not belong to her, but which she had always longed for? Her prior desire had only subsided and she eagerly thought about the party, the intriguing men she would meet, the opportunities that would arise. There was only one small obstacle: how to ask the master for an evening off so soon? Besides, what dress could she have worn? This last point could perhaps be solved by her asking her sister who would certainly help her. But how to do it?

She found herself in the lady's room. She had already tidied it up, but like an automaton she closed herself inside and resolutely opened the top drawer where she knew exactly what to find. She moved the scented and provocative underwear of the countess aside and picked up the object she craved at that moment. A velvety box from which she took out a bundle wrapped in a lilac silk handkerchief. Unwinding the fabric she found a large phallus in shiny wood in her hands. The longing fingers gripped the tool. Hard, erect and lucid, her cravings overwhelmed her. Lifting the heavy work skirt she wore without panties to relieve the heat of the housework, she was enveloped by the smell of sex. Her cunt oozed with moods and desire.

So, lying on the carpet and spreading her legs, she planted the tool inside herself, sliding it. Slowly at first, indulging the first volutes of pleasure, then, increasing the pace more and more, she let herself go completely. In her mind, the boy Dieter's cock and Mr. Alfred's even more spectacular cock. The mistress who moaned and screamed dirty phrases and her desire. All this, combined with the lewd flow of her wooden phallus, brought her close to a devastating pleasure. Her orgasm overwhelmed her, for the second time in a few hours and at the same time sprayed a wave of juice on the carpet.

Still panting, like after a start of drowning, but coming around she knew exactly what to do.

She would borrow one of the lady's provocative undergarments and choose one of Mrs. Rosalinde's hundreds of dresses with them. She would invent an excuse to be absent, any one, a visit to some relative, a visit that could not be postponed and she would go to that party.

Nothing in the world would keep her away.

TO BE CONTINUED



THE GREATEST COCKTAIL EVER INVENTED

by Charlie Winkle



It was 5PM on a Saturday night when I got the text message from my neighbor and good friend, Albert Johnson.

“Charlie, get your ass over here. We’re having a BBQ tonight and I want you to try a new cocktail I invented yesterday. It’s an incredible cocktail which others have confirmed. See you soon.”

I'd been looking forward to a quiet night at home with a book in order to recover from a brutal Brazilian Jiu Jitsu training session earlier that day, although when one got an invitation from Albert, one went.

Albert Johnson was a local legend in our small village by the sea. The area surrounding our village is replete with vineyards and wineries and the beaches up and down the coast are some of the world's finest. One does not disclose names of particular villages by the sea so you'll have to guess where I'm talking about. Albert Johnson, inventor, businessman, investor, adventurer, connoisseur of women, food, wine and travel, was a very rich man. A very clever man. A very generous man. And someone who was liked by all. Except a few nasty individuals who were envious of him and who in fact didn't like anyone. There is a sizeable age difference of 36 years between Albert and myself although we'd always got along very well together and aside from being neighbors and friends we were also tennis partners and had won our club's open double's championship the previous 5 years.

There is perhaps no quality more despised in this world than meanness. And by meanness I mean stinginess. And if you're fortunate enough to be invited anywhere for dinner or a party you should always take something for your host or hostess. I customarily take a bottle of wine to dinners such as these although when visiting Albert this is an exercise in futility as he has one of the nation's finest cellars. I instead decided to take him a bottle of fine single malt Scotch whiskey. After a cold shower and a change of clothes I was off.

Climbing the steps to Albert's enormous second floor outdoor balcony which is surrounded by Eucalyptus trees and where one finds the front entrance, I instead found a beautiful woman I'd never seen before sat curled up in a cushioned chair. Hair the color of platinum, a very fine, delicate face with high

cheekbones and a perfectly formed nose, full lips, eyes the color of violet, a long neck and a body which would not have looked out of place gracing the cover of a "Sports Illustrated" swimsuit edition. She smelled faintly of citrus. I was momentarily caught for words. She looked at me and smiled, seemingly familiar with this particular effect she had on men. "Hi, I'm Natalya." Still seated she held out her hand which I took. "Hi Natalya, Charlie." She smiled even more brightly with both her lips and her eyes and told me that Albert was in his study and that I was to go on in.

"Charlie, how are you doing son?" Albert was standing over his desk with a couple of bigwigs from the bank. I knew them by sight although was not acquainted personally. "Charlie, this is Jim Putney and Terry Mason from 'First National.' Gentleman, Charlie." We exchanged greetings and handshakes. "Albert, I brought this for you." I handed him the bottle of Scotch whiskey. Albert examined the label and his face warmed, "Very thoughtful son, very thoughtful. Much appreciated." On the desk stood an impressive looking model of different sized houses, canals and parks, and the attention of the three men which had been momentarily diverted, now focused again on this development of the future. As I have been sworn to secrecy regarding what I heard during this meeting I can say no more.

Once the meeting had concluded we all returned to the outdoor balcony and the gorgeous Natalya. In our absence Natalya had brought out four enormous seasoned tomohawk steaks, lamb chops, thick slices of pork belly and two large green salads. Three decanters of wine sat in the middle of the table. "Natalya, bring out the Grey Goose vodka, the limes and the ice bucket. Thank you." Natalya with an impressive alacrity brought back all the ingredients.

“Gentleman, last night when Natalya and I were reading on the balcony I came up with this cocktail recipe which I’m interested for you all to try.....

Each drink contains 90ml of Grey Goose vodka from the freezer, the juice of 2 large limes, the limes are grown here on the property, and this is then shaken in a cocktail shaker with 4 large ice blocks for around 25 seconds so hard that the ice starts to sliver. When I’m using ice for cocktails it is always made from Evian bottled water... As with anything in life, it’s the small details which ultimately make the biggest difference.

Natalya, do your thing.”

Natalya did her thing very prettily and very competently and handed around the glasses.

I looked down into my drink which was a pale, light green color. I tasted it. Incredible.

There were nods and compliments from everyone and confirmation that this was indeed a spectacular invention with a bright future.

“Albert, what have you decided to call this amazing drink?”

Albert smiled.

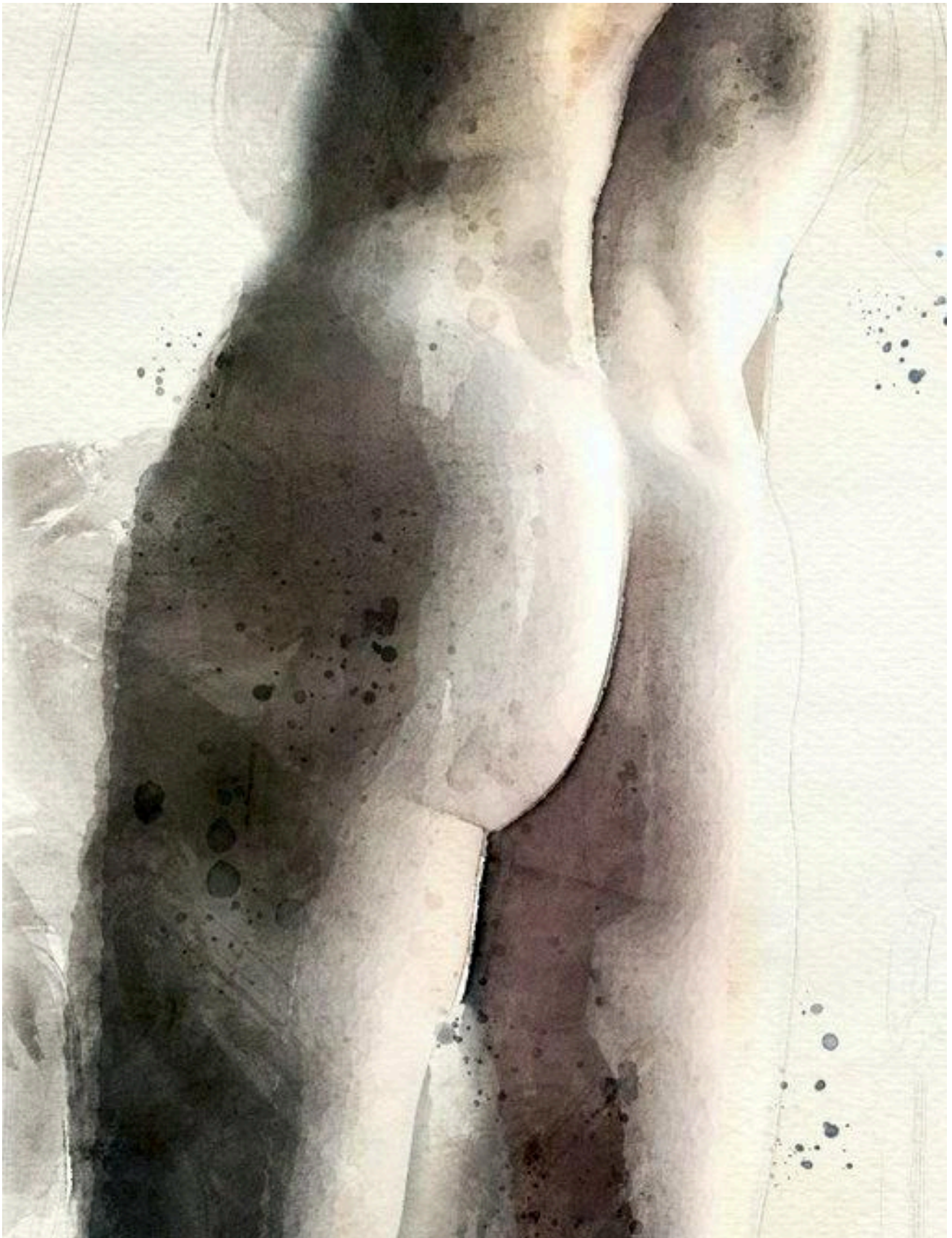
“The Big Johnson.”

We all laughed hard, especially Natalya, who was also blushing furiously.

THE END



Is it possible to be shy like this? by ErosLoveDrawings



Bare butt by ErosLoveDrawings



THE YELLOW ORCHID

SEX IN A TIME OF PLAGUE
by Ernst Graf

CHAPTER 16

THE WILD PARTY

“When I am attacked it is just like throwing fuel on the fire, it just blows up in their face. This makes them even more angry and vicious so they throw more fuel on the fire, which blows up in their face even more. We are blessed by our enemies is one of my most beloved maxims. I owe them everything, all my riches. All my power, all my influence.”

News in paper today Amsterdam closing all their red light windows and moving them to a soulless ‘Eros centre’ on the edge of town. Already too late for me? Feel almost relief. But topless bars and cinemas will remain in situ one presumes?

Need to check Antwerp too, before I push on to Hamburg, whenever I can. After September I presume.

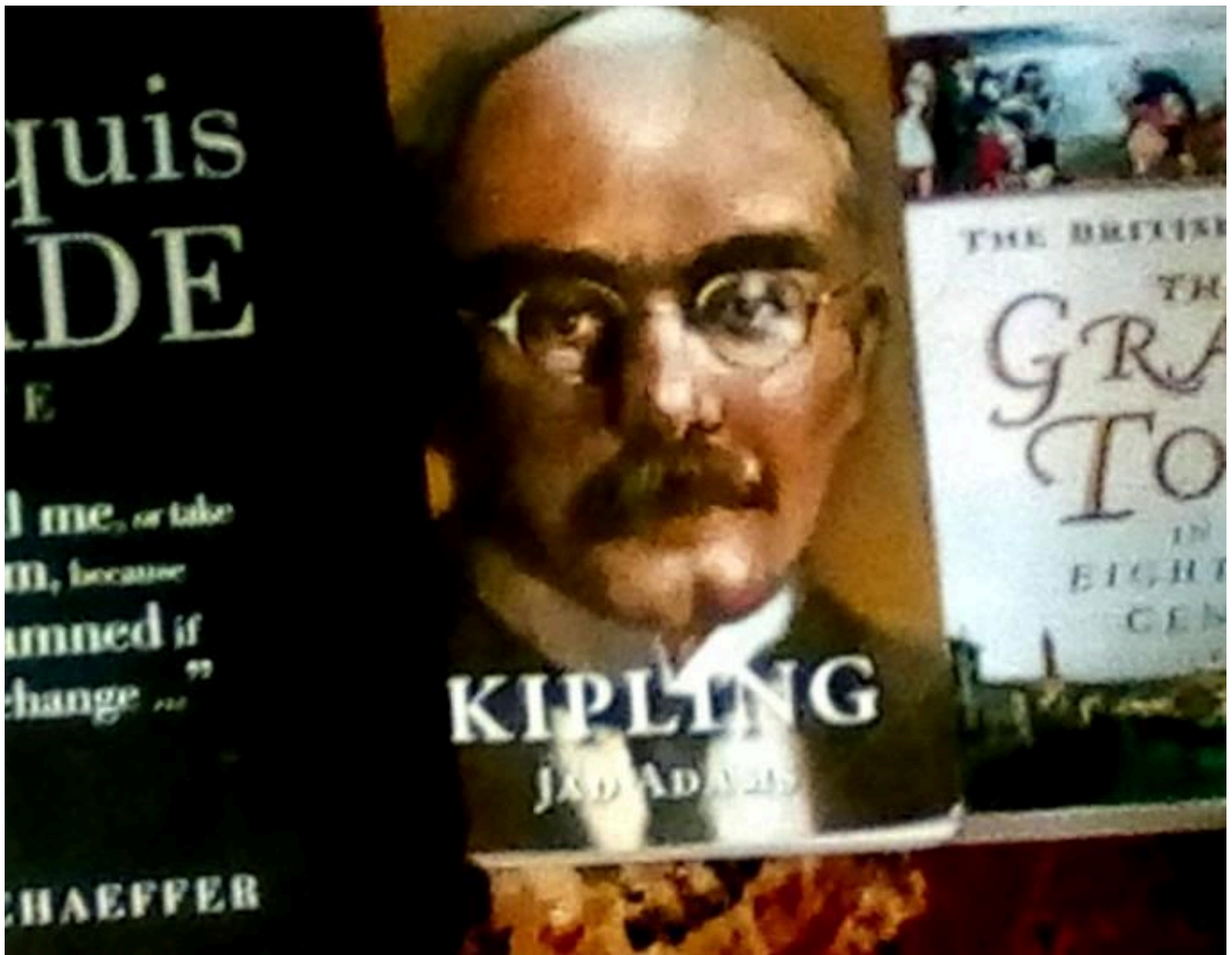
Woke up today so horny for Medusa. She really does interest me.

Drinking as much as I do/have done, I cannot believe I will not suffer a severe life shortening illness. Therefore let me live as wildly as I possibly can in whatever few years are left to me. Let this be the wildest party of my life, as soon as I possibly can. It was this wild party I thought was going to begin in March 2020 when I moved into Villiers Street, next to Charing Cross Station, in the heart of the West End. However, the blight followed me back from the Girls’ School in China like a shadow and was already descending upon us even then and 12 days later all pubs closed and lockdown began. Ten months later there is still no end in sight, though the amount of vaccines now going into arms does at least offer hope.

Will I be able to get the wild party started this year? I shall not hold anything back this time.







Yes it is I, the Marquis de Vaccine, sexually active since 1922.
That's 722pm last night. That's my 24 hour cock, you understand.

An element of smut enriches everybody's life, but you can go too far.

I feel vain and artificial. Hangover plus post-jack off ennui & depletion plus reading *Dorian Gray*'s Sibyl Vane suicide chapter while sitting on lavatory combined. Feeling so similar to him. How rightfully loathsome I must seem to C— at Sunset Strip, S—, P— on train. Hateful, coward.

I'm in a race against time, to get down all I need to write. I feel that very strongly. I would be amazed if I was still alive 20 years from now, and I have SO much I still need to write.

Pretty much 99% of people who know me think I am the most BORING person they ever met in their lives; most boring personality, with most boring AF life; yet I'm pretty sure the florid & lurid REALITY of my life would BLOW THEIR MINDS if only they knew.



When people greet me in the street, they often stop me & say excitedly "What are you working on now, Marquis? When can we expect a new masterwork from you, sir?" and this is what I tell them

“— THE UPPER HAND, my autobiography.”

“Now be off with you my good man, before I have you whipped.”

I suddenly cannot order ANYTHING on Amazon, chat assistant unable to help, I end conversation with "this is very very mysterious!" Chat assistant replies "thanks for understanding". Having one of those days where everything I do goes wrong, & for reasons that make no sense, & you feel like the whole world is trolling you, or someone has hacked into your LIFE for sinister motives but apart from that everything is going well. I feel invisible forces plotting against me today. Feel the gravity of unseen planets. What the f**k have I done? It's that *An Inspector Calls* feeling. All those sins from your past you THOUGHT you got away with.....

I have started wearing a yellow tulip in my buttonhole, and I urge all my devoted followers—my Ejacolytes—to do the same; so that we might recognise each other, & thereby steer well the f**k clear of each other. “In the 1630s the Netherlands experienced

'tulip mania'—a surge in demand for tulips from wealthy buyers, with some individual bulbs costing twenty times more than a carpenter's annual salary. Then, in February 1637, the price suddenly crashed."

I think all of us have got a little bit of Dutch blood in them; a little bit of Dutch sperm as well, I expect.

I'm looking out my 4th floor window and I already see people walking up & down Villiers Street wearing YELLOW TULIPS in their buttonholes & I just, can't, handle, and oh my Christ if I am not very much mistaken that is a depraved-looking Troy Francis standing SELLING THEM!

I hate when I read a book & there's like a 40-page introduction by someone else, before the author's own words even start, & probably a 10-page translator's note as well. I'm exhausted before the book even begins.

Please stick your introductions at the back.

My own inkwells feel rather empty right now; good, means I can do some reading at last. But—I am a bad reader. No patience or endurance for other people's words. So I've gathered a pile of 6 books beside me in bed & I am reading ONE PAGE FROM EACH ONE, & then round again.

The Dawn of Day by Friedrich Nietzsche

The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde

Thomas Mann: Eros & Literature by Anthony Heilbut

The Will to Power by Friedrich Nietzsche

The Marquis de Sade: A Life by Neil Schaeffer

Lord Byron: Selected Letters & Journals ed Leslie A Marchand

Hoping all the strippers will be lovely fat & curvy when they finally come back, through all that lack of exercise.

DO put your daughter on the stage, all of you.

Starved of naked woman all these months, men might flock to them like never before. A new stripping golden age perhaps; like my glorious Soho Golden Age of the late 1990s—though it didn't seem so glorious at the time.

The darkest times of my life I now realise were my richest. Where I get all my coal, oil & diamonds from. Despair is rich! Despair is juicy! Despair is florid & lurid! Take PLEASURE in despair! Always be playing the long game! Hold your nerve! Tortoise will always beat the hare.

I am approaching another crucible moment in my life. To see if — allow me to move from expensive Charing Cross to cheaper Paddington without trying to claim breach of contract and insist on a long notice period. If so it will all happen in the next 12 days. A huge huge moment in my life. The plush Paddington mansion block I've always had my eye on was out of my price range a year ago, but now because of Chinese Flu it has plunged well within my price range. Not only that, but everywhere is standing empty for immediate moving into. I must grab this propitious moment that has fallen into my lap. An ill wind again. How Chinese flu has improved my life already. But I think I have barely even realised how much more I can benefit from it, if I just stop to think.

Speculators can profit from anything, speculators of life.

Chaos is a ladder for those who know how to thrive on it.

This is how Machiavellians and Borgias operate. The Chinese Flu epidemic has emptied London, bringing rental prices crashing down, and leaving flats empty for me to move into immediately. Properties out of my financial range a year ago are now ripe for my picking. So much low-lying fruit all of a sudden.

Well, 930am, it's done. A— just called, the landlord accepted my offer on the tiny flat £975! Move in March 1st if all my paperwork is done by then & approved. Four days to transfer my stuff. Absolutely perfect isn't it. That is £50 a week I will save, £220 a month. £2,640 a year extra to spend on jollies. Just sitting here quietly smiling, so that must mean I think it IS the right thing to do, and I am happy. How amazing my life now. Sitting here in my 33 Villiers Street nest in silence, Flat 3 Tatiana long gone, Flat 5 Li Ying long gone, both of them no doubt carrying large residues of my sperm with them as a souvenir of our time living together, & our spectacular Guy Fawkes Night Ball finale. Perhaps PERHAPS in just 5 days start moving my stuff into Paddington Mansions so close to where I work. Just walking distance. My life is reaching an extraordinary pitch, and this is in LOCKDOWN! Just imagine how it might feel when things start returning to life.

Volume 1 of the upcoming Marquis de Vaccine autobiography **EROTICA IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH** may well be the most detailed account of a man joyfully addicted to pornography you will ever read.



Volume 1—THE NAUGHTY NINETIES. 1992-1999. A SOHO GOLDEN AGE

EROTICA IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH (1992-1999)—seven years in the life of a young man very happily addicted to pornography.

A passionate paean to the pleasures of Pornography & Prostitution, the sleazy illicit thrills of Soho, in the naughty nineties at the tense fevered fag end of the 20th Century.

A timely mention from that Yoylo fellow: “Ernst Graf is not a PUA. He is just a lost decadent pornographic alcoholic writer.” Perfect for the back cover of my autobiography though I question the word ‘just’.

Coincidences seem to increase when you're under pressure.

The epicentre of degeneracy in London has moved to Paddington.

NEXT WEEK: PADDINGTON MANSIONS



ENDNOTES

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

Charlie Winkle aka 'Savage Winkle'—"A feast is made for laughter, And wine makes merry; But money answers everything." Ecclesiastes 10:19 NKJV
[Winkle. \(@CharlieWinkle1\) / Twitter](#) and [The Winkle Hour](#)

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

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

Milton Beinhorn—I write erotic stories. And, as often happens, once you leave the road you are used to, it turns out that adventure becomes difficult to give up. [Milton Beinhorn \(@Beinhorn_M\) / X](#) & <https://papyrus.so/@beinhorn>

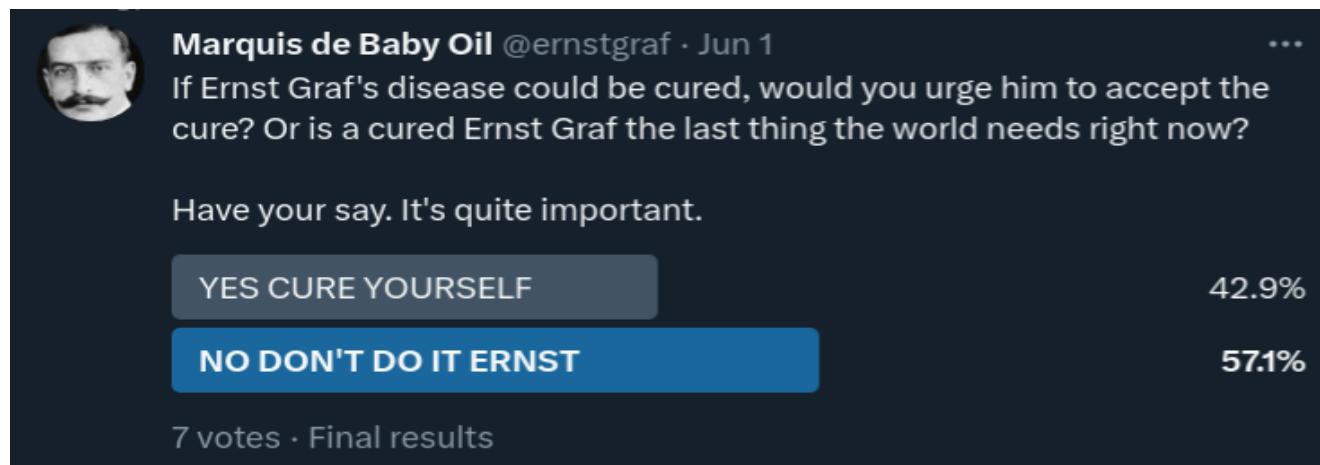
sois en Ruth !—Free woman full of cum. I write sex stories between screams. Demisex and polyA 🚫 banner @ZePiouOfficial thx [My Porno Lab X: Sois en Ruth!](#)

Chad Calland—Lover of BOOKS, History, Ex-military, Ex Private defence contractor Jungian Psychology, Shamanism, Occult, Knowledge [Chad Calland \(@du_rouge32100\) / X](#) Amazon books [Tales of Marquess du Rouge and Becoming a Man](#)

ErosLoveDrawings—Digital drawings of love, eros, and fetishes. Everyone's welcome, men and women alike. Ask me for commissions at eroslovedrawings@gmail.com Twitter [ErosLoveDrawings \(@ErosLoveDrawin\) / Twitter](#)

COVER PHOTO: Margaret Nolan

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c'est ton amour qui rend belle. c'est ton regard sur ma personne qui bouleverse mon corps et le rend si désirable. quasi toute ma vie, je n'étais que chairs. depuis que tu les as pénétrés, tu as inspiré à ce corps un souffle d'existence qui l'a révélé dans cette beauté - là. je

it's your love that makes you beautiful. it's your look at me that upsets my body and makes it so desirable. almost all my life, I was only flesh. since you penetrated it, you have inspired this body with a breath of existence which revealed it in this beauty. I