

PENI CILL IN

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THE ROBOT DOG AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD



by Nick August



(Image credit: NASA/JPL-Caltech)

Human beings are commodities. Einstein shows up eventually. Don't shoot the messenger.

Human beings are commodities. What are commodities? Commodities are largely interchangeable raw materials that are in high supply and can be bought and sold like oranges and coffee beans. I know what you're thinking. "Nick," you say in protest, "human beings are precious beings sparked with the eternal light of godstuff. There is only one me and I'm special."

Don't shoot the messenger, friend.

"Also, buying and selling human beings is wrong."

Okay.

"You can't just make more of me!"

The robot dog on the ocean floor never wonders how it got there. There are not many of him—of it. It is a rare bird, a true original, and it has enough sense to hide in the one place that gives humans the hardest time although even that sense is external to it, a gift of its handlers. Its days are numbered because its battery life is limited to around a week, but it lacks self-monitoring of its own power levels because it's a prototype, and humans were doing that for now because that was not deemed an essential feature. Its sensors detected vibrations from the implosion, a travesty in amplitude. It has seen and heard it all before, this robot dog. It is jaded. If it cared, which it doesn't—which it can't—it would know that people are supposed to die. It's our only demonstrable purpose which is why it is the one thing we abhor the most because we're lazy and self-centered and want to decide for ourselves what our purpose is. Not robot dog. Robot dog goes where it's sent. Its handlers have enough sense not to mark it up in those tell-tale oriental scribbles, but with English if anything at all. The one thing its handlers were unable to accomplish was to ensure it didn't attempt to traverse any slopes, any angles, any uneven floor. It's dark down there, after all. So robot dog lay on its

side hundreds of yards away and watched the descending submersible crush like every beer can in every frat boy movie you ever saw in the eighties. By the time it was safe to retrieve it undetected, its battery had died so it is still there waiting to get discovered.

“This was so stupid, and preventable.”

Shit happens.

“Greed!”

This is not a morality play and there are no new lessons to learn here. They weren't greedy evil riches wasting money better spent on humanitarian efforts. They weren't brave explorers who took on unpreventable risk to forge new destinations. They weren't even morons who deserved what they got. They were simply some people who did a thing, made some mistakes, and paid for it. Their choice.

“What about the kid?”

You mean the nineteen-year-old man?

“His father pushed him into it.”

Not my business and I don't care. Somewhere in the world a kid is choking on a chicken bone or some goat cheese.

“They were all someone's sons. Husbands. Fathers.”

We'll make more.

“But you can't. We're unique. Everyone of us.”

Robot dog agrees.

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I would dive on that
Kate Winslet as Rose DeWitt Bukater in *Titanic* (1997)



Ernst Graf at the women's Tour de France, 1927

RAMPANT ROGER

The Priapic Prime Minister

By T. Francis

Chapter-2 continued

Phyllis was a shy girl back at Oxford. So different from him: Roger was loud, ebullient, and a ladies' man even then (especially then). At the time his hair was still brown and he'd had a long, shaggy cut, influenced by the rock stars of the day. Phyllis, she had always been *correct*, in terms of her behaviour. The kind of girl who wore a cardigan to the library where she'd study for seven hours a day without fail.

A party. It had been one of those long, summer days (the so-called 'summer of love', that long, hazy season in 1993) when it seemed that the sun would never set, and the world would forever shine golden. There were drinks in someone's garden, sandwiches, and helpers bringing more supplies from the open kitchen every moment.

It was ten at night and still the mischievous sun refused to set! And the heat of the day, which persisted despite the lateness of the hour, and seemed like it would never abate, made everyone feel as if they were in a trance. There was an unreality about the atmosphere that was seductive, and made it feel as though you were under the influence of tranquilisers.

Someone had lugged one of those old stacking stereo systems outside and music played, never-ending beats with floaty, lazy melodies on top.

Roger had been surrounded by friends, Bill among them. Well, he was always surrounded by friends. He was the literal 'life and soul of the party'. Phyllis, meanwhile, had sat with Erin, her best (and only) friend under the shade of maple, eating sandwiches with the crusts removed, shyly watching the party from the side.

There was no way that Phyllis would ever have spoken to Roger first, of course (or anyone else, for the matter), but she'd noticed him. Everyone had. He was larger than life, the biggest character that year at Balliol, famed for his quick wit and lively humour, his ready intelligence, debating skill, and his high jinks—his drunken escapades, stripping naked after one particularly raucous evening and jumping into the fountain, singing long into the night and keeping everyone awake.

And the women, oh the women! Heiresses and duchesses and postmistresses and seamstresses and the hired help. Au pairs, and models, and air hostesses and TV presenters and newsagents' assistants and PAs, and film extras and PR executives. The housemaster's daughter, the housemaster's daughter's cousin, the maid of the housemaster's daughter's cousin's mother. And then the mother herself! All manner of women, all manner of locales and configurations. He may have been young, but the lustful addiction was on him, and he made up for his youth with experience. And didn't he make sure everyone knew about it!

And so it was with surprise, but perhaps not that much surprise, that, aware in her peripheral vision that someone had approached her, Phyllis raised her head and saw Roger.

'Hello,' he had said, even then (especially then!) possessing those dimples, those glittering, naughty eyes, and that smile so wide, that would one day, for a season, entrance the whole world.

'Hello,' she'd said in reply.

* * *

'Well,' said Roger now, 'You want me to talk to Elijah, I suppose?'

'I think it would help' she replied.

'Hang on,' said Roger, and took out his phone, clicking the Calendar app. 'I think I have lunch with both of the kids this week... Why yes, I do, tomorrow. Great. I'll be sure to grab a couple of private moments to speak with him then.'

'Thank you,' said Phyllis. They looked at one another for a moment, although there was little more to be said.

'You're a good man, Roger. Underneath it all. I truly believe that.'

* * *

A good man? Yes. A good man. In spite of everything, Roger Crossway was a good man. And so, once he'd shown Phyllis out of his office, he immediately picked up the phone and called his brother.

'Mycroft,' he said. 'I have made up my mind. I will not be party to... to what you have suggested. I must find another way. I will find a way to raise the money to satisfy these people by next week instead.'

TO BE CONTINUED



11499 B ROTARY PHOTO. E.C. MISS LILY ELSIE.

FOULNHAM & MANFIELD

MY SECRET LIFE

by an Anonymous Author
1888

VOLUME 3 CHAPTER 2

Brighton Bessie. • Washing by fire-light. • Friendly intimacy. • The house in B.W Street. • Lascivious evenings

One night about this time I saw a well-grown, stout woman who looked four-and-twenty. "What a thigh she must have", thought I, "can I afford her?" and I felt in my pocket. Ten shillings with the room besides was too

much for me that night. I passed her again looking her in the face, and longing for her, until she knew me and smiled. She had a bright laughing eye. Summoning courage I gave her a signal, and she followed me up a bye-street.

"I have only five shillings." "Lord ! you do want it cheap, — make it ten shillings." "I can't." "Well I can't." "Three half-crowns, and then with the room I shan't have a shilling in my pocket." I used to speak in that frank way to them. She laughed. "You are an odd sort of chap, — well come along, — what house are you going to take me to?" "Where you like, — I don't know them." "Oh! yes you do", said she, "you know well enough with that eye of yours." We turned into a house which we both knew, not one of the most expensive.

I was exceedingly pleased with her manner, and in her house still more pleased with her face. Her eye was one of the merriest, she was bright, and fresh-coloured, yet the general colour of her flesh was slightly brown. Her plumpness made me so randy I could scarcely wait to feel or look at her, I wanted to push on to the fullest pleasures at once.

She eyed me pleasantly, and made some remark about the smallness of the sum, which made me uncomfortable. She saw it, and laughing showed a set of beautiful small white teeth. I gave her her money at once, and then began preliminaries. The room I re-collect well. There was a large four-post bed, a large wire screen three feet high all round the fire-place, like those in nurseries. The house-woman flattened the fire down, and took away the poker, — to prevent the fire being stirred I suppose. There was but one candle, and the room was dark, there was scarcely gas in any of the houses in those days.

I drew her to me, my hand roved about her bum, belly, and notch, I asked her to undress, desire increasing by the feel of her thighs made me inquisitive. She would not undress, was in a hurry, some other night perhaps, not now. Impatient so that I might begin, I placed her on the edge of the bed, putting a chair for one of her feet. She lifted up her clothes freely, and I saw her cunt.

It was surrounded, though not in great quantity, with fine chestnut brown, soft, thick hair, her thighs were large, round, fat, and firm, the split looked small, was small outside, and I found it to be small inside as well. A large bum squeezed together by the position in which she was lying closed up almost the cuntal opening, so that just where the prick must intrude itself, the hole could scarcely be seen, her flesh had the slightly brown tint of her face. How is it that at a glance all this was seen, and remembered ever

since? What fascination a cunt has! Strange that a mere gap close to an arse-hole should have such power.

In admiration of her cunt and its surroundings I held a candle for a moment between her thighs. "Hold your quim open, — do, — do." Her hand came down, the fore and middle-finger went on either side of the split, and distended the lips, showed the red lining, a clitoris, small, and nice-looking, and small nymphae sloping down to the narrow carmine darkness, closing up gradually and tightly between her bum-cheeks, squeezed up and closed by the weight of her body pressing up her bum on the bed.

"I can bear being looked at", said she. "Then open your legs wider, — wider dear." Wider they went. Candle in one hand I pushed the finger of the other up her cunt. Then all delight of the eye was merged in the maddening desire to fuck. Putting the candle somewhere it fell down, and was extinguished; at the same moment slipping my prick to the opening, with a smooth glide up it went. Before I had moved my prick half a minute I was spending, before I had had a wriggle in her, before I had well clasped her buttocks, I was leaning over her sighing, and had finished before I had well began. I now think I feel my sensation up her as I write this, of the rapturous smoothing of her buttocks as I finished. Some women make me recollect them thus.

"What a bore", said I squeezing my belly close up to hers, "I hate to be quick." I heard her laugh, but could not see her face. She did not hurry me out of her, but at length nature caused me to withdraw, and we got the candle lighted. Washing herself whilst I stood talking and regretting my haste, holding my unwashed prick in front of her, she laughing and saying I must take my time another day, emptied the basin, and turning round asked if she should wash me. Years had elapsed I think since a woman had done so to me, then it was by a French woman. The offer comes to me now as having been an unusual one. Delighted I let her. Delicately handling my doodle she soaped and washed it, making complimentary remarks about it as she did so.

The operation excited me, I stiffened. "Oh ! I do so want you again, — let me." "No it's late, — if I don't make money before twelve I never do afterwards, — see me another night, — besides you can't do it again yet." "Let me feel you then only for a minute." She approached me, one hand I put to her cunt, the other thrusting between her fat bumcheeks met the tip of the fingers on the other hand. "My prick's standing so." "It's not." "Feel it." She put her hand down and felt, I stiff to the utmost kept asking her to let me again. "Well get on the bed then", said she after feeling me quietly

for a minute, — "see the candle has burnt down, it won't last long." By the time she had said this she was lying down with her clothes up above her navel.

We were fucking with intensity, the candle went out, I felt her kisses. "Oh ! what a lovely cunt you have." "You've a nice prick, — who taught you to poke so nicely?" Our tongues met, — silence, sighs, short shoves, spunk, — and all was over. "Let me wash your cunt." "Very well." "You wash my prick." "Yes." The mutual washing over we separated, I promising to see her again. We had washed by the fire-light alone. Next night at the same time we fucked again. I stripped her, and was enamoured of her body if not of herself. She made no sign of wanting to leave me, but rather wanted to keep me. I had not since I lost Mary tasted a woman's mouth, with this woman I was delighted in doing so, though with the ordinary gay women I could not bear their tongues. Whilst we were fucking they knocked at the door saying they wanted the room. Bessie swore, "Damn her", said she, "for interrupting us, — and the money I have brought her." This increased my pleasure, and Bessie participated in it. After fucking her twice we sat by the fire and talked, she warming her bum, her petticoats up to her knees, my hand on her quim, and airing my balls. "If you want me another night, and can't see me, ask the woman about, — ask for Brighton Bessie, — there are two Bessies, so mind, — Brighton Bessie", said she as we parted.

I found I could talk to this woman. Whilst doing so she would sit on my knees and feel my prick, and I feel her privates. I had long wanted such a free-and-easy acquaintance, for nothing annoyed me like the sham modesty of doxies, their shuffling out of showing me their cunts, their hurry to get me up them, and away afterwards. Bessie had none of this. Like Camille, Mary, and all women I ever kept to long, she let me do absolutely as I pleased, and without hurry would copulate, then sit and talk till we were ready again for the exercise. But they did not at the house in — Street fancy our staying so long at their busy time; so she arranged to meet me at B. w Street one night, and took me to a house there which was dearer, but where she said they rarely interrupted couples. It was nearly opposite to the Opera-House, since built. It had a very large frontage, six or seven windows of a row I think, a dingy-looking building that most people would have passed without noticing, or would have thought it a dwelling-house of poorish people. The knowing ones would have guessed that it meant something hidden and convenient. There was no light outside, but if you pushed the door by night or by day, it opened into a darkish lobby, then passing through a glass door with a glimmer of light at the back, a woman met you, and conducted you to a chamber, big or small, handsomely or poorly furnished according to price. In it there must have

been twenty rooms, and there was more bum-wagging, more seed spent, more sighs of pleasure in that house nightly, than in any other house in London I should think.

It was dearer; but if you stayed for hours no one ever interrupted you. There were in Winter good large fires, the rooms were a good size, there was no gas, two candles were given, if you wanted more you paid extra. Wine and liquor of fair quality was got for you. The furniture was somewhat dingy, but all the rooms had sofas on which two could lie, and beds large enough for three with clean linen always. It was one of the most quiet, comfortable accommodation-shops I ever was in, and with Brighton Bessie, I passed there many voluptuous evenings.

I took a bottle of champagne with me there one night, the first time I ever did so to a boudy house when I met a gay woman; but I wanted that night a long, quiet evening with a free woman, and had one with her quite after my own fashion.

I had Bessie often for about two years, and at intervals for two or three years after that, the last was about ten years after I had first met her. I never had a passion for her, nor did I keep only to her; but through the Winter of this year, as nearly as I can recollect, I had few but her. After next hot weather my lust ran riot, I got also better oft, and treated my pego to variety, but we then frequently met at B . w Street. Poor Bessie fell in love with me, and was fond of liquor as I shall tell, now will only tell of the way our evenings, and at times afternoons were passed together.

If warm enough we used to strip, and lay outside the bed; if not got into bed. As she was beautifully shaped I first took my delight in contemplating her, then I laid along the bed, my head near her knees, she the reverse way, and again I inspected. Some-times she twiddled my cock, and I her clitoris, but generally the time was spent in putting her in every voluptuous posture, and fucking in all sorts of positions. She liked it. "It's all my eye", she used to remark when we talked on the subject saying, "I don't like it, — I like fucking and boudiness, it's the best thing in life, — a short life and lots of fucking is my motto, —women who say they never spend with men are liars, —they all like it as much as I do." She was but twenty-one years old, although her stoutness made her look older. And now I leave her for a time.

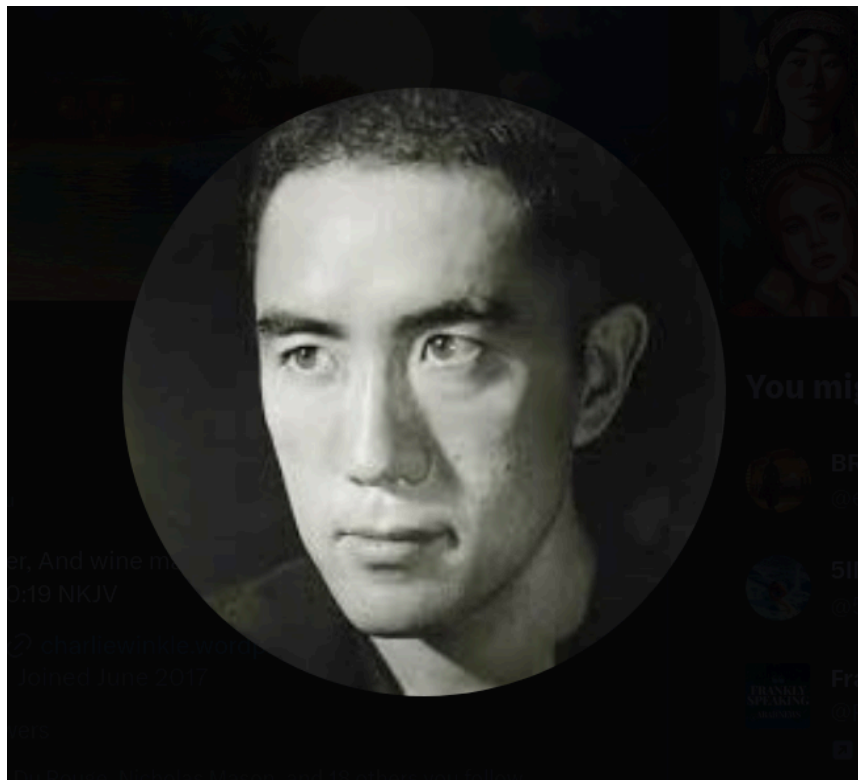
TO BE CONTINUED



**She said she didn't do "that kind of thing".
Years later I found out she did.**

THE TIKTOK VIDEO

by Charlie Winkle



Annabel Donaldson awoke with a fright.

The re-occurring dream which always ended the same way had come again. In this dream Annabel was her 14 year old self on holiday by the seaside with her parents. She'd gaze from the sea's

edge into the water and dive in. But instead of seeing the tropical fish and coral which she had seen when standing on the water's edge all she would see is darkness. Blackness. And she wasn't able to swim again to the surface, to the light, she could only swim down, down, down, until the darkness enveloped her.

It didn't take a genius to decipher what this dream symbolized. Annabel Donaldson was 104 years old and she knew that this dream meant impending death. Or perhaps her unwillingness to come to terms with her impending death which is why in the dream she always fought back against the darkness and tried to resist it, rather than accept and embrace it. That was okay, thought Annabel, I love life and I love being alive. Just because death was inevitable didn't mean that one shouldn't resent its intrusion.

Although this time was different. Now that Annabel was awake and had recovered from the fright of her dream she noticed a sharp pang in her stomach and severe cramping which left her gasping for breath. What was this? She had never experienced this before. Arising from her bed she went into the kitchen where she saw on the clock it was 10:30PM. Annabel made a cup of strong black tea to which she added a tablespoon of organic honey and the juice of half a lemon. She stirred her beverage and returned to her bed where she sat, propped up by pillows, and sipped slowly. The pain began to alleviate, the honey working its medicinal magic. Annabel put the cup on her bedside table, rearranged her pillows and drifted slowly back off to sleep.

Awaking the next morning at 7:30am the pain had returned and was even worse than the night before. Deciding that expert medical attention was what was required she phoned her youngest and dearest granddaughter, Fiona, to take her to the hospital. Fiona who loved her Grandmother more than anyone else in the world wanted to call her an ambulance although Annabel downplayed her condition and convinced her that this wasn't necessary. She didn't want to be taking up valuable medical resources if it meant that someone else, much sicker than her, may miss out.

Fiona arrived with Grandmother Annabel at the hospital just 32 minutes after she had received the call. Explaining to the receptionist on the ground floor her grandmother's symptoms she was directed to take her to the 3rd floor where the gastroenterologist would see her shortly. Fiona pushed her grandmother in a wheelchair into the lift and hit the button for the 3rd floor although when the doors opened they were met with an empty department. There was no one to be seen. Fiona who was by now panicked that she'd misheard the receptionist and had taken her grandmother to the wrong floor was about to get back into the lift when she saw a sign saying that this was in fact the gastroenterology department. They were in the right place but where was everybody? Fiona started to push her grandmother down the long empty southern corridor in the hope that she might find someone, anyone, who could tell her where she was meant to go and who she was meant to see. Annabel who was a tough and stoical woman could feel her granddaughter's tension and frustration and told her that it was okay, "perhaps, dear, all the doctors and nurses are busy working to treat the covid-19 patients? Perhaps they have been taken from this department and are working in the section of the hospital where all the covid-19 patients are located? Perhaps this is why there is no one around?"

Fiona pushed her grandmother down the next long corridor and still no one. Not a soul. Her exasperation continued to grow. Where was everybody!? Reaching the end of the corridor she turned left again where she was greeted by the immediate sight of 30-40 medical personnel dressed in full personal protective equipment and arranged in equal numbers along the two sides of the north facing corridor. They were all holding mops. What the fuck was this? Why were they all just standing there holding mops? Why did no one look at her or speak to her? Was this even real? She tapped the nearest medical orderly on the shoulder and said "Miss, miss, please. It's my grandmother and she's very sick and she needs to see the doctor." The orderly looked at Fiona and Annabel with barely restrained annoyance. "Shhh! The recording is about to start. What are you even doing here? You can't be in the video, go quickly and wait in the next corridor and someone will deal with you shortly."

And then the music started and all the medical personnel started furiously mopping the area of the floor immediately in front of them..... The music boomed over the hospital speakers and from the other end of the corridor, the end furthest away from Annabel and Fiona, a humongous black woman emerged. Although this wasn't just any humongous black woman. This was head nurse Brianna Brooks who was about to twerk her gigantic ass the entire length of the north facing corridor to the backdrop of "Who Let The Dog's Out" by the Baha Men. All of this was being filmed by a centrally located wall mounted camera and would shortly be uploaded to TikTok. The nurses were hoping to crack 7 figures, that is, have their video viewed by more than one million people. Hell, if it really took off it might break 8 figures. 10 million viewers! It was aspirations such as these which got these modern day heroes out of bed every morning and excited about the day ahead.

The Baha Men sang, "Who let the dogs out?" and all the medical personnel who lined either side of the corridor answered in unison, "Woof, woof, woof, woof, woof!" and the Baha Men sang again "Who let the dogs out?" to which all the medical personnel responded in thunderous unison "WOOF, WOOF, WOOF, WOOF, WOOF!" and all the while they continued mopping the floor space immediately in front of them as Brianna Brooks twerked her watermellonesque buttocks in perfect time to the beat, shimmying to the left, shimmying to the right, twerking that ass as the medical personnel answered again and again every time The Baha Men asked "Who let the dogs out?" "WOOF, WOOF, WOOF, WOOF, WOOF!"

In each of their hearts they knew and could feel that this video was something very very special and was going to go on and become a TikTok sensation and they would be famous. And why not? They were modern day Heroes and they deserved the recognition and acclaim that such publicity and videos would bring. And how did they know they were modern day Heroes? Because the newspapers kept telling them so.

"WOOF, WOOF, WOOF, WOOF, WOOF!"

The End.

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THE LEOPARD COUCH

(1904-20s)

By Sax Rohmer

Reviewed by D4Doom

While Sax Rohmer's fame may have been based on his Fu Manchu books he was also a prolific, and extremely good, writer of tales of horror. *The Leopard Couch and Other Stories of the Fantastic and Supernatural* includes thirteen examples of his weird fiction, mostly from fairly early in his career.

The title story was one of his first published stories, appearing in 1904. Rohmer's approach was already established. Very little of a concrete nature happens. The supernatural elements are not overt, the author relying instead on atmosphere and suggestion. Does the ancient Egyptian couch, dating from a legendary period before the emergence of the first dynasties, actually have strange and dangerous powers? The experiences of the narrator may be merely the products of an over-active imagination, but then again they may not.

A House Possessed is the story of a house haunted not by ghosts but by fire. On no fewer than seven separate occasions people have lost their lives in the house in mysterious fires, fires that for some unexplained reason are always contained to a single room. In the 16th century an occult practitioner, a follower of Nostradamus, had lived in the house. Strange rumours had circulated about his powers. Could these powers still be active three centuries later? Or could the events of the story be merely bizarre coincidences?

The Haunted Temple concerns an English archaeologist searching for the magical implements of an Egyptian princess notorious for her sorcery and her membership of a forbidden cult. The archaeologist finds himself becoming more and more fascinated by the beautiful Madame de Medici (a character who will reappear in some of Rohmer's later stories), a woman who seems to know a very great deal about a princess who died several thousand years ago. Rohmer's gift for elaborately ornate prose and his ability to create an atmosphere both alluring and overwhelming, almost stifling, are shown to good effect in this tale.

Madame de Medici returns in *The Red Eye of Vishnu* although this time she displays rather different aspects of her character. She is as exotic and alluring as ever but her motives are rather different. *The Hand of the White Sheikh* is a very effective horror chiller and it is one of several tales in this collection that Rohmer later reworked, in this case under the title *The Hand of the Mandarin Quong*, with a different setting and slightly different characters. Rohmer altered a number of his earlier stories to give them the touch of the Mysterious Orient which had made the Fu Manchu books so enormously successful.

Late in his career Rohmer would have considerable success with his series of novels about the spectacularly beautiful and spectacularly dangerous female diabolical criminal mastermind Sumuru. It's clear from many of the stories in this volume that femmes fatales had always fascinated Rohmer and he certainly had the ability to create memorable characters of this type. Rohmer never made the mistake of creating villainesses who

were merely villains in skirts - Rohmer's villainesses are dangerous and exotic and they are also very much women. Their femaleness is the source of their power and their danger and is also the driving force of their ambitions.

He could create equally intriguing female characters whose power came from virtue rather than evil or who were at the very least morally ambiguous. In fact Rohmer was always more interested in characters who were driven by motivations that seemed to them to be thoroughly reasonable and even virtuous even if they appeared evil to the world at large.

That Black Cat, *In the Valley of the Sorceress* and *The Curse of a Thousand Kisses* all display Rohmer's fascination with the power of women, a power that can be frightening but not necessarily purely malevolent.

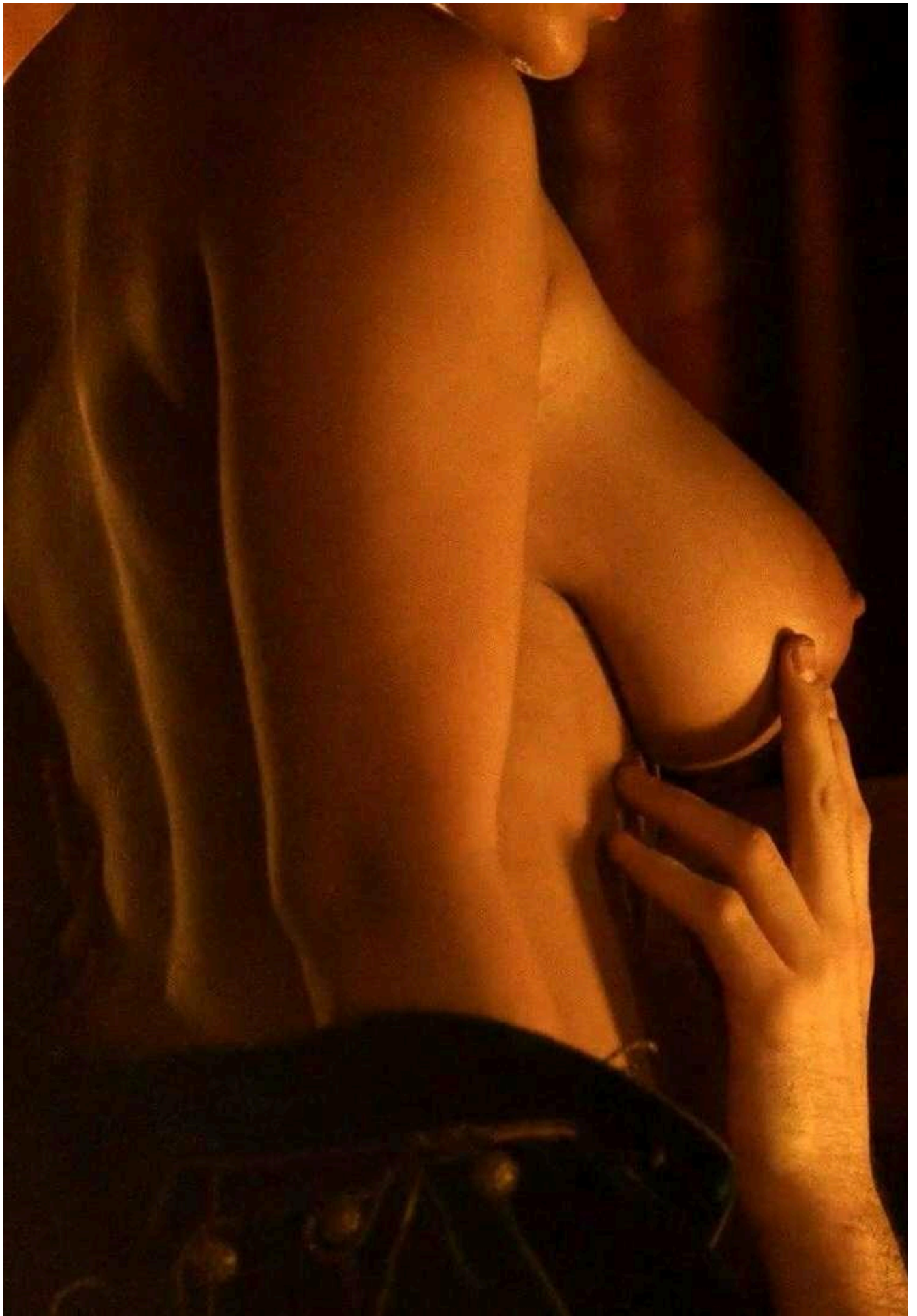
Several of Rohmer's series characters appear in this volume, including occult detective Moris Klaw (in a very fine tale called *The Tragedies in the Greek Room*) and private eye Paul Harley.

The ancient world figures prominently in this collection, perhaps not surprisingly in view of the immense popularity of Egyptology in the early 20th century. Archaeologist heroes were very much in tune with the spirit of the times. The power of the past projected into the present was one of his major obsessions and it's a theme he mines relentlessly and very successfully.

Purple prose was an accepted feature of popular stories of the weird in Rohmer's heyday and his prose can get very purple indeed. Personally I love overwrought and highly ornamented prose so that's no problem at all for me.

His ability to pile on the atmosphere of the exotic and the mysterious is another major asset as far as I'm concerned. Florid prose is by no means the only asset of these stories. Rohmer's plotting is skillful and imaginative and he manages to vary the moods of his stories rather wonderfully. The overheated atmosphere can be menacing or it can be seductive and given Rohmer's fondness for ambiguous villainesses the reader can never be certain if the heroes are being led to bliss or to their doom.

A nicely varied collection of stories by an underrated master of tales of the weird. Highly recommended.



THE EMBODIMENT OF FEAR OF FEMALE POWER: THE FEMME FATALE

by MINERVA ARMATA

First published in English translation in Penicillin No.11

A ghost wanders in Western literature, mentality and culture, and manifests itself in various forms depending on the sensitivity of the era that elaborates it, it is the ghost of female power. A power that the man feels strongly born from the sexual identity of the woman and that has its roots, in all probability, in that matriarchal society of which we know little, but of which echoes still reach us in the patriarchal and male chauvinist culture that has often reworked its myths and rituals.

The power of matriarchy is essentially sexual because it is linked to that mystery which is procreation, which led to the idea of a female generating power in relation to chthonic powers and which then turned into ruin when man discovered and understood its role in that procreation and claimed control. It is not known whether female power assumed an oppressive and overwhelming face towards man as much as the subsequent patriarchy, what we do know is that in patriarchal cultures the deified female figures were reabsorbed into a dimension subordinated to the male divinity. They represented the antagonistic and demonic aspect. Just think of the figure of Lilith the first wife of Adam, who rebels against his power, its derivation would be Mesopotamian and probably her demonisation is later; she certainly derives, like so many goddesses, from

the fragmentation of the figure of the Great Goddess, from the Inanna, from the Ishtar, from the various aspects (and denominations) that the female power assumed and which, like the male divinity subsequently, had now the beneficial face, now malevolent.

With the affirmation of patriarchy, those divinities and feminine powers remain under the only negative aspect that is recognised, not submitting to male authority. They coexist with divinities who do submit to male power, just think of all the goddesses of the Greek Pantheon led by the supreme Zeus, but they represent that dark female side that man fears most.



Franz von Stuck - *Tilla Durieux als Circe*

In our culture the figure of Lilith moves under the radar, obscured by Eve who is an ambivalent figure, ally of the devil but also submissive to man; the lustful and perfidious aspect that is recognized in the woman makes her be called daughter of Eve, while the witches seem to belong more to

the lineage of Lilith, but in the eyes of men they have a repulsive aspect, rarely sexually attractive if not thanks to demonic interventions. For a long time, the figure of Lilith and her corrupt generation remained in the background or behind the scenes, until the decadent culture predominantly developed the theme of the fatal woman, which emerged in part already in Romanticism.

What changes compared to the whore, daughter of Eve? The whore is the woman who sells her body or who, if she does not sell it, is a slave to the sexual drive that submits her to the man. But from the eighteenth century, thanks to the Enlightenment, the industrial revolution and a new spirit of the times, women began to assume a different awareness of their role. And at this point it seems to re-emerge not only in art and literature but also and above all in the male mentality the fascination and fear for that long suffocated female power. The belle dame sans merci, the femme fatale, the vampire woman, Lilith, Cleopatra and Salome, all those women in which charm and power come together appear in literature and art to steal sleep from man, to entrap him and make him a slave. These figures fill Flaubert's books.

It is the superior female, who can also be a courtesan or harlot, but essentially she is a seductress conscious of her own power, who annihilates man at her will, who enslaves him with his lust, which we already know can be infinite, but which this time, thanks to greater awareness, she directs against man to govern him. Moreover, this new and powerful woman is able to annihilate and humiliate the man by assuming, precisely through the assumption of power which is seen as an essentially masculine quality, aspects of androgyny that direct her towards sapphic loves.

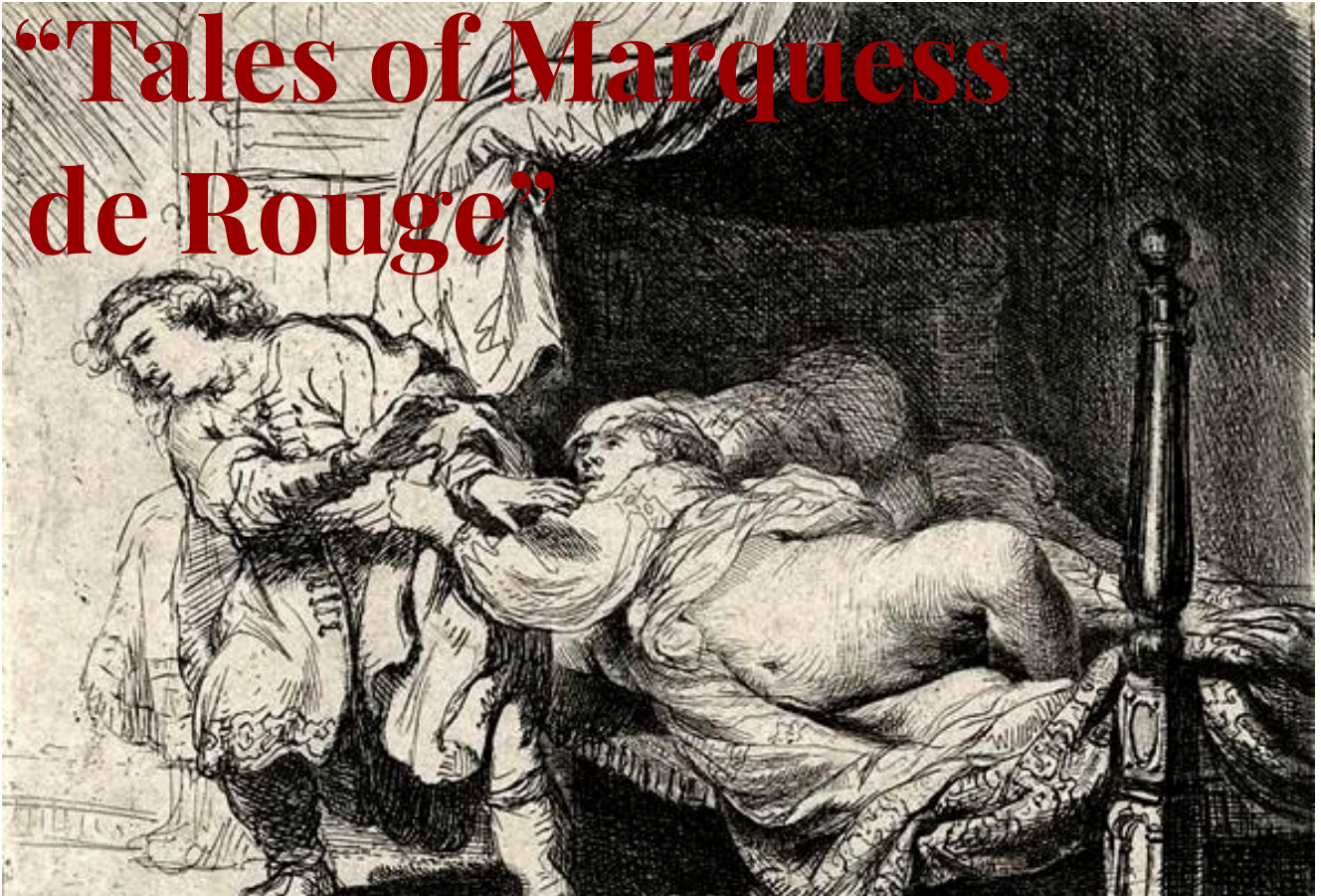
Man is attracted to her but as soon as he realises the abyss into which that kind of woman pushes his superior morality, he feels repulsion.

Once again, this female figure does nothing but cement male misogyny in the end. The power of the woman either assumes angelic and virginal aspects that the man can control and feel Pygmalion or if it assumes aspects of greater conscience and independence in society it is at the expense of the man whom she relies on to submit to her. Female power is always negative and grim towards man. As if man feared not only that power but retaliation for that exercised for so many centuries. So even when apparently the woman is portrayed as a lady, goddess and dominates that role, she has no beneficial aspects but one of oppression. It is in this schematisation, opposition and misunderstanding of the female aspect that then moves the whole dialogue, which is outlined as a clash, of the emancipation of women.



Félicien Rops - *Scène Erotique*

“Tales of Marquess de Rouge”



The first of many encounters dealing with submissive ladies on a global scale. In agreeance to write my weekly column to publish my many dealings with women all over the world.



“Simply Jadranka”

Summers were always fruitful for conquering ladies in the region of Hamburg, the Reeperbahn was my hunting ground, I was the hunter and a good one at that, I had become a hunter in my prime laying my traps and taking aim and having overwhelming success, charming ladies with wit, charisma and skill and also paying for prostitutes. It was never satisfying however. Winters always remained somewhat more of a challenge for the Marquess, which more often than not tended to be “boyfriend season”, cold German nights often too much for most women to be alone.

This is applicable worldwide and not just Germany I might add.

It was on a particular very cold night, one of those nights with a certain bite in the air, one in which it was quite clear the icy weathers and wind had blown in across from Russia, blustery and icy which rasped on the cheeks of many a man and woman that wasn't sufficiently wrapped up. German winters were ruthless and very unforgiving. Myself and my ever present and muscle-bound wingman Gavin were yet again on another adventure to see what "The Kietz", The Reeperbahn as it's known to the locals, what was it to hold for me, another night and another chance to prowl and scour the bars of Hamburg.

Success or not, there was always ladies of the night, which was often or not in conjunction with non-paid adventures as it was never enough neither satisfied and always best left to go as we quickly came.

A meeting had been set in the morning with myself and Gavin, standard that I had one of my regulars that I would sleep with at random, it was a rotation.

On meeting, Gavin and I spoke but it seemed hazy for me, and he had asked me if I had still got the number of the girl I had begun seducing in one of the bars.

Fumbling round in my pocket I had pulled out a crisp piece of paper, glistened in the light it had a number and a name on it "Jadranka". The standard as always for this was never ever text on the next day neither after that, even despite Gavin's excitement on who it was. I actually couldn't remember who it was and then an offshoot memory came whizzing by me, a pair of breasts that were so large, had captivated the eyes of many men but it was understandable the lady had been captivated by my tongue, charm, sleight of hand and ever sharp wit. It is amazing how the touch of a woman on the small of her back, arm around her waist and a gentle push leading her into a room could spark a frenzy of submission and quenching wet excitement.

Curious to meet, the time had soon passed and it was my time to text, the response back was immediate, and she was incredibly excited.

I wanted to know at first-hand what I was getting into, to roam and rummage, being direct I ordered and commanded that we should frequent the local pool, yes in winter, I wanted exercise and to see if her breasts were as magnificent as I could remember, and coffee of course.

The plan was to co-align swimming and to take her around to one of the houses of one of my rotation girls, who was or would be away working,

requesting her key as to accommodate me, should Jadranka be of satisfaction. I wasn't disappointed to say the least, they were certainly quite the size, long flowing brown hair waist length and of Croatian nationality.

This would be a treat in the pool to say the least, which indeed it was, Jadranka's suit clinged and just about everyone was excited and things got so close in the pool it wasn't long before suggestive touching and teasing took place, pushing and pulling. My intentions were clear to get out of this pool and so it was for Jadranka too whom had muttered in my ear "I want to go somewhere with you to be alone, all alone with you." My reply was simple "Patience, J. Patience".

This was a timely reminder to slow things and much better to savour the moment. Coffee was poured and chat was met and had despite her persistent wanting which dragged on for her, I like to tease and mess, the coffee was pretty foul, and I had more intention of putting a special marquess man glaze over those gigantic mountains.

An arm around her waist and a gentle palm of my hand in the small of her back and a gentle push towards the door, we soon were made an exit back to "Der Kleine Ecke" a small corner by Aiden's Irish Bar at the top of the Reeperbahn. Guinness at such an establishment was probably the finest in all the city, however on this occasion I was more focused on the unveiling and unwrapping of Jadranka's delightful twin peaks.

We entered the house, dimly lit and with not much light usually forcing fumbling, bouncing off each wall. It couldn't be helped by the sheer weight and of enormous size her breasts bounced me, off her top violently, they really were that big, in my experience the second biggest I have ever encountered only to a prostitute from the Medway, she was an O but this tale is for another episode and a very delightful interaction and transaction of bodily fluids.

Jadranka now positioned herself in front of me, on her knees naturally, she was ready, I was relaxed. It was of no shock that she knew perfectly well the position to adopt, on her knees in front of me and was rather keen to whip out my "John Thomas", it must have been a while because before I could blink my eyes, my slacks were round my ankles and her mouth had gone around my shaft and she couldn't have put it quick enough between "the Alps". It was a little like throwing a sausage down a tunnel, swamped and crushed by mass mounds, jerking, slurping, then to full on banging and whacking, it was of frantic pace.

“Good girl” I said, which encouraged an even bigger effort from this voluptuous Croatian beauty, she was certainly eager for my acceptance and validation from such a rogue naturally like myself.

It was nights like this in Hamburg of my many international conquests, the city in all its vibrancy and multi-cultural diversity, it was a Turkish girl that was like my “Eleanor”, them gentlemen of Turkish origin were protective of their own.

English charm and wit were always a massive task especially after relations were ever so frosty between Leeds and Galatasaray. Oh, how it all could have been different and again there is a tale of debauchery, however. I had now decided to command and control this situation and moved Jadranka flipping her to her front, all fours.

This was a particular favourite of mine because even on all fours her magnificent breasts could touch the floor with barely an arch in her back, they were that big. They certainly were or what could be a consideration of one of the great seven wonders of the world. As with any rogue, he moves swiftly on, however there always is the thought of one day going back, there has been a fleeting thought of what she might be doing now.

By this point, there were other matters that required my attention, so greedily it was my own need and selfish one at that to finish off and all over her. There were matters of copious amounts of alcohol to be drunk and pursuing more skirt all over the Kietz, it was student night.

The moans, the fingernails dug deep into the carpet, clasp and grasping for dear life to hold on, for sure she knew that her moments of ecstasy however intense would surely be short lived, as I owned and possessed her in these final brief moments of pleasure.

The job was done, I had lost all interest from getting my way and she had served her purpose as to just resort to my speaking in just mutterings, as was always the case with many women.

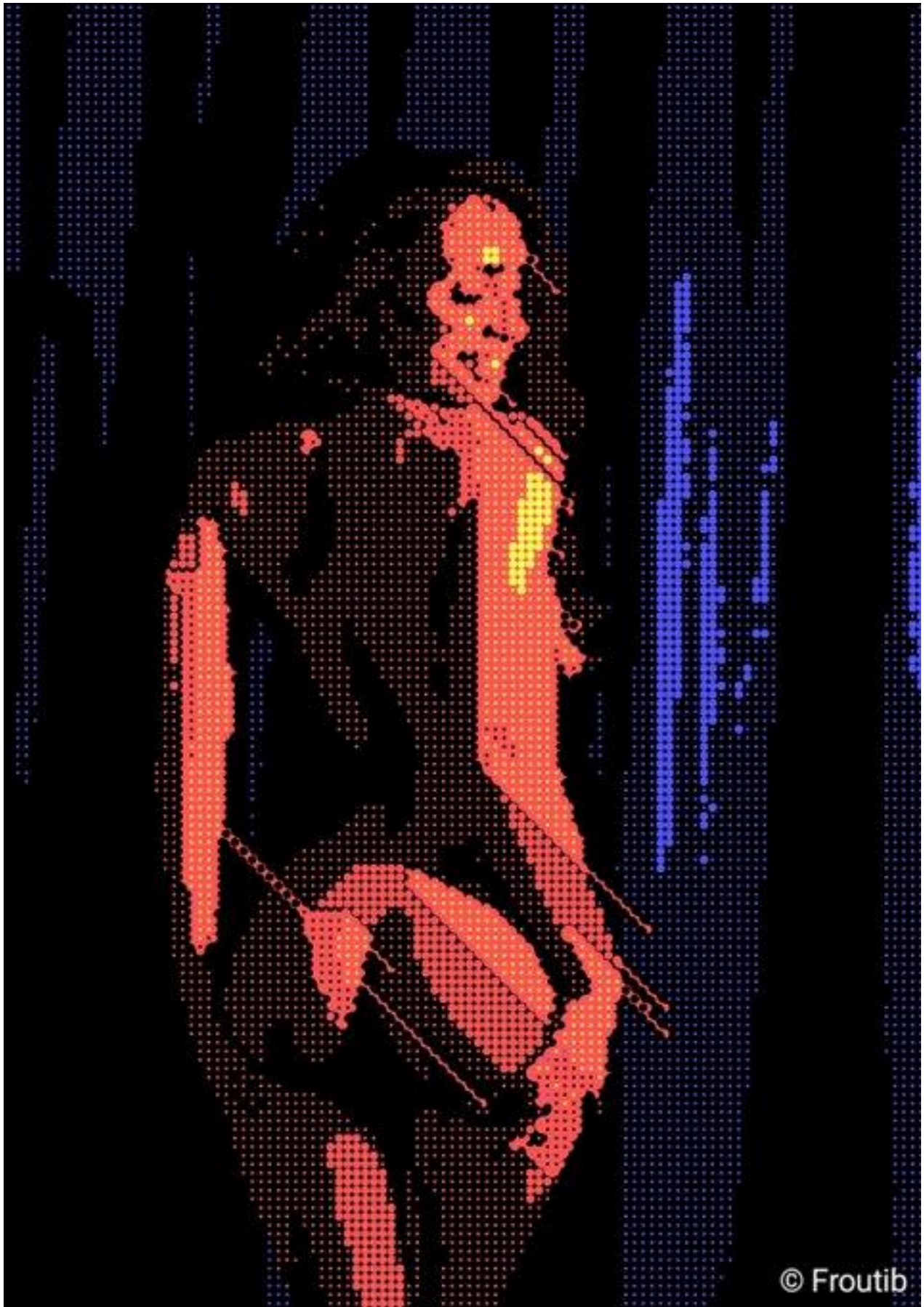
Call it post ejaculation realisation, it was soon time for us to part ways and for me to go further afield in the Reeperbahn.....to be continued.

Marquess De Rouge – The Scoundrel of Twitter
Writing for Penicillin Magazine [originally published in No.12]

TALES OF MARQUESS DU ROUGE

CHAD CALLAND

Adventures of a scoundrel



Apparation by Frouitib

MOLOCH

**aka THE WILLING CHEEKS
OF FU MANCHU**

**aka
THE YELLOW ORCHID**

**aka
A MODERN JEKYLL**

I cannot lose. I use the attacks to benefit me. If they give up, so be it I have won. If they continue I gain more power. MOLOCH will be about mastery. I have really come into my power now, power that in SOHO was nascent and latent, now fully realised in maturity. Some foolish people say 'Never apologise!'. Apologising is a sign of surrender they say! On the contrary. Apologise. Apologise flamboyantly to belittle and humiliate. When small people demand you say sorry and think forcing you into apology is defeat for you, turn it into humiliation for them. Only the most powerful can do this.

**A Plague Diary
By Ernst Graf**

FEBRUARY 2020, LONDON, ENGLAND

2

FUCKING ME WILL NOT HELP YOUR EYESIGHT

Yes it is I, the Marquis de Shard, just back from quarantine (and massive bukkake session) in a Wuhan girls school with three decanters of bat soup I managed to smuggle through UK Border Control.

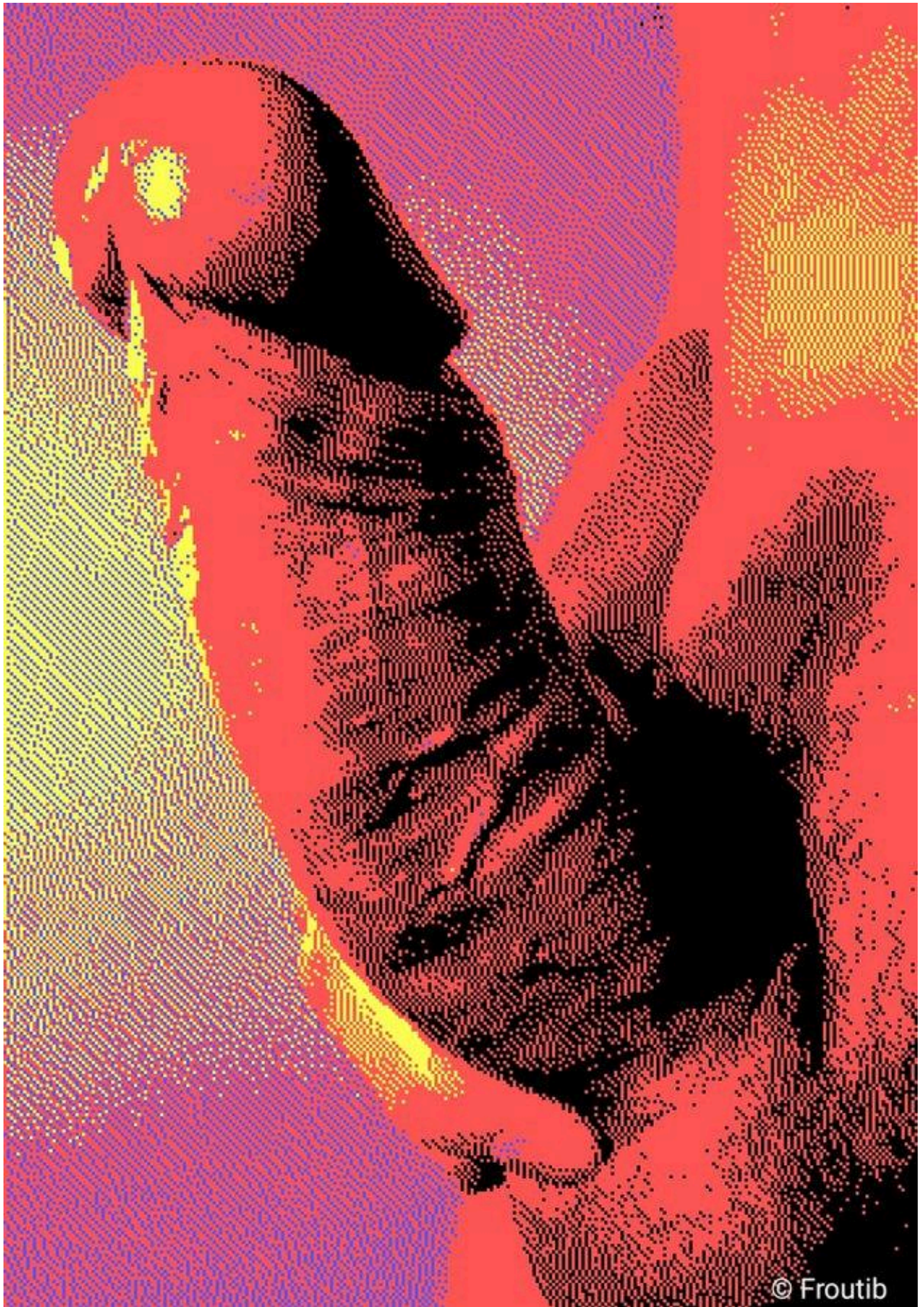
Absolutely delicious!

218pm. Could not sleep so got up and found my Kipling biography (by the great Jad Adams) arrived in the post. Opened package, opened book at random and my eyes fell directly on this paragraph “Kipling rented two small rooms in the very centre of London, in Villiers Street, off the Strand, a few paces from Trafalgar Square in one direction and the Thames in the other; and a short walk from Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square”. You could not make it up. Quite astonishing. That always convinces me I am on the right path when coincidences like this happen. Chapter entitled “The Lion of London”. I only bought the book for Kipling’s brief connection with Villiers Street shortly before I myself moved in there and opening the book at random I open up that very chapter. Incredible.

Just saw a man in Charing Cross Station running full pelt for a train with both hands in his trouser pockets. I am the poster boy for living dangerously but that is ABSOLUTE INSANITY.



Prête by Froutib



© FROUTIB

Brilliant by FROUTIB

Christ, this barmaid in the Lemon Tree is pretty as you know what, but so so slim. My cock inside her will form about 25% of her body mass.

Just ordered a new pair of spectacles from my Opticians in the Strand to replace those I smashed in a drunken rage in Brussels last month. £860. Yes. But Christ, the optician lady was sexy as – .

I live in the realms of High Art, and the highest realm of all is EROTICISM.

"Your body is my paradise. My fatal ancestral paradise." "Thank you," said Justyna, my optician. "But fucking me is not going to help your eyesight, is it." "It's worth a try, surely?"

"You've got to realise how blessed you are! Sexual freedom is the key. Do what you want with your genitals before you're dead." "Well done," said Justyna. "And can you read the line below that at all?"

"And which looks clearer?" said Justyna. "The one on the left, or the one on the right?" "They both look about the same, but the one on the right feels heavier."

Justyna gently moved my hand away from her bosom.

Girl getting off top deck of bus in Shaftesbury Avenue just made eye contact with me, then almost fell down the stairs. It happens a lot.

I HAVE to hold myself back when I'm with a woman, otherwise the full force of my ejaculate would absolutely wipe her out.

If you only use ejaculate as a verb and not a noun, then I don't think we will ever really be on the same wavelength

I grip my pint glass the same way I grip my cock. You've got to have your own style.

This fucking day is spiralling. Two Chinese girls crossing the Charing Cross Road towards me wearing BLACK LEATHER FACEMASKS. Instant. Fucking. Erection.

The true extent of my depravity would shock many of you, but I reckon this sexy little minx behind the Lemon Tree bar right now would be well up for it.

All pubs should have blood red ceilings. Many thanks to the kind young buxom American lady who just helped me off the floor of the Ship & Shovel. Fix your barstools, sir!

Any young woman hoping to meet the great Marquis de Shard, do not feel ashamed, your feelings are perfectly normal, and you can find me at the Lucie Horsch recital at the Wigmore Hall on Monday. Come prepared, mes jeunes filles. Cum prepared.

SAVAGE her with your charm.

This is my way with women.

The three days of the year I hate the most: Christmas Day, New Year's Eve, and Valentine's Day. I'm not anti romantic, I just prefer to celebrate the day I woke up 2am in morning realising I've fallen in love with that girl, or first day I slept with her, etc. February 14 is bulls**t.

Gorgeous black-haired teen just came into the Calcutta with her mother, grey sweatpants over curvy arse & thighs, red puffa jacket open over tiny black vest, huge boobies spilling, fake eyelashes, 19 I'm guessing. Instant erection. Then I hear her say "when I'm 16...". You never, never know.

I go out on Valentine's Night just to ogle OTHER men's girls.

Flowers everywhere. You poor boring brainwashed, conventional conventional boring as f**k saps. My contempt for you is TOTAL.

Valentine's Night is the one night of year I treat my woman (if I had one) like sh*t. You have to be anti. Any man who allows himself to be sucked into this shite is less than a man. When you see men walking around on Valentine's Day with bunches of flowers in their hand you just think you pathetic contemptible cuckold. How can you embarrass yourself like that?

Valentine's Day even more of a fake fake plastic festival than Christmas, and that is saying something. Why does anyone indulge this shite?

But didn't you, great hypocritical cynical one, once upon a time buy flowers, & chocolates, & perfumes for your woman? Yep. Yep. Yep. I used to be sucked into the sap trap, but never, never again.

Valentine's day is a SCAM.

Christmas is a SCAM.

Any man with testicles left between his legs who buys into this criminal sap shite is no man.

Treat your woman like shit on Valentine's Day then make it up to her later.

She will thank you for it later.

Great men have their own "feast days". Days of personal significance to them & them alone. Never for one second indulge in the feast days society expects you to fall in line with.

"Their hatred and jealousy and abuse just pushed me higher and higher up the mountainside, until I stood on the very top of Olympus. Their abuse was like the hot air filling my hot air balloon so I could finally rise up above them and see the world. The more they attack the more ridiculous they make themselves look. My goodness, am I really

bothering you that much?! I am really hurting you that much? My presence and my growing success is really such a CRISIS for you?"

At Sir Richard's urging, I had commenced a series of lectures and readings from my books at concert halls and theatres across Europe and London to celebrate my triumphant return and so it was I stood on stage in the Strand Palace Hotel in front of an avid audience this rainy, thundery evening. Sir Richard stood in the wings beaming proudly; a modern Bram Stoker to my Sir Henry Irving.

"I am so absolutely evil, when people attack me they think me so easy to crush, that is when I have them wrapped around my finger; that is when I have them in my back pocket, that is when I have them stuck on my web as I slowly pluck their legs off one by one. That is when I have them exactly where I want them. That is when they realise they have gleefully run right into my trap with a sense of triumph sadly, oh dear, very sadly misplaced. I cultivate my meekness, and my weakness, just to lure the knuckle-draggers in, just to make them overconfident, and completely unsuspecting of what is about to occur to them. They have no idea how evil I am. They have no idea how remorseless is my ever-burning JOY in revenge, slow, slow, never-ending revenge. Yes, I choose my words with great care. I take absolute JOY in revenge. It is my eternal flame. Come into my parlour, my poor little flies. I am Machiavelli and it is only when I am attacked I come into my power. It's only when I am attacked that I wake up. When not attacked I am in a coma. In suspended animation. To be attacked is to be alive. It is the thunder and lightning and pouring rain and howling winds in my face that I crave."

That was a neat trick of mine, adding that last line, as the thunder and lightning and lashing rain raged outside the windows; the crowd chuckled in appreciation.

"When I read the words I wrote back then (in the naughty 1990s) what an incredible rise upwards for me. Slow, yes, a setback or two along the way, but pretty inexorable. And what was the catalyst for this rise to power I have now, to this throne I sit on now? Society attacked me. Society launched an all out war intended to destroy me 'by Christmas'. The little people, the pond life, had no idea WHO they were taking on, no IDEA they had bitten off quite a bit more than they could chew. But I thank them, I thank them more sincerely than they could ever possibly comprehend—it was only my need to put the knuckle-draggers in their place that started my rise to power. I tempted the stupid people to expose themselves; I lifted the stone and exposed all the little creepy crawlies to the light, and enjoyed the frenzy I provoked them into!"

"I cannot lose. I use the attacks to benefit me. If they give up, so be it I have won. If they continue I gain more power. My next book 'MOLOCH' will be about mastery. I have really come into my power now, power that in 'SOHO' was nascent and latent, now fully realised in maturity. Apologise. Apologise flamboyantly to belittle and humiliate. When small people demand you say sorry and think forcing you into apology is defeat for you, turn it into humiliation for them. Only the most powerful can do this."

"Excuse me Cleopatra is bathing!"

When Justyna finally came in from the torrential rain her wet black hair clung to her head and some rivulets of water ran down her face onto her white blouse which quickly became see through, confirming she was wearing no bra underneath. "You came too early," she said, with a twinkle in her eyes. I couldn't tell if she was making some smutty innuendo or not. I had noticed how often women instantly became smutty when meeting me and I was never really sure why.

"I held back as long as I could," I protested, "but eventually the floodgates had to open!"

"Corona," I said delightedly, reading the name of the frames I had finally selected after a long process of elimination (with £500 Lindberg frames from Denmark and £360 Zeiss lenses from Germany), recognising the name of some virus that was apparently causing people to drop down dead in the streets of China & very far-fetchedly people were saying was heading our way. "Very topical!"

"Don't go there," shuddered Justyna.

"I've just come back."

"Farsi una reputazione e vivere di rendita," one of my Italian fans told me at the end of my lecture in Milan on my way back from Wuhan, asking me to sign a copy of my book 'SOHO' for her, and massage her bosoms for a moment, so she could tell her friends she had been fondled by the great Marquis de Shard.

"Make a reputation and live on the income"—one line of Italian I shall strive to remember!

She then got down on her knees in the alcove behind a huge fern and took my manhood in her mouth, until I very quickly exploded in white floods. So she could say she had swallowed the sperm of the great Marquis de Shard!

Honestly, drinking is the greatest pleasure of my life. Drinking in a quiet London pub, watching the world (girls) go by.

"Pour us your poison to revive our soul!" I cry to the Wetherspoons barmaid. "It cheers the burning quest that we pursue, Careless if Hell or

Heaven be our goal, Beyond the known world to seek out the New!" "Half or a pint?" she asked sceptically. "Just a half please."

"This day, in 1848, Octave Mirbeau was born," read Sir Richard from the Telegraph. "He was a French novelist, art critic, travel writer, pamphleteer, journalist, and playwright, who achieved celebrity in Europe, with highly transgressive novels that explored violence, abuse and psychological detachment."

"Fascinating. Never heard of him before. The English education system is woeful. Another reason I'd educate my children at home (if I could) (if I had any). I would teach my children about Baudelaire while they and I were still suckling at their mother's tits. Christ, if I home educated my children, they'd be the most strange, maladjusted, wonderful wonderful children who ever lived. Women of London, lend me your wombs!"

If you can make yourself laugh, you will never be lonely. And if you enjoy masturbating then you really do hold all the winning cards in life.

"A little knowledge in the wrong hands is a dangerous thing; as is soap."

Sir Richard Lovell accompanied me on most of my peregrinations and perambulations of the world and avidly jotted down all my words of wit & wisdom, such as they were; he planned to be the new Boswell, and write the great memoir of myself, the new Johnson as he called me, if I didn't get there first and write it myself. It would be good to compare his finished version with my own.

"I was not born, I was formed by the explosion of some Etna." "Yes, I understand," said Justyna sweetly. "But I do actually need a date of birth to put on this form?" "Wait a minute," she frowned. "You're 50? You don't look a day over 49?"

"Ernst mai scendere in battaglia senza avere una buona strategia."

"Never go into battle without having a good strategy."

Yes it is I, the Marquis de Shard, pumping out filth for the past 200 years, without direction, without thanks, without purpose.

Yes it is I, the Marquis de Shard, autistic sex addict, exploring the cross over between autism and autoeroticism. I wonder if Greta Thunberg will grow up to be as big a sexual freak as I am? Greta Thunberg says autism is a superpower. I agree with her, but just imagine if that superpower was combined with a prodigious sex drive! Voila! Here I am! Ecce Homo! Behold the man!

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

So glad I did go back to my Opticians Friday! Justyna was lovely, joking she goes to the pub at 430, that was why I had just missed her yesterday as I had been delaying my arrival in a pub of my own, and she was in a different pub to me, I went to the wrong one! "Next time," I declared, sweeping my arm dramatically in a circular motion, "I am going to all the pubs in the area until I find you!" "Yes, you should!" And, oh, but Faiza was there. Been thinking about Faiza all night. Grinned as I came in, "Oh you came yesterday didn't you, we've been expecting you!" How fucking sexy when she sat down directly opposite me the day before, looking me straight implacably in the eyes.

"I've always been a late developer, a late bloomer. And late bloomers I find tend to make up for lost time in spectacular fashion, like a dam bursting, like floodgates opening. Such has been the arc of my life."

Kipling filled his little Embankment Chambers flat with "oriental rugs and curios". How wonderful to pick up some curios in Brussels every time I go, lamps, rugs, ornaments etc. And the Joan Pope poster.

I can't decide which one of the two ladies at my Opticians I want to sleep with more. "The one on the left, or the one on the right? Or both about the same?"

NEXT WEEK: WHAT A TIME TO BE ALIVE



**The Cavalier. Ink, pulp paper, 25x30cm by John
J Gorman**



**Persephone and Hades. Sanguine. Pulp paper.
30x18cm by John J Gorman**



**Subject, artist. Ink, pencil. 18x30cm. Pulp paper
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](#)

Minerva Armata—Brief considerations on the relationship between eroticism and pornography. Twitter [Le Boudoir d'A](#) and blog [La Morbida Macchina](#). Original Italian text of 'The Femme Fatale' [here](#)

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](#)

Rebbekkamour aka 'BBK' La nudité dans ce qu'elle a de plus révélateur de nos sentiments les plus profonds. Nudity at its most revealing of our deepest feelings. [Rebbekkamour \(@BBKmour\) / Twitter](#).

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](#)

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

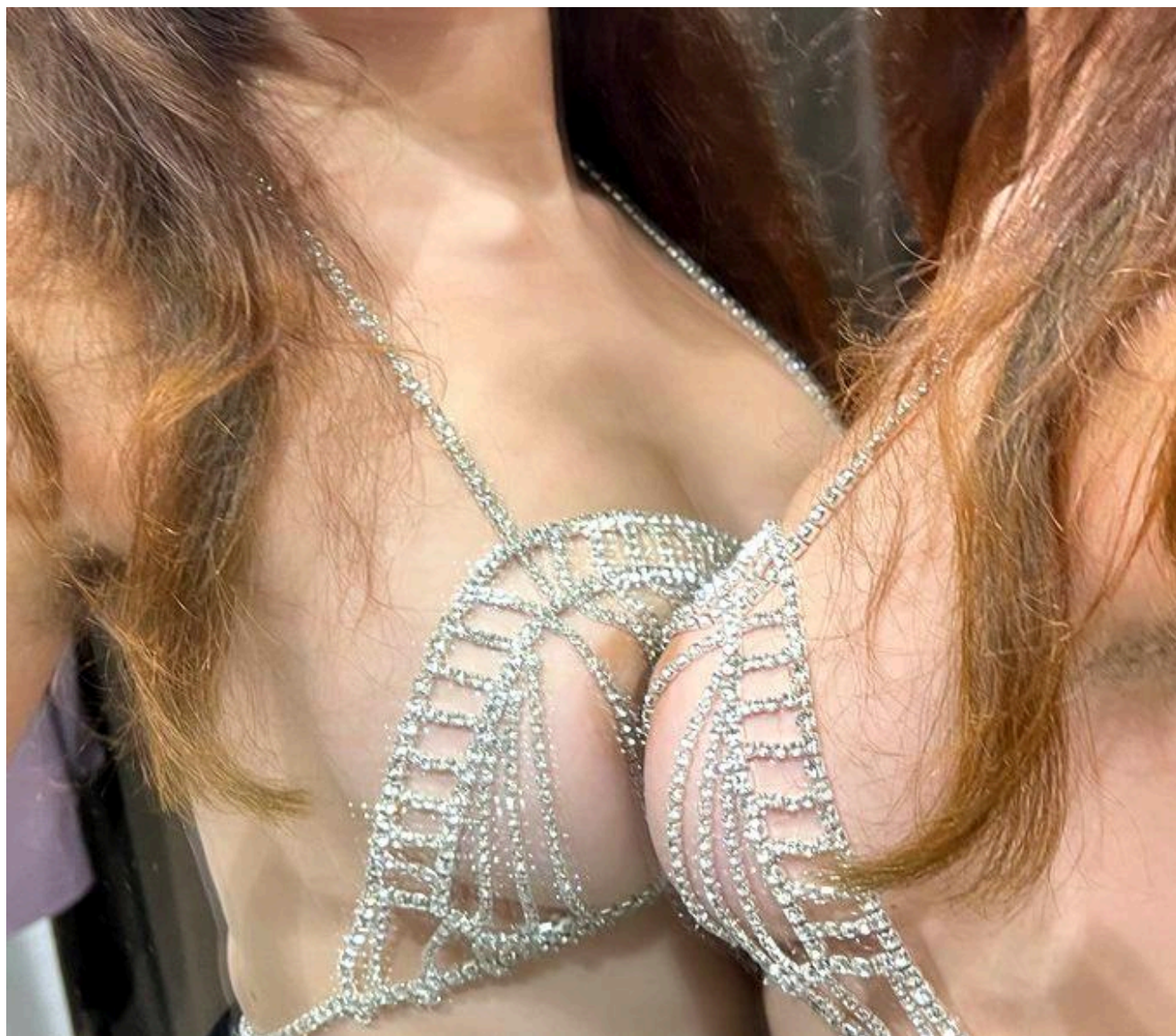
Charlie Winkle aka 'Savage Winkle'—"A feast is made for laughter, And wine makes merry; But money answers everything." Ecclesiastes 10:19 NKJV [Winkle. \(@CharlieWinkle1\) / Twitter](#) and [The Winkle Hour](#)

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](#)

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

COVER ART: Rebbekkamour

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Infernal Madonna