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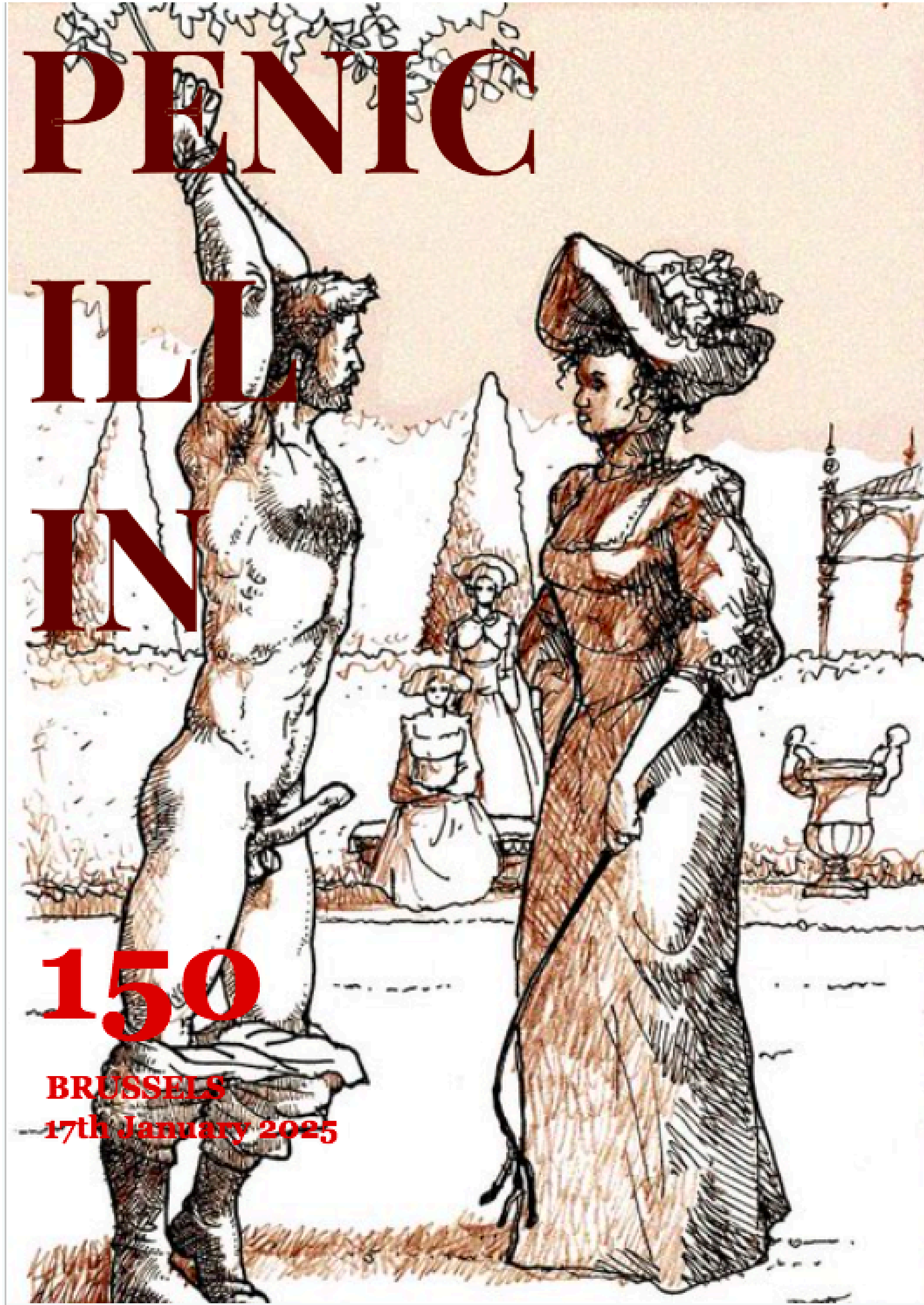
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BRUSSELS

17th January 2025



In memory of David Lynch, MT White has asked if we might reprint this essay which first appeared in PunchRiot magazine some years ago

HOME MOVIES

MULHOLLAND DRIVE, EXILE, MEMORY and DAVID LYNCH



By
MT White

Why does David Lynch's work resonate? His work is non-linear, surreal and difficult to decipher—in short, a commercial nightmare. And yet...he resonates. His work is popular at a grassroots level—especially those born after the baby boom period. Most artists document the contemporary. They are stuck in the current “reality”, usually attaining the same ethereal permanence of a story seen on your local newscast or cable news station. Some artists, however, document our dreams, memories and spiritual state. They are documentarians of the soul. David Lynch is a documentarian of the American soul. This is evidenced through his 2001 film, *Mulholland Drive*, a fugue-like Hollywood *noir*.

Lynch's work echoes the sentiment stated about fantasist silent film pioneer George Melies in Jean-Luc Godard's 1967 film *La Chinoise*: “He was a dreamer filming fantasies...And now in perspective, we realize those were the current events. He made current events.”

In Godard's film, Melies is elevated above his contemporary pioneer Lumiere, the one who filmed and documented just the day-to-day (train stations, families etc.). Like Melies, Lynch's films, with their surreal visuals (sometimes frightening, sometimes hilarious), featuring characters lost and troubled in the great American vastness, are the “real events” of our current, modern moment, not what is shown on CNN or featured in the latest, popular,

documentary of Alex Gibney. Lynch's films capture and express an inner and spiritual malaise that no documentary can.

BUT!

Back to Godard...

Analysis fills the internet on all things Lynch, trying to clearly state the meaning of his intentionally vague work. One such analysis surmises *Mulholland Drive* is a funhouse mirror echo of Godard's 1963 film *Contempt*. Sure, both films are about the film business, creative compromise and the destruction of a relationship. Sure, the film director character of Adam Kesher (Justin Theroux) appears as an amalgam of Lynch and Godard: Dressed in all-black like Lynch, yet sporting the black rimmed glasses and acerbic wit of Godard (and Theroux is of French extraction)...

BUT!

If *Mulholland Drive* is a callback to *Contempt*, it's a very distant callback. Godard's film operates more like a sign amongst several signs on Lynch's subconscious, dreamlike, highway: Camilla looking at a poster of Rita Hayworth and calling herself "Rita" (but also looking like Brigitte Bardot from *Contempt* at certain times—like wearing red bath robes and similar wigs). Betty (Naomi Watts) having an apartment on Sunset Boulevard (a callback to Billy Wilder's eponymous film—one of Lynch's favorites). The character of "The Cowboy", recalls the staple image from the staple western genre of old Hollywood. And of course, there are literal signs, like that of the "Mulholland Dr." street sign floating at film start...an image Lynch said was the first that came to him when he came up with the title...

Lynch uses these signs, both cultural and literal, to assist both the characters find their way in a world of indefinite answers (with hardly a definite conclusion). The confusing, almost unresolved mystery of it all, echoes philosopher Martin Heidegger's concept of *Dasein* (being there). Per Heidegger, we are "thrown" in to the world and this *thrownness*, creates an unsettling sense of displacement in the modern world. As a result, one tries to latch on to something—anything!—for guidance. Almost as if we are lost in a movie that we don't quite know the script to and are trying discover our role. It is interesting both *Contempt* and *Mulholland Drive* end with the word *Silenzio*, the Italian film equivalent of "Quiet on set", said right before the cameras role, before the staged drama takes place, before the call of "ACTION!", almost as if we exist in a tension of staging drama as it stages us...

At film start, Camilla is thrown from a car and gets lost...she's thrown in to the world and doesn't know who she is. As police investigate said car crash, the nocturnal sprawl of LA hauntingly looms. So, Camilla, and by extension, us, have been thrown in to the most iconic of American spaces: Los Angeles, the furthestmost city on the west coast, home of Hollywood, "the dream factory". Despite the very German philosophical idea of *thrownness*, Lynch envelopes it in to the grand tradition of American art—that of space. As playwright John Stepping noted, for the American artist, from Herman Melville to Edward Hopper, "space matters." The physical vastness of the American space becomes a manifest destiny of both nation and soul, where a country founded on

“progress” represents the potential good, yet also potential horror that such an exploration of unknown territory can bring.

The fact Lynch’s “LA Trilogy” (*Lost Highway*, *Mulholland Drive* and *Inland Empire*) is practically the densest and darkest of his work, speaks to the confusion and despair—originally rooted in hopes and dreams—that appears to almost uniquely permeate a setting like Los Angeles. As underground artist Robert Williams noted, LA (and Southern California in general), being the prime benefactor of the post-war economic boom, while also being so far removed from the rest of the country, bordering the Pacific, developed a hyper-modern culture afresh and independent, exploring new avenues provided by unheard of wealth and technology, completely unmoored from the European roots and traditions of the American East Coast. Yet it’s also the place where America’s modern collective dreams are formed in the form of television and movies, yet in its own unique, separate, space, where the “American” icons (cowboys, gangsters etc.) exist in their own reality, like a stage. And LA’s space became America’s dream space in the post-war period, dominating the popular arts of movies, books and music. Lynch stages everything with a clear sense of space: Sparse interiors, characters talking in to phones against dark backgrounds or curtains, and haunting dark roads that is so very Californian yet American. The “magical” elements of Lynch’s work (the surrealism, the horror, the dream logic), are just part of expressing this malaise the space generates. Kind of like the demon that appears behind the dumpster of the diner...

In line with immediately contemporary Californian freshness, Lynch doesn’t seem too concerned with pre-war American or world history in general. Aside from *The Elephant Man*, he has never made a period film. His cultural memory is very, very, very immediate—just one foot in the past! In a way, Lynch is an outlier for Generation-X, which speaks to his appeal among that generation. Per David Foster Wallace said: “Where we (Generation-X) are different [from our fathers] is that we have no memory of a world without electronic definition.” Lynch’s 1950s Americana pop cultural references operate as emotional sign-posts, not just for him, but for later generations looking for something “pure”, a journey to memory and self, a reaching for culture and history. As Steppling noted, “There is an emotional linkage that can only be activated by memory, and memory is about the historical.”

And Lynch’s groping for recent American memory, with characters looking for identity in photos of Rita Hayworth, or staging musical numbers from the 1950s, feels like a need to find something...anything...in the roots of the past...

“Each year we give permission for people to get away with more. We do it by being disorganized, being without leadership, not making decisions fast enough, and not holding true to things that were in place to begin with. Then it gets easier to give more away. I don’t know when we started giving it away, but it reminds me of *Dune*: I started giving something away early on—only just a little bit. And then I’d give away a little bit more. Pretty soon you’ve got a problem.” Giving away, a loss of...something...

The “committee atmosphere” Lynch lamented regarding *Dune*’s production, where the director is not trusted to be left alone to bring his

vision...looms...when Keshner is told he must cast an actress named Camilla Rhodes ("This is the girl," the financiers say), a chilling foreboding dominates before the disconcerting surreal humor explodes (Dan Hedaya, playing a stereotypical Mafioso, suddenly stands screaming "HELP ME!" while his partner spits espresso out of his mouth).

The committee, the old men with no artistic pretensions, choosing the fate of women almost arbitrarily, with the director himself participating in this dehumanizing process later in the film, a symbol of the depersonalized industrial model Hollywood is built on. It is called "The Dream Factory" after all...

BUT!

Just like Lynch is fascinated by Hollywood icons like Marilyn Monroe, he's also fascinated by the symbols of old industry (he's photographed smoke stacks and the like)...there's a discomforting tension. In a way, the character of Adam Keshner is a coping mechanism—first he's a victim to overwhelming circumstance, then a participant. We like movies made by Hollywood, yet decry the "degeneracy" they promote, but we still watch, ignoring the somewhat human sacrifice (casting couches for men, women, and children etc.) involved in the factory process of mass media production. We try to ignore this possible dissonance by embracing and internalizing the old classic cultural symbols, the feeling of nostalgia, that Hollywood, and movies in general, produced...like Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot or cowboys in general. In Russian, the word "nostalgia" itself means a yearning for one's homeland. Lynch's films seem to convey this yearning as well yet also echo the sentiment expressed by Herman Melville in the novel *Pierre; or The Ambiguities*: "When the substance is gone, men cling to the shadow."

These are nostalgic images created in a factory setting detached from most of American reality. People come from all over to Hollywood and find themselves transformed by the surroundings rather than vice versa (think Betty arriving on a plane at film start). It's marketing a myth, and all marketing, to paraphrase Seth Godin, is a form of lying. It is a myth marketing, using images and symbols disconnected from history and cultural reality, to manipulate and even subvert at times. How does this affect those involved in the business?

When director Keshner eventually agrees to give away his casting control, a mysterious figure called "The Cowboy" is the persuasion agent. He looks threatening, yet paternal and inviting, but also out of place. He doesn't resemble a traditional cowboy. American iconography distorted. It's in line with other cultural symbols disfigured in *Mulholland Drive*: The musical auditions Keshner shoots, featuring a forced diverse cast (contrast with lily-white Americana of the 1950s), or when Roy Orbison's classic, *Crying*, is performed, it is in...Spanish. In line with this, the "The Cowboy" looks...off: His wide-brim ten-gallon hat almost too wide, and his quilted pattern jacket, slightly out of place for something on a ranch. And even the location of the ranch, in the Hollywood Hills—and even the existence of a cowboy in Los Angeles—surprises the caustic Keshner. He doesn't understand the presence and history of ranch hands and wranglers in LA, there to work on the myriad of westerns the old studios churned out—Keshner's cultural memory is close to non-existent, his idea of a

cowboy is distorted by parody images (“Should I wear my ten-gallon hat and my six-shooters?”) until he meets him and finds a more sinister-yet-distorted figure. A factory creating images, the images become distorted, yet the distorted image becomes a part of our reality...images, sign posts, we latch on to that help persuade us...

The same Cowboy tells young Betty it’s “time to wake up”, thrusting all the characters we assumed we knew from a dreamlike Hollywood where past lives with present, in to the harsh reality of the late 90s Hollywood meat grinder, where all dreams appear dead. The cowboy lastly appears, in brief, walking by in the distance at Adam Keshner’s party, where Betty is now Diane, and her dreams of a loving relationship with the “Rita” of her dreams (now Camilla Rhodes) are clearly dead in the water. Images—movies—create images of love, masculinity, heroism, truth et cetera—the same images are used to subvert and destroy, creating expectations and hope rarely fulfilled...

Regarding the conclusion, is Lynch purposefully trying to keep things confusing by making “puzzle films” (as contrarian film scholar Ray Carney dismissively referred to them), a ploy to keep audiences engaged and curious to return? Or is it a groping to understand the true nature of reality: Where memory, longing, dreams and experience intersect? I say the latter and I’d guess it’s executed on a subconscious level. As a novelist, I’ve included events (dreams, scenes, observations, etc.) in my work even if I don’t completely and logically understand why. At a gut level, I just felt they captured...something...and knew they somehow fit. If Lynch is being truthful in his vague statements about his work, then his aesthetic is actually quite pragmatic: He’s presenting images and scenes from a subconscious, natural instinct because he can’t verbalize them. After all, *Mulholland Drive* was originally a rejected TV pilot by ABC. At times, it feels incomplete in that sense, but that’s Lynch pragmatically using the parts to confront with the fractal nature of life. I may find it incomplete, but that doesn’t mean it’s “bad” or “terrible” as a film. *Mulholland Drive* is doing what art does best: Forcing us to confront uncomfortable truths and question assumptions that were never questioned before.

“When you talk about things—unless you’re a poet—a big thing becomes smaller,” Lynch said. And that’s one thing we probably do too much in this world—we talk them to death. Due to social media and the internet in general, things are talked to death and the world, this great vast world, feels a lot smaller. Rather than talk, rather than being confined to genre or linear story form, Lynch uses their tropes, enveloping their forms and symbols to help expand and explore a vast world in which we’ve been thrown in to. It’s the purest form of great art: Exploring the homelessness and exile we all feel through visual and dramatic forms...

Like George Melies, the dreams and nightmares of Lynch really carry more weight than anything on the news or Twitter and may turn out more prophetic, with the confusion and demons they visualize in the vast American space. Lynch’s work is a home movie of his dreams, nightmares and symbols that produce haunting and hope. But they are ours too, the collective catharsis confirmed in the personal vision. It’s why David Lynch resonates.

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THE MEAT MACHINE

By David Playfair

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Chapter Five—Ambush

They shot Inge on the road back from Blumstadt. We should have been more alert — hadn't we just seen a musical with the ruthlessness for theme? Hadn't Brecht's warning not a show for scum who want their hearts warmed been printed on our programs? Wasn't I wearing a police badge enamelled with the shield of communist vigilance and the sword of the party's wrath?

So why did I drive right into the ambush? When we saw the tractor and cart stalled in the middle of the road, we should have kept our distance — why would a farmer be working in moonlight?

We were in the heart of the Soviet Union, all supposedly under proper control. I had put my suspicious nature on hold. Also, I think Inge's beauty and passion, which the stage production had amplified tenfold, had so filled us with joy and confidence that we felt invulnerable.

She and Hermann were cuddling arm-in-arm in the back of the car. In the front were me, driving, and old Klaus the town vet, singing. I remember we were both puffing cigars. Klaus was an older man, tall and thin.

He'd attended the show alone, and we had given him a lift when his beat-up old car wouldn't start. And a good thing that turned out to be. As we drew up to the tractor, we could see a fellow tinkering with its engine. Still full of energy, I jumped out and ran to his side, thinking I might identify the fault or at least help him push his rig to the side of the road. He turned, peered at our car, then, at the same moment as I drew near, raised his arm high in the air.

A signal. From a clump of willows came the hard flat banging of rifles. I saw the red flames of three muzzles. Inge screamed with pain.

Who the hell were they? No time to figure that out, not while they were shooting. I drew my revolver. The man at the tractor swung around, right into my left fist. He went down and I put a bullet into his chest. Had

Hermann died in the same volley that hit Inge? I heard the crack of his Luger Po8 — he'd taken shelter behind the opened car door, and was firing back. I didn't know what had become of Klaus, but the odds were looking up.

Hermann's automatic pistol was no match for three riflemen, but it drew their attention. Long enough for me to circle round into the shadows close behind them. Long enough for me to shoot all three in the back.

It was over.

I pulled the flashlight out of our car's glove-compartment. The beam showed Hermann bent over Inge, tears in his eyes.

'That bullet was meant for me,' he said. Foamy blood spread over the front of her dress. Her breathing rattled and gasped.

'Where's Klaus?' I asked.

'Here in the ditch,' came the vet's voice. 'I'm no soldier. Here, help me out, I think my foot's stuck in a root.'

I held out my hand and pulled him up. He took a long hard look at Inge. 'Lung collapse,' he said tersely. He turned to Hermann. 'Move over, lad, and let me do my work.'

'Yes, Hermann,' I added quietly, 'and make sure all those criminals are out of action. And then stand guard, there may be more of them.'

Klaus had produced a large sharp jackknife and was cutting away Inge's blouse. He revealed a small dark hole to the side of her breast. He gave a quiet running commentary as he worked. 'That's not so bad... there must be another worse hole.'

He tapped his fingers on her ribs, her chest echoed like a drum.

'Haemo-pneumothorax,' he observed. 'So where's the air-leak coming from?'

He rolled her over — and there was a larger exit wound on the back of her chest, making a horrid sucking noise every time she gasped.

'Soft-tip hunting round,' said Klaus. He passed me a square white handkerchief.

'Soak it in the ditch. Quickly, man!'

'It's filthy mud,' I told him.

'Forget the germs,' he said. 'Just get it wet. We can fill her with Sulfa drugs at the hospital.'

He shoved the muddy cloth into the larger wound. The sucking stopped.

Hermann was back. 'Three dead, one wounded and tied up. Nice shooting, Hans.'

He still remembered my alias — what a pro! He took Inge's hand.

'Will she live?'

'She has a chance,' said Klaus, 'if we can get her some oxygen and a blood transfusion.'

We helped him lift her into the car.

'Now, Hermann, drive like hell to the hospital while I hold her upright.'

I stayed behind with our defeated enemies while they roared off down the road. The wounded man didn't say a word. I left him lying bound, and

moved to the side of the road, not wanting to be conspicuous if any more thugs arrived. But all stayed quiet. I was alone with my thoughts.

If, I reflected, this had been an American Western movie, the hero would not have sneaked up on the villains and shot them in the back. He would have called out a challenge and battled it out face-to-face. But then he would have had the advantage of one of those wonderful movie pistols with unlimited magazines which outgun rifles every time.

This story of mine, you see, is not a romantic adventure, though adventurous things did happen. Nor am I a Hollywood hero although, like all Soviet citizens, I have occasionally had to do heroic things in order to survive. I thought further. *This little battle is the essence of war*, I concluded. *First they surprised us, then we surprised them. They had better weapons, we were better trained. Soldiers prevail against farmers as surely as castles take pawns. As for noble duels, they belong in the movies, and that's where they should stay.*

Of course farmers can train to be excellent soldiers. Hadn't I been a farm boy when I joined the Red Army? But the pawn has to make it to the back row of the chess board to earn promotion. I'd learned to survive, mainly through watching others failing to survive...

The local police sergeant, returning by motor truck, interrupted this gloomy train of thought. We heaved the bodies onto the flatbed, and headed back.

'Your lady comrade is in stable condition,' said Klaus the vet.

We sat in the hospital cafeteria waiting for Hermann.

'That was pretty good doctoring back there,' I observed.

'Routine my lad, routine,' he replied. 'Not a market day goes by without somebody's bull goring somebody's ox. The chest is a barrel and holes have to be plugged.'

Klaus paused.

'You did a damn fine job back on the road. You saved my life. It wasn't me they were after, but they would have silenced me because I was a witness. I had given myself up for dead. Then, before I knew it, you have your gun drawn. Bang, then bang-bang-bang. Four shots, four men down. You fired off the last three shots within a single second. Not easy in the dark. A very professional job. Thank-you.'

'Don't forget Hermann was covering me with his pistol. But thanks for the compliment, Klaus. All those hours of target practice have paid off. Do you know, I wasn't aware of pulling the trigger — that revolver has become part of me — second nature you might say. It was as if I had an extra finger that pointed death.'

'Major Ivan,' said Klaus, 'your work is not yet done. You have killed three men — four really, because the wounded man will surely be executed after questioning. Yet you don't know anything about them beyond their names.'

He paused. 'Let me explain what I mean. Please, show me your NKVD badge.'

I was in my civilian suit still. The badge was pinned unobtrusively behind my lapel. Klaus knew it would be there. An NKVD man is never off duty. I turned the lapel out.

'The shield and sword badge,' he mused. 'You shielded me and you smote the enemies of the Union with your sword. Well, revolver. Not bad, but is it enough? Emperor Ivan's bodyguards had a badge too, a broom and a dog's snout. The broom for sweeping away traitors — that's the same as the sword, of course. The dog's nose for sniffing trouble.'

'I like the idea of that badge,' I said. 'Though I didn't sniff the wind very well tonight, did I, Klaus? I drove us right into the ambush.'

'You're forgiven,' he said. 'You more than made up for it afterwards. But how much sniffing are you doing now?'

'The local police are already rounding up suspects. I'm on my way to supervise. If there's a gang of them, as I suspect, we'll arrest the lot.'

'That's as it should be, Major. You'll sniff them out. But will you then go on sniffing them?'

'I guess not. We'd pass them on to the courts and prisons.'

'Being a veterinary surgeon,' said Klaus, 'I see a lot of dogs. Germans are sentimental about pets in a way Russians are not. So don't be offended if I take advantage of my years of experience to teach you a lesson about being a dog.'

'Only a fool would refuse to learn from an expert.'

'Very well.' Klaus shifted mental gears, and I saw his long face take on a new look of authority. 'When a dog has sniffed out something really interesting, a dead rabbit shall we say, he doesn't move right on to look for more dead rabbits. No. He hangs around and sniffs some more. He rolls in the smell and immerses himself in it.'

Immerse... The very word which Hermann had used, to describe my Germanification. The very reason why I'd come to this Germanic part of Russia in the first place.

'Good word,' I said. 'Continue.'

'The men you killed,' said Klaus, 'were not evil or lazy. They were looking for trouble — and, thanks to you, they found a lot more of it than they expected. But they were men of principle and industry. I've known them since they were little boys. They would bring injured puppies to my clinic, and I would treat them for free. They were decent lads.'

'I follow you, I think,' I said. 'The question I must sniff around is, why weren't they on our side?'

'Part of it,' said Klaus, 'is sheer national chauvinism. We Germans of the Soviet Union are a minority, and a small one at that. We may have a representative in the Congress of Nationalities, but we know that we can never decide our country's policies. Then these fellows tune their radio to Germany proper. Maybe they just want to hear a bit of their own culture.'

What they get is the golden-tongued orator, Adolf Hitler, promising them a leading part in a great empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Urals. Tempting.'

'You said *part of it*.'

'Yes, and here comes the local problem. Major, the collectivization of the farms here was the most cruel struggle. For a start, German farmers don't have the Russian tradition of the village common-land. And then the commissar they sent from Moscow proved ignorant of German farms. You know how hard-working our people are. To Russian eyes, our middle-peasants looked like rich peasants and our poor peasants looked like middle peasants. Good farmers were arrested, deported or shot. I don't say that they made the commissar's job any easier. There was resentment, sabotage, slaughter of stock, murder. Sniff around, major, you'll find your attackers were sons and nephews of stubborn men who suffered injustices.'

'How will things turn out in the end?'

'The next generations will grow up as good Soviet Germans, without these personal grievances. Will Hitler allow them time to do so? Maybe tonight's battle was the opening of a great war to come.'

'Where do you stand in all this, Klaus?'

'I stand as a man who believes in breeding healthy animals of every kind. And, since we're living in the middle of the Soviet Union, then the breeding must be done on Soviet collective farms. Fools complain that Empress Catherine didn't intend it that way when she planted us here. Well she's dead, and Stalin is alive. Which is why I'm studying the veterinary care of camels.'

'Camels? Did I hear you right? None here, are there?'

'We did have a few at the time of the revolution, Major. We ate them during the big famine of 1921. But there are still millions of camels in Kazakhstan. If and when Hitler invades these parts, be sure that Stalin will evacuate us away from the temptation of disloyalty. He's a shrewd man. He'll plant us in a large half-empty land which we will improve with our usual industriousness. Where else but Kazakhstan? I'll be too busy, persuading our transplanted collective to breed healthy camels, to have any time to grumble.'

'So tell me something else, Klaus.'

'Yes?'

'Is it true that the camel is a horse which was designed by a committee?'

Klaus lit another cigar, inhaled deeply, and closed his eyes in deep thought. Then he blew out a vast cloud of smoke and answered my query.

'Only the Asiatic ones with two humps, Major. It's a compromise solution. There was to be only one hump, as in Arabia, but the Trotskyites on the committee couldn't agree with the Stalinists as to where it should go.'

'Which of the two is the Trotskyite hump?'

Klaus laid a bony finger alongside his big nose. 'That, Major, is a state veterinary secret. It will not be revealed until you are promoted to Colonel.'

NEXT WEEK—Chapter Six—Briefing

BROKE

The Rise of Radical Feminism
And The Decline of Western Civilization



K. Z. HOWELL

ALL I WANTEDED FOR CHRISTMAS WAS A NAKED WOMAN IN A WARM BED



By Matt FreeMatt

I never wanted to invite insults produced on a metaphorical scratched record but I wanted to share a silly story for the Christmas season. I had forgotten this gem up until now.

I had always been jealous of many of my fellow sailors on the ship. I saw them enjoy the embrace of a loved one when the season of love, specifically summer for my beach dwelling people, had passed. I often found my arms empty when fall's months arrived. My temporary lovers seemed to wander off to a better place or at least a more secure bunker to better weather winter's seasonal depression.

I had told plenty of people that I would find somewhere to stay when winter's holidays would find me single. I would enjoy slumber

and drink at many dwellings, along with other sad sacks. No one had ever asked me if I wanted anything different, but if they dared to ask, I would have told them yes.

I was happy to not be on the floating, cold husk of a ship I called home. I was not happy to wake up alone. No one asked me what would change my gloom. I had always thought that some grand Christmas wish would change lassitude, seeing a change of fortune affecting others amongst me in the past. I never asked for but pondered my own grand Christmas wish; a naked woman in a warm bed.

I had logistical nightmares. My lack of linguistical jiu jitsu hampered me. A lull in tourism in our berg left me without a worthwhile candidate. I had no one to call upon, as if I was running an employment service for lonely lovers. But I would happen upon someone I knew that could make the long trek.

A certain fair skinned, yet cheerful gal exclaimed her willingness to join me. She mentioned her desire to see the ocean at its quietest. She was without scheduling restraints and was able to arrive at a suitable timeslot. I felt that I was in luck.

I felt that if Sex Santa was a real person, he had answered my Christmas wish. The Christmas visitor was a good fit. I woke up laughing, looking at the dame that fell asleep with a smile. Yes, I enjoyed the sex, which hands down beat stupid television programming and staring around in the dark. These things being something that I dealt with being single on the holidays.

I must have extracted extra favors from Sex Santa. The gal in question arrived with cooking equipment and non sexual entertainment, which kept our spirits high. (A man has to do something else between rolls in the hay. I'm an animal but even animals have to take a break). My stomach was full and spirits were lifted. My time out from the troughs of life continued on.

I was lucky to keep the gal around. I was able to weather many other winters with her. I felt that the gloom of winter was lessened by her attempts. A Christmas wish indeed.



Be randy, but respectful.
Marquis de BDE, 1923

The Goddess A Demon

1900

By Richard Marsh

CHAPTER XXVI. THE LEGACY OF THE SCARLET HANDS

WE could do nothing for him. The shock of the surprise, for a moment, held us motionless. But so soon as we realised that the man was being hacked to death before our eyes, we rushed to his assistance. It was of no avail. Death had, probably, been instantaneous, so much mercy the creature showed. A sharp-pointed blade, more than eighteen inches long, which proceeded from its stomach, had pierced him through and through. The writhing, gibbering puppet held him skewered in a dozen places. To have released him we should have had to tear him into pieces. When I tried to drag him free, I only succeeded in bringing the whole thing over. Down he came, with his assailant sticking to him like a limpet. Pinning him on to the floor, it continued its extraordinary contortions, lacerating its victim with every movement in a hundred different places. It was difficult to believe that it was not alive. Perceiving that it was not to be persuaded by any other means to loosen its embrace, I struck it on the back, again and again, with a heavy wooden chair.

Presently it was still; its movements ceased; it became again inanimate. As if its lust for blood was glutted, it rolled over, lethargically, upon its side, leaving its handiwork exposed—a horrible spectacle. A grin—as it were a smile, born of repletion—was on the creature's face.

Later, the thing was torn to pieces; its anatomy laid bare. Examination showed that its construction had been diabolically ingenious. It was simply a light steel frame, shaped to resemble a human body, to which was attached a number of strong springs, which were set in motion by clockwork machinery. The whole had been encased in scarlet leather, so that, when completed, it

resembled nothing so much as an artist's lay figure. In the leather were innumerable eyelet-holes. Through each of these holes the point of a blade was always peeping. So soon as the clockwork was set in motion each of these blades leaped from its appointed place, and continued leaping, ceaselessly, to and fro, till the machinery ran down. In the head was an arrangement somewhat on the lines of a phonograph; it was from this proceeded the sound resembling a woman's gentle laughter, which was not the least eerie part of its horrible performance.

Inquiries seemed to show that the creature had originally been intended for sacrificial purposes. Lawrence had apparently purchased it at Allahabad; probably from the workshop of a native who was suspected of the manufacture of contrivances, whose ingenuity was almost too conspicuous, which were used in the temples. On certain days such a puppet would be produced by the priests, with a flourish of trumpets. One could easily believe that miraculous power would be claimed for it; it was even likely that, as a proof of the substantiality of these claims, it would go through its gruesome performance in the presence of the assembled congregations. Of what might have been the objects on which it exhibited its powers one did not care to think. Some queer things still take place in India.

Edwin Lawrence could hardly have been perfectly sane when he purchased such a plaything. It was not a possession which a perfectly healthy-minded man would have cared to have had at any price; and Lawrence must have paid an enormous sum for it, or that wily native would never have allowed such a curio to leave his hands. It was shown that the brothers had been in the habit of quarrelling their whole lives long. Edwin would do something to arouse Philip's passion, whereon Philip would attack him with unreasoning violence. The fit of fury past, and the mischief done, repentance came. In these moods Philip must have expended thousands of pounds in his attempts to soothe the feelings of the brother whom he had just been battering. One of these scenes had taken place just before Edwin's departure for India; it was the usual plaster which had enabled him to start upon his travels. That his brother's treatment of him rankled, there was scarcely room for doubt; the purchase of the scarlet puppet was, probably a firstfruit of his morbid brooding.

At the very last, possibly, the crime had been the result of a moment's impulse—as he himself had said. But that it had been prepared for, as likely to happen some time, was clear. He had obtained a suit of clothes, which was exactly like those which his brother was in the habit of wearing. These he secreted in his bedroom. So soon as his "goddess" had done her work, he stripped what was left of his brother bare—an awful task it must have been. He arrayed the body in a suit of his own clothes, oblivious of the fact that they showed no signs of the cutting and the hacking, and the suit which he had prepared he himself put on.

Whether or not he saw me—or even if I was actually there to see—is not clear to this day. But either he did not notice the departure of his lady visitor,

or he was indifferent to what it might portend; under the circumstances, after the tragedy had actually taken place, his movements were marked by curious deliberation. The probability is that the catastrophe finally overturned the brain whose equilibrium was already tottering. No other hypothesis can adequately explain the manner in which he retained his self-possession, expecting every moment that the alarm would be raised, and that he would be caught red-handed.

Not only did he make himself up to resemble as much as possible his brother, but, rolling the "goddess" up in a cloth, he bore the blood-stained puppet out with him into the street. It was that which Turner had seen him carrying, under the impression that he was himself the man who was, at that moment, lying on the floor of his room, a mutilated corpse. As, by sight, Turner knew both men well, the fact that he mistook one man for the other shows that the imitation must have been well and carefully done.

No action was taken against Mr. Isaac Bernstein. Except the dead man's words, there was no evidence against him in that particular. But that the tale told of him by Edwin Lawrence was true, and that he had some sort of a conscience, after all, was suggested by the fact that a few days afterwards he disappeared from his London premises and from his usual haunts. So far as I know, nothing has been seen or heard of him since. Whether he was afraid that other shady transactions, in which he had had a hand, would be brought home to him, or whether he was haunted by memories of the dual tragedy for which he had been, at any rate in part, responsible, I cannot say. The fact remains, that so far as the police can learn, large sums of money, which at the time of his disappearance were due to him, he has never made the slightest attempt to claim.

As the two brothers were the last of their race, and no one has laid claim to Philip's estate, in due course it reverted to the Crown. It is among the large number of those for which heirs-at-law are still wanting. Old Morley and his wife had not been in a good service for so many years for nothing; they would have retired from it long before had it not been for antiquated notions of fidelity. Their master's death found them comfortably off, and in the possession, as it turned out, of a little property among the Surrey hills. On that property they are residing to this day. When it first came into their hands the neighbourhood was wild and rural; others, since, have discovered that it was beautiful. Building is taking place on every side; quite a town is springing up. Though this materially adds to the monetary value of their property, the old couple are a little restless amidst their new surroundings.

Hume is still unmarried. He becomes less and less engaged in the active practice of his profession. But he remains an authority on the obscure diseases of the brain. He has written more than one book upon this special subject. I have not read them—I am no reader, and such works would, in any case, be hardly in my way—but I understand that he seeks to show that we are, all of us, more or less mad, and that he goes far towards the proof of this thesis. He has not materially altered his estimate of my mental equipment.

Indeed, he once assured me that he was becoming more and more convinced that men whose physical and muscular development went beyond a certain limit were, *ipso facto*, mad; and, *ergo*, I must be insane. However, we are tolerable friends, and he seems not unwilling to allow that I am as well out of an asylum as in.

It has been rumoured that Miss Adair intends, shortly, to retire from the stage; and the whisper is that Hume, who for some time has been her constant attendant, has something to do with her intention. In that case, they will make a well-matched pair, for in my opinion they both have tongues.

Bessie—I think that at this point in these pages I am entitled to call her Bessie—Bessie never acted again. After that hideous night brain fever supervened. For weeks she lay between life and death. More than once the doctors gave her up. Fortunately, doctors are not omniscient. After all, God was merciful—to me.

Almost her first words, when the darkest hour had given place to the first glimmerings of dawn, took the shape of a question: “Where is Tom?” Her scamp of a brother! After all she had suffered for him, he was foremost in her thoughts.

“I hope that he is on the road to fortune.”

Looking up at me with her big eyes, which had grown bigger, and sunk farther in her head, she asked me what I meant. I explained. I had supplied Young Hopeful with the wherewithal which would enable him to seek for gold in what was then the new El Dorado—the Klondyke region. He had started on his quest. But he never found what, at least nominally, he had gone to look for. Some months afterwards I learnt that he had died; fallen at night into the waters of the Yukon river and been drowned. My correspondent went on to explain that he was dead drunk at the time; which explanation I kept from his sister. I did not wish her to think that his end had been unbecoming to a man.

Bessie and I have been married just long enough to enable me to begin to realise my happiness. I am ever slow, so I will not say what is the tale of the years which that statement implies; though the sight of our youngsters is apt to give away the secret of their father’s dullness. There was no question between us of courtship. I knew, as I watched by her bedside, that if she came back to life she was mine; and that in any case I was hers. And so it was. So soon as she was strong enough we were married. And we have been lovers ever since. As I sit, with her hand clasped tightly, watching her children and mine, I am sometimes disposed to suspect that our courtship is beginning. I know it will never cease.

The goodness of God has been very great in giving me my wife. By what seemed accident, but was indeed the act of Providence, I have come to have for my very own the woman of my dreams. Sleeping and waking she is mine. So true is it that some men’s good fortune is out of all proportion to their deserts.

THE END



THE DIARY OF CHARLIE WINKLE

8/1/2025

After spending a week at home, tending to jobs on my ocean estate and checking on my bees (I am a keen Apiarist) I flew to Saint Petersburg to see my children and their Mother, Katerina Novikov, an astounding beauty.

When I am staying in Saint Petersburg, I always stay at the Hotel Astoria, and not with my children and Katerina Novikov as I know that she will attempt to get me drunk and seduce me and then try and convince me through emotional manipulation that we should spend more time together and that I should move to Russia permanently, and that marriage would be the best for everyone and.....

No, no, no, no, no! I cannot be having this.

And so, I stay at the Hotel Astoria.

Katerina and I are having a drink at one of the hotel's beautiful lounges, The Rotonda Lounge (if you haven't visited you should) and she is upset because our eldest son, Aleksandr (named after Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn) has been expelled from the Saint Petersburg State University where he'd been studying Law (notable alumni include Vladimir Lenin, a scoundrel, and Vladimir Putin, a politician I greatly respect.)

"Why was he expelled?" I asked (I knew although wanted to hear it from her).

"Because he horsewhipped a fellow student who kicked his dog."

A great smile spread over my face.

"You're telling me that a fellow student kicked Aleksandr's dog and then Aleksandr proceeded to horsewhip him?"

"No, no, not like that. The student kicked Aleksandr's dog who had bitten him and then Aleksandr challenged him to a duel the following day at dawn. When the other student didn't show up, when Aleksandr next encountered him in one of the university's courtyards, he horsewhipped him savagely until other students successfully pulled him off."

I laughed imagining the scene in my mind.

"It is not funny Charlie."

"You have to admit, it is pretty funny and probably for the best. I was never pleased that Aleksandr had chosen to study the law and now he'll be forced to find some other direction in life."

At that moment I couldn't have been prouder of my son. Whilst horsewhipping a fellow student for kicking your dog (an act of a churl) may not be in accordance with the letter of the law, it was certainly a lesson in justice! A lesson which would remain with that fellow student for the remainder of his days.

"Charlie....."

"Yes?"

"When we have finished our drink here I have a present to give you in your suite."

"You can give it to me here."

Katerina laughed.

"Charlie..... impossible!"



SEXLIFE



By Nick August

People have to fuck, even in dystopias, but they don't have to like it.

Wifechick gave me *Sexlife* for Jazzdays. I was pleased but not surprised. Most fuckgirls turned their spermmates loose after zygote, so when my sack started tingling, I knew Sylvie had sent her encrypted key to my Testron to resume ejaculations down there. I'd need seventy-two hours and a couple of manual pops to "flush the pipes," as the doctors say, before I could be cleared for the obligatory series of insertions and emissions. Just enough time for me to hit the ground running.

Thank **REDACTED** for Jazzdays.

Jazzdays was started by Japan when they gave Alabama to the Dutch after The Last Good and Final Scrum. It commemorates the day in 1941 when Japan liberated the world from America. Festivities begin on December 5th with *Krampusnacht*, continue on December 6th with *Sinterklaas*, and conclude on December 7th with Hawaiian Heroes Day celebrating the sneak attack on America that ended their reign of terror and crushing grip on the world.

I had always had mixed feelings about it, though. My Bestfriend, Semmes, believed Jazzdays was too violent or, at least, too celebratory of violence in *theory*, as a *concept*. I saw his point. So much needless slaughter that morning at Pearl Harbor, but the Japanese lacked modern technology and minimized the damage as best they could. They focused solely on military targets as a general rule. As barbaric as even that seems, it conformed to the highest ethics of the day.

"That was almost two hundred years ago," I would tell him. "It's simply not rational to judge them by modern standards."

"I know, you're right. Deep down, I know," he would say. "But I also have to think, they were human beings almost like we are. Surely, deep down, somewhere inside, they knew. They just had to know. We aren't, fundamentally, barbarians, at least, not anymore. We're engineered, bred, and taught differently now. There has literally never been a better, safer time to be fully human."

"You're a better person than me, Semmes old boy. Lit-er-al-ly. Sixteen months newer with better gene sequencing and all that. Whatever. I get it. I just think there's something to be said for context."

“You’re all heart, Niger.”

We raised our Lifejack emulsions and clinked. Well, I had the emulsion. He got by with the suspension because he was fresher out of the vat. His life was simpler in almost every way, and it was only sixteen months that made any difference at all between us. That was how fast tech was progressing. I’ve been hearing that my offspring won’t need Lifejack at all. Starting next week, all Blue Babies will be self-sustaining. Fascinating modern times.

“So, do you get to use your dick?” Semmes asked.

“You better believe it, Bestfriend. For a whole month.”

“That’s longer than Jazzdays!” Semmes said. His eyes were wide.
“Jules12 only gave me nine days.”

“That’s an odd number,” I pointed out, then we both looked at each other and said, “Literally!” in unison and clinked beakers once more. But that was why he was my Bestfriend. Common behavioral baseline gene sequences along with complementary developed personalities. He had been assigned to me just in time. Wifechick wasn’t much of a conversationalist, and I like to talk. I saw an old movie once, before The Betterment, where they called it “GiftOGab.” At least, I think that’s what they called it. The language was familiar but often difficult to understand. I’m assuming that was one of the old words for the Conversation that was purged during Betterment. Even using BB terminology is frowned upon but not strictly forbidden.

“I think Jules is going to participate this year as a Whorechick,” he said.

“Why? Has she displayed for anyone? Presented rearward?”

“No, but I’ve been smelling her a lot lately. I can’t usually smell her.”

“She going natural?” I asked. I’d always liked Jules12, but had never seen her when my dick was hard.

He shrugged. “So, who are you going to fuck during *Sexlife*?”

“More like, Who won’t I fuck?”

I laughed and so did he, but he looked off, nervous. I wasn’t sure why. It’s not like he and Jules could ever zygote. They were only together because he was a broken male pleasure model and couldn’t take care of himself. It had been only a matter of time before they put him on the train to Canada, but that changed after our friendship had been commissioned by The Betters. Jules was less frustrated, Semmes was functioning better, and I had someone to talk to who had to engage with me. He couldn’t say no to any man on his Whitelist. Since I was only engineered to pair and zygote with godholes, all I wanted from him was sympathetic engagement, so they whitelisted me for him knowing it was all I’d ever want. It solved many problems. They couldn’t send everyone to Canada.

“Don’t get any ideas,” he said. “You’re one horny Chapstick.”

“You’re not my type,” I said. “Besides, I can only go for Titchicks like Sylvie when I get hard. My parents saw to that before I was zygote. I’ve seen the spec.”

“You’re lucky to be a top AND a sword.”

I shrugged. “Everyone’s equal.”

“Maybe,” he said. “I’m just glad since they didn’t make me a top they at least gave me a port instead of a rectum. At worst, my jaw gets sore. I know some bottoms who’ve had to spend months in body therapy after what they went through during *Sexlife* and even—”

I interrupted. “Just don’t,” I said. “I don’t want to think about that. I don’t have sentient reboot and all that newfangled shit you have. If I break down, they’ll just send me to Canada and whip up a better me.”

“Yeah,” he said. “Yeah, sorry.”

I could tell something was bothering him. I wondered if he knew I was going to fuck Jules.

“I need to tell you something,” he said. He looked around slowly, as if he were enjoying the day. What he was really doing was scanning.

“What?” I asked.

“I, I think I have love for Jules,” he said. “I accidentally saw her in the shower the other day and got kind of hard.”

“Hard?” I asked. “Before she initiated *Sexlife*?”

He nodded. “She hadn’t even sent her public key to my sack yet. I was dormant, but then I wasn’t. Niger, I *smelled* her.”

“But, that’s—”

“Riiggghhht,” he said.

“Have you told anyone?” I asked.

“Just you, now,” he said.

“Wowie zowie,” I said. “But your job is cocksuck.”

“It’s a job,” he said. “But this was, like, I don’t know. Never had it before.”

“What did you do?”

“What could I do? My system was shut down, but I still got hard. I tried a manual but felt nothing and nothing came.”

“Did you do it long enough?”

“Ten minutes or so,” he said. “Nothing.”

“Maybe it just takes more time,” I said. “If so, you’re fucked. Canada fucked.”

“Tell me about it. All I’ll be getting for Jazzdays is a train ticket and a toque.”

“Don’t tell anyone, not even Jules,” I said. “We’ll figure this out.”

That was a lie. This was bad and he knew it. I knew it. Anyone who found out would know it. But that wasn't the problem. The problem was that I was going to fuck Jules, and not just fuck her, pound her to exhaustion, and no one was going to stop me. Legally, no one could stop me. If he was smelling her already, it meant she was good to go and he had to remain strictly hands-off. It was against the law to love your wife, anyway, and it was against the law to fuck her during *Sexlife*. For him, anyway. Not for me. If it broke him, it broke him. I was free and clear.

We finished our Lifejacks, agreed to talk very soon, and parted company. I was thankful I was not him, and thankful we had advanced as far as we had, both as people and a society. The Betterment had seen to that.

The early days had been brutal. I hadn't been around for that, thank **REDACTED!** That was all behind us now. That was Before Betterment. Life, now, in AB was so much better. They just took too long to figure out how to eliminate sentience during childhood after darkening the maternal and paternal instincts. Incubation until full sexual maturity had solved society's last few problems. A little Genehacking and some Canadian train rides for mopping up, for bridging the gap, proved the ultimate game-changer. Now, everyone was either brought to the same level of Lifehack, or sent to Canada. As far as I knew, no one ever came back from Canada.

I took a long walk after parting company with Semmes. My dick had been hard for an hour. Welcome back, old friend, I chuckled to myself. It had been a long time. Too long. My last erection had been seventeen months ago when Sylvie gave me eleven days of *Sexlife* based on that year's performance review. Plus, I'd needed some kind of release according to the pharmDs if we were to have any chance at all at zygote. Honestly, none of us wanted to fuck our wives, and our wives didn't want to fuck. They wanted Truth and Beauty, and they got it. We all got what we wanted, just not when we wanted it. Seemed a fair trade-off.

Today was bright and sunny. I took a route through greenspace when I started smelling that familiar, cinnamon smell. It was just there. I

noticed some goings on in the grass nearby. In the center of picnic area, a man and woman were copulating via rear entry on freshly cut grass. Six picnic tables were also occupied with groups of men and women in various combinations taking turns with whoever was on their back. I wasn't just smelling cinnamon by now, I was tasting it.

As I approached the other side of the park, a blonde woman, around thirty, was crossing the street carrying two grocery bags. I cut across the flower gardens, trampling tulips and lavender and daisies but smelling only cinnamon. When she saw me, she dropped her grocery bags and began running in the opposite direction as she had been engineered to do. It heightened my arousal, increased our metabolisms, and provided good cardio. I sprinted after her. A cop saw me chasing the girl and immediately got involved. She stopped traffic in all directions so that I could make it across the street without getting slowed-down or injured.

The blonde darted between two buildings. I was Germanic and loved blondes. My hardon felt like it was getting even harder and chafed against my clothing as I pursued her. I did an end-around the building closest to me and saw her on the back side hiding behind a tree and watching the alley for when I came through. Girls were not smart this way. They always assumed you were following focused only on them. They were always surprised by physical maneuvers. I sprinted across the small yard where she was hiding. She saw me and began running again, but it was too late for her. I would be inside her soon.

"I smell you!" I shouted.

"You'll never catch me!" she yelled without looking back.

She didn't see how close I was. I leaped and came down on her hard. It knocked the wind out of her and I began tearing at her clothes.

"Fu—fu—fuck me," she gasped as her lungs filled with air, but I was already inside her, knocking the air back out of her lungs with every thrust. She wrapped her legs around me and told me she hated me and to fuck her harder while still sucking oxygen and pushing back hard against me, grinding her pelvis. Her face turned a little blue, but

I didn't care and I didn't stop. This was *Sexlife*, and it wouldn't last forever.

When I was done, I snapped a pic of my fluids running out of her godhole for Sylvie. She thanked me and gave me her number, and we parted company. I crossed back across the street, walking this time. That same cop was still there, so I thanked her for helping me with the traffic earlier. She smelled like cinnamon. She stopped traffic again, and I dragged her to the sidewalk, bent her over her little electric police buggy and fucked her pussy then her ass. She yelled at me to fuck her harder or she'd take me to jail for failure to comply with an officer, or something. Who cares what they say? By the time I finished, her ass was bruised, her face covered in sweat and snot. I snapped a quick picture of my fluid dripping off her ass cheeks again for Sylvie's records.

"How long are you hard for?" she asked.

"I've got a month," I said, a little out of breath. "Starting today."

She gave me her number. I left her bent over the hood of her buggy, her ugly cop pants still around her ankles.

I passed several women on my walk home but smelled nothing. Walking up to my building, though, it was there on the breeze, faint but unmistakable. My cock went straight to diamond-hard and strained against my pants. Coming across the street was a slightly chubby blonde woman, just soft enough and wearing all pink, some kind of track suit. Even her shoes were pink. I could practically see the scent enveloping her body like summer heat hovering above the pavement.

Jules12.

When she saw me, she sprinted up the sidewalk and I followed. She was slow. When I caught up to her, she was laying on a bus stop bench and had already unzipped her jacket. There was no shirt or bra and her tits were out, framed perfectly by the black jacket.

"Just fucking take it," she said.

I grabbed her track pants by the waistband and pulled them down. No shorts. No panties. I put her on her knees facing the back and entered her roughly. She grabbed the back and held herself tight, pushing back against me so I could get as deep as possible. A crowd gathered. I cupped her throat from behind as a man stepped out of the crowd, dropped his pants, and presented his dick.

“Choke me with it, please,” said Jules.

Doubled-up as she was, she didn't notice Semmes watching from underneath a store awning, but I did. I'd been scanning the crowd, expecting him to show up. Hoping. He was slightly backlit, his features indistinct but his presence conspicuous because everyone else had been drawn away from him toward Jules and I. They were all pressing forward, watching. No one else seemed to have *Sexlife* apart from me and this stranger. I grabbed her hair and pulled her face up off the dick in her throat so that she could see Semmes. His dick was out and he was stroking it hard.

“There's your boy,” I growled in her ear. “Behold.”

“He's not my boy,” she said. “He's just my husband.” Then the man in front of her forced her back down on his cock with his hand on her head, but she didn't need forcing.

Semmes staggered closer, his dick still in his hand, watching, eyes locked not on his wife, but on me. I didn't like it.

“Fuck off, Semmes,” I said. “This is *Sexlife*.”

He tapped the man whose cock was inching its way down Jules' throat.

“No cut-ins,” the man said. “Fuck off unless you want to be next.”

When I shot my load, Semmes was sitting on the other bench, his eyes locked on my fluid running down her legs and pooling on the dark green bench slats before dripping through the gaps and filling cracks in the old concrete sidewalk below.

My dick was still hard, so I kept going. I saw Semmes talking to a cop but I didn't stop. This was legal. This was *Sexlife*.

EDEN



A Romance by Ernst Graf

A man with an imagination defies, escapes, and even conjures up circumstances to his favour. Eventually he tries to undo the decrees of God and the universe - the things by their very nature cannot be fought. He can put up a fight whisking up the feelings that have been lost and putting together the vases that have been shattered but no matter how precious these moments become to him, his heart knows they are all illusions. In his solitude he will survey the details of his defeat. This is his Leipzig, his Waterloo.

Byronium

CHAPTER 76

YOU HAVE TO ROLL THE DICE

Thunder and extreme lightning outside Eden Mansions.

I sit in the Night Office watching pornography on my phone with my huge cock out of my trousers. Melissa Mandlikova, Luna Amor, Nadine Jansen on the train, Japanese gym, Japanese ballet, even some Katharina pics. A few final strokes and exquisite release.

Finally a new profile pic from Katharina. Pretty. Looking over her shoulder into mirror. Who is taking the picture?

Of course this disappointing trip to 1924 Paris means Katharina's stock just rises again.

Interesting that I don't come away thinking never again. Instead I'm trying to twist the events around so they seem not so bad, really encouraging actually. I'm trying to give myself an excuse to go back and keep going back.

I still want to find a reason to come back to Paris repeatedly.

*

Another new profile pic from Katharina and in both she looks happy, perhaps pleased that even though I did go back to Sphynx, her friend will have told her I never went to a bedroom with anyone so I didn't actually "cheat" on her. Maybe that makes her happy.

On that walk up the boulevard I did feel so sexy and powerful.

Or more likely she doesn't know about it or couldn't care less one way or the other. I hope so.

But on the other hand, that first night in Black Eagle in Nuremberg last year was so dirty and naughty, like the old Mon Cheri and Mazurka nights in Berlin. The girls get proper sloshed drunk there, which is always sexy to see, their barriers come down as it were, reminding me of Adelina in Manhattan in Vienna.

It opens up the Munich videokabins for me as well.

Try to find a hotel right next to the Black Eagle. How lovely to come out of my hotel straight next door to Mecky Messer, go “home” for a nap, then wake at midnight straight next door to Eagle.

For the naughtiness that Eagle gave me that first night, I must try it again.

Now my mind is fully made up on Nuremberg.

No point earning money if I'm not going to spend it. On sexual pleasures, at least the hunting of them.

Perhaps Paris just has to be a one night stopover on the way to Nuremberg and one night on the way back home, and it might actually be more richly pleasurable that way. The less time you spend in a place the more likely you are to have a great night in my experience. That may sound Irish (if we're allowed to say that anymore) but it's the truth. The extra money it costs to push on to Nuremberg and Munich is worth it if it secures some real dirty naughtiness in return.

You must speculate to accumulate. To dare is to do. You have to roll the dice. The more you put down on the roulette wheel the more you potentially get back. Always playing safe small amounts, sensible amounts, very little you will ever get back, even if you do “win”.

After a spectacular hour in the Munich kabins with my baby oil I took the insane decision to jump on the last train to Nuremberg with no way back, on Easter Monday at that, and was rewarded by that wonderful first ever night at Black Eagle.

I cannot play safe and return just to Paris for four nights.

I could delay Nuremberg for six months and find Black Eagle closed down a week earlier. How shocked I was to go back to

Berlin after my marriage and found Mon Cheri (where I lost my Berlin virginity), Hanky Panky etc all gentrified out. A cataclysm event. Like the cataclysm event in Vienna when I went back to find Pour Platin (where I lost my Vienna virginity) and so many other places gone. These places can all go in one night. Like a house of cards. A row of dominoes.

In Soho, the Soho Cinema, Boulevard Strip, Pleasure Lounge and the Peep Show next to it all went in one night.

Let me enjoy Black Eagle and Mecky Messer while I can.

And travelling first class will make even those long journeys pleasurable.


Spend the fucking money! Splash the fucking cash! Go wild. This is to be a season of the flesh again. At least I am going to really try.

CHAPTER 77

I AM A GAMBLER

So it's done. Wednesday 8pm arrival in Paris and first stay in this new Europa hotel. Dawn train to Nuremberg and 130pm arrival at cheap looking Hotel Continental for two nights £222 in Luitpoldstraße. I realise if that long walk along the lonely wall alley makes me nervous at night I should just go along the main road instead! I get to spend two whole afternoons in the wall and two whole nights in Black Eagle. Then dawn Saturday train back to Paris, midday arrival and no hotel as yet. Tempted to change my ticket and come home to Berlin Saturday afternoon. Nowhere in Paris I want to be on a Saturday. Sphinx is dead at weekends.

Berlin pubs Saturday night seem more exciting.

Yes that train to Nuremberg and back adds £200 to my trip but at least I know there is some pot of gold at the end of the . And the six plus hour journey might make me recoil, but use it constructively, to think, read through my books, even open my laptop and work on THE GRAND TOUR or Penicillin. Lovely six peaceful hours in suspension for writing. And £200 for a 1st class return is really not bad (with my discount).

Re-established contact with Katharina, she's fine, used my money to order some clothes for her little boy as a birthday present from me.

She says she can come in February if it is possible but for less than a month.

Shower not fixed. But the landlord says I can get a £450 credit on my rent!

Found a Joker playing card in my bag and remember picking it up in the street somewhere. But where? Paris maybe?

Changing my ICE ticket from Sunday morning to Saturday afternoon will cost me a bit, but I'm more excited to be in Berlin than 1924 Paris Saturday evening! That says it all.

Going to Munich but not even thinking of Vienna too? No.

Obviously I am a culture buff, Vienna is sacred for Freud, Zweig, Schoenberg/Berg/Webern, *Bad Timing*, *The Night Porter*, *The Third Man*, etc, but I went to Vienna for Manhattan, Tete-a-Tete, and WSK, and after Chinese Flu all these places had gone and that leaves me no enthusiasm to ever return to Vienna.

What I look for is cheap sex. If I have to pay 300 I think I could have done that at home myself. 30 and I think yes, I got that cheap and it is a sexy memory. Cheap sex is always so fucking sexy, and expensive sex is always so fucking boring. This explains why men need a wife like a hole in the head.

*

Smell of roast dinners from the flats in Eden. When was the last time I had a really lovely meal? Not since mother passed away perhaps. I need a rostbraten again. Treat myself. Find a nice restaurant in Nuremberg.

1043pm. Tomorrow afternoon I start my journey to Paris.

Now I'm not going to strippers or Chinese girls, treat myself to food at least.

Study my previous Nuremberg trips. Why were they so underwhelming?

I can enjoy Mecky Messer till really drunk and hungry, then rostbraten in a local restaurant, sleep till midnight, then head out again.

*

Christ I was horny and bulging all night long at Eden last night, just thinking about being back in Black Eagle and how sexy that first night was. That is the value of travel. It does not matter if it is a massive disappointment when I get there, I am used to that, 99% of my life and my travels to naughty places are massive disappointments, that is already priced in, my expectations are low, but it doesn't matter, because it is the hours and days of lubricious excitement anticipating it that is where so much value lies, and the eventual anti climax does not take away from that. You love to go gambling on the roulette wheel and the knowledge you usually will lose does not stop you getting excited at the thought of going back again next time and maybe this time you will win, and win big.

I am a gambler. I gamble with large sums of money but I do not gamble in casinos, I gamble in porn kinos and videokabins and strip clubs and brothels.

I am an opium addict and a gambler. My opium is pornography and prostitution.

Thought of going back to Nuremberg, and briefly Munich for the kabins, is turning me on so much and that is the value of spending that extra £200 for the train ticket to Nuremberg and little more for Munich rather than just staying in Paris all four nights.

Wow, how amazing 430pm Tuesday now, and tomorrow I head back to Paris for late evening arrival and Sphynx nightcap, before Nuremberg next day and Munich Friday.

Back to Paris Saturday lunchtime (all being well with DB) and instead of staying that Saturday afternoon and night in Paris,

I really do feel drawn to changing my ticket and rushing back to Berlin to spend Saturday night in Berlin. That will be my first time in a pub in Berlin for 24 days!

My shower fixed thanks God, water back on.

A lovely rainy early evening, heat coming from my heater. Going to be just 9C during the night. Hot weather already gone. Freezing at Eden last night. Grey and wintry.

Part IV of my great story—EAGLE?

The eagle of the Black Eagle coat of arms. Old Germany.

And when I say old Germany you know what I mean, I think.

Fascinating to see how I feel in Nuremberg this time. At home, a new home, or over, never again. A dead end.

A new Judgement in Nuremberg.

5pm my last night at Eden Mansions about to start before my journey begins.

The realisation that Katharina CANNOT come to Berlin to be my wife and live with her child (due to the previously unknown hidden expenses) has opened up a whole new vista for me. A life of travel will continue to be my destiny. And the money saved on not bringing Katharina here is all there now waiting for my travels.

And £450 just gifted to me by my landlord for the broken shower!

A lovely little gift just before I travel.

I go looking for an egg. A new *Serpent's Egg*. I look in Nuremberg and Munich initially, then later I can think about Hamburg. I look for the golden egg and then will wait for it to hatch.

IV—EGG?

Cash in on opportunities to improve.

Cash in whenever others fuck up. Always be waiting like a hawk for others to fuck up. When an opportunity arises strike like a hawk.

Everything always turns out for the best. After my dire Friday in Paris and stressful journey home discovering the flood and my water turned off, it turned into a nice exchange with the landlord and them giving me an unsolicited £450 credit on my next month's rent! A fantastic boost before my expensive trip to Paris, Nuremberg and Munich.

CHAPTER 78

PARIS

Our train arrives in Paris under black storm clouds, rain starting to hit the window. An ominous start to a new era of my life.

So what does the future hold?

Katharina not coming to marry me.

Just opens up an unexpected last era of travelling then. What else is there?

Well, here we are 927pm nearly finished my second beer in Sphynx, two barmen, black, two customers other than me. The last three girls just left, including that stunning brunette I saw last Wednesday, one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw here. Not one of black woman's girls, interestingly. A light at the end of the tunnel.

No point staying longer. Finish this beer then back to hotel. Early night before dawn train to Nuremberg.

Now Sphynx has just become a staging post on the way to greater pleasures, in Germany. I like it like this. Only spending one random night here increases the chances of meeting a star. It is my Irish philosophy.

NEXT WEEK—NUREMBERG

ENDNOTES

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

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

[The Meat Machine: Amazon.co.uk: Playfair, David: 9781739667696: Books](#)

K.Z.Howell—Father, Soldier, Author & Redneck Philosopher (SW Tennessee). I write Science Fiction, History & Thrillers. A relentless supporter of Penicillin magazine on X [K. Z. Howell \(@KZ_Howell\) / X](#) for a long time. [K Z Howell books on Amazon](#)

Pote from São Paulo, Brazil—I made all these drawings just for fun. I created this blog just to share the pleasure with those who have the same fantasies. [BDSM Male Drawings](#).

Nick August—[Nick August—El tecolote \(@NickAugust\) / X](#) Substack: [Nick August](#)

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

Matt FreeMatt—Lead shill for the FreeMatt Podcast. Loves beauty in many things. Somalia's #1 libertarian personality. Matt's ethos is expounded in this video [Intro to the website](#) & on his always interesting Mogadishu Matt blog [Mogadishu Matt](#) & [Matt "DFA" FreeMatt \(@freemattpodcast\) / X](#) on 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. \(@CharlieWinkle1\) / X](#) and [The Winkle Hour](#)

COVER ART: Garden of Delights or Garden of Hell? by Pote

The court ladies served as concubines and prostitutes to the nobles of the palace. To satisfy the needs of every noble, they had to know everything about sex, all the secrets and practices that could give pleasure to their masters. They studied, learned, and practiced with the soldiers and the servants. There are many reports of them used as didactic material, guinea pigs to the practices of court ladies. This drawing shows the ladies practicing flogging of a strong soldier. The ladies want to find the line between pain and pleasure. The soldier has no choice but to obey the orders by hook or by crook. The palace gardens could serve as real classrooms.

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Marquis de X—sigma male (silent alpha) @ernstgraf · Sep 24, 2022 ...

Christ I love short women

Short women are sexier than tall women.

Discuss.

YES

60%

NO

40%

55 votes · Final results



When Ernst Graf Comes to Brussels (1908) by Remy Cogghe