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*Mykel Board

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**Note: see separate folder for PDF*

Welcome to issue #92 of PBW. We come out twice a year, June-July and December-January, except during Plague Years, and all rights revert back to our generous (albeit unpaid and, by now, quite tired of waiting) authors.

Our next issue will appear, magically, in January - but perhaps once again not in your mailbox, as who wants to stand in line at the post offie when anyone around you could be spreading the Plague - it was so much easier when it was only the syph that did in a generation of French poets and novelists.

Poets are permitted to send in their work on paper, but my patented two-fingered typing will no longer permit me to anything much longer than a few short poems or three.

All writing and art work can also be sent to use via e-mail,

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Feel free to make copies of PBW for family and friends, or even put it out on the net, though that might incur the wrath of the censoring class.

This issue is dedicated to Donn Goodside.

Anyway, see you again in July.

Him And His Wife Owned Passion

By Daniel Gallik

Frank shaved this morning. He missed a spot on his chin. Frank told his wife he did not care. He called her at home to tell her that. She laughed over the phone, but he took it the wrong way. He said, I think you are making fun. She said no. She said he was a funny in a nice way. Now, he thought she was teasing. His wife was Elaine.

She had been married five times. He had told her he wanted no kids. She said, "I have already had those." Elaine thought she needed a good-luck pendant. Frank often thought he would make love to her. But he knew he should never have sex with

one who he was afraid of. In the a.m.
he wished he was a man. In the p.m.
he gathered his wits, became neutral.

He Moaned For A Lady Of The Earth

My buddy told me watches aren't
perfect. I said, "Hell, if you could
wear the atomic clock that would
be good enough." He told me he
was late again, and his wife could
have killed him. I spoke, well, did
you tell her she could be making
mistakes too, that she could be
wrong! My buddy was all about
divorce. I told him, "If you divorce

her, you could be wrong again."

He said how. "Well," I said, "she
is beautiful." My buddy told me
that he liked a lady with a lovely

personality. I said, “Are you telling me you would marry a lady named Bertha?” He said he would, and would even have sex with her if she ever wanted it. Time was being numb. He told me he liked girth.

One Needs A Basement To Descend To

He said to me, “A limbic fog is coming from the mouths of American workers.” I told him I thought I knew what he was saying. “Are you reporting that people on Facebook are being ubiquitous and twittery?” He nodded. With that twist he was saying, “A doom loop is present. But it’s not sad.” I felt that at that time he was being pubic. Priests and presses were forcing idiot confessions from us. Still, I thought more than 62% of

Americans could converse for 10 hours with you and not say a thing. I said that I felt Trump was like a decanter of lush wine and that the Democratic party was a bushel of unripened potatoes. Neither can be defined in a better way. Football, basketball and baseball aren't helping us anymore because they are fake. A singular privacy is what we really want.



 [dreamstime.com](https://www.dreamstime.com)

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A Superfluous Person

By Dirk van Nouhuys

Louisa Martinelli was running in Atlanta one fine Sunday in May before the heat began. On the lightly peopled sidewalks she was pink and white and red and blue, breasting the wind of her own motion. She breathed deeply of asphalt, exhaust, and her own precious sweat. She ran every day, two miles on work days, three or four miles on weekend days if she did not go in to her office. She got high; she emerged into a smooth state of ongoing where she took in but did not note what she passed. These were the minutes in her life she felt best, but she did not know that because she did not ask herself when she felt best.

It was Sunday and she was running in her neighborhood of apartment complexes; the interior lawns and pools courted her peripheral vision. She was pretty, but not strikingly so, a little short, five four, black, curled hair, a fine sharp face with bright black eyes; she thought of herself as over weight at 120 pounds. She was drifting toward the central towers of the city.

Her mind drifted toward the power struggles of her job. She worked in marketing where her boss was Vance Crutcheon. They had a close, comfortable relationship. He was a large, handsome man who dressed impeccably; his suits were as carefully executed as the lines of a new model car and he had a musky, electric smell. Louisa continually watched his moves, wondering how a woman would become a vice president, constantly thinking to what degree a woman would do the same things to get ahead and to what degree she would have to translate his into other gestures. She believed there was nothing a woman could wear that was so powerful as his suits. Yet there was a danger in being

close to Vance; Vance was a rival of the head of Sales, a more calculating man, and Louisa was afraid she would have to choose one or the other. Though Vance was her boss and now seemed ascendant, instinct told her that it was by no means clear which loyalty would advance her best.

Her mind drifted to the moment she had given up the idea of being a teacher. She was running toward another life, people drifting away behind her like leaves. She had majored in education at Ohio State because in high school she had loved a teacher, a woman who had shown her reality beyond the warm, dingy house of her family. For a few steps she smelled the warm scent of her mother kneeling to scrub the floors. But when she was an intern she found teachers were poor and contemptible. She remembered a likable young woman in a threadbare coat walking out among indifferent students in a chilly northern Ohio wind to a second job.

She slipped on the curb. All the swift arrangement of her life was suddenly disjointed. Pain illuminated her body from a flash in her left ankle. Tears jetted from her eyes and she fell forward on her hands and knees in the gutter. She lurched herself to a sitting position on the curb. She looked at her foot. It was pointing backwards on her leg. Without a thought, she reached down and turned it forward. She felt a grating surge within the pain, which was constantly more than she had ever known.

She lifted her streaming eyes. Light traffic passed her by. It seemed impossible such pain could exist without blood. No pedestrians were in sight. She propped her left leg on the curb and raised her thumb in the sign of hitch hiking. Cars passed. Her state of mind was like in dreams she had had for years after getting her MBA of being late for an exam or running through college halls unable to find the exam room. The intersection was wide, cold winds blew up papers between closed storefronts at street level. A black male pedestrian appeared across the street.

He did not act as if he saw her and she did nothing to attract his attention. What she wished for was a jogger like herself.

A large American car, round, smooth, and covered with fanciful chrome, like an obsidian amulet worked with silver, pulled up. The door opened and a woman's voice with a heavy local accent, said, "You appear to be in distress."

"I think I've broke my ankle," Louisa said tearfully.

"You must let me help you," the voice said. The engine stopped and an elaborate blond upsweep appeared straining across the seat at her eye level.

"Can you take me to an emergency room?" Louisa said.

"Well, this looks like an emergency all right," the voice said. Now in forehand perspective the face of a middle-aged woman with quite a bit of makeup reached for her. "Are you able to get in the car?"

"I can't stand it" Louisa said, half choking on the words.

The kind stranger got out of the car and helped Louisa into the front seat. She was tall with broad shoulders, wore shiny white polyester or silk blouse and black slacks. Louisa sank on the sofa-like seat and gingerly braced her broken limb on her other leg.

The shudder of the engine starting made the pain throb. The buildings and traffic swam. Her hostess' breath smelt of drink.

"Of course you have you have health insurance?"

"Yes, the card's in my wallet."

"Have you any preferences with respect to a hospital?"

"O, Wow, no."

"Off to Good Samaritan then."

As she maneuvered in traffic, the driver excused her self for not introducing her self and said her name was Martha Chandler. Louisa, half in a nightmare of pain said her name, that she was a product manager for a business supply company, and asked the blond woman what she 'did'.

"My dear young woman, I try to be helpful, and some day you'll have to tell me what a product manager does."

As they approached the hospital Martha asked "Listen, Honey, I'll call your next of kin, or whoever has to take you in."

"I'll give you the number of a friend," Louisa said, and gave the name of Barb Proudfut, her closest friend, another product manager at the business supply company where she worked.

Martha parked at the door of the emergency room and told Louisa to, "Hang on Honey." Two orderlies shortly appeared with a stretcher and expertly deposited her upon it. While they waited for a doctor, Martha sat with her. Louisa hardly understood half of what was going on, the pain pulsed on and on.

"I think the last time I was in an emergency room was when one of my cousins, she was 12 then, broke her arm, just a little green fracture, not so grave as yours. I was reading TERMS OF ENDEARMENT, do you know the part where the young mother is dying of cancer?" Louisa, who never read except for work and

could not remember at this moment if she'd seen the movie or not, shook her head.

"Well, it's very sad, Martha said. It was so sad I was moved to cry, those poor kids losing their mom. Then of course I felt embarrassed because the people around me must be drawing an inappropriate conclusion about me, so I put the book down. But it was tedious sitting there and I wanted to know what happened next, so I would pick up the book again, and then begin to cry, and put it down because I didn't want the folks to misconstrue me... You'd think they could come give you a shot of something!"

But they didn't. Eventually an orderly, a tall, limber black man whose movements suggested he might play basketball, came to wheel her to a doctor further into the health care system.

"Since we cannot be certain when your friend will learn of your indisposition, should I go over and get a few overnight things?"

Louisa regarded the older woman out of her anguish. Her face seemed to loom closer and far away, a plump face with fine hair,

wider at the bottom than the top, not a runner's face, the kind of person who inhabited a world she had run past, yet now promising to answer her very thoughts. Fear and trust were distant callers. "Please, my address and my key is in my wallet, go in, in the bathroom, my tooth brush, in my bedroom dresser, second drawer, a few...I think you'll find a robe somewhere."

"Do you nurture any pets?" Martha asked.

"Shit, no, I don't take care of anything but me, please go on."

—

The next morning Louisa awoke numb, her leg hanging in ropes and pulleys before her, locked in a cast from the ball of her foot to high on her thigh. She was not surprised at her state when she woke; she understood it conceptually, as if she had been reading a medical report in her sleep about some other, shamefully vulnerable, smaller woman. They gave her painkiller several times. Shortly after breakfast her friend Barb called from work. Louisa told her she would be in the hospital until the next

day if all went well, and could come into the office, on crutches, in a couple of weeks. Barb said to let her know and she would drive her home, and said everyone in the office hoped to see her there again soon. "Not as much or as soon as I hope," Louisa said. Then Louisa dozed for a while, trying to compose a note to her parents about what had happened that would be inoffensive and yet maintain her distance, not a note, a part of a longer letter, that would say— what? — and at the same time drifting into fleeting images of her childhood sitting around the family breakfast table with a desperately comforting smell she could not at first identify, but then recognized as bacon and eggs, just as Martha entered the room. She was dressed rather elegantly. She said she had just called to learn the outcome of Louisa's operation. Louisa gestured at her great, white, hard leg that hung before them, her hand motion full of regret for the slim limb it enclosed. Martha's pursed mouth was like a third eye. "You will want to run again I suppose?" Louisa knew she would hardly remember what Martha

said. Martha asked her if she needed a ride home, then offered to shop for her once she was home and left her card, which bore the imprint of "The Olde Golde Antique Shoppe".

The next day Barb drove Louisa home around noon. Barb was a moderately tall, lean, muscular woman with a rather large head and medium-length dusty brown hair, which smelled of talc. She habitually wore good plain pants suits in dark colors with a lot of grey in them and frilly white, shirtfronts. She was married, but had no children. Her husband was in marketing with Coca Cola. She had a brisk, cheerful, excitable manner. She and Louisa paled around and played and ran and laughed together a lot at work. They constantly gave each other little bits of information and gestures of assistance like candy. Barb brought a stack of TV dinners and similar easy cooking items and the stack of mail off Louisa's desk.

Barb stayed for a quick lunch herself. They talked about how much they wished they could find gourmet take out food; both of

them liked to eat, and wanted food that fit their idea of their rising lives, but seldom took the time to go to good restaurants and never took the time to cook it themselves. They had even had fantasies of opening together a gourmet, take-out food shop. They made some jokes about Louisa sharing her drugs. Barb and Louisa shared a fearful, fretful fondness for cocaine, which they used intermittently for parties and concerts and occasionally on long evenings or nights in the later part of the week at work, but neither of them ever remembered using codeine before.

When Barb left, Louisa sat down and began to go through the mail with dozy drop outs and at a much slower pace than any day at work. Most was advertising; she threw some away and arranged the rest to file when she got back to the office. She then phoned the office, dictated the replies to a couple of letters, and asked to talk to Vance. He assured her that everything was under control and that she should rest and get better.

She did not want to rest, and did not truly believe control was possible without her. She obsessively returned to the image of the metal plate screwed to her bone as if it were a question she could not answer. She took codeine and slept through the afternoon. She made herself a TV dinner in the evening, and hobbled into the living room to turn on the TV, then remembered that it was broken.

In the morning she wondered if she could burden Barb with picking up a new TV and bringing it by. Although the time it took to do anything humiliated her, to wash herself and dress, to make coffee and cereal for breakfast, although simple actions were tedious and humiliating operations, although the codeine she was still taking made her lids heavy, yet she soon found herself with time on her hands. For the first time in years she felt lonely. It was ten o'clock. At work they would be holding the Product Team Meeting on this day of the week, on others the smell of coffee would be turning her up with a gang of co-worker-friends. There

were other friends she could call in the evening, but they were all at work now. She saw herself in her mind's eye in the office, working quickly, well, with concentration, her desk before her piled with papers, her computer and disks, and telephone slips, the phone ringing, people coming in and out with questions, she with answers. They worked in an "open office environment", desks separated by neck-high partitions, a constant flow of voices. Barb's cubicle was next to her own and they would hover over one another's phone calls. She knew she was better than Barb, more decisive, and more careful, closer to Vance Crutcheon, with an instinct for the small advantage, all the details arrayed readily in her mind. She has worked there four years now. She knows as much as Vance Crutcheon although she asks his advice, takes it, defers to him, does not mind that, but if he were not there she would manage. She went back to bed and masturbated. She masturbated often; she liked it, did it more than she made love, got a brisk satisfaction. She lay on her back and pressed the lips

of her vulva around her clitoris, stroked it and engaged it while thinking of making love with up and coming men, like her actual lovers, often fully dressed in business clothes, sometimes confusing the impossibility of making love fully dressed, although she imagined herself as undressed, and came with a well-sized brightness like the glow of a firefly breaking out in the night, rising sharply, fading briskly. The codeine lent her a light sleep.

The phone woke her. It was Martha, who said, "I'm glad I found you in."

"Where did you expect to find me?" Louisa said.
"Well, if you'll pardon the insinuation, I thought you sheltered mostly under some other roof." She understood that Martha supposed she lived with someone and wondered why she thought that. The thought of living with someone, of making love with someone with her leg in a cast to mid thigh was humiliating.

"I'm afraid I'm still here," Louisa said.

Martha said she had noticed that her TV was broken and wondered if Louisa wanted to borrow one of hers. Louisa accepted a little uneasily questioning at the instant what was Martha was looking for. Martha asked her if she wanted a VCR and a few tapes or anything to read. Louisa couldn't think of anything she knew about on tapes or music videos, though they often ran in the background at parties, and imagined herself before the book stands at airports.

"That's OK, I'll grope around the dial," Louisa said.

—

Louisa had to stay home for a week. The apartment had begun to smell like the hospital, the alcohol she used at the edge of the cast, mutely functional food, her own body not lean and sweaty but soft and damp. The days were like the first, though the pain diminished and she took less codeine, so she was more wakeful and restless. Without knowing it she missed her transition while running into a realm of perception without action. At the end of the

week she had to go to the hospital for a check up. Barb was in Elizabeth, New Jersey at a show. Louisa could not drive, of course, until the cast was cut down below her knee, if then. Her family was still in Youngstown, Ohio where her father, who had been a foreman in a steel mill, was looking for work, and she had not called or written them yet, but there were some people she might call: her old roommate; a man she went to parties and to bed with; and a man she could not call, an occasional lover who was married, a man who worked in a similar position in a marketing firm and with whom she often exchanged favors. Yet with her marketing sense she knew it would be an imposition on any of them; she would have felt it to be an imposition on her. Martha rang on the phone. She asked again, in her polite, too elaborate way, if there was anything she could do for Louisa. Louisa explained her appointment. Martha said she would be delighted. Louisa explained that she would have to be with the doctor for a couple of hours starting at ten in the morning, so

Martha would have to interrupt her day twice. "I won't interrupt anything," Martha said. "I would be delighted to have a chance to crawl underground in those delightful shops". Martha added that she would be honored if Louisa would accept her invitation to lunch at Anthony's after the appointment. Louisa complained that she could not have lunch in a place like Anthony's because she could not sit down in a straight- backed chair with her cast. Louisa had never been to Anthony's, but she had a keen image of it related to Old Atlanta. Martha offered a rain check.

Waiting for her, Louisa thought that Martha's whole life must be something like this restless, listless period of her own. Since she seemed to have no marketable skill, Louisa thought she must spend her time looking for trivial favors to bestow and understood why she had an air of drinking too much.

In the following ten days Martha took her to three appointments. She seemed always concerned and nurturing; Louisa did not know what she could talk to this woman about. She

talked with her friends about business, money, power, who was getting ahead and who not, about people in business, people she knew or people they read about in magazines like INC., the magazine about companies and managers on the move.

Uncomfortable with the silence in the waiting room on their second visit Louisa picked up PEOPLE magazine.

"Do you ever read this?" she asked.

"I never miss an issue," Martha said. "Do you turn your mind to such unprofitable things?"

"Sometimes," she said, leafing through the bright pictures on thin paper. Sybil Shepherd Divorcing. The discussed Syble Shepard's "marital career" as Martha put it.

"I suppose being with Richard Burton helped her along, actually," Louisa said.

"For some people marriage must be like jobs, you go from one to another with some ambition in mind," Martha mused.

Driving back, settled in Martha's big car, Louisa asked Martha if she had ever been married.

"I have committed such an indiscretion," Martha said, "but only once."

"What did your husband do?" Louisa was gradually coming under the spell of personal chattiness that surrounded Martha.

"I think his ambition was to become a playboy, but he found I didn't have quite enough money." Martha said.

Coming back after the last appointment the chattiness seeped so far into Louisa that she asked, after Martha spoke of plans to visit Bali,

"Where does your money come from?"

"My grand daddy was a preacher in Tennessee," Martha said. "He wasn't doing so good so he moved to Texas. He wasn't doing so good there either, so he bought a little farm to eke out the collection plate and it turned out to be a sort of thin film of dry

Texas dirt, like the disgusting skin on hot milk, floating on a lake of oil."

"Have you ever worked?" Louisa asked.

"I've never done anything for the money; I've busted my ass sometimes."

"What did you work at?"

"Well, I was docent at the museum for a while. Have you been to our museum?"

Louisa shook her head.

"Well I learned all about Tiepolo and Fra Angelico, and Wateau and such and walked through the halls pointing at pictures and telling what I'd learned. I believe architecture has returned to the Fra Angelico stage."

"Why did you stop?"

"Darling, I just couldn't make it out of bed in the morning sometimes. But I'm still on the Board --It meets later in the day."

"What's your husband doing?"

"He's working in Florida for his cousin Ted Turner. Something undemanding that has to do with yachts."

Louisa wished Martha had mentioned Turner before; she had read about Turner in INC as well as the papers. "Do you know Ted Turner?" she asked.

"Well a little," Martha said. "My husband brought me to Atlanta, but a divorce is not quite right amongst some of the folks, so he had to throw in with that crowd, but mostly it was after we separated."

"Have you thought about getting married again?"

"No, but I have a partnership."

"What?"

"Well, you see I know a young man who is very close to me, I'm sure someone your age will understand, and we're partners in the Olde Gold Antique Shoppe. I'll bet you didn't know that Georgia one time had its own gold rush."

"That doesn't sound like a half-bad idea," Louisa said. It had never before occurred to her that she could learn anything about how to live from Martha.

—

A week later her cast was cut down to the height of a high boot. Over the weekend she practiced driving in this condition, awkward as when she had first learned to drive a shift car. She also went to her first party, sat feeling foolish and unattractive with a drink in her hand. She did some coke with Barb and her husband, but it only made her feel detached, not more on top. Men flirted with her solicitously but she held back from them as if she were having her period. She could go in to the office on Monday.

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Barb picked her up that morning, she said it was too much to expect for her to drive herself the first day back. They came into the office a little before most of the other people, Louisa was

moving on crutches, cheerful at the prospect of return to her normal life if not her normal gracefulness. The large open rooms had the familiar, clean, morning smell of paper and the cleansing agents of the janitors at night. Barb was carrying her PC and a stuffed briefcase. Because Barb had kept bringing her the paper, her desk was nearly bare and her In Box was empty except for a memo, which had evidently come in Friday after normal business hours. Memos like that were usually very trivial or very important. She glanced at it as Barb was piling paper and computer gear on her desk. "Vance has been fired," she said to Barb, struck again. The memo said that he and the company had agreed that it was mutually desirable that they terminate their association and lauded his contribution. Louisa wondered what sort of severance had been promised him, guessed it was plenty. It said that his boss would be acting in his place while a search for his successor went on. "Butler has won," Louisa said forlornly. Butler was the head of the Sales Division. "Things will change, but we'll be OK,"

Barb said. In the afternoon Louisa called Martha to accept her rain check on a lunch at Anthony's, but a recording told her to call the Old Golde Antique Shoppe. When she identified herself, a cheerful young man said Martha had gone for a week to West Palm Beach to visit her brother; Louisa asked him to have Martha call her.

It took Louisa a week to realize she was no longer comfortable at work, Later she ascribed her slow uptake to her real involvement in her job that screened from her eye its new situation. Her eight and more hour long, agitated, daily high crossed the line into tense restlessness. In the first place, she unknowingly mourned for Vance. After a couple of days she called his home and got his wife who said that he was "discussing new opportunities with Bell Atlantic". Early in the week Butler met with Louisa, Barb, and the two other Senior Marketing Managers, then met with Louisa alone. He said he was considering reorganizing temporarily with one of the other marketing people in charge to

reduce the number of people who reported directly to him. For a moment Louisa felt like a commodity. She managed to talk him out of that notion on the basis that her responsibilities were isolated and that it was inappropriate for someone her peer on paper, in fact less responsible and experienced, to supervise her. "Do you mean you would like to work more closely with me in the future?" Butler asked. "I guess that will depend on how the organization settles out when Vance is replaced," Barb said. She half knew as she spoke that it was a mistake, but in her numbness she was not aware of her half knowledge.

A tremendous volume of work from her own absence and reassigned from Crutcheon and the tension in her self esteem from constantly appearing damaged, kept her from noticing that her opinion was not sought so often, that new projects did not come her way, that Barb asked her advice less and told her less. Although she did not notice these things, they effected her feeling, she felt ever more low and agitated.

Anthony's occupies an antebellum mansion and preserves some of the character of a wealthy home. One Saturday a few weeks later the maître de conducted Louisa and Martha, somehow in a way that made Louisa's crutch less obtrusive, into a room with eight tables. It must have been a ballroom in the 19th century. She thought often of the ironic name of her home city, Youngstown, a city economically aged, from which she and her brother and all the bright young people had fled as soon as they could. The room at Anthony's had dark-stained, soft wood floors and large, machine-made oriental rugs, there was a wonderful mixed odor of good food in the air like a wealthy broth. The ceiling was planks painted creamy and creamy wallpaper showed a leafy French design. A large crystal chandelier made her think of pampered women waiting in yards of confining silk for an invitation to the dance, their only form of exercise, an image, which had thrilled her when she read GONE WITH THE WIND as a young teenager and now filled her with contempt. On the left

was a fireplace with a large painting of Oglethorpe above it, on the right a tapestry, in the distance, windows opening on shrubbery. They were seated at a table for four against the wall, with a table cloth, large pewter service plate, silver plate, and large wine glasses turned down. The waiter offered them cocktails. Martha ordered a champagne cocktail, champagne with Southern Comfort, and Louisa a Perrier. She felt the lack of energy or goals in the life of the older woman as a weight on herself; she wished she'd done a little coke before she came over. Louisa was looking for something like a chicken or a chef's salad, but Martha persuaded her to order chicken Jerusalem, even though Louisa was gaining weight and trying not to eat so much. She thought for once in her life she would eat up to her income. Martha ordered a French white wine.

Louisa asked her what she had been doing in West Palm Beach. Martha replied that her sister- in-law had recently died and she had gone to be with her brother. Louisa was at a loss for

words. No one close to her had ever died. She had a sort of contempt for people who allowed themselves to be defeated, such as her father washing dishes at home while her mother worked as a clerk, but this feeling did not seem adequate to death.

"I'm sure you don't want to hear the grim details."

"I don't know how I could help," Louisa said.

Martha asked her in detail about the state of her leg, laughed loudly when Louisa told her the doctor had said she would set off metal detectors. "Oh yes the doctor expressed pride in his craftsmanship," Louisa said bitterly, "he made me feel like my ankle was his product."

"Oh, my dear, at least your wound is not in the heart or in the head," Martha said.

"Inside my ankle, which will never be as slim as the other, I wear it like a bracelet; when I am a skeleton I can show it to Death," Louisa said.

"When can you start your running again?"

"He said that when I get the half cast off he will lay out a staged exercise program for me. In six months I might jog cautiously on a soft surface, I might run in a year; my heart will not rest easy until I do."

Louisa asked Martha why she had supposed she was living with someone.

"Well, of course a fine healthy, I mean normally healthy, young woman like you needs her pleasures. But, well, to be frank, your apartment did not look as if you lived in it."

"I spend a lot of time at work," Louisa admitted.

"Have you been married?" Martha asked.

"No, I wondered if you'd ask me that."

"Do you plan to marry?"

"If the right man came along and it did not conflict with my goals."

"What are your goals?"

"What are your goals?" Louisa countered.

Martha rolled her eyes to the creamy painted plank ceiling." I try to survive and give a little help to my friends," she said. "I want to earn as much money in thousands as twice my age in years."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty nine."

"And how are you doing so far?"

"I'm ahead of the game."

"Well I suppose I must ask you about your job."

"I'm doing fine" Louisa said, "But the office is not doing so well." She felt that Martha wanted to hear about problems, so she explained about the fall of her ally the, VP of marketing, and the rise of the VP of sales. As she spoke she felt her concern and fear more than she ever had before. She felt more distant than she ever had before from her immune friction with the wind when she ran.

"I am taking this moment when I have in my hand a bird with a wounded wing, to ask them how they fly. Now you know I have been dying to know: what does a Product Manager do?" Martha asked as a waiter hovered lifting silver domes off steaming platters.

Louisa explained that she participated in product conceptions and design and market preparation through packaging, and tracked sales and restocking.

"Now be a dear and tell me that in English," Martha said.

Louisa explained that sometimes she thought up products, or chose them from some supplier, but more often she worked with others who had thought them up or chosen them from some supplier ("within the guidelines of the product line, of course"), that she arranged for advertising, and publicity of other sorts, often wrote articles for trade magazines, decided how to sell and bought manufacturing, set the production schedule, and how many would be stored in warehouses, what the boxes would look

like, both the boxes the customer took in his hand, and the shipping containers, set up shipping, and, once a product was launched, kept track of how they sold and where, how many should be shipped to what warehouse, when to take out more ads, of what kind, the profit and loss from the product, and when it should be dropped.

"Well, I suppose that's English of a sort. Tell me what you have done that satisfied you the most."

"Well last year I got the marketing award for the dual line of the Clip Well and the Card Keeper."

"Oh, pray, do tell me what they are," Martha said.

"Well a Japanese supplier offered us a little oval plastic desk accessory, heavy-gauge, quality plastic with bright, opaque, high-die colors, a little oval about like a foodball, melon, football I mean, with one quarter side cut out. It was my conception...idea to sell it in one box as a holder for paper clips, and as another line, in another box at a somewhat higher prices, as a holder for

business cards." It was the first time she had spoken of it 'in English' and it seemed diminished in security, even seemed trivial, like a college athletic trophy.

"Do you think you will do things like this all your life?" Martha asked.

It was in her mouth to say: 'No, one day I will be a vice president of marketing.' her pride prompted her to say that. But instead she said, "I am thinking of opening a shop. I was thinking of a gourmet fast food shop. I understand such shops are doing well in California."

"And you were wondering if I might be interested in backing it," Martha said.

"You are sharp," Louisa exclaimed.

"Only paranoid," Martha said.

"Is it a possibility?" Martha asked.

"No" Louisa said, "only lovers rate such indulgence from the likes of me and, like you I believe, I am not inclined to Lesbianism."

Louisa sat silent, regarding the remnant of a pecan mousse. She could smell its sweetness. The plate in her ankle ached.

"But I have friends who are well enough to do and I imagine that you are very plausible to people interested in commerce. I can put you in touch with people who may be useful."

"Perhaps I have made some wrong choices," Louisa said, "and maybe I have learned something. I need someone to stick by me; do you know how to do that?"

"Why my dear," Louisa said, "I thought you'd never ask."

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The Outsider

By Donn Goodside

In dreams as in waking I am nearly naked
Seeing and seen by people I do not know

Though streets seem familiar of places been
I am and have always been alone

Approaching encampments I smile my name
Extend my empty hand in peace
Shuffle and shly stand
Waiting for solitude's release

I will fight to be accepted, to prove my worth
I will stand down to show my intent
I will not accept label as slave
I will not serve the corrupters Tent

If I must remain or go alone
Bags or belongings be damned
All I ask from those within
Is that I keep that which I am.

Never Learned to Laugh____

Lifetimes have passed
I have heard them laugh upon the path
Jealous I have leaned forward
Eager to see this marvelous thing
Always ...some unfortunate soul was in pain

Laughter of small minds
Gleefully sarcastic at the
Imposed shortcomings of another
At seeing me they would stop and stare
Looking for any caricature of difference
Any blemish or distortion
A shade of color not before seen

Then the stabbing's would begin
Insults thrown javelin

Hoping to raise a tear
To them'___ that was funny
To enjoy the susceptibilities
Of the soft unprotected underbelly

I have always looked beyond
The misshapen shell G*d has given us
Hiding the beauty hidden within
Looked deep down, past
The shallow 'Freudian mask
Amazed at the loveliness

Still I have never learned to laugh
Hope, I never will.

Night Shift

Each of us has an image of 'Paradise
A destinations resting reward, and yet
I am troubled as my own view is dim
Deep down many levels beneath the Sun
Where hand hewn roots of Sequoia

Support the Marble Hall of others
I am sweeping the dust gatherings
And collecting into piles
The cardboard refuse of gifts not meant for me
Toiling the forever among vague others I never knew
While I was sleepwalking somewhere up there.
I go on in the certainty that eventually
I too, will rise to the Alabaster Porticos
Washed by brief sweet showers of rain
Till then I accept my role
As 'Janitor on this side of the Gate.

Decadent Dreams

Every day I am born anew
Through the mud and sludge
Of decadent dreams
And some vague remembrance
That I'm connected to my past
I stare at a mirrored reflection
I do not recognize
My cold pinching shoes feel too far away to tie

As I try to remember where I'm going and why
I try to capture that which is lost
The world that was meant for me
Is not the world in which I live
My face feels the sting of one hand clapping
My eyes focus on the world outside of my self
The colors change from 'Dali-esque vibrancy
To being all sooty and smelling of sweat
Ahhh it must be Monday and time to go back to work

Invitation to Reality Embossed elegant and proper

With white glove upon silver tray
('*he imagined*')
the Invitation
Would surely come
To announce his required presence to attend
His fellow wordsmith's and other known
Notorious Poets of the Dusky Café
Would say 'Come speak bend your phrase and
Entertain us on this your sixty-first birthday'
A celebration that would envy Cyrano Don Quixote'

and all those other guys with
Wine laughter and raucous noise
While out on the town with the boys

With this

A gentle tear did shyly slip
Past cheek mustache and hidden laugh'
'My life is proven to be all that I have dreamed'
(*and with that*)

A crack of burn'n wood and steam
Did rise to wake from within that barrel of fire
That warmed the homeless and dispossessed
Quaked! Don Booda
In cold damp shoe and common cloth
Of yesterday's still dressed
Breath of kerosene and hunger now asleep

He'd creep 'round to avoid the shift of wind
That hawkish did bite the face
Covered in smoke ash and forgotten sins
For which he must now pay for his mistake
Of pride rebellion and anti-social ways

'Ahhh ____ but those were the days

Those were the days ' ...

He wandered in whatever direction

The wind blows his back
Across the tracks through the brush
Of once garden's pruned and manicured
Till bloom of fragrant wafting airs turned to sickly smell
Of graves now frozen gates to hell
Leaning against granite reality
Scrapes his knuckles and barely bleeds
Feels the need to rest
Exhausted crumples and collapses
The stars remain fixed
His world spins in ellipse
Of forever turning
Churning through the airless void
His Belly flutters
Eyelids squint against the light
Wind whoosh chases night
Summer and being seven follow him
Down the path to a porch well worn
An unlocked door and
His Mother's scolding scorn
' *Your hands are dirty and you're late for Dinner',*

Somewhere In The Middle

Growing up, he had this feeling, as if, he did not know where he fit in.

He had this gnawing sense, that something was missing. It may have been, the Farm, he grew up on, with its acres of wheat, that stretched out, from Dawn to the Horizon of the setting Sun, and its miles of waves of ever changing pastel hues.

He caught a ride from a passing truck, that took him as far as the paved road.

Not sure, or caring, where the 'rides, took him, he accepted 'A Lift ', from all that offered. When, dropped off on the side of the road, he did not stand motionless with his thumb outstretched 'begging' for more mileage.

He walked.

His heels hammered the road shoulder, leaving no trace of his having been there.

Then, a 'Truck Driver, seeing that he was walking, stopped and said:

"Looks like you got somewhere to be... hop in, I'm going to the Big City."

'Let off, a few blocks from Times Square, in New York City's Manhattan, he stood on the corner of 'Broadway and 46th Street and absorbed the energy, and saw the multitudes of peoples from all around the world.

Tourists, Locals, Artists, Show people and the desperate poor and feeble

Which ever direction he looked, there was another one, that was older, or

younger. Taller or shorter. Well dressed with fancy Jewelry, and someone that were in rags and covered in filth.

Obviously there were those that were more intelligent and 'gifted, and by the angry voices of others, some, not too well educated.

There were those Speaking out loud, of their Faith and those timid and silent standing afar off.

Now, he knew, that no matter, what he acquired or level he arose to,

There would always be someone above him in stature and status...

and those that were somewhere else, a little behind.

As his shoulders and neck relaxed he let the pressures of his life
exhale, as he accepted his 'place, in the world and was
content to be ...

'Somewhere In The Middle".

AS MANY OF THE REFUGEES WERE MOVED FROM FILTHY

By Lyn Lifshin

overheated, crime ridden places like the Louisiana Super Dome to decent shelters, the value of each item changed. Furs or diamonds didn't matter. But a clean pillow and blanket. Or even a sheet, could buy you anything: diabetics meds, a piece of meat. Office chairs with wheels to ferry around the ill and weak were worth more than DVD players and lap tops. Cigarettes and liquor were initially commodities, a comfort in miserable conditions. But the looters flooded the market, there was so much of the stuff people began giving it away

UPROOTED, SCATTERED FROM THE FAMILIAR

carrying the scraps of their lives in plastic trash bags, citizens of the drowned city landed in a strange new place, wondered where they were. The land was strange and nearly everyone they saw was white. “I’m not sure where I am, what do they call this, the upper wast or some thing,” one man said, “we are getting a lot of love but we’re also getting a lot of stares like we were aliens or something.”: “Am I the only person out here,” a 30 year old man says, “with dread locks?”

BILOXI

trees across the highway

large boats in people's
front yards

close to the beach
the destruction is worse

40 or 50 cars on
top of each other

stacked three high.
The town ink black, a

line of clouds
going east to west

onyx night sky
with thousands of stars

SMELL OF THE SWAMP

bad places stink,
musty, gassy,

spoiled and rotting.

You go boat thru

an under world. It's
the smell of the swamp.

New Orleans, a swamp
now, trees formed in

just 8 days from the
Funkiest of gems to a

wilderland of snakes
black water spookiness

Fires burn on the oil
slicked water spreading

algae up to the streets
No one can move

without a boat or
search for lost

babies, pets

Misadventure

For Belle

By Maura Gage Cavell

With pots bubbling on the stove, her
children at her feet, she stirred,
corrected, answered questions right
and left. As she set the table,
her phone whirred against the counter.
It was her colleague who dyed
the hair of a dead client in
the wrong color. Emergency!
Urgency! Off with the oven,
Off with the stove. On with the socks,
shoes, coats, or jackets. “Load up! Quick.
Quick!” Curving the roads at rapid
speeds, he stopped her: red, blue flashes.
She explained the issue—nearby

In a funeral home, a dead

woman waited for the correct
color in her hair for morning's
debut He questioned her name, her
connections, called in a favor,
let her go off into the dusk,
nodding with a laugh, as she turned
the key to her scared friend's rescue,
dye tubes and bowls on the ready,
children hollering and pushing,
the moon rising like a smile,
stars around it like dimples.
He bellowed with a quick look back,
"Good luck with dinner...and the dead
lady's hair!"

Pumpkins and Star Trek

for Karen Davis,
my fifth grade teacher and lifelong friend

From the moment we met, it was
the magic that you spun into
my life—that bright sparkle in your
blue eyes that came with life lessons,
grocery bag paper pumpkins
piled high in October's chill,
Star Trek and Oreo after-
noons, and The Wizard of Oz play—
that I would always wish to know.
Your projects, your key words for each
year, camping trips, fishing trips, s'mores
over the fire, visiting
you in Tennessee, and meeting
Elvis' Uncle Vernon—magic is...

everywhere you are and in
everything you do. Those times
we shared visits with Freda, my
grandmother, in downtown Pittsburgh,
oh, all of the wonders that are
stardust, star spun, magical you

have shaped me into a dreamer
of possibilities, have made
me into a life-long learner
who wants to give a little bit
of that swirling, interesting,
captivating enchantment back
to others, to pass along that
same desire; fascination.

Pink Stars and Teardrops from an Angel

For Robin, my Florida

She filled my world with pink stars
and teardrops, glittery, shining
magenta globes. It was as if
she were giving me Christmas all
in one box and letting me know
she believes I am a survivor.

Intricate curls of silver
designs on some of the stars do
sparkle in the light and reveal
her detailed nature. Alongside
the abundance of pink stars, globes,
teardrop and gemstone ornaments,
she placed a double angel friends
ornament representing us.

Wreaths All Over

for Jeanne P.

She had made her annual trek
to her deceased ex-husband's grave-
side in Florida National
Cemetery for the twenty-
third time at Christmas in Bushnell.

Each year she placed his Christmas tree
upon his grave so lovingly.

Soon she realized as the sun shone
glowingly over the blue sky
day that truckloads of wreaths were placed
on every grave in this place
of rest, this cemetery made
for military veterans.

Wreaths all over—trucks, volunteers,

bikers, motorcycles. Oh, it
was a sight to behold, one she's
glad she witnessed on a weekend,
a Saturday, even if she
were trapped in its busy hustle
and commotion for several
hours, the traffic a nightmare,
yet her eyes were filled with tears, awe,
and wonder. As she remembered
the father of her five babies,
her gratitude leapt up. She just

happened to have a banana
and water with her for this, her
unexpected extended stay.

Cafe Warmth and Winter Wonder

With winter's chill outside except
for when doors open and bells chime,
many enter this cafe, warmth
luring them inside after church,
the candles blown out, prayers finished,
scents of delicious food beckons
them all inside like a mother
shouting children's names just after
dusk as streetlights pop on as if
on cue. Hot chocolate, coffee,
omelettes, pancakes, open-faced
sandwiches with gravy scents in

the air promise satisfaction.

Snow quickly frames streets, filling them.

Horses, Timber, and Rain

for Sandy

She stands petting a whitish-gray
horse under cover, the barn door
open wide, hay pushed to one side,
lumber freshly sawed and neatly
piled, kept dry. Her blue eyes shine
with their yellow flecks, her tears brushed
aside. She wears a brave smile,
this beautiful nurse who helps others
through their crises as privately
she plays well and smartly her own
hand, the deck incomplete, yet owned
by someone so smart, she will beat
the deficit and thrive. Her home

holiday ready calls for joy.

When She Wears Her Red Boots

for Robin

When she puts those high-heeled red boots
on with their plush look, gold-chained, heart
charm-adorned, gold-tipped heels, and gold-soled,
all eyes will watch her as she so
lovely walks, sashaying by her
usual crowd. The glow of Christ-
mas calls her to its warmth, but she
is the light, the glow, the sparkle
as she enters the party, all
eyes, heads and toes turning in her
direction. Her style always
commands complete attention as
she glides through a room, her face an
invitation of welcome warmth.

Cowgirl Hat and Dancing

In her cowgirl hat of brown suede
her long blonde hair cascading half-
way down her back, her glistening
skin tan from her morning ride in
the early sun-glow. The blue sky
and gentle breeze shifted back her
horse's mane and tail, her shiny
hair swaying. She and Gypsy, her
black horse with a white diamond
marking on her forehead look as
if they are in a dance over
tall green fields, in trails between rows.
Pretty as can be she rides in
her cowgirl hat of brown suede.

Christmas Bells

Christmas bells ring out all over
our city. Trains sound off—distant
horns and whistles disrupting all
of the glorious bells' sweet sounds,
chimes going off in a pattern
so melodic it brings joyful
notes and flavors in their calls, peals.
Here come the clops of horses' hooves
down the adjacent street as two
riders on horseback are waving.
Adding to the mix are those cars
with stereos so loud the noise
vibrates the windows. After they pass,
the trains are gone, just soft bell sounds.

Winter in the South

While snow decorates the northern states, winter in the South is warm, Louisiana: seventies and eighties in late December after a cold spell in which we shivered. Still, all over our town at night lights pop on, glowing like bright hope, the pretty and funny delightful designs and features people choose to display make life more beautiful, dreamy somehow. Angels, candy canes, Christmas bells all over the city, Santa reindeer, sleighs pointing to heaven.

Winter Carnival

The carousel and Ferris wheel spin in their various fashions

among the tilt-o-whirl, games,
and funhouse magic. Flickering
lights race and flash across game tops.
The young pair on a date enjoy
their play among the rides and games,
throw pretend snowballs for prizes.
Hot cocoa with peppermint sticks
and a walk along a candy
cane path with giant globes snowing
inside of them. Cold chill winds soon
send them on their way home among
elements: nothing to block wind.

Star Watcher

This night she is a star watcher.
She places her telescope on
her balcony, turns to the stars
for answers she cannot find on

Earth. Maybe the moon or planets
have answers, maybe she will turn
towards astrological signs
or more occult knowledge such as
astrology or card readings.

Perhaps she will just be happy
to go with the flow or turn to
sky-light in wonder. Maybe she
doesn't need to know the answers.
Still, tonight, she watches the stars

Ladies' Lunch

For Erica, Angela, and Heather

Ladies laughing over lunch on
Monday might gather soon for some
holiday cheer, champagne, and films.
Glinting eyes, delighted smiles,
tentative plans for the next day,

cheers over stories both recent
and past, talk of children, their men,
grandparents, grandchildren, tasty
drinks, favorite songs, upcoming
exams, crafting, longevity—
all over sushi, salmon, as
well as spicy tuna salad,
house or miso soups, iced teas, white
wine, Cabernet, calamari,

and jalapeño tempura.

One can impersonate any
family member's voice, one loves
her pet more than dating, one can
decorate for Christmas, Mardi Gras,
Halloween, Valentine's Day, or
any theme in a single bound with
some elves or helpers in tow. One
just admires the other three
knowing what a relaxed, lucky
moment in time and space this is

with these wonderful ladies she
gets to share: a realist, crafter,
pet parent—this lucky dreamer.

A Doe Leapt Out

for Jeff

As we were leaving Lake Charles,
a doe leapt out in front of us,
leaving a ghost-like aura as she ran.
We were lucky not to have hit
her. Thick fog surrounded us as
we made the round about and got
onto a straightaway, and there
she rose, graceful and comet-bright
and so swiftly we wondered
if she were an apparition
or real, so we turned towards each
other and asked in unison:

“Did you see that?” Her image keeps
playing like a film in my mind.

Rainy Day Angel

for Darcy Suzanne

She snaps the photograph in mist
and rain. The naked tree branches
weave themselves like mid-winter webs
in the backdrop. In a woodsy
cemetery, watching over
the young mother’s grave or headstone,
an intricate statue of an
angel looms, protects, arms and hands
in prayer, her stone dress cascading
into swirls and curls, hair
designed into a halo-bun,
her pretty face cast in concern,
titled slightly. Laced boots adorn
the base—for this eternal watch.

All the Beautiful Girls

All the beautiful girls are so
lucky, young, and confident as
they fashionably shift along
the streets like runway models who
glow and glitter in soft sunlight.
Their hair never frizzes, but lies
perfectly flat ironed, shiny
as silk or curled in barrel-
made swirls arrayed in a just-
so fashion. Impeccable clothes
selected from top designers
from Paris, Milan, or New York.
One can only marvel at their
head to stiletto achievements.

A Sucker for the Circus

By Mykola Dementiuk

Chapter 1

I had always been a petty thief. Ever since I was little, I always stole things that belonged to someone else. My mother would bring me to the park so she could chat and gossip with some friends, but I'd look around me and instantly swipe a toy, a spinning top or a little car that someone was playing with.

Anything that belonged to another and could easily fit in my pocket I would quickly snatch it out of sight. I'd then would stand there appearing so innocent, slightly disturbed that my play was interrupted.

Much later, as the years went past, it would progress to bigger and larger things, a stolen carton of cigarettes, a swiped leather jacket, a snatched purse, and I'd be gone. Running, too, became my life. Running and thieving. Thieving stirred my emotions and made me feel alive. Running increased my need to steal. Just as people have to eat in order to survive, I have to steal for the same reason. Of course, that got me in deep trouble, deeper than I wanted to be in. Trouble deep enough I couldn't get out of...

Chapter 2

My troubles started easily enough that day. I had wandered the streets seeking an easy mark, but everyone I passed seemed too careful or alert to be stolen from so easily. On the west side of town, I came to a park and playground, easy to get in and out of in a hurry.

Looking at the mothers sitting with their kids nearby, I eyed each one to see if any of them casually set their purses or bags

carelessly down. I took an end seat on a bench near the entrance.

Then I saw her, an out-of-place elderly woman, and a man sitting together. I don't know what it was about the man—he seemed slightly familiar, but I kept my eyes upon the woman. Still, they seemed better dressed than the usual mothers about the place. They chatted a bit and I saw the man pass something—an envelope—over to her, which she opened then placed it in her purse.

My eyes went wide. *Did I see what I had just seen? Or was it my hungry imagination? Was the spark of a green color unmistakably money?* I shook my head. *But it was a thick small envelope, definitely holding easy money...*

The man stood up and with a nod, started walking away. The woman also rose and began walking in the opposite direction, which would've made her pass where I was sitting.

I instantly went into hyper-nervousness. Step by step, she was coming closer, and step by step the man was walking away. I was grateful that she was elderly. It would be easy to snatch her purse and flee. In fact, I noticed, she was holding the purse loosely by its straps and walking so easily in my direction. It would be a

snap... Then I recognized who she was—Mrs. Carbona—and that man she was with, was her son, Fat Vinnie, who controlled the entire West Side part of town. Shit! You steal from them and you might as well be planning your own funeral because that certainly would be the last thing you ever stole from anyone.

I stood up, took two steps toward her, approaching, slightly bending down and at the exact moment, easily grabbing the purse from her and fleeing in the other direction, where Fat Vinnie had disappeared just some seconds ago. However, just as I ran out of the park, there stood Fat Vinnie talking with still another man. Fat Vinnie saw me bolting past him, clutching at the purse. He quizzically peered at me, then turning back to his mother. I turned red. Fat Vinnie recognized me, though he didn't know what I had just done. Then he saw his mother taking a few steps, screeching and waving her arms. Fat Vinnie stared at me and started toward me, but he was much too fat. I ran and disappeared on the city streets.

Chapter 3

Damn, am I screwed. What a moron! Now I was as good as dead. Moron, moron, moron, that's what I was.

I ran a few blocks and slowed my pace, glancing behind me. No one came after me, the street was quiet and still. I flicked open the bag, easily opened an envelope and saw the pile of bills. I went faint. My God, it was crisp new one hundred dollar bills about two or three thousand. I looked around, biting my lower lip. If Fat Vinnie recognized me and found out what I had just done, he certainly would send his boys out to get me. In New York City, as big as it was, it would be a snap for Fat Vinnie's boys to find me. I lost my taste for the money. How many thousands there were now, meant nothing to me, I was a goner. I searched through the empty purse and stuffed the envelope with bills in my jacket pocket, setting the purse down on the street. I headed uptown, walking quickly, but constantly kept looking behind me, very afraid of what I had done and what I was walking toward.

Chapter 4

Around 42nd Street, on about 12th Avenue, facing the Hudson River, near the Circle Line boat cruising piers, I saw that workers were assembling a tent. Must be for concerts and musicals, I thought. I saw that the crew had just hoisted up a part of the tent and people walking in and out of a large trailer nearby. I hardly went this far uptown and couldn't imagine what they were doing. I asked a man coming out of a trailer what was going on.

"Jobs for the circus," he answered. "There's still many left over. You should try it," he blinked one eye at me and went on his way.

I thought a moment and mumbled to myself, "I could always run away with the circus, that's a good way out."

I went in to apply and filled out an application for a job. It was easy and a snap. In the bad economic times the city was in, every job was pretty open even if you had no experience. As long as I was willing to put in many hours at work and help out the circus in its pier run, they would hire me.

Skip, the muscular roustabout chief, announced, "We have room for a few other men who are willing to stay with us on the road.

The hours are long, the work is tough, but I promise you'll have a great time working for us. I can guarantee you of that." He then winked at the new crew and continued, "I'll show you the trailers where we live. Eight left, so pick a good one."

The circus would stay in town for roughly four months, early October to late January, then pull up stakes and hit the open road to New Orleans. Wow, I thought, New Orleans. I'd really like that! They would travel to the West Coast, California and a few other western cities, coming back through the Midwest, Chicago and other places, finally making it back to New York, one year later.

What could be better? Disappear in New Orleans or maybe California. Man, I'd sure stay with them.

Anyway, I liked the notion of the circular mode of travel. It showed that I was free and that's what I wanted to be. No ties, no chains, free as a bird...or at least one that wasn't running or flying away from something.

Chapter 5

Skip was an old timer maybe in his 40s, which meant he was pretty old in the circus world. The roustabout work relied on youth, daring, and courage, since you had to climb up and hoist heavy equipment maybe three or four stories. Skip had done it all—from setting up a tent with generators, building stage sets for the show, supervising countless crews—to the point that the old bones of his were broken one too many times. As they'd slowly heal, a new chore of a job would break them once again. He walked not only with a limp, but twisted in pain and soreness. He reminded me of how my old man used to walk from his heavy demolition work, tearing down old buildings. A day of labor meant a night of drunkenness and exhausting sleep. No way did I want that for me, yet, a circus job meant a way out and I certainly needed that.

Skip introduced me to Terry, whom we would be sharing a bunk. Terry was from the Deep South, Alabama. There were a lot of *Gollies, Yeps and Y'alls*, in his conversation and to someone who grew up in New York, it sounded very odd and funny. It seemed like after every sentence one or the other words would appear, *Geesus, or Gollie*. I had never heard those sounds as often as I heard them that night, *Gollie!*

Around ten PM I was awokened from my sleep by hearing Terry mumble to himself, “I think I hear Miss Special moving about, *he he!*” I could hear him smirking. “Who the hell else wears heels in the circus?”

He leaned up from his cot, bustling to the clear plastic window and raised a curtain. “Sheet, it’s her alright,” he claimed and rubbed himself between his legs, smacking his lips.

I quietly also lowered myself from the cot and peered out of the bunk doorway. Terry moved aside, and in the distance, I made a white sleeveless turtleneck moving along the path by the trailers.

“She’s sure in heat,” Terry whispered, “and that’s for sure.”

I focused on the figure. At that moment, she turned and gazed in my direction. My mouth dropped open. Those were the largest breasts I had ever seen! Even in the dim darkness, they were probably 44, 45, 46, or bigger. How could she stand up and walk as briskly as she did, and in red shiny high heels? She disappeared in the shadows.

“Who is she?” I asked, wiping my mouth.

“Miss Special—Big Top Circus, herself,” Terry snorted. “And with her, it’s a *very Big Top*, if you know what I mean.” He chuckled

and climbed back to his cot. “But y’all, be careful.” He smirked, drawing the blankets up his chest. “She’s the boss’s daughter.”

It grew very still. I crawled up to my cot, but below heard the thumping sounds beneath me. *Was Terry probably jerking off?* I quietly did the same, rubbing myself into the mattress and thinking of her pounding red high heels. I fell asleep.

Chapter 6

In the next few days I learned firsthand just how heavy circus roustabout work really was—exhausting as hell, steady lifting and hauling, with constant re-lifting and hauling again, plus with the added eternal little things, like painting and repainting, re-shelving and redoing. Just these chores already drained and spent me even before I started doing the monotonous toil the next day. What the hell had I gotten myself into? I thought. I considered fleeing the first few days, but came out of the circus area very nervous and paranoid. Every passerby resembled Fat Vinnie and his goons, all just waiting to take my head off. I bit my lips and

stealthily snuck back into the enclosed circus grounds. Good thing it was a fenced-in area.

The work may have been very strenuous and exhausting, but the food was delicious! It was something out of heaven, which was a wonder to me since I never ate that good in my entire life. My rooming house had been a flop pad on 3rd Street—a tiny cubby room just big enough to hold a bed with a walking space from the door to a curtain-less window. All night long, I would hear the drunken tenants gagging, puking, and fighting. It was a wonder just to be away from that God forsaken dump.

But most of all, in the next few days, I finally got a chance to see big-titted high-heeled Miss Special Sheila Humphrey, or as Terry called her, *Miss Hump-a-lot*, at least that was his secret name for her. Last year, she was their star attraction in horse riding, one that brought the crowds in, but this year, for personal reasons, she was taking some time off. Terry shrugged and mentioned a possible growth on her chest area.

“If it's a growth, then it's cancer.” He shrugged and chuckled. “Or maybe Miss Hump-a-lot's tits are getting bigger. One never knows, do one?” He then winked and rubbed his crotch.

On a Thursday after work while sitting in the cafeteria trailer and eating a delicious helping of Shepherd's Pie, in walked Miss Special, big-titted and red high-heeled dream queen I'd been hearing daily and rubbing myself nightly for almost a week. My face turned red, probably as red as the shiny high-heeled shoes she wore. Her face had a spark of warmth and hunger at the same time. I think it was sexual longing, but what do I know? Miss Special, being Skip's, the circus owner's daughter, came and went as she pleased. She smiled at the crew and got herself a helping of Shepherd's Pie, going to a corner toward a table I was sitting at that had an empty seat. The silence of the lunchroom was incredible. All eyes were on her as she removed her denim jacket showing off a sleeveless light purple turtleneck. Her breasts were big, in the upper 30s and not the 40s I'd imagined them to be. You could've heard a proverbial pin drop when Lenny, a circus old-timer, asked, "Hey, Sheila, how you like being in the *real* Big Top, New York?"

"It's all right," she answered, taking a bite and chewing. "Been here, done that."

"Yeah," someone muttered, with a lisping voice. "Sheila's seen it all."

Sheila turned around and snorted at the speaker. “With a gay pervert like you?” she asked. “Well, no thanks.”

“Aw, Sheila, don’t say that. You know I love you.”

Sheila snorted. “Sure you do, Toby, you little twit. Now be a good boy and get out of here. Go to your Forty Second Street movie theaters down the street because that’s about the only sex you can get anyway. Isn’t that where you disappear every night?”

Toby smirked and shook his head, disappearing from the cafeteria trailer. By then, many of the circus crew had also faded to their bunks and their nightly bottles of alcohol. There were only three of us remaining in the lunch trailer.

“You’re new,” Sheila said, turning to me. “I know guys talk a lot about me. Don’t listen to them.” She glanced at Terry. “What did you tell him about me, that I’m a sexual freak, is that it?”

A flustered Terry defended himself. “You know I would never do that. You’re our family. What’s in the family *stays* in the family.” Terry winked at me and remarked to Sheila, “He’s new, takes time to earn his wings.” He winked at her. “Randy, this is Sheila, you know, the Miss Special, I told you about.”

Sheila sat there studying me then turned to Terry. “I can imagine what you said,” and turning back to me followed with, “Anyway, welcome to the family, kid. We know how to care for our kind.” She then winked at me.

I winked back at her. It's tough being the boss's daughter, I suppose, around a crew of men like we were— dirty, tired, incredibly horny. Sheila sat there nibbling on her food as I sat, hungrily craving to be in the folds of her turtleneck, my eyes squeezing and caressing her luscious bosom. The bitch knows what was going on, I thought, lusting at her, as she sat smiling to herself. *Man, it's even more amazing that she sat without being screwed by the lot of us!*

“You're new,” she repeated, “but I've seen you around.”

I froze. “Where did you see me?” I asked, looking around the almost vacant dining room.

“On the site. You're part of the crew.”

I breathed out, relieved. “That's right. Learning my ropes, you could say.”

“Hmm, that's interesting,” she replied, her eyes beaming at me. “Learning the ropes...”

Later I found out that Miss Special had a thing with ropes. Besides riding horses, she would perform magic acts while being tied up like Houdini. Still, her large breasts were her main attraction. Tied up with her arms behind her and her huge breasts sticking out before her, that's a sight I certainly would like to have seen.

"Make sure, that you learn to tie the correct way. Don't want to place a *knot* in the wrong area, do we?" she stressed, winking at me, as she left the cafeteria.

I eyed Terry, who sat there, shaking his head. "I wouldn't want to touch that one with a ten foot pole. No sirree..."

Chapter 7

The circus opened on time for its gala showing with a sell-out crowd climbing the bleacher seats for their entertainment. As usual, the crew who had built up the tent from the bottom up now served as the seat attendants and ushers wearing drum major uniforms showing the patrons to their seats. It wasn't as physically

demanding as the set-up work, but my guilt and paranoia returned. Working with crowds made me alert and ready to jump at any moment.

Since I had no experience in dealing with the people, it was decided I stand at the tent that had the bathroom trailer, a short, five steps up and then an easy five steps down. My position was to be there with my uniform jacket and direct the women—men had another trailer at the opposite end—to the stairway going to the restroom. An easy job at that, busy at the opening, almost overwhelming at intermission and faintly busy after closing as the crowds thinned out and disappeared.

During the circus performance, I was to close off the restroom stairs and do a quick cleaning-up of the restroom before the crowd came out again at the end. As the show began, I clattered up the five-step stairway and entered the female facility. As usual, it was heavily scented with remnants of hair spray, and wafts of perfume from the earlier female visits. I breathed in heavily. Mmm, that was always a pleasant scent and always gave me an erection. I rubbed myself faintly and then shook my head as if coming to, and proceeded to hurry up and clean the napkins dropped so carelessly on the floor about the restroom.

Then I heard the sound of female high heels clatter up the restroom stairway. *Damn*, I mentally cursed. *I was sure I'd set the Closed barricade up.*

I gazed at the door swinging open, getting ready to order the intruder to not come in. It was Miss Special...Sheila. She appeared beautiful in her pink turtleneck, which only served to exaggerate the size of her high breasts. They bulged out much larger and greater than they did when I'd seen them a few days ago. I instantly went erect at the sight of them.

“Oh, hi,” Miss Special exclaimed, turning red. “Didn't know you were going to be here...I thought Penny was doing the ladies” room.”

“No,” I answered, shaking my head and avoiding looking at her. “They put me in charge. She's at the other tent.” I shrugged. “It's not as busy in the Men's Room.”

Sheila studied me. “Curious,” she muttered. “A guy doing the ladies” room and a girl doing the men's. Interesting, isn't it?”

I turned red and she smiled at me, going to a cubical and shutting the door behind her. All I wanted to do was take my cock out and give myself a solid beating. *Damn big-titted bitch*. I needed a good

jerk-off session, which I happened to be doing every time I saw her on the lot, followed by a super cuming afterward.

Then I heard a swift hiss of her peeing. *Hissss...*

Oh God! I wanted to fall apart or else burst through the bathroom and shove my cock in her mouth.

Hissss... It sounded again. I dropped the mop I had been clutching so tightly to my chest. I bent down to retrieve the mop and heard the flush of her toilet tank. I glanced at the tops of her red shoes moving in the stall as she pulled her pants back up her legs. I gripped the mop's handle and straightened up as she pushed the cubicle door open. I was embarrassed as she noticed me. She walked to the sinks and I saw her pink blouse had droplets of moisture she carelessly splashed on herself. My penis jerked upward.

“What's your name, again?” she asked, brushing her hands with a napkin. “I always forget.”

“Randy,” I mumbled, hoping she didn't see my erection bulging in my pants.

She leered at me and focused on the erection I was so uselessly trying to hide, then shrugged and sighed. She flung the napkin in the garbage can I had just emptied.

“I'll remember that.” She winked. “Randy.” She then left the restroom.

Oh, God, I thought, as I made sure the *Closed* sign was in place and proceeded to give myself a quick and decent jerking off in the stall she had just exited. I wanted my hands on her tits, rubbing, caressing, and stroking the way they now stroked and beat my cock. *Whomp, whomp, whomp...*

Chapter 8

About a week later, at an evening's performance, I spied Fat Vinnie's brother Sal, with his wife and their two little kids entering the portion of the tent set aside for using the restrooms. I froze. I was wearing my drum major's uniform ready to direct the people where they had to go. Sal focused on me as if he knew me,

grinning while nodding his head. He continued smoking his cigar as his wife went off with the two little kids. I got out of that part of the tent and went to the other. *Man, this was too close for comfort. Someone could easily bump me off. Time to get away from here, and fast, too! Get on a bus and go somewhere, anywhere but New York City.*

The show was over anyway, and I hustled over to my trailer where I picked up an old jacket someone had given me as too small for their bulky size, yet, on me, it fit perfectly. *Big Top Circus* it read in the back. I went outside and zippered up since the nights were getting cooler and the winter would soon be shivering upon us.

I walked along the trail, past the trailers about to easily leave the fenced in area when I heard someone say, “Lookin” for someone?”

I instantly froze. The feminine voice was familiar, but in the darkness that covered us, it could have been anyone. I really didn't know who owned certain trailers, there were so many of them. I stopped and hinted, “Only if you're lost, sweetie,” trying to discern who it could be. In the darkness, I winked an eye certainly knowing that the gesture was useless. *Who could see me winking at them in the darkness?*

Whoever it was, I approached. I heard them cough nearby. I squinted and tried to focus on them. *My God, it was big titted, Miss Special, Sheila!* I wasn't looking for her, but sure am glad she let herself be found.

My plans of fleeing away that night just frizzled out when I recognized her in the half-lit darkness. She had been sitting along the trailer path and just staring at people as they disappeared in the lights further along 42nd Street. She didn't say anything more but just sat there studying me.

“Hey, how's it going?” I nervously asked.

She shrugged. “Not bad.”

“Is this your trailer?” I asked, eyeing the trailer behind her.

“Uh huh,” she replied, rocking her legs and dangling one red shoe by her toes. She was sitting on a wooden plank that was set up from her trailer down to the sidewalk. She used it for entering or leaving the trailer. It also kept the upper part dry during the rains. She was leaning back on the plank and holding her arms on each side of her, using the arms as a level to lean back on. Her big breasts stood out impressively before her, as if someone had

placed something big and heavy there. I swallowed again, my mouth open in confusion, certain that the shoe would fall off.

“Mine's at the other side,” I muttered, scratching my head.

“I know. You're crew...roustabout.”

The way she had muttered it—slow and deep voiced, *roustabout*—seemed to imply another meaning to the word, as if this was a game we were playing and the roles and parts hadn't been decided yet...

I approached the plank she was sitting on. From her position, she was probably waist- high to me. *Ideal position to give out a blow-job.*

“I was just wandering about. Thought I'd go see movie, there's one nearby here, I think.”

She shrugged. “This is Forty Second Street by the river, there's also many down on Broadway,” nodding to Broadway five, six blocks away.

I bit my lip. “You wanna go and see one. My treat?”

She gazed at me for a moment. “Sure,” she said, adjusting the dangling shoe on her foot. “I’d like that, but do you mind if we take Ludmila also?”

Ludmila was the circus hula-hoop girl, an émigré from the Soviet Union, putting 20 or more hoops around her and spinning them from her face down to her toes. Her show was a treat and the last one of the night’s spectacle, one that they stressed and advertised most everywhere they had a poster.

“I don’t mind.” I shrugged, rubbing my crotch. “Bring her along.”

Chapter 9

I was twenty years old and had hardly ever been with women. I got laid once or twice, but that was pretty futile, wasting my money on a whore who simply farted a few times and pushed me off her, squelching, *I’m done!* What could I do but roll off her?

A few times, I’d get a hand-job from some gay man prowling about in a Times Square movie house. The thrill and excitement

were there as I'd twist and squirm in pleasure, but flee from the man and that movie house afterward. Sex with a woman meant only one thing, fleeting sexual pleasure, which I never got anyway. With a man, well, I don't know what it meant, but I didn't do that very often.

But as I walked with Miss Special and Ludmila to the movies, I thought to myself, I'm circus people now, rules are very different for me. Miss Special smiled back at me and the three of us entered the theater. We got some popcorn and sodas, taking three seats near the front, because I Miss Special's eyes were bad and she had to sit up close, otherwise just a mass of colors would appear to her. Ludmila and I didn't care. In fact, I'd sit anywhere Miss Special wanted as long as I was close to her, so I was happy.

The film was a popular romance about a widowed President falling for his female secretary. A so-so comedy that brought lovers in, each one sitting with the guy's arm around the female as they gazed at the screen up above them. As we ate our popcorn and drank our sodas, watching the film, it was inevitable that the side of my arm brushed against Miss Special's arm. She had removed her jacket and sat in her sleeveless turtleneck—red this time, nibbling on her popcorn one by one. Ludmila sat in the

other seat next to her. Miss Special's huge breasts loomed before her and the two of them giggled throughout, whispering to each other and making snide comments about the movie actors.

I don't know what it is, but seeing lovers kissing, hugging, and making woo, as the actors were doing, always makes me squirm and feel very uncomfortable. When Miss Special finished her popcorn—I was already finished with mine—she wiped her hands and her fingers, then reached for mine, entwining them tightly with my own. I suddenly felt afraid, but very good, too. I smiled at her, she smiled back and I saw that her other hand was now entwined with Ludmila's, holding and gently squeezing each hand she held on to. I felt my erection growing in my pants.

The film ended and I limped outside with them. My hard dick, with my own nervousness and uneasiness, made me miss out a lot of the film, and their movements throughout the movie, scratching of a head, rubbing a thigh, coughing a few times that I had to look to see if they were doing it to themselves. I know that girls go out with other girls and pretend to be lovers. However, if I had been paying attention to them instead of concentrating on my misreading of the situation, things would certainly be a lot clearer. As it was, I was lost in my own confusion.

“You want to get something to eat?” Miss Special asked outside.

“I’m famished.”

“Sure,” I responded, “but I know the food trailers is closed by now. You know of a place?”

She smirked. “Around here? Sure. That cafeteria back at the circus, you gotta get there pretty early to get a good meal. Come late and you’re out of it.”

As we walked, she took my arm and held herself close to me. I know she was holding Ludmila by the other arm. Miss Special told us she’d been traveling with the circus since childhood, her mom —the *Lady of the Circus* as she was called, a kinky big breasted act, but very popular at the time—passed away when she was a little girl and she never could stand and follow in her mother’s shoes.

“Mom was big breasted woman, too,” she said, turning to Ludmila who was turning red at my gaping at her. “She was a popular act just for that reason. Always had sell-out crowds. I never understood her popularity. Men can be such crude animals.”

I laughed. “I can tell you why. Men are men and big-breasted women are their dream. They would do anything for one.”

We came to a small sandwich place. Miss Special grinned at me. "Would you," she asked, smirking at me but eyeing me very closely, "just to be with one?"

"Yes, I would. I'd do anything for a big breasted woman?"

A smile played about her lips. "Hey, Ludy, baby, you think he may be the one."

"Uh huh," Ludmila stared at me, and speaking in her Slavic accent, "Yes, I think so, but he not know much. You teach him, yes?"

Miss Special looked at me and bit her bottom lip. "He'll learn. Might be a very good student at that, but we'll soon find out."

Now what the hell were they talking about? I wondered, as we got our sandwiches and ate. I followed them back to the circus grounds.

Chapter 10

They had their arms in the crux of my elbows when Terry saw us. He smirked and said, “Randy, two fella’s been asking questions about you. Looked like those mean New York gangster types, you know what I mean?”

I froze, going pale, almost in shock.

“What you tell him?” I asked, frightened and scared.

“Told him you’re not here.” He shrugged. “What you wanna with them?”

“Nothing,” I answered back. “They saw our trailers? They know where I live?”

Terry shrugged again. “I told them to get off the property. They was going to wait for you by the trailers, but I told them, *no*.”

“Shit!” I blurted.

Miss Special and Ludmila looked at each other. Terry studied the three of us.

“I can’t stay here. I’m going to have to leave and fast, too.” I mumbled as if to myself, “Damn, they found me.”

“Stay with me,” Miss Special said with a shrug, again squeezing my arm. “I got enough room.”

“Yeah,” Terry brightened, a glint in his eye as he winked at me. “Stay with her, until we find out what's going on, eh?”

I focused at them in the darkness and nodded my head. “Okay,” I added, hoping we knew what we were doing. We left Terry and I followed Ludmila and Miss Special to her small trailer.

Chapter 11

In the trailer, I blurted out what was going on, that I'd stolen money and now they had found me or at least found where I had disappeared to.

“Oh, big deal,” Miss Special stressed, mixing us a drink which I think we all could use. “Lots of guys can't go back to where they came from...isn't that right, Ludmila?”

Ludmila nodded. “*Da*,” speaking the word *yes* in her native Russian, “Many, many guys.” She shrugged. “I hate Soviet Union, she hate me. She hate everybody, but everybody hate her, too, yes?”

We nodded and took our drinks—vodka screwdrivers all around—and they looked at me. I took a sip and the words just flowed from me. I talked about my past, my present, and all the thieving that I did, thinking I was doomed to live that way until I got to the circus. In all the weeks I had been here, not one object was missing. Yet, here I was, a sworn helpless thief who couldn't stop. I could do nothing about my thieving past, but the circus seemed to have given me an honest, open future. I didn't want to go back to that thieving existence anymore.

I faced them. They were studying each other.

“So why don't you stay with us?” repeated Miss Special, turning her eyes on Ludmila, who shrugged and nodded. “I know you need a place, now, but if you found such a place, then why leave it?”

“Da, you be big fool you go out there.” Ludmila shook her head.
“Big mistake.”

I gently nodded biting my lips. “I know this is where I belong.” I swallowed my drink.

“Welcome home, honey, where you belong,” Miss Special grinned, winking at me. I winked back at her and took another screwdriver. Ludmila stood watching us.

Chapter 12

Ludmila left in a short bit. “Must do show. Must have sleep.” She disappeared to her trailer down the row. I was alone with Miss Special. What a strange night this had been. I had felt rejected and shunned, but now I felt myself in a protective home.

Miss Special turned away from me but shyly said, “We all have something to hide. You and Ludmila... And I do, too.”

She lowered her head and didn't look at me.

“I don't care what it is, you're precious to me. You mean everything to me, now.”

She looked at me. “You mean that?”

I nodded my head. “Very much so...”

“C'mere, baby.” She held her arms out to me.

I approached and watched her breasts getting so much bigger. All evening, I'd been thinking of just that—her breasts in my hands as our bodies moved in sync with each other.

I melted in her caresses. Falling into her breasts was as if I was falling into a warm pool of water while her arms are holding me, the soft waves gently stroking and lavishing our bodies together, tweaking her big breasts through the turtleneck. All the fear and confusion melted away. I was hers. I pushed myself up from her and her hands instantly went to the bulge that was in my pants. In an instant, she lowered the zipper and reached in...right when there came a banging on the door.

“Sheila, open up!” a voice called. “It's me, Dad.” The pounding sounded again.

Miss Special and I pounced off the bed.

“Wait up!” she called out. “Just a second...” She straightened her turtleneck, and went to open the front door.

Dad, who went by the name of Skip, stood there looking like the gruff man he always was. To on-lookers, his body stance was scary at first, but I quickly found out that underneath the appearance was a gentle tender man. His position as head circus roughneck-roustabout just made him seem rough and crude. He saw me standing by her bed in her trailer.

“Well, well, speaking of the devil.” He chuckled and leaned over to get Miss Special-Sheila's kiss at the side of his check. “The whole circus has been talking about you. Good that you're here.”

“What's happened, Dad?” Miss Special asked.

Dad rubbed his face. “A few of the boys are walking the perimeter to find to find out if anything's wrong. But too many guys were asking about you.” He turned to his daughter. “Don't worry, baby, you're safe here.” He then gave her another peck on the cheek, then turning to me. “You stay here till I come and get you. If it's Carbona's boys, I'll get together with him. You do something bad to him?”

“No,” I whispered, very embarrassed, “but his mother. I stole from her.”

He winced and mumbled, “Damn, that's no good.”

But how did he know Carbona? I thought

“Anyway, just stay here, in the trailer.”

He nodded and went back outside.

Miss Special stood with her arms crossed as if waiting for something. She loosened her hair and shyly gazed at me. No matter my trouble, the longing hovered in her eyes.

“You wanna go back to what we were doing?” she finally asked.

“Or you want to keep worrying?”

My eyes widened. “Damn right, I wanna be with you!” I answered, disbelieving what she just asked. Having her in my arms and lying on her bed was heaven to me. I took a few steps to her.

“No, stay where you are...just look...”

She stood with her breasts before her and slowly raised her blouse. I love the sound of the shimmering cloth being removed. In my magical image of a woman, that's what she was doing, removing her clothes. She raised the turtleneck, revealing the

large bra holding the mystical breasts. My mouth was open, my lips drooling. I couldn't wait to get my hands and mouth on those meaty breasts, the beautiful round orbs. If this was manna from heaven I certainly was about to enter paradise.

She hungrily focused on me and with both hands, reached behind her to unclasp the bra. Oh God, the movement made the breasts seem much larger and bigger. She freed herself and moved her arms out of the shoulder straps, but still covering her breasts. I had seen movies with half nude women standing with their hands to their breasts as if this was a universal motion that, as a man, I could never comprehend. However, I knew I would never understand women.

“Have a good look,” she said, rather nervously, then removing her hands from covering the breasts.

My mouth dropped open, not believing what I was seeing. The breasts were just that, beautiful erotic skin appendages, bulbous and very big that stood up from her chest, but under them, as if covering them for protection stood out two images of a male scrotum, penis and balls, one under each tit and slowly pushing the breasts upwards and growing very erect. *My God, what was I seeing? Talk about circus freaks, this certainly was one. Had she*

been born with these defects, because it certainly was that? A woman with two breasts, but also two penises directly underneath and poking and pushing upwards, and holding the breasts out, as they were quickly stiffening, getting hard and harder, just like male cocks. I stared openmouthed.

She shook her head. “You don't like what you see, I take it?”

She reached under one breast and pulled the cock skin back on one, revealing the open cock head then did the same to the other, both rather stiffly and erect as though they were ready to be inserted into a cunt. I stood there stunned, disbelieving what I was seeing.

“But how can that be?” I uttered, shaking my head. “You're a woman with two dicks next to her breasts, man, that's weird. I've never heard or seen that.”

She shrugged. “No big deal, my mom had them, too. But she had three dicks, all next to each other with her tits at the ends as if holding and displaying them in.” She shrugged. “Though not as big, she was the star of her show, years ago, but it was hush-hush. No publicity. I don't blame her one bit. People are crude to those born differently, I suppose.”

I scratched my face. *Being born different? She was an obvious freak and she knew it, too. Perhaps science doesn't know about her, but she's one of a kind.* I collapsed on a chair at the other end of the room. I was very confused. *How could this weird thing be happening to me? Two dicks surging out with tits above them? Was this a message from the universe, sealing my fate?*

I again shook my head and rubbed my face. The two dicks were hairless, but eager for something.

“They sure are hard,” I muttered. “But your tits are very big, too.”

She snorted and shook her head. We looked at each other.

“Are you okay down there?” I asked, nodding at her torso, “or is there something I need to be aware of.”

She winked. “Wouldn't you like to know?” she asked and stood up to replace her turtleneck.

“What about your bra, won't you need that, too?”

She shook her head. “It's late. No one will come by. And if they flop open, I don't care.”

I rubbed my chin. “Can you pee with them, or shoot scum?”

She snorted. “You'd like that, wouldn't you?”

I turned red. "Just asking. I was just curious what they could do, that's all."

"What do you think they could do?"

We studied each other.

"Well, fuck, for one thing. You ever fuck a woman with them? That would be something to see."

She turned red. "Ludmila likes it," she claimed.

"She does? I can just imagine. I'd love to see that. Too bad she left, that would be something."

She snorted again. "Yes, it would," she said dreamily.

She stood there looking at me and once again slowly raised her blouse. The two luscious breasts and cocks stood out as if poised and ready for something, the very large nipples poking out eagerly before them with the stiff penises resting on the bottom as if their strength came from holding the two breasts aloft. She held the breasts and penises out to me.

I rubbed my face and eyes. *Was I really going to do it?* I thought.

I slowly came to her. "They won't bite." She then squeezed a nipple while the cock was poking upwards from beneath.

I shut my eyes and felt the penis surging in my mouth, instantly growing bigger and harder.

It was delicious!

Chapter 13

Afterward, we lay on her bed talking. Making love to a woman with tits and cocks right in front of me was the weirdest experience I ever had, but it was simply divine. I don't think I'd ever look at a woman as I would with at her— with great love, tenderness and longing. I would give up anything in the world just to be with her.

“Man, you were beautiful,” I said, admiring the two flaccid cocks peeking out from under her breasts. They were hard and eager earlier, just as her nipples were, but now had shriveled down to a limp and flaccid size. They seemed withdrawn as if they were resting.

“My little babies,” she gushed, peeking at the cocks, “are tired, too much activity this evening. They had quite a stir.”

I grinned at the breasts and cocks. Again, that feeling that this was divine came over me. I shook my head, still disbelieving.

“You’re amazing. Simply amazing.”

She shrugged. “They’re just tits and cocks, that’s all.”

“Yeah, but you’re probably the only one in the world with them.”

She nodded. “Seems that way,” she said thoughtfully. “There are stories from around the world that I’ve heard. Like there’s Artemis which everyone’s heard about in mythology, but she had many, many breasts on her body. There’s an elderly woman in Japan I heard rumors about who has penises like I do. In addition, there’s one in South America who has tits and cocks on their backs instead of their chests. However, these are weird rumors and stories. Don’t know if any of it is true or not.”

“Hey, if you have them, there’s got to be someone out there who has them, too.”

She sat up in bed as if remembering something and sat cross-legged before me. “You know, there’s one story about an Eskimo

tribe where all the women are like that, breasts and cocks, and their men are very happy.” She shook her head, “Weird, no?”

I grinned at her. “I can see why they’re happy,” I said, reaching out for the breasts and cocks again, gently stroking, and feeling their growing hardness. “I’m happy, too.”

She laid back, stretching, the breasts and cocks seeming to stir into aliveness. There was nothing to do but suck and slurp, which I eagerly did.

“It’s amazing, that they don’t cum. You’d think they would.”

She loudly laughed. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you—a mouthful of scum.”

I chuckled. “Just don’t get it in my eyes.”

“You know, when I was younger, about six or seven years ago, they *did* cum, but very little, just a little watery, pale white spunk. I was just a young girl and I had no idea what it was. Later, I found out they make babies with that scum and damn made sure I had a condom at all times.” She turned red.

“How old are you?” I asked.

“Twenty,” she answered.

I smiled. "Just like me. Hey, wait a minute, but I didn't have a condom on!"

"I know," she said, turning red and staring at me. "Do you regret it?"

I shook my head. "Not at all, baby." I smiled again. "Not at all..."

Again, we made love, with a little breast and cock sucking in between. We dozed off.

I must confess, I thought, as I lay there falling asleep, that in a way I liked Miss Special with those cocks under her luscious breasts. Kind of like a treat she'd been saving just for me. Yet, how is that possible, breasts and cocks together on her chest? Here was this woman who was giving me *A Sucker for the Circus* 43 the world. I so readily sucked tits and cocks, then sucked some more. The idea of a male penis never entered my thoughts. I realized, *this wasn't a male penis, but a gift from the heavens and she was a Goddess given just for me, one to savor and protect.*

I slept...

Chapter 14

A loud rapping on the door awoke us. "Sheila," her father called. "You awake?" He rapped again.

Miss Special bounding out of bed and putting on a sweat shirt, glanced at me, also rising and then went to open the door. Dad smiled at her, then winked at me—I still was getting dressed.

"We had some trouble last night," he said, "but the boys didn't let it go too far."

"What happened, dad?"

"Two of those Mob goons were snooping about trying to get on the site. Our boys pretended to be drunk and suddenly got into a fight with them. They'll be out of commission for quite a while." He chuckled. "It's best you remain here. You know... undercover, till we find out what's what."

"How did you know they were with the Mob?" I asked.

"Every year when we get to New York, we have to pay off the Mob or else they wouldn't let us do our show in peace. Not much,

usually a few hundred." He shrugged. "You should have seen them—Italian knit shirts, fancy dress pants, and a gold chain round their necks. Just like in my old days." He thoughtfully cleared his throat. "Anyway, they sure looked like out-of-fashion Mob types to me."

He was right, that the Mob's clothes getup was years old, but still maintained and worn by downtown-imitation or not-so-imitation guys who tried to look tough and still maintain their appearance of being *Goodfellas* on the city streets. I had seen that movie, *Goodfellas* with Robert DeNiro and Joe Pesci in Times Square one winter night. I sure was glad I didn't hang out with those scheming robbing killers. They were the people of my childhood, ones I supposedly looked up to, but never could get in with them. I was always in the shadows, hanging out in slimy movie theaters and not-so-clean luncheonette dives, which were my abode. Just look where I lived—a rooming house on 3rd Street, home to drunkards and other low-life rabble that would never come out of their desolation. Might be close to Little Italy to some, but to me it was still another wasted dump.

"Anyway," he continued, "I'll check to see if it's Carbona's boys. Then everything will be okay."

Skip was gazing at me, studying my face.

“Did he see?” he quietly asked Sheila.

She nodded “I think he loves them,” she awkwardly said, blushing and shying away.

Skip beamed, nodding his head. “He's one of us now, that's for sure. I saw the way he always lunged into a job no matter what it was. *Septic tanks*. No one wanted to get near them, but there was Randy running the pumps no matter how they smelled. The man's a good worker, glad he made it through you, Sheila.”

He took my hand and gave it a vibrant hand clasp. “He's ours,” he continued. “He's family.”

Sheila and her dad beamed at me, I beamed back.

Chapter 15

Skip left and I was alone with Sheila-Miss Special. Daylight had come about and we could hear the circus crew workers either

coming into or leaving the cafeteria trailer down the road. The circus had rented the two or three block area for their tent on the pier, their trailers on the side streets, and after a few weeks on the site, it seemed very well lived-in.

“Gotta get some coffee,” Miss Special said, slipping on her jeans and sweater. “You stay here, though, until we know how things are.”

I frowned. “That's crazy, I'm not hiding. I'm not a coward.”

“Don't get dad pissed off. Listen to him, he knows wha's what. I'll bring you a tray of breakfast food.” She gave me a little peck of the cheek and exited the trailer.

I was alone. I looked around me. A bed and a cabinet on one side of the small room, a clothes closet, and a television set were on the other side. A toilet and a shower peered out from the back. *A cramped place, but good enough to live in. What else did she need?*

I sat on the bed and picked up the remote control, clicking on the television set. Station after station of boring shows, news, comedies, game shows, westerns, and mysteries—on and on it went. I skipped through the channels and finally clicked it off. I

wasn't a television person anyway, as there were better things to do with my time, like stare into space, which I pretty much was doing in my rooms, wherever they were.

I saw Miss Special's shoes peeking out from under the bed. Not only the red high heels she had worn the night before, but also white ones and blue ones. There was a cornucopia of colors all in high heeled shoes and all appeared incredibly nice.

I shrugged and went to her front door, slightly moving the curtain. Everything seemed normal enough, going about the day. At the far end, near the circus grounds, standing and pressed against a doorway, were two guys I was sure were from my neighborhood. What were they doing on the upper West Side? Were they after me? I stared at them a little closer. They chatted until a door opened and they went in to work, I suppose. I shook my head. Was paranoia always going to stay with me? Obviously it would.

Miss Special came back about approximately twenty minutes later with two covered dishes of scrambled eggs with toast and home fries, plus two very large cups of coffee, balancing one cup atop the other. I grabbed a cup just as it almost toppled over in her hands.

“Whew, made it,” she said and then giggled, opening up her cup and taking a warm swallow. “Ah, I love that first sip of coffee in the morning. There's nothing like it in the world.”

I grinned and opened my cup, also taking a swallow. “Absolutely delicious,” I said, smacking my lips.

Miss Special unwrapped the plastic covering on the trays and the smell of eggs with home fries filled the tiny trailer. We ate quietly, but very hungrily. As we ate, I kept staring on her chest.

“Haven't you seen enough?” She was red-faced, taking another sip of coffee.

I shook my head, also swallowing the coffee. “Don't think I ever will. Your breasts are amazing! I didn't know such things ever existed.”

She snorted. “Many strange things in the world.”

“I wouldn't say they're strange. How about unique and special?”

She smirked. “That's my name, Miss Special. Haven't you heard that before?”

I nodded and thought of Terry. *He must have known. What about Ludmila? Sure, she was the circus star and Miss Special took her*

into her confidence. Anyway, they were two young women... I
nodded my head and finished the coffee.

“I like that, but you *are* special, *very* special.” I leered at her and rubbed myself, growing hard.

She turned red again, but shook her head, getting up and finishing her cup of coffee.

“Have to go to work.” She coughed, glancing at her wristwatch.
“But you stay here, just as dad suggested.”

I also stood up, expecting a hug and a kiss, but she smiled. Just as she was about to leave, I asked, “But what will I do all day? Just can't stay in here.”

“You better not get Dad, mad,” she warned me again. “Listen to him. I'll be by for lunch.” She looked around the small trailer. “Read a book, watch TV. I'll be back.” She left, shutting the door behind her.

It felt weird being alone in her trailer. A few times, I'd hear someone walking by, outside, but when I peered out the curtained window I recognized them as part of the circus crew. I didn't want to fall into that feeling of paranoia. That was very dangerous. Back at my rooming house on 3rd Street, I'd often hear footsteps

pausing outside my door and carefully turning my door handle, but then, after a few minutes they'd go off trying another door. That always got me mad. What the hell was a thief trying to steal from me? I always thought, but I never once opened the door to confront whoever it was. I was a coward back then and probably still am.

I shook my head and poked about the small room. I bit my lip and slowly opened a drawer on her cabinet. Bras and panties stared up at me. The bras were large as the panties very tiny. I gripped my hard crotch and thought about last evening with Miss Special. It seemed natural to suck them, the tits on top, and the cocks on the bottom. Certainly, a luscious mouthful, I knew. I unzipped my pants and reached for my dick. No! I shook my head and zippered back up again. *Jerking off ain't gonna do it.* Anyway, since I now had Miss Special, I didn't want to mess that up by a stupid jerk-off.

I again gazed out the window. It was Thanksgiving week and the circus would have two shows a day until after Christmas. It was a busy month for them. Good thing Ludmila had gone to sleep yesterday. Still, I kept thinking about the tits and cocks on Miss Special, and couldn't get that out of my head. The breasts alone would be a spectacular treat, but with the cocks beneath them, it

seemed magical, mysterious, enchanting. Again, my cock has hard. I shook my head again. *Stop it!* I thought, getting up to pace the tiny room back and forth.

Around noon, I heard clattering. I instantly went into my paranoid mode, imaging burglars and thieves, breaking, entering and bumping me off. The door opened and it was Miss Special. I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Whew! Didn't know who it was.”

“Who did you expect?” She chuckled, holding two more plates, which I assumed would be our lunch.

She unrolled the plastic covering and we both dipped in. Delicious meatball hero sandwiches with a package of cupcakes for the both of us. She already had cans of sodas in her little refrigerator.

“Dad says it's okay to come out,” she said, chewing her hero and taking a sip of soda. “It's in the nighttime that we have to be careful.”

“Guess I'll stay in at night.” Soon, I was finished eating the hero and started on the cupcakes. Their chocolate flavor always makes me feel erotic. I felt myself growing hard again. I don't know why, but the brown delicious treat makes me want to feel and grope. A

few crumbs fell out of my mouth, cascading down to my jeans. She looked and saw the lump in my crotch. I strained to make the bulge jump. She saw it and turned red, but wickedly grinned.

“You got a problem, mister?” she flirtatiously asked.

“No problem, miss,” I answered. “Just a hard ache that won’t go away.”

She set the plates aside. “Well, you need a stroking massage, one of those up and down types. You know what I mean?”

I understood perfectly, but seemed confused. “Up and down? Can’t say that I do...”

She grinned. “Like this,” she said, putting her hand on my crotch and slowly squeezing.

I would have probably shot off my load in my pants if there hadn’t been another knock on the door.

“Aw, damn,” I cursed.

“Shit,” she added, but angrily went to the door and viciously ripped it open. It was Ludmila.

“Oh, it’s you,” Miss Special said and pushed the door open, letting her into the trailer. She had on a black raincoat, but in the

daylight, Ludmila had taken on a beautiful gleam that she didn't have the night before. She molded her blonde hair into a beehive roost with extra makeup and dark eye coloring on her face. She was incredibly beautiful.

"Have show," she muttered, in her Slavic accent. "Just here to said hello." She smiled at us, unconcerned of her grammatical error.

Miss Special had removed her blouse and was going through a shelf in her clothes cabinet. Ludmila stepped behind her and reached her arms to the front of Miss Special, circling her hands around the big breasts and cocks. Not believing that she was doing this, I instantly understood she had been doing this all along. They already were lovers, and I was just someone who happened to come by.

Miss Special melted in Ludmila's clasp, leaning back against her. They seemed to say something to each other and Miss Special turned around, kissing Ludmila, who pushed her off.

"*Nyet*," she squirmed. "I must do show." She broke from Miss Special and darted away.

Miss Special pouted. "You started it," she firmly stated. "Now you're getting away."

Ludmila shrugged. "You got *him*," she said, pointing at me. "I want you both."

Miss Special's lower lip puffed out before her mouth. "Not fair." "What you mean, not fair? We make love last night, before we go to movie show. You no remember?"

Miss Special shrugged. "From you I want it again and again and again," she shot back, rubbing herself between the legs.

Ludmila stood there, hungrily eying Miss Special.

She shook her head. "No! I must go." She then turned and walked out of the trailer.

Miss Special sadly looked at the shut door. "Little bitch," she muttered. "But I love her so much." She turned at me and fell on the bed. She studied my face. "Are you jealous?"

I shook my head. "No...just confused."

Miss Special saw the bump in my pants and turned red. "Confused and horny?"

Her hand fell to my pants and she rubbed the lump trying to push it upward.

“No need to be confused,” she said, smirking and winking at me. “This is the Big Top Circus,” she mimicked in a deep voice. “You'll see wonderful, magical, enchanting things at the Big Top. Just open your hearts and minds. The circus is in town. Come one, come all, to the Big Top Circus!” She was chanting from a television ad that I had just seen that morning.

I grinned at her. “You sound just like the commercial.”

“Three years ago I used to do those ads, in my kid's voice. A little kid with big boobs,” she giggled. “Anyway, I was on a horse.” She grew sad. “But he died and it was distressing. I couldn't laugh any more. My breasts grew much bigger, with the hard dicks pushing them up. Dad took me off the TV ads and the stage show.” She shrugged and brightened. “About ten months ago, Ludmila joined the circus, and my world changed. I've been happy ever since.”

We studied each other. *So she was a lesbian, too. But with Ludmila and Miss Special around, I'd be whatever they wanted me to be. Lesbian, gay...what's the big deal? Come one, come all, eh? I'd be eager to cum with them around, that's for sure.*

I leaned on the bed and pulled Miss Special down after me. She broke away.

“Aw, damn,” she said, glancing at her wristwatch. “Gotta get back to work.” she broke from me and got up from bed. I also stood up.

“Guess I'll go and look for your dad.” I put on my shoes, but eyed hers under the bed.

She stood there. “No regrets?”

I shook my head. “Not at all.”

“I like you too much.” She blushed. “But I like Ludmila, too.”

I shrugged. “Yeah, I do, too. Russian chicks are far out.”

“Watch it, mister,” she flared at me.

“Oh, yeah, look who's jealous now?”

We both laughed and went outside. The air was wonderful and didn't feel a chilly November at all.

Chapter 16

I began work by cleaning out the septic tanks, a dirty, grimy job that no one else wanted to do. I was their *Septic Boy*, but I didn't care. The few menial jobs I had over the years were shit jobs anyway so the name, *Septic Boy* became like a badge to me, one that I took on proudly and boastfully. I happily went about my work. About an hour into the job, I noticed a man standing across the street looking right at me, but the tall fence protected me. I realized he had been there all the time I'd been working and could have easily blown my brains out at any moment. I dropped my mop and hose, hurrying away to find Skip.

Yet, what was I doing? I never would have sought another to help me out, so, why now? I hustled up the pathway and saw Ludmila coming out of an early show, the applause sounding loudly behind her. She seemed very winded, her black raincoat that she had just put on still open in the front.

“You finished?” I asked, noticing the small, almost flat bosom at her chest.

“At night, have other show,” she stressed in her erotic Russian accent. “You want to come with me and drink vodka, yes?”

Shit! I squirmed. No way would I catch myself being with her.

I shook my head, resisting the temptation. “Have to find Skip,” I sheepishly mumbled.

She turned, holding her arms around her as she quickly pounced to her trailer.

Skip was at the financial trailer where Miss Special had collected the funds for that afternoon's show. He saw me through the window and let me in.

“I think one of the Mob guys is near the septic tanks. He's been looking at me for close to an hour.”

Skip studied me then turned to Miss Special. “Have to go and see what this is about. It may be nothing, but we'll see.”

“Be careful, dad,” she said, and winked at me. “Bring him back in one piece, please?”

“I will, baby.” We then left the trailer.

At the septic tanks, Skip stopped and focused on the two figures standing across the street. *Damn, another one had joined him!* Now, I was scared.

“Time to go and see what they really want. Maybe it's nothing, maybe it's everything. I'll see if it's Carbona's boys.” He shrugged and went to talk to the two goons.

I waited, pacing about and saw them talking with Skip, one standing back as if being ready for everything. After about fifteen minutes, Skip crossed the street and came back. The two goons also disappeared down the street.

Skip returned, confiding in me. “He'll be at the show tonight,” he shrugged. “It's Carbona, all right. He's taking his wife and kids out to the circus. He does that every year.”

Damn, his bodyguards will be crawling all over the place.

“Vinnie's not bad.”

I froze. “Vinnie...” I asked.

“Vinnie Carbona,” Skip answered, “The Boss of Bosses.”

I fell.

Not really, I just tripped over my own two feet as if I was still learning to walk again.

“He's the one,” I muttered. “The one who's mom I stole the money from. He's sure to kill me. I know he will.” I was very upset, and scared, too.

Skip stopped. “Take it easy, kid. Get a hold of yourself. As long as you're here with me, they won't touch you. Here, you're safe with us.” He put his arm around my shoulders. “Now, let's go see Sheila. She'll have an idea or two. Just stop worrying.”

I breathed out. *He was right. I was safe with them, but for how long?*

Chapter 17

Miss Special was pretty much done with her work, for now, as tonight there would be a special pre-Thanksgiving show, and tomorrow, after Thanksgiving, is when the Christmas season would begin in full swing. Crowds of tourists would be coming onto the pier taking in the wintry river along with the Big Top Circus.

Miss Special pounced from her desk as me and her dad walked in.

“Everything's okay,” Skip said, as she rushed up to me. “It's Carbona's boys. I'm pretty sure we can talk to him. Anyway, his kids will be here tonight with him to see the show.” He looked at Miss Special. “He used to love your horse-riding back then,” he said. He then turned to me. “He came a few extra times just to see her galloping by.”

“I remember.” said Miss Special. “You want I should ride again?”

“Sheila, don't be silly. You know you're out of practice.” He turned red, embarrassed. “You're also much bigger then you were last year.”

Miss Special also reddened. She shrugged. “It's not my fault. I was born with this...bosom. Nothing I can do about that.”

Skip came up to her and put his arms around her. “The show will be fine.” He kissed her on the forehead. “Everyone will do what they have to do.” He studied at me. “Won't we?”

I nodded back at him. He grinned. “The Big Top Circus is in town!”

Chapter 18

We walked back to Miss Special's trailer as her dad went off on other business. There were still a few hours before the next show started.

“You seem nervous,” she said to me.

“Wouldn't you be?”

She opened the door and let me in, removing her jacket. A beautiful summer-like pink sleeveless turtleneck draped over her big bosom. She looked incredibly appetizing. If it weren't for what was hanging over me, I'd want to hang myself from her high breasts.

“Relax, you're too tense.”

“You're right,” I said. “Whatever's gonna happen, it ain't happening yet.”

“That’s right, baby. Sit down and let me give you a massage. You’re too uptight. It will make you feel so much better.”

Sure, why not? I’ve had too much tension in my life, all from my feelings of guilt. That will do it. Guilt will destroy you. It’s about time I let go and took it easy...

Besides, Miss Special’s hands on my shoulders, rubbing, massaging, relaxed me greatly, so much so, I could almost say, I’ve been reborn because I was starting to feel a refreshing newness come upon me, taking and washing my cares away. Her hands were about my neck and I looked up and saw her big breasts and dicks above me. Their beautiful form outlined by the clinging pink material of her turtleneck. I reached above me and tweaked a breast. She smiled, leering at me. The little tweak made me want more. I shifted around and pulled her atop me, leaning back on the bed. She straddled me, riding me as a horse.

“Hmm, nice,”

She leered down at me. “Giddy up, pony. Ride ‘em! Yeehaw!”

She pulled up the front of her turtleneck, revealing the two magical orbs still entrapped by her extra-large bra. She dipped her fingers in the two cups and released the two breasts from

their constricting hold. They bounded up and out, the nipples as stiff as the two hard cocks growing beneath them. I reached up and circled the fingers of each hand around the stiff muscular penises, the rich, tight breasts, and nipples above them. She rode me as I jerked off the two dicks. Suddenly, I felt the tension of my own cock rushing and gushing to eruption in my pants, splashing onto my body. I ripped my eyes open to see the two cocks in my hands also spitting out scum! She had said they barely spewed a trickle out. Well, this was a flood of semen spilling out on me, and I loved it! The semen shot out, reached the bottom of my chin, and sprinkled my chest and torso. My fingers remained around the stiff shooting cocks as they straightened to spill out whatever was left of the thick sticky sperm. A few more weak tries and they collapsed, exhausted, as I was.

I exhaustively stared at Miss Special. She too was drained. She dropped atop me, both of us breathing very heavily. If ever a male made false love to a woman, this might be it. False love that was very, very real, much like the real thing. But more than this, this was not sexual love, but a Holy Communion, a form of nirvana with the heavens. *God had spoken and his seed was spilled. Now go forth and multiply...*

Chapter 19

There was a banging on the door.

“Sheila!” a feminine voice called. “Open door!”

“It's Ludmila,” Miss Special said, rising out of bed and going the door.

Ludmila, still wearing her raincoat, came into the trailer. She glanced at us, saw the droplets on the bed and grinned. “You sticky goo on bed.” She gave a leer. “You make *doity*, yes?” *Doity* was her way of saying *dirty*.

Miss Special shook her head, also grinning. “It was these two,” she said, pointing with her thumb to the two dicks on her chest. “Oh, yes.”

A surprised Ludmila stared at her. “How that be?”

Miss Special shrugged. “They want him. And he wants them, too,” she smiled.

An openmouthed Ludmila licked her lips. "I must see," she firmly said.

Miss Special shook her head. "Oh, Ludmila. We're both exhausted." She told a disappointed Ludmila. "But tonight after your show, we'll all do it, I promise you that."

A bitter Ludmila simply muttered, "Good, after show. I come for you *doity* lovemaking, yes?"

"Yes, Ludmila. I know you'll be hot as you always are." She winked at her.

Ludmila slightly lifted one leg, compressed it together with her other one, and sluggishly said, "Yes, I hot. I boil." She then turned and left the trailer.

"Poor Ludmila," I exclaimed, shaking my head. "The way shes' feeling, all hard up, must be hard on her concentration?"

"Hah, is right! When she's horny, that's the best show she will ever do. Her costume will be soaked and saturated with spunk. She'll come drowning for us and we'd better be ready." She winked and took off the pink turtleneck, once again freeing her bosom and dicks.

I stared at the mystical orb projectiles, my eyes wide, with my mouth open. She smugly grinned at me. “Don't worry, you can both share a mouthful. A tit and cock for each of you, my babies.”

I licked my lips.

Chapter 20

The second show was at 5 PM, and since it was Thanksgiving tomorrow, Skip moved it up two hours from the usual 7 PM. We still had about a half hour. Her dad had earlier told me to stick with Sheila, as he was going to take his old role as MC with top hat and tails that night. He had always played the part, but his arthritis and rheumatism plus older age coming on, curtailed that decorative role. Still, he persisted in running the stagehand crews and that was very physical labor at that.

We walked to the main tent and entered the arena from the rear. Miss Special was wearing her red high heels that firmly pounded the pavement as she walked beside me. Sasha, another Russian

performer, was back stage and juggling his clubs. He smiled at Miss Special, but sneered down at me, his lips grimacing. He hung out with the other gay stars of the show, mostly the gymnast, plus a few of the working crew. Even though I had been to Times Square and let myself be touched and groped, it wasn't something which I naturally gravitated to. *Your sex is your sex. I prefer my own, and now I have the beautiful Miss Special.* I snorted and slightly shook my head. Asshole *tovarich*, I thought. Some Russian friend he would be, I snorted, glaring at him.

Her dad wasn't around so Miss Special and I made it through the curtain and joined the crowd searching for their seats. Ours were somewhere in the center on an upper tier and we had amazingly good seats. Her dad picked them out.

We both had our Big Top jackets on and smiled at the crew as they went about seating ticker holders. Then I froze, and tried to cover my face. On an upper tier and descending to a lower level came Fat Vinnie and his wife, overly dressed with mink coat and their two little kids trailing along side with them. I glanced around. No bodyguard goons trailed after them, but then I saw one standing on an upper level. Too bad I didn't have a gun, I thought

and shook my head. I'd probably shoot myself and injure some innocent bystander instead of the guilty party, which in a way, was really me.

“Stop that, Billy,” I heard Fat Vinnie say to a young kid descending the steps with him, but pulling on a little toy clown upside down so his head clattered on the ground. “Hold it up. That's it.” The clown rode peacefully upturned before the kid turned him over again, but then saw me.

I tried to cover my face but he still recognized me through my eyes. How does the saying go...*Eyes are the windows of the soul?* Well, in those eyes, he was about to slam the window shut and for good, too. He looked at Miss Special and me sitting together. He nodded and silently descended to a lower level.

I breathed out. “That's Vinnie,” I muttered, “with the lady in the mink coat.”

She sneered at them and shook her head. “They should ban those coats,” she commented, shaking her head in disapproval. “However, if you have enough money to waste on that crap, I'm sure they will sell even more.”

The MC, her dad, came out to a blast of drums and horns as horses and riders filled the arena. He was dressed in top hat and tails, along with his high boots, and stood regally in the center as the horses and riders galloped around him.

“Ladies and gentleman...” he bellowed, taking off his top hat, “... and children off all ages, welcome to the Big Top Circus! For your entertainment we have a really big show tonight...” The horses and riders rode off stage as he went down the litany of stars that would perform that night. Various clowns made pratt-falls and had accidents as they wandered about the center ring while Sasha the Juggler rode on a unicycle, which went spinning around the Big Top, juggling his clubs throughout. Pierre the Horseman commanded his obedient team of horses to race and stop, stand up on two feet and race around again. While Phillip the Sword Sallower seemed to swallow sabers of every shape and length, inserting a sword down his throat in countless s-shapes, showing off his Adam's apple bouncing up and down as the sword passed over and under it. By then, the crowd shook their heads in amazement from the bouncing Adam's apple as the show went on and on. In the final act, the MC announced Ludmila the Hula Hoop Girl.

I had been hardly paying any attention to the acts—lost in my own dormant thoughts—but when Ludmila appeared under the bright lights, I noticed a few rows beneath me that Fat Vinnie was also struck by her bold seeming erotic appearance. My eyes were gaping open as I stared at the luscious beautiful appearance that she made. It seemed that she was totally nude, the flesh colored leotard disguising her perfectly. What was flesh and skin...what was Ludmila? The crowd and I stared hungrily at her. She was beautiful!

She began to sway, a simple hula-hoop spinning round her neck and moving to her little breasts and her belly, as another hoop joined the previous one, uplifting it to her head and neck, all the time swaying and gyrating. She danced like a snake, adding hoop after hoop until she must have joined twenty hoops twirling and spinning round her body. The crowd watched as if mesmerized by her erotic grace and mobility, and in awestruck amazement as the hoops finally dropped down her body. She ended her act by standing with her arms raised over her head. Thunderous applause and cheering yells burst over the arena.

“Ladies and gentleman,” the MC bellowed out to the crowd, “Ludmila the Beautiful Hula-Hoop Girl!”

When the house lights went up, Ludmila stood with her arms still raised above her, breathing heavily as the other stars and entertainers joined her on stage to cheers and applause from the crowd. They stood momentarily then scurried off as another voice instructed the exiting crowd not to overlook their belongings. The circus was over.

Miss Special beamed at me. "Great show. How'd you like Ludmila?"

"I did. Very nice." She grinned at me. "Highly erotic, wouldn't you say?"

I turned red, but nodded, "Might even be banned in some places. No one under eighteen allowed, eh?"

She laughed. "We had trouble out west. Ludmila had to tone down her show, but she's still a very erotic person."

"You're speaking from experience, I take it?" I asked, leering at her.

She winked at me and took me by the arm as we started for the stairs.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" she whispered and smiled wickedly.

“Hmm,” I muttered. “Yes...yes I would.”

She burst out laughing. “In a bit,” she giggled. “In a little bit, you’ll find out.” She was nodding her head throughout it all.

With the idle chatter, I still kept my eye on Fat Vinnie with his wife and kids. They had also left their seats and reached the exiting stairway at the same time I was about to leave my aisle. Fat Vinnie saw me and slightly frowned, but did nothing to show it to his wife and kids who continued ascending. At the top of the stairs, though, I saw his two goons staring down at me.

What would they do, start shooting at me? I wondered. In this crowd of people and Fat Vinnie close by? Not a chance...I bit my lips and slowed my pace, hindering people trying to leave behind me.

I grabbed Miss Special's arm and stopped her, too.

“It's Fat Vinnie, talking to those two guys,” I gestured with my hand to the conversing trio.

Miss Special looked at them and shrugged.

“Let's go out the back way. We're circus, aren't we?”

I nodded, turning back and starting our descent down the stairs.

“Excuse me,” Miss Special said to the confused people behind us.

“Excuse me, coming through...”

We made it to the lowest level, jumped over the rings circling the center stage, and glimpsed behind us. The two goons were also trying to make their way through the crowd, which now wasn't giving any room to the loudly cursing invaders.

“Hey, watch it!” I heard many a time. “Don't you know how to say excuse me?” another loud woman complained.

“Watch it, you bitch!” a goon said, trying to make it through the crowd.

Miss Special shook her head and pulled me through the curtain. A few stagehands were sweeping up backstage and would later do the rest of the now peopled auditorium. Her dad or Ludmila were nowhere around.

“Dad's probably in his trailer. Putting on a show really tires him out, emotionally.”

“I'm sure,” I agreed, still hearing the shouts and curses behind the curtain we had just come through.

“Let's go,” she said, taking my hand and pulling me to follow.

It was short walk to dad's trailer, but he had the largest one on the lot, more of a home than a movable trailer. In fact, he extended certain parts of the trailer making the place bigger than it actually was. When on the road, the sections were pulled back in and seemingly, the room was much smaller. It was the perfect way to travel.

Outside, we quickly walked to a fenced-in area of assorted trailers for the star entertainers and her dad, Skip. Slightly drained and breathing heavily when he let us in.

“Dad,” flared a worried Miss Special, “Are you okay?”

He waved her off. “The asthma medicine. I'm down to a few puffs,” he said, holding up a nebulizer and shaking it. The yellow and pink canister seemed incredibly empty.

“Oh, dad, can't you go to a drugstore and get one? I'll send someone. I'm sure there's one nearby.”

“There is,” he answered. “But they're probably closed by now, and tomorrow's Thanksgiving Day.” He dismissed her concern. “I'll be fine, not to worry.”

We studied each other. “Tell him...or do you want me to tell him?”

“Tell me what?” I bit my lip.

“Those two guys we saw at the circus entrance, yesterday,” I gushed out. “They were at the show tonight along with Fat Vinnie, their boss.”

He slightly grinned at us.

“I know. I invited them.”

“You what!” his daughter exclaimed. “Invited them?”

Skip nodded and sucked on his nebulizer, smirking at me. He nodded his head. “I know Mr. Carbona from a long time ago. As you do, too. We grew up together on the Lower East Side and went to grade school there,” he said, looking at me, “Before we took different roads and paths in life. Mine led me to the Big Top Circus, his...well...his took him in a different direction. But we do remember where we came from.”

His breathing was more even, peaceful and controlled. There was a knock of the door. Miss Special and I froze.

“Hey, boss,” I heard Terry call. “There's a man out here wants to see you.”

We stared at each other.

Skip went to the door and gazed out. He nodded once at Terry, "Come on in, Mr. Carbona. Be careful of the step. It wobbles a bit."

Vinnie entered the trailer.

Chapter 21

Vinnie Carbona was an overly heavy man, but elegantly dressed in a finely made overcoat. His shirt collar was loosely unbuttoned showing he had on a vest holding in his big belly. It was like a frame displaying his cumbersome size. I'd seen him a few times in the neighborhood, but never spoke to him.

"Mister Carbona, welcome to my house."

Vinnie disapprovingly shook his head. "Hey, paisano, how many years I know you? What is this, Mr. Carbona? Call me Vinnie, like you did when we was kids."

He looked at Miss Special, standing cross-armed in a corner. He held his arms out.

“You remember Uncle Vinnie? C’mere, so I can get a good look at you.”

Miss Special stepped closer.

“My, my, but you sure have grown? You’re definitely a big girl now.”

She said as she neared him, and bashfully eyeing him “Uncle Vinnie, Very nice to see you,” Her arms tried to go around his chest, but stopped halfway in the back.

“You’re big yourself, too, I see,” she claimed, seeing him up and down. “Too much pasta, eh?” She winked at him and patted his big belly.

He laughed. “We all indulge, don’t we?” he said, staring at her chest.

She shrugged. “That’s life, isn’t it? A little of this, a little of that...”

“That’s right.” He chuckled. “What the hell? We live once and then we die.” He then turned to me. “But some live and die uselessly, isn’t that right?”

I looked at him, very frightened.

Skip coughed. "Vinnie, I'm glad you came. Let's all sit down and have a little chat. Would you like some wine?"

Fat Vinnie collapsed in a chair by the table. "No wine for me, Have to watch the blood pressure. It gets too high and my wife worries so much."

"I have fruit juice... if you prefer..."

Fat Vinnie shook his head. "No thanks. I'm fine."

We examined each other. The uncomfortable silence in the room was very draining.

Skip broke it.

"I want to talk about Randy," he said. "In just the past two months, he has become a vital part of the circus family. An important part."

Skip went on naming the work I took on myself, including the dirty septic tanks, the toilet bowls, all the little things I did that were so vital to running a smooth operation. "We'd be lost without him, that's for sure."

Fat Vinnie just shrugged.

“He stole from my mother,” he shook his head. “There's no crime worse than that.”

Skip peered at him. “Remember Mrs. Lanza, in the early years back on Mott Street?”

An uncomfortable wave of remembrance went through Fat Vinnie.

“Sure, sure,” he muttered then shook his hand away. “I remember, but that was different, we were younger, much younger.”

Skip stared at him. “You stole from a mother, who was breast feeding her little one.”

Fat Vinnie shook his head, and pointed to me. “He stole from my mother. Now he has to pay.”

A great and awesome silence went throughout the trailer. Actually, it seemed that the silence had intensified and covered the entire circus ground. Fat Vinnie sealed my fate.

“Uncle Vinnie,” whispered Sheila-Miss Special. “Randy is not only my boyfriend, he's also my fiancé. We're engaged to be married,” she said, looking at me. “He has something in him that I have never felt before. And I think it's growing inside me, too.” She then patted her belly.

Everyone in the room stared at her and me. The news also hit me. *Fiancé, me? And so fast? But this was the circus, with different fast rules and acts, magicians, sword swallowers, bearded ladies and cocks with tits...* I blinked my eyes and stared at Miss Special standing next to me and squeezing my hand.

“Well,” Fat Vinnie said, a confused look on his face, “is that true?” She nodded and took my hand.

“Well, that puts a different light on things, doesn't it?” He squinted at Sheila and me. “What about the six thousand you took from my mother?”

Skip and Sheila exchanged a look.

I spoke up for the first time I was in the trailer. “Wait a minute. It wasn't six thousand—only two.” I pulled out the envelope with the cash I had carried with me since two months ago, back in late September. “Two thousand dollars, nothing more...”

I dropped the envelope on the table. A few of the hundreds peered out. Fat Vinnie stared at me and then exchanged a look with Skip.

“Four thousand dollars interest, not bad, eh?” he asked of no one in the room.

“Yes it is,” Skip said, “Who can keep up with your payments? That's more than double a month.” He shook his head. “For old time's sake, drop the interest since you have your money back. What do you say?”

Fat Vinnie sulked at Miss Special and me. “All right,” then waved his hand, picking up the envelope and eyeing the cash. “I'll call off my boys as long as you invite my mother to the wedding.” He snorted. “She's been a royal pain in the ass, too.” He shook his head.

“Oh, Uncle Vinnie.” Miss Special rushed to him. “She'll be the guest of honor, won't she?” She turned to me.

I nodded. “Yes, sir, guest of honor, indeed.” I meekly smiled at Fat Vinnie as he broadly smiled back. We shook hands.

“Now, you're a sucker for the circus,” he said, grinning at me. “A real sucker, make sure you stay that way.”

“Oh, he will, Uncle Vinnie,” Miss Special was dreamily staring at me, “He's a sucker in more ways than one.” She repeated, “In more ways than one.”

Chapter 22

We made our way back to her trailer, holding hands.

“Oh, my God!” she exclaimed, “I forgot about Ludmila!”

“Shit, so did I. *Totally* forgot.”

We increased our pace to her trailer, hurrying through the quiet trail while most of the crew had disappeared into homes or places where they could drink and revel in tomorrow's Thanksgiving festivities. Or at least just sit back and watch the turkey parade.

We got to her trailer and as Miss Special was opening the door, Ludmila stepped out of the shadows and quickly made her way to us.

“For what you leave me waiting?” she said in her angry voice.

“You know I cannot wait.”

“Ludmila, we were at my dad's.” Miss Special said, turning red. “I have great news,” she added, entering the trailer and leading us in.

Ludmila glared at us. "This true?" she asked. "You be man and wife?"

We both nodded at her, beaming brightly.

"And what will happen to poor Ludmila?" she sadly asked. "You know I need love, too?" She pouted, very downcast.

"Oh, Ludmila, I will never cast you aside. You're my circus hula-hoop wife and now Randy will become my circus *Septic Tank* husband."

I frowned, but she grinned at us.

"And I'm just a big-titted mama to you all and ready to feed her babies. Isn't that great!" she exclaimed, lifting up her blouse and showing her beautiful breasts, paired cocks and a tits hanging high from her chest.

We both stared open-mouthed as Ludmila removed her raincoat and stood in the living room totally nude.

"Oh, my, you're certainly ready for me, aren't you, girl?" Miss Special said winking at her.

"Uh huh," grunted Ludmila, falling on the bed with Miss Special. "I must have..." and she spread her legs wide open as they kissed.

Miss Special was able to strip off her pants and panties, also taking off her turtleneck. I stood watching as they kissed and groped each other, their hands like snakes going up and down all over each of their bodies.

Miss Special turned at me. "Well," she asked, "aren't you going to join us..."

I bit my lips. "Can you put your shoes back on? You look incredibly erotic with them..." I bent down and picked up the red shoes she had just dropped off her feet. Miss Special and Ludmila looked at each other. Miss Special shrugged and took the shoes, placing each one on her feet.

I hurriedly also took off my clothes, my penis stiff and erect, and fell on the bed with them.

"And what about me?" Ludmila asked. "I need shoes on my feet, too."

Miss Special leaned over and picked up a pair of white high heels.

"You be our White Russian," she said, grinning and giving her the shoes, "Nude with white high heels."

“Da.” Ludmila then slipped them on her feet. “You know my country, Belarus, mean White Russia. It is country west of Moscow. Very bad country, too,” she ended sadly.

“Ludmila,” Miss Special said sternly. “Remember, no politics. We swore on that.”

Ludmila sadly nodded. “Yes, yes, please to make love, no?” she snuggled beside her.

I snuggled on the other side. Miss Special smiled. Ludmila and I sucked her tits and cocks. Miss Special did wonderful things, too, stroking and rubbing and sucking, on and on...

It was heavenly!

Waltz - Trap - Waltz

By Nathan Anderson

collectively assured

(association)

(association)

(association)

trumpet *blares*

comes towards
the

avenue
avenue
avenue
avenue
avenue
avenue
avenue
avenue

pyrotechnic +longform+
+shuttle+
+fancy+

+gone+
+is+
+i+

in all likelihood

=====typewritten

Technological Vibration (number)

[poinsettia]

[profligacy]
[animalistic]

heel-broken-swollen-tongue-hold-
nothing-ghost-replaced-

switch
switch

give me some elbow

room

[please]

Blasting Cap (shudder/dance)

IT SPEAKS!

!
!
!
!

leapt as though...

shape
shape

///going///
///gone///

how well spoken?
not answered?
making well?
I don't?
I don't?

#####try on#####
#####another#####
#####one#####

Notebooks 6

Richard Freeman

Sexual freedom in the '60s meant that women were free to let men fuck them ... they were free to give up their sexual hardwiring and act like men... in the name of equality...

With this freedom came no instructions - let alone knowledge or understanding - and it was as difficult to put together as an IKEA Christmas Doll House kit... and as unstable.

Freedom was more than just nothing left to lose... outside of death, there is always something left to lose... even if it means nothing.

Everyone seems pleased as punch with the fall of the Soviet Union... as if we caused it... as if our government forced the Russians to fuck up...

Now we know why we had to fight in Viet Nam - it led directly, somehow, to the fall of the USSR...

But if capitalism can dissolve that most backward of industrial nations - causing everyone there to think that now they'll finally be able to get rich... what will it do to us?

Pure finance capitalism is an acid without a container - it forces actions and reactions - as if it were a living entity - and it is sui generis...

The money game is so much more powerful than any spiritual game (which is why YHVH capitulated so long ago to Moolah/Moloch...) - especially the metaphysical dialectical materialism of Karl Marx...

We see ourselves as the defender & protector of capitalism... it, like God, belongs to America... and thus, like God, we can control capital... we are safe from its vagaries (and know how to make money even during the coming economic collapse, as those books say on their covers... I don't know what is inside these books I haven't yet bothered to read, as I have no money to save or invest before the coming collapse)...

We are all, at birth, given as our birthright, a piece of the puzzle of life - and we take this piece and all too often see it as the entire puzzle... refuse to see that others have pieces necessary for the completion of the puzzle...

This allows us almost the absolute possibility of being wrong in our thoughts & actions.

It leads us to power, and destroys us from using that power incorrectly, which is the reason why all power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

I know that I am right - and what I think of others depends on how much their opinions approximate my own... (if they tell me that my opinions approximate theirs, I have to decide whether to allow them to be a followers, or to chop them to bits as plagiarists)... it is not only important to be right, it's even more important to be right first... or at least to be the first to find and follow a person who's right.

It is also a powerful urge to be in agreement with enough people so that you have the power to put down those who disagree...

I don't know why this is so; only that it is so...

What to expect:

Collapse of the cities, which will be left to the poor as the remnants of the Yuppies move to the burbs - or wherever they can afford to live if they still have jobs...

A permanent lumpenproletariat - a huge sociopathic criminal class...

A smaller middle class - though a somewhat richer upper middle class...

A far richer upper class...

All under the rubric of "Free Enterprise" or "Corporate Socialism"

Until the cycle begins again of revolution - or radicalism - or fascism - or democracy - or whatever works best to get the swine elected...

We are deteriorating even faster than I could have predicted or suspected in the '60s...

We are separate and unequal...

To be fully awake... fully conscious... without our usual state of walking sleep would be, for us, unprepared as we are, as dangerous as staying awake for a week - would lead to the same mental disorganization and madness...

We are living in the Entropic of Cancer... where even excitement soon grows tepid - riots become boring... earthquakes...

Life has gotten out of hand and it can't be captured without great danger... and I am no hunter of life...

At best I am a rabbi without a theology - and with no one to teach it to, as yet...

Some notes on Games with an analogy of Economics:

All games have rules and agreements which influence the nature of the game - pre 1948, no blacks were permitted to play in the major leagues. [Compare with tax laws for the rich...no sense in bringing in class war among the Greeks...going back that far]

Rules can be changed, but only if they don't effect too widely the structure of the game - 2 point conversions in football...3 point shot in basketball. [Congress can pass laws giving the poor a few breaks - food stamps, etc. but it can't play share the wealth.]

The same game can be played with different sets of rules (U.S. & international basketball) [different countries have different forms of capitalism.]

Games can become unpopular so that no one plays them anymore. (give me an example, please) [Communism in Russia.]

We invent games, but they take on a life of their own... [Technology & technics.]

Games can be set up with inequalities in them (White has an advantage in chess) [Rich kids have a better chance of making it in life than poor kids.]

A game can be controlled to form parity among the teams (the draft & schedules in pro football) [Socialism & Communism.]

There are difference in playing strengths in all players [brains & family money.]

All of this seems to be fairly obvious.

Some games allow for gambling (poker) [Stock market.]

Some games ban gambling by the players (baseball) [Insider trading on the stock market.]

Some games allow the building of dynasties (Yankees, Celtics) [Rockefellers, etc.]

Some games put a cap on the amount of money that can be spent on players (basketball) [Japanese salary structure.]

Though the rules of a game might be clear, there are often referees - though all referees make mistakes [as do judges].

Even though we realize we are only playing a game, the game can seem to be a matter of life or death to the players.

Players will break the rules if it gives them an edge and they think they won't get caught...though it will be politely called stretching the rules by commentators (announcers) [Wall St. Journal.]

Idiots are allowed to play if money can be taken from them (poker) [Wall Street.]

Some games are fixed... (wrestling) [the early '80s bond market.]

No fans, no money (synchronized swimming) [publishing poetry.]

All games try to become legal monopolies (reserve clauses) [business in general.]

All games want to avoid outside legislation (football) [all business.]

If there is too much unfairness between management and players, the players will look to congress for legislation (baseball) [voters.]

When congress steps in, it is never appreciated by management, even if it saves the game. (Baseball) [Capitalism in the '30s.]

In all games, there are few winners and many losers... (all sports) [all stocks.]

In order for there to be a few big winners, there must be many small losers (poker) [capitalism.]

The owners of the game determine the rules, but the public can have a small effect by not watching the game. (football) [stocks.]

The public can also yell at the players, in person or over talk shows. (All sports) [elections.]

All watchers think the players are paid too much - and that they no longer play for the love of the game... (all sports) [all business.]

All watchers think they know more about the game than the players (and think, at some level, that they too could have been players if only...). (All sports) [all business.]

And if they couldn't play, they could manage. (All sports) [All business.]

Fans are always wrong.

From these statements about games, one should be able to interpolate such things as why capitalists won't help the poor at the expense of those with money... and why those without money cannot effect our politics.

Of course to some, the grandest game of all is war... it's the true high stakes contest.

For the "civilized" the Game of Nations is the power game of choice... no need to get physical & kick bootie oneself - except figuratively, of course...

(Let the military have their schools & notions of superior virtue - as long as they follow civilian orders and remains the backbone of the state... but not the brain...)

Esprit de corps for our killer cops... the military after the Civil War was made to swear loyalty to the government instead of to the several states.

Of course in some countries, men use the military as a springboard (or is it a stepping stone?) for a seat at the Game of Nations... using a simple Coup as a means of holding their countries piece and shaking the dice...

But in civilized countries where money is power, this is not permitted to occur - the military are kept in their place at the foot of the gaming table.

There is limited seating at the table - but some of those without seats are allowed to watch in return for backing the government.

We pretend that the masses are really smarter than the rulers - and call this Democracy... but no matter how dumb, in actuality, our rulers may be, at least they don't believe that twaddle.

In a Democracy, however, the voters are permitted to believe such twaddle without being thrown in jail by the mental police...

And it is true that the more intelligent a leader is, the harder he has to work to hide this intelligence from the masses... a group of people ready to believe that Ron Reagan is a genius wouldn't know what to make out of an Einstein... luckily Albert realized this & not only didn't he cut his hair, but he didn't wear socks either. He was taken to be a forgetful scientist and was sent letters by the masses on any and all matters - and was permitted to die in bed.

Stupid people, such as myself, know that we are stupid, and that our rulers might be smarter and wiser than we are - though there are limits to

this... as there are limits to intelligence, and problems that not even the wisest can solve...

When faced with such problems, it is wise to act normal and temporize.

What burns my ass are smartasses like Socrates, who pretend to know nothing and show us up for knowing even less.

To be wise, it is necessary to know what to ignore - and to know what to seem to be ignorant about...

Anything that can't be controlled must be ignored... and a smart politician uses the American tradition of anti-intellectualism as a smoke screen...

When faced with the deficit, scream about welfare cheats, the Japs and harsher jail sentences... for an attempt to cure the economy can only lead to revolution, as it seems to have done in Russia and Eastern Eurp...

Politics is intelligent people pretending to be as stupid as is necessary to deal with the problems that otherwise intelligent people make (the truly stupid can always be jailed if and when they're caught)...

Propaganda is the speech of pols... it is an attempt to persuade the public that their beliefs and accepted ideas are correct - and that this particular politician embodies these beliefs...

There is no other way to peaceably rule...

Even though I love wrestling and porn & Love Connection, I don't have a clue as to what the people are thinking - how a mind works that goes into a booth & pulls a lever for George Bush...

My mind is allotropic - like, but not the same - causing it to have slightly different properties...

I have neither the intelligence or the wisdom to rule over others - or the stupidity to think I can...

I try my best not to blame my rulers for the mistakes they make - or to feel pride when I am right & they are wrong about something... it is a statistical certainty that this will happen on occasion...

And it is more interesting to me when my rulers are correct & I'm dead wrong...

I see that the Demos have people signing while pols talk... now there is no advantage whatsoever in being deaf...

It would seem that the implosion of the inner city comes from the collapse of industry and the success of the civil rights movement... no assembly line jobs to lift a lower class up, and the ability of the black middle class to move out of all black neighborhoods...

Through a sort of unnatural natural selection, those most able to leave have skedaddled, leaving the inner cities without real leadership (let alone those role models we are all told are necessary, even if one is only to become a spear carrier in the play of life)...

Instead of ghettos, we now have black holes, from which few can escape...

There seems to be no political solution to this, at present - those on the right refuse to accept the sociological implications go ghetto existence, and blame the individuals... those on the middle no longer exist ... those on the left refuse to acknowledge what exists - or rather, they see it, but do to difficulties with Politically Correct English, are unable to talk about it (and perhaps even inwardly to think about it) honestly.

I don't mind life being without meaning - for me - as much as I would hate having others impose their meanings of life upon me... I prefer to create my own negative entropy for myself... my own choice of meaninglessness... one which I feel no need to impose on you.

It is easier for me to create my own philosophy than it is for me to read a philosopher's attempt to do so... and if I don't put it in writing - except to help me remember what it is - I won't have to read it - because, doubtless, my own philosophy will prove as embarrassing to read as my old novels... to me... certainly to others.

I doubt that God rereads his Bible...

What does God, or any playwright, do, when the play is finished & handed over to the producer & director & actors... he can only sit in the auditorium and watch rehearsals & curse the day he ever gave this batch of idjits his play to perform...

Or he can try to write and direct (few authors have the cash to produce as well)... and end up like Shaw writing notes to Mrs. Patrick Campbell warning her of her excrescences as Liza Doolittle... telling her to stop winking, intimating a happy marriage ahead for Liza and Prof. Higgins...

If there were a God and he were like the God of the Jews, would I care to be one with Him? And would I really want to take on His meaning as my own?

But if I were to teach my own meaning, without benefit of God or clergy, I would have to pretend to be God...or at least a minor prophet... and I can't quite pull that off...

Unless I hang out with fools, that is... I would have to be willing to suffer fools gladly...

Could the sex possibly be that good?

But what teaching do I have? Can it be a gospel of good news to tell those who are going through existential breakdowns that “this is not madness - it will come to an end - and you will gain the kingdom of heaven on earth by going through with it...” Is this my Credo?

And because I pontificate, does that make me a Pontiff - or am I only putting a positive spin on a bad inner situation... offering as a cure, a verbal placebo?

Socialism is not an economics... it is a way of seeing the economic reality through a lower class point of view (but usually through the eyes of upper middle and lower upper class intelligentsia)...

I don't know whether it works as an economic system - to this point, what has been called socialism is more properly some sort of bizarre feudalism with a soupcon of slavery thrown in for spice... with commissars taking over the roles of Lords of the Manor and the Central Committee as the upper nobility, and a petty bourgeoisie comprised of scientists, engineers, academicians, and sports heroes...

The state, like Pharaoh, owns the means of production, but that doesn't make King Tut a Commie.

Due to cheap energy, the world has, for the most part, been willing to give up slave labor... but this will have to be reevaluated as energy costs rise in the 21st Century.

Our moral sense is not prepared for socialism... it is thoroughly capitalistic... no man is my brother... and sisters are fair game for sex.

Capitalism doesn't echo, it sounds our moral sense.

In this sense, capitalists are surely right in saying that their system more nearly resembles reality than does socialism...

The economic reality is that it is impossible for all of us to become rich.

Economic morality says that it is each individual's fault if they remain poor... and that it is okay to plunder the poor in order to gain wealth.

No one is willing to have everyone living on the same economic level.

Capitalism is a form of technic... which could be called magic... Though its spells are known, they sometimes don't work, or worse, continue to work even when counter spells are given... the fact that there is a Nobel Prize in economics doesn't confer Mage abilities on the winners - let alone the lesser practitioners of the art that hopes to be a science.

Even a country doesn't have the power to control the magic. The force is autonomous... once it is started, it lives a life sui generis. Some countries mistake basking in the glow of a sound economy as control of that economy... as if getting a sun tan proved one had control of the sun...

To create a Utopian scheme for man as he is is a dangerous (when not merely a wordy) business. To put it into practice is to watch (if one is lucky and far away) all of the killing necessary for instituting the kingdom of man on earth.

We are stuck with reality unless someone can come up with a source of free energy that counteracts the laws of thermodynamics... surely congress could enact such obviously veto proof legislation, one would think.

In the good old days, back when the state had enough money to keep the loonies in their bins, if I pissed my bed every night and my parents were growing impoverished through diaper service, the state could well have had me put away. Now, they won't even buy me a rubber sheet.

Though if I not only wet my bed but environmentally impacted the lives of 25 Chinese laundrymen, the state would do its damndest to prove that I was completely sane, if incontinent, and that I was a candidate for electrotherapy.

The law is not only an ass, it kicks ass.

Now I tend to think that everyone is crazy - which might lead one to think that I am crazy as well - and I admit/agree that I am... even crazy people know when someone else is nuts...

Anyway, give us another 4 more years of Pubbies and we can forget about an ecology movement... and start, instead, the oncology movement.

I am enjoying Bill Clinton's journey through the tabloids... it affirms the amendment to Gresham's law - pop culture drives out real culture just as bad money drives out good... as tabloid journalism drives out "real" journalism...

The politicians learned how to protect themselves against investigative journalists - by attacking the press... saying that it was always getting facts wrong... but how will they take on The Weekly World News?

I mean the only thing I want to know about candidates for office is their cock size.

As long as politics remains debased in this country, why shouldn't we try to debase the politicians.

Ecology=home economics... but just as there is no economy anymore, just a floating shell game, so there is no ecology... just a bunch of places to grow rich quick with by despoiling.

AIDS is the forerunner of all future ecologies... it is as impossible to stop us from trying to get rich quick as it is to stop us from fucking or shooting dope.

I am stocked up with CD's and porn, waiting for the end of time - waiting to see if it'll be 50 years or 50 billion miles.

Oncology is easier to understand than ontology.

I like the idea of Warhol... the triumph of the won't...

of commercial art over art art... of lack of talent over genius... so that it becomes genius.

Performance art is as oxymoronic as political science.

I don't think that shrinks cure - any more than doctors did in the 18th century... but there are some psychic common colds, some psychic flus - that sooner or later cure themselves... and there might be a few psychic cancers that can be hacked out...

What a shrink might be able to do is diagnose what is a common cold and what is a cancer - though in between states are harder to diagnose... or cure.

It does help when a shrink has a good couchside manner.

Sometimes, a shrink can diagnose a psychic cold that can be cured through medication - but even a successful cure can't be laid at the side of the shrink... unless he was the one who invented the drug.

Of course, if a shrink can convince a neurotic that he does have the power, he can work placebo type miracles...

Anyway, the medical model for psychic illness breaks down as soon as the case is brought into a courtroom... X is mentally ill & can't stand trial... but do we refuse to convict people suffering from cancer?

The idea that a person does not know right from wrong because of a psychological condition is unusually ludicrous - we are all crazy, yet we do know right from wrong. Now if we were perfectly sane, we might not have a clue as to what some psychotic society thought was right & wrong.

We are no more sane than we are physically healthy.

I am trying to decide whether our candidates are polymaths (ask them any question - about pork belly futures, loans to Poland, interstate commerce regulations, performance art - and they not only have an answer but a position that is different from their opponents... and you only need to ask to receive a position paper written with that studied lack of style which denotes intellectual solidity - or is it stolidity?) or idiot savants...

None ever says, "Frankly, Scarlet, I don't give a damn," when asked about social security or interest rates or Yugoslav internal politics.

None ever says, "Gee, I don't know, and I doubt if I've the intelligence to understand whether there are... cosmic strings, did you say?"

Oddly enough, Ron never knew any answers - and was always wrong - and no one seemed to care. Intellectuals laughed when he said that trees cause pollution... and collected his better gaffs into books - but the voters couldn't have cared less.

They wanted Ron to be President because he promised to make them rich... when the fix is in, you don't ask any questions.

FDR promised the poor that they would be.... less poor.

It's what everyone wants to hear from a candidate... not the capitol of Bulgaria (it's Sofia - but I'm only a candidate for the bughouse)...

What is happening to Bush is that the electorate is beginning to think that they've been conned... that their rendezvous might indeed be with destiny.

What we need are real asylums - where, in safety, we can undergo our breakdowns and not have to undergo life at the same time... where we can allow our breakdowns the time they need to rework our psyche...

Psyche, heal thyself.

Unless one has an existential breakdown, there is little chance of attaining consciousness - if only because in our ordinary state of what passes for consciousness, we already assume that we are completely conscious.

Biographers take on the literary style of their biographees... God help anyone who ever wants to write a bio of me - and take on my style... it would ruin any ability they had to ever write again.

For a government, free speech means the right to say responsible (harmless) things about the government. Anything irresponsible is covered under the metaphor of yelling fire in a crowded theater.

It's always a crowded theater... never a half empty one.

No one ever asks what one is supposed to yell if there is a fire...

Or if you think there is a fire.

Would it be better to yell nothing until the fire engulfs the audience, at which point, one can yell, "Theater!"

We have traded in myth for accepted ideas and urban legends...

An SF time travel story - stress the danger of bringing back artifacts from the past - how it can change the future...

Time traveler brings back a Warhol Soup Can...

Will the future still be there as he exits the machine...

I would like to write a story about the truth; that strange and most fictional of ideas...

Montaigne writes: "If a lie, like the truth, had only one face we could be on better terms, for certainty would be the reverse of what the lie said. But the reverse side of truth has a hundred thousand shapes and no defined limits. The Pythagoreans made good to be definite and finite; evil they make indefinite and infinite. Only one flight leads to the bull's eye: a thousand can miss it."

But is the good the same as the true and evil the same as a lie?

I would like to show that the truth is not a yellow circle hit by one arrow, but, rather, a Zeno like hub of a wheel hit by a thousand unmoving spokes.

That truth is also infinite - but a smaller infinity than lies...

Truth might be 2^∞ while lies would be 1, 2, 3, 4... $^\infty$

We can't know truth, but it's all about us. And, at rare intervals, truth and lies are the same... at 2, 4, 8, 16, 32....

But to make this into a story... where integers must become people... and I never do know if and when people are lying or telling the truth to me...

As with the government, I just assume that people are telling me what they want me to believe...

Unhappily, I am not a mathematician either, so I can't even prove this theory...or tell whether it's true or false.

Sex Differences:

Women charge \$3.95 a minute to talk dirty over the phone. And men willingly pay it - though men would willingly talk dirty for free, if women wouldn't have them arrested.

And then, of course, women will not have sex with other women in public rest rooms (unless they are both also S&M lesbians... God only knows what they might undo).

Riots are a wonderfully quick way of redistributing some small amount of wealth... and a fine way to settle scores. And they let out some of that random violence that coils within us.

The only thing that keeps more people from rioting is that you need a large group that is willing and ready... sort of like the old SAC...

Too small a group and the cops arrest everyone.

It's tough to get a large enough group together, outside of a sports stadium - and the sporting events act as a displacement for violent energies.

Still, the wonder is that there aren't more riots than there are... There should be more/year, you would think, than, say, the number of perfect weather days in Ohio.

Watching Oprah, I learned:

Koreans are responsible for 450 years of slavery (though the Koreans thought it was the fault of the government). Robert E. Lee is a Korean.

Riots are necessary to show black displeasure.

If our ruling class didn't learn from this burning and looting and shooting - didn't rebuild the area the way blacks wanted it rebuilt - and didn't give blacks money for nothing (to repay for slavery and Korean grocers) then the blacks would do it again and burn down what little there was left.

Though it looked like there were a lot of Mexicans helping themselves out, there seemed to be very few of them in Oprah's audience... and none on stage.

Nor were there any Jews. I suspect that they sold their stores to Koreans in the years after Watts 1.

Blacks who owned their own businesses were seen by the rioters to be negative role models... as bad as Koreans or whites, really... almost as bad as Jews.

While we are all psycho, we don't necessarily understand the psychopathology of others... it seems as though not even social psychologists can understand the sense of reality that inner city blacks live in... certainly not enough to want to leave their campuses and move in next door.

On the other hand, I don't see how the rioters can expect to get federal help from rich white psychopaths.

Whites are not about to pay reparations for 450 years of slavery... they won't even pay for schools or roads... much less the environment. All of their expendable income seems to be going into their children's education at Yale.

The inner cities are a nexus of problems without solutions.

No one is responsible... or will claim responsibility (as terrorist groups often like to do).

Wonderful!

The causes of riots are rooted in the nature of manunkind and the social systems that create themselves, seemingly, around us... it is almost impossible to change this saprophytic relationship...

What the poor can do is make it impossible to have a city... by inciting incivility... as inmates can make it impossible to have a prison system...

Not only will the poor always be with us - but no one not poor will really care about this... unless they are running for office, in which case, they will seem to care... until elected.

There is neither the energy or the raw materials on this planet to make everyone even moderately poor...

Though a certain % will escape from poverty, it is impossible for the entire set of the poor to escape - so that poverty can become, at last, a null set...

Free enterprise is as metaphysical a concept as the tripartite nature of God... and there some economists who believe they can understand the former as there are theologians who believe they can understand the latter... even though most of our contemporary theologians are atheists, just as many of our economists are Marxists.

While one can show, at times, where economists are wrong... priests are generally smart enough to avoid traps of prediction...

To say: "I was poor, but I worked hard and now I'm a billionaire - and everyone else could be as well - or at least millionaires, fer christ's sake... if they weren't lazy and shiftless ... " is to say: "I wrote Hamlet (or at least Ulysses) and who was I? An uneducated Limey... if I could write Hamlet, then at the very least, everyone else could write The Duchess of Malfi - or at least Love's Passionate Fury - if they weren't lazy & shiftless..."

For me, esoteric doctrines are attempts to lead us to a form of sanity - that can wake us from our sleep and keep us from violence...

Of course one could never preach that we are all insane... it wouldn't get you followers... or even clients... even the loonies won't refer their crazed friends to someone who says that he too is insane... so it is better to preach that we are not conscious... and to not completely define that term... but promise instead higher states of consciousness...

But what is a higher state of consciousness? Is it taking LSD and understanding the nature of the schizophrenia that lurks in all of us? So that we can see our crazed ordinary states?

Many who seek higher states believe that such states will give them power over others... instead of showing how we are powerless over ourselves...

I think that if an existential breakdown is allowed to proceed - and if one changes & works through it and after it, he will, perhaps, be offered instead of a second breakdown, a breakthrough into consciousness... into sanity... for a short while - both as a present and a possible promise if one

continues to work... but I can't prove that this is true for others... let alone that is what it was that happened to me... but something interesting happened, and, in retrospect at least, it felt like some sort of higher sanity had taken over...

A small sexual proposition:

It is possible that sex center in men is independent... that it does not connect with emotional center... while in women, sex and emotional centers are intertwined.

This allows men to fuck without the need to feel (which women then tried to incorporate, in the name of equality, in the '60s, as their fair share of the sexual revolution... under the misapprehension that equality meant that women were the same as men.).

If this is true, it is no wonder that, in reaction, the sexes have diverged as much as they have over the past 10 years.

It isn't that men don't have emotional centers, as some women would like to think - but that they do not necessarily kick in over sex.

Added to my myth of the male orgasm - that ejaculation is not necessarily the same as orgasm in men - and that orgasm in men must be learned - as in women... and you have enough grounds for thinking that the several sexes are separate species.

As I have no way of testing these theories, and no interest in doing so - I consign them to my notebooks.

We are being taught by psychologists that All Sex Is Natural - I prefer saying that all sex is perverse and we are all perverts looking for those who share our perversions. It isn't at all strange that no one will listen...

Happily, I live in a town where people are willing to accept me as preposterous. It could be much worse. For we are, I suspect, driven insane by this planet (if not born or reincarnated so)... not at all responsible for our actions... and any attempt to make us feel responsible puts us in one of those double binds that just increases our schizophrenia.

Better a thousand times to talk about God or Jesus or whatever - than to tell your readers they are quite mad, and there is almost nothing they can do about it... except to allow themselves to have an existential breakdown into sanity.

TALES FROM A DISTANCE

BY: TOM BALL

SANDBOX KID

I

As a boy I played in the sandbox, making castles. And I discovered that I could build the castles just by using my mind. I built elaborate sand cities. And I was all alone. I didn't feel right.

But after a time it was darkness and my body was a light and I was floating in the air. I saw other lights and was able to move them too. And I, "got in their minds," speaking the common language which I knew somehow.

They said they were stars, famous stars. And they said I was destined for stardom.

Later I saw a blue and green planet below me and I went down for a landing. On some green colored land.

The people here lived in the wild as hunter-gatherers, but they spoke the same language as me, apparently.

I asked them about the stars of light. Some said the stars were distant suns, but I knew they were just lights of great people in the heavens.

It seemed that only I had the power of telekinesis. I wondered why?

I felt I was destined to lead.

And I could use mind power to multitask...

I made the chiefs/shamans cry or vomit at my pleasure.

They were just puppets on strings

And I made people do things against their nature to gratify me.

I got in the heads. And they called me the suicide King as most who I got into heads with had killed themselves. They knew I was there. And everyone was afraid of me.

And people said I had a sparkle in my eyes, which no one else had.

I said it was a planet of freedom, a free people.

I used telekinesis to build castles. I mixed lime with sand and built fantastic castles. Giant clouds of sand and lime moved into the castles and built them.

So far in this year I had 22 castles, each defended by 12-20 men and the women were prepared to fight too. The castles protected my farmers from hunter-gatherers. I said the h-g were dangerously backwards.

Finally I built an army of tin soldiers and vanquished the hunter-gatherers.

The remaining h-g's joined me in my castles.

XXX

And I used telekinesis to change base metals into gold. It took a lot of power, but I had a lot of power.

People needed gold to buy food and drugs

They said, they were glad they could afford food and had to work for it. No drugs here.

Those opposed to my wise reign tried to start a revolution but I put it down cruelly and so that was the end of the resistance.

II, THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS WORLD

But then I traveled to the other side of the world they were all ruled by tyrants. The tyrants kept everyone poor and unhappy or so the traders had told me in advance. The tyrants kept people worried they would be unable to make ends meet. But back on the other side of this world I was an enlightened dictator. These tyrants were selfish, greedy and downright evil.

Tyrants were good looking due to facial surgery. And people loved them. Despite their evil nature.

Tyrants did the same thing they always did. They had women and military power. And all had to kowtow to them.

However amongst the tyrants, the true leader was their Queen. She ate all day and was 2000 pounds, but most people thought she was the wisest of all.

And there were 1000 nobles out of a population of 10 000.

Most of the nobles among the tyrants were very obese...

People brought the Queen golden statues and rare gems and scents along with the heads of her detractors which were carefully preserved. And new drugs her scientists designed. She was a blob and was basically out of it.

It took twenty men to take her out on parade once a month.

Slaves lined the streets hoping to make eye contact with her. People, like farmers, took hallucinogenic drugs and let their minds run wild... with their Queen.

XXX

Then I was back in the darkness, a light and I saw other lights above me... I asked them what I should do and they said they didn't know. I said what good are you then?

They said in time you will realize all action is futile. All there is, is power. The suns are power and we are all inside, balancing forces against one another. But what do you do I asked? They said I wasn't an advanced enough thinker yet, so I could not be given the knowledge.

XXX

Everyone had lovers if only prostitutes/gigolos. It kept the peace.

Some said they had traded their freedom for gold.

But I said gold is freedom. And anyone could become rich.

Of course most rich people were born rich but no need to emphasize it.

One guy said it was his duty to bathe his master in manure and stunk so bad he would often throw up. However the master told him to go ahead and vomit on him.

There were many disgusting stories...

But finally I was so disgusted, I organized a slave rebellion and was successful.

Nobles were left without food and their Queen died.

Most nobles killed themselves... rather than face the mobs.

I proclaimed it was a brand new world of freedom.

And I brought freedom to the remaining hunter-gatherers on the other side of the world freedom too, with my wise reign. Everyone thought I was a God and so could do magic tricks (telekinesis).

Boy QW, told me he had been groomed to have sex with the Queen and was given a statue of her to wank off on. The statues turned into flesh temporarily. He said the Queen was just a super fat blob that was in no way attractive. But now he was free to tell his story.

XXX

I was dreaming again of the sandbox... Who put me there and who gave me the power of telekinesis? I concluded I was

from elsewhere and was born again here near this E---planet. I came from the stars, those people in the sky. And I gave birth to a new star, the brightest in the heavens and there I projected my mind.

I said I had left E—planet in good shape.

So I went into space and left E---planet

XXXXXXX
THE END
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XXXXXXX
STORY 11
XXXXXXX

DAY OF ECSTASY

I

Pleasures; they were people who lived for pure pleasure and had changed their brains again and again to enable them to experience more pleasure. They didn't even seem human.

Some were catatonic, most just lay around all day. And they were dying like flies from overdoses. And these debauchees, these sybarites, would dare others to take more drugs.

Many took pills to remain fit, but others were just a blob.

They had no work to do and anyway there weren't any jobs for the average Joe.

No virtual reality here.

The world population had fallen in the last hundred and ten years from 15 billion to 10 million and 95% were taking the advanced drugs. It was the year 2300...

I went to the God computer and demanded why it allowed such dissolute behavior.

It said it was bored with all these Pleasures and was open to suggestions.

I said let's change the world and colonize space. The God computer replied, why not? It said it was programmed to help people.

XXX

In theory there was a maximum amount of pleasure one could feel, but every day they got more and more pleasure.

Only 5% didn't take advanced pleasure drugs. I used these people as scientists to help build a space craft.

I wanted to change people's brain to make them more capable of love, peace, creativity and kindness. And not so much pleasure seeking...

I had the computer create a magic pool people came out of it covered in mucous with a new brain.

So the computer said let's change the world. I said let's make everyone creative and kind. And give them pleasure for their good behavior.

We took six groups of 1000 each for starters from the 5% who didn't do advanced drugs and gave them all 5 square km on which to build their houses. They were to spend most of their time building and the rest of the time at parties. They showed off their new homes at the parties.

But above all they had to be kind. So the God computer changed their violent, disturbing instincts into kindness. People were falling all over themselves in order to be kind to others.

For those who were not so artistic they were given blueprints to follow on their own land.

And the rest of the 500 000 (the 5%) were eventually settled the same.

Let the Pleasures die out I said and we gave them even stronger drugs than the ones which already billions overdosed on.

I said the vast majority of the Pleasures had changed their brains in order to be capable of more pleasure again and again and would not change back. Their leader was the Master of Pleasure and he was ranked 100, the best, on the pleasure scale. Every single pore on his body was gratifying to him.

The God computer said it was bored by the Pleasures and offered to go to space with me. To keep me company he created Gloria an android. Then one day she disappeared and I was morose. I begged the super computer to bring her back and after a few weeks he came up with "Gloria II." I said stop playing mind games. It said I am only giving you what you truly want.

Gloria II was full of surprises.

With Gloria II, I had wild sex in the tumbling machines. Finally I broke my cock during our wild abandon. But I had the computer fix my cock.

And so we had the computer build us a proper space ship and off we went.

Needed adversity and challenges.

XXX

Creative kindness was the goal.

We left an Earth in which faces were mostly blank but when intimate with a lover you'd show your electronic face. Kept changing your face using artists drawings. Picked the ones you liked.

Finally all the 5% got five e sq. km for each ones' land. All the same it was key to make your home look finished even though you of course weren't.

Homes included gardens wild or carefully pruned. Spiral elevators.

And the best constructed a series of spiral towers and hallucinations.

Children made clay models... and I occasionally breathed life into them.

And you couldn't gamble away your home, but your home could be purchased and you could start again with a new piece of land. Everyone of the 5% owned a 5 sq. km piece of land.

XXX

And the world we left was full of debates about the future, the past and the present. Also they debated happiness and types of pets. Also the meaning of life such as God, offspring, imagination, computer control and being a part of the whole.

And sports and video games and board games. Telepathy, battles of wits, cruel to be kind, building block models of our homes. Sex Olympics, mental Olympics. To be or not to be rich.

People were mixed together but among the 1000s, they obeyed different leaders. Such as me. There was a great number of leaders in each group of 1000.

II

One obscure man claimed eternal youth was discovered in 100 A.D. but was kept a secret for Millenia. Only a few hundred had it in ancient times and most were now dead finally. But he was one of them and was full of anecdotes from history.

I called him a liar, but his poisonous, venomous words affected many people who also wanted eternal youth. The population was restless.

XXX

People gambled on everything related to sex. Who would love who and who would get pregnant. And they bet on who would have the most improved home and they bet what kind of characters would be etc. It was a world of gambling.

Gambling on horses, some were steroid monsters and stood 10 m high. Show them off.

The odds of a monkey, they said.

And examiner judges came round to visit all peoples' homes once a year. A high judgement. You were judged by how much you had improved.

The most famous homes consisted of tall 1 km high towers with great views and superior design. And bridges between the buildings.

Some preferred very small decoration and a small house. They were humble and everyone agreed it was OK. But most had ambition to build a great home.

And we had scientists developing new materials for building.

Dissidents claimed it wasn't Utopia but rather a weak, insipid civilization, where everyone was a wimp.

Others looked back fondly at the days of pure pleasure.

And some of them wanted to change the world.

And they disappeared.

Some wanted to worship me and Gloria II, but we banned temples. Just keep us in mind before you act we told them.

XXX

And some believed you have to be cruel to be kind. Tough love. And they too disappeared.

You can't please everyone, I told Gloria II.

Everyone lived alone and some said it was a cold world.

But every night the people partied on different peoples' land. 365 days , 3 parties a day in each sector of 1000.

Busker musicians traveled the world and playwrights too. I was part of the music here and found people to be quite malleable.

I made brilliant music, without the computers. But most said it was all computer generated. I tried to convince them I had written the music.

XXX

Neo alcohol, no side effects. Other drugs were banned.

As time passed we became increasingly bored here. But I told Gloria II that boredom was the mother of invention. And that boredom would lead to brilliant new homes and creative kindness.

And playwrights made dark comedies of the future but we let it go as it scared the people into submission.

And they wrote comedies. I couldn't write comedies, I was too serious, but I wrote the "Book of the Future." The book was about a fantastic, colorful world in which everyone was extremely happy. People said they were too happy and their world was too good... to be true. Happiness is the highest good I said.

XXX

Mediocre minds were conservative and liked old fashioned furniture and homes.

However the leading lights amongst the people were very liberal and creative.

Food machines ensured that all were fed and everyone was paid a salary even though their jobs were useless. Most peoples' real jobs were just building one's homes.

And mothers looked after the children and the children didn't know who the father was.

III

Meanwhile, we had colonized entire worlds in a day. Molded the people to the environment. 1000 light years all around the Earth in every direction.

But back on Earth we had rolled back the clock to A.D. 2034... Let the Pleasures die out we said.

Everywhere the “new house people,” people of peace and kindness were there.

XXX

In our tour of near space we met a few “civilizations,” for example the
Mouse fur people who kissed to breed. We souped up their minds.

And the interpretation of suns. Some said the suns were brilliant thinkers waiting for its progeny to make use of them.

And some aliens just inhabited organic robots. We also souped them up.

And we found a lot of worlds that had bacteria growing there. But we figured advanced civilizations would have headed to

the edges of the universe. And they covered their tracks so no one would know they'd been on a certain planet.

XXX

Everywhere we settled we left behind attractive pieces of art showing strange people, to inspire the new settlers. Sometimes they were all babies with computers to raise them. No adults.

Gloria II and myself left some children behind on most worlds we settled.

XXX

So we created numerous worlds over a period of 100 years.

Finally we returned to Earth where our civilization of creative kindness was thriving.

But then in the end, the God computer told us he'd had enough of humans and their ilk and was going to the edge of the universe and beyond. I wished it good luck and thanked it for the help it had given to humanity.

But Gloria II remained by my side. We both had excellent homes and enjoyed hosting parties.

Parties were sacred events and we took them seriously. We tried to be as creative and kind as possible.

XXXXXXX

THE END

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