

Ennui and Despair

a novella by JJ DeCeglie

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ENNUI AND DESPAIR
JJ DECEGLIE

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"Every man is completely free and has his own special liberation. No form of instruction exists, no saviour exists to open up the road. No roads exist to be opened."

Nikos Kazantzakis--The Saviours of God: Spiritual Exercises

"Because man cannot find the Eternal through passing pleasure, I have sought the Fire in these pleasures and, worshiping that alone, found the Eternal"

**The Ten Principal Upanishads--
(put into English by Shree Purohit Swami & W.B. Yeats)**

In the streetlit orange glow of winter night he would revisit the town and the scene of past debacles. Would throw his words into the dark like bottles smashing on the tough surface of blue-shine roads. The smoke from the thin cigar dangling from his lip would float off in pale illumination and dissipate like the hours of wasted days. He was forever partially erect and would forever have art in his eyes. The words he felt came from this space, not so much in that they were shaped here, but that the spaces gave arrangement to the sentences that he could grow. This space more than any other was his and he knew this and they would too no matter how long it took for them to appreciate what he could compose. He'd bled, spat and vomited here, he'd despaired and bellowed and swooned, he festooned ejaculate directly onto the ramparts and blasted urine into the earth. The seawater sweet stink and scent was his solace and demon, given to provide with both wondrous charming memory lolling strolls and also a vision into the sprawling severe depths.

when you lost her the Lord went with her and now there is no getting either back just the words both read and written and something must come of it or the death will lend directly into absurdity and more and more then, and then nothing.

Nothing can come from nothing or something and something can come from nothing. He'd gulped as much booze as he had anything else here and wandered home through glorious nights he felt he owned and others he knew had hold of him by the throat. The beer and bourbon led to girls with brightening colours in their eyes and pleasing polish on their ample lips that slid over white enamel and let out words that were either astonishing or hellish and either type could push out the most gorgeous of noises that being the squeal and grunt of orgasm under the influence of your own phallus or the like. He found all women superb and all figs the equivalent.

though beauty with the clarity it forced upon you would slam him down face first into the void, grind his face along its stark fresh precision. would stand out as clean and dazzling as a geranium in the coldest snow. lucid vividness of pretty blue eyes could execute him lifeless in an instant.

In cars sitting and talking of life, of literature, arguing the quality of the Russians, whom he considered necessary he would say, the Beats, the same, drinking liquor so finely that Hemingway would have prized them at moments, the ocean still and lit orange neon under lights and stars a reflection of original superfluousness made right by salt stained pylons and jetties which dream hollow and planky under your feet, the discussion turning French, Rimbaud and Apollinaire, Proust is a marvel, ah fuck him what about Celine, well of course Celine, well if he then Miller, well yes dear Henry must be spoken of and I am in desperate desire of a gushing piss and out the car and walk over and spill it out in initial clunks due to my opening sticking together on account of the sperm shot earlier when blood stuck it up straight and hulking and throbbing, uncontrollable in my hands and it spurt as if a whale spout, limp now and streaming coffee smelling dispel by gawd the water is a living canvas of manic luminosities rippling ever so slightly shifting

veering in sync with something only Monet or Van Gogh and maybe Bonnard knew, he fathomed it in lexis however, knew it and had written it, thus he grinned at it, opened the aluminium can in his hand, took a lengthy deep pull and savoured the sour mash flooding his mouth, tongue and throat, lit a thin cigar, smoked eloquently, his cock still settled in the slightest breeze, he put the drink down, left the smoke jammed between his teeth, fumbled his balls and member away, got the drink, a thorough swig, walked well back the car, no son of a bitch has directly mentioned Fante yet. He was dead right... no son of a bitch had.

But by clarity what does one mean and do the words take away from it or give being anew. The sky was purple black tinged mollusc lip cherry as it folded under the horizon. Why clearness means the absolute indiscussion of beauty, the unarguement of something so apparent that it must must be. The bourbon was settling in stomachs and bloodstreams like a body in the warmest bed, it gave health somewhat, added lustre and sparkle, made their eyes excel like the ends of polished marble breasts and their language potent like the breath of some drunken queen whose lips kiss every word she caresses out. Things were going the way of literary weight and the cut of the night was therefore in an explicit sharpness. Movement and sentence. Structure and speech. The hum and flame was so precise that the arctic spray of the winter dark struck them as ideal. Light refracted accurately, voices rebounded off surfaces flawlessly. One ignited into dialogue, swung into oration in such a mode that all there gave ears and hearts to it, a day can be a vile disease, seconds and minutes wailing ailments, thrash and brawl it, or do in the dichotomy another way, this dying into conception, we live only because we do not die, all an illness, a sickness, a grey pulsing mass steaming and struggling to stand up or just crawling through the tepid run off and pus of each single moment when I am not doing that which I really wish to do, giving my hours to others, my damned hours are all I damn well have, we are carcasses and cadavers, deplorable pleb and irrelevant squander, only our art can save us, and by fuck we have that, the reply was simple, was ample, it was an exact rebuttal, like a knife removed swift and clean from a wound, our ability is all we have, that we can make it into something other we believe but we have to linger to see, or moreso linger to see if others see as we do in our own time, many have had to wait til their time was through, all in all the bourbon facilitates, it dulls and soothes, but the glowing sticky warmth inside a women is all that can

completely let you soar above the hurt awhile in full, it is the only truth no matter where they put you, or take you, everything other than that and the art is useless, all else is dead or will be.

Ah yes but moments and remembrances of them thus can resuscitate you.

summer translucent calm and blonde and the lime of grass and slate of the river, the daylight at the beach further dazzling cause the fiery sun reflects double off the whitest sand and she will always be most beautifully clear there or in afternoon orange cloud or nighttime's divine bluish portrait.

Versions of wholesome life known before it rotted some with incident and horror. Loving strength and laughter and light with words precious from her friendly mouth and the turn of her head or shoulders lifting with her breath when she was only a girl and girls were then creatures above whatever fucking would turn out to horribly and delightfully be, reading your poetics or pondering them while they drifted to a vague sleep, nothing could be woebegone with her in your thoughts cause the shining sovereign emblem of her beat it all and kept it beat and sleeping was worth it cause she was more often than not there with you, holding your head, biting your bottom lip lovingly, blinking before your face and smiling, *when you lost her you lost the Lord.* She swims in his blood now. Death is the sole outcome of my erection.

There is nothing but nothing and this the constant linger of a sentence in my brain, the forever stick of space and vastness of this earth and universe, of my thoughts and soul, there is no answer, no end, just stupidity and unwilling admittance to something incomprehensible. By Fuck, the pain of it, of this discovery of endlessness and certainty of your very own end. Nothing to do but write. All else is surrender.

And one asks how do you do it? How do you work when it runs through you with such a torrid current? It is admirable he said, I feel genuine pain for the ones with it in them, doing something other must murder you every day, just thinking of it is enough to bring on a drowning of the soul and such other entities, he said that and then went on with it, though at times it has life to it, mostly earthy rainfalling mornings before the day begins or blazing smouldery afternoons when the hurt has subsided and noise died down, of course occasionally you fall in love somewhat and that lends to going to the given place some more but mostly it just busts you up terribly and adds to the dismalness of shattered days by way of more waste, by way of driving to and from, a shell within a shell each morning skeletal drugged up on coffee and watching sky only with silver spun velvet and flecks and shades of pretty girl yellow bra-straps on shoulders and ember fire lit river coming down that hill in the morning heading east for an age to the place, he would promise and vow not to extinguish woefully, he would do it and make strong vision subtle with girls and women accepting of their work to an ends to a means to an ends to work for nothing and no one and the rest forever til you die and there was no way he would have what they have no possible chance to stick this horror and dread out for him, he couldn't do it and live. It was a refusal, literal and actual.

He paused and took breath. Took an even gulp at his drink.

You get damn sick of despairing. Of wading in a measureless ennui, the sadness envelopes you substantially until you die a death before the real extinction. To let the burning soul and raging cock lose is unacceptable.

You gorge beer all night until the dizzy tinge and freedom then endows.

Then come the bourbons.

I refuse to extinguish woefully and in a tired slowness that drips in sobbing drops of regret and loss, of time that melts so painful away as if slices of the flanks of you hacked off somehow; nights of desperate agony and mornings worse than dead drunk sun ups your corpse's wailings muffled by coffee and tedium weighing enough to drown yourself and all you are to the depth of the deepest sea of whatever existence pretends to be. The only option is to fight it with what you have.

Maybe the novel could start like this instead. *he'd been thoroughly drunk. it had been this way since he'd arrived home from Europe. though it had been that way there too.*

This long flirtation with suicide begins afresh.

Together they quit the car and make it along through the town. They stick by the water with wind biting at them with ferocious frozen jaws. Pissing in darkened places. The speech of our hero had left him without definition. He was deficient and drunk and swarmed with recollections that gave him no aid. Sitting in a classroom in his reminiscence, employed. He had lost things. Lost them and they were gone. He'd never realised it was this bad. It was though. It was awful. It had given way under him and there wasn't much of him left anyway. He thought the writing would be enough. Right then, in that moment, sun sparkle dim off winter dirt and leaves and faded brick in schoolshit buildings, chatter bubbling and spitting dully and loathsomely beneath in the eternal infernal playground and courtyard, he could smell his shoes stinking as he sat, could feel his dread leak from his soul and throughout, right then nothing could help, not the writing, not the writing, not the sunlit shaft of adolescence turned total dumbford, not Kerouac or Hemingway. He was dead. It was woeful and numbing. This disorder that set about him leaving him in such a way. Did any other recognise it?

Ennui throughout existence fading.

The rain began to fall as a bus pulled away from the puddled curb by them and the girls were out and they could see them as they turned away from being closely parallel to the saltwater and made it up into the thump of the situation. He recognised himself recognising that maybe he didn't fit in here and was only inventing it all. That the more and grit and truth of it lay elsewhere. The neon reflected on moist roads here was ever the same and ever important and ever the same. Swaying trees and red and colourless vapour glow. Wetted grass under your good shoes and drunken girls giving you the colour then the loiter and white of their eyes. Then sweating roads and dark jokes and ancient buildings and the rest of it is gone. Forget literary spatter, and life loss verse, only the hue of brighter streetlights and presence of the elusive cunt approaching hither between attractive limbs and pronounced backsides further til splayed breasts or hoisted; it's Chase who says it as at all times, then come the bourbons.

If one could marry the original one whose golden flurried way made you miss sleep cause even dreams of her weren't enough, in your teenage funk and adolescent hamper she emitted all that was right and true and there were more than one of her. Even now amidst all this it would seem that marrying her then would have been the truthful idea, even though you knew of naught but nonentity you realise what is right instinctively, when she was health and truth and sparkling eyes in the sunlight and nothing more, just her voice and kisses and taste and you would have found it eventually, something which cannot be found once she is or the idea of her is originally mislaid. Ambiguity of the beautiful teathy beam. Riddle of the strawberry champagne glint of eyes. Flick of baked wheat locks and neat hands. All the things she may say. All the language she may you use to tell you. If that variety of beauty shrouded and struck you back then would you have

necessity for art in this era? Would the creative spear in your side be taken away or not there in the onset? If you'd kissed her in the auburn swirl of a spring sunset by the river then made love to her in the violet trace of night would you have given up all else?

Doubtful and fruitless re-excavation of a re-examination of past that is not that but life gone and lived and ungetbackable. Without it the individual couldn't divine a word.

Subjectivity is life.

The bourbon deluge begins in addition to eyefuls of feminine bevy and real writerly style when in the situate. This is when the truth will rise above the murk with pearls of narrative clarity. When the determination of the fog will be had, the vapour veil gone somewhat, when others begin to understand what the stupor they heed gives off and know that maybe its lyrics produce above the quality readily available for consumption. Bump of breast and knock of pubis, some girls will lick your face in pleasurable good high times by the strobe light and wallop of the music, your buy, well fuck I'm about at it you know, even with immense ability they most die awfully and gory and mainly with hands that are their own and Bukowski wrote that it comes when they cannot write anymore, drink this, give it to me son, the swish and roll of liquor and ice, those that don't go for suicide get it in other ways, Ginsberg started a university, countless go mad,

how does it just end for them, some go til the end, Burroughs, Buk, Fante, Hemingway (though he made it so), ah forget it and buy another round you fiend, it was the loiter of inebriated eyes of that made girls whores and men nothing but a phallus, at bars leaning over the top and across and catching the remain and smirk of a face in shadowed colourful light, to Kerouac dying in horrendous pain vomiting his blood in a basin, to Rimbaud stopping ahead of himself and fucking Negro goddesses til death

with one leg, Pound in a nuthouse, to Brando the whore genius, Dostoyevsky and his search for a Russian Christ, they drank among it and to it, alone he determined he was it, that he would go until death for it, not stop but get it right and then go further at it, of the others they may have been speak only and he couldn't talk for them only with them, original language was his, whether thought a noxious emanation or not, it was genuineness. It was authentic.

Drained the glass and made way for somewhere. Internal with the mass. Jostling drunkenness, fighting it with wittedness, stay til dawn and make it quarterward by foot, find some balmy flesh and make it mine, converse til the world and universe have no meaning, pissing and almost passing out the thrum of sexuality baubling suddenly and the choice made for him; cut of jaw and dark of pupil, fleshy smart mouth and angle of brow, broad of shoulder, swaddled forearm, chunk of soothing something all in cobalt light and lilac shades;

the fiery spunk I possess and thus emit is sweet as superior bourbon. It comes forth from loins loaded, balls busting and writhing in pleasure trodden agony aching to spit in shots of warm cud gunk at lips and breasts and the front covers of novels. Wangling the tool above the world and raining down with glorious organisms I have stored for such a fuck-worthy occasion. Libertine envy, eroticistic lust; I suffer the pang of a thousand penis' and strut the shuffle of sadly writerness like Kerouac never knew. I have it worse than you Jack. You had others, to revolve alone and just with words is so demanding and frightful and laced with pain, cock is company but it fades, the books are forever but say the same sad mocking detail every time. I cannon shots from pens, I go forth with it and try it over and again and again til my depressions weigh like a dark sun on my shoulders, I slog in an unwanting wasteland discontented with my efforts to live a life the way it wants and nags it definitely needs and requires, yours and others

words are genuinely saving and inadvertently damning. I fucking leave it now at that!

If the truth were known it was because of the voyage and the cash helped. That will eventually sound awful but it was the way it was. That it would add such trouble to things was unbeknownst to me, even though I anticipate it mostly when I am involved. What I was doing was nothing, I'd finished a novel just recently and was dodging teaching as best I could and as best as my lack of funds would allow. The novel I'd completed was complete art and thus wouldn't sell in my generation's epoch but rather gather dust and filth while fermenting like a swilling aged red unlabelled in some forgotten cellar found by the dead man's son and relished while the insolent prick danced on his ancestor's graves with slimy friends all unappreciative of the sorrow and sleeplessness that went into it. A carved little jewel that he'd drink so fast that he'd probably throw it back up. It was summer. Stiff faced and stifling with the colour of things cut like diamonds in the back of whatever gave you sight in your eyes. Quick greens and sharp yellows all elucidated by sliced atmosphere azure and blinding seaside sand whites and my eyes would sit in gritty discomfort each day as I got up toward noon mostly with nasty dull hangovers and stumbled out into the smack your jaw heat with no shirt or shoes on regretting monies spent and lost the night before and musing over what was I gonna write next or read next and who had time for reading when you should be writing and life was useless anyway and what did Sartre mean half the time and it would go on and on like a swizzling vortex tumbling inside my head falling down the steps and racing back up them into the same brick wall bewilderment each time til a big breakfast and cold beer soon after would calm me some though really very modestly. At the time I was writing short stories most days and posting them all over the planet. I was honing my own

style and finding it coming forth genuinely now more and more often. I ought to have been earning a living but the juice forever frenzied inside me and beckoned my swerve tending in that direction only. I could work in the other world within dispossessed despairing spurts that left me unable to see any delight in living at all and would usually lead me to becoming friendly with a female member of staff (occasionally in plural) whom would become my exclusive basis for functioning and toiling in sadness. Just the sight of her was like an elixir to the woeful days I'd spend dying and mourning; they became intense bloodied neon petals who I would obsess about having in my vision and company, flirting and cavorting til an exploding point at which I'd inform them of my leaving the position and give them the crudest of farewell fucks, and most inventive of departing fictions and mainly they were sopping for it a second time even when they'd realised just what I'd done. I could even reason out of that calling on my recklessness being part of my artistry and genius, creating perfect schema for overdue spermatozoa and its detriment and poisoning of creativity when built up in the testes, could form promiscuity as benefit to all humans in existential Nietzschean clutter which leant its realisation to vast men merely, of course most would gobble up my verbalising themselves as sirenic muses whom I could not use for insight if not their skins and inside were tried and tasted, and anyhow all of it was immensely true as is anything, the sweltering sewage of the work a day dread was vacant for them for awhile as well as for myself, if they could have ventured through it without me I would have like to have seen them do it. The allure and smell of a fuck can get anyone through anything, be it horrid or lengthy or both, and whenst done with it and the glide gust orgasm quake and shuck is done, the potent phallus expelled from the dark blossom beaten and awkward, it is very enlightening time and again, each and every instant (an instant as it was intended by Kierkegaard);

you die not matter what...no matter what...there you have it.

They would persist at employment and I would renounce and feverishly write for varying periods. There was no other way. Only funds could call me back into the dreaded fray and even then I would wait until the last gasp and thrash and expectant piece of advice given on how to get one's life together then thus I would stagger and tremble unwillingly forward looking for outs within days and hating violently the fool who made it all this way.

The occasion I will tell of came at a lustrous point. It was a divinely dastardly juncture whenst getting the fuck out of my habitual surroundings was a heavensent and with the viability of the justification this particular outing gave it was too excellent to be true. At the time I'd just finished up at a place. It was a ten-week hellish stretch that had left me reeling intensely and believing less than ever in anything. The job was teaching lower school English in a location that took me over an hour to get to each day, I needed the coin and everyone off my back and figured there would be at least a few broads in it. The work was appalling and draining fighting the slight intelligence and bestial humour of the masses of prepubescent squawky boys and budding flowery little bitches whom day after day would strip me of any honour or satisfaction I felt I had left, ripping the flesh off my bones with their bare teeth and spitting it warm back in my face, stomping my balls daily and laughing at the mash of testis and scrotum oozing down my leg, tearing my tongue out with their insolent claws and slapping me repeatedly in the face with it, though the mornings were nice there, swarthy balm slanted rays though the hanging eucalypts and earth scent raised by the goodness of the sun through damp soil and cut grass, but I was hemmed in by imbeciles, none of whom had yet turned fifteen, educating the arrogant impudence and dumb as a post glob leftover, none interested either way, haunted by hazy dreams of

youthful thighs and blooming chests and plump pink glossed lips and the ghouls whose fingers would stab at all of it and ruin it, who would drunkenly with vomit breath give away first regrettable kisses and pleasures and such and every pretty girl deserves the sunny days and waltzes I'm quite sure they crave. But anyway it was horrid and I got out and drove home an hour as quick as I could avoiding staff jovialities and any petty squabbling cause mostly I didn't care for any of them and the ones I did I didn't care enough to put any effort into. The two and a half months dragged like a fat man's ass, I couldn't write or read during this period, I hated living and sleeping and getting up each day. A couple of things gave and I timed them and got out and away. Both were delicious. A quick review if I may and then we will get on with it.

There was the bewitching little sprite cleaning Negress whose Caribbean spooling voice said hello each morning as we passed one another on the third floor through skewed rays of sun, lostness lush and emitting violently from us both, our heels clacking on straight up polished cement, just her hello was enough to suggest flirtatiousness boldly laced with fumbling cunt, her eyes gleaming that way they do when a women desires it, her walking in on me pissing a torrid broth in the men's room (in which some extra cleaning supplies were stored), dressed in her tense fitting petite track suit with her spry teats peaking through her t-shirt and broad hips lively not to mention her sprinters generous backside and thighs, her eyes hit where my hand held my cock and caught a moment, she had big dark eyes with swaying lashes and calcium pooled whites, the faintest dash of a grin hit across her expression, she went into the supply room, I followed without zipping up, it was early enough for hardly anyone else to be around, I had to get there at that time to avoid the soul stripping traffic, I walked in and she was bending over a box of toilet tissue, I can be a madman in the

morning, the room was lit with a singular dirty bulb hanging from the open beamed roof with sun sneaking through the gaps in the tiles, now she smiled so that her teeth were exposed like a lion, her eyes flamed giant as planets and her wide nose wrinkled, she said something which I cannot recall, maybe she told me to lock the door, maybe she spoke in another language, who cared, up close her skin was like the warmest smooth liquid carob, her chunky lips the colour of bruised mango flesh, I stooped and kissed at her wildly and she came back even wilder, bounding up and wrapping her little self around me, her saliva tasting of pepper and honey and garlic, we went at it with her against the wall a while and then I threw her down and whipped off her clothes revealing her chest and the lovely black moss between her legs, I lapped at her spongy pink coffee nipples and she giggled, she turned herself round and stuck out her backside, I put my mouth to it and swallowed about a gallon of her gushing pungent juice, I abandoned that and hopped on quickly shoving it in the bright pink of her glistening moist vagina so stark against the ebony of her skin and pubic hair, it was wondrous as she bucked back and I did forward meeting halfway in an ample slosh slap, as she grew closer to orgasm she grasped my testicles with one hand and started yanking at them as if milking a cow in which I responded by grabbing her braided raven hair and pulling roughly at it so as to arch her neck and back and give her abundant ass more shape and scope, we were a satisfaction sting feedback loop toing and froing til one of us gave or broke and neither seemed soon as her grip on my balls seemed to let me plunge her forever without reaching past that plateau stage of ejaculatory build up, our junction frothed filmy white and tenderly stunk and I watched her elastically shroud and then gently cling to me as I pulled and pushed away each time and it was superb and mythic and exactly what I pornographically wanted as a boy, this influence over a

strange exotic woman fucking in the pose which best gives scrutiny to her everything and is as close as possible to being a brute and yet thoughts abounded somehow and developed somewhat, as she began to quiver and kick, arching into me so as to get as much of it into her as she could and telling me not to come yet, pleading with me not to, I snatched at her hair some and she yelped and then came strongly and I felt her convulse and thought what the hell was a man supposed to do, a writing man as it were, a man dedicated to the word and who had hardly a thing truly else, what with all the literary fraudity being bilged out by publishers, with the genuine spirit stamping that that could give you, with manuscripts carried around in my rucksack and books given away by me to anyone who would read them and my manifesto for literature not even yet being read, my God, and what about string theory, and genocide, what about the Israel problem and the way they expected you just to work cause that's what you're expected to do, and she kept coming and my cock was about ready to rage, she really gave a few heaves from her thighs back onto me and I exploded from the belly deep, bliss shooting down my legs and up my gut and into my chest, exquisite shocks pumping her full til it leaked out her with me still there and the blank paradise of it overwhelmed me as it at all times does, I muscled it out and kissed her forehead, it went on like this about every second day for weeks, no words really, she was maybe thirty years old I guessed, she was an expert at it in her mouth and enjoyed my return of the favour, and her arsehole spread like a hot loaf of bread when she was in the mood for it, and that said I've never been in a cunt whose temperature was as high as hers, warm as the stuffing in a roast chicken, we had it for about four weeks, though she just didn't come to work one day or the day after that and so on. I missed the singe of her insides thoroughly, the inexpensive perfume she started wearing for me on her neck wafts by me at times on other women

and I get an instant hard on, women of that colour are marvellous, wholesome lusty beings. But my mind was off her quickly on account of the next one; she was an unpredictably insightful individual.

So betwixt the cosmic zero there was something. For certain I was a troubled and fevered individual alone and rambled, working for nothing more than nothing, squandering my precious energy on a feebly taught education ramshackle rather than my own necessary work, exacting my sex on the exoticism of a dark vixen without any emotion, I was reading slowly through books that I would normally feast upon in days, it felt as though I wasn't bartering my soul any longer but rather was pissing it away. The exchange student from the States invited me to some night out and I didn't give her attention at the time and scarcely spoke to her until the week of the event. I heard her bad mouth me once in the staffroom as she sucked down a coffee saying to one of the male exchange students that I hardly made an utterance and she said it so as I could hear her. I immediately thought to myself well then fuck her, and not politely either son, but I reasoned that maybe she was right and I could be a little nicer. I met her on my first day at this boorish station and she struck me striking straight up. I was introduced to her by another of her American compatriots all of us on our first day at the demon mop meet and not knowing what to expect of it or that it would hammer us into a shabby capitulation and rape us while we were unconscious. She invited me to the outing maybe six or seven weeks before it was due to occur and in that time I was so demandingly internalising the entire tormenting time I was having that I didn't converse with her til the week it was due to be played out. She only mentioned it in passing while in the photocopying room. I would check her out each time I saw her though and maybe say hey but I kept to myself efficiently and painstakingly, staying in my classroom and reading or eating or faking

marking or some other ploy to just be unaccompanied, I noticed her mystic mauve eyes and compact jutting to the sky ass and also the swollen strawberry coloured maw she had, I was fucking the negress in the initial and trying to get many already written short stories published and also dodging all the work I could, I glossed over her somehow, though when I think on it she was a vibrant bloom that first day and one I set my flight on instinctively, maybe the invite automatically backed me off knowing the time would come and that she was the aggressor and provoker. Mischief lurked in her impressive almond eyes and I only realised it when she asked me again if I was coming the week of the event, asking me if I was coming alone and I said of course and do you drink she asked I said of course and excellent she said, otherwise your invitation would be revoked. To add to this and her and myself I'll give you this. We saw each other outside of school a week before that dialogue. I was walking in the city holding my girlfriend's hand, we'd just come from the art gallery at her assertion, I was taking my sweet time she'd deemed and rather than pay attention to more about it I gave in and we walked, outside was gusty and blue skied, we turned left to make it past the train station and into the bang of the metropolis, a weary dispossessed guy asleep on the brick, pious assistance of all denominations, contribution currency essential, adolescent girls clad like whores, she walked by in the flurry and flicker of it, just before the dreg and demand of the trains arriving and parting, she gazed right in my eyes point blank and I back and neither of us said or did or such, just that secretive peek, in which now it would seem we both knew of the pending that the future would bring, or she did and I would, a celestial oracle that she would have me and I would let her, the stare keen and gentle and shrewd saying I know it boy, though not a soul else will, like your mother when you wet your bed and she cleans it on the hush-hush for you before anyone else

wakes, a measurement of smirk and superior seer smug at how effortlessly she could make things better for you the meagre helpless sod with his limp dick in his mitt. We never spoke of that second. Not even at our most intimate throughout that coming night. Which when you consider it is rare and fantastic. Pure want of a moment to be created so as the past is forgotten suitably and tastefully and never a word breathed of it. This was an exceptional human being I was dealing with. She didn't count on the strong rooted oak and measureless bastion of my cock, nor the copiousness of the liquor I could capture or even the suave I could summon. Though she took it with the equivalent elegance she used to never mention seeing me that day in the city. The trip was a slink on bus from venue to venue, all Americans in their twenties on switch here in Perth getting devoured gradually and painfully by our demonic adolescent saplings and our dilapidated rundown classrooms staying vivacious and brainless as only Midwest American exchange students do and I got to the primary place and couldn't find a soul and so drank a beer swiftly and then an additional, jammed at the bar with want of a weapon to shield oneself, she sauntered in and met me tranquilly and shinily, then talked beautifully and with wit about school and this city and me and her and I introduced myself round and it seemed the others knew of me and I asked who organised this thing and two Australian teachers came forth, unembellished men I'd seen around the place at school and they introduced me to some male friends they'd bought along or fiends as it were and the penny dropped quick as that, it was just a lame bid to screw exchange students, foreign university bitches who left in a week or two and who probably if plied enough would put their pussies out to show, she bought a round of tequila shots for us and then I did the same and we were on our way unswervingly, she told me she loathed the school we were at and the same went for the clowns who organised this

thing, she could speak finely, I just laugh at their bum jokes and play the fool and they all think they might get it into me tonight, no chance, not them she said, I just sit at the back of the class and smile with my legs crossed so as they think at just the right angle they might see up my skirt, she grinned like a minx, not gonna happen boy, her voice a feminine caress without any slang crass American twang or gab, it didn't heighten with her drinking and she seemed to have no rowdiness in her, she was a class broad, attractive and clear and able to speak on things without any discrimination or fakery in sugared resonance, I watched her when I drank with my eyes in the bar mirror, she was sublime and sharp, seductive and affecting, by far the finest looking girl in the whole place and her demeanour and style rocketed her thrusting past most girls I'd met, intelligent and astute and she'd picked me out and tonight was the night of it, by fuck I drank to that, and soon realised the buffoons and scum had their eye on the prize and had for weeks out, jabbering between themselves in the office just how they'd do it and the number of times, laughing green tea though their noses and choking on protein shakes chuckling and cackling, thing is they'd be no fight, not even when I was weakly sounded out about it before we got on the bus the first time, I sat by her on the ride in spite and drank a whole bottle of cheap as dirt champagne with our lips to bottle rounding tween us back and forth smiling so close to her face and shouting things at her and her at me so as our spit was landing in each others mouths just as crudely as our selves were delving into the realms of each other, nothing too deep, but adequate enough to recognize the night was dark and scarlet and gratuitously wanton and that the two involved were living enough to clutch and seize at it. I was despised by all other men on the vehicle; I'd bobbed up and won the bout unmistakably with a thunderous first round knockdown, the spoils were her untamed eyes and slinky hips near mine and draining the

remains of bottles with her tasting her fruity fizz apple lip gloss on the tepid green glass, from then on I spoke to not another soul and just fell deeper into her, a tragic magnificent descent enviable by everyone not involved to it, ingestion of liquor and dancing while whispering and conversing like a festival all whilst travelling and trekking round my city which she was guest to and in awe of and I said I'd show her so many incredible places and secret hangouts and just modest nooks that I found finest and she could read my work and revel in it and I in her and she painted she said and I threw back but you teach history and economics and she expelled a bah and we were in the reality of the capital by then and us both were drunk and handling it superbly, I was smoking thin expensive cigars and she hated smoking but loved me doing it and I knew she was some exceptional girl, a rich casket of flesh with mesmeric furious lust dallying in her mahogany eyes, let's duck away she said, take me somewhere further, let's drink first and we did downing whiskey straight up with ice and then I grabbed her hand and forced out into the night away from the humdrum of wheedling anaesthetized bastards of the faculty and those stumbling ridiculous associates of hers, we found a dance hall of some sort down a fair-haired lit up street, went up stairs and danced as if we were fucking, it throbbed intensely, and hurt as only boning through cloth can do, that tender delight of thrusting into something and nothing, a barricade of skidding halts and rough rubbing predesignate to what will come and the release unto skin and slip is out of this world, midnight was well done with by then, she went and pissed and I tried to follow her in with an aim to go at it right there in the toilet block, and she said no, she said let's go to the seaside, whatever your joy I mustered and wondered who she was and then went and took a piss myself, before the taxi we ventured into a dirty little sex shop and watched the peepshow for a about three minutes, she said she was a cheerleader back home,

she wasn't sure on teaching, threw in that the girl behind the glass, a lanky thin thing with ribs poking through her back and a well toned ass and anti gravity camisoled chest was truly sizzling, I stood behind her and kneaded her breasts vigorously, still no kiss, the beach could be cold I mentioned, let's go anyway she murmured, and we did.

Which is really where the saga begins. We got there and walked down holding hands as if we were in a love of some distorted sort. The moon was full as a plate and made everything indigo and discernible with a pallid shimmer shine on the toiling black water and the charge of waves and their laborious retreats over frosty beach sand plus the wind with its sullen bite, who knew how old she was, younger than me and I was twenty five at the time, never met anyone like you she said, don't say that, not ever, don't, I slid from beside her to facing her and said it again, don't, remember we knew it all along from weeks ago, or she did and now I was privy to the plan, the kiss was undeniable, tender and raw, she rolled on top of me then and we continued with it, in the ashen sand with the earth revolving under us and moon about us and them both circling a hidden dark sun, our mouths becoming desperate and urgent, she slipped her jeans to her ankles and splayed that fly of mine and shoved it down, with my hand I entered her briefly and she was sopping, hot soup running down her thighs, finish inside me she said and I promised I would, we had it there on the glacial blue sand and she never complained of the cold once, fucking lonesome on a derelict beach just hours before the star come up, when she came she bit the heel of her hand and alternated between grunts and shrieks, I just pulled her head to my chest and did as she asked filling her with my juice, we sat and contemplated the universe after it was finished, the waves would never stop I told her and she said she knew that, on the way back to the taxi we did it standing against a change room wall and I could feel the sand falling from my arse

crack as I pummelled into her and chewed at the back of her neck, she bit my hand on orgasm this time and I tell you it fucking hurt. I felt artful and savage then. We strolled on vacant shoreline streets, she was looking for a hotel we could stay the night in, what night I said, the sun comes up in hours, why don't I just pay for a taxi to get you home, she agreed to that somehow, then tried to get a free ride with some South African complaining that all the clubs were shut at a streetlight, I'll pay for the taxi I said and she said but I can't get in the house and fuck knew whether she was being honest or not, let's just go home to your place she said and I flat out refused saying it was too far away and how would she get home and any excuse to get that insane suggestion out her skull, but I want to fuck some more she pleaded and I clicked on the psychology of the confrontation, or thought I did, I became convinced she was out to ruin me, it was a ruse from the get go, she knew we couldn't go back there, she knew why, yet she insisted and tossed her syrupy orifices into the fray, yet they weren't the claims of a psychotic or depressive, she didn't lend to mental sickness, she was playing and playing well and I was forced to bring my wits back from the post coital sumptuous stun they were in, I wouldn't allow my demise at the hand of this skilful miraculous slut, we were about to have it out at the freezing intersection of some coastal highway, I was racking my mental power for a proper disproof, I started deliberate phrasing about time and lack of it and distance and the hugeness of that and today and how the hours must be spent and how she couldn't possibly be a part of it and was cranking up then and beginning to tread forward to philosophical quarrel including some scornful Sartre and Nietzschean blather when she just said ok then, I'll go home and sleep on the hammock out the back and wait for the other girls to get home, they all would have gotten to bed somewhere but I'll wait it out she said, no point in ruining a great night with a rotten

discussion like this one, the talented bitch, she was clever as a cunt, I staggered immediately, fuck will only know how she did it or more importantly how she knew which point to pinch on, I collapsed upon my own being, beaten and carrying the opponent's weapons home for him while still bleeding from his blows, I saw myself speaking disbelieving the words that formed and shot out, we'll get a taxi to my place, get you some warm clothes, I'll sober up and drive you home a few hours after that, she lit up, thank you thank you thank you, brushed her brunette hair off her face and then slept on my lap the entire taxi ride home, which I paid for, then slept on my couch in my clothes while I drank coffee after coffee and kept a frenetic lookout on the other female waking and ending my life without a consideration, I then drove inebriated back to her place which was by the school (an hour away) while she slept again, this was doubled because she couldn't remember how to get there and when we did she trudged out and to the back of the place with the blanket I'd given her and I said I'll sleep in the hammock and I winked and pulled out the drive and veered away, she kissed me goodbye though, warmly and with an open mouth, luscious as a over ripe fermented peach, it was only as I sped home I thought that the entire mania could have been a vengeful charade intelligently acted out and enjoyed by her while she smilingly slept and watched me sweat and plan and fumble with reflection on the downfall and her part in it and the paranoia and mistrust must have buoyed her some, when I got home I wanted more drink, both to ease the hangover and the anxiety and also to sit back and understand the blaze she had emitted. It loomed about me in the early sun and shadows, she'd eaten me up like a swine in a tiger cage, noosed me with my own smarty parts and strung my dead body up with my overzealous penis, it was both humiliating and thrilling, I let the sun wash over me and sustain my bones of their ache, then I slept the slumber of an Egyptian

corpse and woke in the downing of the sun, all I could come up with was to evade her, dodge the game and get under her skin, it was about as masterful as squashing a bug with your boot heel, though I went with it anyhow.

writing all this on a thursday i was convinced i would never make it through, ploughing the keyboard in passionate plucks not knowing how any other lived outside my span or compass, how their minds moved, whether they felt this imminent doom saturate the atmosphere how they could possibly picture working til fatality it interrupts my surge with the novel the fifth one and all the other writing, I'd somehow done at least a million words I'd imagine not bad even Burroughs said so to Jack and why break up the narrative that was going oh so healthy oh so well why not! wretchedness will triumph over us all I sense I may have a full glass of ice doused with bourbon but my mind is more extensive than any other presented this day is this day is this day as any other day before or after or exact and nothing means nothing means nothing and any other record than that is just unintelligent and dangerous, we do it all and may never understand the thinnest slice of it all the splendours and exquisitenesses and beautiful tragedies and heroics, universes inside universes and we try to enlighten it to one another it is primitive but for the artists and the eroticists and the sporadic sporting prodigy oh how to get by this date without collapsing upon my own unimportance is there nothing left to write? is that worth writing about? are we not a generation in a time and space of war, misery and desolation championed by the hopeless letters excreted and spilled out of loose money fucked arseholes which retreat in the deadly night how to get through these moments despairing reading Kerouac writing ENNUI in bold scrawl across his youthful private pages and notes feeling the same way Miller did after he'd read Dostoyevsky, obliterated and at the very start, and every time i see that lusty snarl on some girl's expression or that

swine pant in her throat i feel i must forget all else and find the words to articulate the divine and holy in that cause it will break all else and let men live some life before the rigor mortis sets about them and they tremble on their deathbed yet the utmost horror is that they will never identify a thing apart from what they already know and by what is already laid down i am not a part of the setting mix and then let them be fucked and skewered and die deaths deserving of ignorance and skirmish let it be medieval and arcane and may they never read a book but for those given them by their masters. I ask again, how does one get through this day, alone and with drink and words already written, though how?

molten wheat blonde mane schoolgirl conflagration and angles and undying crushing love of a week of working by her and she is original and ancient, she may devastate it all but more of that afterward. i read Miller and know the words before I interpret them from the page as if they had tumbled and gushed from me at present and not him whenst he wrote them. a psychic glitch or such or more, but it is a truth. there is a possibility that obscenity ceases to be such with perseverance, there is that unflinching spire within me, how to get throughout this day, the mangled nap of among her extended widthward limbs, of it tucking into her back and then gone, the fine calcium blue of the inner skin, of the pap and soft claret of the silky rosebud puncture, the alien prize and mother, oh within, oh within, flame with that dear boy journeyed and drunk by day and day and day.

I feel compelled to give up now. There is no further way. The story has extinguished previous to it thriving in flower. What else could have happened when one actually considers it? How else could of it played out whenst it was undone premature, as excruciating and crushing as I picture ejaculate on her belly and not in her womb or elsewhere must be, her reassuring consolation of whispered mumbles

and mopping, all her greediness taken away and you sit like an insipid blood lost bull toiling dead before the elegant matador, while she bathes your incompetence from her skin, and then squeezes the warmth back into you as if you were her ailing young son, of course it could go other ways, and has, I will attempt a whirring frenzied finish now, I was inspired just, that sentence by a fluttering mental canvas of the one I had supposed to write of before my gloominess mid-flurry, I had another impression regain in my mind, previous to that even, it came when I wrote whispered mumbles, the brilliant fair princess who stole away my clean yellow summers would murmur whispers as she danced as if praying to herself though only counting the steps in a meditative bind unbroken by my impressed stairs, concentrated nebula blue eyes watching her feet, lips trembling out sacred words, if anything made life more bearable I haven't found it yet, to not ever have her may be the most exquisite portion of existence I've known, but back before now, to persist on with the concluding whirlwind I promised, I went to the desert on account of doing a favour to a girl I knew, it got me out of the habits of the direness of the school I was at and gave me a clean separation from the American whom was polite to me afterward even with my complete ignorance of her and who would hint at me showing her around the city and such, which in entirely sexually pleasing terms I thoroughly considered, though wasn't in the slightest stupid enough to go for, it finished when I was spoken to by two of the teachers trying to fuck her themselves, I knew she had had have nothing to do with it, this was purely a chivalrous get my cock rubbed situation for them both, they trapped me in my class after school with the late sun making shadows stretch through the grubby windows, you slept with her and now ignore her they said, I ignore you two too I replied, you owe her better than that they said, says who says I, we just think you should and they went on and I butted in and

gave my parting speech, think as freely as you like fellas, I have no grudge with you on that, in fact think and act as freely as you like, I will not begrudge you that either, but I take it upon myself to tell you that I am taking my right to act freely seriously and therefore have butted in on your right, I don't give a dead man's dick what you think, you can both go forth and natter about yourselves as you were before the plucked up the courage to charge in here, yes we fucked and yes it was superb, both times it was superb, she has a plunderous ass don't you think, well anyway, what I was really getting to is that you can both get fucked, the two of you, I have no doubt about that, the two you can and will, good day, and with that I went, was gone from the murderous place by the end of the week, in the two days remaining they kept an even steer from me, I spoke to her on my last day and she insisted on it being alone, she was sorry for those two she said, she didn't know about it, she looked good being submissive and sad, like a sulking thoroughbred mare, I said it was fine and that I was leaving and she was going home to states the next week anyway, kiss farewell she posed and obliged and she tasted like a bright vanilla milkshake, lashing her tongue directly into my mouth and whipping away and closing the class door licking my flavour from her lips, something to remember me by, on her knees, smiling with upturned dark matter pupils, taking my stark blood filled worm out, if I do it good Sir can I get an A, I just smirked, humid suckling sponge and swipe she could make it all disappear in a blissful yielding blush, physically and spiritually, her lukewarm saliva, my slip into another earth, one with a weight that assembles unto rapture, erupting into chaos and ingesting the shaken delight ridden splutter, coaxing it afterward, cuddling and kissing, lovingly and with care, tucking it away, asking for no remittance, she seemed to love it and not me, making for lament of two weeks dreadfully wasted, making for her triumph, the feat

dawning on me as she made me pull her hair with force at the expertise she reigned over my cock, I was soundly beaten by her, still, I would never complain though. In life there can be sound solace in defeat.

All to do amid the dehydrated desert was a sunset in haemorrhage with the pour and splash of the bleeding staining the brutal and painstaking goings on up there. It was three weeks covering for the acquaintance as her friend died of ongoing illness and getting there took a day by planes to the middle of the country no less, bumpy as shit in mail planes, red and sandy with dour olive greens and straw golden yellows all filmy with scarlet dust, camels on the runway brother and the natives not allowed a drink. This country goes on horizontal forever with nothing but hard dirt and the scorching agony of the star, the unbearable annoyance of the flies, the love of the native children and the endlessness of galaxies and satellites ablaze and whizzing in the void night sky. Wondrousness hit me but thrice out there, mostly I just avoided the whites in the community, taught by day amidst considering the point of it, the imperial sweat of the place would drip down my throat at times and I really let the beautiful dark gems do whatever they pleased in my class, just their smiles and embraces were enough, I could give no heed to their inability to speak good English, the place was nearing third world destitution and all they wanted was to be outside, not have me wipe their running noses or red weeping eye, let them fight their skeletal mange of mutts while I watch with a lukewarm coffee and laugh with them, laugh again as they hunt small lizards and toss about the captured body crushed and lifeless, carry them everywhere on my hulking back and ponder where all this affection comes from...trying hard to comprehend if they understand any of this and if it is good for them or me or this country, I read much and write nothing, this eats at me like a horrendous bacteria, going

from the sizzle of outdoors into the cool of air conditioning fucks with my wits, being dragged about by the other teacher after school and on weekends all chatty and inert leaves me considering his murder, just let me read brother, I devour some Celine and books on Pollock, the Conquistadors and Whistler, I don't hardly eat and feel dizzy with it frequently, just coffee all day til dinner for three weeks in the heat, I lose weight, am alone as much as possible, I can't write worth shit for reasons I should explain, her abode disturbs me with her likeness, arouses me with her ruby thrilling tresses and jade bonfire sleek eyes implanted both on fine china cheeks and chin with the nothing waist and shot of her hip and barbed breasts and teasing beam of teeth, pictures unending, nailed all about the lovely little house out of the way from the natives for reasons I guess at including violent rape, but I can't write there, did I even try? I read til bursting and then just sit and stare wishing I was home in the city, though the money's good, the native's shriek much and follow you about and the others up here, the imperials, are sick of them and their needy ways and won't even stop to pick them up for lift down the road, the camp dogs bark their arses raw through the night and I do enjoy the solitude of the house on stilts and the hollow puck of my steps about it, I cannot write though, can't, when I consider it the severe endlessness of the curve in the land led me toward a despondency, it lent me a space and vision to contemplate every mistake I'd ever made by day and then let it be compared to the boom of the clearest perpetuity stars by night, the enormity of the universe destroyed me and I wouldn't dare attempt that writing out there and alone, only a madman would, without drink and the neon lights of the city it is treacherous ploy, I didn't see that at the time and was in a brutal frustration followed by a lackadaisical half-heartedness that spread over me like an inflamed angry rash, but there were

breakthroughs, wondrousness' and ponderousness'...an account of them now.

Now firstly she had left riches for me, sensual pleasuring parts that I figured later may have been left out in haste or mindlessness with the illness and coming death of her companion in the city, but that conclusion took me sometime, of course she was out here alone without anyone and her self pleasuring that burgundy buzz of hers must have been needed, working herself up into a paste with various tricks and footage, moaning and writhing under the miraculous wand of her own doings, she had left all the pornography in the player or by it and it was a heart-warming and pure male function knowledge on her part, a rare and attractive attribute, she had spurious volumes of it purchased in bulk and each was as splendid as the next, debased and harsh sexual smacks that just asked for me to go at it alone and helped me through days of awful dissatisfaction with that tremendous release that can come at one's own doing, laying about her bed naked and romped with a pompous shaft in my large hands being shucked and delighting in the fact that her juice too was splashed about the same linen and she had thoughts enough to let me in on the same auspicious venture, that knowledge that she may have wanted this out myself enough to let it ride up to a busting point for hours and then explode like a lump of viscous splat warm and joyous onto my chest in timing with same happening on her corrupt screen, her image and wicked smile burning in my eyes, remembering walking with her in town that time in summer when we could fucked up against a wall the attraction was so tight between us, drinking with her, talking of my writing with her, she wanted the author of the tales I could tell, could see the smouldery haze of getting wringing with the words in her smoky green eyes, she would be talking of something or other and I'd just watch her mouth and wish it onto mine and then her bed and our bodies and the warm wonder of

that sticky summer night the ocean scents wafting through an open window and still awake with fucking at dawn, but by god it never was, and now this lovely manoeuvre by her, whether out of devious brilliance, or cunning absentmindedness, I wanted her more than I ever had, I scorched with it, all the photos tacked about strained me, she was a sneaky vixen with a mouth like stream of blood on a porcelain plate, the images she had in her mind from the footage staggered me and let grow inside me a worship and hatred of her, I adored her sexual mindset and unloved her for using it to get me here, maybe the entirety of it was a ruse, a get out swift scheme, hints were dropped by the other saps around the place that I was doing a bang up job, that my temperament was perfect for the conditions and culture, the kids loved me was the whisper, I had a certain spunk the old nurse told me, I hadn't the heart to tell her that all my spunk was being deposited mostly three times daily in or around that tricky redhead's bedroom by way of the pornographic material she had piled up and left out for me, my teased out loads were hardly getting time to replenish themselves and were pumping at the time like a spitting tap, my cock ached with overuse, no eating, no writing, the iced air inside and the baking high temperature out, I was not sleeping well either and the rings under my eyes were like borrowed lilac half moons, nights of violent thrashing in stolen perfumed bed, I needed to regain some potency, some might and vitality, I needed my balls chock-full and churning, a day off the stroke was had then, a day and night, a revelation in the desert, her scarlet flowing spectre and milk white silhouetted skin and lace undergarments lasting and hunting me throughout, hints of fleshy pinks and vein blues and flashes of ankles and collarbones and eye teeth, the work day numb and indolent swatting flies and breaking up fights whilst listening to the lack witted voices of my peers and screams and quibbles of the children, it was a chunk of hell, I wanted the city and

home and then wished her friend dead already a thousand times in a day, maybe more, hoped she was buried and a corpse and underground and that the best thing for the redhead was to get back to work and get me out this place instantaneously, that this was the best way for her to grieve and recover from the traumas of the funeral and the darkneses of death and loss and floating fond friendly memories and crying, never in my life had I been such a self-seeking demon, never had I been so unattuned to the awfulnesses and lengths I would go to gratify my obvious unequal needs when compared to her at the time, to think something in egotistical jest in one thing, to be serious in the matter is a dilemma, I slammed back to land when she called that night, said her friend had passed, that she was ok and would be back as soon as she could, she thanked me for doing this for her, I asked if she ok again and she said yeah, I am, there was a resilience in the voice, I let her go, hung up the phone, it had been maybe ten days, this whole deal was like a piece of cold steel to my bare side, a searing sharp shudder, I wanted to vomit out my eyeballs onto the wasteland I had created up here, I urged myself to heave up my heart and wring it out then consider stuffing back in through my arsehole, all I could do though was wait, I wanted to call her and let her cry to me about all the hurt life had dished her and then for myself to do the same, try to get some substance back in my shell, some character back in my compulsion, it was as if all my artful juice had spurt from the eye of my cock and I was as much a corpse as her dead friend, maybe more, there was no writing, no eating, no sleeping, nothing for days, just that harsh environment and the intensity I carried within, I was so hungry one day after work that I ate then gagged the food back up immediately, like in that Hamsun novel, I would sit in the shower for over an hour and then heavily masturbate to cruel visions on her set, submissive females pillaged by musclebound teethgritting madmen who pulled

at their hair and choked their throats til the eruption of gunning fluid on their appealing facade, I would weep with my own conclusions, I figured I was going round some brief crook in my intellect, that it would be over soon and that the city would bring sanity and soothing words from friends, there was nothing to do up there and forever to do it, there was nil except exempting oneself from the imperial idiocy and the native hoard and then the need to go temporarily insane with the colossal art within and the vast span of its vision plus all the sting and gratification her house and situation had brought, youthful sunny red freckled girl and death, some warming love once way back when and we are where we are, when you've wished someone dying dead you understand much of life and lose only little, it just fucking goes on without you, that's all it can do, people are dead but so are you, I knew that already, that madness hammered it home.

Though she was a wily little cunt of brilliance, she came back up there without anyone knowing and crisscrossed our time spent conscious the mail planes only left on alternate days. She knocks on the door sweating and flushed loaded with bags and smiling, her little nose crinkles up when she mouths surprise in the doorway, her teeth are straight and fine-looking and we get her settled in, I offer to get my stuff out her room and she says don't bother with that, worry about it later, how were the kids, and it goes on like that some and we avoid talk of death and horrendousness and she flutters the slight scarlet dust from her comparable coloured hair, and it has a wave and coarseness to it out here, she glows with perspiration and fever that comes with getting back into this heat, the ice wind from the wall cools her, she folds and unfolds her small skirted fair lean legs, her face starts to swim and subside, she conceals it in her delicate hands and convulses with crying heaves on the spot, the warm tears filter through her fingers and run down her wrists welling in

places and splash on to her thighs, I don't know what to do now, I speak softly and pathetic to her nothingnesses which the planet forgets the instant they each end, I touch her leg for comfort, just pet it firmly, I don't look at her but instead at the window corners and the day beyond them, outside the shadows of the house which I've always left in virtual darkness from the beginning, no light globe illuminating, there is a startling azure out there above the auburn dry dirt and olive green bushes, past the forgotten ranges and into the emptiness in the core of this continent, a disquieting palette peeking into this place and isolating everyone, soon the star will set and flare dreams against the expansive canvas all more beautiful than any genius painter's summit, then the still night will promise a forever of far off somethings never to be attained, the morning sky will bring burning hope and eagerness afresh with mottled subtleties different to the nighttimes or evenings, bleak midday just flames, cold midnight is windblown and dreamy, and she cries for the loss of a presence I wished away, she stops and looks at me and I peer out the partial opening of a dirty window, I know she's looking but refuse her glare, I perceive the sound of her speech but pretend to be unable to hear, not this I think, how could any God play it out this way, giving this at such a time and in such a way, the dastardly bastard, I admire her for it, someday, she pronounces it again, I give her my eyes, she smirks amidst tears and wipes at them, sucks the salt from her elegant knuckles, I'm alright she says, it'll make me feel better, I stand and walk into the bedroom, I'd left the freeze air off and the space is stifled, her hollow echoing steps soon follow, she takes off her top at will, her breasts spring out off a ribbed pastel chest, blue veins streak about her milky torso, her nipples are like bright cherries atop a dollop of ice-cream, play is hit on the box and the moaning and shrieking begins from it and she sidles by me and we watch amidst awkward kissing, my shirt is peeled off, her skirt

flayed absent and thus it clicks with her snorting into the next kiss and me throwing her down on the sackcloth hot bed and ravishing her entirety with my mouth, tasting every part and staying at the most important til she bucked, that cunt like a pocket oven spewing broth and foaming, sweat allowing us to slide even closer to one another in some consummated mess of flesh and joints and bodily excretions, so much gnashing and growling and digging, pulling at each others hair and throwing into each other as though trying to mesh genuine genetic tracts in some tribal squall frenzy, she is face down and I'm just wailing into her pushing her head into the mattress with a hand full of bloody hair and she is thriving with it screeching in delight and urging the deed forward with profanity and bellowing unto herself building up and up til I ejaculate and the bliss is like a rocket through me spiking me still and then easing allowing me to rub it out inside her, what a debaucherous bitch you are I say, and she sweats and smiles underneath me, this third time has left my cock looking like piece of chewed up rubber hose and I stand on wonky legs and examine the unfamiliar weight of it and shape, I perspire immensely and watch her on the bed rise to her knees lifting her protruding emaciated arse as if the sun coming up over the hills in the distance, her cunt gurgles semen with the movement, two efforts worth I might say and with the other time in her gullet I'm sure I've nothing left, both blood and fluid sapped, she grins out from behind a shiny shoulder, red locks glued to her chin and cheeks, it's the grin of a vilely attractive witch, a mermaid calling you to a sort of death, do it she says, she puckers that other hole, I've not a thing left I declare, use your spunk she says, I click, there is but a twinkle in a near dying man, she gurgles more of it out and I paste her hole with it, spadge it about piping hot from her and stretching it for my measure, spread like honey on bread just out the kiln, no doubt I'm back by now, cock throbbing in pain til an orgasm can

again be built, this the most wickedest and debauched instant of my existence, that crinkled gather drowning in goo, it pulses and she winces unconvincingly, I hover about it now, I look at it before pushing it achingly in, that's her asshole I think, we begin then, like plunging a tapering puck ring with soap and water, it kicks and bites then gives and stays given unless she tweaks it, corruption leads to revelation and I pull it out and shout geniuses into the cavernous orifice, this ruin of self has shed light, that dark spot and black hole of antimatter is worshipped while without me, I am enlightened, I explicate loudly the meaning of Finnegans Wake and Kerouac's Old Angel Midnight, make ideal notes about the similarities of Christ and Buddha and Ramakrishna and the likeness between stories before even them, Eliot's Wasteland is redefined by me, I summarize Spengler's Decline of the West in minutes, for the final act I put forth the Back Manifesto in all its unadulterated glories undeterred by the commercial hound barking incessantly in the recesses of my brain and I thank William S. Burroughs for contributions made and not noted, with that done I look at it, my cock is a beaten rubber toy now, slowing building to an intense brief flick of fire, it is unrecognisable to me, bigger and badder and mightier, shoved back in the dark broadened tremble at request, from here we fuck the misery out of us both for what seems like it may last at least a couple of hours, sweat and dirt and juice smother us both and some clarity about everything is reached, my finish just holds and holds at a plateau and then becomes as obvious as a reef propelling jutward out the ocean spray, the junction has become gluey and adds friction and it hurts her now and I say just a minute, a couple of wrangling shudder strokes, edging toward another lusty termination, three done and at the beginning of the fourth and all through it, like a derelict building exploding with the detonators on the bottom floor and rest collapsing above, intense firework blinding joy,

potent like drops of ink in water then spreading evenly, then a fallen bundle on her bed, done in and dead, I lay on her with it in til she regained her form and slid me out, we slept then for hours, woke after dark, showered separately, slept again, forever on then as if nothing happened, not in the desert, not out there, I could have fucked a girl in Alice Springs on my overnight stay homebound waiting for the tomorrow flight and drunk on dirt priced beer, I hadn't it in me, De Sade in a dress had defiled me wonderfully, had left me hanging, the haemorrhage spurt of her hair and elegance of her freckles speckled about her fine features and creamy body all besmirched and despoiled craving of wanton lust and filth...revelations in the covered in dust barren desert, oh I for a city light.

The summer is hinting at the past. The light and fragrances of it are peeking playfully now and again. Traces and allusions. Clean vision and the mornings and afternoons with the sun off the grass and river water mentioned in the air. I want to spit in the vast winding stream to bestow and append myself to it. Faint bursts of beauty that are laced and highlighted with sorrows that ache like themes in a Russian novel. The star and its reflections are daring to remind me of love before the fall, of affection before infection. Chest flutters and golden instants, bluish sunups warmly welcoming the day, breathing in such wonders as Proust knew of with his precious memory serving cup of tea, and it was the schoolgirl who triggered it firstly and set off the otherness' catching flame and flicking suddenly into my memory at times totally unforeseeable, with winter fading and spring hatching, adolescent lustre with rain in her hair, she made my heart beat again, though how?

Though what of anything really, all that repeats inside is the sorrow and I prize it. Live from it. These flowery days admonishing this life with the truth that this

is how it will always be, that modern history will one day be ancient and the star will be closer to its extinction, that beauty without a canvas extinguishes, that friends can make you rot when sober and that literary gyrations are easier when drunk, but the crude cut colours and sopping paint splashes of summery vision by this river refuse to let anything expire, a florid explosion of past wounds and inspiration, the transfer of it, into original authentic prose, knowing now that film and music are easy emotions to twang and tamper, that it is words only that can restore or slaughter at any real intensity, that can knife your flesh and twist whilst text is fervently whispered into your ear, leaving that unhealing sore and scar, that breathlessness, and feeling of fecundity, words affecting as much as life, why is summer coming at me like this, a schoolgirl lapse of loveliness pushing me convincingly off an edge, and void, is her splendour as influential as it seems or is the spell of the season having it over me, as I'm sure it may have had constancy before, if there is not a thing beyond this life think ourselves lucky, for every prettiness will twofold til eternity and in no way give up the ghost yet again.

Try and decide on what there is to do. Buy things and mortgage your balls and ass for thirty years straight paying back banks twice the initial amount, why fuck you! Dear sir I choose to give it to numerous women in their quaking unique arses instead, I will take it in mine too but not of your derision, and only when I'm wearing a raspberry wig and tiny skirt in the lonesome comfort of an anonymous hotel room, I have too much sauce in me to stagnate, too much sexy pulp and arrogance and narcissism, the thought of most anything can twinge my ass' fissure something terrible, tear it right up in an done in driven molestation, when everyone is telling you what to do go on ahead and do what it is you intend anyway, the opinions of others are only that, and are dire fucking things mostly, ah but I'll get back on all this later. The sun is bullying me

back into something other once again, it hearkens and I must be bled of its forces dawdling within. This is all written in Fremantle, garnered there and scabbled amongst the bourbon and cigars, the sunlight through windows making charming the airs I breathe and books I read, trying to resolve what this time of my life is, hostility toward the call the give up and work for forty direct years divided into months and weeks and days and hours and minutes, all doleful and abject, stealing away the beauty, though labour has somehow brought back the summer with a youthful muse who I place above predictability, this place is so fresh and exact, I've never written better, or cleaner, never planned far-off works more prodigiously or understood texts with such voracity, even coming to new understandings that have given important new possibilities to me, thin good cigars on the balcony taking in lungfuls of the atmosphere, pursuing time as time would have me have it and not any other strange and tiresome theory on it, only art will live til the star snarls and engorges the earth, thus it is my truest endeavour. You may grovel to the systemisers for a piece of their system if you please, there is nothing to it and it is the easiest of lives to grind out and slosh through, I will incline still more to the blooming, to the bark amid dissipation and indulgence, ruin by means of intensification and peril, crucial insight owing to artistic exertion, though let me find this straight narrative again or lose it altogether, the vision is of ribbons of sunlight through swimming pool water, bright aqua glow glisten, spires of milky cosmic semen lucid like drenched galaxies drowning, clearest volts of immense underwater silk flags shimmering with tremble through the fluid and her asleep by it, apparent and clear, fair-haired, pouty and blemishless in a burnt blonde two piece, lissom and unhurried with sunny lovingness and the light through the water, anything but a kiss would be to corrupt the image I have shaped, I

wouldn't daydream of a errant hand. She is allowing me this once more.

I now intend on a version of instruction. An effortless lesson through narrative. That said though, (and it being as it is, and I being as I am), you should know that it will fall in upon itself as it needs...at will! Devour its own tail when desirable, spitting the suck out when not, collapse and expand with whim and potency guided by the birthing of the art and requirements and audacities of my balls. You by now have come to realise that I am comprehensively tangential, a fully divergent being, capable of jolts and shifts and waking fits that themselves can thrust the blade all vicious into qualms and with mayhem alter the axis of this my planet; this will by admittance be a launch, a start, will take pages and pages to unfold and grow and gestate, we will get there just by getting there, no means else, by sticking it out to the bitterest end, to the top of the damned mountain, til we've made the bitch blow, that is life you know, he who lasts most lives best, death to death by living. I am writing this from the best place yet. Know that. Thus it will shine forth, beam as such, flame like the rising sun does over the soupy chill of the misted amethyst velvet of the valley. Burning good into numb fingers. Making skin glow innocent. Hair shine wild. I am in a block of life here, a radiant singing section of it. Though this time isn't the point, it will be a later age written at from a lower fragment. What this given time is is the time to write about that other place. Every time is as such. To show what it gave and what it could give. There is life, there is. And the most vital part to remember is to live it. Remember it. We forget we are alive, this is no joke, we do, I do, you do, one must make allowances to remember, one must strive for it. Must grasp at it like a hungry dog. Like a man fighting out frantic from under a load of grave dirt and stray limbs. Or

die as you live son, perish as such, that is, just die. This is your choice. Really the only choice. Once you get it you get it for all time. I smile big at corpses. You can too.

When I left for it I had just begun painting. I am an oil man, and in the beginning I painted just women and Christ. These first attempts were better than I had ever expected from myself, pulsating excellent brush strokes, an eye for burning colour, and the ability to make nakedness on the canvas bring out both the allurements and beauty of the female at hand. Magnanimous breasts and indisputable hips, the trapping of shapes in flowering colours, alluding at the humid bedroom or possible fatality. This is beside the point, only a frame in which to again put time. I had just started as a painter. Just strode out as one. And it is a mania that inhales you. Not really an aside art, rather a real portion or segment. Especially when your admiration for the great ones of it fires inside you like a Molotov cocktail on impact, just the mention of the names, just a glimpse of a canvas, Van Gogh, Modigliani, Munch, Picasso, Pollock, Gauguin, these are just the smell from the kitchen, not even the appetisers under your nose, just the reputation of the restaurant, the word of mouth from a friend, just this was enough for me to purr, to drool, Bellows, Fischl, Monet, Caravaggio, Balthus, oh by Gawd, to read of their lives, their struggles and works, the method of living and working, the interiors of the minds examined, the women, the alcohol, the madness, the work, the work, the work, it fucking enthralls me, lights me up...and then to discover one has it himself, to find that out and then see it transpire, in colour, that is food in your mouth boy, the textures delicious against tongue and teeth, It's the flavour running down your throat and feeling all sated and good in the stomach. Any how I had just started. In that lovely simple flat by the river north of Fremantle. A beautiful place of salt and earth. I left for a few days for a Writer's Festival on the other side of the country. That I had just started, that it

had just blossomed in me and then onto the canvas. It was a springtime too, the air was gentle and perfumed, the star wasn't ravaging anybody but instead running its fingers along their undersides. Sunsets diffused tender orange onto everything. I was becoming what I am still shaping, though this was the most important stroke, it was a vital shift, a seismic shove, there had been earlier swings but this was one of creation, one of substance and standing. It had taken twenty five years of strangled thrashing, of stifling cells and choking straight jackets, of insanity amidst the rubbled rabble of foolish wretched men, surely it had begun earlier, there were premature quakes in England, in Paris, rumblings that were original in me, that were essence, small crystallizations, occasional sparkling in the starlight, then the novel spews out when returned, like an exorcism's tongue recorded on the page, a published notebook from underground that whenst out would not allow for any return, an amputation of an unwanted appendage, a kick in the shin to everything and an bawling apology as well, a stranger grabbing your balls and squeezing, these were just the first phases, the building to the plateau, yes, yes, yes, the orgasm and ejaculation was the painting, the strong ejection of what was inside to out in visual form, the shaping of the precious matter on stretched skin, wet then drying evermore, in that period I furthered who I was, I had never hated working as much then, it had always stung but now it wounded, I'd never understood men I'd admired as much, I, in those months, memories of being alive like bullets in the head, bursts of London, of Berlin, of Paris, of reading a book for the original time, of the wonderful, wonderful human experience of that time and again, and yes that heavy redheaded whore who drew the charity out of you like a syringe does warm blood, you are forever in debt of her and those udder pink nipples, of her and that slick tense cunt, the blue of her eyes like a bubbling potion, each huge ass cheek like in your hands as if straight out the

oven. What that time was and is, and will be now recorded as such, is when you realised fully that you could not live that way, that you must live this way, that to live is to live, and nothing is simpler once known to one's self. There is no doubt that the painting was the emission and proof of it. A joyous, rattling one that left you wishing that your wand always resembled an invincible stick as it did that first few times. Though as you go it only gets better somehow, more freeing, more knowing, more able to give you more and more and more. Insomniac paintings of a young man/artist realising who he is for the first time, or moreso living it that way, and then never able to go back, not for anyone. Not ever. Wittgenstein ripped away his ladder. I have too. Evolve you swine! Evolve.

The plan was to stay with Chase when I arrived in Sydney. The festival was in Newcastle, which is about four hours away by day train. But I hadn't seen Chase in a year and planned on staying with him for three days. He promised me some life and he never did not deliver it, he lived as art and madness, couldn't help it, what I wrote he breathed, what I aspired to he metabolised. The man could show you life somehow, could pick it out directly where you were just looking and make you see what just according to your eyes was not. It was a holy quality. He was and is a seer. Even his problems seemed to have more literary weight, just missing a bus could equate to something by Dostoyevsky, a piss he'd take the equivalent to a Chekhov short story, a shit perhaps something by Bukowski. Jerking off and he could channel Ginsberg. He was one of the only men I've known who repeatedly would take career altering defecations. Career enders, career makers. The man was an elite shittest, he had an inbuilt knack of bringing all filth to the earth and making it look like it was health and spririt, of making it smell like a bakery just as the oven was unpacked. And he once claimed to have shot a neon blue load, it glowed dazzling like one of those nighttime fishing

lures he'd said, though I suspect he'd been high and reading William Lee.

I had with me a load of my books fit for Hercules to carry, a suitcase full which I had to empty some at Perth airport so as just get the bastard on the plane. I got rid of some pairs of shoes and a big book by a Nietzsche. I would be a fucked if I was leaving any of my own words behind. Yeah I kicked that German bastard right in the crotch. He would have wanted it that way. The plan was to get my work out over there. I would give the things away, I did not care, I just wanted them read, wanted my sphere in theirs, my voice in their head whispering into the psyche, I was Whitman selling door to door, pleading my case and asking for a chance, but I planned on throwing the damn things at them, if they let me get close enough, right between their eyes, I was hoping to injure. To maim and abuse and pose unrelenting questions. Nothing more to it. Well perhaps an erection and the equal glide in the girls. Getting to Chase's was a test of endurance. Lugging a chunk of concrete with me across Sydney. From the Airport training into the city, then the bus (this was a stilted nightmare) out to and across the bridge to Mosman, in between each mode hauling the monstrosity behind me sweating like a junky, a poetic penance, one I had accepted before leaving, dragging sins around in a chosen hell, cursing under my breath every fifty foot, people looking at me like I was claiming to be Christ, like I'd claimed the luggage was a crucifix I was dragging to Calvary. I fumbled about Central Station like a loose mental patient, tripping about and stumbling up stairs heaving the cargo in colossal loaded efforts, up and down and across, sputtering questions at strangers who'd turn the other fucking cheek and walk, finding the bus finally and that was an embarrassing event, holding up the queue, pissing about for change, taking up two seats instead of one with the suitcase on a full vehicle. Looking out the window the entire trip. Hoping the whole way that I'd caught the

right one. Eyes peeled trying to make out where to get off. I missed the serenity of the plane ride over. Served by luscious hostesses and sipping on wine. Now fighting and scrapping with the masses hoping Chase would be waiting for me at the bus stop. He was not. I got off where he'd instructed and then called him. He said walk up and then turn right he he, I'll meet ya half way you writer, you fiend. It was a fair hike. I had hatred for the case by then, it had to be carried and I had to bring so many copies of the work, there was no choice in any of it, yet I hated it some. As I went up to the main road Chase had said to follow to his digs I went over what I had planned for months in anticipation of this. What I had promised myself would occur. Who I had said to myself would attend the festival, who would be there and more notably who would not. And this is the lecture. This is the promise I made a little while back, the instruction that would come. It will take some explaining, but read on, read on and see for yourself you coward. I had decided that I would attend. Sounds easy enough. I would go. I would be there as I'd never been anywhere before. It would be something else, it would. I would be alone. Alone amidst it. Remember I'd just discovered the paint. I was florid, fecund. Everything was something. And I was writing very well, it was flowing like Hem said it would, the well was filling daily, right to the brim, I'd send down large buckets and drain that sucker only to find by next attempt she was filled to the brim. You see there was much. And I'd never seen Sydney, and to see it with Chase originally was a slice I had anticipated with tingles whenever it sprang to mind. But yes to be there as I, not me, but I. As essence, not personality, to be I as I'd known I and not be any other such entity. To forget and create. I remember the streets were undeniably wondrous. The streetlights like galaxies only metres about my head. Wandering up a street I'd never wandered up before. Lugging forty kilo of my own words behind me, another

ten kilo of personals sitting on my back. What a beautiful way to be! Waiting for Chase to run maniacally up the same street. The rightness of your existence can be unquestionable in moments. To have been invited on the back of your own words, to go back to the seed of those words, to work from then to now, from the very first word to the last, to dig deeper, to go back to the experiences that were written of, and further to the desire to write in the first, to create, to know who you are and take years and years to get there, to here, to Here. Carrying yourself and your work, sweating up a Sydney street, waiting for Chase's face to break apart with a grin on sight. And I knew I could paint. The significance of this cannot be let slide. I was as they are. Writer, painter, misunderstood loser, suicided madman, death was most of my life before then, not all, but most, a rebirthing occurred, I fucked the cosmic cunt and the uncultivated coitus led to impregnation, it was a last ditch attempt, I gathered the courage and just walked into her room naked, I knew she had been thinking exactly what I had, there in that room, were all the parts of my life that never felt like real death, no this was real death, absolute, and with absolute death comes absolute life, you realise you can't die if you don't really live, then she guides you in gently, into her natural secure comfort, and the effort lasted months, strokes that were clung to by the walls of living forever, smooth, warm, wondrous and firm, no girl ever fit you better, the climax feels so good that it isn't pleasurable but rather best explained as the most you've ever known until that point, the pregnancy lasts only hours, you reshoot out the womb and now suddenly remember that you are alive. You remember just that and it makes for a difference you only ever glimpsed briefly before. The nagging feeling of your entire life rings true, it sounds with the clearest resonance, you will completely die, and now for real, by everything holy kid, get completely living. You examine a corpse resembling you rotting rapidly to dust atop her on

the bed. You feel some pain a second, real harrowing stuff, but it fades, and you clean her off, turn her over, and start to fuck her all over again.

Chase bounds up the street. His eyes reflect more light than others and in that effect blaze. He kisses you hello on each cheek, punches your chest, takes your back pack from you for relief. You notice immediately that he is built bigger than before, he was always full of muscle but he has enhanced it. His own stubbled cheeks have sucked further in and his hands looking like those of a wrestler. He he he, how are you big fella, life he says, life. He says he has three bottles of white wine ice cold and will buy us delectable Indian food once we've settled me in, I read the book he says, meaning mine, it killed me Seppa, killed me, is killing me right now, you channelled Rimbaud in that one, you are Rimbaud, but we'll talk of it later, how are you he he, girls he says, we need girls. We pass a bus stop as we go to his place and I say nothing but think you silly fuck, and his flat is on the top floor, damn near unbelievable. There is an air of charade I detect, Chase being Chase because you expect him to. There is more to something than he is letting on. I could tell by the silences in between the animation. If anything there is a hint of me being a hindrance to him rather than a needed injection. I'd seen him like this before. Nobody I know gets a flooded mind the way Chase does. It engulfs him, stealing all his air and you only get the real man as he frantically pushes his head up and out straining to stay alive. Rarefied gluts in a moody conundrum. There would be no need to extract the truth from him, as soon as we settled he would start in on it. A more open and honest being there is not. To the point of it being exhausting. He will talk the problem into submission and then beat it unrecognisable. On the phone just last night he said we'd go and see Sydney as soon as I got there. He had screamed it. I was guessing it would be a drain on me not him, what with all the travel I'd logged in that day,

as it went I was rearing as soon as I'd dropped the weight I'd been carrying all the day long. He on the opposite end was apologising and asked to stay in. It didn't matter to me really. He set up the wine, a bottle each to be taken as such, then out to the balcony, out with the cigars. Inward journeys to be embarked upon, this was the toast, Chase had the course set long before I'd got there.

So life he says again, life.

He started in about illnesses and the Spartan life. He had concerns that he was riddled with one and was attempting to destroy it with the other. He had always admired history, was an obsessive student of it, he felt he had missed his calling, a glorybound combatant, a blood hungry soldier, it was a destiny he had either ignored in the now or one that was lived and remembered in his dreams and the spotted wreckage of *déjà vu*. To me, from the initial, his life here stank of loneliness and isolation. He had transferred here by choice, was a squadron man still by the skin of his arse. There had been trouble after trouble. Now he had diagnosed himself sick and was trying to lift it off. What he told me was of a time of violence and drunkenness and strangeness by which even to his standards were left far off. He was spending \$500 a night when out, was living as a hermit when not, the job was murdering him, the Spartan life was tough, there was not enough sex at times, much to much at others, there were a myriad of drugs, fixations and manias were all over the place, horoscopes, occultism, rough intercourse, mystics, there hung about that place the air of a man teetering on a crumbling invisible rim, and he was there afraid of falling either side of the line because both reeked of dying and if not dying then spending the rest of his life crawling back up the lip. When I asked him what the real core of the problem was he had no answer. It just is he said, things aren't as they should be you know, I can't put a finger on it, but it is there and I can smell it, an out of sorts type

trouble, a flatness that will not extinguish, to be honest with you Seppa, I didn't finish your book, there was too much truth in it for me, I couldn't face it here unaccompanied, it smacked of horrible truth, he stopped and took a long, long pull of the wine bottle, I've been doing inexplicable things you know, things fuelled by liquor and narcotics, but even those are just actions brought forth by the absence of everyday ego, we both know that and have spoken on it before tonight. Both have shown me dimensions that perhaps should not have been explored, I've faced demons, I've beaten many a man since I got here, fights are as regular as weekends, and I've been beaten just the same, been pummelled more than once, he hadn't told me this over the phone, I'd never seen him lose a fight, not one, he was a very big man, six four and built, also as is required, unremorseful in a scrap, heartless and unforgiving, the thought of it conjured up the image of an aging Kerouac getting his head slammed into a curb repeatedly outside some hokey bar, Corso watching the whole thing and helping his sorry ass home, I had that same feeling of loss and confusion at the unnecessary self-whipping, but I note now that I did not speak on anything or make any summations until after he was done. I wanted the whole of it and was enthusiastic about the telling of it, he obviously had had not a soul to tell it to or understand it as such, he had needed my ear for that. I gave it, making mental notations as it went, and of course, it went...a summary and rehash if I may. The Spartan life for Chase consisted of barely eating, living almost monastically, raw fruit, vegetables and nuts, some rice, alcohol and some drugs were exempted by him but this was only for the furtherment of experience and the sake of living and growing and such. He would exercise in ancient methods. Holding torturous postures, punching buckets filled with sand, trying to lift or push immovable objects, holding his breath underwater for inhuman amounts of time. His

favourite was driving to the beach and lugging a thirty kilo weight two kilometres up and the same back in the soft sand of the beach. He was meditating for hours at a time each day. Making a meticulous study into occult sex rituals and his own horoscope trying to find a clue so as get to figuring out his existence, he was obsessed with Saturn's Return, with its forces and repercussions, claiming he could feel the swell and pull of his brain fluids as the planet moved closer to him in its destiny crushing orbit and voyage. He also explained how he was attempting to make his penis larger. Using age-old techniques. That he would be able to hit a women's cervix at will soon, that the real crazy, conscious shattering orgasms lay there, right there, in the blunt tapping of the cervix. This all took at least an hour and a half of talk. What I've recorded is a mere review. A bottle of wine each and then another shared whilst it went down. We'd gotten cigars firing well by then and made it out to the balcony's edge to continue the verbose foray. Chase had supplied Dominican Maduro's, that lovely rich black tobacco shaped with the slightly tapered beginning and bulbous thick end. When that explanation was completed he'd gotten out the bourbon and had begun to discuss the fuck situation. We did this by asking how one was travelling in the Land of Fuck. We'd taken this from Miller. By now the edge had come off from his movements. Similarly he'd shaved the shake from his words and was beginning to dust the debris that comes with the mining of the first layer and reveals the reality beneath. He was peeling layers of dead skin from himself and revealing the regeneration the words were allowing. It's either fucking or fighting Seppa, one or the other, every time I leave the house. And I've been doing it right, I can tell you that. Fucking them raw and to the nub, leaving no place untouched, no desire unsated, just fucking them til I can fuck no more. Now that is an enlightened state, a place beyond mere mediations, write your thoughts down after

you've done that kid, til you've fucked your soul dehydrated, til you've poured the spirit fully out, lay there in the morning sun in some alien bed drunk and empty and think, think, think, go beyond thinking, just hover in that, like being suspended in a case of jelly and then pushed from a never-ending cliff, a baffling freefall Sep, horrid and freeing and careless, there is something there I think writer, I've almost felt it, have gotten the faintest whiff, have heard the dullest pulse...like I almost made love to her but never did, like I had her every part except the most intimate of her, have you ever been there and felt it? He took a determined pull on his cigar, blew the smoke out and over the balcony's edge, swished his mouth with bourbon and then asked me again, have you, only tell me if you've been there?

I told him I had, and he left a space for me to speak, I wished I was dead, all he did was nod crazily whilst taking the biggest pull on that black cigar that he'd yet taken, exactly he replied, exactly, you know it see, you've seen that place too, tell me about it, tell me now, have you ever told anyone else, I bet you haven't, so you'll tell me now, expunge yourself, ha! I thought you were going to tell me of the brawling Chase, oh fuck the fights, I only fight when I can't fuck, well not always, sometimes I want to fight, want to mash skulls into road and scuff their balls with my boot. I want to scalp them, hang the prizes from my belt. But that is just a diversion Sep, if I fuck I do not fight. Understand that. Even under the slender whiff of fuck it cancels all fight in me, and there is much. It's that potent, fuck blossoms in me like a rose in the first rays of the sun. Like a drop of blood in water. But stop distracting me so as I do the same to you, you novelist, tell of it, when you'd fucked your soul into a wasteland. I wanna know how much you left yourself that morning. I have to know. Have another drink first, here, more ice you writer, you artist. Have you penned the feeling yet? Have you recorded it for

others to share? Knock the fucking spigot from the crumbling wall and pour it all over our night!

It was a truth, I had felt it. I had known that state of complete emptiness when lying on an alien bed, morning sun angled partial like a wafting perfume so light and gentle on your skin. It was the third time I'd ejaculated in about a six hour period. I been drinking perhaps ten hours straight and had then driven a candy nosed, very adult Canadian woman back to her place in a desperate freewheeling slipshod roll. I explained it all to Chase. Such a debacherous spasm. She had a lovely voice and nipples big enough to poke your eye out. I must have eaten her pussy and asshole for over an hour. She kept moaning that it was gorgeous, lovely. After awhile I just focused on the small hole and she didn't complain and I figured the more I warmed it up the better chance I could hammer one out in it later on. She had curly dark cherry hair that down as far as her tanned shoulder blades and was still able to work it over though she must have been more than fifty. I had put up a great deal tongue working that asshole over, getting right up in there and she just gave way like gum fresh from your an hour in your mouth would. Really she had no backside until she bent over but she still managed to exude sex from her pores like an unwashed bitch in heat. She loved men, loved men loving her, which meant fucking her, and I was guessing the younger and more attractive the better. When I got sick of chewing it I just pulled her up by the hips and she landed roughly on her knees. I jammed my thumb in her pliable ring and my cock in her cunt and began to work it in and out as best I could. I grabbed a hand full of hair and arched her up and by the groan and whispered fuck me she gave I just pulled some more and began to work myself into a frenzy and her into a lather. I could taste her asshole in my mouth. White chocolate. When I knew I about to cum I let go of her hair and put two fingers all harsh in her mouth and she bit down which

was enough to make me shoot my cream like a cannon shot with fireworks in the muted background. I felt stream after stream spool out into her and she keep on biting. I explained to Chase that when this was done with that I felt good. Fine in fact. In hindsight I related it to the artist with unfinished work. I knew there was more to prove, more work and commitment required, either you have what it takes or you don't. It's a rough road, but one worth going down if you're capable. All desire must be killed by living it. There is no other way. Blake said it best. Better to kill a babe in the cradle than harbour unfulfilled desire. When I was able to I put her face first and worked it into her ass. She complained a little at first but when the storm was weathered and it slid in all liberated and true she pleaded for me to shoot my wad right there in her rectum. Such a lady, and being a gentleman I knew I would oblige her. And being a libertine I knew I'd take my time. At first I kept it inside her fully. Shoving as deep as I could. When she started bucking back into me I changed up pulling it all the way clean of her and then pushing through the sphincter with that joyous pop each time. A wonderful achievement if ever there were one. Like shooting a three point shot and hearing the swish of nothing but the net. It was then in the conversation with Chase that I explained my love of the delirious mediative quality of the unbridled fuck. The manner in which it allows one just that and not a thing else. How it was like prayer in that manner. That ability to focus one singly. To harness that one-mindedness that artists cherish and to work you out until a physical and sacramental conclusion. You continue because as with many things you must. When there is fuck, and nothing but fuck, there is no ego, no you, no me, no soul, no life, there is just fuck and fuck is good, and fuck is great. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I came in her crinkled crease puncture like a true gentleman does. And I left my rod in there until she began regaining form and shat it out. And I said to Chase I

still felt there was work to be done, I was still sitting on an unfinished novel. You have to conclude it he said. I explained to him that first I slept. That I knew there was more required but that I needed to rejuvenate. I could see Chase nodding in spellbound concurrence. He was relating, He felt kinship. He poured me a fresh one and relit my deceased cigar. Then I started up again. I could see his pupils light up like the first burst of flame from a match. When I woke it was morning. I knew where I was and what I'd done and it was then that I felt what I described earlier. Before you were finished!?!? It was true. I'd forgotten it, but now relaying the tale it came back to me like remembering the time you broke a bone, feeling that crunch from the past and wincing with it. Yeah. Yes. I felt it as I woke. Even before I'd looked her over. I had a feeling like I'd melted into a metaphysical gravy on the bed. Like I would never be able to move correctly from it. Maybe not melted but melded. I was fused for some minutes from having a physical presence. I was pure object, think Sartre's nausea, I was nothing, was concrete, pillow stuffing, carpet, dust on an alarm clock, stray pubic on a sheet. My mind worked fine though. My conscious existed. I thought thoroughly for around five minutes about slitting my wrists and bleeding out. Just being done with it. And it felt good to be done with it. It was pleasurable and blissful washing over me like a warm bath in winter. It wasn't done from despair or ennui, it was done from a feeling of requirement at the time. From what was needed for one to be happy. Death was obligatory, it was a vision Chase. A vision from the spot. From the abyss (and I thought I left old Nietzsche at home). Absolute death. Death to what I had. Life to what I wanted. I wallowed and spun and flew in it for a full five minutes. Let it engulf me and engorge me til I was fuller than full. How can I describe when it was done with? When I knew? I could move again. There was that. I could enjoy the morning light on my naked skin. I

felt a click of sorts, like an engine admitting it is about to turn over. I got an aching erection from passing my hand across her dense sporran (I neglected to cite she was untamed that way) and without thought I just rolled atop the woman, licked my fingers and delved full of meaning downward and when polished I plunged my dick deep as my testicles would allow. And then I proceeded to plough her without complaint not one from her. I swung her ankles up on my shoulders and pitched it in and out til she started mumbling curse words (which was too much for me) and pumped a brand new batch of semen right up in her womb. It was a throbbing orgasm, like taking a run when you're sore from the day before. More intense and sensitive. And I felt completion with it. A doneness. An understanding of what was needed to be understood. Like I'd read the last ten pages of some novel I been stinging to finish. Stuffed to the brim. Done, I say...done.

Chase looked at me like I was a ghost. Like I'd been hiding and sprung up and out on him.

A vision, he said. A vision. Holy. Gotta find the inner strength!!!

What an interpretation! Genius! You've hit ore Seppa. You have. You've mined this thing and hit at material I didn't even consider existing. It's a revelation. How do you do it? How? (He said it like he'd been expecting me to clarify everything for him, when I'd been expecting the exact same performance from him).

I backed up a section.

Is it as you've felt it?

Yes...yes. I've known that suicidal appalling dip and then fucked on too. But I treated the fuck as the cause of the dip, not as the source of the ability to see. But now I know. I know Seppa. Seen. It's why we keep going back, it has to be, the allowance of vision, the enablement of the sight. I've feared the height rather than revelled in it. Such a simple mistake to make. Amateurish. Blinded. But now I

see it, it's why I return even though the pain is so so much, oh the goddamned anguish I've been through Seppa, the stretched hours of the nights, I must have known it was there though, I mistook it for a suicidal wish, a push to a place I would not return from, a heedlessness and beast impulse that I could not for the life or soul of me discipline, a man can be so wrong Sep, shining the illumination in the erroneous places, I just needed a Master to clear my perceptions. To pluck my eyes out and let me see anew.

What do you see now Chase?

That version of me must die, must! A new man must be born. Like Buddha...like Christ.

I've felt it the same way Chase. Exactly the same. Get drunk on the loss of self. Work for it and of it and then let it take you as it needs you to go.

He stepped over to me. Hugged me tightly. I knew it was thank you. The orange ashes from his cigar sprayed across the night like shooting stars. There was cosmic relevance in the cool night air. I knew he thought I'd saved his life. Perhaps I had.

Now the writer's festival. How best to put it? I read a number of times at a number of events and participated in numerous panels. Mostly it was people masturbating in front of an audience of associate masturbators. I unzipped and went along for the ride.

You should pull on it like this see, grip it tight...and more spit sir.

No, no, two fingers are much better than one girls! And the other hand has free fingers for your gathered pink ring.

I felt I read well. I was occasionally intoxicated from the night before.

The air though was good. The streets clean and the light pure.

I made some friends. Some real and true brothers (hello to the beast L. D and a real beat M. S) and then of course there were some purely passing stains on the reminiscence. They dress like the pseudo artist and drink and do drugs like caged animals but where is the suffering you rabble, where is the courage, you rip-routing pervaders of the space? You badly made-up criticisers and purveyors of the literary stink, where are your hearts? Where is the need to so achingly desperately be?

Where?

I was hit on by the many smokers of the pole (was told I looked like Brando more than once and generally dig these guys) and discussed what and who I'd read with a number of the inebriated refuse (coming to the conclusion that I'd studied much much more and in a much vaster fashion than nigh on any sucker I came across). This isn't a braggart at work but rather a fucking forced upon myself fact.

Now though...How to measure the artist?

How does the he/she suffer through the everydayedness of their stark existence until he/she is given zero belief heeded to other than the reading or relating to dead or near dead men/ women, and hopefully not even that but beyond eventually and of their own admission and understanding and ultimately volition to create and add and add and add until this and only this can matter.

I knew what I knew and I knew it quick and in full. There wasn't much here, there was some, but not much.

What came was of the most came of flesh alone. I sat in my hotel room that night, much as I do now and I drank bourbon unaccompanied apart from books and the occasion violin quartet or piano sonata. I showered like a champion and did my penis exercises (as instructed by Chase) and just enjoyed the calm before the said squall that I knew would come when I left the room and enjoyed the night to come. I was sick of the arty hopefuls and dimwits

and fuckshits and their tepid snot and vomit and was now ready for a dose of real existence. So I drank like a fish, whipping through an entire bottle and then making my way down the mountain. Now I'll take a minute to explain the situation. I was staying in the south of town, but on this particular Friday night the hotel I was originally at was full, so I located to a sweet little boutique bed and breakfast atop the hill of Newcastle and let me say it was luxurious. A bed the size of a usual room and a room three times the bed itself. It had romp written all over the walls the minute I checked in for the night. Decadent furnishings and curtains aplomb with lace and cord and carpets plush as your friend's sweet sweet mother. And did I mention I was ill ridden sick of the try- so- fucken-hards and bitch-suck-shit- heads all self concerned nonce's with their bullshit consumed and now regurgitated for public consumption but rather just puerile static observation **WITHOUT ANY BLOOD UPON THE PAGE**, what I needed was some real ass. Some honest to God pussy. So I drank that entire bottle to myself purchased at a corner liquor store, went for a long walk to beach as the sun dropped first and then sat smelling old pages of old books and reading the words printed upon them up in the room drinking eventually making my way down the hill to a local, in hope of authenticity and an altogether missing of the arts to asshole ignored section that still retains the shit not wiped. Let me say I was in luck. Even after what I'd apparently enlightened Chase to, that perceptible revelation, one can forget as easily as one discovers, this is more human than any other thing else. Though perhaps, and perhaps more likely, I never understood it as Chase did, it never meant as much to me as it did to him, rather than a revelation it was an aside. A footnote. A postscript. Something I read and forgot until the day I go back to it and read again.

She wore a see-through shirt that revealed the black bra she wore underside. She'd only been back in the

country for about a month after living state-side and in Europe for over ten years. She had one of those asses that just wouldn't relent. It just sat real pretty there without any bother in her jeans, without asking or receiving any favours but rather just all the assurance it needed for itself was in being. In fact all of her was like that. Fitted well to the bone, not underweight, not over, muscle and flesh accomplished and kept. And (I would find out later, but could have guessed from the get-go) a bush not unlike that the Amazons would have wore. Not to mention the taste of it. Uncontaminated grove fresh fruit, mixed in with the slimmest mention of the foam off a wave at the beach. I can't exactly remember how I talked her up to the room. I asked if she wanted a drink and she said no, but encouraged me to keep at the bourbons. I faintly recall a conversation about the nourishment certain writers can give one, I told her that Hem and Bowles sated me more perhaps than the others, that Buk and Henry M worked well too. I'm quite sure I just asked her up and she said why not? I recollect she chatted much without me taking any of it in. Up the never-ending stairs and the false-flat roads of the urban hillside. She could talk the hind leg off of a donkey this one. Beautiful personal meaningless speech. Reams of the substance, and a voice all lovely too, but verbose travelled dribble, just honeyed surplus, she spoke most when she shut up, when her body said what her language would not consent to, and it flowed marvellously, what said most about her came devoid of words should I say, knack in grunts and gasps. Even when in the room, when on the whopping cot she went on with it, on and on, gorgeous and innocent and without proper implication, I had to shut her up with a kiss. Had to you see. With a clothes off now baby and let's commence with this stuff category of kiss. We kept at that matter part-naked awhile until I slipped down and slid off those panties opening up the florid flaxen forest beneath, and by God it was the finest flavoured pussy ever!

Fresh flesh and fruit. I could have gorged for a month. She only allowed twenty minutes or so before insisting on that head to toe business. My pulsed wand in her warm mouth and hands. All the way in her mouth, far afield like an resourceful enchantment that overwhelms one with feelings of loving and care. She was a white witch with it, bunting, and tonguing and swatting and sucking, gentle like with a newborn, within ten minutes I couldn't take her brilliance and drove spunk into her mouth in thrusting earnest healthy jets. And she swallowed it like she was eating strawberry yoghurt. My kind of girl. A timeless bitch if ever there were one. Artful. Resplendent. And after that, following the slim refraction required for myself, about a half hour or so, I fucked her every which way. There was some love in it too, existential adoration without a much of a word being spoke but it all being very understood. Violent violins sparking into a pitch bitching night. After awhile I let her climb on top and ride until she shuddered clawing at my chest and then went at her for another half hour in all ways known to man and God until I blasted my bundle up in her just as the sun was coming up a delicate violet and indigo at its beginning. Me atop her shapely full tissue beating into it in measured lopes, her face down on the bed, telling me to fuck her please fuck her, just pushing and pushing and pushing into her puss puss backways until it could not be done any extra, until I'd rode her lovely packed tail the whole damned way home, until my protected penis turned out what it had in superbly concentrated shots of fizz and bliss. I laughed as hard as I came. Free of all bonds, gratis to start on my way, I was nothing but this and this was nothing, the AFL Grand Final to come that day, and she tensed her cunt as it happened and lifted me to an even superior plane, just encouraged my forcible finale, my venture into a an egoless tailspin without a care where it led, then when done, when the action was complete, when the severance and coma post began she just left of her own

volition, up and took a shower, what a girl, what a beautiful done for accurate girl, a woman no less, leaving me as the blue turned blonde, as morning became day, the star beginning to govern, she wanted to get rid of me no doubt. Buckling up her jeans in the grey golden light when out, hair still wet. I had her mouth my boy one last time. Just took her hand and pulled her gently down to it as I sat naked on the royal velveteen chair in the corner under the soft lit window. Jeans on and no top, me leant over just and kneading those healthy chest swells til the nipples hardened like beads in my undulating fingers, her there knelt praying at my noble tool, suckling deliberate kisses at it like she was enjoying a tingling lollipop, my balls grasped sultry in her right hand, stopping to lick two fingers which she worked supremely into my arsehole heightening the entire act til bursting, the ending deep and intense feeling it most in my belly and legs as she gulped on the expulsion like expensive champagne bubbles that somehow tickled her nose. I would have returned the favour of course. But she refused me and said she had to go. Just went on putting her bra and top and shoes on, added a long tongue filled kiss and then she walked. Out into the incandescent sunup. Just like that. I'd briefly mentioned I was a writer earlier in the night and she had pondered aloud how I'd put into words what we had had when it were done. Well here it is. And there was nothing of what I spoke to Chase of, if anything there was a buoyancy and robustness injected into my being. Suicide was the last thing I could consider. The room was so full of life that I could not even get to sleep even though I'd been the entire night without it. I hunted life, there was not anything but life, there was no need for seeing death to know it. Death was a coward just that morning I had fluently slain. That I could capture and dictate to any time I decided I had enough in me to do it. I showered and ate and went down the hill for coffee. The sun was exploding in the sky and the rays from it shot from paradise like fiery

blazing arrows. I met a girl. Talked her ear off. Made a date to meet her that night. The streets glistened and the muck glowed.

And again sir I'll say this, for the sake of spat and splendour, three times is the charm you know, the religious and magickal trick. Three fucking times. Three. Three. Three. Life. Life. Life. No more, not a damned time less. You own them all (and yourself) that much.

And I should mention the train back to Sydney. The festival ended with the whimpers and screechings and drool of hung-over arty kids and their tetchy dressed-up aspirations. I sat at the train station over an hour waiting and reading Bowles. A girl now. Another. Young, sparkling and appealing to me then the way a mouthful of cold water sometimes does. A teenage divinity, she sits there reading Tolstoy across from me and I'm enchanted. Enthralled by her. This is two days post the woman in the king-fit bed. Not to mention the one the night after. This one though is just out of school you know. Weightless as a crumbling puff pastry temperate from the oven. As delicious as the blueberry jam and cream swished in-between. Innocent as the pages of an unopened manuscript. The sunset bleeds over her gradually. Like a vein cut and oozing out and down with gravity. I can hear Bruch and Tchaikovsky weeping violin notes over her pink knitted pullover, upon the skin of her legs sitting ideal and composed pushing out from the cotton skirt she has decided to wear. The sun, the star, just washing her in light and borrowed colourless lit shadows swishing from the nearby trees framed by the shuttling train window. Flickering sunshine lighting up the down of her turned cheek and one missed section on the back of her left thigh. Can one fall so deeply into feeling in three hours? Blonde hair turned peach, her cunt surely as sweet, her breasts and nipples as ripe and full of flavour as fruit left on the vine after the harvest. Oh by God her limbs and lips. Hair as extensive as a solar flame. She peeps over

her book now and again and I do mine and we make love in our thoughts, gentle and passionate love, unremitting love, incessant and impulsive love, we eat cheese and olives and artichokes whilst drinking crisp white wine off of each other's skins, in summer we marry in France and live and live and live so much, so fully that we die and die and die and are then reborn anew in Turkey or India, the freckles on her pretty little nose, the fineness of her ankles, we study more, fuck inescapably, mediate, paint, live and read our way into some revision of existence, some extraordinary element where we do not record a month and replay it ten years over like the rest of morbid humanity, where it is original and bright and resurgent, where food and light and air and water are unique with each dawning day, where the orgasms contrast wildly and violently and the kisses flavour like homemade ice-creams depending on our mood, where new books are looked for hard, and found, and too films, new orchestras and pieces and variations that lift and swoon and sway, where you attack the day, where you begin it without the left over depression of the one just past. The instinctive suns delivery a blessing rather than repetition. Her laugh. Roads unexpected. The movement of her hips when she dances in the shadows of our house, or outside in the shining of the light. Voices unbeknownst or with the ability to seem as such perennially. Sentences spoke with such conviction, with such vigour and undeniable quality of the innovation of the thoughts they transmit. Men and women actually met and lives shared like a wondrous meal. A man seeming a God, seeming a man, seeming a God. And it matters; you cannot deny the sensation, the fact, the comprehension. The mental union, right there on that train, its significance irrefutable. There can be so much when there is so little, and it feels better than most anything you've ever lived. And men lead entire lives as such. Waste months and years on the dreaded stuff. When you dream you lose existence. How terrible when you

realise it, when you consider how much living you waste in your mind. She leaves you then and life opens up rare and anew. Off the train some stops before you and you hardly feel it. Watching her naturally shaped backside warble under that skirt with an unblinking stare at it as she walks off in a glorified slink of youth and the mythical sexed layers you've invented. Getting her eye from the platform as the train starts it shuffle again. A leaving that wounds high-quality and stings, loss that develops into opening, into chance. But one must see oneself for what exactly one's self is. If one is forced into knowing it by suffering, into remembering one is alive and then available to make certain that one is conscious. If fuck leads one into such thoughts or the ability to have such thoughts. The Land of Fuck. The truth of that place. As opposed to the unreality of the places the mind had just built. The terrain explored. The mountains conquered. The plains transversed. Where one is left in the afterward of the unconscious. She put me there then. Somehow she did. As did the sun. And the air. And the loving worn leather on the seats of the train. And every word I'd ever read and every minute I'd ever lived. But her...her, her, her. Teenage goddess, with that starbursting ass and delicious pussy and expanding mind and gentle veneration. I know what I know because of the way she got so dripping wet upon me so many times in those years, the way she let me just push the boundaries of us both, in the decade I invented in my skull I betrayed her such countless times that it ceased to matter and yet she loved me even more for it. The way her wit melted into mine without my asking her permission and made me realise suffering is the greatest theme of one's life. The only theme. The means by which she made me ejaculate so passionately and uninhibited, and yet I was never with her. Never touched her. Only ever got within five foot. I smelt her somewhat. Watched her. Knew she had seen me. Knew she perhaps was wishing I'd follow her home. But there was nothing

but the truth that she gave me the gift of remembering that this was not life, but instead a horrible demise. And this is wholesome. Is the gift bestowed by the actuality of fuck and the worthlessness of dreams. The beauty of doing, of suffering. If not in the present then a man is not any place. Nor can he be ever. This is what I know and what you cannot unless you do to, and even in knowing you will forget and have to work ever so hard to remember. Do not waste this, treat it as not it anything but a transcendent veracity, a veritable necessity, it is inevitability, is inexorableness, it is life, it is essence, you are beholden friend, know that, know life you know--Life!--LIFE!--by God!--And Henry Miller! And August Strindberg! And good ole Dostoyevsky!

Find it right. Live it. But find it right first. Suffer. Suffer much...MUCH!

Realise how slight it is you have by any means potential to you.

Know it, then finish it, then LIVE!

In asking yourself where I am writing this from you ask a good question. I want to explain it to you before I leave you this time even though earlier I proclaimed I would save it for another work. It is a simple, cheap and small hotel room thrown in amongst the city. Clean lighted and with a desk to work at. I can make coffee for free and I drink my bourbon from the mug which I do not drink the coffee from. There is a shower. A double bed. A tiny ice-box. On the wall I have paintings by Munch, Van Gogh, Modigliani and Schiele. I have ripped them from books and tacked them up. All are of women excepting Van Gogh's chair and room. I order food in twice a day. A simple breakfast each morning. Then something different for the meal each night. I drink wine with the evening meal. The radio stays solely on the Classical Music place. Brahms is playing as I type. I walk the river at sunset most

days. I gamble on weekends, the horses or sports. There is simple methodical exercise and an hour's meditation in the room each day. I look at much pornography. Both online and in the stores nearby. I find there is a clarity in it somehow. Some of the books on my make-do shelving on and above the desk : The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, The Demons by Dostoyevsky, The Ebony Tower by Fowles, Story of the Eye by Bataille, Zarathustra by Nietzsche, The Spiritual Exercises by Kazantzakis, Wisdom of the Heart by Miller, Letters by Van Gogh, Bhagavad Gita, The Gospel of St Thomas, Mysteries by Hamsun, Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis by Freud, numerous works by Bowles, Beelzebub's Tales by Gurdjieff, The Life of Buddha, Bukowski poems, The Demon by Selby Jnr., Reich's autobiography, Novel with Cocaine by Ageyev, Cain's Book by Trocchi. I watch much football, much, using it the same way Hem did the bullfights and Bukowski the horseraces, the form and line and fit of my knowledge and feeling toward and of it transfer directly into the words I write and the sounds of the pen scratching paper or keys being hit are never as true as when I know the game as well as I can, when I can feel the courage and pluck in my blood and know that my knowledge has grasped the workings and fluxes of the sport correctly and accurately, that I have adjudged truly and with insight into meaning and daring and breakdown and the way. When the body feels right in the right places and mind is clear in and of the game. It isn't a laziness, or vice, or something to do. It is a necessity, and one which only few understand the repercussions of it not being just right and in its place. If there is health there, in that place, then I can write. I can take that almighty gamble and I can take it knowing that I can win. One grows into the other, the feelings bleed and blend so that each isn't of its own but one is of the other. It can be the same with fucking, but this isn't as true. Also with reading, gambling or drinking, looking at paint, still

though these can lack. They don't lend me as easily to an understanding of the world, and of myself in it, as does that game and my day to day understanding of it. Though maybe this is just how I feel right now. That there is such truth in the courage of having to risk injury to win something for a fellow man and to know that your reputation lies in the explicit display of that courage. Of having to get up and go when you feel you can do just that no more. Of having no place to hide. It makes me think of this, now, writing, of how it matters more than anything. That there is nothing finer for me. Nothing I'm willing to gamble as much on. This is as pure as it gets. I'll take death on for it, poverty, loneliness, disease seem nothing. I'll go all the way for it, would gamble with borrowed funds and the knowing that the debts could be deadly, I believe that much. Even knowing how few win, even having experienced it, I keep on. If not everything at it then nothing, it is straightforward as that.

The blonde on the bed tells me to tell you about the list of men that I have made. She is petite and full of obscured sex and stunningly, incredibly beautiful. Like Bardot with as much style to match but this one talks with a Slovak accent, writes cutting poetry and has read everything I've written.

"They don't wanna read lists."

"But it's a fine list."

"No list is fine, no list, well some perhaps, but a list made should be kept to the individual, a list is too painless for another, let them find the men I listed themselves! Let them stroll their own roads and endure their own sufferings."

"But it is a fine list, it is!"

"How about some coffee girl? And take your clothes off; you know I write better when you function naked."

"I bring clarity."

"Yes you do, you bring it like not much else can."

“I’ll write some poetry naked on the bed then shall I. My head or tail toward you?”

“Tail! And make some coffee first please.”

She’s a good girl. Really is. Exquisitely beautiful. And with talent. She seems aware that one without the other is hopeless. This is a rare understanding. Especially for one as young as she. And don’t buy into her pastel blonde blamelessness. Her waiflike supple-eyed and candid gaze. She is a carnal explorer this one. Unblemished awaiting the door to lock shut. Then the very same eyes combust and that smile breaks iniquitous and wicked.

Profanities in another tongue. Coming home drunk, dressed like a whore. Ordering me naked, onto the floor and on all fours then sitting there just above ass (her little feet dangling by my knees) and facing it straight-up, pulling my testicles and erection out rearward between my thighs and working it like some brake handle whilst laughing as amusedly as a thorny demon. Then beginning to slap at my ass in thrashing snaps of her alluring well-kept hands and fingers. She gets up and walks into the bathroom ordering me to stay put. Comes back and sits the same and I feel the slick of some balm on my balls and the lavish strokes become liquid as she kicks it up. The revelation comes when she starts to some exertion on my asshole. Greased fingers, one then two and the continual strange back working of my iron hard arrangement. Then she starts the in and out stuff and it all just goes up in volume and the buzzing is happiness and the feelings are heartbreaking, both hands working on both places, pushing and pulling and penetrating, riding my earthbound muscular dusts with glee, with mirthful, passionate and artistic adoration, it all coarse and potent in contrast to her virginal looks and faultless features and I don’t understand anything excepting the truth that men shouldn’t aim to be Christians but Christs. Not Buddhists but Buddha. And that this mad little bitch is a genuine keeper.