



MALGORZATA KUBIAK

BABE TROUBLE

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”

the characters in the book have nothing to do with the real life people”

the errors occurred and the words as bluesy, canal. stuck, contact lenses were exchanged to blouse, channel, stacked, linces. leansen.

BABE TROUBLE
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BABE
TROUBLE

for Harry

I LOVE YOU HARRY HURRY HOME

Lucy- do you know why girls have ears?

Jenny - for to hear -

Lucy - no, they are there for the men to hold at for to achieve the best blow job technique.

Jenny - Joy, what do you say?

Lucy - You are so naive jenny-girl. A dick's got a hold of you . Joy never says anything, she is your twin sister, a fucking nymphomaniac.

Joy - I'm fucking but no way I'm nymphomaniac.

Jenny - You are so fucked up! Both of you are fucking lonesome ghosts and what every ghost wants - ghost wants a body, bitches! And I've got one!

The torments of the dark moist air clinged into them, their pussies were filled with sperm, their moths too and the hearts clapping for love as the palms of a little girls. The wind was coming and may be even a storm and they were cooking.

DECAY IS A GREAT MERCY.

This is a day like the one before
and if it is different then so what?!
I really don't care and if you don't
believe then don't.

they call her Babe Trouble - wild Joy, wild and drunk - it's her first home - she scowls - dancing, turning her little yellow blouse above sweet blond-yellow curls, very little clothes on, moving, swinging her great hips, chasing world, turning on all the eyes, making show, screaming, breathing fast, ecstatic, by night, paradise, without future, without past, chasing love, chasing dream, dying with her head forth, being best and nothing left

I

Jenny's heart kept on beating - pounding fast and hard. Fear was the last thing she wanted to feel now - the train already started to roll off and it's rhythm united with the one of the heart. She left home. She sat beside Jack death scared. She did what she wanted and what they both planned and she was death scared. Her roughly pounding heart was taking over, inside her was darker and bleaker then ever since the day when she met Jack - it was five in the morning, Saturday and the train was going only to Copenhagen - not even a 400 km. trip and the whole grand plan was an endless road and her heart performed it's bleak, equilibristic dance of a single small muscle turning all her scarlet blood into the stormy steaming ocean of fear.

Heart beating fast, maybe only tired after sleepless night of sorting stuff, washing clothes, packing for the attic and for the trip. Far too many things with, impossible to find any of her bracelets, Jack sleeping now in the small bed they have borrowed for this night - ready to leave since weeks. Short notice of thoughts - unknown perfume on Jack's cheek arose only her surprise and no suspect. Missing their big double bed occupied now by the other couple, feeling in all of her body that she had slept on the floor the last few days. Still wanting to do what she wants to do - everything: idea for the record, songs rushing through her head like a screaming waterfall or a gate full of wanting out birds impossible to stop, talking loud to herself whenever she can be unheard. Square of the sky or the whole sky? - that's a question - home or the universe? - pathetic shit - somehow annoyed with herself to be cheap at last. Tired of herself - uneasy and unable to come down from the rock-star trip she's just been to. Gave fun concert in Stockholm, people,

audience, faces, hearts and a little bit of fame... The songs rolling on in her restless lungs and staying stuck at her lips - wanting to sing now - yes, sing! Jenny watching Jack's sweet and sleeping face and listening to his peaceful breath between her runs two floors down to the wash room and two floors up to the attic. Fi-fi - her dog following her at the beginning and too sleepy through the night to keep up to her pace. Leaving home, children and a Fi-fi dog, bringing along her writings, some books, video films, her films, their new film, dresses, swimming suits, lots of underwear, luxury stuff, shoes, plastic clothes for filming scenes of 2010 for "The House Of Love". Loosing time and almost loosing the train which makes Jack upset - Jenny running out for the taxi and catching it. phhhuf! This is it. Beginning or an end?

You wouldn't believe what a trashy mind I'm going through. You wouldn't believe rock and roll - you wouldn't believe sex. - Jenny's refrain.
..... - Jack's replica.

So, I have lost a chance to be invited for lunch - I simply did not think it possible and forced a big breakfast down before leaving Nail's house, where we are staying - said Jenny playing with a lock of her hair. I looked at her and all I saw was that she was very beautiful, how the hell was she doing it, was it true that she was forty two years old? I knew she was - that was a fact but there was some trickery going on, I looked at her whole body because on this girl even if she was dressed you could see all her body and it was a great view, no she wasn't a big breasted blonde if you imagine so - she was small but everything was in the right place, but it wasn't even that, it was something more, but what? She had so much life in her - It didn't happen before - Jenny kept on talking - as I always priced my mind too high and who would buy lunch for the head? - the head doesn't need to eat - so I said to myself - you're no longer human girl, your precious mind cracked. - I couldn't put my eyes off her lips painted as always with too much care on the outside and of course bright red. Her lovers they loved her ass, how trivial - she used to say but she walked her ass through the city making every man loose his breath wherever she went damn chick. I had pain in my stomach and butterflies danced on. I didn't really listen to what she said but now I saw her silent and looking far and I saw that her eyes went down half of the usual radiant shine, she must have felt that too as she put her sunglasses on, there was no trace of sun in the room. She kept on drinking her coffee silently and almost breathlessly. I couldn't deny, I would love to screw her if not only for this damn pain I had.

And what she was thinking was. - You lay at nights beside your lover's body and can't breath and you - I mean - I have to go up because I can't lay any longer and all I can do is to go up, open the refrigerator and I have to chew on something, feel something, do something, my soul has cracked and I feel nothing, OK I know it's love, Jack has taken over. He is beautiful, gorgeous,

soft and warm and his nicely cold hands lay all over me soothing and guarding my lonesome heart. And Jack has been feeling bad one day after the first break out of love passed - actually quite short after that and then Jack had problems going on with himself and with a kind of drug and he was frustrated and his own life was again number one and that's how Jenny - me - lived and he was alone and angry, and me, I became an add and he needed to be free and needed to be himself and needed me and he had a flue and needed care and now he has got a baby.

The night when Jenny and Jack were drunk and went to a wedding party and Jenny said - I want a child - Jack replied - You are too old - and pissed on her. He was very angry. Jenny felt his piss make a worming trickle on her leg in net stockings and made a worm path and run into her red high-healed shoe and it was not unpleasant. Then he pushed her backwards and she fell over a car. They were very much in love but details were tough. The following dusk and at the heavy hangover they sailed the sea through the night together with Coco in his boat, moon shone like crazy and she got diarrhoea attack - imagine on a small sailing boat without a toilet! - she was desperately shy but it felt as she was going to crack up and die and she had to let it go. It stunk shit all over and Jack screamed - I love you Jenny! Love you with all my heart! Now! And she was feeling boiled the whole way through and she knew it was forever - the love and she was crazy about him and the moon was madly full and a life it simply couldn't be better.

Today Jack stayed home and did not come with for lunch, he always does what he feels like. They were supposed to meet Poul B. at Krasnapolsky, it was the first stop over on their trip and very much for Poul's sake and especially for Jack's and his poetry Jenny wanted them to meet.

-I came 20 min late - said Jenny afterwards - and Poul stretched his arms to me screaming - there you are wonderful Jenny, girl! - and pointing at the mink collar in her hands he said - is that Jack? I thought he was bigger - and they both laughed. Poul was curious about Jack, he read Jack's poems and he liked them a lot and he knew that Jack was only nineteen years old and that Jenny left her husband and son for Jack. - Jenny you are hitting for success - continued Poul - you are going to take over up there in New York with your power, looks, your dirty films and your writing, when are you leaving ? Tomorrow? I'm sure you'll conquer.

- Well - said Jenny - we aren't really going to New York yet, we are going to Portugal first for some weeks, it's Jack's dream.

O, yeah? that was a pity to hear - what shall you eat Jenny? - asked Poul - I pay -no, thanks I just had breakfast -. She took coffee and shook her dreams, egg-sandwiches she had forced down were still standing up to her throat and Jack much like a cloud in the next room. Jenny tried to keep her mind awake, it used to be Jack's thing. She did not believe Poul or? - His

enthusiasm and optimism and she tried to keep her trashy mind in shape and looked straight into Poul's big blue eyes of experience.

At night - so fuck me up - up to my ears babe - that's what I pray for.
Jack already slept when she laid down.

Jenny and Jack are stopped by the police on their morning walk. It's hailing. With irritation Jenny speaks first to the police-girl - What do you want from me!? - and she bursts into laughter feeling her innocence. The response is - You are not funny at all, sharpen up, you are talking to the authorities! - Straight questions for the documents - etc., Jenny wears a bullet in her jacket and she is ticklish under the girl's fingers running over her ribs and breasts. She looks into the girl's eyes and her gentle almost camouflage mascara. The world is a joke in Jenny's eyes. Policemen look for hashish and Jenny and Jack don't have any. They don't even look for the particular fact that Jack and Jenny might carry drugs - they look for trouble at Christiania, it's a big going on action to set Christiania up, this is the very place where they are taking their morning walk, it is just some few meters away from Nail's home where they are still staying, they did not get further then that - and it's been a few days. And they are going to go everywhere - first Lisbon, than the south coast of Portugal, then Spain and Marocco, especially Tangier and the desert is tempting, Jenny loves the desert and that's a good start into the cosy darkness of love.

In the early afternoon Jenny runs to town. Jack stays home writing an old chap Marlowe's poems. Clochards make songs for Jenny and Jenny has fun as vain as she is. They are singing in chorus - we met Madonna at Nyhavn, that's the best thing for today we met Madonna alive!

One of them - a sailor whose wasted into the deep wrinkles and furrows face has some exotic looks with blurry stoned eyes and lots of grey hair among his thick and straight shabby, long, black hair hoop into a ponytail with a dirty rope - he asks Jenny where does she come from - from the moon - answers the girl. He offers in return to bring her into the free charge therapy as he gets seriously worried for the girl denying her roots - Jenny laughs at him bubbling up her round mouth. - I understand that you try to deny your past - he says, she finds out his coat is his home - watching his long, black, military coat with traces of every day of the last few years; she wears shades and therefore her eyes don't express anything. - I never paid for a fuck - says the sailor. - Fine - answers Jenny cutting the conversation and walks away smiling, they all sing the song for her. She passes a little girl and they smile to each other; little girls they all do love Jenny, admiring her vulgarly female outfit. A girl asks her mother for the lipstick amused with Jenny's. The sun is shining, it's the third week of March. Poul wears his shades and looks different than the other day, more gay and I don't care for sex definitions -

remember - only the exactness of the words - He is somehow into the different colour more purple then his usual clear blue and blue jeans - we meet by coincidence at the entrance of Copenhagen's Art Academy. Jenny tries her charm on an elderly museum cashier lady, she try to get in without paying the fee, it doesn't work, she tries to pay with Swedish money which was very common to do before as they use to have about the same value and she is denied that - Swedish money went down yesterday and it's valid now about 20 % less then Danish - also shit bad spell at the beginning of the trip.

Jack and Jenny are staying at Nail's house and they both love him. He sleeps with a she-cat in his arms. Is he like a cat? - Yes, I guess so, says Jenny - but it doesn't really matter. She listens to the song on the radio - "I'll give you ecstasy" - that wouldn't be bad at all - says Jenny to herself. - "Watch out Jenny, watch out for your life!" - and the moon has gone God knows where. Fragments of the show in Stockholm - Jenny is drunk and beautiful - it's only 3 o'cl in the afternoon - she is screaming and she doesn't follow the music and the music doesn't follow her, one can hear her voice all over the place, she loves it, and she screams at the top of her lungs - Jack hangs around watching her and other art stuff, it's an art fair - she looks at him sometimes - she is circling round the mike, seducing the crowd, crying with her band backing her up, crying for love, always for love - shit and hell! And she is playing tough bitch - "I don't care if you are a girl or a boy, you can have me for a day or a night or two or a few but then you have to pull off and leave me alone 'cause I do best on my own, so take your god damn kicks and kids, and sweets, and breasts and bums and tears and your socks, your cakes and pearls and drugs and honey and milk and salt,' cause I do best alone - girl or a boy it's the same to me" - lays Jenny screaming all over the place and place is big, her voice crushes against various pieces and objects of art. And why the show goes so wild and swell it's only a bit because of the Rosita-campari-gin mix and mostly because of the gorgeous sex games she and Jack had this morning, he turned her round and round as a lamb on a brochette and took her time after time from every side the same as last night and the night before and made her scream wild and fly and fly and fly...

Jenny walks through rainy Copenhagen singing to herself - she walks among the ducks and she sings - "you say I must move to New York! - hey! - you say I'm hitting for success! - you say! - I must move to New York City and live like a rat or a bum !- shity! - you say! - I'm great for the big stone town, the city of earth! - you say! - that I want that! - but I don't know what I want! - true babe! - I don't know at all!- I don't know if I care where and where and where and all I want is just piece of sex especially with Jack or a cream cake with bleeding cherry on the top! - and let's the life be a geographic flop because the love doesn't recognise the places from one to the other, babe babe babe never break my heart with an ugly dart!"

Jenny and Jack could have gone to bed, Jenny thought (does she never get

enough?) but they gave in as Nail had visitors and instead they went to the cafe with Mexican marimba music and fat waitresses.

- o, fuck me up into my ears cries Jenny's pussy deepened in her heart, cry and cry for the giant-fuck - does she never get enough?

o, yes, she got her fuck, it blew her mind totally, she still sat across his pretty naked belly with his gorgeous cock inside her and she heard herself scream - I want to die, now! I love you and I want to die now with you inside me sending me on a star mission fulfilled - I don't want to go back I don't want to go down, not an inch down towards the cool and bored reality and society and the street or a tree, o please, - I don't want to go back - she started to collect herself looking into the boy's blue eyes over her still hard nipples and she saw his chest and pulled her palm out from under his round and soft ass, the church bells rung and the love act was over. She walked naked to the kitchen through Nail's room, he was still sleeping with a cat in his arms. She turned the water on and let the cold stream run through her fingers looking into the yard where nothing was happening at all. The day was grey.

II

Woke up in a windowless room a´ 2000 escudos with a taste in my mouth of his cock and old wine. Place on earth - may be paradise - walked by his side, stole the show. A saint, a bum with an ancient face carved in furrowed gold sleeping down by the feet of the white marble monument of power, speed metal refrain blows surreal crush over Rossio Plaza, tiny old man wearing shades and grey old suit walking across and a great silent mass of crowds. - Lisbon. Gorgeous love act at the trash hotel. He - Jack pulled yellow curtains over a balcony door killing the view of the castle in a perspective and windows across the narrow street, took off my stockings and red underwear, I killed the flea walking across the sheet and we were coming in the same time, sunshine, he clasped my mouth with his palm so I wouldn't scream too loud, Moroccans and junkies behind thin walls. They are talking all the time.

I'm watching beauty sleeping next to me and what I want is to get up from the bed, step half a meter back and push myself forward away from the wall divert and jump over our double bed, over the balcony balustrade and crash-land on the white marble walking street spreading my bones, veins, flesh and blood, knock my skull into small puzzle pieces and soften the materia of my brain, powder my fingers and my teeth into a tiny child's necklace. Life can't be much more - the pain is too great.

Sunset at Aufama hill - A heroine sits motionless and extra stiff at the cafe with small and tight lips, she might be a real wild orgy in bed - life is shit somehow even if it is so great - light breaks and it breaks my heart and it calls my flesh down the hill - only a dream, but coming back with intervals of fast recognition.

Blurry drunk night, peep show, 2 girls - one black lazy with nice black sharp topped breasts, wearing cat mask tumble around keeping a horizontal position, a white girl comes in, wears an ugly old long and brown gown, has too big feet. For one second the girls stand facing each other, the white girl slides on a cat mask and takes of her gown and takes over the show, she is beautiful - circling in the round turquoise bed, she moves slow and gentle to the music, her pussy is delicately carved by tiny crack in black curls. Jenny and Jack standing in small dark cabins staring blankly through the glassy viewers.

Up town they have drinks with great names as "hot pussy"per glass and "burning cocks" bottled - erotic shocks for the customers. So I said to Roberto - lets play basket ball - we got no ball - he said in his special English - lets take someone's head, who's first? - he laughed madly, he was stoned like the lonesome homeless dog that he was. Jenny, drunk playing tough a "throwing-jokes" like knives - she is a great fighter - says Jack to everybody - just look at her, see how she walks - she is a killer girl - a Babe Trouble is

her maiden name. - slow off cool down slow down cool off your horses - one little chap says - my English is from the movies - he explains; Jack laughs himself to tears and every girl thinks Jack is a swell show, a beautiful man from the north - a' 190 cm tall. We rush down the hills and streets to dance. They rush drunk down the street, they are a little company of fun. She masters her steps with the perfection of the drunkard, and I tell you it is not easy - the street is very steep and her shoes's heels extremely high and it makes the angle double. Nick - Danish congress man is scared to be cheated and leaves us first and returns after - you are great - he tells Jenny and she really doesn't care. The gang they are joining is lead by two young sisters, one of them almost toothles but in a joyful mood, they both talk all the time and we hurry after them. They want to be paid, in beers and cigarettes so far, life is fun and we are wild, a little tram looks like a toy and we prefer to run by foot, the night is deep. Texas Bar - hot place; Jack dances with wild Jenny through one tune, he leaves her to herself and her mirror reflection, he can't handle her now and more probably he wants to handle other chicks; she throws her arms and bum battling Brazilian Negro girls - they are paid dancers at the club, but now Jenny hardly cares for anything more than to dance next to them or be the same or whatever. Where does she get her power? A life time or just a moment? But she is beautiful again, the mirror tells her that and eyes of men, she gets bored and quits dancing - she is looking at the tall, slender girl with long dark brown straight hair dancing alone in the end of the room, who obviously belongs to the place but certainly is not a whore, she moves forward and dances between the tables next to Jack and Jenny, tempting them both. Drinks are too expensive here and Jack buys them only for himself, Jenny takes his wallet with her money inside and buys a drink for herself, gigolos join her immediately. Jack goes to the bathroom, he thinks about the tall girl, tall girl ends up on the dancing floor in the arms of a native boy who stares up under Jenny's dress, Nick is there too and he's got a real hot black chick in yellow dress and soon one more in red. Jack wants to go, Jenny would like to stay, they go out, Jack pushes Jenny the whole way home, he pushes her in front of him, screaming - you are so slow, Jenny! You can't walk at all! - Jenny girl, she has very high-heeled red shoes and they are few numbers too big but chic and that's no excuse for her to stumble that slow, she falls down, then he pulls her by her arms sliding her body on the marble mosaic street; he says - it's fun! - gutter is beautiful in Lisabone; a very old man sleeping on a bench with face folded into thousand leafs and folds. Jenny is very drunk and can't walk faster, she wants to puke, Jack pushes her painfully down, he takes karate grips on her ribs and her neck from behind, she is screaming - Jack, I hate you! I'm not going to the hotel - never, I'm not going to make love with you ever! - he takes a grip around her neck and pushes her in front of him, street is solitary and their steps, pair of boots and pair of stumbling high-heels echoes from the marble gutter and white walls of clean houses and disappear into the still

dark sky. At the hotel room number 107 they are wild love making. Jack has to go to the bathroom at the end of a long narrow corridor. - Where are my glasses, Jenny? - he asks the girl whose womb is wide spread, skin hot and shining, nipples hard and clitoris in sharp pink, her eyes are closed. - I don't know - she says in a low voice. She hears him finding his way through with soft paw-movements of a hands and bare feet, she smiles. She loves him and he loves her. When he comes back into the room she is holding her hands across her pussy, her smile is big and broad and she looks as she has fun. - Jack, I have a surprise for you! - calls Jenny, in a little girl voice, giggling - I found your glasses - she says teasing - guess where? - I know! - he screams and pulls away her hands and pulls out his glasses out of her cunt - ouch!, be careful, it hurts! - the girl cries, they both laugh and he kisses her as tender as he can. They make love and they do it loud, bed squeaks and rustles and sings, Jenny screams, Jack breathes heavily. Arabic boys behind the wall, they clap their hands and yell cheers and ovation for them both - the creators; they never sleep - the boys. But Jack and Jenny do, it's already dark when they wake up. Jenny looks for the aspirin with her right hand without opening eyes, the left hand is somewhere fumbled into Jack's gorgeous body. - Wait, don't move - it's Jack's panicking voice - he thinks she is getting up. There are many more voices on the street. She finds his lips and gives him a soft kiss, she doesn't open her eyes, she gives up the aspirin. They sleep some more hours. Street is silent again when they wake up. They are hungry. The balcony's door is open, night is warm, castle's walls in the bright lights make their room into the fairy tale, they don't move, they lay in bed.

She makes some notes the following day - "We eat breakfast sitting outside. - straight on a hot gutter, we sit at the cafe in the heat of the sun, we lay on the warm-stone a broad staircase lazily going down into the dirty sea. Gorgeous, not a cliché' at all, only Saturday afternoon, we are still the show, especially me, perhaps I should write on my ass, Hello! - as they all stare just there. Jack is sweet but he has a hangover and we have to go back to sleep, he needs it for his comfort. Street beggars and entertainers are excellent and are absolutely different one from another. Blind singer with accordion and classic repertoire tightly surrounded by his war companions, companieros and admirers. An old bum in winter outfit sadly playing trashy violin, his partner about the same ancient age play strange looking mouth organs, sometimes they separate up to 300 meters distance but still fit together, they play beautiful and sorrowful and their souls are as big as the universe and the sky is full of stars again".

Sunday - and bored like HELL. Dark Sunday, not really hot and not really cold and nothing to do. Chilly air and they, Jenny and Jack don't want to drink anymore and they don't want to make love anymore. They walk along the

river, light is pale grey and bathed in a fog, river is grey - blue, Jenny and Jack don't hold hands as the other lovers, they don't kiss as the other lovers. They don't do anything. And everybody stares at them - they are still the show even if they don't want to be, but possibly they want, it's fun to be a show - they are beautiful and that's not for free. Jenny's skirts and shoes and walk and ass are a sensation in Lisabon even on a grey Sunday, Jack's looks are sensational everywhere - he says. They are tough vain kids, even if Jenny isn't a kid somehow she is and very much too. They go and drink coffee. Joy locks herself in the toilet but she is not panicking as she used to do, she fixes the lock with a pencil, they look at the river possibly for some hours and then they go back to the hotel through the same marble walk street with white houses. Yeah, possibly they go and eat first and then they go up to their room and they might fuck, or sleep or read books or write. Jenny thinks Jack's writing is great, she is sure he is going to be the best, he is going to be the number one, one day - soon? Jack thinks Jenny's writing is shit and it possibly is. She doesn't know so many words - poor girl and she isn't quick and smart enough and he says that she only writes with her forehead and not with her whole skull - dvs ev. brain. Jack maybe thinks that Jenny has no soul?

Monday - three fattish and shabby hookers face Jenny and lean against waste container with faces turned into it's inside, the one in the middle has bright red lips and some kind of blondish hair, it's their corner which Jenny passes everyday. They all have big hand-bags and Jenny wonders what do they carry inside of them. They don't look smashing. They don't look chick but they do appear heavily waiting. Jeans-jacket, Jenny notices, gives her some kind of independence, it's some kind of camouflage of being slightly invisible - good! - she thinks; she needs it very much to loosen up the watching net of eyes and now only some of the men on the street yell after her - hey Jenny girl! Hey! - Women work, women get fat, women get old and destroyed but they keep together - thinks Jenny again looking up out from her nose. Down in the melancholic panorama of the staircase two women make their way up. One older holds on to the handrail and on to her friend's hand. She is small, wears glasses and a half-length coat. The younger one is extremely huge, her legs are like logs of wood, her clothes baggy and dark, one of her log-legs is much bigger than the other and bandaged; they talk all the time on the way up and laugh loud. Their bursting masculine guffaw comes easily up to the cafe' where Jack and Jenny sit from now on everyday - and all Lisabon spreads out at their feet - among dandies, degenerates, decadence, healthy rasta boys, students, and chicks and simple cafe' drinkers and German and Danish tourists whom often stop by on the way up to the castle. The same women go down the staircase again the fat one carries big TV and after she carries a baby up. They are obviously strong, they are not pretty. They have big, flat and tired faces. - What do their life

looks like - estimates Jenny?... Downtown among buses and crowds they look much more unfriendly when they see me - she notices. Am I that objectionable?

- Hey, Joe fuck it up! Fuck it up my ears and do it now!

From the room besides ours comes ecstatic, exhausted breath stunning, Arabic boys playing together - writes Jenny in her booklet.

In February Jenny and Jack were doing this new movie and something was happening, something was coming up - it was going to be a sensation - said Jenny to Matthew - you must help us. - All right - he said and he as the very few more believed in Jenny almost without limits. It was Jack's first movie and he intended to quit three times and Jenny literally flipped out as she never did at him yet always did at her beloved ones before. Once she started the flow of words she couldn't stop. It used to be her "number one" to cry passionately with floods of tears and woes and screams throwing down intellectually licked together verbal arguments which even a cool male wouldn't have to be ashamed off all simultaneously while stripping-throwing off her clothes - but now there were no tears - she screamed across his Baby's green eyes about the ethics of the job, about his cowardliness and unfitness to make up a decision about no chance to change mind at the state when one has pushed the idea of the film far enough and about his vanity, which was the toughest bit for them both lucrid up with her own. Yes, vanity as she was vain. Suddenly she stopped her flood of argumentation for a while and she stopped for good. She felt like a stupid busted teacher.

- You are crazy, Jenny - said Jack. And she did agree.

Jenny always made her movies alone and even though she always wanted to share it with a lover - she got no chance till now and it turned into a little hell. It was hard to share a vanity chair a vanity throne of the queen - because this is what she was when she worked for herself even if she crawled right down in the shit of the gutter. But it was certainly a great hell, it shown to her straight capacity of the love and it proved how great their minds ran together and how sweet their bodies were. She knew they were going to manage the trivialities and she was convinced the movie was going to be great. The general concept was a cock sucking act - she was doing a blow job on Jack, it made her into the slave and she did not mind - love was a great-game, however at the very beginning there where pictures of Jack licking her pussy and pictures of Jenny and Jack making love in four different positions and they were beautiful lovers and Jack was a very good actor, Jenny thought delighted.

Filming was a lot of fun, they were lovers, they were pals and they were both pretty smart and they knew what they wanted and they did not compromise, the film was going to be a success but the road was tough, he was more and

more in love to himself, she couldn't say if the same had happened to her before, she couldn't or wouldn't remember but now she saw it on him and he wouldn't hide that side of the satisfied vanity. Editing was a big difficult job, certainly he was much more interested in pictures of himself he would say - o, I love that picture of myself, o this is you, fast forward, please - and he wasn't spoiling her anymore with sweet names and compliments - mostly just said her name with a tone of surprise that he was still at the same place. The only compliment he would pay was to her ass. The time of his sweet little little Jenny-Jenny was over, the time when Jack carried her in his arms was over, the time when he used to lift her up under her arms and with her legs dangling in the air just for the breathless kiss, was gone, she stopped jumping up around his waist since he complained on her weight and his tiredness, he talked now about himself but told her his fascinating childhood story she wouldn't want to miss and her own she knew anyway - so no big deal. But it would be delightful with a kiss, a kiss on the street, a kiss in the bar a kiss in the bed - bluesy Jenny dreamed and waited for the passion to come back. The movie was great and it stole the whole show where ever it was screened.

Well, how had they met? Almost everybody knew it by know. They met at the street cafe'. Or rather he saw her there first and sat watching two months through, day by day seeing her pass by walking the dog, sometimes she wasn't there and then his day was fucked. Jenny too, after a while started watching Jack sitting at the cafe' from her window, sometimes sitting at the next table, soon it was the first thing she was doing - walked, hot from the sleep few steps from the bed to the window to see if he was already there and if he wasn't the day was a bore and she regret that she slept too long and if he was - she stood naked behind the white long curtain watching - before he finally put his hands on her and then slashed her whole heart into his - they did fall in love. They were those perfect, beautiful, matching lovers in big-small town and he would carry her around in his arms and he would kiss her all the time and they would share her red lipstick looking like happy love clowns and they shed the most shiny eyes with shades. It was summer and they rolled through the grass in every park and every square of the lawns in the town. They went to Amsterdam.

- And when was it? It was eight months ago. Yeah, if you like spicy romance I'll tell you more.

Jenny's notes : "The place we live at is called Donna Maria Virgin and it has to do so much with the name as me with a donkey. It's run by a black Indians and worked by a black Senegalese and over-filled with a black Moroccan youth, they are about 15 young little men in each room of the size of 4 square meters as ours. The first night there was an alert knocking on the door to the room closest to us and eager voices, and then one man's voice dominated it all and shouted loud - that's the man, that's the one! give me my watch back! that's the one give me my watch back! I'll go to the police! I'll go to Canadian embassy! -. The peculiar talk show went on for a long time and after some hours police repeated it one more time. We try to sleep, the boys in the rooms talk a lot at nights, actually they talk all the time and they are always here, some of them help at the pensao', they all look lost, dull and broke - all right, one is beautiful with a long black hair and a slender tall body and a pretty eyes and an awoken face, they make their food here, fry onions in oil at nights and make sandwiches in the morning standing in a row in the little windowless kitchen; sometimes they make a giant fruit salad. For every day which goes I remember more and more words from my past trip to Brazil. I try to cut down on wine because it makes me so ridiculously sentimental and quite lonely as Jack doesn't want to drink - he says his hangovers are unbearable. He isn't very nice to me at all. I still think artists are supposed to be super ego tripped and obnoxious and mean otherwise they don't get anywhere - that's surely a stupid and naive theory but I let him be the way he wants to. Jack's sweet skin goes off from his nose and forehead, he is pretty and sleeps right now. On the street party goes on. We have a great view from the balcony over a mountain with a castle on the top and some piece of picturesque town. Drunk man standing down on the street talks to himself and holds himself to the street sign as he is too drunk to walk, there is also a mini couple in military suits, he on crouches and having Jimmy Hendrix hair- do and a wild eyes in the middle of a wild and primitive mulatto face, he plays mouth harmonica, his feet are deformed and they support him with the money, she - even smaller and all fucked up - short hair, you would have to search hard for traces of the womanhood and female art at all, big blue birth mark over part of her crumpled and creased face and some teeth in there. She looks like a good hearted hate, she walks bare feet knocking her legs into the gutter with steady anger. There is one more person of unknown sex in white suit - in the little gang - a bit old and very tired looking and messy, I think it's a little man, Jack thinks it's a woman. On Sunday the place is full of Black men and they are all standing there, talking the hours through. Then, there is a little man "selling" reproductions, and next to him a smaller, still young man always bare feet and dressed in a yellow sweater, he always repeats the same words - my friend, I'm hungry, my friend - and

he sounds true despair; nobody cares for him. Jack keeps our money and gives nothing away. Then there is also an old crooked woman with a little bell dingling, she collects into a small wooden box which looks as used as she is - she looks pretty organised and hangs onto the same gate every day. I saw other beggars using the same boxes. There is an pantomime actor, performing in the middle of the walking street, he is just standing there motionless on a small pedestal, I got scared of his eyes mesmerising me - it showed up they were painted on his eyelids. Then come us with a ridiculous dream of the future, me 42 and he 19 and all the men who love me and they scream and yell and propose and woo and all the girls who love Jack and they look at him from behind their girlfriends with their sweet faces, and he, Jack is tempting them a lot with his eyes sitting the way I can't see it. And we want to live in the world together and I want his baby. And then comes all the big, next to indescribable crowd one have to push one's own way through with a lot of force just to get from one place to another. This town is somehow a catcher, a trap for my dreams. I hope I'll soon flip out. I hate to walk around like a tight ass doll everyone looks at, I want to be a god damn myself and I'm not so cool and beautiful and I'm not stupid.

from Jenny's booklet

"... it's about the same if Jack longed for the trivial snappy love's proves - everybody - every girl can and Joy would have been as a stone. And then they come into the room and she would lock the door, pull the curtains on, light small magic candle lights, play some soft music on the stereo and strip off slowly but deliberately and then make love to herself first and then suck him off and leave him breathless - speechless, she would dress and go to buy bread or what's on but it is he who did it to her again, he is quite good at it - the little boy. There is no way to play with love - no way, if I'll find words so precious that they'll be worth printing across the sky, I'll do it - if they'll be worth to print them across a human heart - I'll do it." Jack and Jenny released from their own vanities and competitive day time street show were at last hungry and went to a little butt to eat. Jenny popular among the customers squeezed herself between the wall and the table onto the little chair. All chairs were small, but their table was the smallest one, Jack sat opposite her - I miss my Fellini's every day show - said Jenny and Jack looked bored at her, he'd heard it before and he didn't understand - why did she find such a pleasure in watching people, and then Jenny's eyes brighten up as they entered the room - the family - an old couple, the lady that came in first wore tonight a green jacket buttoned up and a green shirt, she looked rather tidy, her man wore a coat, all buttoned up, - it's not so cold - thought Jenny - the old man must have caught a cold as Jack - Jenny and Jack were more and more brown everyday, Jack's right hand was burnt and he was saying - I never got red before, only brown - the woman took her usual place in the corner and facing the room, she hung her big hand bag on the hook on the

wall above her head and between her's and her husband's chair, it used to hang there as a trophy every time she had taken her throne, it was the same big old black and shiny bag which proves that it has been around since the beginning - but he did not take his usual place, he sat diagonally to her with his back to the room; Jenny watched with growing disapproval as her Fellini-scene was going into the spoil. Then old man looked back, she shivered, he looked terrible - big bags under his eyes and pale face in the colour of sick milk or a raw wall. - Old man hasn't long way to go - said Jenny to Jack who cracked down and silently with his eyes only prayed that she would stop to talk, that she would stop to give her cynical opinions and farty remarks about the reality which was also his own and about men in general, what did she in fact know about men - Jack thought irritated at her again. He hoped food was coming soon, he was starving, that's why they were here and not in their room, and besides he knew that she will drown into her meal as she ordered her favourite dish, a blood red beef-steak with potatoes and salad and white wine, Jack was fed up with getting drunk and getting sick of it and he drank orange juice and he was bluesy. The food still didn't arrive. Instead another man joined the table Jenny watched and she screamed at Jack - look, look! - why don't you shut up Jenny - hissed Jack. The old man buried his head in both hands - it must hurt a lot - silently thought Jenny, the man who joined them and sat opposite to the woman was their son, he was an oldish, fat man with greasy hair on the way out but still black, baggy eyes that showed extreme love to the home red wine which both men indeed ordered - priceless Red Tinto. Everybody in there drunk Red Tinto - it was excellent and much cheaper than coke. The men started talking and the old man looked back and all of the sudden he looked happy and much more alive, his eyes reminded Jenny of someone she knew. But she didn't tell this to Jack, she was hurt. Old lady got a pain in her heart and started massaging her huge breasted chest without stopping the vivid discussion with her son and they both were pointing at the same mysterious place inside her body. Jenny understood the son have thought, it was nothing to worry about, nothing serious, only a banal pain. The mother's lips weren't joyful today and she did not drink. They all ate pasta. His parents "got not long to go" - thought Jenny fascinated with the family life which surely went back more than half of the century. Jack watched TV which was behind Jenny's back, he started laughing as the soap opera turned to the cartoons, Jerry The Cat. They ate their excellent dishes and did not talk to each other. Right after the dinner Jack wanted to leave, Jenny wanted to drink more wine and do more observations. She stumbled on her way home a lot, she was sour that they had to leave so soon and the hill was steep down and her heels very high and her shoes too big - crazy girl - You are putting a bit of the ice between my legs - thought Jenny to Jack who walked in front of her and she looked at whores at their posts who looked even more amateurish tonight than usual. And when they came inside, Jack fucked Jenny so great and hard

turning her round and up with every hole that she ended up screaming promises of love, love, forever love!

4 April, Jenny tells - I want to move stars, hey, move stars around us - good omen, romance, roses, kisses, success, trivial means - by no means I want to be trivial as long I don't run out of the lipstick and day cream I run on, Sunday slave - I'm not. I want to crush the words against the rough gutter together with that street girl, I don't care that they pick fleas from each others hair when Jack and me have breakfast on the balcony, 13 o'clock orange juice and fresh croissants. I want to crush my values and I want to do it very soon - I, I, I, I, only talking about myself, bad spell. Jack is beautiful, yesterday we made love 4 times and every time was different, I don't mean just the position, I mean everything was different and don't ask me how. OK. you say that I talk too much about Jack, possible. But my world is, this tiny room - as Jack said - too small to swing a cat in. Yes, because Jack can talk and he knows how to take off a girl's underwear. Sunday - everybody stays inside, what does grownups do inside ? - shave legs, wash bosoms, genitals, arm pits, bathtubs, clothes, wrinkles, fix corn, pull out grey hair, talk to the mirrors, wash kids, watch kids, wash roses, watch toes, plan buying, read newspapers, sneeze, watch pornofilms, watch television... cool people... it's only to open a newspaper with tv program and read and know exactly what everybody is looking at that very moment and estimate what they think to it - what a bore... It stinks garbage today into the room and Arabic song comes through the wall, fiesta, no one works. I would like to crush my consciousness, my son told me I was a teenage rebel and I was crazy, and I tell you this is not infantile - it is tough and it is the right thing to do, well everybody can't do it, the total anarchy wouldn't bear the world, but some got to do it, so well - I've been doing it for years - and she turned her curls between her fingers exactly as she has been doing it at the age of 6 and she wished to break the habits, but actually small habits they do no harm or do they -? - and she felt she has been lying to herself, she has done nothing - and all the Jesus's job - tonight I want to get drunk - says Jenny to Jack all of a sudden, she leans out from the balcony looking at trashy Doris and her girl-pal, both girls are drunk and at last she hears Doris talk with all her ugly body, she moves her toes and knees in military camouflage pants and her arms in military jacket and her face much more dirty now and she has got a big blue-black mark, a bruise - her movements are fully uncoordinated and she laughs very loud - she has got a lot to fuck - says Jack observing the girl too - this is what you think? - asks Jenny and she kisses his face and she falls silent again thinking about their beautiful and exhausting night when they didn't get away from the room to join bar night-life, black stars life, peep shows, and all that, they resigned to look into their great bodies sexology and it was god damn worth it; all that was there where the two of them within a cocoon called love when it was too painful to keep the hands away from his body and lips away from his cock

and a sticking pain in her anus and when they stayed awake all the time and Jack pushed in and pulled out and pushed in and pulled out and pushed in and she had hard to keep still and bed was cramping and moving like hell and the boys on the other side of the wall were sending their congratulations already for the third time and she at last gave damn in them and did not care if they could hear her and soon after the ecstatic flash came back the picture of two of them walking on the crowded street holding hands and on their right a guy or rather what was left of him sticking out of the cardboard right on Doris's usual place outside their hotel and a rain falling down and darkness, and next their deaf steps in the narrow wooden stairs shelter coming up...

April , Monday

Jenny woke up first, she moved around in the bed and woke Jack up, Jack wasn't as tender as last two mornings, actually he was in a rather bad mood when he saw she was still there - he thought - shall she always be here or what? - and he turned his back to her, Jenny wouldn't mingle with him, she hated to battle his moods, she simply wouldn't do it, she got up. Doris was already gone, instead of her, Hendrix sat at her place and sunbathed. Last night Jenny and Jack saw a bad porno movie - a bad porno movie is better than nothing at all. They had fun. The cinema was bigger then what she had expected, type of a small theatre, they sat as all the lonely men - downstairs, the mood was the usual mood of the porno cinema, the men where very doubtful about lesbian activities and they whistled and complained and laughed, they also disapproved tools and toys and only when the men fucked the girls they sighed with joy.

from the found paper Jenny wrote - "did I tell you that I hate writing? - no but once before I abandoned painting because it made me lonely and stuck on my ass and it was shit! And now the same is happening when I write I get cramped fingers and I loose time and my blood stands still and it is no fun and I only complain and I don't want that! And I get a cynical hypocritical heart from lying to myself and it sucks. And I get a worn out mind and can't talk or think, off we go - stop!" Jack's freedom was to carry around condoms in his wallet also when if he had a girlfriend - that was a fact - you never know what happens. And Jenny's freedom was to look into other men eyes when she felt for - real bullshit.

Day slowly ends, Jenny is very tipsy, beer, aspirin, wine, menstruation, 1 croissant, lots of coffee and all she wanted to do after was to jump over a balustrade guarding the cafe' guests from falling down the Aufama hill, she has got her devil back at her back but he didn't use to visit her at sunny days before now, if she had looked for trouble she had found it, one for the money, two for the show - here we go off! - jump Jenny, jump - hissed his sharp whispering voice spreading like echo through her blood

- well, I can but I don't really want that yet, have other things to do, that's why I stopped with wine because it just slashed me there without a pardon, into the dirty dark ditch of sorrow, into that kinky mare, no way, have to stay clear and still going strong, so forget all I said, babe, lets go to the wild side now, I can hardly wait sitting on my ass, shall I run off by myself, Europe is not a kick, it's an lazy and degenerated queen, babe I'm bored and you don't even try to amuse me or shock, I did think your book is going to be a hit and now I don't really care, I "spy read" some lines, it's good - the book - but one should never do - "spy read" - anyway you only want to roll over some chicks taking off their cotton panties - I don't like cotton underwear, ash - you must do what you like, I love you but I'm so fucking bored to sit in that intellectual snare bar and see you write and a kiss and a touch has become taboo and you wouldn't let me do and you understand, I'm living flesh and blood and I can hear around and I want to rush and maybe I'll do, maybe I don't - that's a question - ha - how pathetic - and Hamletic and insecure - ha! That's the satanic question everyone who's got brains ought to have tasted before, o babe, babe, I'm bored to the bottom of my ass, and tops of my heels and hills, I'm bored to death and I'm not as old as you think.

Jenny can't sleep, all is suddenly very wrong, all is fucked up, crying pain in her head, all is so very black and bleak, Jenny needs her band, she needs to scream, she needs to get fucking crazy and drunk, listen, listen Jack - you only danced with me a first night, OK. one more time in Amsterdam and once in Berlin an that's all Jack, - Jenny wants to cry - listen Jenny why are you telling me that bull-shit, this is no story worth to tell - I know but it is pain - shut up girl, go and jerk off, OK? - yesterday all was so great and we were hot - yes, because we saw that shitty porno movie - so what? - pain is a fucking wolf - Jenny walked to the bathroom and this pretty boy sat at the check desk and it made her happy, he read a book, Jenny can't sleep, she needs to do something else, she is so stuck with Jack, she wants to kiss him but it is taboo from now on, Jenny needs to forget.

IV

- AJ LOOK here she is - says Jenny to Jack pointing at the fat woman - shut up Jenny! - hisses Jack, but Jenny looks too amused to notice his disapproval - my heroine is here again - whispers Jenny - the fattest woman in Lisbon is on her Sunday duties walking right in front of them, she carries two very big, full packed plastic bags, she is Sunday-dressed with almost invisible difference from the other days but she wears a transparent stocking on the bandaged leg and her hair is differently done with three pastel hair pins on the back of her head otherwise they have been strongly pulled into a slick pony tail just about her fat nape, she waves distinctly down the stairs dominated by her enormously big ass and she looks more than delighted with her Sunday-life and this is what Jenny is so amused and jealous about... - fucking slow Sunday - says Jenny and stretches her lazy body against a few passing clouds and the chilly wind, well nothing happens worth mentioning except a few old ladies black-dressed and carrying big hand-bags, and she plays with the rim of her mini skirt pulling it just a little bit higher and higher, showing her thighs to Jack, he doesn't rise his head. Jenny said - I can as well tell the story - why don't you shut up - replied Jack. I looked at them wondering - Jenny why don't you stop small girls tricks, how can you stubbornly believe yourself being a little girl through the whole of your life? - I don't like you - said Jenny looking at me narrowing her eyes and all they expressed was a little lost girl. I felt sorry for her and said - OK, tell me - that night I was very drunk and went out from the bar we were to and went over to the other bar but it was boring so I returned - and what? - I asked - and Jack didn't want to buy me glass of wine and I took his glass of beer and had a sip and I spit it in his face, he took someone glass of wine and gave to me first and next he put his cigarette into it and offering it to me one more time flushed it over my head and I went to talk to the girls on the other side of the bar. Then I left and was too drunk to walk and I hitchhiked to the club, but the driver drove far out and joked with me and he had a phone in his car and I phoned Amalia and she was panicking when I said - no, I don't know where I am, in some car I presume, calling you... - but nothing bad happened, he drove me to the club and left me there with a standing in the line black boy which seemed to know me, I half stripped in the club, I had two skirts and I took one off, and took of my blouse and danced in the bra and one white, young guy said I was a witch and he has seen all my films and I didn't want to go with him home and cuddle and finger and fuck and I crawled back to Jack who sweetly slept, next week I hitchhiked too, Jack was asleep on the floor at home and the driver drove me outside of town and his hands were suddenly under my skirt and I saw black construction of the bridge deep in the night and couldn't think, couldn't remember how I happened to be there and I kicked him and he couldn't believe his bad luck that I didn't want to be

fucked right there under the bridge in his little car, I kicked him in the face and screamed - If you touch me I kill you! - and he drove me back and let me go. This night it wasn't fun to dance but I still did some dancing with sweet Josefine actually on her own demand, I missed Jack like hell and bought some sausage on the way and when I got home he asked me - Jenny where have you been? - And we went to sleep and she - Jenny begged Jack to hold her hand just a little harder. And I - Jenny watched him sleeping with the face like a print of innocence on the pillow and his hands caring for her also in his sleep, caressing her, touching her all the time, and the whisper came out of my throat - Jack I love you more than life, I do, you are as real as no one is, my Jack in the belly of innocence in the belly of the beast - and I felt his feet played with mine in the sleep. And she would look forward to the morning when he would wake up and look into her eyes and she would feel shy and lazy and try to hide from his sunny green eyes looking straight into hers - as the real world peered into her dark one. I really don't know why I used to be that street show ever since I was a little girl - she came into the next story without a stop - sometimes she walked fast and waving her hips and it always felt as she could get any man she wanted even if only for a split of seconds and sometimes she walked sloppy as she didn't care and they would still woe and applaud, just by walking by, real bull-shit. But once I was six years old and got into the religious trip and I really want to tell you about that said Jenny to Jack - No - said Jack - I don't care for your past - Mostly when I'm drunk I fall asleep in the bath tub when I'm drunk - insisted Jenny - and I don't understand that I don't drown - am I a witch?

Silently Jenny watched Jack's deep concentrated face writing his 19th years epepe. They were really a full time show in a town, as the room was not only too small to turn the cat in as Jack said - you remember - they did everything that didn't have to do with sex or sleep - outside - and everybody watched it. They were now public property of the Lisbon's out life, they were now a symptom of the western couple, a pretty syndrome. The world is full of idiots - thought Jenny watching Jack's sweet face silently - I hope we are never there - and silently she watched his face. Jack was very sure it was part of his personal charm that he cared only for his past and Jenny loved listening to his childhood stories - they were really outrageous but Jack had forbidden her to talk about it. It was entirely his secret world. He grew a permanent rebel. Jenny has changed. She was now a cool, nice, tolerant and logic sympathetic person. Before she met Jack she used to be a pain in the ass. What was really happening now? - hey you bloody Sunday you are trying to get under my skin - you don't get anywhere. Jenny's problem was that she wasn't a book heroine - she was a real body with flesh and blood, her stories they did not have an intellectual back-up only blood and flesh, and no motto and no end and no beginnings and Jack was bored - So. Jenny - I asked her - do you like the trip, do you like your life? - No, shit, I hate it, sitting around the tables, writing, I hate writing, passive time, thinking, too much thinking,

I have to do something, I'm a social beast, I have to do something with the others, otherwise life becomes so very immaterial and I, lost - Jenny you are crazy, you like to make maximum possible trouble out of nothing - no not any longer - she answered not looking at me, she watched houses, and passing people, they where her book - To be true I love writing - she said again - and imagine we live in that little room 2m. by 2 and we are writing each our own book, it's horrible and amazingly fantastic, and we are trying "to spy read" the other's stuff and it is pretty convenient that the bathroom is that far away - now she looked against the sky, I thought she was joking but there was no smile on her face - so what are your plans? - I asked her - to be honest I don't know at all - she said with a steady quiet voice - but we can't sit around much longer; he doesn't want to kiss me - she continued without looking in my direction - well, I'll do my film and I'll write my book, and then I don't know; may be I'll do a child, a bebe, you know - with Jack? You aren't serious - I almost screamed into her face - Yes, with Jack, but I don't know, he doesn't want, first it was he who mentioned it, he asked me if I would want his child, than he said, well you already have some so maybe you don't want, but not with me, he answered himself with a certain note of missing; we sat on the bench outside between two tram lines and not far from home, I did not answer him but these words burnt into my soul, but now he thinks I'm too old - You really love Jack don't you? - I more said then asked - Yeah - she said - but he will get punch across his proud nose, he will learn about life and all that everyone's got to do it, that's life, but maybe I'm just being sentimental, I'm really slaving under him and I like it, strange and shitty life. I have stopped to drink wine at evenings it was making me miserable and he wouldn't want to talk or kiss, and I wanted to be his whore, classic shit, for him I thought I could fuck an ugly old fatty man, if he wanted me to, I wanted to be his hooker and cry like a wounded beast and do all the dirty things and share him with the other girls and be his slave and cry like a child and feel pain - of love and life -

- I keep myself on a hassock, but wont do it for ever. Everybody knows that. It smiles me across the heart and against it. And I put a hasp. - Yes, Jack - he's special and worth that little pain I feel and the confusion, but how strong do I have to be? - that's a boring question. Sometimes he makes me feel like shit, he puts it all at the top of the stiletto - yes, my age - Me who always felt like a child, he looks at me and makes my skin crumble and crisp - this is tough - and it all could have been just my imagination, I used not to see difference in our age - maybe I should simply see that he is cruel? My father wrote a poem to me when I was Jack's age - youth is cruel. I'm fed up with being wise - In love I want to be a little girl, his babe doll and a whore, a little pussy cat and a beast and he gives me less and less chances to it. That's my problem. My age is his problem. My life is mine so is the time. I want to dance with the one I love and kiss and run - so trivial. And it's exactly what he says too - these are trivial things. But he lies across his heart and his

mouth - I looked at him yesterday in the shop with a melting heart. Phhhh - this trip might not be very funny. I have to watch out. No, I won't. It's simple. I guess I'll not get what I want - not from him anyway. When he noticed that our first quarrel was on its way he laid on me and tried to kiss my lips and I was stubbornly off but only for the show and then he suddenly stopped and went out. When he went I sat on the balcony and ate my carrot - how bizarre - and felt so stripped of the fine clothes of the game and I said quietly - Jenny don't play with life, when it is with Jack, he is unpredictable and far too smart, cheap tricks won't work, Jenny girl. - Yesterday I was considering to be a whore - I thought it could have been a real smash of my spirit and maybe a way to have fun. I like bad boys boots. And when I still sat on the balcony one of this little Hindu boys, because they aren't Moroccans, they are from Bangladesh but it took time to find out - one of them leaned out through his door into the same balcony and spat sperm. It's for sure. It was kind of elastic texture coming out of his mouth down to the concrete ground. So they give each other blow jobs too. It's only Jack who doesn't do it to me. A little girl surprise as I'm a little girl.

And now it's Easter Sunny Saturday, they are at the terrace where all the tourists take pictures of the town view at the river side; Jack resting in the sun and Jenny sitting up - sweet Jenny gets into hundreds of photographs and a wives are hurt. The sun pours on and the wind caresses first all the lonely ones and then the lovers - I guess Jenny thinks life is a movie. Poor stupid little Jenny.

V

Fer - he showered and changed his clothes, he felt the importance of the moment - Easter high time - even if he said that it all doesn't work anymore - he's got catharsis - I don't have a clue what it is but it is a sickness and it fucks Fer's life and he spits into the tissues or into the ashtray all the time. Anyway he has changed his clothes to more prestigious but in this case it didn't do, he looked better, younger and more free in his sloppy blue jeans, bare feet and horribly old sweater from which's openings shaggy bushes of his chest-hair stuck out, now he has blue jeans in the right size and dark sweater and dark shirt underneath buttoned all the way up and he wears socks and sandals and his apartment is fixed but it stinks cat piss as much as before. He has nine cats. Joe - the father cat came from Canada where Fer worked for many years. I guess his wife too. No, not Fer's, he doesn't have any - Joe's wife. Many cats are their children but not all of them. La Fayette is all white boy cat which Fer found with odd and a true Dandy manners. Fer talks to his cats as they were people, he says they are better than people and he shows what they can do - ordering in a high urgent voice La Fayette to jump onto his shoulder - which the Dandy cat does with careless nonchalance. Fer's apartment is over-decorated like a tasteless Christmas-tree and it's big and he is very proud of it and he has bought it and he owns it forever and doesn't have to pay any rent - it seems to be his life CUT! It was Jack who met him first by the river when Jenny walked away to the bathroom and they became deep friends over a box of wet-snuff which is Jack's and Fer's passion and impossible to buy here, impossible to buy outside of Sweden at all. It was already in Denmark that Jack run out of snuff and lied on the bed in his solitary and moody abstinence and Jenny ran around Copenhagen searching but she did not find it. Then in the airport even if they where very late she said - I'm not going with you, Jack anywhere without your beloved stuff - and she run into the duty free shop screaming - do you have snuff, give me a snuff! - and she bought as much she was allowed to. Now Fer became suddenly very fond of Jenny and he was preaching to Jack - if I was you I would stick to Jenny, she is a great girl so stick to Jenny and go with her to Algarve and find a job in the Swedish bar and live like an millionaire and care for the sweet woman you have, don't be stupid Jack don't waste your chance, man - the talk was becoming quite embarrassing for them both, but Jack said - it is what I'm going to do - and after a while he of course - like always - had to tell Fer how old Jenny was and how young he himself was; and he shocked Fer but did not disappoint him. Jenny sat on the couch trying not to feel sharp and killing her snuffy smell of the cat's urine, cat's fur seemed to be climbing her stockings and her skirt which she was pulling down all the time to make it sit at the agreeable place, she was polite to the old chap as she always was but she didn't like

how he was treating Jack. He told Jack all the time - go and close light Jack, open window, bring a glass for Jenny, open a beer for me - etc. Jack and Fer kept on drinking Bagaseira - burning water and Jenny drunk white wine made by Fer's sister who visited him some time before and lived at Madeira island where Fer grew up. They all decided to take a walk and to buy some food, on the street police was hunting whores, it was the same street were all the tourist disco bars were as Texas Bar they have been to on their first night out downtown. Three of them went first to a simple bar for a drink which Fer paid and then to a restaurant to buy a grilled chicken and went back to Fer's home, Jack and Jenny ate chicken accompanied by crazy excited 8 cats, only Joe held himself away with dignity, the other 8 jumped all over table, plates, salad, Jenny's and Jack's knees, later the cats ate the bones - Joe was served separate and first, then smaller boy cats, and then La Faith on the side of the couch and then the girls next to the fridge and the mother at the top of it alone, and Fer was going to eat a fish and he made out of that a loud and very principal story and they listened a few more hours to his life's story and drunk a lot - Jenny didn't drink - into the accompaniment of James Bond on Fer's huge colour TV set which he changed all the time between different channels with indescribable proudness. The cats played with plants and he yelled at them and ordered them and loved them with their nick names and told all their stories of birth, life and death. He was unsatisfied with the program on the TV - his favourite all night German porno program was missing as it was Easter holidays - sadly stated Fer. But it wasn't all together hopeless as he planned to watch a 4 hours movie about Jesus's life the following day with his old pal - a very old lady with a broken leg in plaster, the same one who taught him how to spice the fish before frying for the very special taste he said and he was very proud off it and he loved it. And tonight he was going to perform the fish frying later on after our departure - he pointed one more time; as all the lonely people he hated - he said - to eat with other people, he ate with his cats - it was best that way. We sat there like fools nodding to every pathetic story he proclaimed. And he enjoyed every single word he pronounced or shouted out and mostly he shouted out. - What a chap - said Jack to Jenny twinkling his blue green eyes when Fer at last left the room for the bathroom visit which became a story too. Fer used the same toilet as the cats did, the stinky one and the bigger one, all in pink thick cloth with old smelling towels and no toilet paper was for the guests. Fer was paranoid about us pulling the water trigger in the toilet chair too hard, and being unable to close the water tap after washing hands in the sink and eventually forgetting the light on - which should have been the worst - he said. He had a dream, he wanted to go to Brazil and live with his brother who became rich there, but he was unable to separate from the cats. - and I can't pay flight for all of them forth and back - Then Jack and Fer played billiards and Fer was very found of Jack's game and Jack was proud of himself too. For Jenny, all that was clear was - they were going to sleep and fuck at their

hotel in their old room 107 between clean white sheets even if they were really getting broke.

Southern love its something else. The girl was pretty but not really there, she sat by herself and looked around, the boy came in after a while, they both wore jeans - he is almost smaller than she, at least his legs seems to be shorter, he places her cup in front of her, sits besides and touches her softly on her hand and she doesn't respond, he keeps on stroking it tenderly and still not getting a response snaps her fast on her cheek with soft move of the rest of his body. She likes that and becomes more alert, he leans towards her and places a first kiss on her lips, he moves the chair towards her and kisses her more now, much more, suddenly he stops and turns back and looks straight into Jenny's eyes, his face is very sweet, very pretty and now he kisses her again, the view behind them is excellent - over the whole river over the whole harbour and a monumental sky above. Jenny is watching them, sweat runs down her arm-pits fast, Jack sits across her table, he has chosen the best and most sunny place and he doesn't say a word. He sends Jenny to buy coffee and a beer and a cake, one at a time and she does. She likes walking between the tables, catching all the eyes on her, and moving in the fresher wind than the burning sun in the corner they sit. They always sat in the corners, when Jack would choose the one less far out for himself. This is no speculation on Jack's behaviour but what girl likes to be left the furthers out? hey? - no girl likes that, but she says nothing. She takes her punishment corner with distinct silence as it would belong to her and it does not, he looks at her and says - are you writing your diary? - and Jenny hates that - the looking down expression, dairies are for silly inexperienced girls and infantile boys, the ones in the furthers corners and Jenny's eyes are a spectacular show what Jack doesn't know they are also watching him, taking all his clothes off piece by piece, Jack watches girls and they are pretty and horny and full of life here, at Ciapito, circus school for young people, how else? And he says - I'm very beautiful - and Jack he really means what he says.

Jenny looks at a girl sitting in front of her, she has clavicle long dark brown wavy hair with a soft touch of the sun on the outside, lips painted with bright red lipstick unusual here as all the girls seem to be on the purity trip - and softly underlined eyes, she talks with all her body and she only wears blue jeans, flat little shoes and black jumper drawing of her perfect consistence breasts without a bra - yes, Jenny knows it by side and by heart - the girl is the only one who speaks in tight circle of the girl-friends listening to her; she talks with her hands, her big brown sunny and powerful tough eyes with lots of mascara on the long eye-lashes and her round nonchalant mouth, her voice has a steady tune without a girlish add of excitement, and her hands - yes her hands, thin, soft with little and red

polished nails, Jenny knows it by side - it's seldom Jenny feels such an attraction to a girl and a wish to switch the lives, she is perfectly beautiful with that kind of beauty which doesn't overwhelm you with a great shock from the first moment but grows still and stubbornly but it's not what attracts Jenny the most, a girl is perfectly dominant but it is not that eater - it's her freedom that Jenny sips into her thirsty mouth in one sip. And the girl she gives a total damn in Jack who is the best boy at the place in the opinion of his own flame. The instantly hot and blue sky sways and wobbles and sips over the harbour and it yells in Jenny's soul. - What's Jack doing?

And Jenny said with sweet tone of voice - O, do you want to sit here? o, that's fine, do you want me to sit there? o, that's perfect with me and what do you want to drink? O, I love corners especially the dark ones - but the last sentence she did not say, she was too lazy to speak and she knew he did not listen anyhow burring his green eyes in the girl sitting next to him by the next table. This is small grotesque - the girl sits exactly on the chair on which Jenny wanted to sit from the beginning because of the sun and Jack's sweet shoulder but she has become too tame, Jenny - she just follows with in a colourless game failing with a chairs and now Jack is eating the other girl with his eyes as she would have been a queen or something, being very much just a plain girl with short dark hair, dressed in simple black elastic long pants and accompanied by the whole family gang, they are all drinking coffee. They, Jack and Jenny are a sweet couple in love. Jenny isn't a coward one but she plays with life that way. But she wishes to get out and there are ways. But now they are all far away, she has closed her eyes, the sun is hot and dream long, it is of no use to battle today, she is all together too hot and lazy for it, she still wears her black clothes, you know black stockings and so on even if matched with a red dress today, soon she is going to change to white colour and put her life into the hands of God again. And she knows enough tough words for it, boy, believe she knows enough words, she knows enough words to ball with for a while and a while can be a life time - but that Jenny doesn't know, these aren't her words - but whose? Who is the one watching, just next to her? next to them, or next to you? - Look, you don't believe what you can't see, right? That's the problem of our times - we don't believe anything we can't see, and we can see a lot, we see far too much.

The woman leaned out in the door opening, her face was on the level of about 1 meter over the street which was 2 meters broad and build of little shiny stones and rather dark at this spot, just a tiny passage. Her face filled up a little window in the door totally and was the window - square, her left cheek took over the face structure and hung a bit more down, the colour was white, grey and old, but she was there and she looked at us. We passed but not as shadows, she saw everything, registered all with an exactness to be jealous of, she saw Jenny stumble much more then usual on her high-

healed-plateau wooden shoes, she saw the new washed hair on them both, too much clothes for a hot day like that, own bags they carried - one each, and somehow after all the years in the door window she didn't want to be in their skin but she couldn't stop looking - an old bitch. She saw them make love gently first and then passionately and for real - no she didn't want to be in their skins one more time - she was old and the hurricane was over - she had got enough. She saw Jenny's eyes and she wouldn't wear shades all the time and she knew what it was about, no she definitely wouldn't be there - an old smart bitch as she was.

VI

Marble young man, all in white marble with big white marble motionless wings at the top, sharing his dominant spot with two other marbles - one woman and one goddess, both seated on opposite sides of standing and demanding god - they faced the sea and coming in boats and on their backs was the town, they were a top of a bow gate which looked much like a triumph bow in Paris but smaller, on the back of it was the town clock - the time gap and line, and all the people continuously passing underneath, also Jenny and Jack and all the beggars and all the rich ones and these who sold hash and gold, rather dirty samples of sellers and always men who use to place their gold for sail you out or just for the sale on the level of their cocks when they passed Jenny and they asked looking too deep into her eyes if she was willing to get stoned, horny and happy - means, high on their stuff, but she wasn't. Now, Jenny who was here alone moved a couple of more times from table to table and the last time she moved she sensed the smell and it made her to put her fighting guard immediately down, it was Jack's smell, his sperm and his cock and his love actually she could have wondered how comes it was right there as she had taken a long and hot shower but the smell followed her impregnated into her soul and body and she knew she would do whatever to please him again and again and make him please her. - No it isn't as flat as you think - to do all for the lay and it isn't that dark and secret it's simple as life is and it is a life she can't deny, it's funny but I realise what made me endlessly dream into my films - the mirror's reflections and double mirrors and three double mirrors and endless corridor of mirrors and my own magnificent shadow on the beach the evening while going home always too late, towering in front of me as a queen deepened into the breeze. A friction - realising my impossible independence as the marble god already did by taking his central position.

10 April - When they were going to the porno cinema last night they passed a new beggar they had not seen before. And a miracle - Jack took out the wallet and gave him some money. The guy - a little thing - he held a big plastic coca-coal cup with some kind of small hand. Then they were stopped by a guy who picked up a Russian passport and pointing at some stamps inside demanded money in the angry high voice using peculiar self pity gestures of a nut - they are broke - they said; he changed immediately to a handsome and chick young man and walked away fast. Another handsome man sitting on the pavement dressed in new jeans and a jeans-jacket, his one shoe was off, his foot miss built. His cup empty.

On the next corner Jenny and Jack put up their show. They at last run out of money all together, so they had all their stuff with - they sat on the suitcases. Jack wore his flashy but not perfectly clean white suit in which he

looked like a young prince and Jenny her best red dress, you could see her tits and thighs without any trouble, they sat tight together kissing, next to his shining Mexican boots and her red stiletto high-heals stood a box and next to it a paper in English and Portuguese - for the record of the long wet love kiss - it is all for love and money so put a coin in honey or two so maybe your wife is going to be good to you and shall go on the trip with kids so you can refresh your hips! Join the army of lovers with or without your believers!" - Their box was filling fast - Jenny woke up from her dream with a sound of falling coins, it was Jack counting their last money and intending to buy his morning orange juice - they were really broke and had to be packing, she had a lot of dresses to pack, it wasn't a funny scene, she started with an aspirin. She was singing to herself when Jack left the room and went down shopping - "if you are into hard core, don't fall in love and never grow old, attack the future!" - and she gave a sharp scream and pointed up with her fist and out stretched arm and jumped as she missed performing on stage very much especially today.

EASTER - Jack and Jenny are back at the hotel. Jenny has a black-blue eye. They were through eternity, they were thrown against blue eternity of the sky, stretched out on the grass not as lovers but as a damn cross. They survived - Jack and Jenny have many lives like Fer's 9 cats, he is a cat man and he would like to go back to Canada but he can't arrive at the Canadian airport with 9 cats 'cause they would all think up there all these bloody sweet Canadians that Fer is a peanut - he says, Joy feels sick and all is her own fault. They were rapidly running out of money. Jack mentioned going back - back where? - asked Jenny, as there was nothing back there. Jack got his baby - and it was the biggest event of the year - he said, I told you before, I'm sure you remember and it is damn important and it is definite and it is for the whole life. Jenny has cat's fur in her throat, it feels awful. Jack and Jenny are beaten up by fleas from Fer's guest room bed - La Fayette's bed, the white cat without balls, as Fer has cut his balls. La Fayette is in fact pretty noble looking and he is no boy and no girl. Fer possibly cut the balls of all his male cats to avoid having a real cat farm. Father Joe is the big orange cat. His eyes are squinting and dreamy and he understands English rather well. His wife's name is Lafa, she has black face and pretty grey-black body. So, Jack got something to go back to and it pulls him like a magnet - yes, it has been a true weird timing. Jenny is blouse about everything and love starts to pull like a gum. And Jenny is in love. It looks as Jack is in love too but he told Jenny - yes, when was that, must have been about 5 months into their love that she could have expected any swinery from him, he liked to treat girls bad if he felt like it. Jenny is not afraid but she doesn't precisely like a crack in the dream, a crack in a dream is like a crack in the sky, a crack in the soul and crack in the face and a glass, making the glass useless - and now she has got her black-blue eye - not that it would hurt - but it is not fun-

Jenny feels dirty, she feels as she has got fleas in her hair and it is awful and it is Easter day - Hey where is a chocolate egg? Jenny left her son and sometimes it hurts, sometimes all fucks; Jenny did nothing wrong but she has been an idiot - she has been exactly the way her mother could never stand in her. She told her when she sensed that Jenny lost her virginity - Jenny you would go inside any man's trousers if you could - it was ugly said. Things, aspects, moments you see in Jenny you don't see them right and it is damn true, she simply doesn't care for you watching her, she cares to play with life, do you get me? I feel like I know her pretty well, maybe better than everybody, sometimes I think I know her better than she knows herself. You have to get a grip of Jack's and Jenny's love and story. I have to tell you much more about Jack. He loves sex, he loves girls, he loves their bodies, their muscles, if they aren't placed in the ass and tits, if they are anywhere else they are ill placed - he says. And he would like his Jenny to have a brain new flesh, brand new flesh and as much as she loves him she can't do it, poor stupid Jenny. But in fact she could have fixed herself a bit, for example silicon in her flabby breasts, Jack would love them being extra large. Anyway last night she was sweet, he cared for her and his lips would softly touch her face and a swing of fire turned her on like a damn gypsy song.

Jenny and Jack were out and wanted to have a picnic at Rossio square, Jenny carried bags with food and Jack should go and buy a newspaper he thought contained naked Sharon Stone and it would have been great with a first sip of the orange juice and boiled eggs, streets were crowded and that's also why he decided to leave Jenny with the food in the middle of the square by the monument and run faster around by himself, he was hungry for both food and Sharon and he was bored of Jenny's tired body as it was tired in his eyes and on his lips as he talked to her constantly - she sighed and put the bags down for the moment she felt as a bag lady and she was noticed by millions of Lisbon pigeons who all flew towards her in a big white cloud moving towards her with the roar of an aeroplane and she felt panic growing rapidly, the big white cloud moved on and distinguished into single birds all with spread open wings and spread open nubs and mad needle eyes and shrilling instant mad woe manipulated her heart to stop soon; the birds covered her literally and totally with themselves, they sat on her head and on her arms and stood all around her in a thick crowd like one big night-mare and now started to climb up her legs and she started to scream - Jack, Jack help me! - and she could still see him in the distance throughout the birds featherish feverish bodes, and their stunk and screaming shrill, he was laughing madly and tourists around were taking pictures of the birdie craze scared screaming Jenny, it was a fun picnic, they went together for the newspaper and Sharon wore white high heels shoes, stockings, dress and white feather boa, she was laying on the leather couch and she lifted one of her legs straight up, she won over Madonna and got the role as Marilyn Monroe and she wasn't certainly naked, newspaper was expensive but they

bought it, it was also in Spanish and not in English but Jenny was able to read some... and Sharon said a man was never going to rule her life!

The luggage is at Fer's home after being at the hotel-manager's attic room filled with pigeon's and pigeons shit and his bed is a horrible mess where he - a manager - in a room and not in the bed tried - to put his hands on Jenny and suggest impossible things - he wanted to screw her or at least to touch her magnificent beauty - he thought, he was a single man still unmarried - he said - and then Jack and Jenny could have his place for a while. Fer's story runs into Jenny's and Jack's like that - they spent one Sunday on the grass by the sea - the inhabitants call it river because it is a river, but Jenny and Jack didn't know, as they never got out of town at all, Jenny sucks on her fingers and they smell Jack's ass and she loves that smell. I can see them now, I'm watching them pretty much, wonder why am I so interested in them. They are outrageously beautiful both but it isn't that. I'm not that easy bought. Well, I really don't know but there is something and it might come up. And maybe it does not? Jenny's ring is blue as a white-blue milky sky and she wants to pawn it. Jenny wants perfume and white Cadillac - do you get me? - then it is not true - Jenny wants sex, Jenny wants love! She just wants white high-healed pumps and her white jacket washed and Jack's suit washed so they can present themselves in white she is a pretty fool. And they want to lay on the beach in the sun and Jack wants to write and she wants to film, they would like to buy a little gun in the shop downstairs and a sword and a bottle of absinthe - they are never going to do that. She wants Jack's baby, she is never going to have one. - Yeah my mind is unfit - back to Fer - Jenny came out of the bathroom, where she had locked herself in again - this lock is pretty impossible - and she did open it with the help of a new pen she bought and her old sun glasses, anyway when she came towards Jack an older man was there talking and that's Fer. He didn't wear any shoes and he kept Jack's snuff in his hand and looked more then dilated, the men were in an occasional discussion about snuff and Portugal, and they seemed to have fun. Fer was born in Madeira and his father had a big house there but that all came later; now Fer looked much like a bum and Jack was a pretty and young man, Jack got Russian cigarettes from Fer and turned them around in his hand, Fer bought 800 packages from the sailors - but that also came later - Fer's hair was coloured dirty black and looked like an old felt blanket, his eyes were blue, underlined with happy wrinkles, he had quick movements and Jenny thought he had some piece of the Polish soul - he had not. He wasn't tall and his trousers rolled a lot on the ground as they weren't really his. He loved snuff and Jack loved snuff too. Jenny had a good run for it in Copenhagen in the airport - as you know. They both run around and Jenny loved to see Jack run and Jack loved to see his Jenny run and they both felt and thought their love was forever and Jack gave his biggest smile at his sweet Jenny with 10 boxes of snuff in her hands. - so that's how Fer

came into the picture -

- but for gods sake Jenny can't stay more nights in his guest bed full of fleas and other stuff, Fer is a rich bum and he loves his 9 cats, he says animals are greater company than people and they watch colour telly together at his place, super-channel, news, MTV, films, Jenny hopes she'll succeed to fix typewriter for Jack - he has to have a typewriter - but it is not going to work - but she didn't fix them a flat and that became crazy 3 nights adventure. At last they went out - from the hotel - but they went too far out and Jenny got her blue-black eye from Jack and Jack was both wrong and right. Some crazy instrument is playing downstairs with some crazy fellow collecting money it goes in two tunes back and forth. Jack sleeps, Jenny does not. It was very much fool-full moon nights and Jenny bleed as she always does with the moon - girl's life is shit - thinks blouse Jenny touching her chick-cheek bone, it's big and it's blue - shit! - thinks Jenny - it was all possible to avoid, it's all about tolerance, kindness, stupidity, naiveté, Jenny is a fool and how much more foolish can she be? But at last Jenny and Jack end up in a real bed in as real room and it is the same room as before - 107, and made love and she loved it even more to do it with her blue eye and the position of a hit-blue-babe, it was simply great devotion in pain and abuse and they were high on it. True! Love is that damn ecstatic power of life and it is beautiful. And sex is the most powerful Jenny and Jack can put hands on. Jenny wants Jack's baby - yes she wants to show him a miracle.

3 nights ago they understood that they can't stay in the cheapest in town hotel only because they don't have enough money. Jack says Jenny is shitty bad on money affairs. And she thinks she is only half bad and other part is really OK, but it's still not enough. They went to Johnny Guitar to search the rescue, it was a stupid move but one of the very few possible. They needed to meet-meet artists, make friends, connections, find some grants, maybe show films, maybe play, Jenny also wanted to play with a band again very much - that's how it all started, time was 23. 30, moon full and they were advised how to get there by a girl in big wide trousers in fashion-black - the same one Jenny seen in the day walking with a handsome boy - the only way was to take a taxi. That was their last money. Everything is cheap but they don't have anything that's a fact - I want Jack's baby very much whispers Jenny and she is a little scared about her big plight as lazy she is, the morning after when she already knew it all sucked and the young kids didn't turn up - the ones who promised to fix them a place to stay for a few days at Alice from the Wonderland as they called her, one man called Jenny a hooker - a bluff hooker. Jenny's trickery has been seen through. The vain stupid girl who's got fleas in her hair perhaps, well if she wants a baby, she has to stop with her aspirin habit and many more habits.

April 10th Saturday. Doris is pregnant, she is very angry today and drunk.

Jack and Jenny are having breakfast - orange juice and 3 croissants for Jack and 1 croissant for Jenny. Doris's hands are red, she throws them around herself, throws them behind her back breaking the fingers and she throws them against Hendrix's face pointing at him lots of pissed angry times. She is drunk and it is the second day of Easter - the Great Saturday. Hendrix punches her left cheek. Jenny can't figure out catholic rites for this day, neither can Jack. Jack watches Jenny's today blue black eye and he says - it suits you Jenny - and he smiles to her with love and she, this damn girl loves him like hell, she isn't even a little angry. Jack is very beautiful today thinks Jenny but she says nothing. Doris buzzes around a lot, she stumbles and rambles into Hendrix's face and she walks away. Later on when Jack and Jenny have a coffee outside, Jenny's vocabulary is good enough by now to order in detail so Jack gets his big glass of coffee with hot milk and Jenny her double black and a glass of tap-water and Jenny calls him - Child. - it's his new love nick name. Jack sees Doris take off her military pants, she wears green underwear and leaves her white swollen belly free - they both see she is pregnant. Jenny sits for herself in the sun and sees that passing women with men and children dislike her very much. Opinions are very flat - they are flat as a pancake. For the first time Jenny considers the lack of the kisses as her luck - her lipstick keeps on finishing, finishing very much - and for every hour which goes they are more and more broke. The other other night Child-Jack said to Jenny between mild kisses that whatever happens he wants to be her friend, they were standing in the crowded bar Tres Pistorinos up at Birro hill, where Jenny's old boy friend have a brother working and they were offered lots of free beers but not a place for the night, Jack drank very fast, they had all their first need belongings with and nowhere to sleep that night so they searched new friends very much, people were beautiful in this place, there were dancing mulatto girls in magnificent and fashionable outfits, gay boys with silver belts, slender hips and charming sun-glasses on and a properly fashionable hair-do. Music was loud, they were discussing to eventually show their movie there, they could have done it without the sound said Carlos. That was a bad joke. And then Jack said this strange sentence - about their everlasting friendship and she felt at once something was on it's way, something was as it shouldn't - Shitty said... - thought Jenny - no one says so to one's beloved once without having the end in mind. They were just planning to move to New York in a few months time and she was working on organising money. Well, she tried to joke it away and said that - well he can keep on sending postcards to her to N.Y if he wants too - and she laughed - but she is not going to send sad love letters in return - she added.

So that bloody night which had ended with Jenny and Jack hanging out with their stuff and Jack slapping her face in a slow tempo lots of times for the first time. Anyway Jack slept and Jenny appeared upstairs of the finest Lisbon studio with Vasko at her back. She met Vasko at Johnny Guitar a disco club,



...and not very much. Opinions are very flat - they are flat as a pancake. For the first time Jenny considers the lack of the kisses as her luck - her lipstick keeps on finishing, finishing very much - and for every hour which goes they are more and more broke. The other other night Child-Jack said to Jenny between mild kisses that whatever happens he wants to be her friend, they were standing in the crowded bar Tres Pistorinos up at Birro hill, where Jenny's old boy friend have a brother working and they were offered lots of free beers but not a place for the night, Jack drank very fast, they had all their first need belongings with and nowhere to sleep that night so they searched new friends very much, people were beautiful in this place, there were dancing mulatto girls in magnificent and fashionable out fits, gay boys with silver belts, slender hips and charming sun-glasses on and a properly fashionable hair-do. Music was loud, they were discussing to eventually show their movie there, they could have done it without the sound said Carlos. That was a bad joke. And then Jack said this strange sentence - about their everlasting friendship and she felt at once something was on it's way, something was as it shouldn't - Shitty said... - thought Jenny - no one says so to one's beloved once without having the end in mind. They were just planning to move to New York in a few months time and she was working on organising money. Well, she tried to joke it away and said that - well he can keep on sending postcards to her to N.Y if he wants too - and she laughed - but she is not going to send sad love letters in return - she added.

So that bloody night which had ended with Jenny and Jack hanging out with their stuff and Jack slapping her face in a slow tempo lots of times for the first time. Anyway Jack slept and Jenny appeared upstairs of the finest Lisbon studio with Vasko at her back. She met Vasko at Johnny Guitar a disco club,

the second place that night where they were looking for the people who could invite them home for the night and they got there speed-hitchhiking in a very small car with lots of drunk and tiny Portuguese Dandies and they were found of Jenny's stockings and they said to Jack - you know why do you feel so big? - Too much corn flakes down there in Scandinavia, ha ha ha! - they end up insane or a flat joke they could afford and Jenny certainly loved his menu I can assure you and now Jack had fallen asleep sitting inside the smoky room on the bench by the wall after all free beers, Jim Morrison was preaching his beautiful dream and she watched the place, it was filled up to maximum with pretty having fun party people. At last one boy approached her and did offer them a place to stay, she woke Jack up and got him into the taxi which some other people paid. And now Jack was sleeping for quite some time. She looked into Jack's pocket for the aspirins and he looked back at her, pretty annoyed. She saw there was no place to lay beside him on the sofa and join his moody welcome to her approach. So, she sat down on the other sofa where Vasko placed a red soft blanket for her and she picked up Elle's - French fashion magazine and looked into the first pages of girls with glassy faces wearing flashy and explicit dresses and silvery fox-collars as she owned once herself - the real beauty. Vasko sat beside her - I guess he was still very drunk and for sure sentimental and a possibility in her presence as he thought turned on when he downstairs in the studio translated the lyrics of the songs he played for her - they were all hot and devoted love songs. He was very kind and it made her stay longer then she wanted in the mixing room. He gave her the best arm-chair, damn comfortable in fact - he brought her some bananas which she really loved at the tiresome and drunk end of the night and offered her cigarettes and fire and coke. The last two songs he played she could barely stand, she was drunk and tired and she asked him - do you have an aspirin? - knowing that every studio usually has - no, we will buy it in the morning - said Vasko throwing his hands in the gesture of excuse; he still stumbled on his legs which moved to every possible direction, he was a pretty boy - I'll go to sleep, can you show me where is Jack? - she asked. He still offered her some more fruits and when she refused then at last he showed her upstairs. So, now he sat beside her and she found it pretty uncomfortable and showed him more or less clearly that he should leave - you want me to leave! - he said - Yes - said Jenny - well, I can't leave you here alone, it's the studio, I'm not allowed to even let you in here but I wanted to help you as you didn't have anywhere to sleep - Yes, I understand - said Jenny. For the short moment he was off from the couch and she laid down and covered herself with a blanket, it was really nice to lay down enjoying softness of the luxury leather and the feeling that in that clinically clean and expensive studio were no fleas and bugs for sure. Suddenly things rolled fast and a pretty bad too. Vasko turned back to her and bent down over and said something about sex she didn't listen to, but she giggled flattered by his attention and she pulled the blanket over her

head and closed her eyes. He, unable to give up asked her - what time do you want to get up tomorrow? - and she burst into laughter again as the question felt ridiculous and he repeated the question and she at last answered - anytime - still giggling. And he kept on questioning - and what are you going to do tomorrow? - o, nothing - she said - but lay in the sun - He repeated the same question and Jenny repeated the same answer getting a little bit enough of the talk which didn't seem to have an end. Jack-Child was on his legs next to and she saw Child-Jack's sweet face and she heard his voice asking - do you want to fuck my girl friend? - and a burlesque first trouble was a fact. Very soon three of them stood against each other and screamed all the same time. Very soon two of them and it was Jack and Jenny stood trembling in the cold morning air and rain. It was so that Jack grabbed Vasko and screamed to him and Vasko screamed back and he grabbed Jack and tried to throw a huge fracture he broke off of the bronze sculpture into Jack's head. And then he kicked them out screaming about his hot Portuguese temperament and that they were going to blame themselves as stupid they were. Light was grey and tepid drops of the rain started falling. And now Jack was slapping Jenny's face time after time. And he was screaming - you wanted to fuck him - No! - screamed Jenny back - he wanted to fuck you! - screamed Jack, together with new slaps. The rain was growing bigger and they had no idea where they were and they knew they were somewhere far away. Jenny put a cigarette into her mouth and Jack ripped it and broke it into two and threw them into the street, he grabbed her sun glasses and threw into the middle of the street. And he hit her again. It hurt. She screamed back at him as never before. And she hit him too. Passing people stared. Rain was bigger and bigger and Jack wanted to walk away, he wanted to leave. She was panicking that they would not be able to find each other if it happened. He didn't as he didn't know where to. She loved Jack as hell if a hell was a place for love - she was screaming about human men and men at all and herself and patterns and love and violence and all that and she suddenly stopped and quietly hugged Jack and kissed his lips and took his hand into her and said - lets go - and found the way to their old hotel. They were offered the same room as before which luckily nobody took and they were permitted to pay it later. Their love was a paradise. And Jack's body was most beautiful and his lips, his eyes, his smell and his hands loved her. And she whispered - Child, Jack, Jack, Child, my - as there were no other words at all and he did the same - Jenny Babe, Joy, my my my - and he kissed her most tender most powerful most sweet most kinky and innocent. She loved him endlessly and it was the best that could have happened to her. And now Jack looking at her took off her shades softly down and smiling with love said - o, Jenny it really suits you, your black-blue eye - I don't know why but I almost like it myself - whispered Joy kissing Jack's beautiful round lips; and she felt so endlessly his woman, his love, his property and she loved it. Sex the other night crushed through all the expectations exploding much higher

and higher and higher as there was nothing on earth but sex.

VII

Jenny walked to the shop chick as usual. Red stockings, black socks, red stiletto heels, black dress super tight around her pretty ass and hips, swinging her bosom into the anger of ladies and desires of men, neglecting men and trying to make ladies smile - Jenny on her revolt! Leather jacket tight and only to the waist not to cover anything that's valuable or might be vulnerable or venerable. Hair, curls, lipstick shades - vainest of the vain - Jenny by herself. She met Doris outside of the store. Doris drunk, slid on her bare feet, trying to open mini milk pack, she cursed as she couldn't fix it - she rumbled as she couldn't get words out. She didn't see Jenny at all. - She doesn't know that I exist - thought suddenly Jenny walking light by Doris's slumberry side - as it is me who watches her real life. She went home with the same things as always - juice, 4 croissants. Jack made his mind up - he was going to buy his own apartment. He didn't tell Jenny, she should just go to hell but he progressed in the tango scene - Jenny worried for him, but she should have cared for herself - she still didn't understand this. She had a game to play and she might be a looser - but she is fucking blind, fucking blind. They have a few more weeks together and hopefully the Summer is coming - that's what she needs. Jenny loves to see Jack smile, most of everything. She looks at the street - Avenue of Liberty - dust on the balconies - it's built in the same style as Broadway in NY as most of Paris she knows, as Thalatharb in Cairo and nothing in Warsaw. That's why she finds it difficult to remain Polish in the depth of her heart, she is a citizen of the world, she wants to be a citizen of the Universe as her Jack is. Hi. Old times, old houses. A house in front, 4 floors - O, shit! - thinks Jenny - why didn't we go to Mexico? - it would have all been fine now - this vast space, long distance bus, jungle outside, mescal, Indian people faces of the unknown mystery tour - this is what they - we need - she knows it but it is out of her hands for ever or for a while - so the house opposite looks as nobody lives on the bottom floor, wall sculpture is beautiful, curtains are grey from dust and blowing in the wind, as some windows are broken - the sky is grey today. Sunday. First floor nobody lives there either - she thinks - no curtains but shutters on a yellow dirty balcony, two windows and a single door. One glass crushed in the door. One more floor of untouched world, and all windows open, shades rolled off in brown-grey colours, a single plant - may be still green possibly surviving without care unexpectedly long, first rain-drops fall - after we come back home I want to buy my own apartment in Stockholm - says Jack, Jenny doesn't have coffee anymore in her cup to flush that sentence with and doesn't have money to buy a next one, she says nothing. Fourth floor - all doors open and all windows, dried branch of a big plant hanging from above, a beautiful house - everybody moved out. Attic, a romantic mansard, windows closed. Jack thinks how to buy his apartment. Jenny looks at her rings, they are still beautiful even no one is from Jack. Sky is endlessly grey.

She thinks of the day when they were out together for the second time and Jack carried her out in his arms and carried her into the park and they laid there in darkness and he talked about that trip they are doing now - nine months later, like a baby - and then he said he was going to marry her and always love her and she did leave her husband and all that what was her past what she still didn't know at this special second time - there is no time to cry over gardens which dry when the woods are on fire, when all the jungle is dying and denying and discovered. Shit - this is out of someone's and one should never use other people's words and all the words are other people's words and worlds and the life sucks - why did you stop loving your ex-man? - asks her Jack - he wasn't good enough to be my beautiful slave, he had too much problems of his own to make a perfect slave - Jenny says and she laughs at her round sentence blowing a blue cigarette smoke out of her cynical mouth but deep in her heart she isn't proud of her words, she watches the house, she looks at Jack's beautiful face in front of the wasted house and she looks into his beautiful green eyes. They were going to have an apartment in Lisbon, they were going to have their own apartment wherever they were going to go and they were going to go everywhere... The skin on his nose is peeling off burnt by the sun and it looks lovely and she is longing for more sun in the middle of this grey Easter Sunday Life sucks as beautiful as it is. Rua De Saint Jose READ UNDER THE GLASS Yesterday, at the hotel Jenny stood like a street girl in the most narrow corridor waiting for Jack to come from the toilet. Her breasts were visible and round, jacket dark and shades and legs. Today she can't breath after sad cafe' of yesterday and reserved compliments and some scared looks from the Negroes. Phone rung - I'll take you out for dinner and then you can sleep with me - said Pedro - what's that? - abruptly said Jenny, Indian guy - a manager eagerly watching her bent down over the counter watching her décolletage and ass and moving into the talk legs - but Jack didn't want to go out so they staid inside and she jokingly and rhetorically asked him - so what do you think about sex Mr. Child-Jack? - laying down on the bed - I'm bored Jenny, I am fed up and I don't want to do it any longer - she close to choke at his answer but they somehow talked it away...

- So, what did Jack want to do? - Jack wanted these girls with breasts like balloons full of flesh, fat or even silicon, skin like alabaster, muscular, with soft hair in every colour, shining eyes in various colours and with a pockets full of money. And what Jack was certain about - they all loved him very much - but there was one problem - it was Jenny, she was in the way - she was the obstruction between him and every sweet little-big-great adventure called life - the real life - Small impertinence's don't help, a girl is glued to me like a post-stamp onto the envelope - thought Jack realising that soon he has to take into the tougher shot. In between he fucked her, mostly let her lick his perineum and let her fuck him there, it was O.K. into his solitary scene of a

beautiful man which he was, it was better than nothing anyway.

- Story about a beautiful man? - asked Mila wrinkling her nose - is that all your last film is about? Can you put it up with it, with him? - Yes I can - smiling answers her Jenny - it is much more than that - I can assure you, just wait and see - and as soon as she said she felt she did a mistake, why did she state that, she just should have said - yes, the story about a beautiful man, isn't that enough? - These rebel girls they don't know what they want - but Mila was already gone and the film show was never off at that place. And never off in Lisbon at all. What was really Jenny's problem - she couldn't live without being in love - poor little thing - this has become really a Freudian-fraulein teenage story and she was still there - so Jenny was going to fix it one way or the other.

So today she decided - no baby with Jack, she knew she was on the swing but it was all right to change her mind. She went back to the other room to return the scissors she has borrowed and she laid between two sleeping boys she had not seen before. She understood they were a couple but they did fuck her both in the same time and she couldn't call it fuck as tender as they both were and it was fun. And she bled down their sheets and she was the first girl they ever touched and they made her feel like the princess she was. - I spare you further details - said Jenny - as she was unable to lie in any of her three voices, the first voice of the child, which she was. A child's voice was happy sometimes and whining sometimes - no big deal - but others thought it was made up. Then her other voice was her real voice as her song teacher said - it was low and cool and beautiful and it came rarely out of her throat as she was saving it for the special times. Her teacher said that if she would have always used that voice nobody ever would say no to her and she could have got everything she wanted from life and especially from people. And she wanted a lot and she wanted nothing - she was like a print of her time - she was like everybody else and she knew it since some time and didn't struggle for to be unique - no big deal - she knew it didn't make sense. As all very young people do - so after all she wasn't that young. - I said - everybody knows how strong very young people identify themselves with a group - sure - said Jenny chewing on her hair as she did since she was four years old when her hair became long enough to get into her mouth in a thick flat or a lock. But now she did not wear the ribbons. - But it is only possible, because they don't know about it, they see it opposite, it's a paradox, like a mirror tells. The right is left and left is right - simple - So put out the light and love me tight, she hummed quietly, old Jenny coming up to the window.

Jack was taking a shower and Jenny was leaning over the balcony's balustrade looking at the gang - they were in full set up for today. A little military dressed Doris waved her legs pleasantly as she was too short to

reach the ground, the new girl in the proper Sunday clothes gave her a warm Hugh and almost a kiss. Doris smiled. An old chap hang on his crouches chatting with another rumped one and grey. Old chap today wore one black and one white shoe and his right trouser leg was cut up to the knee and waved in the wind. The sky was endlessly and pleasantly grey - no sun today - pointed Joy for Jack who just appeared in the room smiling. Seems all the gods are with us today and everybody's happy today - Joy thought herself but did not say. Hendrix, the little guy on the crouches joined the gang now, he changed a word with Doris sending her off. She went away without looking back, she had big pockets on her pants on the level of her thighs, she suddenly looked much smaller. Joy was finishing her make up. Bright red lips as every day and every night and she put on her sun-glasses immediately - on - ups - Joy yours vanity drives me nuts sometimes - said her twin sister and Joy threw a lipstick in her head. Joy remembered not long time ago she used to spend a lot of time in the mirror talking to her eyes - you can't keep me off all the time only because you have got a lover and you don't want him to see your eyes because you don't want him to see me - whispered a girl to her - o, shit! - sighed Joy and picked up the lipstick and put into her pocket. She heard that whining voice of hers - o, shut up! - she screamed into the little room not getting any voice out of her throat not to bother Jack, he looked with surprise at her moving lips. She whispered some more into the clothes cupboard in which the mirror was and shut it's door. Jack didn't like Jenny to tell her stories, sometimes when it was about other people and not just herself he agreed to listen, otherwise it was as a despicable and greasy shadows from her past. She had lived already double of his life time and her stories could have been covering a few lives of an ordinary length. It made him feel as there was nothing left, she had seen all, done all, tasted all, used all, chewed all, and puked. It was different with his history it was precious, young and new. She could talk about clouds riding the sky when she was two and at four she went out with her father for his cheery vodka drink and her drink had to be in the same colour. Jack simply did not trust girls who would talk about their fathers. It was different with his mother - she was a great girl. Jenny told him she was a wonder child and after she entered school after two weeks she was moved to a second class because she already knew all, and she learned French and played football with the boys and dolls with herself and didn't like to wear trousers because the were hurting her in the pussy as she has masturbated since the age of four - miracle girl. And she was very pretty and had many pretty dresses and many pretty toys and if she didn't have one she wanted to have she would lay down on the street and cry spasmodic, then she would get her toy and she wouldn't want to have it any more and she would give it away to some other child. And she read real novels at five. And she always had these bags under her eyes, hard to say why - maybe for the intellectual masturbation - And what was his love? - thought Jack. Yeah in all that stories from her childhood and teenage years,

her drinking and crying and crushing and dying through almost half of the century "there was the dog buried" and an answer to why her breasts looked so tired as they did and her thighs didn't keep the promised resilience under his perfect fingers touch. He felt as if they had started at the wrong end all of a sudden. She was 25 when he first saw her and decided to have her and he fell in love and desired her. She thought the same about his age when she watched him through the window and besides she thought the same about her age - she just felt so and when she started to desire him and fall in love. Two weeks after they met and made love she was suddenly 41 and he 19. And now he kept on telling her - she was 42 - which was a fact. Time was a demon and it kept rushing on. She was still thinking about having his baby but she knew she'd got to hurry. And now she kept on telling him that story when her boy friend, centuries away sold her to his male friends for a piece of dope or mescaline or whatever. After she moved with together with one of these boy-friends and after she ran away from him too as he was a fucking moody paranoid drug dealer and he left his girl friend for Jenny and she made an abortion, it was all shit and he was a true maniac. What difference did it make to Jack? At that time he was just a baby-born boy. She could almost find out what she was doing at the day of his birth, it was not even two month after her first LDS trip which turned her on for a long time, and she was in love to a very young London boy and he had very long hair and a great picture of Oscar Wilde in his room, she was living in Warsaw by herself as she had kicked her first husband out, yes Tod was her second husband, o what a mess, and now in May she had very much to do as she was a student of an Art Academy so perhaps her father and his wife had taken her little daughter Anabel with to the mountains, yes she thinks she was visiting an old friend of her father, a painter and she sat in his window deeply thinking about life's significant meaning and something crazy and scareful happened with her heart - it was dark all around, yes now she remembers that and then when he was a few month old she at her 23d birthday left her home and her home country for the Summer holidays what have turned into a forever move within the passing years, she spent a few months in London again and then she came to Stockholm and then she was very close to him, she was really beautiful and fragile and subtle little big girl and she had her twin sister with and it was her four years old daughter. And she had high visions and illusions and a very naive and beautiful and horrifying view upon life and she was getting stoned on dope, Jack was half a year old and he was driving around in a deep baby buggy and it is sure their roads had crossed.

Well it was a lot of sex, no it was a big good dinner with lots of meat and chilli and lots of sex. I wonder - is Jack fed up? - Joy is also a little strange - Jack told her that he is thinking about to get an apartment of his own in Stockholm. I guess she is going to drop the idea about having a baby, his baby. In my eyes they are both crazy. In my sense of the clear understanding they are

in love or are they not? I heard Joy saying that she can't stand to see families - a man, a woman and a child - they look so miserable, so fucked up and sour as lemons on two legs and so authoritarian - you know - almost as an institution - horrible - she preached.

Tonight Joy dreamed about Nick, he took her through the many closed doors, her carried her in his arms and carried her through many doors and walls and rooms full of children toys, full of family stuff - strange dream and a very symbolic one. He had to break into many apartments to which he was supposed to have a keys but it didn't work one way or the other to get through the door but it worked to break through. It was nice to be carried in the arms again even if it was only a dream. Jack used to carry Jenny and carry her in the streets and in the bars and to the bed and she used to jump up on his waist and hang over his hips with legs tight around him and her arms close around his neck and they used to kiss these mad kisses, yes yes yes! - Is it really all in the past? And Jack woke Joy up from the dream and said - My Jenny I love you so very much, so very much - and he looked into her eyes in the dark. Wave of the rising heat swept through all of her body - they hugged each other tight, she couldn't say a word, she couldn't fall asleep, he seemed like sleeping. Did he say that in his sleep or was he awake? Night was long and morning slow. Last night they were invited out to the bar but they stayed home and talked fears, lives and so on. Jack said - Jenny I'm only nineteen - all right - she responded - but what is that argument for? - he didn't know. Joy knew there was something on Jack's mind and that he didn't feel very good. She started to feel sorry for him, sorry for him that she wasn't as young, not sorry for her, she would give him heaven if she could, sorry that he couldn't put his hands on fresher meat as he sometimes said and pledged. I think Joy went crazy and I told her to watch out for herself now. But she wouldn't listen. Love... Yes she does.

Vasko was very drunk and said it to himself all the time but he mastered the mixer table with perfection and translated the simple lyrics and he whispered into her ear through the most loud scream of the band coming through the Loud speakers - I love you more then life, without you I don't know anything, don't know how to breath.

Jenny understood that something happened to their love - now? - or before? - Fresher meat, fresher breasts, longer legs, softer hair, more shining eyes - yes, Joy went crazy - all the men look at Joy as she was most desirable whore princess and she has got the idea that she isn't good enough for Jack! Crazy beautiful girl - fuck!

I did try to talk her into sense but she wont listen, I asked her - so you don't dance anymore in the clubs? - no - she said - it has been a very long time - Yes, love once you have it you don't care you damn it. And Jack complained about their life. One could have asked why did they plan the trip at all or what have turned wrong and if it really did? And this is what drunk Vasko said coming towards her at Johnny Guitar - he said - I don't want you to sit here

so lonely beside your sleeping man, what do you drink and what does he drink, I'm going to entertain you, you are so very beautiful and I want to show you my world and I'm not going to fuck you, I want you to be happy and have some place.

VIII

She woke up, the room was dark, it was the same sounds from the street as always, a few drunkards, some steps, one or two awoke pigeons and a single laugh, a car alarm piercing the night air, she had to piss. She tried to ignore it remembering the eyes of the boy last night, the eye which followed her heedful even when she shut the bathroom door, one eye and half of the dark face of the boy standing inside the next bathroom; she did not really look - more felt - she couldn't give herself time to look as she had to run through the labyrinth of the corridor on the uneven floor, throw herself at the door of their room, push the door back rapidly, struggle with uneasy stubborn key in the upside down lock, turn it at last, throw herself against Jack's tepid sleeping buttocks still holding her breath she let her imagination run, she imagined she saw a small Arabic guy, she only sensed which of them, she felt his small and tensed body behind herself, right on her back, she could feel his hoarse breath and she could hear it very close to herself, she felt his hand on her mouth as she bent forward, she felt hot and stroked by panic but still hot, she felt some mingling movements on her buttocks, she felt some sharp and hot sensation on the back of her ribs, she felt hot liquid running down her spine and her hip, the movement repeated on and on reassembled in indescribable pain, she understood he was stabbing her with a knife, she tried to take some more air and get her voice going. She laid in bed pressing her body against her naked and sleeping lover-boy and bathed in blood, she stopped the roll on. Shaking she stopped the deed and went to sleep. These were the night-mares of the last night. And now she felt her bladder was going to crack, to explode if she did not go up. She thought first to wake up Jack and ask for his company but it felt so stupid to give away to the imagination that easy, that she stopped herself. She tries to lay down, but that simple and trivial body-need is most stubborn. She gets up and stretches slowly, searches up her clothes just on the touch of the material in complete dark not to wake up sweet Jack Child. She finds her tight black skirt and pulls it on from the feet over the thighs, ass and hips, she can smell his sperm a lot when she moves and she loves that smell, her skirt reaches over the waist and sits tight under the breasts holding them up. She finds her bomb jacket, it's big enough to cover her in a soft shelter, she pulls the zip up, unlocks the door and quietly walks into the bathroom - the labyrinth darkness and incredibly narrow corridor. Everybody sleeping, the door to the other bathroom is locked, she pisses and breathes relaxed. She opens the lock and the door flushing water, a little boy is fronting her. She stops in front of him, his magnificent eyes of an Arabic world burn her through with hate, envy and desire; he pushes her back with both hands one on her breast and the other on her hip, she stumbles in, making a turn and almost falling down, he pushes her head down into the sink. Water rushes over her head, he knocks her down, screaming - you dirty bitch! - her head down and through the blue

air of dreams, she feels his hand or both hands mingling on her back pulling her skirt down or cutting it, she wouldn't tell the difference and she wouldn't make up a point as it doesn't matter at all, it's impossible to stop an unfinished thought, the deed like a stone already rolling down the hill and gaining speed, as time is slowing down and down and running out - he stabs a knife into her again and again and again. Blood is hot and speeding up and falling down the space and taking her power and strengths and bathing her feet ready for the rituals and there is no cry coming from within her purple lips when the water fills her mouth and everybody else are asleep and she disappears from the scene. He showers off the blood from his naked skin and leaving her he leaves for his room through labyrinth corridor. And no-one can tell which of them is he when he crawls into the big bed filled with young and snorting and snoring boys. Someone coughs. And the cough wakes her up. She is soaked with sweat all around and sticky with blood and sperm between her legs and Jack is holding her thigh and speaks something in his sleep she can't really hear as her heart scared to death bumps and pumps symphony of death and Jack screams loud and opens his eyes sitting up in bed and pulling her with up and shaking her he screams against her face - Joy, I love you so much! - and she catches her breath at last and again and says - Child, Child, Jack - and sees that his eyes don't see anything she realises that Jack is full asleep. She lays him softly in the bed crawling back into his arms. The day rises slow.

12 April

Fleas in the bed, Indian-dark manager, passion, fire, Doris and other beggars, Hendrix on the motorbike for the recognition, Indian on the cafe, hair brush, sex of last night, cool mood of Joy, youngster girl in the passage, Pastelaria nene Baundi, De Cha No Cave - a sandwich bar, dreams, Luck, Jack wakes up Joy from her dream- an exhibition of their big paintings or photos in Berlin, smell at Fer's, cafe downstairs, Swedish people on the tram, beggar girl with a plastered leg, black street mother and her little boy, dust, sentiments and sorrows, humanity, street concert straight from Paris, charming trumpet players, lots of them in long over coats and one girl who reminds me of the girl from Nancy - thinks Joy - and how ridiculous I used to be and how happy I'm to have changed, in Nancy I was completely cheap and crazy and jealous without a reason and I had and everybody around me always a piss time - I lied in a bath tub thinking my death - cheap - and nobody could even talk in the other room, they had to be making dry strewing flowers for me in a complete silence of devotion - a little dull princes and her terrorised slaves, anyway no use to remember. Back to today - girls at Chapito, boys, my red dress sweaty, smelling blood, loneliest big dog and Hendrix patting him - he, the dog is like me, big, sad and lonely - says Jack. Play-slot-machines, strip-machine, shooting-machine with a explicit shot-gun and a screen with drawings of people one can shoot or miss - real fun, Simpsons, flipper girl legs spread, fuck in the ass with cream and without.

Tres Pectorinos, people, people at Johnny Guitar, at the oldest part of the Lisbon cut open into the veins and roots and earth for the renovation and lined with wooden bridges and steel constructions still used by the crowd to pass - a blind woman singing and playing a little metal triangle, the sorriest but the most beautiful song of today, today is today and nothing happens anyway, my visas, plans, New York trip, India, new film, a producer, money, projects, success, Madrid, Cadaques, Stela's house, Ibiza, film shows, Comi-bebe - a cheap restaurant, chicken and French fries, prices, white wine, water, beer, Ola', taste of food, look of food, friendly black woman, flush in the toilet, history of Fer's cats, Jack's history and talks, Doris story, want to make a script, watch passage, Zapateiros - drug street, men in the cars, boys, Chapito - a circus school and a bar - one single scream; videoteca - story, obnoxious secretaries and no way to have a film show done, Jenny's and Jack films are too perverted for this town, Jenny doesn't want to stand on her own feet anymore, she wants to believe that they have done all the work together even if she has done 9 films alone, she knows they are going to do a next one together and it is Jenny and Jack and their love but it isn't about them it is about the house.

Jack is pissed. Jenny doesn't fix enough money. She is no good slave. Today he really hates her as the last coins go. Today he even doesn't like her ass that she rocks so instantly and let other men watch. - She is so fucking careless and trashy and old - he thinks. And this little girl from the first day stands willingly on the corner. He hates Joy's net stockings which Jenny wears today - her catch for the fish men - and the way she looks at men and shows her underwear and the way she squints her eyes when they look at her and how she turns up the whites when they take a photos - silly chick; he likes the young girl's pearly teeth - the one by the next table - he loves her milk-white little neck, and her small but powerful breasts steaming as two volcanoes, she is sweet and he sees Joy staring at that girl too - what the hell is she thinking - must she have monopoly on everything? - she even told him that she likes looking at the girls with very little clothes on - girls who strip and the naked ones - she is sick in her head thinks Jack and pity himself - such a chick I don't need and he at last writes that letter to his best friend to let him know about an idea of buying an apartment for himself in the capital city of Sweden - wow! Joy somehow knows he will end up living at his friend's place - one little room and then all the plan go... Jack feels Jenny is watching him and he simply whites to squeeze her tired neck of the traitor, because the traitor is she. And now she shows her breasts and he is the only one who knows how she cheats; it's enough to open her smart bra and there is nothing to take in the hand. He really hates this broken stupid old chick he got hooked on once. And he hates the clouds and rain and cold wind, what a sloppy-girl-Joe he has got on his neck and he especially he who is only beautiful-sweet-nineteen and may be the best and easily could venture Sharon Stone and Dennis Hopper too all in one move - what the hell is he doing here fucking

this little Polish disaster? Jack shrugged in the cold and looked with his beautiful green and angry eyes across flustered swirling river and ships coming out of the fog and drowning back into it, a sudden glimpse of the sun tuned his hair a real gold but next black clouds running tight trapping him soon into the nest of his wistful soul hurt he loved more than anything. He knew he needed to fall in love soon again otherwise he was going crazy and trashy and his big black hole was gaping at him since a long time - you know - and this hole he was panicky afraid of. And Jenny like Joy - she didn't really care, it's as her heart has emptied once and for good in moments like that - she didn't want to hear what she didn't want and she didn't see what she didn't want to see - sloppy crazy girl or woman - you can't tell - but she stubbornly called herself a girl and looked for the best piece of flesh she could see - but she didn't think so... Ridiculous as she was she gave damn in time and misfortune; she loved life and it was not much to do about it. And looking at Jack she repeated silently to herself - I'll dance again, I'll dance again if not with you then with someone else... And then came a picture of Doris in flames and her burnt wasted body and bones and anger and all what she could have been and never was. She has got tormented, burnt to death in the house-fire Jack and Joy watched last night standing on the balcony, both wrapped in bed covers with Jack's arms tight around his Jenny and Joy's hands holding his sheets fixed to his slender body with eyes fixed into the fire and it's explicit game of shapes dimensions and dynamics backed by the yells of appreciation from the stoned scared excited applauding crowd as it would have been playful and innocent fire-works.

I haven't seen Joy in three days and I started to worry - where the hell was she? The last thing she told me was that she was not going to fuck herself up for the love. How was she going to do that? When everybody else here failed. She said she was going to have her share. How was she going to get that when she already sold herself with her shoes on. But things happened and I was waiting with growing excitement for her to turn on and tell : how. And listen, how? - she had called me at last and she wiped - listen old chap, the only friend I'm alone! - I have lost! - No, I can't believe you, anybody but not you, you don't just loose. You couldn't loose my little Jenny don't bluff - all right - she said - you aren't all wrong but this is a secret. Listen to me, Jack he thought I see nothing but a cock, nothing but him, so he was easy to beat. For more you have to wait - and she hanged up. There was only a tune in the telephone left after her voice which used to take different colours then that and different colours at different days and I loved her voice and today it sounded all too deep.

IX

13 April - Jack laid with his fever and Joy laid with her dreams and rock and roll tunes a little truth of life-love-wives-Norma-Jean-and-LSD in form of Lucy left Jenny's body or Joy left Lucy's image. Rock and roll - Jenny loved it too, maybe loved it much more than Lucy, but Lucy was a show-off and Jenny was her quieter Siamese's top, bottom, freak - what you want, they were the same person if any of them was a person at all. Jack had rapid diarrhoea and he puked - he ran to the bathroom all the time, his hot and dry as a desert body suffered, the sky was black with a trace of the moon in the rainy clouds. Fer was crazy, that's what he really was and Jack and Jenny putting their reality into his hands did not know that soon it was enough! Fer was playing music which should have been nothing wrong with but he was playing it in his kitchen on the cassette-deck that he was so very found and proud of - next to his mini billiard which he was even more proud of - and it was about 15 centimetres from the door which separated the kitchen from Jack's and Joy's and flea's double-bed full of cats's hair and cats's stunk - Jack's and Jenny's heads, ears, hearts and souls were right there in the scent of a cats and a maze of diabolic disco, the door opened every time Fer bumped into it or only leaned on it and Joy was certain, with every next bump he'll fall straight into their bed. Fer and his young companion were pissed drunk, they were playing pool and drinking bagaseira, knock of every ball against the cue and every single word, and Fer was very demanding, he was shouting at his cats and at the young boy, rambling and rattling sound of every ball which found it's way into the pocket and Jack's pumping heart, the knock of every ball against the cushion and every single word they screamed made Jenny jump with panic and try to protect Jack's peace in his lethargic sleep. He couldn't sleep. Joy was in the kitchen to get some water for Jack, she was praying Jack shall be soon O.K or at least better. His fever was growing constantly, he was even more dry now and much more hot, she put her palm on his forehead and on his burning cheeks all the time. She was scared. She said to Jack she loved him and he said the same. Warm hugs and little kisses they were as two kids in love -. Suddenly Fer was comparably co-operative and asked if he should play more quietly. That moment was followed by at least 4 hours mad disco hell when Fer seemed not to like any of his tapes and songs as he changed the tapes all the time, interrupting every song, rewind, forwarded, while conversating he would screw down the sound level and one could hear his aggressive voice instead and his friend more and more absent. They're both drugged and totally lost control. Jack's fever was still increasing. Every time Fer stopped talking he was screwing up volume to the maximum and then after a while a little bit lower and then stopped, changed the tape and searched the hits. Every time the door had opened Jenny was jumping from the bed covering Jack who shivered all the time and she would push the door back and held it, once Fer protested screaming back at her - what are you doing I have to breath! There is no window in the

kitchen - which was true. He kept on spitting something out of his mouth and it was a lot and Jenny preferred not to know what it was... It was already at the early night he was strange, he was unpleasant to Jack and flattering Joy, first it was like a joke but with a time, while watching Prince in NY on TV it became unbearable - he would say - OK, Jack you can stand, let Jenny sit comfortable and watch, you have to work for Jenny, she is a treasure, you are so lazy Jack, all the young men are ha ha ha ha - Fer laughed and spat and commanded his 9 cats here and there, up his shoulder !down his shoulder! up his knee! down his knee! - his eyes watched the guests and suddenly he said - I have a better drink for you Jenny - it was the one from his sister in Brazil if it was true and then he would say - o what a nice house, my sister has exactly the same like one in the movies - look Jenny at this exquisite couch and that luxury carpet wouldn't you like to have that one? I would love to - he pointed and added - look at this white fur coat - wouldn't you want one? I would love to give it such a one to my woman. My sister in Brazil also have such a nice house as on TV - repeated Fer - I want to move to Brazil too and have such a nice house. Stylish house, yes, I want - Joy started to feel as she wanted to desert, she felt sick, Jack answered Fer - yes it's a nice house - No, I don't talk to you Jack, I talk to Jenny - explained Fer. - OK, Jenny come to the kitchen with me I show you something, Jack don't worry you should trust an old chap, young man I'm not going to seduce your girl, why do you follow us Jack do you think I'm an animal? Sit here on the couch and watch the movie I'm going to show her my cooking - Jack sat down - I want her to taste my fish - and he took her hand and lead her out of the room and through the dark long corridor as he was saving an electricity and in the kitchen he opened his refrigerator and gave her a piece of something grey sticky and smelly, she turned her face away, he picked up one piece of it and gave to her, she took the fish from him and held it in her hand with a strange expression on her face. She felt like puking. She put it into the mouth and swallowed at once, noticing her mistake as he held now the next piece on the fork - eat Jenny - he said again and he pushed a piece of a cot fish into her hand. Jenny and Jack had nowhere to stay that night and the following few nights and it wasn't even a use to think that they were getting into the trouble for so little. Now it was different - Jack was very sick, Joy was out of her mind, she took off her blouse and pressed her naked breasts against Jack's hot back, she didn't care if they were pretty enough, she just had to keep Jack alive and she needed to cool him off. Ferr was still completely spaced out and his lately companion gave up on him and left. Jenny held Jack in her arms to her skin as a sick baby and she knew it will help him a little and comfort him too. Fer concentrated on mastering La Fayette - a white fellow without the balls - and mastering his cassette deck with Be Gees, Beatles, Elton John and much more old and nameless and forgotten shit-trash. His old rock and roll dreams, he wasn't going to stop, Jenny started to search for cotton for her ears, she did not find any but she

passed out anyway. Fer never went to sleep, when she woke up she checked Jack, he was as hot as in the night, she went to the phone, phoned to the embassy, her girl friend Amalia in Sweden and her mother, she needed money and she needed to take Jack to the doctor, Fer started to scream when he understood she had used his phone, he said they had to move out, she understood that anyway, but she told him to shut up, she told him Jack was still sleeping and she was going to the embassy to borrow some money and she was going to take Jack to the hospital later on. Fer started to laugh madly and screamed back at Joy that she was an idiot, that young men never get sick, that all Jack might eventually need was another drink, with the same words Fer ran into Jack's and Jenny's room and started to shake Jack sitting him up in the bed and instructed him how to get well at once. Jack started to dress and said to Joy - I can't stay here, I come with, please wait.

The day was pleasantly hot, they took taxi to the embassy and taxi to the hospital, Jack was ill but he was going to be all right, he got some medicines and should stay in bed. Jenny and Jack arrived at the better hotel. Jack needed his own bathroom.

13 April - A black Dandy in black shining shoes, black trousers, red woollen jacket and red woollen tie, white shirt, sunglasses with a bow made of gold with a fashionable name at the top of the Polaroid glass, tucked up sleeves of the red jacket showing off his golden belongings, collection of bracelets and a watch. Girl at the cashier is black all her fingers are dressed in golden rings. Jenny pays the debts for the other 3 nights - 6600 Escudos, she just pawned her golden ring for 150000, so it is cool for a while. They are staying at Vinhao pensao also in the corner of Rossio Square. The day started more than bizarre. Joy didn't sleep enough but Jack was so incredibly hot when he woke her up that she had no choice. She got up and looked at the door to go outside to make a call as Fer forbid her clearly to use his phone, it was impossible to open the door, there was some secret smart lock and alarm arrangement, she listened to Fer's monstrous snoring for a short while and decided to use his precious phone, she phoned her girl friend in Sweden and the Swedish embassy in Lisbon, Fer heard her talk and jumped out from the bed screaming at her. She explained to him that Jack was sick and she needed to do some arrangements, they didn't have any money left and now they needed it urgently to get Jack into hospital - he is kidding you - Fer screamed back at her with his face all red - he's always kidding you, give him a shot of vodka, men get no fever, young men are never sick, how can he be sick when he was all right yesterday - Joy kept doors to Jack's room shut, she didn't want him to hear that kind of stuff, as he didn't respond this time as fast as he used to, she hoped he was asleep. Fer kept on squeezing insults from his dirty mouth over Jack's head. Jenny rushed out for an aspirin. Rain was pouring down, pharmacy was closed, she ran back and forth, she

realised that she forgot her sun glasses and people stared at her big blue eye at last she went to the snack- bar and asked bar tender for a pain-killer and had to argue with a guy as he insisted she should take it at once - he didn't believe it wasn't for her and pointed at her eye - the aspirin was for Jack. Ferr was coursing her and Jack when she returned, she tried to handle the situation, they did not have any money and still needed a place to stay, then Jack got up and said he didn't want to stay there in any case, they decided to move, Fer was standing above Jack holding an open beer bottle in his hand and catching on very fast in his slumbering voice from last night with the same story about health of young men in general. Joy found their passports and they left, leaving all the luggage behind. And now laying beside Jack's hot body at the different better hotel she had uneasy feelings about all their stuff - as she remember Fer's round big head almost stacked into the suitcase when she opened it to get the passports out and saying - o,yeah that a very nice piece of clothes, and that one really stylish, o yeah! -. and he also said the people who visit him were not to be trusted. The new place was at last a traditional Portuguese pension kept by the family. The head of the family was a very old woman and Jack was breathing freely that now no-one was going to mingle with Jenny behind his back. There was another old woman, two black people who worked at the reception desk and some kids. A black young woman with a real "Negro-ass" kept on ironing sheets through the rest of the day. It felt awful in Jenny's hair after sleeping in Fer's guest bed usually occupied by cats. They were getting more money the following day. Jenny's fingers still smelled like Fer's house. Yesterday Jenny took 4 km walk trying to find some money, the night before she couldn't sleep, their money was finished and the places she arranged for them to stay at sucked - didn't work. She was also troubled of love or rather lack of it. She was thinking how to get away from the hotel without paying the bill, etc. She walked to the videoteque and she had some wage plan about borrowing money from the superior she met before, he wasn't there. She had to walk the same way back. All the men yelled after her, she was hot and tired and felt as she was getting sick, it was all shit, day was hot but sky was turning grey - The men yelled at the top of their voices - they called her a siren, a fish a hooker they wanted to fuck her and suck her and play, she tried to walk very fast. - I love your ass, I love your breasts, I want you too, hey girl, what a day for a screw! - She was loosing her head and - fuck! fuck! fuck! - up your ass! - and she was loosing her temper. Sometimes it was ugly sometimes it didn't matter at all. Now it was simply at it's worst. She didn't bear to hear more. The sun was giving the last hot shine at 19 o'cl and she closed her jacket shrugged her shoulders, the memory of Jail-Jack-Child waiting made her chill even more he told her how fucked everything was around her, she knew it was bull shit but it didn't help - she felt like shit. And suddenly Fer's house was on her way and Fer was home and he changed 5 pounds she had in her wallet, it was just a change left from the moment

when she bought a big chocolate in Heathrow airport and now Fer changed it to 1000 Escudos and she looked like a hooker princess triumphantly entering the cafe' bar where Jack sat waiting, her hair was curly again, her lips scarlet red open in a broad wonderful Marilyn's smile and her hips and her ass swigged happiness into every man when she walked between the rows of tables towards Jack - Fed up ! - he answered her quickly thrown question about his being.

X

Today Jack is very sick and he loves Joy very much, he is fond of her as she has fixed all the trivial stuff at last but in fact it's not only that - he really loves her today. All Joy wants is to brush her hair and brush her teeth.

15 April - Jack is very beautiful and very sick, Joy lays beside him watching his hot face on the pillow; light is soft, a small lamp on the wall above their bed, covered with Jack's purple scarf which Jenny has bought for him in Copenhagen. She strokes his golden curls, they are very soft around his face and down by the neck and very messy farther up and all spread on the pillow, Jack still has very high fever and his blue green eyes are nobody knows where, they search up when he tries to focus his girl's face and it gives them a peculiar cat-look, Jack's magic eyes. They don't talk to each other but the room is filled with sounds, their room is placed so that one hears everything happening at the pension - a door bell, a telephone, all the talks, Cartoons on TV in the living room, water flushing in the toilets, lot's of young men voices in Portuguese talking in the living room, a Brit pissing in his next to their room and some occasional family talks, children, men, women, a door bell rings and a child's happy voice screams - pappai!!! - then the child's voice interrupts, women voices and a man voice come and the child's loud hysterical cry and the woman angry voice giving orders to the child to be quiet and scowling the man too, then comes a glad child's talk again - papai...; dog barking from the outside, single cars, the night has fell and people go out to have fun and they do sound much different to a day-time's stressed crowd, Jack goes to a bathroom all the time, he doesn't complain, bathroom is in the same room build around with a thin wall which doesn't reach the ceiling what makes all the variety of sounds and smells spread, it still rains outside, the town smells petrol and nightly excitement. Joy wants to go to Morocco, she wants more exotics, she wants space, wild space, desert, she doesn't like travelling in Europe - it's an expensive bore. Marocco is the least and the last they can do. First they were planing a trip to India and she regrets she wasn't more stubborn to carry on the plan, if they would have gone there they would have enough money, they would have a great apartment in Calcutta for about the half price what they pay here for a lousy room, they would have two floors and a terrace and a garden for themselves and a wild town beneath and she would make a film, and they would ride elephants in the jungle and talk to

the people of that kind they have never seen before. The most of all she would like to be with Jack in Mexico - that would have been simply great, then in Brazil and then in the rest of the world, it would cherish their love and Jack's restlessness and spleen. And now they are here in all the trash and Jack is planing to leave her and he has a diarrhoea, he is planing his own future, all the men whistling after her and too little money all the time.

- But today somehow it feels like in Paris, it's that kind of air - says Joy to herself. It's some time since she was in Paris, yes, really some time... The sun is back and cats are out and Jack is still sick and laying in the room, Joy is alone sitting on the outside cafe' and it is rather pleasant doing to feel dull and empty and alone with some seeds of nothingness - it is cool. Jenny's mother send her money yesterday so Joy could pay the hotel room, food, doctor for Jack, medicines; the hospital service was much like in Poland - row but friendly and simple, the people at the great entrance protected as it would have been a frontier were row, unpleasant and uneducated, real meat heads and eaters and they treated Jack and Jenny tough with a great pleasure of doing it, all the time you could see driven in patients on the sanitary wagon-beds, the drivers watching Jenny walk up a stone hill kept on dropping an old woman down, then nurses and doctors showed all splendid European fitness, they spoke English perfectly, were smiling, lovely and encouraging and they liked Jack a lot and they called him Mr. Jack and asked him to lay down and unbutton his trousers and his cock arose as the nurse was a young soft-handed girl with a big brown eyes. A beautiful and a very elegant Negro couple leaves the hospital, talking, laughing and holding hands. Joy has to go back to the room, she wishes she could say - to go to Jack - she wishes the room would have a sun light or a balcony or at least a view... Jack is sick and she has to do what she has to do, the love has it's rules, she can do nothing but to nurse him...

16 April - Suddenly Joy was in a bad mood, hell of the bad mood. She had too warm and dirty stockings on, unfresh dress and unbrushed hair. After choosing the cheapest lipstick in the expensive make up store, it showed that the colour she has chosen wasn't there - Borjours 44 - she was hell fed up with older lady, Joy was afraid of her own bitchy moods. Jack was still sick. For the first time since years Jenny couldn't afford Lancome lipstick, or maybe she still

could today but not tomorrow anyway it did not make a sense to pay for the lipstick as much as the night at the hotel, room with two beds and a little shit hole toilet, and a lovely sick boy in the bed. Jenny passed the Cartier store in the walking street, she walked against the clock in the gate, it showed 14.02. Jack, he damped her Cartier into the beer glass, he said after, which was true that he didn't think she had an expensive watch. They were both very drunk, it was at Kinsky's bar at the film festival and they had fun and she puked in the men bathroom. She really liked her watch, it was a present from an old dear friend and it was old and beautiful with a few diamonds around golden frame, it never worked. She actually passed out in the bathroom. And after they both fought one old hippie guy or if he was a punk or whatever he was - she can't remember - they did not loose but she lost her glows - it was still in the middle of the winter.

Now Jenny sat at the De Cha Cha 'o Cave one more time, the first time without Jack, Jack was in bed and she supposed to nurse him but room got too dark and solitary and she had to leave for a while and now she felt guilty because the time was going very fast for nothing. She sat now next to a Norwegian rich couple who represented Costa Rica at the going on in town at the moment conference. They were louded with heavy gold decorations and she liked their voices, no need too add that the woman looked more masculine then the man did, all Scandinavian women do that. I don't know how and why - said Jenny to herself listening to their conversation. They drunk beer and Jenny drunk pine apple fanta and she still did not buy her lipstick. The man had definitely sloppy manners of the rich and much more attributes in gold, the woman was more relaxed, bare legged and she talked; he did not. Joy's legs cooked in her red worm stockings. - Hell this is a bore, no action at all! - thought Jenny turning her head to her right side where sat 3 young men having a conversation in German, a man with a pleasant face had the same dissatisfy grin on his face against the hot sun as she felt across her cheeks and mouth - What's wrong with all of us lousy bums!?! - thought Joy and remembered the last, sleepless night and this tight squeezing feeling in her throat and it was a little bit of the hell remembered Joy and she looked straight forward and meat the eyes of a young Portuguese mesmerising her. Old Norwegian couple left, and a Portuguese moved to their table to be closer to Jenny, she was sure of that and she didn't like his move, she didn't like his eyes and the alert attention of watching her and she rose and

went home to Jack not really watching the crowd.

The next time she went out she miscalculated, she changed her clothes to less hot, she also changed it for Jack pleasure and it was clean set without Fer's cats hair on. She is going to get some toasts for Jack, he is really very hungry, his stomach has been on a flush since many days. Her clothes were OK in the mirror but on the street it was quite another thing, a black colour and a lot of nakedness made her feel like a street girl of a better sort and feeling the eyes of a man she held her dress together with a blouse, then she saw the eyes of the man, the same man and she understood that he must have been following her. And he kept on looking at her with his painful stare of self pity and lonesomeness. Yeah, he looked like a rabbit shitting in the desert and she didn't think it was fun at all. Café where she supposed to buy toasts run out of Jack's favourite bread, she had to go to the next one, she knew he would refuse to eat some other kind of a bread, the man followed her and ordered coffee standing close to her and pushing against her back, she lost her breath and said nothing, the place was over crowded as usual so that he had a good true alibi. She turned to the other side and watched an old man in the dark suit with the face of an old dragon, white flabby skin on the toothless jaws, drinking his coffee with milk with the perfect concentration over the deed staring forward into the wall pictures of the toasts, sausages, banana split and cream cakes, breaking his cake piece after piece, dipping in the glass and sending it deep into his dragon mouth, it clicked inside of him all the time like an insert and eject, insert and eject... She got her sandwiches and went back fast, a man followed her again, she held food in one hand and there was only one left to keep her skirt down on the place, so the skirt rose only on her left showing only one of her thighs, the men whistled, she moved the packet that way that it would keep together the little blouse but it didn't work at all instead exposing the breasts framing the toasts. She felt like an idiot and stumbled a lot. Every of her stumble arose an ovation along the walking street. Jack has taken a shower and was back in bed... he was sweet but he didn't like the sandwiches. Joy sat on the bed thinking - rattling, optimum function, mental disintegration, perceptual shrinkage, structure, language, impact, image, apologetically, feast! They didn't talk to each other. 17 April - The same café as everyday, Jenny is weeping inside herself and she doesn't know why. A guy apparently an American

orders fresh orange juice, has a dull babe face - he can afford to mingle with his health, he is tall and filled with muscles, next to him stands tiny Portuguese, he orders a glass of Brandy and throws into his throat in one move, it's only 1 o'cl - what's Jenny doing here? - o, yes, Jack is still sick and she is getting breakfast, but what has really happened, why does she feel tears flushing through, is she going nuts? - Yes, Jack, he asked her something and she misunderstood and his very little in that moment lips shook as a child's who is going to burst in rapid tears, it was banana against pine apple; Jack has been sick in 6 days now and both of them were losing a stand point even if they tried not to, so he said it again and she did not hear and he screamed - banana!!! - as it was the life or death. Owner of the new hotel wanted to take her out for coffee and he whispered his offer or an invitation and it really didn't make sense and she said - no - and she smiled and he whispered it again and again, she thought - men don't have brains.- Now she was back at his bed and she had with all what Jack wanted and he wasn't happy - Jack was very beautiful, his hair caught a tune of living gold and curled around his face and on the shoulders, his eyes were green and solitary, he did get very thin but did not lose a gram of his beauty - thought the girl - his hands were cold so where his eyes - and she handled to him all she bought.

Now, they were on the street for a first time together since days and she felt like shit - is it Jack who mingles with my emotions that easy? - she remembered the same place, the same crossing streets, the same house, the same cafe' on the left side; 24 hours ago she felt at that spot like a princess and shone at every face, not necessary a men at all - what's he doing to me? his arrogance - it's that a price for his beauty, for our togetherness, for a lay? - they sat at the cafe' together and she watched how he placed his very white and thin palm against the magnificent, brown angel-like face, he was a perfect decadent and sick Dandy and his eyes talked about punishment, intellect and pain, he did not speak; then she realised that he was in fact sick and a best she could do was to cut off her complains and observations at all. She worked on herself the whole way back to the hotel, as he suddenly wanted to go back tired of the sun and heat and her and himself - it's certainly no fun to shit all the time - she negotiated for his advantage.

Early evening - so here she was, a beautiful woman every men on the

street wanted to have, an underground cult filmmaker, a writer with no book published - ha, ha, ha, taking insults daily from that young arrogant man as a jelly fish (she was a jelly fish not him) without even a glimpse in the eye. - Did She ? - Yes, she did - They did got into the argument after a while and Jack end it up saying - I don't need a nurse, I need a girlfriend! -

Jenny's red shoes were too big and she was getting fed up with tripping in them along Lisboa white and ravine-like stone gutters, every other women would have been fed up long ago or wouldn't even try. Was Jenny a show? Why was she doing that? - She was a fucking doll, a fucking Babe Doll! - and no body loved her for real, also the men on the street despite her in their desires as she mocked their mothers, sisters, daughters and wives walking like she did day and night. Day and night listening to the names they gave her - I love you!, o Babe!, Kebab!, Bella!, Darling!, Whore!, Guapa!, Stripadora!, Pescadora!, Fuck you! and so on closer and closer to the hate she deserved. She still wanted to make her film. She knew she can't take it much longer her and Jack's disaster. She wanted to go to the hotel, take on her black trousers, throw away her shoes, go out and read a book in the sun. She came inside and he laid on the bed and held her hand and she looked into his lovely ravishing love-eyes and she decided - I'll nurse you babe one more day, I'll do it and it is fun! - she washed all their clothes and hang on the mini balcony fence, Jack slept peacefully.

18 April - there is no God - said Jenny looking into my eyes, her were filled with tears but did not lick out, her voice was dry and on the verge to break but did not even shiver - Mick said once that I'm too strong and that's why he was able to treat me cruel. Jack has made his mind up, he is going to leave me for good - her voice became low and even dryer - I told him that all I want is to do my film and to write my book and a men there are plenty on earth and he shouldn't bother at all. Look, it fucking hurts now in the whole body and he called my pussy - cunt and we went to play a pin-ball -

XI

Last night Jenny drunk a litre of cheap wine. Today they played some more pin-ball and had their a first dinner since 6 days - it hurts to see Jack that beautiful - thinks Jenny. She has hangover and she wishes to puke first and to fall in love. Jack told her that he loves her very much but he has to leave her - do you get my point? - he asked her, she cried over a homeless boy child sleeping covered with rugs at the small strip of beach downtown and his mother sitting beside knitting and having all their belongings with, Jenny flickered her eyes up and down, up and down, she had Jack's arm around her, they both had a strong wind in faces and an endless race of the cars on the high way at their backs, far away bridge over the river ghost through her consciousness - it hurts to see the bridge appear in the dim sun light glowing into her soul like fuck! It hurts to hear Lambada dancing tunes from the passing car! - Jenny's body feels like heavy thousands of nights - is it God who gives me toys and takes them away, or is it me who's stupid and can't play? - that's a pathetic little poem she made once - Lambada, fucking Lambada! - the car stopped near by, Jenny's lips are dry and she takes a sip of the cold air and a sip of the beer - it tastes like shit! - boats whistle and a paper light sucks her in - it hurts to be alive - she whispers to herself, Jack looks at the street, looks at the Sunday walking crowd and holds his arm around her, Jenny hates Sundays, Jack's mind is cool as an oyster, it smells sea-food and oil - it hurts to smell - says Jenny and thinks that she can't stand to hear the music for a second longer - I love you very much, I love you endlessly - repeats Jack, looking now down into torments of the water. They both have new lighters, she has the white one she bought for Jack first and he has the one she bought next and it's a magic one - flameless and only glowing and one can use it in the wind and it is fun and it is the wind - hey babe trouble where did you go? - says Jenny to herself and she knows they both share that sweetly cursed name - she really tries to keep cool and there are fragments of plans running through her head as to find a producer for the next movie, find a man, cry, dance, fuck, make love, write, travel, fear but she doesn't want to battle Jack, she doesn't even think about that; - Yes, I play tough as long as he's here but soon he's gone and that's another song - what did Jack say about love? - Jenny tries to remember and she can't - Jack's fears, Jack's decisions and suddenly she is in it with all her heart; shit! - Jack was sitting on the toilet and Jenny jerked off one meter away from him - simple - it was nice. Jack wants friction and excitement.

19 April night - some love goes under the knives, for the wars or a great desires but our went off for Jack's diarrhoea at last and for the lack of snuff first, well no one could have expected such a shitty finale-grande! Such a trivial reason for the lost game!

Day - it is a great show, Jack but this isn't my role - said Jenny - what's your problem? - asked Jack as usual annoyed at the very beginning of her

disobedience. - You are the problem - said the girl. Because a girl she was and she couldn't take it any longer, her lips and hands shook but she covered it perfectly - yes, it was boring to make love - she felt that too - I have been looking at you for one year now - said Jack - you understand I can't do it forever even if I love you - she smiled - I want copies of your films and your tapes - said Jack, she started laughing - what should you do with them, masturbate, or put me into your other girls collection? - you are crazy - he said laughing too and they kissed each other, naturally they were on the bed as it was the only furniture in the room, soon after they were making love, she was on top and he was coming breathing rapidly, holding her ass in his guarding big hands and when they both came he held her tight against his chest and smiled - o, what can I do with you, girl I'll die without you! - I love you Child - she said in a whisper, his hand clasped her ass harder and more tender, the crowd in the street tapped the gutter and one could hear a song getting through but still far away.

Jack wants to go home, he is not going to have Jenny as a girlfriend ever again, he is not going to full-fill the trip's plan, he is going to change his ticket and he is going to go home as soon as he gets from the bed - he says. He doesn't want her to go to Morocco by herself, neither Spain. - O, yes, I'll go and if I'll get raped or killed it shall be a very good end for my book - she says - I will not be able to sleep ever again, if you stay here by yourself - Jack says looking into Jenny's eyes. They have dropped the logic's long ago - we are really in love - told me Jenny today standing in the post office telephone buzz, watched by every single man in there - I got fat - said Jenny watching herself in the clothes-board door. Jack was washing his teeth in the bathroom, there was still that biting smell of excrement's - he is still sick - thought Jenny - did you take your pills Jack? - she asked the boy - no, what time is it now? - I don't know - she said - where is my ticket? what day is it today? how to change my ticket? - he kept on questioning through the little wall - I don't know - she said - I want to buy my white hat - he continued - how much money do you have left? I'm going to keep the white suit you gave me. I'm going to have a great time at the cafe's in Stockholm on my own - Jenny sat on the bed and she closed her eyes. Reflections mingled with all the questions - where is soap, where is towel, what time is it now, how many pills do I take now, where is the hair brush? - they all flew through her head - I think I can make it at the best place in town - she heard Jack concluding his monologue of trust, hope and fame. She took off her shades and watched her blue-black eye in the mirror - it didn't want to go away - she concluded and she understood it will still be there after he is gone - it shall be that present from him she so much wanted to get -

Two little figures in two different spots of the big crowded town caressing the wall of the house, homeless - one man and one woman, both very old and tiny in exactly the same position begging for the aims but not doing it, just

being in love to the house right at it's bottom where it starts to come out of the gutter, cradled in like a baby foetus in a uterus at the age of one hundred years of pain and lonesomenes in the cocoon of sorrow a coat for the man and a blanket over a woman's back, Joy and Jack passing by in the row of boots, shoes, pumps, Nikes, high cars, high speakers, to and from into indescribable emptiness of poverty.

In the night chic siren Joy walks at the side of the car, the owner watches her heedful while the other car driver watches her in the same way and the driving car smashes a mirror on his car totally and he is so delighted at her side that he doesn't get mad. Joy and Jack search for the place to have fun tonight and they find one, they drink wine and there is a movie on TV Jack has seen before and people are pretty in there and Jack looks at his Joy with joy and pleasure.

20 April 1, I didn't know so much about Jack, but he told me some things later so my picture of him was somehow getting together obstructed by several surprises of both good and bad. Joy I knew since years, I always watched that girl.

The rain hanged upon in the air as it did in Joy's soul clouds gathered together and hang like a sicodrome close near by without leaving any space for the moves Joy understood the problem the reason to her misfortune was that she had never learned to play chess, she was not making any deliberate move to win her head against the wall, today she wore her shades again seeing one more option to fly back home with Jack and she didn't want to do it, don't misunderstand me, not home and not back and not with Jack, she could have taken the same plane back, direction Copenhagen and she the fucked girl wanted to get lost in the desert ride camels fuck with the boys OK maybe with a man for once or for a while, no actually she wasn't sure pictures changed rapidly but she didn't feel sick at all she was having her coffee at Pastelaria Castanheira as many mornings - how different they were - thought Joy coolly - so what really happened? - she questioned last night she drunk more then a half bottle of Matheus Rose by herself Jack didn't want to drink, his stomach was still fucked yes, his stomach, his pills - was it then when everything fucked up or was it before or later? Joy remembers, a few days ago they made love first time since Jack was sick and it was hell-beautiful Joy loved this boy endlessly so madly and all in sweet sweat above him carefully not to hurt him and his wounded stomach - rolled over his cock and she wanted his baby very much it was he who started an act licking her pussy with his white feverish tongue, yes and then the following day they were doing it again and she moved towards the window to lock the jalousies because of the man who kept on following her and she felt as she lost connection to Jack at this moment and his irritation bloomed up and then it all went very fast and he stopped her from coming, OK, boy she said, she got up and went to the shower and to fix him medicines she was so damn in love to him right there but she wanted to play with it and play tough to ball

it a little bit further, she showered she dressed she is in love to herself too to the whole world because it was Jack's world an she was Jack's girl and she went out smiling to all the people, to all the men to all the Negroes who dropped the chin and slobber on her all fucked itself with a time, a chemistry store was closed and she walked very far searching another one and as high as she was she didn't notice the time at all, she returned after 1,5 hours Jack was pissed - sitting in the bed with his glasses on looking into a Playboy, was it then he told her? - I don't need a nurse I need a girlfriend I'm going home as soon I get out of bed and that shall be the end of us...

20 April 3, madly their eyes twinkled with love and joy - believe or don't and she did she said - OK I'll do it but undressed I opened the buttons of his jeans slide them down his white narrow hips exposed first his red eczema on the belly and then his dick, still quiet a sleepy thing, she did fool around for a while and then made him grow slightly in her mouth, he spoke - I can easily get an apartment in Stockholm through the youngster service centre - speak on - said Joy with a scream of laugh and excitement - speak on, this is very good for my book, she went on sucking him, at one point she almost puked, then went back for the real blow-job, brought him to ecstasy and said through her blurry mouth filled with sperm - can you give me a cigarette Jack? - what time is it now? - asked Jack we have to go soon - well look, don't ask me this question all the time because you make me puke - she joked but not really - I must change my underwear she said teasing him and continued - it's all wet, don't you know this stuff? well, will you lick me first? - the question she had at the end of her tongue hundreds of times she asked for the first ever time now - yes but it would hurt - he meant his stomach pain as he couldn't really bend forward and she was stupid not to say - well, I can easily sit on your face - and she missed her chance. - Lets go Jack, we are in a hurry - Joy said instead.

Joy woke up at night, looked at Jack, her heart dinging uncomfortably squeezed as in the last 2 or 3 days and nights or 4? She looked at Jack and he looked at her, his eyes were night-green and loved her damn much, he touched her softly and mumbled a few sweet words, they embraced each other through the night.

15.10 o'cl. Joy is at La Cave cafe' there is also the same young "chick with the teeth", Jack is buying his hat and a silver earring, is Jack an ass hole or is he whole Joy's world or is the whole world grandiose ass hole? Babe Trouble's Babe Trouble match - who is going to win and carry the proud name of Babe T. T. they both want it, they don't consider it possible any longer to marry and share the name, now one has to die and the winner has to carry the name B.T. Why a fuck did she think they were like a two twins in body and soul, this is a real match, a beautiful youth lad passed, his hair were pitch black, he wore long black coat, black trousers and shirt, you know white boy - A Perfect Black Dandy. When Joy came to the hotel at 13 o'cl to finally fetch Jack he said - don't fuck with me - he said to her talk - I'm tired,

give me some money that I can be myself, the rest is your problem, I want to buy my hat! - yes, it's what Jack said, they seem to fuck up the whole love by now - why are some people that cool? - asked herself Joy - last night they have seen Ciciolina on the porn show, they played flipper, talked about Trotskij, Kropotkin, world, politics, Serbochorvatsien disaster, FN, world's economy, systems, Europe, Schlezvig Holstain, Franc Joseph, Joy drunk Matheus rose, then Jack pulled her leg and wanted to fuck her - Lets say he did what he did for quiet a while what Joy used to hate - means he gave an error, a sign to start the love act and laid back on the pillows himself, Joy knew the rest was her job, it was relatively nice, regarding the circumstances but it was shit and she felt nothing, she might be drunk too much as her clitoris stubbornly deserted into the anaesthesia and had pass out, no it wasn't that it was the crush - it was the vision - there was a deliberately sinister tomorrow and she couldn't feel anything but she helped herself saying - maybe better now? - Jack said - don't fuck with me - and at this turn she lost her face and her patience too, the love was fucked and it was what they promised to each other once, if it will be fucked they not have a slow terrible and crying end, they pack the bags and go, go where? - it wasn't easy now to keep the promise, what Joy has decided was that she wasn't coming out of this love affair with a broken heart, so she went on streets singing for herself along the river loud - this boy can't break my heart my hearts aren't for break my heart one piece of solid gold forever intacttttt! - she sung screaming loud and black boys looked - I don't wanna be yooouuur girl, you been playing your mean tricks with meeee, and myyyyyyy heart isn't ready, never ready toooo craaackkkkk! - and then as she sung the wrong words the love have crept on her back tight as humbug and stayed there. A Negro passing her stretched his dark puzzling hand with double piece of hashish and said - do you want to buy, miss high? - last night she said to Jack - I need 2 more weeks to write this book about you and me and then I'm going to find a new boyfriend and Jack said after long minutes of looking at her - if it will be someone I know I'll kill him - the kids babe trouble couple played on. A lady next to her on La Cave reads few lines from the book "Vulcan lover" Suzzane Sontag's, she eats a toast and she osis cool, Joy wants to cry in her lap, she looks like Joy's mother did not far back, a British kind of calmness, a fridgety, she looks like a writer, when Joy feels lonely everybody on the street looks to her like a writer - is she that fatherless? She would love to put her face between that woman breasts and cry, why doesn't she? Joy, Joy, you have got yourself a trouble, you can't admit no more! Last evening before going out Joy and Jack came into the room and her love-heart was aching and she laid on the bed the only furniture in the room and Jack said - would you suck my cock? - and Joy joked - this is not your right replica for my book now, it's bull shit line, I already have that one - it's good for mine said Jack and they bout laugh and I guess she did it, a blow-job one more delightful time.

20 April 12 o'cl - do you mean Joy that Jack has never licked you off? - no - girl said - you are crazy girl, why did you let the things go that way?? - well, he licks me a little bit, you know for his and my pleasure but never there - she pressed her palm across her womb and let it stay there - you must be a nut, how many times you licked him? - all the time - said the girl - well girl you are not born a slave, you aren't that way, what a hell have you been doing?, haven't you think that you are going to loose if you are too kind? - you must be pretty mean to a man to behold his love, you know that! - I haven't think of anything and I didn't want to be smart and certainly I didn't want to manipulate that's the last think I would do to him and myself - she said - but you didn't want to loose?!; what so special about you both why should you be different to the others? - because our love was different, greater, real and more beautiful, more pure - yes! - she did not look to my eyes any longer - it's what you say but what's left when you have done all the possible mistakes? - I suggested, Jenny fall silent, her hand still resting at her womb.

20 April 14 o'cl. Jack searched for his hat and asked Joy's company, her hungry heart melted like an ice cream when she came into the room and heard him flush the water in the toilet - fucked up girl, fuck her heart and her ass hole and eat her entire soul with vinegar and oil and garlic and salt and pepper and tobasco -that's my opinion. But he meant what he had said, he only needed her advice and the eye. All the hats were too small, they walked from shop to shop, the street-man - they passed by side - his feet were in blood licking through the bandages and kind of a loose sandals and now they walked along the jewellery street, Jack wanted to buy a silver earring for himself and he tried a lot of them, the beggar-woman's feet were bare, from the record store some singer with Nick's voice tossed, Joy looked at the rings, she loved one of them with a black stone but she didn't have enough money, she still looked for the ring which would mach Jack's - she was a dreamer... Everything was such a bluff now. They went on and Joy bought a little perfume bottle -"passion". These things with a right names were best also for the luck. She was fed up and she still wanted to go to Morocco and two days ago she still could but now she decided she was going with Jack back home and she changed her return ticket, they were spending their last money and Jack wanted a lot of stuff for himself and most of all wanted a hat. And she wanted to go to Morocco and fuck with black boys, she was fed up with him, fed up with herself, fed up with their love and suffer, she was very tired of her swinging heart, she wasn't sure if she felt like that before but that didn't matter; this was worst than a funeral and the same second there was a great love too but she had hard to see it as she understood how tough Jack was made and of what. It's all only dreams - love me down to hell, fuck my ass, love me down to hell and I'll be yours in the eternity of the love crush - crush me down to hell, to fuck or not to fuck? and so on, miss Hamlet tiny ass, tight ass, pussy, fuck me to the gloomy death, and I want nothing! - Joy's and Jack's tale - I hope you come to the history of love Mr. Jack and Miss Joy -

you are worth it for the pain you have created. - This is a sad story - ended Joy looking into my eyes, I kept on unbuttoning her tight silky skirt and I did it slow and I put my hands on her bare ass - where were her panties? - they were in Jack's pocket, as he had planned to smell on it every time he was going to feel sucking feeling of missing his lost mistress - Sometimes I would need a box for you Joy - said Jack - no! - said Joy - why not? - he asked - because I'm not longer your problem! - she shouted stretching her arm against crowded street and shop windows with hats. Joy's hand run over Jack's hips, knees and every single leg muscle like a blind man, a blind woman, she has learned his body in details, she has learned to love his big knees - the only part in him she had difficulties with at the beginning - it was too strong - she thought missing Tod's fragile and pointed knees - silly girl - she couldn't understand that feeling now - she loved his knees to death and she knew they were just as perfect as the whole of him. She went towards the window, the pedestrians walked under black umbrellas, lots of black umbrellas and one man in red hat. She wanted to remember him under her hands forever just like he was today, careless, arrogant, cold, and loveful and still her for one more day or two or three - no, not three, there was this undeniable limit and that was a problem with numbers, they were too concrete - in two days they were going to be "home" - that word scared her. She tried but she couldn't admit any longer he broke her heart - the little thing, it didn't help to drink wine, play flipper and eat chocolates, her heart was broken and broken it was going to be in two as a single halves of the diverting moon.

XII

It's still last night. Jenny is planing tough but she breaks convention the whole way through as Jack places his hand on her back and he does it his cool and great way as he always does and she is cooked. Boiled as an egg - she is dripping of all the sentimental visions and thoughts and she melts all the way and stands up on the bed, he is already under the cover and still a little sick and very hot and pretty as he most often is, she takes all her clothes on, skirt, blouse, and stockings, she doesn't have any underwear since they made love the last time and she was too wet and unwashed so she only slipped her stockings on, she kept her bra. She wants to lay under the cover and Jack who keeps his eyes closed for the long time and looked all asleep throws his face into her naked and exposed womb, he is soft and honest as a child's dream. She licks his beautiful perineum and they end up in the wild act of love. She falls on her back into her silent thoughts again, she wants his child, there is a soft wing of the consciousness, yes she is going to do it whatever might be, she is going to take out her spiral and for the god's sake do it again - get a baby! - she wants to give him her breasts heavy and swollen and full of flesh and milk, his hands, his lips and his chest she thinks of, she wants to give him her devotion and pain, she wants to be his slave, the soft feeling accompany her through the whole night, she feels his hands on her again and again and the touch of a different parts of his sleeping body against hers, his fever goes down, sometimes she watches his sweet face, sweet eyelids thin smooth cheeks, round lips with the touch of white from the sun of the last days and a skin still peeling off his nose and black eyelashes and his hair soft and loveable, in the morning she is still in love but not so sure her pledge - a baby, she might be should wait - wait for what? Well, she wants to be wild still more wild, isn't he very cool? Last days he simply refused to go out of the room at the evening, remarkable man, she could never do that, last night they missed a concert and a lesbian pip show; all what was left of the life outside was the sounds coming from the street. Friday night, people passing in crowds downstairs on the street, couples, lovers, and gangs, one could hear them laugh, talk, yell, and sing, there was a troubadour singing teaching love songs and he was playing spanish guitar. Joy threw some coins standing there bare feet on the balcony, leaning down deep, then she left almost invisible crack in the door to hear him better but Jack not opening his eyes asked her - Jenny could you please close the door? - of course my love - she heard herself say, under her eyelids she saw the fat woman with the bandaged leg again she thought the leg must weight about 80 kg. it was hoped together with bandage put round in few directions, the skin was dark pink but a woman walked good. In the walking street they passed something looking like a pile of bones with big head stacked at the top of baby buggy pushed by a handsome but tired looking young woman, an old woman in the buggy was wheezing hard on the cigarette and spoke in high pitch and whining voice. These days - when she was still looking for the lipstick in all

the cosmetic stores on the fancy walking street in white marble, she couldn't effort Lancome anymore, so she looked for something else - they run under her eyelids rolling fast too fast. And these days when she still did not know about an end - the phenomena of an end and it's apocalyptic holocaust disaster - as a calm steps, a cool kisses, a secure hands, an open eyes, no pain, the wind, space, future, baby, life, Jack's skin in the sun, all the world at their feet and sky above them, people, no enemies, newspaper stands, smell of smoked chestnuts, peoples voices, peoples yells, songs, cars horns, few clouds, crowds, smell of French fries, smell of sweet cakes, voices of the young girls, young boys eyes, shoulders of the men, women eagerness all this living world running now into it's end.

21 April Jack Harsh and Joy Come - Cute names. Now the shopping was done, they didn't buy any memories but few bottles of vodka. The last night kept on running out, Joy opened her bottle of 1 liter Bagaseira and drunk a lot, Jack wouldn't even taste. I guess their love run out too, he was drinking their bottle of the white wine, it was 3/4 left - something was definitely wrong. Joy had plans for the last night but Jack was too tired for everything. He has been in fact sick but he was complaining being tired since many more months, she used to worry for him and made him do some medical tests, he made both of them do aids test, they were all fine, they weren't sick, he wasn't sick but he was tired. She wanted to go to the movies and see "The Erotica" with Madonna, it was 2 minutes walk from their hotel on the Avenue of Liberty, she wanted to go with him somewhere, wherever, walk the night warm street one more time, Jack laid on the bed with a bottle of wine between his legs, he was beautiful and still hers she considered, the time was nay, and she gave up the movie without too much sorrow, and a bar and a porno films, perhaps that's why all was turning so shitty as she was going his way and he would lay on the bed and do nothing, they were both very bored, they had too little money to have real fun but enough to pass the time and that's what they were fed up of doing - passing the time, that was a real danger, Lisbon was a fucking trap, they did not even get to the sea and a beach, not even once, it was only 20 minutes trip by boat and she wanted to do it already the first day but Jack was lazy and he had a hangover and so the time went. She always agreed like an idiot, she wanted to know the mystery of Jack, she saw magic, she felt magic and she did not oppose in anything. She would even write in dark for not to disturb him, she has learned to write in complete dark and it was readable and it wasn't any problem to do it at all. She couldn't sleep, she didn't sleep in a long time now. They still made love but it was seldom fun but still it was great, she wondered what have happened, her opinions were dualistic, she wanted the time to run fast and she wanted the time to stop and moment to last the eternity, it was typical Joy - 1 or 2? - 2 or 1? The haunch back sat everyday at the Walking street and at the Rua Augusta, his haunch was big and he showed it off, his hand was a deformed

rabbity mutant hand and with it he hold white shoe box to collect money, he wasn't funny, he wasn't joyful, he was dry, he worked too much, I guess he worked all the time. He was always somewhere doing his job. Joy's eyes were swollen and looked like a pig eyes - she drunk every evening. Tonight she didn't get drunk but gained a nice warmth in her skin which they both enjoyed. Tonight she wasn't so desperate to be true, she was quite fed up with the things and how they were in her soul and with Jack's swings from soft to hard from love to hate from all to zero and with his tough world of words, he talked all - cooking, money, all the banal trivial stuff, he stopped writing, he was bored and uninspired and he wanted to quit her - that was the only way to bring a definite ultimate change into his boring life - he thought and said - Yes! - she looked at him sleeping and he looked like her boy. She hoped it was not going to hurt too much, she almost gave up the thoughts of the miraculous reunion - they didn't even part yet... He told her when they plaid flipper that she was a bad strateg she gave up too soon, she gave up when it looked as she was going to loose she didn't fight for her balls into the very end, she didn't give them all chances they deserved - the balls; Jack he didn't talk about them - Jenny and Jack in love. They spend days and nights together, ate and waited for each other - they were crazy in love and in the great need of each other all the time - you can tell but you can't. There were moments of despair in her but less and less. There were long moments of sorrow but mostly or at last she couldn't tell what was going on.

21 April now she regretted her decision of going back, last two nights is too painful to go through, she stopped wearing shades, her eyes were still blue and black ugly and swollen and fucked and red but she had stopped wearing shades as she had to see with her own eyes what was happening, the time of vanity was definitely over, she wanted to see her vanishing world she was loosing and she watched, watched everything, pain was running through the sun tangle right into her spine and out down and down and down to the hell, believe she wanted to die but did not - Remember Miss December with her turning swastika eyes, the most painful is a picture of Jack's pale beautiful fragile and sick and delicate face from the cafe' at the side street, that day they went out first time after he has been sick. - I'm scared to go inside the house - said Joy.

21 April 6.15 o'cl.

Doris creased face, blue drunk eyes, bashed nose, freckles - express surprise and almost a smile at Joy's sight. Joy walks along the beach, palm trees, bare feet, rhythmically detaching heels, bikinis, Joy's orange golden legs are very brown, hips, buttocks, back, belly, breasts, shoulders, neck, face, Joy smiles broad!

I like straight things, I don't like to compromise, I don't know - hate - love - attracted to be - if we have no future if we have no history - I don't like history,

- was she crazy or was he crazy?

the people at the restaurant were very busy, Lady a woman alone, blond - she left a lot of food and wine. Jack and Jenny left a lot of food too. They wouldn't share a dinner, they were too nonchalant for that and not enough in love, they weren't happy at all. Jenny felt she was falling her own victim at the game, loosing more and more ground with every joke, move, sentence, sigh and fuck, she was very tired of herself, they walked a square of some 100 of meters since 4 weeks and the plan was to see the world, they weren't getting there. At Augusta street musician plaid, it was the same guy they have seen in their first days but now he was brown with deep ten of the sun, he has been south, he has been by the ocean, he has seen, but not they, they haven't moved foot from the square of Lisboa - look at him, he is brown! - said Jenny with an envy in her voice and Jack knew it was true and it pissed him off too. Everybody at the restaurant enjoyed food like fuck, everybody swallowed fast and burst and fart- ha ha ha!

Last night at the hotel, Jenny can't sleep, the same guy is at the door again as every night, Jenny recognises his voice, a black man 's voice, he is pushy and rings the bell and try to get in, and she bitchy old lady doesn't let him in, that's the night game, Jenny can't sleep until the morning, she watches a sky behind Jack's back. She did not make love to Jack this night, she couldn't she decided it was pointless, she is wondering why did they fucked up their love? Jack put his head on her breast in a sleep and sigh, he whispered love words, she gave him a kiss.

She looked at her swollen face, - was she drinking? - she wondered. She longed for the sea, sea water, waves, colour of space turned to a liquid and cold, she longed for a calmness and a storm and a hurricane, she longed for the space, a snare and a bush. Humbug said - maga manga , foof food, give nme food - and he stretched his right hand. Jenny and Jack borrowed a camera and took some pictures of themselves.

22 Airport - LAST DAY this is a last day - a last day is mine - everybody knows - who has said that? - I know - do you know?

last day should have been mine - said Joy straight to my grin, but it's his like everybody and everything in this world - you know, Jack's trouble, Jack's nerves, Jack's baby, Jack's trip - it's what you wrote on your note, nothing special - said Jack looking cool smoking his Cigarettes Of Portugal in red. And she was trying to memorise all, she longed for the words of the lost world, she wanted to have them exactly the same way again. And it ended with - the last day is mine - I'm having one now - the last day is mine - she lost her note - Simple - as simple as that, as talking to this marble white angel at the gate - the life with him had it's beauty and it was worth every minute of the passing time, so she didn't have to do all she wanted, or anything she wanted - she followed with into Jack's world and Jack was bored and he was tired of her and tired of the trip and they were going back - where? - that's

why she wasn't walking at the beach now, chasing smiles and palms - it would have been nice - but perhaps quite unreal on her conditions, Doris wasn't there anyway she was still burnt and her corpus was still at the bottom of the hospital in the cellar together with Hendrix's embryo girl and 4 other pals. So, now was now. And it was still Jack's time and didn't really matter - good or bad, you know - the last day is mine! - my grin had vanished for a while now. When and how it wasn't important any longer - what? - was still there - they fucked the love - it is what she said - she really couldn't remember - they bought some litters of vodka - looked at jewellers - real, unreal and cheap. Jack gave up his hat but they exchanged one little kiss on the mouth at the entry of Augusta street; Jack pulled Joy few times back from the traffic jam, she walked like a sheep. Streets were always narrow in Lisbon and filled with cars and people. Today he hold her neck painfully and it was undeniable pleasure for Joy - the touch at all. He said again - I would need sometimes a box for you to always bring you around with me. - I'm no longer your problem, Jack it is over - thought Joy but said nothing this time and an old man said - La Fame Bella, what's your problem? - she wasn't interested in the answer, Jack's world needed no answers - this is no literature, this is a crap for teenage girls, Joy! - I said - what are you rambling about?! - Jack's vanishing teenage world, you know, he's going to be twenty in two weeks. "Our grand plans, Babe..." - alert is the word and - fast - the world is so small and life is so short - one should have been moving much faster. It should have been plainly natural or neutral so be smart and take nothing for grounded but on the other hand one gets so incredibly stressed of all this definitions of happy life and real life and one gets so fucked down and fucked up and ass hole and vomit and womb - so there is either a spleen or sugar - and this is definitely no fun to become paranoid. Fun is to sleep without a Portuguese's shouting lady getting hysterically excited over one homeless Negro who comes by every night anyway. Joy would like to see Jack blow fire out of his most beautiful mouth and lips and his tongue fiercing flames and fiercing her cunt and laugh, yes more laugh then love, yes laugh! To rest is all she wishes. All definitions of life suck - life sucks! The man in front talks trouble to his kids, Japanese sells lighters and penknives and sunglasses helped by his son. Suiza cafe after 12 o'cl. coffee and a cake is all one wants to have - thinks Joy - a young blond babe want's to sit on my Babe's side and her boy looks at me - such a nice chick you are! - his eyes say and then comes one real gorgeous Black Donna of 190 cm of her female shapes and she gathers all the scenery against her great hips and ass draped in tight fitted white Marlin Monroe skirt which runs into the dress on Black Donna's great breasts, shoulders and golden-black generous heart she leaves with every men who ever looks at her sail by. It is time to walk to the taxi and Louis helps Joy and Jack with all the luggage. Airport, woman to Jack's left has a big troubling bag and dry smile, the attendant on British Air Ways has too fat ass - and so the life goes to heaven and to hell - but stick to heaven Babe

as long you aren't in the aeroplane - Louis makes plans and Jack's mind is god knows where, Joy would love to piss but it's so fucking troublesome to make the whole way through so what's left is clouds grand spectacle but it looks as a sleeping milk - so please ladies remove your high heel shoes in case of danger or fun, it might hurt the boys in the grand machines and girls are always stupid - as you know. The wine is thin and blood is thick and babies don't come from the sky so please forget all the fairy tales you and me were ever told. Joy's ears got stacked and Jack is out for to piss, his new Japanese bought lighter is dead and they are the only one who drink in the middle of the day plane. Jack is hot on Jenny and turned on, his hands are all over her wherever they can get, he touches her breasts her pussy under her skirt, her thighs, her knees, ankles, shoulder, arm, fingers and a hand palm - how is he going to fulfil the plan? - wonders Jenny seriously concerned about their latest decision. Jenny is rather cool and not really answering his attempts, she has grown during last few weeks and last few days, she understood it was over, Jack prayed it would go fast and sometimes he wish they were laying now on the beach and all would have been still alive - him and his girl, or another girl, girl with a balloon breasts which would cover a greater piece of the world for him, and cunt like a soft meadow to run through bare feet or in the boots, but soft, and shady - Jack was a dreamer and Jenny was blind - We are 10 feet over London it is 10 degree C. - the captain says with a female touch in his voice - If we were richer now we could quit flight and stay here, I would like that - says Joy - but life and state fucked my economy and it is time to go - where?

IX

Heathrow - Jack is an ugly man - he is fog sweet words, Jenny, they are tipsy both.

He is hungry, they have no money - Jenny talks - all the important people pass by, girls wear red shoes, skin faces in pale artificial light. - Jack -she smiles first -they smile back, a mother with two kids, three single men, what, walking in a crowd, everybody here, walking legs, shoes, suits, bags, women, kids, walking, they smile, Jack lays stretched on the sofa with his head cuddled into Jenny's lap, into Jenny's womb - o, what a lucky man! - sighs and speaks a man in a dark blue suit passing them, Jack doesn't open eyes, hours go, people, go, Jenny and Jack stay. It is middle landing and every minute is a paradise thinks Jenny nestling Jack's head as they would have been forever in the middle of nowhere. She looks above him, people pass. Jack wakes up and he is pissed at Jenny, he is in a hell of a bad mood. It is time for the next flight, Jack is in a hurry! Jack is hungry! The plain, all the Thailand and Japanese travellers sit of course in the first class, they don't talk much, don't smoke much, don't drink much - it is their time; the lady next to Jack sleeps on her partner's chest, Jenny wonders where do they come from and go for. - Jack is very young - thinks Jenny, she doesn't know what to think, they both drink a lot, they drink all the time and amuse the steward with all the time orders, gin, whisky, tonic, orange juice, vodka, beer, white wine, they are pretty drunk at that moment and start chatting and laughing and they hug each other and Jack gives Jenny a little kiss and he willingly holds her hand, Jenny's feet are stiff, they don't watch clouds, they watch their lives and souls. They don't discuss broken hearts and they had fun. Jenny starts falling asleep, jungle is home

...going towards silvery screen - and light ejects - wonder where I'll arrive - be calm my heart. The sun never goes down in the north, the words never sleep calm in Jenny's howling lap.

XIV

Plan landed, Joy and Jail-Jack were pretty drunk - that was a last stop over. Words were no longer a mystery or rather they were the mystery the only mystery left. Jack has made his mind up, that was an end of him and Joy! Joy - she didn't really believe, or she didn't want to, she loved him with all her heart but it all comes later. All she could see was that he loved her very very very very very much. Now the facts were rolling the life and the life was tough, the facts were running on all by themselves as some odd power had a finger in it too. And the lovers in pain and vain and trouble... The plain landed soft and people started to stretch in their chairs and Jenny didn't have a smallest lust to get up, not even open her eyes, she was very drunk. And Jack? - He was even drunker. People started to correct their shirts, sleeves, skirts, trousers, what ever they had around themselves. Just another place on earth; they occasionally coughed, stretched cheeks muscles, yawned for the air, fix the hair, jumped up or rose with a sleepy dignity of the lazy and wealthy human beings, opened the lockers above fetching the stuff as bags, bags, bags and umbrellas and cameras and small nit suitcases and parcels and started walking through the narrow passage between the sits. Joy sat fixed in her chair. Jack got up and picked on her with his finger and his familiar voice, the most beautiful voice on earth - he said - hey, Joy lovely girl time to goooo! - As soon they enter the room Jack run to the bathroom to empty his bladder full of whisky, gin, beer and spleen - how were they going to separate, he loved her so much? - Joy collected bags into the mobile little wagon, they had quite much stuff as they supposed to be away the whole life... They were stopped in the custom, of course - custom men said that Jack looked very tired and they meant he had been using or misusing drugs, they smiled perspicacious; Joy got really angry at them - she was fed up with that talk all around about Jack tired look and the drugs, she knew he did not use any and his tiredness wasn't problemless in itself for them both. She told them so and she told them he had have a tourist indigestible sickness during half of the time staying abroad and she was pissed at them, and she seriously worried they were going to look into his wounded ass hole. Yeah, she loved him madly Joy girl, she painted her lips and eyes using the mirror in the room they were searched in and she was bitching the men all the time; they looked through everything in the suitcases and in between suitcases walls and everywhere they possibly could get, at last they found a little souvenir, a spring knife and it appeared to be forbidden in Scandinavia and police was called and Joy and Jack had to wait, they kissed each other and set and waited. It took about an hour. A little knife was taken away very previously and a document was done - the crone prove, it was the same knife Jack bought for the pocket money on the street in Lisbon from a little boy selling souvenirs. At that point they were both completely broke and Joy phoned around with a help of the custom men and their telephone and arranged to borrow some money still the same day, Jack wanted to go to

Sweden as soon as possible, he wanted to buy snuff and to party in Malmö. They met Pelle at the Central Station and he lend them the money, he made a face over Joy's blue eye and Jack's young age and shook hand with Jack watching him, he was an old friend of Joy and Tod. He drove them to the Ferry-boat in his fine new car, they have stashed all the luggage and bought tickets for the last boat this night.

Copenhagen by night - she felt so much love when they fucked and they did it as soon they got through the door to Nail's home, they were back in Copenhagen, the world shrunk and they were back at the place they have started from and Nail wasn't home. - they went out to meet Nail and he was at the swish birthday party of the big boded and deep voiced star , Nail was pleased to see them and he bought them drinks and beers, Jenny danced for Jack the whole night, he sat next to her watching, she wanted to fuck him and suck him and at last they had to leave very fast, she took of her clothes right outside the bar continuing seducing dance round Jack and was pulling his dick out, the people pass and Jack first tried to throw some clothes on her but soon gave up and kissed her hot and carried her a few steps, then they run, she was naked and night was cold, Jenny was hot, she was a hot piece of steaming gold for her Jack ad he loved it! Inside they fucked, he interrupted the act and took her with to the bathroom and pissed on her face, she was kneeling in front of him, screaming, begging - Jack, more more more, it was only a hot liquid covering her face, and she washed her face, she drunk it and she called for more, he took her back to the bed in their old room and fucked her so good so great and so long that love swayed through the walls and they flew all the way up to the moon and staid there.

In the morning Jack waked up and got up from the bed and from Jenny's side without a usual trouble - it is over now Jenny girl, now we are going home, now we are no longer a pair, you are no longer my girl and he looked inside his soul one more time, Jenny's eyes were wild open, she couldn't believe she was sane, she couldn't believe she heard what she heard, the memory of last night laid exposed between her legs and in her womb and throned in her heart senselessly and she did not speak, Nail plaid sad black blues. Jack said - I need a change, you knew about it all the time, at least since a few days, and I can't keep on being a swine and the only way there is a new love, Jenny girl, I have been a successful revolt since I was 2 years old, I can't stay too long at one place - Jack said and he meant pussy. - I'm only 19! - he add as she wouldn't know by now. - I need a hit to protect my world from the fornication, I am an animal, Jenny girl don't be sad - She wanted her pink puke dress and pink painted lips she wanted sun tan she wanted someone a man be sweet and lovefull and she wanted this man to be him.

Joy's - tale - I knew it and told Jack, you will get bored after one month and shall want to go back - why the bad pledge is always right? - it is a book - it can't be my life!!!! - shouted Joy on the long distance phone. And she wanted that Spanish Red Death Fly to help her right through to the sky where

she was. Dirty Paradise - Joy wrote a book how she longed for the love and how she had and lost it was all too cruel as the life always is this is too much to be true - whispered Joy and died. AND I TELL YOU HOW.

PART II

I

Jenny and Jack were at last on the train - home, Jenny managed to borrow money one more time, they were on the train a few hours earlier too but did not have the money for the tickets as they did spend the first money Jenny has borrowed for the train partying last night and Jenny was stupid enough to tell it to the conductor - listen, we don't have any money - and he threw them out of the train together with their bags and Jack hit her many times in the face while the train left and disappeared and it burned shame and sticking pain and then Jack screamed - fix the money, fix the bloody money, bitch I want to go home! - and he laid down on the sofa curing his hangover while she fixed the telephone coins from one nice guy and she stood now in the phone buzz trying to reach another friend and she did. And they got coffee and birthday cake at the gallery and they got beer and sandwiches at Lauri and he gave them money and they had big dinner at Chinese restaurant - a slow Sunday meal with lots of big Danes families and they had a very long walk through Copenhagen and a street chap plaid for them most beautiful, most sorrowful blues hit on the clarinet and soprano sax and they were so much in love - set on the gutter kissing and holding hands and they bought tickets and now they at last were on the train. First thing coming to Sweden, Jenny bought snuff for Jack on the boat and he opened a round box and has deepen the tops of his two big fingers in black, a little bit moist powder with characteristic sore smell she loved, made a big ball and stuck under his upper lip, his eyes shined and tears gave them even brighter shine and he looked into Jenny's and said - Jenny I'll die of a broken heart, I love you so much - they held hands all the time very hard and clanged to each other but he was determent what he was going to do and she was silent as she didn't want to take a chance and ask, she wanted him to do it all and he did nothing, train have reached their home town and they started to carry the bags out, Jenny's heart kept on breaking in thousands pieces.

It was late to come back - to arrive, it was between 2 and 3 in the morning and first they went to Mac Donalds, they sat there and wet kissed each other, after they went to Jenny's old house and left the luggage in the kitchen, people slept there, a family and friends and kids, they sat in their old kitchen and drunk Jenny's bottle of Bagaseira. After they went to the club where they met for the first ever time, it was all shut down, then Jenny broke her shoe's heel and had to take a taxi home for to change and decided to meet Jack at the next club, it was closed too but he waited for her outside, she came with the same taxi and had no money to pay with. There was an old friend of her sitting together with Jack and drinking Bagaseira and he paid the bill, Jenny got hilariously drunk and rolled with her friend on the street and sat in his knees and Jack got really mad and was going to leave, Jenny followed him, they went to the square - you want to fuck other men, Jenny - said Jack and jumped into the passing tram following two smiling girls, Jenny was left, she

was pissed drunk; a boy she didn't know drove her on his bicycle she fall off straight into Tod's arms. Tod was drunk and carried her upstairs into his home, he let her down and lead her into Max's room showing her a sweet boy asleep - their son with pride and he kissed her, he carried her to his bed and took her clothes off, she started to clear up with his mouth in her womb, he was kissing her violently - vov, he has learned! - thought Jenny and screamed - Tod stop that, stop that! - she had no chance, his cock was in her cunt and she tangled her mouth away from his - I want your kiss! - shouted Tod against her face - I want your kiss! - she gave him some - I want your real kiss! I want the kiss! - she tried - I want real kiss you bloody bitch and not a stolen one I want a real! - she jumped up throwing him off her body, she was naked, she crawled to the other room and found a telephone, she found the number where she supposed Jack was at and she dialled and asked for him - get out from here bitch! - Tod was standing naked at her back screaming and pushing her out at the sound of Jack's name. She crawled to Max's room and to his bed, she was naked and drunk and she landed in her's sons arms, he smiled at her and fall back to sleep. She slept some time. When she woke up Jack wasn't at her side and she panicked and she said - it is true - and she crawled up rather fast, she plaid a tune - "Christina the astonishing "- and streams of tears flashed down from her eyes and down her cheeks and it was her first great tears for Jack but he still did not see her cry. She made herself walk, it was very hot outside and painful and shaky, there were crowds of people on the street and it was Sunday the very early this year Summer, the first person she saw at their cafe' was Jack, she sat next to him and he put his shaky hand on her trembling knee and there was so much pain involved in both and missing and love and people took photographs of them two as still they were these two beautiful who hang together as water and bread and Jack wore his new hat and a bracelet Pal bought for him that morning - I haven't slept, I came to collect my stuff - said Jack, this was what he said and they went upstairs to get it and they both wore dark shades. And she still did not cry in Jack's face - was she made of steal? - pain was too great to be true. They went down town together with Pal, Jack gave her money and she went to buy white high heel pumps and she bought white tight-fitted skirt and Jack went home to Pal where he spend next two days.

FOX'S place - Jenny's doubts - Paris, jungle, shot gun - Jenny's options. She started to will to blow her head in one fast move instead of carrying body heavy of plombium with her body of 500 tons all the time of the slow or a show steps. Everything was different place - her books, clothes, paintings, all writings, tapes, video tapes, films, furniture's, her son, dog, frog, plants, curtains, her heart and her head. She lost a grip of the reality and mingled with a dream for good - she didn't know where she and where and what she was doing and for what or for whom. Jack and his twin brother and herself floated together too and that was more scary then her own metaphysics. She

didn't know if she wanted to do a final move about that - as find her own place for all that junk she loved and posed or that stuff and living creatures which possessed or controlled her. Or should she drop all or just drop dead - she kept on running between and about and she couldn't make her mind up.

Sometimes she had a very concrete feeling of phoning him and he was in the same room - she saw him lifting up her or his head - was she so confused, was she lost, or was she sharing his body or was he sharing his body with someone else? She lost a grip. In every case she wanted his love and some short moments she still wanted his baby - to create the life was the most powerful act and they were both worth that - she was sure and she was his babe.

Jenny staid at Doro, a girl and Max made her company all the time and after Jenny staid at Fox's place and she was endlessly sad, she phoned Jack and they met in the park, she was very cool and very beautiful and distant and he had no choice, he had to take her to the bathroom and pulled her blue jeans shorts down and he made love to her hanging against the sink, the sun was crazy hot and it staid there for the long time. Jenny bought him a dinner and she looked into his eyes, Jack suffered, Jack went.

And a fucking music vibrated in her muscles, first in her arms muscles and she said - let it happened and the push spread on into the neck and a throat - and she screamed - yes! take me and destroy me! take and destroy me ! Take and destroy me! because I don't want to spend one more day walking lonely in the sun receiving the ovations worth the lonely queen who everyone takes for the hooker anyway.

II

The girl twisted her naked hips around the silver bar. She was white skinned, her breasts were too small but really nice when she took off her bra, she wore cat 's kind white soft skin boots, flat and reaching over her knees, her thighs were definitely too thin but I liked how she moved. Her ass was all right and string underwear sat deep in between the buttocks. She whined on the floor up and down and up and down, her hands moved rhythmically to the song "Babe take off your dress" and make a lovely mess, her ass moved constantly and soft, she was a true little beast. All the other girls hang slowly and apathetic around the men and around the chairs, men were small, place was small but looked bigger with all the mirrors. Girls looked and were bored. Jenny sat on the bar chair and hang her elbow on the bar disc, behind her sat Joyce.

Thick foggy steam filled up the little stage and music went down.

Babe, you broke my heart and then came en Egyptian in a fast car and few naked girls, poor starlets cherishing the passing - how trivial - you all should say, only because you weren't there. You weren't there in the middle of my broken heart, glass pieces were cutting deep and blood was dry and odd and didn't even float, oh, why?

And nothing is as good for the broken heart as fast cars, pretty boys and a little whores and their blues kissed my bosom in a rapid move of an eternal fuck of the beats and her heart. Because everybody knows the beast is of the female sort.

Jack comes back the very morning, he has been to Stockholm for five hours and he has got enough, he has been away from Jenny-Joy 500 km and that's too much - his heart crys, Jack is on the train and soon he is going to fuck his gorgeous Jenny-girl, and when he comes in Jenny is a super girl, super woman and she takes him into her womb the cosiest place on earth and Jack is a babe and Jack is a man and Jack is so much in love and Jenny is wet like an ocean and they fuck the whole morning and the whole world, the whole day and again at the evening in the bathroom he takes her in the back, the most beautiful back Jack has ever seen because today Jack is in love! another day... by the beach, 3 bicycles, 4 lady-birds, glittering sea over a lost lovers. Clouds came fast from nowhere which is always very far, they deliberately covered the sun and love. We were freezing. We had to leave and we did. Cry. Soundless cry. Golden bikinis with fluff.

Jack woke up Jenny and said - we have to leave the house. The night was deep. - OK - she said. They walked long dark road to nothing. The night was a sinister picture of the dream and they were both real, damn real and the love twisted the hearts one more time, and the devil laughed loud. They did not cry, they have taken the dog with. He loved the night walk and he pissed

a lot. - Help me - said Jack to Jenny - help me - repeated Jack and she promised - I'll do anything for you, whatever you want to, whatever you need, everything - and she deepened her eyes in him and she swallowed another aspirin. Water in the glass was cold and not very clean.

... May 12, all sucked again, Jack was back, he was back since some time, longer than a few days but it was only during the first three days Jenny believed he was there with his soul intact and feet and all the rest of his precious his. Summer kept on pouring hit out of the sky day after day, it made her pretty golden brown but no more than that, all sucked, people were pretty, time ran to nowhere and too fast, she couldn't manage to do almost anything except nursing Jack; pleasing Jack was hard full time job, she felt stoned, drugged and more. She stressed all the time for telephone business, breakfast, walk, beach, appointment, camera man, Max, his money, Jenny's money, Jack's money, cafe', dinner at Lou-lou, shopping, run, she missed the bus, it was all hopeless, the sun was as red hot cooking ball, she turned back to it, sat down on the gutter, picked up a book - last night Jack couldn't sleep and they were walking through the night.

The ENDING OR STARTING was coming back...

A sharp grass on the wrong side of home. Just a house. Rock and roll. Peeps. His dick. Her love full mouth. Fucking triviality on the right side of my heart. And I'm everybody said Jane - I'm Jenny, I'm Jack, I'm the dog, I'm house, I'm sinister and I'm fun.

- how many times you have been pissed on Jack? - I asked - never - answered Jenny, not even trying to look true. I closed my mouth, there was nothing more to say, if she insisted to lie she could blame herself. I walked off and heard her laugh, cascades of the laugh, water cascades rushing on, I started to run. Jenny was in love.

Jenny and Jack staid at Fox's at least a month, Jack sat on the balcony writing his first book and watching little girls and they loved him - ho, ho! Jenny went to town everyday and did something nobody knows what, Fox worked, Fi-fi hanged with Jack. Now Jack watched one little girl everyday, she was red hair with small round breasts and she plaid ball outside in the grass for his sake, she might be 13 th. that Summer, Summer was amazing early and hot this year, Jack also cooked dinners and Jenny made him great birthday cake, Jack was no longer a teenager, Jack was a young man at the age of 20 - vov! Jenny and Jack had a plan, they were going to go to live in Warsaw soon but they had some trivialities to manage before, it was taking all Jenny's time, in between they fucked, drunk, party and danced, Jenny had a show, she hang upside down on the stage and screamed her heart out of the throat and down into the ditch and up in the skies and everybody wondered did she or did she not have an underwear, Jenny was great but could Jack see it? Jack was in a hurry, Jenny was too

slow, Summer was hot. Jack started collecting clothes items from the different girls, Jack started to dream of fucking them, he started to keep their ribbons and pants inside his trousers next to his dick guarding, Jenny played a dangerous game. They were at the outdoor night party, it was very cold and Jenny warmed her hands over a fire burning in the pitch barrow, the place was merely dark and a few bands were going to play, Jenny introduced him to Joyce, Jenny danced to a great band in front of the stage in the ecstatic move she threw her plastic jacket onto the stage, Jack was hurting her, that night Jack smashed the whole house and threw all her shoes out the window - I hate this house, it's such a boring house, you are such a boring girl! - she ran out of the house - Jenny come back I love you! - screamed Jack sitting in the open window with his legs outside, Jenny took taxi back to the party, Jenny was in love to Jack, party was dying and the dawn coming, Jenny took taxi back, they made love at the top of the ruins, it was insanely hot. They moved back to Fox and his calm home outside of the town and back to the sun, Jack was writing on the balcony.

Jenny went to Stockholm, Jack moved back home, Jack sat in the window in three days watching the street through the binoculars, Jack got drunk on his own, Jenny meets her mother in Stockholm and they have bad time, Jenny is aggressive, she only likes one little teenage black girl she meets on the street, she is buying new shoes, the plain is full booked, she misses a train because instead of catching the train she catches a telephone, she talks to her Babe-Jack at last and he is far and sad and the moon is big and full, she is one day delay; Jenny came back, Jack wasn't the same, Jenny came one day late and Jack would never kiss her again. At one moment he was going to do it but then Tom entered their house and a kiss died on Jack's lips, Jenny went to Amalia and they shared bottle of wine as Jack didn't buy any. But Jenny is a fool, she made him feel that she is going out dancing, partying may be even with Joyce, Jenny loves Jack endlessly, Jenny plays dangerous games, Jenny is a girl, Jenny feels Jack has been betraying her but she doesn't want to talk about that, they are generous to each other - Jack thinks the same about her and he doesn't talk either - they haven't done it. Jack is writing, Jenny is very happy, this is a miracle, she brought his typewriter from Stockholm and Jack is writing! Jenny is stupid and she falls for the temptation to read behind his back.

Jenny's tale - "how not to be? - when I met Jack he carried me in his arms and kissed all the time, and put food into my mouth if we would eat at all, now I'm not suppose to kiss, to touch, he says like an old Al Pacino - you don't touch me, I touch you! - and I cook and he eats, well when I read his poems for the first time in his bed he has beaten my heart to the very end - they were love poems to the other girls and his very bright explicit thoughts - that man I want - my heart yelled, shouted and begged and asked for and it did get the man and now after the eleven months he has written about me at last, he has written an awful things about my private parts he despise, how wrong could

one have been? ”

Tom and Jack had fun, Jenny less, Jack saw Jenny's pussy was a house monster. Jack and Tom left for a few days for Tom's home town.

Jenny's tale ” Freedom. - Yes, I only stood in the mirror and wind caught me up there. Room was eight corners room, high ceilings, white double doors, stove white and distinct, dark brown furniture's, broken TV in the middle of the room, plants, earth and broken glass all over the floor, Jack has forgotten to clean up after himself; three windows, one white curtain, table, typewriter, mess of papers, books and magazines, Tod's candleholder without candles, messed up bed with unfresh sheets in different colours, big bookshelves with lots of shitty and useless books, big aquarium for a little frog, pornographic images, mirrors - the wind blew my hair first, my body then and my dirty heart at last cleaning it with tiny piece of gold into the love - life-love, world-love, not a man love; my womb was wet like a mountain deep lake, brown skin, lambada dress - I'm free - said the girl to herself focusing street in the open window in her eye - Jack, my judgement eye is gone and his miserable friend gone too all the way to hell. The wind blows straight through her and brings such unbelievable amount of well being and freedom. She has bracelets on her legs to protect her from the devils - I'm free - she repeats. The day turns golden and full of possibilities, she is blessed and she smokes a cigarette.”

Some hours later Jenny walks around singing a song - Joyce is a dancer, Jack is a poet, Jenny is a fool, Joyce is a dancer, Jack is a poet, Jenny is a fool! - and she ends up - I have been in the swamps and seen the alligator in the Zoo, I met wild coyote in the desert, I made her come to my door and eat everyday from the hand, I have danced tango in Rio under the starry sky, I don't believe in our organisation and our western cliché of sex and violence - Jenny is pathetic and cheap, Jenny's opinions suck, Jenny continues - I'm not part of your shit! - Jenny takes deep breath - my heart is running free over the earth and can watch from the outside - I sit down and take a deep laugh at Joy, a girl is a fool. - I want to go back to Mexico! - screams Jenny loud to herself. The night falls, Jenny doesn't leave the apartment, she knows the best would have been to call somebody but she doesn't do. She cleans the house, she hangs the paintings up and washes all the sheets, she wonders why does she do that, they decided to live the town after Jack's return. All she needs it's a few days of the wrong doing. - Time is short but so what? - answers herself the girl. She is going to make a book, a film, love, other books, cameras, computer, applications, phone calls, festival program, her sun, her daughter, her divorce, friends, love again, swimming, pleasures, beach, bitch, flights, conflicts, ideas, band, summer nights, fast, plans, her skin on which her lover complains so much, her limbs, her lipstick, her hair, food, vitamins, dog, wind, spiracles, tapes, letters and a telephone, new curtains and new lamp, she has about 18 days until they'll go to Warsaw forever, but she doesn't really trusts Jack and she doesn't want to go to Warsaw by herself. Black clouds culminated over two hitchhikers, Tom and

Jack, hate and disappointment of their halves pull after them as a stunk in the air. These guys loved to sit on the beauty throne themselves so their girls were named the ugly halves, quite unusual and unlike to be appreciated by the halves at all. Jenny starts to dress up in front of the mirror, she sees she is pretty and cool, the other lines are gone, she paints her eyes more than usual with thick line of the turquoise pen and black eyeliner and extra long and thick eyelashes in black mascara. Jenny goes out. The Church outside and the whole square is beautiful as never before, the sky in Parisian blue, walls illuminated with a strong lamps and trees heavily waiting and summer birds and air and all the red flowers, Lucy's head explodes. She drinks the beauty and nobody is pushing her, nobody is upset, Jack's departure is still fresh, still relaxing, she goes to Bistro and meets Joyce, Joyce wants to fly and they look together against the blue, he is a pretty boy and he gives her a little kiss, he says - so, Jack left you? Now you are a single girl? - no - says Lucy - he is soon coming back and we are going to go - you are always going somewhere Lucy, you need to find home, you need to find peace, Lucy - Lucy goes home, Lucy is a fool, Lucy is waiting for Jack, she creeps to her bed and reads his script, it turns her on, Jenny loves Jack, she loves Jack endlessly and can't stand without him. Jenny takes taxi to a night club, taxi driver wants to see her legs and wants to pay her with a golden bracelet for a lay, Lucy is pissed, she doesn't pay for the drive, she slams the door, Lucy walks fast, Lucy is dancing, she is OK, the night is at last over. Lucy meets the flasher outside of her house, he is flashing with his dick, she hates that because it scares shit out of her. She locks her door very fast. It is a day and it's closer to Jack. Jenny drives into her deep sleep with her hand in her pussy. Days and nights without Jack are a bad night mare.

Jack was away and she counted every single day and every single night of missing, Jenny met Mick and she get drunk with Amalia, they took bike-taxi back home, they sat to the morning drinking Tequila. Lucy is furious at Jack. - The walls of that house are cracking and I would like to hit for the permanent destruction and not a temporary one! You do get my point! The walls of that house are cracking down and if you despise my body you absolutely have to go, you can't be my babe on these conditions, there is no way, the walls of that house are cracking and I'll go before they cover me with an ancient dust of the powdered worms - Lucy walks towards the window the sky is pale and night is gone - if you are not coming soon - she continues - you are going to miss me soon, I'll keep myself strict for one more day, one more day, my in your eyes such an ugly cunt, you know what I mean and tomorrow if you are not here I'll go with Big Mick to Mexico or with the devil to hell and play flapper and sex, your father was very nice on the phone but you weren't there. Love is a strange game.

It was the end of June, Jenny came back late this evening, she had a feeling she saw Jack on the street, she went up the stairs, he wasn't home, a minute later she heard heavy running steps on the staircase and Jack entered the

room, he was drunk, she gave him a big hug and a big smile, Jack hold a long white metal bar in his hand, Jack smashed plants and glasses, Jack sat down in the easy chair screaming, conducting and swaying his stick, he hit everything he could get, he hit Jenny when she was close enough, Jack's eyes were mad, Jack's hands were evil - did you screw someone? - shouted Jack questioning - no! - shouted back Jenny - he did not listen, floor was covered with glass and earth. Jack followed her to the bathroom, he pour wine over her, he asked her - why do you have such ugly bags under your eye, why do you have such ugly tired breasts? - Jenny put on her new fancy raincoat Stela has done and went out, Jack sat in the window screaming - Jenny don't go I love You, Jenny what have happened to us? Jenny I love you, don't go! - Jenny went to the bar and had few drinks, music was good, Jack was back home, Jenny was happy.

Jack bought a lenses and fall in love to himself a pretty young man without glasses, Jack saw Jenny got ugly, Jack saw Jenny got fat, they were planing to go to Mexico. Jack was very distant and Jenny dreamed of the real lover, she plaid with her thoughts, someone caring her to bed, putting her down into the bed, taking her clothes off, taking her piece by piece into the magical temptation of love, Jenny and Jack they are out sailing, they are fucking up their love. Jenny bought tickets, Jack made a list for himself of the concrete stuff he was going to fix before their departure. Jack was uneasy, Jack was bothered, Jack was stressed. Jenny disturbed him when he was writing, Jenny disturbed him when he read books, Jenny made excellent food, Jenny sucked his cock. Jack bought tape recorder and started to go up to the mountain everyday and talk to it instead of writing, it was excellent idea and he loved his voice floating up in the hot sky when he laid on his back getting more and more brown and beautiful for everyday. The day of the departure were not very good fit with the day he was going to get his new lenses. They were going to be three months away. Jenny bought high heel expensive sandals for the trip and lost them on the way home. They were suppose to do few vaccinations and she was supposed to rent the apartment away for one year. Jack was uneasy, Jack was unhappy, the moon was growing. They rented a porno movies and Jenny looked with tears in her eyes and wanted the same, a real guy! Jenny was a fool! Jack kissed her pussy through her underwear, Jenny lifted up her head and said - I'm fed up with a type of fuck when the pants sit painfully in my butt every time, can't you learn? - Jack turned still, he sat up, put on his glasses and looked at her silently, she rose, dressed and went out. She met flasher on the night lonely stroll flashing, she run home panicking, she loved Jack very much but she said nothing, he wouldn't touch her this night. Jenny was a fool, she fucked up the love, she loved his tongue, she loved it so much. The day after she showed him a poem she wrote, she should have been dead before doing that, she meant love, she meant she loved Jack endlessly that's why she showed him that - Joy's poem - ice inside the body spread in the short

intervals, love abstinence, there is a solution but simplest solution doesn't satisfy me, and simplest solution is to get another man and a very quick and a very quick one - hi, it doesn't talk to me, they are like from another planet and they have a green and ill scented cocks and I don't want them inside of me, the thoughts - a room, a man carry me to bed, looking into my eyes and kissing me on my lips takes off my clothes and certainly he doesn't give me the same look as Jack as it would have been something wrong with me as my teeth would hang out my mouth and intestines were coming out the screaming womb - no, he looks at me as I was myself, the same person I can see in the mirror, the world of love is tough, it brings me where I don't want to be, where I can't breath and a flasher jerks off 37 times a day, and he isn't a fucking man, he is just fucking lonely and he is delighted over a fact that I walk all alone again, it has been long since my Babe and me have taken a walk, no one loves you Joy but a dirty flasher, so it's simply his turn now and not yours, so stay cool girl, it's your captain talking to you, do what you can and can not." And Jack said - I'm not going to Mexico, I'm moving out - he looked at her, he was serious, Jenny had sell the tickets back, Jack is going to move in three weeks, until then the love is hot. They spent all the money Jenny had for a trip drinking together and mostly having lots of fun and sex.

Jenny's tale - " it is absurd but one gets pretty horny from walking without underwear and one gets pretty brain washed from the love trouble; Amalia told me - Jenny, catch up with yourself I have never seen you like that - I did not tell her but I have no power anymore, I love him, when I walk up the staircase I'm thinking if it will hurt very much to cut the throat or what else shall I do, we have been trying to be apart but after three days it's simply impossible to breath. Tod is nice to Joy, he feels she is very lost and sad, she is sorrowing as always too early or too late. Jenny is chicken on the spade, shitty chicken. - I want a hat! Absolutely want a hat! - said unknown woman to her man, they both passed Jenny, Jenny was jealous at the type of the problem they had. The other night Jenny painted her labia lips with a scarlet lipstick bright red, Jack didn't see it, Jack slept, that evening young soldier tried on Jenny but did not make it, he was first of all too short. Jenny was a tough girl and she knew what she wanted. She wanted to fuck Jack in the park, in it's darkest side so impossibly horny she was, he had his arm around her and she did not have any underwear only white panther stockings, vov, she said nothing, it was a big miss. Jenny was so fed up with herself when she sat horny on the couch like a hen and Jack slept that she went to sleep in the other room, Jack fetched her soon and put his arms around her and they went down into the white spread of love. In the morning he did not want to fuck her, he wanted to take a shower. Jenny's tale - " what a piss world to lay here spread like a wound of the roses in the sweaty, horny land of Jack's sweat and Jack's sperm still left in the bed since yesterday, my bosom is like a full moon turned into perversion of the thorny fields covered with

fresh earth soft and killing and basic, killing and buried alive with one finger finding its way into the darkness of my lust, love and hate, dipper and dipper digging in the hot meat of oneself while he washes off his sperm and sweat with a broken shower, I want to catch a cloud and fly away at least before Jack brushes up his pretty hair and comes into the room. I hate to ask for love, hate to beg, hate to feel it's eating me up, consuming from in and from outside. Trivialities. Jenny is a fool. she writes down - I have bought a rumble fish. This morning I wanted to fuck Jack more then ever, I went out the rain was hot, it was then I went down to the store and bought our tickets to Mexico and now Jack doesn't want to go anymore."

Lucy's dream - "we were watching an oriental stripper girl, she was in the little paper wax boat in the pool of Parisian blue water flickering with silver and gold in which moon mirrored its swollen perfectly round face, she was showing her small round pale-pink breasts, she was singing "catch me catch me" and it was her routine money making show, we were on the travel and the fairy tale was real, she had another boat hooked to hers and that one was filled with fresh flowers, the next one was an empty boat, the girl rose a flame out of her hand and directed at the third boat, flames started to kiss sharp crimson and shining sides of the boat, with unbelievable excitement we waited for the fire to take it all over into the grand flame show, the girl smiled sweetly as her boat rocked peacefully in darkening now water reflecting more and more dancing flames coming close to her, then you woke me up Jack."

Jenny starts considering to pay someone to kill her - this starts to be like a real movie a happy actress says, it's me and I got a leading role; - the other man? no other man - the actress says - not yet, not now, may be never, well sometimes, not now anyway, he is under my eyelids burnt into my retina for ever - the most beautiful man on earth. Other people ask me - what do you really see in that guy, he is crazy - no - I say - he is everything, I love the way he moves, I love the way he talks, his eyes, his smile, his smell, taste of his cock, the way he thinks first of all, his wildness his evilness and sweetness and softness, all, I love his bad sides - it's one year now! One year before, I phone him - yes, yes, yes! - he screams come and fetch me and we go out! yes! - The street is burning hit, cloudlessly dead blue sky standing as in the middle of the frying pan, I push his door bell, I push the door and walking through move into the wet shadow of the dark gate, it is near now, floors, staircase, I hear him open the door when I am still a floor away and I know if he doesn't stand naked in half open door he lays on his bed and it's only three steps till then, it's only one second away from the kiss, the sweetest ever kiss is timeless in his arms and he lays in my and nothing is up and nothing is down nothing is done, more then love, love, love and it's enough and every single touch burns me all the way through the virgin love we can't deny, I'm faster and faster, he is faster and faster and we can not give up and he is down there under me, he is still under me until he is on my back,

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sweetness of his dick drives me insane and into the dream and real life shines in full light and illumination an endless attraction, the bed cracks and we roll to the floor, the ecstasy after ecstasy runs through the water gates of my womb and mouth, his mouth, the most beautiful mouth on earth, mouth as sky, fucking clichés they hold for the first time and cheap words make sense, his red lips are soft and soft is my womb and our blood dancing triumph over the heads and heels and never wants to die, his lips bite me like a tigers the whole hordes of them and all pretty and dangerously playful and the kiss feels at the bottom of my belly and he is already there before me and he is shouting also with his dick - I love you miss! - We go and eat, he is sour and in a bad mood - the worst year in my life - he says looking into my eyes and leaning back on his chair with a sun alighting his golden hair, I pay for the dinner, I smile, we go home and fuck.

Jenny's tale - " in the gully of your choice you smash it all, Mexican tacos, mescal, jungle, drugs, our love and my trust, you eat my heart with bare fingers, you squeeze the last juice drops out of my veins - monster, the handsome and verbally perfectly equipped sitting in the pale evening sun, with shades on, with body thrown comfortably on the easy chair with nonchalance of the very young and very beautiful, leaning that far back that I have to lean all the way over the table to hear a precious words you say and you say - the worst year in my life - and look into my eyes of wildness, and you say - I still want to go to Mexico but not with you - this night we sleep in two beds, I don't mean we sleep apart, first we sleep in the last room in a small bed which used to belong to Max, and after we sleep in our double bed, I know you love me Jack, what's your fucking trouble? Jenny-Joy."

Vale of Cashmere - I want his love the way it was. I change my tactics all the time, do I? - not really, dream my death in different ways - how pathetic - make plans for the soon future as - I'll have an apartment in that town, I'll go from here for the long time, I'll go to New York tomorrow for two weeks alone, I'll send him ticket, I'll do not, I'll come back, I'll not come back, I'm dying for the kiss, Kathmandu, Nepal, sun is burning, I can't even express myself, jam-up, we can't stop, burn my eyes, love or what's left of it within one fucking year, go back to the desert to see your face coming out of the storm one more time and fall again for your kiss our burning lips, thirsty, thirsty like hell and like hell dead!

every little bit she is here - and a slow guitar comp. - it's Nick, I bought at last a needle for a stereo and can listen to music, great! David wants to pay me company but I wont do it, I love Jack his slim body stretched along Cashmere's valley tempting me, it feels especially under my feet, Ray of Bengal - all the places where we will never go, shitty karma, Zedd was taken by police, they don't like his films, I talked to Giorno and he sends his regards, Anna drove by in a super shining black car, she wanted me to come with to the other town, she looked great tonight, I did not go, Ingrid gave me her phone number and asked for the call, she thinks I'm still as wild as before,



poor tame little Jenny on her own with Jack, fucking loser girl, I don't like that at all, kids from the quarter talking about Joy's new shoes, she is not totally forgotten, actually she is really in, nobody knows her heart trouble and Jack's dominance, Frida got two sweet babes, Jenny heard a baby cry through the window and hoped it was hers and Jack's - a baby dream, Jack said - I don't want your company, I don't want your pussy, I don't want to spend my time with you, I don't want to travel with you, I don't want to fuck you anymore - Jenny is waiting for more hot stuff, it feels like an eternity, Fifi, a dog is back home, Jenny is desperate, she is playing Nick's talk record but this time it does not work, it does not bring her back to earth, she is swaying and it is pain. It feels as last night when she laid alone in Max's bed just before Jack came to her in the middle of the night and put his arms around her killing all the bad dreams in one single move. She can hear his footsteps. They don't talk to each other they don't explain anything, Jenny is love, where is Jack? Jack thinks Jenny is completely different to the other girls, but how could she be, is he that naive?

Jenny's tale - "for a while now you kept on breaking in me something very fragile my sweet heat, the inner strengths aren't unlimited - you might have doubts, sorrows, conflicts - but not me, if I dare to talk I destroy the love and that's too tough. And beside I want a real fuck and a real kiss and a strawberry cake and a real smile and a real fight and real words and I want you to take me out. We were so wonderfully in love and you would make tea with milk and sugar whenever we woke up, I want to give you all I can, I want to give you all freedom and peace I imagine you need but the price is braking down something in me, I have been draining my sense of humour and I'm sad like a lonesome homeless Negro. I love you Jack."

Jenny writes letter to Jack - "I'm angry at myself and angry at your words from the last night, passion is good to clean a shoes with and a love next to it, I'm angry that I still stick to the following feelings as I wouldn't learn anything and I did because it doesn't hurt anymore. Hands of an old man I danced with last night were dry as skin of an old dead horse - horrible, your words to me about other girls sweet little asses were horrible, I want breakfast with somebody nice and it doesn't have to be you, it doesn't have to be a lover, it doesn't have to be a man. I want a cigarette and a cup of coffee with milk and sugar, my heart is cool but not my imagination which contradicts, it makes attempts and trips, we should have gone to Mexico. I promise you nobody feels empty, sad, bored or quarrelsome after 24 hours trip through the dry solitary country, circling through the cunt of virgin mountains and the earth where eagles go to sleep without conjunction act - a fuck and all the people are blind, and coming at the morning hour down to the sea coming down to the ultimate of ocean and send keeps you so perfectly alive that you don't have to think about screwing female pink or black eternity before you do all the other stuff as stretching legs, pissing, breathing, drinking ice cold Corona beer, eating fried eggs with red and green chilly called a'la hang over and a

bread which smells bread, looks like bread, look at people as they are and all the rest of the simple thoughtless doings one does far away from home... And today I don't want to have my own apartment in this town and I don't care for my responsibilities over my son, dog, frog, rumble fish Harry still new in this house of love...

24 hours not just through the landscape of darkening red earth and clouds which take whatever it pleases them shapes - as an air taking a shape of a copulating couple and moving fast, taking the chance before the wind blows them away, 24 hours in the bus placed like a packet, your uncomfortably shaken ass, intestines, balls pushing on each other and your squeezed dick on each jump coursed by a single stone on the road made of milliards stones, road to hell, road to nowhere, road to paradise and to the end which never comes. You feel the back of the hard sit is coming through your open belly and blowing your ribs apart and people snore and stink and chickens who can't sleep talk in their tongue and they don't give a damn about you and a man to your left drops his unshaved hair and stinks tougher life that you could have ever imagine next to you would have exist and his dick smells skunk so it drills your nose and you think Fi-fi's smell was a paradise, and then you really awake very close to the panic and you lean to your right at your sweet girl's breast and it's perfectly soft and it smells the same so you are simply cosy in your bed and nothing is missing no more and the touch of her hair sings you a lullaby and darkness of your mind is but a cosy shelter of dreams. Yours Joy."

- Tonight I plaid Black Jack with Joyce and we lost, we were very close to 21, Joyce have explain to me the special position but I didn't understand anything except that I was very pretty - said Jenny to Jack, they met at the night club, Jenny said - I'm going for the party do you come? - no - said Jack - and you don't go anywhere either - she loved if he talked to her that way, they danced, it was a perfect night. Jenny loves Jack's smile and she knows he is the prettiest on earth! And he took her home on the bicycle and the rain por down and Jack was drunk and they were swinging straight to the most wet paradise where her round ass was pressed against his dressed cock and his tights were round her like thick snakes, this life she would not have change to anything else Three weeks are running fast Jenny is shit scared, she wears Jack's clothes inside the house to keep herself within himself. She meats her old friend and films him, he wants her to pinch him in the ass, she does it; she is also filming with Big Mick and stupidly enough she does it behind Jack's back, it's a thrill, she says she goes somewhere else, she runs on the wrong side of the yard and jumps into his car, they don't get very far filming, Mick has too little time and she too, it is fun, in the last seen she lays on the water bed in handcuffs, Mick doesn't dare to go on, it is thrilling, he drives her home. Jenny loves Jack he has his blue jacket on. Never before she was laying to Jack about anything, it is thrilling. Life is a show! Life is a fiesta! There are no words as shit! piss! misfortune! when I look into his blue

green eyes it is my paradise, my affection could have last in 1000 years, there is no blues, no sorrow he keeps me alive, he keeps me warm and that means more then tracks of diamonds - hey Joy, stop, don't lie to herself no more! He doesn't want you anymore! - my mind is very stiff about it as an old man legs, I can't believe this statement as long he is with me he wants me, yes he does, yes, love is a cool toy in a corner store and boys are girl's toys - you are crazy Joy - Yes, I know that! - and she smiles at me for the last time going back to her shitty fears, she prepares for the suicide, she still has a few days, few minutes, the day is not like the others. The time is on the run. Jenny is freezing, she keeps Jack's jacket on. Soon it shall not be here.

I'm shit scared, I don't know if I am tough or fragile, I do confessions, promises, it's all words. I have no strengths, I have power, When I lean through the window I want to jump, short or long moments, sometimes longing for mushrooms, sometimes for the space cakes - is it love what you are giving me? are you using me? our souls? bodies? are we alive? are we right or wrong? what do you want? what do you really think? I'm vanishing within myself, your skin, your flash, ass, hands, caressing me arms, am I ? I haven't loose hope, why am I afraid of a change, why don't I trust that we make it, it might be even good for us or it might grow into a real dark hell landscape but it might brighten up, o why don't I shut up? Joy.

It was great to make love by night and sex games at the day simplicity. I love you. Harass me not.

III

THE END Jenny takes deep breath, She clasps her hands around mine, pressing up her bosom against my crotch. The heat swings me straight up. She moves my hands up and slides out from beneath under my body. She zips on her skirt, getting up, her heels knock fast against the floor when she goes against the window - she moves the curtain softly, she looks out she turns with a smile she calls her dog and I hear her running down the staircase, knocking hard with her spike heels giant love giant song. I love and hate her bosom, her womb, her cunt, her pussy and her heart.

Sunday, Jack doesn't want to film the scene they or she had planed, he doesn't care, he doesn't want to drive the moped, she is trying to persuade him to do that, unexpectedly she succeeds.

They did some filming and Jenny slid on the moped, her leg was racked and it hurt like hell - shiny pink row meat stacked out from the broken net stocking and a broken white skin, Jack caressed her and cared for her and she felt - hell, it was worth it to crush, he kissed her lips, and held her hand, they went to the movies, and after went to the bar and Jack got drunk, they came back home and went to bed, they got visitors, Dutch and his new girl Caro came from Berlin to stay for a week, they all shared bottle of wine late after the midnight and stories from the old and from the fresh past, Jack and Jenny went to bed and made love in some hours. At last Jack was the lover again and he also lead the game and he has done it perfectly. He took care of her pussy, her anus, her nipples, her buttocks, cheeks and the lips. At last Jenny was satisfied, she got her act of love she longed for, she has got peace and dirt and much more. Her leg hurt and she couldn't sleep and she had the whole night for her sweet thinking and dreaming besides Jack's hot body. Monday. Jenny was home alone, she was walking restlessly from room to room, she watched from the window, she glanced into the mirrors, she walked round, she looked through the window one more time, street was endlessly empty and light laid pink slides over the gutter, she felt sharp pain in her heart and her feet escaped her control. Jack held the key to his new place in his hand staring at it, it was a funny key, it looked like two keys in one, he watched his slim strong fingers and he laid it in his big open hand, the hand was white; sort of carte' blanche.

He came in and hugged her - I was missing you- she said, she had her jacket on, she was freezing - I was missing you too - the boy said and showed her a key to his atelier, she knew he had got it because she felt the needle in her heart before. But she didn't worry. The love can not deepened on the extra key, extra space, it shall be only better they both thought, more time to work and more excitement when we see each other... But she was afraid of nights alone, yes she was. But this night he needed her to take care of him very much - he had a hangover, they went to a video store and rented films and

sat on the bed when Eric came to fetch Jenny for Freddie's birthday party, Jack sat naked in the top of the bed leaning on the pillows and Jenny was pulling of her stocking and they both smiled - it was an idyllic scene. They didn't want to go to the party, they staid in bed watching films and they both got up any time Jack felt stressed and she hold his hand and guard him from the monster and twice they walked out of the house to chase Jack's ghosts away, they walked empty streets first, then they walked crowded Avenue, it was still Summer and people were loud and busy.

The day after she turned panic and shaky, she was scared she couldn't say why, she put the jacket on and stood in the corner of the room trembling, he was out for a walk with his friend and Fi-fi, she couldn't find a cigarette and she couldn't stop trembling. He came in and gave her a little kiss, he hold her hands and sat on the couch - I'm scared - she said - yes, it's tough - he said thinking of the same - will he or will he not miss her? and how will it be; and after they looked at their movie.

- Jack, you are not planning to leave me by moving to your own place, or?

- asked Jenny in shaky voice, she still laid in bed, it was already a morning - no - he said.

- Please, Jack don't live me for good, prayed Jenny loud - now. The first night he wasn't going to sleep at home he rushed into her place round midnight screaming - we have to go and eat! - I have a food for you - she said with a big smile happy to see him and to be so good hearted. Food was very good and he liked the souse and said - I'm going to sleep at Talisman, I have to because of my lenses, all stuff is there, but you can come. - And she, only God knows why did not go to him. - yes, God knows why - she wanted him to come to her. She laid in bed from 3 o'cl with eyes wide open, there was also a party downstairs and she could hear everything from the room below, it kept her awake and Jack's missing presence did that too. About 5 o'cl she started to call his name loud, she had the ring on her heart finger - he wears the same ring - and she called his name loud - Jack! Jack! Jack! please come! come now, Jack! - But he didn't. And she didn't either and fall asleep about 6. At 12 he woke her up fetching her cocking pot, plate, fork, knife and a spoon. She was still in bed and kicked him and joked and screamed - if you are not going to sleep at home I'll find another boyfriend - and she heat him with a pillow - . Love, love, love is a crazy game, the craziest game on earth. She wants his child very much. It's insane. He left after some minutes and at 19 o'cl the same day she went to his place, he laid in her leather easy chair, he looked beautiful but tired, he said he also couldn't sleep - it was too hot in the loft, there was no window in his new place. The whole place is very small and it smells rotten but it is rather cute little home without toilet and bathroom and without a girlfriend and he makes in there really nice, she can imagine how much he enjoys to have an own home without her... Lay there stretched in the easy chair watching his collection of records and typewriter, thinking of Nina Hagen, Sharon Stone or pretty 15 years old blond chick with

a diamond in the nose from the cafe - yes - she asked him to join her out and he actually said yes, but she was too stressed to wait, he plaid some song for her "the girl enemy" and how the love turns through the girls - woman - oooold age - and she left. Love how crazy can you be. He said - see you later I pass by and fetch more stuff - . First she sat at the cafe' with the flower man and joked about sex and other rubbish, then she went home and made an omet which she gave to her dog, then she wrote for some time, then she made fire in the stove and then her girlfriend came and she said - it is so beautiful here, so peaceful, and is so different - Yes, I love Jack - said Jenny and they went out after a midnight and they got really drunk, it was many techuilas and gin and cider and beer and dancing and lots of bars, the boys loved her - shit, it did not meter to her at all, Lise said - hey Jenny, watch out you have to give damn in him, just kill him, kill Jack before he kills you. - I love him very much - said Jenny - you are a nut - said Lise. And she kissed Jenny on her lips - Lise can really dance - thought Jenny, and Lise waved her hips in front of her - you have become too tame - wild Jenny - said Lise giving her one more hug. Jenny arrived at Jack's place past 4 o'cl in the morning, he let her in, she took of her clothes and laid besides him, his body - that was a chapter of her life, she couldn't be without him, she knew it now clearer - shit why was she so much in love, they did not talk, or yes she said something still before she took of her clothes and he said- you, don't be so familiar, you are my guest here otherwise you can go - and now she can not remember what she said, she laid silently besides him, she was drunk, fire buzzed in her head, they gave each other a small touch of hips and sides and their feet couldn't resist playing. She woke up after an hour and she had to piss, he said gently you can pi-pi in the sink, but she was too shy and she tried to get out into the street, she couldn't open the lock, he got up furious and wanted her to leave at once, there was no way she was going home alone now, she got back to the loft and begged him to let her stay - no!- he was screaming - I give you three minutes at the most! - he threw her clothes down and he was hitting her in the head several times - you are out from here! - please let me stay! - she kept on - I can not be alone there, I'll not talk to you, I don't even have to lay in your bed... - He let her stay - but if you wake me one more time, you are out and never come back! - he screamed. She laid down on the floor quiet like a mouse. Soon she heard his voice - ej, Jenny come here to me if you gone stay and sleep - she laid besides him, he gently turned his arm around her. She woke up again, wanted to piss, to puke, to flash ice cold water over her head and neck, wanted aspirin, wanted everything but she did not even pip. She set in the bed banding her head down deciding to go to her place, she sat quietly thinking and realised how comfortable it shall be at her home to satisfy all these needs and then she felt how she is laying in her bed shaking and calling his name like the other night, she laid back and fall asleep, woke up rather all right the next time. But she had to leave from there soon, he said - I'm sorry for last night, I don't

like beating people, you can see that I must be by myself for a while - she went to her place and laid in bed, she had a terrible hangover. He came in and she smiled, she said she wants to see him - I'm going to eat at the cafe' so, if you hurry you'll see me - she made herself ready and went down, he said - I'm sorry for last night - shit it happens, don't think about it - she didn't have any money and asked if he could buy a cock for her, he wouldn't do and he left her at the table as soon he was ready with his sandwich, the sun shone. She started to understand they broke something, they still kept the love and titles of boyfriend girlfriend, but they didn't know how to be when they were together and partly when they were alone too. They broke the spell. Something was going to happen even a progression or a decision. She still was leaving out the key for him to her place, once she did not during first few hours since he moved and then he broke the door. Something was going to happen, she wanted to marry him and to have his child. She was apparently crazy like all the girls - late out... She stopped cooking for Jack, she ate very little now, it was only two days, and the third night was just opening arms for her as the sun had sat down. Jack was at his new place drinking the rest of the ROM from Lisabone and some beers with few friends, they sat around low table he found today in the container. He loved his place and his records and his gained back freedom, he could really breath at last, he climbed to the loft to piss into the sink. She was cold and actually couldn't think at all, but she knew she was not going to go to him this night, she wanted to die - actually, but she could just forget about it, her son was 12 years old and he was her life insurance and he just looked in to take a bath, she could just drop that solution, he opened door and screaming and smiling asked her - where is Jack? did he move? - cigarettes were the only comfort. No, no other men, not yet anyway, only third night. It did not make any sense to think about future. She still went around laughing but she knew she lived on past credits. She had no power to go to the club where she made few appointments with different people, she laid on her bed motionless with eyes open and turned to the wall, she listen to a tape with his voice, she wanted to scream, she watched a films on the video together with her son who was going to sleep at her place tonight. Jack was at the club. He was very drunk. He liked one girl and talked to her the whole evening when he didn't listen to Bobo's life story. - Also to work was a way to survive, work on her new film... - thought Jenny. But she didn't really want to survive, she wanted his love. Jack was standing in the alley of wet and dark trees, ground was maddy, he was having a girl in his arms, she was sweet and had the same shoes as Jenny, but she was much sweeter and much younger and he wanted to fuck her and he was taking her to his home.

Jack came back at 2 at night drunk, Jenny screamed with a happy yell - hey Jack how wonderful to have you here! - he only run through the apartment and left after 5 minutes, she watched him from the window all the way she could like a train going away. All right, she said to herself, I'll see him

tomorrow, he is going to need me at a hangover, I'll let him look for me first and she went to sleep. An old friend came by to visit the same night, he was about as drunk as Jack and he laid on her bed and she laid with the cover up to her face repeating - I love Jack, I love Jack, I love Jack I hope he is coming back - you are crazy - he said - I'm going can I borrow your umbrella? - sure - said Jenny and fall asleep breathing deep. The first thing in the morning, she knew she was going to go to Jack and comfort him. It didn't work, other people needed her first. At last she knocked at his door, he was already up, he looked smashed, pale, unbrushed and wore his glasses again, she was so happy to see him, that she forgotten the golden rule of the battle won - silence and patience - she overwhelmed her visit with smiles, words, fast rubbish talk and traces of passion, she was out within five minutes - she had things to do. Came back after an hour with picnic breakfast and pulled him outside into the sun with smiles and sweet words. Grass was wet and maddy and she didn't want to fuck up her shoes - the girl I liked last night had the same shoes as you - said Jack. It wasn't a great fun to hear, she thought but found nothing more to say, then - yeah, it is so, I danced the other night with a happy boy who looked like you, and the boy said he wasn't happy only pretend but then I left - well I didn't dance with her, I only talked to her for an hour -. They sat in the park eating white bread, salami, olives, avocado, cheese, tomatoes, drinking juice and fruit yogurt, there was a sun behind the trees and duck pool and white pigeon trying to watch for their love. They both felt as they were in Paris. An old man said - watch out for the white pigeon, all what is white is special - Jack agreed and Jenny's heart trembled. She asked strangers for the fire and they asked if she came from Germany - yes - she said. She was too hungry and too foolish to master the time, she asked him to go with her home and make love - I don't want to - he said - I'm going to find myself a love - what? - she said unable to believe that she heard what she heard - nothing - he answered, two strangers came back with a little yellow lighter for her, they talked to Jenny and Jack and he answered their question saying - I live here but my girlfriend, she is on sort of holidays - I'll go home and listen to the music - said Jack to Jenny; she didn't even care that he said home and not a werkshop for the first time; she invited herself in, he laid in the easy chair with closed eyes and plaid several songs, she smoked cigarette after cigarette, after 4 cigarettes and one and a half LP she stood by the wall, thinking - I got to go, I got to go, what can I do here I can't smoke more -. She asked him to come to her place, she said after 8, why 8 she thought? she walked and walked and walked, she walked over the mountain all was day sorrowful, she saw a couple at the top sitting on the bunch where she and Jack sat many months before and kissed and drunk fasan beer and Jenny bought a new book and book was a good poetry by the Korean poet, now she tried not to look in their direction, she met her son, and had nothing to say, she came home and laid on the bed, she did not play any records, she still forced pushing out tears to stay inside. After one hour

and a half she started screaming still laying in the bed, she was realising that the time was running out, what did she wait for? what? Why didn't she go to the club yesterday, why? actually she knew why, she was tired, fed up and wanted to be home, she didn't want to rush things, she wanted to do nothing, and she knew if he wanted to come he knew where to find her, but today she regretted that she didn't go, somehow she knew that one of the reasons he went there was for her sake, and she knew she was a beautiful girl and bla bla bla, ... - o shit that story is getting really a cheap slapstick - thought the girl, but she knew if it runs out then she wants to die - simple. Two hours later she went back to him.. simple, it was raining and dark. She took on her simple jacket and she took her dog. He wasn't home. Across the street was an restaurant, she looked through the window and saw his back right there. She tight up the dog outside and went in, he stretched his arms to her - I thought I was never going to see you again - he welcomed her - what are you doing here? - I want to rent some movies and take you home - she said - this is a very good idea - he really felt blouse and lonely and he smoked a cigarette which was rare - he said that right after she left his place he had a horrible dream that he lost all his friends. His hair were as when they met in a big mess, but now longer, he wore glasses, yes he was getting desperate and she comforted him as she used to do. He went out and talked to Fi-fi first and then he brought a dog to his home. He touched her and her heart melt endlessly. She was not on her guard. They went to the video store. And after while she realised that they already saw all the good films, and all the half good and a little of the happy air went out of her. They did not take a porno films either. They were still happy but hours were counted. He got stressed or restless after the first film - what's a matter with you, Jack?- asked Jenny - non of your business! - he barked at her - o, I forgot you have these bad manners - she simply said, but the magic was gone, the second film Hell raiser II did not work, third was shit and fourth they watched, she fell asleep before the end. She woke up few times in the morning, thinking - he doesn't want me, I have to see that he doesn't love me anymore, he obviously doesn't want sex with me -... They woke up in the middle of the day and she made love to him and it felt at the final as she would rape him. - You are a peanut, Jenny - said Jack - do you come for dinner ?- she asked him back - I don't think so - he said - I come later to wash my stuff - I don't care for your stuff, I want to go out with you tonight - I don't want to go out tonight - he said spreading his arms. I guess she felt like a shit and she knew she was playing her cards straight into his hand like a perfect looser. Why a hell was she doing that? She was back home, she made shopping for them both, food and wine, he was here in the meanwhile - she saw it at once, he did not flesh toilet as usual and the bathroom smelled his piss and the smell of urine spread into the corridor as he did not close the door - lovely - she thought - his dirty jeans laid across her suitcase filled with clothes she did not unpacked since April, she had her clothes in the hip in the suitcase since they left for Lisbon, that's

since beginning of March and now is August, but then they had four suitcases together and he used her silver one, which she used now. She almost felt taste of his piss on her face, felt how worm it was and smooth, she loved him endlessly she loved him like a true slave and that was her mistake. There was a way she could win his heart back, and the way there was only by being cruel, why didn't she want to use that? She knew how...

- so I guess babe it is over said Jenny to herself - Jack said to Jenny - I don't want to go out tonight, but he did, and pity for Jenny, she went to her base player and staid few hours and left when the restaurants were closing and now she looked for Jack and everybody she met said - he Jenny we just have seen Jack, he was really in a good mood tonight, and last week he looked for you - last week all was so different, it was hell of the difference, last week Jack looked for Jenny all over even if she wasn't aware of that and she was always last many hours and he wanted to lay next to her on the coach and he buried his face in her laps, and they still lived together and he gave her a little kiss on the street and last Saturday night she went to the disco and he went to bed and she stayed out the whole night and danced, drunk, talked, now she would never do that if she would have him here she wouldn't go anywhere, poor little Jenny;

Jenny looks for Jack now, and her friends say - greet Jack, greet Jack, Jenny - and she is willing to do so but she does not find him, and when she at last finds him - WHAT A FUCK YOU WANT? - he screams through his door and Jenny's replica is - Hallo Mister Hard Core I WANT YOU AND I WANT IT NOW! you know - disco fun love sex - just name it - but she does not say it. She stands there holding a bike between the legs - thinking? after while she knocks again staring at his door covered with brown sheets they use to make love on in the bed and on the couch at home, before, everything is before, that very shit story was happening to her for the first time, well he must have had a girl there - o,k bloody Jack squeeze your chick thigh - thought fast Jenny and knocked again, bending down and saying through the mail opener in the door - are you sleeping? - she helped him out - I'm sleeping - he said after some seconds of silence, she knocked again asking - aren't you coming down to open the door? - I'm sleeping, Jenny - he did not let her in! - this item kept on screaming in her head she was already biking back to the club - he did not let her in! it was the first time, poor stupid Jenny miscalculated all, in the club she danced with a baby face Travolta looking boy, after while she decided to take him home, he was buying her beer, they had fun dancing, he was cute and really stupid, she shrunk every time he opened his mouth, his body was all right but his convention impossible, he smelled himself under his armpits in white net t. shirt while dancing, he took off his expensive jacket and hang it carefully - shit - thought Jenny, she did not like baby boys who did not even like smell of sweat, o, sweet Jack's sweat thought Jenny dancing with Travolta bebe and thinking of Jack's arm pits. Travolta put his hands carefully on her ass, they were dancing a slow version

of the rock and roll and she put her arms on his shoulders and smiled and looked into his eyes; she dropped the guy in the morning, it did not make sense, she invited two guys she knew for the wine she bought for the Sunday dinner at Doro's home and at last she was very drunk... they plaid in some video and watch some of her films. She had to work to put the older guy out after the younger kindly left, he repeated his different wishes and wills - he wanted her, he wanted to take her out at least for the coffee or on his boat, he wanted to take her in, get inside of her gorgeous body and under her skin - she wouldn't have to do anything, she would just lay there like a princess - he said; the sun was shining wildly outside, it was already 10 in the morning and lots of people at the cafe' outside of Jenny's window, the same damn cafe, the guy walked her dog out as she asked him to do, after she went to sleep, she sort of passed out.

Ferro said, I met Jack last Wednesday and he tried to get my best girlfriend to his place... Jenny went silent. It was not more to say. It was all suddenly clear, it was very damn over and she didn't want to die anymore, she simply didn't care, the wonderful love was over and she didn't have to dream and struggle anymore, Jenny girl- she saw it all of the sudden clear: OVER!!! SHE WASN'T JACK'S GIRL NO LONGER !!! So, you broke my heart hurricane, so now I'm free to take well this is a joke because no one gets me from now on, that's it and it is true. so good bye little darlings, good bye and you Jack, you said I was a peanut but I'm not longer a peanut, OK? do you understand? she waked up already at 12 and laid in bed until 18 without one single move, Fi-fi was starving and was depressed and missing Jack, Jenny understood that and she went up and made a Jack's favourite dish - a chicken and boiled rise for the dog, her bed was on flight - she was still drunk and she wished it would fly for real through the space, she wanted it badly, she wanted it madly and she still wanted Jack. She spoke loud to Jack - Jack, I love you, I can't live without you, I don't want to live without you, Jack come back, come back, or just come now, just come now for a minute at least - . She looked at the small photos of Jack laying next to the bed, she wanted to burn the face out with a cigarette, she wanted him to feel the pain, cut his throat with sizes many times, she wanted plastic surface of the photo to burn through with a little red glowing and growing hole between her fingers, she couldn't smoke more, last night she smoked about 60 cigarettes, she couldn't breath now, she broke photo, she ripped through across his neck under the chin, she stared at it, there were three different looks of Jack, one nonchalant and cold, one careless and one warm and full of love... but she broke only one - the love full one.

SATURDAY late at night - love is our trouble - whispers Jenny but is no body who can hear her, sleepless nights, tired, heart running on the last reserve, is all for the art to write? and to fuck other girls? what does he want? - he, Jack. she bought him some beers again and food, what's she's doing Jenny girl a perfect slave. She is got to sing, cry loud or cry at all. It's no longer kisses

or sex, it's no longer days, minutes, hours, nights - it's love which is a trouble now, whispers Jenny. And now is now and it seems never ending. It's eternity of pain. Is he punishing her? Is he? has he gone mad? Is he? does he or does he not? - I love my place - he says. I love to sleep alone - he says. It is a big change. Infect he misses her too specially on evenings the loneliness creeps on him too and he goes to the bar and she does it too. Jenny is still Jack's girl friend, he says that to a guy at the kebab place and it's what she feels, but what does she feel at all? The whole Saturday she laid in bed staring in front of her eyes who still wouldn't cry and she couldn't sleep. Should she really say - o, Jack I want my rings back and my furniture's, and money, yes, money? - No, this was just bullshit. Jack was gone and she should see that. When he comes he only talks about his pots, forks, posters he missed somewhere inside. Real bull shit. Did he want her to make decision, the definite decision - in words of sort - no more - enough is enough? She lays the whole day in bed and pray, life or death, life or death - I want to die, I want to die, I want to die - she spoke loud to herself. Life? - she knew she couldn't quit. Max would become a killer then at the age of 12, she knows if she is going to flip now, flip means take her own life Max is going to kill Jack sometimes, a real Italian theatrical drama and that would have been the beginning of the real horror. No, she can't do that. She can't do that. Jenny is very tired, and too much into the Shakespeare, extremely tired and she is drunk again, she knows she has to stop at least to drink. What's happening really? she couldn't tell and she doesn't know - it is true. Facts are like that, she sits with few people at the Bistro restaurant and he comes by and look for her, he always used to look for her - why? If he doesn't love her why does he look for her at all? he sits down besides her, and touches her softly, he put his hand softly on her hip when she passes and she does the some slight touch to him, what kind of game are they playing? she has paid him some beers and some food, what's going on? it can't be about just a little money. - You aren't very much in love to me, or? - asks Jenny, he only shakes his head looking sadly down, but you don't give a damn in us completely, do you? - you are not a right person to ask that? - he answers her - you said you were going to be a lot at home even if you moved - that's a lie Jenny - says Jack and she repeats what he said two weeks ago - yes, I'll be out of here in three days, but now I don't want to - has said Jack looking into Jenny's eyes - she looked in to his eyes right in the middle of his soul and her own too - even if you move Jack, you must be a lot here at home - of course - he whispered and hugged her warm. And on the street he was calling - I love you Miss! - It was a few days ago. At last they left the restaurant, he wanted her to buy him some food and said again to the strangers talking about her that she was his girlfriend, she smiled pleased with what she heard, he didn't want her to join him home, she said - OK, but you have very few days - I have a lot of days - answered Jack - not with me - said the girl walking away - Jenny, Jenny - called Jack, she went to her place, she didn't have a home

any longer, her home was with Jack, but now it wasn't even there in his home, place, atelier, she had her place and she went there, she wouldn't play any records, she went to bed, her heart was heavy like a classic stone, her body missed him, his touch in the bed, playing with toes, his butt, and his white sweet back, and his wonderfully soft hair laying across her face, it was damn painful to lay with stomach and chest ripped through and open, it hurt in every vein, skin, flesh, muscles and bones and in the thoughts and in the soul and everywhere, she touched her pussy, she pulled the labia lips with anger, and said to herself imitating Jack's voice - you have such an ugly labia lips, Jenny - and the skin was tough under her fingers, she stuck one finger inside and it was wet, hot and not bad at all, she stopped and passed into the peaceful dream land. To wake up was horrible, it felt as somebody died, it felt as Jack was dead, or she was dead, the whole world was dead, she did not move during 2 hours, she stared at the wall, she forced herself up, and felt through open window that the air was warm, decided to take long walk with her dog into the park, she touched the dog's hair, it took her 2 hours to get herself out of the house, she met Mickie and Nick they were going to visit her, she went back in but left soon after leaving them in the apartment. The walk was sad, town was sad, Paris was sad - life is beautiful - she heard Jack say three days ago - does he really like that? but she said the same and she felt very happy and she rushed the street and she just bought him a breakfast, but that was Thursday and now was Sunday and it was all great, and sun and air, and she came in and said - lets go have picnic in the park the air is like in Paris. - Paris? so at last Jenny and Jack were in Paris but it was three days ago and they were going to die now, they were going to kill their love, she wanted his baby! He says he is happy like that, she couldn't see he was happy, she have seen him look happy; she sat in the park restaurant, outside, they used to go there together but she did not think of that, she sat at the table very close to the lake and to the fountain and listen to the songs they plaid and realised that every song was about the broken heart, broken love, she never noticed that before, were there so many broken heart songs and had everybody a broken heart? she recognised some friends and they looked at her, she was pretty absent and unable to sit there any longer, she had to go now, what was going on and where was the end of it, she wanted to die, trees were sad and green and hot, she took off her sunglasses and her coat, air was humid and she was alone, the feeling of cry was not only under the eye lids, but it spread in the throat, and her heart was heavier then stone, and she had to force herself to breath just a little beat dipper but the surface of her lips, Joyce passed on the bike and he waved to her, she almost recognised him and she did not stop, she was walking sort of in front of herself, she felt as she was going to puke, Carolin said that Victor also had a broken heart. Victor is a very beautiful man, all Jenny knew about him till now, was: he comes from California, he is not as young as Jack, he has Jack's beautiful voice, which made Jenny's shoulders

shiver, he wears the same boots and he wants to act in her film, and he sat at Jack's-Jenny cafe at Jack's very place and waved to her when she opened the window when she came out of the shower and had Jack's red towel around her and a wet hair, Jack was out buying breakfast. Jenny was going to meet him two weeks ago from now - it was about film, but not only, Jenny felt he already was a friend and she needed a friend and she knew he was somehow alike Jack and she wanted to sit beside him and drink champagne, his favourite drink and say - Victor, I love Jack but I have a problem, he is so very young, what shall I do? - but she didn't go, she laid on the grass in the park and dreamed about Jack, and when she dreamed about him very much he just stood above her covering the sun and it wasn't a dream, he stood there for real and had Fi Fi with and she was so very happy and she loved him so very much, and Jack plaid balls with two strangers and he won all the time and after another half hour she met Jack on the street right on the cafe' side and they hugged each other and kissed and walked to the video store and borrowed two shitty action films and two porno films and went back home and to bed, two days after Victor a beautiful Black stranger who was supposed to save Jenny's life left the town; they never met. Has everybody a broken heart? I can't be any longer, please help... whispered Jenny. She sits with Jukke at the cafe' and he says - it's no use to fuck with a very young girls, they can't fuck and they can't talk, and what a hell should one do, look at them? - They have plans to play together again, may be Jenny is going with his girlfriend to Amsterdam soon.

No, I'm not going to look for Jack any longer, says Jenny to herself. She leaves home and goes towards Jack's place. He isn't home. She goes to the cafe' where he use to sit now. He is there, she asks if he wants to join her to Doro's dinner, he thinks for a while and decides not to. At night there is going to be a concert of BASE, she is planing to go there and she tells him about it. Jack is drunk and messes up with a police - he has taken a sculpture from the restaurant. At last he arrives to the concert, he and his friend go in on her place at the guest list. Jack drinks more, looks for her, she isn't there, she is still at the dinner and now he goes out to eat, crushes big window in the mall-store, escapes three police cars coming with a sirens on and rolling flour blue light, he goes back into the concert but misses it all having used a lot of time to fight the guards downstairs at the entrance, they claim he is too drunk to get in. She still has a fun dinner with a lots of wine and talk and a nice people, Nick talks on the phone to a girl friend in new York, he says she's like Jenny and dresses like her and has the same troubles with her boyfriend but he is a junkie. - Jack isn't a junkie - says Jenny. A little boy tells her to put a Maddona's mask on by the table, Jenny does, and a boy says - you are full of crap babe, go home. - And he slides down his chair on the floor under the table, and screams - I want Jenny to go out, now, she talks too much! She has to leave now! - Doro is very sweet this night and Jess too, but Doro is lost - thinks Jenny - I never saw her like that before. - Jess is a

pretty girl. A little boy keeps on yelling at Jenny and she takes her opportunity to leave, she is late for the concert, the watch has been wrong, she arrives after the concert, and some minutes after Jack left, club is filled up maximally with people, they are even more drunk than she, and she is drunk, it is dark and hot and she has difficulty to walk, she sits down talking to few people who know Jack, and then she talks to a dwarf the whole evening - look, I want to die, I am so unhappy in love, I'm going to die tomorrow - she hangs on the little guy neck and she helps him into the high bar chair, they get drunk together also with two gypsies who hope to buy her for a beer and then she dances with a boy and they get rather far in the dance. She loses him and goes back to the bar to the gypsies and the dwarf and friends, they end up outside 4 o'clock in the morning in a lot of trouble, gypsies want to beat the dwarf who wants to follow her home and they insist they have bought her for one beer, Jenny throws all the coins she has into the gutter and they are picking it up, friends of Jack leave and Joyce's guitarist drives her home. She stumbles up the stairs, the door is broken up and her heart jumps with joy she knows what it means and Jack lays on the floor in the corridor where he has made himself a bed - Jack loves me, Jack loves me, he loves me! - repeats Jenny, they are both happy and they laugh, she helps him with lenses and they go to bed, they woke up and make love few times, and it is a sensation because Jack makes love to her, and she almost-kisses him, they stay the whole day in bed. Jack is very hungry and wants Indian food and asks - Jenny, do I like beef, do I? - Yes, darling, you do - says Jenny smiling and goes to get some take away from Bombay, food is excellent and after she goes for an ice cream and after for the videos, she brings shitty films and they go together to change them, street is dark and windy and Jack put his arm around her. Home they watched films, it was lovely - thought Jenny but after the first film something was bothering her, she knew it could end any time and Jack indeed was stressed after a while, and she first felt great and after less great, and a movie was stupid, she would prefer to see Misfits and a real slushy porno and fuck him hot, she didn't want her life in his hands one way or another. Jenny still went on aspirin but she started to look for the mushrooms, she had to be free one way or another, she somehow didn't have a power to struggle for his love. TUESDAY - Yesterday Jack has been talking about a photograph with Jenny for the newspaper but now he is at the end of his patience with her, they spent 36 hours together inside apartment and he has got enough. Jack is in the shower, Jenny leans out through the window, there is Joyce outside with his smaller baby, he has short sleeves and a blue band on his forehead, Jenny understands the day is hot and it is nice to go outside. Jack does not want to eat breakfast with her, Jack is not going to think about pictures now - maybe tomorrow - he says. - Maybe - repeats Jenny and walks off without saying good bye, she has too much energy, she has to run and she keeps on through 2 and a half hour into a tough pace of walking. It suddenly feels empty these 36 hours of

togetherness - did she count with something else, did she think he was coming back? - he is never coming back, little Jenny. - But if it is only that kind of side sort seeing then he has to be better, better on sex and better on the moment of presence and better on words and everything realises Jenny and try to understand why was it OK before? well, before it was about love, trust, tolerance and togetherness, he was always there when the night at last fall and she was there too, and they ate together and he would kiss her leg when she had cut herself and clean the wound from blood tenderly and they slept and made love once every day or mostly more or sometimes lately a little less, she couldn't bitch him for not being superman in bed, but now when he makes her run through the streets, and look at other men without still taking them, and he makes her starve and almost-cry and wish to die and then comes seldom-by locking her in within the very walls of his heart and her home, now he has to give more flesh into it if he wants to behold her at all; but he doesn't know that, he thinks his beauty is simply enough to keep the girl's heart forever alert. - it is very much what have change within week - thinks Jenny - and I don't think Jack loves me... or do we only have a bad luck? Or am I a fool? - She buys food for the dinner. She looks through the window and there is Joyce again with his kids and they are crying loud, they talk, he says - I saw you coming - I did not see you - says Jenny - but pass by with the cassette soon - all right but you still don't have a phone? -no - says Jenny - ok, if you aren't there can I just drop it, which floor, third? - well second! - screams Jenny through the baby cry and she can't keep herself from laughing about the floors and she is happy that it is not only her who is able to make a miss like that; Jack would be angry at her if she would put such a question standing outside looking at the very window very visibly on the second floor - he would be very angry. Joyce asks if she can film him with the band again. Joyce is pretty good on stage and she is going to do it. - Is Jack coming? - asks Max, Jenny's son arriving for the dinner. He has got an air pistol and almost shot her in the head by mistake. Max is very sweet and does not complain on anything and he has washed his own fork and knife and does not demand as in the old times; he says - Jack is all right, but he goes over the limits - he knows Jenny loves Jack very much and she is talking about that love and she thinks the door breaking did is a sign of his love - watch out Jenny - says Max - Jack thinks only about himself, watch out -. Max is very much in a hurry, he has his friends waiting outside and does not even have a time for the dessert, he is growing up, however he can't resist and takes an ice cream with and one of the very few left at her place spoons. Jenny does some stuff inside as writing and thinking and clothes washing, for the first time in more then a year she does not wash Jack's things, she leaves them on the floor, three pares of jeans, few underwear in different tunes of blue and lots of socks. She goes out walking and walking and walking in the night, the air is pleasant and she starts walking towards the bars, were there is a possibility Jack is going to be, but it is truly not a thought

of meeting him which leads her out, she has to see people, talk to anyone and she is surprise seeing him so soon, and she isn't too nice, she doesn't want to sit beside him, she is rather short to him, they sit after while by the same table, it is well, nothing. She looks at him, sometimes he gives some more personal touch to all that story of Jenny and Jack but not much. They try to get into the rock club but it's too late. She ends up by herself with his friends because it's already his friends and her friends a two different gangs, they always give a sign too soon - spooking the separation, he is going home, he says - see you - and she try to give him a small kiss pulling his jacket towards herself - don't fuck with me - says Jack his most usual replica, they decide a time for the pictures tomorrow at six in the afternoon, she goes to dance at Zoo, and she dances with all the pretty boys and it is hopeless and sweaty idea and she regrets that she have gone there, that she simply did not ask Jack to walk her home, the way was the same, and then she dances some more and forgets about him through few songs, she dances with a vain dark hairdo boy in tide blue jeans and blue jeans-material waste without sleeves and they suit together - her dress is that special very little on and cute girlish Replay dress in blue jeans-material and he wants to dance with her, he dances for her sake, but he watches himself all the time - his muscles and his chest and his thighs and knees and boots and he keeps on doing something with his belt all the time - closing his belt outside on the waste and does a cigarette trick and she does it too, sometimes their hands bump into each other by coincidence, a fluff smooth slide, his friend is looking into his hands all the hour playing with something, a girl in vain boy's company sits behind, she has pink ugly dress, very big teats, tired unpainted face and short bleached hair, she smiles a lot, Jenny likes to dance with her but at the end she dances with him again - life is pisssss - thinks Jenny opening her door, goes down with her dog to the washing room, she is sweaty and she is tired and nothing is fun. She has very hard to agree with loosing Jack's love, she keeps herself calm, what else can she do?

- Jenny is becoming psychotic, she is dancing, she stops eating and sleeping, she dances in her room until 9. 30 o'cl in the morning, she looks very different all of the sudden her face is extremely thin and eyes slant, her dance becomes less and less rock and roll and more and more oriental, Jack is playing chess at Talisman, she moves towards the mirror looking into her black and misty eyes, they look stoned, they look far out, she waves her hips and rises her little pink fingers and starts planing her departure for good, she is dancing. She smiles when she thinks of blood, lots of hot carmine-red blood, she is dancing, Jack is playing chess at the cafe', the day is hot, he is wining every game, her eyes even more slant now show red touch on the whites. Eye lashes are stiff and dry, no tears -the world pulls curtains around her, she is dancing, she has made her mind up. It's six o'cl in the afternoon, Jack knocks on the door, she knows it's him, it's first time he knocks on the door - why is he doing that, why does he progress the splitting which they

both said wasn't going to come; OK, Jack's opinion was dualistic, it contained yes and no, but this day is a day of the sun and Jenny hasn't gone out at all, her heart has been hurting and she wished loud - God don't let me die of the broken heart, I better do it myself, fill up my rooms with roses first, the bath tub with a roses buds first. It's not many days ago when Jack asked her - shall I give you a foetus? - she only laughed, it's not long ago when he said tonight I'm going to sleep at Talisman but you can come. She is still thinking why didn't she go to him, would that avoid the tragedy? Can all depend on such a detail? Can all depend on just one naught move? It's not many days ago since he had said to Dutch - I was at my atelier. But now it is his home and Jenny feels so incredibly homeless and she is at her end. Is there no cure? Every day brings changes, everything between them was the same for such an eternity, and now the days keep on rushing their love out of the world. She doesn't open door and doesn't answer, she is not going to play this new game, he comes in, and she hears his boots steps on the floors in different rooms, she is here, he comes in - how are you Jenny? - very tired - answers a girl, she feels his sharp smell, he doesn't have a bathroom at his home - I have been dancing and writing and dancing and writing and I haven't been sleeping - They sit on the little bed in the writing room, they don't play games on words anymore, he isn't very impressed of her state and story, he is hungry, would like to eat - let's go and eat - says a girl. - Let's go and take these pictures we shall do - he says, they go out. Jenny feels great, her feet don't want to walk, and her spine doesn't want to carry her head, the sun is shining, it's only a little after six o'cl, she looks at the grass and she learns to walk, he walks in front of her. The first place, a cafe' outside on the bigger street she sees - shall we sit here? we can eat something, I want to have a coffee - they sit there Jenny's face mirrors well in Jack's sunglasses, she wears big black shades, and red lips, her hair are new washed and unusually straight, she has long black leather jacket, white transparent shirt with wolanges and black double bra, and mini shorts in white and black panther and plattoo black shoes, she is not talking to Jack, she is talking to the waiter, she is paying, Jack spills orange juice on the table and over a chair where she first wanted to sit, they laugh and eat Greek salad, they go to take the pictures in the automate buzz on Avenue', they belong together and people stare at them as they walk, they belong so much together that Jenny relaxes and she can walk. They smile to each other. The photo buzz goes crazy, photos are coming out all the time, they take a lot of pictures together, they wear shades and express the lips, they even almost kiss, she feels taste of his tongue and taste inside of his lips and it turns her on but a kiss doesn't get stuck on the paper - I don't want one like that - says Jack, she laughs, the pictures keep on coming, they spent there at least an hour and save a lot's of money. Jack talks to the drunkard outside and they drink beer together when Jenny waits for the last photos, she strips off but it doesn't show on pictures. Jenny wants to go to cinema - let's go home to your place

and choose photos first - says Jack and when he is ready with it he leaves. Jenny sits on the floor super cool, it lasts about 6 minutes, she stops breathing and can't scream. They might meet again tonight at the new club, Jack is on the guest list as her company, Jenny has no power to be alive, to go on battling, she can't breath and her heart hurts - if I don't show up tonight, come to me tomorrow and show which pictures you have chosen - said Jack before he left, pictures are important for him.

Jenny's energy goes constantly up, she has to go out from home, she can't stand to be inside. She runs out and in and continue, she sees Lise through the window and invites her in, Amalia comes too, they all go to the Wednesday club, there is a long line of people outside which they pass and get inside as Vip, it's crowded and dark and drunk, jazz is plaid in smooth and slow tune, they buy drinks and continue to the other room, there is Jack sitting by the table and P. and a girl on her knees beside Jack, he is pleased to see Jenny and gives her a touch across her pussy; Jenny thinks it's wild but she goes towards the bar and lean on it, unknown boy small and blond buys her another drink, drinking goes fast, Jenny didn't think she was going to drink at all, Amalia has a lot of photo work to do tomorrow and at first didn't want to come with, Lise came pushed by Jenny too, they are getting drunk fast, Jenny glances at Jack sometimes and now he talks to a Japanese girl, music comes from the show room still cool, they buy more beer, its'a lot of people everywhere so Jenny can't see Jack anymore. Suddenly someone gives her a kiss, she rises her head and it's Joyce, they talk - so how are you and Jack? - it's between disaster and o.k., he sleeps half time at my place and I hate to live alone even if I want to learn that and he breaks my door and - you have to kick him out - says Joyce - no, I'm happy when he breaks the door and I am able to see him when I am coming home - says Jenny - but how about you Jenny, how about you? He doesn't treat you good. - no but if it's really bad I can always do a film or make a songs - answers the girl - but you know that art is shit? - he questions - yes I do - she says, Bobby leans on Joyce and whispers to his ear - I can suck your cock don't hang with her - the crowd is buzzing. The unknown boy who bought Jenny's drinks sings for her "the heart of Alabama" another guy joins him. Amalia laughs and Joyce and Jenny talk about filming, the boy laughs at Joyce's boots, they are brown and wasted - and beautiful - thinks Jenny, Jenny drinks a lot and would love to hear Ray Charles song "Giorgia on my mind" they all talk in southern accent just for fun. All the boys hang around Joyce. Jenny talks about her boy friend and says - he is here - the boy who is entertaining her says pointing at Joyce - but he is homosexual - no - says Jenny - I know his children.- Jack comes and asks Jenny if she can buy him a beer, she proposes to exchange it with a kiss and she kisses his lips few times, they are soft and they are gorgeous and they respond but just with a little surface kiss but it is enough for now. - Hey, hey, - says new met boy to Jenny - must I always have this bad luck, first I don't have a condoms with and then your

boyfriend and now also him? - this is my boyfriend - replays Jenny. Jack gets his beer and walks away into the narrow room, followed by P., he gets company of the French girl who looks like a thin ugly boy, she drinks Jack's beer and wants to suck his cock, Joyce buys more beer for Jenny and says with a big smile - Jack is gone - no - says the girl - he is here - it's time of closing, some small kisses fall on Jenny's lips sometimes, she thinks so anyway, she goes to look for Jack - this is my girlfriend - says Jack to a French girl pointing at Jenny - Jack is very nice - says she to Jenny with her French accent - but I guess you know that better than I do, hahaha! - they all flow out and Jack shows his ta-quendo jump outside, Jenny laughs, they go to eat at the street night place outside of which they bump to an older man with a hooker arm in arm, a man wants to fight Jack, Jack naps and beats him down, man's nose is purple and his glasses are gone and his girl is crying. Jenny, Jack and P. go inside and order the food. Jenny pays for Jack. They sit outside at the same table as that night when Jack got beaten down by the big guy running him down with a bicycle first and with his heavy fists next and Jenny sunk down to the street gutter caressing him and did not breathe and she saw a drop of blood over his eye, it was just a few days ago and after by that table Jenny talked about having a baby and he agreed. Now he plans a trip with P., they are going to go to Paris and Cann, P. who is pretty lonely otherwise wants that too - then I'll suck your dick and fuck your ass - says Jack to P., Jenny eats from Jack's plate, a grillspet with potato cheeps and garlic souse - it's very good - Jenny pinches Jack's thigh, he hits her across the face, she hits him back, she pinches him again and he hits her much harder and her hair fly into her mouth, she throws her hand against his cheek but it lands on the bunch, Jack plans to rent out his home for the time of the trip and investigates with P. about his economical situation - I sold my apartment so I have some money on the bank - says P., they are ready with a food and go towards home, Jenny turns and walks away into the park on the short cut to her home, she doesn't look back when she hears Jack's calling her. She comes inside and locks herself in the bathroom, she thinks - damn Jack! - still inside there she hears steps on the staircase, it's Jack. He knocks on the bathroom door. She comes out. Jack locks himself in the bathroom and Jenny dances for the mirror a seducing dance. They are happy to see each other and he hits her again, she laughs and they make a joke fight, she jumps on his waste and kiss his lips, he undress and lays in bed, she helps him with lenses and takes off her blouse looking at him and she slips her shorts down, she wants to strip as she does it for the mirror but she doesn't dare and time goes too fast, she is already in bed with Jack, he kisses her pussy and she licks his dick, it's good and it pleases them and she almost succeeds to kiss him she tastes his mouth and he turns her up on her knees and sticks his cock in her anus and in her womb, and he makes love to her and he does it good and then she lays on her back with his cock in her anus again and he puts it back into her womb and she slides it into her anus

and he does it to her womb and she slides it into anus and he wins the game buy ending up in her womb and she let him do it and let him do it and he breathes loud and she knows he is happy and they are happy and after they fall asleep in each other arms. In the morning they do it again but a kind Jenny's usual version with her at the top and it's nice. The day is bright. Max, who comes by on school break buys big cakes for them, after Jack goes to the cafe' to play chess.

I meet Jenny the day after, she still wears panther shorts and she is all of the sudden calm. - What's up ? - I ask her - everything - she smiles and takes off her motorcycle shades, she is smashed and cool and beautiful and I say - I have seen Jack some minutes ago, he is at cafe' playing chess. - Yes, I know we just said good-bye for the afternoon - so you are still seeing him?- yes, I do - she smiles again.

Today Jack lost a game to Coco, he is looking into the street and his eyes are green-grey-blue and beautiful. - Malkovitz eye's - says Lise. Jack fixes aquarium for the rumble fishes he is planing to buy. Jenny takes pizza with Max, Max wants a new bicycle. Jenny intends to go to town but she gives up, she borroughs Max's key and spends two hours on the phone with not too much success. There was a burglary at Doro's house, the whole house was turned up-side down and all the Nick's clothes were stolen and telephone and some beers and eggs. Jenny goes home to write, she is so tired so she almost falls asleep, she rests on the couch for few minutes and sits down to write, after 3 hours she has got enough, she goes out, does she look for Jack? May be she does, it's time of bars closing, no Jack, she meets Jukke and he has taken ecstasy he is high and fun, he screams - I'm going to fuck you in your ass! - he puts his hand between her legs and pushes up. It hurts but it's nice. Jenny asks Fredrik - have you seen Jack? - drop him - Fredrik says - I love him - says Jenny - drop him, he has problems and he doesn't love you - repeats Fred - no, he does - says the girl smiling. Anders drops off and Dam joins in, they go to Avenue to the bar, they take more ecstasy, they ask Jenny if she wants, she wants but not today, they drink beer, Jukke sings and shouts all the time - it's a Donald Duck drug but it's fun, I'm so high, I'm so mother fucker high, I love you man, I love everybody, I'm so high, Donald-drug-duck! - Jenny drinks very little, she is super cool tonight and she is watching people which are watching her, after they go to the Garage disco to dance but they give up at the door, there is ultra blue lamp and Jukke looks weird in that light, his teeth shine white like a Dracula's and his eyes burn as two cold fluorescent pale blue bulbs of the kind monster, Jenny charms the body guard-door man - they are really nice guys with crazy jobs and big muscles, it is very classic to charm them, they are so fed up with being treated like shit by people who only want in. They walk through the park, Dam talks about his life, he is sincere, talks about his roots in West Indies and about mother and father, about a school, travels, a girl who has his child, his principles and values, he has a razor in his pocket - it's in white

mother of pearl lack - he shows it, Jukke screams and waves and he is high, sometimes he has to lay down in the grass and take a break, his leg-shanks are naked and his shoes soft - it gives him look of a little big strong boy, they want to come home to Jenny - no, I have a work to do - she says, they sit and look at passing cars and trees, they go to the water and look at the flickers and lights and a sky - don't make me look against the sky , I'll get lost! - cry Dam, wind is cold, Jenny wants to go home, they don't want her to go, and at last Jukke says - you are going home to Jack, aha - smile stands up in her throat, she says nothing - so not every body knows yet that he has moved... - thinks Jenny. She goes upstairs, this time door is not broken, she imagines how nice it would be to go to his place and creep into his bed now, it is only 5 minutes walk, she doesn't do that, she wonders why is she so proud and what does she want; she knows she wants him back the way it was she wants to live with him in the same house, she wants to have a home. At last she wants to have a home. Love is strange, her love is strange, she is tired and she doesn't go to bed, she wonders why she didn't want them to come up, she wonders why did Jack move and start realising one more time - he has moved. She wonders how long time she can go on like that, she knows she is not happy, playing New York Yuppies, with two different expensive places and well paid jobs doesn't work.

IV

Jenny starts with few glass of wine in the late afternoon and it slides on. Jack hangs around with his pals and slides in. Jenny watches fire works sitting down on the hill among the crowd. Jack stands in the crowd in Liseberg. They don't see each other through the masses of people. Red stars are breaking over every head and people scream, blue little sorrow spike-devils rush into the sky and Jenny's soul cry again, she is drunk. She has a dinner with a friend, she needs to sober up. Jack walks towards Bistro through crowded streets, thoughts about Jenny which capture him at the evenings when he is inside Talisman are nice now, they are all gone, he watches girls, every girl he can put his eyes on and it feels as he gained that sicientfiction ability, he sees them nude and all very beautiful and tempting, their generous pussies they blow his mind and he knows they are much better on the blow job then Jenny is, and their breasts are sweet, honey and milk and not tired at all, they all smile to him, eat him, suck him and fuck, thats all he wants tonight, at least four little chicks in his bed upstairs, he imagines how they are gonna piss into the sink, standing in the row, one after one. And they all have different voices of promised ecstasy, life is great and beautiful and indeed one doesn't have to be in Paris to feel that, he walks fast feeling his own beauty like a master piece cocoon the perfect piece if human flesh and mind and night is a delight. Jenny is drunk, she walks the street parallel to one which Jack is walking. She has to go and eat, she thinks, she can't be drunk anymore, she eats and she drinks more wine, the effect is smashing, her eyes smile to everyone. The main square is filled with fisting crowd, she jumps on long tables and dances through to a huge vov! of the applauds, at the end of the table the next table invites her too, she jumps over to the other table, slides and heats her head, she walks away laughing. She drinks some beer from someone's glass. Jack comes inside Bistro and chooses a girl for that night, she is very busy and doesn't see him. She is walking between tables with drinks and glasses on the silver try, Jack talks to his friends and there is a lot of happy news. Jenny catches up with her new girlfriend Jess, they talk first and rush through the crowd, they drive away on Jess's bicycle and they have fun. Jack looks at the girl again, she moves swell. Jenny and Jess pass by Jenny's place and she changes into the plastic party gown. Outside of Urania they meet Johan and join him in, it's the hottest place in town, music pumps as hell and the light is strong and blows right into the faces, it all smells drugs in here and Jenny is high. Within an hour Jack gets into the argument with M, he holds the boy by his jacket and swings him, M says - let me go - it's too late. Jenny puts the arms around Josefine, they dance and Jenny kisses her lips, Jack's head burns and flame is hot, he beats a shit out of a boy smashing his face time after time, punching as into the old bag he flies him down to the ground and gives him some few extra kicks. Jenny and Jess leave the club and bike to the next place, they drink,

the next bar should been Trash bar but Jenny is hungry again so they go instead to the sandwich bar. She is stubbing her ham and cheers four-double toast with a fork, she is just feeding Jess straight into her mouth when Kas comes in; he is the only man strip dancer Jenny knows and he invites them for the party. Jack is drying off his hands, Bistro is closing, the bar has been already closed since long time, he takes Madleine, the waitress, with him and moves towards home. Kas fixes Jess's bicycle on the crook in the back of the taxi they all are taking. In the next car is a man and two girls, they drive towards centrum. - I'm going to make a special show for you - says Kas - you are going to have fun - and he laughs - you are going to be schocked! - Jack looks at the girl, he likes her feet long skirt, he is tired of Jenny's "shortest in town" he is fed up with Jenny's skirts and her cunt and now he is going to fuck some pussy he hasn't seen yet and that's great enough to stay alive; he puts his beautiful arm around her shoulders in leather jacket and feels sober imagining her white and naked body stretched lazy on his bed, he can almost feel how she smells between her legs and how tasty and juicy she is. Joyce comes to Trash bar looking for Jenny, the place is very small and he sees at once that she is not there. - Ash, why are girls always late? - he puts the rhetoric question to his friend and take a vodka-orange drink - that's rare to get that in a black secret bar! - Joyce is enthusiastic and as always beautiful. Jack opens the lock in his door and let's the girl in first, she steps into the darkness. Kas serves white wine to Jenny and beer to Jess, the other two girls move by giggling, the man joins them at the table, it's a true posh yuppie apartment and chairs are comfortable and table big in dark brown mahogany wood, Kas lays lines of cocaine, Jess is first, then Jenny and then Kas himself, they talk about sex in French sitting at the table and Jenny all of the sudden understands everything - Jess is really beautiful - thinks Jenny taking a sip of wine. They go upstairs. Kas is dancing, his movements are perfect, he takes off jacket, snaking his body into the music takes off his shirt unbuttoning it slowly, looking into the girls eyes - pull it! - he shouts pointing at the bottom of his trousers. Both legs specially designed for the striptease open with the smack! the whole way up under the girls hands. Kas dances in his string silver underwear, he turns a lot round and shows his ass and chest and smile, his whole body is brown and beautiful, he can move his breasts and he does it, and he squeezes his buttocks, the girls laugh, he dances to MTV music and takes breaks when the music stops. To Johnny Trash song he unzips the underwear, his penis is long and brown and he plays with it, the girls clap hands. - What do you want to see more! - shouts Kas - We want to see the girls! - shouts back Jenny, her eyes are shining and mouth laughing wild, she can't stop. Ulrika dances in, she is dressed in blue jeans and a very soon she is only in white negligee sweet-set - white stay up stockings, white garter and small white underwear and a bra, she is sweet with luck of the personality, she takes off her bra and she has very small breasts, the man, owner of the apartment comes in dressed in blue morning

coat and sits down on the coach next to Jenny, Kas dances with Ulrika, they tempt each other but don't touch - I miss Jack - says Jenny to Jess - he would love that-. The man in the morning coat puts his hand on Jenny's knee, she pushes it off laughing - Mr. morning coat, please behaviour, stay cool! - He tries on Jess but doesn't get anywhere, he ends up with his hand under the coat, masturbating, looks at the dancers and calls out - Rika, your panties down! - She does it gracefully. Jenny walks across the room and sits down on the stuffed jaguar, the sun rises up in the opposite window in the usual form of red, burning ball, she looks at the river through the strippers sophisticated movements, she listens to cheap songs and she looks at Jess. Caroline comes with more wine, Ulrika leaves. Caroline is going to strip and is going to suck him - Kas says. Caroline is wearing white bicycle shorts and they have a little forgotten hole right in the ass, she is sloppy like her clothes and has charm of the child, she takes off the shorts, she has the same white negligee as the other girl - we are school mates - she tells us, she takes off her bra, she doesn't have any breasts but a small nipples, she makes a gorgeous show with Kas, they move like a great lovers, they move as Jenny would like to do with Jack, but it's more acrobatics than sex, Caroline refuses to take her panties off, refuses to suck Kas's cock, she has traces after needles along her thin arms and she stands like a child when the show is over - it was pity you didn't want to be with - she tells Jess and Jenny - it could have been fun, I like girls -. She leaves the room, and now it's the last act - Kas's jerk off special number - he lays down on the same coach where the girls sit - on Jenny's side, Jenny gets up and dances to MTV, she needs to move above, Jess sits next to Kas and he keeps on pounding his very long and very brown dick and he does it for the very long time and he comes at last like a fountain fully satisfied, the girls clap hands. They all go home. Jenny drives Jess on the bike, Jess is too drunk and too high, and Jenny loves biking. They drive between few cars and under the trees, it's early morning Saturday, the day is very hot and the sun is bright. They go back to Urania and dance again, at this hour only high boys are left dancing and it is impossible to be inside, they leave. Jenny is home, she takes off her sweaty plastic clothes and lays in bed alone, she starts shaking and she can't breathe and her heart starts doing the dance one more time, the most fearful dance - o, no not again, not now - she whispers - in quiet low voice, she makes her mind up - she is going to Jack's place now -. She takes shower, hot water running down from her neck, covering the spine and her ass, ice cold, reaching the toes standing hopelessly in the bathtub, she tries to dry the skin and gives up, she dresses up, it's difficult to pull on long black stretch tide trousers on wet legs but it works and white voulange shirt, she moves slow - it takes an eternity to get there - the hill grows, she talks quietly to herself, she knocks on his door, he lays next to the girl, she hears Jack's gorgeous voice answering her almost immediately - yeeeeaaahhh! - in his very low tune, Jenny standing outside glowed to the thin door with hot sun-shine on her back burning - please, open

the door - her begging girlish voice . - no, don't open - says the girl laying naked next to Jack - it's my girlfriend - says Jack getting up and hitting his head into the low cilling. Jack stands in the open door, he is bare chested and wears jeans on and he is bare feet, he wears glasses and he smiles to her and asks - do you have a cigarettes? otherwise you aren't welcome - wait - answers the girl and walks away into the right, the 7 - 11 store is open, she buys packet of Camel, juice, fruit-yoghurt and porno magazine and she walks back to his door, she handles him cigarette and takes one herself, he asks her for the fire with a gesture and says - you have to be quiet there is a girl sleeping - I get no fire - says Jenny and for the split of the second feels strange and when he turns inside for the lighter she lights her own cigarette, they sit outside on the street laughing and talking, the sun is hot - I was on a cocaine party and everybody were nude - says Jenny - you too? - asks Jack - no, are you crazy? - she answers with a question. - Wait, - says Jack - I will tell her to go, I didn't sleep with her, she is so incredibly stupid, wouldn't you go up and say hello to her, she must be paranoid because of you, what a cunt she is - no - answers Jenny - what a stupid cunt - says Jack again and laughs - I have bad consciousness, I have beaten a boy - says Jack, Jenny looks into his eyes, the girl already dressed stands behind the door not daring to come out - hey, you! - says Jack - whatever your name is you have to come out and sit with us or you have to leave, it's already day anyway so you can go home - she still stands inside waiting for him to come in, waiting for a little kiss or touch, he goes inside - she turns her head down, he hugs her softly and smiling says - we surely meet again sometimes, somewhere -; the girl steps down two steps to the street and walks away not turning her face on Jenny sitting on the right side of the door right on the gutter, all Jenny can see is her long black skirt and back in black leather jacket and her shoulder long blond her. - Shell we come inside? - turns Jack to Jenny - yes - she says, she would like to be wild and hang on his neck and scream and laugh and she does nothing, they go up to his loft where the bed is, through the eyelashes Jenny looks at the bed and she sits down on the floor with her head turned down - o, why is everybody doing it - complains Jack and Jenny is angry at herself for doing it but she says nothing, Jack lays already in bed and Jenny takes off her clothes very slowly, she wishes she would be able to strip for Jack and she doesn't do, it's been a while since she has lost some of her wilderness in his presence, she knows it's horrible but she does nothing. - Would you suck my cock? - Jack asks - o, yeah, already? - asks him Jenny laughing pulling down the very rest of her trousers from her feet - wasn't the other girl good enough? - and she does it but she feels she is bad on it today even if she is very happy to be with him and he calms her down so endlessly, he does that miracle to her heart and her whole being and he is very happy too but it's not much sex sensation. They should have done something extra, something fantastic, he almost kisses her, and hugs her warm and they fall asleep. Jenny wakes up and can't breath and can't sleep,

she is still high and her head is hot and mouth dry, she can't move the arm to get juice standing about half meter away from her head, she falls asleep. Voices wake them up again. It's four in the afternoon.

V

- that's not bad - I say to Jenny. - What happened after? - I don't remember - answers Jenny. - Jack and me staid eight nights in row together but I don't understand how, I don't remember the order, we made love, we slept, we staid a lot in bed, we watched a lot of video films - some good films, some shit films, some porno, ate - you know all that sweet nothing. - So, everything is all right between you two - I continue - no - says Jenny - I can't breath, I was alone last night, he doesn't love me and every new day feels like the last one, I can't stand it - the pressure of the night before, I want to, want to learn that kind of life but I can't. When I am alone in the apartment silence screams in my ears, it shrieks, it hurts, I walk from room to room, play records, I'm out most of time, out every evening, but then at night I don't go to bed until very late, I can't lay in bed alone, it hurts, the whole body hurts, it crys for Jack, the heart falls down into the ditch first and then into the tunnel and I can't rise or breath, it hurts in the finger tops, I can't do that forever, there is no forever. - Jenny you exaggerate, everybody can be alone - I can't - says Jenny looking into the gutter flashed by rain - fix a lover - I say looking at her hands bind around her waist - or jerk off every night, buy a dildo - I tried to make love to myself, I don't want to - says the girl - You don't want to, you who makes such films, o, give me a break! Ha ha ha ha! - yeah, isn't it strange? - she answers and there is no trace of the usual jokes or even sarcasm in her voice and in her body, she sits on the chair quite motionless and her chest doesn't move even slight under the breath; like a doll. A perfect doll. - What else do I remember? - talks Jenny to herself - we were on the party and Jack have beat some guys, he made one boy bleed and this was exactly a wrong guy, the night after I dreamed about that guy, we sat on the ground, on the pillows and ate black berries form the bush and our lips were smashed black red with berries and kisses, how wearied - says Jenny - and it was my birthday and Jack panicked about my age but it was only a day more from yesterday no big deal and we laid in bed and watched good films, we saw Apocalypses Now, no that was another day, we have seen many films last week, if it was a week? Yes, it was, I can count days, but I don't remember everything - Jenny squats on the floor in her big room, her head close to her knees, breathing in her secrets smells; she has done the same thing at the lonely nights since she was a very small and a very lonely child, she knows that and she whispers to herself - why do I do that? Am I a nut or a beast or a child? - it's very silent everywhere - scent, my the same, god are you there or here or nowhere. I want to be happy, it's tempting, what does Jack want, I don't dare to look with open eyes or do I? - She rises up and starts walking arōund the room, she goes to the next room and returnees, she does it for the long time - And then - she says loud to herself - we were at that party in the club and we did not have any money to buy drinks for and we had to ask around, and I borrowed money all the time and bought drinks for me and a double amount for Jack and I asked if he would dance with me and he

wouldn't and at last he said - if you buy me a last drink I dance with you the whole night - and after he came down to the dancing floor with another girl and danced with her and for the first time I got angry and said - fuck off! to their inviting gestures to join them both - and then the day after when we ate Indian food in bed and watched films we laughed at Jenny's prestige. - Yes, I was really stupid - said Jenny kissing Jack - why didn't I dance and tempt you to hell bab? I could have done it. Why wasn't I smart and cool? - and then I suck Jack's dick while he watched porno movie, I was so damn hot and turned on after watching it for just 10 minutes and Jack put my hand between his legs and I had the other hand first in my mouth and after on his nipple, and his hard nipple touch I can't resist. And I end up screaming at the top of him with his cock in my cunt. - And I promised to lots of people to have a birthday party and we weren't able to have one and we did not open the door, I hang a message on the door - party tomorrow Friday and then Friday we woke up too late, 6 in the afternoon and wrote on the door - party next Friday! And Friday we got drunk and I asked Jack - what do you want to do and he said - I want to fuck but not you! And we went to another club and got hilariously drunk and dark hair girl who sat on Jack's knees burnt his hair and we ended up at home together in bed and possibly made love (just me and him) and then day after possibly watched films or wasn't it so? - I can't remember - says Jenny to herself.

Jenny crawls into her big double bed, her knees under her chin, double cover, she is still freezing, she is thinking about only one existing item - Jack. I was going to ask her a simple but trivial question - did Jack give you any present for your birthday, but I did not, I understood if he did she would have said so right at the beginning, sweetly stupidly naive as she was. It was impossible to stop a flood of her words are even take her notice that I was still in the room. I closed a door behind myself quietly and went down the stairs.

Jenny drops an acid, she lives in a huge and dark castle, it takes 12 horny minutes, horny because she just saw Jack and she left him at the restaurant drinking beer and talking to Mr. Tree, Mr. Tree wants to plant and replant trees all around the world - it's his mission - he says and he wants to go to the jungle soon, that Jenny can understand she has been to the jungle and she loves it and she misses it too and now she feels increasingly violent bird between her legs nested and he - the bird - is wet. It takes 12 minutes into the room where her son sleeps, she has promised to take care of his father, she is a laazy nurse - he is already asleep when she comes in, she gets stuck talking to an electric wizard for at least one and half hour, struck by sudden decision she has to leave at once, Jack is Calling! He is pulling her nerves and veins and all she has inside herself! The wind is crazy and dark, night is a fierce in the hearts, pulls of the curtains of vanity and pride, use knives and guns if you have to, use your teeth and nails, the wind sounds as storms of rain with no one drop falling out of the ceiling of the sky, the staircase Jenny

chooses are going down in the spiral, mesmerising the dark one more time, the dog is afraid to walk and she has to carry him under her left arm, with her right she follows the wall all the way down as blind people and animals do, she hears voices but sees no one, farther away young man jerks off for her, she sees his pink penis under sporty yellow belly bag, she turns to the right, it's windy and fresh as she would walk outside and not inside her castle, she rushes fast on and sing-screams a wild song against the wind biting her on the face, two other men trying to get out treasures from the bank machine, she is alone in her castle and it feels great now, her song is cool when she reaches the door to Jack's room, he opens door for her standing naked and thin and beautiful, she comes in, she takes off her clothes downstairs and climbs the ladder into his bed and sneaks under the cover naked matching his perfect and warm body with her cold and wild, he is sleepy and she is wild awake. They Hugh each other in thousand different manners of fits and she wakes up screaming loud and weeping, there was a big black bird talking in human tongue and a cat ate him, the bird had Jack's voice. - There is no bird in here, Jenny cool down - says Jack through the sleep holding her tight against his chest, she cradles under him and goes back to sleep, fen buzzes all the time remanding Mexican night and brass of the sea, she believes it deep they are somewhere else, they are in far paradise and it's hot.

Jack makes love to Jenny in the morning. Jack fixes his toilet, pissing, washing his hair and his crotch his arm pits. Jack looks at Jenny and says - Jenny you have to dress.- and he doesn't want her to kiss him good-bye. - The new night coming - shivers Jenn, she drops last letter from her name, she is less and less and that's all right. It's a full moon - everybody knows that. Hellvis is a devil this night, a total old devil but he calls himself a vampire, he has drooped some valiums and lot's of beer, he is drunk and he whispers straight to Jenny's ear, first he talks about himself and his world, and then he talks about Jack, he likes him a lot and believes in him, yes he does, and the last - he talks about Jenny, he likes her and her doings and her looks, his arms are covered with tattoos and his eyes burn, his breath is hot and it warms up Jenny's ear - he talks about sex and it's magic, he talks about love and it's a game and nakedness, he wants to draw the curtains and suck the blood and switch and change and circle and die and he wants a room to die and live, his manager in New York wants him back there or on some job in Japan, but Hellvis loves being here, but he has only 8000 kr left, this is how money comes into the picture. He draws tattoo on Jenny's left arm with a blue pan - a violent arrow.

Jenny crawls into her big bed, her knees under her chin, double cover and blanket, she is freezing, she is thinking about Jack.

Jenny wakes up at the bottom - Jack is not here - is her first thought.

It's only 24 hours since he made love to her and it was the first time since may be month or two, he made love sober with all the playful details as licking her pussy and playing with it with his fingers and sticking them up inside and

inside her ass and stroking her tights - why isn't she happy? has she crushed? she can't think constrictive. What's really happening? - this is a town of the broken hearts - says Jenny to herself leaning through the window first and then starting walking the rooms, she is very aggressive the whole day and she screams at her dog and tells him to fuck off from her side! Evening again - town of the broken hearts - She binds her hair and let it be for a while, she stands in the mirrors, she throws some words, and falls her hair down. Jack enters his soul as one does against the lover girl, he has cleaned the room and decorated, he washed his face, hands, bind his hair, lighten up the candles, closed the light. He sits down in the easy chair and starts to speak - there is no one in the room but himself. Jenny walks very slow, the street up the Jack's hill is dark, it's soon midnight and she walks very slow, air is dark and fresh and no one is out but a two fat men with one big dog, Jenny passes them extremely slow, she looks as mastering the street, foot after the foot, after the foot in the harmony with a ground, all her anger is gone God knows where, all her anger is gone. She walks some more and then she knocks on the Jack's door. He lets her in and she almost doesn't recognise him first with a hair bind back, she sits quietly in the candle light until he asks her twice for the events of past day - thieves stole Max's Tv and video set the other night, they just came inside, and the girl who's got new heart is dead - say's Jenny - she died with beard and moustache and dark skin and fat big body of the man, she left her sweet little body and her sweet little babe and her man.

Jenny walks another dark street again, she is walking very slow and she is breathing slow, she is counting her steps. It's still full moon and it shines over the city asleep, Jenny walks the street. Jack after he has turn the key, he sat down and felt endlessly speechless, he took few deeper breaths and tried to recall what was the last word he said but he saw the girl with beard and moustache dying in her bed, he walked round his room discovering how small it was and then the speech came back, he got a grape of the tape recorder and switching it on moved towards his pretty mouth drowning into the voice every woman loves. Jenny walked on.

She has crawled to her big double bed, she is freezing and collects her knees in her arms under her chin, the room is dark, she is thinking about Jack. Jack sits in the park and the sky is high above him, he explores his loneliness, his life and death thoughts and solutions, three stars are falling down. She wakes up quite soon and can't sleep, she lays there cogitating. Late afternoon - she wakes up under double covers in hot stemming room, she does not get up for a long time, she is thinking about Jack.

When Jack comes into her apartment she sits with Mick on the coach watching some half perverted video takes and discussing the next act of the vivid killing. Jack feels the sting in his heart and his face is white when he sits on the coach next to them. Mick behaving like a perfect sample of a secret lover runs off looking wild at Jenny in the corridor - she is taking him

to the door - with the eyes of the lost child of 195 cm. - Tough guys don't dance - thinks Jenny to herself and gives Jack another kiss entering the room.

This day Jenny and Jack spent the day together and it rolls unexpectedly from hour to hour, they eat dinner together and buy curtains for Jack and hang them up and Jack asks - how do you want to have it? - the window is fluorescent turquoise-blue and door in black, she is standing in the window - and she wants to have it - and when Jack looks at the curtains from the outside she pulls down her shirt fast showing her breasts laughing. - Yeah, this is a perfect place for the peep-window show! - laughs Jack. When she is about to leave Jack pulls her trousers down, she doesn't have any underwear today, he kisses her sweet pussy and his cheeks are hot and red and he holds her in his arms and they kiss for the first time since many months and they make love wildly for the long time and there aren't in the bed but in the chair(!) and Jenny screams and Jack smiles and Jenny screams again when Jack comes and dog watches them and after while voices on the street come back while Jenny and Jack lay in the brown leather easy chair together and Jenny feels - there was never any trouble, there was never any sorrow only the storm, there was no fear in my heart, I love Jack and Jack loves me, she says - I'll come back at 1 o'clock. - The little rain on the street is soft and Jenny's steps peaceful. She is going back to Jack. He talks to her in bed(!) and he is sweet and cool and she can't believe it is true and at last she does. He wakes up many times at night and kisses her lips. In the morning she gets up early, she has to do a phone call to the party dance stripper, she comes back and looking at Jack tempted - she undresses again and crawls under his cover. He touches her and he really does, and they made love and it's the wildest thing since long again and she is screaming and breathing hard and throwing her body all round his and against the wall at the head of his bed and it's damn hot in that paradise and she can't return easily. Her day floats as in the wing of a love, it feels as when she met him and it's great - Jack, Jack, Jack I love you! - shouts Jenny on the street facing people she doesn't know. Jack sleeps the day through. She meets him at the liqueur store and he is much cooler, her girlfriend is buying a wine for him. Jenny is with Charlot who is helping Jenny in getting the party together. Andre cleans the place. Night and a party time, Helvis comes first. Then some people she hasn't seen for many years. Jack comes an hour late. There is many people inside, mostly men, a little boy - the only child at the party screams - fuck off! - to everyone, he is wild and he throws bottles around. Jenny drinks a lot but can't get drunk. Andre gives her two crystals in birthday present. She shows Jack's and hers last movie - it's a lot of blow job in it and hot love scenes of them both, Kas does the strap dance, Jack is drunk and bored of Jenny's kisses, Joyce comes to the party very drunk and kisses Jenny at her lips, they play some of Bowies records, Nina Hagen's, Jimmy Hendrix's, but mostly Jim Morrison's American Prayer,

Jack falls in love to Jenny's girlfriend and he lays with her on the floor and he roles on the floor with Helvis, the girl leaves and Jack runs after her outside proposing himself, she takes taxi home with another girl and without Jack - she is Jenny's friend, Jack goes out to a Duck disco with the other boys. Helvis and Jenny take some speed and then take a walk and scream at people on the streets, Jenny has her crystals with her one in each pocket of Jack's blue coat she is wearing, they pass Jack's place - she wants him back at the party - he is not there, then they watch video takes of Jenny's last concert together with her band - the most crazy show, Jenny hangs upside down from high construction, screaming and people in the public speculate if she has or hasn't underwear and when is she going to fall off. Jack goes down town after club's closing. Helvis and Jenny go to a Duck club but it's closed, they circle the streets looking at the very pink clouds and try to get into Garage disco - it's closed. There is only couple of blocks between them and Jack all the time, the town is very small, they move as on the chess field limited and concrete. Jack goes down town and buys hashish and speed, he takes speed and walks back. Jenny takes taxi, drops Helvis at his place and continue to Jack's - he is not there. Jack is still walking and sees the pink clouds and trees, he feels completely sober. Jenny comes into her apartment and walks all empty and after party messed up rooms in a minute or two, she puts the record on and sits down in the corner of the couch in the biggest room, she puts her hands into the pockets closing them both on the crystals and says loud - Jack, how could you do that to me at my party? - At these words Jack comes inside the room and not through the door from the outside but the one from the inside of apartment and Jenny sees how beautiful he is. He takes her in his arms and they kiss a little and they carry the bed - moved away for the party - back to a biggest room and they flash into it. Saturday they stay in bed, Jack screams - I want a real fuck, I want meat! - Jenny wanders what does he mean, she understands that he doesn't mean her, she understands it's something wrong with everything, the late afternoon they go and fetch some Indian food and 6 video films, they watch first two films and finding out there is something wrong with the other two Jenny goes back to the video store, she goes to three different stores looking for Crocodile Dandy I, as they got number II and it takes her an hour, air outside is gorgeously fresh and she enjoys a walk and she thinks about Jack and misses him and at last she runs realising how much time it all took, at home the neighbours have a party in their big room bellow and it's impossible to stay right at the top of them, the base from the music is soul crushing and yells in Jack's and Jenny's stomachs like a crazy wolf, they move the bed to Max's room and find peace, Jenny shuts all the doors in the whole place what she never does otherwise, they stay awake the whole night watching the movies; Jack got an allergy on the surface of his stomach and it hurts to make love so they give it up, Jenny suck him off twice and she misses the end of the porno movie as usual as she gets to hot on him. Jack leaves from her

place when the sun is still shining, it's Sunday, he goes walking in the park. Jenny dresses up and goes walking in the park with her dog, she returns video films, she bumps into Jack at the cafe', he plays chess, they go and have the dinner out together. Jack leaves Jenny on the street, he goes towards his plays, she goes to another video store to leave back rest of the films. She whistles after him. He turns with a question. She says nothing. Jenny is more than nostalgic, she hasn't seen Jack more than three hours, her heart is so full of sorrow that it should burst but it doesn't do, she finds one cigarette on the floor and it makes her sit down for the moment which is a relief from walking through the rooms. Her heart is so lonely and thoughts wondering - why? - And there is no simple answer to the question - Jenny girl, if you feel lonely why don't you cry? - Cigarette is finished and she starts walking again. The record, Bowies sad song - Lady Grinning Soul is over and needle rapes the plastic and mingles with her steps through the heart beat - slow, slow, slow - round and round. The heart which doesn't want to burst. She needs a cool off. A cool off, she needs her babe - Jack here that's blouse and cruel true and she doesn't want to speak about it no more. She needs to smoke the little joint he has in his pocket and lay in his arms, or may be just to make a fire in the open stove but she can't find any paper, she doesn't really look for it, she needs something very much. Fishy Harry is sad hanging close to the surface of dirty water in his long red dress, he doesn't want to swim. She feels guilty Jenny, Fishy Harry's house is a piss - she knows. A frog didn't eat in days as Jenny forgets to buy food for him, it's a boy Jenny is sure of it, and Jenny knows how awful is to feel hungry, it's a bottom. Last night Jenny and Jack slept in Max's room again - how could you have your son out of his house at the age of twelve, Jenny? - asked her the damn (stukaturre) ceiling, her thoughts were drenched in the consciousness of horror - Jenny will you never grow up? - she asked herself. She needs her babe - Jack very much here and now, what does Max need? - is Jack cruel? - the questions flash fast through her mind? Jack sits outside drinking Green Pearl wine from the bottle, there is no trace of wind in the trees, he thinks of Jenny, and he sits on the same sofa as the year before when they two met in the night after she called him and she came out of the house with a dog. - Jack is the most wonderful man on earth - thinks Jenny. She wonders how a hell is she going to get money together for her rent when she just blew it on the party, and she didn't even have fun. All she has left is money for the lipstick and she is going to buy some tomorrow this time with more blue into the usual red. Autumn time. Jenny lives in the world of trophies. Sitting in the corner of the coach and holding into her crystals - wonders why she doesn't read books and she knows all she wants is Jack presence and he comes in throughout the door and standing looking at her sitting on the couch says - Jenny dress up, we go out to the park and smoke the dope I have, we need it, and we take Fi-fi with, it's so peaceful, there is no wind outside at all. - He makes the joint and talks about life with the seriousness and honesty only

the very young man can do and he questions it all. They get stoned and Jack talks about spirits and he talks about death and after he takes about the life. - Do you think after the death everyone becomes the lonely single ghost? - She hopes it isn't so. He gets hungry and they go to the night open hamburger store and buy some food and they get stuck at the game - trivial pursuit - lots of endless questions about everything, kings, sport, art, world, etc. They stand there for two hours playing, the dog is so hungry that he barks at everybody eating burgers and Jenny can't pretend any longer she doesn't understand it and she buys him one. They get read of all the money and Jenny starts freezing like hell and they go home and go to bed, they are so stoned that silence is wonderfully peaceful behind Jack's back and Jenny feels they have home in the quiet woods and it's endlessly peaceful behind Jack's back. In the morning she looks at his sleeping, beautiful and full round lips next to her on the pillow. In the morning Jack leaves. Jenny looks after him through the window, she sees the day is beautiful but Jack is more beautiful - thinks Jenny seeing him walk away passing outside cafe' filled up with young students. Jenny is inside, somebody knocks on the door, it's Helvis - What's up, it's a beautiful day, Indian Summer what are you doing inside? - I don't know - answers Jenny thinking about Jack and being aware that she was in fact trying to take herself out of the house. - I'll make you company - says Helvis - we go all places you suppose to go, I'll get you together, girl, I'll get you going - and they go out. When Helvis was four years old he fall out the window four floors down, he brooked both his legs, one arm and got a deep jack on his head. Helvis is a beautiful man of mixed blood, he has red Indian black burning eyes bowed by demonic and gigantic black eye brows and he has a dignity, specially in the way he walks or moves at all, he moves like a cartoon of a man la lot floating as he was made of liquid and he moves like a man. His mother was a go-go dancer and he did not see her since he was four years old, his father took him from her, she was a hooker and a junkie and a very beautiful such. The last and only memory of her he has is at the Halloing, he is four years old and she dresses him up in the skeleton suit, it's a black pyjamas with white bones painted, she has thick black hair almost down to her knees softening the maternal structure and she smells sweet patchouli with an add of Southern Comfort and female sweat and lots of sex, she gives him a hot and red kiss and he leaves the house, two days after his uncle finds him walking in the neighbour hood. Sun is shining and Jenny and Helvis walk in town, she returns the video tape of Catch 22, it was two weeks delayed, film was great the only true story of war except Apocalypses Now, she watched it with Jack in bed, but now Jack is somewhere else, he is sitting at the cafe' playing chess, he has been playing already three hours and lost only once, Jack loves winning. Jenny and Helvis go from one animal shop to another there is no food - the warms - for the frogs anywhere. Helvis and Jenny carry a lot of stuff and old home trash to the attic, first two floors down to the gate and then two and a half floor up into the

attic, they go up and down up and down, they are both sweaty and Jenny wears dark shades and doesn't see much, it's very much like a trip - Helvis grandfather and father are actors, his grandfather plaid in "Little Man and a Big Men" with Dustin Hoffman, Jenny didn't see that film but Charlot did. - they all sit at Capucino outside, it's long since Jenny was there - Helvis is sitting in the back of the car and they are driving towards LA, they take a lot of acid, they are three guys in the back of the car and the girl driving gets paranoid because Helvis stares into her soul - now he is sitting in front of Jenny, he has lit up the candle - they have taken so much acid for such a long time that they can't get out of the car at all and Helvis has a feeling that they are on the way to Mexico, he can't see much in dusk light, police stops them and pulls them literally out, the driver girl keeps on screaming - Jack Daniels, boots, acid, Jack Daniels, boots, acid! - they are surrounded by skin heads and she is trying to burn their boots in the open fire, parrots are screaming and jungle yells, we can see nothing except the fire and small crowd it - the candle dies, Jenny sitting in dark follows Helvis's voice - my friend and me we rented the whole floor in Venice - not the one in L-A but the one in Italy - right over Canale Grande, we didn't have any electricity so we couldn't play electric guitars, it was really bad luck because the town was more then fascinating, we staid couple of weeks admiring people living in that architectonic structure of canals, air and few hundred years old fantastically beautiful houses, we don't have that in USA, we don't have nothing there left since yuppies rip off, I don't want to go back, I'm moving into your house, I'm going to play in your band. - Jenny put the light on and said - Yes, I would love to take Jack to Venice, Jack the most beautiful man on Earth, I would like to show him the world. - She looks at Helvis brushing the floor. His movements are perfect. - I can see you have red Indian blood in you - she says smiling - let's go I have some stuff to do. -

Outside was already dark and cold, she went to Jack's place. Jack bought Blue Rumble fish and named him Rutgar - he says it's a boy. They have already seen all the films with Rutgar Hauer available in all the video stores in this town and they both love him. After an hour they both walked towards her house, they had a film to watch New York - New York with Lisa Minelli and Robert De Niro. They are a true fans of De Niro. - I was in love to Liza Minelli when I was 7 years old - says Jack and Jenny smiles at him. Jenny falls asleep after middle of the movie and waking up just before the end asks Jack - what have happened, did they got a bebe? - Jack gets angry at her. They sleep half day through. Jack has a little beat of cold and does not rush up, Jenny serves him breakfast to bed, after he has to go and feed Rutgar. - I'll come back at night I want to sleep at home here - Jenny changes water in Fishy Harry's ball and he indeed starts to swim again and eats his food. Jenny goes out with the dog. Jenny comes back to the apartment, the key is not in the pot, the door is open - Jack is here! - Jenny is happy and walks through the rooms looking for him, she finds him standing in the smallest

room leaning on the wall, they smile. In the bathtub are laying old wine bottles getting washed. Jack shall do a campari again. Jenny feels she is getting her heart back and her peace, she doesn't want to speculate for how long. She is getting her home back and it's easy to breath. They go together to rent more films, two war films, one action and one porno. Jack goes home and Jenny goes to a street bank to take some more of Jack's money out and she goes to buy pizza for the dinner. On the way back, she meets her old skin head friend Lee. She didn't see him for the long time and it's because he has been to prison - he says. Within seconds they are surrounded with lot's of black jackets and boots and robust mood, it's going to be a skin heads party in the apartment opposite side of the street. She gives away a little bit of the pizza. Fi-fi is very hungry, Jenny doesn't remember if she gave him dinner yesterday and now he gets a lot of their pizzas. They lay in bed and watch two of the films. Jenny doesn't take her clothes off. Jenny makes popcorn - she has finally learned how; Jack is delighted. They watch next movie. Jack is a little hungry again - I'll go out and buy something more - says Jenny - No, don't, it's not important - I'll do it, I'm hungry too - says Jenny - but wait for me with a next movie -. Night is dark, red cabriolet passes her when she crosses the street, inside eight boys and they are all screaming, waving hands holding bottles, she turns back thinking - how can they drive open cabriolet, it's so incredibly cold outside? - she gathers her jacket and her white tailless fox around her neck still freezing. - Lady bitch! - she hears, she goes in the same direction - where are you going! - she smiles, the cabriolet slows down - You, babe doll come with! What an ass! What a great ass! Come with we give you eight times fuck, we do it really hard, I can see you like that very much! - she walks away on the little path between the bushes into the dark. The bottle hits her on the back of her head. Jenny falls with her face to the ground. Silence.

Jack has been waiting for the long time and he is fed up now, he is really enoyed with her. The girl on the screen a real young beauty fingers herself, Jack has been watching her in a while now, he loves the movie. Tracy Lords has big enough and rarely pointed forward breasts, her pussy is light pink on the outside and bright pink inside and eyes blue and lips painted pink; she has a touching and rolling round blow job tectonic - she turns her face at least 90 degree back and forth and opens and closes her long lashed eyes like a sleeping doll, she has a beautiful body of the young grace with a perfectly smooth waist, perfectly hard little and round ass and long well trained legs, she is wearing high heel shoes and no panties and no bra, only a black leader skirt completely rolled up now, she stands with her hands leaning on the floor and head hanging down with blond soft hair brushing the floor, her cheeks are bright pink, almost red, the man fucks her in the ass very fast and for the long time; Jack's blood rushes fast, he wants to do that too with Tracy's flesh, he has been screaming for the meat long, now. He takes a swig of cock from the bottle. Tracy is on her four now, another man fucks her pussy from behind

and she gives the response, the picture is in close up, the cock enters her rapidly, and her buttocks in profile are bumping energetic back, back, back, against his cock, balls and tights and again, Tracy's ecstatic stunning voice makes the room esoteric and Jack puts his hand on his crotch.

VI

It is one of the last Indian summer days, sun is hot. Jenny is happy, she is on her own, she looks into Fishy-Harry's bowl and he is weaving to her with his red veil (or is it a she?) and he is eating and swimming all the time, it takes her two lonely hours to reach the bottom again, she can't stand to be alone, wine makes her dizzy and her head fills with cotton, she soon lays on the floor begging mercy for her guts. Jack made his wine ready, it takes nine days until it shall be drinkable and intoxicatingly fun. He starts going towards Jenny's home wondering - is she or isn't she my girl, do I want that? or do I not want that? why is she pulling me there? is she or is she not? how about my ground plan? - it's perfect! Jack knocking on Jenny's door. Jenny - why is he knocking? why doesn't he just come in? - He comes in. They sit on the floor drinking wine, he has brought some easy beer with him too. - Rutger doesn't want to eat. - says Jack. Jenny is playing Nick Cave's record "Your funeral my trial". She is smoking cigarettes. - I'm going away for the weekend, will you feed Rutger? - Yes, when do you go? - tomorrow. - They drink second bottle of Australian white wine Green Pearl. They go out to Bistro Paris. Tonight town is boring and they have not much to talk about. It's already cold. Jenny and Jack share a table with couple of youngsters. Jack drinks beer, Jenny drinks white wine and cider. Someone behind Jenny's back spills beer. Bar closes down and Jack wants dope. They go down town to buy speed. There is nothing except couple of cops. They buy hamburger and banana milk shake, walk home through the park, meet one guy selling amphetamine, he is paranoid and picks up the hammer from his bag, Jack cools him down and makes him measure a 10 dollars portion; it's so little that he gives up, - it's so little that even Rutger wouldn't get high on it - says Jack - the guy screams after them. Jenny has the only thought in her mind - I want to make love with Jack on speed. - She would pay anything for anything, she squeezes her legs.

- Let's go to my place. - says Jack. They pick up Fi-fi. They go to Jack's place. He undresses, lays in bed and says - I want to sleep - . There is Jack's heart sounding in the room and a wine monster - 20 liters breathing loud, Jenny can't sleep, Jack's body weaves her there at last.

Jenny and Jack got a baby, Jack walks with a baby pram down steep hill, baby's face is bright pink, baby is on the way to fall out, Jenny stands down the hill and screams like crazy, she knows the baby is going to fall, she wakes up. Jack's arm embracing her.

Jenny put Jack on the train, she has done that before... the same feeling of freedom and cosy loneliness surrounds all her being. She doesn't have great plans - she could have but she doesn't have to and that feels simply great. Her heart is with him on the train and his heart is with her, it's exactly what she feels walking first through the town and then sitting at North cafe in the bar and talking to the Brazilian waitress she knows; she feels as comfortable in her body as the fish in the big water. She supposed to take care of Jack's

fish Rutger and therefore she has his key, it still lays on the floor where it fell when Jack handed it to her, he said that she could have slept there if she would feel like and that gives her a nice cosy feeling of them two even if he left the town, she knew he was coming back very soon.

From the big street Jenny turns into the right. Beige car follows her, street is narrow and Jenny stops in front of the book shop; she looks at three books laying there in the row in the shop window. They look very mild, boring and invisible. - Shit, is it what we are offering our lives for? Is it what Jack is offering our love for? - To appear in the little shabby square of words, pamphlet of dreams?, meaningless for everybody else except oneself. I mean these thoughts are here anyhow, they don't get created by writing them down. And others... - the driver in the car presses the horn loud, his eyes spotting Jenny's ass in short leather skirt. Jenny turns - I'll give you one thousand - he says, Jenny moves towards him screaming - One, why not two? You are so fucking trivial that I would fucking shoot you if I had a fucking gun! Go and fuck yourself or read a fucking book! Yeah! Read a fucking book! - She already walks towards a bridge and a park. The car follows her, drives by and stops again close to the pavement waiting for her, a little fat man inside looking right between Jenny's legs - I'll give you two - he says - Fucking nut! - she screams and her cheeks are red and face pale. She feels first drops of the rain falling and she turns towards the park lying between alley and her house.

She is supposed to stay home and write, and prepare for the film shooting on Sunday but she has gone out instead. Tod makes her company. She changes four different coats until she is pretty - she wears red leather coat and smiles to the mirror. She is thrown out of Vegetarian Butt for old sins and it's all bullshit. Tod says - for sure you have been drunk and done something you don't remember - She knows it isn't so. At Luccil is a horrible music so they land at Rialto which is big and chic place. After two hours of drinking and talking; in the bathroom she realises how impossibly horny she is - I'll give in, I'll fuck with him tonight - thinks Jenny. But then pissing and realising the bladder her mind cools off gradually and then at last looking into the mirror, she says - no I'll not do this to you Jack, not yet anyway, not today, and it really doesn't matter whom you are into right now - she thinks breathy about the reason he went for - a party at the nursing school, two hundred young blond nurses ready to be fucked by the most-handsome-the Jack. She pulls her black leather skirt down, corrects the bra, she doesn't wear any blouse at all only long leather jacket closed on one button in the waste, she re-reds her lips and re-do her hair, wrinkles her nose smiling to herself and comes out walking towards the table weaving her hips not really so smooth and innocent as the latest promise was and she turns all the eyes in the room on her again but her heart speaks in mild voices to her - I'm Jack's girl. I'm Jack's girl. I'm Jack's girl. I'm Jack's girl...

She has planned a lot for the day but she stayed inside the whole time. She

didn't even take Fi-fi out. She forced herself out of the house at 2 AM - night was cold and with certain excitement in the town on the cultural heat following the book fair. 5 AM she dances by herself, next to her sits Jack's old best friend whom Jack himself didn't see since years - Rob and kisses a girl he just met - passionately on her lips, he takes her hand up and presses against his lips, he is watching Jenny dancing her own shadow deep into the wall and Jenny is watching him. There sits also Teddy, he used to go out and watch Jenny dance - he has said. 6 AM Jenny comes back to Jack's apartment alone, it has been her plan and she fulfilled it. It doesn't surprise her it's almost as cosy as he would be inside. The breath of his wine weaves her to sleep.

Jenny lied on the table like a candied and sugar-iced eastern pig, all naked, she was on her belly, in her anus sat a flaming candle - the only light in the room. Jack rushed around his 3x3 meters space; he was back - Your ass up - he commanded - she lifted her back straight up, now she was on her four but also on her knees, he pushed another candle into her pussy from behind and lit up - just before - she remembered she sat on the table with spread wild legs still in her bra and shoes and he handling a burning candle to her said - put it up your ass - moving far forward off the table, she did. - No, not in your pussy, in your ass - It is in my ass! - delighted screamed back Jenny - Jack lean deep forth examining, his face lit up by the candle light deeply concentrated, to be sure he fingers her - and a grin of wild satisfaction brightens up his face, he plays his Tina Turner tune "Chop it Up"; - it was her third in the row night at his place. First night after he left and after she has put him on the train she first had a dinner with her son Max, then went out with a friend and late in the night returned and joined Max again. The second night Jack was going to the nurse student party and to hunt young nurses; town was small and cosy - exactly as he had wished it should be, he left with Coco from his place correctly stuffed with drinks and hashish. darkness glued buildings together, gutter and wet trees as close as it only was possible, air was thick and sticky and it made Jack only more excited and Jenny was far away! Everybody wearied clumsy cotton overalls in four different colours - green, red, yellow, and black, but it didn't bother him, he was a master-see-through-girls clothes, he could judge their tits, wastes, stomachs, legs, feet and first of all asses - but pussy discovery was a hit - pelage, that he had to touch, taste and enter with force - that's why he was here and it felt warm at his heart, around 23 o'cl. Jenny lost her crystals but she still didn't notice it, suddenly she didn't have much power left - she went to bed and sunk into the sheets, she felt miserable for a moment and pulled two covers over herself, - a girl looked into Jack's eyes. Jenny put TV on, with an enthusiasm she watched last five minutes of Dallas show she didn't see since years. Jack felt drunk, he had a lots of beers in his belly and lots of galiano hot shots in his blood and all other stuff, in his usual blue jeans and

dark, almost black shirt he was a beautiful sensation and all the girls eyes smiled to him, he still leaned onto Coco's shoulder who was making plans - we'll go to Mexico together, I'll buy a car and after we drive through The States - Jack agreed to everything but his eyes were not in the jungle on Mayas pyramids with Coco, his eyes were with the girls, all of them - tiny, charming, big and fat, small, tall, veil, fragile, soft, flowery, smiling, dull, giggling, made up, the ugly ducks, sexy, with nerves tide up, cool, inviting to the game, battle, sensation and the night which has certainly started up. Jenny watched another movie on TV, Max came home and after the movie she started to make herself ready for going out. She didn't phone anyone for the company. Now she looked for crystals, not finding them in the pockets, in despair all over the whole big place; at last she found them on the bathroom floor and slipped into the pockets of tightened jeans. Outside was very cold and she walked fast to Donald-Duck party.

- Now she feels the warmth of the candle light on the inside of her tights and on her buttocks, Tina Turner still shouting all over the little place, Jack pulls the candle out of her and drip hot wax on the tops of her white ass - she laughs and it makes him burn her with a cigarette too, two little round burns, perfectly symmetric, one on each buttock hill, she stretches like a cat, they both have made a lot desire full mess in the small room and now Jack's dick hangs out from his trousers and he stands with it in front of Jenny's mouth while she is still on the table like a cat with two candles burning and now she sucks him wild and it has been long time since - four long days...

On the party she met lots of people from Donald-Duck who recognised her, she had her own bottle of wine, she was perfectly sober and said - she felt like a five years old girl, pure and innocent, and others were pretty drunk at this time on the third day of the book fair in town and she still wasn't there - at the book fair. She met her band and few more friends and opened her bottle of white wine she bought the day before together with Jack just before he took his train.

Jack sits down on the chair watching her balancing on the table with the lights - I don't even get hard on - he points out more to the room than to her or himself - Saturday night she has met his best friend from the past, and first he said to her was - you are Jack's woman - and he shook her hand - and now Jack was questioning in the circle - did he or didn't he screw Jenny, his girl? - Yes, I'm Jack's girl - she answered and smiled back to him. More they didn't talk - he watched her dance the whole night, he watched her take off her blouse - she watched him kiss a girl, she saw how he lift up her hand palm and kissed it soft and tender on each side, he did not put his eyes off Jenny's belly turning into the dance. Jack had fun, flirted with lots of girls and now he danced with the same chick already for a while, he kissed her tenderly and she pressed her body against his and put her tongue deep in his throat, the life started and Jack lit for good. Outside in the greyish air of the morning the girl laid her head on his chest childlisly and desirefully, she surrender... - they

run to her place. Jenny decided from the beginning, she was going to spend the night alone at Jack's place - it was six in the morning when she with difficulties opened his lock and got inside. Rutger was floating motionless in the water bowl, she knocked softly to him and he weaved to her and she climbed into the bedroom and smashed herself into Jack's bed and it was a true paradise and she didn't feel alone as in her bed, she felt he was here-somewhere, she felt his presence and she listened to the breath of his wine and fall asleep. Jack was touching the stranger-dancing-girl light-purple cunt with a trembling hands. Her pussy was gorgeous, pink and so little that he couldn't press the thumb into it and just imagine how it was to screw her! - Jenny moved in her sleep and felt as she was going to puke, she had her crystals under the pillow. Jack's love act would have been worth to walk the whole world round and not only make that short train trip.

- I want to screw you now, lets go upstairs - says Jack to Jenny stumbling through the words trying to walk few steps up. He lets her in front of him and kisses her ass climbing the ladder.

Jenny woke up and felt as she was going to puke, the feeling was very strong and very annoying but she did not want to get up from bed and forced herself down to sleep. She was unable to lock the door, she gave up going to the book fair and staid in bed reading the book instead - "Naked and Dead". Later she and Max took turns to watch after Jack's place - she phoned him at night. Titty, a little blond girl picked up the phone. - O, detective, it's too much you are calling me, how are you Sun-shine? - she heard Jack's sweet voice. - aren't you coming tonight? - asked Jenny? - no, and may be I'm not coming at all, I'm planing to go to Stockholm. - fine - said Jenny and slowly put down the phone, hearing him passing greetings for the people around her, and she heard he called - Jenny, Jenny. - She was at his place again and now the walls were too close on her, she read the book, wine was silent, Rutger motionless and she couldn't sleep, at 4 in the morning she climbed down and decided to play Jack's tape, she had promised she was never going to read his writing again behind his back but that was a tape and she couldn't stand without hearing his voice longer. His voice telling a story turned her on and her hands were in her pussy but the room was cold and words sometimes unclear divided by knocking off sound of the tape recorder stops - Jack's gorgeous voice, the deep voice of the man and his excellent thoughts. And he said they both were as two motherless baby-monkeys clenched to each other, and he said that when he is trying to imagine her face he sees her sucking him off. And he said she covers too much of the world for him.

- Now they are both upstairs and Jack has stacked 3 chess pieces into her ass - put them out - he says holding his handpalm open under her anus. They had drunk a lot of wine in different bars, in the last one they sat next to some girls who knew Jenny and he asked them his question - would you suck my cock? - One day someone instead of getting mad insulted shall just do it - thought Jenny. - Phantom and his Lady are already here - she heard a

stranger voice from the next table - they were already a legend in the town. She has pressed out one piece of chess into Jack's hand, the other came out mingled with shit, which has made her desperate, into Jenny's own hand and the third one got lost. Jack is angry, he is screaming - where are my chess pieces, give them to me! She washes her hand hoping he isn't going to notice what has happened. He presses the whole contain of the black olive jar into her, he has smeared her with chocolate cake, she keeps on washing her hands smelling fingers for at least two minutes now, it still stinks shit. The second night at his place alone, Jenny writes on the piece of paper which she stacks between his bed and a wall - "Fucking breath of wine and my two crystals lay like two tears in my bed, Jack's bed. Jack is not here. He's in another town and shall go even farther" - her girl-friend passed by in the morning wanting to take her to the gym, she said that Rutger was going to die if he didn't get warmer water and more light. Jenny tried to move him upstairs but it was impossible. The ladder was enforceable with big heavy ball in the arms. She filled up cooking pot with a little bit warmer water and placed it straight under the lamp, then she moved Rutger, he started to swim a lot and he ate for the first time since a week; happy she went back to bed and fell asleep.

-Now Jack has smeared her with avocado, poured yogurt over her and has started to clap her on the face, soon he switches from the playful slams into the hard once. She doesn't want to scream but she does. - Shut up! - he answers her - you said you like Dennis Hopper, so now you have one for yourself, it's true enough! - and he hits her again in the back of her head. She falls with the face to the pillow.

When Jenny woke up she run straight to look at Rutger. He wasn't there! - she looked under the plants and looked again. She screamed loud when she saw dark blue drying spot on the floor somehow remanding of the fish - Rutger has jumped out! - Rutger was dead and Jenny was out of her mind kneeling naked on the floor with tears flowing down her face and over her bare breasts. After a while she slid him on the piece of the paper and threw back into the water, he did not respond, he was dead, she picked him up between two small paper sheets and laid on the shelf - why did you do this Rutger? - she repeated again and again into almost unhearable whisper.

Jack rips off wine wire and tells her - I'm going to put that up your ass! She looks at the wire and she screams, covering the anus, she is scared.

At one moment she looked at the paper she placed on the shelf and saw something moving there, jumping! - Rutger was alive! - she threw him back into the water and he started to swim like crazy but with the tendency to float up on the side, looking a little bit dead anyway, she has never seen something like that and now she worked on him, to make him swim proper and not to play dead. And she disentangled him from the plants when he got stuck in his furious moves. She had to cover him with a pot's lid and that wasn't fun but she couldn't risk him jumping out again. Now it was important

she understood, to bring his big bowl up. She filled in all the empty beer tins she found with an aquarium water few times, she climbed ladder up and down emptying the bowl, couple of times she tried to transport it up and it was still too heavy. She balanced the bowl over her head and couldn't make it, had to put it down again. At last she has done it. She filled aquarium with water again and placed at the head of Jack's bed and threw Rutger in, he was still swimming fast around but more and more frequently tended to float on the side almost on the surface of the water. Then she picked on him pushing him to move all the time - You have to make it Rutger - she whispered. She had to leave for to take pictures for the newspaper, Max came from school baby-sitting Rutger and Jack's place.

Jack presses Jenny against the bed screaming - I'm going to break your arm, I'm drunk enough to kill you! - he shouts in fury. - I thought you love me! - shouts back Jenny - Love you? Do you think I could love a girl who stacks candles into her ass? - answers her Jack and Loughs heedful.

Jenny called Jack and he still dint want to come back home, he wanted to go on travelling. She told him what happened to Rutger - Is he dead? - he spoke - no, - she said - but I'm afraid he might die. - Jack said he was coming home tonight.

Jenny came back and asked Max - how is Rutger? - he is fine - said Max. She went up and looked for herself, Rutger wasn't fine, he was losing himself. He was catching amok. - Rutger is going to die - said Jenny to Max coming down. Every time she looked he was slower to respond. She had to leave for half an hour, she had an appointment for the photographing for an interview and she had to look her best, cool and beautiful. When she came back Rutger was laying on the bottom.

- I'm going to kill you! - screams Jack again. - At last I screw a girl! - It hurts and Jenny has got enough - after struggle she makes herself free from Jack and starts to dress. Jack seeing it continue screaming - You are like all the other girls, get hurt and going... I'm going to kill you, you killed my fish! - he keeps on hitting her and pulling off her clothes. She throws all of them downstairs first ready to jump down herself. Jack lays on the bed. Jack falls asleep. Jenny sits on the chair looking at him she has her stockings half the way up and the bra and one shoe on, after some time she undresses first herself, then Jack and she into his arms and he hugs her and kisses her for the first time since long. His tongue is inside her mouth, now playing with her tongue, now around her teeth and at last deep in her throat, it is a wild Jack's true tongue. He kisses her labia lips, and after he makes love to her and she screams in ecstasy and Rutger swims into the surface stone dead. They fall asleep circled by arms, legs, skin, flesh, eyelashes and all the hair and dreams - she was a flesh, only a piece of the meat, Jenny - he whispers to her. The next day they go to her place where they stay few days inside. Jack has a flue and she is nursing him. They watch videos many nights in the row, all the movies with Rutger Hauer and Dennis Hopper they can get hold of and

some porno. Jenny is lost and spends two hours looking for one film in one store. Inside the little porno films room bold shaved, tall man is watching her close, sits down and calls her - come here - rising his hand in gesture, she becomes paranoid remembering she doesn't wear underwear only transparent net stockings and she realises how it might look when she bends forward reading several covers all over the shelves but she tries to answer his questions cool and polite, pretending all is just an easy game. - where have you been? - asks Jack- you couldn't be looking for the film in two hours, why do you lie? - I don't - says Jenny looking into Jack's eyes - you know I wouldn't lie to you. - In the morning she buys newspaper checking the trips, she wants to take him to Paris. It is Friday and he is suddenly cured and wants to meet Coco and be without Jenny at last - It's a party time! - Let me stay, I want to bury Rutger! - No. - says Jack - you aren't sentimental about my fish. - Jenny leaves, the night is even colder than one before with a wet gutter of the deep melancholic touch and dark blue air.

VII

Jenny's night has started. She is going faster now crashing through the ice cold air. She presses her new black leather jacket against her neck, she has forgotten her fox collar and cold hurts and Jack's whole being hurts too. - - A Gallery and a vernisage, it's all so dilettante - thinks Jenny and doesn't stay inside more than two, three minutes. She has hard to feel being herself and she wonders why. She turns to the left hurrying over a tram tracks and it pleases her to hear the bell of the coming tram warning her and breaking off rapidly, just a little taste of the danger is a balsam for her soul. - Why is Jack the way he is? - Actually this is no longer a question, she knows why and she doesn't expect him to be different and it is not often that she feels pain at all. - Fucking night! - says Jenny to herself and walks fast through Paris Bistro. - It's not fun! - and she is going out. She walks along the Aveny and she feels that young people who are the only ones there look at her stranger than usual. She speeds up her walk and runs over the street getting fast into the males passage. Party at the store, she is dancing, she keeps her jacket on, she has a lots of money in the jacket and no pockets in her skirt, she is buying couple of drinks and talks to some people she knows. Jack finished to play chess, he lost the game and it worries him and now he is going to bury Rutger; Jenny doesn't want to know how and where, rap music irritates her and she chooses to stand in the line to the bathroom. - It's more fun - she thinks. Everybody here are shamefully young - she sees. Jack would love the girls like these, they all have little asses and these young breasts and long legs and red polished nails - drug free boring generation - says Jenny to herself and watches a girls - she likes doing that and she likes the way they look. The man who runs the party invites her out - Ok- she says. - How comes you are so sexy who are you ? Lets go and drink some wine. - OK - she says not responding to his compliment. - I want you. - says Ami - I want you so much, let's go somewhere else. - No - says Jenny. - We can go and drink wine and talk, no more... - she looks at the guy. They go and drink wine in the fancy disco, he pays her entrance ticket and her wine, she finds a packet of cigarrets in the bathroom. Jack, already drunk walks by the first party she has been to looking for her, he doesn't find her and he goes to get a dope. Ami and Jenny are dancing, she is bored, she is wearing her new sun glasses she bought down in the store at the party, they go to another place, she is buying few vodka screw driver drinks for her and another girl. Jack is buying amphetamine. She must be very drunk as she is dancing on the table now and tempting a girl and playing with her's long skirt and touching her hips. They both dance on the table Arabic belly dance, they can do it - the girl-her company is Arabic and Jenny - Jenny can do anything and the others clap the hands and scream. Jack is high and drunk, he is standing in the bar and he says - would you suck my cock? One girl would, he opens his trousers and gets his swollen penis out and straight into her mouth, she is very good and Jack comes fast; then he sees it is a man. Jenny still on the table kisses

the girl on her mouth, someone handles another orange coloured drink to her. The time is dark and crowded neither Jack or Jenny would tell how and what. They have been the whole night at the different places but now they are at the same club a Duck disco, Jack is fucking a girl in the bathroom, she is ugly and fat and all that ugly mish mash but she wants Jack very much and she holds him tight against her thick pussy-cunt and slashes all over his face with her super breasts and nipples big like cherries. Jenny sits on the floor, she is far too drunk, she has lost all her money, her new sun glasses, her new jacket. Jack takes the fat girl out and they are going to her place, at last he sees Jenny but it doesn't change his mind about a screw. Jenny sits outside and she feels morning is fucking cold mourning and careless and the night is gone and a god knows where and street gutter is very close to her face, she is considering the misery - she has lost all her stuff and money and Jack too. One way or another she gets home and gets into her bed.

- Jenny I love you! I would die if you wouldn't be here or if you were here with another man! - Jack screams standing by the legs of her bed, she sits down looking at him, she feels no anger, no compassion, no hate, no self pity. He lays besides her kissing her and he makes love to her and he screams coming into her pussy. And he says - you have the most beautiful pussy in the world - and they fall asleep. Very soon Jack is awake, he can't breath and he drags her out of the bed - we have to go out walking! I can't breath! Jenny! - Unwillingly she is putting on her shoes, inside the shoe she finds all her money - and it's a few thousands she thought she has lost. They are walking in the morning sun, it is possibly Saturday or Sunday - we are very beautiful couple, Jenny - says Jack - I don't know why I am as I am, when I at last found you, a girl I always wanted, I'm bad. - She knows why - it's simply classic - Jenny's hangover digs a big black hole in her and she is panicking, - Jack, I can't stand the fear - whispers Jenny to Jack and he kisses her again - don't worry Jenny, the God loves us it shall be all fine! - lays Jack. At the evening taxi driver comes buy with her found jacket. He drives Jenny and Jack to video store, they hire movie box and many films.



VIII

They are both drunk. He is making love to her. His penis is inside her pussy moving in and out with force, it turns her almost upside down and inside out and she hears his voice - you don't have to pretend that you are coming, I can fix you a real orgasm some other time! - She opens her eyes, the sky of the morning is grey, bridge balustrade presses into her spine and between her naked buttocks, her trousers are stuffed down below her knees and police car is driving towards them slowly but doesn't stop, birds are screaming. Jack turns her towards the balustrade and enters her from behind, she is looking into the water flickiering with millon stars, her chest turns dangeresly over the balustrade and leans towards the water, Jack turns her again towards himself, keeps on fucking her and comes screaming and breathing loud. It's only Thursday.

They decide to leave the town, actually it's Jenny who decides that - no one more weekend here - she pronounces the words fast.

PART III

Moscow is on fire. Some trams and cars and few busses build huge barricade. It doesn't matter who is on which side, the blood flows, and it flows with pain. The victims lay motionless on the streets and the others move fast above the reasonable brain; everyone have expected that move. But this is no game. Jenny and Jack, breathless - sitting in front of the TV set, they have spent hours and hours on the trains, they have done a wild and long sex act in the sleeping wagon in which they spent 13 hours in a row, they ate first breakfast in the mountain town - Zakopane with a sleeping wagon's conductor as he had that terrible hangover and didn't want to be alone and he paid for them - it's the same fancy place where she used to go with her father and his wife when she was a girl, they staid at the same artists, s house where Jenny lived in her youth - they did not plan that but Jack felt very sick during the walk when she only wanted to look at the house - in fact she sucked him off in her "virginal bed" downstairs where she flew off with 41 degree's of fever when she was thirteen and where she kissed Tadeusz A. when she was fourteen, an hour later they got a room with a view and it was a most classic view at Giewont - a Sleeping Knight mountain, Jenny's father was a legend at the place and there was still the same maid who brought them breakfasts to bed and served them dinners and suppers in the dining room simply loved them both! For a few days Jack and Jenny "were home"; they have done some wild fucking when they moved and cracked the beds in different hotels, they have seen lots of places, they have seen a young blond - long hairdo, beautiful - perfectly shaped girl in Cracov sitting down on the street in the disaster posture of the total looser begging into the shoe cartoon from which stacked a paper telling thee that her husband infected her with Aids virus and her family threw her out of home and her friends turned their backs at her; they walked through the old judish gettho where Polanski grew up and they watched mould houses and smelled into the stinky gates, yards and staircases, - Jack is drunk -; they walked through the crystal air of a high mountains, they have walked through the woods; one drunk night in the bar Jack was kissing a babe-faced, black hairdo in a boy cut - girl the whole night through and promised to marry her and he wanted Jenny to watch and she did and the other girl cried all the time - they were two heartless beasts from the depraved and unmoral west - she wept, J & J couple - in fact Jenny was a bit fed up with a show when it rolled into long morning hours and she still had a flue and two guys in the bar warned Jack for Jenny-hooker when they seen him talk to her and Jack said - hey fools shē is my girl so if you don't mind your tongues you mind my fists! - and Jack showed his kneeted spades and the guys were half of his size anyway; - Jack is drunk. Jack's heart bumps on fast and tough, they have seen these gorgeous Warsav, s whore-startlets running on the slippery and wet from the

drinks bar-disck throwing the clothes they had off, down, up and round, they were all small and nit and they went much farther in their boots and high heels then the Swedish colleges - they were bare naked except for the boots walking between the tables right on the floor were Jenny and Jack sat too, they put the ties of the fattest men inside the pusses and they rubbed round buttocks against their chairs and backs - a full time show - Jenny - her stupid vanity Pisces her off, she keeps her sun glasses on and she can't see all, sometimes flashing her eyes above the shades to distinguish the nipple from the pubic hair; Jenny's face is swollen as she would have a flu', may be she has, they caress each other. Young man on the TV screen stops to breath and a women next to him breaks out in a lament. - I love you Jenny and I want you - says Jack. Jenny closes her eyes and she prays that the whole world goes under until she opens them again. That would have been a perfect end but life is no paradise. Life goes on.

I.

They travel to Berlin by train. Already on the train station they are followed by a mafia thieves - it makes Jenny so paranoid of fear that they become friends with them, there are several robberies on the train - her blood freezes in her veins every time they stuck their moon-like faces into their compartment, Jack is slowly falling asleep and his eyes are closed all the time, he is drunk, she manages to stuck all their valuable and important things on herself into the different pockets, folds and other hides - first robbed is a young black man with lots of suitcases and bags - he doesn't speak English but he speaks French, next is a fat and wealthy looking German - police searches the whole train - they look through J & J compartment too - Jack is asleep all the time, Jenny smokes cigarettes with the thieves, they are in the next - closest compartment, they don't have documents and don't have tickets - they are going to Hanover to steal the cars, they are coming from the trip through Russia where they could and they did buy any girl for a dollar, they are small and misshapen boys - quit sympathetic actually. The train arrives in Berlin very early in the morning, all the banks are still closed and it takes several hours to attempt a Transit hotel where they are still remembered from the previous stay and where they sleep the whole day and make love, straight from bed they go to Nick Cave's - 10 years anniversary concert and after to the party back stage, Nick is happy that Jenny at last! got a boy friend and is not going to hang after him, and he laughs sarcastic and proud, he is very thin and stressed, Blixa is cool but fatter, he apparently stopped with drugs and started with beer, he has always been Jack's hero. J & J get very drunk, they drive to after party in someone fast car flown by the techno music, the heads in front are shaved bold and on the sides of the windows run Berlin's night streets in grey-blue - the vehicul lifts up - contemplates Jenny. They have drunk a lot of Smirnoff but it more smells drugs in the air, she doesn't remember much of the party. She mingles in the bar, she jump-dances in front of Mick Harvey, she asked him eagerly on and on where to buy amphetamine and Jack rapidly takes her back to the hotel. They sleep long, she brings him breakfast to bed - hot chocolate, sandwiches with cheese and German salami on black bread - Jack doesn't want to eat - he has hangover and he doesn't eat black bread, he wants to go home, he destroyed one of his lenses and wears a plaster across his eye already since few days. They wait for Dutch - he is on his way and suppose to come to Berlin this night. Jack drinks Beecks beer the whole time when he doesn't piss. They go for the Indonesian expensive dinner with few people from Tacheles. Food is excellent hot, Jack's nervous paw-hand rests on Jenny's knee, thigh, shoulder, breast, cheek all the time in rapid directed from place to place all over her body moves - she feels his closeness, she leans with her right shoulder on his pulling her hard left beautiful side. They are so visibly beautiful and so visually in love that Kicki organises a photo session the

following day but Jack wants to go home now and play chess with Coco. Dutch arrives, he has a green chief wired around his forehead covering a deep jack he got from Mac - it dresses him great! They shake hands and take taxi to the late night train, along Oranienburger strasse stand tens of a young Barbie-hookers, Jenny wants their white boots and Jack wants their flesh - taxi driver robustly laughs and gives them a good price for the drive.

Helvis moves in. Soon Jenny and Jack are back home, they are together and they find out about the drugs. Jack never goes to his place anymore, in fact he wants to quit it and move back or move in - in the new way or what ever he finds out. Anyway he is going to bring his new record player and Jenny doesn't have to buy a new needle to hers. Fishy -Harry is dead. He jumped out from his bowl when they were on the trip. Jack and Jenny buy amphetamine and they take it together and it is great. The life is full of a dignity. A pusher is buying a rose for Jenny in the bar. One doesn't have to drink as a desperado, it is enough with just a drink at a time and all the moves are more co-ordinated and emotions too. They are both humble and in a harmony with the sense of life which lays spread as a distinct beast just in front of them with all the perfection. They go to two or three bars, small rain is wet. They go to a Spanish disco. Jenny dances and Jack watches her. He sees she is very beautiful and he loves her body. But he takes all the stuff by himself and she becomes mad and tries to jump out of the taxi in the full speed - it's seven in the morning. He promises her a small share and it is small - he is greedy - says Jenny, but to whom? He - God is sleeping and not watching after them, Jack is drugged like a bee and all whimsy and his hands and legs aren't stable any longer and all he wants is more of the stuff and he tries to work on getting some more which becomes quiet impossible on Sunday early afternoon even if they would have taken a train what for a while was planned. They end up in bed and Jack tells her all his sex adventures - how did it all start and roll. He says - Jenny you have such a tired breasts, you have to fix them up. He tells her - Jenny you have too big ass. - I love this young girls with young breasts and a little asses. - Then he changes his mind and tells her - Jenny you have the most beautiful ass on earth, where did you get it from, did you always have ass like that? - They end up making love for some hours, a tender giant fuck and smack and everything is as it should in love and in the dick and the cunt, they are high and horny and perfect and fast and endless; they use her anus a lot and his dick-beast! Yes! And they scream.

The days go by and every morning Jack wakes up Jenny and says - I want more - phone the dealer, do it now. - He still loves her pussy and the pussy is so very pleased and proud and happy and queenly to be recognised and touched and priced - it's simply pussy's paradise. One day the dealer shows up. Jack buys a lot, he doesn't want to go down town every night searching

and not finding and beating Jenny across her bloody face and crashing ice cream stands with his bleeding fist- so now he buys a lot to have for a long time. They take everything during the first night. They are spaced out and don't sleep. The picturesque reality of the surrounding turns to a little horror show and Jack can't stand Jenny's behaviour - she stands on the table and screams - Jack you are the best writer I know, give me one page of your writing, I want to see it now, I want to tell it to the world, I want to price you, you are the best! - Jack can't stand Jenny's talk about herself - she talks about some bluff - love - story - real rock and roll bullshit myth from the stone age - but she can't stop as bored she was before for a lonely Jackless hour or two and he decides to quit at least for a time being, he lays his grand plan to leave. They take champagne walk in the freezing park. They look like a tired cold night-mares and passers by stare at them - and Jenny screams - I want your baby Jack! - and Jack doesn't say anything to the end - but he says - I have a plan. - Jack goes into the store to buy more champagne, Jenny ghost-crawls home and throws herself into the bath tub - she is freezing. Jack comes in and he loves her breasts, they have real pink nipples and he plays with her in the water, she tries drowning tricks, and he tries her with a bottle, they both survive - her ass hole and he. Fucking is indescribable beautiful and it takes the whole bloody day. Jack asks Jenny to put a lot of her fingers into her own ass, and she does. He fucks her and she cries - do you feel me? I can feel your sweet, sweet dick! - Yes, I feel you darling, I feel your princess like flash and flesh and soul and bones - he kisses her almost to the blood and screams love words across the bed and the floor when they roll over. The intensity cracks the room. Dutch and Helvis are in the next room, they don't sleep, it is a day, afternoon, they have taken a trip. Jenny's pussy hurts, she is thirsty and Jack pisses into her mouth. They still don't sleep, go out again, it's incredible cold - is autumn gone? - asks Jack. At home she is scared to death and can't breathe and he comforts her. - I love you Jenny - says Jack, she hangs in his arms, her mouth burns and her heart jumps and panic creeps out of every corner of the lost house. She is better now and he is very sick, he hasn't eaten in five days, all in his mouth hurts like a sick fire wear wolf. They take taxi to the hospital, Jack is very ill, - Fellini is in coma - they say on TV. Jack is still very sick and he can't eat, his pain is a torture, he is thin and his cheeks grown with a black fluff, his eyes are grey and his mood bizarre and he stares into a little TV in front of him. Jenny is dreaming of the baby again - but then we can't go to Venice - she thinks - well may be we can, but we can't go to live in New York that's too tough - well may be we can anyway - when I'm pregnant I'm smarter, or? but the jungle is out and motor bicycles - she almost feels the baby in her womb and belly and in her soul and she feels her breast harden and awake, she wants his miracle inside her, she wants it badly, she wants to feel it's pain and bless, she wants to breast feed his baby and spill her milk over Jack's face and his wonderfully hungry, most mean and most gentle mouth. She wants to fuck

him but he is very weak and all in pain. She makes love to herself in the bathroom for a first time since she has been Jack's girl. She makes herself come only by milking her right breast. Jack is angry at her - she bought wrong kind of yoghurt. Jenny is sitting in another room eating her pizza, she didn't pay her apartment and electricity, she has no money to buy make up, she can't remember if she went out with Fi-fi or not, she can't remember how many pain killers Jack took, two, three or four, or five? he mustn't take more than three a day, absolutely not more than four, Fellini is dead - the whole era is gone, or? - she is questioning her life, or? - what's Jack doing?

II

- I'm sorry, I'm so short to you - says Jack - I'm fed up with pain - and he looks as a cloud even if he tries not to. Jenny gets into the preparing her old book to be ready for the print, she is doing corrections and reading it, it's a Mexico-dream the whole way through 150 pages and this job makes her so endlessly solitary. Sundström's concert they go to is apparently great, there are 150 people gathered in the overcrowded room, standing, listening, responding, Jenny is far away, Jack gives her a hug, a real hug of love. Jenny is far away. It's Jack's idol she invited for Jack's sake - singing. She looks at Jack. He is standing in front of her in the arms of a sexy, fattish red-haired. The red-haired is trying to kiss his wounded mouth, he spits a candy into her mouth and he likes her climbing all over him - You look like a movie star, Jack - says the red-haired. They all drink beer. - Jenny, lets go home - Jack is at last bored. He puts his arm around his Jenny - they walk home giggling. The moon shines heavily over them like a spy.

- I'm sorry - says Jack few times - I'm only very much in pain - to explain why he sends her to hell and around in some time now. He takes strong pain-killer pills one after the other. Now Jack is fed up again, he is going to go. Enough is enough. He is fed up with Jenny and with sex and all that shit. That night he stays home. Jenny has to go, she is showing their and others films. Manuel, a stranger talks to Jenny, he is fascinated, she fascinates him, her work fascinates him, everybody loves Jenny's and Jack movie this night. She leaves quit soon from the place painfully missing Jack tonight - rushed by some unknown loneliness too. Friday. They have to organise lots of money for to buy beer for the Saturday rock and poetry party they are responsible for. Jack doesn't want to drink, Jenny does. Jack is playing chess. They meet at the place, Jack is cool, Jenny is drunk, she is sitting in the first row yelling maniacally at the band playing on stage. Jack leaves her there and goes home. He goes to bed. She is dancing with Rob. All of the sudden she gives up in the middle of a song. She walks home alone very drunk and very stumbling. She crawls into the bed besides Jack's hot body. Jenny wakes up and feels her soul is gone, she can't stand alcohol again. After, she makes love to him and some inches of her soul are back. She is on her feet again and very beautiful, she runs around a flat preparing events of the night. Music, she plays is very loud and she drinks straight from her yesterday's Perno's bottle. Suddenly she looks into Jack's eyes and she is so impossibly deep in love to Jack as she would have never seen him before or only saw him and he would have been the only one living male on earth - which he is! These are high feelings and they space her heart. The evening starts, it's simply a lot of work, the last day of the festival to be carried on; she looks at Jack sitting next to the stage listening to Rob, well, she knows that Jack is beautiful but what she sees now is the most beautiful man on earth sitting on the throne in the pose of a young god with his long legs deep apart

exposing the absolute crotch towards the female part of the filled up room, his hands resting on his thighs, his big rings with hot shining precious stones, his esthetic ornamented hairy chest glancing through the always full down open shirt, his long, soft and wavy hair, of course honey-blond, black shining bomber-jacket giving a little extra touch to his anyway perfect shoulders, delicate white neck, subtle but proud chin and a face turned 90 degree towards the stage, a face which could have been worn by the goddess too without a shame, a perfectly shaped face of a young and deliberate desire, round dark red lips slightly open and drinking the room's air with a cool distance to all at this moment, cherry cheeks and a love full blue green eyes watching a young poet running the stage. Later on she looks for Jack, he is locked in the toilet with another blond girl. Jenny's heart breaks after six minutes into four even pieces. She is playing her concert, Helvis plays guitar, the show is all right, the show is fun, but Jenny has a beast on her mind - she is sending the whole entire room into the deep shit-hell-hole, the night is long, they go home 10 in the morning, sun is pale, and she has a lot of cocaine in her veins but she isn't rebellious yet. Jack should have been travelling away but he realises he can't be without Jenny on his giant hangover coming - that's for sure. Jack goes to bed. He calls her to bed and she doesn't come at once. She takes time, she is drugged silly girl and she is stupid enough to be hurt - I'm hurt by your bathroom story, I'll do this same, you shall feel how it feels - says Jenny - there was no story, we didn't do anything, we only talked, she was stupid, you don't lie to me and I don't lie to you - answers her Jack. He is stretching his arms to her. He calls her name - Jenny, Jenny, Jenny, come! - she doesn't move, she is hurt, she is an idiot and that's why she misses the fuck. They sleep a short time, Jenny's heart beats like a war drum, Jack sleeps peacefully but wakes up with an awful hangover. - You have to take care of me Jenny-girl all the time, I'm not good, I don't feel good at all -. I guess she does take care of Jack, but she doesn't say much. They walk outside to get pizza, they both look racked, Jack's face is green blue with black blue rings around the eyes, he has no power to put in lenses and wears his fucked up glasses. - All the girls told me yesterday that I'm very sexy and beautiful - says Jack to Jenny -. The air is shitty cold. He can't eat his pizza. She eats both in the night, laying in the bed half asleep and painfully hanging on her arm, she is chewing quietly not to wake up Jack, all these days when she was thinking about the baby she has been eating like a pig and still buying more a lots of good food. Helvis gives her company - he is completely broke, Jenny pays his room and his food already in two months. - He is a great singer and one day he will make it and pay it back - says Jenny. Jack hits her across her face, he says - you are so stupid Jenny, everybody uses you, how do you know that I don't stay hear only because you feed me? - Jack is planning to go to Stockholm as soon he shall get his money. He is not planing to give any money to Jenny for the apartment. She knows that.

Jack is fed up with sex with Jenny and Jenny is turned on. She is becoming psychotic and she can't sleep. His chest is flaming hot, she puts her face on his heart caressed, he hugs her and kisses her with a small kiss, he doesn't wake up.

Another party, Jack, Jenny and Helvis have taken the very rests of amphetamine which Jack had left since the last time, what have happened with the days which passed, was there any days, any time at all? Jenny stands in the bathroom with a man and he opens her bra and takes it off - you have a beautiful breasts - he says - o, yeah? - answers Jenny looking into the mirror picturing the whole tiny room, she sees her breasts, the boy wants to kiss her lips - no - she says - why not? - he asks - I don't have a lipstick with me - says Jenny. He kisses her somewhere else and she doesn't care where. She looks at his little pink thing sticking from the jeans and against her, there is a disapproval in all her soul but all she says is - do you have a condom? - no - says the boy - I'm healthy - no, way! - says Jenny relieved that she doesn't have to get his thing inside herself. They leave the bathroom. On the street Jack and she get into the fight with some unknown guys, nobody knows why. They lay both on the street kicked down by these people, Jenny has someone leg across her throat. It's the first time Jack wears his red fox jacket which Helvis has borrowed for the concert and Jenny bought for Jack a while ago because it was his dream and Jenny wears her white star-like looking fur since at least one week all the time also inside the house and in the bed. Another bar, Jack runs after the girls, Jenny dances, she is down on the floor most of the time, she is dancing a strip dance without taking off her clothes, she has very little on anyway, she sticks up her ass, she is running after Jack who doesn't want her and she's dancing with the other men who want. The guards throw Jack out with all the proper and prestigious ju-jitsu ceremony, he rolls down the staircase and he can roll. Jenny and Helvis join him outside to another fight. Helvis takes off his shirt and running with his bare white chest and all along the arms great and sinister tattoos scares shit out of the enemy, he punches him fast and hard in the face with a sound of crushing bones and jams his glasses inside his fist. They all get home. Jack fucks Jenny in her ass and her delightful pussy and he whispers to her - I love you Jenny, do this to me every morning wake me up in white negligee then our life shall never go out of the sex-prestige ever again.

She does but he is colour blind and he doesn't care and he wants to go. Go again. She stops eating. She is printing her book by herself. He asks her to go out and buy a real great French breakfast - she does - he doesn't eat - he continues to sleep - she comes with a sandwiches to bed when he wakes up - he doesn't like them. He wants to go to Stockholm but he doesn't have

the money, he has to wait - two days in Stockholm would have cured me - he says to Jenny restlessly. She has to start working on the new film. This time she doesn't become desperate at the sex turn down, she simply sucks him off and he comes flushing down all over her face, hand and he still keeps on coming into her mouth. Skin on the face becomes like a crocodile skin and it makes her heart laugh hot, she whispers clumsily to his back with a mouth full of the sperm - I would love to strip for you, Jack but I'm shy - they are a charming couple and they go to sleep, she is hot in her pussy and it sucks between her legs like a devil, Jack wakes up in a bad mood, he wants to get away. They are may be going to buy a puppy. He is may be going to buy a puppy. She wants a baby. They are fucking crazy.

Jack doesn't want to make love with Jenny, she is trying herself in the bathroom for a long time but she gives up missing him, exhausted she throws herself down on the bed in the next room, naked; looking like a swastika with her hands and legs apart. Jack finds her there and comes over her with a stormy act of sex.

Jenny makes a great dinner, meat bolls and Greek salad and white wine. After they go out to the bar; come back pretty drunk. Jenny starts printing her book, Jack starts calling telephone sex, they both laugh, at last he calls her to bed. - Just one more moment - says girl still printing. He calls her again, she comes naked and lay across his body, it's hot, he dials the sex number one more time and presses the phone against her ear. - Nothing is happening - says Jenny in a sweet voice, a girl answers her in English with a new voice and a new approach which turns Jack on, he talks to a girl also in English - tell me some story - in his dark and sensual voice; Jenny thinks he talks to her - about what? - she answers him excited, her pussy wets. Jack doesn't hear her. She feels stupid noticing her mistake and instead of taking the phone out of his hands and putting it simply down or just talking the girl out, she plays hurt looser, she waits still hot and turned on. Jack continues to talk dirty, innocently playing with Jenny's hair between his fingers. - And what would you do with me Emma, how would you suck my cock, tell me, how deep would you put it Emma? - asks Jack calmly and soft. She hears the girls giggle and her voice. At last she gets up from the bed, takes on her fur, takes a cigarette out of the packet, lights it and goes to the bathroom. She is sitting-squatting on the bathroom floor smoking a cigarette watching her childish bare feet and thin legs. She is pissed at herself. These cheap tricks don't work on Jack, she knows, in fact they don't work on anyone. He picks her up anyway - it was only a joke - he says. He takes her to bed. I guess they make love.

Jack lifts Jenny up and hits her across the face. She falls down again. He grabs her by her coat - the same excellent white fur she really got into - and

hits her on her forehead three times, she is screaming and lays on the wet gutter with first dash of the snow, she is holding into her coat, he repeats the whole move again and ends up this time against her open mouth, he feels burning pain in his fist, she screams like a pig. She lashes her tongue over her front teeth, realising deep, sharp nick in the solid structure understands her tooth is broken which makes her come into some kind of the sense and break down in a cry, scream, weep, complain and tears, floods of tears - her first in his presence. He carries her home with a little incident in between, a huge guy punches Jack's face twice, he is about two and a half meters tall in Jack's opinion and accompanied by a very small tiny male companion who watches the scene from the side; Jack promises to himself never to beat her again. Light is white grey and sky is white filled up with white clouds of a coming snow, Jack works hard on getting her and himself home - it takes one and a half hour.

Jenny wakes up some hours later with a sharp and pulsing pain in her whole mouth, the pain comes out of the broken tooth which painfully hangs into it's root. She caresses herself against Jack's hot body, his thighs and his chest, he opens his eyes and looks into Jenny's. - What have I done that you have beaten me like that? - asks the girl trying to pronounce clear but without touching the tooth with her tongue. - You came out of the bathroom with Hem and your underwear and your stockings were down on your knees like on a little girl, did you fuck him? I have beaten Hem down and left him with a bleeding eye - Nooooo! - says Jenny hoping he should tell it's all just a silly joke, the last thing she remembers is soft touch of Sara's silky, heavy dark brown hair. - I don't really know - continues Jack - why I have smashed you too later on, I just was so pissed, you wouldn't walk home, you would just lay on the street outside of the gate screaming, I wanted to bring us home and you wouldn't move. How did you get so terrible drunk, Jenny? - he asks her - whisky and beer, it was very cheap, and we sat there with Helvis - she says. She thinks how cool the evening started and how Jack said he didn't want to party that Friday but she wanted; she knew he was going to join her anyway. They made some kind of appointment. She was very slow, she bleached her hair and other lazy doings and her dress. There were fire works in the sky when they walked, Helvis has taken a trip and they lost their way. Jack wasn't there he said he was going to be. He left her message but she did not see it - may be he wanted to get lost - said Helvis. She missed Jack. At the beginning they sat in the corner in the bar room, the place looked as in New Orleans and her white fur hang down her shoulder dramatically and nonchalant unwrapping her round arms and breasts, she laughed loud, she was beautiful this night, Helvis was a handsome man and they had pleasant conversation, they drunk very fast, after few turns of whisky and beer she felt warm and horny, people watched, people joined. Long after came Jack. She loves Jack very much. Her mouth hurts like hell, her forehead seems to want to crush apart or explode, the whole body hurts. She loves Jack very

much. She is watching snow falling down in the window. She remembers the taste of Joyce's lips. She remembers she sat on his knees and slid the ring on his finger - how can you be like that in the presence of your man? - he asked. She makes love to Jack. She makes love to Jack again, screaming. They watch video films in the bed. They watch Indian Runner and a porno film with Sarah Young - she has a silicon balloon breasts and a nice smile, she fucks herself with a violently green cucumber and with an antiseptic clean carrot flaming in deep orange. Jenny sucks Jack off, her mouth burns with pain and desire, she loves the taste of his cock, she loves the shape of his cock and the touch, she loves the taste of his sperm.

Jack is planing to clean the whole apartment, to make a living room, sleeping room, working room, he is planing to clean up the kitchen first and cook the food again. Max, Jenny's son moves back for a while, his father drinks far too much and Maxi is fed up with a scene. Maxi wants to move into leaving room and he does after the short and rapid discussion between him and Jenny - I'm your son and not your lodger! - he screams at her. Jack brings back all his stuff which are only books, his great record collection and his writings since he was thirteen and some letters from his ex-girls and some photographs of such glued inside the album in a perfect order, and Jenny's cooking pot and his two plates - one flat brown and one deep with green painting of the idyllic country house, one of Jenny's forks and one of her knives - the others her ex-husband took - and a new bread knife and a small salt and pepper holders, one kilo of rice and one kilo of sugar and a big silver tray; he has let out the other place at last. It's snowing and its very cold outside. - You eat fish? - Jack asks Jenny while they night walk their street - I'm going to make a fried herring in the oven, I really love it, I'll do it for you! - Night time rushes on. Jenny silently prints her book. Some hours later Jack lives for Stockholm, he borrows ticket money from Jenny and he makes her walk him to the station, he gives her a few small kisses on good bye. He doesn't know when he is coming back and he doesn't leave his phone number. In the night Jenny takes a walk, the whole world is caressed by soft and crystal white snow, her feet walk in the deep covers. Snow flakes carelessly dance in the air and in the light purple sky. She walks their street. Time is endlessly slow.

III

Max misses Jack - a neighbour have run after him with a hammer when Max has thrown a snow balls in his direction and Max comes home and wishes Jack was still here when he needed him. At night he wanted to play snow balls war and he felt Jack was the only one who would love to join him at 22 o'cl at night when snow was falling soft and big and white.

Jenny is working, it is true, she has hardly any time to sleep. Jack promised to phone very soon, he knows she needs the money she has lend to him for the trip to pay the rent with, she has given him lots of money lately. Jack didn't phone. Jenny doesn't want to call him and ask for it. Jenny is funny. Jenny is a dreamer. They are both going to have an exhibition in Stockholm, Jack trusts her and he doesn't care to work for it, she can do all the job, she can pay all the expenses. - Is Jack an ass hole? - No, Jenny loves Jack. She is pretty stupid as every girl in love. She is wearing his red fox jacket. She is his fucking slave. She is doing something. In two days now she has been taking these beautiful pictures of herself and Jack from the video film - love making, playing, resting on the bed, laughing, kissing, touching, did they have so much fun before ? did they love each other so much? also cock sucking and tender hugs and his dick and his eyes and hers whole heart coming out from the womb and the beasts at its presence. What is Jenny's presence? In the tram Morgan announces every station, he is crazy, not because he does the job which is not his but he is deliberately crazy, sitting there with his young face on the young body, eyes of the innocent zombie, sees nobody and announces illusionery streets in a deep-dull voice, the guys who get on the tram speak loud and Jenny can hear they laugh at him they have seen him in the morning doing the same, it's his reality. Jenny is at the bank trying to take money out, I say trying because she doesn't succeeds, one girl looks as the girl Jack kissed in Cracow - shit - thinks Jenny - I don't want to see things like that I don't want to occupy myself with that bullshit, yes! And then? - She felt pretty guilty all of the sudden, it is snowy winter and Max doesn't have a shoes. This morning he run around the whole apartment trying some of Jack's and Helvis's shoes, he didn't get anywhere. This evening Jenny called Max from town and asked him to come down town and she bought him winter shoes and glows. He tried to make her buy another pare of a summer workout running expensive shoes - she wouldn't - at last she convinced him not for the best once - in her opinion - but anyway - after she found out what the real trouble is - he feels he is too toll and every shoe has a heel even if it is a small one - crazy boy - he is pretty - She made dinner for Max, Helvis and herself - the life goes on, in fact she has very good time, she only missed Jack for the first time today for some short minutes only and it has been some days since he left. Did he leave? Sometimes she feels he is just about to come into the room. - Let the wolfs into the garden...

Jack has called, phoned - it was almost seven in the morning and she waking up with difficulties knew it was him and she tried to hurry and she was

stumbling naked over several tables, chairs, boxes and other stuff, he let the phone ring very long and it was no problem to reach the phone, he is not coming yet, he talked about a Russian tattoo man, yes, they are both tough, Jack and Jenny - they don't want to push each other - they are pushing their luck. They are too cool. She also takes no bull shit' - what made them that way? - Time! They think they are in a super-cool-game and never loose - well, may be. Helvis said the air in NY one can cut with the knife, it's so material. Jenny thinks the same. So what? Helvis said how proud and happy he is to live with Jenny and Jack and he gave her a kiss on her cheek, he said that Jack and Jenny are that perfect couple and that since a long time he didn't meet people who would be so much in love and so well fit together, he is happy that they found each other, that they have found what everybody else is looking for, he said that it is wonderful for Jenny to have found Jack at last and that for Jack it's wonderfully great for to find his donna so fast so soon at the beginning of his young life and he says that it means something, that Jack is going to make great things very soon other wise he wouldn't be priced yet with such an explicit love, and he kissed her on the cheek one more time.

Helvis fucked a red haired against the car. Just before they were still inside the Duck club in the closed off part, she laid on the floor with wide spread legs, he already has taken off her underwears and was taking out his cock and looking at her and her bacon like thighs, belly and pussy when the guard came inside and told them to leave. The red haired wanted to follow Helvis home, he didn't want that and he went alone, he woke up Jenny after coming inside the apartment. She sat in the bed starting to miss Jack desperately, she was trembling and couldn't breath - what can I do for you Jenny, I'll do whatever you want - I want Jack, I want Jack, o why did you wake me up? - she repeated on and on. He took off his shirt and dressed her in it tying big knot in her waste. - I want Jack - repeated Jenny.

Helvis said - I bet Jack is coming back Monday. Jenny wouldn't be that sure. Jenny has the feeling she doesn't want to pronounce that Jack is never coming back. Jack is cleaning a room for himself somewhere else, he is reading a new book, he is watching TV. And thinking about a mulatto girl, thinking of women in general about the men and he is thinking about the world which surrounds him and only him. He lets other girls pick him up and he fucks them - he says since he gave up his glasses and started to wear contact lenses girls are crazy about him - simply and they all say he remains them of various movie stars. He knows Jenny is very strong and she can take anything. - Am I close to the truth? - Jack is on the run. Jenny is wistful. It is possible that Jack wants to loose Jenny, he is pretty wintry to her on the phone. She told him - Jack you have to come home now - and he said - no - and he said - first four days I was on my way many times but not now anymore, now it is very nice here - is it a classic romance or is it only Jack's mind - his freedom trip? - Jenny doesn't want to ask - Jenny tries to foresee

- she told him on the fifth day - I'll come to you - and he said - no - there is still a love to her in his voice sometimes but she feels he has made some decision again. She is wistful..

IV

He said - you are so god damn sexy, I saw you yeasterday - where? - asked Jenny - at the "Duck" - o, yeah? - answered Jenny - have you been there?

- yes and I wanted to fuck you - what ?- a girl stared at him with abomination - you wanted what? - she repeated - to lift your dress and you or at least to see your butt - I was just dancing - I loved your clothes, they were very sexy and your dance too - I was very drunk, I went home quit soon - said Jenny - and you didn't pick up any boy you danced with? - he asked - no, why should I? - she answered with a question - I can't believe, you are really strange - I have a boyfriend - she said - so what? you are very sexy and then why are you such an exhibitionist if you don't want to fuck? - he asked - I'm an artist, I am not a whore - she answered - I'm some kind of an artist too - he said with irony, she looked at his face and miserable posture. Jenny left, bar was boring, people were primitive as always. She walked fast on the street through the party young crowd - a whore ! - someone screamed after her. - They love my fur - thought to herself Jenny.

- on the phone Jack told her - I can't live this cool family life with you, do you get my point? - no - she said with an alert giggle in her voice - because if he called their life a cool family life then there was no way out. He said - he liked to walk alone to places and meet people and all of the sudden he felt really nice and he needed to do it longer and he wouldn't say for how long and he needed to reincarnate - he said and what was going to happen shall and will happen - it sounded like he was going to attend a classic romance - Jenny was wistful.

The time passed as the life would have been a fairy tale. - Is Jenny's life a fairy tale? - Definitely not! - said the rain man and a movie was an obsessive bore. He was simply too much. Or too little. Jenny longed for to become real person again so she had to slow down on her pain or affection or both. Jenny wrote a letter to Jack: " love is a child, love is capricious, love is my, love is free, love is you, love is me. I don't know why you have chosen the distance which unable me to suck you off, to give you really hot blow job, to put my tongue around your cock and stuck my fingers into your anus with a fever of love! My heart is yelling and my pussy is whining for you. I don't know why you don't trust, why are you always on the run, I don't know what's your cure about and what's your reincarnation for, I don't know the pain I gave you? You promised me fried hearing in our home, I guess I should have been asking for diamonds. Honey - love is bitter when you are far away. I want to run to the end of the world to see if you are already there before me..." Jack called again and he called again, he said he was thinking a lot about her and wanted to hear her voice he was pleasant this time and sentimental but at the end of the talk he had state it again - I need to stay here for some more days, and I think I'll be back in a few days but you never know what happens.

- She did not respond to it but she felt - Yes you never know and who are you to tell me? To tell thee? - Hey? Jenny became cool, she was dreaming about her father and he was smiling to her with his pink lovely lips and he was making his sign on the paper and sat behind his desk and joked with all the women and he did it really slow he did a show out of every second and Jenny loved it and everybody loved it too! And that's why Jenny became cool. Her mother was there too and Jack as well and she herself. Have you ever had a dream where you weren't at present? I think it's impossible. Or?

Jenny's book came out today at last and it is great and Max has made a cover a feature of the death-skull Micky Mouse. And Jack was staying in Stockholm of course to see his friend read bad poetry, why should he care to celebrate Jenny's book? Why? She has been also at the dentist again to fix Jack's tooth still in her mouth, it wasn't of gold it was of flesh, flash and blood and it was constantly fucking up - she asked the dentist what there is too do, I can't go around like that, I can't bite, I can't eat, it's moving all the time, it's impossible - and he said - may be I have to pull it out and make a bridge out of your five - yes he said five teeth - Jenny looked wired - that was no fun - Jack's price was constantly running her out of blood, cash and soul. The last fool moon which just passed Jenny's breasts swollen up and hurt and turned beautiful and bigger then usual and she thought - I want Jack to be here I want him to eat my nipples and may be I'm going to have his child at last, sometimes it happens even if one has a spiral inside - it didn't happened it was a pre-menstrual phenomena - a thick blood pieces flew out her womb, it was Jack's baby flashing down the lou. A lou baby. Helvis keeps on saying - Joy's book is explicit - they are drinking beer, wine, whisky, Helvis is a great singer and he sings to Joy's ear - it tickles. Jack is still far away. On Joy's walls in her room are very big pictures of her and Jack making all kind of love and one kind of love - real - they are endlessly beautiful - they are breath taking great. Joy and Jack are great lovers but Jack doesn't believe it anylonger. Helvis, Jenny-Joy and Fox are coming out of the night club, it's snowing outside and the world is soft and slippery, black bird flies over them after they have passed Joy's and Jack's bridge, Joy looked at the place the very place where he had fucked her so well... Well, well Joy doesn't want to let other men inside her body, her body is her's or is it Jack's? - what's Jenny going to do? She has to learn to fuck from the beginning. Love doesn't matter - she has to learn. Fox is falling down first at his knees in front of Jenny it is slippery, Helvis is falling twice, Jenny doesn't. The water in a channel is strangely violet. Jenny's gum hurts. Jenny is sleepy. Helvis is talking about his dream. It is his past and his future, he said - Jenny I really love you for what you are, you got this really bad reputation in this town and I never meet a person as innocent as you are! - I know - says Jenny - I feel innocent but Jack doesn't believe it - she still thinks about Jack. - stop it Jenny! - says Helvis - I know that you love Jack very much and you are such a perfect couple and it's going to be fine but you are much more Jenny then that, love

is only one side, Jenny you are a bloody great chick by yourself and you can't stay here you have to get out of this place I have to get you organised - Jenny is very sleepy and the whole world is white. Jenny's eyes are brown.

Jack has been back home 24 hours and he wants to go again, he can't breath in here. Jenny is planing to buy him a wolf puppy for Christmas.

Jack has been home since five days. Today is OK. Yesterday he wanted to go again and Jenny couldn't breath - or was it a day earlier that she couldn't breath? - No, it was yesterday. The day before he was restless and really wanted to go away. And the day before he wanted to go with Jenny to Paris - he said - He became that restless after 24 hours that he didn't know where to put his penis - he said. First when he came he put it into Jenny but that's long ago. But today he did that anyway too with her and enjoyably too, he also checked her anus and she was happy - very happy. And she put into both - into one at the time - he put into her an olive jar and he put his penis into the opposites twice testing how it would have been to share her with another man in the immediate share. He didn't like a thought of sharing her at all - he nagged the idea of the freedom and a dirt of love in the face of the jealousy, and sorrow. - But she didn't do that yet - stupid girl. She still dint betray him. He was screaming into her face again - have you been screwing Helvis have you? - and then later he explained himself - it's difficult with a man in the house, Jenny -. Tonight Jack drinks blond beer and they are stoned and all of the sudden life is OK. Max lives with them too, soon they are going to go to Stockholm to do an exhibition. The morning he came back, that very morning he was suddenly back home standing there above her still sleeping in her bed he kissed her and kissed her and kissed and kissed her.

V

|||||||love

Jack jumps up into the Tom's bed, he is happy and he lays a top of Tom. Jenny and Jack are going to sleep in the kitchen, their bed is that narrow that she keeps on falling down all the time, they don't fall asleep before the day light is back - about 9 o'clock. In the middle of the day he gets up before Jenny. At last even she is up and when she's getting dressed in the kitchen and she already got into her jeans and boots and a bra Jack screams - That's my girl Jenny, see how beautiful she is - and now she walks alone in the ice cold air of the outskirts Stockholm. Houses are pictures and surrounding idyllic. Every single cafe is already closed, it is afternoon. They go to the gallery. They drink white wine. Jack hangs the pictures, Jenny looks. The wine is finished. Jack takes some of the gallery's fine red wine. Marc packs his chicken hearts into the chocolate bomboniers. It's a concept. Jenny and Jack's concept is their beautiful act of love within two perfect bodies with an add of love; in the natural size and colour. Sex Six times photographed. They are going to go for the birthday party of a young girl whom Jack knows. Jenny changes her clothes from the jeans to dress. She takes piece by piece slowly off as Jack lays down on the floor watching her. She feels his eyes right in her cunt. They dim with fog and desire. Jenny drips her pussy wet and her doings become much slower. Marc or his girl lifts the curtain to Jack's and Jenny's room, behind her back - she is standing with her bare ass towards the door, she hears someone embarrassed backs out. She wishes to do the strip number for Jack and she still doesn't dare, she wishes to put on the strophe light - it would be so great, Jack's eyes are closed and she throws the blouse she just have taken slowly off on his face in the classic strip move, he kicks her tibia, the pain is sharp and a big bump shows up. They both scream at each other - why are you so fucking slow Jenny, I want to go! - shouts Jack, Jenny shouts - one can't even strip for you bastard and stop heating me, I have decided to keep the teeth in my mouth this time! - Marc and his girl in the next room - listen. They have a classic support compassion-for-the-girl- expression when Jenny and Jack pass their room finally on the way to the party, they quarrel all the way to the metro - a round square softly covered with a fresh white snow - and all the time waiting for the train, Jack jokes with the girls and feels popular. It's not often that Jenny is angry at Jack and now she is - it's because you are so old that's why you get such an extreme wounds, bruises and your teeth break when I hit you - screams Jack - ass hole! - shouts back Jenny and she smokes a cigarette leaning on the black solid rock of the underground. They are still waiting for the train. Jack smiles to all the girls and they all think he is very chic. They come to the party and T-ve - the birthday child jumps up on Jack's hips as Jenny used to do before, she had learned that on her former-boy friend she left for Jack. She is not stupid, she is not flat-dull but it hurts - their recession.

She finds out she is happy but not really. She thinks of their horny past, she buys bottle of a white wine and sits in the window drinking for herself. Party is a bore, a bartender is entertaining her - this guy is loaded - he says pointing at Jack - no - says Jenny - he is so different from all the other men - estimates with a distaste a Spanish-looking bar tender - yes - says Jenny - do you know him? - asks the bar tender - it's my boy friend - says Jenny proud. Jack sits with his friends and turns back from time to time shouting - Jenny come here, I love you! - She comes at the eight call. Now Jack is entertained by the bar tender with a big piece of a hashish to smoke. Jenny shows her breasts, she licks it and bites. The teenage gang doesn't really like that - Jenny is too much, she is too old too and also she is a Jack's girl and that isn't a merit - everybody knows that Jack screws best on his own - so why didn't she stay home that time too? Jack and Jenny go back to the gallery, Jack carries Jenny, she is very drunk. She is blouse and she try to lay on the street. Her white fur has a look of a dirty dog. Jack catches a taxi. He has to crush a glass door from the street to get into inside door to which they got a key . Jenny is really out. Jack carries her inside. She strips off completely, he puts burning cigarettes into her anus and he tries her with a lighter, she screams and she puts a knife into her womb - she likes that. Jenny's and Jack's - sex games. It's cold in the room and Jack keeps his leather jacket and his jeans on and his boots. Jenny wakes up all naked on the bare floor, Jack is covered with her white fur coat. She is freezing and goes around the whole place looking for something to cover, she finds two huge velvet yellow curtains. She sees boxes of chocolate and she takes a bite, it's a chicken heart she realises recognising the row structure break between her teeth and feeling the stunk spreading and a taste of a blood, she spits out the heart back into the bomboniere and she pukes in red wine they stole. In the morning she feels shitty as hell. It's a red wine's spleen - her heart is in a gallop, she is filled with grey mostly structure called fear. Jack gets up, Jack walks around, Jack tries to hurry her, she doesn't move, Jack fixes up their best picture he torn down at the second movement of their night clash - a cock sucking act with Jenny's explicit beautiful butt and Jack's dreamy eyes of the most sentimental part of the Universe - . She shivers under the yellow velvet, she is still naked and she is still laying on the floor, she has Jack's blue and soft shirt under her head and it is her one and the only talisman and treasure at this very moment. She can sense a smell of dead chicken intestines and she doesn't want to breath in. Marc yells at Jack - who has touched my chicken hearts? there is no solidarity in here! - he continues - and who ate my chocolates from the ball?! - Hearing it Jenny remembers how she was stuffing her mouth full with a chocolates hearts to kill the taste of the dead one and to keep the temperature of her body up; she feels she is going to puke again, the deliberate taste of last night is up her throat and now it is in her mouth and is very thick. - Who has crushed a glass in the door? - Marc continues his explicit recognition talk show. Jenny gets herself through the

rooms into the bathroom, she vomits and the red wine flood seems not to have an end. Axel is in the window, Jenny has only Jack's black sweater on - she is wall white pale - it's all fine? - asks Axel - no - she answers. - Jenny paint your beautiful lips red and paint your beautiful eyes blue and get yourself together little sweet girl - says Jack to her. The show - an exhibition is great, pictures are perfect, these two kids in love are perfect, the strophe light makes them fuck hot and forever. The chicken keeps on rotting. Jack loves his Jenny. She kisses his warm pink lips many times and she feels like a child wearing her extra-mini shorts and black stockings with holes everywhere, she's got one pink rose. Jack feels an endless love to Jenny through the whole day.

At evening they end up at the Kitchen Bar, dinner is good and a company fine, Fox is with and talks about assassins and Atlantis. Max arrives and looks very distant and grown up, he is really a sport. A cool one. Axel calls Jenny - Baby! - Jack recitates his poems over a table into the fast tact of the jagermaster, pitch beer and hot cognac flows and the space gets more and more dynamic, James talks about the love, another guy a bad guy has a deep black shine in his eyes and his face is unshaved, he claps Jenny on her ass and whispers some bull-slapstick, black boys are pretty, Jack is too drunk wants to go home to Jenny's mother and crush and he wants to screw Jenny very much, Jenny is dancing with Axel; Jack, Jenny and Max take a taxi. Jenny's mother looks weird, she is not so old and not so sick as she looks, she moves very slow, she moves like a slow machine, she serves them food in the kitchen, Max watches TV in the room and thinks about his Christmass gifts. Jack forces Jenny to take off her underwear and her stockings, she has a white, tight-fitted and almost transparent skirt on, Jack looks under the table all the time saying - Jenny spread your legs - what she does - what's he looking after all the time? - asks Jenny's mother who except that alert notice is pretty out, she seems to be on lot's of pills which she for sure is. Jenny's world swings like a children swing - higher, higher up your skirt! - shouts Jack - stuck your fingers in, Jenny - he almost begs her. She does. The sex games are true explicit that night, their big double bed fills up the whole kitchen and Jack can easily get everywhere from where he gets tomatoes, cucumbers, knives, spoons and all other stuff, he stacks it all into his Jenny in a great delight. He makes her crush tomatoes in her ass. She does. In the morning Jenny's mother walks over them on the foot wide passage, she sighs with every single move pitting herself through the tiny space, she makes herself very loud breakfast, Jack - disturbed pinches Jenny's ass with hate. Her mother's thighs are white fat and fladdering over them. She lays cucumber onto the breakfast plate precisely as Jack has wished. Seeing the oil bottle next to empty standing on the floor next to the bed she asks - Have Jack thought it was an alcohol and drunk it all ha ha ha? - Jenny lays the pillow over her face and stays cool and she would love to die of laugh. They sleep the whole day. Behind the window children play

snow balls war and slide and scream and shout. Jenny loves her Jack. A big black dog plays with a little slage turning it on the rope cough in his snout. They take a bath and make love in the bath-tab, Jenny's orgasm is complete and it does take her the most far away. Max is pain in the ass. That's life, children have their rights, Max is much toller then Jenny, Jenny wants to scream very loud but she says quit little.

They are back in the bed. They have been out, Sundström's concert was great and Jenny crawled the stage for to steal the back stage beer, she got two bottles, Jack is wild he loves his idol, he is more then drunk - it's Jenny's money they are drinking for, he is offering his dick to everyone, suddenly he wants to leave, Fox is rather dissatisfied with an abrupt party but they do leave. Outside Jack comes into the argument with a cripple, it's unlegitime but possible. They have a small fight, a boy rises up his crutch, Jack pushes him back. The boy drives off in the taxi cab. Jack is dissatisfy - he has missed his clash. Jack foot crushes into a huge window in a small upholsterer workshop, glass in cascades fall over an old leather arm chair crowning the shop's window, he has ruined a Christmas for some very old and nice craft man - Fox can sense, Jenny is desperately looking for the taxi, she doesn't want herdarling to end up at the police service. Fox catches one, an old all grey street bum reaches them and has a loud speech - I have seen it is he who crushed the window, it is he, I have seen! - he points at Jack, Fox looks at him with a dissent surprise - a window, do we look like a hooligans you are trying to maintain? - Jack's hand is bleeding.

But now they are back in bed and Jack stacked a big piece of the cucumber into Jenny's butt she has a certain difficulties with it, the next he puts it into her womb, she can't get it out, she sits above him, few drops of the urine drops on his mouth, he becomes ecstatic - I want more! - he shouts - he gets some more on his chest and it makes a sweet lick in his little hole, he loves her madly and licks her womb lips - I always want to be with you Jenny - he whispers. - How old are you Jenny? - asks her Jack - she says nothing - he asks her - how do you feel? - seven - she answers him - tell me how old you are Jenny? - she says nothing - he repeats his question - fourthy three! - she screams against his mouth - but I can't feel it if you don't know! - but how do you feel in your heart? - he asks her - twenty - she thinks but she says nothing - she somehow feels cheap and she knows he doesn't get a grip on that, he really is on the wrong truck and she is possibly too. They make love from every possible and impossible side, their lips smile and bite and smile and love and they kiss deep into the mouths tongues and throats.

VI

Jenny is bored, she is out for shopping and she doesn't feel like going to her mother's house, she sits at the empty cafe' in the inner passage and reads paper and drinks her own coke, soon she is surrounded by guys, few black and pretty and one row looking Polish chap, they want her company. She goes home to Jack, she has bought him a coke, food and fruit yoghurt and the newspaper he reads every day, she is a cool girl, the air is solitary and cold and one black guy tries to follow her, she drops him, then comes another one, and at last she is followed to the door by a little Latino man. Jack is asleep. At night Jacks tells her - I didn't think I was going home at all, I thought I was staying in that town, but I come with you and write some shit up there - she is staring at him and she doesn't say a word. They are on the way back. Jack sees a giant and big breasted pine-up girl on the wall, she wears little blue underwear and a light blue bra - I'm going to marry her - says Jack - it's Ann Nicolle Smith.

Train was coming closer to their town if you would share the trip in two, Jack slept and Jenny felt sick and uneasy, she moved to the restaurant wagon and sat there drinking tea, thinking, writing and letting people see her. They watched. After long time when the writing paper was finished and a tea bag was redrunched already three times and a men in front of her looked as washed and squeezed sheets, she started to wait for Jack to come in and at last he did. Now they sat there together sharing third bottle of white wine, Jenny's money flew fast again, her talk was pathetic love-life freedom hard gutter real life bull shit talk and she continued - I understand you Jack that you feel bounded and trapped, I did live pretty wild life too - and Jack said - what a crap you talk as always - He was angry at her he wanted to live rich jet sat life and he knew with his beauty he could afford it. Getting farther and farther away from the capitol city he felt his goal was running out of his hands and staying deliberately between the tracks as a train was travelling on in the wrong direction. The train arrived, the rain was small, station was dull and they had a lot of bags.

Last night they had been out and they have been drunk. Now was the day, now Jenny and Jack laid in bed making love, Jenny was screaming - her ecstasy was explicit and Jack loved it too, after they did it again; - tomorrow I'll clean up the whole place - says Jack. Last night Jack burnt all his poems - all from the past years of the late childhood, early youth, all up till now, 8 heavy perms of the poetry writing, first he laid on the bed and missed Helvis and cried and Jenny leaning over him was hugging his head and caressing his sorrows and kissing his soft and golden hair, and she was promising to give him a baby a real love child if he only would want to - he did not - she still kept on screaming - I want your child! - and he was helpless and didn't know where he was and she said - you are home dear, it it's great to have

home one can be crazy as well and no body gets crossed with you - it's boring here - he answered and then they got into the argument they both couldn't remember now what it was about, Jenny left leaving Jack still crying on the bed, she didn't know where she was going - it was past three in the morning, on the street she found out she could have just gone to buy some fast food and cigarettes, she met couple of her homosexual friends with All at the top in the leading role and she was with them and eating sausage and, they were all very drunk and talk wasn't easy, I mean the tongue in the mouth was like a piece of a wood - simply - and the air was very cold. When she came back home the first thing she felt was a smell of the fire, she saw Jack sitting in front of the open fire place - it made her happy as she knew how uneasy he was with a fire at home and she actually loved it and would like to sit there at nights with him drinking wine and then she saw he was burning all his stuff! - it was wrong and it was painful it was pathetic and stupid and so classic and she tried to stop him from doing it and he hit her in the face, she knew she was stupid and if she was going to stop him from destroying everything she should trick him out play companion have fun burn it too or strip for him, this undone strip act was really bothering her - why couldn't she do that? - she knew if she was going to use real feelings, her own heart and emotions she was going to loose altogether, he went out of the room and she hid one of the books, he noticed it at once and heat her a lot of times shouting at her - stop it, stop it ! - she screamed back. She moved to his room and sat down on the couch, he picked up the furniture together with her slashing girl's body down and under the couch while he threw it over her, she laid with a face to the floor and did not move, she didn't want to move, she had no reason to cry. She saw herself from above.

Jenny crawled to bed and hugged Jack sleeping corps, her shining love burnt worm in her heart and kept her cool, she knew exactly what to do and how to keep him cool too and for a first time at home, she whispered into his ear and he opened his eyes. - It was all a lie.

Jenny laid behind Jack's back and understood she could do nothing for them both any longer, she felt how uneasy he slept, she knew he already slept 10 hours and she knew what a dilemma was on his mind - go or stay? - accept Coco's very wrong timed invitation and go for another party to a little town where a little lover-girl waited with her tight-fitted pussy or stay with Jenny what he infect wanted and felt for the love he felt to her and he knew he was going to go, but his mind was unclear and which was unclear as was the love and the world around him, he was only half asleep and his feet danced bumping nervous into Jenny's all the time, he gave her a hug and another touch, she did not respond. She laid in bed with her back to him and stare in front soundlessly. He got up and sat up in the next un-living room messed up as hell and ugly as hell - room not Jack - with a big Christmas tree lain in Max's bed, on the table was a hip of unpaid bills, most of them in his name,

he was lucky to find a cigarette and looked for the lighter and couldn't find it in the mess. He decided to take a shower. Jenny sat on the bed, she soundlessly run through both rooms bringing the telephone which she hid before into the order. She didn't want him to go. She sat with an ear phone in her hand when he came out of the bathroom, he was pale and his eyes were gone far inside. - I wan't to phone now - he said. - Sure if you are fast - answered Jenny - I have few phone calls to do - she add. - I only want to check the train - so, you are going to go? - she thought how troubled he was with that still unplanned trip when he told her about it last night five in the morning after they been watching some of video films and at last she was cool and she stooped puking and feeling pain and sorrow and death and she sucked him off and he came and he breathed loud what he rarely allowed himself to do and she just said to him - I really love all that, I love your touch and the smell and the taste - Yes why shouldn't you go? - she said now in unpleasant voice making his choice much easier - You are a fucking ass hole and you are going too far, you are using me, I spent all my money on you one more time, you are using me to maximum and then you keep on leaving me in all that mess alone because you are going to the party and you allowed yourself to change your mind every 24 hours about basic things where to be and how to be and with who in which I'm deepened on you and it fucking hurts! - yes, why shouldn't I go? - answered her Jack. - why shouldn't I be able to live my own life? - He wore his new pretty shirt in flowers she hasn't seen him wore, the one he bought when he borrowed money from her and he shaved for a first time since a week and she was new bathed and beautiful sitting naked in front of the mirror smearing her body with some fancy expensive lotion. She put on her best underwear. She was fed up with his bad manners. - Well, how comes that I'm not invited to your best friend's party? - she asked and he look at her with a surprise and he said - of course you are invited, do you want to come? - of course - she said and they laughed and kissed and whatever. She sat in the mirror watching her perfect lines. It was all a perfect lie - she was incapable to even a pronounce, to stand for her rights in trivial things. - Was a life trivial? - no, but... - Was her love trivial? - Where Jack's doings trivial? - no, but... it was all a butt, the life sucked for full and for the fool, it was really difficult to agree to see that all people around her called friends had such a bad manners or may be simply did not like her at all. She felt shame and it was up her throat. A little princess Jenny. Her father's sweet girl-lad. She felt shame to see that everybody she loved kept on just using her - screwing her up without even an honest fuck. She sat in the mirror watching her round hips going smoothly into the tights, she turned just a little bit and gave a glance on her perfectly white and round ass. She remembered how the sweat run round her all entire body laying next to Jack after he told her he was going to may be go - he was rude - and that made her feel ashamed and she hoped he wasn't going to notice that she bathed in a heat of his maunerless rudeness.

Helvis left for L-A during their absence, he has taken Jack's red fox fur coat and Jenny's leather armless Jacket which is Max's film out fit. He left hell of the mess after himself and no money. Jenny was feeding him in three months, food, drinks, cigarettes, parties down town, bars. The first idea was a room renting to Helvis as Jenny couldn't effort her apartment alone, it was never question about that, Helvis was a rodent-poor, he was pennyles and he was a great singer with a great heart and now he was gone and he did not live an address. Jenny felt pretty much like a fool on a hill and she wondered if she was going to throw Coco out when he is going to show up at her door next time. She was wondering how was she going to buy a Christmas presents for Max and how was she going to pay her electricity bill. She was smelling at her finger-tops and she tried on her tooth if it was moving again, it was but not too much. Last night Jack phoned her and told her he loved her and wanted her love and loved to hear her voice and was coming back soon. Today she phoned Jack, the same girl - Titty picked up the phone as the last time when Jenny called about Jack's locks and Rutger, it was a big fun party at Coco's home. Titty was extremely short and it was not difficult to understand. Jenny felt like a fool - a sweet little Jenny on the hill. She was thinking her dream over - she had a dream when they were sleeping at her mother's house that she and Jack were in a small pictureesc town surrounded with hills and were invited to visit a baroness at her castle at the top of the hill and Jenny bought twenty pars of a white high heel pumps. She put them at the row, half of them was for Jack but all of them were her size. The life with Jack has it's price.

Bebe was a black ship, babe was a whore and Jack was going to pull a gun at her the day he saw her with another man because Jack was of flesh and blood and his guts were a real balls in the hand of a true man. In the flash of the world and time. So give me something before the rogation, give me something before is too late. Roguery, rodomontade, roil, roil, roil me away, rock me, rock me, rock me my sweet rocker riding the rocking horse away from all nuisance of piss-world into eternity-peace-war. And the Jack pulled his gun out and pointed against his Jenny and she fall into the light of the brightness before she even entered the rooms of the disaster and desire - his Jenny! Forever fucked! With and without the blood!

She snicked inside the cafe and sitting down on the chair in front of Fox, she said - Jack doesn't want to be with me any longer, he is moving out, he is leaving me once and for good - and tears run from her eyes and she hold the hand clasped across her throat as painful it was, she had a vocal cord's inflammation and it hurtled like shit. - Yes, for this time... he does, cool down Jenny - said Fox. - No - said Jenny - it is so! I didn't think I was going to cry - she add. - You can allow that to yourself - said Fox - No, I don't want to do that - she replied. - He told me he didn't love me at least half year, more a year. He said he was lain to me because he had no where to go - she kept

on talking trying to stop the tears. - look Jenny, all this is just crap everybody knows he loves you - repeated Fox - no, he doesn't - she repeated stubbornly.

Jack doesn't have a picture of Jenny in his wallet anymore and his note book fills up consequently with small laps of the girls names, homes addresses and their phones.

And now she was back home haggling Jack and Jack said - Jenny did you buy any food? - he bought wine for the money she gave him that he could leave with a train today and he laid on the couch drinking it - Yes, chicken - and she started to laugh and he laughed too - I don't want chicken, I want pizza - said Jack looking at her soft - and she said smiling - sure - Some minutes after they or rather she screamed at him again, Jack was still in the same rebellious mood of the young ass hole and she was angry as never before. She said - I make chicken, if you don't want to have you don't have to, there is no pizza, did you think I'm a fool? You could kill an elephant with your love! - In between they spoke more about love and how much he didn't need her love anymore and she said - I don't believe you, you wouldn't lie to me before you wouldn't lie to me at all! - ask Coco, he knows - he asnerwed her. Jenny's lip, chin and jaw fall down rapidly, somehow she understood suddenly that she had to do with a little boy and that was that. He told her the other night that even if he screw other girls sometimes when he got a chance to do it which she infect did agree too - it wasn't a point - he didn't want to share a life with them never and he didn't feel the same way as he felt about her - a soft endless comfort for his limbs. He wanted to share his life with her still, tonight. The day after, - today he said he prefers to fuck other girls - it really is much more fun - he was fed up with fucking her - that was a point and he was going to leave, all popped out just unexpected like a long awaited guest.

Three days ago Jenny was standing in the bar with Mathew and he asked her - do you love Jack very much? - yes - said Jenny - he is always planing to leave me and it hurts my soul very much in the long run and I want him to do it because I want to see what happens next - she said envieously - don't bull shit me Jenny, everybody knows he loves you, you are the most interesting couple in the town, and I'm very excited to see what is going to happened to you two - And now Jack screamed at Jenny - I don't want to play that role in Mathew's play, I hate that town, everybody looks me down here! And I'm going to leave you, you know that, I have decided this time, and sometimes when a man feels something for a very long time - he has to do it once. I have to be free from you, if I had my own apartment perhaps I could have love you but not like that, I'm depend on you on everything, home, money and first of all emotions, I can't stand this. I have to live my own wild life, because my life is wild, I can't live the family life with you. I only need you when I have hangover and I only love you when I'm drunk and when I'm sober I want to go from here - Jenny heard this version in the early afternoon - you

mean a lot to me, there is nobody in the whole world who means so much to me, but you aren't my passion, love is passion, I screw a girl who was 12 years old and Coco is in love to and I knocked to his room in the morning and I said - Hey man! I have done it! And that's wild! - Jack was satisfied with himself and went to the bathroom, they have been at the pub drinking beer, they closed the oven with a chicken and decided to go out to rent some video films and drink some beers. - This girl I screw was completely inexperienced - said Jack - and she was a very dressed up girl and at first very hot but after it was only a five minutes and she puffed - oooooh! and that was that, would you like to marry me Jenny, yeah you would like to marry a young man like me... - I'm still not divorced - answered Jenny laughing, Jack added something explicate about her being his closest mate and a lover and love and the only person contra his great and true need of independent loneliness and singleness and went to a bathroom, Jenny moved to the other table and two guys joined her, Jack seeing that came immediately forward and present himself - she is my girl-friend - he said shaking hands.

Jenny's body is trembling tough and her mind is god doesn't knows where, she try to keep it together, she is gathering Jack's red towel around her naked body and she presses against her round breasts and hands tremble against feverish beat of her heart. Coco is here and he looks like a devil - this good-man. His upper lip is overdosed with snuff. He thinks he could have been Jesus but he can't. How ever many acid trips he takes he can't. How much money he has in the bank he can't. The Jesus's job is unpredictable tough. He came to pick up Jack, he came to make an order in Jack's life. There is no need to say that Jack didn't leave as he said he was going to do and they have done few more love acts but now he is going to leave tomorrow noon, at Christmas day. He is going to wash all his clothes, he needs them, he is not coming back. Jenny is feverlessly afraid of good-bys at this time of the year. Her mother locked the father out of the house the day before Christmas, Jenny stood on the inside of the door and cried spasmodic pressing her face against smooth surface of the door listening between her weeps to his knocking begging explaining and to his hasten away steps, she was eight years old, she had 40 degree of Scharlakans fever, father moved with his new woman and never came back, Jenny ended up at he boarding school - Jenny stay cool! - says Fox - he isn't your father, you are no longer a child, he doesn't leave you to the lions, you aren't helpless, girl, beside he may be doesn't leave you at all! - Jenny's body is trembling. Last few days her soul was wrenched from one to another from love to disaster and her tongue talks to herself - I can't bear it any longer. Yes, I can and it is wonderful. I can't stand anything of it! Yes, it is so wonderfully to wake up beside Jack's body and he hugs me in the sleep and lays his face on my breast and I keep my head on his chest and we love it and some moments of a returning I want to die! - There is no need to say that they got drunk at

the pub while Jack told Jenny at least seven of their love. And Jenny told Jack - I leave tomorrow morning, I go to Copenhagen first and then I go to Berlin. - You don't - said Jack. They came back home passing same hookers on the street down by the channel - OK. one was gone she was at the client - they all became nicer looking and younger - noticed Jenny but she said nothing, neither Jack spoke passing the prostitutes he hold his breath as tight to his soul as he only could consuming them in one bite with his hungry eyes and powerful steps. They came home and made the food, chicken and salad and drunk more wine and cider Scrumpy Jack which became Jenny's favourite and Jack bought for her when they met at the liqueur store, Jack cut Jenny's next skirt with a big knife ripping it the whole way up from the knees, she was dressed now only in a new red negligee, corset, underwear and white stockings - special Christmas Ann Nicolle collection she bought for his sake when he was away the last time and fucked the 12 years old, now he pulled her pants down and fucked her as soon he could get in - isn't it boring? - teased him Jenny - no, not always - said a boy in a fast rapid breath, the telephone rung and he picked it up and gave it to her and did not stop the act and he did it good and she giggled and he came - it was Amalia calling, they ate and watched some porno films, it means Jack watched having Jenny in his arms and she was kissing him which also means she was turned with her back at the TV. She left in a while, in the other room she bind herself to the bed with a few pairs of the black and some new white stockings by her ankles with wide spread legs, she stucked a burning candle flaming light on her pussy and a red corset and she slid in a hunter knife into herself, she gagged her mouth with a red underwear, she fastened her hands on the sides of the bed with some more stockings and she closed her eyes, Jack came into the room, he loved the seen and he was already fucking her pussy but he manage to pull out the knife and the candle first - o'Jenny darling you are better then a Hudini's girls - then he turned her on her belly rose her ass, bind her again and facked her anus covering her lips as she screamed wild as it hurtled, neighbours knocked into the wall beside the lovers and Jack bumped into the wall with his fist without stopping fucking her - I love you, Jenny - he whispered, Jenny screamed wilder and now he covered her mouth again giving damn in the neighbours. Now Coco is here to pick up Jack. Since he phoned Jenny has lost and Jack looked at her as she would have been dead. Trivial boy's games. Boy to boy support, friendship contra love, boy love, fuck. Jack - does he love his Jenny or does he not? And Coco walks around in their messed up home very happy and very pleased to have his friend at last all for himself and he laughs - it all looks the same here, Jenny ha ha ha - he is watching through the incredible mess and he as everybody else can see, she lives like a pig and doesn't clean her home and everybody knows a handsome man like Jack can't live in such a trash. That's undeniable fact. And now Coco is going to make Jack's laundry. He is a good friend. He is getting Jack out of this mess.

VII

Yesterday Jenny and Jack spent in bed sleeping and making love, then they went to eat pizza and drink wine at the closest restaurant and borrowed 6 video films, 3 porno films and 3 feature films, they made love, they looked at Blue Steel movie and when the heroes flew over New York, Jenny thought - why didn't I take Jack and myself to New York when I still could have effort it with money and love, why did we blow all the money so easily? - Jenny sucked him off, he made love to her, films were great and Jack said all the time - look Jenny I want you to see this scene, don't sleep, it is great you have to see it - and he asked her - are you going to leave me? - no - she said - to leave is one thing but the love is most important and I feel as I have to get out of it otherwise it will destroy me - said Jenny, they fall asleep 5 in the morning. Jenny woke up early her nerves were wretched and pitched tatter implacably and she worried and panicked about everything. She fall asleep again and it was bless sleep and love, Jack's body was a shelter and love and everything when she woke up again day was peaceful as a bless and it was going to stay that way forever she felt in all her entire body. She didn't want to get up. The phone rung and she picked it up. It was Coco wanted to put order into Jack's life. And he said - what was wrong with your phone I phoned you in two days now, are you talking on the phone all the time ha ha ha? - and Jenny lost. Jenny cleaned up the kitchen.

Jack cooled down within hours spent with Coco, they came back home and drunk and plaid chess, Jack looked at Jenny with some kind of love, he looked at his Jenny with love, they shared some wine and he called her Babe and they had a little kiss and he said - I don't want to go tomorrow - and Jenny served him two boiled eggs to the chess table. Jack and Coco got drunk and went out to drink some more, Jack asked Jenny to join him later, she was late, she missed; the bar was closed and Jack was gone. Jenny walked round trying to get to some other bars, in all of them they wouldn't let people in anymore, inside was a happy buzz, Jenny walked cold empty streets and hated the town and she thought - shit, Jack is so right this is a horrible dead town and it takes life out of me too! - At last she got into the gay club. Jack got drunk on whisky, he came home and made a noise. Jenny wasn't there. The neighbours knocked into the wall, Jack got mad and he kicked his boot into the wall, the wall gave in with a deep in-kicked about three centimeters in-prints of his boots twice but he didn't come inside the other apartment, he took a knife and made a hole, he had a thought to cut out the whole wall to the neighbours. Jenny met Frank and he had a broken heart, now she was away for almost four hours and she missed Jack since at least two. Now she sat in Frank's taxi and he plaid her a beautiful blues song - "with my girlfriend on my side" - for the eight time - and then "babe don't leave" - and then she went home. Hallo Babe! - called her Jack through the window when she was getting close to the house and he could hear her gutter-spiking shoes, she run the staircase up - Jack is wonderful! - thought Jenny. Jack said he

wasn't going the following morning, he was trying to phone telephone sex but girls weren't allowed to speak about sex anymore, he asked her already twice where has she been all the night, he was searching all his ex-girlfriends around the country through the telephone information, he said he loved Jenny and he was going to still some Christmas presents for her the following day, he asked Jenny to make him pasta, she did using everything she found in the refrigerator - I'm not going to go tomorrow.- In the middle of the dinner he threw his plate against the wall, within some seconds he ripped off Jenny's plate out of her hands and flew it against the wall too - Hit me! - he was screaming to Jenny. First she laughed - hit me! - he continue to shout - you are not afraid to show your pussy on your films but you are afraid to hit me! if you don't hit me very hard now I'm gonna break your nose! I'm gonna smash your face, I'm gonna kill you! - Jenny tried to talk him into sense but then she saw he was very drunk and his eyes were small and weird and grey and then she kept on saying only - wait, wait, stop it! - She got few easy claps and at last she gave him a blow! - One more! - commanded Jack, and then one more and one more - now it is enough - said Jenny fed up - I'm really tired of you peanut - said Jenny - You are so stupid Jenny you can't hit me! You have to tattoo my arm, the one my ex-girl did is almost gone - said Jack, it is true she would love to do it any other time but now she was so damn sleepy and she had a head ache and it was seven in the morning at the Christmas day, Max was going to call at twelve and they were going to buy presents. Jack wasn't happy, Jack was pissed, she fall asleep. Max phoned many times and complained, she was a shit it was a Christmas day, they have missed all the shops, Jack was going to go after all and he was playing now with her swollen round and heavy and hurting breasts when she sat naked in the bed in front of him and she was still very sleepy. She was walking with Max on the street, it was cold and empty, it was impossible to get breakfast - everything was closed - it was impossible to buy any presents. They are home, she is cleaning , washing floor in the living room and Jack is already gone, she borrowed him money as yesterday and the day before and the one before, he left all his new washed clothes spread in the living room, he is coming back tomorrow. It is almost 23 o'cl, they are going to eat, mother and the son, she already used a new frying pan she has got from Max for Christmas, she said - I would never except present like that from anyone but you and I love it - she smiles, she does feel shitty about not having a present for Max, he is opening a bottle of Champagne, the cork crushes into the glass lamp over the table strowing glass all over the food. Jack phones, the night is deep, he is sitting somewhere in the kitchen in complete darkness, he is in the middle of the woods, he says she should have been here, it's very beautiful here, it's as small castle very clean but very beautiful - she thinks - why haven't you taken me with fucker? - she says nothing and he adds that he likes being away again and hates their home town and Jenny wanders - why a fuck are you calling for, then? - she says nothing. Jenny

says - I love you - he is silent. Tod comes buy and he is more a drunk zombie than an father or an ex, he talks in circles, he hears sounds. Jenny is polite and friendly, Max is sad and angry and ashamed. Tod tries to kiss Jenny. With a sticky wet heart she realises that she can't live Max to his destiny with only Tod. She has never seen that before even if she could imagine. Now she has seen. Tod got twelve bottles of vodka for Christmas from some peanut. It is snowing again and a street outside is peacefully dead. Max got a real gun from Tod for Christmas.

Next day, if there is a next day... - this is a next day. Jack is not coming home he is eating a turkey. His voice is as distant as it used to be after 30 hours. Jenny runs to the bus, Jenny's eyes are wistful and tearful. Fox is drunk. Jenny is on her moon and that's it. Jack doesn't know about tomorrow. Max hits for to be a saint, he has brains. Jenny is alive as Jack apparently is. It blows like hell in the outskirts of the town and the world covers up with snow in a proper white colour. Jenny is drunk. Jenny phones Jack and she says - tomorrow I'm going to rent a car and Fox is going to drive and we are coming to fetch you - no, not this time - says Jack - please - requests Jenny - I want to see the house and a woods under the snow and you - No - says Jack. She damps the earphone. Amalia gives the very late night dinner in candle light, food is an excellent marinated thigh of the lamb, everybody is drunk and Jenny pulls her girl friend's most elegant and flashy black short frock dressed with black ostrich feathers around the décolletage down Amalia's white shoulders and against her will, her breasts are big and they hold dress well on fitted and unlovable. They drink one bottle of whisky, one bottle of vodka and red hot sweet Christmas wine. Amalia's man is loud and drunk, baby starts crying and Amalia throws the guests out. Fox pukes between 5 and 7 in the morning, Jenny sells to him a huge reviling picture of herself in the red underwear's and smoking a cigarette. Jenny is very sleepy and she goes to bed, it all goes so fast that she has no time to notice that Jack isn't here, she drifts off, she dreams that Jack kisses every girl he sees who can appreciate his looks and she - Jenny is buying speed for all the money she has and she is high but all her teeth are moving and her face is powdered thick white - it is a true horror and it goes on the whole time she is asleep, and Jack keeps on loosing his rings she gave him one after another. Day time Jenny goes to the train station to pick up Jack, he wasn't too enthusiastic about it on the phone and now she is joining his mood too. The air is just ice cold. Jenny takes a tram and she brings a tin of an easy beer with her against an awful hangover. They meat and don't kiss, they go to the Bistro and start to drink, with small short gestures they feel and show that it is nice to meat again, they get drunk and are invited by a fat and famous painter for vodka and beer to his studio, he is trying to suggest that they should pay for the drinks, they don't he is trying to hide a more fine labelled bottles, Jack has fun and talks a lot opening his generous arms, painter says - I bought this present for myself for 25.000! - Jenny is not sure what he points

at. - Give me a Hugh! - he says to Jenny, stretching arms, she is staring at his outrageous big belly dressed in green polo shirt, abomination shows up on her face and she doesn't make a move, she says nothing, he holds his arms stretched out - you are afraid of your man - he concludes; he is a nut , he goes around singing - I'm a hero in that town, I hang in the city art hall! - Raidar, a gay friend of Jack is there too and he talks only about Jack's dick, he wonders if it is 24 centimetres long. Jenny is not sure. Everybody'll laughing. Everybody'll going to a porno-strip club, of the type which only exists here, oranges, and biscuits in the bar, strip-girls stand for the toast making and they are far too lazy to do it but they do serve an old coffee and soft alcoholfree drinks, the strip is a bore even if a girl is a cute little teenage with a little up nose and dark hair, she never takes off her little penties - it was good - says Jack to her when she walks off holding her little dress and long black ostrich boa in front of her and when she is out of the hearing space he says to the zombie men sitting round - well, you damn gays, that was that and it wasn't much and more isn't coming, ha ha ha, shall I tell you a poem?! - the other girl - Angel still behind a bar in black small tangas and a black bra has a sagging hangy thighs and ass, not a pretty look at all, her mood is bitchy too, Jack climbs the stage and tells his poem, it's a simple and sentimental poem about a man whose lonely tears turn to wine which Jack always says when he is drunk and entertaining. Angel phones after a chef's help, the zombie guys stare in front, one says - it wasn't that good - and it's the same fat guy who was hopping Jenny was a new one at the place and going to strip too and Jack aimed him hard with his eyes and his extreme closeness of 10 centimeters and now Jack wants to say another poem, he has three. The chef comes in and starts bothering, Jack doesn't stay far behind, soon Jack, Jenny and a painter are on the street, Jack is in the fight, Jenny is screaming and covering him with her body and stretched out hands, painter talks some pretentious bull shit and wornes Jack about a knife inside his own side soon, one more guy on the boss's side observes, he and the chef who is both drunk and drugged misunderstand the painters talk, the observer joins the clash, they both flash Jack down on the snowy gutter, Jenny hangs in the chef's jacket and feels how crazy fast beats his heart doped-speeded heart, he is drugged like a bee and he screams in an ugly high piercing voice of a cock, as the fight heat up frighten painter has escaped with Jenny's white fur in his arms as he was also hiding in it a forbidden in the club and belonging to him a bottle of a red wine and the chef sees him run off with a big white teddy bear under his arm, soon Jenny, Jack, chef and his comrade are inside again and the owner apologises and pays them some old tepid cup of coffee, Angel strip number to the sweet song "White" is terrific bad but still more personal then the younger girl, zombies fly in the air, Jenny and Jack go home - Show me your ass! - says Jack to Jenny already on the stairs. But tonight she is tired and she doesn't like him to stick various things into her and they do quarrel, of course she shows her ass but doesn't really deal with his wish to

do it every 10 seconds of time and she cries when he fast deeps her lipstick into her anus, weeping she picks it up out of her ass and she does some shit talk after Jack ask her to shave her ass and her pussy and asks her to wear a clothes he has never seen and he says - there is a burn on your ass Jenny whom did you screw when I was away? - and when they lay in bed and Jenny is quiet he pushes her and hits her a little bit and still says - I love you, think when we are in Mexico and you still don't sharpen up, Jenny and don't become funnier easier going girl! - vov he has forgotten that he was going to leave me thinks the girl and then Jack complains on her and is repeating the same thing again and again about a shave and a clothes and a cucumber in her butt and his voice echoes as in the tunnel - you are a fucking psycho, Jack! - cries Jenny - and I'm fed up with all that! - some minutes after they do make love and it's wonderful and she screams one more time her explicit ecstasy and she yells - I love you Jack and there are no other man, you know! - and there are not and it is true but only she knows that, day time they make love and it is great, she worries for the money but she doesn't say, she says - I would love to be in the mountains where we were at the same hotel and get a breakfast to bed - me too - says Jack, they sleep more, they make love, Jack asks her to get a breakfast from the outside and she does. Their love is here and it's O.K. Jack talks to Coco and plans to meet him, Jack takes shower and pushes Jenny away when she jokes - I love you! - Jenny yells and laughs. Jack is angry as he can't find his socks - you have to give me my socks, Jenny if you touch my clothes! - Jack is really angry - thinks Jenny really surprised. Jenny finds Jack's socks and gives it to him. Jack leaves the place.

VIII

Jenny walks against the door's frame and against the cupboard, this is the last day of the year. Jack is asleep. His asleep being is tempting her now as much as the last days when even if she didn't sleep she wouldn't get up from the bed their only left "in love" of the sensual and hot, they staid at least 12 hours in there in between dirty sheets and under double cover and his body was so incredible wonderful-love sweaty or swell depend on hour to hour and she dreamed about her teeth moving many times and she dreamed that they were in love or love-making and she dreamed that she was in danger and she couldn't scream and at last deep throaty voice came out waking her up and the only bothering her element was a day light coming - she just have pushed their bed towards the curtainless window - day time he wouldn't talk to her and now his buttocks, his feet and his spine talked to her the whole cuddling rhapsody of a lot; four days ago she laid naked throwing out her round swollen pretty breasts, stretching her still very sleepy limbs on the couch, the day passed it's middle long ago, Jack was rushing round and soon rushing out; then they would meet at night, she would ask - do you want a glass of wine? - no - he would answer to everything; at night he would wake up and look at her urgently viciously and with love, he kneeled upon her and kiss both of her breasts, she drifted away into the blue dreaming about his baby in her belly and she promised herself - tomorrow I'll go to the hospital and take the spiral out - he cradled into her like a smallest boy on the earth with his big knees under her chin, his long hairy legs serpent around her and his strong arms holding her tight, she floated away but did not move, her eyes filled with tears, some time after coming back to more awake state she smiled back at him and grabbed his arouse penis, he rebuffed her handpalm with rage and he turned back at her with rage, day time she would start making love to herself in the bath and finally it worked, she stood at last on all four in the bathtub and breathed like a beast and her breasts heavily hang down and the air was damn hot inside there. But it wasn't much fun. The following evening she would ask - Jack do you want to come with and take a beer? - no - was an answer. Today she did shave her pussy precisely as he wanted her to do the night when they came back from the porno strip show - leaving only a heart of a pubic hair on her Venus-hill and couldn't understand why did she refuse him that the very night - tiredness wasn't a good enough excuse - and she found a black body clothes he never seen and carefully closed it in her crotch, it excited her cryptograms. They laid in bad and he smiled to her after she said that if he wouldn't be kissing her in the sleep the life would be unbearable and she kept on screaming - Jack, you did smile to me first time in days, Jack you did smile to me! - and his smile was getting broader and broader with love and she wet between her legs laying innocently on her side, he lift up the cover and asked her - where is that clothes from? - and looking at her beautifully bulked hip she answered something boring and he leaned a cover back on her thighs and she was

really fed up with herself thinking - why didn't I lift my leg up like that a lot and to the side and look into Jack's eyes with my horny and move my hand slowly and open the two buttons in the crotch just by pulling the fabric back showing him my brain new pussy opening the large lips he doesn't really love and spreading the inner smaller lips show him the tender pink of the real meat as I do to the mirror thinking it's for Jack - she did not move. And it was a true shame - as more she wanted to excite him the less she dared to do. And she was dreaming - it would have been so wonderful to excite Jack... She wasn't rabbit-y she knew that but symptoms were such and she hated it, she may be waited for him to move first, but he just did and she fucked it up, she had to do something radical, she crawled under the cover and seduced him in classic slave way licking him first and taking him after, he did not open his eyes but they came together and he came inside her and a very close to her heart. - Love what are you? A grandiose wonderful torment? Or a simple game of a rabbit? - the following day was a happy day, the next day wasn't happy day as Jack did not allow Jenny to play again, she visited Nadine and coming inside perfectly clean and calm home she said - why can't I live like the other people do? It seems so peaceful - and Nadine who was home alone - and Jenny asked herself - why I can't be alone? - had stained with a white flour chin, cheek and the top of her nose told her - aha, so he tells you I'm so young Jenny and that's why I have to do all I have to do, and he tells you, you are so old Jenny so you have to agree, you are the only woman on this earth, Jenny! - said Nadine in her special throaty actress voice - who would cope with sharing a man with all the other girls without doing one single seen! - and Nadine laughed like mad and she was a good actress and her man wasn't coming home that night as he was taking care of his three hens he just bought; then there were some more days when she - Jenny clanged to him - Jack like a monkey toddler in her sleep as long she could feel love from every millimetre of his body she adored and it was becoming spiritual and it was alive and it was good and it was good heat from his soft foot when she hold it in her palms and now she had to get up, it was the last day of the year and she had to go and buy more Champagne for the New Year celebration and the liqueur store was closing down in an hour. Last night they celebrated the Old Year and drunk all the alcohol Jack bought for today and Amalia was visiting and Jack said - that was the worst year in my life! - Jack wants to go to Hollywood and live real great life, Jenny wants to live real life, Jenny believes every real life is a great life, last year was Jenny's great year and it still is; Jenny got up, she was very tired, she couldn't really sleep last night, she had a hang over, she knew she needed to hurry and she did not, she made herself breakfast very carefully and sat in the kitchen watching a snowy view through the window wondering - what a hell I'm doing? - She wanted to go back to Jack's naked body and she did not, she drunk her tea and ate sandwiches, in the shower she fucked herself again - Am I a peanut, or? - she asked herself, she put a new body cream she has

got last night from Amalia all around her's own old - body. She made a few explicite stretching movements she used to do everyday, she was hot, very hot and elastic, she didn't go to look at Jack, she dressed, she fixed her make up properly, she took Fi-fi with and left the house, she had about a 5 minutes to reach the store, she run and the gutter was too full of wet dirty snow. She was fucking sweaty when she stood inside the shop in her new ocelot second hand fur with fox around her neck and a Fi-fi's leash in her hand and the men watched her again and the saliva run at their mouth, she was thinking Jack's body and all she wanted was to come home before he wakes up so she can take again what she has lost an hour of a touch and Fi-fi as always wanted to get his usual dog-candies standing up on his back legs to see everything and lashed it's tail untiringly; it all took very long time - she also had to buy food and new stockings, people were everywhere, all the women were buying stockings, stay ups and negligee and everybody were buying food and the women and girls in the line wouldn't smile back, and all the dogs were out to take a shit and Fi-fi of- course shited in the middle of the street, when she came home Jack was already up and he was taking a shower, she laid on the bed... The day continued and she did live like all the other people-women do, cleaning apartment, scrubbing floors, no sex, more shopping, dishing, washing clothes, cooking... but for her it was a first time and she said - if my life looked like that every bloody day I would have fucking hang myself - meat was black, potatoes boiled over water gone too salty and served cold, this was the last day of the year, she bought the cheapest sparkling wine and she wanted to buy a great meat marinated lamb leg ready done and she did not and this is what she was thinking next to obsessively now - why didn't I buy this lamb leg? - it would have been so tasty and luxury and easy to serve and great and Jack would have love it and he would said - Jenny I love it! - and he would clasp at her ass and she would give him a little kiss - oh, a little kiss! - why did I stress with the meat and burnt it anyway, why do I wash all the clothes and not just my goan for the night and when Jack was going to go to Coco's party why didn't I just tell him - I love you, I don't want you to go this time unless you take me with! And besides why don't I stop thinking about that, it is all done, he has fucked his 12 years old chick and I really don't care, I mean I care but it doesn't really hurt very much and I have to be honest - this was the last day of the year, Coco was visisting and he was a good friend and Jenny did not blame him for anything anymore, she knew she only had herself to blame for, it was the last day of the old year and time was going too fast.

This was a first day of the New Year and Jenny woke up with a terrible hangover and a horrible head ache, the tooth in her jaw was missing - o, not again! - said Joyce - it was moving anyway, it's not so prestigious - said Jenny and she couldn't find one single pain killer, Jack was asleep and they did not make love last night - it was a first time that we got drunk and did not fuck - thought Jenny and her hands were still searching for the small round or oval

white pain killers all around. She didn't feel bitter, but her head kept on exploding and tears streamed down from her eyes, she kissed Jack. - I'm sorry, Joy for your tooth - whispered Jack - it's no problem - Jenny stumbled through the words - it was moving anyway - this cuff wasn't for you, Joy - said Jack - I know - said Jenny - you knew it was me you were going to punch, I think and that you knocked out my tooth it's just trivially bad luck and my sloppiness, I should have gone to my dentist and let him do a permanent job but he had a flue and I loved to sleep too long and I certainly shouldn't put myself between you and your friend, but I couldn't stand to watch when you kept on humiliating him and his cheeks were turning darker and darker red - says Joy cool. Last night on the party people were angry at her because she wore a fur and high heels and make up and her dress showed off white boobies, it was certainly all wrong with Jenny but she had fun and Jack had fun and a red hairdo came by and kissed his lips with her - thick and rapacious and painted bright red kneeling in front of him on the floor and spreading her crotch open and saying - I saw you on TV in the first seconds of the film licking her cunt - she pointed at Jenny sitting next to Jack on the bed in the little room; the red haired said to Jenny - you don't imagine how close I'm to you - o, yeah? - questioned doubtfully Jenny looking at red haired, she was wondering what really did Jack done with her or to her that she stopped being aggressive and she started being agreeable, was she a total idiot or a total slave or was she simply a total cool? Jack left the room. Red hair continued talking - I'm so close to you - and in the old good times Joy would at least battle her in words saying - yes, indeed because you want to screw my boy friend?! - if she wouldn't kick her down in her throat as she once did but that was long ago. - I'm so close to you in your work, I'm so completely wild as you are - and now Jenny get pissed - you are wild, you are like me, the only thing I saw you did were some photo takes of your toilet, kitchen and a living room - in my old work I had to compromise because of my ex-boyfriend - explained herself red haired - where is the new wild work, why haven't I seen?! - questioned frigidity Jenny - I don't dare to show - said red hair - you are an idiot! - said Jenny walking away - you are so heartless Jenny - said red hair sadly - you are an idiot! - repeated Jenny and she did not turn back. This was a New Year celebration and Jenny did not have a heart. Someone tried to give her 24 o'cl kiss and she turned her face away with deep abomination, someone else's mammiferous wet lips forcing hers resultatlessly to face an old tradition, some people rushing to the balcony looking at the fire works, Jenny sat as fixed in the easy chair by herself, black and white TV in the corner of her eye with cracking up lights and a sound of rackets and crackers from outside and from the inside - this is a New Year - and I'm wild about you Jack! if I'm alive... - After Jack cuffed Pal, and he broke Jenny's tooth and on the street he ripped her book to pieces tearing page after the page out throwing it into the snow commenting it and laughing heedful and in the new place they went to he pushed a boy who gave Jenny

a hug and she did half dance with Sara but she got bored and Jack got to an argument with two girls who slapped his face and he returned the cuffs to them and then Jenny and Jack went home followed by the girls voices - we are going to call police! -.

Jenny spends few hours of the first night of the new year at the dentist emergency waiting, all the men in the room look under her skirt, she lifts up her leg a bit higher for the desirable effect. The women are fat. There are a few couples making each other company, coughing heavily and farting into the chairs. Jenny knows she has Joy inside her and it isn't Jack's baby embryo-girl, it's Jenny's own wanted out soul and Joy writes down - I don't care for Jack's writing anymore, he writes with his intelligent dick, he wants to eat up the world or at least all what's there to be eaten and he is very hungry! It's all this sensual first class bullshit, a giant discovery that every female subject has a pussy and a pear formed ass and a tempting narrow ass hole and teats containing form, flesh and a glory of the sensation! - nipples! and that he, Jack wishes for an instant erection and he wants the action - he wants to fuck! It's a deterrent one side of the moon, it's a fucking millimetre of the moon, or isn't Jack's life any-more?! - Jenny is aware that she came to that obvious conclusion only now and only because he stopped fucking her! - she wouldn't like that trivial aim role her so totally as it does. - Ah, Jack!... - and now she is trying to entertain the dentist saying - I'm here again, ha ha this is "my party tooth" ha ha! The dentist doesn't respond at all, he is a fucking bore and he certainly doesn't make the first day more glamorous. She is buying kebab for Jack and taking a tram home there are only a black people out down town.

The second day of the new year. Coco and Jack are out playing chess, Jenny is doing her home work again, no sex, cleaning house - it's a good start for the new year - points Joy sarcastic for herself but she sings with Debbie Harry and it is fun, she does her think in the bath tub and she does her naked mirror dance and she is fairly satisfied and she picks up some sexy clothes and she does dress up the same vain way Jack does looking at her ass many times too much, she has a one black bra, one red and a red corset and it looks all sweet-fine she is fat enough like a butter cake, she trys three par of the underwear - red and she takes them off she is a bit too fat, then first and then at last a second black, and a net stockings and a leather shorts and she makes them extra short for Jack's and her own sake and it shows off the down and round part of her buttocks. Jack breaks the door to the apartment, comes in running and shouting - why do you lock the door, you not supposed to lock the door! - Jenny plays the game as she would have been shocked, surprised and scared... Coco, Jack and Jenny went to the movies, the girl in the movie had the same name as Jack's last screw and Coco crowed pricing Jack's did bumping him abruptly on both shoulder and a thigh every time the girl's partner did pronounced her name, whispered her name, kissed her name, screamed her name, Jenny though that Coco's bad taste

reached the skys considering for a moment to leave the theatre, but she cooled off speculating - well, the boy is simple as that and he probably means no harm, he is just proud of his pal, that's my life - and she didn't feel pity for herself but she had hard to laugh at every joke, she must have missed some she understood as she found herself sitting rather quiet in the cinema's old red velvet chair pressed between Jack's elbow, his knee, his hand on the inside of her thigh in the net stocking and Jack's long finger playing with the inside of the shorts leg's of her new leather shorts with a crochet on the ass and the girl on her right, her elbow, her knee but not her hand, the girl's hand was happily in her boy friend's paw. Jack treated his Jenny with popcorn. Jenny feels ache in her heart and it wasn't there since she met Jack, it's a physical pain; years ago she read in the publication from the past century that masturbates get a poor condition, pale carnation and a heart with predisposition to a tachycardia. Jack cleaned up the bathroom burning through the sink stucked with his snuff and his hair with caustic-soda, he scraped the floor and the toilet and a bath tub - Jenny's love chamber, he rearranged a living room the way he wanted to do a month ago and he has Jenny's picture in his wallet again, he is polite and rather sweet but reserved, he bought breakfast and boiled eggs, he looks into her eyes and wants her company, she doesn't ask anything, she doesn't wonder anything, she doesn't feel anything, she makes her observations. They do not make love. - Yes, they do not make love as the days and nights go by and that's the tough reality Jenny wants to have nothing to do with... And they never tried that kind of life before. She hates Jack's blue cotton underwear which he keeps on at almost every night. Jenny measures her rooms with her high heeled loud steps, she can't breath. She takes a bath, it's hot. She can't breath, it is hot. The sweat runs into the bath tub, blood runs into the water, water is pink, she can't breath, she works on it, she can breath, she walks through the rooms, Max and Jack are playing computer games, Micky Mouse jumps from stone to stone from danger to danger, Micky Mouse survives, Micky Mouse dies, Jenny goes to bed, Jenny is hot. Jack comes in sometimes and looks at her, he looks into her eyes. Max and Jack are playing the game, Jenny is playing a game. Jack comes to bed, Jenny sees his blue underwear, she hates his blue underwear. Jenny has a blue damp towel around her, Jack lays in bed, he hugs her softly, Jenny is thinking, she removes the towel from her breasts and a belly, Jenny is in love, she is reading a book, where is Jack? After a time she notices he is all naked she does nothing about it, why does she do nothing about it? They fall asleep, the bed is soft. The day is hard. Where is the day? - Is she in love to Jack? - she questions herself. As they don't make love everyday she is loosing the immediate link with his flash and flesh, she is somehow escaping his power, his impact control over her life and her emotions. She is gaining her integrity. Can she think? The next night, he has his underwear on again, they are blue, she forces him to the act of love; - does she? She sucks him and she comes over him, she moves, she moves,

she comes, his cock is rather soft and dry, it's dry inside her womb, blood is dry. Her blood is dry, she sucks him again, then she comes over him, he turns her on her back, she hugs his waste with her legs, he straighten her legs down, he moves his dick inside her, she makes one wrong move and it hurts his dick, he comes, it's silent. - What did you do to my dick? - asks Jack. They fall asleep. The night is soft. Jenny meats Joyce, Joyce kisses Jenny's lips, she hugs him, she jumps at his hips as she used to do with Jack long ago, she is very hot, they are in some place for the sports and huge loft is buried in half dark, she almost can't see Joyce's eyes but she feels his body, she feels his arms around her and they hold her tight. Joyce lays Jenny on the ping- table, it's swell and dark and hard, he lays her back, her arms are behind her head, he is touching her womb on the outside, he is going to come into her, his dick starts sliding into her cunt, they both start moving, Jenny lifts up her hips, they are both moving, Joyce's dick is pushing in and pulling out, pushing in, Jenny breaths, Jack wakes her up - Jenny wake up and make a breakfast - Jenny lays in the sheets, beside her's Jack all naked, Jenny breaths rapidly, a day is slow, Jack wants her to get up, she doesn't know if he is Jack or if he is Tod or if he is Jail, she doesn't know if she is Jenny or if she is Joy, she wakes up many times, she looks at Jack, she looks at Tod, she looks at Jail, she doesn't know, she takes shower, she does her movements but she doesn't care for masturbation, she got her screw at night, and she is boiling eggs, eggs have to be out within 6 minutes - that's the way Jack likes it, that's the way they both like it, she comes out of the bathroom, she is wearing a high hilled red shoes, she is naked, he phones Coco, they are talking, they are planing another screw party in the little town, Jack's dick is up right inside the blue underwear, they make a 1000 kr. bat - if Jack is going to make it again with a little girl, Jenny sits naked on the leather couch - why do you look at me like that Jenny what's wrong? - Jenny tells Jack what she "heard", Jack laughs, Jenny's cheeks are red, Jenny feels like a fool, Jenny is a fool, Jenny wants to scream, Jenny goes out with Fi-fi, she wants to run, she walks, she is buying snuff for Jack and cigarettes for herself, she meats De, a funny boy who use to talk to her in town cafes, he is studying philosophy, he hs big eyes in a thin face, he also likes to play chess but most he likes to play Monopol, Jenny doesn't like to play Monopol, she doesn't know how to play chess, they are talking about tropic, Jenny wants to go back to Brazil, Jenny wants to move, Jenny wants to go to school in New York, Jenny wants to go to school in Berlin, Jenny goes home, Jack walks around in a red towel, he is cool, he has cleaned up apartment, he has taken a shower, Jenny's brain hurts, Jenny's heart burns, Jenny's body is on fire, Jenny is very beautiful, Jack is very beautiful, he has got dressed and tighten a colourful scarf on his forehead, life is shit. They eat eggs. The day, the time, the life insists to continue, the night follows the day, Jack wears his blue underwear, they come closer, they drift apart, they make love, his eyes are shut - how far away can he be a sweet dreamer - thinks Joy; he comes,



she doesn't come; he doesn't come, she comes. He doesn't drink. They go out and drink, he wants more all the time, she says - no - she has never done that before, he turns to the waitress and orders his beer, he wants to buy speed, she says - no, I don't have a money - fix it - he says. She does not. They are walking home, they are talking about speed, at the word of speed she is horny as hell, she feels Jack's gorgeous cock, dick, master man - call it what you want, she almost can't walk as she feels it slide inside her gorgeous pussy, - o, Jack ... a soft carnal shiver runs through her - it's also almost the same street where he touched her all over for the first ever time, this isn't shallow, this is deep like hell. Drunk of love, they stood leaning on the house's wall in the dawn, he was kissing her and his lips danced on her and his tongue filled her whole mouth, there was no space for anything else but the two snake tongues, he touched her thighs on the inside, her hair, cheeks, arms, knees, he still didn't get his wonderful big man-hands into her privy parts and she felt so damn beautiful and alive and time was rushing on and her curls were of gold and all he wanted was her and she said - look, it's around seven - they spent together the whole night dancing and talking and dancing while he was lifting her in his arms and kissing to Jackson, Prince and The Bitch - I have to go home now but I'll see you in two days or something, when? - she asked and looked into his eyes; he held her both hands in his and not his eyes of her light face said - now - and there was so much true request and love despair and the very deterrent goal in his voice so the magic took it's place. The magic let the thick plush curtain from the old times theatre down and there was nothing in her past at all and they held the hands and arms around and started to walk with their hips rubbing at each other towards the sun. He took her home and she remembers they sat in the window high up looking at the clearly blue sky and they kissed like mad and they hen out and then they moved inside and he sat on the bed and her all power was gone and she was on the bed or floor and he lift up her dress and her ass and her pussy amazed him much more then he ever could have expected and he took out his cock or possibly she did as she mingled with his belt and she kneeled down for to kiss it and he lift her up they got buried in a dream or cloud as she can't remember, they still had some clothes on or nothing on and the touch was fucking magic and they knew they were going to do it, they were going to make love and he was all over her and she didn't know where and where she was and she saw him in details and in one piece and his lips were all over her and he said - if you want I have a rubber in my wallet - and she said - no, I don't care - and she pledged her love to the skys - if I die now it's because I don't want nothing else then this boy now and it will be forever if I'll die too - as she was painfully astonished over a big red watery wound on his stomach and his gay face and him sharing an apartment with another man and she thought - if someone is sick that's him and we might as well die together - and she doesn't remember how he came inside the very first time all she remembers is the light which filled her up and

her great soul meeting and mingling and uniting with his as they were twins. She wants to do it now, make love with him, fuck against the house, she does not, she does not even say it, Jenny is in love, she does nothing about it. They go home and nothing happens or may be it does, Jenny loses herself into the details, Jenny does not, she doesn't remember, she doesn't feel, she feels it all. They laugh, they are happy, she tells him about her school plans, he also wants to do it but in Italy or Greece or Spain - these are the countries she did not say. He is sweet, he is row, he is malicious, he is distant, he is inept, he is inert, he is inestimable, he is inexorable, he is cool, they eat, they sleep, they fuck, they come closer, they don't fuck, they drift apart. - Why a hell didn't I want us to get drunk the other day, it was worth it even if I should have blown my whole money one more time, so what? We would at least have a giant fuck, I want giant fuck with Jack, I want speed and fuck, I want! - Jenny meets Nataly on the street, Jenny got up very early she has to fix some things which have to do with money and so on, Nataly is already speed up and she is rambling, her eyes are transparent blue she is talking about herself all the time in the messed up and broken circles, Nataly is in a shit, she wants to drive in a limousine, she wants Champagne, Nataly wants to be in a real film with Kiss, Nataly has not a cigarette, Jenny gives her one, they take coffee at Tod's home, Nataly's mouth goes like that fish's Jenny can't remember the name of, Nataly's life is shit and she can't paint anymore and she lost her kids and she keeps on losing her homes one after another and she is in despair which also means hope and there is a mafia at her hills and it's all in her rambling subway train speed up brain, Jenny wants to go back to sleep and she does crawling ice cold at her hot Jack's back. The day is grey and wet like a sick ass hole in the sick butt and it's exactly what it is. Jack is sweet this day, he goes to play chess with Coco, Jenny goes back with the video films. The morning after she wakes up and her love to Jack is soft, Jack is soft, his body is soft, his tender arms are around her, there is a sun in the window and people walking outside on the street, she presses her tighs, her hips and her belly and her pink and smooth shaved pussy against Jack, his dick is up, he is half asleep, she feels the race pulling through all her senses, he smells like a morning bread, he tastes - no she doesn't do that, she is half asleep, she sees him through her sandy eye lashes - slow, she sees his calm white face she sees his little nose, eye lids and a dool like long lashes, she sees his round chest topped with a pink nipple she kissed yesterday until it got stiff and hard, she presses herself against his dream and moves her thighs slowly pulling with sleepy feet. She gives her sex dream up and she gets up from the bed, she takes shower, let the water run all around her like a race-ocean, her eyes are closed and breath calm; she does her wake up work out movements extra tight, her legs straight up 12 times each, into the three different directions, in front, to a side and back with a perfectly stretched toes, she does all kinds of sit ups, on the hills, on the toes and on the flat feet, she turns her legs round the hip, and

does a true belly dance, she jumps up and down and fake-runs, she throws her breasts up and down up and down and they jump like a playful waves in a little lake, she fidgets the air and kisses the floor and bands down backwards building the triumph bow, she lifts up her feet one by one and straighten her body up and up and down again and push the wall feels the power race hot and ready for the fight she takes the Fi-fi walk.

IX

They watch cartoon movie at the cinema, Coco sits at Jack's side and Jenny at his other, he holds his arm around her and her hand inside his, they go and drink beer and it is nice until they don't stay alone at the dark parking place then he pushes her down and to the side and back. She eats his sperm somewhere close to the morning. The life is a bizarre trap my love is sticking me up! - sings Jenny in the shower, they watch video films in bed but he does get enjoyed with her and then he gets calm again and he plays with his hand under her shorts at her ass and she gives him a small kiss and dreams of a giant sex games, Jack cleans the whole apartment again and he pushes her with a brush and rage when she walks besides him in the kitchen, it's still winter and it is very cold, Jenny cooks dinner - pasta with meat and tomato souse, Max comes home, Helvis is not going to come before a half year - Sammy says, he is not going to give money back to Jenny and red fox fur coat to Jack, and not even the medal Polonia Restituta that Max at his tenth birthday has inherited after his grandfather; Jenny cleans room after him from lot of hidden shit and for Max, it's Max's old room, Max is first very happy and after very sad, he wants her to go and buy coke, she does not, Max lays on the bed and doesn't move, Jenny's blood flashes straight into her head, she is mad at Max but she doesn't want that, Jack doesn't want to fuck, I'm going to run off! - swears Jenny. Sebbe was to Mexico for two weeks. Giorno is in Kathmandu for two weeks from now, Flavia went skiing last weekend in New York she says she has no boy friend but a passionate lover, is that fineness possible(?), the neighbour - her fan offers advanced sex to Jenny she thanks no but she laughs; Jenny is - where is Jack, except that he is home? He has a secret plan what he is going to do a 10th of June and later, he doesn't want to say that, Jenny guess that he is planing a big trip with Coco, Jenny knows he is not coming back home, Mick still wants her - five more months like that, I'm going to drop dead! - says to herself Jenny and she is in love to Jack like hell again and he is cool since two minutes. Amalia gave Lancome bright red lipstick to Jenny for Christmas and now she went to the Canary Islands with her seven children and her man. A stranger asks her to marry him when she is out with Fi-fi in the night, it's sounds absurd but he is serious - you are a perfect girl for me - he says forcing his phone number at her. Life is beautiful - isn't it Mr. Rizkow - what good happens in Moscow? - Yes, Jack started to make love to Jenny again everyday, it's a cold love, it's a fuck; the first one was a great surprise, at night in bed he laid his head on her arm first and fingered her for a long time and took her after, Jenny is cold, with every time she is more and more cold with en exclude of an incident or a break when she suddenly gets hot, Jenny is cold, doesn't she know what's going on, doesn't she trust, doesn't she love her Jack? She is Jack's girl, she is covering her face with his long wavy soft hair when he lays next to her, her photo is in his new white wallet and his new sperm in her womb, Jenny is cold and she asked Joy for the help. She hates being cold, she hates

being a house wife, she cooks very well now and she loves it, she has done fourthy pancakes with wiped cream and strawberry jam and vanilla ice cream and tornadoes and rogue and salat with garlic dressing and they both clean the house which is completely new, they have rented a new TV and a video and Jenny fixed an house insurance and other practical stuff she never did before, she loves making love with him but something is missing into the dark something is missing into the blue something isn't as before something is gone, she is angry at herself and says - why didn't I do that or that or like that, why didn't I move my ass five centimetres into the right when he fucked me the last time, and he does turning her like on the stake or torch but she doesn't burn, Jenny is cold. Life is mangy and malformed Jenny looks at Jack he is very beautiful again and he is very cool and no longer malevolent. Today the god is a malinger, he preaches the love - believe in love, the love is the only state, the love is the state, believe in love! - a pleasurable malice, a practical joke. The air is chill, Jenny climbs a mamelon, the sun is already low and Jack is so endlessly mammal and marmalade floats in a ginger river and a malodorous mallows grow it's sides and mallow water is blurry and doesn't reflect and the meed is flashed off and Jenny and Jack are more and more the tale of an human love - can't be with and can't be without - a true Adam and Eve who don't deserve the paradise. And Jenny prays - fuck me five times a day, eat my cunt and beat me twice but do something mannishly powerful or get lost! - and Joy screams at her - Jenny you don't know what you want, you can't blame Jack you are the same sister-malefik and Jenny doesn't cry, Jenny's eyes are empty and dry. Jenny feels paranoid and can't stand at home, they run to the movies. Mr. Jones - movie is slow and Jenny suddenly thinks - it's already middle of January where do I get a money from in two month time? - time goes fast as hell against her will, Mr. Jones is crazy and he acts like Jack does and he turns the movie wilder and takes her off from the place and coming out and mixing direction they get lost in the old streets and that split of the second feels magnific as they are somewhere else for example LA and have all the chance left and Jenny with shining eyes opens the door to the bar they have never been to before, she would love to have a beer and a little nice dish for them both and hear the band and Jack says - no, we don't have enough money I want to go home - Jenny says - I have some money! - but he already walks, they pass their bridge of the intercourse and measure rapidly greying space of haze with a silent steps and Jenny a maruder hangs at his back watching it and all the trees are shaggy black and lonesome. They watch TV, a video at home laying each one in the own couch, they are not hungry anymore, they have eaten everyday for a long time. Before going to bed as every night she smeares her anus with cream and picks up tiny bits of a shit and questions herself why does she do that at all but tonight he comes into it and the sensation lasts but about 20 seconds, the morning has already the depressing quality as the neighbour woman wakes them up knocking at the door and she

screams against Jenny's blood shot eyes - I'm sorry for you but I don't like your boyfriend he has called me names and last night you have stolen my stuff from the staircase and I'm going to report you to the police! - and she stress off and refuses to discuss, Jenny closes a door she puts off her white fur she has got back from the painter and she had put on when she opened the door at the ring, she is naked and soft and the morning is hard and she knows they haven't taken any of the effortless decoration items from the neighbours door's for sure as they weren't drunk last night and she lays down at Jack's back and puts her arm around his chest. And Jack asks her who it was and she says - what a son of a bitch she is! - he says - she is unhappy because she is married to the gay - answers Joy and Jenny is all stone dead and lashing furiously against the bed and Joy keeps her arm around Jack and Jenny glows like an ember, too bright sun in the window right over their heads, Joy's eyelids are shut as Jack's are, the morning is jagged and immense, demoniac in it's convulsion and they turn back to sleep. - I want to go party with you today, Jack! - says Joy smiling - drink, dance, have fun! - no - says Jack - I'll not go out! - he goes to play chess with Coco at the cafe as they had few days break, Jenny stays home, what happens to Joy? Fi-fi goes nervously round the place, she hears his scrubbing nails steps, he wants to piss and shit very much, he has no choice he has to wait. Smutch Sunday already smoulders for tomorrow, MTV is on Jenny smokes cigarettes, with satisfaction she kicks some mess across the floor they have been keeping clean for two weeks now, with pleasurable malice she doesn't buy any food - she has cooked delicious everyday - and looks at the new grown pail of dirty dishes she abandon only yesterday, Joy is made of iron, Jenny is anxious and slides into a pig's hole. Joy paints her lips four times a day. Jenny is an idiot, so is Jack, he is coming home tonight and he is going to fuck Jenny or Joy regardlessly whom he finds in the bed or may be he doesn't come at all - you never know - it's a Saturday and it's Tod's birthday with lots of people she should have love to meat and vice versa, Joy is not going without Jack she said, her house is as a marquee in the desert, Jenny walks around wondering - when is Jack going to leave me, is he just using me, is he here because he has nowhere to be? - the night is deepening with a time and she is alone, her house is a dark thick cave and she walks around smoking cigarettes, Fi-fi wants to shit, Jenny is waiting for Jack to come home may be she should have phone him when she still could as he left the number and now is too late the place is closed. Yesterday Jenny bought new net stockings and she has them on, they look cute to the leather shorts which are sure amazingly great to dance in with long crochet on her pretty ass - ah, Jenny you are a fool, what a flat thoughts you nurse at your womb, try to be more specific, more sophisticated! - Joy is hungry and she goes to look at the wall watch... The first time she does remember how they made love it was the second time they meat - she fetched him at his place and needed a help with translating a contract for the band - he said he could speak German -

it was a solid good excuse - they went first to a bar, it was Summer they sat outside and kissed eating each other up tasting the fluid of passion and dreams and the dinner they did not have and all the light and all the darkness and they didn't have to breath - how pathetic it might sound - and they drunk big cold beer and Jack told her he had a problem because his ex-girl was just pregnant and it happened already after they did split apart - how could that have been possible? - and he said he wasn't going back to her but wanted to take care of a babe and he said - but what do you care Jenny for my blouse life? - Jenny's eyes were closed - she did care a lot, a minute later they stumble into each other inside the place by the bathrooms and clashed at each other and snaked into each other arms and rolled at the wall and Jenny said - it is inescapable, we don't make it without lets go to your place now - as it sucked in her belly and between her legs and everywhere and they run out and run three floors up and they snicked in as he was only renting a room at the older very nice chap who in fact was very found of Jack and Jenny though at first they both had a relation - well inside - inebriated - they were pouring down each other clothes and their bodies were crazily in love and couldn't wait and they did it great and furiously and for the long time! The third time and it was day by day - the first, the second and the third - they laid in the park next to the bridge and kissed, the sun was high and a big black bird was watching them heedful circling above their most passionate deep throat kiss where it was impossible to describe whose tongue it was and where - a sweet river race - and a guy drinking beer next to them conversated and he was pretty out and surely on drugs and wanted invite them out, they were millimetres from giving in and doing it right there, his dick was hungry starving for it's girlish peach and her shell was dragon-firstly like an angel-bitch she didn't have much time she had to go and do some talks with Tod who was still her husband, Jack has taken her home they did it many times, the day went to sleep her appointment was over and Jack didn't want her to leave, she went to sleep in his sleeping arms of everything and every time she rose up he would snap her in tight embrace, she staid to the hot pink bright morning. She went home for some hours and returned after to take him out into the sun, he was still in bed when she came in, she started to take off her clothes already by the door - unbraced broad black belt drooping it slightly behind herself, picked up short black dress by the rim with arms crossed at her womb and pulling it up made three more steps towards the bed - a catalyse - his eyes hypnotised at the triangle of her slick tangas pulled a little beat in just enough to inebriate showing swollen womb's lips, she threw the dress on the floor into the right they looked into each other eyes with impossible carnality, she was finishing the did when she sat down on the side of the bed she unbraced her bra between her little and brown breasts with a little click, she was very beautiful slim and delicate, he threw his arms around her and pulled her in but he didn't have to pull because she was there before clutching at his face, chest, belly and hips, her lips were

intact carmine for a very short instant with a next buried in his and he kissed as nobody else did and every kiss was an infinity and he loved her ineffably lot and they did it endlessly and it was the first time he took her hot pussy from behind and when he was tight right at her back she saw them both from the outside from the side and from above she saw his back following hers she felt the cavity in his chest at her spine and it filled up with her bone structure and her flesh and skin and she saw he was her twin soul brother and her love grew infinite high and upon the time and sex, this day they broke the bed when she was at the top of him and he made her move faster and faster and faster into the real life and fuck.

Jenny makes her life into a stupid cynical game, she writes it all down, she paints the tragedy up and doesn't protect herself, she goes for it 100% as a profss. documentary team, she doesn't protect Jack, she has become a book, she still says generously her naive motto - Jack it is very important for me that you do exactly what you want, that you live the life you want to live - Jack stopped writing since long time, he says that - writing is just a substitute to a boring life - no - says Jenny - it is an interesting job if you are able to do it, everyone's got to do something, a challenge of oneself, a work for the money or brain and some necessary share with the others, otherwise what? Jack says - may be you are right - she picks up a gun.

Jenny and Jack lay in bed exhausted and happy and flashed and very much in love, they had their 10 times fuck 12 hours adventure. Halla ballou Jenny and Jack are no longer blue and a love is a great baloon and it is here and bright red filling up the whole room and they are going fly to the moon these kids! Babes Trouble - Miss Jenny and the Bachelor Jack - they kiss each other tight and they hugh and they smell this gorgeous sex-love of the last day; - listen to that - Jenny went to Tod's party, she walked along the street with an expensively framed and glassed big portrait in blue pastel she has painted of him years ago, it was past 2 in the night and very cold and a very few people she met all wanted to see the picture and they all wanted to see her and all of the sudden she looked smashingly great! It was really a luck as Jack joined her at the same party after just half an hour, he was drunk and softly drugged on the kind of morphine pill, she drunk champagne fast and she took a thick line of speed - it run down inside her nose and run out too it burnt in the throat and took extra long time before it worked, Jack though she was very beautify in her party fitted mood, he watched her ass and her leather shorts and too short net stockings which exposed her bare tights she bought him drinks, he took speed, she got into several talks, talks, talks, they all went to the night club, she paid Jack's ticket, she continued her talks she forgot she wanted to dance, she didn't see Jack as she already got stuck in the serious talk at the clock room and long after at the bar, Jack was at the other side of the place, Jack worked on the girl, Lily, a pretty chick with rarely intense violet-blue eyes and a short blond dreadlocks and a massive

stubborn but lively body - he told her he wanted to be a girl too - a seducer a soucer with a beautiful cunt with a shape of the heart above in a pubic hair and shaved vagina lips and very much he wanted to screw Lily, she gave up for Jenny's sake as they were friends - how pathetic - Jack tried to get her home phone number. Jenny and Jack were almost last at the club and now they were going home, they got some more pill drugs at the tram stop, Jack hoped it was a morphine pills, Jenny swallowed hers at once proud as a child she could do it without the water, Jack couldn't, the morning was blue and fresh. Coming in Jack said - Jenny show me your ass, Jenny I love you! - and then he swallowed his pill and said again - Jenny, sweet girl show me your ass! - and she did. They sat at least four hours in the bathroom on the floor and Jack told her all his trouble-pain life again but he said things he did not say before and he told her he loves her very much and knows how tough she has with him such an ass hole and that he never got anything out from screwing these other girls and of course he told her that last night he wanted to screw her friend, Jenny casted her eyes down but only for the split of the second, she was a courageous girl in Jack's hands but she did not pronounced love as he did, she listened to him, besides he wouldn't let her talk deep in his monologue of fire, blood, sorrow and trust and hope and love to the world, life and to her - his sweet, little Jenny. Did she believe? - The love words? - not really but she sat there in a tiny underwear willingly exposing herself to him and his wish. Fi-fi wanted to shit so he walked around farthing and scrubbing floor and they have to give in and take him out, the day was incredibly cold earth, gutter and dry grass was buried in snow and bright sun was high up and Jack felt the spring is coming soon - it's only January - Jenny said - I wonder who dumps whom first? - questioned Jack - I can't leave you Jenny, I love you more then you ever thought, we fuck again that's great but I want it more wild, sex is the best of all - and he was dreamy, Jenny was cold, and Jenny said - o, don't even mention, I want want it too! - Fi-fi took a shit and they went home. Jack sat on the bed and Jenny leaned on the couch sucking on her cigarett, Jack said - Jenny, masturbate I want to look - she sat in front of him in the bed doing it, her womb was cold and she was sleepy and not inspired but Jack looked at her and his eyes were hot, without a believe she mingled with her pussy's dry lips, they continued talking about the life, Jack smoked cigarettes one after the other, Jack said he has been very happy since a new year started - and she gazed at him with a great surprise - and he said since some days his love was back and he wasn't planing a departure and he was going to write his book at last and life was a paradise and Jenny was his love, she kept on playing with herself, she told him it was only a bluff but it no longer was, the labia lips were warm and wet inside and fingers stumbled over excited clitoris's light pink melon bud and the swollen thick hard vein inside and it was more and more hot as Jack kept on watching her, planing the future - Jenny do you think I'm crazy? - he asked her - yes, I think you are! - she

said laughing - I want you to laugh when I fuck you, your ass is the most beautiful and most precious on the earth, you are the only family I have and you are so damn sexy, Marilyn Monroe is not sexy, you are! - and he wanted her with in the talk and she hardly could speak as she kept on jerking off for real her voice trembled and her body shivered and his eyes burnt her the whole way through the roar of the coming climax was at the mouth and her fingers were fast now and not making a stumbling mistakes they were explicit and deliberate, the womb in sharp red and endlessly barged, the heart was like a clapper but much more deep and he said - I can't believe how beautiful you are Jenny and that you had two children coming through - her eyes clambering his body and his mind, her clamour clutching at his words and the love waiting for the expected afterglow, then she stopped removed her hand palm diverted it far off throwing herself back on the bed and open like a road in front of him; he did not waste the time he slid all his big and powerful man-hand painfully into her hot soft delicate meat and made her twist with pain, devotion and ineffable desire, her very single scream end up in the total and constant calm breath when his hand was all in Jack got into her for real he touched her at the bud of burning pink and made her furiously come clamouring like a pig and furiously inflating at his fist where they both - at last! - laid inebriated in the radiating afterglow of a carnal love. - O, Jack - whispered Jenny and Joy was gone for good. And she started laughing and he pulled his wet and hot fist out smiling at her one of his brightest smiles - o, Jack - she whispered again and with the next fuck or act or did he infatuated her more and more as she would never doubted before. Inrush of love, infernal celestial inevitable love where Jack's dick inflated her anus, inflated her mouth, pumped her cunt and she screamed all the time as there would not been a difference between climax and the way there, she screamed all the time throwing herself dancing to him under him over him beneath him upon him inside of him, she bite his lips screeched his ass his back there was white flow of the fresh skin under her nails and he was pumping on and now he was on his knees holding her against his crotch with his great dick deep inside her flesh and she was a Triumph Bow of Paris and Eifal Tower and Hatchepsut Temple and Cheops Pyramid and elephants heavily running through the Indian jungle and galloping prarien horse and a little girl's pink ribbon in the blond buttock's long tress and Nil flowing slowly by and ocean at storm. He was her infinity. They did many more eternity's they took the whole world! Inexplicable infinitude of the afterglow in constant inflow - typical for the lovers reaction on speed, champagne, beer, frustration of the past days and wild-sex-gigantic-thirst - they stooped to breath and went to sleep for some minutes. - Jenny, Jenny wake up! - Jack was shouting into her sleep shaking her entire body - we have to go Jenny! I can't be inside we go and borrow some films! - take it easy Jack - her voice was far away - I need to wake up to shower to dress - no, skip it just dress we have to go now! - O.K. - she said and fixed her make up and put on the shorts and white

dirty fur, they walked through the same inequitable street and ice cold air, Fi-Fi walked with pissing at every tree, every car, every gate and every house with intervals of about 4 meters, Jack was gorgeously beautiful and she too and they borrowed 3 play films and 3 porno films. - Jenny it was long since we were fucking like that! - said Jack before they reached their house again, she saw his face, she was madly in love - yes, about a month - she though but did not say, she still felt his whole body pumping between her legs she felt his knees bumping at her his harsh hot breath blowing hurricane through forests of hers skin fluff his cock sliding in her anus and living deep in her womb his arms tender and decisive his hands clatching at her and soft wet skin of his tender buttocks under her nails and her finger tips and her spine rising up from the head - the only part of her body touching the bed - full of sweaty curls and horny angel like infernal spikes to the levitating womb soaring together with his slender body up on his knees; quietly they went up the staircase and opened the same door as every day they were still smiling and air inside was pleasant and intense. Intact sobriety inshore. They threw themselves on the bed. The twinkling when she laid on his narrow bed in the rented room at their fourth day after the explicit love act was fed for an instant and she read Jack's poems turning delicate pages of his strong turning her on life she understood inescapable quality of their love - nothing else was going to happen to her as she shared his mind - she was going to leave Tod, leave Max, leave her old lover and her new boy friend she was going to belong to Jack for good and bad and forever and until the death brings us apart... They threw themselves at the top of the sheets - how good that Max isn't home - said Jack and slid a video cassette with a porno movie into the movie box and leaning back next to Jenny holding remote-control in his right hand caressed her with his left put the TV and film on she put her head down on his shoulder, explicit down images of the dicks and cunts and teats and hairy balls rocking shaking covering molesting depraving loving flattering caring pissing and the concrete fucking sound filed up room in its deep twilight, the sky over them in sober dark pink deepen to violet twilit sculptured their stretched flat on the pillow faces in five; soon she was over him her pussy was running wet with his stiff penis penetrating she was more hot than ever the sound of the morning fuck the sound of the TV his sound and her fast pumping blood was going to explode her and she wanted to clamour and she hold herself back, he stopped her the most often and held her still at his dick watching the screen and watching her cooking ecstatic inside on a parole... With the hundredth move like the one before she was done - she wanted to yell - Jack, please kill me I want to die out of your hand and I want it now it is not rock and roll it is not Houdini it's not fashion it is a fascination it is the truth the only truth I want! - she did not pip he was watching the screen with the big breasted donna being taken by the four - Jenny wanted to whisper - Jack tie me up and beat me and fuck fuck me and tweak me tattoo my body and cut me and pierce me and fuck me and beat me and tie me eat

me tuck me deepest you can and you can all, tie my eyes my ears my mouth with the turpitude of an endlessly hg love tie me against the bed and for my desire build the torture structure treat me like a sex slave and love me endlessly in the space and time until the death puts us apart - she did not pip he was watching a chap jerk off on his donna's white belly with white scum of sperm splashing in plenty and rough and let his white donna taste it with her pink round mouth and scarlet wiping tongue and she had it between her pearl teeth. Jenny continued to rock him and her bright and violent and furiously braking her longs shrill made him deaf for a split of seconds and took him with down there deep where from one doesn't come back easily and willingly - mute, they floated at the celestial most blue and tepid lake surrounded with shrilling naked nymphets with a little teats standing sharp up like a antennas and whole gang of youth lads with cocks straight up like a white guess heads. And the train was coming with pumps of their hearts as an engine and the earth was shivering. And one guy in green tuxedo was so drunk that he slept the whole party laying in the darkest corner between coats and boots and shoes he hold one red high heel shoe in his sleeping grip he got there to look for the princess in his twilight sleep. And Jack was repeating on and on - Jenny you are so wonderful you are so good to me! - Drugs can be fun - do not believe me! They placed a tulchan next to me they wanted me to give milk! Max came home and he has been to a tuck shop and he was in the very bad mood he wanted ordinary family and ordinary life, Jenny got up from bed Jenny was angry Jack was watching it Max was fretful rough and perturbed Max wanted a dinner waiting at the table when he comes home and he wanted Jenny to be angry with him for being late and not being home the previous night and he wanted it all now(!); Jenny started laughing, Max dripped tears and she laughed more Max crushed a wall clock with his fist it was full of glass now and bloody and the watch was broken and laying on the floor Jenny sat on the chair in the kitchen shaking from the spasmodic snorting laughs Jenny couldn't stop tears were flowing from Max almost thirteen years old eyes; Jack got up from the bed he closed the door and put a movie on Jenny talked to Max about life - I love you Max! - she said and he sat quietly in her arms on the couch in the living room after they have brushed the floor together and cleaned his hand from all the glass splinters. Soon three of them sat in the bed and watch the movie it was about a vampire girl it was in New York and she was eating up men, Max and Jenny have been to New York together few times and wanted to do it again very much and Jack too especially that he hasn't been there yet. And that vampire girl wanted to die at the end of the movie she thought it was too bad she had to consume other man but a young in love to her policeman saved her as she has promised she was going to fuck with him without eating him up! Jenny, Jack and Max loved the movie they were a happy family tucked under the Little God's gown. And now Jenny makes love with Jack every night while he looks at the porno movies from Rio, reciprocity is complete but Jenny can't

see the screen while she keeps on tumbling into Jack and he can't see her while he watches the film, in a few days they are a little fed up. Jack is going to write his book at least five pages every day and it shall take about three months, he is very happy with himself and a bit irritated with a girl - Jenny as she lives here too - apparently? Jack knows almost clearly that she is a second hand love - his time hasn't come yet; Jenny dreams her babe with Jack again she said to herself - I'll go and take out the spiral tomorrow - she is fat like a cow - Jack says - with breasts like a milk middle wife and she is babe-obsessed and he is too but not with her - he wants to meet the son he already has - he is buying a new and beautiful Dandy like clothes and he is standing in the mirror Jenny doesn't know how to quivive Jack is omniscient and omnipotent and his book is going to be a sensation and he is going towards his young princess waiting for him somewhere in the waste rich world and the world is all before him, he doesn't want babe with Jenny and he thinks she has forgotten all about, when he'll turn fourthy he is going to be in love with a seventeen years old girl with breasts like a sharp antennas (!) - so it is still two years left until her's insemination so of course meanwhile Jack has some more time for Jenny at least until he'll finish his book but somehow he is hoping he might change his mind at least somewhere by the spring - he may be can write faster - in a spring a man has to be precisely tempting and free (!) - he wants to cry already now whenever he feels fluids of the spring reaching his longing heart; now Jack goes to bed and he is missing her cosy warm ass next to him and he says - Jenny join me - and when she does almost immediately he fucks her in the pussy taking her from behind - he likes that. Bluish twilight turns to a grey down and the lovers on the teeter as the lovers they are go to sleep hand in hand arm in arm and feet in feet tucked with a thick quilt and thin guilt - it is snowing again and thick snow white flakes tussle and emanate electric in the wind. - Twirl, twiddle, turnabout - a turn-coat spider behind the fire place sings them tutti-frutti-ashy-lullaby. And when they all sleep - also Max and Fi-fi - the spider spiders-spinning round like a proper turnkey. Jenny kisses Jack through the sleep. A quitch grows around the bed. Jenny wakes up, the street outside is filled with the snow broth and roofs are dripping and she knows that yesterday Jack was brushy and carping but now is all sweet and soaring in his sleep and she knows is no use to sob for yesterday - she is a smart girl in Jack's hands, he gets what he wants and she keeps the wolf from the door off. Last night when she was out with Fi-fi she met that guy on speed and he bubbling gave her an old expansive carpet he has stolen and he was small and miserable and carpet was very small too and Fi-fi wanted to shit very much as he hasn't been out since yesterday and the guy suddenly wanted a few hundred for the item and police car came by and he run away taking the rug with him. When Jenny came home Jack has already gone to bed. And now awoke she was thinking - baby or New York? New York or baby? And she was getting fed up with herself not being able to progress either the question

or the answer. She could have bought the arabic rug it would have been perfect to keep Jack's feet warm while writing as he doesn't use to dress but only wind round himself with a blanket. And Jack was planing for the Lonely Summer still in his sleep. The Jungle low has taken over again. - Life is a turkey! - stated for herself Jenny when she woked up, rain was pouring at the glass of the windows as rapidly pissing hordes of Jacks, suddenly she had a picture under her eyelids of 6 Bosnia kids killed by Serbien shells at the snow-fun-mamelow, the first child's face was white like a wall and had lot of Max's delicate fine-features, silhouette of the boy under grey thick blanket was alerting short as his legs were possibly blown away, the next boy's face was very sweet and also asleep all red smeared with blood like cherries on his round cheeks, the next one was all in the unrecognisable shapes and look like a hip of texture or clothes in blue, green, grey and red, next two with heads blown off by the shells and in blue snow boots - the world was rushing into their - Jenny and Jack's small little-home, Jack was deep asleep and breathing tough, he was kicking with his legs and pulling the cover off Jenny's hot breasts, he has made a soft pillow out of Hers right breast and uncovered the other one too and tried to keep his eye open for to look at standing up small pink nipple.

They have been fucking obsessively in two weeks, Summer was extremely hot, they tried to go out into the sun - it didn't really work, they have seen some grass and snips of the sky, Jack spend the most time inside Jenny, some time working care taking of the old people at the hospital and some time drinking beer in various town's bars; when they were out drinking together life was a paradise, one night they have been visiting lots of bars, Jenny slid her little green ring she bought in Athens on Jack's little finger and she has drown deepest down in his eyes and he said - you are my girl Jenny - they both have bright red lips all the time as they shared the kisses and everything, Jack took Jenny into his arms and caressing and kissing carried her out into the darkening street, the have climbed, they have been running screaming crying Jenny dropped off her shoes, Jack climbed up the church roof, she followed him, Jack has taken off all his clothes also his slips throwing it all down on the ground and he shouted for full throat - I love Jenny Good! I love Jenny Gorgeous! Jenny is my girl! I'm all hers! - he had all the lights on him standing there white and nude her heart beat for love and then he said - I would love to be always with you but it is not going to work - and the words were a shock to her as suddenly they came she pretended she cried with face pressed against the red tile of the church roof, down there on the ground stood people and watched them, Jenny and Jack climbed down, the town was getting too hot and too small they had to go away she understood walking down and up the main Avenue in his tight embrace with lipstick in her hand and still trying to avoid meeting Tod and Jack's ex; Dutch was going by car to Amsterdam where he lived and they went with him; car was a van and they had a madrace in the back they kissed all the way and

layed a top of each other, in Amsterdam they spend the most time in a little provisional room under the roof, madrace was made of a few pieces and in pieces it remained, the roof was licking and the rains were big, sometimes it was the sunshine and then they went with a bottle of pink wine to Vondelpark to kiss. They shared a space chocolate cake sat first at the high bar chairs inside the cofe house, Jenny's heart went fast and her mind run in circles at the instant of fear Jack took her hand and hold in his their pulse came together Jack's pulse slow down hers outside black shimmering water and a banch and a full moon waiting they promised each other forever love and they kissed. Next day they slept the whole through waking up only for the countless acts of love, he took her in her virgin anus - the ecstasy was complete and her love more and more explicit - he was her brother he was her god she was going to follow him down to hell he took her in her virgin anus and she was a delicate boy and she was his love-girl she was infatuated and he was her infatuation and all the dirt was clean and the god open a sky and open his arms and it was all troth!; now she wanted it everyday and everynight and he kept on doing it and doing everything else and he got very drunk and rolled under the bus and she was screaming kneeling down in the narrow street and she managed to pull him away, they took taxi and when they got out he has rolled under the car all the way, Dutch had to help her to drag him out, Jack got into the argument and she stood on his side and tried to pour black coffee into his mouth and he said - my ex-girl she would have beaten me for all that - they have taken a taxi to their little room and made love like mad and he took her everywhere and they loved it inexpressibly. Jack's shoes didn't have any sole. Jenny bought him a new ones, he left his old ones on the street in the pretty box, the new one hurted very much and he started walking like an arab to heaven or hell with hills sticking out it look true sloppy and fun! He would throw her down on the floor and laid a top of her in the presence of others and only for to eat her lips, to kiss. The money was gone and they decided to home as home they had to go first as she was going to have a concerts with her band in Berlin very soon; they stopped over in Hamburg as they got hold of an empty apartment, they fucked and fucked and fucked like a gladiators and they had big blue coach-bed they fucked her anus in the morning and they fucked over smashed cheese and bread and spilled youghurt in the late afternoon and over glass of wine at the evening and then also in the night for nothing - they fucked all the time, it was a turkish quarter and she looked through the window and she looked at Jack, they have been out sometimes, they have been robed by a turkish gang but they had nothing to loose they went home smiling the night was deep and the fuck even deeper; she loved him to take her in her ass madly! They did not have the money and Tod paid their tickets back, Tod was in love and Jenny and Jack too. Jenny slept one day - not a night - without Jack the time was sick - their love have won! She washed all his clothes for the seconed time and he had to stay home waiting he only had one pare of jeans. They went together to Berlin.

X

LUCKY LUCY DEATH TOUR

Lucky Lucy was going on tour ... - Come home Lucky Lucy - mother said. Lucky Lucy heard nothing at all. She was buried in love again. Her lips were mashed red from kisses and heart hot - So what's use of going home? - Lucky Lucy thought. A moon was red and a sun and the Man. And when they were going back from James Bond party - four of them Edvin pissed into the mail boxes in the doors of homes and bars.

At last there were four grand days to get all: the boys, music, car, money together. Drummer quit - his hand was bad and his girl pregnant - Lucky Lucy was in despair. The moon was gone, love was in shake, money was not going to come at all, the car was out of reach - the telephone went hot. She pawned all she could to get money to pay the train trip for them all. Lucky Lucy was going on tour and they had to get where they had to get. The moon dimmed for good and went on to sleep.

Friday. Tod gets out of the taxi at Monostreet, his back, his long coat swaying. Jack is first at the station. Lucky Lucy with her son Max and all her stuff in four cases runs towards him. He wears sandals, carries almost empty bottle of white wine wrapped in a plastic bag and empty wine-red suitcase. The boys face each other - time runs out - it is too late to buy tickets but Lucy is still arguing at the cashier - boys run to stop the train. 30 seconds left, Lucy tries to get all the stuff moved she is helped by a stranger on the platform the band boys running with bags, guitar cases and other stuff - specially the stuff. They all miraculously manage to get into the train. Max stays at the platform waving good bye and his eyes are sad and his eyes are lost and his eyes are lonely as the wolf's eyes.

They get kicked out of the train at the next station - they don't have tickets. Jack is in love and he carries Lucy in his arms among the cases and she loves it. The other guys take acid behind phone buzz. An hour or two at the Chinese restaurant across the street in the mini town. In the train they move round different compartments, they end up all the wine at the train's restaurant. The acid company is wild. Lucy and Jack are by themselves, they are hot, they take all the clothes off and make love, Jack takes her from behind, Jack takes her in her anus. Lucy screams high. High company reach the climax, they yell and shout leaning out of the window so only the boots are inside, they are throwing empty tins and bottles at the train track's pillars, it's a lovely game. In between their compartments sits a silent par. The night is dark - the night is fast. They all finished the beer at the train as well and they all have fun.

Mat and Tom meet them at the station, the beast is out, they take white limo, live luggage and rush down town, it's Jack's home town and he takes Lucy round to show her places, they ring some door bells. They sleep on the floor. Morning is slow and train to Berlin leaves very early, they have few hours

delay but they aren't going to be late for the concert. Lucy borrows money from Jack. Train trip, boat trip, train trip - Lucky Lucy can't remember anything except sleeping in Jack's arms and that it is more and more hot. 17 o'clock they arrive at Hauptbahnhof, it is still Summer, fat guy from Knaak Klub fetches them at the station. In few hours they are on the stage and everything is perfect, they have their own and best drummer with. Lucky Lucy is drunk and stoned and beautiful, she does her show looking into Jack's eyes..After Jack is sleeping in the middle of the tiny back stage room, Lucky Lucy is happy and she kisses his sweet sleeping lips, the band increases wilderness. Lucy's case with money is gone. She helps Jack into the taxi and from and into the coach at the reception, she phones desperately from the hotel about her bag - she is broke again. Tom argue with Lucy that she should stop to paint her lips. They two quarrel about everything. She helps Jack into the bed, room is hot; other boys go out to Kreuztzeburg to buy drugs. They have fun. Lucy goes to sleep behind her Sweet-Baby-Boy-Jack. She hears them come back in the morning using extreme snorting speedy voice - it is E and Yy, they breath tough and rapid. The morning goes for making love. E sleeps in the same room, the curtain is red. The day is hot and they take a walk around the town. They stay at the cafe shop outside, after take a chicken and a kebab, in a park thin couples with kids buying fix - Arabic boys deal, Jack rests in her lap. Lucky Lucy watches blowing leaves. A dealer watches her and he plays with a knife.

Three days later Yo, E, Tom and Mat are broke and E and Yy are lost. Lucy and Jack sleep one night at another hotel where they arrive 6 in the morning wet and cold from the rain, then at Rafael in a little room - Jack is so incredibly beautiful that Lucy can hardly hold her breath; they spent the whole day at Mitropa - Nick's favourite place - next night they sleep in the border tower literally filled with booze, they make love in the little room downstairs on the bar chair Jack is totally inside Lucky Lucy and he makes her shrill cry vaporise. They watch a bizarre landscape of the scornful past. Kath doesn't let them in. They see a movie Zombie on the Ghost Train - it is very beautiful. Lucy looks racked and she wears sun glasses every rainy day, they get a tiny place in East Berlin at Prinzlauer Berg, Jack feels bad, Lucy have complained on him - she said a lot of shit to a prettiest boy whose kiss is like a Spring - it was her pre-menstruation -bla-bla-bla - she threw the whole shit of her life upon him - now she wishes she haven't say a word. The other boys sleep at the friend place, there is no toilet and no beds and no sheets, they steal vodka for breakfast they don't have food, they fly over the street. E and Yy are still lost god doesn't knows where.

Lucy make films. Lucy and Jack and few bottles and case with films drive around in underground searching the place, the cinema, they do look spectacular. Lucy sees one girl who doesn't want to see Lucy. Sputnik Kino is filled with people, the show is success. Jack loves Lucy's films. Lucy goes to a man bathroom in the break, Jack jumps on the door and looking at her

shouts - you piss excellent Miss Lucky Lucy, I love you Lucky Lucy! - Jack is beautiful and I love Jack! - thinks Lucy - he asks Hans if possibly Hans is in love to him too. They go to Casa Leone across the street, food is excellent, Jack falls asleep at the table, he wakes up and leaves. Lucy looks for him first in the nearest bars, she stays at Niagara for mescal drink and talks to a boy. She takes taxi home but stops at Hauptbanhoff looking for Jack - he is there! He is sleeping on the ground level with his face turned down, to the floor. She wakes him and takes him home.

Nick, bicycle repairman from London, Lucy met him at the first day at the tiny place, she couldn't put the gas for cooking on and sweet Jack was in bed and she bought a tin of soup for them two, Nick has wormed it up at his place and cut slices of fresh white bread to it. He lives upstairs. She also bought a bottle of red French wine. That night it was she who got drunk, the bars around are all right. Lucy met a girl, an actress which is very nice. Lucy's son came down by flight, he shall play with Lucy's band, Lucy's girlfriend Amalia came with a baby too, and Jack's boy friend and Nail who is playing sax in the band. It was this morning Lucy got a panic, it didn't work with a places to stay as planed, it was bloody shitty mess, E and Yy were found by now, meanwhile they slept at the Banhof Zoo and in the staircase of the Transit hotel from where they were thrown out and now they were five, no four as Mat went home so they did not have a drummer again - they were four penniless lived like dogs sleeping in one hip to keep warm and running few floors downstairs for to piss, they ate all Danny's food and she was fed up with them and she loved them, all the girls in the neighbourhood were in love to them - and now Lucy got a panic - there were few more people coming down and they had nowhere to stay and they were all fragile and dear people as men, woman and children. Then Lucy got an idea - she hanged a message on Nick's door asking if he could have help her - and he could! And he was very happy and very pleased to do it! Voovv he was a fortune!

Lucky Lucy is very tired, the day went too fast, she is going by train to get her texts she left at the first hotel. On the train back two little men hangs onto her, they say Lucy looks like a Marilyn Monroe and they want to buy her for 100 DM - they think Lucky Lucy is a hooker; she doesn't get angry at such thoughts anylonger. Lucky Lucy does miracle and make herself look beautiful right before the concert but she has to wear damn sunglasses. They - the band - are really good, it is fun to play and public loves them. Jack is there too. Night street outside is hot. It's the hooker's street it's a people street it's a freaks street it's a bohemian street it's the hot street and girls walk around in the bikinis all year long and it even gives them money - vov! There is a devil too. It's name is Oranienburgerstrasse.

She can't remember but something isn't easy, her voice is raspy and it goes lot up and down all by itself. Mutant Waste Company has got a great show in no man land and they all go there many times - it is in the place where new government shall be build for the capitol city Berlin. Jack carry Lucy in his

arms and this is the best of everything, she looks at rockets and looks into his eyes. He has to leave.

The last concert at Huxley's New World is the best. The concert at Loft is not going to be off as a singer in Smashing Pumpkins got sour throat this is shitty bad luck also because Ingmur a wonderfully smart girl can't see the band as they also gave wrong information about their second concert at Tacheles it was only a single but in fact that's a carrier shit and to be true no one cares in that gang except the sparrows, the whole Berlin is covered with posters of the band And Lucky Lucy blond pretty Monroish sad-face, Yo and Dani fall in love. Lucy gets drunk on her own and dances with a toll and bold and blaze BerlinDandy -monster at the party the hold at cafe. She has a funny head, she has walked under the bar and it knocked her down just before the playing - she had to take a shower, aspirin and vodka orange - it worked. Creamers - the band after them is very good. She shares a bed with her son, they spent the day together. More film shows. All the boys have moved to Nick's place by now, it's spacy clean and sunny and it has a real flash water toilet outside in the staircase house. They all have much fun and they steal and fix the stuff, they all want to eat meat they don't have; Nick cooks for them, he is vegetarian. Amalia and baby and Max and Nail left. Yo is sleeping in her bed and it is only about the room. She has stopped to watch the moon.

Friday full moon and Rafael takes Lucy on the motorbike to the movies, Rafael seets are in silk she thinks about Jack - they speak on the phone - he says Lucky Lucy you have to come home - she is already on the way. At this point love is simple.

Another full moon, a night dinner at mutant Waste - great dining table under the gate of tanks painted in pink, red, blue, purple and mend together with chains and still in real silver - gigantic treasures - theatre Grande - meat - fruits - wine - big hobbits. Train home. Lucy has a flue. All young girls on the train are in love to the rock & roll band and one boy in the marine cap too. They lay across the boys knees, lots of them and they giggle and kiss, they point on Lucy and ask - Who is she? Is she also with you? And Lucy sitting there in her sunglasses on and her white fur and trying to sleep. Jenny is in love to Yo, and Cilla to Yy. They give cigarettes and drinks to the rock & rolls boys. Everybody's happy. Lucy goes to sleep. Boys go on the boat, they steal four litters of Kosken Vodka to start with. They are in the fight with a stuff on the boat, they win the fight and they rob them. Lucy keeps part of the stolen money. Yo's head is crushed and he weeps in Lucy's lap. He looks like an elephant man. Police right behind their compartment door. They search them and find nothing. It is morning the train arrives at last. The boys are too drunk to get out, too drunk to wake up and to move at all. Yy is OK, he and Lucy carry the stuff out, cases, guitars, synth, drums, Lucy's coats. Three of them are still asleep inside the train. Yy wakes up E and Yo, Yo starts running round the tracks and coming trains, Lucy try to keep him still,

he rolls down on the track , E is completely mad, they are not going to fix it, train is about to leave, school girls travelling with in the previous train and going now to another town, waiting on the next platform watching them. Lucy is collecting the stuff, she doesn't wear sun glasses any longer. Yo and E throw Tom on the platform with his head down, he doesn't stop to sleep, the game goes on, Tom sleeping on the guitar cases with his face down to the ground. Yo running between the tracks, E mad, Yy cheating with the little girls. Yo crushes down on his back with arms outstretched like an eagle in the sky . Police coming, Lucy trying to sharpen them up, there is no way, the train stuff's turns Tom - there is blood coming out of his nose, they open his blind eye and say - the man is dead! - E screaming - Lucy Baby Tom is dead, Tom Baby - Tom gives no sign of life. E gives himself to the police - he walks with his arms up and says - Lucy Baby there is no way, we don't make it, it is Berlin, it is the end. Yo is also lead to the police car, they drive away, they are hold for the homicide. Ambulance takes Tom. Lucy wants to go home. Yy says - no way - we are going to wait here. Lucy says - OK. - Yy buys bayonet. They go to Mc Donalds and buy food for the rest of stolen money. Yy eats hamburger and chicken, Lucy eats pineapple pie and apple pie, it is awfully fat. Lucy calls home - no one picks up and she calls Jack . She watches old gypsy woman beg. They can't wait any longer - they have to go home. They take all the stuff and they take a train they are two on the special six persons reduction ticket, they give a free ride to a gypsy couple with a small girl - a father and a girl are picking a mother out of a jail. Yy drinks vodka with them, Lucy sleeps happily - she is going to meet her Man!

Jack in a new white sporty jacket stood already at the station when the train arrived. She fall into his greatest kiss, they took taxi with Yy to his home - she paid with a stolen money, living the luggage there - she was never going home - Lucy took out a bottle of Sekt she stole from the Eastern tower for Jack as a symbolic present - he has become her king from now on - a gift was from the only place she has made him a scene - she was not going to do it ever again promised her eyes and pussy and kisses. She loves him, they kiss leaning at the wall of the house as soon they get outside and through the gate, the bottle of Sekt stands besides them on the electric dark green box, sky sways above them - it has been four long days and nights - he eats her lips, she is totally wet between her legs, she is soaking and feels his dick hard and still hardening against her they run straight to bed somewhere where Jack has arranged it, they don't leave for a long long love time. Tod phones few times - you are really wanted Jenny-Joy-girl - Jack smiles to her and his eyes are the most beautiful eyes she has seen - she has nothing to say to the phone and she has a whole life in front of his. The sex, the warmth, the nearness, space, love, bewitched, flying tender, biting, tasting, feeling, filling up, filling up the whole heart into the exploding limit, forever, take me, kill me, eat me, love me, into the wilderness carry me into the calm land for

just one twinkle and back into the infernal hit -heat still spreading wings of eternity were even snuffy words cling pure and true, just do it again darling do it again and never let it stop! - phone rings again and Jack passes to her - no, no, no - she says. They open bottle of Sekt they have forgotten till now and drink a sip and the other one and turn back to love making and then back to love sleep. In the morning the happiest couple on earth wake up in the tiny room, Jenny's cold is gone, Jack's worries too are gone, they make love again, they take shower staring at each other and kissing, they dress up staring at each other Jenny pulls her tiny underwear slowly on and her bra, some girl opens the door, everything is as in a slow motion, they look into each other eyes, they go out to take a coffee, it's sunshine and their arms are for each other and tight round each other and their hips they only rub and graze rub and graze rub and graze at each other and cup of cafe is all they might need.

Jack has stopped drinking coffee long ago it wasn't good for him it made him shake and shiver Jenny stopped a while ago also quite long as a time rushes as a furious devil on the fast train. Last two days her heart was so full of love as a sponge - today the third day heart full of love as a sponge to wash dirty floors dirty bath tubs and dirty shit stinky butts and boots.

- Joy, where is your resistance, where is your integrity and world orientation?

-

They have been shopping again, - it was about a week ago - at the pub they were suppose to meet Jenny was refused a service and they had to live - does she look like a hooker? or a speed freak? - Jack bought electronic chess, Jenny bought shoes and shining stockings; the leather jacket she put on hold is sold, it was a pity because it was a great one . They come home, Max is watching TV, Jack is playing chess with a computer, Jenny cooks, they eat Jenny wants to kiss Jack he pushes her away, night has fallen long ago - we haven't made love in two or three days and nights realises Jenny. Jenny looks awful. She gives Jack blow job hoping for a shot one way or another when she feels how defused he's already coming in small licks into her mouth, it does taste an old sperm - she falls asleep waken up suddenly by the throat's reflex swallowing sticky ill tasting stuff - they look into each other eyes smiling - they are in love but they seam to shit in it, both. The bed is warm and sleep long and thick.

Next day is grey and Jenny runs down town in the razor cold air, she is wearing string underwear and it's deep inside her cunt and this or the other - she is so incredibly horny and an edge of the leather shorts between her legs is cutting through, is massaging her clitoris so explicit-deliberately that she thinks she is going to come, she stops running and walks fast seeing black shimmering water in the channel, she is storm-pulling Fi-fi on his leash, she wants to phone Jack and ask him to come down town and take her right

away - Jack I'm so impossibly horny I can't hold it anymore, come! - she keeps on walking, well down town inside she is trying to buy food and nails never she felt so lost, she is like one big walking erected cunt, she is buying five red tulips, Jose - their first dealer is on her back following her running after her he is talking all the time a speed Scare Pacino Face, she takes tram back home - home? - what's home, she doesn't even question that every time she touches Jack he snake-hisses - home? she washes towels, cooks dinner and walks through the rooms, she cleans Max's room... She is so fucking horny and Jack is so far away under the same roof - how pathetic! Her breasts burnt and hurt and she loved that pain she came towards the mirror - before she went shopping down town - and pulled the right breast out of the bra it was round, hurt and swollen and she licked it and it was hard and she tasted a nipple and she was so damn turned on - does she really have a "man in a house" ? Doesn't he love her? - she is so smart on excuse-explain - he is busy - she says - he is blouse - he is - he is himself! - and she seem to love it - the real stuff - yes, she loves him to be a real stuff; she hates emptish vaudeville games - I'm loosing capacity of the criticism again - sighs a girl peacefully - there is no even rock and roll on TV, Max comes home and he has an Indian looking stranger with him, Jenny shakes a hand with a boy - his hand is very cold and a bit stiff, Max and John go to sleep in the room she cleaned up, Jenny asks Jack to blow her face clean from the dust, he gets annoyed with a second blow, he spends night writing and playing chess - he wins all the time, she cooks excellent dinner - Jenny you are drowning in love again! - screams Joy across her face - they eat laying on the bed, she would like to take her clothes off for Jack into the dinner she doesn't do. The first time she went home after Berlin trip, Max, Tod and Jenny's daughter sat waiting for her in the living room, she was some hours delayed and they waited with nerves wretched. Tod sat in the easy chair and still looked beautiful, he still didn't start drinking he welcomed her with a smile, lips were shaking when Jenny came in and stood in the middle of the room not knowing where to turn she said - hey! - Anabels eyes were drilling straight through her - So? - questioned her Tod. - I can't leave him I really love him! - said Jenny surprised herself at the words. - You said you only needed two more weeks and were coming back home! - shouted Max starting to cry, Anabel jumped at her first only with words - you are an idiot Joy, Jack is twice as young as you are, in 10 years you will be old and left alone, he is even younger then myself and he is a bad boy he is really insane - Joy stood with an open mouth for a second her lips twitched as on a little girl and she looked as she was going burst in tears, Tod saw all that and tried to interrupt as he felt sorry for Joy and besides knowing her tried to change the out put and save his Jenny wife's skin, it was too late, Anabell and Jenny were in the kitchen fighting , Anabel hung in Jennys arms deep with her nails and Jenny had a frying pan in her rise hand and was supposing to throw it down into Anabel's head, suddenly they stopped, Jenny left the house; she had a

dinner with Jack, first dinner they had together in the apartment they borrowed from Stela, they went shopping together across the street, they bought food literally holding hands and kissing all the time, they both wore dark sunglasses, they bought olives, rosbiff, salad, tomatoes, potato chips, cheese and fruits and two bottles of pink wine, Jack carried bags in one hand and hold Jenny's hand in the other, he opened a door with a key he carried in his wallet, Jenny kept on forgetting her's inside as she didn't need as they spent all the time together anyway, she cooked and he listened to music and looked into couple of books, he stood on the balcony watching the evening sun - it was red and hot and explicit, his heart was full of love and it was strong and mild in the same time and it was singing, dinner was ready and he couldn't believe his own tongue how excellent it tasted and wine was gorgeous and Jenny-Joy was the best of it all, he took off her shades and looked into her eyes he kissed her hand softly eating her up slowly with his eyes with the last bite of the rosbiff he put Joy down on the floor, his hands were taking off her clothes while his lips made a way from her mouth to her womb and it took eternity she laid on the floor looking straight into the burning sun and into Jack's burning heart, he took her on the floor in the perfect act of sex, he made her scream and rise like a Triumph bow - her favourite magnificent; spilt pink wine was under their asses like a sea and a dessert an ice cream with fresh pitch and wiped creamed was mashed into his belly and her breasts through which her stiff pink nipples looked as a little castles in the snow stormy dawn, they did it again and let the night fall, they did not move, the balcony door was open and it chilled them constantly but not more then just the very surface of the skin and it's fluff; they did it again and again - you cook excellent miss Joy - whispered Jack going to sleep between her poop and the navel of his world; Jenny breathed peacefully, the air was fresh but it only smelled Jack's sperm, Jack's sweat, Jack's breath, Jack's skin, Jack's feet, Jack's ass and roses. When she came visiting her old home the next time Anabel and Max sat on the couch waiting and Tod was playing the piano, the only light in the room was one little burning candle in the middle of the round table in brown curved wood - the table which was hers first furniture in that town since at least 16 years, Jenny came in silently, nobody spoke, she sat down opposite her children and took deep breath, Tod's piano playing rout deep in her heart, her tears sat above the surface in her throat. After a while Tod left, she and children sat for a long while and the only sounds were a sounds from the outside as a burking dog, passing car, occasional talks by a bypassers and nothing more. Jenny left, the street was next to empty and evening light soft and the church bell ringing the evening mass. Jack was laying on the couch and reading a book when she came in, they both laid reading books late into the deep night, they became restless, he carried her to bed and did the gorgeous love act to her again and again - I want your Baby! - she screamed for the first time imagining feeling a tiny spirit in pink flesh starting up within her own soft bloody flesh of her womb

and her hot Jack and his dick sending her straight into the skys - a Baby-boy she wanted very much and her eyes were wet with tears; the sleep was light and peaceful.

Morning sun was sipping out of the sky, Coco phoned, he was very nice and he wanted to live an ordinary happy life with his little girl with Jack and Jenny, he sounded as he had a true good fuck with his little happiness, he wanted to walk in the afternoon sun with all the Saturday walkers by, Jack didn't want that, Jack was pissed, Coco was his and he had to remain such a possession, Jack slept as long he could until his lonely appointment for chess with Coco was taking place - Jenny walk me up one hour before, it is very important! - Jenny walked above and around she was masturbating in the bath, her pink pussy - she stopped remembering how wonderful it was to fuck with Jack a week ago under the same conditions, she went back to bed she thought but she stopped by the window with her back at him - he looked at her big ass and he lost the lust totally - she was now laying besides him and he just turned the cover up and went, yes Jack is Jack he is tough guy and a great lover - hi! And he knows what to do and what he wants! Jack went out Jenny went back to the bath tub she shaved her pussy clean and smooth, she rubbed it dark pink she rubbed it carmine she rubbed it violet with only a clitoris bud light pink and arouse in three steps like a temple, she made herself come wildly flowing through the water in the tub like a queen Saba - Jenny is a nut! Jack is doing mat against Coco's queen at the chess-board, he is very beautiful today even he has got a cold he is wearing light blue jeans shirt which Jenny washed few days ago in dishing liquid as she was too greedy to by a washing powder too, she is still paying everything, flat, food and so on... Jenny is a peanut! Jenny is in love Jenny is peaceful she wants Jack to pierce her pussy willingly her clitoris she is going to buy all the stuff, she wants him to tattoo her she wants to be root, to be painfully engraved, grouted - Jenny girl - Jenny is in love and it have to cost and hurt! Last night Jack had a bad night mare he kicked with his legs against her he woke her up he was scared - hold me, Jenny - he whispered...

That extra ordinary Sunday after the whole night of snorting speed made Jenny-Joy give in totally for love. She fucked Jack hard and she screamed in the loud voice one could hear also on the street - Jack I love you more then life! Jack I love you! I love you! Love You! You! You! You! Only You! - and she laughed, smiled, cried and whispered the love words big and small. She had to be waiting for this fuck about a week or two, she can't remember as she absolutely can't think or see clear now, except love, love, love and it fills her heart so totally and it feels as she had a soft boiled egg between her legs all the time and the breath becomes milder and milder if you know what I mean when you can't hold it anymore wherever you might be situated and with whom! - Jenny is in LOVE! AND IT IS TRUE! JACK! JACK! Screams the girl loosing herself totally. Kneeling against his snow white belly stretched

like a pergamin holly Tibetan book of the life & wisdom & no death. Life! Life! Life! She decides again - Yes! Baby! Whatever might happened - Baby - I'll have his Baby! The first thing I'll do when I'll get on my legs I'll go to the hospital and take out the spiral and I'll fuck the shit out of us forever high! It is so!

Last night they have taken speed again - it was planed - they were going to film for "The house of Love" movie with Coco, Coco was going to take acid and Jack and Jenny amphetamine, they were all excited already hours before the stuff arrived, the whole world, the town, the quarter, the house, the room, the body, the heart felt special as a bride on the stinky polish wedding where it is enough to piss in the corner to keep the flies away from the bride so vaginal and unforgettable, the snow was soft behind the window falling slowly down in big thick blisters brides dress was feet long and snow white and there were no drops of blood on her pussy, she was or wasn't she a virgin? Jenny filmed herself naked and dressed only in a black boa and she tunnelled thick silver pipe between her buttocks as a girl from Pigalle' did - Jenny saw that picture on TV and it fascinated her enough to try it, her room was swept in 1000 watts light and every dust corner shined and every sick desire. The sky was thick black you could cut with a knife and sow suits for the young Dandies filling up the theatre patio in Paris and a velvet long soft and wide crinoline dress for Anabell and a coffin sheets for Joy. Jack and Coco came home. Joy made crock monsieur sandwiches, Jenny became an expert in the kitchen and they both had fun, Max too. This night Max was out on his own and it was better that way, they got two LSD drops and a gram of speed in white crystals, they mashed it in two separate hips on the small crystal mirror, rolled 20 crones bill, Jack was first to snort then Jenny and Coco at last, the warmth filled up their comfortable and comforted hearts, they were three best friends and they put on a camera and a strong light. The time was smooth and heat in the room was perfect, for the 10 th time they played Roxy Music first side as nobody saw it possible to turn the side of the record, they were going out and coming back and going out and coming back and snorting and talking and filming and theoretically Jack wanted his explicit dick in Coco's anus, he wanted to see the great rainbow of the free sex for sex but Coco was not interested he was a bit blouse over Jack's and Jenny's lack of moral but they were his best friends and the time rolled off away from the sinister dragon of reality; they were on the way to great China, they had this beautiful dream... They went to several parties, Jenny danced on and off with a toll guy with a shaved bold head but at one point she had to leave him in the middle of the song and founding Jack kissed his lips passionately, Coco talked to a girl and Jack talked to a boy. Jenny, Jack and a boy took taxi home, Coco came later, they have filmed more and talked and a boy ate all meat left from the dinner and they all snorted the last portion and show their films to the boy and talked some more and then Jenny got this smashing fascinating her idea about a Baby! - this time for sure, this time I'll

not be coward or changing mind Joy promised herself sitting squatting quietly on the floor, and I'll not take New York before you Angel-Child - she whispered her love child's beautiful name in the quiet of her heart again and again, Coco left, Jack and the boy talked and talked, after hours Jenny sat in Max's room and counted legs on the painting of Dali, a big reproduction in colour, while Jack was telling his story of his old love affairs and his version of Jenny and Jack, there were 19 legs of horses, people, angels, monster and something else , 19 long and mostly very long legs, Jenny was bored like shit and she got dressed and went out - where are you going Joy?! - screamed Jack after her on the staircase - I'm bored I have to go - she was angry fed up and sore, she was a fucking bitch she thought - don't worry Jack - she said - it is your home, you can take here anyone you like for how long you like, I'm bored, but I'll be back - said the girl hoping to take a very very long walk sore like a bee for not having an amphetamine left to stuff her pussy and Jack's dick, she would love him to try that and was pissed at herself that she didn't master the situation - right downstairs was nowhere to go, air was incredibly cold and the street was filled with a deep wet broth after the last night snow, a sun was shining straight into the eyes like hell and Sunday people stared at her - she thought - the ground at the bottom of the mashed broth was so slippery that she almost couldn't walk - she smoked a last cigarette she found in her pocket taking fire from some very toll and pretty boy - he said he had a horrible hangover and she said she hadn't yet as she still did not sleep he went to the left and she to the right she made a small circle around the house and went quietly upstairs sneaked into the bathroom and sat down on the floor, Jack's visitor left understanding that Jenny has got enough and Jack joining her took her out to the room, laying comfortably on the bed he said - masturbate Jenny, take your dress off, I'm going to film, you - and he watched the show buried deep in her pussy without his head he has forgotten to film. She was rather bad show mate - she understood but she had that unexpected love feeling to him growing through the walls so she would do anything, she was freezing and her whole body was covered with guss skin pimples - Jenny you are so incredibly beautiful - whispered Jack. She told him how horny she was the other day, she was shy and she stumbled through the words - and I licked my breasts in front of the mirror, Jack for you - she said, his eyes burnt and he stretched hand to her and said - Jenny come over here - his voice was mild and very low and very beautiful, she was right there and soon she had even less clothes on her and he was inside her pussy and she said - no, no, please no, I don't want to fuck I love you too much, don't - she never said this before, may be when she was fourteenth years old, tears dripped from her eyes and she was soft like a little girl and he kissed and sucked and licked her breasts and made her soft and horny again - yes, yes! - she was screaming now - fuck me in my ass, I want you in my ass! - no, Jenny I want your pussy you are great! - no, no, no - begged a girl in a small child's voice - I want you there, please, please - they

were damn high on love and close with eyes burning and tender as never before or may be the first night the first dawn and Jenny laughed like a mad child and she fucked him like a mad princess and she kissed him like a mad queen and she was mad Joy and he was her prince and her Bebe Boy The Only One and his eyes were so near her while the love act as never before and burning of the sharp black hot vivid light of happiness hit-heat sure-love and trust and she was screaming - fuck me fuck me fuck me do! - and she screamed - You are my king! - and she shouted - I love you! - and she screamed louder and louder and she twisted in the roar of love and laugh and his eyes were wild wide open straight at her eyes and black and shone with vivid happiness - the eyes the bodies lips the spirits and the flesh and he turned her over at her back and took her down and hard against the bed and he meant everything to her and when he finally came after hours of the explicit fuck she was shocked to see how sad his eyes were and he covered his face with a palm and did not speak a word, they slept an hour may be - lets go! - he said at the moment they woke up, she knew there was no use to prolong his suffer and she tried to be very fast, they went down to a video store to rent films and to buy food, she bought him 10 white tulips she sucked him off to a porno movie and they ate ice cream and pizza. The day after he slept and she worked with a new video trailer or whatever it was. Her heart was high on love her heart was like a dirty sponge and she smiled to everyone she met this very day the energy was caring her constantly and deliberately up and up and up. She came home he hated her, he ripped off the door telephone and threw her out of the room, he was pissed at her and at Max, he told them both to shut up, he was totally fed up and kitchen was filled with burnt pop corn and burned oil - the day after he said - this house I can't stand my nerves are going to break down! - she was still high on love trip, the day after he said - don't touch me! - the day after - I don't want to fuck with you! - she woke up with his tongue deep in her mouth he was kissing her long time she understood he was asleep she was very much in love and wanted to fuck all the time - the day after - She was wondering if she should talk about a bebe and then he said as he would hear her - I want to move as soon as I'll be ready with my book and sometimes I'm so fed up that I'm trying to be faster with it - where? - asked Joy - I don't know, it doesn't really matter but away from you - Jenny did not speak, he didn't even say the last two words - from you - but she knew it was what he meant. They went out to the filmfest party they got drunk, Jenny said - I'm divorced from Tod - and Jack smiled at her and said to her - so, I can stop screwing his wife ha ha ha! - and Jack said - I want to go to New York but without her - he pointed at Jenny girl, she heard it and thought - ah, all right why do I bother to find so much money for going there I can get twice as cheap on my own - as she wanted to go to New York very much - it was a bad try, they were considerably nice to each other at the very end they both got into the fight with a guards and Jenny loved it, all the guards wore dark red jackets like hobbits and she

heard them saying - we take him! - and she saw them point at Jack, she went like a tornado and they spread her like a star on the floor by hands and legs at least two or three guys or four and she vividly kicked and she was a Snow-white and they were bad hobbits and she felt most powerful when they hold her down and she was snaking-sneaking out of the grip or at least trying to!; they came home with a few people and watched their latest movie, this morning Jenny loved the movie, they all drunk Nadine's wine, after they were gone Jenny dressed for Jack, she took on the bride dress, white string underwear and golden one from Brazil at the top, white stocking, two pair of a white bras the first one with holes to stuck the nipples through what she pleasantly did and she stuck her pussy full with tulips and big pair of scissors and the tulle skirt, she bound herself to the easy chair ready to be discovered and fucked or killed or skinned and she called - Jack, Jack, Jack! - he slept too deep to hear her; in the morning she puked red and white wine, in the morning she kissed his face and gave him aspirins, in the late afternoon she fucked him, she was endlessly horny and endlessly in love he was silent perhaps, street was covered with shining and strong ice and she felt as her eyes would have been about 10 centimetres above the street surface sliding - am I crawling or? - she questioned the reality - Jack's hands shook, she made him make love and it was beautiful especially as they came in the same time; he was trying to say - he didn't want to fuck - but she laughed him off - you have no choice darling I'll tie you up - she said and went under the cover licking his arose perineum they changed one lay for the breakfast and both items turned perfect except that she boiled eggs 3 minutes too long - life is a Turkey! - repeted Jenny when Jack couldn't hear her, she sucked his cock for the dinner and after looking at him naked and looking at his still erected and swollen and still quite pink penis she thought sentimentally - that one I want inside me now - and then when she run on the street alone she was very much in the hurry she was going to show a film at the filmfest she was so impossibly turned on Jack and she felt him between her legs and the world moved off a bit farther away again and again. And Jack was home wondering - what's happening why can't I leave her? I can't love such an old girl or do I? She has no future I know that, it is all too late and I'm really bored and I can't fuck her anymore or can I? Am I possibly in love? Must I see her rot? How can I love such a bitch who shows her cunt in the films? I do want my love girl to deprave me and lead me lost why is she taking care of me all the time, why is she cocking eggs for me? why is she loving me? I don't need no mother, shit! What can I do after I'll leave her when I can't stand without her? What can I do when I'm going to miss her in panic and have a hangover? What will happened when she is far away and I'll hear Tom Waits? What shall happened when the other man will put his hands on her? When someone else shall deep his tongue inside her my-mouth? When someone else shall enter her sweet anus in the middle of my very own paradise ass? Will I die? Jenny got a new nick name a Filmfest Pussy as it was her pussy spread out

between her legs throning the filmfest magazine and Jack would love to see and hear all that but he was home with Max playing Supernintendo which Jenny rented for them both in the break between the film shows and now Jenny came home and made them pasta with meat and tomato souse and salad and Jack's favourite dressing for dinner. Jack was wearing her white fur and she did not come in the white limo - she slid-run by foot fast. Jack was Sonia and Max was Hasan. And Jenny's thoughts were circling round Jack in the pattern as - Jack is my life, Jack is my love, Jack is most beautiful, what shall I do when he finally leaves me, is he going to do it? Is he going to do it very soon? What shall I do if I can't breath after? - And Jenny was the only one who didn't want a Spring and a Summer come this year 1994 - the Pussy Year.

And Jenny wanted to say - you know Jack what I would like to do? I would like to take a lot of speed with you and screw and film it and take more stuff and screw again and see how far we get... And Jenny said - do you know why dogs lick their dicks? - and Jack screamed into her face - because they can! - and they laughed madly. The roofs were full with snow.

XI

Yes, they laughed madly and roofs are full of snow - it doesn't change the fact that Jack is an ass hole and he treats Jenny like shit. Max also treats Jenny like shit, Jenny feels like going somewhere very fast and very far and quite deliberately, but Joy wants to stay, silly girl. Jenny can't go without Joy, that's the worst - for moves like that far away they have to agree - or? - otherwise the splitting shall be too deep - or? -The snow might be cracking soon... - thinks Joy; she have decided while they watched the movie last night she was not going to bed at all she knew it didn't make sense but Jack circled around her after they watched new Denis Hopper movie where even he - Denis, fall humbly in love to Judy - Foster and at last Jack said - lets go to bed - and when she did not move from her couch he took her hand and took her into the other room but then she went - stupid girl - in front of him and she spoke loud and she broke the spell - cat ice - but actually she could have been clear about that she was right and it was no use to go to bed when in the next second she saw him sitting in the easy chair watching and stroking his own boots - she laughed at both of them and she did follow him to bed, it end up with the following that two hours after she had to get up - she was damn surprised how fast time moved itself when she finally looked at the watch. He also have taken off her pink underwear and now she wondered why...? She was trying to be reasonable and honest and she tried to remember how it was (?) - she was cold and distant, she was not so cold and a bit happy that he cared she was cold again she fall asleep some minutes she was uncomfortable and at last she was hot and horny and he was full asleep, it was best to get up, she walked carefully and every movement was too loud and slow and uncoordinated, she wondered - what a hell am I doing? Am I dead or alive? Slaving under Max and Jack wasn't too much fun she had to see through it sometimes at least, at last. And now she was clear - it is really a sentimental bull shit with an Angel-Child-Baby I'll better go to New York, I'll better get on and with into my life...

The day after - it is always the day after - Jenny goes on the street and she says to Angel - well, Angel-Child-Baby you'll never see sharp light of this dirty fascinating world and she looks to the side feeling the blow, the bus just passed and it almost took her life too, she doesn't become shaky - it is pure and elevating reality - yes or not (?), she bumps into Jack some hours after on the excidental spot and it doesn't make her surprise only more sure of herself! - The life is as it should have been anyway. It is a big lie, Jenny goes out of the screening room, something pushes her out and it is Jack standing there but he is obnoxious to the spell, and ignorant so it is best she drops it, he hates her the whole evening and does not celebrate her festival-pussy - he doesn't rise one single toast, he is an ass hole, her ass hole king, she is a fat queen of the underground cave, - Jenny get Joy on your side and disappear to New York or Cairo or hell! - silence is perfect and Jenny is next to dead as Jack spells her time - she is far too old to her kind of fun, but Jenny

is stubborn and Joy is even more, Lucy is not with, she doesn't give a damn about, they all drink beer with Amalia, Jack comes out of Kinskis's with a photo picture of a girl in his hand but he takes Joy with him home even if she doesn't want that. - I hope the day light is never coming - whispers Jenny to the gods and they are many tonight - Amalia and Jenny talk about the drugs and about Mick. - Jenny-Joy take it easy girl don't get into the kind of chaos as the blind gay lovers taking a bath in a tub full of small and big sausages.

Jenny has a show. Jenny runs home with a pizzas to the boys, they lay out stretched on the couches in the living room, TV is on - a movie in black and white. Pizza is all right. Jack always eats "vegetal" with lots of garlic on, Max "capriciosa". Mux is not hungry and she eats his. Fi-fi lays his snout next to Joy out stretched feet in black high heeled and thigh-high boot, he wants a bite too, his urine smell dominates the whole room, Jenny is very stressed her show is on within 20 minutes. It's "the Flasher" - three short films put together, the first is an act of an masturbation, 2ed a negative comment on the deed and the third a positive one. People use to love this film they all say Jenny is a courageous girl, wondering why she runs back to the cinema the street is made of glass, she has to make a big, flat stable jumps for to make herself stick to the surface, the movie is on, the room is extremely hot and no one dares to breath, Jenny's orgiastic shrill breaks through then comes her laugh, public doesn't follow the move - they don't laugh - should they? - Jenny sits on the floor almost in front of the screen all the chairs are occupied - in fact it's a very small room - she sits at the feet of the young girl she met few weeks ago, she was pretty fascinated of the girl's body and her cockiness, - Jack too - her legs were long and childish, her breasts protruded straight forth under her Chinese patterned blouse in silver and celadon dragons and snakes, her dark brown hair were straight cut at the chin and would have given her a classic Japanese look if not eagerly sticking out nose proving her polish up come and she was short - in words - as she didn't know Jenny was Lucy, she said - I'm studding arts of beauty and erotics - and she waved off watching Jack; and now Jenny saw her black pubic triangle under her long trousers, she knew the girl did not wear a bra or tangas and she pitched her eyes straight through Jenny's and gave her eager smile, yes - today Jenny was a star! The next movie is "like hers" but more cool, colourful, proper, cold, perfect, distant, distinct and after 20 minutes boring. The next is something she doesn't know what it is, for some reason she doesn't know why she has to leave the room, she passes a door with a huge picture of herself with bare round butt, face buried in Jack's crotch and with Jack's finger deepen into her anus and his other hand spreading the buttocks so you can really see where it goes into and how much, Jack looks straight out with a face of an extremely beautiful, sure, selfcondempt and demanding youth, he wears black shades and his beautiful naked lips express nothing but determination. Jenny walks through big cafe room almost empty now

with black and white and very sincere and dissent small photographs by the polish artist, a woman she knows, her and Jack's pictures weren't allowed in that room, they looked simply too great on the wall opposite, they were big 2m by 2m colour takes of Jenny and Jack in act of sex, - the kind of pictures might not dominate our room - the cinema board stated taking them down the night before the festival started, Jenny walks into the foyer where at last after long forth and back perturbations she was allow to hang two of the pictures and she hanged five and now two were stolen, one with Jack laying in the bed drinking beer and Jenny standing on the bed on one foot with the other risen up in Monroe-child innocent look and Fi-fi in the first plan watching, waiting for the game to begin and the other where Jenny is on her knees and Jack takes her from behind and they both had illuminated angel faces and now Jack is standing under the pictures which are left, in his very own person! looking up at them - himself a top of Jenny, Jenny a top of him and a blow job featuring Jenny's best part her fragile gorgeously round exposed nude ass and Jack's fragile gorgeous and delighted face with no shades on! - perfect harmony. Jenny's heart beats fast at the view of Jack - she understands it's him who has brought her out of the room, Jack is quiet, Jack is fragile and he's sad, he is still wearing his glasses and not lenses which means he has left the house in hassle. They go to the pub and drink many beers and every bottle has a slogan printed on the back - "the night is black like a gold"! And Jack says all the time - buy me one more! -. They go to Kinski's bar a film festival's pub number one and it is so run down this year as the town apparently is - it's a dead bore! They stay and get pretty drunk, Jack circles round entertaining and entertaining himself at last he comes and says - I'll go home - than go - says Jenny not breaking her chat with Amalia, he makes one more circle, picks up a photo from some boring blond youngish huge flame and returning to Lucy says - let's go home Joy - and he gives her a hug, Jenny try to kiss his lips and he gives her his unshaved chick, she gives a sigh, she laughs to Amalia - ha ha ha it's much better this time anyway, let's go! - on the way Amalia and Joy still chat through the past little jokes - imagine a first time I saw Michael he had this very thin legs and big white underwear on and he said... ha ha ha! - tells Amalia and she can't stay still, they both giggle and they try to get Jack into the laugh or a conversation, they talk about a drugs, drugs expirience and so on, they give each other little kiss on the mouth and Amalia goes home to her kids and Jack and Jenny to their home, Jack puts the TV on, it's an awful show - marketing of the home gym's equipment, the seller's voice is on speed, the girl muscles are well done - the night sucks! - thinks Jenny, she sits on rather drunk couch - she may be is a festival pussy but at home she is real disaster! - thinks Jack looking her down - she looks racked! - I'll move as soon my book is ready Lucy - he says looking at the TV screen where girl demonstrates how to train a breast's and arm's muscles, the seller's voice rises even higher, Jenny gets up from the couch - I'll go now - she says - you can stay and write

your book! - stop it Joy! - answers her Jack - I could finish it in Stockholm, you know that! - Lucy sits down, she doesn't look at Jack, the girl demonstrates her thigh muscle, Lucy looks inside, her shows are over she is wondering why didn't she meet anybody during the festival for her own business, why didn't she go to the Sunday party and all the after parties why did she run around Jack and Max all the time with dinners, pizzas, sandwiches, care - is she a peanut? - Yes, at the start party they both meet Uffe and he is Saksak cinema's boss and he was promising to screen her movies there, she invited him home the same morning and they showed him couple of films - the one they made together and the one with Mick's suicide and he sunk down - ha ha ha! Jenny's blow job was too much, Jack's dick was too much, Jack's sucked dick was too much, Jack's pissing dick was too much, Jack's dick was too big, Mick's masturbation was too much, Mick's catchup blood was too much! - Jenny is still laughing remembering expression on Uffe's face - a boss in a hurry! ha ha ha ! - He wasn't very courageous this time in the morning- why don't you make ordinary films, like other people do? - asks her Max - because I don't want! - says Lucy. Lucy is a fool, one can't show such a stories to people, she will never make it, in this town they hate her. She remembers she told Uffe about her grandmother going to school in Petersbourg together with a Russian Czar's daughters, yes, that bullshit, she also told him, that her grandmother broke off from the family and went to Crockov to study philosophy and history which was a sensation for the girl at that time and at last she married a simple man, a student and they went to live in a small town and became teachers and had many daughters and she spoke six languages fluently and she was alone with her daughters through some years hiding from the revolution in which she got caught during her holidays in her summer residence, making the living on selling her jeweleries and living on garbage food and was separated from her man six years and waited for him and that's why pointed Lucy I don't have to fight for my emancipation as she has already done that for me and besides I shit in everything anyway! - adds Lucy - I'll always make it! - And in fact I am very much a man! - and many more stories like that - real cliché - that she use to masturbate at the age of four and watch her virgin pussy in the mirrors at six and lived at the boarding school at 8 with no home to go to anymore and when she was 15 years old virgin she walked naked in the morning at home again and her mother told her amazed - ey Jenny you look the most beautiful without the clothes! - as he kept on interrogation to conclude her work -I'm real cliché! - says Joy fed up with herself. At Jenny's age her grandmother was about to die, her blue blood turned white and she left four daughters behind and they all took farewell from her in a big bed in a dark shaded room in the Summer residence on emore time and Jenny's mother was only 4 years old and she told Jenny that story countless amounts of times as well the story of a funeral and all what came after - the most classic sample of schizophrenia in the mother-fit and Joy's tormented childhood. Uffe wishes

Jenny and Jack good luck and leaves for his solitary room at Riverton hotel. Riverton - Jenny remembers the love and sex affair with Mick - it was somehow perfect - yes it was - she remembers the explicate sex, perfect 69 they always started with and one from behind and a bottle she turned in her butt and then big breakfast too bed and both of them puke and try not to look at the trays filled with hem, cheeses, salads, chocolates, cakes.... Blaaaaa' and they have to leave the room and pay fortune for but a three hours and separate on the street for not to be seen and she can't give him a hug or a kiss and she is so damn in love this weak morning and high clouds are rushing over the town and next to the channels and then she remembers when she came home Tod still wasn't there and she thought she was going to die alone in a bed where she had to creep in fast as possible in a slow motion. - Come to bed Joy - says Jack, Jenny sits on the couch and doesn't move - Joy come join me in bed - why? - asks Lucy-Jenny-Joy - why what for? - She says rebeliously but she comes rather soon anyway and naked next to him and soon in his arms feels his rising cock under her unusually dry pussy, and life is life and blood is blood and love you can't kill or hide; soon they'll be fucking wet wild and his hands and her hands and his belly and their thighs and all four knees and their buttocks and the whole womb and feet and breasts with toughly hardening nipples and his stiff cock and desire brings them into the perfect order as 2 and 2 is still 4! - her general principle from the earliest - 4 years - childhood - they are fucking in a great hot act, he rises her up roughly by her hips she is a bow with a pussy electrified and swollen and illuminated which is up to suck him in one piece he comes into it and bumps hardest possible on and on and on and she answers with the same hard hard hard for hard - the deliberate deterrent fuck stubbornness of their love makes them into this world hazards and winners one more time! - Hail their memory! - Hail to Jenny and Jack! And even they hear that they do not stop, they keep on - he bumping in and she bumping out against him as she wouldn't have one single bone in her and she doesn't... he comes scowling like a dog, scowling like a prarrien wolf and leaves her breathless in the dirty sweaty smelly shits... The presence of Angel-Child vividly spines through her flesh and sips with all the blood streams-veins concentrating in the belly and the breasts, with an energy of life gold bebe takes over Joy's going to sleep. Angel whispers through Jenny's lips - Jack, Jack - he doesn't hear her. The night gives up and the dawn takes over in blue-pink and lovers go to sleep as they would have the whole eternity to eat up the bone as a breakfast meal already nettle served on the side of their dirtiest life-bed... Jenny is still asleep, she has been up and down and out but now she is asleep again. She has a red underwear on and Max is home from school watching TV in the next room, Jack after short mingling with a computer comes back to bed kneels down to his girl asleep, uncovers her ass draped in red silk's and lace's underwear and watches intently and heedful, she wets both of her lips with a little pearls in white silver like a dew drops on a stiff

young grass at dawn but smelling mildew roses and a fish; snow flakes dance one meter away from them, Jack's lips are wet and twitched he would love to be a beast and take a fresh big bite of her and he does as he pulls a red fabric of the clothes into the side and opens his belt and unzips his jeans - she can hear the metal cling as the reality on her womb wets deep down and her throat too, her face is pressed inside the dusty pillows, Jack takes his stiff big cock out and he slides in into her pussy stretched up now as on a cat girl in her time, she dances under him as a Swan Lake deserted, bestsellergirl, her white skin, a feathers in her wings, Jack rips it all off he turns it all into the straight and clean sexual spine act - best to best to beast - he cries out when his seeds leave and spread on the outside her fresh and spiral-locked mother's cake - Angel-Child sways in the sky dancing among snow flakes, he turns Jenny rapidly - she lays out stretched on the bed and satisfied with eyes closed.

Jenny goes down town, before that she kneels into the quilts, she lifts it all up and she kisses Jack's baby sized dick - I love this toy - she whispers and she leaves.

Jack - this is not a toy, girl - he tells to a girl already walking towards the city - I would love to be a monk and skip all that shit - he remembers the interview on TV last night, a young businessman who gave up his job, family, friends, town and lives now in Tybet and became a monk and wears simple and single one piece of clothes in orange and nothing else and eats what he begs from the people and it is only some rise corns and can't eat after 8 in the morning and works with simplicity of day life and is living very now and is going to end up in heaven! - this is what Jack wants, this is what every man wants! - the dick is not a toy girl - repeats Jack in the deep depths of his weeping soul. Jenny walks down town. She is buying food for dinner for Jack, Max, Fi-fi and herself. She is waiting for the tram home, an ugly man asks her out - you are beautiful like a statue - she runs to the tram, she comes in home she lifts Jack's cover, he is pleased with it, she sucks him off, he is pleased with it.

The act at night is better that the one before. Jack takes her from behind, Jack scowls like a beast again and shrills all over Jenny, Joy shivering at his touch, have they forgotten a blues again, is their love alive and in this case why? Has anything happened? Is it a Moon or a Sun or March or Venus rolling the passion? Are they both sick on love, hook on love and sex are they addicted? - the newest fashionable sick state in the daily press, they also state that Nato gives Serbs 10 days to withdrawn in other case they are going to bomb Sarajevo, that's quite at the time Lucy thinks memorising under her eyelids the 6 kids on their last snow fun-trip into the death and their dear faces. Snow snow snow and blood. She kisses Jack in her sleep and she sucks him off. She dreams of war and that he is lost, her heart runs fast and she can't breath, Jack wakes her up sitting up suddenly in the bed they both are dreading with sweat and he takes her into his arms and they drift off into

a complete peace and complete harmony within their complete bodies until the next day. The next day is late is already 6 o'cl and it's dark, she wakes up with Jack's tongue in her mouth he is kissing her he is still asleep. - Why is the time rushing like a maniac? - questions Lucy going to rent more films at video store, filmfest goes on, she sees lots of people in front of the cinemas and she wonders why she and Jack ignore completely the event, why do they stubbornly stay home looking at Hopper and Robocop and few dirty girl's cunts and teats?! - Lucy sucks Jack explicit this time and he crys into her arms. Her pussy is endlessly wet.

- Love?

Jenny's mother called and she said - there is a big fire in the country again I'm not responsible! - Jenny sighed and with difficulties answered very cool - no, of course not -. There is a big cloud over the town, it's heavy and it's stuck. Jack provokes violence in his environment. Last night they suddenly woke up both at the same time and sat up in the bed stare-looking at each other still very far away, it was Fi-fi who put on the TV shop jumping from one couch to the other straight at the remote control. - come here Jenny - says Jack when she gets up for some seconds and he holds her tight when she comes back, it is not a night when they sleep, it is already a day as they use to fall a dream about 5, 6 in the morning but it is habit to say - last night when it is about the sleep - well all right, it's Saturday and the sun is madly shinning into the windows, Coco wakes up Jenny with a phone very early and he comes rather soon after and gets Jack into the shower, Jenny tries to sleep, Max joins her in bed putting the TV on, Coco sits next to her and Jack next to him, Jenny sees how beautiful Jack is she is amazed of his blue-grey eyes, she wants to stay home and write - it makes her high to write about their love - Jenny is high. Coco and Jack come back home, they watch what they have filmed the other weekend on drugs, it is fun. Jack wants to go out and drink, Jenny wants to go out and drink and eat, Coco wants to go home; they all go out drinking. Jack gets drunk very fast, the whole town is on the swing, Jenny doesn't have money, jack has and he doesn't buy her drinks, he buys them for Coco, Jack gets even more drunk, Coco gets drunk too and he buys a drink for Jenny, Jenny is thinking, Jack talks to Coco about a fight, certain fight, principle of the fight at all and it's unavoidable mechanism, his fist flys towards Coco's face without touching it with a perfection, the place is crowded, Jack's hands bump into the table, the glass becomes a very loud push against the table, it's definitely Jack's show, he is already passed out with his face to the table and a long hair flowing all over the surface when his last ordered drinks arrive, suddenly he wakes up putting his wardrobe number into Jennys hand and rushes out, she follows him in a short while getting their clothes from the cloack room; Jack is sitting outside next to the little pool he vomit, they pass Kinski's bar, it's all full packed and Jenny gets a little more into the motion but Jack wants to go home, his fist is still flying - if we stay I'm going to knock out someone, lets go home, Lucy! - OK - she

says in a disappointed voice. At home Jack is in a bad rebellious mood, he turns tables up side down, he crashes glasses and throws stuff around, living room is rather smashed and a kitchen looks like a battle field, he rips down the curtains, Jenny is cool, she shows her strip dance she had filmed - she dances with a silver tube, Jack is still in a bad mood and he goes to bed - follow me Joy I'm going to screw you! - he says, she is up to do it but Max comes home with a friend, she welcomes them at the door, she is quit undressed, she wears only shorts, boots and a bra, she wants to try Jack without taking off her shorts, Max becomes furies seeing the mess, he wants to fight Jack, he is jumping up like a true cocky youngster, his eyes are shining with hate and rage and they beg for trouble, he makes Jack get up from the bed, the words exchange is a slapstick - you don't do anything but write! - screams Max - you don't have to live here if you don't like it! - screams Max against Jack's face - Jack states it the same, he is a grown up man in the house and Max is a child, Max laughs at it heedful, he has always questioned Jack's age, Max flies his fist against Jack's face but he stops it before, Jack is controlling himself well, Lucy tries to stand between them feeling that he is on the way to loose his temper, Max continues his insults, they are screaming now about their rights and the money, Jenny tries to be reasonable, she is trying to fill up the whole space between them two, Jack pushes Max few times and tears comes into Max child's eyes - this is pathetic - Jenny and Jack go to bed, they make love - I love you Jenny - says Jack - but I can't live like that I'm too young for all that, I like Max only in 10% and in 90% I don't like him, I like him when we play nintendo or when he sleeps, I hate him when he watches TV as soon he comes home from school, I hate when he pushes you around and you don't react, when he makes you into the slave, when he plays a little zombie and when he talks money, I want to live in a ditch and screw girls on the street, I'm going to leave you as soon my book is ready, my book is my ticket to freedom, our love closes doors for me, all my friends say that I can't manage without you, you think I can't manage without you but I can I am not en embryo in a mother's womb, I am a man! - I want your child - says Jenny - I can't give you a child it would only close one more door for me, but actually it would have been fun, I would like to have a child with you because I love you, I would love to have a child with every girl I screw, but would you manage if in six months I would be with another girl? - Jenny says nothing at all or may be she says laughing easy - I'll shit in this sentiments, I'll go to New York! - speak easy, they make love few more hours - you are so wonderful Jenny, where did you learn all this, you weren't like that before, touch me more, touch me softer, touch me faster, eat my balls, you are wonderful girl, use your tongue Joy, you are a paradise, swallow me Joy, do it, do it again, I don't care if you puke, do it again, eat my anus, use your tongue, you are a paradise I love to grow inside your mouth, you aren't bad Joy, o girl!!!! - they keep on many hours at last Jack takes her whispering - lay still Jenny, lay still Joy - he comes crying and

her stomach rises up and down like a tighten up snake. They sleep the whole day, Jenny wakes up she had a horrible night mare, she was left aside by everything she had to walk around picking up shit, she picked up a dog shit, human shit with a spoon into her breast pocket - she wakes up weeping into Jack's arms, he kisses her. Her next dream is a happy end - she is making love to herself in front of two strangers and it fills great! - she wakes up with Jack's tongue in her mouth, he is kissing her long time and he isn't asleep, he is looking into her eyes and smiling. They sleep more they float in the sweaty sheets as in the lake, life-bed, clouds surround them tight they are up in the sky, a phone rings - it is Tod, he is mad - apparently Jack pushed my son! - he screams - next time I let someone break his neck! - Jenny puts the phone down, she hits the wall with her fist, she takes a hummer and she bangs it against the table and she kicks the shoes across the floor and swears to herself - shit! shit! shit!!! - Jenny goes to buy breakfast as all the food they have is mashed with broken glass on the kitchen floor. She phones Tod and Max from the store, they are mad at her and at Jack, Max is screaming - I know a big Turkish guy he is even more terrible then Tod's one he is going to break Jack's bones, his legs, his jaws and the knee-skulls and his neck! - Jenny is screaming - you don't understand anything I love Jack, he is my man, he didn't do anything bad! You were impossible Max! - he could have done this and that, he could have hit me, he was smelling alcohol, he could have pushed me out of the window, I don't like Jack he is sick in the head, I have moved back to Tod!!! - this wont make it! - thinks Jenny - Max is crazy; and she goes home, they are both stressed she and Jack, he phones to Max, he talks to him and to Tod, he apologises and all is peace and fine and Max is welcome and he is going to come may be already tonight. Jenny sits on the couch she doesn't understand anything - I'll not mix myself into the men world again - she and Jack go to the video store to borrow a porno movie, the bank automate is closed and they take taxi to the next one - it s too cold to walk and Jack is wiped out, it is exactly there where Jack laid her on the stairs when they met the second night and they went 100 meters deeper into the park and laid on the grass and planed the future and Portugal and he - Jack asked her to marry him; Jack gets money out and they get the movie and walk home, Big Mick comes home to them bringing a new movie Hard Target, Big Mick likes Joy and Jenny and Lucy a lot, he talks with Max about evert take in the movie and they do have the same language, Jenny and Jack eat very late breakfast, Big Mick tells how he boils his eggs - he puts them into the cold water and lets it all boil up, they watch that movie together with Max, it's great it blows their heads wild and minds open; it's a fearie and glory of fight! It's sparkling inside Joy's head like a fire works, like Christmas crackers, like paradise, Jack and Max share a beg of onion chips, Jenny and Jack go to bed and watch a porn stars bad show, asses seams flat and pussies dull but they do get turned on anyway, Jenny is so damn high on love, it fills as she has taken 7 drinks in the row with Jack on the beach -

tehuila!, mescal!, tehuila!, mescal!, tehuila!, mescal!, bloody Marry! and the beach is in Brazil! and they just have been to the carnival in Venice! and danced the whole night dressed in thick velvet as it is winter in Italy and they have an attic beautiful apartment in Paris 10 minutes walk from the Saine and not far from Nort Dame! and they have been on a long trip to Mexico! and short one to Cairo! and Angel-Child-Bebe went with Anabel and Max to New York! and all is true and Jack is best writer on earth! and all is true! and the fog is strongest and it blurrys marble contours of life's trivialities! - Jenny is high and thoughtless, they make love few times, it's a fucking paradise, Jenny is high, they watch another movie with Hopper! - Jenny goes to Max's room to ask him if he is going to join them, she sees tears in his eyes he stays by himself, Jenny is high and she thinks Jack is too, but Jack feels bad - is he planing to leave again? - questions miss Jenny-high-Lucy-Joy; Jack is bluesy, they continue watching a porno movie now and she sucks him and swallows him and licks him and comforts him and she is hot and she smells sweat he loves and she loves the sower taste of his cock and she is under the cover in her entire world and he is watching a movie and she is so damn high on love and he fucks her with her at the top and his eyes in the TV screen girls and they both come and cry! Jenny sleeps for some time and she wakes and she is awake, she can't sleep 24 hours in the row; she mingles with a computer through the night she finds some very old notes on Jack.

Wednesday night.

- Darkness - I'm longing for the darkness as much as I'm longing for the light - and with darkness I mean thick darkness, unknown, unpredictable and dangerous. I want to get beyond often used words TALKING TO YOU, I have to skip crap, cliché and shit TALKING TO YOU. I hope I can make it. I have to do it. I want. It is as landscape near by and still unknown. It is as possible and impossible means the same, closeness between us is of the sweetest nature and not experienced before, your body is a land where nothing can be ugly, stinky or bad, high game of light and dark where all is true and right. And You know, and You know, and You know it is so. And a time goes forth. Your eyes are as a mountains lakes deep and cold and crystal clear in the colour of its own and not borrowed from the sky, your eyes are far away, your eyes are sad and lonely, in despair and in pain your eyes are laughing as a child's with every little touch your eyes are happy and in love and hot your eyes are wise and they know - nothing is instant, nothing is sure, nothing lasts. Your eyes shine as a wolf's when soul wants to cry, they do not weep, don't flash tears. You are a man, Child even if stubbornly, You talk about Your youth.

*Hey Paul come down from the sky
and do something
keep my Babe's wings intact
don't say that the way up*

is only through hell

- Lucy - the only way, the only life, make it simple and believable, don't use Great Words, talk small and feel a heart rising with his finger soft touch, don't talk about love - talk about warmth.

-yes! he is warm at heart - he is wild at heart...

I sat here searching the words to describe my affection after the pepping sound of Max's tv control woke us up, first I look at my Love-Babe sleeping, I went up blew off Max candle, made myself a sandwich and a tea and I heard crushed glass, a boy in black leather jacket on the street and his aggression, I thought when I saw that he kicked out the glass in the door to the record store across the street then I saw his companion almost twice as big as himself, after while they came back, I went back into my writing - then sometime after I saw a small guy inside the shop and his movements were ugly - he moved fast and made himself even smaller he run in kind of half ducking manner - his hands were active and his head turning almost the whole way round, I understood he was robbing the shop, bigger guy was back by the door and collected CDs and records which the boy inside packed into the plastic bags, they were both excited and I was watching burglary, the walls of the store were only windows and I could see a lot even if a light was coming in only from the street, I started to shake, they were fixing more and more stuff out and hiding bags somewhere outside, I locked my door when I saw a big guy walking towards our gate with few bags, I had difficult to turn the key, it just wouldn't turn, people walking seldom on the street did not care or were too scare to react as I saw some of them definitely understood what was going on, some were too drunk - it was Lucia night - after a very long time I decided to go down to the neighbours and ask them to call police, I new a guys running the shop and thieves were taking far too much stuff, it looked as they were going to take everything, I was afraid to go downstairs - it is true - I was afraid, then I saw them taking a stereo and their ugly thief-movements going on made me more repulsive to the did and I put a cover round myself opened a door and went downstairs bare feet, I knocked on the door and my voice shook very much when I tolled the story. It took long time for the police to come and first I supposed that thieves will get away free, I saw a big guy whistling and giving a sine inside, little guy did not give up and it was only about some people and passing taxi; when police arrive they saw that guy inside at once, they run towards and run in, they were two men and one woman, she had a blond pony tail and round forms - it looked as the boys managed to escape, policemen run in and out and looked into the gates, they "worked" chaotic holding their hands on the truncheons but apparently a little boy was hiding inside as at last they appeared with him behind the counter desk, first the girl-police threw herself at the desk and jumped over a little havy assed, and then they literally

trashed his body on the desk as a sack as his hands were bind behind; they were six now a double sat up as one more car arrived, he had handcuffs on, his face was red and sweet, he had earring in one ear and short dark hair and he said he was innocent and they all laughed; that part of the show was over, now they brought him into the car, took a big book out and went in again "to write". I felt like a shit. Police car with a little thief inside still was standing downstairs and I could see his legs in dark blue jeans when I looked through the window; when the other car arrived, it was with a worker going to fix the crushed door with a piece of play wood he was cutting right on the gutter, he had a radio on, the doors of the car open and a girl was singing, - I'm wishing you LOOOOOOVE!

I saw them drive away with a little thief, I was cold and went inside our room, laid down beside You, You were naked, hot and beautiful, in the sleep You put Your hands on me and round me and it was so great. I laid quiet and bad consciousness came for the little thief, I saw how bad he felt and where he was and where he was going to be in Christmas time and from now on at all if his bad luck continue and I could see how You would do, You wouldn't stand there watching it all happened, You would stop it before it was too late, You would just lean out of the window and call them off.

And I held Your hands and felt like a shit and fall asleep beside your sleeping body with heart and running blood and all so perfectly done and Your brilliant mind drifting now into the better land then this.

Monday comes with a pink sky but it lasts only couple of seconds turning into a deep and steady grey.

XII

A STORY

Harry was bored so Harry got drunk. Harry wanted to have a party and he invited 2 boys home; Harry's girl was very sad as one of them said she was a whore, Harry flew him down to the floor only for the joke. Then Harry was hungry so he ate kebab. At home they all drunk Harry's home made campari, only Harry could handle the talk so he got bored and wanted to throw the boys, one of them passed out on the couch and Harry poured campari over him from the 20 liters canister, then he pulled him by his hands and arms into the floor again, he beat and kicked him a little in the face and a little in the stomach, he was so fucking bored and he wanted to have fun, Harry's girl cared only for him, the other guy asked if he could have some more to drink and he filled up his big glass full, the other girl cared for the video camera into which the senseless guy smashed back of his head and he still checked for the blood with characteristic movements of his right hand palm and fingers on the back of his head and then watching them close even his glasses laid on the floor, he was bade in campari and his face was all red, room was bade in that sweet moist red wine as in blood, moon was above the house, Harry's face was grey as he knew his deed and his body trembled as he still wanted to fight very much. It looked as end of the ball and Harry went to sleep covered in kisses of his sweet and too innocent whore he once hoped she was - what a bore for the man who's tough. And she couldn't fall asleep the whole night long. Harry was so bored and she couldn't breath and he couldn't breath. Jack couldn't breath and he felt as walls were locking upon his fragile and magnificent body. Was Jack Harry's twin lost soul? Every boy's soul is lost and bad things are always girl's fault God knows why and God has it that way and no the other. It's an old STORY.

Jenny sat on the chair with picture of the sky in front of her and smelling into Jack's sperm explicit smell coming out from her pussy and from between her legs, the mildew roses and a saint's bread; she understood how innocent she was 12 months ago and how much she grew up through the last year and how much he grew up and how much they grew together. She understood that their next movie was going to be a success, she was no longer a little girl, she has at last turned a woman, Jack was always a man with a short intervals when he was a child.

SOME OTHER DAY OF LOVE

*sometimes I love You so much
that it hurts in the soul
I wish to die right then
babe...*

FRIDAY NIGHT

**LOVE IS A Luxury
recognition**

... - wait for me, I'll only piii & put a dress on me... A girl is sitting inside wet coats cloakroom the whole night. We kiss - punk club is a bore after few minutes of look. The point is to get drunk - turn on before mood is gone. The matter is to play high in underground land, babe avoid thin art telling avoid sloppy jokes. The matter is to kiss You and look into your eyes before You get too bored. Pouring rain and cutting wind - THAT'S FINE! Specially with you by my side. The matter is to get to bed before one is too dead! And now and then it's all perfect when even a little touch is GREAT in our cloud of love and Your cock babe up my ass babe and we like it babe and sex babe engine of life babe - sweet sweat and blood inside burst into the giant butterfly reaching stars smiling eyes, earth of peace, the war is dead our freedom is won for the SHORT...

WEEK DAY SOME DAYS The COLD is here, Christmas is near by, Your nerves are wretched and my heart is sat on pain one more time GUESS THE TRUTH, honey but do it by yourself babe, find it out child before is too late - everyone knows how to destroy, few knows the art to behold life, love, whatever You would call IT one can live in the shit and pain - open Your pretty eyes, love You're born in World of Men - we live, we die - no big deal - we shall not build sand castles one more time - if You're sorrowing your abandon freedom then me - the catcher has NOTHING TO SAY - but - I AM NOT.

SUDDENLY THE CHRISTMAS IS OVER LAST NIGHT I COULDN'T SLEEP, because... I don't really know why we have screamed at each other for the first time babe we weren't angry but we spoke in the same time, time was hot, time was in the Hurry, we're still in love do not worry so much do I say this to You or myself? I don't know I have become stupid shit

- our love, did it lose some spontaneous hope? -

1 January 93

Time is pathetic, date like this is pathetic, my nipple hurts and it is nice feeling. I have done it for you, cut myself. Dear, what do we really know about life? Why through words? Words can be so much of magic...

The world is magic, life is magic. Yesterday when we sat in the bar all was in red, no you don't know what I mean before I'll tell you. I felt like this once before but then the moment was very extreme and I got a shot of morphine and the room became red and calm in the same time and extremely secure and filled with love and comfort and now, yesterday it was so - it was angel

with red wings and red full of blood heart, you know when the blood is good and high it is so. And we sat there together and it was our life and we were inside red angel's body. Yes, you have become very important for me. And life with you is great and it feels as something great is going to happened soon don't you feel it? I can almost hear it and I still don't know nothing about it, not even a word but I can almost touch it, almost taste it, it is a strange and very strong feeling...

Wild - I have lost ability of talking-writing - it suddenly all lays untouched. It doesn't worry me, not yet anyway because it is so close from me but I would prefer if it wasn't so - I want these certain words stream through me, I want to see them, hear them, know all about. As far away lakes, temples, mountains, one path thorough the mountain, rain drops, it is not enough to know they are there. They have to be HERE & NOW - THE WHOLE BEAUTIFUL WORLD. Mathew was dressed as a Jew and was a disc-jockey but he did not ride a horse, he plaid You Sexy Mother Fucker as usual, o Boy how much I wanted to dance with You, Harry; I am rather fed up with myself dancing with girls, it's not just dancing, you know, it is dreaming that I am somebody else, and it is bull shit, dancing with you I guess is being myself or am I just romantic? I'll try - all right.

Jenny had a girl in her arms and she unbutton her sweater slowly and looking straight into the girl's eyes - I show you how to do it! - she said in a sweet voice, desire, desire, desire; she had dance with that girl, she picked up simple and uncomplicated girl, she really wasn't dressed up, I mean she wasn't naked, but she did not have a New Year party clothes, she was a grey duck and Jenny wanted to tern her into the swan and she truly worked on her, in the next move looking at Jack sitting by the next table in the conversation with another man, Jenny jumped on the bar disc dancing, she had on old fashioned bathing suit in black satin and net stockings and her red stiletto hills, Jenny was beautiful, screaming through her purple crimson lips - the life is only what counts, we need a revolution! A revolution before is too late! Common have fun it's The Night! Fuck it All! Fuck all what moves!!! - she used her favourite Hopper's citation and she broke off one of the neon lamps over a bar dancing with it as with a sword, swaying it over her head and other heads, bar tender trying to catch her, Jenny rose her both arms out stretched holding a lamp above her head, then she dropped them rapidly braking the lamp against her risen up thigh! Yelling and spreading tiny beats of glass into the drinks hold in many hands! Jenny was brought down fast from the bar disc and carried out with a help of three grandiose muscled door men, Jack followed her fast; they were both kicked out from the night club in which they put the hands on each other and kissed and danced for the first time. - You are never welcome to come back bitch! You must be completely crazy! - the door man said - happy New Year! - yelled Jenny and Jack running three floors down the staircase laughing. They laid down on the street and went to sleep.

LOVE POEM

*it is blue
road is burning red
knife is sharp
it's enough.*

LOVE POEM

*when we
make love
the whole world
is perfect*

Sunday night Monday

*is it so that words are not catching you? are you too good or am I too stupid?
there are no words to tell how you are, your hands and how they do with me
and how cold and hot they are, the touch, your body, look, feeling, velvet,
power, nonchalant force and real force, when you lay back and when you are
forth, your tenderness unexpected, anger, your smile, your teeth when you
sleep and when sometimes you open mouth, words you say in sleep, your
breath, a beautiful smell in our room whenever one comes in, your hair and
how much I love to have them in my mouth, a little red spot, smell of you, all
different smells, black patterns of hair between your legs, your lips, the most
beautiful lips I have kissed, sense of words you say when you speak, your
rising dick, your steps on stairs, the way you open door and when you come
in, your voice when you say my name, your sweet compliments and mingling
with my underwear, time which flows soon into half of the year since we
share bad, bath, rooms, love and world and earth and sex and sky and air;
and your chest and nipples and deep cavity in the breast bone, soft nape,
your arms and when you carry me up and into the bed, and when I spy in the
mirror on you, on us making love only because you are so very beautiful.*

ONE MORE HOLIDAY IS OVER "THREE KINGS" "THREE WISE MEN"

*I felt today so incredibly perfect with love, energy and calmness and I pushed
it over too fast with one drink - stupid girl (me) - then I run through the park,
Fi-fi got very dirty and I broke my hill (shoe) - freezing creep under your cover
and your body was so gorgeselly hot that I fall asleep and missed a film and
messed my head from the sleep - another night of filming with you - no, third
night of filming - you are great babe! Darkness is away, darkness comes and
goes, I would like to be alone with you but it doesn't seemed to work, child.
I'm thinking about Hey Angel film and it makes sense. I want to have you with
House of Love but it should be very special, I wonder if we could make the
whole film together, I think so, but I don't know what it means anylonger "to
work together" I would have to learn to think fast and clear with you as I can*

alone, but it is not impossible, it is only this small thinking about details when I look at the filmed stuff, I'm not super cool when I'm next to you, I look at other things sort of. Ash. I'm just talking bullshit. I love you!

Max lives with Tod since short time and the time starts to run out, Tod drinks all the time, I suppose Max'll be soon back with us...

The winter birds are singing and Jenny sees the roof opposite their house and it is covered with snow, she feels very presence of Jack sleeping in the room behind her, she knows Max is sleeping behind the wall to her right.
- If it could have been true... Monday - sparrows twit on the roofs like mad, the sunshine sips from the sky like mad, a sparrow runs fast at the edge of the roof opposite, he is Charley Chaplin, he makes Lucy laugh.

TO KILL THE LOVE or - LOVERS

It was very much Summer, very much love & desire and a sky would never get dark when he fiercely rolled over her the sky would only turn cooler, they rolled the time in the grass, in the bed, on the floor, in the back of the car in her's back and front they burnt the earth under themselves, they made it last for a while they coursed themselves and from dance they moved into the house where ceiling slowly started to fall down and framed their beautiful bodies into ovals of mirrors and walls. Good night My Love.

NIGHT & MAN WITH GOLDEN HEART

night, nights and days in your arms and next to you, undscribe beauty and touch all over and all around, the room bathed in gold and hot red tunes dark blood - breathing out our passion of wet kisses and feverish acts; love older then just very few days when fever of love doesn't rush constantly in my veins and I see at last who you are; you are Prince Harry when you sleep and I don't - looking at your sweetly beautiful and calm face, shades of your smooth chicks, your eye lids and eyelashes in silk, your hair soft and motionless over which I pass my lightest hand feeling the softness again and again, your white arms and form of your body - soft curves responding to mine caressed and surrounded with worm red velvet which once was a curtain of the cinema-theatre-and tears, your soft light hands hugging me in the sleep, breath like spring and a heart beat, beat, beat, beat, beat. Plants in the room which grow and feel very good, frog's nightly song calling for love, your sperm running out from my womb and between my legs, soft fair of a dog, fire place...

I know you don't want to have home, you don't want all this, I used not to want before, you want to sleep in the ditch, you want to hunt girls, women, and men. Children, frogs, curtains and girl friend are only trivial elements. World bums for you to run and breath the great freedom you carry hidden in your golden heart. The suitcase with your wings is packed.

DIFFERENT TIME

To make love with you this time... babe you have send me THERE where one doesn't come back from too easy and willingly you made my body turn to gold swept in blood all intact the swinging nightingale heart babe you sang for me that time spread the magic around which lasts.

The whole of me turned to a rug, dust rug inside a cartoon box and one little white peal when I realised that rare state of being, my body changed into a beautifully formed and real horse, I talked, I broke the spell and suddenly I laid in your arms again I couldn't speak I looked at you when you asked simple things we made love I sat across your belly and had no grip of myself my body was somewhere in the very calm land I had crazy dreams last night - our house was maximally filled with people and we were doing silly things last night one little man threw a chair in my head I had became a bad girl I've been there before...

*NIGHT MORNING actually I dislike WORDS - no! I dislike myself after the night of work - ? - I'm afraid of -no, shit - I'm not. I don't know; it was two days of rain and we did not go to Copenhagen. Good or bad? I don't know... Jim, he had a heart. Was he the only one? I don't know... His voice rushes by these empty streets solitary town's darkness I step down from my cloud into nowhere. War in India? - possible, civil war - horrible seen
A man in the window across get up in his morning t-shirt I'm tired and bored I'm piece of shit. M-TV on all is suddenly piss. The world is fucking me up, the world is a bizarre trap. You can fuck with yourself but don't fuck with me babe, love is fragile toy so don't destroy don't mess it up for other people and dirty snow.*

This love is soft & don't get fooled, girl this love is no forever babe -stay cool! You know why he is no black he is no slave he is no man! He is a child, girl he is a poet -stay cool girl... he is a dreamer -You say - it is too late - pity for you babe too late to back this love is soft babe this love is beautiful as velvet sky & velvet skin and dream and war & peace! - There is no peace, girl in your heart you have given up all & he... you just don't know... he is already bored, girl, he has been always inside his fist and inside his crystal mind and heart, girl but I warn you think of yourself it's not too late never too late more then tomorrow babe... stay cool but think fast!

The world is a bizarre trap, the world is fucking me up, don't break my heart with an ugly dart!

Jack was gone for some days, he said when she took him to the station - you

know where I'm going if you want you come there and please call me...

- she didn't go and she didn't call...

- *"She is trying to remember your face she pushed too fast away, since you left - within three days. She is not trying to imagine what you are doing and how it feels and with whom - she has enough with herself - to shine and be in the same time and all by night as day is a piss & sleep in the middle of her mess-universe where people with trouble live. She is stepping through the room in long skirt, white fur and fox, walking through the mirror space; she pictures - that street and that snow and that boy - and it's not you. After an hour she is still at home but her look is hot - net stockings, string underwear, bra, boots. She glances through the curtain waiting him to walk by - he doesn't know who and where she is. Someone she saw last night, someone she talked to a few words. Someone she made an appointment with but missed it.*

It's six in the morning and she takes all clothes off - she is still in the mirror and very beautiful - she stands there until she freezes - bent down into the bed and fall asleep. She is a dreamer or a fool." -

love and fall

you and me

cow and food

pigs

world and where do I go?

and if?

wild Jenny, wild and drunk - it's her first home - she scowls - dancing, turning her little yellow blouse above sweet blond curls, very little clothes on, moving, swinging her great hips, chasing world, turning on all the eyes, making show, screaming, breathing fast, ecstatic, by night, paradise, without future, without past, chasing love, chasing dream, dying with her head forth, being best and nothing left

how it was ?- we would lay on the couch snaked and plotted into each other and listened to music, you would talk some to Fi-fi and to me, it was never more twen two hours since we made love and my womb-your's bosom still filled with your sweet stuff, we would forget us into the music and the day flew on, you would read books and dreams, I would paint my lips - it was love of the century. Didn't we do more? - Yes, we did everything, travelled, danced, fucked, filmed, ate, drunk, run, walked, slept, find out and loose. Did we loose? - God knows, you're gone, we did something ...

You would send me to hell if you could the world is suddenly ugly, crowded and stressed it is some time ago since you kissed my lips for nothing, since you put food into my mouth, since you looked at me... we did nothing wrong

- it's only a time-dragon showing teeth.

you have less and less energy for every hour which piss away, you do nothing, feel nothing but think and talk -go down to hell! break out! I can see you all the time!

out in the black of the street great full moon captured you - time to love my boy hard! - you shouted out but didn't do.

I would love you down to hell !

HARRY HARRY ! HARRY ! HARRY ! HARRY ! HURRY ! HURRY ! HURRY !

Suddenly I feel like writing a letter to you-bab, it's Tuesday morning 6 o'clock, it's a long time since... everything. Yeah I miss you. Emotions change all the time. First - I found a glow still at the same platform from which your train left. then I run, then I met one Negro and talked, bla, bla, bla, no use to write all -too boring. Thursday I took some amphetamine, Friday I been at Zanzibar and I was very drunk and danced, what else? Saturday at Planka, met Anders. he and Petra asked me if we were still together and were very happy to hear that it was so. I was hardly at home. I wasn't nice to Max, I was fucking stressed as you were gone, I was broke, I fixed some money, I spent all and am broke again, I did some funny things but no sensations, found out some things etc. Once I got panic, and I had some troubles with my energy it was gradually going down, I would keep falling asleep and understood how shitty you felt, I couldn't be here as well - home I mean, I had to be away, wherever; sometimes I was wishing you would call or write. Now I'm at last home and washing, I'm washing your clothes too which was a surprise for me as I did not think I was going to do it. Today I worked with ID N4, watched it and plan the new cuts to satisfy you, it was fun to work and not just think, thinking eats up energy, talking too, I was starving hungry and had to credit pizza at Rimini. I met G.C. for the film festival in Goth. it is too late as the program is done to show my films, it shall be shown into the video program at Haga Bio during the festival, but he didn't know how and what, it depends on one girl from Stockholm. I missed meeting Mathew, so he did not take my films, I guess I was getting happily tipsy and so on. I think it was yesterday I realised I have to work... Maddonas face came to the post but I still don't have money to buy it out, the same with salt.

At one moment I missed laying on your arm, feeling your body next to mine, your presence, your voice, your tongue and lips and mouth and teeth, your cock, your hands, making love, energy, eyes, love, smile, your walk in the street, movements, suddenly I missed everything what's you and not me. YOU HAVE TO COME HOME BAB-E ! I LOVE YOU !

When Jenny wrote this letter Jack was already on the train, he was far north

visiting Tom and it took at least 24 hours on the train. He came in when she still slept and whatever their thoughts doubts and hopes were during few days of pregnant silent separation, she opened her eyes now straight into his he still had his wine red jacket on and boots he stood inside the room and they fall into each other and squeezed kisses out of each other and ate and fucked out the shit out of each other that passionate as they were fit for nothing but sex and they belonged to each other so totally and they flew far and never came back...

Few days later they left first for Stockholm and then for Portugal.

Jenny-Joy-Lucy they all sit holding hands possibly they hold the arms round each other and they all want to smoke a cigarette but there is none in the house, Jack is asleep, he has been moody again as it is for the first Monday and for the second he has talked to his best friend in Stockholm - a miserable Tom and he is going to go there soon for a few days - as soon as he gets his money... Jenny feels crazy as the winter has got deep under her skin, ha ha ha she would love to go somewhere with Jack into the air or sun - but it is all bullshit in his eyes today, today is today and it is nothing... Jenny is a fool, she has gone on the poker again, she felt the great love when it was already gone, she is too slow all in her reatures, far too slow and predictable and Jack is moody like hell! - so Jenny don't touch Jack, don't think of kisses or hands and don't look in his direction, he can't see today, today is Jack's blind Monday! -. He has talked to his old flame and he has talked to her a week ago too and she promised that he was going to see his son, but now she said - never! - because Jack is with Joy and Joy is a dirty jig and she is too old and he exhibits himself together with her in the love act in form of the photos which everybody can see and an old flame shall not take such an insult - certainly not! - and it is about the same photo pictures as above - Shit they became really a history but I'm sorry for you Jack! - yells Jenny but she is so angry that she slams the door and runs out fast fast away from the crazy house where everyone is into the drama - what a bull bad excuse! What a naughty chick, what a damn sick mind and jelouess ass, it must be she who stole missing pictures and now she is demolishing them sticking needles into my ass and into your eyes, Jack, lips and ears and your dick, this is a bloody bull shit, see how we bleed! - Jenny can't agree that Monday always has to bull shit her life and their love and Jack's heart and his mind! - Monday sucks! - yells Jenny and Lucy doesn't care because Lucy is only interested in her film - it's OK. - says Joy holding Jenny's hand - it's good to have Lucy with, specially the way she is - and Joy knows - Monday wouldn't be so bad if she would fix cytodon and nice food and new underwear for herself and some new rings for Jack or if she would hold herself in and next to Jack and prolonged Sunday everlasting cocoon, but Jenny has too much energy to keep herself still and sun is shining and on the other hand Jenny is too lazy today to pay attention she made an awful pasta bacon and Max wouldn't eat

it but he ate a lot of sweets she bought for his birthday tomorrow and actually they were a red hearts jelly and it's for valentines day and it is today and now Max wants to puke very much and of course Jack did not buy any flowers - Max use to puke the night before his birthdays many years in the row, Jack hopes his new glasses shall be ready tomorrow, Jenny wonders if she will ever get anything from him, she dares not to think about Angel today, she was in a bliss today of their weekend love affair as it would have been a great liaison and it wasn't, she has been very vain today - she was pleased to get so much looks from the people because she wore a new and very chic cape of light brown fox - Jenny is a fool! - they have been to cinema and it was bad stupid divorce-comedy and they have seen Betty Blue on video and then Jenny realised that Jack doesn't lick her pussy anymore since a very long time and she doesn't even wants to know how long, - o Jenny Jenny Jenny what's wrong? O, Jenny Jenny Jenny you remember how nice and tempting it was to have his face between your naked thighs and his mouth on the cunt and tongue all over but specially on the clit and his hair laying wildly on the belly smoothly tickling you! Do you remember it too, Joy? - Lucy laughs heedful as she doesn't care, she is a modern girl, she is pretty independent, not that she would have been on her own but her heart is ice cold - that's why... Jack wants rotation again, he wants his freedom back, he doesn't want to go with Joy to Sacre Cour... - Sky is pink buy me a drink because today love is bitter, honey like every little Monday night - so stick to Lucy, it is better to be cool then get to savage land too soon! Jack wants to go on the sex tour again and use his condoms and his dick in the proper way and act and have really wild images in front of his eyes, he is tired of Jenny's fat ass. And he is fed up with Max and Fi-fi and Coca Cola on the side of the bed and himself and the couch and the street and the TV and the snuff and the toilet paper and his bed! But something bothers him - it is Lucy and other men, he knows by now Joy and Jenny won't do it, but Lucy is not to be trust... Jenny in the bath is singing wistful demolition song - Honey you are a sweet beast! And the demolition love stirs into the trouble again and pain is vain and you are turbulent and dismantlement of the love machine won't make it! Honey you are a sweet beast! - the rest of her song drowns in the hot shower, Jenny doesn't cry and she doesn't regret and she doesn't expect but she still wants her love boy a sweet beast by her lovely side - pain is vain! Joy is plundering her own soul in her sleep, she manages to make a wiped cream marshmallow cake with banana, kiwi and mini oranges for Max 5 minutes before 12 in the night, she lights thirteen candles, she pours dirty water into her own boot, she drops burning lighter's top into Jack's slave - some days she is just an elephant at that point Max is 13 years and one hour old. Fi-fi is bluesy and he smells urine and his own sperm more and more for every day, frost holds. Jack is blues too and still moody, he has bought his new glasses and new jeans - they look great on him, Jenny contributed to pay his jeans as he run out of his money and he screamed in the shop - Jenny I love

you ! - Jenny wants to go to New York. Joy wants Jack's love, Lucy doesn't care. Demolition love! Max blows the candles successfully out, Amalia, alone sings a birthday song for him it's an long Norwegian and non traditional-funny couplet version of life and death. Hail to Amalia and Max! Tomorrow is a new day!

16 February, Jack has a flue, he stays in bed he loves his Jenny very much, she comes back to bed and him after being circling round in an apartment for an hour, she lays sweetly hooked into him his body is a paradise and he feels the same about her's, she drifts off into the cafe'in Berlin where they share one high bar chair and his dick touches her ass from behind, she wakes up, they are not in Berlin, the only unchanged item is their bodies position, they are still in bed, his cock mounts into her hand palm and it makes her hot and she makes him hot and she comes over him and they do it do it do it again endlessly and she is swimming all sweaty and he loves her sweat and he loves her sweet breasts - paradise! Jenny loves Jack, he has her photo in his wallet, and she has his, he is still concern about his freedom ticket - a book and a final date coming yet closer but still few months ahead and in a few days he shall travel for a little try to his friend who already managed to dump his girl and he excites Jack with his wish to have Jenny out of his way and concurring a new spacy spicy woman for a new life, the love and a year; necessarily young and preferably black and it's already six weeks into the new year and he wants to see the deed very much; they excite each other with such and frequent telephone talks. Yes it is so and Jenny wonders how shall it go - how will they turn about that? And Tom, a friend he has never been found of Lucy, he hates Jenny and he totally gives damn in Joy; he is a thin and rather lost miserable creature a - in Lucy's eyes - frequent sex-dingy Phantom a real small town Charley and a dreamer and he loves Jack and wants his best, his poems are beautiful and his prose sucks; Jenny suddenly gives a thought about travelling with Jack and Max to Brazil if she gets money - where should she get money from? She is so busy with her dream and it takes all her time and there are no money waiting in the dreams actually. She feels in her body that it will run out if she doesn't make a step to keep herself into the hot sun, the frost creeps on into her and her blood dies cold. Jack talks in the sleep as the night is deep and it is a love talk to Joy - his girl. And Joy is wondering...

Lucy woke up mad, she had insane dream she was supposed to swim in the empty pool, she took some few movements with hands and legs hoping that 2 meters ahead there was a water, there wasn't and she painfully and stupidly landed on her belly - how could I have been so dumb not to grip the basic character of the water even if I was asleep - she is deeply disappointed at herself, it's best to fall asleep again and try to turn smarter - she waked up very late, too late to do anything she had to. - Shit! - Lucy is in a really bad mood, she trys to straighten up and do whatever, she trys to go to a cafe' - it's all deserted, street is all deserted, the air smells Spring, Lucy's blood

turns cold, Lucy wants to go to Brazil and she is shouting for the full lungs - rock and roll!, energy!, Brazil!!! - her power is at the bottom, her anger grows, there is no reason, all right, there is a reason if she wants to look for, but it is no use, it's that type of anger without reason, Lucy is mad! Jack is in bed he is still sick. Jenny bought new dishing liquid and it gave her a kick(?), the smell is an aroma of an orange essence which her nanny is using right now, the whole kitchen is filled with that paradise smell and Jenny is as safe as never before, she isn't in her parents home which is pure art pure avant-garde and pure madness, and pure shit, she is in her grandfather's big house, his hair are white and his smile and his stubbornness and his hands and his habits and all doings and his history exciting, he is cold and warm in the same time, Nanny's skin is soft and dry and white like a butter dough for a cake, Nanny's hair are pulled very hard back and done in the long mouse thin plait and wired round into the bob, they are still dark blond and not grey, Nanny is very very old this is what Jenny feels and knows hanging around in the kitchen, behind the window is great snow which has dressed all the trees into the silvery brides on which black crows sit from time to time giving shrilling sinister battle-songs, Nanny and Mary a kitchen maid are baking for Christmas, Jenny's mother big sister is there too, a nasty and wild aunt with three kids and passionate heart and moods, they always live in that big house and Jenny envy them, they have great gardens and fields and a forests, that aunt can bake very well what Jenny's mother can't, Jenny's mother is young and weak and pale and thin with thin piping voice and always dreaming far far away, she is made of some strange soft Jenny gets no grip off and she doesn't even wish to, Jenny remembers from pervious year exact taste of every cake and how they look and melt in the mouth, Nanny's floppy arm and Nanny's chest topped with two real breasts and her lap vigorously massages walls of the great bowl giving characteristic rugged sound turning row yellow floating eggs, white cheese, sugar and some incredibly excited exotic smells in form of small black sticks and various colours drops into turning paradise, Jenny's eyes are deep in it and turning with when the colour passes out more and more and turn at last to a total white and they only run faster and faster, Jenny is almost loosing her breath into the smells and nice thoughts so she feels her brain lifting up and shivering, she is four years old and her eyelids are heavy, she is sitting on the big chair with her legs in the air by the great kitchen table and her eyelids are very heavy and memory of her father comes - Mala! - it means Little One - I love you so much but life is so tough and I feel such a great pain and fear of death and I feel quilt Moja (my) Mala - they are walking on the street in Warsaw it's dark and neon lights reflect themselves proudly and coquettishly in the rainy gutter as in the bad witch's mirror, he smells cigarettes, alcohol, old spice perfume and first of all - man!, thousands of cars pass and sing the symphony of the great living town and they smell petrol and she loves that smell except then when inside the taxi car - then she pukes into the gutter

fancied with all the petrol rainbow colours and steams, they walk on, sometimes he holds her hand but not all the time and she likes these moments where he lets her go by herself next to him then his steps sound much more mysterious and her's click in the rain like a little clapper-ducks, she has her rubber splashing boots and a raincoat on and the rain knocks into her, it knocks with love with promises and excitement too and a little bit of a fear at the father's words even if they sweep her heart hot, his voice is deepest loveliest voice she ever heard and very close to her heart and her whole being, the rain knocks continuously and every single drop echoes inside her little mind worrying and promising, then comes a snow and father pulls his Mala on the toboggan, he walks fast in front of her stumbling in the snow with shoes in a cloud of a silver dust, the world is endlessly white and carved by frost into a Fairy Winter Queen land and Joy sees her father's back in "Boggart's coat" and his glowless hand strongly holding into the stiff from frost rope and he is her king and she hangs with twitching her lips at the crispy snow biting her face from everywhere and all over, she is thick tucked with clothes all around, father's shoes crisp the snow and runners whiz and swish and one more time for a split of seconds she has her babe blue eyes back and she trusts the life endlessly, at home she is playing a princess, the crone is made of golden paper and her dress is feet long and soft and wavy and a richly coiled hair in a colour of hot gold surround her like a warm cape reaching her little virgin ass and eyes shine with thousands of stars in a pitch black sky surrounded with long black thick eyelashes, and cheeks dark purple from the frost and she wants to tell her pa how great love is and what she feels about everything what's singing and sparkling in her heart, chocolate drink in the cup is hot and sweet, she drinks it fast and then almost immediately come the cramps and she feels she is going to puke and faint and die and she has to lay down with face against the wall and hands pressed against her skulls and temples, the window is wild open and nobody can be in the room but her alone, panicking pain wave her to sleep, she is awake inside her sleep she is in death chamber and the motorbike driver is haunting her, his wheels fizzle and petrol covers her eyes, she or he is going to die, today it's he, she has won one more time! She hears his scream when he is falling down all the way to hell! And the big pool of saliva blinks on her pillow, her mouth are open and dry and her hand wedged between her legs covering her little pussy. And then she wakes up and waving pulsing fear comes out from everywhere and takes her more and more into its panicking gap where slow is fast and fast is slow and her brain is dancing in thrills and spasms and nothing means any longer until the real avalanche runs over her heart and all her body in rapid ocean swing and burst and she begs - please, stop, stop, stop this - Babe - says Jack coming into the kitchen, Jenny sits motionless - what's happening Bab? - Jenny is first quiet and after she starts laughing and talking some bull shit getting out of her childhood far too fast...
A woman.

Lucy cleans the whole house, it takes her many hours and it kills half of the anger or it puts it halfway to sleep, Lucy is tired, dull, uninspired. Lucy's inspiration comes back, she is going to take the whole world over! She is going to be the best! Lucy is washing clothes for her and Jack and making plans! She is going on the tour with her band in Poland, USA and Germany, she is making a chicken for dinner and French fries, first she washes a chicken - it does look very strange to her and she turns it and turns it under the water stream moving it's limbs, it has a strange sick cold yellowish carnation and it has some awful few feathers stumps left and bones cut through on the legs are incredibly sharp very instant red and she stares at it and on the neck it has a sickly pink bolster, Lucy cuts it off, she cuts the whole neck off and it's surprisingly soft to cut, she is going on the tour with her films, she shivers and looks inside the chicken it's filled up with transparent thick gel full of oil eyes, she moves it's featherless wings up and down twitching her lips with disgusted, she is going to publish two more books within two months, she puts it into the oven, she doesn't know how to do a french fries, she asks Jack and she asks Max, she is going to make a new movie and is going to be a sensation, she knows it, she is going to apply for money for going to Brazil, Fi-fi wants to shit and Max wants Coca cola, she goes to the night store as it is the night - dark, cold lonely boring filled up with far away ghosts of the success, bottom of the street is glassy with black frost up at the size of the man, at the spot where everyday she use to meet young man with dark wet wavy hair in longish dark coat and now he started to say - hello! - and smile she slides but she doesn't fall, she makes her shopping and walks towards the home. Fi-fi runs in front on the long leash, in the perspective walks one man, one woman and some dogs, girl with a dogs gets closer, man turns to the right, besides them street is totally empty, half moon shines headfully and sharp in the ice cold sky, one of the dogs is much faster, they both run free, he is running towards Fi-fi scowling viciously, he is kind of collie but much smaller, his companion is the same kind; girl starts and the other dog too, the first dog reaches Fi-fi he has stopped barking, the girl trying to catch him without success says - excuse me, excuse me! - the dogs in jumps change place all the time following each other, now they are two against one jumping - excuse me, excuse me! - repeats the girl, she is obviously Japanese, the smaller dog is following Fi-fi all the time, he is not exactly aggressive but he is not friendly either, he growls low and Fi-fi stands looking at him for a moment, suddenly the dog jumps attacking, they both turn in rapid circles making a lot of tumult, Fi-fi on his leash which makes it all more bizarre and difficult for him and even more chaotic, they are both barking fiercely and do bite each other and shrill of the pain - excuse me! - repeats the girl still trying to get hold of her dogs, Fi-fi squeals and he squeals painfully and he squeals like hell! and he squeals sharp, high, sinister panic like death! all of the sudden he lays on the glassy gutter, blood rushes out of his throat, Lucy is all mute, she hears Joy's and

Jenny's wooing yell and it doesn't stop, the blood doesn't stop - excuse me! - says a girl again holding her both dogs now by the nape's fur, Lucy is caring Fi-fi home and blood runs on Lucy's glows, Lucy's coat, Lucy's black stockings and into Lucy's boots; it's the blood's flood.

Jack got up from bed and he cleaned the bathroom, he is planing his soon trip to Stockholm. He is very found of his new glasses, he says - in fact one could make parties here at home and get some money, we can do that if I come back - I want to go to Brazil - say Jenny - we do a five parties and then we go - says Jack, Jenny loves his new jeans, she thinks his body looks gorgeously handsome in them; Fi-fi is dead. They eat delayed dinner, Jack eats almost everything, Max thinks it's O.K. but he would like some more candies, Jenny tries to make it sure for herself - what did Jack said about his return, if or when? - since a few days Jenny sees pictures, a kind off visions, she is following Jack with her eyes and the eyes play tricks with her, they stop the film, they freeze one frame and keep it that way, she has four of them, Jack in the door with his back at her, gorgeously beautiful in this very move, Jack laughing wild with shining eyes, Jack standing in his working room in his new jeans towering-covering the whole world for her, Jack in a pony tail glancing at his back in the mirror. These frozen pictures of the super reality bring a clear sinister feeling, something is rushing to it's end!

Lucy started to meet a man, she is not very found of him, he is too old and too ugly and too boring, she meets him for the second time and he gets her into his place, it's full of toys - he must be married - thinks Lucy, he is seducing her more and more he is talking shit about Jack and her life, he is somehow sweet and caring, Lucy wants to leave, he makes her stay - she wonders how does he do that? - well. they are in Warsaw next to her old school - I went to school here - she says - me too - says the man, she is looking at him, she asks - how old are you? - 40 - he answers he is sure she is younger she doesn't say anything, she is looking at him, he doesn't look that ugly anymore, his face becomes younger and the life comes into it bit by bit, he is smiling and his smile is sweet, his eye are beautifully soft and awoke and wise and his chin exciting and his chick bones passionate, he has shoulder long dark blond hair, he is in bed and trying to get Lucy there - no, no! - she says seeing Jack's face under her eyelids even with an open eyes, but she is in the bed - no, no! - she repeats but in her belly, in her stomach in her womb is a war of hot unavoidable desires, her cunt is pulsing and it's hot and wet and impossible and soft and alive, she gives in... Jack moved in the bed waking Lucy up, her heart is flattering like a butterfly - o, shit! what a dream! what a crazy dream, Jack, sweet Jack! - and she clings to his back and his sweet bare ass and falls asleep.

Jack gets up and she is watching him, she has to be watching him, his dick is monstrously big and she wants to touch it suck it dig it have it play it fuck it love it! Eat it! - she does nothing, Jack is standing opposite her leaning down with his gorgeous cock dinging like a great pink flesh banana in flash,

like a great pink flash banana in flesh almost in front of her face, he is looking for his glasses down on the floor, he just wants to take a piss - he has harder hard on for the morning piss then for my pussy, this is a sad triviality - thinks Lucy not without the right, they go back to sleep. Lucy is in the shower or rather in a bath tub playing with a shower stream, it plays with her clitoris great bat, she is planing to get a pearl and make Jack pierce into her clitoris before he leaves for Stockholm and this thought turns her on even more - why did I tell him I'll go to Berlin this time when he goes and why did I think of a wild life at all, and how can I be so much in love and so devoted, I want his child, so... - she keeps on playing and it's not a game anymore it's real hot life, it takes hours, she grows like a tower, like a water avalanche, like a mountain and a sky scrapper she grows and she grows, there is a tower growing out of her forehead too and not only between her legs and at the end of her belly's stretched like an iron muscles and there is a sky-scraper coming up from her skull and a fountain and big ocean surrounds her and small pink fishes tease her almost to death and big and dark shark is coming... She is playing with a thick vein under her pussy or through it or between the pussy and the anus, she doesn't know where it is where her body is where is it's beginning and where is the end of the ocean, she presses her handpalm against and it's a paradise, Jack knocks on the door, he comes in and sits down, he says - vov! - and she talks bull-shit, she is not a woman she is a shy freak, she is an idiot, she is laying there with her gorgeous glorious pussy in pink and hot soft flesh all aroused and newly shaved and she is playing an idiot as she wouldn't have one at all, he goes out and she continue playing but she stops herself from coming as it feels as she would have been betraying her greatest love; Lucy is pissed! - how can you be so damn Joy, you are a fool and you aren't capable to seduce your man, what can I expect from you at all, jerk off! - no, no! - cry Joy - I love him! - you are a fool! - repeats Lucy and smashes the door after herself, Jenny goes back to bed she is finished and needs to rest all hot and lost and lost and hot and most of all horny, Jack standing in the door to his room is watching her naked kneeling in front of the mirror showing her butt and something more down there between her legs even more explicit, Jenny covers herself with a very big towel, Jack goes back to his writing with a sigh and Lucy goes to hell; mad! Jenny is beautiful, she stands in front of Jack where he sits in front of his computer writing, she wears only black leather shorts, no panties, she wears black bra and black boots, Jack loves her and she loves him but it doesn't help, she goes back to her room and strips for Jack through the closed door, it's good! it's very very good and he would love it, she is cool and concentrated, she is staring into her hot belly, she opens a button and unzips her shorts opening them wide and exposing her perfectly stretched and flat little belly, she pulls them down very slow, as he would love to see her circling with her hips what would boil any man and she turns into the side puling them even more down dancing with her perfect and

white at this time of the year hips, she pulls the shorts down all the way standing with her back to you and that's the most dancing roundest ass you have come across with that sweet crack in the middle and a little hole in, then she pulls her shorts on and zips them on and buttons them up and she fixes her killer belt and great smile comes on her lips - it was great! - Joy screams Jenny jumping joyfully up, Lucy is pissed - if you can't seduce your man you are just shit! - she says and leaves the house, Jenny does the same number three times, Jack comes into the room, Jenny stands in the middle of the big room flickering with her sheepish eyes and breathing rapidly and rabbitly - you scared me Jack - whispers girl laying, Jack bored leaves the room. They watch some insane movies, also last night they had seen "Repulsion" and today "Ultra Violet" and "Boxing Helena" - the characters in the movies are more crazy and sick than we are! - thinks Joy fully satisfied, Lucy is out having fun. Max comes home and Jenny gives him a kick, he is shocked and she too, she is really fed up she wants to be Jack's naked dirty babe at once! Jack is a bit moody and fed up with Joy - pity I didn't buy speed - thinks Jenny it wouldn't cost more than the dinner and all the films and at least we could fuck! - Lucy fully understands Jack, Jenny is a fool! - Jack is an ass hole! - thinks Joy - I love you Jack - says Jenny - what? - asks her Jack - what did you say? - TV is loud on and Jenny doesn't repeat, tonight she has hard to breathe and her heart runs like a horse under the jockey's farthing ass; dirty life, Jack farths so it stinks. This night is much colder than the one before. Jenny thinks of night when she beaten Tod in Jack's presence with her high heeled red stiletto spikes, she could have killed him; well she didn't, she remembers how impossibly fast her hands worked, puf, puff, puff, she feels something under the finger tops, Jenny's anger is reaching out. - When and how will it? - wonders the girl. Well in bed they joke true innocent, she makes him laugh and he pushes her by accident it doesn't hurt but he kisses her tenderly, well not passionately but tenderly like a child, she goes down under the cover eating him up and at last they fuck - o, my little girl - says Jack, they are laughing.

Day time Jack is pretty moody again - why don't you go now? - asks him Joy - I wait for my money - says Jack, Jenny answers him - well if you can live on me you could as well borrow money from me and go - Jack gets even more irritated at his girl; his girl.

Lucy didn't come back home, Jenny is in her darkest ditch not even trying to breathe it happens exactly what she did expect - Jack said - he is never coming home from his Stockholm trip, he is just not coming back, he is going to finish his book there and live with his friend in the little cell apartment with windows into the other house's wall - Yes! - Joy is so sad that she sees nothing else but dark naked trees in front of her eyes, they are sitting at the new cafe' and drinking tea - she is sitting against Jack and with her back to the window, it's almost 3 in the night and Jack looks so endlessly beautiful in his new black plastic jeans and brown lamb leather suit jacket, his hair are

very long and wavy coiled and his eyes deeply blue green grey - he is looking straight into Jenny's eyes and repeating what he already said - I'm never coming back - adding his comment at the town - this town is dead! - Jenny feels dead, she feels as she has turned into the chair herself and doesn't believe she is ever going to be real again, able to stand up, go, walk, talk and so on.

That night they have been filming with Coco and Jack and it was fun. They haven't finished the scene as Max was demanding on Jenny a company to borrow a video film and buy a kebab and now Jack says - we can finish any other time - Jenny says nothing, she is thinking - what does he mean, is he going and not coming back, then how can he say that about filming, how many Jack's lives in his chest? - she tries to schedule, just an hour ago she joked about that to Ella on the phone when Jack asked her to phone and check for the speed - she said - yes, all is fine now, but you never know, Jack is going again and may be he is not coming back, but I can't take him serious anymore - but now she does take him serious and all she wants is to die, they go to sleep embracing each other she wakes up lots of times - she wants to cry but she does not as she wants to film tomorrow and it would fuck her look totally, she knows she has three days left, about - she can't sleep, she gets up and sits in the living room on the couch, hearing him crying for her she goes back to bed and lay there and finally sleep, she is dreaming that she gets kicked out of the house and it's not so far impossible as she can't pay this month rent, she still pays Jack's food and in the morning which is about 4 in the afternoon she sucks him off, swallows him small and let him grow inside her what he loves and she plays with him - it brings her to a verge, her puke is coming up but not out, her tears gather and flow and she is there on her knees holding her heart in an open hand palm screaming - Jack eat it up! - he comes with a fountain of thick sperm all around her face and into her mouth and then she masturbates next to him swimming in the pool of sweat in the bed and he gets hot and they fuck like two little lions and it's great and after she comes she sees her little paw and she isn't a lion anylonger she is nothing but a small lizard with an eaten up heart and the sun is going to dry her with just a few beams if she doesn't find shade soon enough. Jack is coming and he twitches his mouth and shows his teeth and he is true sweet beast and she loves him and loves and loves. All around is but a dream. A lot of snow has fall again and street outside is quiet as they would live on the moon. His sperm leaks from between her legs when she walks naked to the bathroom, the feet touch the floor and all is perfect at this moment. He sands her to the store to buy snuff and newspaper and orange juice, on the street she sees a bum begging a money from a couple with a babe in the wagon and from two men, they all give him nothing, he doesn't ask Jenny, she gives him a change she has in a pocket, his hands are bare and ice cold and shivering and unable to grip and he makes a cup of them both for her to put money into and his eyes are running away, he stumbles into the same store,

buys himself a beer opening it immediately with a little fountain and a great suck, Jenny phones Coco as Jack asked her to do, their phone at home is closed, Coco isn't home, Jenny listens long time to a tune and right from the phone in the shop there is a sink and she sees the selling-girl washing her hands for a good while with lots of pink thick liquid soap after the bum's dirty money, Jenny pays her shopping, Jack still has her picture in his wallet... which she today carries on, Jenny leans her head against Joy's shoulder. Jack sleeps about 16 hours in the row this day. Jenny's face is white like a sheet. She paints her lips darker then usual and has no lust to paint her eyes.
- This time I'll not take him to the train - promises herself Joy...

XIII

Early night, Jack is in bed he has been in bed the whole day, Jenny is walking to get a pizza for him, Max and herself, it snows outside and the whole her world lays coiled into safety, beauty and peace, she follows gyrating flakes far into the pitch black universe, tears stream out of her eyes, Jenny is so incredibly happy and high and her life is best of all, explicit human virtue and beautiful, Jenny is sentimental and her and Jack's love is a forever winner tenderness sensual fuck and much more... - that's how she feels.

Night. Today Jack is cool and he is going to Stockholm only for some days and mostly to meet his friend. Jenny thinks of her lost childhood's cold, dark, round blue berries in milk, sugar and snow, she wouldn't say no to coke - pure and crystal white. Night, Jenny is sick she has caught a cold when they both, after hot bath they took together run to the cinema and it was snowing into her open whizzing mouth and Jack was calling - faster, run faster! - but didn't like an idea of catching black limo passing by, now Jack is moody and distant. Jenny has to wait with filming until they both get perfect. Jack has to go up early for some trivialities which have to do with his unemployment union, he is coming home, Jenny is sick and asleep, he is standing in the middle of the room, he is shining, he is happy to see her home in bed - I love his smile and his happy eyes and coiled long hair! - thinks Jenny looking at Jack through the squint eyes - today your eyes are dark blue - says Joy to Jack when he is close to her in the bed - I love Jenny-Joy! - thinks Jack caressing her in his arms, he cradles under her cover - it is much better inside here then there... - he whispers into her listening ear, he is cuddling and cradles into her through all the hours of the sleep and they are many, a very young stranger a rock and roll member from former East Berlin kisses Jenny in her dream, his tongue is deep in her throat - he looks peculiar in his nazi soft stile of clothing and a hair do - he is well young, doubts Jenny seeing his thin face of about 15 when it departs from her lips, Jack wakes up in hell - I can't be here! I'm all too young to be here! All too young to be hers! And who is she old maid!?!?! - Jack is pissed! - Jenny get up we go out and drink beer! - says Jack - O.K. - says a girl and doesn't move from the bed, he sits on the arm of the easy chair looking at her and his own reflection in the mirror picturing the whole room he hates, she doesn't move, he changes an idea of the different bars where he is going to wait for her, she is quarrelsome, his bad mood rushes as an avalanche down down down all the way to hell, he slams the door - fuck you Jack! - yells after him Jenny.

Jenny walks deserted snowy street to meet Jack at C-von, he seats there deep in his thoughts with a head rested down on the forearm, with a chin coiled inside his handpalm showing off his sorrow, his spleen, his blues, his beauty; he is fed up with paying attention to her - he says to her standing next to him - but he needs her to pay his beers and he wants to drink a lot this night and he wants to have a dinner - you not going to like what I'm going to say but I don't think I can live with you or anybody - here he looks at the

girls opposite, specially a blond one, Jenny also thinks a chick with long golden hair and a light blue sky naive eyes looks like a true princess of Disneyland - listen Jack cut this crap, tell me something new! - says Jenny half and half joking moving farther away from him, now they both sit in the bar with a couple between them, Jack calls her, after while she comes to him, he drinks her beer. They talk, Jenny is first tough then stupidly honest - she is fed up with Jack treating her bad and using her - she is looking for trouble saying that she knows but she can't stop herself, she keeps on talking like that since a few days, actually since her bad mood day - you are like all the other girls Joy! - says Jack and looks bored - well, I don't know that; I can be very good to you but I can be also very bad, that's my privilege, I'm not your mother, I'm your girl! - don't play smart Jenny! - says Jack - I am smart! - she says - take it easy with me - says Jack warning her - no! - says the girl; still today or yesterday Jack remained - you know how crazy I become when I get an idea about going somewhere and can't get away, then I'm just waiting in the great despair - Jenny knows that Jack has gone out of his's depth and turned his point; he asks her when they are walking in the narrow street - how do you think I am, what do you think about my personality? - well - says Jenny to his back, walking behind him in the deep snow - you are weak and strong in the same time and you use it both so you get out of everybody all you want! - Jenny still does not realise that she is pretty tough for a snowy day like that, they are in the restaurant now and Jack stuck out his pow-chest, moved a chair backwards away from the table and stretched all his long glorious body to be watched like Majakowskij use to do, that evening Jack knows it's only because of her he is so ambushed, he wants to be a single man - like Majakowskij. Crescendo. They get drunk, outside Jenny crushes 6 pack-eggs into Jack's head and half litter fruit yoghurt which paints snow violet-sick, consciously she finds in a snow-drift a big bottle of coca-cola the only item left for Max's breakfast, Jack pours it out splashing into her face, he puts snow under her blouse - o, I'm sorry Joy I didn't mean! - he try to remember her flue, Max's chewing gum packet lays hidden and forgotten inside the thick snow they beat each other outside his ex-girlfriend's gate, Jenny falls down on the ground and lays there not rising up, Jenny lays with a face into the snow she can hear a mini snow stripper circling around them - O, boy! it's not good Joy what you doing?, you don't have to lay there, he did not heat you much at all - whispers Jenny, Joy doesn't care and plays her game, she wants to be stupid, she wants lot of love for free! She runs into the other bar, Jack follows her, he orders beers but can't drink, she pays, he lays his head on the table, he wants them to go home - I want to drink my beer! - says Joy obstinately, he spills it into the flower pot. Home, Jenny takes a hot bath, Jack hangs in her hills, he is throwing everything into the bath tub what he considers might be valuable in her eyes - her creams, make up, new winter shoes she bought yesterday, she jumps out and into the bath trying to protect the things, he throws in her old red stiletto hill-shoes, leather clothes, Jenny

manages to hide all Max's perfumes, Max is a snob and he owns a lot of expensive man-perfume, it would have been unpayable to fuck them up, Jack burns her with a cigarette, he burns himself too, she is sitting in the bath tub with lots of floating stuff, her breasts are nice and floating between a shoe and a lipstick. She is arguing. Jack hits her on the face. - I love you to hit me! - screams Jenny. They sleep in such an enormously tight embrace that the legs and arms are a snakes in the nest, sheets are removed from the bed and they don't make love, Jack sleeps heavily, Jenny can't sleep - I'll go and fix my spiral, tomorrow, whatever happens, I'll fix a pearl in the pussy tomorrow if Jack pays me the money back we have spent this night, she is hot and her pussy is licking heavy glue stuff, her finger sticks into vagina's little lips. 7 in the morning she wakes up Max for school, there is no food as Jack deepen the last bread in the dish dirty water, Jenny hidden it after in the refrigerator and it's more then awful now, Jenny dresses up and goes to the 7-11 store, the street is so totally innocent, it is virtue and completely quiet tucked with fresh snow, sky is already blue and after a while she distinguishes the birds's voices and songs, Jenny walks very slow and almost doesn't breath as she doesn't want to rip the hymen of the dawn.

Jenny and Jack make love they come in the same time, it's not a sensation act but it is truly good but no much left when it's over... They sleep, they sleep, they sleep, Jenny runs to town, she meats Jack at the cafe' - are you sad? - she asks him - no, I need some new air - answers Jack frantically - stop it Jack! - instead of blowing "a new air" into his face Jenny "gets hurt", Jenny sits looking into her big cup of tea with milk and sugar wondering why did he wanted to meat her down town at all, the tension grows, the clientele at all the sides are teenagers talking their life affairs, they go and play billiard, Jenny plays rather OK for to be a beginner, Jack hates every of her dilettante questions, Jack is pissed at the world surrounding Jenny, he wants a new world! - if I only get out of this town and her home I shall be a great man and a great writer and lover! - at home he wants to discuss the Break, for ever, for a while for a few... he eats it up - few what? - she doesn't ask - shut up Jack I'm tired of you! - she says - you are simply afraid to talk about it Joy, you are afraid to loose me! - says Jack, he looks sad or something, Jenny decides - he looks something - look Jack, you put so much pressure on me that I can't think and don't want to think, I'm not afraid I just don't believe your opinions, you want me you don't want me you want this home you don't want you are going you are never coming back you are going for a few days and so on all the time, do you know the story about a sheep and a wolf? - she has forgotten by now that she did agree upon such a state of his being - I'm not coming back to this town! - says Jack decisively they sit at the Lu-lu's bar sharing a beer, lots of beers, Jenny is paying every single of them. - Money is no problem, Jenny - says Jack - sure it wouldn't be for me too if you paid! - she laughs - I want to go out with someone who likes me, I want to go out with a man who pays for me - she says, from time to time he turns back and

looks at the girls... They do make a big eyes at him and purple their cheeks. - What a fuck is wrong with me that I can't leave that girl, this time I am going to do it! - he says to himself. Tom sits waiting in his apartment - yes, man you've got to do it, dump this miserable old and perverted chick, take some young photo-model or something - he is waiting for his pal watching through his kitchen window - he is a lonely man, the snow is a bit deeper there then here. He reads in the news and Jack reads it too and Jenny that this spring in Stockholm black models girls are in; Tom is awaiting the sensation and Jack too but he is asleep, Jenny sits here and watches the roof opposite covered with thick quilt in snow, she couldn't sleep so she disentangled herself from Jack's embrace and hanged around the rooms - today is the day! - and it feels as it already burns in her stomach, in 4 days is March, sky is white. - I'm not taking Jack to the train, I'm not doing it! - repeats Jenny to herself and she cradles back to bed, Jack hugs her, Jack loves her, Jack is moody, Jack is disturbed - why are you so wild Joy? - he lectures the girl whose buppies hang over him, she is squeezing an aspirin tablet out of the folio, she giggles - wake up Jack! - she says with an urgent tune in her voice, he doesn't answer he doesn't want to wake up today at all. - Why am I in such a joyful good mood? - questions herself Jenny looking into the mirror over Jack's naked and white shoulder into her smiling eyes, he is still sleeping and she looks at him - vov, he gives me so much peace and love and love aura, I guess I don't believe that he is not coming back, I guess I think he is standing here in a few days time by the bed one morning and for sure I'm unable to feel the melancholy as long he is on my very side and he is - she smiles to herself and goes back to sleep deepen in his charismatic soft and hot flesh, their blood flows together separated from each other only with a thin layers of skin, she understands she can't go on like that, when she looks through the window it pulls her down sucks her in, it's definite; she is doing nothing but sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on his side, behind his back, on his shoulder, in his arm, under his knee, round his leg, on his belly, face to face, feet to feet and under his coiled and thick hair, they do some intercourse, they eat, shit, piss, she either shines of love or shivers under his tumb. Jenny, Joy a lost child at her age! Jack wakes up and he puts her hand across his crotch, yes - sometimes she is not allowed to touch, sometimes she is and sometimes is like now - he takes her hand and puts upon his coiled dick himself; he doesn't touch her pussy - o, she would love that! She would love to stand up over him and demand - eat me! Eat me now! And do it explicit good! Do it very good! Do it to me! Do it perfect! - the sun sips from the sky fast, fast, fast, Jenny licks him, she gives him halfway a blow job, more innocent and not as eager as usual, she seems not to care much, her soul is wistful, she rises her eyes upon his tasty dick and looks into his eyes of Joy, they are sweetly tender and she is laughing and he does too, they play little games with her upon him, she is riding slow through the lost landscape, it all takes time from which they disappear into the real world of a true love

and passions, they move fast and perfectly hard and they come together. Love disappears like a cloud. Jack still playing with her teats. Jack is wistful, she thinks he better goes today then tomorrow, this is what have happened to Joy - she can't take it anymore without errors. They sit in bed, today they have nothing to hurry for, this is a last day, TV is on, a stupid program of easy flat questions which people answer by phone and they might win a video tape, then Abba's song and a picture of them four on the sailing boat - "it's tough to say good-bye" - and their hair blowing in the wind, - o, shitty song, pathetic coincidence! - thinks Joy - o, boy! - she thinks and she closes her eyes. She is not hungry, she is not thirsty, she takes another aspirin, Jack is wistful, he takes shower first, she is difficult to flirt with, Jack isn't sure if he goes tomorrow or today, once up he realises he has nothing to do in that home, he packs all his colourful shirts she washed few days ago and left laying on the couch in his working room - never before he took all his shirts with - thinks Jenny - he use to take two shirts for a long trip - he takes both pares of his boots, his extra jacket, everything, he takes his code locked suitcase with papers which has been with from the beginning and about which contains she has never wondered, his other and only belongings are a small book shelf filled with books, big but caryable record collection and wooden box filled with empty perms after his poems, and a few plates so decomplished that he doesn't care anymore; Jenny dresses in the sleeping room and Jack in the working room, high door between rooms is wide open and they can see each other, she stands in her mirror in the black little bra, with a French type of the lock in front which he is alone about to be able to open among her men, remembers Jenny with a sentiment looking at her round breasts and bare pussy, he stands in his mirror combing his hair with her brush, he has a leather vest on and no shirt what makes him look more fragile, attractive and desire full in Jenny's eyes, they walk light and Jenny doesn't talk, Jenny is wistful - I think there is more trains tomorrow then today - says Jack - no - says Jenny - I think it is opposite - Jack goes to town to check for his train, Jenny cleans the room from the worst crap, a week old beer bottles after Coco and Jack and rests of food, cartoon packages after orange juice and milk and so on all around the bed, she takes the camera, she finds the new tape she bought for to film her striptease scenes Jack was supposed to film during last few days and films his luggage on the couch in the working room - a black suitcase and a green US military bag they bought in Zakopane for high mountain climbing trip, she films herself waddle-walking in the room. Jack comes in he has a bottle of wine in his hand - he doesn't go! - breaths out Jenny very pleased over the wine, soon realising that he always buys two bottles of cheap pink Rose wine just for the train trips - he goes - states Jenny for herself - my train goes in two hours do you want to go and eat with me? - he says in a sentimental voice, she looks at him with eyes more slant and slower then usual - Jack - she thinks, he is silent, she says nothing for a long while - O.K. - she says, he gives her some money, she fetches dinner for Max

from the Chinese restaurant, Jack includes a photo of Joy into his luggage, the moon is full like a plate or a brazen-devil and high clouds wind around it giving an extra touch, Joy comes in she is very quiet, Jack sits on the only chair in the kitchen with his pain, his eyes... she sits down in his lap, a little kiss, Jack is pale, Jack says short good-bye to Max, Jenny carries Jack's suitcase, she walks behind Jack on the staircase - he is my most beautiful City cowboy - thinks Jenny watching his hair, his shoulders, thin waste she can sense under the leather jacket, his small butt, straight hard thighs, his knees from the back side and smooth calves inside the high boots, he pushes the door, outside snow, Jenny walks a little before and skips seeing Jack's back, they round the church, they cross the street, they take a tram nr.4 and it's still her number, Jack's number is 5, Jenny goes in first and sits down by the window turning her head away from Jack as there was a full time window show, they arrive, they walk across a little square, across the channel and across the street, they go down the staircase into a pub they haven't been to before, they sit down against each other, Jack's eyes bite through Jenny and he doesn't take them off, Jack's eyes shine like a glass, Jack's eyes make tears, they sit under the eyelids and flout out in his grey blue eyes's comers little by little, drop by drop, Jack orders pasta Balinese and Jenny buffalo's wings, Jenny is very quiet - it's true, Jack was right he has my nose! How strange I did not see that before also strange we should just share something in us not beautiful at all - he doesn't sit as always far away Danding himself, he actually leans over a table far towards Jenny, all the songs at the place are sad love songs, there is a flay-skin of the bear stuffed standing in the corner spooking, the waitress is a beautiful, dressed in blue jeans, tall and tempting looking Brazilian girl with a shoulder long curly pitch black hair and with a terrible rubber duck voice and flat manners, Jenny can't eat and wings are fat and sweet, she closes her eyes and smiles at the thought what she is going to write about the seen, Jack smoothly slides his fingers under the eyes when the tears are too visible - he loves me more! - understands Jenny and she strokes his hand, Jack pays the food, Jenny follows the waitress with her glance, Jack does too but not as much as he use to, Jack is wistful, Jenny undresses the waitress in her glaze - she has a bit too fat tights - they are ready, they are fetching the coats, they measure each other all the time with a gaze Jenny and Jack, they put their wallets into their breasts pockets on the left side in their jackets in exactly the same moment as they were a cowboys robbery pals in the western movie or a mirror picture of each other or cartoons, everything happens now in slow motion, they are on the stares up when another broken heart song breaks through -" is too late" - sings the girl, they walk towards the station, they pass Coco's girlfriend hamburger stand, Coco's coming to town in one hour, they wink to her but don't stop, it's cold and it's cold inside the station, they have 20 minutes - if I leave him now alone, he shall be home soon - Jenny smokes a cigarette, if they would have stop by Coco's girl and if Jenny left now Jack

would have give up his ticket and wait for Coco, they would get drunk and in late night Jack would crawl into his own and Jenny's bed and the day after they would watch films and fuck and the following day they would film and Jack would start writing again, they walk towards the platform, she quenches a fag-end with her shoe against the concrete and walks behind Jack who carry all the luggage now, she is very quiet, Jack puts his luggage down and kisses her lips softly but truly and a little wet, he grazes her cheek and her nape and her hair, she doesn't graze back, he pulls her towards himself, she feels how his heart beats, the uniformed and blue eyed conductor girl watches them touched, Jenny holds her hand on her back and now he takes his write hand off her shoulder, he moves it inside his jacket on the heart's side.

And now comes what they waited such a long time for...

And now they stood in the young willow green forest - Jenny and Jack - facing each other, and a soft flakes of snow are dancing in the air, the trees were hardly any taller then Jack and all one could hear was a ripple of the ice cold brook and birds singing crystal love and their two hearts pumping and their breaths hold back and Jack gave a sigh - the same he used to do when he saw a pretty young girl on TV kissing a lad and he forward the right hand he hold till now on the left inside of his jacket, Jenny did the same but she did not sigh, she only hold her breath back and hold the nostrils clasped and now she lqoked into Jack's glassy eyes using all the radiance she could gather within her dark soul and he did the same, they did not speak they hold their pistols against each other foreheads and they started to breath loud, first slowly then faster and faster and still waited for the very explicit moment to pull the triggers off. And sun, the sun went painfully down. And in about 10 minutes everything was going to be over in a tight-fitted pitch-black darkness. The train was coming. You could hear the train coming.

EPILOGUE

They did not die, Jack went with a train and Jenny went home, she opened the tap and drunk glass of water, she opened a computer and continued writing, she decided to stay cool and read all Jack's books and he had a lot of interesting stuff in her home - her home? - Did she already buy his solution? - Why didn't she do anything before it was too late? Why didn't she strip as it was her sure number and it would have turned him on! Why didn't she touch his knee when he sat there dropping tears? Why didn't she sit in his lap on the deep frozen train station, why didn't she kiss him? - She started to read Majakowski's biography, that time she did not play her usual trick from the youth that she would identify herself with a man; no - this time her eyes were open, it stood there black on white on every fucking page of a good written book that men had brains, that men had emotions, that men had spirit, they had life and future, the men created, they were alive and women were an add, a decoration, a pip hole to stuck their promotes dicks into it, they were low and only waited for the men to do things with them and they ought to be used, consumed (with the highest artistic pleasure which only men can feel and with an experience) and have to be dumped and also that the very young girls were a true goddesses and of course no need to mention only the beautiful once. The next day became difficult, she was missing Jack, she continued writing and film-stripping, she stripped off the white dresses, she saw she was very beautiful and she continued naked dancing in front of the mirror watching her pretty bare feet which did not come unfortunately into the picture, with a strong film lamps on and neighbours watching; the moments she was missing Jack the most she laid in bed hour after hour on her right side and with her back to the window being certain that the whole front of her body was jerked off, torn away and the open wound gaped into the sheets and back at her. Apartment was becoming more and more rotten with a big flies-kingdom in the kitchen, she was unable to do a shopping and Max had to take over, she was unable to cook for him, laying in the bedroom, she watched TV through the door to the other room and changing the channels all the time, eagerly praying and fraenzing she kissed her ring on the heart finger and whispered to it frantic sweet words, it wasn't from Jack but he had the same and that was the point and that was good enough! She could hear his coming steps on the staircase, on the floor in the rooms, but she couldn't see him. The next day she though she was reaching a climax of missing, she thought so... She went out to drink with Amalia wondering why was she going, walking, and for what, the bar was full of people and she was there, she was a total stranger; she met Lise-bacon which wasn't a bacon anymore, she was beautiful, she wore a black man suit and Lucy looked behind her coat at the line devilling rich breasts and putting them together, she knew that Lise only had a black lace bra under - it was like one and one

is two - she knew that, Lise saw Lucy's eyes and she smiled pleased, Lucy saw that too, Lise's long hair were thick red deep autumn woods, her lips were strong red, her freckles were smiling and her up nose too, her eye make up was going frolicsomenly up, she has been to New York, she was inspired, she was drinking gin-tonic and Jenny and Amalia did that too, they danced together that night - you are a first girl who looks great in a suit! - screamed Lucy to her through the loud disco music and took off her new black leather exclusive coat showing round breast in a little white lace blouse she cut open extra much this night - you are the most innocent whore on this earth and that's beautiful, I mean you are like Madonna! - screamed back Lise adding the explanation seeing Lucy's eyes arose in anger and wanted to kiss Joy, years back when they met they had a clash - then Lise said - Lucy, I truly like meeting you, I thought you are just a polish whore - and Lucy flew her pointed shoe into Lise's larynx and made her stay in bed for a few days heavily defected, now Joy smiled and her smile this night was like Oxana's a Olympiad's champion on ice! - charmingly childish, winning and triumphant! - it was a gin-tonic and moonshine smile with an add of vanity, Moni came by and said - Joy you have the most beautiful ass I have seen! - Bernt said - don't be blind Moni she must have a corset - one can't have corset on the ass, Bernt - enlighten him Moni - well than she has a silicon, one can't have such a pretty ass - stated Bernt and moved his chair towards the dancing girls for to watch; imagine if Joy was happy... She was shining this night, she danced in white tight-fitted skirt, and I mean she danced as always as in the good times of seduction, flirtation, hot pleasure and naively wild fun in the sky with ecstatic diamonds, she had a lot of drinks, they were at the lesbian birthday party, they went to the night club and then Lucy could choose any boy, just any boy; she fall for one at last, he was crazy, he was blond, he was beautiful and very young, he was fragile, they danced, he was crazy about her, she took off her jacket, he took off his shirt, he was now bare chested and wild and she loved that, he had gone out to get more money and was buying a lots of beers for Lucy his only goddess of this night, they stood in the bar the boy was totally in love she looked at the boy on the other side of the bar and she fall in love, they started calling each other first then Lucy dropped the first boy and went into the corner with a new one and wet kissed, they went to her place, they fucked good and fast, he licked her pussy, he torn her clothes off, he licked her pussy, they fucked good and fast; he wanted to use her cunt, she wanted to use his dick in her anus, - pleasures, they did both; she remembers he was saying - oh, you like it there? - possibly with a surprise, they had a dynamic fun, she waked up in the morning understanding that someone was here, for a second it felt as Jack was back, she felt the warmth of the body on her back which wasn't her, she saw a blue jeans on the floor like Jack's, she looked back and she had to get up, all she wanted was him to leave, he was asleep, she was in the bathroom - if it's only for that kind of the freedom Jack fucks our love for, then it's all bull shit! - she

was repulsive, she sat with Max in the living room for a while and went back to bed, the boy woke up, he was young handsome, tall, well made and build, with short black hair - what's your name? - asked him Lucy - this same here, my is Ziggy, what's yours? - Jenny - said Lucy smiling, he got up soon, when she looked he already had his green underwear on she leaned back into the pillows, she heard him say - hallo - to Max and go to the bathroom, he was back in the room and giving her one funny-charming wink with both stretched to her hands left. She laid in the bed like in the coffin, she laid there the whole day, she missed Jack sometimes so violently that white and silver metallic devils with a long knives danced inside her spreading pain, fear and spasmodic cries, she understood that she withhold her breath and they were cutting her on inside and burning her from inside and she was becoming a surface of herself, a peel or a homeless dog or a bum. She tried to read the book, Majakowski just dumped his last lover-girl for to gain peace needed for the writing and also to give a place for the next and still unknown princess he found very soon and soon abandoned. The demons danced inside her hurting and burning and sucking on - I have to talk to Jack! - said Joy desperately and loud to herself, she kept on disappearing - I have to phone Jack! - she took fast shower, washed her hair, dressed - I have to talk to him immediately! - she run to Amalia, her phone was still closed, snow was new, soft and deep - Jack, I slept with a boy, I had fun, I love you, I can't live without you! - her voice was shaking, she was shivering, she had a thousand tears in her eyes and milion tears in her throat - aha - said Jack in a cold, distant and withdrawn voice - you can, I know you are strong, I am not coming back, I feel very good here with Tom, I'm writing, cooking, watching ice hockey - his voice was odd, it wasn't a voice she knew, it wasn't his voice - why does he sound like a duck? - thought Jenny - I wasn't happy there, I'm not coming back and I'm not going to live with you - he said - I love you Jack and I know that you love me too - said Joy - it's true that I love you but I am not going to live with you - answered her Jack - you don't know that - said the girl - no, I don't know - said Jack and Tom stretched in his chair, Jenny was shivering. Jenny came home and saw the bathroom all cleaned up - vov Jack is back! - she clasped her hands as it was Jack's job - he used to say - to clean the bathroom, the rest of apartment was her job and it was now all deserted under the cover of Jenny's violent despair with flies, creeps, earth and plants and pieces of rotten food and some few corns of the golden dust. It wasn't Jack who cleaned the bathroom, it was Max, Jack was at the cafe' in Stockholm together with Tom and eating cheese sandwiches and drinking tea they had one of these talks only men can have. The next talk - it's Jenny - hay Jenny how are you? - it's pain - she answered short - I know it is pain - said Jack and he didn't sound as far away as yesterday - I don't have any body anymore, I mean my body has vanished - said Jenny sitting on the chair and kneeling into the phone - don't you miss me? - she asked him - no - said the boy - I write about you but I don't think

about you, I want us to be friends - suggested Jack - yes, Jack, how friends?
- write to me Jenny it's nice with letters - oh, yes, why don't you write to me?
- she chaffed questioning him, giggling - I wrote to you - he said - yes, and where is the letter? - she asked teasing in a sweet voice - it's in my pocket
- he said - well, send it to me - said the girl - you know what I'm going to tell you - said Jack in a dry voice - what? - she asked, expecting some few love words, she was a fool - that I'm not coming back and I feel very good here
- Jack - said Jenny in a quiet serious voice - don't fuck up our love, please be careful, our love is real, more real than a thousand books - it is not about books it is about my life - answered her Jack - didn't you tell me yesterday that you love me? - asked Joy not having better argument - yes, I love you but I don't think I want to be your boyfriend - stop this Jack you know me and you know yourself, don't fuck it up for us too soon, lets take it easy and be careful about us, it's precious - said Joy - I want to keep what I have - said a man determinedly - and what do you have? - asked the woman - I really feel very good here, Stockholm is beautiful, I'm registered now in Stockholm and I shall get my money from here - well we can move to Stockholm - she said fast - it doesn't work like that - said Jack - OK, this talk makes no sense see you soon - said Joy - you mustn't say so Jenny - said Jack - well I come and see you - she laughed - it wouldn't be a very good idea - pointed Jail-Jack - look, Jack - stated Jenny in a very cool voice - you are forgetting yourself, I can also do what I want, you can come and go and you are welcome to do that and if I'll feel like seeing you I'll come and see you and I'm alive person who can decide for oneself and not some kind of dull doll you write the lines for - Yes - agreed Jack.

Jenny and Charlot are at the cafe² - the same cafe² where Jack and Jenny met - when I was small I did identify myself with a boys because they could do everything and girls could do nothing, when I started to read books I was a boy, they were so fantastic wild, creative, powerful, tormented by the burning inner life and wish and girls in the books were really a flat bottom - a floor to walk on, a nothing, when I started to make love - rather soon I ended up a top of boys, it was more fun and more action and I could decide, after while I have learned to feel my cock, deep inside them penetrating the very bottom of their innocently fleshy, earthly bellies, it wasn't really long ago when I got fed up with IT and found out it was pretty enjoyable to be a woman and actually I love it - said Jenny - They are going to finish all of us, it is going into that direction, they are killing baby-girls in India, in China, in Japan, everywhere, everybody wants to have a son, we will be at last just a fifty women on earth and they are going to show as like a freaks, I know that! - Charlot had tears in her sensitive blue eyes and Jenny had some in her brown - stop Charlot, we can't sit here and cry, lets be reasonable - and Jenny took her hand.

Jenny miscalculated, she thought that Jack's state of mind was like her and she couldn't live without him so she thought he couldn't live without her, she

thought he will go for a few days, fuck a girl or two, or three, drink, party, have some fun, some hangovers, some company and some loneliness, spend all his money soon and come back under the wings-home, it didn't do; Tom took care of Jack with an iron hand and he found an extension of such in his thin body - he always despised Joy so now he was doing a real good deed of his life, he was getting his only friend into an order and out of the bitch's claws; Jenny woke up after an hour of a sleep, Jenny was going to die, her heart kept on cracking literally to pieces and she was going to puke all her soul little by little, it was matter of time and this time it was not going to take too long, this was much worse then the previous night, she couldn't breath and her heart ran like a little train up her spine louder and louder and louder, coming yet closer but not close enough. The pain was too great to describe, she missed Jack's presence, his material physical earthly presence to that extension that thirst of every millimetre of her wounded body was going to burn her, melt her, wipe her out totally and deliberately, the time was close and her eyes were seeing, they were a big water lakes, she laid tucked with sheets, her face was twisted, veins were pulling out and burning, she was bleeding like a eastern pig, Jenny cut her throat - she had a lot of blood in her, Jenny died, Joy got pregnant with Jack by the wind and expected his baby, The Angel-Child looking at her growing stomach with emanating happiness.

Jenny got a flue and laid under the cover several days in the row. Jenny had a dream, a few years old daughter of Jack and her was with her in the phone buzz, she was fixing a car lift with a handsome elegant man in a porsche car, she seemed not too excited about Jack but of course she was taking him with, he was still inside the restaurant - Dutch waked her up and Jenny looked at him with rage wishing to disappear realising how radicalise the dream was for the first a fact that she did not care when she had and next how far from the reality it was all together - Jack wasn't there at her side at all, she wanted to get back to the dream, she went back to sleep and now she was a greatest filmmaker among the cult women - she sat on the high bar chair in some exotic, sunny spiced surrounding and hold a pink tall drink in her right hand and conversated the matter with her companion and a bar tender girl - yes, Jenny was an easy bought fool on the hill and she intended to sleep herself to death, Dutch slept at her couch, Mick too, Carina slept in the other room, Jenny was obsessed, Jenny send love cool letter to Jack but did not give him a call, Saturday and everybody say - you have to get up Jenny and have some fun! - Jenny is up. Jenny is on her legs again, she had have a couple of beers and she is all right, Jenny is beautiful, all trouble is gone, Jenny is many girls and boys idol and she loves it, they do follow her mouth expressions and every single hands movement and every word she might speak and she is telling them her topic - I want to be black, it is my biggest wish, then I'm going to be loved and the most powerful!!! - Jenny has fun, Jack is desperate, Jack can't stand his reality, Jack wants Jenny or any

other girl, the whole world is against him, Jack is losing Jenny and it hurts like hell, he is losing all other girls for this night and it hurts like hell, Jack is puking, Jack is crying, crying with real tears and he hasn't done that for many years and never for Jenny's sake, Jack walks under the water floods, Jenny has fun, she is drunk and she is dancing, it is Sam entertaining her and they match perfectly in dance, on the floor and in the dark corridors, they run around, Sam carries Lucy in his arms, Lucy is Sam's babe, everybody is looking, also Sam's girl, also Tod. Sam is bare chested now again and he is hot, and he is touching Lucy all over and she gives in, Lucy is leaning on the wall and Sam is pushing against her with his hips and his crotch, it's still but the dance, she has her leather pants on and he has his, Lucy is turned on and hot, he is enjoying her meat in her bare waste, they keep on in many hours, Sam lifts Lucy up, it's almost a day time, the only people around are Sam's girl, Tod hanging in the bar and disc-jockey in his lonesome solitary buzz, Sam drops Lucy on the floor, he hears her head crack, Lucy feels her teeth cracking and she passes out, Sam carries her to the bathroom the only place with light to see the damage and to look after her, Lucy is alive, she is actually all right, she is not bleeding and nothing is broke, Sam's girl is in the bathroom and she looks with a big sad brown eyes at Sam with Lucy in his arms, she loves Lucy too, she loves Lucy's book but she loves Sam more, she sees Lucy's face is white like a sheet, Lucy leaves them for the talk, she stands with Tod in the bar - Lucy... - says Sam giving in - I have to go home... - Tod and Lucy go to his place, Lucy is bleeding from her nose a lot, Tod is pulling her clothes off, they are in his bed, Lucy holds her tangas on with both hands and laughs madly - you are crazy! - says Tod - I know! - shouts Lucy laughing more and more, suddenly she opens her bra and pulls down her pants, she lays on the bed for a moment motionless, Tod wants a kiss - no way! - says Lucy and turns away from his wet lips, he is kissing her womb, her breasts, her stomach - you are so impossibly pretty, Lucy girl you will always be the best! - Lucy keeps on laughing - what is it with you? - asks her Tod, he gets no answer, she keeps on spreading the cascades of her joyful laugh and it inflames him too, they are both laughing rolling on the bed, they fall to the floor, Tod keeps on pulling her cunt into the several directions, Lucy is a bad girl, she does nothing, she watches Tod do things, she gets bored, she gets fed up with a position and decides to fuck him fast, she turns him on his back and comes over him, his dick shrinks into a babe size, she moves above him some more seconds and not recognising any change she goes to sleep, Tod keeps on molesting several parts of her body and soul through the vanishing night, morning and sunny day but he doesn't get anywhere with her, Lucy is a bad girl and she knows how to do it, she has practised that on Tod before, Lucy is sleeping, Lucy is bleeding from her nose, Tod has a cough attacks and the sensual attacks and a cough attack, Lucy is asleep, Lucy is laying in Tod's arms shaking, she is missing Jack, the sun shines into her eyes madly and violently, she is whispering - Tod, I miss Jack so much

that I don't know what to do anylonger - one single tear runs out of her left eye and running towards her right splashes in and breaks like a rainbow fountain in the strong sun, Spring is here, it's the fright. The day is very long, everybody Jenny knows has a hang over, Jenny calls Jack, he is not there, Sam calls and investigates how she feels, he promises to take her out as many times she would wish and pay back the accident, she wishes it would have been Jack calling, he does not, she calls him again, Tom supposes he is on his way home to Joy, Joy is smiling, she is walking on the same street, she is planing - ... and he is coming very soon and he has a ring for me and he is telling me - Jenny I want you be my wife and I want your babe! - Jenny runs on the street with darkness surrounding her tight, Jenny has wings, Jenny is a fool, Jack is in Stockholm, he feels blues and spleen, he says - I feel very bad and I think of you a lot - he says - I feel very good here and I'm not coming back - they decide to meet - I want to see you Babe so please come - he says, Lucia looks like a boxer, she has a terrific blue eye and Micky Mouse swollen up cheek and a big violet lips, she looks awful, she is still bleeding from her nose with lots of fresh hot red blood and some thick black gore. Lucy is going to go to Jack in four days.

Jenny went insane - she dreamed the smell of Jack in her vagina she needed badly to be able to sit here like always inhaling the intoxicating stupefying smell of life, dreaming... disappearing, writing... Every single tooth hurts and there is no way she could eat.

Lucy offered her life for that book and she is rising now again.

Joyce was shocked seeing Lucy's damaged face, his hair had grown very long, they reach almost middle of his back in thick black curls, he was buying sweets, he was cool and much more beautiful then before.

Vov, Lucy is puking, she has been there since days, she is not pregnant, she has a brain concussion since Sam dropped her in the dance, she wonders to what song, she looks like a pig on her face, it grows, hurts and changes the colours - Lucy's miserable wild life! Lucy is aggressive. Lucy refuses to think about Jack. Jack is doing fine, he is getting his own apartment and he is writing, he is washing his clothes, in two months he is going to be twenty one, for the first he will have to change the nomenclature and stop using "twenty" for his advantage, for the second it is a lucky number.

Happy End.

Fog is thick over the town. Dutch is cooking dinner for Joy and himself.

In Japan they started to wash old people in the machines for the time and money.

Spring came. All the snow is gone.

Epilogue II

Jenny is in the rush, the time have run out, she has to take a taxi to the airport if she wants to manage to get the last plane to Stockholm and she wants, amphetamine dealer she has been waiting for did not show up, in her bag she has wet clothes which did not dry and she has a bottle of pink wine Jack asked for. The taxi driver helps her into the ticket office in the same moment she meets her old friend, the only skin head friend she has since many years, he is taking the same plain, he is going for the funeral of a young girl, they make a perfectly dynamic match, she with half of her face in, black leather shorts, black leather jacket whooped with a H.D belt and a blond burrow of the massy hair, of course high hills and a red lipstick and vanity and he in the regular out fit - a black bomb jacket, fighter boots, jeans, shaved head, wildly picky blue eyes, lips knobbed with snuff and the angular movements, he gives her a warm hug, they sit next to each other in the plain separated with one empty sit - he likes distance, she is thinking about Jack, she drinks Coke, Lee drinks coffee and buys perfumes and chocolate box for his ex-girl; they arrive, they take a limo to town, it is so - single skins don't use collective transportation's, the car is white with white fur inside on all the sits, Lee and the driver talk the usual stuff - it's terrible with a black lamb-meat taxi drivers in this town, the Arabs are dumb and the Negros dull, they simply don't know anything not mentioning the streets, their driving license are false, but it is possible now to ask for a white driver when you order a cab - there is a phone in the limo and Lee makes few calls and Jenny makes some too; she is trying to get some place for her and Jack to stay this night. She meets Jack waiting at the Central Station where she should have been arriving by the buss, Jack meets her with a scream - haaaaaaah! - his scream!, his voice! Jenny's heart beats tough!, two weeks separation vanishes at once, he is the same man, he smells the same, he looks different, he looks much like a ware wolf somehow - but that she sees later when they walk in the street - he looks pale, he is more thin, more wasted and his hair did not see a brush since but it's not a hair do even if it shows just there at his white forehead - it's loneliness, lonesomeness - there is a clear print that he did not get laid since, his arms are the same - Jenny's passion arms, they are damn hot and generous... Jenny loves Jack, yes she does, they kiss, but it's a small kiss, they look at each other, Jack more heedful then she - he wants to see if she has change - she has not, she is all the same! - his girl, she takes off her shades, she has red-blue-violet cheek, her hair are turned to the other side trying to cover the damage, a big swelling on her left side; they go to the bar... They walk together on the street and it's Jenny's great paradise, the lights are bright, street is dark and colourful, the shop windows shine with love even if they only sell dresses, shoes, hats and coats and one single Cinderella's wedding dress in red! Street is rather empty, it's past midnight, they meet single people who show them a way, they hold hands, Jack carry her suitcase, Jenny is tough but she is going to soften very soon, Jenny loves

her Jack - the only man on earth! They are in the taxi from the bar to fuck at unknown people home - friends to friends and only from the film business. - We have just separated, I live here and she is a girl from the small town - says Jack to a taxi driver - what an ass hole you are! - says Jenny laughing - she feels slight feeling of a great error - why must he always say that kind of bull shit to everyone?! - questions him Jenny annoyed, but nothing can spoil the pleasure of magic, they are in love. They are in someone kitchen sitting on the floor, Jenny wanted to run away from their "split" reality and she got just into it for full, a girl - they are going to fuck in her kitchen is Tom's old flame - shit!; - the world's orders are far too trivial! to gothic! - says Jenny to herself urgently trying not to hear a word of Jack's long tirade which unfortunately is also her true story. Jack's deep gorgeous voice - I'm staying here and she is going back soon, she isn't my girlfriend anymore - . They are in bed - I'm going to protect myself - says Jack - I'm going to use condoms - what a peanut you are - says Jenny kissing him, he kisses her hot, his lips are hot and wet and his tongue plays with hers - you not going to do it! - banter Joy - Jenny, you are so beautiful - whispers Jack looking at his naked little big missing girl - sit on me Joy! - he calls and she does, he licks her pussy - he licks my pussy! - screams Joy's ear, Lucy lays silently at her back, Lucy is stubborn like hell, Lucy isn't very playful - o what a boring girl you are Luc - whispers Joy so quiet that Jack can't hear her - I'm never going to live with you Joy, I only want to have fun with you, what do you think about Joy?, respond!, get the rubber from my jacket - no! - says Joy - yes! - says Jack, the game goes on, the other couple in the other room watch the video "Sammy and Rosy", Jenny and Jack's travelling bed is always in the kitchen, Jenny stumbles bare feet over the forks and cups - show me your ass Joy! - hails Jack and she does, she kneels into his dick and kisses it passionate, they do make love and he comes inside her with his precious sperm like an love fountain, she kisses him tenderly, Jenny loves her Jack, Jack hugs her hot, they fall asleep. The day stands up late, they make love, they eat breakfast - toasted bread and coffee and tea, they leave; it is Spring and winter is over, they are at Jack's favourite cafe' and don't know where they are going to stay. Their friends aren't too helpful, Jenny makes several phone calls and no one invites the lovers for the night, Jack points out for Jenny which waitresses are nice and caring for him with a motherly hearts, at last she fixes a place at the club HG5, it's all right it's her "old room" and it's in town.

They are out in many bars, Jenny is drunk, Jack is drunk, Bukowski is dead, Jenny drinks wild turkey, Jenny jumps on the table, it's Friday night and the place is over crowded, Jenny dances with a very short Mexican, Jack drinks with his pals, Jenny talks to a Lisbon's Dandy in the bar, Jack drinks with his pals, Jenny is on the table and unbuttons her shorts, Jenny is beautiful, the bar owners throw them out, she is trying to stop in the door with her arms and legs wide spread like a star - did you think I was going to strip?, I was

only joking! - she yells seeing the street night gutter right over her belly, they are on the street, they are in the underground waiting for the train, Jenny jumps down on the tracks, Jack shouts at her and she comes up then she jumps down again, Jack follows her, they lay down on the track, train comes fast like dark passionate horny white devil, the people scream, the people yell, the people hail, there is not much left of their tormented bodies except two clasped hand palms on the side of the track.

Dream. Jack carries Jenny off holding onto her at the belt on the back, like a bag, she is his sweet suitcase bebe, she is brushing ground with her blond hair and her feet slide touching the smooth stone. He carries her out from the Underground swaying her like a handbag which she definitely is. - Am I or am I not your girl?! - shouts Jenny and she repeats the question - you are - says Jack. Outside they stop a taxi, Jenny jumps on the roof and hangs out on the front window against which she splashes her nose sending kiss to the driver and mostly to Jack who always sits in a front sit by himself, Jugoslavian driver is pissed but only for the short moment, they make friends and a good price, they drive round searching another bar but there is a kew everywhere and they are definitely too drunk to stand waiting outside, they drive back to the club, a little guy is following with. They sit in the club in front of the big street window with all the lights on, they play clothes-strip-Chicago-poker, Jack is bluffing all the time, Jenny understands nothing of the game, he has to play her cards as well as his own, she takes her clothes off piece by piece, Jack too, the other guy also, he sits in Jenny's big white fur showing off only his long hair and thin hairy calves and feet, she has a king of the red heart on the hand and practically nothing more, she has her king next to her left and a small guy in front of her, she lays down her cards and takes off the bra and the underwear dropping it down to the floor - now I can concentrate on the game when I already lost all my clothes - says the girl seriously, the boys are soon stripped off, people pass behind the window and watch, they move into their room - you take her in the anus and I in the pussy, ha ha ha ha! - they all laugh as mad - is it O.K with you Joy? - asks her Jack - I would do anything for you - whispers a girl laying on Jack's chest with his great dick deep in her cunt - but I don't want him in my ass, I want you there because it's so nice - they make several re movements without getting to the point, Jenny sees nothing, room is black and she says - I want him to use a condom - o, stop Joy - requests her Jack - no! - says Lucy stubbornly - he has to use condom, you said you had one - OK - the little guy fumbles with a rubber, his dick dies and he complains; Jenny wakes up, Jack sleeps sitting in the corner of the couch, Jenny lays down in the high absurdly yellow and absurdly shaped chair which could have been a modern Cinderella's bed or something close to a perverted non vertical rocket, a little guy approaches her mingling viciously with her pussy, she backs out, saying - not without Jack! - he rolls himself up to sleep down on the floor at Jack's feet, Jenny takes a bed in the next room - it's soft and she falls asleep; Jack wakes up looking for her

feverishly, he wakes up the little guy - have you seen Jenny? - she hears him questioning, they open every possible door but don't see her in the bed, Jenny calls Jack, he comes over her, they fuck like mad, Jenny is screaming, she keeps her legs all the way up against the wall, Jack's dick is an orgiastic event of tonight and her forever, she screams and the ecstasy is complete, Jack smiles, they sleep some hours in that bed and move into their room and a bigger bed later. The artists arrive at the club, they are exhibiting broken dolls, paintings and laying on the floor clothes stuffed with cotton plastered and painted blue and looking like corpses of men, women and children. Gunnilla looks into their room, Jenny and Jack are making love, Gunnilla screams, she is distracted, she is disturbed, she is frightened, she is a bitch! Jenny goes down to the gallery to cool her down she thinks - she wears only a red dress a top of her naked, sweaty stunned with love and sperm body - you may not be here in such clothes! - shouts Gunnilla crying with real tears, she is a big mail-woman artist, Jenny rises her eyebrows, she gives up, she goes back to Jack and sucks him off, it's gorgeous, with a next act they feel watched, it's a line behind the door to look at Jenny and Jack! - they are beautiful lovers and lovers they are and no more. They stay the whole day in the room, in the bed, inside each other until a hunger drives them out. Snow again, thick snow flakes, cold air and a wet gutter, a walk through Stockholm, a pizza at a small Arabic place and they drown in each other eyes in hours, Jenny's eye are wet, her heart is in an constant ecstasy screw and in a blood, Jack is in love, one more second and Jenny is going to submit - I want you in my life Jenny - says Jack - but I want to live alone - Jenny's hands shiver, she doesn't want to fall in love so totally again, she doesn't want to feel pain, she wants him but not to be her king again - I want to be your king Jenny, promise me that you'll never put a trust into the other man you will be screwing, promise me that! - Jenny looks at Jack, her hands tremble and she smokes cigarette after the cigarette, they hold hands, they go back to the club, they go to bed, Jenny wants to strip for Jack and she still doesn't dare - a foolish chick, they drink beer and watch splatter films in the club in the middle of a little room downstairs filled with young public, she literally lays in Jack arms, for every minute she is more and more in love - poor girl, she wants to kiss all the time, he holds her hand, they are the only lovers in the room of a very cool public, the place is extremely small to be a cinema room, the other hand she places on his dick, she unbuttons his trousers and put her hand in and around his growing cock, after a while he moves her hand away, he gets scared of one movie where a guy fucks the dead, they have to rush out, Jack gets drunk on lots of fast beers as long their money lasts and even longer, they go to bed, they don't fuck and the magic is gone, Jenny loves him more and more, she cures his fears, he holds her tight in his arms, they talk whispering a few words and fly into the dream, their feet play. In the morning she sucks him off and he fucks her, she screams without caring for the people in the office room and there is lots of them. - We

really have a very good time - says Jack - this shall be a very original relation, I want to have that way, it's boring to share every day life and it kills my love, I'm going to write and be by myself and then you can come and we'll have fun! - They are broke as Jenny spend all her money and Jack did not have any and it is time to go to Jenny's mother, it makes Jenny stressed and bored, Jack takes a bath, at last they are in bed, the sky is black and peaceful and almost starless, the sheets are so white and clean that they crisp and solemn, she lays at Jack's side suddenly regretting the past, she wonders why she didn't do better, why she didn't win his love and why they don't have a babe Angel-Child- Embryo alive, she lays at his softest side knowing they only have two more days or may be not even that, unutterable softness and sweet humble sorrow surrounds her completely now, her face lays on his breast, she starts touching him soft, she is far away from sex, she touches him smooth for the long time, caressing every spot and a beloved, he lays as in the dream, they breath light and don't speak, the air is blowing like a summer wind, she keeps on touching him, his thighs now and his cock is in her mouth, it tastes and smells as nothing after and nothing before, his cock grows, her cunt wets slightly, she comes over him, he is inside her and she rides on slowly passionlessly at the beginning, rising up with unnoticeable variation, but they do until the fuck becomes fire and scream for the full longs and then when the beast lays down again, she starts laughing and that's the happiest laugh since years, since she was a child, they go to sleep as there would not be a tomorrow of the kind they have already drawn the tough lines of. They kiss and hug in the sleep, she goes up early, she has a lot to do, all is a business and that's it. Her mother says to Jenny - Jack has to take his boots on before he goes - Jenny laughs robustly trying to see what kind of person Jack in fact is, at night her mother asked her to watch after Jack in the bath, she was worried he might fall asleep, and she also planed to buy an oil for Jack "to drink"remembering from his previous visit, she always found a bottle of oil from the sex games besides their bed, Jenny laughs madly, she gets some money from her mother for herself and for Max which she turns on Jack and herself very fast; Jack goes to do his stuff - he is finding an apartment for himself and she runs for her carrier, that's a fact, she is planing to move to Stockholm too in fact since some time as she did apply for the school long before the last turbulence, Jack doesn't like that, the town is his and not hers! - why are you like that?! - asks him a girl - I like to be in the centre - answers her Jack, she has no comments. The day is cold and her make up runs gradually off, she wants to live in a big rushing on town where people like her and it is so here - she is irritated at Jack and his attitude, it's raining and she finds a thick winter glows on the bus stop which she takes, she misses one appointment and full fills few, later on she misses one appointment again. Jack fixes his apartment.

- Lucy, you can't be that crazy! - I kept on yelling to her through the thick and coldmoisty wind at the Birger bridge - to apply to the cultural institution for

the sponsorship with a picture of Jack with his finger deep in your ass in the size of 2 by 2m.! - I caught some more air - I mean you must be mad!/? - she kept on laughing and she smiled to two female policemen in long dark blue coats and a stiff caps. - They are not going to forget me ha ha ha ha!!! - she explained bursting into cascades of a laugh and disappeared in the narrow, picturesque street of the old town.

Jenny enters a bar, she is totally run down and she definitely needs a break before the next appointment. The bar is empty, there is one man playing chess with a bar tender on the bar disc and another guy sitting lonely in the corner of it sucking on his toll beer glass - you need a rest - he says to Jenny stretching packet of "John Silver" cigarettes towards her, she takes one, he lights it - you are very beautiful, how did you get that tired? - he asks her, Jenny mirrors herself behind the bar, dark streaks of the blue and black eyeliner cover her cheeks which thick mascara pitches even more with flacks, her right cheek is anyway red-violet-blue - a true giant hit - It's funny it gives her only a respect from the people she meets - who punched you?! - asks the chap - nobody, a friend dropped me in the dance - and Jenny tells the whole unbelievable tale which none believes - I have been the whole world round - says the man - shall I buy you a beer? - OK. - she says - I have been the whole world round until I have been 24 and now I am 40 and I'm here, I have been a stunt man in Hollywood, I have been in Vietnam war, I have been in India and they cut me in two and I actually died and then they brought me back to earth and I flew over the mountains in Himalayas, I had a great pink wings, and when I was 8 I went with my brother - he was a babe - I took him to the States in the beg-pack and my father didn't know where we were, I did everything until I have been 24, I have to live alone, I can not live with a woman, it is so but you are very beautiful - by now Jenny cleaned her face with a cream she had in a pocket and fixed a new make up and was finishing a beer he bought for her, she noticed that the guy looked strangely very much like Jack but older, he had Jack's lips, Jack's nose, Jack's blue but tired eyes and Jack's long hair, he never got up from the bar chair so she couldn't see more - his size and so on; she picked up her book from the beg and he bought it. She signed a book for him - his name was John A.; she took taxi to the next appointment - a film producer. The drive was short and she spent the time correcting her make up, now it was thick and vulgar. - Yes, I recognise you from your film, you are absolutely great, I believe you can do films and that's exactly what this country need, someone wild and desperate!, I'm going to produce your film, it's going to cost about two millions, I suppose - Jenny's eyes were round, she was tired and she was drinking a beautiful cup of home made cappuccino, she put down the cup on the glass table having a big window with a Stockholm's great clouds and waters on her back - I don't want to work with money, I want to make a film, I was thinking something like a hundred thousand and a production I could fully control and handle myself - she said - money is no problem - he answered her and lean

into two hours of conversation about gods, goddesses, mythology, great writers brains, perfection, pornography, wildness, wilderness, art and no shame in red, bright red, gold and ruby colour.

Ecshouted Jenny waited for Jack at the little cafe', Jack arrived, she said few happy words, few happy news, few comments on the day, Jack was moody, he did not like what he heard, Jack was definitely in the bad mood, that was their last evening and they were going to have a dinner out and go to the movies, they went down to the Underground train, Jenny walked behind him, they waited for the train and did not talk, she carried camera and two more begs, Jack walked freely in front of her, they waited for the train, the train arrived, Jack sat down and she stood by the door, they did not look at each other, the evening was spreading like a abscess. The train stopped, they looked at each other fast and they smiled, they took each other hands and went out and continued the street upwards, the night was tender and it was the last night.

They had have couple of drinks and they are having a Chinese dinner; now they are going to the cinema theatre, it's very crowded and the movie is a sorrowful Al Pacino story, rather boring gangster-love story; Al Pacino dies and Jenny has tears in her eyes, she is thinking about her and Jack and their last night, she goes out slowly, she loses Jack for a moment, he waits for her in the crowd, they go out together into the street, there is a military dressed guy running with a big machine gun, in fact the biggest machine gun Jack and Jenny ever saw in real life, Jack is mute, his heart beats fast and relaxes fast noticing more, there is lots of more guys running around with the guns and machine guns, their helmets are dressed with branches and faces painted in dark war colours, Jenny stands leaning on the house wall watching, it's all like a dream, soldiers pretend not to see them and are aiming at something invisible, they communicate silently with each other, hide and lay down behind the cars and stick into the house's walls, Jenny and Jack go inside a bar. They take a short drink, the bar is closing, they go to a next bar open the whole night and they stay there, they talk, they argue, Jack tries to say that Jenny breasts are no good, she gets really pissed at him - you are alone in your opinion - she says and walks away to the bar and buys some more beers and talks to some guys, Jenny is a little drunk, Jack is drunk, they hang around many hours, they discuss writing and it's ethics, they argue and agree, they discuss Jenny and they argue and agree, they discuss Jack and they argue and agree, suddenly Jack disappears for a long time, Jenny talks to the other guys - why don't you look for your boyfriend, he might be sick? - they ask her - he is for sure screwing someone in the toilet - she says buying another beer, Jack comes upstairs, he has a guy with him and he has amphetamine, they go back all together down to the bathroom and snort some more, Jenny's life is paradise and Jack loves her very much, someone buys them a funny drinks with paper umbrellas and cherries and lots of green and pink ice, life is a paradise, Jenny is dancing, the bar night

came to it's end and they are kicked out and Jenny's jacket stolen, they are going home, going down to take train, film, joke, run, talk, they are three boys and Jenny, Jenny films Jack, they fool around, they snort some more and go to the club, they drink some more, the day is here and Jack and the guy with violet hair go to the liqueur store and buy more drinks, they snort some more, they talk, they discuss life, the talk burns, one of the boys falls asleep - Jack I want your babe - says a girl - all right! - says Jack enthusiastic but he asks - do you think it's OK even if you are so old? - yes! - says Joy. Jack is out of the room again, Jenny changes her clothes to white and rests on the big bed where the other boy sleeps - when are you going Jenny? - asks her Jack kneeling besides her and his eyes shine with a soft despair, Jenny feeling tired too answers him - I suppose to go tonight but we can sleep long and I can go tomorrow - she already gave up her plan of going out with Sam at night having a wild fun for a sake of writing first and decided she was going out with Sam the following night instead, Jack is not satisfied with the answer, he looks at her, he weights every word - Jenny what do you think, can I go home with you? Is it possible? Would you be happy? - Jenny is first stun, looking at Jack and then laughing and kissing him - of course! - she says, they pack her stuff feverishly, they both understand if they go, they have to go now, they go and catch Jack's stuff from Tom, they phone to Tod and Fox as they don't have money for the train, Max makes a seen on the phone as Jenny did not buy promised shoes and she did spent all the money, Fox agrees to go to the train station and pay the tickets fort he love-kids, they are high, they are drugged, they are in love, they are wasted - are you happy Jenny? - questions her Jack time after time, they are sitting at the Central station waiting for the tickets, Jack wears Jenny's white fur and they both look spectacular, Jenny wears huge shades she stole from HG5, the way she feels and mostly looks she can't unshade her eyes! They are a super show and police and people are watching, Jack buys wine, the train suppose to live in one minute when the tickets arrive at last, they run, they catch the train and throw themselves down into the sits, the train starts and Jack's doubts start - are you happy Jenny? - he repeats one more time - I hate town we are going to, I'm going to try but may be I'll have to leave soon again, I can't say - Jenny is looking through her shades - I'm going to spend all the days by the computer, so you have to be a quiet girl, and you have to promise no love affairs with the other boys when I'm there and Max can't live with us then I'll go back at once - Jack falls asleep, Jenny sits next to him, Jack sleeps in her lap, Jack sleeps at her breast, Jack sleeps in her arms, Jenny misses Stockholm like hell, she misses streets and water and space and crowed and bars and stars! She misses herself and Jack! Jack sleeps the whole way.

They are home and Dutch is here too. They go home to Max, Tod and Anabel, she is asleep, Tod is out, Max is mad and only talks about the money, Dutch goes home, Jenny and Jack goes to a Lu-lu bar - so, Jenny here we

are, it's OK if I only get one extra trembling cunt which is not yours every two months, but this town is a fucking fake and it keeps me down and makes me into a second-hand guy, second hand tool, you know what I mean! - Jack bangs into the table with his fist and says the same thing with every beer they share and on the way home he tells her about his old screw, a little girl - she looks at me as I was a god - says Jack, they go home, they are in bed at last and laughing, they are naked and they are screwing, Jack takes Joy's face into his hands and brings it against his cock - swallow me Joy, I know you can do it, I am going to push your head, open your mouth deep, I'm going to push your head! - Jenny kneeling between his legs feeling as the holly air is running away as he was having her at the abyss going to push and he does!!! his cock is deep in her throat and she is flying in the universe, his cock is deep in her throat and moving back and forth and she can breath!!! and she feels as she is going to come right there inside her gullet, inside the oesophagus, inside the lungs and everywhere and she is trembling as the greatest ritual in her entire body goes on, he moves her upwards and his cock is in her trembling pussy now and she never felt like that before, she is pumping a hell of life into him and into herself!!! They stop before, she licks his ass, her tongue is in his anus and he crawls at her feet - more Jenny, more, I want more, do you think I'm perverted? - whispers Jack, Jenny is high and she stays there for hours and her tongue is as dead as Jack is.

They walk in the town, back in the little town, under Jenny's eye lids are great views of Stockholm, water, space, crowds, winds and bars and cars and streets; they are walking in the park by the canal, Jack holds her hand tight, he is afraid, his eyes scream and his breath is short, his lips are white and hurt, it is from the speed the other night, last night they slept short, they did fuck and Jack said - lets go, lets go for God's sake, lets go at once! - they are walking for the second time today, it's a cold spring with the last beams of the sun for today. She can't remember what have happened after. O, yes she had Max out of her house, it's what Jack asked for on the train for the peace of his soul and long peaceful days of writing the thoughts down into the flesh and flash, Jack doesn't write but Max is out; Jenny is a heartless mother Max called her - CUNT! - leaning on the staircase, screaming at her and Jack's backs, they were going to buy bread, milk, sugar and salt, they did it.

- I can not stand this town, Jenny! - says Jack to the girl looking straight into her eyes, it is the next day - we have to go far away, and for the long time, I may be never want to come back - Jenny's eyes are round - Jack we were talking about a two weeks trip and I told you my mother could pay our tickets, I don't have time or money for the long trip now - she looked at him - you have to, you simply have to, you can fix the money, apartment is your problem and not my - Jenny closed her eyes, she had to be working on the script, she applied to the school, she had a son; they were talking about going to New York, Mexico, Marocco or Rom, may be Venice or Paris... Every day Jenny

was running around for to borrow some money for food and fun, for of the bottle of wine or similar.

Jenny has a dream, two fishes, they commit a suicide as rumble Fishy Hurry and Rutgar did, but now she has a chance to save them if she is going to be extremely fast, she is not, a little rumble fish lays packed in the sweater and Jenny questions herself - why am I doing nothing? why? - and she does nothing, the other fish grows into a big fish, I mean not big really but big in the relation to a 5 centimetres rumble fish it was first, now it's about 20 centimetres long and Jenny can't ignore it, she puts it into the frying pan filled with water, the fish wallows unable to even turn, as she is as long as the pan's diameter is, the fish rises up and bites Jenny's hand painfully many times, Jenny wakes up, she lays in Jack's arms, he holds her tight, so tight that her nose is stuck into his ribs, she try to disentangle herself, he holds her with his thighs and feet, she tosses a bit too much, Jack wakes up, he looks into her eyes and he kisses her lips, they go back to sleep. The love always wins - it's a slogan. Lapsus.

Jenny sits with Jack's head in her lap. His eyes are closed and she is enjoying his angel like features. Delicate pale chicks, sharper then usual chick-bones, powerful but soft eye brows, white eye-lids, round swollen and bloody cracked whitishly stunned with post-speed and pain lips. They are going to go on the long trip. She strokes his very long hair of the mixed colour of honey with ash, sifting strands of the silky hair between her fingers. The trip might become shorter - you never know. Jenny is peaceful. She strokes his nose with one finger. Jack is asleep. Jenny is thinking long - she is thinking far away. Jack is bad - feeling bad. She sees it all in the big mirror turned left to right. Jenny is looking far.

Jenny has borrowed a money to buy food in the neighbour book store, she is at a grocery, shy buys the biggest chicken she sees - Jack loves chicken and he loves a lot of it, a fatish man walks after her and puts himself near by wheezing, buying all the same stuff, she sees it, she loads her potatoes into the plastic beg and she handles a small spade to him, he melts, she takes an yoghurt, he takes an yoghurt, she takes toilet paper, he takes toilet paper, she takes daily paper, he takes daily paper, she is buying snuff for Jack, he is buying snuff, she is loading her shopping into the beg and hears him converse with ann expedite - yes and now I'm going home to sleep that's still for free - and he deeps his eyes in Jenny's teats. Everybody in the whole town is broke and one can really feel it, it is pretty difficult to borrow even a small sums from friends and impossible to get credits in the shops which wasn't difficult at all not very long ago. Jenny did not buy wine because Jack didn't want. Jenny is out to borrow a bottle of wine somewhere - because Jack wants it very much - the liquid store is shot until tomorrow, Jenny goes from house to house and nobody has a wine to give away, it is a Friday night and everyone wants to have little fun - of course; at last she meats a chap and

he tells her where is a party with a free! wine as in fact she doesn't have a money, well she gets her bottle of a white wine open, she drinks a quoter from it and walks home holding an open bottle close to herself, wine ripples like a sea, swaths like an ocean and rocks her with it's melodic, sentimental, relaxing, bluesy hit, she keeps her ear closer and it tacks her all and so complete onto the Mexican beach shimmering with million stars, pitch black sky, golden moon, the sand is nice and cool under her naked feet and pleased and pleasant in hand palms as she sieves the corns of sand-diamonds through the fingers and the destiny is perfect, she and Jack are going to take a midnight swim...

Jenny waked up with a picture of the gorgeous blond under her eyelids, next to her laid Jack, imagine how did he feel... The girl was at the same party as they last night were, Jenny saw her first when she was there only to borrow a wine, the girl had a little fat layers round her waste between the short white blouse and a long super tight shirt, her ass was simply too much to describe, or may be was the pink juicy water melon definitely living it's own vivid life, her breasts were swollen right forward - a sticking pieces of the intact fruits with a right consistence of the pulp and a perfect taste, imagine how Jack felt if Jenny, a girl (anyhow) was so turned on and hot, their life did not really make sense, Jenny put her hand on Jack's babe sized dick, she loved Jack endlessly and the end they already passed so now it was eternity or a lessly waiting, they had an ice cream for the late breakfast - it was the only eatable item in the house, Fi-fi's ghost-phantom shit up all the floors in every room as Jenny forgot to take it out and fed with a bit unboiled and still quit red fat chicken last night, Jack was up to get a flue and already got a chicken-bad stomach and did not want Jenny to get up from the bed with an exception of getting money and food, what she did - I'm not surprise you feel pain the way you smell - and he truly stunk and they both laugh hellishly. Love made an odd sense in that shrunk world of their eternity and now they were going there for full time-space. Love... How much more they were going to give up, how many more water melons to be swept, avoided, forgotten if they were going to go on together and they were going to do it. The long trip just begun and the train was coming and may be it was an aeroplane or may be a racket or a house without a wheels or a carpet! The blonde had no make up, her eyes were small from the desire and she was fucking hungry beast, her freshly and childishly pink lips were wet, her hair were a classic barbie doll long soft curls dancing all over her back and between her roundish buttocks and her boobies, her steps were heavily determined and decisively greedy, Jenny and Jack were short of breath, the air was diminishing and a blonde was very young, experienced and still bit dull and she did move like Jess Rabbit. -Yes!

Unfortunately the time does not stop, Jenny and Jack are slowly passing into the looser and foggy side again and I wonder if they ever manage to get away

from here, from it, from me? But who am I? - Let's see - I am a little god but they are already back in the trap where Jack is notoriously moody, Jack is hungry, Jack is fed up with food served and love... Jack is fed up with Lucy and Joy and he throws the plates round, Lucy talks only about her work, Joy's mind rushes like a broken autumn leaf within the hurricane, rushes like fast trackless train, she almost can't think, she is laying round as a bored piece of a meat, she goes to the bathroom and takes a hot bath and tries to jerk off, she is hanging round and when at last Jack leaves the house, she wakes up, takes a special clothes on, mirrors herself in full blossom - I can say, but you can't as you are blind; or is it me - a blind man or a little god? She walks naked - this beast through the rooms stretching every centimetre of her horny princess body and she loses herself of course, she has white string tangas on with flowers lace covering her pussy's hair, white cream blouse from Paris all transparent with arms so richly decorated that they look like poking white lilies on the drift to the dry land, her eyes and lips are still fixed with yesterday's make as Jack did not allow her to kiss his ass and suck his dick last night; does she never long for something else, a man like me for example I would throw her on the bed coussesly, stretched her up, kiss every millimetre of the paradise white flesh, kiss her ass, sweet buttocks, come into her spine and burn Jack out, I would fuck her in every hole I could find as blind I am and I would send her there where she is made to stay, but she doesn't know as stupid she is - Jack's slave, she dresses up, puts on stockings regretting that's still so cold, she puts white skirt on and white fur jacket, standing in front of the mirror she opens the jacket fast several times for the pleasant shock result to see her naked breasts through the transparent fabric of the Parisian blouse; the cheap flasher of her house enters the house of death - only in the horoscope of course as coward as she is and shall remain. Jack is already gone and she flashes through the rooms and there are many mirrors and many sexy clothes to be raped into the new day again and again and again, she is making a new movie but she has to stop to write as bad infantile writer she is - it just makes no sense and people only get hurt so they are going on the long trip and it's exactly one year since they did it! - what about the babe then? - thinks Joy with her mother's thoughtful heart - and what about the babe if I decide to make that big film, can I do both? no, yes, no, yes I can do anything, but a long trip might be impossible? - Jenny remembers she isn't just twenty, yes, that's shit, but also the reason to stress! - o, shit! - thinks Jenny but it's nothing to worry in fact as Jack already has a new plan! - he is going to stay wherever they go and she might go home!, shall go home in fact!, he doesn't want to live with her!, he wants to be by himself and challenge the world and it's centre and it's possibilities and powers and he wants to be rich and famous!, it might take days!, weeks!, years!, Jack makes no promises and Jenny knows that - she is only laughing. But actually it was she first who said that she can't go for a longer time, as she tried to be realistic for once and it was really stupid of her instead of

keeping everything open. And now also one very little chap made a big story - Jack called him "a little fly" on the same last party in front of all the girls and in fact Jenny suddenly realised the blond girl from the party must be the same girl Jack was trying to take home at his third day-night at "the move", yes it is she, she also has the shoes... and Jenny remembers they both met her once in the same club where Sam dropped Jenny down to the floor and then Jack said taking a cigarette from the juicy girl - if I was here by myself I would know what to do but now we are going home Joy - and he pulled her with and left Helvis inside; now Jack is a bad boy again - this is not possible why isn't he - a Jack given the credit of trust? - swears Lucy to herself - why can't he say such and innocent "little fly" joke without being called something mean he is not? - he is going to finish you Joy! - an interlocutor says - why don't they trust my choice, my heart, his heart, our love, the life, the world, power, violence, risks, dirt, passion, fun! - swears Joy loud - we are worried for you Joy, you are important for us, he is just a piece of a flesh and he is going to burn you out! - she is answered - I'm going to show you MY world! and MY love! so your eyes open even if your hearts remain there, deep down, you really have to see that I love Jack!, the whole of him exactly the way he is and every millimetre of his soul is worth THAT love!!! OK.? see you in hell!!! - said Joy and jumped...

up. ha ha ha ha ha.

Jack is fed up with Joy! He is fed up with Jenny too, Lucy is bluesy.

The bad days passed and Jenny and Jack are in love again, they are partying, drinking, fucking and so on. Jenny pushed out by the door man fainted, Anabel is still arguing, Marc circling round cry - my grandmother is dead! - he is sweet little boy, he loves Jenny and Jack, Jack tries to get his jacket out from the clothes room, he receives a blow from a door man, his lip is fucked, is bleeding and three of his teeth are moving, Anabel's rib is broken; they definitely had fun tonight, it was Dutch who got first into the trouble but pulled out. They have been kicked out of the 10th place in a row - a bar in that little town without being allowed to come back! The Babe Trouble couple, the route of the lost places made a drawing of the cross, it is enough. The town is closed. The time is out. They have a flue. The promised trip is a shining Pygmalion but the time goes very fast and Jenny wearing today only seducing white has done some mistakes and she has hard to catch up, Jack does nothing except thinking and he thinks - yes! not! yes! not! love! not! yes! not! not! not! and now he only thinks of himself! Jenny and Jack try to get Stela to bed but she backs up, they are drunk, Jack sleeps heavily, he is not very amazed with Joy, Max has fall in love, Majakowski has cooled down but not Jack, Jenny is still in the same book, she is slow, time is so incredibly relative, the world is fast, they are not going to go to Tangier, Paris or Cairo they are going to go to New York and Jack is not going to come back, Jenny laughs for herself - o, yes he will, he shall! - suddenly realising that he really means what he says, he doesn't want to fuck again, he doesn't

want her to kiss his lips, he wants her to make food, but she thinks - it's all right, he isn't a sex machine - Jenny sits with Jack on the bed and Jack asks her - do you think I'm going to end up on the yacht with lots of super girls? I love you Jenny. When do we go? We have to go soon! - Jack doesn't want to go out with Joy, he doesn't want to drink and have fun, Jack plays pool by himself, Jenny gets hilariously drunk, all for the revolution! with Anabel and Petl, Sam remains her of a dancing clown while he keeps on with her and two other girls 4 in the morning, - o, boy! how much she loves her Jack! Jenny's hangover is hilarious, Jack is an Angel, they lay in bed the whole wonderful day, Jenny holds Jack's hand, Jenny sucks him off, paradise, on TV they say that young people in USA change their sex habits and don't want to have a relations before the marriage - o, what shall happened to me? - sighs Jack and pity himself, jenny looks at him through the squinted eyes, Jenny can't sleep, she walks round apartment, she still has a lot of things to fix before they leave, she has to work on the script if she doesn't want to flop the chance and now she wants Denis Hopper in her movie all by himself, she has to get the money together, and check a lot of stuff, Jack is sleeping, she starts thinking about the love all of the sudden, she almost feels a man kissing her, touching her, keeping his hand between her legs, playing with her pussy... she gets some kind of weird feeling that Jack doesn't do all that, she had tried simple moves as two days ago she walked in a very short skirt and no panties on and yesterday she was freezing in some kind of bathing shorts, Jack's body is so incredibly humble under her fingertips, she feels electric stimulated super love wherever she puts hands on Jack, Jenny feels passion, Jack is into an American dream, it's Easter. They are going to New York in about 10 days. It's Spring. Lapsus. It's April. They are pretty cold to each other, Jack has plans, he is arranging his stuff and she is arranging his stuff, Jack is ready to leave for the long time; Jenny is not, not even for the short period. Jenny wants to make a new movie. It's April. They are in love, they make love. They wash clothes, Jack is writing again, Jenny looks racked, she is pushing on with her duties. Jack is training his muscles. Max has a broken heart. Anabel and Pet are very happy. Tod plays piano with Marc in his lap, he is teaching him. Jack lays his face on Jenny's naked belly very close to her new shaved pussy - vov! - thinks Jenny laying motionless, he almost touches it - vov - thinks Jenny - he is going to do it, it has been such a long time - he slides his finger above labia's lips. - do it, do it! - thinks Jenny, Jack does not, she sweetly turns to sleep. At night in the sleep they kiss for real many times with tongue and everything, they are very much in love in the sleep. The day wakes up hot but Jack is deep in his sleep. Jenny, Jenny, Jenny and Jack. It's Summer in the air.

FROG

Jenny sat on the couch spitting her evil envious anger like a Sybil in her cave in front of snakes and fire! Flames licked her face decisively and hot; Jack spoke - it will be a sensation if Pet writes about Anabel and I'm writing about her mother, ha ha ha ha!!! Imagine what a hit! But I am not doing it Jenny - he said - you know you are no more than an episode in my book - Jenny sat on the couch swallowing every word Jack said with eyes peering right through Madonna's poster in cobalt blue on which she was a smiling gluttonous turkey in net stockings, Jenny was a person in flesh, she sat next to Jack on the couch, they just finished a dinner she cooked and served so now his words laid a top of pasta with a tomato meat sauce and slowly started to sink into it. Jack fucked her from behind really hard.

Dawn, Jenny and Jack fully asleep got into the passion of the kiss, they woke up, their tongues were deep into each other mouth and their shoulders and arms embraced tight.

Night, Jack pulled the cover off and turned Jenny on her belly and with her bottom up, he tenderly kissed both of her buttocks taking a weight of each in the soft grip of his big palms. The night was slow, the night was soft, he kissed her anus and fingered it but just a little bit, Jenny laid with her face into the pillow, she gave a small glance into the big mirror on the side and a small gaze back at Jack, or didn't she? He caressed her naked back, swept his finger-tips along her spine and her shoulders, plaid with her hair and went back into his favourite - her ass. Jenny did not move, she breathed peacefully, Jack came closer with all his body and pushed, slid his penis into the cunt from behind - she noticed with a distant appreciation - Jack lifted up her hips and her arms into the peaceful beast standing on all it's four and he bumped into it with passion; Jenny saw their reflection in the mirror through her hanging down hair, she rose her face, she saw her own eyes, Jack's eyes were closed and his face was gloriously emphatic and his shoulders and hips too; Jack turned Jenny on her back and came into her screaming. They fall asleep. In the morning Jenny came out of the shower and sat down in the living room on the couch wired round in a big blue towel which Helvis had left, Jack sat on the opposite couch, now he went across the room and put his arm around the girl, her skin was hot and still wet, he lifted up the towel from her laps and buried his sleepy face in her womb, he plaid with a few curls of a pubic hair above her wet and clean shaved pussy, Jenny looked towards the window, the sun was already very much up, she clasped Jack's hair softly, his hand climbed up to her breast, his face continued searching into her cunt - vov! he is doing it! - Jenny's heart sung but she did nothing still looking towards the window, Jack was naked and Jenny's hand was still on his head and almost did not move. After some few minutes of a still some affection Jack sighed and said - I'm going to take a shower - he is not doing it - resigned Jenny's heart. She leaned on the couch motionless, Jack stood up and pulling the towel he needed for himself turned the girl round and up, now she laid on the couch with a womb and legs wide spread and the last

corner of the cloth was still under her ass, Jack stood above looking straight into her pink bosom and it - the womb, made his mind. He came over like a hurricane turning her into every possible direction finishing the act with Jenny's stomach and chest pressed against the side of the sofa, her breasts rubbing above and herself hanging with the head down all the way to the floor, both of them screaming. The daily newspapers came out with a news: Kurt Cobain shot himself in the head with a shotgun. It was a Saturday. Jack staid the whole day at the computer, writing - I'm going to meet Coco today and I'm not going to drink - Jack repeated few times to himself and to Jenny. At 20 o'cl awaiting Coco without any result, decided to play his daily pool game as the other days, alone and left the house giving Jenny instructions how Coco was going to find him in case if he showed up; when Coco arrived Jenny sat at the computer, writing - Jack asked you to take a chess game with and fetch him at the billiard's place and he really didn't want to drink today - said Jenny, Coco was confused, he didn't understand anything - tell Jack to come to Lulu's bar when he comes back home - said Coco again in the door, Jenny repeated what Jack said one more time and now Coco understood, he took the chess game with him and left the house, after some very few minutes Jack was standing behind Jenny's back, she was busy correcting the last lines - Coco was here - said Jenny, Jack rushed around apartment without any plan - we go out together - he said at last standing behind her back again - do you want that? - she asked smiling and very pleased - no, we go out, me and Coco, he just came - pointed and explained Jack, she didn't really turn her head from the papers and the screen - if you like that - she said in a calm voice - Yes, we go out for two, three hours to play chess, I'm not going to drink, so don't go out and drink as well, it's no party time - OK - answered Jenny agreeable - see you man, see you Miss Lucky Lucy - hailed Jack and disappeared. Jenny staid at the computer through the three and a half hour, later on understanding - it was the party time she has fixed her make up and clothes and went out, she intended to pass some bars and have a beer but she realised it was too late, it was past two o'cl in the night and all the bars around were closed, she decided to go to the night club and have a beer and to dance, she stopped at one party on the way, music was loud and lots of her friends were inside, all the alcohol was finished, she got some sips from the others bottles and exchanged some words - Jack was just here - informed her that and those person - hey Jenny, nice to see you here - said a voice - do I know you? - Jenny turned to a boy - yes, we met at the train station just after Christmas when you were waiting for your boy friend - aha - said Jenny recalling the situation, another guy was a parachute jumper and his club was in the same place few years ago where the party was now, and he was pretty sentimental about that and he said - I screw a girl in every room here - Jenny went to the night club - to grab some beers - as her incidental companion said, she was walking on the street with two tall boys and the night was dark, a first person she saw in the

club was a drunk Coco - Jack was here but I think he went home, he was out pissing and I can't find him anymore, you must have crossed each other ways - aha - said Jenny and stood in the line to the bar to buy a beer, she was thirsty, dreadfully thirsty at this moment, Sam wasn't there, Jack faced her he was very drunk and wearing his glasses, he looked at her and vanished, another boy talked to her and by now Jack was back and observing her heedful - can you buy me a beer Jack? - asked him Jenny - I don't have any money - he said and run off, then he appeared again and she gave him a small hug, a young, thin girl in a long sweater and all around floppy outfit pulled his hand with a big effort to be invisible in front of Jenny, Jenny wrinkled her nose and bought herself a beer, Jenny danced with Lise having fun - we are going to New York, me and Jack in a few days, that's really great! - she screamed to Lise through the music, she tried to get her money back from Lise but she said she hadn't any either - I have to leave! - she screamed into Jenny's ear, after a long dancing pas and a drinking pass and the dancing pas Jenny needed to go to the bathroom, both of the bathrooms were occupied and she stood in a line of waiting girls, the farrest door did not open at all, the closer one's opened from time to time and at last it was Jenny's turn, she pissed satisfied and she felt and heard the bump on her side where the wall to the other bathroom was, it was the soft paper-mache wall, it sounded and felt familiar, by now the other bathroom shook like a ship in the stormy ocean or a fucking butterfly caught in the wind, in the same second she understood that it was Jack screwing a girl in there. She climbed at the top of the toilet sit and tried to pull the top of the wall off, it was possible to do it if she would want to use more power but she gave up and left the room, she stood outside of his door now, almost seeing his soft long hair and his brown leather jacket, Jack was leaning against the door, Jenny was 100% certain, she stood waiting - so she got him in, that miserable chick - Jenny thought with distaste - Jack, you are too much, you better come out - she called, at last the door opened, Jack came out he was fully dressed and leaned at the wall opposite, inside in an extremely small toilet-room stood Lise buttoning up her black overall-suit, Lise was Jenny's friend and that did not make thing any easier - if you think we are going somewhere, you are very wrong Jack - Jenny said and disappeared in the crowd, the club was dark. Jenny sat on the floor inside Ric's disco room, she stared in front of herself, the guy who talked to her before came in and sat beside her - are you coming down from the trip? - he asked Jenny - what drugs are you coming down from, I think I'll be able to help you - he leaned towards Jenny's mouth to hear the answer. Jenny did not answer, she sat quietly - please tell me - repeated a man taking her hand and kissing it - stop it! - shouted at him Jenny - it's privet! - it must be drugs you are looking very strange - repeated the guy - no, look, it is privet, my boy friend simply screw my girl friend in the toilet! - shouted at him Jenny - he must be out of his mind - commented a boy, Jenny said nothing; she sat there for a while smoking a cigarette he gave her,

she went back to the bar to get another free beer on the disc-jockey 's account as she did not have any money with her this night, the guy she came to the club with was standing there and said - Jack was here looking for you - he might - said Jenny and went back to the dancing, he joined her, then the other guy, "the drug coming down" specialist joined her too and at last Manuel, she went home with Manuel, he was a 23 years old writer from Venezuela, Jack and Lise ran, Jenny was in the taxi, they were driving already out of the town - fields were already green somehow - Jenny saw with surprise, Manuel was chatting with a driver the latest insisted Manuel sitting next to him as it was a small "black taxi", Jack was tearing Lises's suit down and she hang in his jeans and his dick, she was kneeling in front of him with a violent passion, Jenny sat in the back of the car by herself, Jenny was rather out, she hoped Jack was home alone and felt shitty. She and Manuel entered the house, it was in the country side, there was a lake and a cemetery behind the windows, Manuel was very found of his house, Jenny less, there was this certain unpleasant smell of humid mushroomed walls, they talked about books, Hemingway was his favourite writer, Manuel did not like Dennis Hopper and he did not like Rutger Hauer and he did not like anything and anybody Jenny and Jack loved, Jack ate of Lise's fat cunt, Jenny took coffein pill, Jack sucked Lise's fat breasts, Manuel took off all his clothes and went to bed asking Jenny to join him, all had a childish, innocent output and Jenny laid down beside him in all her clothes on - take this off and take that off and that - said a boy and she did piece after piece and at last her white negligee too, his skin was much in the tune of yellow and his dick alert and black pubic hair long, black , straight and messy, Jack was fucking Lise's cunt violent - kiss me - said Manuel to Jenny getting close to her lips - no - said Jenny, she kind of sat across him or he laid a top of her and his dick was inside her pussy, she moved up and away still laying in the bed and turning her face away - for us Latin American men the kiss is very important - Manuel repeated - no - said Jenny - do you have a condom? Then, we can screw, more I don't feel for, I'm sorry - said the girl having his dick inside her again and realising that actual - a fuck wouldn't be bad at all, it would kind of "sit" perfect in that very place - no I don't have any - he said - OK, then we are not going to do anything, I'm going home - said Jenny sitting up or off, missing Jack to the impossible barrier of a great pain and hopping he was at home and soon she was going to be in his arms - I'm healthy, we can do it anyway - said the boy - no, I promised that to my boy friend, I'm going home - she repeated, rising naked from the bed, she couldn't find her clothes, Manuel has hidden it - I thought you stay here at least for three days, please you are so beautiful, I watched you since two years, I saw your films, I saw you few days ago on the street - no! - Jenny said, finding her underwear, bra and the stockings under the bed - I'm going home - but we don't have any money for your bus - added Manuel - I don't care - said Jenny - but we are far out in the woods and you are so beautiful and I want you to stay - the boy

said - I don't care - repeated Jenny - I'll marry you! I'll go with you to New York! - called Manuel - see you - Jenny said, putting her black leather jacket on - where and when? - he asked flicking into her ordinary good bye phrase, standing in front of her, smiling and covering his still aroused penis with both palms, Jenny stepped outside and locked the door, the trees, the fucking outside trees were above her, and the fucking earth, fucking dry earth was under her feet and Jack was far away, Jenny ran.

The door to the apartment was open and Jenny came inside, Jack was asleep and clock showed 10 in the morning, sun was bright and a room was not on fire but it was "on" mess. Jack opened his eyes - where have you been Jenny, can you give me an aspirin? - asked her Jack - no! - said Jenny kicking things around, Jenny was angry, Jenny was home, Jenny was hurt, Jenny was pissed, Jack was hurt - you can't come home 10 in the morning and behave like that - tried to persuade her Jack and asked - where have you been? - shut up - said Jenny but at last she laid behind her Jack all naked and he hugged her and kissed her white and softly caressing her shoulder - why did you go Jenny, girl? - he asked her - I didn't - she said and she touched his dick - o, be careful! - cried the boy, she smiled and let it go - did you fuck, Jenny? - he asked her - no, I have changed my mind - she said smiling and laughing told him a whole story, and touched his half-sleeping dick again - be careful! - he cried again - well - said Jenny - I'm sorry for the last night but it was you who started - said Jack - it was really pity that you didn't take me from there I was very drunk I wouldn't regret and then you were gone at least I thought that you were gone and I have done it - said Jack - Yes, did you go home with her? - asked Jenny and couldn't believe Lise could have done that to her - yes, and it's so stupid because in the bathroom we didn't do nothing like that - Jack slid in and out his pointed right hand's thumb through the little circle done of the left palm's fingers - I went home with her and screw her for two hours without a condom and you know what kind of girl she is, she fucks with everyone, and she was awful in bed, she was horrible and now I have got an AIDS for sure and she definitely wasn't worth that - Jack felt sorry for himself - and what a bitch, how could she do that if she is your friend, how could she take me home, bitch, if I had a friend like that I would kill the beast! - ended Jack, Jenny jumped up and he caught her by the ankle, Jenny stood above him, his sweet little Jenny stood above him with her tiny, sweet pussy above him and he looked at her - his sweet ass, which suddenly wasn't a big ass he complained at, it was small and perfectly round and still wearing tiny white girlish negligee. Jenny was in despair, Jenny's eyes and Jenny's heart were there too - so, you went home with her!? - Jenny repeated the question and her eyes were perfectly round from the astonishment. Jenny pulled her ankle out of Jack's grip and sat down in the big brown leather comfortable easy chair in front of the bed and in front of Jack - how could you do it Jack? I did always trust you with all your talk - sure - story about condoms and a risk-free flesh consuming and so on, you said

you could have handle it and now what have you done to us? - she said keeping the tears and the whole classic rest of being betrayed cliché inside - well, you don't think I can protect myself? - Jack returned the question - I mean I can protect you - Jack added - and do you think I would be interested in that kind of a love affair, to make love with my boy friend with condoms, not being able to suck you off, to eat your sperm, to feel you inside me, you are an idiot Jack, I'm leaving - said the girl - no - said the man - no, it will fix - he added - nothing will fix, I'm leaving - she said sitting motionless on the chair - no, Jenny - repeated Jack, she held his big blue still some eyes on herself for some more minutes and then she came back to bed, she came over him, she forced a kiss, kissing him deep in a throat for a long time - first, arouse him - next, and then they fucked, fucked and fucked and fucked and fucked! They flew a straight road to heaven without the taste of hell they just left - I don't know, I'm not really angry at you, Jack - said Lucy - it generally woke one up, I love you very much and don't want to loose now - Babe, I love you! - shouted Jack into her sweet, sweet ear - how could you lay naked in bed with another boy, I'm going to kill him when I see him - they talked a lot of more sweet words and promises this day and the following days, they made a new film and some other work, Lise kept on tracing them up, coming up to their house. She had an apology to Jenny on her mind, she said to Jack; Jenny believed more she wanted another screw. Jack opened the door, it was past 1 o'clock in the night, Lise stood in the door again - do you want to talk to Jenny? - Jenny heard him say and she just knew it was Lise, Jack moved aside leaving the door free for her to come in, closing the door between his study and their sleeping room where Jenny laid on the bed writing, Jenny turned her head back, behind her stood Lise - if you come to Jack, he is in his room, if you come to me take the door!! - Lucy was pissed, Lise left - sorry, Babe - said Jack looking into Jenny - I think the bitch wants reprice, ha ha ha ha! - said Jenny laughing.

- So at last you have killed me - shouted Jenny panicking and loosing herself, her face, hands, chest and a floor in front of her was in blood and Jack continued loading her with blow after the blow. Jenny is going to have a surgery, she is not afraid anymore, Jack is very scared, they have to rebook their trip to New York one week forward, it's soon May, if everything goes fine in 10 days they will be in Paris for two days and after in New York-New York! - Jack, you have killed me at last! - Jenny was screaming like a pig, blood was flushing out of her right eye and was all over the floor, Jenny found her leopard fur-coat, put it on over her black negligee and run down the staircase, Jack followed her, caught her downstairs in the yard and held on his knees sitting on the banch in the fragile morning sun - Jack you have killed me! - whined Jenny looking at the inner sides of her spread palms in blood - I have to get to the hospital! - Do I want to kill her?, but I still did not do it - thought Jack harry and harassed looked for the knife in his hand he did not have. Harassing her, looked and let her go.

- All is such an illusion - said Jenny, she had a horrible pain in her pig swollen face, face like a balloon, her surgery have been already three days ago, Jack kissed her lips the most tender - soon all will be fine Jenny girl - and he tried to look into her eyes, she was trying to focus his face into one, she saw two of Jack's faces with his four eyes in a row making a chain or a necklace - I love you girl! - Jack said, Jenny had lot of pain, all her face felt was as it was going to explode and it was constantly growing - all was in the perfect order, actually after the surgery it should have been swollen much more - said the doctor, Jenny still saw double when she looked back and up, it was pretty miraculous that she could see at all on that eye, they all thought, she had some piece of her nose's cartilage and a small part of her jaw's bone under her eye - it was all mend, her skin below the eye was cut and the whole cheek inside her mouth too and she looked like a monster.

- Who has done that terrible mess to your face, poor girl? - asked the nurse when Jenny arrived bare feet at the hospital with the ambulance in the assistance of a three male-nurses - my boyfriend - said Jenny - you are going to make a statement for the police, don't you? - the nurse asked - no - answered her Joy - what do you want to do, then? - I want to go home - said Jenny and passed out. The doctor was young, tall and black haired, he placed Jenny on the chair in front of himself and tried to keep her there with his knees to examine her eye - I have to lie down, I feel horrible - whispered Jenny, Amalia stood behind her. The ex-rays took several hours before. It was a trivial blow out fracture.

They call him - "Death Machine" - Tod got two black-eyes and one bruise between the eyes, Ted's knee is broken and Ted is at the hospital, Jenny had a surgery and Jenny and Jack are in love, in one week they are going to New York and Jenny is praying to her very own god that pain and balloon face shall be gone till then, Jack broke the thin bone under her eye, with the fourteen blow he gave her the morning after the film-party, he tried to take her home from the party during two hours, Lise was there too and Jenny was very angry, Jenny said to one boy that Jack is the best writer on earth, Jenny didn't want to go home and Jenny laid on the street. - You are always going to remember this Night! - emphatically said a newly fried film director before the screening, welcoming full filled room of his public to the show, Jenny, sitting between Jack and Coco, in the first row and already tipsy, burst into a sharp giggle contiguously putting the whole room on laugh - she gets paid for to laugh! - the director commented and now Max left the message on the door - "Jack, you are going to die!!!" - in red ink and big block letters, Max has been home with the whole gang of a heavy Turkish worriers he has found somewhere downtown, Max left an axe laying in his bed, Peter S., another film director slept there this very night of an incident but did not dare to come out of his room, he supposed to sleep at Jenny's and Jack's one more night but he preferred not to return. Jack loves Jenny, he has taken her from the emergency, he has taken her home and to Coco's home where they ate a

lot of good cheese and watched video-films and Jack gave her a pillow and holding his hand on her belly inside her pants said - if I'll ever get a daughter I'll name her Jacky - hot flush of happily rising blood swept over her as he would mean - The Baby, Coco and his girl are expecting a baby, Jack has taken Jenny to the surgery and sat death-scared all the two hours behind the door - I'm never going to do that again even if she lays down on the street - he promised himself, after the surgery Jack was allowed to see Jenny for some minutes when she still had an oxygen mask on and lots of needles and plastic wires stuck onto her, an hour later he walked besides her rolling bed and sat on her bed in the room and then he slept on her bed, still before the operation he buttoned her white surgery sterilised dress all the way down - you look beautiful, Jenny girl, take this long white socks with you home, I like that - he whispered into her ear and kissed her tenderly pressing her against the wall, the nurse watched them and blushed, the nurse gave Jenny a "stupid-pill" a bit too early, Jenny sat on the bed together with Jack still before the surgery and the doctor who was going to operate thought that might be it wasn't all so necessary, that might be Jenny was actually cured all by herself as her eye moved a lot, Jenny's head turned wild, a nurse said - I'm sorry - Jack had a beautiful eyes, Jack taken his Jenny home six hours after the surgery, at last she did decide to do it as they all said she might be looking like a zombie - it's a love story - giggling, Jenny answered anaesthesia's doctor questioning about her new book and she fall asleep, Jack screw his Jenny when they came home from the hospital, he screw her on the bed and when they came from the dentist emergency two days earlier he screw her on the couch, they both came in the same time, he broke her tooth at the dawn-fight, that's why she started to scream like a pig and that's why he gave her the final blow, Jenny and Jack are very much in love, Jenny can choose between several pain-killers which are her passion and they bought their tickets to New York - you have to ask someone, Jenny, to send your money into my account as long we stay together - instructs her Jack, in the Autumn he is planing to start a school in New York. He is watching a TV show - few young model girls competing for Ellen Ford New York's agency; Jack gives a wild loud hail that it's just, she His Isadora! Duch came back home again and he bought a ring, a shirt, a faked Rolex, a blue and black jeans very cheap in Istanbul, he has been to Paris too and has taken a lot of cocaine while being there, he and Jack shared a litter of Gin but not Passtis as it was taken by the custom, Jack is sleeping now on the couch in the living room, the Spring is in a full bloom, Anabel and Pet got engaged piercing rings into their nipples, Duch is sleeping on the divan in the living room, Jenny is a balloon and in one week at that time they'll fly to Scheisse-Elyse'es. Life is fucking great!

- The guy should wash his ass!, how are you Jenny, how was your surgery?
- asks her by passer, Jenny gives him a grin and sometimes she lifts up her shades and shows off - ha ha ha ha ha! - laughing loud.

- So, you have forgiven Jack everything? - Max asked Jenny, Jenny sat on his bed, Max was sick, Tod was commanding in the living room drinking his first bottle of wine, Jenny was visiting, time was still before the noon, the weather was summerish and it was still end of the April.

- Forgiven what? I was never angry at him, look, I don't like him hitting me, but no, I'm not angry for it, it's not really a big deal, the rest was an accident, he didn't want to smash my face, break my bone and fuck up my sight, I can not blame him for all that, do you understand me Max? It is important that you do understand, and it is not because of Jack, it is because of you and your life - finished Jenny, Max was watching her face in silence, his eyes were calm, cool and beautiful, Max has changed, Max has fall in love again and noticed that sometimes things could have been running really fast simultaneously and independent from each other and not depending on anything, especially now in the Spring, all Max's aggression was gone but into his toes which he still kicked under his cover, but Max felt no anger at Jenny and Jack and that made him feel really free, he smiled and Jenny smiled back at him.

Jenny's and Jack's sex life goes down again - Jack needs sensations, Jenny needs sensations, Jenny's lips are numb, her right cheek is numb on the outside and it hurts inside, she can't suck Jack off, even eating and drinking is like throwing things into a black hole. Jenny's mouth is a black hole. She sucked off Jack for the last time the night before the operation before midnight, after she was not supposed to get any liquid inside her.

Jenny is back home, she has been travelling in Fox's company to Stockholm to get an American visa, Polish aren't too welcome, she sat the second part of the night next to an Ukrainian lady who smelled old cheese and in front of sleeping Fox dressed in all around black leather punk-rocker uniform, they have been very popular in the embassy's gun-check cabin - they had to take a lot of stuff off, now she is training, her usual body exercise are followed by the eye-exercise, she has to learn to control her sight, she sees as she would have been on the trip, her right eye has fallen down a little bit and everything looks spaced, yesterday when she was stepping out of the train she almost dropped down, she saw four feet in black shoes and black stockings searching for the lots of shadowed and spread round steps, Jenny has become four feet-beast. So now in the bathroom in a dancing pas she throws her right arm backwards trying to force her two palms at the end of the arm to look like one again, Jack is still asleep, gorgeous Spring is still here and they are going away in two days, two days ago Jenny rented out her apartment, both of them, Jenny and Jack felt the homeless sticking feeling, sticking right through the hearts

- good-bye little sweet town of lunatics, cartoon characters, wizards, friends, enemies, thieves, speed-freaks, junkies, alcoholics, dreamers, successful losers, neighbours, track drivers, filmflickers, beauties, creapples, children, trots, workers, police, doctors and always angry stair cleaner. Good bye

home. - Jenny is still inside, watching the sun through the long white cotton curtain blown softly in the air.

Charlot was stunt when she saw what did happened to Jenny's face, she pushed Jenny hard against the house's wall and shouted - you have to wake up, you are an idiot - Jenny felt relived, realised, she was tottaly smashed one more time and life plaid. Life was a 100% and that was what have counted, the super match and not just a flirtation - Joy was high, she did not have to bother about trivialities, as money, house, rent, friends, relations, emotions, future, and the world, she and Jack fucked and that was what counted and they were alive.

- Hail to Jenny and Jack! - Hail for The Babes Trouble Love! - Hail for love!

Lucy- Hey Jenn-girl, do you know now why the girls have the ears?

Jenny- Yes! For the boys to grip'em and stack their mouth upon the dicks, to hold into'em strongly and pull up and down, up and down.

Lucy- No, stupid - to hear the world getting closer.

Lucy broke contact with Jenny and Joy. Lucy works on a new movie about the love, it's her story, she is striping, exposing, masturbating, having an intercourses with few different men, she is showing other details as cars, trees, houses and kids and dogs and birds, Lucy is talking, Lucy takes a gun she puts it into her mouth and she pulls the trigger off, Lucy's brain blows out in one fast move, Lucy's blood is everywhere and veins and parts of the cauliflower cells, she is laying with her face towards the floor, she is peaceful and motionless. Jack meets his black princess somewhere in the Spring at the cafe' outside for just one day, then he meets his green princess which is followed by the silver and a pink one and a yellow one and so on. Jenny meets a man and they fall in love and live happily forever! ha ha ha ha! It is Jack! Ha ha ha ha ha!

Decay is a great mercy.

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BABY TROUBLE is a simple love story.

-Jenny do you know why do you have ears? - asked Lucy. - no - said
Jenny and love shone from her eyes - I supposed you didn't know,
they sit there for Jack's blow job's comfort.

THE EGO TRIP BOOKS