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No. 79

LONDON
August
2023

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PASA

TRAVELS WITH ERNST



by Nick August
PART I: EUROPE

CHAPTER 1: THE FIRST STRAW

We now occupy an epoch of foregone conclusions, a travesty of misused and misunderstood time. This is by convention as much as conceit. It is intentional. It is a choice. Fair hearings have become as rare and quaint and unlikely as silver ambergris to the 19th century whaler. One false move and you're shackled to the State. Adventure? A ridiculous proposition. Travel? Why? Your favorite video game and social media look the same in any language and every swollen hamlet offers a smorgasbord of some kind. Venturing abroad just to take pictures of strange or beautiful food and possibly document a wilding or a sweeping rampage by the Moors is fraught with peril. The news said so. Losing propositions abound, particularly amongst the fairer sex who today lack good humor to the same degree that their men lack honest mischief. Stick to sure things and amuse yourself; you'll be fine. Except I'm not fine. Finding myself more strangled than tethered by the modest wealth suddenly gifted me by an aunt who'd recently died of AIDS or old age (bad connection), and having been laid up for some time with a bad cough, I decided to rediscover my *joie de vivre* and perhaps seek restoration by spinning the globe. So for these reasons, and a tax concern, when Ernst phoned to invite me across the pond, I accepted then ended the call before he could retract it.

Formed years earlier whilst in the service of our prospective governments, our friendship was little more than a kind of buddy system whereby we each looked out for the other so that we wouldn't die in a Teutonic hostel chasing gothic waifs or turn up bugged in a stone alley as old as Coleridge. This was my agenda, at least. I never presumed to speak for Ernst. He had a knack for discovering alleys and tight squeezes.

These days, coughing in public is frowned upon, so I parked in the remote lot and chugged a bottle of grape cough syrup which I hoped would get me through security and into my seat where liquor could take over and look more natural. Security was a breeze and I boarded first. Diamond Medallion has its privileges. I settled into seat 1A on

the red eye for London and downed my first Woodford Reserve while the plebs filed on and attempted eye contact with me on their way to the back. I began feeling oddly drowsy and noticed my heart beating faster. Then nothing. I came to somewhere over the Atlantic, slumped in my seat and delighted that no one occupied the seat next to me. But something seemed off. My seat seemed to be sucking me down into the crevice while I shrank in size. It was as though the quicksand I'd dreaded since childhood had somehow found me, or I, it. The personal fan in the low ceiling above was emitting a jet stream that kept me from making any progress getting up and out. I grabbed the loose seat belt in 1B and tried pulling but it was no use. I felt myself sliding back down into the crevice and everything going dark.

I awoke somewhere over the Atlantic. I was slumped over the fortunately vacant Seat 1B with my own seatbelt binding my waist and the belt from 1B twisted around my wrist. Drool covered the armrest. What the fuck was going on here? Some kind of terrorism involving hallucinogenics distributed through the ventilation system? I looked around. No one else seemed afflicted. Did I overdo it with the bourbon and cough syrup? Then I heard a voice.

"I'm glad you could join us, Mr. August." It was a gentle voice with a Welsh accent. At least I think it was Welsh. But who was "us?" I didn't want to know.

Then I looked up and saw the flight attendant in the aisle. She bent slightly at the waist and was staring down at me. My empty glass lay in 1B. I picked it up and winked at her. She looked real enough.

"A quick nap makes these overnight trips go more smoothly," I said with the confidence of a frequent, weary traveler. I held up the glass. "How about another?"

"Woodford, correct?" she asked.

I nodded and she spun about to fill my order. I admired her slight, almost delicate torso and slender waist. Small cupcake titties paired well with a bubble butt that seemed to belong to another person entirely. With any luck I'd woo her quickly and we'd join the mile high club together. She would then offer me her flat for the duration of my time in London and its environs. At this point even a

chlamydia-ridden porn set fluffer would do if she had reasonably clean sheets and a soft touch. Anything to avoid staying at Faggington Mansions or whatever it is that Graf calls his rooms these days. I've lost count of the number of times I've passed out there only to be awakened in the middle of the night by him on his outsized hobby horse shouting battle commands to imaginary troops. I kept the score even by calling him "Mandrake," which he hates, something about a peculiar, randy cousin.

"And here is your bourbon," said the flight attendant, suddenly there handing me a glass of ice and a small bottle of Woodford Reserve.

"No ice, thanks," I said and took the bottle of Woodford. "Just keep the glass."

"Don't be silly."

As she left, I twisted the cap off, tilted my head back, and drained the bottle. When she returned with an empty glass, I handed her the empty and asked for another. She took just a second too long to respond.

"I'll be back with that just as soon as I can," she said with a smile that told me I was shit out of luck. I thanked her. Sure, let's play this game. When another flight attendant appeared, I flagged her and asked for a Woodford. Her name was Gemma according to her name tag. She returned quickly.

"If I see a UFO out there," I asked, taking the bottle, "who do I report it to? You?" A genius line.

She smiled. "I only take reports if you have video or other witnesses."

I twisted the cap on the small bottle and poured it into the glass just as the first attendant returned to the front. She saw me drinking and whispered something to Gemma who nodded at her with formal deference then gave me the naughty gesture, rubbing her fingers together. I shrugged and downed the brown liquid. My throat felt like hot sandpaper. I called out for a water. Everything from the neck up seemed to be in distress and my limbs felt as though they were underwater. I started to worry I would die on this flight or at least

wind up in some hospital at the mercy of socialized medicine. Would they even treat me, or just wheel me into some forgotten ward dating back to The Great War and just let me die? It only served to aggravate my contempt for the UK and the Continent. I donned my prescription Ray-Bans in case the flight engineer was scanning the cabin for degenerate, conspiratorial thinking. Not all of that electronic equipment is for navigation, especially on international flights. Especially outside the States. Sneaky, unappreciative bastards, these non-Americans. I still don't care for the food or the accents. The left-handed roadways. The impenetrable, indecipherable slang and the history that is mainly about inbreeding and wars that would make all of Mississippi blush. The Germans are at least tolerable only because they tend to avoid their history and are almost Finnish in their lack of interest in everyone else. Almost.

I drank a water and some coffee as daylight met us on final approach. Customs was a breeze and before long I was stamped and bona fide and in a taxi headed for Graf's lair. It was a thirty-minute ride and when I got there, there was no working elevator except they called it a "lift." I dragged my luggage up three flights and typed 221B as instructed into the keypad lock. The man's Sherlock Holmes fetish was bothersome and odd given his classical bent, but these Brits are inscrutable. I opened the door slowly, afraid to be treated to a repeat of my first visit a decade earlier when I stumbled in past midnight to find Graf wearing only a spiked Kaiser's helmet conquering a plump barmaid on his outsized rocking horse. He called it his cocking horse. To my relief, the flat was quiet and dark except for a side table illuminated by a small lamp. The cocking horse was pushed into a corner and had blankets draped across its saddle. On the table, I saw a note addressed AUGUST in bold black pen:

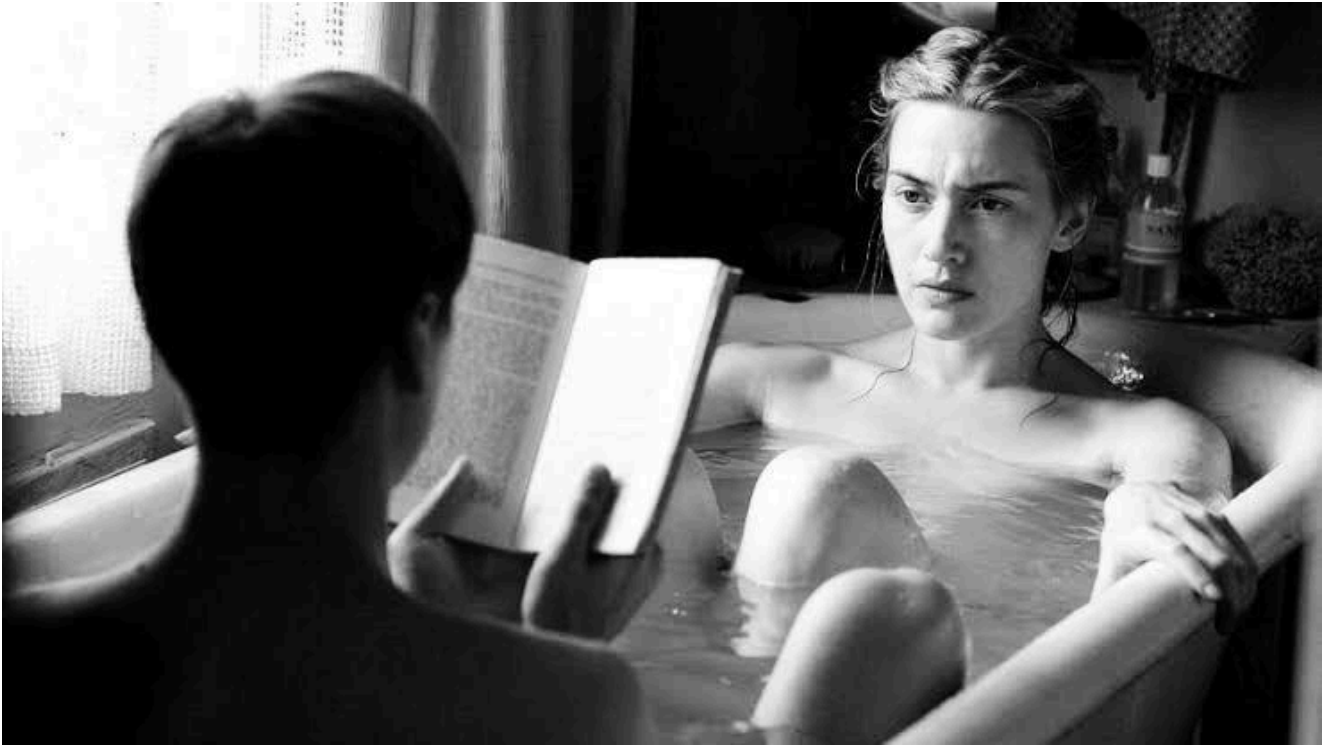
**AUGUST,
If I'm not there asleep or buggering some slattern, I'm
breakfasting at The Fig's Bottom. Any driver will know
it. Please bring cash. They don't take cards.
Cheers,
Ernst**

NEXT

Chapter 2: The Fig's Bottom







**WHEN YOUR MAN LOVES ERNST GRAF MORE
THAN HE LOVES YOU**

RAMPANT ROGER

The Priapic Prime Minister

By T. Francis

Chapter-4

Monday night. Roger was in the back of a limousine with blacked-out windows. With him was his brother Mycroft and Big Harry Hart.

Since they were on their way to a popular nightclub, all of them were dressed up. Roger, in the usual disguise, of course, wore a tweed waistcoat beneath his blue suit, achieving a raffish look. Mycroft was wearing a long blue topcoat with a blue spotted cravat and white loafers. He also wore a heavy silver skull ring on his bony forefinger. His silvery-grey hair was brushed back and neatly tamed with some sort of pomade. But Big Harry Hart—he was a revelation! The most impressive transformation of all, he was wearing a suit of red satin, a bejewelled brooch on his lapel.

‘I thought this was meant to be an undercover excursion,’ complained Roger loudly. While he could see that it was necessary for them to wear clothes that would ensure they’d fit in, dressing like a latter-day Victorian dandy seemed a bit much.

‘It’s hiding in plain sight,’ said Harry, with a smile and a broad wink. ‘I learnt that trick many years ago. The more outrageous you look, the less people take notice of you. Reverse psychology. If you stand out, the thinking goes, then you can’t be hiding nothing. If you was, you’d try to be more inconspicuous, see? Clever.’

‘Genius,’ muttered Roger. But to be honest, it probably didn’t matter very much. He didn’t even really know why they were going to Nabokov, a luxurious three-storey restaurant-bar-nightclub on Berkeley Street in the heart of Mayfair, just a few moments from The Ritz hotel. It was a Zrikhazhastani hangout, and arguably the most important Zrikhazhastani entertainment hub in the whole city. Here, Zrikhazhastani politicians, musicians and actors dined and then danced the night away with one another, plus anyone else who was lucky—and rich—enough to gain admittance.

Nabokov was nothing if not expensive. The minimum spend was expensive: £500 per person. The price of a glass of wine was expensive: £50. The tip expected by the cloakroom attendant was expensive: £100. The Beluga caviar, the hand rolled Cuban cigars, the specially created champagne were all expensive. Eye-wateringly so.

The ostensible reason they were going to Nabokov was to try to identify Ronnie, the girl Roger had woken up with the other morning. Harry had a lead, and this lead had given him a tip-off. But Roger was sceptical about whether the trip was actually going to provide them any new information

‘I’ve tracked them dahn, these two wrong’uns’, Harry had said impressively when they’d conferenced via Zoom earlier in the day. ‘The individuals in question are Ronada and Regina Suleimenov. They are Zrikhazhastani nationals currently based in Stratford, East London where

they live in a penthouse flat overlooking Canary Wharf. They appear to be part of an all-female Zrikhazhastani gang who have set up in London and are slowly creating a stranglehold on the criminal underworld here.'

'What's that?' Roger had said. 'An all-female gang! That's extraordinary.'

'Female emancipation happened quite a while ago,' Mycroft observed mildly.

'Here, yes,' conceded Roger. 'But in Zrikhazhastan not so much. In fact, women there aren't even allowed to speak unless they're spoken to before the age of 26. It's punishable by ten years hard labour.'

'I know,' said Harry 'And some say they have the right idea over there. Haha! Only joking! But that explains the gang. You see, the women are getting tired of oppression. They're seeing what's happening elsewhere on social media. Even though that nutter President Marat tries to clamp down on it, they can still use VPNs to access TikTok, Instagram and all the rest of it. And hordes of them are escaping, coming over to the UK and other safe countries. And when they get here, well, that kick ass attitude buoys them up, sort of makes them think, *OK well we got through that, what else can we do?* Plus, they have limited opportunities for work, and they see the fault lines in the system here—lack of policing and all of that—and so they take advantage as they see fit.'

'And one of those opportunities is drugging the sitting Prime Minister, making him engage in heinous sexual acts, filming it and then blackmailing him?' said Roger.

'Making him,' snorted Harry. 'That's a laugh.'

'I beg your pardon?'

'Oh, come on son, you loved it, I reckon!'

'Victim blaming is hugely inappropriate, said Roger. 'And anyway, I only wish I could remember the whole incident. If it was pleasurable then at least there would be one small silver lining to take from this sorry charade. But I can't. That drug, whatever it was, has completely wiped my memory. I've lost a whole six hours of my life.'

'I very much doubt the incident lasted six hours,' observed Mycroft. 'Six minutes would be a more likely estimate.'

'Very amusing,' said Roger.

They arrived outside Nabokov. The driver pulled up right by the door and they alighted. They were in good company: a Bugatti in front of them, and a Lamborghini behind. They fell into single file behind Harry, with Roger last in line. As they approached the door, he could hear loud electronic music playing, and smell the cigarettes of the many revellers who had stepped out for a nicotine break on a roped-off portion of the pavement in front of the building.

He was not feeling altogether comfortable. For a start, his wig was itching badly and it felt hot, and he didn't really like wearing his sunglasses at night, even though his security team had always told him it was essential.

How much did either of these ridiculous items really protect his anonymity? Quite a lot, he supposed, since he'd never been recognised before, but in certain situations—like this one—his nerves would get the better of him and he'd imagine himself being unmasked by a rowdy reveller who, intoxicated with vodka and high spirits, tore his disguise off with a single sharp tug, leaving him exposed to the amusement of the crowd and the sight of a hundred flashing cellphone cameras.

But he needn't have worried. Harry whispered something in the ear of the doorman and they were admitted instantly. The attractive Zrikhazhastani woman who showed them to their table barely looked at Roger at all.

Once inside, the foreign feeling of the place comforted him. Everything felt so very *Zrikhazhastani*. There was the music, sung in beautiful high-pitched Zrikhazhastani tones. Then there was the language that everyone—save their own party and a few of the waiting staff—spoke (an upmarket Zrikhazhastani dialect). And then there were the pictures on the wall: great black and white portraits, in golden frames, of Zrikhazhastani actors and actresses from the golden years of Zrikhazhastani cinema! The silent era, when a Zrikhazhastani version of the Adam and Eve story had shocked the world! The black-and-white talkies! The 1950s technicolour era! The art films of the 1970s and the blockbusters of the 2000s! Each period was represented with portraits of sublime beauty.

Roger was becoming increasingly relaxed largely because he believed he was unlikely to be recognised here. Not that his face wasn't known, of course, but as they walked past groups of young revellers, who either looked at him blankly or—more often than not—didn't look at him at all, he didn't feel like he was in the kind of environment where anyone would have cared even if they *had* known who he was.

They sat down at a table with a large golden statue in the shape of a palm as its centrepiece.

'Champagne?' said Mycroft heartily. "Real pain for my enemies and sham pain for my friends".

'You're treating this very much as though it were a party,' remarked Roger.

'Correct,' said Mycroft. 'Remember what Harry told you. It's vital that we blend in. If any of these people around us thinks for one moment that we're here for any other reason than to get smashed on overpriced bubbly, we're done for!'

‘OK, fine,’ said Roger. ‘Do your worst. Let’s have the most expensive bottle they’ve got.’

Soon a bottle was brought over, and their glasses were filled.

‘A toast,’ cried Harry ‘To getting our friend here out of the shit!’

‘Cheers!’

Roger sipped his champagne gingerly, since he felt a little unwell from the other night, his head spinning and aching still. But after a few sips his anxiety quieted and he began to feel a little better. It was good, after all, just to be alive. He could have been poisoned. They could have killed him, if they’d wanted to. They could have kidnapped him and done God knows what with him. In fact, they’d set him free. And for that he was grateful.

Nevertheless, he couldn’t help feeling a little sore against Marat. Now, as was looking very likely, this was a Zrikhazhastani plot: Marat should never have allowed such a thing to occur. All the favours and support Roger had given him! Another phone call would be on the cards very soon, far curter this time!

Still, he assumed, even Marat couldn’t be held responsible for every single outrage that linked back to one of his citizens.

‘So, tell me once more, Harry, what we are doing here, other than drinking ludicrously expensive champagne (horrible, by the way) and trying to blend in.’

‘It’s like this,’ said Harry, shifting his large upper body over the table towards Roger so that he might speak confidentially. ‘I’m pretty sure I’ve found the girls that did you up like a kipper. One of them, at least. As I mentioned, they live in a penthouse out in Stratford. But one of them’s meant to be here tonight, and I need you to ID her to be sure, otherwise all of this is speculation.’

‘And she’ll be here tonight?’ asked Roger.

‘If my intelligence is correct then yes, 100% she’ll be here tonight,’ said Harry, and then he tapped his nose. ‘You can bet your life on it’.

They sat there for half an hour or so and made small talk about the crazy cases that Harry had been involved with in the past; uncovering affairs conducted by a very senior member of the Anglican church, discovering the secret porn stash of a prominent Conservative minister back in the 1990s (‘a whole garage full of the stuff,’ Harry explained), outing a business mogul for having a gay affair with an underage lad behind his wife’s back, and uncovering the fraudulent expenses of another Tory who had constructed an entire model railway in his back garden with taxpayers’ money (‘it’s a necessary expense as it helps reduce the stress of public office’ he claimed).

All of which was very entertaining, and Roger laughed heartily, almost forgetting his troubles for a moment. Mycroft, meanwhile, didn’t say very much. His capacity for small talk was famously small. The nearest

he normally got to idle chit chat at parties was discussing the military tactics of Otto Von Bismark. But, chameleon-like as ever, he stared around the decadent surroundings of Nabokov in absolute comfort, as in his element here as he was lying at home.

‘I never feel so sombre as when I’m in a place that was designed solely for people to have fun,’ he remarked.

‘I have to say,’ said Roger, now on his third glass of champagne. ‘There really are some decent fillies in here. These Zrikhazhastani women certainly have good genes. No wonder two of them managed to seduce me!’

‘Just look at the arse on that one,’ remarked Harry in his deep and rough tone, pointing towards a young woman in a gold dress who was standing near to them. ‘What I wouldn’t do to...’

‘I say, calm down old chap,’ Roger said. ‘You look like you’re about to jump on her.’

But Harry threw his head back and laughed.

‘Don’t be silly,’ he said. ‘I am a man with an appetite, but I’m also a perfect gentleman. Truth is, I very rarely even date these days.’

‘Nor me,’ said Roger sadly. ‘Marriage and engagements rather get in the way, I’ve discovered.’

‘They’ve never entirely prevented you from enjoying the solace of female company in the past though, have they?’ said Mycroft.

‘Oh, shut up Mikey,’ said Roger. ‘Just because you sit in that cramped little flat of yours reading history books and smoking opium—or whatever the hell it is—all day doesn’t mean that everyone else is dead from the waist down.’

Mycroft yawned.

‘As you are very much aware, Roger, I have never been short of erotic opportunity in my life. It’s simply that these days I find I have transcended—to a large degree—the plodding, bestial requirements of the flesh in favour of the cerebral.’

That he was telling the truth, no doubt. Unfortunately, Roger was still very much tethered to his own ‘bestial requirements’: to such an extent, apparently, that he’d put himself in the dismal situation he was trying to get out of right now.

‘It will be a fortunate day for you, Roger, when you reach the same stasis as me,’ Mycroft continued.

‘OK, no need to rub it in,’ said Roger.

Roger’s sexuality. Whole books could—and indeed *had*—been written about it. He had, for his entire life, been at the mercy of his raging, ravenous libido. Never, not once, when a pretty young woman had walked past him, had he been able to resist the old, intolerable impulse to turn his head around almost one hundred and eighty degrees to get another look at

her. Not once had he been able to resist the come-on of a doe-eyed, perky advisor, journalist, waitress, barista, or fellow member of the House.

Hadn't it all been so much more fun in the nineties, before all this 'political correctness' nonsense had come in, spoiling the game for everyone! OK, he'd been a lot younger and better-looking back then, of course, but things had just seemed to... well, to *flow better* between the sexes then.

Gone were the days when you could slap a girl mischievously on the bum as a way of showing interest in her! Or when, as a way of opening the conversation, you might make some small witticism about how buoyant her breasts looked beneath that tight white blouse! Or when you could tell a girl out with you on the campaign trail how you'd love to fuck her up against the door you were about to knock on!

Oh, the campaign trail! The shagging trail, more like!—for Rampant Roger at least, back in the glorious 1990s, when you could happily hide lechery behind the cheery cloak of irony. Out there knocking on doors for weeks on end, and being admitted to suburban homes by suburban housewives bored out of their suburban minds! Roger: suave with the mysterious glamour of the metropolis, his slicked hair and pinstriped suits, his firm handshake and steady eye...

It was fascinating—and indeed the commentators found it fascinating—to look at the breakdown of Roger's voters, female versus male. You didn't need to be a political scientist or a statistician to guess what was in fact the case—that his base of female supporters was far, far bigger than the male contingent. And when Roger's team noticed this remarkable split, early on, they began getting him to tailor his message to further attract these women voters. Better maternity pay, longer maternity leave, free milk for the under-5s, better policing in areas that were known to be dangerous for women, and free tampons: all of these were policies put forward (although not necessarily carried through) by Roger and his team. Ironically, Rampant Roger became known simultaneously as one of the most feminist male politicians that the United Kingdom had ever know, as well as one of the sleaziest.

Whether at some point his vast sexual appetite—an appetite that had destroyed many former relationships, his marriage, and now threatened his career—would ever abate was unknown. But right now, his horniness remained the strongest emotional component in his life: only equalled, it seemed, by his sorrow over what had happened with Phyllis.

'You're a lad, aren't you Roger!' said Harry cheerily. 'Well, I tell you what. You're in for a treat. You're going to LOVE what's coming next!'

Right then the music stopped, and for a moment all the lights in the place were extinguished, leaving the crowd in utter darkness. There were sharp intakes of breath, and much 'ahh-ing'

Lights once more! But only a couple of spotlights trained on a small stage in the corner. There were cheers from the crowd and then music, racy, parping horns: the sounds of burlesque!

And now a figure emerged onstage, a girl in a silver dress, wearing a Sally Bowles-style bowler hat. She pirouetted around a few times, twirled, and teased the audience with a glimpse of her legs, complete with suspender belts. She bent down and blew a kiss to the crowd, and twirled her feather boa, brushing it cutely past her cheeks.

Roger nodded along to the music approvingly. This was more like it! More his kind of entertainment! It was fortunate, he considered, that burlesque had, for the time, escaped the censure of the woke brigade. Probably because it was generally approved of by women, and seen as a source of empowerment rather than objectification.

‘Here Roger,’ whispered Harry. ‘That girl. Take a closer look.’

Roger, whose eyesight wasn’t good these days, sat forward in his chair and stared at the girl’s face.

‘Damn it, that’s her,’ he cried out, and then, remembering that he was in public, fell silent. But now the anxiety was back, and he found himself rocking backwards and forwards and clasping one hand in the other.

‘I was right!’ beamed Harry. ‘See! Harry Hart never puts a foot wrong. Twenty-five years in the business and I’m STILL the best.’

‘Well done on finding her so quickly,’ said Roger. ‘But what are we going to do now? Confront her?’

‘No,’ said Harry, shaking his head. ‘We can’t do that. Far too dangerous. This place is crawling with security. Ex-members of the Zrikhazhastani secret services. Those guys are animals. We don’t want to get on the wrong side of them.’

Roger nodded. He certainly didn’t want to get on the wrong side of anyone like that.

‘Nah. What we do is we finish up our drinks and get out of here. Now you’ve given this girl a positive ID we know who we’re dealing with. The next move will be up to you, Roger. In your position there are a number of levers you can pull.’

Roger didn’t understand, but he was happy that they had found the girl. Progress was being made even if he had little idea of what would happen next.

He was also pleased that, on seeing her a second time, he could confirm to himself that she was an absolute cracker. Definitely one of *Roger’s girls*, whatever the circumstances. And that made him feel strangely better about the predicament he had landed himself in.

Well, imagine if she’d been ugly? That really would have been embarrassing, wouldn’t it?

TO BE CONTINUED

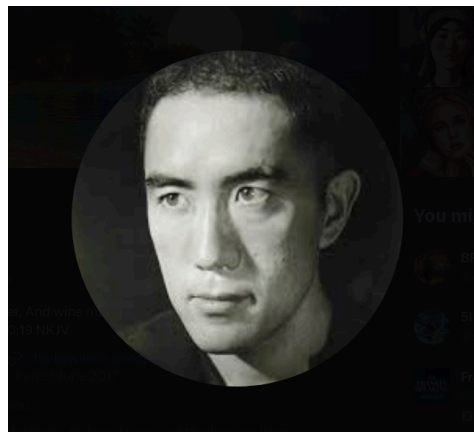


**“A golden age can be a golden cage.
Will not explain.”**

Marquis de Vaccine, Paddington Mansions, 1931

A CAUTIONARY TALE

by Charlie Winkle



*"One night in Bangkok and the world's your oyster
The bars are temples but the pearls ain't free
You'll find a god in every golden cloister
And if you're lucky then the God's a she
I can feel an angel sliding up to me"*

—Murray Head

Every year for 2 months I like to take a break from my work and head to Phuket, Thailand.

There's a nice resort in the north of the Island where I stay which is luxurious and comfortable and located in close proximity to the Muay Thai gym where I train. In my opinion it is the finest Muay Thai gym on the island as the focus is solely on technique and craftsmanship and not on output and volume. Perfect practice = perfect performance.

This evening was a day off from the gym for me and I was swimming laps in the hotel pool. The pool measures around 30 meters long and 25 meters wide and is surrounded by interesting rock formations and tropical gardens. In the middle of the pool is a bar where you can sit on stools which stand one foot above the water level and enjoy a drink.

In the pool that day I could see two other people through my goggles when I put my head under the water. A bow legged Chinese man and a very long legged beauty with a perfectly formed ass. The bow legged Chinese man was practicing what looked like Tai Chi in the shallow end and the woman with the long legs (maybe Russian?) was in the deep end of the pool treading water. I'd had enough of swimming up and down the pool and so swam to the bar to order a drink, have a cigarette, and watch the sun go down into the ocean.

When I got to the pool bar I ordered a whiskey and soda and realized that I'd been wrong.... aside from me, there were 3 other people in the pool. The bow legged Chinese, the Russian beauty and a pale, balding, fat, sunburned and bedraggled looking sad sack, perhaps English? who was sitting 3 stools down from me. He was staring down into his brightly colored cocktail as if it contained an answer to a particularly damning question. The man wore a troubled, disturbed expression. Perhaps he'd found out his house had just burned down and he'd forgotten to renew the insurance? I didn't know and I didn't care.... There are few things I hate worse than speaking with miserable looking people so I deliberately focused my attention away from him so he wouldn't think of striking up a conversation.

"How's it going?" I winced. I looked back in the direction of the miserable, sullen looking Englishman who was now looking at me. "Going great" I replied. To dissuade him from talking more I didn't ask him how he was doing and instead focused my attention back towards the Russian beauty who was now performing somersaults underneath the water. "I'm doing the opposite of great, I've never been lower in my whole life." I winced again. I've never been able to understand the selfishness of people who feel entitled to burden others with their problems. It is something I never do but the courtesy is so seldom returned. I turned back and looked at this stranger who I wished would just disappear. He didn't. "What happened?" I asked him.

"Well, last night I was in "The Rose Bud" bar hanging out with the girls. Buying them drinks, playing pool, playing "Connect 4," and everyone was having a great time, lots of fun, and we were all drinking a lot.... Over the

course of the evening I developed a real connection with a beautiful young lady named Joy who'd just arrived in Phuket, never worked in a bar before, and after the bar closed we went home together."

I was starting to enjoy this. There were two, maybe three potential outcomes from here, none of them good, although I pretended to play dumb.....

"But that sounds great. Beautiful young lady, never worked in a bar before, good connection... why are you looking so miserable?"

"When I got her back to my hotel room it turned out that she wasn't a she."

"Wasn't a "she?"" I asked, screaming with laughter on the inside.

"No. The she was a he. A ladyboy, a kathoey."

"So did you kick her out?"

"Sure! Of course I did!

"So what's the problem? No harm, no foul."

"Well..... I kicked her out after she sucked me off."

I was doing everything I could to try to not burst out laughing although it was getting harder and harder.

"Don't worry, this kind of thing could happen to anyone once. You'd had too much to drink, were in too high spirits, and the ladyboys here, some of them really do look like beautiful women. As I said, don't be too hard on yourself, could happen to anyone once...."

"But it's the third time it's happened to me this week!"

That was it. I couldn't control it any longer and I burst out into uproarious laughter. I laughed so hard my sides hurt. The man's face had turned crimson with rage. Looking at it caused me to laugh even harder and it got so bad I fell off my stool into the water. Finally I managed to calm myself and climb back onto my stool. The sad, angry man had left. I ordered another whiskey and soda and the barman gave me a cigarette from a pack I keep behind the bar. Looking to my left I saw the beautiful long legged Russian lady with the perfect ass swimming in my direction towards the bar....

Tonight was going to be a great night!

THE END

NUDE IN MINK

(1950)

By Sax Rohmer

Reviewed by D4Doom

Sax Rohmer is best-known as the creator of Fu Manchu, but he also wrote a series of pot-boilers about another diabolical criminal mastermind, Sumuru. Sumuru is an even more outlandish villain than Fu Manchu, which makes *The Sins of Sumuru* even more fun! Sumuru is a glamorous, beautiful but sinister female diabolical criminal mastermind.

Rohmer's work is interesting for what it tells us about the fears of its time (and perhaps about the prejudices of our own age). The Fu Manchu stories explore the anxiety that empire brings with it, the ever-present fear that empires on which the sun never sets may not be eternal after all, and that the culture that is dominant today may not be dominant tomorrow. Rohmer was not a mere

racist. Fu Manchu was a frightening antagonist because he was educated, brilliant, imaginative and possessed a code of honour. These stories expressed not so much a fear of an inferior culture as the fear of a culture that might turn out to be superior.

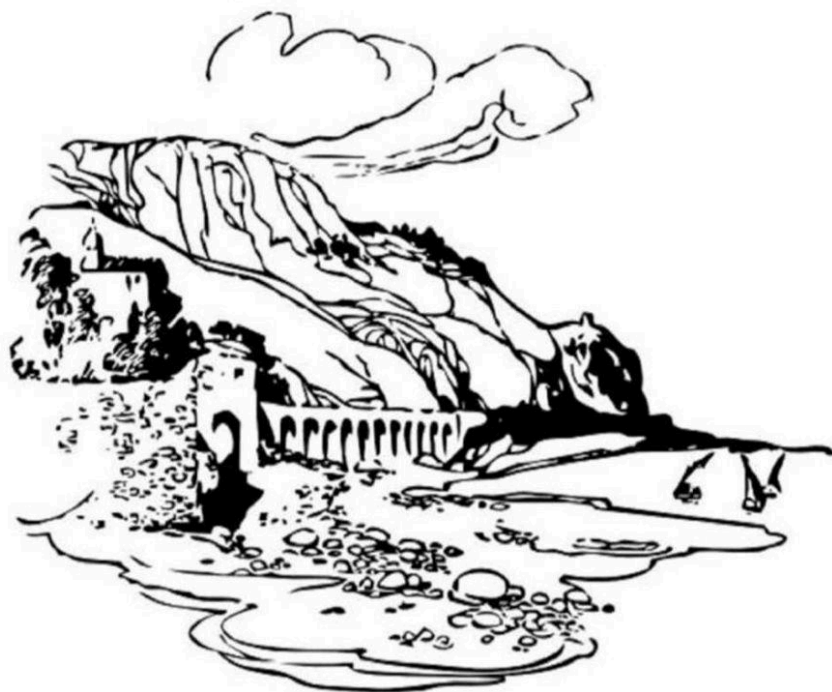
The Sumuru tales deal with anxiety about women. The so-called New Woman of the 1890s caused a great deal of worry. The role of women was clearly changing, but it was not clear where that change was going to lead. And again Rohmer does not paint women as inferior and irrational, but like Fu Manchu he portrays them as representing a differing world-view that might well win out in the end. And Sumuru, like Fu Manchu, is both ruthless and brilliant. There is certainly admiration mixed in with the paranoia. Sumuru is threatening because she is more intelligent than her enemies, and because she has a vision. She knows exactly what it is that she wants to achieve.

Sumuru's machinations go beyond mere crime. She intends to create a New World Order, based on the elimination of war, greed and ugliness. This will be a world order dominated by women. Beautiful women. There will be a place for men, but their role will be strictly subordinate.

A conspiracy to abolish war and greed is obviously an appalling threat to civilisation, so clearly she must be stopped. It's up to American journalist Mark Donovan and Dr Steel Maitland, one-time naval surgeon and now a senior operative of the British government's most secret intelligence service, to prevent this woman from destroying the very foundations of our civilisation. Donovan must also save the woman he loves from the clutches of Sumuru. She has been recruited as part of Sumuru's secret army.

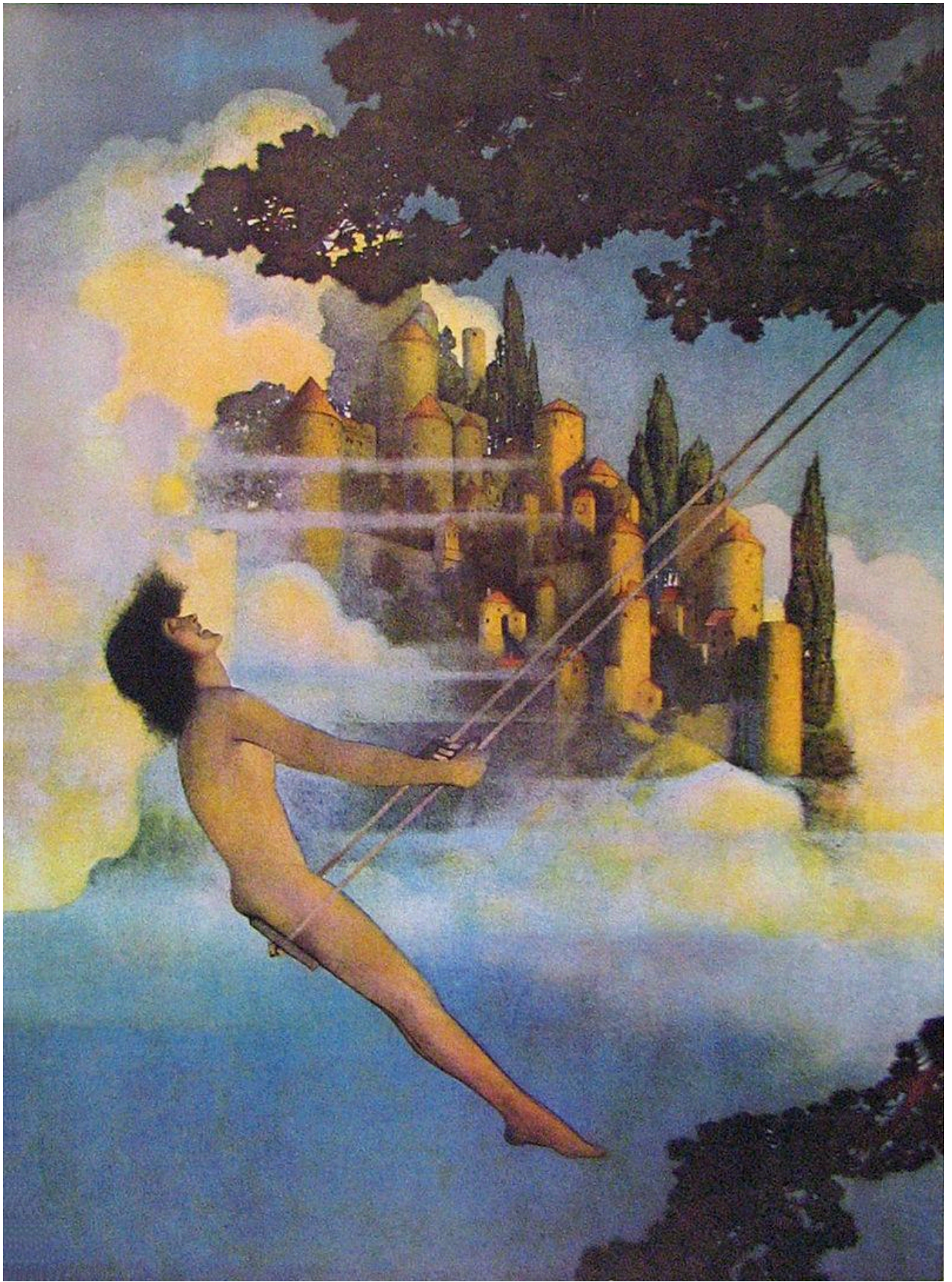
Sumuru, apart from being a criminal genius, is also a master (well, mistress) of disguise. In fact no-one knows what she really looks like, so she could be anyone! It's all terribly and breathlessly exciting! With lots of exclamation points! It was originally published under the even more gloriously pulpy title of *Nude in Mink*. Silly fun, but definitely great fun.

Nude in Mink



Sax Rohmer

Start Classics



The Dinky Bird, 1904, by Maxfield Parrish

APOCALYPSE DIARIES

No.1

by Jon Hall

First published in Issue 28

In my last entry published near the beginning of the year, I concluded with a very concise “modus operandi” concerning my writings featured in PENICILLIN magazine, shared again here to refresh in our mind:

“The more astute of you may ponder that... I am unabashedly trying to tell you how to think – quite literally. Throughout previous entries, I’ve used supercharged words and strong terms. Was my attempt of using persuasive language to influence your mind successful?”

In terms of content, I’ve thought of these mag entries as a sort of social experiment, although I’m obviously no professional or accredited (aside from my lifelong love and passion for writing).

I’m acutely cognizant of the fallacy, consistently preaching and lecturing in these columns to staunchly guard your perceptions and beliefs from errant mind-assaulting media, all the while giving perspective and advice on surviving our soulless digital age.

Question everything - yes, that means even me!

Do I have a vested interest in amassing clicks for ad money? No, I do this for free. However, a near majority of the headlines and media

we consume daily are not from unpaid creators doing it as exploration of knowledge and society.

Therefore, they have a vested interest in perhaps misleading susceptible people to think or believe a certain way.

However, that isn't to say any paid news outlet or writer is corrupted just because they have a salary. But certainly, every corrupted journo pumping out supercharged and incendiary headlines gets paid for it.

In fairness, I do have some accreditation, using the term loosely. I've pursued a writing career seriously since 2016, having interned in many online newsrooms. I've reported politics, current events, and entertainment. I've written basic D.I.Y. repair, philosophical pieces, editorials, even some satire.

I have experience with many different people and websites, not to mention the different views and methods of writing I've encountered over the years.

That's why I speak so bluntly and leveled regarding American media. Put succinctly, I'm trying to say I've been around the block, so to speak.

Big news companies making absurd profit off their news coverage have a hugely vested interest in keeping people addicted and consumed to their headlines.

I'm sure we all know people that have been "hollowed" out, so to speak, and blindly parrot whatever narrative CNN or MSNBC or Fox News or Breitbart is pushing.

The true woe that has begotten our modern age is the fact that we have been told – and many so righteously believe – that there is no reason for us to think anymore.

Why think for yourself when you have the news to do it for you?

Why think for yourself when you can turn on your favorite, nostalgic show from a variety of different streaming services? (I, in particular, have been watching 2004's *House* with Hugh Laurie lately...)

All at once, as we are being conditioned to think less and accept more dystopic things as the norm, we are incessantly pelted and assaulted with headlines, information, and data.



Frank. I don't know what he did. Nobody knew. He was just kinda...there. Later on, he got canned for drinking on the job. Fell behind on his rent, robbed a liquor store, did some time, upstate.

Got out, became a Jehovah's Witness. And so it goes

Mark Matcho



After The Accident, I couldn't see colors anymore.
Monochromacy, it's called. To me, it meant everything was gray.
On the 4th though, Grace came over to sit with me, and describe
the colors of the fireworks, as they were going off. All in all, a
pretty good day

Mark Matcho

The complete oversaturation and abundance of information blitzed into our heads, witnessed throughout the last 10 or so years and into the new “Roarin’ 20’s”, simply did not exist prior to the new millennium.

Going even further back than that, pre-digitalized societies before us had their thoughts far less intruded on than ours simply because the capability was not there to propagandize American media via such successfully tantalizing methods like cable television and social media and the internet.

All of this is the long way to say perhaps what I should have said shortly:

None of this is normal.

Headlines, social media notifications, digital interactions can give our brain bursts of dopamine. Our heads get re-wired and our focus can shift without us even realizing it. In almost Pavlovian fashion, we become expectant of our tech – willing away minutes and hours to an hourglass counting grains of sand we’ll never get back for the artificial essence of feeling important digitally.

One must wonder if it’s worth it... The goal was once the “American Dream” – owning a house with a fenced-in backyard and raising safe, happy children – however, the probability of these accomplishments seems unachievable for many in 2022, no matter how much hard work is put in.

None of this is normal, so of course the last thing we would be instructed to do is think.

Too much thought and you might start to notice the rips and tears in the fabric you didn’t see before, or the straps barely hanging on by a thread that are worryingly holding the entire rig together.

Until next time, we end with a quote from Julian Assange:

“The internet, our greatest tool of emancipation, has been transformed into the most dangerous facilitator of totalitarianism we have ever seen. The internet is a threat to human civilization.”

Remember, totalitarianism is called as such because it is unequivocal. Once society plunges to that dark standard, there is no reversal or second chance.

NEXT WEEK : No.2



“Tales of Marquess de Rouge”



**“3 Day but
not
Morecambe
Bay, alas”**

There is only a few things
that are saddening and
that is, the end of a
whiskey bottle or when the

cigar runs out, these were occasions in which were awfully frightening for my soul, however whatever else I could get my hands on at this point to stop reality from breaking through the fragile Japanese slide screens as sobering up seemed more of an oncoming train.

Absinthe, Laudanum had become the choice of poison as I began to drift on now determined to get away from this very reality, the dragons breathing all over me soon appeared in an oriental haze of a trauma induced coma. The nightmare had begun and for all my wrong doings in life had begun to shape and pull and dance in front of my face.

Was this the end of the Marquess as we know it, was I even dreaming? Was I in the nightmare, was it re birth, slowly and deeper falling into the abyss, I could be from outside myself looking at myself as my legs and arms began to peddle and push and pull upward, it was no use I was pulled further and further in and down, around and round, I had lost all sense of gravity altogether and began to pick up momentum, dropping faster and faster.

It felt like a penny dropping off the top of a tower picking up speed, faster and faster bursting into flames, when will this end, when will I hit the ground with a crashing halt, this nightmare switched back and forward suddenly from a penny to the top of a tower to a warm sunny beach, quaint and quiet, cocktails with little umbrellas, the soothing waves, was this a battle of dark and light of conscious and unconscious with me the helpless passer by stuck in the middle, stranded.

I was never one for cocktails but it was quite clear that tonight's proceedings, no wait, it wasn't even day one, day 3 of being awake, this time maybe I had pushed it too far as I lay in one of the finest brothels in the world and for reasons of a sensitive nature I cannot disclose the information, just say I was taken care of in all aspects, even more so when the concierge knows

you by first name terms and the bank account had took an absolute tanking.

I couldn't distinguish whether this was a drug fuelled nightmare or if I was actually asleep as everything hazed and merged together, it felt like a lifetime, I just wondered whether or not after this could I even be able to get an erection.

However there seemed to be a light, ever such a glimpse, it was tiny, a voice, my name, it grew closer and closer, the voice a little louder.....Ah.....it was the hosts bringing me back round, I had finally come to, ah such joy, Macallans, a double and such a fine treat to come and stir to.

I made no messing to get stuck into this as I wanted to be alcohol infused, and the warm cockles within, accompanied with a beer, gulped and quaffed with force, no messing, wiping the excess from my mouth to wrist cuff. I had business to attend to, there an attempt to stand however it wasn't quite possible yet, required some more time, I could give you the image which was like Bambi on ice! Brrrrrrrrrr.

Come on Marquess I screamed internally pull yourself together, quite the task on day 3 of being awake and live and direct and I was fuzzy, bitty, itchy, I had resigned myself to finishing myself off in the best possible way, out in a blaze of glory, alcohol induced, "jovial and smashed" as I gulped lay down sprawled on a couch with one of them flim baby blankets over me.

Was quite the sight.....Nancy one of the locals took pity and was offering me something of the kind to resurrect me, placing right under the nose, this could go one of two ways here, pending on the potency which I was sure by the smell that it was going to be the right way, full throttle and into overdrive!! It sure was and I was up like jumping jack flash- Whoopi Goldberg, who would name their child after a farting cushion.

Anyway Marquess was up, arms pumping, waving, dancing, doing a jig, this wasn't enough "Nancy....hit me again" another one and boom we had take off, "Barkeep, more drinks, more gear, Nancy come sit."

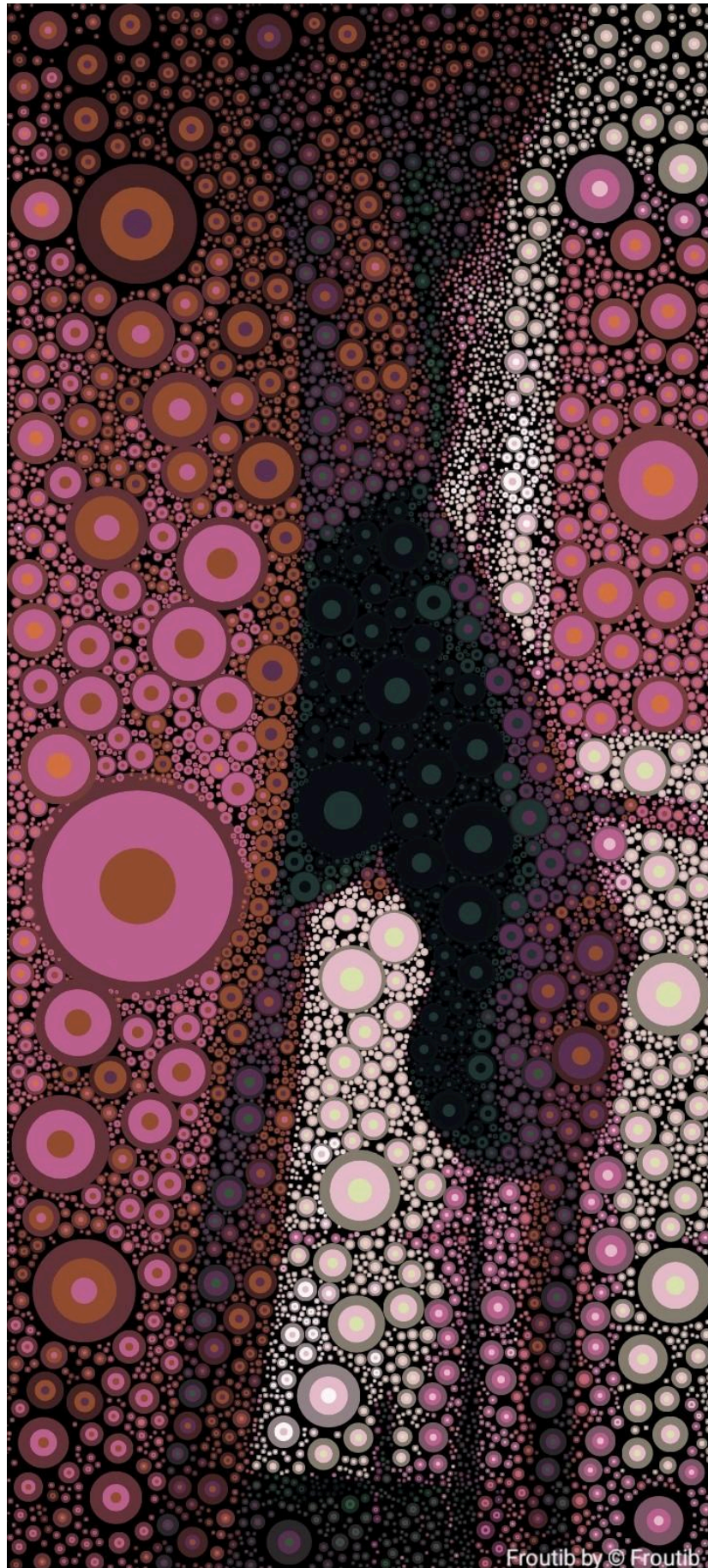
Nancy's effect really did have its effect but I knew, I just knew the intensity had to be kept up or I was facing a Wall Street Crash of major proportions. It was always baffling to me why we did drink copious amounts of alcohol and cocaine, one cancels the other and the other cancels the other, ah well it was fun none the less.

It hasn't always been debauchery, sex and tales in my life there has been plenty of occasions where drug and alcohol induced nights have become priority over women as they seemingly tried to elbow their way into my life, this was one of them, Nancy did try her best as she sat with me for the party, I had other plans and I had been joined by a gentleman named John whom was content on doing the helicopter and the elephant impersonation, he was quite the fellow and quite lively but one's behaviour doesn't last this long in the club, there is a certain etiquette that requires to be upheld no matter how drunk. I wondered how long it would be before an exit.

He actually lasted all of an hour before exiting via his head through the side exit as a human jousting stick, poor fellow probably never recovered from a traumatic injury, I do wonder from time to time if he eats his dinner through a straw and if he does still do the helicopter and elephant.

Eventually I soon called it a night, walking up the stairs in the dark and then emerging into the light, my eyes squinting, the fresh air hitting me, it was soon time for bed and the end of another story for this week....until next time

Marquess De Rouge—Scoundrel of Twitter, writing for Penicillin Magazine (first appearing in Issue No.17).



Autoportrait 171 - Digital art
FROUTIB by © FROUTIB

MOLOCH

**Or
THE YELLOW ORCHID
aka
A MODERN JEKYLL**

**A Plague Diary
By Ernst Graf**

CHAPTER 7 TATIANA

Woke up to discover the Thames had broken her banks, completely flooding the Victoria Embankment Gardens & all divers streets as far up as the Strand. I then realised I had in fact just wet my bed, & was delirious from previous night's gin drinking and baroque porn marathon. Mozart

porn, Beethoven porn; Baroque porn was my favourite genre at the moment. Catherine the Great porn. How did they say she died? Fucking one of her stallions? I think I am attracted to Catherine the Great as she reminds me of my so far unseen Russian neighbour, Tatiana. Unseen but most definitely not unheard. Our walls are like paper.

Tatiana certainly holds nothing back when she laughs; if she fucks like she laughs her boyfriends are very lucky men—but I doubt whether any of them last very long. It's how I would like to go.

I write on at my desk and try to shut out the noise of her laughing.

"My writing method is one of accretion," I had explained to my friend Sir Richard Lovell earlier that day as we enjoyed our usual stroll through the Embankment Gardens, ingesting the unique aroma of the great yellow orchid, formerly as high as my nipples but now above my head (and I am a tad over 6 foot); "though many have likened it to excretion. I just jot down ideas as they come to me, go on with my life. At the end of the year, I go through my notes and see what's there and that's it! Voila! That's my book. Not for me the terror of the blank page. Not for me the terror of writer's block. My books just write themselves and are all the poorer for it, you might say."

Writing, pornography, Belgian beer—lockdown is absolutely lovely! If only I could be fucking my Russian neighbour or the Chinese minx upstairs it would be perfect. Sex on tap in my own building. However, despite hearing every time she has a shower, and what song she listens to when she does it, every time she puts her washing machine on, I am still to meet Tatiana after two months, and have still only briefly met the Chinese minx twice. A strange intimacy, just the three of us left in this building, maybe street. We definitely give each other space.

I have started a book of my aphorisms:

"No tool like an old tool."

"A tool and his money are soon parted."

"Tools rush in where angels fear to tread." I'm obsessed.

"Exclusive," read Sir Richard from The Telegraph. "Where did Chinese Flu come from? Coronavirus began 'as an accident' in a Chinese boarding school for girls, says former MI6 boss. Chinese Flu started in a Wuhan girls' school, specifically the rooms of visiting Englishman teaching English literature who kept a bat in his room like his hero, Baudelaire. Efforts to trace this gentleman urgently ongoing, his DNA potentially holding key to successful vaccine."

They will never take me alive.





Idea for my next book:

*What the **** is Wrong With People?*

Subtitle: *You can't live wrapped in cotton wool for your whole lives (unless you've got a fetish for it; that's different).*

Well, I don't have a fetish for it.

So I head out into the thick yellow fog. Just to get out of the house for an hour or so. My erotic frustration is overwhelming me. I crave real contact with a woman again—toothless or not. With morals or without. I am no longer fussy.

Apparently Sainsburys no longer have an 'Erotic Books' section.

"You are a very very sexual young woman," I said.

"I'm 49 years old and what part of 'don't approach the bus driver' don't you understand?"

I got her number though!

Number 11.

Victoria to Liverpool Street.

"The sex drive, the life drive, Eros, runs through all my books like the writing through a stick of rock. It is my driving force and my main theme. I go to work for sex and I go to Europe for sex and I do everything for sex."

"If you don't get off this bus I am calling the police."

Still frustrated, I came home, walking slowly through the stinking pestilential yellow murk, barely able to see my hand in front of my face. It was beautiful. I wished the world could always be like this. I could not see anyone and they could not see me. Turning the corner of the Strand and Villiers Street and walking down the sloping street towards my house, I unzipped my trousers and pulled my cock and balls clean out of my trousers, and walked the rest of the way with them swinging from side to side out in the cold chill air, knowing no one could see them. It felt exhilarating. At one point I bumped into a young woman coming up the other way, "Oh excuse me!" we said to each other, as we bounced off of each other, my pronounced genitalia brushing against her hand. I nearly orgasmed there & then in the fog. "Would you care to—" But she had already disappeared into the yellow Stygian gloom. One must take what crumbs of comfort one can get. By the time I climbed the steps to my room I had a massive, massive, vertical erection.

I need a woman!

My only female companionship is hearing Tatiana through the wall. I have become very fond of her. I keep myself clean and fresh and well groomed in case I do bump into her on the stairs. If not for her, I would really let myself go. This morning I cut my toenails and I can honestly say

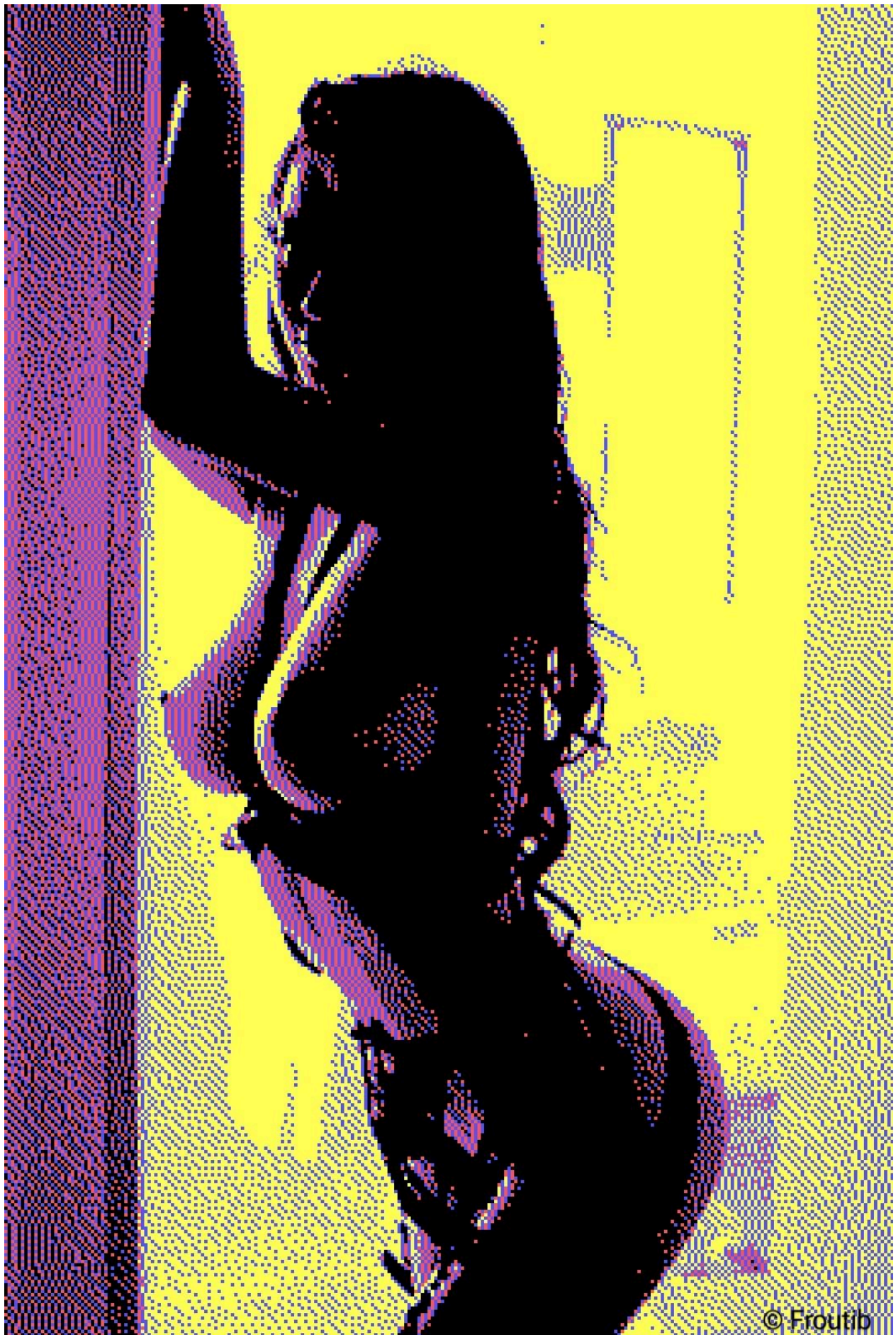
it is in case she comes to my flat for a drink or I go to hers. Imagined she might be a stripper, judging by the music she puts on when getting in the shower, and fantasise about her giving me a show. I get in the shower at the same time as her, us both soaping our naked bodies either side of the same thin wall, and soon ejaculate into the hot water. She probably doing the same thing. Does she think about me naked in the shower as I do her? There is a communion between us. Perhaps I should start talking dirty to her through the wall? I idly wonder if she is a prostitute; judging by the number of different men she seems to entertain and find so uproariously funny. A White Russian exile fleeing the Bolsheviks and having lost all her jewels and riches and land, forced to make a living in Moloch during a time of Plague as a 'private dancer' or a prostitute.

The first stripper I fell in love with I never spoke to and sent me into a breakdown and was why I started therapy. The second stripper I fell in love with I married—as if overcompensating for my sadness about the first and determined not to let it happen again. The great physicist Wolfgang Pauli worked at Hamburg University and spent all his spare time in the naughty Reeperbahn, and he too married a 'cabaret dancer' from one of the Reeperbahn clubs he frequented. It was a disaster and she left him for a chemist and it was the fact that she left him for a CHEMIST that he found most humiliating.

“When this blight is over I am going to go back to classical music concerts at the Wigmore Hall and opera at the E.N.O. and sit there NUDE; absolutely STARK NAKED; covered in nothing but contraceptive gel.”

CHRIST'S SAKE REMEMBER THIS IS JUST A LITTLE BLIP IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS! A QUIET TWO MONTHS WITH ABSTINENCE FROM PUBS! BIG DEAL! IN YEARS TO COME WE WILL LOOK BACK AND SAY WAS IT JUST 2 MONTHS? WE MADE SUCH A BIG FUSS OVER 2 MONTHS? THE CALCUTTA IS NOT GOING AWAY ERNST! IT IS STILL GOING TO BE THERE FROM JULY ONWARDS AND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! YOU CAN ENJOY IT EVERY NIGHT IN AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, ETC ETC ETC. THERE IS A WONDERFUL PERIOD OF ABUNDANCE WAITING. CALCUTTA, SLOE BAR, IRON DUKE, WOOLPACK, AXE. THIS IS JUST A SLIGHT DELAY.

I watched *Death in Venice*. Von Aschenbach (and Nietzsche and Hugo Wolf) caught syphilis in the brothels. I caught Joy. Pleasure. Metamorphosis. Release from the chrysalis a butterfly. A sea of licence. I masturbated all the way through the film. Venice was already symbol to me in 1998: I am sinking, and stinking, just like Venice, but how beautiful and elegant and steamy with lubriciousness, and illicit sexual energy, decadent, compulsive, self destructive, liquid pleasure am I.



Vicieuse by Froutib



FROUTIB by © FROUTIB

Autoportrait 172 - Digital art
FROUTIB by © FROUTIB

Can I be saved? Yes, save me from complete inundation, but do not lose the thing that gives me my dangerous charm and power. Same as the Leaning Tower of Pisa; yes; save me from collapse, but don't put my tower straight because that would defeat the object of the exercise! I would lose all interest! Yes, I am sinking but I want to remain sodden and moist with lubriciousness, not lifted clear of the water completely! There is much to be said for sinking. When we are sinking, we are at our most glorious.

Completely bitten by the serpent of sex?

Guilty.

Christ, when will this madness end?

Cancer kills 100 million people a year. Heart attacks kill 200 million people a year. Getting hit by car kills 300 million people a year. Lightning bolts infected by syphilis, 400 million. Enough of this shite. Let those who wish to shield themselves shield themselves. Life is short enough.

"Champagne—for EVERYONE! Bat soup—FOR EVERYONE!"

Dear Prime Minister

I'd rather die in intense pain next month from Chinese Flu with various syphilitic comorbidities than live for 10 years wrapped in cotton wool.

Many thanks

Marquis de Shard

"Can a person you find morally repugnant still be eminently f**kable? Hell yes! At least I hope so! It's my only chance!"

At my writing desk I labour on with several different books at once. I tell myself you don't need to make them too perfect. You can publish them once they are done, a bit rough, and then keep uploading new improved editions forever after. Just get them out there first—while I still can. A stamp with a flaw will be worth millions in years to come; a perfect stamp will only ever be worth 24p or so. Lesson for writers: small errors are nothing to worry over. Details are not where it's at. A metaphor for life indeed. People's faults are the best of them.

"My books are all about the women who have crossed my path—like so many black cats. Without them I would have *nothing* to say."

"Memories of women we have met and known? Are these the best things in life? Stupid question. Yes, of course they are. God. Bless. Women."

Yes it is I, the Marquis de Shard, survivor of the great Coitus Interruptus epidemic of 2020, and no, I do not expect I will be likely to survive a second wave of it this winter. That can fuck right off.

My flat here in Villiers Mansions is the favourite place I have ever lived. I feel no nostalgia returning to – where I grew up at all. Nothing. A cold deadness. Nor for any of the places I have ever lived thereafter. Yet

seeing the Dorint in Vienna is filled with emotion, the Plaza Berlin, Intercity Munich, King Edward VIII in Paris. I only feel nostalgia for the European hotels I have stayed in. Because they have sexual connotations. All that matters is sex. Getting back to Paris and Vienna first of all, later Amsterdam and Hamburg. My only ambitions in life.

So weird, that I've not heard Tatiana laughing, or even talking on the phone for WEEKS? She has been so quiet for so long. When I came in this morning there was a black charger wire and tiny brown butterfly hair clip on the ledge in the private little hallway between our two doors. Half-wondered if she left them for me to find. Even accidentally, Freudian slip style?

*

Well, there goes my Tatiana fantasy up a notch. Postman downstairs rang both our bells to get us to take the Chinese girl's parcel and we both opened our doors at the same time (925am) to go down & get it. Chubby, red rosy grinning cheeks, HUGE voluptuous bosoms, pink translucent nightshift, long thick peroxide blonde hair. Reminded me a bit of Lydia the Soho floozie I had once liked so much! When I said I'll go, the way she said "OK" (high bright O, low long resigned K) reminded me how Lydia used to say OK, "OK then Napoleon, I Josephine!" Sweet looking. Sexy. Anyway, glad I lanced that boil, can RELAX now.

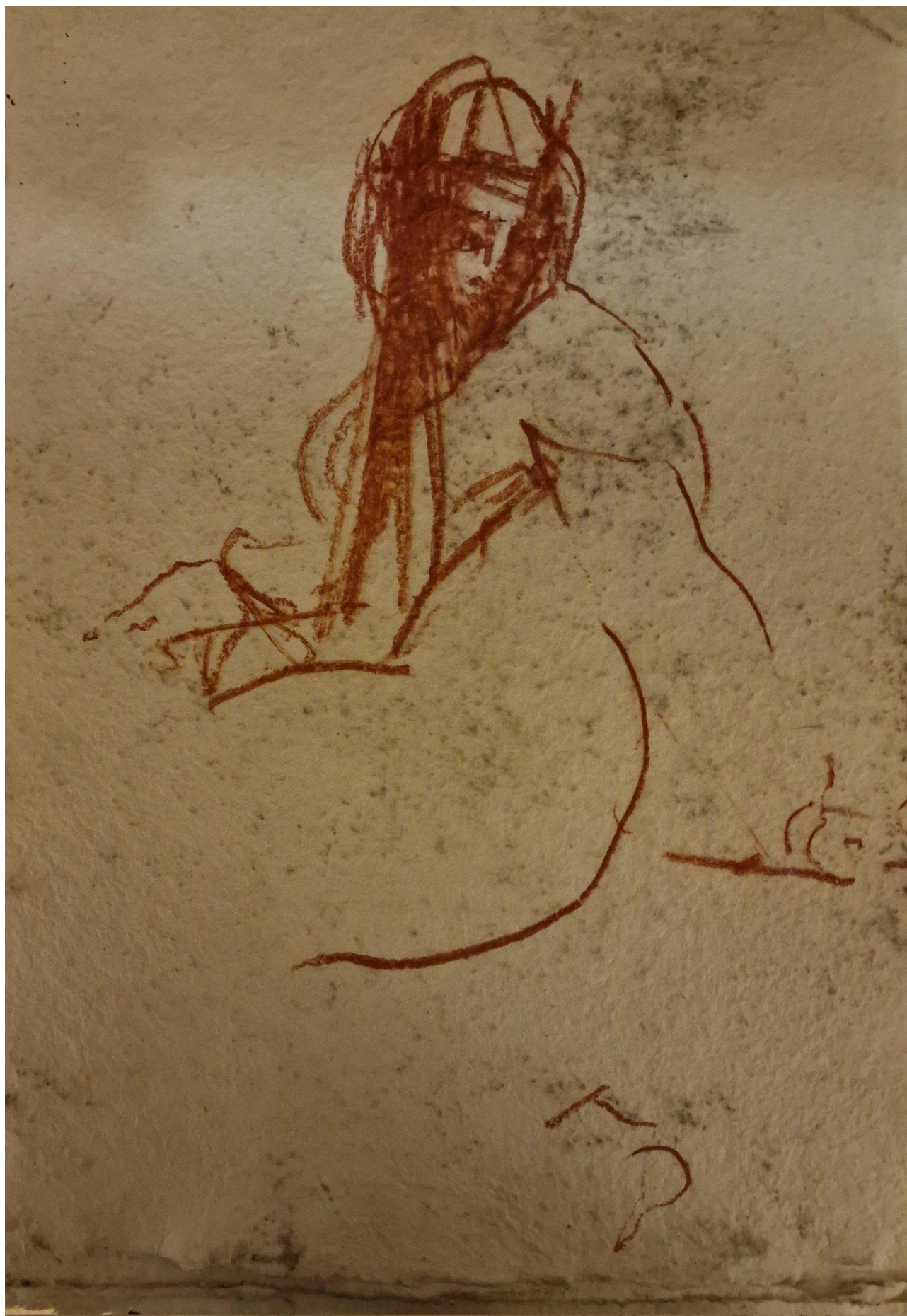
Within half an hour I met Tatiana again! Delivery man rang both our bells so this time, hearing her going first, I followed her down after a discreet interval to find her taking her parcel at the door. She then handed me mine. Same pink see-through nightdress with nothing underneath and noticeable very lush black bush. With an instantly growing erection I said "Nice to meet you at last!" and she said "What is your name?" "Ernst. You?" "Tati," she said. Been here 3 years. Said how small the flats are. "No room to swing a cat!" "I think you do quite enough swinging as it is!" I am in love with her already.

Tomorrow we are in June! Getting there! I said to myself last week that this week I was going to meet Tatiana, I was sure of it, and I did! Twice in one day! Maybe this week the Chinese girl again—and this time I will ask her to come in for 'a drink'?

Sexy brunette in black jacket and blue jeans followed me onto the bus tonight with quite a long look into my eyes before taking her seat. Interesting. Very. As Moloch slowly returns to life hopefully this will increase. Keep my balls shaved and my nest clean and fresh.

I think something might soon be about to happen.

NEXT WEEK: PURITY PURITY PURITY. ALL THAT MATTERS TO ME IS PURITY. AND PROSTITUTES.



**The Virgin. 45x31cm, sanguine, khadi paper. by
John J Gorman**



**Minotaur Sanguine. Pulp paper. 30x18cm by
John J Gorman**



Bathsheba and David. Sanguine, ink, pulp paper, 30x18cm by John J Gorman



**The Kiss. Sanguine. Pulp.paper. 25x12cm,
approximately by John J Gorman**

ENDNOTES

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

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

John J Gorman—[John Gorman](#)

DforDoom—Cult movies, classic movies, horror, cult tv of the 60s & 70s, vintage genre fiction [Classic Movie Ramblings](#) and [Cult Movie Reviews](#) and [Vintage Pop Fictions](#)

Marquess de Rouge—Nobility can be found in the oddest of places, lessons in nobility, aristocracy, masculinity, every day game, women, ramblings and quotes and a complete SCOUNDREL. [Marquess Du Rouge \(@du_rouge32100\) / Twitter](#) [Tales of Marquess du Rouge on Amazon](#)

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

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

Nick August— [Nick August \(@thenickaugust\) / Twitter](#)

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

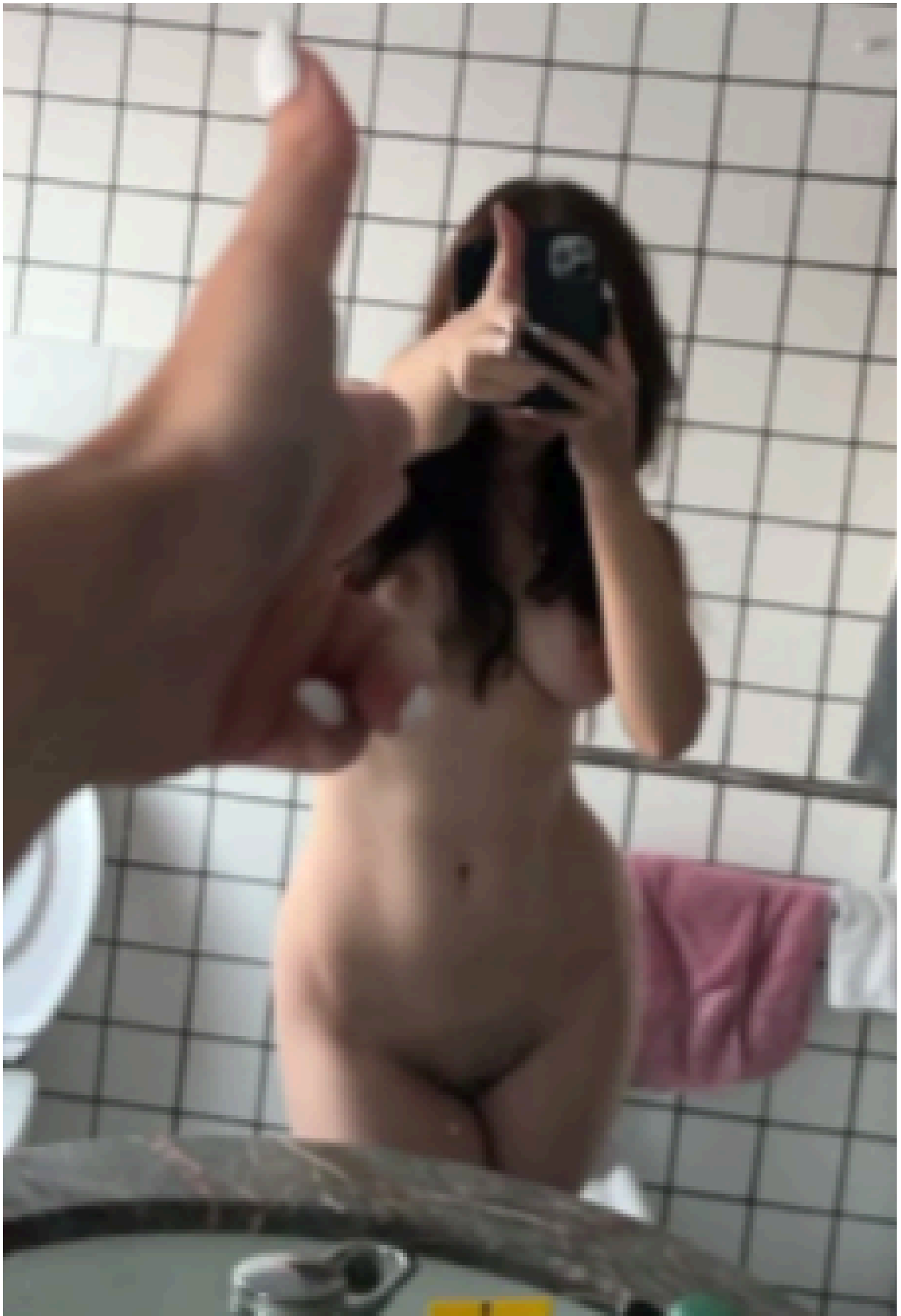
Froutib 🇫🇷 Man, 49, erotic art lover. Art is sublimation of life. Life is Art. I ❤️ the beauty of curves & sensuality of forms, without perversity 🇪🇺 🇬🇧 [Froutib](#)

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

COVER ART: Mark Matcho

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As Godard said, You just need a girl and a gun
Infernal Madonna