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SUN

Written by Malga Kubluk

ONE MAN SHOW

O.M.S.

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THE EGO TRIP

T.E.T.

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There might be a few typing errors, but don't worry, it's all truth.

However, since I'm convinced most of the presented in this book characters would love to see me convicted, I pretend IT'S ALL FICTION.

THE EGO TRIP

2002

ONE
MAN
SHOW

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To the d a r e s t m e m o r y of my father

**Tadeusz Kubiak, his poetry, his life, my love, my life
“what you told me each time we said good-by... i s
...Mala, stick to the wind, & your ears up... Don’t you
worry, I am doing it, pa. The wind is my direction. The
hurricane is my flight, the tornado is my fall. Yet, it is all
about love...”**

"I thought of the future, and spoke of the past"

Truman Capote, from Breakfast at Tiffanies

One man show- folie’ a deux, round the table, round the world, cold,
cool, wild, cold; hot, crucial, loosing, discovering, reloosing and redis-
covering the meaning of a meaningless, losers lawn scheisse empo-
rium, at it’s best. Would you, Tango? You look as you could have
learn... The absolute reality... Tango, with one foot & shrugs of my
spirit in hell - more then a half way through - I’ll pick in, a bit more, no
way out. Dance with me, I love you.

"Do you know the difference between Blondie and a washing ma-
chine?"

"Washing machine doesn't follow you, after, you have used it"

I part	DANCER
II part	BLOOD
III part	ROOTLESS
IV part	HELL

PREFACE

"Who's, the whore?"

Olle Ljurstrom asked Boy, pointing Jolly at the bar, wearing a short version of a white Marilyn' dress, silk snow-flake's stockings and duck-yellow platform boots, representing exposed at the bar disc, video collection with her post-pornographic arty-farty decadent punk decadent punk trash cult hardcore independent subcultures xxx-rated films with full dignity. On every picture was a different variation (version) of her spread, the womb, the cunt, the pussy.

Boy - just - had to kill him. There was no other way. Boy miscalculated. Ljurstrom was drunk but not as new in the game as Boy have supposed the eunuch falsettos' troubadour, would have been. Boy's punch was hard, but Ljurstrom was still standing. He jumped on Boy and fall, but together with Boy. They were into a hot beating, tumbled down over Wahlbeck's sculpture - an expressive-offal-threatening form, the danger at club K, crashing it. Dragana Maximovic, the boss of the starry night, threw herself in between, protecting the art, happened to get the knock out. Concussion, lasting in days, with severe headaches & nausea. Boy was bleeding from his forehead and his glasses were off his nose. Ljurstrom gained fame and a hangover.

"My wife, Jolly" Boy said proudly, introducing her to him minutes before when he saw Olle Ljurstrom, his early youth's idol, targeting him, for at least two paints at the bar.

"Did you say, your mother?" Olle was beastly that night as any other night and Olle did not like young penniless lads and did not like sluts, he hated them in fact, tolerated only at the right spot - between his thighs.

Between the act of presentation and the act of the violence, Olle bought from Jolly - for six bucks - one of her movies, due to his pal and idol, Mr. Bargeld act in BTH. Mr. Bargeld was not informed. As Miss Lunch, Mr. Vaachs, Mr. Mailer, Mr. Cave... Horny was a pirate director. This was a fucking night. Started for Jolly with taking Boy to her gig. Boy was loading beer, at home, on the train, on the street; the liquid was Boy's oxygen. Boy was fully loaded. Jolly's reading was all right. Tidholms, father & son left the room at the first "cunt" spoken out, which made to thirteen seconds of the reading. It was "the pussy" - Jolly was reading from her forth-coming novel S.E..

Dragana found Boy's glasses and had them out, Jolly and Boy. She loved Jolly's reading and she forgot to pay her.

Olle became the artist of the month in Stockholm's evening newspaper - he said, Peter Wahlbeck was the best, it paid off the damage. Dragana, knowing, Boy was soon leaving for NY, stopped nagging him to pay his share.

Chapter 1

"I'm navigating" said Ora, mastering with a skilled move, pulling towards herself a butt-end of a handy, screwed to a corner of a table, lamp, "follow me" she choked with a sarcastic laugh, stretched throwing her head back with approval, took a swig on her vodka glass. Ora was a beautiful woman, tall, white, dark, black hair, black eyed, still she was a witch's total look-alike, that thin, stooped, slovenly she was at this very moment. She was drunk. Alcohol was her passion Number One and her man gone in days. Her son lay under the table playing star-war's toys. A Christmas tree was perfectly in order and a dinner she invited to, not. A raw cold turkey sat in the cold oven. Barszcz, traditional Polish Christmas soup was never coming up. A hare gladly run the woods. Vodka and sausage was Polish, the true class. They started with Italian cake.

"This fucking cake!" Ora concluded, exasperating her open arms what made her morning gown part, reviling thin breasts, her skin was extremely white with a certain touch of gray. An explosive gruff parting her big profuse pale red lips showing a perfect row of a pearl teeth and a carmine glistening relaxed tongue- indicated - there was a high glare in that chick.

Jolly was slowly sipping on a glass of wine. Ora disgust, by Jolly refusing to join the chilled vodka bottle, showed mercy offering her a very small bottle - size of a single glass, of a white wine which supposed "to go" with bigos - the continuing traditional polish dish stricken off the menu. Jolly was no longer the main figure in her life. She sat on a couch opposite the table consuming her wine without saying a word, nodding only frequently to Ora's inquiring monologue. "Everybody, all of you have become this great proven artist and moved - how about me? I'm stuck in that fucked Gothole. When is my turn? And what shall I do when all has been taken? I fuck you all! You have nothing to say, nothing but your egos to indicate" Jolly starred in front of her. Dark blue curtains were pulled down, there was no view as there was no world outside but the wall decorated with sunk down old balloons. Jolly felt nothing.

"I did not get a single Christmas gift" Ora referred. Jolly sensed it was Jolly's - major problem - she could not feel. The boy under the table, slept.

"Nostradamus! Have you seen TV program the other day? It's fascinating, he has never been wrong yet. It's fucking insane where we're all drifting and it's New York which shall strike first" Ora's eyes were filled with tears. Her and Jolly's bottles were empty; it was time to leave. The cake was finished.

Outside was freezing cold, completely dark, dark and foggy and wet and deserted.

"I love this girl. Why am I so fucking cold, why didn't I tell her, didn't bring the present or give her a kiss? This miss would do a perfect writer, the mom and wife if given the chance, much better then myself" Jolly referred soberly, regarding Ora's

sparkling eyes, her long legs in home-daily high heels and also a new typewriter, a table and a new rotating chair in sharp eclipse-green cloth in the corner of the room.

Kino was obviously a drug addict, supposedly - smack, pills, amphetamine, coke, horse - all would go down her veins, larynx, or up her anus or nose. Jolly still had a picture of her and Andre' sitting on the tall bar chairs drinking, swinging, kissing. Kino looked great, very tall, classy and perfectly slim, natural blond, carefully made up, with long nails - a true Swede in an American fit - aggressive inside, soft on the outside.

Kino was thrown over the leaning of a big armchair in the middle of the small kitchen. She was snoring loud - her wet with mucus face, her hairdo and clothes were in a complete mess.

Andre' brought Jolly and Boy, home for the party. He rearranged the space, pulled his fiancée into the corner in her chair. Placed beers and cigarettes a top of table switched the music on and brought the sound to a maximum. A wild song woke Kino up. She gave number of speeches in non-articulated manner swinging her puff head round. She blindly touched her bosom, her breasts, lips and feet, either checking if she was all together there or simply having a tempting fit, pretending she did not know what was going on. She moved to dance and opened her eyes. She was content to see the guests, and she bitched her man. He was concern she has hidden the moonshine bottle, which supposed to be the main track of this feast and he bitched her back. The bottle never came up. There was a chance, was down Kino's throat, ass well. Enjoying her awfully spitting tongue she ended up with a truth-tongue-deep-kiss. Andre', kissed - beamed, he was proud of his woman.

"I love you Swish Swash" she embraced Jolly giving her a wet kiss "you are so wild, Swish Swash, that's why I gave you this name, and you shouldn't have moved, the Hole was much wilder with you in!" she pressed another kiss. Jolly sat pressed back into her chair on the total breath in, she felt hell of uncomfortable, she did not respire, she did not speak, neither thought of her wild-past, tried to smile, it did not work.

"Leave your address in New York" said Andre to the visitors "we are coming down" Kino clapped her palms, dancing now wild sensual, playing all her favorite tunes, the favorite cassettes on a pretty fucked cassette deck - all of it very ancient, continued arguing with her man, kissing him wildly, flanging her body to and from, sung every refrain with a thin, high pitched, schooled voice. She was OK singer, Jolly sat on her chair observing the situation and watching her own new shoes, she had headache. Kino re-searched through her, home-pharmacy store, pulling feverishly to the floor all the hundreds of bottles and all the boxes out of all cupboards and shelves making a great collection of pills and other pain controlling stuff. She found something in there, she handed it to Jolly, who swallowed it without looking - what it was, with a sip from her otherwise untouched beer glass. Jolly found no longer pleasure in drinking and she did not drink. There was no way to pull her out. No way. No way out.

"I didn't know his profile is that good" Jolly considered, observing Matt over a table.

"It bothers me" said Boy "that your profile is prettier than mine" Matt broke into a cry, he was very drunk and the fact that no one around the table joined his opinion about the Jews in the Second World War and particularly the hypothesis how CIA was in fact built on a Nazi pattern and of their troops - brought him to the verge of despair.

"My mother was Jewish and I know" he was repeating, sobbing into Coco's shoulder resting his noble head, noble features grabbed painfully with his bony noble palm. Coco was a guiding master for this night and now they were drowning some particular drug in springs of alcohol. There was a guy from some even more provincial place that this hole and he did not like to watch the men embrace. His rude comment asked Boy's immediate verbal clever response "go suck your mother's filthy stinky pinky moth", which made the rude fellow come over Boy and fight. They were all kicked out of the last bar. The last, as it was the last place open in the area. Matt invited home, both of his twins, and his wife slept in a huge bed below the ceiling, Matt rolled the joint, Jolly refused to smoke.

Jolly and Boy walked "home". In three days they were leaving one more time. "The new life again" Boy was so fucking pissed drunk that he hardly could walk up the slippery hill.

"Let's go buy some stuff!" he was shouting against crystal clear cold godish moon over the Gothole's hills and a disappearing shield of Coco's back. Jolly stepped distinctly and comfortably in her 20 inches heels, as she would walk the floor bare feet. She was so dreadfully sober. In the elevator Boy sized her butt with his groovy checking palm.

"Stop it" she snapped. She was dreadfully sober, his hand did not tempt her on the contrary his hand was repulsively sloppy, drunk and pointless. Inside, he rearranged the kitchen, smashed couple of cups, spilled, swore, cursed. He could not stand "the major lies" and he did not approve "the ways people around him lived" was the clew upon the torment and resulting in tormenting the place. They were staying at her daughter's home. He took her into a bedroom at last for endlessly cold act. This time she stood for the temperature below the zero, below normality, below the love. She was losing the track. Or was she off it? Soberly scrutinizing.

"The people who like me are OK, the people who don't like me are washouts. I'm a thermometer" Jolly pointed to two ladies sitting on the couch, they - like everybody else was into Christmas preparations. They gave the salve of a real gruff. They thought immediately "she was too much, she was far out, she was a joke, she was no sport" they kept an opinion to themselves, do not want to be measured.

"The people who buy my book are OK, the people who get pissed with me because I want to sell it are fucked. Imagine... Cecilia Pasberg! She told me - one must "feel" for buying a book, and she did not feel! She must have a fucking problem! With the feelings! Hi! I mean, she is an artist who has a government salary, she is teaching a video at the art school, she has a free access to the video equipment, so she can work, film and edit without bothering about cash! She is paid! She could correct her feelings a bit, she could have been a bit in front a bit more out going and give herself a

chance, she might love my book". The ladies kept on laughing, cherished and picking on a large fancy chocolate box on the table. Elis bought Jolly's new book in advance and now she was receiving it, Zizi didn't want any.

"Jolly, I'm too old for your stuff. Too much sex. We are both old ladies. It's over". At this point Elis was more than delighted she already had one. It proved she still fitted in. Jolly had many pounds of the both titles in her huge bag. She was forced to sell the books in advance to be able to print them at all. She pawned her passport at the Printer. She was not getting it out before she collected enough cash. She was measuring fucking cold and deserted town with her steps, marching on, fast - as she was on some kind of a mission which she may be was. Without food, with almost any sleep, with her head stretched forward, bumping into the gutter with her absolute - hit! New shoes, looking more as a beast than a woman.

"Give me money for pizza" said Boy. "No" Jolly answered, finishing counting of her possessions, placed the wallet inside her pocket, suggesting "go and eat at my daughter's house. I need every bloody coin I have" Boy went back to bed without a word. Jolly was obviously obsessed. Last four weeks of the book's finishing, she showed symptoms, she sat at the computer sixteen hours at the row, getting sooner or later back into her chair, inside herself. She was not like a human being. She was not the human being. She was taking 200 kilograms of her books with to US, tax-free.

"Your eyes are like red pins, you look like a monster" her mom said. But it was then, now she looked almost OK. They left mom's house and town and were on the way.

"You know, I can't - I have a hangover" Boy pointed. Jolly wouldn't care the less. "Obviously, you must have. You have been drinking" she agreed. The irritation came close to the pick, she was totally in and he was totally out.

"I must eat" he was getting desperate. She did not answer. The last hours, before their flight, he slept on the floor at Jolly's ex husband, he didn't care where he was drank. He must have succeeded to get some money of her or someone else. All his clothes and other stuff were spread; Jolly packed his bag.

"Don't worry" Boy said "don't worry, this is over. I won't be drinking in New York. I'll get all my stuff together," he said. Jolly looked nostalgic over his hand clutched on the tall vodka glass. They were flying first class.

Chapter 2

"Disgusting"

Woman had a suffering bleak pale face. Her gray blue small eyes pined with a great pain through Jolly, who flew over uptown Broadway ice cold frost span polished emptied space - in white fur coat, white fuzzy fox collar, under her chin, black stockings, black shades, black gloves, yellow bleached page', sarcastic voluptuous clown or & doll bright red lips and a pink shining lack hand bag! Jolly was kitsch and she knew it. Boy's real name was Cry. She entertained herself memorizing particular hot sex scene - herself and Cry! With her knee cups up, calves squeezed against her buttery thighs, with tops of her buttocks in the chair, pressed against the wall with her back, leaning the back of her head at the wall, already kissed, licked and driven both hot and horny-insane, with her knee cups under his chin, her womb stuck the

most out, drilling and drilled under his dick; turned the breath machine and the scream machine, the sex machine and Cry on his knees!

Forget the energy, this is not the same town, it goes on extension, on running out reserved batteries. Ugly dressed, ugly thinking, all - people, houses and stuff. The touch of an idea of the earth being overpopulated for no particular reason - settles down. Cold picks up, short cuts of a view - ugly, provincial, chattered into pieces right onto the trash, ill smelling, steamed with fear and an optional real danger. New York City, December 31st and January 1st 1997, no paradise. Two years in between, my dream land turned the waste earth, scary; is a decay that fast, or am I just a cold hearted bitch? Options are possible, reasonable, they sort of explain each other they motivate. If everyone is as me, why and for who should we have a better world? Or if the decay is a fact (a factotum) we are included in the bill, no tax.

Thirty minutes to 12th, young man proves his readiness being most busy, dealing smack, crack, cat, skunk. The method is not sophisticated and hardly invisible. He stands on the corner of Columbus and 69 St. leading to the Cathedral, waiting the client whom always comes. The dealer knows immediately what and how much the chap wants, he goes inside a fast food Chinese kitchen, openly reaches under the table, picks up a brown paper bag, feels inside, with his fingers, fast but without stress or pressure. Picks it. Folds the bag and places back. Leaves. Police car passes sparkling blue toy light. All the kids are in. A perfect remote control - who's playing the great toys? The God? The Puerto Ricans. Boy and Jolly having a New Year, New York soupe', hot and sour, a 1.5 dollar apiece. The buyers after 3 AM are much less sophisticated, never men driving taxi cars, always women by feet, with a sick hunted eye, fumbling, rumbling, shaking and in a complete disorder.

"Hey girls get stronger"

"Hey bitch Jolly, you could try some of this tremendous stuff instead of moralizing"

"Well, I could, I don't, worst, I feel nothing when Cry fucks me, when Cry loves me, has the sexual activities with me, I feel nothing at all. He takes me on the bed, he takes me from above he takes me from behind he takes me by the sink. He is actually very good doing it, very passionate. Relatively new place has a great impact on Cry-Boy. We have been here before, but he is on a brain new round entering his future.

"Pennies are like ass holes, everyone has one"

This is not truth. Never saw these many penniless in the same place and time. We're close to it. Is that the main reason for all of us sad, tear eyed remaining this very glorious very place of a US's metropolitan success? Tempted like flies for light or shit. Tempted as flies to light and shit. Loneliness that captured the town won't go away waiting for Mr. Mal Nostradamus, keeping a full glory a top and bowels, both hungry and full of shit, ready for the final cut. It must be spectacular. It must! The western world in captivity. People create the paradox.

"Look at them" Jolly says to Cry "they have nothing to do, nothing to think about, nothing to think for" Jolly and Cry share a lunch on the bench of the Union Square, the lamp of surprisingly Spring sun lit all, blows up the invisible before the visible.

People freezes motionless waiting for the cold to come that they can pull for the shelters, lick the sores.

"This is really sad, Cry I'm not in love to NYC anymore, India stole my heart without the rest. I did not realize this before we came here, and only now I see, why. America has no colors, it's Black or White, White or Black" Jolly closes her eyes, leans comfortably back into her colorful thoughts. "Colors, that is may be the most important in life? Colors, they make you company. You're never lonely among the colors" she says, Cry says nothing, he has finished eating and he had driven some other land and time and color; she won't ever know, he is still sipping on his Bud.

We don't have money; we don't have enough money also for the basic needs as food and drink, no other basic needs being necessarily mentioned, as they can't be afford. Boy has always enough money to buy a beer. He has never enough of the beer. We eat pizza slice through the first days. Until Jolly's stomach becomes the time bomb. It is as embarrassing to go to the restroom as not to go, she has to pick up the shit manually from around the floor after the giant blow. After this horrible dinning oblivion we switch to fast Chinese food, it's excellent, much better then Jolly's cooking. Ruled by the lack of cash we go down to pasta-butter, or green salad, the green salad's head coasts 90 cents. Jolly obsessed with keeping herself healthy and strong gets into an addiction of a yogurt mixed with parsley, it continues into the parsley mixed with yogurt, which finally ends up in an allergy shock, her blood filled with iron and revolting heart.

"I'm spread on the panel, the light is mild, the panel is hard, black, drawing the lines of my white nude body, sharp. I'm definitely looking at the scene from the outside as I see all of me, also my head and my face, and there is no mirror; besides my eyes are closed. It is all about the love, mental and physical. I'm alone at first, the standing up panel is like a kind of a box, both walls fit together in 90 degree, I'm spread like a bird fixed into a inside of it, with my spine along the line where both walls meet, with a holder under my breasts, my arms and my thighs. My hands and feet are fixed into it. The walls are opening very slowly, my tension grows with pearls of hue on my scrotum mouth, the pleasure grows hardening and pointing out my nipples, they are dark carmine, next to black, the skin on my belly stretches like a drum, the panel opens to a 180 degree and Cry-Boy walks in. He looks magnificent, he is going to pierce my clit, I have been waiting so long...

"This is Jolly's actual, most common obsession around the sex act, if it is mild and she is left for herself, while he is consuming her in the silence of his heart and dick.

" ...The light becomes stronger, explicit, there is both tension and humbleness and home inside me, I'm hot. I'm comfortable and I know it's going to happen very soon, I can't wait! He touches me; my whole flesh answers the touch, even if I'm unable to move. He touches and I'm newer then a new born, he kisses my lips, his tongue is extremely soft, warm, wet moist and big, I close my hungry lips around his tongue, which hardens up now, is a snake beak, whipping. His chest is rubbing against me, my teats, my hard shinning wet nipples. Hard meat of my abdomen delighted now to

the most. He comes down to my clit, up to my clit mountain pick, which wants to explode. I would never let it go now. I have been waiting. And now is now, the light brightens up even more and possibly I turn my lids down upon my eyes, I don't know exactly; can't judge. The clit is golden white-hot and he is rubbing it, its small shining pick dominates my whole being, dashes in my intellect, I have a perfect control. Control of a giant pleasure. He, n o w, stubs me with his sword dick in one go and again. Boy-Cry You are all to me! Now! He fucks me excellently, the best. And again. And again. And again. He starts coming into me, presses a sharp golden needled ring right through the stream of my life, the clitoris, I come both of his hard pick and hard hand, the pain draws the silver line of ecstatic pleasure exploding inside my brain my orgasm, his orgasm, we come fucking screaming the giant love, love, love!" Sometimes we come quietly, shyly or just by the mechanic of his car, he comes twitching his lips, leaving me dry on the outside. That's life. A strategic clew still works bringing us through the days, also here in New York City, the quiet town, the cool city; some other people's dream.

59th St. 1, 3, 2 Subway lines busy late afternoon, the crowd there, definitely going home from work. Jolly and Cry standing among these, Jolly and Cry looking sore and cold, the remains of some kind of a clash. The music mesmerizes everyone; it is Mr. Louis Armstrong or his son, sitting, fat, sloppy, alert, Black like pitch, with a voice like a smooth peach and as dark but sweet and velvet. A symphony of love, the sympathy of love, the power of love and sorrow, for a penny or a dime, for a nickel. Unfortunate Jolly looks into his eyes; it will hold her there for weeks, his gaze at first glance, just a gaze the touch of a real and human love, so far from them both.

"Why don't you care, Cry, to give me an orgasm? You are too quick" softly weeps Jolly-girl, not imagining what dreadful effect her words spell upon him.

The girl is an angel faced and voiced and she is singing. She is short, about seventeen years old, dressed in blue jeans; may be from Texas may be from the North? Not from here. New York City doesn't make angels. May be it done before? But it doesn't do now. She has two plated long flats, a half long jacket in the color of rusty earth, flat brown boy-shoes and a spectacular make up of her sparkling hot eyes, with deep black liner, rounded with extremely thin line in bright green, silver glitter and little stars covering upper part of her chicks and lots of black long lash mascara. She is playing melodic cords on the acoustic guitar hanging on her neck and she is singing the love song, mildly, sweetly the most soft. The whole fucking crowd on the platform of N & R trains, at Time Square is fucking on hold, bewitched. The spell of the moment, the coins come, building a little golden shrine at the feet of the goddess.

The place was wild, wilder then yesterday and I liked that. Instead of infantile blondes, set only tough guys around, few laps, few bums, few venerable house philosophers, one or two tourists and me. Wow! And my confession: "Fuck I'm most determent walking on the crowded street having this eternal external dialog with just

myself, picked the thought from the last night. I'm screwed. Totally screwed! Phew! I'm for certain having an inner life that goes for dealing with myself in verbal hours of having a conversation, if it is the conversation. Can I handle it, to know? Can I handle, to know it?"

Jolly's the most important player looked into her eyes today. Straight in. The steady glaze. The Black Singer at the L train passage on the 14th St., the one with a guitar and spaced out song, image, voice, spectrum and being and no teeth. They know each other, she is passing by and he is always here. He is always here and she is passing by. Two colliding celestials. That's why he has bent forward looking deep into her eyes over his black sunshades. A threat or a courage? Might be both. She paid with a quarter she had no more. Jolly's Dark Hero. The mad prince of the dark. The spell. Cry-Boy right in front of her.

"All is so fucking locked, I'm so fucking locked within all I want, as to sit on his male knees. Such a plain pleasure becomes impossible gothic need. As to get pregnant of him, carry the woe of the treasure within my womb and heart and let it grow. Be the simple, straight love, man to woman, woman to man. Have a baby, home, fun. Have that other love even more giant and tempting, also with him, the secret love of the moment, passion, my entire teat in his wet mouth, my stiff nipples and gold pierced clit. Will we give these two giant loves to each other? Will we? Will I? Will he? So far we do none. 23 steps too late, have to run to pick my courage high. People are such idiots, people are such gags, and gags with me included. I hate being passive, isolation makes me even more passive. Close to a 100%. All I would say would only create a bigger misunderstanding, masturbation. How to speak clear, or how not to speak at all? How to bring my own life to the level of grace combined with 100% passion and 100% truth except for the moment when I run, when I clear off to somewhere else, where my spirit caught and squeezed can't breathe. I am a liar when I'm kind, sweet and agreeable, invisible, not telling, neat, polite, not talking, mild, nodding, listening, why don't I speak for myself from the very first? From the start? Could I have the place and space, I want? Do I deserve it? Am I reasonable? Is other people's life a long list of compromising, ass well? Shall I fight for every second? Battle for everything? I don't think this is a point. But I definitely don't want what's given. If I don't do something about it, the situation shall bring me to hate what's and who's around me; to hate myself I'm still too vain for."

"Sitting in his open knees, hanging in his guarding me arms, with my bare butt, my cunt being fucked by a stranger, a man, my buttocks open and spread my legs wide spread with knees up, with calves thrown over Cry's knees, and Cry kissing me most violently, most tender and wet" that's the next vision under Joy's eyelids, would he like that?

"It's the last three years when I can have a baby! And I want the Baby! I want your Baby!" Jolly was breathing hard and fast and of course screaming. They were stand-

ing on Broadway, where he at last caught up with her. He did not say - Yes. And people were watching them ass well ass u s u a l.

Jolly is drunk, she doesn't remember where they had been, she is dancing again, this time on the platform, somewhere mid town, to a funniest a cappella singer, of course he is Black of his up come and dust. Wearing long shabby coat, he is dancing, swinging, stepping, he is doing vocals and all the instruments, exclusively with his mouth and lungs, - no, also with his clapping hands, it works perfectly, meanwhile a small paper bag does the collecting. It's a job. Does the bag work for him or does he work for the bag?

The winter here in NYC is most unpredictable, it hopelessly mixes with a spring, also with an advanced spring's hit. Boy fucks Jolly, she feels nothing, she is praying to feel it.

"I won't come, I won't come again" quietly, she lies on his side. It snows again.

Boy got fined by police, both times in the Subway. First time he jumped over the entrance gate, the second time he pissed, both times he was pissed drunk. He did not pay the fines and they call him, always 8.30 AM, Jolly does the conversations, she is his face out. Why? What's wrong with Boy? Why doesn't he speak for himself?

Chapter 3

Bitter taste of recognition- I'm not made for success

"Grrrrrrrr grrrrrr grrrrrrr"

This is one of these days when they are alone in the apartment for a while, this is one of these days when they both wake up early enough to be alone and are awake, this is one of these days when they don't feel hurt, when Jolly doesn't pronounce a word "sex", what would do Cry distressed. Jolly sits across his belly, his dick is inside her vagina and deep in by the uterus and reaching her heart. She moves smoothly, she see his face, gentle eyes, feels his hands on her moving butt. They fasten up but just a bit, this time she is going to come "grrrrrr" the phone rings, Boy picks it up, talks, hands over the phone to her - the news are very good indeed, she doesn't come, he perhaps does, she is getting an interview this evening and her books reviewed. Up to the white morning, Jolly is in a vivid discussion with herself; questioning, still answering, considering, seeing, visualizing past and future condensed.

"I won't be able to write any longer, now after I have succeed, I won't have anything to write about" Jolly is a fool and this is clear. "I'm not made for success"

Cry gets pissed drunk and sings on the train, he is terribly out of key.

Mr. Rat-shit, or was it the shield and against what? The paper comes out. The girl named Jolly, is called "the conqueror" and "a neo neo beat dame", mainly a writer. Big words or just names? Now she is welcome in all the independent bookstores in

the city, except gay ones. They don't like her there and they also have a policy to promote only a gay or lesbian writing. Jolly is t o o average.

"I'm not in this one" Jolly said to Cry, picking a new weekly number of the free periodic press, but she was. "Incoherent, drunk, halfwit, pathetic, tired pornographer, dissipated, aging, Euro trash diarist" The explicit woe, although a negative, one gay chap discovered within seven minutes of a mamboing show. Both, drunk - Jolly and Cry, are described in there. "Not bad. He is quick" concludes Jolly. They both feel they have sated in the town, it's picks and corners. They are recognized. They are somebody. "Not bad" concludes Cry and points "I'm becoming famous too "Swedish Meatballs - was the tittle of the letter and surely referred to handsome Cry's.

She spreads her legs for Cry he won't fuck her. His New York news's kick definitely passed. As her frigidity passed "long" ago, she is as mad about a screw as always. She is fucking horny.

"I'm a horny devil!" Negro man wearing a wicking hat with plastic horns, yells along 2ed Avenue

"Have you seen Andy?" asks her chap in a glittering party crowd, his name is Tom "Andy, who?" Jolly asks him, giggling at her joke, referring to Warhol's pattern of fame. The chap explains for inexperienced Eastern Europe maid "It's Andy Warhol's party, it's still Andy Warhol's party even it is Factory's people party 10 years after." Jolly exchanges a word with Malanga, who once was her idol. He is timid. Stas is presented to Debbie Harry who's got fat. It's incredibly hot in there. Far too hot, for her plastic outfit. The show is shit but the crowd at WTC is fun, busy busy busy bees sipping on the free wine in non-exclusive yet American, soft plastic cups. Jolly possibly gets a contract to do a movie, both - directing and acting part.

Jolly and Boy have a house for themselves for four long days and nights. Lily left with her boyfriend and her son for skiing, a winter season. Jolly and Boy stop cleaning the house and they eat in bed. They improve fucking, improve a cute idyllic love improve hangover treat and TV watching. They watch until 6 AM, shaking black buttocks and giant butts and cute tiny asses. Cry-Boy starts to write again, Jolly feels most peaceful, and she tests - how she can shake - and she does it well - she feels they have a home again. She wouldn't be there if she knew what story he is after. He whines wines for another woman cunt and her sweetest tinniest butt, of course she, herself is there too within the pages of his book in the part she wouldn't like to play and of course the other cunt means to him what she wants to be; the desire... Typical Jolly holly-stuff. ``Should she or should she not mind the details? And are, these really the details?"

Jolly is - Yesterday - princess, tomorrow - queen, "Now, I feel like a walking talking rolling zero. Art is an opinion, art is neither good or bad, art is an option, is a way, is

a beauty or is an ugly, is a shock or a pleasure, an odor, a little kick or a giant blow or a quest or a contest. Art does not exist but in your head. Art is not what you see but how you feel about it. I feel like a fucking zero, at the very end of the cold world watching tracks and cars sailing like a cockroach's train in the outskirts of Chelsea - the riverside. New York is such enormously ugly place and fat fellows smoke fat cigars. When I say it's ugly I mean it from the aesthetic point of view - gray, incoherent, tastelessly aging - phi! Wow! OK I don't mean the keen look of always polished shiny banks quarters or always picturesque Broadway - I mean the whole rest of the shit we can afford; the nightmare"

"Lets go home" he is pulling her with force off the dancing floor... he pulls her to the bathroom, shuts the door, pukes into the sink in red wine. At last she did put a point over I, at last she danced and dancing with Black Boys is definitely fun. The walk home goes in rain. Cold New York Rain. And a bit of disaster, just a moth-full tastes of hate.

"That's how you go out with me?" Cry complains into her face "She is my sister" he presents himself to Anton pulling her back towards himself, she likes Bowerry Bar, he does not - it is Schick and she gets started with a new review. "I paid four bucks for this beer, my soul is crying" Boy stretches a green bottle of the Rolling Rock up to Anton's face. Anton picks up his instamatic "Can I take a picture of both of you?"

"This is useless, speak the shit out! " Jolly concludes, pushing Cry's hands off her butt. An hour of hate has passed into a not exactly pleasant conversation by the kitchen table. This night they are alone at home and seem they are going to waste it. Cry proves a common sense breaking up the conversation and bringing the silly girl to bed for many hours of a great pounding, he strips her, he licks her, he touches her, swings her, flys her, he whips her with a leather belt - it turns him on to see her buttocks turn pure red with a drops of the blood. He fucks her, turns her, fryes her, flys her, makes her come-scream in her womb, in her mouth, in her anus. The bed caressing hopeful lovers looks as a battle field, i s t h e b a t t l e f i e l d. Is the battle field. "You were screaming, Babe" whispers proud Cry. An elementary reunion lasts a bit. The beat - Jolly can't walk neither sit on her ass in the following days.

"A go-go girl!" shouted after her, a Black guy she just asked for the direction, he and two of his pals sold cold Coca-Cola, she fumbled around Time Square crowded streets with an excitement. She was clearly flattered, not at all insulted. It all meant she was a girl with an alabaster skin, an alabaster flesh, an alabaster mind if she fitted to his description. She gave him a weak smile over her shoulder. Her wings arouse as she left him behind and her cunt wet a bit. The life was at ease. The life was an easy cake and she was softly chewing at its precious sweetness. No harm.

"It's a love decease" answers Cry, the civil cop's question "Are you suffering of any decease?"

"It's a fucking de cease" it's the cop's Pointe. Cry lies down for the 97th time across, this time 14th street, Jolly gets closer on her sweet sensational feet. "Yes, he is with me" she agrees to put up, with the trouble of bringing them both home one way or the other, mostly the other. She has to piss, she pisses - but fortunate she is, she doesn't get caught but by the hungry voyeur eye, sizing her white hams. Crows of the dark ill luck follow exclusively Cry, how could his mom give him such a name? What a shame to a cherished, young life of Boy.

"This fucking Bitch" still in the Village, Cry repeats for himself, the sweet name of his spouse and lays down again, a handsome Negro and his companion a miserable and short mix, stop a small car from jamming him down. "You are fucked up" Jolly shrieks kicking at him eagerly. "You are a fucking Zero" "You always be a fucking-zero!" her voice cuts the morning air of the up Broadway, they somehow did get to the train and crossed the town, now they are traversing towards the cube. They are fucking drunk "In 6 years yuo are an old cart " Cry triumphs, supported by the fact of her age. She is chewing on earth corns in her burger which she picked it up after Cry dashed it onto the ground, he couldn't stand to see her eat, he was far too hungry and she did find in her pocket and did spent the last buck and wouldn't share it fair. The sun glows right down between two straight parallel leads of monstrous high buildings banding their insane heads or just tops. The color of the gutter is more humble then our heroes' dreams. Is softly purple, gray with a blitz of gold. The river's divine.

At "home" he tries to break her physics, as she breaks both of their minds yelling for the love all of the sudden, dashing to his naked chest. Women have no brains they can swing like monkeys - trees. He gives her strong marks, stamps. He marks his woman, as she was a pig's flesh.

"Hollywood!" the driver pulled his car window down trying to wind a conversation, she flattered walked off, she wore a white, up to her slim waste, fur jacket, topped with a huge white fuzzy fox around her delicate neck, the shortest white mini skirt on February-Winter Broadway, the highest heels and white stockings. She had a snow flake complex. Jolly was a faked flake, crouching for her interview. The rendezvous, a tet'ate, a tea for two, or did he drink a cup of coffee? The chap was nice he took her serious, questioning her past. She had no past. She had nothing smart to say. Her exciting life referred exclusively up today.

"I share an apartment in NYC, with two Polish women after forty and one kid" Lily, who was Jolly's friend invited then both, a sweet couple of Jolly & Cry for a week or two, or a month, until they'll find own love nest. Cry miscalculated the financial side, Cry did not have any cash, and they hoped to stay at Lily, simply as long they could. It was quite another

side, that Cry referred to Tom Thirty, his pal. Jolly came over the lines, she choked and couldn't believe her own eyes at first.

"How could he, who am I in his world, not even myself in a single body? & How about our dream?"

"The six years old Mexican girl, in the staircase, fell in love to me and cracks the smiles waiting to be my bride." Jolly's eyes were black sultry and shone with real tears, to take the little maid across her lap and whip her buttocks clear was the last thing at her mind, the first was to punch him very hard. The middle section was the wedding scene with her - Jolly and Cry-Boy in the main roles. She, her dream, the myth was as useless as the kid's and she knew it. "Starting a new life" was not a real option. Was Cry a liar? Or the sentimental graphoman? Was he the truth-teller?

"Miss you have a cocaine on your nose" says police officer, he is tall, handsome, dark hair and a bit coloreds. "Excuse Me," says Jolly backing up to the bathroom, mirroring herself, her nose is white. She washes it. Cry did the Lucy's Bar. Cry smashed the jukebox and both lamps over the pool tables. It was all her fault. He wanted to go home and he told her "You don't come out now, I'll smash the place" and he did it. She wanted more beers, more music, more amusing, more talk, more trouble, more teasing treasures and more victims; she was a heartless bitch and she was doing very well. Smashing his fun she pushed him out of the bathroom before, where he was doing Lily doing coke, he bought - he was misfortunate with his affaire as clearly he did not want Jolly with, for the little feast. "We did not have sex" indicated Lily "I won't have a friend who shuts herself in the restroom, with my man! Fuck you Bitch!" "Give it to her" Lily commanded Cry, who was back. And now Jolly was back to the rest room for the third time as it started to look as they might be taken to the police station for the closer recognition and she definitely did not feel comfortable keeping the conversation with the cops, even if it referred Cry, having all the stuff in her bra. She was fever-ly looking for the hole to stash it, the toilet sit, the water tank, the mirror, the lamp, the sink. She climbed up and down looking for, aware - the restroom was impossible to lock, that's how she got in, when Cry did Lily. At last she found right spot, a perfect piece of metal on the wall with a hole in - below the mirror - squeezed the tiny bag under it and came out again. The cops were OK, they did not take them and now she was desperately trying to get the stuff, she could not, the white powder strewed out.

"If he touches you, I kill him!" Cry was shaking her waking her up, she couldn't understand what he was about, last evening was extremely swell, or wasn't it? She opened eyes "O, yes!" when Cry got up, Pepo was laying in their bed about 20 centimeters away from her. He slept on the floor when they two went to bed, but made him more comfortable now. Cry was pulling his underwear on. "No" Jolly protested "Or are you afraid? You don't trust him?" she understood "I trust no one" he said but in fact, what he did not say, Pepo's paws were rounding his butt. "Stasiu!" Pepo talked in the sleep, being sure he was in his brother's room, in his brother's huge bed. He stood up and fell over them. He was still very drunk. Pepo's version was shorter, the night was blacken out. "I'm waking up, and what do I see, a beautiful maiden next to me, I look - it's a man, what a blow! "

Jolly's credo - pigeons behind the toilet window always making love, these bastards, I'm jealous at them - Jolly jerks off in the shower.

She and Lily have a small error in their relation, Pepo, drunk gets caught in Prague's airport and locked in for 12 hours. Lily, drunk lands on Cry-Boy already in bed, with her legs spread, joking, asking him to put on "Some music" sitting across his belly, she could not resist. Her boobies were huge, swinging over his face. Jolly is rather pissed however controlled, she stops talking with her pal, the situation at twenty square meters home becomes quite restrained.

"Hey, writer girl, stop!" the punker girl shouted after Jolly, running an East Village's street. Jolly stopped. "Are you out selling your books?" she questioned "Yeah, how do you know?" "Police officer told me, you showed him the books the other night when the trouble with your boy friend wined up, I'm Kira, I already like you, I'm a dominator, come and visit me, at the Vault, we do an anus dildo fuck, an anal thrust, a vaginal press sensation, spanking, breast piercing, a scrotum torture, what ever you want!" Jolly shook Kira's stretched palm and found no words to answer her new found eloquent pal.

"Cry, I'm so horny" Jolly said. It certainly did not impress him. They still had a few hours alone so she spread her whole fan of doings, trying to get laid. She was nude and she climbed astride over him, sitting on the chair. "Lick me" she whispered, his prick was big and all pink as she just interrupt a blow job - which she forced upon him - just a second ago. He pushed her down, squeezing the blown up thing into his pants. She effortlessly tried several variations. At last she was on the bed, which was done by Boy for the day, messing it up, she possibly had him underneath, or may be not at all, she was possibly flashing. He turned her on her knees with a steady grip, his dick big, out, alert; he was up to give her two seconds go from behind. "I won't come like that" whined the girl "Do you think I care?" Boy explained, pressing the prick into his pants, getting up. The game was over. No way to insert. "There is a tremendous difference between to love and to fuck" he said and left the house.

Time Square station, a little Mexican chap dances as everyday with a kewpie doll, her name is Jolly, what a coincidence. She loves him and he loves her too, he tickles her butt, winds her skirt up, shows her pink buttocks, and her cerise tanga, plays her hips and boobies, swings her long black hair, swings her hips. She has her arms thrown around his neck almost all the time except the explicit tango move when he swings her down all the way, brushing the floor with her hair. It's not just an illusion. His name is Pedro.

"It's yours," the pointed tits, bartender girl at the Mars's bar disc, says stretching a bright red Cynthia towards Jolly who just showed up. "Keep it " Jolly throws the flower behind the bar "Lets go" says Cry, they have bumped to each other, or to be correct, they found each other "Lets go, I bought a flower for you, lets go home" He

repeats "Get off my side" Jolly repeats for the fourth time. Boy grabs her beer, spilling it right out, pulling her. She stays. He has to leave, it's 8 PM and he started drinking at 3 PM, he is finished. Handsome Tony keeps on taking pictures of the mute Felix's back with Fritz the Cat painted on his jacket, what irritates other customers. Jolly is about to join the coming up party "You can't leave now" new arrived Peter Sempel says, saving her virginity.

"Did you buy me a cigarettes?" Jolly asks Cry who just came in with breakfast, the milk and the cereals "I'm going home" says Cry "give me my passport and my ticket" "You can't, I love you" Jolly says sitting down. "You don't love me you are mentally ill" says Boy. She goes out to buy the Time Out with her new review, this time on the film BTH. It brings the subject of her masturbation objectively out. Jolly girl is crushed, there are some other details making her even more desperate, she is next to cry. Cry takes her in his arms. So long the war is over; till the next.

"So my Sugar, had her screening in NY" Cry whispers, he just fucked her most explicit. Twice! She has missed it all. Watching through the climax of the trouble, still the love wins very well, sex, great sex, under the covers, the show, lost again, he wins me back...

"Genital obsession! Go to Himalayas meditate. Come back. No show!" Jonas Mekkas's answer to her plea to screen BTH at Anthology Film Archives. She has had screenings there before, but now they changed the policy. Now they won't even rent the rooms, due to the City sponsoring. Anthology is healthy and clean, won't show an underground stuff, points Julius who comes from White Russia. All the guys hanging at Anthology are from Russia and they are d r i n k i n g. Jolly ends up on organizing her own show. The review shows up twice, in two following numbers, a success.

"Is Nick Cave in?" asks the guy, standing in the back swing door between Max Fish and Pink Pony.

"Yes" says Jolly "OK, get him" says the guy, he is short and seems stressed "No, I meant he is in the movie, otherwise he is not here, I guess he is in London" "I know Nick!" says the guy with a great authority, he is not very friendly in fact - thinks Jolly "You don't get away with it!" he screams into her face. The screening takes place at Pink Pony, she is a technician - both, responsible for renting, getting, bringing and serving the projector and the sound system as well, a ticket seller, a ward holding the curtain in place, an actress and the director. A heavy job, a good done job, the show goes swell half of the room leaves. The other half stays, also after the subtitles, following the very rest of the screwed Karkowski-Bilting music truck in complete dark, nailed to the chairs. There are references to D. Lynch, in the press. Jolly sells 200 tickets in four shows, makes about 20 US dollars, all together. The place is tiny.

"Hey, sweet neighbor!" shouts after Jolly some creepy type. Everybody at these few blocks of Amsterdam Avenue knows the precious White item walking up and down the street. They are Black, often Brown or creamy Brown, and sometimes White. She feels most comfortable.

"I got to congratulate you, you got such a pretty wife and a new shoes, arghah! " a Black guy sitting on the fountain's rim calls after Jolly and Boy passing by, the dusk lays cozy. "Yeah" Jolly points, already laughing "Boy, you would prefer a pretty shoes and a new wife, hahh ha ha ha!" Boys face brightens up, relaxes, at the joke. She is a catastrophe itself, she is imagining. "He pushes her hard against the dark body of the tree, he pushes her fast, he has to lean at her, kissing her lips and kissing her neck and soft little shrimps of her ears" "I don't want any new wife, Babe" or eventually he says the better version "You are my new wife Babe!" They keep on walking. New York becomes an old city.

"Yeah" she wanted this stupid cheap romance with Cry, she has been in a great place, a posh restaurant at 58th street doing the continuing interview, it was a glare of luxury, she accepted champagne glasses and a kinky entries of caviar, salmon, duck. She wanted to wear her white dress but did not dare for Cry, she had plastic pink fluorescent jacket and plastic black skirt, just as great! Robert asked about her father, everybody here in NY asks about her father, it irritates her, but she answers every question; just like a good girl... "Why are you doing all these things?" Robert asked, "I'm not doing anything" she gazed "I'm filled up with these thoughts and I let them out" she lied, she was doing it all for the love. But it was too complicated, too intimate to talk or even to think. She phoned Cry from downstairs, she had no key to the house and she was in a sparkling mood. He came down let her in. On the way up they met all the kids hanging out there every night "Oh, that's your bride?" she asked Boy, only teasing "No her bigger sister, that one" he pointed, Jolly tried not to crush, Jolly saw Cry push her against wall but this time not hard but soft, she saw his lips reaching her lips and turning for her ear first "You are my Bride" whispered Cry; Jolly was totally out of key. They ended up in a tremendous argument by night - out - freezing cold - sitting out side on the staircase, Cry getting tremendously drunk and stupid, crashing full bottles of the Crazy Horse on the gutter. Cry supposes Jolly is either mental sick or a princess, he thinks, "How can she be jealous about a six years old kid?" Jolly is not jealous about the kid, Jolly is desperate about her life with this particular man. Jolly got sick at last but not in her head, but closer to where her head used to be, she got sick in her bladder, it hurts like fuck. She blew it all again; it hurts more.

"She would have come with us for 50 bucks" says Tristan, a painter. "Yeah, I could fuck her" says Jolly, looking after a slim Negroes, in the high black plastic shining boots reaching her puss-moth-mouth or spread wings, in a red tiny strip of a skirt pressing her buttocks flat, taking a verbal revenge on Cry, speechless at her sight. They are walking E 28th street. Jolly had her show, the movie screenings, it was OK. In the newspaper she got a new name - a Magnet Babe, the boys - Tristan and Cry

had some up, powdered stuff, they wouldn't share with her. So, the Magnet Babe does not make it at home. They go for the great Indian food in a cheap place, the staff is from Bangladesh, Jolly has her first, since a half year - tandori masala, Boy has a biff curry and Tristan goes for the pees - he is afraid to get meat-poisoned.

"Just look at her, she has got a bride complex, Marilyn Monroe complex and a snowflake complex, that's a fucking mix, fucking trouble, man, look at her bum!" the chap was pointing Jolly walking down the street, she was obviously busy, busy in her head.

"Welcome to the New York's literally world! " a bookseller guy at Gotham, says as she walks through the door. And whispering tells the whole story to his partner girl. It's the fact, this bookstore denied to sell her books before the reviews came out.

Chapter 4

"Never, promise me, never, you are going to publish your own books. You don't imagine what a steak of trouble it would have given you. For the first, everybody would say that you publish yourself because no one else wanted to do it. For the second, they would say it is obviously no good. For the third, you would have to do all promotion, distribution etc. For the forth, be smart don't do it. I suggest, you send the writing to me, but I want it in Polish. Jolly set, twisting the earphone in her palm, staring at the wall in front of her. She promised Adam Bromberg, she wouldn't do it. She agreed with Michael Von Hauswolff, she will do it "So, what?" She still felt his pointed prick between her tights and her loins, Michael's not Adam's. Adam was an old chap, an excellent chap, a publisher, a Jew, a very tall - almost monumental man, as he also knew Jolly's father. Michael was her lover within few years - at least ten - and a great art expert of his times. Michael was a king. But it was then. Now, Adam was dead and Michael was fine but almost as dead for her as he did exit her life. She was unable to have side love affairs since she fall in love to Boy. The fact was obvious, as well the fact that she did published her books.

"It's superb my Jolly" Taddy laid on Jolly's bed, Taddy was reading her manuscript catching now about 1000 pages; in Polish. Taddy was Jolly's beloved bellowed father. "I'm no longer blame you, whatever you do, it is most motivated. "Taddy was ill. Jolly was twenty-five years old. Taddy's blood was a pure poison. Taddy's nerves were wretched. Taddy run out of pills, as he staid longer then expected at his daughters home - in 3 weeks - he loved her, he loved the crazy plays, he loved the crazy place, he loved the crazy maid, and her written up down-thoughts. He loved to read them all. Jolly wore a fitted blue Manchester coat, in her pocket she had handful of pills, they were uppers. She took one every time her energy sunk, she had to impress her father, prove her power. She was perfect.

"Jolly, write about your father and yourself, and whatever it turns, I'll publish it" Adam said to Jolly. Taddy was dead. Bromberg published only hits. He had a feel -

there was something in that chick. She couldn't do it. There was a hole. She was tormented by pain. She never, had loved, like she loved him. He was all over, he was a master of her perception and her heart, he was a master of death and she was hurt. "How could you die, leaving me, here?"

"Haven't you seen Jolly cry? You haven't seen someone cry" It was loud and it was wet. It was a hurricane and a thunder bolt, it was a heart ripped out of the living, it was a broken tree in bloom. The pain of missing him was the most intimate, most precious in Jolly's entire life. Jolly was unable to write it down. Jolly was Annabel to turn it into the words spoken out. Taddy was a poet. He mastered it all, from the inner worlds to the outer words. She could not. What could she say about him? Nothing or all true or lies? She was mute.

"Wwwwwaaaaaa! wwwwwaaaaaa!" The baby was crying; Jolly lifted it up. The child was surprisingly light, almost weightless. She looked for its mother. She was there next to Jolly, she turned the face towards her, she was very old, far too old for to be the mother. There was a magic spell, they were in a small cabin house, through the window Jolly saw rocks of the mountains and some springs, the house was placed in the canyon. "If I'll come "there" will you be there?" The old woman repeated, a given indication, she was the witch; it was of the highest importance. Jolly was heavily thinking and she was about to say "Yes" A phone wakes Jolly up. Cry-Boy is still asleep at her side. Jolly dreams about Taddy in the rest, part of the morning, Taddy is not dead, very much not dead, he cant see her because he stopped drinking and he is not the same person, he is in hide also from her, he sees his wife sometimes, he is sometimes at her place and sometimes in his own, but where? Jolly meets him, he is rather fine, rather alive and there is a great hope, this time he is going to last. Jolly wakes up in the heat up room. The sun.

Boy and Jolly were ending up the camel safari, they were in Ragistan. At that moment even Jolly was fed up with sitting a top of the camel in the rain, she set next to Boy in the cart under the plastic cloth. Their young driver stopped for the hitchhiker, she was the oldest, tinniest, smallest, most back-banded creature, the world ever saw. She was a witch, she was on a way from now where to nowhere, she was a hip of the bones bind together by the soul and a long slow veins. She had a young face and very huge eyes. She could not come up to the cart, the driver lifted her up easily by both of her arms she was weightless. He put her next to them all. She was on the way to and from. They were going there too.

Jolly have had many chances, she flopped them all.

Boy and Jolly survived the bus trip. The driver was apparently mad. He came all the time on the wrong side of the road. He drove too fast coming face to face with the opposite tragic line, he pushed them off the road. He zigzags. But they were forced to zigzag much more. Possibly, he was in the hurry. Traffic was thick. He created an option for the frontal collision every three seconds, approximately. Jolly was fin-

ished, her jaws were shot against each other, her muscles jammed, her knees twitched. She pressed herself against Boy trying to stop observing it all. Boy was a bit more relaxed, he set 20 centimeters farther from the front window than she did; she was right in front of it. There were no sits left when they boarded the bus. The bus flew literary. The driver was proud of his attempt at the road. He was hardly insane, he exactly knew - what! And how! The passengers felt! They were the reason to the show. It was his great show! The people were hypnotized, dissolved by fear, the ride took exactly seven hours. Seven hours of the thick India-air.

Nostradamus sitting in his murky room staring into a candle's tiny flame. The most powerful source of the images, visions resting and flown off his retina, in a continuing high way. Three hundred years before its beginning. Into the meditative buzz and squeak of the harp, selecting earth quakes, wars or single explosions. Fearing the holocaust? Or being just an observer as he already lost all he loved - children and wife, in spite his clairvoyance's gift, wizard and doctor's skills. Sitting there, submit to the light with no limit.

"Fat stomach!" she, Jolly saw a fat stomach in dark, a fat stomach over her spread thighs, over her thin belly, upon her lying on some bed! It was awful. She still sees it and she still despise it. Zahorski, Lech raped her, he got her drunk first. She fell asleep and he brought her into his bed and raped her. She saw this fluffy stomach going down at her. She heard his fucking heavy groan, heavy breath and she saw him come into her in the very moment she relapsed what was in fact going on. "Jolly! I'm going to kill the bastard! Jolly, tell me! Jolly!" Taddy was shouting into the telephone. "Daddy, he did not do anything" Jolly whispering, lied. She was sixteen. She was considering to kill herself or to go to the monastery, she did nothing. Yellow Bahamas raped her, he pulled her out of the Yellow Bahamas car after he had stopped it. She wore a white-blue peptic summer skirt, and the same top; over which, she used to watch the blue sky traveled by cumulus clouds, this summer. She lay next to the car, on the sandy road, he did it very fast pushing her tampon the most in her vagina, with his prick. She did not scream. She was twenty-one years old. Andrzej Biezan was a great musician. He was a contemporary star of Warsaw. He was in fact great - Jolly couldn't admit. His music turned her on. Biezan raped her. They had a party at Jagiello's house, with lots of wine and lot's of great, loud heavy music. He drove her to Warsaw in his car for some hours, first. After the party he was laying on her, on the bed. She was fighting against him, he pressed his penis deep into her, she was fighting against, he continued bumping onto her, it turned her on, chewing at the mass of his dark, thick, curly, long hair, they came together screaming, breaking the bed and the lamp. She was twenty-two. Catch 22.

"Coucarachia caramba!" An extremely loud tune, a song rasps our Jolly lonely lungs. She yearns for the kiss. She picks up a white bread from the bread holder, a cranberry juice from the lowest shelf, a cereals from the highest and eggs and a milk from the refrigerator, walks around to the cashier, she pays to the handsome and

blue-eyed Mulatto, gets her items packed and leaves the store. She is right on Amsterdam Av. She is so obviously in NYC. She climbs five flights up. She opens the door to the apartment. "I have a hang-over!" Cry-Boy declares with a clear desperation. "You have hang-over every-day!" Jolly, pissed, throws all the stuff she bought on the table. She leaves the house.

"We are the guys and we are going to play a basket-ball!" Cry-Boy stands with a nine years old Sam on Amsterdam Av. They were going to take a walk together but Cry has changed his mind. Jolly is desperate, she wants a company to the Park. It means she wants a love affair and kisses under the tree in the Central Park right now. The sun is shining. Jolly is desperate and walks away alone. The sun is cold today.

"Hey! Come over here, you were flirting me, Girl" Jolly comes closer "I was waiting for you, I'm Pat" blond stranger says, stretching his pale freckled paw. She takes it. "Jolly" she says. They smoke cigarettes together. "This is a very special moment Jolly, you ought to follow me, there are no blind dates without a reason, you ought to test, only then the life makes sense" Jolly sits on the bench next to him smoking her cigarette, giggling. Pat talks a lot, a lot of a lot, a lot, and suddenly looks like a wolf, reaches her hand. "People run away from me all the time" Jolly is on her way, he stands up too. "I'm going to meet my Boy friend" she says "You don't have one, all is just an illusion" Pat points, she barely can stand his swelled up preaching. "May be it was only that. Good by Sweetie. May be it wasn't to be more" he says agreeable, digging his own philosophy more then well, gives her a light kiss on the cheek, walks away, leaves the park. Jolly sits down under the birch tree in the sun for the long time until it faints away. "Only a pure nut case would speak to me", Jolly concludes for herself, freezing her butt off the cold Spring earth. She watches a young mother playing a ball with her son.

"I'm so jealous on you, Jolly, you are going to meet my idol. He is such an extra ordinary and such a beautiful man!" Lily says. Jolly is fucking nervous. Jolly is next to cry. She knows Glowacki cares for her. "I'm so afraid he shall ask about my Dad and then I'll crash to CRY." "Why, for what should you do the reading tonight? This is not the way to make a career, the career in NYC is an explicit, simple but capricious miss. Until The New York Times will write about you, you haven't achieve anything" Glowacki said to jolly Jolly and bought her a cup of tea, trying to make her eat the cherry cake. He has done it. He is an established writer with many such reviews, now writing for Hollywood. "An American literature now, is a pure catastrophe, it is in fact very bad. The most in, is the anti-drug, or even better, the Aids speech. Don't get mixed with it. Do a movie. Make a hit! "He tried to get her to his side. "I hope it's a pornography," he said, paging through her book.

"...From the book, I have written in Polish, one chapter was published and the critics called me "wild and angry". That was year's back. I didn't really care to get something published and I never sent my things to a publisher. But one moment when I felt ready for it and I knew how to publish a book myself, I did it. Originally I

wanted to be a filmmaker but I was far too shy to get a grip on it. So I started painting because I could put my thoughts into the picture. It does not matter if I do writing or paintings or photographs. It's the same message. It's the same story. It's the same story that is inside of me. I gave up painting because it was making me sick. The painting was taking over me. It was almost hypnotizing me and I couldn't get any farther. I couldn't get through the canvas. It was making me as static as the painting is. I was paralyzed. Besides, I got a video camera. I bought myself one of the first video cameras. Then I could combine writing with painting, in my films. There is something in my father's poetry, which is in my films. It is a big attraction to death... or not an attraction but an admiration. He looked at life in his work through the prism where everything was very big. Everything was very dead or very alive, very black or very white. It was a lyrical poetry not existential poetry. Maybe that I got from him. I don't know what my style is. I could say I am honest. Not only because I write facts, and what has happened, but I really am honest. This is for sure. I wait all the time to write a book or to make a film that is a total fiction. I hope for it. But so far I couldn't take the "I" out of myself for one reason or another. I heard somebody say about my films and books that they are pornographic. But they are not pornographic at all. They are more erotic than pornographic. It depends upon what you call erotic and what you call pornographic. For me, erotic means that there is sex but it is explained it is emotionally motivated, it is with a certain person, it happens for a certain reason, and it is speaking to real life. Pornographic is just writing about sex, sex like intercourse, without any involvement or history of the person or love. My films and my books give a lot of energy and optimism. To feel how much power and how much life we have. How much is inside of us, which we can explore and explode, all the time. If I am optimistic it is because life is a great thing. I love life. There is no other choice."... This was what Robert, squeezed out of Horny - eating caviar and shrimps, for the Night Magazine. She felt betrayed, he did not include his questions, neither his name, below her shamefully flat personal inquiry. "I would never say this if he would not ask" Horny felt cheap and pathetic and not sharply smart. She really gave the spot, the flack.

She had a telephone conversation with Glowacki before they met. "It's a pity you came that late, the party season is over. All the important Christmas parties are done. I would have taken you there. You would have needed to attend. But do you know anyone, who can support your career?" "I met Norman Mailer. I gave him my previous book, I admire him a lot" "It is known, Mailer is a very selfish man, he won't do anything"

"Don't worry Babe Magnet. They are not ready for you. They haven't seen God's butt yet." Kith said to her, through the mike at Nyorican's Poets Cafe. Jolly came last, she was doing Slam Poetry. She supposed they were going to love her but they did not. They - the people she was reading for. They did not like her dress, they did not like her face, her painted lips, her nose, her hips, her shoes, her voice, her language - they hated. They obviously did not like her age. They did not like she leaned at the wall and spread her legs. They did not like she spoke about love, about will and dirt,

about streets and sex, or may be they did not understand anything. From one group of jury she got the highest possible points, in the very last pass. Boy was drunk-euphoric-kissing everybody around for at least 15 minutes, until the very moment when he dashed on the tall bar chair, hanged his head down falling rapidly asleep. "Let's go" Jolly said, pulling his arm, at this moment it did not matter that it was going to be "her party" and she was on her second beer. It was easier to get home now then later. "How did it go Jolly?" Glowacki called her the following morning, curies about the result of the Slam. She came, the last one.

Darek had sex with his dog and Darek made a piss piece in ice - Darek was most contemporary artist. Jolly never had sex with a dog or any other animal but men. Jolly never did piss in ice but melted some snow with it. Jolly was hot. Darek had sex with a fly, he put his penis into a jar with flies, the flies' plaid him, Darek got huge erection. Jolly hasn't done anything funny in a long time. She still has a hope to do it.

Nastassia, Jolly's ground daughter loves trying on the shoes, especially when nude. She loves Jollys shoes most of all. They are the best, the highest in the whole house. And also Jolly's leopard boots. She can barely walk, she is not one year yet but she does well with the shoes, she does it great.

He was at least 2 meters10cm, he had Class, he was the most beautiful man Jolly has ever seen. He was Black. Extremely elegant. Wearing Ray Bans and a long coat. He was a classic silver flute player, taking the place of the Magical Bum Mike in the L train passage. Jolly was stoned and she stared at him, not just looked, she turned back many times, he stopped playing, flashed a smile and waved to her. She went down, towards the platform and jumped into her train. Her train.

"Listen" Jolly said to Cry "if you do not define our love, your love, don't find an apartment for us, I won't be with you. I see how you look at every tall, young girl! As you were going to die of lust! I'm neither tall neither young; why are you with me?" They walked on the 9th street, off from the 3rd Avenue towards the village. Cry did not answer. Cry sipped on his Budweiser or was it The Colt Malt Liquor?

"She is just shit!" Boy was screaming to Rich. He meant Jolly. "You are shit!" He screamed right in Jolly's face, she stood hanging on the wall, watching the men play pool, showing upper halves of her fat teats. They were all at Lucy's. Cry was drunk. Cry was catching amok and feeling it, drunk two more vodkas straight and a beer, they had to leave before the coming up scene. There was uncomfortable catch, they owed Rich 50 bucks, Cry was a man of honor and if he had them on and not she, he would have paid immediately, plus he knew what Rich would have spent on him in return. Jolly acted like a hen, a duck she felt responsible for bringing both of them "home" and there weren't any other money coming.

"Hey my Friend! " Boy was shouting throwing himself down to the gutter embracing Amil and kissing his black huge dog - Gucci. Jolly stood quietly by the side. They were on Avenue A, where Amil was taking a good look at the moon. "I'm

just relaxing" he said. Amil was more than seventy years old and he had the same dog, which he had three years ago, that was good. Boy was not just enthusiastic, Boy was in love to Gucci first kissing his nap and to Amil next, what made him go off across the street to the store and buy few beers to share with a chap. Boy was screaming and moving restlessly caressing the dog, which started to bark. "You can't control your energy, young man" Amil was disturbed, sitting flat on the street pan-handling a little bit, but only for his dog - he said. As soon he entered his flat, where he has taken the Cry&Jolly couple for the party of chess all sparring went to Crack, literally. Amil was smoking his puff fast, Cry was trying to catch his chance but - no. Amil was determinant. "The money first" Boy did not want, neither could pay. Boy supposed he deserved an invitation. This made Amil pissed, but he relaxed fast, hoping for the better turn, did not imagine how little cash was down Cry's pocket. Hardly anything. The scene at the Bar, he did just for this reason, he could not stand to know that Jolly was in the possession of a 100 bucks brand new bill. She babysited Luke Baby last three days, it was money for coming Monday tet a te' in London with Cry. 38 bucks, she cashed for her sold books, tonight at Saint Mark's and 10 at Spring Book's, they already spent. St. Marks's money stood for the gifts for Jolly's grannies and Cry's son, three small red caps. They were about to leave NYC, Sunday. Today was Thursday, actually already Friday. Jolly watched a cockroach walking over the table, she watched the guys play chess, Boy was a good player, but loosing badly now, too drunk to pull through more than just couple of the first gambits with which ones, he impressed Amil, he showed he was not an amateur. But he was an amateur on buzz, he could not drink; the wheel was spinning very fast now. The only White guy in the apartment except them, came, buy a fix or to take a shit in what ever order. The whole fucking house stunk the abominable shit and Amil yelled "Fuck you Scum, it stinks shit in here! You can't behave, get out, I have guests!" Jolly watched Amil, he had some difficulties after he has smoked his pipe, his breath was raspy and whistling and his lips twitched, sunk down making him look completely toothless; he was Annabel to play. The guys pushed the board away. "I can't admit, it was a very good stuff" Amil tempted, Boy was trying to mediate. He wanted Crack. There were many other bizarre people in there, most of them unconscious. One guy looked as he was going to fucking die. They were Black Arabs, and one of them had sex with a woman behind a curtain. He finished and waved at Jolly to join. He was making uncomplicated gestures behind Cry's back. Jolly started to laugh. Jolly couldn't stop laughing. "But why don't you give me some Crack? I have three bucks" Cry picked up their token's money on the table. Jolly couldn't stop laughing. At this point Amil threw them out. Jolly helped Cry down the staircase and she helped him to walk on the street and she helped him through the bars and into the train. He slept as soon he laid down on the batch. Jolly watched two enormously handsome, tall Puerto-Ricans, they had a clear Antonio Bandera's lines. They were in a long, melodic conversation.

"Do Bloodies, have really more fun?!" The guitar singer is Black-trash and he sings his refrain for the Jolly-girl. She has a smile she has no dime. His smile is sunshine of this fucked bloody night.

"It is finished! Stop following me! It's finished! " Jolly was screaming over her shoulder, Cry-Boy was making some kind of a tap dance around her. It started to rain, they were at the upper top of the Broadway. The last night was a worst night in her life. That's how she felt about it, Saturday early afternoon. If she had twenty bucks on her she would be now inline spinning down far away from his madness-love. She only had ten, the shop owner, tiny old lady would not do such a bad deal; she refused to sell the roller-blades. "Fuck you Cry, now you can have them all, now you are so wantonly single, it's over! " she repeated herself. "I can not be alone now, I'm sick, I'm ill. I have a hang over" Cry insisted. "I don't give a fuck how you are or who you are, do you get my point? I don't love you anymore. You are nobody. My boyfriend would never do that to me! "

Friday started as always. Cry-Boy had a tremendous hangover. He feared to step out of the house. Jolly had some stuff to arrange, her Avid courses for the autumn and a photo session with Jacob Fagelsang, for the Night Magazine. It was the last call for both, the events and the people - Jolly and Cry. He was going to come with her. He was going to stay home, he was going to come with, and he was going to stay. He laid a top of bed feeling bad. He possibly felt terrible. Jolly was getting stressed. He was unable to join her and unable to stay without her at home. Boy came with and slowly was getting drunk. The photos went swell, except for a "sometime before, white" man's slaps filled with dry excrements, laving right behind Jolly, when she posed in "the lost tunnel" of a China Town, Jacob was a cool cat and Jolly looked great. They were hitting towards Stas's home. The Friday Good-by dinner for Jolly and Boy. It wasn't a dinner, it was a fucking bad liver. Stas was late and came home drunk, he has already eaten downtown - possibly with Rich, so did his wedded bride, surely at home. Jolly was drinking Retsina, this night she was determinant to have fun. She had drunk fast. "Jolly, give me one of your rings" Stas's wife insisted. Jolly was breaking off a small piece of a polish sausage Stas brought, with him home. Jolly - hungry - chewing at the meat, was trying not to give her ring away but at last "what a hell, take this one" she said giving her a silver ring with a huge coral, she bought for herself as the token of love with Cry, Stas's wife slid the ring on her finger. Cry stood up and took off his shirt, spreading his arms, in his favorite - possibly Judas's gesture, swaying a great deal. Stas's wife in one move glued herself to his chest. Bend forward, ducking, kissing his nipples and hugging him. Cry was peaceful at the scene, watching it from above and surely pleased. Jolly first took it as a joke, but when the other woman proceeded, she has changed her mind "what do you think, you are doing?" she screamed towards the bitch, who was now wildly playing her long brown thin hair round his body, still kissing wherever she could get. "He is so young" Stas's wife answered, deeply pleased and very touched, she had few warts all over her face and thin braless hang-breasts, she had a great tendency to be

awfully pretentious but this time she took the poker in straight flush of Hearts, or was it a total bluff? If it was the poker, the pot was empty, and Jolly was not with on the game. This scene was fucking useless. Jolly put her jacket on, she rapidly packed her stuff and left the house. She bought herself a beer in the store and phoned from the outside, willing to speak to Cry, the situation was without a change." He says, you fuck off" Stas's wife said. Jolly came back "home". Stas's wife was wildly on Cry, he was very drunk, passing out at certain moments in the chair, with chick's head between his legs. Jolly pushed Stas's wife away, who immediately threw herself back at Boy, Jolly punched her. "What a cold bitch you are! Get out! Don't touch my Super-wife! She is going to surprise you!" Stas was screaming at Jolly, imposing "take off your clothes stupid fuck-Jol, woman, now!" Jolly tried to collect Cry and leave. "I don't want to have anything to do with you" Cry squeezed out without opening the eyes, Stas's wife started to kiss him again, fixed between his thighs. Jolly pushed her back to the floor pulling strongly at her long hair. "You are all fucking sick" she said, leaving the house. She was fucking drunk and tear eyed on her train ride. At 8 AM Cry phoned her and asked her to come and collect him, feeling very sorry for himself "you don't know what have happened, after you left, what a night mare, Stas started to beat his wife, the kids woke up, and I had to beat him down, he is totally smashed, I can't stay here, you have to pick me up, I can't find my glasses, I don't see anything, I was waken up, by a little Adam sitting on my face with his last night shitty dipper, I have a hang-over, you have to come now!" At 6 AM, at Tom's, the stranger she met at the bar, watching some wild underground TV, for what she was far too drunk, she looked inside her hand-bag, picking up Cry's glasses "oh, shit! My boy-friend's glasses!" "Please, stay here, I promise, I won't touch you" Tom plead, showing her his sleeping room at 7 AM. Jolly went home. At noon she arrived at Stas's station. She met Cry outside the house; he gave up waiting. She had rung the bell, run upstairs. Stas's wife opened the door. "My ring!" Jolly ordered, using one finger, quick, from and towards her, witch's gesture. Stas's wife turned back, with difficulties, slid it off her finger.

"It's finished" Jolly said to Cry standing by her side. "I did not do anything" Cry declined, referring to the fact, he did not screw Stas's wife. "You must be fucking insane, I don't care if you did it or not, what I saw was enough. You could have done anything, you could have stopped the fucking seen within a second; you know how! It was our last party in town and we were going to have fun!" Jolly screamed. The rain was pouring and Boy was desperate and she was too. It was Saturday and within 24 hours they were going to leave the town. "It's finished!" Jolly screamed "Finished!"

Chapter 5

"You made me come five times in the row, aohah, you were great Babe!" Jolly whispered to Cry lying next to her. The following morning she brought him to the alcoholic clinic. The doctor decided to keep him there put on downers, five days through. They were back home. Back in Sweden. Cry was at the hospital and Jolly at

her Lucrezius's home. Lucrezius was sweet, bleached his hair and looked more as his mom. Jolly was happy.

"I'm going to jump out of the car right now if you won't agree to take the taxi all the way to the airport! I have a hang-over!" was Cry-Boy's last New York's cry.

"I'll take you there, if you promise to stop quarreling" the driver said. He was the winning guy. The fucking taxi cost 35 bucks. At this point Jolly was very greedy on the money she had left, she was top-fed up paying up Cry's first needs. She was fed up being constantly short of the money for the reason of his single beer. However, they were ready to leave, clean, pretty, packed, collected and in love. Jolly had a certain repulsion to Cry's chest. She touched it as she used to do and the memory of the last Friday night made her sick. Jolly was ill. They both slept in their clothes the last two nights through. Cry from drunkenness, Jolly for not to be nude. The first night as she was alone and the second as she was with Cry. No flesh. She wouldn't permit his flesh to mingle with hers. She hoped it was going to pass and she hoped it was going to stay. She wanted to be strong. She has yearn the change. They sat the morning through, Easter Monday in Hyde Park. It was Cry's first time in London. Jolly was there before, very many years ago and some years ago. The first time in London she has taken LSD and it became IT. Next, she lived there with her four years old, daughter Lucrezia for couple of months and it gave a lot of stories to tell. This time Cry listened amused and not angry at all to bring the past back. "The last time I was in London to meet Cave. I bought a pair of shoes" she said "and I dropped my make up into the toilet, I was that stressed&nervous. I was one hour late! i was there with Lucrezius and Ex" Cry liked the town. It was unlike New York - clean and peaceful. People were doing the shopping on Oxford Street in a tranquil mood, they were sun bathing in the park in the same way. Cry and Jolly had their sandwiches, hot chocolate and cakes. They tested a London cab. Jolly was unable to kiss Cry. Cry was sleeping on the carpet in the middle of Jolly's ex-husband's home. Cry was pissed drunk and fall down of the chair and fall asleep. Cry got up, picked his dick up and intended to piss. Jolly pushed him to the bathroom, by that time his dick was back inside his pants. Cry pissed. Jolly did nothing. "Good for you" Jolly thought, bringing him all piss-wet to the bed. Giving him a separate cover and pushing him on "his half" of the bed, keeping her clothes on. Just before he has fall asleep he had an argument with Matt, he got excited and he wanted to beat Matt. They were discussing UFOs and Hale-Boppa comet that was visible in the sky. Jolly and Lucrezius watched Toy Town. Lucrezius decided not to go to school the following day. Cry slept the whole day in the middle of the living room. He slept in his most stinky boots, which he had found on the 89 street and Columbus one afternoon. Boots were dark green and pretty fucked. At night he seduced Cold Jolly in the perfect way. He turned her pretty hot, fucking hot. He stripped her nude. Made her come 5 times in the row.

What she did not know was - Boy fucked Stas's wife. Apparently Boy could have fucked every cunt which opened the lips for him. He surely could. Boy's only fear was - the bitch set him up, getting pregnant.

"Jolly when are we getting married?"

They were both nudes, laying on the pillow-bed in the middle of Carisma's living room. The room was huge, looked like inside a castle, golden. Jolly looked at Cry. "I want to marry you, Jolly" Cry repeated. He was back from the hospital, he has spent their one or two nights and quit drinking for good. He was a super man, Hardy was his new name. "I want to marry you in the church, Jolly-babe" Hardy said kissing her. She gave him a look. She was unsure. The last days were tough. But on the other hand all days were taught and she always wanted to marry him, so... "I'll marry you, Hardy" Jolly said answering a passionate kiss. The world was set. They were going to do it in Poland. They were going to go there within few days. Jolly woke up. The room was huge and very beautiful, she looked at Hardy, put the cover off, and she wanted her children and grand children to be at the wedding and her mother too. The only problem was she had no money to invite them. She wanted Lucrezius walk her to the altar, she wasn't sure of the process he would have been the birdman, Nasty, Lucrezia and Fran would be the ... She couldn't remember the name or a function; still looking at him, she smiled covering him softly, and getting up.

"We're getting married!" she said, coming into the kitchen, hanging at Carisma's neck. "Did he asked you last night?" Carisma asked holding Jolly's hand. "Yes" Jolly whisper softly. The breakfast was set. The eggs were boiling and milk and bread were on the table. "Miss Jolly Mess Miss Jolly Mess comes flying! Miss Jolly Mess will you marry me!? Kkuu-kooo! Miss! Jolly! Mess! " Cave was singing from the CD, Fi-fi, Carisma's 11 years old daughter put it on. Jolly twitched her head, she wasn't sure if she heard it right. She looked at Carisma, questioning with her eyes, but Carisma seemed not to hear it. Jolly had one more version of the wedding - the liquid ecstasy! Carisma plaids for the happy par the absolutely great song Yellow's "From Warsaw to Rome" very loud, three times. The whole future was electric - believed Jol. She was ecstatic.

"You are fucking not serious!" Lucrezia was very upset "you can't marry a sick man and besides I need a grandfather for my children, you are a nut Jolly" she added. Jolly got hurt. Jolly was happy and had to tell it to the world, she told her mother and Ora and Elis. "I don't love your books, Jolly" Ora confessed "they are too much for me, too free, I'm too conservative" It was Ora's birthday. "I did not understand anything from your book, you write like a man, and why should you marry Hardy, is he rich?" Elis asked. "One of these days we will do things we haven't done before" Otto said, he was incredibly drunk and handsome, Brazilian. Jolly gave him a wild smile, flashing her tongue and her teeth. She was always hot on him. She felt hungry. She came home to Hardy-Boy; he wasn't feeling very good. He was in fact feeling really bad and really down. They lived at Lucrezia's house. He was sleeping most of the time. He was trying to sleep it away. He fucked her passionately everyday but she had difficult to feel it, she couldn't relax. Hardy pressed his finger into her anus. She stiffened up. Pushed his hand away. Rose with wrath.

"You are the last person I'm going to marry!" Hardy said, rising his voice much more than necessary. She could hear him. She was finished. She was so fucking hurt. She was dismissed. She was very sad and she could not hold all of the tears back. Single ones were rolling down her cheeks. They were in Warsaw.

"Whore! Fucking stupid whore! Is a real bore! Don't do a nick! You need the dick!" A group of skinheads was marching all the heads were turned at Jolly, they were at least 400 guys, they were marching. Police, equipped in shields and truncheons escorted them, looking at Jolly as well; there was going to be a football match in the neighborhood and marching skins were Legia's fans. Jolly was standing, eating a cream cake, staring at them, she had no choice - but to hate this town and its poetry. She laid in his arms, they were both nude, under the cover, they were in love, very hot; she yearned Hardy sticking sterilized needles through her both nipples, and caressing her breasts, Hardy passionate licking her cunt and sticking the needle through her clit. Vow! She wanted to feel the storm breaking up upon her! Breaking out! She dreamed Hardy shaved her cunt, and pulled the threaded needle through her vulva's lips, sewing it together. She saw that scene in Kern's film and could not forget, could not give up, the impact it spelled upon her. She wanted a direction to the pain she felt. She wanted a ritual. She wanted the flame of the love. He scratched her buttocks and flushed inside her, making her flash-come. The last two days were devoted to sex. They did everything except the anal sex. He did not know she wanted it NOW.

"My wife and me" Hardy said to Pepo. "I'm not your wife!" Jolly shouted punching him very hard. Everything fucked. They walked and walked and walked. Hardy was turning Cry-Boy again and all he thought was ALCOHOL in all-possible variations. It was challenging him. Jolly was fucking bored and fucking hurt. He could not live or breath. And she was run down by her sorrow, by her horror, by her everything, by her cunt, by her sex-apple, by her dancing limbs, by her mirror gorgeous reflection, by her transaction. They passed a fancy car with a fancy couple inside, fancy preparing for the fancy perfect snort. How much she - Jolly wanted to be in the other Blondie skin and how much she was NOT. How much, Boy tried to give them both a perfect love token, it culminated exclusively in five minutes of sex, may be ten, it did not matter at all. They had sex. Right. They had some explicit samples of fuck job. Right. But what did it matter? NOTHING. Everything else ended up always on talk. Jolly considered Cry-Boy the most coward. He did not dare to marry her, he did not dare to carry on any explosive item in her face but his five to ten minutes dick. Jolly was not interested in dick, she has got an OD of it. She wanted a real stuff. She wanted to marry Hardy, a tough, handsome guy, she once saw and loved. She wanted to drink the liquid ecstasy from the silver bowl right in the murky church. She wanted the sparkling golden chain surround their brought together palms and the firebird Phoenix fly OFF rapidly for real. She wanted. She wanted to dance nude across the CITY. She wanted the pain to leave her soul free. She wanted Hardy come a top of the stallion, lift her up and set in front of him. And then she would allow his huge and perfect dick to penetrate. Penetrate her. There was no other way. Hardy was a poet, perhaps he was a poet. Jolly used to be in love to poets. They were all

great, mostly gay dead poets. But they talked about her and she loved them. Hardy never talked to her, she was certain. OK, sometimes he did talk about her what she absolutely did not want to hear. Hardy talked of other women. Hardy could make her feel jealous. Hardy could not make her feel loved. Something was wrong. With her? With him? With the words?

What a hell could she do? Marry T a n g o dancer?

Jolly knew, she badly wanted a new dress. A new dress and a real pearl necklace. Jolly wanted a new perfume. Jolly wanted the light to dim. Jolly wanted to LIVE in Hardy's arms in his presence. Jolly wanted a wild hot dancing. Jolly wanted a cool hot dancing. Jolly wanted it, with her Hardy.

"Ring an ambulance"

She heard a quiet whispering Hardy's voice, he lay with the face to the floor in the corridor, the time was not even 6 AM. Hardy could not sleep since many nights, Hardy has given his life to panic, Hardy could not breath. She helped him to turn to the side, Hardy's face was green-white but he was breathing.

Hardy took Jolly for a walk in the cemetery. Jolly could not find the grave for the long time. She could not find Taddy. "How can you do that to me" she said, accusing. Within two seconds she was right in front of his huge brown stone with an incision p o e t. Jolly stole a crown and a torch from another grave. Hardy did not propose. Taddy lit her cigarette." Taddy was a real man" Jolly thought sitting upon the tomb. The crows were screaming. Hardy took a nap on the near by sit. Clouds were governing and started to lick out. The last time they both, Jolly and Hardy were here - was the winter, was the night. She had to bribe the guards to let them in and keep four big Sheffer dogs off. It was simple to find him, the world was lit by the huge golden moon and possibly guided her steps or even a heart or who was it in fact?

"Did you see him, after he died?" asked her Hardy. "No, imagine! No, the fuckers! Nobody told me the rules! He died abroad. They plumbed him into the iron coffin. He is like a fucking sardine! He has no chance to mingle with earth"

"Jolly, you were always very important for Taddy, he saw you as his own continuation, he was very happy for your writing, but you have hurt him a lot too, Jolly girl" Jack said. Jack was now a Pen-club boss. Artur was dead. When Jolly was four years old she spat on Artur. Jolly was a pure rebel. "The only thing I hurt him with, was that I left the country" Jolly said seriously looking at Jack. "Not only" said Jack. Jolly pined a fork and a knife into the chicken breast on her plate. They were having a dinner at this very fine restaurant, in the cellar of the Writer's House. "You must translate your books to Polish, but tell me how important is for you the vulgar language you are using? You could say the same without it" Jack suggested reading through the first draft, one chapter of the translation. "No. I couldn't. Don't think it was easy to translate. To see it in my mother tongue. It was difficult. You know me,

I don't speak like that if I don't find it necessary. It took me more than an hour to battle myself. I won't give up. This is the way I have written. It is done" Jolly answered and stopped eating. "Your uncle shall never agree, he will be very much against such a publication. He is the most conservative of the penmen in Poland. I would have to explain myself a lot if he saw us here together" he told her. "I understand. But don't worry he won't recognize me neither I him. My uncle refuses to see me, we did not see each other since I was his favorite little girl"

Zygmunt had this really smashing theory. Jolly wasn't her grand father's daughter, Taddy wasn't his father son. So the brothers weren't real brothers. It should have been Wieniawa Dlugoszowski who seduced Cecilia, Jolly's grand mother. If it were the truth it would explain a lot. Wieniawa was quite a character. There was nobody who wouldn't like him as a grandfather. Wieniawa was a man of the world. A politician, a general, a lion of the night life, a leader, a very beautiful man possessing women hearts, a best friend of the First Man of Poland - The Marshal Pilsudski«s, a quick mind, a poet, a winner; he had it all. He took his life. "That secret is taken to the graves" Jack said. They finished the dinner. Jack was stressed. He had an appointment with a minister about a Pen-club world's meeting in two years - good-by of the century. Jolly walked him up the street. "Yes, the time"

Jolly was born at the last year of the first half, or was it the first year of the second half? It wasn't just a simple mathematics, it depended upon - how you looked upon it. Taddy was born at the end of the first quarter. They were like an orange, golden, juicy, fresh and alive under the skin.

Taddy and Cecilia were coming up the street, reaching The Writer's House. Jolly saw his arm around her, as always he use to walk his mother like that. Jolly speed up her steps to meet them both. They were talking and smiling. Taddy saw her, he put his arm round his mother stronger, tighter and turned her into the opposite way. Jolly saw them walking away. Jolly was standing. They disappeared in the crowd. Jolly was standing, she was so obviously pregnant, her belly was huge under the short flowery summer dress, Jolly was eighteen. Taddy still did not tell his mother of the fact. He did not bring her to the wedding which took the place two months earlier, Jolly was crying after the wedding, her husband punched her; before the ceremony her becoming mother in law was pulling her dress down, Jolly's wedding dress was extremely short, it showed her white underwear's when Jolly bent down to sign. Poland was a catholic country. Taddy was really troubled, he did not know how long he could keep the family secret-scandal intact. Taddy was forty-five and did not feel like becoming a grand father, yet. He was still angry at Jolly but not as angry as a few months earlier. All happened very quickly. Cecilia died. Lucrezia was born two days after. Lucrezia was a pure miracle. Lucrezia was ready-made and beautiful like a doll. Jolly holded Lucrezia in her arms, holded her straight up like a doll in front of herself looking into the eyes of herself, the eyes focusing her own eyes as she would gaze into the mirror. The child was real and they kept each other eyes in focus most steady and powerful. Lucrezia turned the shy little girl Jolly into the most powerful

woman. Jolly was a miracle. Life was real. Taddy sent Jolly twenty-five longest, red roses to the hospital. He loved the little miss. He loved both little misses. Taddy bought an elegant, costly blue baby-pram for a little Lucr.

Hardy was taking it very hard, his abstinence, he both longed for the beer, longed for anything and longed to drop the nerve war started inside him for good. Hardy loved Jolly and Jolly loved him. The spring has settle down, although it was really delayed this year. It was somehow a sad year. Hardy's eyes were sad. Jolly was OK. There was no way to beat Jolly down. They were completely broke. There was something about the time Jolly did not approve, it kept on spinning faster and faster.

"Where is your doll, Jolly?" asked her Taddy several times, getting annoyed. Jolly was six years old, she got the most beautiful doll for Christmas. She was taking a walk with her mom and dad and a new doll. She had stuck the doll under the bush in the park very well and deep. She could not keep the doll that beautiful. The situation was getting her truly embarrassed; she had to answer his question.

Hardy was ill, there was no doubt about it. Jolly became at last human, she did not want to ride a horse or a pink Cadillac, she did not want pearls around her neck and champagne bubbles under her tongue, she did not want a sun shine 24 hours a day. All she wanted was Hardy being well again.

"Taddy drunk himself to death"

Jolly started a story from the last line. Hardy looked upon his life with sad eyes of the muzzled dog.

Chapter 6.

Hardy looked upon his life with sad eyes of the muzzled dog.

Taddy and his wife - his second wife - flew to Belgrade, the poetry festival proceed, the welcome dinner and a couple of drinks, his favorite plum brandy, he quit drinking three months earlier, at this moment he was happy and most powerful, why should he make a big deal of all THAT? One hour later he was out of reach, in his entire world, he was dead.

The scenery was worth the poet, last walk up the hill, straight to heaven, the mosque at the top with St. George struggling the dragon above the door - wide open, lit by million candle lights and of loudly singing crowd; he o n l y had to go in and he did. He stained the floor with blood. June. Summer time. Taddy's full name was Tadeusz Jerzy Kubiak, Jerzy - that's George. His alter ego or his decay? Where did he go?

Jolly's mom and Taddy finished a violent quarrel, all over kitchen were broken plates as at a Greek Easter. In the sink half-done scrambled eggs. The cattle still on fire, very hot, hissing and completely empty. Awful stunk of the singed milk. Viviane was dressing up in the room, she was quick, as well packing the suitcase, and throw-

ing into it everything she would not need. Viviane was going back to her father's house. Jolly and Taddy were in the kitchen, Taddy sitting on the chair, a top of the horse, with the leaning of the chair between his spread legs and under his chin, his eyes closed, cigarette in his mouth, his chin up. Jolly cleaning, picking up broken pieces, one by one. N o r m a l l y she was not allowed to pick up the broken glass for her mom - she might get hurt. The door slammed. Sound of the fast steps, hitting down the staircase. At this point Taddy was by the window watching his wife crossing the yard, caring the suitcase. Jolly joined, she reached not even to his waste, she garbed the chair, pushed it towards the window and climbed up to the window and climbed up to the window-sit, she was not s u p p o s e d to do so for her mom - she watched Viviane's back, Viv was walking slow, restrained by the weight of the suitcase.

"Let her go, now, you can marry me" Jolly said in harsh voice and pressed her lips against dad's chick. She had the same swarthy skin as he, their voices and eyes vividly matched. Viviane's skin was dead white and her voice almost too high pitched and the absence in her glaze was driving Jolly insane. Jolly was dad's girl.

"Jolly I'm coming over," her mom said on the phone. "No, you can't. I'm sleeping" She put the phone down and went back to the interrupt sex. The phone rung again. "Are you dressed? I'm on my way" "You can't!" Jolly damped the phone. There was a doorbell. Tommy opened up. Viviane came in, set down in front of the nude couple in bed. "Jolly you have a grand mourning" she said. Jolly jumped to the edge of the bed, nude, kneeling in front of her mom, prying with hands pressed against her floor and the knees. "Did something happened to my dad!!!!!!?" Viviane did not have to say anything, she sucked Jolly with her eyes entire room was fucking gone, entire world. Jolly screamed like a wounded beast which she was, Jolly threw herself against the walls, floor and the stuff, Jolly hanged in the curtains, eating them up, Jolly tired anything, everything, Jolly shouted "No!!!!!"

You can't!!!!!!

No!!!!!!

You must not!!!!!!

I give you my life!!!!!!

Taddy!!!!

Don't go!!!

Don't!!!

I'll give you my life!!!!

My soul!!!

My flesh!!!

Tadyyyy come back!!!!

No!!!!!! no!!!!!!

Don't!!!

You did not!!!!"

Jolly screamed like a fucking pig in hours. In no time at all. Jolly flushed million of tears, Jolly was hot, Jolly was very cold, Jolly was burning, Jolly was green, Jolly

was nude and at last she could not breath as she tried to die but she did not. Viviane was shaking her, Viviane would not bear, not stand to see Jolly die. Viviane was done of fear or may be she was not.

"Give her water, give her some water!" Viviane was screaming and then trying to pure a cold water into Jolly's twitched mouth, nothing would go in. Jolly was wet of her tears, wet of her sweat, of her blood inside of her and all the water her mom purred over her trying to keep her earth-bound. Jolly at last stopped shouting, begging, cursing, rattling; Jolly sobbed like a child, trashed on the floor. She was not going to stop. She was not going to survive. Bigger part of her soul was gone. And where to? The room was smashed after the battle and the peace was not coming. "Don't ever touch me again" Jolly said to the man willing to caress her. She kept her word. Jolly threw herself to the ground, the cry was a hurricane and was tearing the earth. Taddy was two meters down the soil, was below the level on which she remain tormenting all around herself, unable to destroy her flesh. It was a black dress, the hair and legs thrown next to the huge pail of flowers, crowns, wreaths, flowers and some more flowers and more flowers and more flowers.

Grown on good poetry and cheap rock and roll. Daddy's chick. The giant wake took three months. The daddy's girl became a warm-teat woman. She took seven men. Never before or after, Jolly let herself use the male method of handling life-death conjunction. She consumed sex in the speed of light. Worst - it was nothing she had planned. She was sitting at the open window-sit, she was in Taddy's apartment and he was not there and he was not going to come, never going to return, to reenter her presence or his home; she did not comprehend. She did not see him since three long years, three short crazy years. She smelled him perfectly well. His heavy breath, his Polish cigarettes, his Old Spice perfume, his anguish mixed sweat, his love, his anger, his nerves - his heart which broke - she loved him so perfectly well. Adalbert was holding her hand she did not speak. She perhaps looked through the window, she would not respond Taddy's drunk and still drinking pals and flames. Adalbert lead her out, Adalbert took her to his place, Adalbert plaid her Cohen, who had so much Taddy's voice, Adalbert seduced her with all the details she had missed. She spent the night at his place, she left in the morning, she lay down on the street and puked. Adalbert was seventeen years old son of Taddy's little brother. La familia. She was found of Adalbert, but refused to continue the sex adventure with him. She always had him around, they looked alike, both slim and black dressed, he started to wear her clothes, they started to dress in white with a time, they were the same size, they walked embraced and a little Warsaw cooked, boiled up. Adalbert's nasty age and neuroses, his mother's tragic death and obsessive twinkling of his big blue eyes was driving everybody - excluding Jolly - nuts. Andy was a wizard, a cripple, a friend, a UFO, a mythomaniac, a fan. Always was a great Jolly's fan. Surprisingly Jolly had lot's of fans, guys who loved her in years and in teams. Of course they, both were fucking drunk on fucking vodka booze, it did not do a scene less explicit. He was telling her a legend of his affection for her, it was full of Anna Karenina, Camellia Dame and other girrrls, mostly from the books, of course they, two set in

the window-sit. She cut his talk with an action. She fucked him. Turning his wildest dream - truth. She did it very fast. Woke up between his legs, the bones kept together with a rustle. She did not remember much of the sex. She had a fucking big hang-over. The fucking big bangover!

Luke. - Luke was not just anyone, Luke was her first, if? - Love. Luke was her first properly dated dating boy friend, she was fourteen, they did not have sex even if he told everyone they did. Luke was great looking and great loving young man of trouble. He was making a constant debut' - as someone had said - may be it was the true. They had now this half an hour of sex, it all went to hell, even if they came, at least she did. He was blaming the antabus. He had a problem with drinking. And may be also with the r e a l i t y.

Mark One was sucking at her feet through the whole night, passionately, Mark One would not go for fucking, Mark One would die if she would have left him once again. Mark Two was a good fuck, an ex-lover without having sex properly consumed till now. Jolly thought, as she forgot their six years old excursion.

Mark Three gave her a great go on his twelfth floor balcony with her face turned into the most pink sun rise and her round and swarthy butt against his powerful hips. Mark Three was a film actor, was a star used to play lovers, knights and thieves - knew how to do it. His wife was gone for the weekend.

Henryk was the theatre director and her ex and it was OK. Also some tenderness and lectures, not just sex, or? Adalbert Two came right in time and offered the love, leaving his wife and a kid, saving her from getting a lay with the whole fucking capitol city and gaining serious venereal disease not saving himself, she broke his ticking heart - a fucking clock-Jolly-the-bitch.

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Fuck me more! Yes! Yes! Yes!" Jolly was scalding through her smiling lips to Hardy who was hooked upon her and hooked to her and still fucking. Hardy licked her cunt in two hours, plaid her marvel-clit in one hour. Hardy made her come in his face. Hardy made her come once more by holding his stretched finger in her anus. This time it did not drive her nuts, this time she cried like a child "fuck me for real" his princess, all nude - proposed to him, all nude and sculptured in gold, oh! He took her - yeah! - "How would you guess?"

Yeah! From behind. His dick was huge and hot, fitted perfectly in. Splashed! Number four was a shot off with her fingers mantled into his hair, her lips chewing his lips, her nipples sticking his nipples, his belly pushing her belly, his feet walking her feet, the hips hitting her hips, whose hips? Whose what? Whose where? Dick, dick, dick, cunt cavalcade, eye lashes crossed. Number four was best. Number four was last. Erased condition of the sick life" You could do whatever with me if you did THIS everyday!" The girl was dreaming chasing her smile still more lovely. There is no way, you would spare three hours sex, everyday, whatever pity it is. She felt such a deep love much deeper than her cunt, m u c h d e e p e r.

Chapter 7

And small laps, Marcin, xxxx

Jolly was six years old, she could read since over a year, she read books. The first real book she read was about Basia, an orphan, the action took place during the second world war, Jolly cried to the pillow, a lot, the book was thick and long. Jolly was away from her parents in her grand father's house, she slept in his room, in the bed of his deceased wife. Actually Jolly's grand mother never lived in that house, Viviane's parents started to build the house, and Viviane's mother, Jolly's grand mother died during this time. Jan moved all the furniture from the house at the side of the woods, to the new one, as his wife would have moved in and not out for good. Jolly loved to sleep in her grandmother's dark brown wooden bed, she loved listening to Jan's snore, reading her first real book. Jolly cried she to sleep, every night, the story was most sorrowful for the little lonely girl, Jolly was. Every morning, Jan was getting up early for his start rituals and his gardening, he was closing of a lamp over his grand daughter's head, taking the book out of her hand, placing a bookmark between the pages of the book, stroking her, and taking away blond locks glued into a sweaty from the dreams face, Jolly breathed peacefully. She slept long after the night readings. Jan stroked the curtains flat not to let the summer light in she needed late mornings sleep. Jolly was only five years old and very cute. They understood each other perfectly. He would start each day with yoga practicing, first water blowing his nose.

Taddy was helping Cecylia, his mother to cook, it meant Cecylia cooked and he was making her company, she boiled barszcz, Jolly's favorite soupe. Jolly loved red sups, loved all the red food, this day Jolly had red ribbons in her long honey colored plats and her favorite red pleated dress. Jolly was a little miss and she loved pretty shoes. She was in the dining room with Zygmunt discussing his favorite books, the last time they had a dinner together at Cecylia, Zygmunt gave Jolly Greek Mythology, she read it all, she was sitting in front of him with red burning from the excitement chicks, willing to talk. She loved the book from the start, an Amour flew down shooting a golden arrow through a young Nymphet's heart, the love, Jolly understood it all perfectly. Cecylia came into the room, Taddy behind her carrying the vase with the soupe, his vodka bottle remained hidden in mom's kitchen, his mother did not know he was drinking, it was necessary to keep, this knowledge away from her, she would have been very worried, it was her beloved brother who introduced Taddy to alcohol, during the war, they both needed it's calming-anguish-killing spell; Cecylia's brother was dead in lung cancer, since five years. Taddy was forced to walk to the kitchen several times, the bottle stood behind the curtain to the washing stand, Cecilia's home was not totally modern. Viviane, Janusz and his young wife and Hanka, Zygmunt's wife, were still in the other room discussing some more up to date events, October in Budapest, 1956 was a year of pain again, the war seem not to be over, ever. Viviane wanted to take a Hungarian child home, the train with the children was arriving the following day, Jolly heard about it, was very pleased on the possibility of getting a sister or even a brother again, Jolly knew she have had a little brother but he died before she was born, they had at home his clothes and his

dried umbilical cord in a small treasure case, they also had, or rather Viviane had, it was all her treasures, a dry leg of the pigeon. Jolly proved the same interest for both items, watching both curiosities, whenever she got a chance. These two things were very light, actually weightless and completely dry, tucked in soft cotton pads. Viviane saved the pigeon with a broken leg, the leg fall off, the pigeon left, but came often for the breadcrumbs. Viv was very devoted to animals, especially the wounded ones, and actually very devoted at all, she was a true believer, but Jolly did not know about it or didn't care, she never showed a respect or love to her mom. She liked shooting small hurting needles at her mom. She was a bit a bad girl, or? Anyway now, Jolly did not listen to the grown ups talk, she was too busy with Zygmunt, he was her guide and she loved the respect he paid to her. Jolly was flattered. The dinner started, Jolly was a lousy eater and Cecylia always picked on her, pouring always too much soupe into her plate, Jolly felt sick looking at the big over full plate with her favorite soupe, Jolly was not hungry, she tried to converse Zygmunt but she was told, that small children don't converse at the dinning table, Jolly was the only child in this room, and did not understand why she was the only person at the dinner in seclusion, Jolly could talk. She felt like crying. In that condition she couldn't eat at all. The smell of the chicken was coming from the kitchen to the room, Jolly was chance less; she was feeling sick, it tasted as a period of her past life when she puked everyday. Cecylia and Hanka left the room to check the main dish, Taddy looked at Jolly. "So, Jolly what do you think about the love?" he picked up the talk, where his little daughter got interrupt. "It's amazing, but I don't like that he shot through her heart, it must have hurt and why that?" Zygmunt started to explain the symbolic value of the deed, Taddy, his older brother interrupt him. "Don't lie to her. She is the daughter of the poet. She has to know the truth. The love hurts, Jolly"

Taddy, lighting the cigarette left the table, walked towards the window, moved the curtain and looked out, into the street, scrutinizing the dark, he lived in that house, in this room as a child and as a young lad, he left the house at seventeen. The brothers loved arguing, Zygmunt was six years younger, Taddy was thirty-two years old poet, Taddy was emotionally disturbed, Jolly was his daughter, Jolly was emotionally disturbed, what did not stop her from reading every single book, Zygmunt passed on to her, Jolly was a devoted reader. She did not challenge the dinner with a satisfying result, Cecylia was most dissatisfied with her grand daughter Jolly and with both of her sons, at this point, she looked at Janusz, her youngest, with a devotion, he would not mix up and all the wives were quiet, Jolly was left at the table alone fighting the chicken breast, she always got a white meet, she hated a white meet, it was far too sweet. They all moved to the room with an extra long brown grand piano, but the door was open and Jolly did not feel alone, Taddy was still making his runs to the kitchen's curtain until he emptied the bottle to the last drop, his both brothers did not drink, Jolly fall asleep with her face, next to the waiting for her dessert, a dark pink gele' with a deepen deadly peach, Jolly truly hated to eat. She was dreaming about an Amour. Taddy carefully lifted her up from the chair into his arms and carried his treasure, to his mother's huge bed, arranging her flats on the pillow, covering her with a blanket and joining a vivid discussion in the other room; he must have been

drunk after all the vodka he drunk, but he seemed not to, he seemed only stiff. He was well covering up his very state.

Viviane came into the dinning room with a wormed up soupe, potatoes and omelets with a spinach, the family finished the dinner about an hour earlier, behind the window was completely dark and rainy, here in the room was warm, fire in the stove was cracking burning wood, Vivian's father Jan, add fresh billets, when he heard the track, park in the yard, Wanda and Janusz who just arrived, were still in the kitchen talking to Eva, Vivian's oldest sister. Taddy set pressed into the corner of the couch, rose fast to great Viv, still had a rucksack on his back, looked at her, while she, carefully put the tray on the table, Viviane was tall for her age, thin and dark blond, she had a calm brown eyes, and pale palms with long fingers, a bit sticking up ears and gentle movements and classy English feathers, long thin face and long thin nose, she was very delicate, distant, careful and shy. She did not think she was beautiful, she thought she looked more like a boy then a girl, she hated that. She poured the soupe into his plate, he was still standing, Viviane stretched her hand to Taddy, presenting herself, he kissed her hand, Viviane blushed. She never seen a boy so fragile and strong in the same time, his eyes were huge and burnt black in an extremely meager face, he was ghostly and very pretty with a black wavy hair combed wet back, the Italian look. Taddy was exhorted. Viviane, intending to serve him the second dish, joined him at the table, they did not speak.

Taddy was taking a tram across the river, his mother tried to stop him at home, but at last he managed to get out. The tram was crowded. He was going to meet his unit, the other four boys, they were all going to a bigger meeting, taking place on the left side of the river, he lived on the right side, in a big villa with a garden. The AK was preparing a Warsaw's Rebel, now was still winter and Taddy was almost dressed up, he never wore the hat or a scarf, neither the gloves but his coat was long. The tram stopped, Germans were checking an ID documents, after a couple of minutes the tram was still standing, now Taddy started to worry, it was important to be in time, they were going to meet in the gate, outside of the Brothers Jablkowskis Mal, down town. At last the tram started again, The Germans took four people out. Taddy got out on the Aleje Jerozolimskie and run towards the meeting place, feeling watched slowed down, the point was not to drag any attention to oneself, the meeting was highly secret and an activity illegal. From the distance of about ten meters, Taddy saw suddenly a German Military car standing outside of the particular gate, the last boy of the four was pushed inside, the other three were already in, he saw them and they saw him, without changing the speed, the rhythm or a pattern of his walk, he passed the gate, walking away. After 300 meters Taddy wanted to run back and throw himself in to join or to protect them. It was a pure impossibility. Within a week Taddy lost his best friends. He walked about half an hour without a plan, after sobering up, directed his steps to another friend living downtown. The father of this friend was a police but he let Taddy stay. The four boys of the unit, were tortured to death at Pawiak, The Gestapo prison, they were all sixteen years old. Taddy staid in hide in 30 days, without even coming to the window, creeping on his four when he

had to pass the fatal window in his friend's room. He never went home before the war, after two years, has finished. Wanda and Janusz organized his departure from Warsaw to Ostrowiec, a small town in the South of the country. Janusz drove the truck himself. They left very early, Taddy pulled a fresh air of the freezing morning as the drunkard takes the swig on his favorite flask, his hands shivered and shook. He was going to live at Jan Szymanski's house if everything turned all right. Everything turned all right. Taddy was safe.

Taddy saw hobbits, mice, rats, everything, Taddy drunk far too much for too long time, Jolly was six years old. She was with him in the bathroom, they had locked themselves in. Taddy was wearing his pretty elegant dark blue suit with a clean light blue shirt, he looked extremely good in light blue, his skin had a color of the light olive, his hair were pitch ivory black and wavy, eyes heavy dark and not sober. He was slim with small female hands and feet, Viviane always said, he had Cecylia's pretty calves, now Viviane phoned an ambulance, they were going to take him. He already flashed his tie, he was sitting in the bathtub with his legs out, holding with his arms at the sides of the bathtub, Jolly was with him like always, when he needed her, they were lovers not in the physical sense but emotionally Jolly was totally bound to her dad, she adored. If it was an incest, it was her deed, not his, if it was... Two doctors came in braking the door in, Taddy yelled, they were reaching him, pulling out of the bath tub, spreading the straight jacket's mysterious cloth, Jolly has beaten the bigger guy, still wearing an over coat, from which stuck out a white doctor's apron, she has beaten him in his calf, he took her up like a small dirty cat, carried outside and threw her into the kitchen from above, Jolly shrieked, if they would have taken her with him, she would have been fully satisfied and would not oppose at all, but they did not. She climbed the kitchen window, observing the scene, two guys leading her pa, with the armless coat thrown upon his bind together arms and shoulders, walking like a marionette between these two, towards a small white bus with a huge red cross, Jolly banged on the window glass with both fists, crying like hell, like hell. The night fell.

Marcin was Taddy's and Viviane's first born, he was not going to live too long, he was going to die, he stopped pissing and shiting, he was at the hospital, he needed a surgery, he had a rare neurotic, Hirshprung's decease, there was no doctor who would dare to carry on the surgery like that, there was one whom Viv's father, Jan knew, in Poznan, some celebrated chap, a professor, Viv and Taddy and the baby, spent an entire day at the airport, it was only a military airport at this time, the war have stopped almost a year earlier, exactly 11 months, a civil people did not travel by plains, the baby, Jolly's brother would not make through few days of the train trip, this was certain. The soldiers would not compromise, the parents with the baby went back to the hospital, they knew this was the end. They deposited him to the nuns. At this time he collected on himself, tuberculosis as well. Within the week, the nuns asked Viv to stop visiting, Taddy wasn't coming so much, he could not take to see his son, who was going to die; the nuns said, the baby found the inner strengths

to carry on living without being able to intake any food at all, without being able to empty up the bladder or the intestines. Marcin was nine months, at this time was still a lively baby, was able to stand in the bed, talked a little bit, he loved to say "pa!" The nuns thought, Viv gave him this extra and unbelievable strengths to carry on, they, the nuns could not watch, his suffering being prolonged, they stopped Viv, Viv stopped coming into his room, she watched him through the glass, without him seeing her, he laid there calmly in his bed, playing with his palms, watching the spring sun's flacks on the walls, longing for his mom to come. One day, she found him dead, with eyes open, shining like diamonds or lamps, still a little bit warm. Viv continued visiting her son at the Cracov's cemetery, he was buried under the tree. He died in April 13th, in the autumn Viv, plated a pattern of the honey brown chastens upon his grave, there was no stone, only an iron small cross with his name. And the age which finished. Nine months. & His name.

Jolly was born four years after her brother's death, this was pathetic, but Jolly early understood, she had to live for both.

Jolly walked Old Town at Hardy's side, she was obsessed with her book describing their presence, every single minute and explaining her past, every single memory, she could catch, she was catching them all, without a certain time cord. She could not have the conversation during the walk, she was sort of writing all the time, using the pace of the walk for the rhythm of the thoughts. Her thoughts. Her thoughts her thoughts were tormenting her daily, at nights she could flash them down into the screen, the computer was Hardy's daily, for her were the nights. She hardly cared, when? She had to get read of them all, before they strangled her, Jolly was filled up with meanings in words, ready to come out. She understood, this was not the life, but there was no other cure, no cure at all. Not a single possibility to the surgery to cut all this off, it was all suddenly back at her, she was possessed. The past, she was sure, she run off from, caught up with her on all terms. Jolly had to fulfil her plea. The plea.

Chapter 8

Their life sucked, writing was a condition consuming reality. There was no reality worth living. Everything BIG was spoken up. Hardy was sick, he had a problem to breathe first of all. Jolly was sick, she could not wake up. They were totally broke, they were unable to make money at all, they were just waiting for the cash to come, there were some options, some ideas, and they did some half-moves in that direction, it all took such a time, they did not pay the rent for the flat, they had no money to buy food for, except for, what Jolly constantly borrowed, that money went very fast; perhaps Poland became very expensive country. They were the only grown up, good looking couple down town, who definitely could not even afford an ice cream and the summer, came. They were good looking, they were in love. What was their love about? Hardy was getting extremely frenzy with just a look of the young female flash on his side. Oh, the touch, surface of the skin, the fluff, the eyes, what was his

love to Jolly about? She could not really understand, or she suspected his love to her was something very much else from what she was in fact after - the fluff, the surface, the eyes; her fluff, her surface, her eyes! Jolly was getting furiously hungry for life.

"So, who comes by? Young god? No, might be not so young, but there was definitely something godish around the chap "Monsieur Glowacki in his own persona, in pure California tan. The shock was so smashingly pleasant, that Jolly and himself forgot to tittle each other for Mr. and Mrs. and gave each other a welcome kiss. She giggled girlishly and mumbled, telling him all, talking a lot to just one single question from his side. "What are you up to, now?" he asked when she took a breath.

"We are going to borrow 50zl from Pepo" she said. "It's a very good occupation" he pointed out. The sun was strolling down from the sky. "I thought he was older" Hardy said, when Glowacki was off the side. "He was older, but he youngered" Jolly find out. She giggled.

Now they had the 50zl and they walked back. At the street cross, Hardy was looking so clearly to the side. Jolly looked down to the gutter. Hardy was still starring to the side, there was this very young chick. There was nothing wrong with looking. He even put his arm around Jolly. No, there was nothing wrong with starring, she knew that too, but somehow she happened to walk in the tunnel, behind this two chicks, of whom one was in fact more attractive, more sweet faced, more charmingly smiling and looking back from time to time. The girl was rather flipped out type, easy going, easy walking, big - not just tall, absolutely not fat, but healthy big, still extremely frail eyed, with long straight hair constantly flying around her shoulders, dressed in jeans and a flat snickers; playing her pullover feverly, wrapping it around her ass, around her hips, removing it, wrapping around again but much lower, right in the middle of her butt. So, Jolly walked in this tunnel, she did her thing, borrowed the cash and they could buy the food in the store, what they were going to do and Jolly was alertly getting fed up. With herself of course, as she looked upon the life with his eye's - not her. He might be looked with her. They were both very hungry, so the food was the only solution.

The clock struck 12th and it was Hardy's birthday. She had no gift for him, but herself. She stood at the legs of the bed in which he laid, the light was no good for what she was going to do but what a hell, who cares? She stood with the legs spread, sliding very slowly the shoulder strap of her dress. Sliding very slowly the strap of her red bra first, her arms were miles long, and the golden light in the room. Then her black bra. Showing off for him, her Hardy. She turned rapidly once or lots, the tune on the radio "that's a beautiful life" was so fucking soft and cozy, cozy was her flesh for Hardy. Her nipples were hard but pointing towards the wall, away from him. She got a hold of the rim of her dress and swaying her hips first soft then tough, rolled up, pulled the skirt above her ass, swigged the ass, rolled it, shook it and made him laugh, pulled the skirt rapidly down, over her pretty ass, so fast that the upper crack showed up. Hardy was slaving. She did not do SHIT. She took off her clothes, imagining what she could have done, he was reading the book without

looking into her direction, they were a meter away from each other, she laid in bed like a pancake, he went up to take a piss and once more to close the radio, he took his sleeping pill. "We celebrate tomorrow" he said, they gave each other a little kiss. "What's your new book about?" he asked her. "I don't know" she said - she did not kid, she did not know. They sailed off. Jolly was a fucking loser, a fucking bad inexperienced sailor, or Jolly was a real slat. There was no chance of romance. Only pure love - what was the pure love about? Here Jolly went on the nit. She wanted a romance with her Hardy. She wanted constant attraction. Was there such a thing as constant attraction? In Jolly's world, it had to be. Jolly wanted to want to want to want to want. Jolly was hungry and stupid like a child. It was lucky that someone was getting older in that team. It was Hardy's birthday and he became twenty-four! They were not able to arrange anything, also a practical stuff, no filming, and no fun. They were busy with writing their own memoirs. Hardy was licking her and pounding her. She was constantly delayed. Whatever action he proceed, she was always about to come, when he already did. Swell. She lay beside his sleeping body completely horny. Swell. She gave him rather cool blow job for the morning birthday pas' - as soon she finished her horny cunt started to yell "I want it too" it sucked full power and glued from lip to lip. Swell. She looked through the window into the street and she backed abruptly. There was a guy standing with the other drunkards, the guy she did not bear to see; the guy with a huge, extremely round head who was the first one to put his hideous paws on her cunt, her little virgin cunt of eleven. He forced himself on her, more then forced. They were five boys and they pulled her into the empty classroom and threw her on the teacher's table, while the others hold her hands, legs and mouth, he pawed her fast and hard. She was dressed in the ridiculous for the occasion, short, silky, fluffy, princess white dress. Jolly looked at Hardy quietly and went to the bathroom, she rinsed her mouth carefully. Hot.

Hardy was getting better, stronger, happier, prettier; he shaved his six weeks old black bearded. Jolly screamed in ecstasy as never before "urge! Yeah! Yeah! Aaaaaaa! Vooooow! Urge! Ugh! Oughhhh! Ohghhhh!" Soon they were going to receive some cash and could go, have some ice cream! Swell! So long, they were still broke, she gave him for the birthday a packet of cigarettes, which she was going to pay later and a crimson-red blooming twig from the tree on their street. Play Boy, previously planed as affordable gift, was sold out and she was not unhappy about that. Hardy no longer smoked 40 cigarettes a day, his face was no longer green-white with a sting of despair. His face was getting a really nice and young fair touch. Hardy's eyes were no longer hunted and his hands ice cold, his hands were swell or lucre-warm and his eyes big and clear blue-grey-violet-reflected-deep, with just a dot of the pain, most far. It was six weeks since he did not drink the buzz. He still was wearing black jeans he had borrowed from Lucrezius, at that time pretty dirty and worn out, there was no way to wash it, it was the only one he has got and he had horribly stinky boots, which he had on also when they fucked. Jolly had two dresses, which she simultaneously exchange. Two dresses in her less favorite dark marine blue color, which she got after her girl friends used it, enough. It was clear, also their

clothes was a result, the way they lived. OK, she had her favorite white dress, hanging in the cloths-board but she did not feel like wearing it and she knew why. At this moment they had a home, for what even Hardy was longing a lot. Jolly has forgotten how it feels. She has forgotten her baby dreams; besides they said on the radio "one sixty-five years old woman had it" so she had time, en eternity, there was no panic, no need, no urge. What was she up to? She was not clear. New York - that was still the spot, she was pulling for, with Hardy, of course.

It stroked her, on the occasion of the latest story of the wedding which was not off - that this stuff was the last one remain of the times when the man was the boss. It was odd, it was the only t h i n g, she could not do on her own, by herself. It felt awkward, imagine, a poor woman, waiting for the man to say t h i s, to speak first. It sounded just like SHIT. And unfair. And WHY? She married Lucrezius's father, it made him happy, proud, she remembers, she felt nothing; just a stupid five minutes ceremony. After they got drunk and he, her husband damped her from the rock, she got pretty hurt. She sobbed, they took taxi home, she laid in the bathtub in her white wet wedding princess dress, crying that much that she half filled the tab with tears. He did not carry her through the door, he fall asleep before she reached him nude, carrying a champagne try. Pretty lousy stuff. Perhaps there was an ultimate way to challenge the sick romanticism and she was up to do it. She was determinant to have a full control over her life. She was going to do it. She had to grow up. Lucrezia was small, they two, she and Jolly hitchhiked from Prague to Cologne. On the road she picked the car, the guys took them home, put Jolly into the double bed, trying to strip her off. Did not succeed. She escaped to the bathroom, they followed her and put the shower on, she was totally wet but did not take her clothes off, in the morning they brought them back on the road and damped. She changed into dry clothes in the wood, throwing the wet ones. They arrived in Cologne the following night. Udo was late and she could not get home, he was late some days and did not leave the keys. The first night she was hanging around the train station - hoping he might arrive by train - trying to figure out what to do, with herself and the child. She met an old chap, he was rather cool, just an ordinarily fellow. He was telling her some story about his old mother, he was waiting for, but she still did not arrive, and was not going to do until the day after and that he was going to stay at the near by hotel. She had very little money and he offered her to share the room with him. He was cool. She was on the road since a long time and took people straight off, she believed every word he said. Upstairs it showed up that in the small room was only a huge double bed. She was troubled but did not have much choice. "There were no other rooms vacant" he explained. Jolly put Lucrezia to bed, after two days hitch-hiking Lucr fall asleep immediately. The chap made an attempt at her - Jolly. She denied, then denied strongly and at last stubbornly. The scene was proceeding, he was trying to touch her and she in fact made him stop. He was in the bed, he was up, he was running around at the very last begging her to masturbate him. At this point, of her live, she was a grown woman twenty-three years old, but did not masturbate anyone yet. There was no way she was going to do it. She stared at his blown up prick. He was getting desperate and jerked off to the sink, which was placed at the side of the

pillows, crying a little bit. This was a shameful affair. It was the first ever time she saw something like it. Jolly was very tired and fall asleep. The chap disappeared after a while. The girls slept well. When she came down to the lobby, she was billed for the room. It was expensive. She had not enough cash. The receptionist, the same as last night, did not even want to hear an explanation and pretended she never heard about the chap. Jolly gave her all the money she had. Udo, her boy friend was three days late. She met a young boy at a cafe', he took them home, cooked for them, Lucrezia was perfectly happy, set on the carpet playing. The boy said "we don't have to sleep in the same bed, I can sleep on the floor, it's alright" She wanted him to share the bed with her. "We don't have to make love", he said. They had some great sex. She left the morning after. She did not want to take his address. Jolly arrived with Lucrezia in Berlin by train. Her mother and Mark, her boy friend continued to Warsaw, she met both of them in Sassnitz for a night after few months of a separation. Viv and Mark could travel in the Eastern Europe but not in the West. Jolly went of the Banhoff Zoo wondering what was she going to do? It was winter, lots of snow and almost night, almost Christmas. She left her luggage at the near by bar. She had a telephone number to a famous artist, Stephen Wewerka, whom she did not know, he was not at home. She spoke to his wife on the phone, asked if she and Lucrezia would be able to sleep over, but they could not. Of course she did not have the money for the hotel, that was never even the question. She saw a very beautiful man waiting in the passage, he was very tall, dark hairdo, she did not take a notice that he was an Arab. He was waiting for someone, started chatting with Jolly and the kid, Lucrezia was very sweet, so was Jolly. His pal came, by that time it was clear that the girls had nowhere to stay. The shorter fellow was going to take them home, Jolly thought it was a swell idea. The shorter guy was Abu Nidal himself. Jolly and Lucrezia were hold a hostage in his home during next four days. Jolly had to wash his back, Jolly was getting desperate, trying to keep them in shack with her speech, what she in fact did. "Tell me Jolly, don't I look like Belmondo?" he kept on questioning. She agreed. "You are lucky, you look like my sister" Naima or Fathima or what ever she was called, some real goody bite, down there at home, was Jolly's guardian Angel. The men were into some strange stuff and they fried lots of onions all the time. They did not seem to eat anything else. They were pretty excited and told her a story about one of them who died recently, thrown out of the window from the police house, during the interrogation; they showed her, this being described in a newspaper. The things were getting hot and Jolly understood she had to flee. She had to protect her womb all the time, sometimes holding her stockings up with all the power she has got. The most trouble and hustle of the underwear-stockings pulling type, she has got with the youngest of them all, the guy in her own age. She fixed it. Not too much harm. Not more then ordinary molesting attempts. Jolly was an expert, she never fucked with anyone she did not want. She did not even used the word fuck, she did not need. It was all about love. Jolly never staid anywhere-longer then necessary, longer then she wanted it herself. Jolly was all mighty queen of her life.

Andy was selling her, exchanging for drugs, mostly he got mescaline, sometimes a heavier stuff. Jolly did not understand this, Jolly thought the guys were falling in

love to her, she was definitely falling in love. She did not notice that Andy was always going out, leaving her with his guests. Jolly thought Andy loved her. Jolly was concerned she had fun, was a part of something great and was concerned it was all real, real life. She would not see any reason for them to fuck her, when they had their girls, if they wouldn't be in love to her. One of these guys - a drug dealer - could not give up and asked her to move with him, chasing his pregnant girl friend away. Jolly must have been a total idiot to miss all this but she did, perfectly. After a few weeks Jolly escaped from his place at night during his absence, he wouldn't let her go. She stayed a week too long, it was pissing her off. The guy was obviously obsessed, and not just with her, he was a nut case. She took Lucrezia, leaving behind all her stuff. Jolly does not remember one single name of the people from that time. She remembers the streets at which she lived, they changed all the time. She remembers faces, at least some of them, she does not remember sex, but she knows this was it. The spell. An adventure.

Victory-Eleanor was a name of her other grand mother, she was Viviane's mom. She was an aristocratic little miss, lived in the huge house somewhere under the rainbow in the fields. Was sent to the absolutely best school in Petersburg. Was a very successful student. Got such a tremendous kick from the books and some shimmers of the splendid worldly town life - she couldn't see too much - yet she rebelled. She refused to go back home to marry a chap, who her dad proposed, her mother was dead at the very young age - possibly in the childbirth, her grand mother who was either Irish or British, her name was Lady Eleanor Butler. Victory was not going to join the club. She decided to leave the family loin. She gave up the heritage in the exchange to the small sum of money paid to her every month to continue the study and live on her own. Imagine to live on her own, twenty-century had just started and she was extremely young, toughly delicate. She went to Cracov. She studied philosophy and history at the Jagiellon University, an old University with a tradition up to fourteen century. She was the very first female philosophy student. She became a schoolteacher - what a flop! She died when Viviane was four years old - what a tragedy! Jolly and Lucrezia were standing on the Stroget, looking at the cakes in the most luxury for them bakery, Jolly did not have a coin. They looked at these enormous cakes with whipped cream and cherries at the top, green marzipan picks and a pink sugar slick stuff. They wanted it all. A Cairo's, young chap came by, bought them a huge cake to share, he took them home and tried to rape Jol. She had to beat the fucker down to leave the house at all.

"Your Jolly must have been fucking tripping or fucking stoned"

"No, she wasn't"

"You mean Jolly left her home, her country, her famous loving her father and her sick loving her mother, her husband, the Art Academy, she went to, and a set career, for this mad kind of a bum life, to walk around, look at some shitty cakes she could not have?"

"Yes, that's exactly what she did"

"Why?"

Jolly laid behind Hardy's back. Hardy was very warm and very asleep. She had such an incredible lust to go up and write. She promised him and herself, she won't do it this night, she won't sit up to the morning digging her thoughts, conversation herself. She felt such an incredible longing to knock her fingertips against the keyboard and to have the screen's shine in her face, although she knew, she had nothing to tell. Writing was a bizarre transaction, all together.

Jolly was in some cafe', cafe' of past, Jolly find out that as long she was writing down, the world around herself, it was all intact. Jolly experienced the perspective of the street falling apart, the table at the dinner out cracking and knives and all the food flying round. Her eyes came out of the scales. She was disappearing and flying up and Lucrezia had to sit on her, to keep her down to the ground. Jolly was might be sick, but as long she was writing, she was OK. With a time she became a writer. "You have to ask for help, for the blessing for Hardy and yourself and all will be fine", Jo said. "Aha" Jolly agreed, doubtfully. "Write something from your heart" Jo pointed. "Aha" Jolly agreed again, sitting on her chair quite motionless. She visited the firm, trying to get her finances in order - some other firm, recommended by that one, owned her lot of cash. Jolly and Hardy were totally broke. She somehow hoped to borrow from Jo at least 20zl. Or sell her a book. But Jo already said "the money were nothing to be cared for" Jo's pal did not look as flipped as Jo did, had a proper lady suit, a white blouse buttoned all the way up with pearl pink sticking out buttons. Her blond hair was all strongly pulled back and knotted together. She spoke in a flow, targeting Jolly with her round, strongly shining dirty blue eyes. "It is simple, when you feel an emotion, you breathe in a certain way, without knowing it. You are going to go the other way round, you breath first, get the emotion from underneath, and knock it. The Sri Shri...." here came a complicate sounding name, which Jolly did not catch "he will help you to erase all what's inside" The woman looked pleased with herself. "What shall be left, then?" Jolly asked, teased. "4, you are number four? Strange. Four is horrible, just climbing toilsome up, and a virgin as well, I thought you were a cancer sign" Jo said, Jo was into the right stuff, Jo had her Guru, Jo believed her life, was extremely right, she was extremely right. "You have to be flying, Jolly, life is great! That's the only way. You are so dependent of earth, of love, love with Hardy, love with a humanbeing, mainly a man. You have to brake free" Jo pined through Jolly, with a great tension in her whole face, Jo looked as she was going to cry any second and that was a constant look at Jo's face. "But don't worry" here she add, possibly the name, Jolly did not catch again. Jo continued "he's going to burn down your karma, it goes very fast" "Who?" Jolly almost screamed. "The Master, our Guru. You don't imagine, Jol, how happy I am" she stated, pulling her thin fingers to all the directions. Her thin unpainted lips were beaten hard together. "No, I don't" Jolly said calm.

Borrowing money was a full-time job.

"Make love, no children"

Someone, irritating, the most idiotic, new law, making an abortion - in Poland, illegal, wrote on the St. Martin's church's wall in big sloppy block letters. "Make love, no war" was the Flower Power generation slogan. Jolly and Hardy were taking one, of the thousand's of a Warsaw's walks. They did not drink, there was nothing left to do, but to walk.

A huge guy was punching a tiny one, the clash was intriguing, people were staring and Jolly and Hardy speeded up towards the incident. The tiny guy swigged the book into the street. Jolly run out to bring it back, she was damn curious. It was the Satanic Bible by Anthon de La Val in a black cover with a golden satanic cross. The tiny guy disappeared in the Saturday crowd, but not far enough. The huge guy got him and jammed him rather well. The huge guy was one of the two, well gym-pumped up, book sellers at the street bookstand. The tiny guy looked like a maniac of the obsessive intellect, he was extremely thin, with a small cloth-beg hanging down from his shoulder, wore a thick glasses, and had a very thin, rat colored, badly cut hair and black sloppy clothes.

"The Satanic Bible!" repeated crowd of the old women, horrified. Poland was a grotesque country with its African sort of capitalism, communistic past, and church's and the very Polish pope's dominance. Bruce Springstin was in town and the ticket to his concert cost as much as a monthly apartment rent, still all the 4000 tickets were sold out, before the hero arrived.

A man was having an epileptic fit, he was lying right under the King Zygmunt's Pillar, his whole body was shaking violently and a white stuff was coming out of his mouth.

"Ring the ambulance" Jolly who never seen that before, shouted to a fat fellow.

"It's already done", he said. After twenty minutes the help still did not arrive. The man shook much less now. At his head four policemen guarding. Someone gave him a set of keys to hold into - it supposed to do him good. It did, he opened his clear blue a bit Russian eyes. The closest emergency was a three minutes walk from the very place, but it was a private company and there was nobody who would pay for. Poland became an odd place, a bad place to get sick at. Hardy's passport was still damped at the same emergency place, for the same reason, they did not have the money to buy it out. They were waiting for the money to show up, the famous debts for renting Jolly's apartment during the Winter, the company they rented it to, cheated them and did not want to pay. The following Monday, Jolly was going to give her witness evidence, following a case against an American businessmen, who in order to steal from her the same apartment - three years ago - false the marriage document between himself and Viviane. On Wednesday, both, Hardy and Jolly were going to be at the hearing at the Police. The same American accused Jolly and Viviane for stealing from the safe at their home, 20 000 US dollars. This was but a bizarre. The safe was empty, when they got back into the house, and the guy cost them till now a lot of trouble and money. He was still a respected businessman in Warsaw, dealing with computer modems and cellular phones. Poland was a perfect

place to create all kind of the crime work. Jolly and Hardy had great sex. Their orgasms were tremendous. They were shouting and biting each other lips. They had almost no food to eat. The daily portion was milk and corn flakes for the breakfast, sometimes for the supper, if it was enough. The dinner was either pasta with butter or rise with the butter.

"I have to go home to my country! I have to go to the doctor! I need medicines! I have a maniacal-depression!" Hardy was shouting, right into Jolly's mouth.

"I want to have a nice day today, I borrowed some money! I want to go, eat some ice cream and I want to go to the movies! It's Saturday!" Jolly shouted back at him. "You are not listening!" Hardy yelled slapping her face softly but with a clash. Jolly's cheeks brushed red, she stretched her body, threw her bomber off her shoulders, catching the upper part of her dress, pulling it down, with rage showed her breasts to the group of observing them teenagers. "You are bored! Go and fuck her!" she pointed at the girl in the gang. The kids left. The people were passing them, the usual Old Town crowd. "Why is everybody drunk here, why am I the only one, who is not supposed to drink?" Hardy said with a deep despair in his voice, pointing at some most miserable sample of the afternoon party. The man was hardly walking on his feet, his face looked like a tormented question mark with some soiled patches on his sunken cheeks and almost no eyes, he was bubbling, coming towards Jolly and Hardy, he saluted and fall down to the ground. They were sitting on the mauer. The architecture was splendid. One of the three uniformed guards who passed, had a Lucrezius's beautiful face, Jolly felt a sting of missing in her heart, reflecting as well, that her son must look in fact, pretty Polish. Hardy was taking a revenge on his Jolly once again; the girls passing them were extremely classy, extremely tall, extremely young, and extremely well dressed.

"Warsaw has a touch of Paris" Hardy stated changing the subject of their stressed conversation.

"You see how labile I am?" he added proudly in the next second. The movie they seen at night was shit.

"I waaaaanntttt toooo drinkkkkkk!" Hardy was crying against the night, starless sky of Warsaw. Jolly who was fed up with a cold war took both of his cold hands into her warm palms, she kissed his cheeks, and rested on his lips, painting them carmine red with her.

"Jolly, do you remember, the photo I have taken of you when you were a little girl?" Old Lengren made Jolly really happy by being still around, he told her the same old story from her childhood, he has told her already a few years in a row, whenever she and Hardy bumped to him, as Hardy was involved in the story too. "Do you have this photo? I still have it. You are standing in a yard and an Amour" here Old Lengren looked clearly in Hardy's direction "an Amour in stone is laying at your feet" he finished very touched as he was the One who drew the lines of her fate, finishing his Whisky glass. Hardy who did not understand anything of the told story was so intently looking at the disappearing fire-liquid, and all the other bottles in the bar and customers and the waitress and her breasts, that he in fact looked quite blessed and enlighten at this very moment. Old Lengren one more time looked at Hardy's face,

giving Jolly an agreeably twinkling gaze, being now absolutely sure. Hardy couldn't stand the pressure, run out of the bar.

"I forgot to tell him that Sweden won over Canada" Old Lengren said "In football" Jolly said, hoping to keep up the conversation with an old chap. "No, ice hockey" Hardy run in and pulling Jolly rapidly out made her unable to even say good-by.

They came inside the apartment. Hardy set down on the couch covering his face, with palms - most dramatic - froze motionless. Jolly kept her breath in. The door bell rung. It was Milo with six beer bottles. "Hardy, you still don't drink? No, problem I can have them myself!" Milo drunk fast, looking intently at the watch, stressed by the fact, that within the couple of hours, was already a new day and his fiancée was coming back to town and the first thing she was going to give to him at the train station, even before the kiss was the antabus. That was he only condition of love - his complete abstinence. He was forced to count the hours, he could not afford a mistake. And he was counting. That was the only condition of staying alive. The door-bell rung again, it was pissed drunken neighbor from upstairs, who had mistaken the floor. Jolly explained to him, a difficult for him to understand - fact, pushing him into the right direction. They could hear his laud attempts to get there by attacking the stairs and fucking coursing, at last they heard the female extremely angry and high pitched, almost soprano voice and a sound of a dull pounding, and at last one big bang at the ceiling and than nothing more.

"This time she has killed him" Jolly and Hardy said thrilled, in a perfect duo'.

Chapter 10

Hardy was bored. He was writing in the morning, as every other morning. They made love. Hardy was doing yoga. Jolly was fixing a first suntan this year. Hardy joined in, after a short while, he looked great - thought Jolly, in a new washed black jeans, cowboy boots, purple flowers pure silk Varanasi shirt and combed back wet hair. He looked so damn, tall, slim and swell when he stood between her and the clear blue sky. Early afternoon sun's fans - old puffy ladies changed to the late afternoon's skinny, beer drinking youngsters. Hardy and Jolly came home and fucked. They had a dinner at Samson, sitting outside in the sun, there were crowds of people passing them. Hardy liked a tall waitress and tipped her with one third of all the money he had left, a' 2 zlotys, Jolly showed, to a waiter, her crimson underwear, by pure coincidence. He showed class by not making even an air. At the New Town Square was going to be a mass, so the usual weekend massive crowd was supported with hundreds of cassocked priests and nuns. Jolly wanted to change her clothes and they went back home. She tried three different versions. He was a bit annoyed by the long time she took, but agreed with the result. Jolly looked great, thought Hardy, looking at her toughly pulled with a belt, around the thin waste - black leather jacket, open enough to show a black corset showing new sunburn breasts, silky black transparent stockings, shimmering black skirt and platform black boots. There was going to be a party at the Castle Ujazdowski and the rock concert outside. The concert was shit - thought Jolly. It was good to be among the people. They hanged around for a couple of hours. There were 12 long legged girls, showing off in the summer dresses

and in the bathing suits, in the contest for Miss Student. The price was a trip to Tunis for two. Jolly and Hardy did not get into the Party, they did not have an invitation and Jolly was unusual passive about it. There was no dialog with Polacs, at least as long she did not turn to Hardy and spoke

English. Then she was escorted in, to check if Pepo, who was their "invitation", was there, he was not and the place looked a bore - thought Jolly, the drum set was yet abandon. The bus, they took home was packed with young chicks who did not approve Jolly's version number3 with a version of her age.

"Watch this old box" they whizzed. She was somehow relieved by the fact of Hardy not being able to understand Polish. It was somehow a sensitive matter and she preferred to keep him out of that, the young girl's rejection. Old Town was packed with people. Hardy and Jolly went to Capricorn - the emergency and fixed him a new prescription for the sleeping pills. They were broke but they got it anyway. Hardy offered Jolly a cigarette, she was not sure she wanted, at last she wanted it. Could that bother him? "I feel", said Hardy slow, Jolly had a feeling, he was counting words and she was prepared for the shot, it came. They were home. "We live a retired life, we are isolated, we are not going anywhere" he clued.

Jolly thought, "it can hardly get any busier"

They hardly could have done more, of course it was a torture for Jolly too, to imagine what she might have missed. She would love to dance in his arms. His arms! A nasty demon inside, was telling her in a clear block letters "if, we would have got into the party he would have been only aiming at the golden beers and the golden ladies, he could not get. Jolly, you did not miss anything! The band was for sure shit!"

"The band was shit" indicated Pepo, who did attend.

The nicest dames they bumped to, this Saturday were the doctor and chemist - and of course drunk and unhappy Milo - the chicks were at least hundred-thirty years old. Life was life. Milo was at least forty-five and not quite a lady. His very young fiancée left him again. Her profession was a neurotic by passion. All could have been a problem. All was a problem for her. Hardy was bored. He said, the evenings were his problem. Jolly's evenings were fine. Jolly's problems were the nights.

Jolly did not particularly feel for sex, Jolly was a bit hurt, she was fed up with playing the second violin, full time. May be if he served her Melba, her favorite ice cream, as he was not in a condition to marry her, may be then? Or may be a mocca tort? Here, Hardy took Jolly right to the ground, with a force of the unit - his heart, his tongue and his dick. He gave her the best orgasm - 97. And he sent her for the trip - Catch the Universe's Dick, hopefully he accompanied. Jolly was a lucky starlet in her own movie, once more.

Jolly was walking the mountain road, she was happy. She was twelve, she has never been out of the country and she did not long for it. She was a virgin and she did not long to change it. She was walking a soft dark green, almost blue grass, freshly cut, partly drying off and smelling so incredibly spaced! With sun-tanned bonny knees,

making very fast down the hill, free hands only filled with poppy, paper-like flowers, exasperating to the arm's move rhythm as she walked, the breath, the face, the neck, her head, her mind in a bliss of the moment. She felt the smell of the air, saw the sky with few clouds all around herself, she walked so endlessly on earth - a horizontal sensation - the high mountains rocky rims - she did not long for anything. She saw houses build in wood, she saw people at work, saw a cattle, did not need anything, all was in the perfect order, and the order would not bother her, yet. She did not know that past and future exist.

By nineteen she developed a severe suicide mania. She tried pills, she tried wrists, she tried to jump from the house, from the bridge - she had no guts. She was much too coward. That night she was trying the river, she set there already for some hours. The timing was terribly bad, for the first she had a baby at home, for the second she just got accepted into the Art Academy. She was quite ridiculous at the examinations, she was late every day, but her work, her drawings were good. Huge nude acts in coal portraying a model, a fat and old Eufemia butt "La Grande". She did not think she came in, it was rare, anyone would do with the first try; she did not even go to check the lists. Taddy went there, and phoned her "hey, Jolly my princess, you are in! You made it!" He went to celebrate her, all the other students too; she did not. She set many hours debating at home, first and at the river next. Her plea was too jump. She could not swim. After a long time, came one short old and extremely miserable chap with the same business as she. His life was damaged, someone was dead, he never married, but now he was ruined, his family did not want neither could afford to have him, he had nowhere to go, no money, no food. He was determinant to die. She was talking him out of this, she used all kind of arguments, her speech, her heart, her intellect. He doubted but not too much, he gave her a letter, he has written to his sister. She promised to send. He walked away, first by feet. She staid there, waited for darkness to part, watched the dawn, watched the sun rise in pure vulgar powerful pink. Watched the ball of the sun come up perfectly round, get higher quite a bit over a horizon and get hot and burning red, she still sat there, at the river bank, at the fucking river, holding her life in the manner of her feet. She went back home, she forgot to send the letter, she forgot to even read it, it disappeared at last. She begun her study; she did not change her mind. She thought about an old chap from time to tome. The life was but a temporary state to this miss. She wasn't unhappy, but impatient to get on with the real stuff, whatever it might be.

Hardy looks at Jolly, no, Hardy does not look at Jolly, Hardy looks somehow in her direction, he has his most sad dog-look.

"You want to leave me?" Jolly asks feeling totally paralyzed. He nods to it.

"Then leave now, just fucking goooooo!"

The next minutes, quarters of time and so on are truth mad. She throws him out of the room lots of times.

"You are a happy creative person, Jolly, there is no way I could keep you happy, I'm leaving" try to explain Hardy, referring to the clash the other day.

"I might stop loving you" Jolly said the other day, after they came back from the bank - they at last got some cash. Hardy is everything, he is depressed, he is mean, he is fed up, he is bored. Hardy wants to lay a fresh female flesh down at his feet but he won't admit. Jolly can't deal with it, Jolly is mad, mad of anger. She rashes through the rooms making herself both, busy and beautiful, Hardy's eyes follow her wherever she might get within the rooms. Jolly goes out alone. Hardy wanted to follow to arrange his practical stuff, to use her to arrange all what's needed for him to leave. Jolly denied. Beautiful Jolly comes back after 19 minutes, Jolly has a proposition, the proposition is love. To love and obey.

"A week longer" Hardy agrees.

"I want you to come in my ass" Jolly ends up the swell-hot blow job and the swell-hot fuck with that offer. Hardy does. It fucking works straight on! He gives her the longest orgasm 97!"I'm never going to stop loving you" Jolly whispers to her Hardy. The moon is most full, as the Jolly's teats are the balloons.

Jolly was six years old when she got into a religious oblivion, an obsession. It started with the darkness and the light. It started inside and outside her. It started with her yoga point meditative practicing, the exercise was introduced to her by her seven years old cousin - Jan. Jolly went far in her experience. Much farther then watering eyes. Sufficiently far, for to be such a little girl. It all continued with the prayers, by the bedside, thunders, fear and light, loneliness, the sleepless nights. Fear of death, fear to be crucified, left alone, and love to Jesus, his body and his face, the image, his wounds. It concentrated within the cross, Jolly started to wear a cross around her tiny neck, and between her childish breasts, Jolly started to visit the church on her own everyday, Jolly started discussing with Jesus her future plans and her fierce presence. Jolly was preparing for the holocaust and she was prepared. Jolly was ready to take anything what came her way, and the life was going to be a tough piece of cake - how would she know?

Jolly is banging her head against the wall, she runs against the wall one more time and hits it hard. She falls down. She writes love letters to anyone she might love. Jolly writes to you. She rides Taddy's back, hitting with her small feet against his sides. Her favorite evening spell, before Viviane takes her to the mirror to brush her bum long hair. Jessica, the journalist asked Jolly about her past.

"I have erased my past, I'm lucky it worked, there is a risk that if I was forced to recall everything, I would defuse like a Dorian Grey's portrait, I would vanish between the coils of my far too many and far too long lives"

Luckily Jessica did not make the use of the statement, or may be she was just changing batteries in her tape recorder.

Three of her pals are caring Jolly up the staircase, she is all stiff, she is terribly loaded, but certainly she could walk if she wanted to, she doesn't want. She is playing her head off. She turns her eyes into the dark of her soul. Viviane runs down the staircase, she shouts, when she sees Jolly in that particular play-condition. Jolly does

not respond. Jolly's hands are motionless, Viviane runs inside the apartment bringing out a glass of water, she slashes it into her daughter's face. Jolly responds not. Viviane claps her face screaming of raising panic. Jolly does not respond. Lydia, one of the three pals punches Jolly hard and with anger. Jolly does not respond. She knows exactly what's going on. Viviane shrieks freaking out. Jolly does not respond.

Jolly walks with her first future-husband, they are in the Old Square, Jolly departs from him, she runs into the corner gate, she runs into the dark, she bites her palms and arms to the blood. Jolly dances with Julius, he is very pretty, with shining pitch black hair, huge sparkling black eyes, thick long eye lashes and soft pink lips in a sweet baby face, he try to kiss her, she turns her face away, he gets to her chick, she feels his wet soft lips, she is no good, she is not feeling any good, she pushes him off, she runs out of her crowded apartment pushing aside dancing pares, she gets through the door, runs down the staircase, runs through the yard, she is damn fast, she falls down scratching her knees, she gets up running towards the river, ends up in the bushes, slashes herself to the ground spasmodic crying, smearing her face with earth.

"Ha ha ha ha your father is crazy, he is an Alco, he writes poems on his wristbands, he is totally crazy, he has been taken to the nut house. In straight jacket, ha ha ha ha" a little girl teases Jolly - also a little girl. Jolly looks at the freckled stranger, she is in her cousin's yard. She looks at her, sort of slow, she loads her toughly with a right punch against the jaw. The girl passes out. Jolly is a top of the tree, her companions standing down - looking up. "She is not going to do it" Jan says to Ania "She is going to" admits Ania, in the same moment something big passes them, it's Jolly already on the ground, ducking, in the broad successful smile. Of course, she did it, she would do anything to put her cosines in the state of shock if it only for a minute. Her stomach feels quite loose, inside her flesh, but her soul is intact.

Jol is drunk and - just - has to do it again, she has to go out of the window, do her bravery show, especially that it is 11-th floor, she has done it many times, she knows she can do it, she is perfect. Lucrezia is almost six years and very pretty, entertaining Jolly's boy friend with a talk.

"Do you have an idol Lucr?" Andreas asks her.

"Oscar Wilde" answers him Lucr, pinning through him with her perfectly makeup done huge dark almond eyes. Jolly stands on the outer corner and it is impossible to pass, she can't round it, she has to go back, she cant turn, she has to go backwards, she cant go backwards as far as the window she has taken out, she has to take the neighbours, she knocks at their window. The old couple lets her in and phones police. Jolly manages to have a joint and packs herself into the bathtub, Jolly is taking a bath and can't receive the police. Lucrezia talks her out of it. Lucrezia is fucking smart and both cops fall in love with her and leave without examining her mom. Andreas gives up definitely after her late performance, Jolly is no girl for him, she is a fucking trouble. However, he brings both girls home, stays for another joint, Lucr is marvelous "roller", Jolly can't roll cigarettes. Someone rings the bell, it is night, it is policeman delivering the house's company mail regarding an unpaid rent, Jolly is fucking stoned, giggles trying to talk, Lucrezia joins her out in the old shabby stair-

case, Jolly can't let him in, her home smells a pure hashish, Lucrezia talks her out of it all. The cop leaves. The girls go in, Andreas is finishing the next joint. Jolly sits down on the floor, she is more than stiff, more than motionless, to receive the cop in her condition was but too much or was it the astounding Kashmir stuff? Lucrezia takes a big wooden humor from the table, fast she hits Jolly a top of her head, Jolly passes out. Jolly is on her trip, she is on the run, her life is an endless road without beginning, without an end. She has a feeling she is on the mission, carrying her other pure, the most clean face and the heart wrapped in a cloth, carrying it as some kind of a relic. And for whom? Every time she left the house, any house, any crowd, in the rush, on the running feet - it was all to provide herself with enormous energy flow, carrying her endlessly FORWARD, far-word. She had to cool it with the flow of the tears, her most raspy breath, an explosion of hysterics, otherwise she would be a torch herself. Viviane was in the hospital, in London, in a nut house. Jolly got to travel there and bring her home to Warsaw. Taddy paid it and arranged all. Jolly went, tested the drugs full time, tested sex full time, tested clubs, tested the love. Lucrezia staid home. Actually Jolly left her for some weeks at the mountain's boarding house.

It was Steve and Jolly, she did not like him too much, he was giving her a strong feeling of the repulsion, a severe feeling of the repulsion, there was a chance he wanted to get close to her, he would not, she would not permit, not even holding her hand. She staid at his home, wouldn't stand to stay at the old actress, Viviane's friend in Voxhall, she wouldn't stand at the old chap running a funeral company an ex-writer in Barons Court, Taddy's friend. She staid at Steve at Notting Hill. He decided to introduce her to LSD, as to all the other going on drugs, he was doing it not for her sake, he felt somehow responsible for the young people in Poland - he said, he expected her to spread the great news, he expected her to introduce it to her friends. It was her last night in London. Steve has given her, two pink pills. "Take one" he said. They were at underground station. Jolly swallowed one and dropped the other one, saw a despair in a boy's eyes. "Don't worry I'll find that one" she said, she walked some meters among the crowd in the accidental direction, bent down straight to the ground, picked the pill, with one wet licked finger and swallowed it, she saw a slight horror in his eyes. Steve was loading her with guiding news. "Stop it" she said "I don't want to know anything. ANYTHING!"

She saw the horror in the boy's eyes. This was the worst night in Jolly's life. Started at Victoria Station in the rest room. Jolly saw someone she knew, in the middle of the room, in the gapping female crowd, went through them, eager to talk to the friend, stood right in front of the mirror starring into her own eyes. It was not funny, she saw the horror in her eyes sating off for the ride; she did not know what meant "the trip". Jolly was so damn scared through the million hours she got to get through down to dawn, dusk to dawn. The trees-trees-trees cried with diamonds diamond tears tears tears - or was it a pure and hot silver glass glass - hurting her, hurting her hurting her, cutting right through her, she was hunted, she was a giant and she was a midget, she was a clown, clown, clown and she was going to be crucified and she was was was. She saw her abominable inside of blood, blood, flesh, flesh, fear pulp.

She saw a horrible dog at her feet, feet, feet, feet, and Steve's mouth were a gaping dark wound, a path, not accessible for her on no term. Her face rolled in the mirror like a pop art piece, she felt physical pain and end, end, end, she was going to die. Steve as pouring some cool off liquid into her mouth, there was no way, she could have wallow anything, anything at all, of the lake laying right in front. All was behind her. The reddest night had passed transferred to green intensity Jolly had survived even if to a strange world of monsters and masks, Jolly survived.

"Don't worry, it is all as it should, I remember, when you were small and I was your mom" Lucrezia said to Jolly who swung in the swing between the doors of the room, they were alone, they were home, they were in Warsaw. Jolly brought Viviane back and dropped her somewhere, she fetched Lucr somewhere. They were home. Jolly brought a bag - in size of her fist, full of LSD and dropped to her friends, Milo and Marek's wife, first. Marek and his wife and a baby moved into her and Lucr's place, Jolly was barely in touch with the reality. Jolly cast all the men out from her heart. Jolly was swinging into directions, mostly the ceiling. Jolly was filling the room with her huge body, Jolly was fucking tripping in weeks and months.

"Out! Out! Out!" Gierowski, who was always incredibly polite and cool professor of the painting in the Art Academy of Warsaw was shouting at her, she did not move, she was on her fifth week of painting the tunnels in oil, in Parisian blue. On the other classes, the conservation, Jolly climbed up the ladder and fall down straight off, just like a rape fruit. The month May was hot, she did not give up her winter fur, yet. Jolly was fucking t r i p p i n g. "Sweet Lucrezia, tell me does Jolly smoke pot?" Taddy asked, Lucrezia was playing cars spread on the floor, she did not rise her head, she was almost four, she knew well to love her mom and her moral was crystal clear. She would not betray. In the summer they were both going to go to London and Lucr couldn't wait, she had to see it all. - They never came back. In Jolly's life there was nothing like it. Taddy was standing on the balcony, five years old Jolly watched his white shirt blown in the wind of Parisian blue night; he was crying. Taddy threw his watch down and intended to jump, at this moment he could not cope with life and memories. The boys, his five friends, his unit, they were all killed at Pawiak. Jolly shared with Taddy a fear of death, a fear of doctors, a fear of the dentist, a phobia, a fear of needles. The guilt. There were many bites given by her with any occasion. And occasions were many; Jolly was often ill, when small. Fevers were her repetitive rhapsody, feverish hallucinations, the barrel, she was fit in and missing numbers and jumps, the leaps to get from one world to the other and often left in the space, in a sparkling fluorescent dark.

"We are going to Oslo" indicated Jolly, covering the part of her train ticket with an open palm - it said - London. Lucrezia was standing on her side, agreeing with every lie Jolly might said. The girls looked at each other with happy dingy eyes. Lucrezias's father was taking them to the train - it was anyway one year since Jolly kicked him out, she kicked him out because she was fed up with getting beaten up, fed up with his fucking mind and d r i n k i n g, and also she did it for Marek's sake. The love affair with Marek did not work anyway, he had a wife and a baby, and as much he tried he could not leave them. He though his Jolly was very strong and she

was not going to stop to love him. Jolly did. The last month she was another Marek's girl friend, he was pretty, he was an interesting complicated personality but now he was gone off for holidays with his parents and stopped writing to her, she had no idea he's got a dysentery, was very ill and in fact coming to Warsaw this week. It was Jolly's twenty-third birthday. She knew nothing of the numerology spell, 23 was a number of splitting, Jolly and Lucrezia left as thinking they were going for 8 weeks holidays. In Jolly's life there were no returns, no holidays, no breaks no passes to and from; Jolly lived in the running river, she was unable to swim, quite afraid of torments of water, but she was determinant to float, she was quite light, weightless, in fact... Jolly walked the street, Lucrezia was on her own, Jolly's second husband and Lucrezius's were walking with her, she had an argument with her man, he often made her fucking disparate, there was no discussion with him, no clue. He consequently tried to break her down by telling her what a bad old-fashioned artist she was. Jolly had a small choice but she took the other way, she broke in hysterics, she shut her eyes, it was so fucking dark inside her, Jolly panicked, Jolly knew she was not getting out of it, the darkness.

"Nobody needs your sick art" Hardy said to her, Jolly. She felt like crying but she did not do it. He continued shouting at her and making it clear who she really was. That was a prelude to his two days drinking. He was back 5 in the morning, very tired, and very much in need of her and her body, few days before they were suppose to leave for India. But that was more then a year ago, now - he still did not drink.

Swietojanska - street of Warsaw is packed with all kinds of folks. In the distance of 10 meters from the Cathedral, the mime stands still, with painted face, silver dressed, making very small moves to the passing cash-girls, a bow below. Exactly opposite him, the learned up and as professional beggar, an old man sitting down, in a characteristic posture, on his knees, without a single move making the avant-garde, perfectly natural. The child of nature asks for the money. The bigot woman purees holly water against Jolly - motivated by her look - shrieking "go, go, go away!" At nights the mime's place is taken by the Aids-chap, he simply loves his lonesome night sittings there, it doesn't pay him much in cash. The street is dashed off, but to Hardy and Jol taking the stroll.

The band is reassembling of NYC, the guys are tough, the guys are shining class, perfectly middle age, the jazz is the first - Polish - class. The kinkiest perfect little caviar sandwiches carried around on the silver trays by the elegant, often-gray hairdo waiters, the drinks, the crowd and the art at last. "Common, Jolly cheer up, nobody is saying that Taddy was a communist, of course he wasn't. He had all this shit definitely, in his butt", says Wilkon, presenting her his wife "this is Taddy's Jolly, look how children grow up" Jolly is ready to cry, socking on the inside; the fucking story was following her already for quit a while. He also loves her, she simply melts, and all Taddy's friends do -and they all do - he has heard her radio appearance - the love declaring to her dad. Jolly takes a glass of white wine from the tray, she picks a glass of orange juice for Hardy, he is still none drinking.

"You must be proud, Jolly girl, you're so much alike, you talk so much as he, short and consist, the tang of your voice, I'm touched"

"You know, what people really talk about you? That you are a porn actress and Taddy has denied you" Korepta comes with that glorious version. Jolly is speechless at first, repeating after "this is nonsense, my films are not a pornography, Taddy died before I started to work with film, besides Taddy loved pornography. Her argumentation does not hold. "Taddy loved me" thinks Jolly and says, "Taddy loved me"

"You look most beautiful when you are nude" says Viviane to Jolly fifteen and a half, she is getting ready for the New Year Night, she puts on the white bra she stole from Bebe, Jolly is still too shy to get one in the store. "You look like BB" Viviane says impressed, standing in the door to the bathroom, watching her daughter pissing.

"Where is Jolly?" asks the sound engineer, pushing himself through the crowd, he supposes to adjust the sound before the journalist is going to make an interview, they had arranged this interview with Jolly, she had promised Taddy to do it, giving him the address to the party she was going to attend. Jolly is standing in the open window, she is ready to jump, she is both drunk and desperate, her girlfriend Madzia, visibly fall for her boy friend. Her boyfriend is a singer in the band, he is a tall red heard beauty. He is in love to another girl, she is also a daughter of the writer, he can't get her, so Jolly is a pretty solution. Madzia is also a daughter to the writer and besides she knows his truelove much better then Jolly does. Jolly is going to fucking jump from the kitchen window, the radio technician withdraws into the dancing crowd, he has to do the job, it's live program not death program. Someone keeps Jolly by her ankles. Her boyfriend is fetched and he carries her into the suddenly fixed for her madras, he drops the fire from his pipe between the madras and Jolly's hip, Taddy bought her an expensive incredibly golden Paris designed foggy mini bare shoulder dress for this night which is now burning beneath her; Jolly is screaming trying to rise. The boyfriend presses her down unaware of it all, he thinks she wants to rise and jump, Jolly is burning. Madzia assists them the whole night, a horrible New Year - considers Jolly. Madzia called the taxi already before the interview finished, she is very active to get them both - boy and a girl - out of the place to her own home. She is protecting Jolly's already lost virginity. She did it with Daniel. His parents took an action for the teenager's benefit, to stop to meet. It worked. Jolly is all a perverted chick, in the opinions of all her boy friends parents. Daniel was sent to a boarding school, after Taddy who met Daniel's parents refused to jail her. Daniel's father was a high fish communist, Jolly never met Daniel's parents, neither been invited to his house, Daniel used to visit her daily, nightly, also when he took her virginity, not without her will and wish, opposite, she was anxious to h a v e t h i s d o n e.

Summer gets interrupt by the days of the cold rain. Hardy loves rain.

Jolly was seven years old, Taddy met Bebe, big attraction or love? Taddy was not planing to leave neither Viviane neither Jolly. Viviane threw him out of the house.

Bebe and Taddy became a new "One". Jolly never went over it. Taddy knew what he did to her. He knew better than she herself, he had a clear flow of words on everything. He tried to bribe her by not giving Bebe a child. It was the wicked price. Jolly knew about it. She knew what she has taken from them. And she stood on her guard. No kidding. Jolly was the most selfish, ugly kid.

Jolly was six, she insisted to be baptized and to take the holly communion, she strew dry flowers on the streets together with the hundreds of the little, white dressed girls, Jolly was a perfect virgin, Jolly loved God with all her mighty power.

Marek - Jolly was twenty-one, when she, when he seduced her to love. Jolly realized, she never had sex before. Jolly woke up crying violently, her face was soaked, she was fucking suffocating of cry, it was extremely loud, she was all alone, she had cast him out of her heart in one go.

"Little Sunshine" Marek whispered to Jolly's ear, to Jolly's heart "you are my only love" They had sex, they were at some hotel in the room 223, always 223, eventually 323, she used to carry one of his two guitars with pride. Marek was a magician and huge bird, he was so endlessly her man, she could not imagine she was capable to leave him, to stop loving him and she did. He was married and had a child. Marek had huge almond shaped, pitch black eyes. Jolly was a mother too Jolly was married. Jolly was nothing of that kind. His Jolly was endlessly seven years old and wore white socks pulled a bit over thin knees. It was Milo who introduced them to each other. Taddy paid her taxis across the country. Taddy took care of Lucrezia. Taddy took care of Jolly.

Hardy and Jolly danced! Jolly and Cave danced! Hardy and Jolly danced! Unbelievable!

"You can dance! Hardy you can! I love the way you move your hips!" Jolly shouted the most enthusiastic. Jolly was in love. The question is if Hardy was, as well? Had he her, on his heart or just the mind, just the time?

"I saw you from the stage, I pointed at you, did you see that?" asked Nick.

"Well, I did, you were on the stage"

It was the last song - The Whipping Song, and the extra song started with a line "you never belonged to me, you belonged to him. I'll never be free, I'll love you until you'll wear pink" -Jolly was standing there a top of the chair in her pink flamed plastic blouse hanging into Hardy's shoulder, broad smiling, with eyes shot as he got her hot damn shy by pointing at her that powerful from the top of the stage. Jolly and Nick did not meet face to face since four long years, even then she saw him a minute or two, introducing Hardy to him. "Great, you got a boy friend so you won't hang after me!" Nick said, he was right but did not think it was going to take that long. They met by a coincidence, on the street right outside her house. Nick gave her a hug, a kiss and squeezed her hand and asked questions, Jolly saw she could not speak, she could only blow the playful bullets sentences. Was Jol mad?

"You look great", he said, she did not respond.

"You look very good, I say" he repeated.

"Thanks" was the only she could say, walking the Hardy moon.

"Give me a kiss, Jol" said Nick "but take this damn tooth pick out of your mouth"

"Jol, watch after yourself, please!" he said at good bye.
Hopefully she said "you too"

"Now you have met all the men I have loved, now there is nothing left in the past, to tell, now it is only the future, you & me" Jolly said to Hardy after she introduced him and Marek to each other.

"We are all friends", said Marek to Hardy, Hardy was more skeptic, Hardy was fucking charming sitting there at the Nowy Swiat cafe', Hardy didn't have to say anything, Hardy was swell. Hardy read newspaper. Marek didn't have any more time to chat, he has got a brand new wife and two small real babies, he was only cross-passing Warsaw. Jolly didn't mean to him anything, the past did not mean anything to him, he was the richest rock & roll guy in that Polish land of sorrow. He possibly thought he was very hot or he might be was full time into Zen and did not think at all. That was the clue. The gypsy kid plaid sad song. Actually Marek was walking on the other side of the street and was about to put the coin into a kid's bowl when Jolly, watching the kid, with difficulties did recognize Him. She called his name over the street, he squint his eyes visibly at her without realizing, who she was. Then spoke her name out loud "Horny? Is it you, Sun-shine Horny?"

Hardy had this enormously enlighten face while coming, Hardy had this enormously kinky look in his sloppy, wild open blue eyes while coming, Hardy whizzed, Hardy had open mouth, Hardy looked really spaced while coming. Hardy's eyes were shut while coming. Hardy was shooting his stuff into her. Hardy was screaming. Jolly put on the mask covering her eyes, laid herself a top of a bed for Hardy, spreading her platform hooker's boots only a bit so he could do his job in spreading her the most out and he did! He made her come so fucking pure, so fucking fast, so fucking great, so fucking spaced.

"When you put the love and sex into one, the God, you have created Hardy" whizzed Jol, breathing the most fucking tough, waiting for him to shoot! And he did! He shoot into her the most tough, the most fine, the most sublime, the most love, breathing so fucking great upon her.

Their sex became so incredibly perfectly great!

"I'm going to suffocate! I'm going to die! I want to fuck, dance! Move my body against. Hardy's hips! Now!" Jolly laid in bed for some hours holding into Hardy's back, it was a Saturday again, he had forbid her to talk, to talk on the subject, "dance", and to talk at all. She had to go up at last, write some shit through the night, sorry, sorry, sorry. Jolly the loser. She had to learn to understand. "Hardy does not want to go out. Hardy does not want to go in. Hardy hates to dance. Hardy won't see his Jolly move her hips in a sober state. Hardy might crush the second glass door in the apartment if she says it just one more time "dance"

Jolly woke up in no better condition, the sky was thick gray, Hardy was mingling with her butt, her vagina, her clit. Seeing his pretty face between her legs, Jolly was

rather cold, or almost cold, determinant to eventually stay cold; she let it go over ruled (rolled) by him. Their sex was simply perfect, Hardy was deep inside her, moving on. There was no way Jolly could stay indifferent. She joined the club, Hardy turned her on like a right key to the right lock. The play, the orgasm, the explosion, the toxic pulp. Sex put it all into the right proportion, a dance was just a dance, the love was just the love, an egg was an egg. It was easy to deal with life on that condition. "I'm happy" whispered to her, Hardy.

Their sex became so incredibly perfectly great. She felt his penis sliding in and in and in her vagina. Her orgasms were tremendous. His orgasms were tremendous.

"My cunt weights a tone, it's oscillating, it's because Hardy said we are going to buy me a dildo!" The Warsaw's streets in purple rain of Jolly's dream. A store is filled up with the holly dolly items, the kids - Jolly and Hardy-Kid get too embarrassed and can't buy the Toy. Poor Jolly sits in the black darken park besides her Hardy. Jolly is so endlessly hunted, she wants Hardy to perform on her, upon her, exorcise her, crucify her and save the humanity in one go and play her up the whole way to a toy heaven. Million heavens. Possibly million toys..

"Jesssuuus, why am I eating Jolly every bloody day, more - every bloody night, when I do yearn to lick with my big stiff beef tongue, the tide dark pink sweet smelling ass hole of the Mighty Queen Brunhilda Kwak?" Hardy wrote to Tom, there is no way Jolly could "come" in that condition, being the daughter of the poet she is over sensitive to the written words; they are most powerful.

Jolly's hunger, Jolly's dream, Jolly's illusion, Jolly's love, Jolly's Ego is too big, too strong, too, too, too, to take the substitute concept, even if it was only a literary incision, to please just one certain reader who certainly was not she, especially that it was as well backed up with the existential question, thrown exclusively to Tom "WHERE is my - potential - wife and my children?" jolly had nothing to say.

"Yes, she had, she wanted to do EVERYTHING - sweet, dirty, absurd, perverted, abominable, smart, stupid, idiotic, great with him, but on one condition - LOVE. A total love. And in love there is no place for the kind of speculations, he gives himself to. Will he ever stop to play with a thought, that she should have been somebody else? Some other "better" woman could have been in her place, in his heart and under his prick. The idea of being exchanged, re-switched did not suit her, Jolly was far too sentimental, too romantic, too hungry, too evil for this type of pure existentialism. The philosophy. Jolly was real.

"I just want to have a beer, I'm so bored" Hardy says. Summer came back. They have seen the street theatre, with fires, monumental coils of a red smoke, bonfires, negligee dancers, pregnant bitches, witches and men, in the most picturesque view of the New Town Square, it's a Sacred Heart Chapel and a Monastery vividly drown on the shift of the Parisian blue - Jolly's favorite, sky. They bought TV and a washing machine, they still did not manage to rent out the apartment. They took some nude pictures of each other. In ten days they suppose to be in Greece. They need money. Da

Capo won't publish Jolly's books. The pope was visiting Poland and said "the earth's future lies in the women genuinely and offerings" Jolly would love to dance in Hardy's arms to the white morning. Come home and fuck to the fall of the night. She is impatient to get on with the real stuff.

The town seems to be filled up with the young pretty chicks that all fall for the handsome HARDY. Hardy responds only to these who are over 170 cm - also in the shoes, it does not matter, he wouldn't measure the chicks - but with his prick - "they" have to own a very extremely alert teat's area, that means, sticking straight forward, while - preferably - walking very fast, getting them swing. The heavy swing.

"In four months I'm going to drink" he says to her. That's, simply all. The summer has come back and Jolly can go on fixing her sunburn.

"I want to take a photos on us fucking"

"I want you to throw the demon of love upon me"

"I want you to fill me up with shiver from top to toe"

"I'm so fucking HORNY, HARDY. I want you to play MY lines. Not just my clit. I want you to convince me how much you love me, NOW. I want you to spill a half-liter oil into me and FUCK. Fuck in hours. Why is the night for sleeping? Can't we do all that without getting drunk? Can't we do anything without getting drunk? We are no angels. We are people"

Chapter 11

"G-rr-a-nd-mmmm-a mmmm-e t-t-t-ooooo" a child was a hunch-back, with an extremely huge head on a mini hardly visible neck, the hump was rooted into the entire upper part of the back with a tendency to the right, his legs and arms were very thin and sloppy, yet moving feverishly. It was a boy, dressed as a small fancy sailor, hanged over

the rim of the fountain, trying to catch the water with his cupped palms, trying to splash it, his legs often up in the air. Jolly watched him; if he would do, just a bit stronger movement he would land with his head against the bottom, under the water, there was no chance he would work out the balance. If he landed in the water there was no chance he would be able to get up; Jolly went through the continuing moves of the first help, moth to mouth, watching his grandma, who did not make a move, standing at least five meters away. The boy fished a big stick, threw it right behind; the stick dashed against a baby wagon. A middle aged woman, wearing long flowery, transparent dress and a very high heels glossy sandals, with a great enthusiasm and a cheerful talk, was feeding her child with a spoon, it seemed to be a very first spoons of the infant. Minding the hunch, she did not complain at the boy. The next stick hit in front of the young mother, breast feeding her baby. The baby - a very tiny one - still unused to suck and pull and swallow in the same time, cried, not getting anything out of the bombastic formed, cream whit breast. The day was hot, all the moms seemed to be out with their belongings. There were many more baby wagons around the fountain. Grandma caught her grandson by the shoulders pulling him up

and lecturing him, pointing. Jolly noticed, they both had almost identical faces, although boy's face was mashed by the syndrome of his sickness, the boy was very proud of himself and breathing tough, explained to her the apparent reason, with a complicated sounds and palms patching. Another small boy, rounded the fountain, proudly driving a huge toy-car,

the car engine driven, was in sparkling red. Hunchback boy went silent, watching the car with his mouth full open, showing a complete lack of teeth.

"AaaaI www-o--o-n-nnnaaaa-t t-oooo!" he shouted throwing himself, with his face to the ground, crying. Jolly and Hardy were taking early evening stroll. An ugly in posture and fur, old, very small dog was making his way through the lawn, a small boy, properly dressed departed from his grandparents, running on his short legs, to meet the dog. The dog was faster and the boy falls, remaining in that pose, started to dig the earth with his palms. "You mustn't do that, you mustn't get dirty, we won't take you home in our car if you won't stop" his grandma was alertly angry, eagerly winding her arms, to make her speech even more believable. Her husband set on the bench, peacefully and with pleasure catching the evening sun. There was such a peace among flowering trees; blossoms in all degrees from light blue to violet, smelled, intoxicated the air with a rapid spring. A big sheffer dog was taking a swim in the heavily orange from the sun, dirty lake, avoiding wildly spreading fountain. It seemed as all of the old people decided to take their walks just here. They set around, some chatting, some drown into the thoughts, some very much too fat, some too thin - they all looked tired and simple, it was just an ordinary day that passed. Hardy and Jolly were taking an evening stroll. The boy on roller-blades was having the most ridicules technique, his soft and bend legs were maximally spread to the sides, and pressed together at the knees, but it worked; he was moving forward. The oldest couples were traversing, the man was more then disabled, they moved in a slow-down, slow motion. Slower then slow. He was all buttoned up, she was huge in a light brown dress and black pumps, bolded him gently, helping him to walk. Sometimes his look proved, he wasn't sure which foot was leading, or where he was altogether, but mostly he looked very proud, she caught a blossom's purple blue twig, smelling on it, smiled and softly, let go.

The street was dark, as the night was dark, moonless. The street was empty but for a few of drunkards, who were either starting either finishing. The gutter shined after the last rain. A group of skins passed by roaring, two of them staid aloof to take piss. "Look" Hardy said, pointing. A homeless, wet gray-mixed fur, dog slept on the street, next to a few meters long crack dug in the gutter and rushed now with soil by the poor down and the thunder. Jolly, first scared that he was dead, seeing him breath, called on him, he halfway got up, looking at her. She wanted to take him home. Jolly would love to give him a home, but she knew it was an illusion, she was on her way, Hardy was on his way, she didn't suppose, even take the dog home and feed him. Besides there was nothing to eat. They lived so genuine from day to day. She was not sure if it made her happy.

Jolly's second husband was upset, she couldn't figure out - why? And she wasn't really eager too. They have been to her favorite bar at Thalatharb Street, they lived in Cairo. She was trying, new turquoises pair of high-heeled sandals that she had bought. She was quite tipsy after a couple of Cinzano Blanco. The argument toughened up, and he hit her first against her shoulder, next right in the face. Lucrezius, their six years old son, rushed against his father with his arms rose; he was definitely going to protect his mom. The father took him by the shoulders and through him across the room. Both, the child and Jolly - cried - the curtain went down. Jolly didn't feel like going to sleep, waited for the morning prayers. The Koran. It came, breaking a rosey' sky into clear crystal pieces. An eternity.

Rio de Janeiro. Jolly is bothering her second husband, she wants to dance tango. They are in the disco and everybody else dances. Lucrezius loves the place, it's under open starry sky. Mexico City, New York, Miami, Guatemala City, Salvador de Bahia, Trancuso, Zakopane, Sao Paulo, Gdansk, Oaxaca, Tikal, Paris, Venice - their life is like Concorde - moving fast.

"You are not fucking human, you have been betraying me for such a long time, with my best friend" Jolly's second husband, was sitting in front of her in the bathtub; they had their quarter of being earnest.

"Correction, for the first he hasn't been your best friend since a long time, nobody is your best friend. For the second, they were many more men" Jolly was angry, insulted, pissed angry. He has told her that he had one single night affair during their twelve years together, but what could you expect from the woman... To put the cream, a top of the cheery cake, she gave him the very first and the very last blow job. She knew, well their time has run out. Jolly was a woman with a common sense of understanding in a complete order. & a great doze of humor.

"And this you call good?" he was laughing spacioously, he had to push her just a little bit more down. If he had such parents, such a childhood as she, he would have been a super man by now. He despised injustice. He despised waste. She wasn't doing anything for real, in his opinion, her life was a show and her art nothing but a small tease. He was one among tenth sisters and brothers, he was number nine. He was an intelligent man. They were on their sixth year, he drunk like a sponge, they just came home, after taking few dancing steps with her to his favorite and more scratched then playing, Elvis's record, going now, painfully through "Love Me Tender", he forced her as usual to strip for him, and as usual, he did not approve it. "You get no rhythm!" he was shouting, rising his arm against her "one, two, three, four! Move idiot! One, two, three, four! Turn around! You are so fucking unmusical! You are so fucking bad! You're only imagining you're doing something!" he has fall asleep, as always - stretched on the floor, she covered him with a wine red blanket, quietly leaving the house. She was wearing a red thigh long sweater and nothing underneath, she carried her shoes in her hands, to make her steps down the staircase, non-hearable. Mike was alone, Mike's wife was somewhere. The street was short and

glassy. The shoes picked. The door was open, she snick in. Took off the shoes in the staircase. Came tip-toeing, inside his apartment, stood over his bed, he was just on the border to a dream, stretched his arms to her, catching her, pulling her strongly towards himself, lifted her sweater, exploded of pleasure over her nude out-fit, stripped her off, laid her in his bed and fucked.

This night Jolly made herself extremely beautiful, dim brown stockings which were gently flattering the shape of her legs, extremely short and tight dress, showing off everything, extremely short leopard fur coat not covering anything, and huge silver fox collar surrounding blitch fluffy hair do. They had a charming dinner out. "You dress like a slut!" her second husband screamed at her hitting her right over her head several times, she fall, the street was in ice. He went home. She has hidden in the tall container, crying and talking poetry to herself, but he did not come back for her. She was climbing the staircase to her home, trying to walk quiet, she was far too drunk to succeed. Viviane was visiting and already asleep. Jolly came inside, he wasn't sleeping. He was sitting right erected in his easy chair, seemed waiting for her. "Serve me champagne", said, at her coming inside, she was crying "stop fucking crying, serve me champagne!" rose his voice. Viviane entered the room, woken up by her daughter hysteric cry, taking the chilled bottle away from the table. He pushed her trying to take champagne bottle from her. She was quicker and backed to the kitchen holding into her loot. He pushed her right to the floor. Going back to the room with the bottle in the hand faced Lucrezia who was across his way, screaming "swine! Why did you hit my grand mother?" He pushed Lucr on the bed taking a strangling grip at her neck. Lucr kicked him wildly, but her face swelled a slight blue, Jolly sobered up pulling him off her daughter. "I'm leaving this nut house, now!" he announced, holding three years old Lucrezius in his arms.

"You are not taking him anywhere! You are far too drunk!" Jolly screamed, holding into the little boy, they were in the staircase. He put her off her feet, but could not loose her grip on the child which resulted in Jolly's flight three floors with a head knocking against every single step; he pulled her all the way down, both of them holding into Lucrezius. They were downstairs, Jolly was bleeding from her nose, she was begging him not to take the child, Lucrezius was only wearing pajamas, protesting "I want to go home!" Trying to make him free from the fathers' arms. The snows fall heavily. He gave up, handling Lucrezius to her. Turned back crashing both of the huge, shop windows. The neighbor called police. He set down in the snow, waiting for them to come and take him away. He cleared up and did not drink the whole year. She and Lucr made a police rapport that they dropped the following day.

"Carisma, you have to come, pick me up" Jolly was whispering to the phone. Carisma took exactly ten minutes, she parked her car outside Radium office, came in, the door was unlocked. Jolly set nude inside. Mike was sleeping on the floor, lying on her fur, Jolly's clothes were cut in pieces and spread all over the place. Jolly looked happy, but sobered up, enough to judge the situation, she had to get away. Carisma pulled her fur out, he did not wake up, she dressed Jolly in it, found her boots, pulled them on Jolly's feet and zipped. She took Jolly to her place, and put her

in a hot bath, giving her tea and couple of aspirins, Jolly was shivering, Jolly's heart was pumping sickly. "It's all so stupid, it was a first party since over one year, we escaped, I have to go home" she said. "First you have to go to sleep", said, Carisma. Jolly's heart was fucked up, it run as a tiger in the cage.

Victory Eleanor was forty-four years old and lay in her deathbed. She took goodbye of her four daughters - Evelyn, Wanda, Hala and Viviane, and remained with her husband, Jan. She called his name this night through, loud, she supplicated, she yearned to stay alive. Viviane was too small to understand and she sobbed, for her mom, without stopping. Eleanor Victory died before the dawn. They were all in the Summerhouse, it was not much left of the planed holidays, they were preparing for the funeral. Viviane still cried for her mom. The day was extremely hot. Everybody were crying, the sun was palpitating, everybody were sobbing, they were proceeding forward, the forest nearby normally green seemed black, the grass in the meadows was all black, Viviane without a clearance what have really happened lost ability to see the colors, all was dimmed and black and white. "Where is my mom?" she constantly asked, "Why is everybody crying? I don't want" she tried to protest. The procession was slow, Viviane run back and forth, along the line of the people, there was a coffin, a wooden coffin, carried by six men, very slow. Viviane fumbled between their legs, they were all dressed up, dressed up in black. Women carried flowers, batches of flowers, huge bouquets. Three young girls stepped in the first lead together with their father, his face was pale, helpless, together bitten mouth. He wasn't going to yell, to scream to worship the god, who took his wife under the wings. He was not going to cry, he thought, until the nightfall, he thought. He was silent, but his face was bath in tears, was wet in the waterfall, as his daughters' faces were. The spasm, the roar came out of his chest, as the wolf, would shriek. The crowd of the house women and servants were sipping Russian & Lithuanian prayers. They came towards the small hillock, where she with her last will was going to remain, her father was buried there, the captain in czar army and her first born son who died in the accident. The Victory Eleanor of Koziello Poklewsky, Szymanska... Already lost to the world. "I don't want" repeated Viv "Where is my mom?" she questioned, again. They were taking the train back, Viviane still cried for her mom, pulling mom's favorite dress, brown, red, rusty in print, out of the huge coufert suitcase. Her sisters were explaining to her "the mom was dead"

"Why, couldn't we take her like she was, we could have dress her in her dress and she would be sitting here, with us, so what, that, dead?"

Viviane's four years old philosophy did not appeal to her sisters, she thought. She knew they were merciless, ruthless and guilty. She was angry with them. She was very angry at the world. She remains that way. Never trusted anyone. Any more. Viv's world turned permanently ruthless.

Jolly was with her second future husband only five months, yet, of course she was pregnant, of course she did not know about it. She never used the pills against conception or any other protecting her from pregnancy stuff, she either was, either was

not - pregnant. She was in the fourth month of the pregnancy and started to bleed, first a little, then a lot. They staid at Bebe's house in Warsaw. Jolly's second future husband was at last very humble, caring her to the bathroom in his arms, she could not walk, with a single step the blood was running from her like from the tub. "It's dead, you have to get it out" Bebe came home, with this dreadful news, Tady was dead since nine months. Jolly had this dead baby inside herself since few days at least. She had to undergo the treatment. Four weeks after, she was pregnant again." The baby has about five percent chance" the doctor told them. Lucrezia set at the balcony she came in.

"Please, try" she plea her mom. Jolly decided to try. First four months she was extremely careful, the last four months she did everything she did not do in the first ones. Lucrezius was an excellent baby, with enormous huge chicks, dark blue eyes and a black hair. Looked quite much like Jolly herself, but the touch of his skin was like his father's. Jolly and Lucrezia were both, born yellow, Lucrezia had a navel string wired around her neck nine times, her life hanged on minutes, Lucrezius was a blue-baby, came out just blue, which means the oxygen in his lungs was at end. Giving her children life Jolly could not stop knowing how close it's to the eternity. Both births had taken about two days each, and gave an extreme pain, but Jolly was not afraid, she would gladly do it again. Life was such an immortal power. Jolly was an excellent mom.

"Our life is totally absurd, we live like junkies without being" said Hardy, disturbed. "Nothing happens", he added.

"If you are practicing, breath relaxation, it's best to imagine a baby or a cat asleep" told her Hardy. "It is much better to have a baby or a cat, then to imagine" Jolly motivated, trying to be smart.

Horny knocked at the door, she left Hardy downstairs reading the first pages of Dostoyewski's - Crime and Punishment. The woman in the room, was definitely not Wanda, she was fat, bold, about sixty years old - she lay in bed. "I'm taking the chemicals, I can't walk. I have cancer. For today it's OK, I don't want to walk. The fucking Ukrainian Bitch told everybody, that I'm a selfish, jealous bitch. She is going home and wanted to buy the same wig, as my, I gave her an address. From all the medicines I couldn't remember where. She did not find it. She has told this to everybody in the entire hospital. I was crying so much at the supervisor. I use to kill spiders, hundreds of spiders, I use to be afraid of them. I want to live. I'm young, I'm only forty-four years old. I have a teenage son and I want to bring him up" drying, secretly her tears, finished Renata, she shared the room with Wanda. Wanda was Horny's aunt. Wanda was at the hospital, treating Myco bacteria, it was not an easy task at eighty-four. Horny was top fed up with being called Jolly. "Such a stupid name" she, wisely pointed. Horny was a wise girl. "Horny, I want to go to Italy once more", Renata said. Horny was not a beast, this unplanned meeting made her reflect upon certain things. Certain value of life.

Horny was a pure surprise for Taddy. Viviane manage to hide, up to the sixth month, the fact of her being pregnant. She longed for the child. Taddy, after the death of their first born baby-son forced her to do a several of abortions. Horny was born with a double electricity line in her heart, which showed up clearly, only when Horny was first time pregnant herself. Horny was eighteen, she was in the last class of the high school. Her teachers knew about her pregnancy before she knew herself, her teachers hated her anyway. Her entire school's career was huge, she attended 16 schools. Up to the ninety percent of the school changing was an effect of a scandal. Anything could do, her face, her late morning sleep, her delays, her absence, her flue, her language, her attitude, her humor, her lack of humor, her make up, her tired look, especially the famous bags under her eyes, her clothes, a ring, a short skirt, a hair do.

"Look at her, just watch her!" the school's master was shouting, his nick name was "Rabbit", he was moving his thick mouth, short "Adolf's" moustache and nose constantly with anger, wore golden eye glasses, was fat. His second nick name was "Bra", his trousers - on suspenders - reached up to his breasts, these fat tops visible under his nylon shirt. Now, he has cleaned his glasses - to ironies, he was going to see her better.

"Walk!" Again and again he screamed towards Horny, who walked along the corridor, between her schoolmates in the free space, they have created for her, ordered to do so, by the director. He has collected the entire bloody school. The reason was simple, Horny had the GOLDEN slippers - she got from Taddy as a gift from Italy, she had possibly the shortest dress in the school and the teats sticking straight out through the fabric of her pink angora tight top, but she was tiny and shy creature. Horny felt as she was going to explode, Horny walked. Horny ended up in Rabbit's room after the fifteen minutes of the promenade, she was sobbing spasmodic - hopefully in the chair and not on the floor as she used to, she called Taddy to fetch her. After Taddy's hot discussion with Bra on the phone when they both shouted at each other, and Horny wiped like a nut, tending to lay on the floor and successfully tending to loose her breath - the old habit, she still enjoyed, Taddy would not show up and sent his best friend with a super fancy car to fetch his daughter. The playboy looking Jurek entered Jolly's classroom. Imagine what her female teacher thought... "Horny was a slut" was an ultimate permanent clue.

Horny got her first tachicordia attack, she was pregnant, she quit school, started evening school for grown ups, Horny was a grown up. Her first future husband, the happy father of her first child, was visiting, delivering a protest memorandum written down by his parents to her. "Don't ruin the future of our son! We forbid you to have a child!" and so on. Horny read the letter, abruptly dropping the paper to the floor, landed in the easy chair, then the entire kitchen went round. Viviane called an ambulance. At last she was right - Horny was ill. Horny got an injection, the doctor was wearing an overcoat a top of a white doctor apron, like the one who collected Taddy the years back, Viviane holed her hand, the boyfriend, fainted. In the corner of Horny's room was her doll house, she rearranged in there before she went to sleep.

Horny was four, she made a bloody scene, Warsaw by night! Outside of the toy store - she wanted a dollhouse! She threw herself right to the ground, shrieking, loosing her breath, pale like death, green like an apple and stupid like a goat. She has got her house the following day. She wasn't that happy... She squinted at it. Horny was in the hospital for the couple of days, Horny gave birth to Lucrezia. Viviane gave all her toys to the neighbours's, little daughter. Her husband - they were already married, threw all her schoolbooks into the trash; Horny graduated five days before the baby's birth.

Two girls, Lucrezia and Horny came back, to the home free of her childhood. She definitely missed her stuff.

Right on the corner of Nowy Swiat the legless beggar spread his few belongings on the sidewalk. The weather cleared up, the sun poured out from the cloudless sky, after days of a heavy and cold rain. The next spot in a distance of about six meters was occupied by swarthy man - a Gypsy, with a huge dog. The next one was surely a Romanian Gypsy, a father with twins - the boys, they were still that small, so they got place between his spread legs, he caressed them in a true love grip of his well build, strong shoulders, waiting for the coins to fill the bowl. The next was a legless man number two, also he had bandaged his stumps. They were absolutely not fresh wounds but he was definitely an aesthete. The next was a child, a off spring, of the professional, always took his own place on the opposite side at the side walk, leaning at the street lamp, sitting on the gutter, where the thickest smoke lead wined up. The Gypsy boy was about 8 years old, plaid accordion, badly. Was uninspired, bored and wasted, did not answer the smile. He knew Horny always laid 5 zlotys - one and a half-buck, in his box, he did not care to be pleased. Five zlotys was enough to buy one dinner at the Familijny, the cheapest "milk bar" in the area, he was collecting for hundreds of his stranded countrymen-children&women. His young and tired looking mother caring a small baby in the colorful robe, came by to empty the box. The next was a man, who missed only one leg, so he was much better off, then the other two. He could afford to stand, what he mostly did, leaning at the house. The next was a guy playing a pan-flute, the only problem of the handsome musician was that he could only play one single tune - a Condor song and he did it through at least seven hours - a full working day. They were the constant elements on this street, the others only passed - elegant, busy, strolled along the new open flashy stores with French perfumes, Lancôme store, Armani, fur coat's store, Rolex and Cartiere. The fancy stores were constantly empty, Polish capitalism was still in the swaddling clothes. Polish capitalism was shit.

Henio Meloman, the old uncrowned king of the Warsaw's gays, was still around, still looking the same as twenty years ago, he found Hardy extremely attractive. Hardy paid no attention. Hardy went to the sex shop and bought his Horny a promised Dildo. Her first.

Horny got her first scats for Christmas. Horny slept in the white mid calves high shoes topped with sparkling new scats, for couple of days - nights. She begun a

dancing school on ice right after. Taddy was taking her there twice a week. He used to watch his snow white princes for couple of minutes and end up at the local bar belonging to the scating hall, waiting for her to pick him up. Horny loved scating, Horny loved every single move on ice. Horny loved the ice. She loved the sound of ice cut with the scats, she was a fast scatter. She loved the cold and she loved the frost.

Horny, her second husband, Lucrezia and Lucrezius arrived in Warsaw, went straight into their apartment. They rung the bell and knocked at the door. No one responded. She pushed the door, it wasn't locked, and they came in. Inside was completely dark. She found a switch of the table lamp. Andy was sleeping in the easy chair, in bed was sleeping another unknown her man, and one more in the smaller room. On the table was a flower vase to which Andy pissed this afternoon. His crutches occupied the entire empty space of the room. The whole place stunk of urine, puke and alcohol. Andy became a famous lawyer, worked for the National Institute of Science.

Jan, died. Horny was ten years old. Viviane, his daughter was sobbing in the bathtub under the shower, showing her pink from the hot water back. Wanda and Horny went to the hospital to look at Jan. He looked beautiful - considered Horny, but his shoes were a bit strange - she thought, too shining, too straight up, sticking. There was another, young and handsome man, as well dead - on the right hand, in the cold room, he had a cheap outdated black suit, he was perfectly slim and well combed but thin hairdo, one of his eyes was open. Horny holed Wanda's palm. Viviane staid home, she wouldn't bear to see him, them. But she was not in power to stop Horny from doing it. It was hard to say if it was her tolerance or her incapacity. Horny was strong. She was not to beat, if she decided, she was getting somewhere-something. It worked with everything but love. Jan's suit was steel blue as an airopain, his shoes were black, his hair white, his face calm.

"We have decided not to publish your books, they are far too erotic, our distributors would refuse to sell them for us. We had enough trouble with Kinsky and Kosinski" Marzena said, she was a chef editor at Da Capo. Marzena had very long legs in a good deep suntan - honey brown and very smooth, she did not wear stockings. She had a very short girlish skirt in light blue jeep's cloth. She had blond, shoulder long page with bangs, brown - joker, eyes. Finger nails in yellow, blue, green and pink. From the very first, Horny wanted to tell her "you're looking great!" but something was stopping her. Marzena was talking without showing her teeth, without opening her mouth. Robert, her colleague said something about pope. Horny smiled to them both, she agreed with everything they had said, especially that he bought a complete addition of her films, paying 100 dollar's bill in advance, Horny was well aware, they were getting broke again. Horny wanted to pay Hardy's Toeffel examination; Horny wanted to be back in New York by the late August. She investigated, about publishing Taddy's anthology.

"Czytelnik", won't do it. Don't waste your time. They own a building in the City, survive of renting the rooms. Get in touch with "A-5" the boss is a nice chap, he has a heart with poetry, as you know, no one wants to publish poetry - it doesn't give enough profit" Horny heard this version before, the poetic Poland was over. "How strange, it had to go together with the communists?" Horny thought.

"Is the boss young?" she asked.

"No, he is not. He is like us", Robert said, backing it up with a shy smile.

"Like us, that means he is YOUNG!" broad smiling, showing all her teeth, concluded Horny. They were meeting at the bar Michal, the same bar where she met Lengren, Milo and Nick - coming outside.

"I used to come here, twenty-two years ago, in my student times. They had a great tea and cakes", Marzena said.

"And champagne" Horny added, thinking about the people in front of her "they are so aware of time. They are so aware of passing time" Her new thought was not as reflective, but more a clue throwing "not aware, of space, not aware they had missed the third K, Horny Kubiak, hi!" but then they were already gone. Horny was possibly a mythomaniac. Robert owned a really cool villa outside of the town, and really cool dog, the dog was so cool because he was wild; he stuck his snout under Horny's skirt, right between her legs greeting her butt, with the first occasion.

The LSD's red horror definitely had passed. Steve was walking Horny to the bus, she had to pass by Terry's, Notting Hill apartment, tell him good bye, of course she had to do it, as usual she has chosen the one who would not care much. Would not care enough. Why? Terry's hair was waist long and dark green, he stood next to the grand piano in the same special green-black tune. On the wall was a poster, picturing young Oscar Wilde. There were similarities between their faces, Oscar's and Terry's. They were both Irish. Horny and Terry promised each other to meet again. Of course, Terrie's - catholic - parents, saw to it that it would not happen, Terry was seventeen, Horny was twenty-two - soon twenty-three, and she had a child - Horny was a fame-fatale, the monster, in a feet long hippie skirt. The people, she had passed, all looked as the figures in the Egyptian temples. They had human bodies and the animals', huge faces, huge snouts. The bus had a huge snout in red, and was clapping its teeth at Horny, she could not take it, she had to take the train. Hornets accompanied her all the time, they especially liked to sit in her ears and eyes, between her long eye lashes. She looked that incredibly beautiful this morning and everyone was at help, she had a porcelain doll's face and a porcelain doll's eyes, she has got Viviane into the plain without a passport, without any trouble. She had about 50, or even 100 LSD pills dropped in her hand bag but this was just a pure formality, she would have been the most surprised if you told her she was violating the law. She would have been shocked if she got arrested. Horny was in the state of perfection. She has bought herself pair of plastic eyelashes in the duty free. In the airplane she has got a red apple and she exchanged to a green one with someone who agreed, she has got a chicken for dinner, ripped off the silver cover astound, looking at the piece of her own cheek, her own chicken in there, her own flesh, especially the bone

in the container, she was next to the hysteric collapse, she did not; she became a vegetarian for the period of eight years. Viviane must have been with in the airplane as she has been with at the Warsaw's airport. She wanted to go home with Horny, Horny felt as the air had end. Wanda was waiting for them both. Wanda had a giant snout and wanted to kiss Horny, Horny, in rush, left Viviane and horribly snorted Wanda. She could pick her mother up from the Mental Hospital, she wasn't able to share the home, with her. She cleared out - she escaped. Horny threw herself into the taxi car, the driver had a snout, but smaller, it was OK. The trip did not cease, the trip was a cure, Horny stopped her life&death experimenting, started her life-long experiment. Now Horny knew all or at least knew something.

In Warsaw's apartment were four generations of Horny's. Hardy watched amused and even more amazed. Horny's mother, Horny's daughter, Horny's grand daughter and Horny herself. Viviane was sitting down, dreaming up to her single Martini, Lucrezia drunk some red wine, already had drunk red Martini - full bottle, Horny did not drink anything, eighteen months old Nasty, who was crying, the whole way up to Poland, now - was perfectly nude, perfectly marching in Horny's high heel platform shoes, perfectly giggling, more then excited and more then proud.

"But, is she normal?" Viviane was always worried, it was really stupid, if she wouldn't worry that much, her life would have been paradise but it was not. Viviane was heavily off. Nasty was perfectly normal. Nasty had fun. There was a risk, she was the only one, in there, who had fun - including Hardy.

"Between me and Hardy, is almost the same age difference, as between me and my mother, it scares shit out of me, imagine; when he will be like I'm, - now - which means perfect! I'll be like Viviane - now, which means - out!" Horny said to Basia, Basia was eighty something, Basia was Elis's mother. Elis was pretty old. "You are totally wrong, you are the most beautiful woman I have seen, look at your figure, everyone gets old, nature has it's strange laws, I guarantee" Basia preached, offering her next chocolate and strawberries, adding "you should see, how guys look after me, on the street, I get flirted all over"

Horny, doubtfully looked into Basia's face, it was very old and all very wrinkled, the thick eye glasses made her into a Cyclops, Basia whizzed heavily, showing her visitor a new renovated kitchen - beautiful in fact, saying "it cost a lot but who cares? I will have it until I'll die" Her new dress. And a batch of photographs. Basia had a perfect Monroe's hair do, her favorite movie was - Deep Throat. Horny wasn't sure if it was really the true or was it, also made up, to impress her - the Horny.

"I feel so extremely young and happy! Wanda is angry at me, because I'm her older sister and I'm not sick and she is" Ewa pointed, Ewa was Horny's aunt, Ewa was eighty-six, very much eighty-six! "By no means, you are telling Hardy how old I am" she said, hard, it was the day of her birthday. Horny would have loved to take them all, the sweet women, to Loch on Thursday, a new night club in the Old Town, having Thursday's "sex show" the men stripping "only for ladies". She did not.

Horny had a slight difficulty with "action". Ewa had a perfect ass, a perfect political recognition and a perfect taste of men. She, definitely was the head of the family. Viviane did not like that. Horny was really fed up with all that family jealousies.

Hardy fucked Horny with a dildo, he stuck it in her anus, softly gently moved it, and he made her flush come! Horny wiped! Hardy plaid her again, put her palm a top of dildo, taking care of her clit with his tongue. The orgasm split her in beats. It gave her freedom, love and revolt in the same time.

Horny knew the best way to have a baby with Hardy, was to freeze couple of eggs. Wait her out. What a dreadful plan - she realized. It was very much against her nature, that's may be - why - she should do it. Still she did not have the vacant cash. Horny was so fucking tough on herself with a fucking hard silver dildo, which she woke up all mashed. Horny was standing under the shower sticking her clit rapidly with a needle, Hardy looked in, she had to play cool, and he watched her. She had to wait him out before going back to the hard core game with herself. Hardy's dick was a shining, wet perfection. When Horny was a little girl, she use to watch her cunt in the pocket mirror and read loud to the huge old foggy crystal mirror after her grand mother Victoria, the genuine thoughts, nothing has really change, except that she loved Hardy, and in the mirror, with a great shock she watched, a single gray hair, showing between her blitched. "They must have showed up when Hardy sick, through himself to the floor. I had heard of such a condition"

Horny, madly loved her Hardy. She was not imagining, she was in love, she was in love for real, it was enough to stretch the hand and she would touch him. She did not.

"Don't use a voice of a little girl, it sounds false" Aldona, who was Horny's song teacher, told her "Use your own voice, it's deep, it's honey warm, it's simply great. If you use this real voice, you'll get everything of a people, you'll ask for" It sounded promising. Horny's voice was mature and thick, since she was a little girl. And for god's sake you have to open your mouth, if you want to be believable, wilder, show your teeth, the stage is less then home, you have to be showing more, as much you can" Horny had a really bad teeth through her whole childhood and youth, she was aware of the ill smell spreading from her mouth, and now at thirty five, when she at last fixed all that,

she had to learn to use her pretty mouth, freely. It was a real job. Horny got read of her torturing her head aches, while practicing, and working on with Aldona. What more she has got? Horny was showing as much she could.

"Bitch!" Horny's second husband was holding her over the bridge's balustrade, he was going to throw her down into the river. They were very drunk and of course she made a scene. Of course the entire group hooded her first, spread like a star, by all her legs, and hands, completely in the air and she kicked Eve, her pal with her spikes. "Mosquito spikes" Carisma called Horny's shoes, extremely pointed, extremely high with stiletto iron heels. This time also Carisma had to punch her. Horny was unbearable. She was lost in the winter town, wearing a party summer dress. Horny found home by the morning, helped by the homeless, who noticed the car, the

buss with Swedish registration - as she did not know the address. Horny was a full time show. The group was taking part in the Theatre Festival in Gratz, Austria. Horny plaid white dressed doll, hanged upside down, in the ropes high above the stage, over one hour. She supposed to do her poems and a dance but she did not feel like coming down, she was perhaps too drunk and definitely too high. She has got some good lines, also in the press, a journalist thought - she was the doll!

Back home, in the theatre she plaid the dog, the mime, the dancer, the heroine, the poet, the thief. Every time she plaid something she has got a different sort of the punch. Her second husband was the director and he loved punching her, distinguishably.

Horny's second husband holed her down to the floor, at the theatre they both run, his hands were well gripped on her neck, Horny could not breath and she believed, she was going to die. Mikke, Taina's brother ripped the man off her neck, off her body. Horny started to breathe, it was more painful and more difficult then to stop. It was more difficult to return.

Viviane crossed seven borders without a passport, Viviane escaped a communistic Poland without an identity document. Viviane went over herself, went over everybody, was a genuine powerful woman in one piece, a nut. When Lucrezia was small she wanted to be an astronaut, or a boss of the irrigation project in Africa, that's why she also, was planing on being rich. She was determinant to save the world.

"Open the door" Lucr cried, Horny was doing something else.

"Open the door, Marcin, your dead brother is standing there, open the door!" Lucr was shouting. Horny started to read the Bible to her every evening, until Lucr became cool. Horny was studding Japanese writing and words, until it cured her own error psycho. By the word and mark for b i o n i n, what means sick, she was cured. Saved. She had found everything she needed, in there. Horny believed she had seen the energy, Horny was writing the scientific book of her revolutionary thoughts. Horny did not have any money, she and Lucr lived in Copenhagen, and Taddy tried to get them, to come back home, there was no way back. Horny sold balloons one day, she had lost her voice blowing them up, Lucr plaid violin on the Stroget once, Horny washed the staircase once. Horny was not capable to make money or to have a home. She had couple of boy friends, she drifted between. A German guy, Spanish, naturally some Danish, a Thai. Wanda was a liaison officer in the Warsaw's uproar and the nurse at its fall, Wanda had a great education, she became an astronom, she had few fiancées and married one, whom she divorced later on. Wanda was beautiful, eccentric and selfish, she has bought her dresses from Paris, she had lots of friends, lots of love affairs going on, lots of work, money. She possibly loved to dance, she loved parties to the white mornings. She was a kind of woman who loved Cinzano Blanco "in order" - in the special glass, with a special mix and ingredient, not just a slice of a lemon. She had possibly a great idea about sex. She was easily angry. She always had money. She always looked great. She went on the nit lot in her life - love. The guy was a slut. Nota bene the same guy whom Horny had chosen as her Godfather, Horny's taste was explicit and useless as well. He was a straight

playboy, young, tall, handsome, and stupid. He had an Italian car, which was really "something" for Poland, these says. He blew her, no - he did not drive away - he left her much more groovy. He staid at the house which they build together, through lots of years, plans hopes and cash; her cash. He staid there, with a young pregnant housekeeper, Wanda was too old to have a child, she tried but it did not do after the previous abortions.

"Horny, I'll be frank with you, some people say, you are a porn actress" Wanda announced. Horny got sad, of course she denied, but it was of no use. She wondered who was that "sayer". May be Jastrun, he saw, once one of her films and went out pretty shook off, actually totally shaken. She could not deny she use to show her cunt in full size on the screen, in a blow up. But there, the link with pornography was finished. Wanda demanded to get Horny's book. Horny spent the whole afternoon painting over the obscene parts of the pictures in the book - she and Hardy - their genitals; she had no heart to just tear the pages out. She had both, respect and admiration for her work. There were many stories about Horny going around. There was nothing she could do about.

"I know what you like the most, in life, Horny! You are completely useless!" Horny knew, Wanda meant - sex. She complained at her incapacity to do, to wake up, to be responsible, to be in order and so on. She concluded her speech with the only sentence Horny had to love, and she did. "I wonder after who, you are like that? It must be after me!"

Horny loved Wanda very much. Wanda made great effort during the 80-ies war, she was the most courageous woman in the family. Wanda was brave. "How will you survive, Horny, how will you get money? From Your books? For such sick perversions? The world must be at it's end, at it's very pick if it should have been possible" She seriously worried about Horny. But not worried about the world for real, her clue was - the world was a beast tough enough to take care of itself - the world.

Horny was always horribly dramatic and her "Second" was fucking tired of her. "Don't leave me! I love you!" and again "don't leave me - I love you!" yelling at the top of her lungs, Horny crept on the floor, next to embrace his knees, and possibly even doing it. Horny embracing the floor. There were floods of tears, floods of emotions, floods of the floods. He was standing in the open door, dressed in his camel wool elegant overcoat, his perfect suit, his tie, perfect looks and had no strengths to leave, no strengths to fulfil the plan. "Listen" sitting down at the dining table, in the leaving room, the "Second", said to his wife "Horny, I will have to jump out from the window, if you don't serve me a cup of tea, right now. Lets talk" They laughed and kissed over the two cups of the tea. Horny appreciated his sense of humor, she knew, she was constantly out of propotion. He was really OK, when he was sober. But it was never.

What Horny had for real was her smile. She was a child and she was a girl and she was a woman for whom was the most important if she had smiled to anyone and if anyone had smiled back. Pure light. Pure trip. Pure joke. Madness.

Horny danced, it was a Brazilian full moon night, the blessing. The "Second" refused to dance, he had no use of her or what's-so-ever. "Second" set on the chair with its and his legs in the purple sea, watching the moon, watching invisible at this moment horizon. The paradise. Trancuso.

Horny was about forty and Lucrezcius was about ten, he had asked her "Horny, what will you become when you're big?" He certainly pleased her with his great tolerance and the time perfect gap- endless.

Horny was traveling with Viviane, she was ten years old, they have taken a night train, they set straight erected in the narrow, hard sits, the old men opposite Horny constantly fall into her lap spitting at her. Horrible. In the morning they had taken another, smaller train, both trains drove on steam, the sparkles moved with behind the window, amusing especially by night. Horny and Viviane had taken the horses and the bumping, on the road coach at least in two hours to Jan's home. Everybody were already there; Wanda, Eva, Ania and little Jan and Jan.

Horny traveled with Lucrezia from London to Stockholm. It was the end of her trip, she thought. Her money was anyway finished. It seemed they have been on this fucking train for ages, they shared a compartment with a young American man. Horny was so tired that she did not go up when the train drove on the ferry. The sound became a clear torture, the sides of the train seem to be hitting into the sides of the boat, a metallic roar, there is no way to sleep but to fall into a kind of lethargy of the roar. It shows up that Horny misses a Danish transit visa, she has her visa for Sweden where she is going to, at last to stay at the family house in Stockholm, after her rambling bachelor London-life. The girls are taken by police, the American guy slips some money into her hand, it's a booklet of printed one dollar bills, glued together. Horny argue with the custom guys and gets the stamp in her passport, she won't be able to even pass Denmark in the next five years. After an hour there is a train and a boat back to Kill, the girls are very hungry, she has forgotten about the American dollars, she has. On the train back she meets a Danish businessman, a Danish millionaire, a Danish Angel. He is buying them food, and paying the train tickets, the staff wanted to arrest her again. He is fixing for them accommodation in the Hamburg hotel. The girls go immediately to sleep. The bed is so endlessly soft, that they did not even eat anything of the great food collection a top of table. The chap's name is Ole Victor, he is already back, Horny have slept exactly two minutes, she is almost unable to go up and open the door. He is knocking eagerly, shouting something, at last - regretting - she goes up. He has arranged the meeting with the Danish ambassador at his home, it's Friday. Horny and Lucrezia shall get her visa for Denmark for a half-year. There is no time to sleep. They have to be very fast, the ambassador is going out for the party. They have to dress and leave. They get to his elegant house and they get the precious stamp, the ambassador is a bit fat. They are following Ole Victor to the yacht exhibition, he is here to buy a luxury boat. He makes his deal very fast, sees the girls are very tired, through the whole time he

carries Horny's huge back pack in red with lots of toys fixed on the outside of it, and her suitcase, he holds Lucrezia's hand, he introduces them to everyone he knows, he seems to know everyone. Horny and Lucrezia are very beautiful, Horny is that thin that they are looking like two little sisters, her London diet was not fat - ice-cream and hashish, there is no way you could take Horny for the mother, which she is. Ole Victor takes them to Copenhagen the same day, he wants to take them home at least for some weeks, he phones his wife and all his 11 sons, he phones from the boat, from the captain cabin, he asks all of them to come and meet them at the station. The custom guys freak out when they see Horny, they are angry but can not do nothing about, her driving into the country already tonight, not even a single military shift after they had kicked her out. Horny decides not to stay in Copenhagen, she is so incredibly tired, she has a short conversation with Ole's attractive wife through the train's window and she waves good by to all the boys, the sons. They continue on the same train straight to Stockholm. She is arriving at Eva's home, Ania and little Jan are there too. They are no longer small they are grown up as Horny. Four years old, Lucr seem pretty grown up as well after five months in London.

Horny gets a present from the family, the ticket home. She goes by bus together with Wanda, in Malmo she goes out for the moment, she decides to stay. Wanda can't help. There is no way to convince Horny, Wanda gives her some cash, and some ready-made food and they kiss good-bye. Horny takes the evening boat to Copenhagen. She forgets to visit her Guardian Angel, perhaps it would have spared her lot of the trouble. Horny loves taking risks. She seem to love the trouble too.

He got her turned on by sticking a finger into her anus. Hardy-Horny powerful sex is very precise, Horny breaths like a dog. Vooow! Hardy doesn't allow her to look at nobodies' dogs, to talk to the nobodies dogs, to talk about the nobodies' dogs. She has just seen one. The air is humid and cold, it makes her even more to want to take that one, home; he is very pretty, standing at one spot more then two hours. Hardy agree that a dog is waiting for someone, but doesn't agree - that someone is Horny.

Suzzie was a fucking miracle. She was a little bitch in black raspy long and curly fur. Suzzie was a first four-legged beast to beat Hardy's heart without the rest. Hardy was never in love that rapidly, so uncontrolled and so much against his own will. They had found Suzzie on the street, but it was winter then and they knew they were at least staying for two weeks in the same place. Suzzie was so incredible restless when they brought her home, she would not sleep and did not eat the whole night and day. They gave her a bath, she loved it, they bought her a pink pretty lich, and she hated it. She would not walk lich, she had to run all the time, she had to be everywhere in the same time. She liked Horny but she loved Hardy. She was Hardy's girl. He absolutely had to lie down on the floor, already in the corridor, if it happened that she was not with, outside - to give her immediate access to the whole of himself. She loved it, she danced upon him, the most happy Mexican ritual, licking his face, his ears, his hands, trying to take off his unbuttoned shirt, and get him all nude for the really good lick; Suzzie was a true woman. Horny was a little jealous,

and Suzzie was jealous, sex was impossible, she would have been nuts, she slept on Hardy's chest - Suzzie, not Horny.

Hardy was not going to do the same mistake again; to have the love and lose it - it hurt too much.

Horny wanted something very much, the moon was exactly in the first half. What she had wanted, was not as easy to get "as the dancing wish" and not as clear. It had to do with Hardy, but even more it had to do with herself.

"I think they like to do it, they like to take their place, the place in the game, in society, their place in the world, for real. They like to show off, to be noticed, to be at need and to get the response they apply for. Or not to get, which is as good or even better, because then they win, they prove how right they have been neglecting it all, in the first place. They would not like to be stranded at a hospital, or a house, fad, waiting for death" Horny says to Hardy. Nowy Swiat crowded, with three new AIDS's guys, on the sidewalk - always on their knees, in the characteristic position of the repenting, to demonstrate the result of the previous rebel, of the manifest number one.

"Are you a mistress?" the guy was sticking his head out of the fancy car, she was almost reaching Broadway, downtown, and she looked at him as he was a pure nut. Horny was pushing baby Luc in the jolly, he wasn't sleeping, he was watching her with his huge black Brazilian eyes. He was Flav's son and Horny was only doing the job, the baby-sitter. Hardy and Horny were broke, it was their last days in New York and she needed the money. But, but she was fucking happy, the day was that hot that she had to take a lot of her clothes off, she, the tiger - walked in her tight fitted dress, only embracing her forms, Horny loved it, in that moment she was the happiest mom, on earth, or at least on Broadway, it did not matter that the baby wasn't her. In that moment in fact - it was.

The Gypsy woman set on the pavement of the most crowded, most polluted Warsaw's spot in the precise rush hour. On her flat stretched legs laid the baby of the size of a doll. "She takes the fucking poker! She takes the fucking pot!"

One of the first performances Horny did, she did it with Lucr. They were both white dressed, in long cotton skirts, with long hair, watching the fields. Horny had hanged up, with a white cloth, a big fresh bread, to her belly, which made her look, as she was expecting, she set with her back against the wall, after a long while of sliding her eyes upon the far off reaching fields and a gray loaded sky, Horny painted thick red strokes across the rounding, she has cut the cloth with a knife, fished out the baby and breast fad. Next she made a hole in it, tided it up to her feet with a red rope and gave herself out running into the fields drying the sheets of poetry on the rope, Lucrezia following her, doing all the same, but looking much smaller. The baby, bumping to her leg, she possibly lost in the mud or possibly brought it with her at the

return. She threw herself down at the wall, where the public waited collected, watching an act of the crucifixion of Japanese, she cried with a power you would not expect Horny possessed. She fucking cried for real, for a very long time, indeed. Her lips were pressed against the ground and the sound was coming out of her as from the loud speaker. The ovations were spasmodic. Tom Krojer, a grand son of the famous Danish painter, wearing a sparkling yellow velvet suit, stopped playing piercing saxophone, coming towards her. "You are the best Polish performer I had ever seen, what ever you like, I'll do for you" he said. Horny did not want anything. Horny was so fucking high, so was Lucr. Horny did not touch food since five days, preparing herself for the act. Her affection towards the baby-bread was real.

The very first time was at the serious speculative art symposium. Horny who was a long late sleeper, went to the water fall at sun rise. She has taken with her Gerhard, the boss of the whole fiesta in form of the photographer. She had stripped nude and took a short bath, water was far too cold to bring her clearly ecstatic, she experienced certain drills of the freedom. Horny was the last girl you would expect to take her clothes off like that, also her underwear. That's why she was the first. The sensation was complete. Horny was legitimate into the art-fart. Horny was simply in it. But she left forever before she knew she has done it. She was simply off - far away. Horny met Christos, the first day she arrived in Greece, it made her holidays. They started day with drinking Dutch chilled beer. Christos was studding the architecture at Beaux Arts in Paris. He always started sex with sticking it to her anus for just a second split, fast in and out, she thought she was dreaming, as it happened to her the first ever time. Christos was very beautiful, very tall, he has taken her and Lucr to his parents house in Joanina and they were the first ever parents in spa, who loved her. The grandfather too. She spent their two days, in the house in the mountains. The summer was hot and they spent one whole day nude in the room. Lucr was playing outside on the swing. Christos was with Lucr as she would have been his child. All together two weeks. It was perfect and Horny got enough. She met him the day after on the train, looked at him as a perfect stranger and romanticized fulfilling with a citizen of Liechtenstein, a noble chap, she fucked him in his train sleeping cabin.

Walter was an American, he was a painter, he was from San Francisco, he came down to Europe, more precisely to Paris to study with one old chap. Walter was obsessed by painting Angels. To see Horny and Lucrezia in Tarkvinius Gardens in Rome, was enough - they missed only the wings - he has fall in love. Horny has moved to his hotel, Horny promised to marry him. He wouldn't put his eyes off her, he tortured her clitoris right after the love act, he was positive, and no one ever loved her as much. Four days of passion, three days of embarrassment, twenty four hours of disaster, Horny does not show up at the wedding Copenhagen's date.

"What do you want for breakfast Lucr?" Tadeusz asks her. Eight years old Lucr wants champagne, it's a good choice, Horny spends "the wedding" day writing poetry, hundreds of miles away. The dog of the house is locked in, he has beaten Lucrezia in her finger, she loves him anyway and talks to him through the crack under the door. They take a long walk in the fields after the dinner, at night hitting for the party at Hamburg's Opera; they had missed the premiere, but party is just great.

"I'm getting us out of here, I'm simply going to borrow the money, we need for to go" Horny announced Hardy, who was pretty stressed. They did not have sex three times a day any longer. Only one innocent shot. They spared more and more time for the exercises, Horny was getting her butt and spine and legs in shape, Hardy took good care of his muscles and nerves. Of course it could have pay back in the long run.

"From who?" Hardy questioned her.

"From my ex-lovers" she simply said.

Chapter 12

Horny and Hardy kissed passionately. Their love affair was perfect and was going to be perfect. Horny and Hardy kissed for the very first time. There were people around them and H&H were dancing, madly, everybody was dancing but not as madly. They were right in the middle of it, Horny jumped at Hardy's hips, embracing him in a waste with her legs, they fall, it all begun when Hardy looked at Horny twelve weeks earlier, he saw her in details and in one piece. Nothing was spectacular, all was so perfectly natural. The classic, which works, he traveled between being absolutely sure - she was his and the opposite, when she saw him, it was everything, both knew what they were drifting, it was only a question of time, and even that, was no question at all. They were longing and t h e r e was no rush.

They kissed, kissed madly, kissed breathlessly and the castle was taken, and Horny was a princess and Hardy was a prince and he was the knight and the night. And she was his queen. The detonation was everything they might have expected, and every single step, clear. The definition of love, the definition of man, the definition of woman, the definition of sex. Perfection. The love. Unaware, it will be hard to keep the options that way, through the speed of time, as the love takes bizarre faces on and off. Perfection. Struggling for the perfection. The love... Always the love.

"Soon Poland will be the richest country in Europe" said Juk. He was visiting Horny and Hardy in their Warsaw's apartment. Horny phoned him, she needed to borrow money, they needed to get away, they needed money for the train. "Oh, he is very beautiful!" he quoted Hardy's looks, coming inside, but now he was already collected and he continued "there is a perfect potential for the pure capitalism, here. A perfect geographical position, perfect not too hot climate - so no siesta, which means people like to work, more then like to rest, and at last our history of suppression. Use me as an example, six years ago I had nowhere to live, I practically lived in my car. I have now, four houses, five cars, two factories, a huge land, a lake. People either can think in terms of economy, in terms of profit, either they can't. It's no more then that" Horny could not. Juk spoke in terms of his success about four hours, but the rest of his speech was extremely academic and strictly blurred, Horny tried to follow but could not, she was aware she must had looked pretty spaced out, anyway he had to get to one of his homes, he needed a rest, his time was very limited. It was past 2 AM. Juk was stressed, he had a lot to do last day, just came back and he had a lot to

do, next day, he was leaving. "Will you lend me 500, 1000zl, I had messed it all up?" Horny asked him. 500zl were over 100 bucks. "To you, yes" he said. They had been friends, since she was a child, they had been at a boarding school together, he was older - then. "The woman is like "W" and the man is like "a house with the roof and a chimney a top of the roof" said Agnies, drawing it, she directed, coming with the top of the chimney into "W's" opening underneath, as it would have been a flying bird. "That's how people make children. "W" is, as a woman looks underneath" she explained. Horny was elevated, it did not sound any good, but to Horny it was everything. They two, set on the window sit in the boarding school, the view was spreading over the play ground with two swings, and one was huge. A few of the most brave kids from the school used to do a complete loop, on the huge swing. Horny was coming high but did not dare to do the loop, envying these who did. Agnies was Juk's little sister, she was still older then Horny. These days everyone was older than Horny. Now it has changed. Horny took her words for grounded, that hasn't changed, Horny was eight, no one before talked to her seriously about these things, she had a confidence in practically everyone, and Agnies, she had to be knowing everything, she had a fifteen years old brother, this certainly was the merit not to beat. Horny's brother died as a baby, four years before she was born. Horny was a single child. Agnies and Juk's parents was a famous architect couple, their grand father was a fabulous painter, one of the better ones. One whom Vivaine adored.

Horny and Hardy were visiting Juk, the purpose for the visit was the money lending, and they were going to go to Sweden this weekend. Juk's house was huge, it was three floors elegant, space, expensive, tasteful, designed art piece. Everything, was there in a right place, the portraits of his most celebrated male bearded ancestors, a young, pretty, quiet in his presence wife, a silent daughters, an ice cream in the fridge and a grilled pig in the own, strawberries in the garden, all tastefully designed, rooted into house's spine. Horny, as always sure of success, stupidly asked how did he like her films. "No" he said "they were on the border to kitsch, and I'm sure you did not plan that, they were accidentally cut, chaotic, naive. You know the difference between good and bad poetry?" he asked her. "Do you mean, they were a bad poetry?" she asked. "Yes. I had seen a festival of the avant-garde cult film already in 1970, I know what I saw and I know what I'm talking about" he said. Here came complicated, verbal, sophisticated evocation about form, expressionism, film language, Picasso and gorillas, anyway Horny could not figure out what he talked about, Hardy expected a translation, Juk did not speak English, Horny was unable to translate more then a half sentence at the time. The sentences were long and unclear, Hardy missed each point. Juk was stressed, he was going to leave the same night, the plans were dashed, he was going to leave 5AM, he used to sleep about three, seldom four hours per night, the last night he fall asleep with Horny's films running. He packed them both, Horny and Hardy into his brunt new and dark blue Mercedes, taking them home. "Y o u s h o u l d h a v e s e e n m y j e e p , i t h a s s i m p l y e v e r y t h i n g" Juk said. "How about the money, Juk?" asked him Horny feeling that their trip home wasn't that sure. "Look" said Juk "I was forced to visit an insur-

ance company last morning, one of my cars had broke, I had a fucking fixing day, I had no time to go to the bank. And now I have to leave" "But, don't you have a card?" Horny did not want to believe, they were remaining in W. "No, banking machine is out of the question"

Horny was leaning at the house's wall, they had been dancing and drinking the whole night, they were sober of the great passion, Hardy's tongue was deep inside her larynx. Hardy's palms were touching her thighs. Horny was taken by the surfing wave and she plucked all his shirt buttons in one go, he was leaning now at the house. Instantly they kissed, she tried to say good-by; meet again in a day or two. "When?" she asked.

"Now" said Hardy. All what was need, to be spoken, was said. They took each other hands, started to walk slowly towards the church, which was his way home, it was so endlessly clearly romantic and heavy of swelling love, the thick drops of a purple dawn rain started slowly to part with the sky and fall towards the earth. Horny and Hardy moved on and the air, around them was both, pure gold and standing still. They set in the open window flight, four floors above the ground, he did swing her out half way listening to her laugh - the falling pearls, licking off the rain with her pink tongue. She was fixed between his thighs. She was a Liberty statue with a torch of the Love. Her dancing spine was a toy. His hands were everything what the World had in gift for her. He was all, what the Lord might ever have in mind, for her. His eyes were following the cyber game of crackers, shifted there exclusively by the light of her eyes; mostly closed - what was the result of an enormous pleasure. He was not under spell of his dick, he was in Love, and he kept his cock in Check. Of course they were going to fuck, to have sex, to make love, there was no other possible way, the certainty, the clairvoyance, of it made them Fort Knox secure, every single second before it, was an eternity of happiness. All.

"We were all in love to you, Horny, you were the prettiest girl, we had seen, Piotr used to steal his father's car keys and we used to go driving in the nights, we were taking with us "The Majesty Of Satanic Verses" - they were all your songs. We were driving streets of Warsaw by night, day dreaming of you" Jack said, they were at his favorite bar, he suggest to meet at, at the corner of her house. She had decided a meeting with Jack and Addal, she had her strategy, she had to get the cash. Addal did not come, he thanked for being remembered, but he had to drive his kids to the summerhouse. "Addal did not have really a reason to show up, we were only lovers two, three weeks, may be five - that's all, although the passion was vivid and a history remembered"

Jack's father and Horny's father and Piotr's father were friends. Piotr was dead.

"He died in Aids" Jack said.

"His mother wrote to me he died in blood cancer. She had hoped that Lucr was his child, she had asked me to do a blood test on her. I had to answer, there was no chance, she was his baby. I did not understand she not only hoped to get miracu-

lously a grand child, she did not have but also, worried about Lucr. How did he get it?" she asked Jack.

"He was gay", he said.

"He wasn't gay, I slept with him, Ok, it was casual, I wasn't in love to him, he used to have a girl friend, but I guess, she was out of the game, our sex - it wasn't really great, it was fast and weak, I was surprised it was so little, so may be after all, he was gay? I had much better sex with his Brazilian pal, Pat Latimer. Lucrezia and I was staying at Piotr's London apartment, in Golden Green where he lived with his parents, we had been to an incredible hash party. It was a school wedding, I ate so many hash cakes, I almost fucking, died, I was so fucking poisoned, I was puking the whole night.

"I saw many nude women but this was rare, You were dark violet - his dad told me the day after. I lost at least three kilograms that night. I knew his mother did not like me to stay there, I had a feeling she thought I had a bad influence on her son. At this time I did not know his father made porn movies in Berlin and she was all together not very fulfilled; she was a very devoted woman" Horny said. She did not remember Jack and Piotr were best friends, the past was next to erased, she didn't know they were in love to her. OK, she was aware there was an attraction between her and Piotr but that was all, they met when she was fourteen and Piotr twelve. Lipman, Piotr's father was Polanski and Wajda's cameraman, which means he was superb.

"For Piotr's mother it was a complete tragedy. Piotr's dad died the same day. At the same hospital" Jack said.

"Piotr told me, he was shooting a heroin together with his father, when they were filming in Israel; it would had explain much, think if they used the same needles, if he has given it to his son, besides his father he really looked gay, although he was visibly attracted to a younger chicks; his wife was old" Horny told him. Jack's father was absolutely, a best Polish actor, he was one of the kind, who possessed a complete craft. Tadeusz Lomnicki was small and tiny. But he was great, he was huge, tall, handsome, strong, outrages, possessed perfectly all, what the role required and actually much more then that. Jack was enormously fat, Jack was pretty sick, something was very wrong with his spine, he was that fat that he had difficult to walk. His walk was grotesque, he thumbed from feet to feet, getting himself forward, like a baby who just learned to go. Jack cared for Horny and talked her into taking a huge portion of ice cream. Jack was on a super diet himself, he did not eat anything since few weeks. Jack drank exclusively express cafe.

"I love your dad's poetry, I read it sometimes" he said. Horny did not read Taddy in a very long time, now; at least few years. She did not have his books, she did not have a home and the books he signed for her were all gone; Viv had and Bebe had.

"They don't publish him now, there is an opinion, he was a communist" Horny told him.

"There is such an opinion about everyone who lived in these times and who died and can't transform to something new. Transform to a true successful capitalist. My father was a communist, he was in the Central Commit" he said. Horny remembered it now, of course Lomnicki was a powerful leader.

"I miss him very much, it's so empty without him, so lonely. He died on stage, he plaid King Lear "I see the light" was his last word" Jack said. Jack was a gentle character, he spoke of emotions, he made clues. Horny did not. She was just sitting there, smiling into the afternoon sun, having ice cream. He was not able to borrow her money. The ice cream was topped with liquor, Horny tipsy slashed herself next to Hardy, laying in the sun. Jack did not show up again.

Horny got some cash, coming up from the royalties of her dad's work. It was not enough to go home, but it was enough to have home, enough for breakfast, paying back small debts to neighbors and the closest shops, enough for "Brothers Karamazov" for Hardy who has become a Dostoyewski's fan for the first time, due to Horny, before he used to read only up to the date, American or Swedish stuff, she bought a newspaper for herself and cigarettes.

"Miss, please buy from me eggs and pees" A tall, properly but cheaply dressed guy, stood on her way, picking up, the items of his shopping bag.

"I had already bought eggs" Horny said, he seem not to hear it.

"I'm forty-six years old, two days ago was my birthday" he picked up his ID indeed pointing at the date in May.

"I had quarreled with my wife, I miss 3zl to the flask" was his last and successful push. Most of the eggs were crushed. Horny and Hardy had scrambled eggs and pees for breakfast.

Hardy was sitting on the bed and Horny was closer to the floor. She was not a kind of the princess, you necessarily must carry in your arms and delicately place a top of the huge pink bed with fluff, she was the princess who was doing perfectly all right on the floor. Hardy saw her almost bare ass, draped in a minimal tangas, he was overwhelmed, he could not push the time, he had to slow down if they were going to survive. Hardy did the whole three months seduction, there was no point for her to wait, she riched for his fly, she touched the bulk between his legs, picked out his penis, kissed and she was dawn on her knees.

Jack did not disappeared, Jack worked, Horny was unable to see that people in fact worked. It was the same with Juk, he gave her a couple of appointments more when she was going to get her cash at, but he did not have a time to fulfil that. "Don't worry" said his wife to Horny on the phone "this is only a temporary state, it will pass"

"What did she mean, that one day I'm going to learn?" wondered Horny and did not phone Juk again; even she had her limits. A new old Alco appeared on the Square. Horny called him the Frankenstein - he looked like one, his whole face was marked with fresh wounds.

"There is a strange guy around, looks as he came from another century" told her, Hardy. Franky must have been lately, jailed or institutionised. He was new, only for them but felt here, pretty at home in the neighborhood.

Horny stuck her ass, wildly towards Hardy her butt hole was roundly opening. He already pulled her black jeans down, they were caught around her calves by the famous Plato boots. She was electric, she wanted him in her anus, she did not speak but stuck it even more, towards him, her knees pressed toughly against her face, she yearning for the real hard go. Hardy left her alone for the second or two, Hardy was pouring oil over her ass, thighs, the couch. Softly first and harder than, stuck the dildo into her rectum, feeling her up.

"Vow!" Turning her upside down, filled her cunt with his stiff huge dick,

"Vow!" Horny was ready to explode being that filled up, Hardy feeling disturbed by the mechanism, pulled the vibrating toy out, coming into her with a great force a la' sperm, an ice cream. "I want you in my ass" she kept on whizzing.

"You are a fucking useless bitch!" the neighbor from upstairs was screaming at his unusually quiet wife, she was possibly too drunk to be the lead. Horny, in the bathroom, could hear them perfectly well. She was going to make herself come, she was hoping, Hardy was not going to open the door or hear her, she just had to do it. Her right hand's fingers were loud smacking in her anus, as deep they had reached, her left palm was on the outside of her fluffy fat, swollen puss, she moved both hands very fast, the walls of the rectum were most physical and hard, she could see the color with her palm, it was colorful, meaty, revolting, sense of the freedom, and love; she loved him madly big, as she came.

"Horny!" Someone was calling her. "Horny!"

She looked back, the whole walk towards the movie house, was under the masturbation's final and the love act - spell. She held into Hardy's arm trading her freedom mark, perfectly uncontrolled. She could not focus yet, another stranger. The fat, old guy with bad teeth and thin hair was facing her smiling. She had to do a huge jump to say..."Mat???" God damned it was he, the same guy who made Viviane stand outside of her door, and ring the bell. Yes, she knew him, yes, she had some physical contact with him in the past - and what was the past? And also he a child of fame; luckily she was never in love to him, she could ball the situation with a few of verbal jokes. Win the presence. Yet, she knew she has to get out of this place, fast. Fast enough. The hydra had its beastly qualities and Horny had got a warning. The past. Mat was walking together with Juk's wife. Juk left the town, due to one of his jobs. Mat was extremely handsome before and he was nice now too, it was only the first look, the first shock, the time or something...

"Do you drink young girl's blood, Horny, that you are not aging?" her first ex-husband asked her, somehow proud. She was truly grateful to him that this time he did not speak of the past. He invited Hardy and Horny for the Gouloises; it was at the time, H&H were penniless.

"If you want, I have a rubber, in my wallet" Hardy said to Horny, it was the serious matter, it was the first time. Horny would not delay it. Horny would not stretch her arm away from him into an unknown direction. More, Horny would not put anything

between him and her. Horny would not let the fear or percussion to appear. And the most, what ever had happened to him, was going to happened to her, at this point she was dramatic, leaning over a spectacular wound in the middle of his belly and whispered "No" At that instant he was inside her. His cock drawn in her, sunk in her as only pure magic arises. The wound she marked and obeyed proved to be a non-threatening allergy.

"Where did you find him? Stick to him, Horny! He is a great guy!" Jack said, Jack was drunk, he showed them his movie about Artoud, and he watched Horny's "Super Ego" and "Angel", made by her and Hardy. Their movie and the finishing bottle of Whisky made him ecstatic. Hardy looked at the bottle with the eyes of the sinking man, he was pale, and his eyes white - if you know what I mean.

"Hardy saw me at the cafe', outside my home and he fall in love, he went there everyday until I was his" proudly said Horny. "He had fixed it, to simply get you, get your love, he fixed what I could never do, I also want to make movies like his, he is free! Juk can go and suck his dick, if he have not liked your stuff! I love you both! I'm drunk" Jack confessed, sitting at the edge of his bed, caressing his belly - he was inviting them for the supper and tea, he paid their taxi home, at this point Hardy and Horny did not represent any cash.

Horny started the door knocking, to borrow sugar, to borrow change, to buy milk. "Can you borrow me 20zl, I had open my own company, I had to pay the formularies and stamps?" At last one person could do it, it was the chap who repaired their geezer and had his workshop in the same yard; he also went to school with Horny. Every average middle aged, chap in the area seemed to have gone to the school with her. "We are so fucking proud of you, babe! The young chicks can go & hide when you walk by! You are endlessly our pride!" an Alco from upstairs was romanticizing, he was on his fourth, extra strong beer this morning, unfortunately Hardy did not share their opinion, Hardy certainly did not share their opinion, the way he looked at her, touched her and plaid her flesh was slowly making her paranoid, Horny was going to credit breakfast - milk, juice and sweet bread. Her favorite, most generous seller was on holidays, so no credit, and more - this season. Milo was going to rent their apartment, his mother was going to pay for it, H&H's time in Warsaw came to its end. So, no wedding, no baby, no promises, no piercing, no stripping, no dancing, no filming, no publishing, no shopping, no drugs, no great profit - but life! Or what ever you'll name this, what was happening to them.

After the first intercourse with Hardy, Horny was done. She was caught. Actually she was caught in the first dance, the first kiss, the first glance into his eyes. The first time he, unseen, saw her move. Hardy's love. The fascination.

"When I'm not drinking, I'm becoming a sexual maniac" said Hardy to Horny, fixing her palm into his pants "wrote Horny" said Hardy teasing her, Horny's eyes filled with tears. "I did not mean to hurt you" he said. "But nothing hides from your big

third eye" he added. She set on the couch quite motionless. She had nothing to say. Or perhaps she waited for him to come with a line.

"I never wrote the diary, when I should had done that. When it would had been normal. What did I do with my life then? Am I trying to put the importance, the quality of the written words, or am I searching and in that case what? The meaning of the meaningless? And why other people kiss each other on the street and we - don't? And why do I have such a distance to everything? What's wrong with me?" Horny asked herself walking towards Bebe's house.

Bebe landed her 100zl, and bought Hardy's favorite fruit-cake. It was Sunday, they were going to visit Wanda at the hospital, Horny needed money to get there and to buy a big box of chocolate, which was Mary's gift and they had eaten the full box last Sunday. Every Sunday had to have its sweetness.

"I'm lonely. The country is like a pregnant woman" wrote, Jack in his dairy for twenty years ago, he still works on it. Still childless and wifeless wireless and bookless and booklets.

Horny looks through the window, trying to wake up a bit faster, today, drinking a strong black tea, she's got to hurry. A young girl is coming out of the fancy clothes store opposite side of the street. The girl is smashingly classically beautiful, extremely tall, although wearing very high heeled shoes, long quite broad black, velvet trousers pointing out her tender hips and long legs, black tight well fitted blouse over two hard beauties - the breasts, she is blond, with soft shoulder long hair, thick soft satisfied mouth in pearl pink in a perfect doll face. The girl is holding her open palm, on the butt of her man - walking him off, he is a very pretty blond happy Toy Kid, colorfully dressed, to his chest and belly is attached, a baby in the holder.

"So?" asks Horny.

"To afford this gesture one has to be 20cm taller & 20 years younger" Horny says.

"Common, Horny aren't you out of proportion, today?" asks Horny.

"Yeah, sure I am" She says.

"It sucks and I have a bizarre feeling of talking to myself some shitty truth, vow!"

"Give me some more of this vulgar look, you can do it, the opposite to a virgin" says Tomek smiling at her.

"OK, great! Bent over. OK. More, even more. Perfect!" he continues taking the shots. She thinks of Hardy, what is she for him? Who? He just told her "I'm a free man!" He looked as he was going to squeeze her with his thumb, and leave her in the middle of the street; Hardy left her in the middle of the street. She can't get ready with a question. Doesn't she dare? The sun is shining although the clouds are gathering. The weather changes drive her explosive. Tomek Sikora says, "Do a camel mouth"

Milo takes back his 1200US dollars, they are quitting the rental agreement. They are - all, broke again and not done with the business. They met Adalbert, Horny's little brother; his life is in a perfect order - A new wife, a baby on the way and a new big car. Big car, it's a characteristic expression for Poland, a big car means, not a small car. A small car, means, a shit car, an old East German car - a soap box; the remains of the time of the communism and PRL./Polish People Republic/ Horny bumps into a pretty absurd situation, also pretty Polish. While arranging the practical paper stuff, getting her birth certificate, comes out she is still married to her first husband.

"Over the mountains, over the woods, danced little Horny with the fools!" sings Frankenstein Alco for her, his voice is surprisingly clean, the moon is covered with a thick coat of clouds again, after two days of heat, and the night streets empty again. Hardy stares after one more young-lady-waitress, one more tall-lady-guest, one more by passer - one more slim-long-legged-lady-whatever, with a cracking eye, he wants a quality-love, Horny can't handle it anymore, the way Hardy looks at her - Horny. She can't move, walk or breathe. The Gypsy woman sits begging outside of the Writers House, on Krakowskie Przedmiescie, the baby she holds on her knees, sits up, stands up, wearing a knitted, dirty white baby-hat, is about four years old boy, bands the arm, squeezing it with satisfaction watching the biceps. There is hope for the humanity. The strengths. "You should practice yoga breathing, during fucking with me, Horny", says to her Hardy. There is still the hope for the human being. The air. "But don't bother this was anyhow the best blow job I got during last ten years" he adds, changing also the word "fuck" to "love", seeing her miserable cry, expression. If he knew, what was her practice... What kind of a vision he had chased away just by the talk. Horny was innocent only on the outside. Did it matter? The illusions.

"Hardy is fucking, incredibly handsome!" stated Adalbert, Horny's little brother. His car broke and they all had to postpone the trip to his summerhouse in the country. Hardy and Horny borrowed his and Jo's, his wife's bicycles for a half-hour ride, Horny borrowed another 100zł from Bebe. Bebe was happy. Horny at last done it - Taddy's poetry book is coming out in the autumn. For her own book, Mrs. Sylvia B. advised her to get in touch with Play Boy, with a chef editor Mr. Tomasz Raczka, he supposes to be a smart fellow. Horny did all the necessary moves regarding an opening of her new company, she can publish her books herself. She is quite fed up taking it around, getting valued and turned down. She looked through a fashionable clothes store, an expensive teenage cloth, she would love to have at least seven pieces from there, a skirt, a coat, a blouse, a dress, a jacket, a top, a bathing suit in a plastic look alike golden lizard skin; it would compose upon her buttocks, the crack and the tiny pink butt hole, buttonhole. She arranged the opening of the telephone at their apartment, a simple thing but in Warsaw, next to impossible. Horny is buying a very cheap sharp pink pullover, she hates to recognize herself as the woman buying on the sale. The bluff.

"Have you seen Ambassador?" Marek asks Horny.

"What's the name of the other one, the tall strange new fellow with a crushed face?" she asks.

"Sapper"

"I saw them both sleeping outside" she says and she adds "the water pipes broke again and the shop under my apartment is ruined, an older woman owning the store was fucking pissed angry at me, she is going to sew me, and I was just a foreign slat - she wrote about me to the Mayer, she said"

"Don't bother, she is a plain Alco, her office room, is right besides the alcohol stand in the store, & guess why? She won't do anything. She can't" encouraged her Marek who did not drink a single drop since the New Year Night of 97. Great success indeed. Hardy finished his three months probation, only a half of Marek's but as successful. There is still the hope for the humanity and we had landed on Mars last night. Hardy took Horny into his arms into a few of Tango steps, leading her from the corridor into the living room. Horny changed their future baby name from Angel, to Hope. "Such a beautiful name, and I mean the sound, not the meaning" she repeated to herself. She had spoiled his photo pictures of herself wearing a sharp pink top, a light pink plastic jacket, a black jeans, a sharp green Plato sandals, green toe nails and driving bright yellow bicycle, just because.

"I have a son too" said Hardy to Adalbert, with 23 seconds of delay, since Horny angrily thought "now, he is going to fucking say it, again" She was so obviously ready for the hurting shot. She shut her eyes. Possibly Hardy was tough with her female side of being, stretching the time of expecting far beyond a normality of nine months.

Sixteen years old Lucrezius went for his summer holidays to Crete, only with his friend, Horny did not managed to get the money to go with him. The life anyhow finds its best way. Just because. Hardy doesn't think she could carry his daughter or son. Hardy doesn't think they two and the world deserve a great continuation. Hardy doesn't think of her that way, anymore. Hardy doesn't think of himself that way. Hardy has time, an eternity; an entire New World coming up. Horny does not believe such bluff; Horny loves this world and this life. This time Ambassador was extremely drunk, it was a noon and he was wearing a strawberry's suit. He stood across her way on the staircase a fucking long time, doing his particular sound with the teeth; trying to scare her and amuse her - it worked. He refused to let her pass by. With drunken horse steps he moved on along the staircase, the bird had shited green on the back of his strawberry suit with a long thick, white & Caledonia-green patch. Horny went down and arranged the credit in the new store and in a newspaper kiosk. Horny hoped, she could absolutely borrow a money from Adalbert, for to get back home.

"I'm on minus in my bank, all I could do, it would have been to feel up your refrigerator for 50zł, Horny" he said. At last he could not even do that. Horny bought sweets on the credit as well, she felt she was going to crack down if she did not get the juice and a big portion of chocolates. Hardy was not glad.

"I'm hungry and you come home with sweets, Horny!" he was pitting himself. Horny at last got all the necessary papers from her first husband, to legalize their divorce,

by the same occasion she got from him 5zl and could buy cigarettes for Hardy and cherries for herself. Horny was typing Taddy's poetry night after night since four days, it felt great, he was simply around and they both had so much uncommon. She applied at the Cultural Ministry for the donation for his book publishing; everything she was able to do by herself was making it cheaper, and she was passionate about the project. She slept little, it was important to type as much as possible, before she would leave and she was certain they were going to leave very soon. Hardy's Polish visa was finishing. Every day Jola was bringing at least two new clients, which at last might be renting their apartment. Ambassador stood obviously on her way, she was almost about to wonder "how comes he is always here, whenever I'm leaving the house?"

He depend his extremely drunk snout into her tempting boobies, elegantly embraced into Bebe's elegant dress; Horny was going to Play Boy for the final cut. "Were they going to have her book or not?" Hardy who was making her company and possibly effected by the moon getting full, and effected by the kind of the deed he envied, was moody - did not speak to her and crashed her dark pink umbrella into the bus window. The bus driver was not intending to stop and they were going to be late. They were late. The street emptied as in the dream, with a touch of the wand. No cars in vicinity, and the air stood alert but completely still. Clinton's cortege' driven by slowly in the number of the sixteen limousine's fronted and backed by enormous amount of toy-police on motorbikes. He himself waved to a small crowd, in which Horny awaited the next bus, she was eating cherries and did not wave back, did not realize quick enough whose face she just had seen - Bill's, as he peered right into her eyes. Sapper got fucking pissed drunk and rumbled among a crowd of few thousand Poles gathered celebrating Bill Clinton and Poland's entry into NATO. Floods of the water drenched big part of the country, 23 people were already dead - our Bangladesh.

Already on Freta Street started the rhapsody of the poor. If they were not actresses they were creatures not from this world. The woman was extremely tiny, extremely old, her face invisible, head covered with a chief and band down, a great thick coat hiding her body, a thin palm sticking out, showing the lines not covered yet by coins. The summery elegant crowd seems not to take any notice on the beggar, standing at the gate of St. Jack's church. The next woman shook, lied outside St. John's, literally creeping on her three, with a palm stretched out, dressed exactly the same as the first one, and as old. Third woman, looking as the two before laid on her side inside the Barbican. The summer was glorious and the small crowd of hippies sitting on the Maureen, singing and playing the guitars. Singing for Warsaw the song of Warsaw, the Rhapsody of the poor. The Rhapsody of the rich. The two continuing blow jobs, Horny gave to her Hardy, on his request, had a trace of an obsession: every time he within the passion put his hands on her years and ears, she had extremely hard to keep herself from laugh. She was quitting herself, her credo "Do you know why girls have ears? For the better blow job"

"So, you are Wieniawa's grand daughter!" shouted Jacky-Jacky "it explains everything! The scandalosa! The nymphet! A bimbossa! Lolita, Lomita forever! Polish Henry Miller! Vow, vow, vow! Vow!!!" Jacky-Jacky shouted enthusiastic, Horny was clearly flattered. Jacky-Jacky was visiting for the first time. Hardy had sex with his Horny under the sleep, she had hard to hang with, he had difficult to remember the fact. He gave her one more go, spreading her down in the sheets, bathed in the sun light of the pleasure, playing the surface of her skin. His coming was deep and true and possibly turned her on. Jacky-Jacky was a poet a translator a Zen leader and a journalist working for Time. His father was a famous diplomat, now desisted. His brother was in Hollywood, lived in Hollywood, worked in Hollywood; his brother was Horny's ex lover.

"Too much life, too little art, I couldn't do anything with your films" said Jack, returning Horny's movies and landing her 30zł; he was working for TV. She gave him a kiss as always at his lips making him look like a true Oscar, The Wilde. Hardy, disgusted at the purple print sated in the middle of Jacek's thin graying beard, decided not to let her kiss himself. They were going to leave the town at last, the apartment was rented to someone who knew Lucrezia's first husband, Hardy made a scene at the bank, he was pulling Horny's elegant dress apart shouting at her, yuppie guys in there thought she was a goodie piece; Hardy was heavily frustrated over his reality.

"What was in her, he did not like?"

"Why did he instruct her all the time?"

"Why did he look at her that way? And how did he really look at her?"

Horny made the last shopping, a raspberry pink jacket for him and a huge intense yellow traveling bag on wheels, for herself. She put her pink warned out hand bag down on the gutter and dig in it, for at least 10zł, as soon as she got a sight of her small Gypsy boy playing the accordion again.

"Our children are drowning, when you support the sluts!" the Polish mom walking her cheerful babe in the buggy, screamed at her, shouted at her together with the other by passers, all of them women. The young musician cleared off giving her unforgettable flesh of the smile. The Universe. It was definitely the time to leave. The money they cashed at the bank, started to disappear absolutely too fast.

"I never want to have anything to do with you!" Milo shouted at Horny, who welcomed him, wearing a pair of black stockings and white waste short fur, although he got back every single dime, she owed him. The power of the money was next to uncontrolled. The way back was hilarious. They got stuck everywhere, and it cost cash, a hotel in Gdansk, a hotel in Halmstadt, new train tickets, and all the simple Hardy needs. Bleeding Horny looked at him with rage. She was determinant to fulfil her promise - bring Lucrezius the cash. 10 000skr price for getting into a high school; it was 1300USD. They were back home, broke again, the urge of getting here vanished as it was done and to Hardy it did not mean anything. "I'm not angry with you, Horny, but you are in the cross fire" stated Hardy for whom coming back, where he wanted to, was a great disappointment. Of course. To achieve, will never be equal with to want. They were both hurt, they gave up sex.. At least four days.

Hardy kept the illusion up, by flashing his soft dick at her, standing or laying nude in the bed - especially at the hotel rooms - it did not do, she was not willing. Incomparable with a happy bride, watched by them at the first hotel, being carried over the threshold and classic dismantled of her long white bird's dress. Wow!

"The way you look at me, makes me feel - my life has no value" stated Horny classic dumb. The town was not pleased, the people starred at them with distaste. Horny's dreams were bizarre, Horny's thoughts were bizarre, Horny's vision's were strange, distasteful. Although Lucrezius was pretty, Lucrezia was sweet and her kids tremendous, Ora and Eli were at the posts as well. They were back and Hardy was pissed badly. They passed their cafe, the cafe that laid their very first stone, their bed, the puzzle. Evil.

"Would you like a cup of coffee with me?" she asked his question. They laughed and did not kiss.

"No" he answered.

"People in this town have a tendency to feel bitterly used by you two" Ora pointed smart.

"No one seem to like it, that we come and go as we please" Horny pointed, even smarter. Gothole...

"Listen, I don't want your stuff left at my studio! Do you understand?" Stella was clear. Ex forbids Lucrezius, to let his mom, to leave any of her luggage in his room. Horny owed money to that many pal that there was possibly none left to ask - in case. Lucrezius intended to hide her begs under his bed. "I'll find it, I throw it out through the window" Ex was sure and she was sure he was not kidding. She had to leave her laptop in a safe place. There was no safe place...

"Your work, it is all about sex, isn't it? What do you actually think of sex? What means sex to you? The movie I saw, with you and Hardy, is like any home video others do" Kerstin had many questions, Kerstin had shiny eyes, Horny had no wish to speak on the matter, although they were both deeply touched, haven't seen each other since years.

"Where had you been all this time?" asked her someone, she could not remember the name of.

"Hardy, don't" Horny said, she was infected by his mood "you gave me such a horrible name of the tardy in your new book, I'm not interested, I'm never going to read this shit! Never!" she said determinant, thinking "himself, he gave at least a snobby French name, and me some kind of the Slavic, sick swan slave dry cunt! Fuck! He values me not. Not as, the woman of his life anyway" she didn't obviously know, Laeticia was a famous French!

"Don't tell me more. It makes me feel sick" pointed Charisma, who was always on her pal's female side. Horny and Charisma stood parted by a fence from the party crowd. Conny brought them inside.

"Your book is perverted" he informed her but he seemed to be happy about it; he had said it to everyone he introduced her to. Both girls gave them the entire grin. The music was loud, techno, black. A black guy with a face like a balloon was spitting into the faces "where do you live?" he asked Horny.

"I don't know", she said drying her face of his saliva with a tissue.

"Common!" he said hurt, she was forced to answer his question.

"I live a little bit in New York, a little bit here, and a little bit in Warsaw" she said.

"You are kidding! You are kidding me! If you lived in New York you wouldn't come to that hole here! What for, should you come to such a tiny dark hole?"

The guy's laugh was nervous-quick.

"Where are you from?" he asked Charisma.

"Oslo" she said.

"Ha, ha, ha, if you were Norwegian, you would live there, not here, there is much more money there! You are both kidding me! Ha ha! I want to have a funky time with you guys! I like you guys!" His conversation sucked and he was still spitting through his teeth.

"No" Horny said, she was Slavic. She was simple and clear.

"No shit! You are kidding me!" Charisma said, proving a Nordic cool sense of humor.

"Wait, here, we are only going to powder the noses, before..." two girl escaped his spitting.

"Horny, how does it feel, not to have a home, to be free?" Charisma asked, thrilled by her fresh look, new hair-do an old, but new looking white dress, shining eyes.

"Just fine!" lied Horny, flashing the smile and twinkling her eyes.

"Do you know, what?!" asked her Hardy, all of the sudden with an excitement.

"Vow! He is going to ask me, to be his wife and have his baby!" Horny sensed, leaning with her head against his nude chest.

"The pills, which Wita offered to me, in Warsaw are the worst kind, the most addictive stuff, you can have! The people, who are trying to get off them, they often end up with a suicide!" Hardy said. Horny closed her eyes, she understood, he was in his world of past.

"Where was she?"

"I'm so fed up, with a fact, that I don't even suppose to kiss you goodbye" Horny was all-stiff.

"Well, you are standing on my feet" explained Hardy, naively expecting it was the truth, and he was going to visit his mom.

"I would like to have one more child", said, Ora, summing it all, Nasstasja, Lucrezia's daughter was an extreme tempting bait. "Horny, you should definitely have a baby with Hardy, it would suit" she said.

"Well, than I have to hurry up" Horny said, shining and smiling.

"Do it now! You would like that, I can see it!" Ora got heavily enthusiastic.

"We have been discussing it back and forth, and we can't make a decision" Horny lied "one has to feel like stopping some place for a while, and we did not find the spot yet. Or other wise one must have much more money and besides I want to do my movie" Horny explained.

"I don't understand what you talk about" Ora was certainly too smart, this sunny day. Horny let the thoughts disappear, she did not want to understand.

"Your book, you write nice, but I don't get, what it is about" Lucrezia said, looking at Horny, her mom.

There was a risk Poland was going to be completely broke. The flood did not stop, it kept on progressing, the rain kept on pouring down day and night constantly. It was too late for the miracle. Animals' corpses floated the overflows, and rushed down with enormous masses of black hell, the water. Catastrophe was expected, water was poisoned by rotting carcasses of the cattle, pigs, cats, dogs, snakes, wolfs, young birds, people, brides, chemicals, petrol, gas, oil and anything. The Baltic Sea was expected to die. Within few days the sick dirt was going to spat the Fritz load of death into the ocean. Up to yesterday 72 000 people lost their homes and 4 500 000 people were evacuated and 4000 sq. kilometer of a land had drawn. The existence. The apocalypse. The hell. Where was the heaven? No longer above? How long? What could love, had done and did not do? Horny moved on, into her most popular, most easy way of masturbation, she unscrewed the shower and slashed her pink clit with a strong stream of the water, came accepting the pulls of the waves of her own purple body, no exact emotion, except the color. She wouldn't care the less. Hardy phoned her at evenings, afterwards she went out to the bar, or dancing, or staid home, she wouldn't care the less. Days, spent at the ocean's side, she wouldn't care the less.

"Horny I enjoy reading you, more then I would enjoy Kerouack" told her Helena, Horny wouldn't care the less. Zuzie was a wonderful, sensitive woman, a mother to five kids. Chris left her after many years of the marriage. After crying two months through, Zuzie at last left her bastion, her house. Zuzie started exploring long forgotten life. Zuzie set at the bar, in the dim of the full moon, had crimson painted lips and nails, ivory black hair. She swept her hair over her head in the wrong direction giving her face unusual romantic look. "For the first time in my life I started to sing. During last month, I have written twelve songs!" she said, her eyes were fluorescent green. The life was at last a toy. A proper seven-color rainbow rose over a breathing surface of the sea, above, which Horny was gliding forth.

"It is now, I'm living my life, so much on my own within my heart, and so limitless" Horny realized watching the dark red cooking sun before the sun set. She was aware, she set fixed at one spot, but she felt as she was spread all over.

Chapter 13

"I left five men for Hardy" says Horny.

Horny was a jealous chick, but she has hidden it well - she thought. There was a lie inside her, the lie or a clew, she did not want to deal with, yet. For example no one understood, why such a shy woman like Jolly could have possibly masturbate openly on the screen. They supposed, the mother could had. suppress her femininity and she was forced to a conclusion. Hardly - Horny simply liked MTV, she loved the pretty reviling girls, she loved the other newspaper spreads, she loved her mirror reflection, she simply wanted to be with all the kitsch, she was absolutely not against it; she could not stand being left outside. She liked to do what she liked to do. Horny was never suppressed, she always did as she wanted. If she did not do more, was because she did not want. Period. Horny never waited to be discovered. It was her job. Horny discovered herself. Period. She still did not go the whole way through. She was curious herself, where did it lead? Question mark. Might be nowhere. "Horny, you have a golden old soul" was her second husband's clew, what did not prevent him from sacrificing his spouse, what to her believe she was far too attached to her earthly beauty, her earthly peal to get on with her old soul; she deal with the soul NOW, and there she got through her physics, pain, passion.

"My work?" "Are you asking me, why I'm without shame?" "My work, it is how, I look upon myself - not you" "The creation is the most intimate" "My creation is the most intimate" "All is just cool, so don't you worry..." "Of course, I don't have a distance to myself and if I had, I would have been a sick bitch!" Horny continued her monologue. "I'm going to describe all kind of Horny's jealousies, phobias. Later on. Possibly" "I know, cause it is I who's Horny."

"I'm going to cut your nose off!" said Horny's second husband "I'm going to cut it off!" He holed the tip of her nose between his, pressed together fingers, looking around for the knife. They stood on the opposite sides of the bar. She knew he wasn't kidding. She knew he found it amusing and the only missing item was the knife. She took no chances, she threw herself rapidly backwards, running towards the door. Stella was across her way, and he right, behind. They both caught her, throwing her into the floor. "Fuck you, Horny, you would like to escape! Escape the town! We'll see how shall it go!" Stella gave her a kick against the hip, while the husband molested her face and chest. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, yes! Nick Cave is your friend! Ha! Ha! Ha! You are not aiming low!" Stella gave her two kicks in the head. Horny covered her face with both palms, kicking federally with her legs up. Stella had a par of a new Dr. Martins. Horny had her high hill spikes. The battle was quite even, she had both of them against herself but she did not seem hurt and did not stop kicking upwards. The husband suddenly cleared up, helping her to stand up. Stella hanged in her hair. Horny started screaming, jamming Stella's face. The clash was over, fast as it had started. The husband seemed not to remember the last couple of minutes, did not understand the situation. "Please, leave" he, calmly spoke to Stella, not found of the incident between the girls. "Fucking, go now!!!" Horny yelled for full lungs. Stella left the bar crying set outsized crying. Her only deed to start with, was that she offered him some speed and had flirted him, what Horny quoted wise "You, loner girl,

can't ever effort own guy, but have to use mine! Mine! Do you fucking understand, what am I saying?! Mine!!!" Now, Horny packed her video cassettes, unplugged the player, put her coat on, took the player into her arms, drunk-balancing picked her husband, leaving the place. She was fully concentrated, not to drop the expensive video machine, she has rented for this night - she had a video screening and a concert of her band. Stella set outside on the gutter, crying. The couple shut the door and leaving her behind, rocked away. The morning was gray, silver, horrible. People were on their way to work and street was cool. Horny still carrying the player tried to catch the taxi or any car. It would not do. She sort of faced a stranger after the stranger, while her feet re-plaid the gutter in minimal circles.

"Mike!" Horny was weeping into the phone. Mike was at the hotel in London, tried to cool her down, constantly repeating "Horny, it will all clear up" Horny woke up with a terrible head ache, she did not move in the bed, her face was all blue and her head seemed to crack apart. She looked around the room. Her husband was sleeping on the floor, next to the bed. This morning Ora gave birth to a little boy and Charisma was there, with her. The greatest dawn. For Stella this very day was going to be one of the last days of a freedom. Everything went very fast, everything went really nuts. Stella was involved in a smuggling affair and got caught, crossing a border with a car. Horny staid in bed for the next couple of days, possibly playing "Mercy Sit" all the time. She could not admit, she has fall in love, to a person - or to a song? Her visa for England arrived, with a three weeks of a delay. The birthday party she was invited for was over.

Horny walked around like a tiger in the cage. This was no secret, she had incredible difficulties to be alone, inside the house. She kept on walking. Walking from room to room, gathering fragments of her thinking. Lucrezia left with her kids for few dais's holidays. The following day, Horny and Lucrezius will be going to Stockholm, she hasn't been there since a half year; Hardy shall join them on the train - she did not see him since a week. She tried to imagine her future; she could not. She felt sick after a half glass of a white wine, she drunk, and after calamares, she ate. She felt sick of the company, drunken ex-second husband, and drunk and screaming of excitement Ora. Horny felt sick after a cigarette. She had talked to Erland on the phone, they decided to pick up the band; she longed for playing again. She is going to take all her stuff with, on the train to Stockholm, she feels as she is going to move the mountains. She has turned a capricious bride.

"I owe you 5 bucks, so if you want you can have my book, instead" Horny proposed, Ora "No" negated Ora. "Why not, you speak so much about my old book, I would be pleased to discuss the new one" flattered, her Horny. "No, I prefer 5 bucks" Ora stated. "As you wish", said Horny opening her purse. She sold two books to Otto, one to Susana, two to the bookstore and one to store Dolores. She met Mike, whom she did not recognize at first, walking with her book, paging in it. "I just bought your book" he announced. The last time she has bumped to him was more then a half year

ago. "It's nothing for us" stated Aniana bookstore manager, after three months, consideration, looking at her - bad.

Horny was amazed by the size and the color of Stella's nipples. Stella got, long awaited daughter. The baby was very sweet. She also gained a perfectly steady husband, already years ago. In fact, Horny and Hardy had been to their wedding at Stella's atelier, Hardy smashed some records down and got kicked out from the party. They continued in the staircase and in the yard. They had fun. It was the first wedding, she had been to with Hardy, their love was new. They had been through two months long great love, great sex adventure. Now, Stella had a fabulous apartment.

Peter Sempel also attend the wedding, Horny brought him along, as he was staying at her house, he had a screening in the local cinema, Sempel was a great fan of Cave, Hagen and Bargeld.

At Zbig's, Horny heard Nick s p e a k - for the first time - on Giorno's record, a spider story, the spider in the coop. She could not get read of his voice and even more, of what he had said. What he had said to her. She was within the coop. Horny decided to invite Nick for the festival, she was arranging. She phoned Lydia, Lydia called another girl and got hold of his actual telephone number. Horny called London, Horny called Nick. He was quite ill. He liked her voice as much, as she liked his. He came. They met in the corridor, he thought - the girl, looked cool; more - the girl looked great. Horny was fucking stressed, Horny was responsible for everything this day and Mike did not show up, as agreed. Horny drunk vodka out of Blixa's bottle. Both, Blixa and Nick were dreadfully elegant. Perfectly dressed, perfectly done, perfectly composed. Nick picked Helena for the playmate, they were going to Cafe Opera, Blixa asked her company, Horny refused to follow. She felt responsible for the group, she was leading, she would not go without all of them, Cafe Opera was too expensive and besides they were not done at the place. Wearing Stella's remarkable dress, Horny was unable to look farther, then the tip of her own nose, the rim of her butt. Of course they were great on stage, but that's what artists are for. It was only the following morning, she had fall in love to Cave - in person, at the most ridiculous moment of parting. Stockholm's airport. No flight for the little Horny-girl. "Don't come to London, come to Brazil, to my concert" suggested Nick. Horny did not go. "Charisma, I had forgotten to take on, my underwear, shit!" Horny sward, they both were taking Rollins to the airport. The last night she had smoked a smashing joint with Mike, it was so fucking strong, he already left the room, she set there alone, she saw - he remain in the chair. The festival was finished. She and Zbig beat each other, it was the first time she included drugs in the artist's riders. She was exhausted. Everyone wanted drugs and they were all jealous at each other, and there were definitely not enough drugs. Now, she was sitting behind Rollins, squeezing together her own thighs, it started to smell, she was wearing a plastic skirt, she had no time to shower. Rollins was extremely stressed, they were very late and he was

going to miss his plain. He was opening his swatch, time after time; it had a characteristic dry gliding sound.

"craaaackssshhh! craaaackssshhh! craaaackssshhh!" Charisma was an excellent driver. Also in the morning mesh. The traffic was thick. They arrived at the airport at the very last moment, yet they arrived. Rollins boarded for Frankfurt. Horny was not going to take Diamanda to the airport, she let it, to someone else. Diamanda was the tiresome Diva. Diamanda wished for the white limousine among the other things; Diamanda consumed only white meat, Diamanda loved cranberry juice, she liked only a certain kind of cheese, Diamanda brought Horny's financial balance to minus 40 000 US dollars. Diamanda liked Horny's outfit. Diamanda demanded to stay at another hotel, exclusively with her crew apart from all the guests. "They were all my lovers" she pointed for John at Blix, Nick and Rollins. John loved the event and everybody loved John. John would not care to be Diamanda's lover, John was gay. Diamanda's menagerie left, without paying his phone bill on 700US dollars, the group was at the beginning of the hard tour. Of course Diamanda's concert was superb. The Diva was worth the price. The Prize.

"Mom is dead! Mom is dead!" Lukrezius was bicycling around Horny lying on the floor in the elegant foyer of the Warsaw, Old Town's restaurant. "Where is my son and my husband?" Horny screamed waking up in the corridor of the hospital, she recognized the type of the iron white bed and the type of the white night dress, she was wearing. She was in the hospital before. She got a feeling they were in a car crash. "They are fine, don't worry, they are at home, you only had a slight brain concussion" the doctor explained to her. She passed out again "I'm afraid it was me who knock you out" Her second husband was picking her up from the hospital, bringing back the details of the last night's celebration. Horny remembered the dinner, the table completely covered up like a sea, with empty vodka glasses, literally hundreds of them. They were, six people for the party, they drunk ate, quarreled. Horny recorded the evening. Horny quarreled with Bebe, about Taddy, she had quarreled with Bebe's friend about Viviane, she cried. Every one could have punched her and should have punched her, she was terrible, all in one drunk go. The last thing, she remembered was an appearing reflection in a huge crystal mirror. "We looked incredibly handsome, in it" she said to her husband. He punched Bebe's pal, he was certain she stole his tape recorder. It was possibly when Horny got in-between two of them, he punched her. She is lying in the corner of the bathroom, covering her head with hands, arms, palms, as good she can. She had promised the doctor to stay still and not leave the bed. They had been out, he got hilariously drunk again, he started beating her as soon they came back home.

"Pa is dead! Pa is dead!" Lucrezius is shouting without any visible pity in his voice. Horny is driving him in the buggy, around the Old Town Square, where her second husband, falls down and rises up approximately 8 times per minute; he had forced her to follow him out, it's about 5:30 in the morning, the air is painfully clear and sharp. Her life is a clear catastrophe. There is a truck delivering food, dangerously driving towards them, across the square. The picture she sees gives an impression,

she is deep into the ground; she sees everything starts up on the gutter, as she would look through a cam corridor, cam laying flat on the ground.

She had talked to Nick on the phone, after his London concerts and he had sent her a parcel including his latest record, a poetry book and a letter. Waking up at Mike's side after a great night she disclosed her latest secret. "Mike, I had fall in love to Nick" Fine, Mike gave up promoting her art, he was just about to start. She has phoned Nick in Paris, a girl picked up the phone, he sounded tired, he was sleeping. Fine...

"I had been w i t h Mike!" she was shouting against her husband face, he holed her toughly, moved swiftly for the knife, caught it and brought close to her face. Horny has taken her confession back. She jumped towards the kitchen window and jumped out to the yard; the knife, he threw at her hurt only her calf. She and Mike - earlier - left from the party, spacious drunk. The gutter, glittered heavy dark green mould, they run in the pouring rain couple of blocks, climbed over a high fancy, actually Horny threw herself over it like a cat, as she was far too drunk to climb. They entered the old empty house filled with magic, got upstairs, stripped nude, fucked on the floor. The following weekend Horny went with her husband to New York, for the first time, it's hard to say if they had a great time. Horny loved the city. Horny gave her last 100 bucks, to him for taking care of the crying East Village mouse, who got caught in the catcher under the bathtub. It was glued into a sticky stuff and half dissolved, and completely panicked and soon wasted. Then they went to Egypt, taking Lucrezius along, Lucrezia staid home, she was pregnant and this time she was going to keep he child...

Horny and Hardy were to the movies, they had seen Train Spotting, Horny run out of the cinema, quarreled with him, blasted with an energy which was going to bring her to parts, she run into the street and danced against the coming cars, feeling more and more transparent, imagined they were the bulls and she was a toreador. It was the flight of the freedom in the picture which blew her tranquilo Sunday mind, once again. The rain was wet in Warsaw.

"I have, between ten minutes to ten years of life" Anders told her. Horny phoned him, asking for the ride to the printer to pick next 100 of her latest book. "I'm not allowed to drive the car anymore", he said. It was all-together a horrible story, it was all together not a story at all, it was a dreadful reality. Anders was ill, there was something damaged in his brain. He had flushes, and he had severed head aches. There was no cure. He was Horny's best cameraman. "I'm your fan, I'm waiting for your career to turn great at last, you are the one who deserves" told her. "You are my partner, not my fan!" she protested. It was all very hopeless. Her new, future movie felt farther and farther away. Anders rebuild his cum corridor, he builder himself into it, an objective was placed a top of his forehead, with a viewer pressed against the eye and the body of the camera on Anders's back; he was a robe cum. The doctor

assured him, this had no influence on his state, the doctor was sure Anders was born with a defect. "You have to hurry, if you want to play yourself" Bill made her aware and alert about the money search, aware and alert, about the passing nature of time. Did she care? What did he mean? How could she be unable playing herself only because she was aging? Who suppose to do it? & What she suppose to do to become?

"I want my air pistol back" his father said to Lucrezius, and seeing the question in his eyes, added "I'm going to shoot the seagulls on the roof, they are disturbing me" Horny, Hardy and Lucrezius left for Stockholm, seen to the train by Charisma, Dora and Stella, all of them with their kids.

"I left five men for Hardy" Horny said "my husband, my lover, my boy friend, my son and my dog" She finished, she forgotten to mention her idol.

Hardy at last gave her a ring, it was their five years together and he gave her a small child ring, a ring you buy for a dime in an automata machine, a metal ring, with six blue petals of a flower and a center in red glass. Horny loved the ring. Hardy made love to her a lot of times, he really felt, they took a long break; he stacked a long tongue into her mouth, he sputa into her mouth, he stacked his finger in her anus, he stacked his huge prick in her vagina. He came, he repeated the sublime act of love again and again.

Horny's side love affair with Mike, was not every day frequent but lasted 1tenyears. It had two sides. For the first she loved him, for the second she would not survive without it. She was not just a cheater. She knew the price they all paid. He mostly seduced her, when she bleed, there was much of a vampire in Mike, a party screwier.

Horny was jealous. Horny was extremely baselessly stupidly horridly jealous. Her second husband's mother was dying, he supposed to travel to a hometown, to see her, together with his sister, about whom, Horny was very jealous, Horny was rude. "What kind of a bitch you are!" throwing Lucrezius out of his baby wagon into the street, the husband was shouting at her. The baby screamed, Horny screamed collecting Lucrezius in her arms. Horny was a bitch and she knew it.

Nick's photo pictures were on every wall of her room, she lit candle lights, forced second husband to rent a porno movie, tried him on, in dark, he rely got stressed, he had to go out to get something, what ever. She jerked off, it was the very first porno, she watched at home. He came back "I'm moving out!" he said. He came every day to fuck her in the bathroom, by the morning, after three days he was back, but would not take his coat off.

Nick stacked his tongue deep in her throat, she let her palms run through his stiff glued hair, felt as she caressed a precious bird, a Phoenix, sliding the hands, along his slim waste and his smooth, hard thighs. Certainly, was too slow to answer the kiss. Her second husband stood about three meters away, turned at them, with his

back. Horny and Nick intended to dance. She was already on her second year of the crash on him. It was not very good, and was not going to be. Horny made a swirl, within few days, left her house, got down to Athens, bumped straight on him. Kissed him. She was actually in her taxi, in front sit, driving up and he was in his band's van in the front sit driving down, the street was too narrow for two cars and the taxi insisted the priority; the cars stopped face to face. Horny staring in front, searching for Nick suddenly saw his face right in front. They both jumped out of the cars and kissed. It was a light kiss and Nick remained cleaning his lips of her carmine lipstick. Although seeming on the very straight line, Horny could have been the most ridicule in her love adventures. She rumbled round the town, staid at the same hotel, went to both of his concerts. She got the song, right there against three thousand youngsters and an ancient t h e a t r e scenery. "I don't want your love or money, I want your soul Horny!" He wore white boots and he was throwing himself to his knees, upon the stage, he disappeared with a midget, a bold shaved woman with a long nose and huge water blue eyes. An old receptionist and a young bartender at the hotel admired Horny. "Come, next time with your own band, Horny" the receptionist and the handsome bartender agreed. The bartender in the bar atop of the roof had a smashing theory, he indicate, he has crack her secret, if she was not a prostitute, she was certainly the spy. Athens was gorgeously hot that summer. A blue eyed scooter driver brought her around the city. She bought expensive, summer California shirts for her two-home boys, Lucrezius and his pa, took a vesper ride with a local beauty and flew back home. "I was in Germany, I had screenings" she admit. She was ruined, the flight was a regular price, much, the hotel was a regular price, much. Horny was not a prostitute and she was a very bad spy.

"I'm moving out", the second husband said, throwing the keys on the floor. JoJo lay on the couch, Mati sat in the easy chair, Horny set on the floor in front of them, they were all watching her latest movie, they were drunk. Horny was in love to her guitarist, JoJo was simply great, attraction lasted at least six weeks. They only had one screw, the very night, at her pal's place in the room filed up with her friends and her fans, hidden under transparent mosquito net.

"Flying the world round..." Blixia said, seeing Horny and Lucrezius at the age of ten, in his smashing California shirt, Horny neatly dressed in a white doltish fluff - her latest wedding dress - handing two huge bouquets of the very pretty tall "Nick" flowers. Roskilde concert has driven Lucrezius to a nervous brake down. "Why is he singing that?!!! He might not! This is Blixia's song!!!" Lucrezius shouted tear eyed and pretties much out of mind, at The Weeping Song, cried for full. Slashed his child tears and weeps entire song through beating his mom and kicking at the wall, with wrath and rage, trying to dash him to the ground. This time Nick would not see her... in person after the concert, he sent Blixia out, signing the tickets "Horny and son" Horny and Lucrezius left the festival right after Bad Seeds's concert, Horny lost her dress, her new Athens's belt and Taddy's silver brooch, with all the probability dropped into the toilet at the Tivoli amusement park. The deaths bed gift. They went straight to Stockholm, Ex's sisters husband had died; he fell off the roof.

The Mike-affair became intense again, she was driving herself nuts. She spent a lot of time with him and they had sex again, after break, she understood there was more memory in her fingers tips than in her mind, he was unavoidable, she had to love him, the surface of his skin was taking her, she was coming home laying in the dark, crying, floating through the room, Mike's future wife, forced him to move to, where she lived, she phoned every night when Horny was there, Horny's second husband drunk more again, to what was happening to her, Lucr asked her to kick him out, Horny was running after Mike. "You are going to be seventy and you are both going to keep on like that" Charisma was the only one, laughing. Horny flew to Stockholm, Mike has moved there.

"I have got a new boy friend!" hastily, whispered, Horny into Erland's ear, he was her base player. The base. That night, she did not meet Mike, she met Lily. Horny was in love, the guy was at last, nobodies husband, at least in the first look, or try. Was not a pop or a rock star, was not a musician at all. Was just a guy representing a dick power, and was brought to the same room, the same bed, the same night, by the pure coincidence. They were both Sophie's guests, at last she has doubled booked. Sophie was not happy about the fact. Sophie had not a personal interest in the guy, but was not enjoying that, right in her own bed. They staid in bed 4 days and nights, sometimes they moved into a bath tub, Horny got a giant, sever infection in her uterus, it did not stop her from coming back home. Lily was Berliner. "My missing wife is back!" shouted the husband and did not question her. "You are only coming home to rest" suspected at last. Horny continued all the way to Berlin, where from - Lucrezia fetched her after few weeks. The second time, Lucrezius and his pa fetched her in Copenhagen and brought her home. Horny left again, she left for Nick's concert, as she would have been a true melamine, Horny the girl. "If you leave this time, you have nothing to come back to" the second husband said, still he awaited her, she took a long time to return. She left by boat to Amsterdam, on which, all by coincidence she had met Mike, with whom she shared the bed and sex. Mike was drunk and pissed into the bed. "You should get a neat tattoo on your butt" the stranger said, Nick set on the next chair conversing a tall girl, who appeared to be his girlfriend or wife. Horny looked really fucked up and was pretty thin. Two weeks later she met Hardy.

Horny tried to get back to the boat going home, her cruise ticket was no longer valid, she decided to hitch hike. The first car took her to the fine fancy cars, field meeting, the next car from there, filled up with teenage boys filled up with cocaine, took her half way to Utrecht. The next car run by the Chinese, red district Mafia small boss took her the whole way to Utrecht. The Chinese fellow, after stuffing himself with coke, next taking a shower in his swell Panama, then sniffing again, then trying to stuff her & get her lied, understood, it was really something strange with her - she would not do it; he has taken her to the train station, paid her train ticket to Berlin. He had a class - he thought, he would not take her with force. "If you were so stupid to take my car, in the next you are getting killed" the chap said. Horny

was wearing extremely short dress, net stockings, boots, and a fox collar, carried a huge silver suitcase and huge cam corded bag. Horny arrived that spring, for the third time in the lovely town, Berlin. Horny who became popular had really, a good time, then an ex- girl of Lily showed up and drama was in full run. They both left for Copenhagen, but Horny understood that he did not mean suddenly, anything to her. Five days later Horny met Hardy. Horny came back home and discussed it all, all her deeds and doings, for the first time, with her second husband, she tried to make the statements and no promises. She had difficult, to put her hands on him, while she tortured him with the words of truth. She gave him the first ever blow job. Two days later Horny met Hardy. Horny hitchhiked with Lucrezia to the Swedish countryside and back, the following night she met Hardy.

"Do you mean, after twelve years, you can just walk away, with a guy you have seen at the cafe?" the second husband astonishment was complete. She could. Plus, that, he broke down "Please, don't. You can have everyone you want, but don't leave me, please" Horny did. There was no question of everyone, there was no question of him. It was the question of Hardy, her love.

In order to delay, but not postpone the definitions, Horny send Lucrezius with his pa for holidays. To delay the greatest news, so far it was only Hardy's pregnant ex-girl and Lucrezia and Mike and Erland and Hardy's ward, unwillingly let into it and Tom, Hardy's pal, but he did not believe the love was lasting; Hardy and Horny left the town, with Zbig for Amsterdam. "I'm taking you with me, you cant hang around here fucking and kissing in hide, I have a van, with a bed in the back and I have a big house in Amsterdam, you are going to have your own room"

The trip to Amsterdam, was just a kiss. The town was under it's spell too, and of course sex, and Hardy's lips mashed red and Wondel park, and all the flowers, and Hardy carrying his Horny in his arms, Horny sitting in his lap, Horny laying in his arms, Horny horny, Horny lovely, Horny and Hardy possessed by sex, possessed by love, the rain drops falling through the roof and lovers traveling round the room with batch of pillows among which, they lived until Hardy did not blow her mind total, by blowing her bud. He had fucked her anus. She did not expect it, she did not understand what he was up to. It was magnificent. Strangely enough it was a first time for both, and as magnificent. It was extremely slow, slow and fulfilling. In Hamburg they did repeat the anal fuck and they got robbed on the Ribberbane. The robbery was a great fun as they only had five-DM and the thieves had so much to themselves respected, and did not take the loot. Horny and Hardy went home and fucked, Horny borrowed an apartment from the guy she met in Berlin's bar few weeks earlier. Their home was a mobile love shuck. The following night they slept on the floor of the restroom.. Hardy spoke loud in the sleep and two Polish chaps' set outside waiting the dawn, coughing, smoking cigarettes. They were all hitchhiking and got stuck at the frontier.

"Did you think that I was a sex machine? You broke my heart!" said Lily and to make the confession smoother, Hardy gave him a tough punch.

The perfection of loving a man, perfection of loving, loving strong took her entirely over and without a rest. Horny did not have to make a decision. The decision made Horny. Horny & Hardy.

"Horny" asked her Lucrezia. "Why do you change names of your characters?" "Why not?" Horny answered with a question "people change names from time to time, why shouldn't my heroes do it?" she motivated "its like real life" "Actually you are right, I did not think about it" Lucr changed her own name couple of times. Horny did that too. Horn's book characters were real people...

Hardy kept on licking her a lot with his dog-wet big tongue, she soaked; that's all. Stockholm.

The guy was a bit fat, worn out, flimsy, buttery, stupid, loud, Scandinavian looking. Left the group of drunkards spread on the grass, passed few young girls catching a suntan, set down with a next group of the chicks catching the bottle. All the chicks had black colored uncrushed hair, black painted nails and thick make up, drunk-mascara draping, blue eyes. "It is our amphetamine guy" said Hardy. Horny gave him a surprised look. "He had a green hair before" he explained, which picture was familiar for her. Another totally stoned creature, probably male, with a huge red hair, set close to them. They remained quiet, observing the slow movement over the place. It wasn't just decadence it was the catastrophe. Horny would have been totally bored if she wouldn't be so crushed. "Let's share a bottle of wine" proposed Hardy. "You are out of your fucking mind" said, the pretty maid "you are out of your fucking mind, I had offered you the last couple of months, the time and the care, not for to kill it with a first occasion. I won't drink with you!" She was palpable irritated, he had told her, that in spite of plans and promises, might be they shouldn't be together. "Our life is a hell!" he threw against her charming face. "Your life is hell!" she corrected. "Exactly" Hardy looked pleased with himself, and his verbal abilities. "Shall we go to the movies?" he tried her.

"Why? To take a brake and go back to the same shit, I'm not moving up from the grass, until you make your mind up" Horny was determinant today. The drinking girls obviously had fun, they looked fucked up. The blond guy, a green hared before, laughed robustly, his face was bright red and eyes dull and unfocused, the red hair UFO fall asleep snoring loud, a trashy looking young couple shared a pizza. Two young dandies, with huge dramatic black hair, a la' Nick Cave, were finishing fifth bottle of a pink wine. "Gradly, we are not going to fight!" Gradly soaked the last drops into his carmine painted lips, holding the green bottle in his swelling thin extremely white palm, decorated with turquoise-black nails. "Gradly, we are not going to fight!" His identical looking pal, also wearing a long black coat, shouted. Horny had chosen the place right in the middle as she supposed the smell of the urine shall be less bothering, as far as possible from the walls and bushes, she has failed. The

stunk was extra acrid, extra flourished, extra heavy, extra rich in the heat of the sun, the summer was great this year, in Stockholm. The blond guy puked right in front of himself, luckily he was on his way from the lawn. Not comprehending, he puked over his hand, shook it off, fixed his hair do, brushing his sticky sleazy fingers through the messy hair and passed out, falling down. All was motionless again, but for the flies who really had a party going. The Losers Lawn. "OK, I'm going to fix us an apartment, in the suburbs, as soon as possible" Hardy pleaded.

"It's fucking wet" thought, Horny. Hardy licked her since at least twenty minutes. He licked her like a cow licks her newborn calf, a dog his prick and his balls, a child an ice cream; it seemed he was never going to stop. She was wet. Her womb was wet.

"There were no bombs last night" said Viviane, Hardy's eyes were closed. Viviane was standing over them, they were sleeping on her kitchen floor, half and half under the table. Viviane hayride bombs last night and Horny understood, Viviane went around checking the front pages of billboard newspapers. "I went to 99 cents store and I have bought all we might need, for today. I have bought white bread, and I have bought butter and I have bought milk, and potatoes and I'm going to cook a porridge" she said, Horny's eyes were closed. "Have you seen here in the neighborhood, two odd chaps, a twin couple, about fifty years old, they both look mentally sick and they dress peculiar? Every time I go out, they go out, one goes in front of me and the other behind me, one of them always urinates in front of me, the other one had shook his fist against my face, they always follow after, when I'm joint to the bank to pick up your money. I don't think your money is ever coming again. I have bought potties for today" Viviane finished her monologue, Hardy's and Horny's eyes were closed. She scrambled more with cups, making the dishes, pedantically cleaning and polishing a dish stand and a stove, she walked without lifting up her feet, and the morning shoes gave a peculiar and unpleasant sound. She prepared a food for the dog and a tea for herself, and two groovy laud sandwiches.

"I hate sex", Horny said to Hardy.

"I'm considering to change the post, for to do your businesses, there is this Polish woman in the neighborhood, she is observing me, I have told you about her before, she is always at the bank, when I'm there. She is looking lately very tired, very pale, and completely gray hard - she should put a color. One of your checks is missing, it is possible, she stole it and picked your money out. It is all very horrible. Your situation is horrendous. May be we all should move to Copenhagen or to Godburg. I'm taking the pills against the lack of the water in the body, 15 women in the neighborhood died from drying up. It seems, as many apartments have emptied, I think people start to escape. And how about my sister, she always asks me for you?" Viviane kept on talking, Horny pressed the pillow against her head, she knew Viviane became suspicious since she knew that Horny met both of her sisters recently. Viviane lived in the world of horror. Horny lied quietly under her pillow. Hardy was on a

safe side, he did not understand the language, Viviane used so perfectly. Hardy gave Horny a hug and placed her hand a top of his huge dick, his enormous dick.

"I hate sex" repeated, Horny. Hardy turned Horny upside down, making her cunt more accessible, he came with a heavy flush.

Klara, an old girl-friend bought Horny's book, Horny sold many more books, mainly to the stores, she has got a lot of cash from the union, passed 2000US dollars, she has bought herself a blue mascara and a choppiest lipstick, she paid lots of debts, not everything, she had been looking through the clothes shops, she had bought a pare of underwear and a bra on sale - put on hold few more pieces, she checked second hand shops, put on hold clothes, for a 100 bucks, a glittering dark blue dress, black - half transparent freaky pants and two fluorescent T-shirts, blue and black - she really wanted to have some new clothes for the coming Copenhagen's trip, she was going with Hardy and she was going to shine. She could not afford to pick them up, even if she already paid a part of it; Hardy did not have any own money since a half-year time. Horny picked from Viv's wardrobe her old summer dresses and tried them on. The result was not doing it. "You got to burn to shine" was Giorno's clue and unfortunately was the truth. They had too little money all the time, in that case only the first needs could do and the clothes were not the first need. Clear. Horny had a strange feeling that as long she was not able to say "Hardy, fix some cash. I want this dress. Hardy, to shine is my first need, first help aid" she wasn't his woman for real. Horny wanted it all for real. She wanted to hold his hand for real. She waited to kiss for real. She wanted to fuck for real. She wanted to eat for real. She wanted to bath for real. She wanted to suntan for real. She wanted to walk white him through the hot night for real. She wanted to sit in the grass in the moonlight and throw her head into his lap for real. "I'm going home!" shouted Hardy, throwing away Loulou's lich at the scene of Horny sitting down across the path with her legs spread. "You are forty-seven years old! You are such a child! I'm going home!" It was still about two weeks to her birthday, but Hardy was always first to sum her age.

"Oh, looking great! I can see you had a good time in New York!" pointed Klara "this is Horny, she is an actress and a film director and a writer. This is the girl who has "done" Godburg to a real flashy town, she had created an avant-garde festival, with all the impossible and possible events!"

Klara introduced Horny, to her man. "Hey you, kiss me good-by, properly!" she instructed, staring at Horny guy, charmingly and kissing him. The girls remain alone. Klara got robbed few weeks ago, she suspected her neighbors, all her stuff was stolen from her apartment, a computer, a camera, internet modems, originals of her films and music, birth certificate, art school grades and other documents, drilling machine, lights. "I'm really paranoid, every time I come home or go out, they open their doors and check me up, think if they want to kill me?" Klara said. "Did you call police?" asked her, Horny. "I called them so many times, they must think I'm nuts, I'm afraid to be inside my home and afraid to leave" Klara looked really worried. "If you want, we can rent your apartment for a month, with Hardy and you'll stay with

your boy friend or take a holidays" proposed Horny. Klara wanted Horny's book without the pictures, she could not take the look of Horny's genitals, mainly her cunt and a slaughtered cow. Horny did not have the one without pictures, Klara had chosen the one with a picture of Horny dressed embraced by Hardy nude, taken in LA, by Hollywood's still billed photographer, Fred Nilsen. "This one is nice" Klara agreed with Hardy's penis's look. "LA picture!" underlined, Horny, glancing at her man's genitals.

"Lucrezius, Francisco, his pa, Nasty, N. Mailer - write about them. Absolutely write about meeting Norman Mailer!" Horny noted. Fran was changing clothes, making a show, he was doing what his grand-ma Horny used to do, in the same place. They were at her old apartment in Warsaw, every one of them - Viviane, Lucrezia, both of her children, Hardy and Horny herself. Fran was great! He had the same shoe size as Horny had and he tried all her high hills, the best he looked in her leopard shoes and her leopard fur coat, Fran was astonishingly beautiful, he was copy of Horny when she was small, he was a copy of Taddy and a copy of his mom - Lucr. He was also a copy of his dad, but his dad was dead. Yeah, he had his dad's perfect calves, round ready done, all the Kubiak's had very thin calves - it was Horny's complex as a child, she had more. Fran had lots of fun playing, a girl playing, his mom, and his grand-ma playing. Days, they spent playing football, Horny loved football. The evenings went for drinking, Lucr drunk like a sponge and made Hardy to her drinking pal, Viviane had some too, Horny refused. Hardy became very talkative, Horny was slightly jealous. One year old Nasty loved Hardy, she hanged at his knees shouting "Haidy, Haidy!"

She kept on looking into the room, when they had sex - H&H. Hardy loved both of them, the kids. Horny never saw him smiling and playing that much. Horny's heart danced.

William Burroughs died, William Burroughs was a great writer and a cool guy. Horny met Burroughs, met him for about a five cool but intense minutes, by the occasion of his reading in Godburg. Godburg sucked. William was superb. The superb sucker. He liked Horny possibly as an ex-girl of Udo. Udo and William were friends. Sort of friends, where Burroughs was a ready master and Breger was a practicing. B & B did not have sex. Udo was in love to Burroughs and William would not mind to explore his young and virgin rectum - he would gladly done and consumed, but Udo was looking for the father and Burroughs was not looking for the incest. However Burroughs was the cool chap, and Horny would do what ever for him entering an immortal list, instead of the space he rumbled now. Stockholm was damn hot and Burroughs never liked Sweden. Sweden was nothing to have. And not much to be.

"But, why should you go back to Sweden?" Nick asked Horny. "I have children and grandchildren there?" she answered. "So you don't see your children much, why?" he asked, remembering lovely Lucrezius well. "I can't see that far" Horny pointed,

smartly. They talked-walked Warsaw's street. "& You have grandchildren?" asked, Nick puffed. "Yeah" said, Horny "anything can happened" was her point. "Anything does happened" was his point. They continued walking, he - constantly approached by an autograph hunters, she - assisted by Hardy, a half step behind, and the garlands of the pretty houses on both sides and Nick's new guitarist "You look good, Horny" Nick repeated a couple of times. But this was in May, on the 23ed of May at 6 PM, now was August, 6 AM and the very huge clouds started gathering over her head, and Hardy, half step behind, still asleep but already bored. Hardy was bored and she might been the reason. Horny was allergic to this very structure. The earth spun a bit too fast. Horny needed a standpoint. She still dreamt the apartment. Hardy's and Horny's first home. She saw the room through her eyes lids - the lit up floor, small lamps, some few exclusive items, she could not really distinguish, in black, in dark violet? A fragment of the bed covered up with exquisite red spread, the light on the floor, perhaps from the window. Soft music...

"What was, she fucking dreaming about?" She was dreaming the paradox - in that illusionary space, they'll be for real; she'll be for real. They both had odd dreams on Vivaine's floor, beaten by nasty animals. His was a puma and her a dragon, with twelve flaming, bleeding nipples. It was going to take the whole world if she did not challenge it, she did.

"They had shot few people on Norwegian border, I don't remember how many, but they shot them to death" said Viviane, Horny tried to concentrate on something else. "They burnt the school down, they closed the city off, you can not go into main parts of Stockholm, they are shut down, they had problems with the Hell's Angels" Viviane was more then brilliant this day, Horny pressed her palms against the ears, sticking her tongue out, she wondered why she could not behave. "You are stupid, completely out of your mind!" Horny screamed at her. "Do you know which are my favorite movies?" asked her Viviane, suddenly trying to communicate, to contribute to a sunny Sunday, and not risking her daughter's interest started to count down. "Taxi Driver, Pulp Fiction, Leon, Cabaret', Satiricon, Dear Hunter" Viv counted on her fingers to Horny nodding her head. "I liked this young actress in Taxi Driver" said Viviane. "Judy Foster" inclined, Horny, Viviane almost gave her a smile. "But what do you have here, Horny?" she leaned over Horny's shoulder examining a new reddish pimple, with a sure cancer expression, on her constantly worried face. Horny jumped, run across the room, shut herself in the bathroom, kicking the door from the inside with rage. Viviane did it again. "Would you like a cup of tea?" Viviane turned to Hardy. Viviane could not stand errors. "In the last year of the war, we use to come at nights to the garden and listen to falling far away bombs, it was a strange sound, not really like an explosion, it was something else, it was exactly like a sound I heard last night" she said to Horny, who at last appeared in the kitchen again. "Did you hear that woman, she was singing, but it sounded like a cry. In my home town, was a Jewish cemetery not far from my home, they had these funeral weepers, it was very expensive to hire them, they sounded enormous, frightening beautiful" Viviane stooped conversation going back to her financial calculations, she could sit hours

through, counting through a shopping bill on about 10 bucks. Life was no paradise but Viviane did not complain, more, Viviane was satisfied. She counted loudly every figure several times, the same as she read the books, loud. "When I read quietly, everything disappears" she said "when I read loud, it is much better, but after a quarter I'm too tired of it" she finished, Horny glanced at her with fear. She was wondering, what was going on with her mom? She would love to take her to New York. Horny missed two glittering beings - Lucrezius and New York, - badly! She was wondering what was she doing in Stockhole?

Hardy screwed her over the sink, in the bathroom, from behind, she watched his feet, and bent knees, something has happened to Horny, she put a spell on sex, she did not want to feel it, she did not want anything of it, on that condition. "On what condition?" She leaned against the sink, with her slim palms, green nails and sun tan skin, she was wearing a white childish dress and no bra, her scarlet tangas remain below her knees, she was wearing pink tennis shoes. Hardy's feet looked almost double big as her.

Chapter 14

Lucrezia was seven years old and lovely, she was dressed as usual in a white rabbit fur coat and colorful stockings. Her legs were long, thin and extremely quick. She was wearing perfectly done make up, softly red lips, dark, blue cajole done eyes, light blue gleaming shadow on the eye lids and her favorite rose brown chick bone huge shadows. She loved chatting with Parisian's sluts. She thought, these girls were cute, she compared their furs and looks with her. The Parisian winter was lovely, always clean snow and no freezing cold at all, pale blue sky and a pinkish sun of the afternoon, she and her mom exploring the city, the daily visit to Louver to deal with the magnified and daily leisure stroll to deal with something more authentic - the Parisian extremely crowded circus. They fall for the strangers. Lucrezia was in the leading line, Horny was a bit laid back, overwhelmed by the first time seen city of love, Horny loved the streets, the front facades of the houses, all the windows and doors and the surface of the gutter and glaze of heaven, she was satisfied; Horny didn't want more. She had friends, she was within a huge Parisian gang of artists; they danced, sniffed heroine, drunk wine, drove cars, went to the movies, they have spent four weeks in Paris and left for Amsterdam by train. The arrival was cold, the day was humid, wet, gray, and freezing, she has never been there before. She bumped to a junky couple almost immediately giving them some of her last coins. It was quite unsure how was she planing to get back, home. She did not have friends in this town to stay at. She had some address outside of the town to a rock&roll band, she had met in Sweden, and they in fact invited her, as some of them slept at her place. So, she phoned, checked the details and got there. "You can't stay here, we are painting the house" the guy said. It was some kind of the community and the house was huge, two floors and lots of rooms. They set in the kitchen but tea was not coming up. The whole situation sucked but Horny left without a comment, she was broke. The guy gave her an address to a freak store, some kind of the vegetarian

gathering. She went there. "Horny, Lovely! That's you!" a tower-tall chap was shouting at her sight. Of course, she recognized Mike Stardust. Few years passed but he was the type you unfortunately don't forget. He was extremely thin, at least 2 meters tall, with a bird's face equipped in a sharp pointed nose and shoulder long straight black hair. "Mike Stardust!" Horny shivered. She knew he liked her, the feeling was not returned, she did not have any good experience or memory of meeting him. He was a drug dealer, temporary in Christiania - some kind of a come & go, comet - and gave her some heavy stuff without a worrying, he just dashed it to her tea, when she looked away to the rainy window. Everybody said, he used to do so, and her day flipped maximally and close to a horror. Mike has taken her and Lucrezia home, he was totally paranoid, he was fearing his time was out, he was surrounded, in his nit house - with cameras and detectors that - he hoped - watched for him and his safety. He was born in the jail, he has killed both of his parents - he told Horny - he was placed in the school, a British teenage prison, he was only ten years old. Mike asked Horny to merry him. Horny shivered. Luckily he was extremely busy, these two days, she and Lucr spent at his home, his clients, mostly women, kept on coming all the time, shooting, running around half nude, shouting, getting heavily excited, buying, paying, getting more stuff, leaving, coming back. The last evening Horny and Lucr spent at the Milky Way drinking tea, Mike has given her couple of magic books and stones and money to take the boat home, she has missed the boat twice, the third time, police stopped the boat for her at the sluice, and drove her there in their car. The captain sent mobile staircase trap down and Horny and Lucr boarded, watched by everyone. Horny had at least three suitcases and Lucr extremely huge trash bag filled with toys. Only the pompous trumpets were missing. The girls had exclusively fun. Horny and Hardy left the town, by car - they thought. It was purely impossible to get a lift, no one would take them at all. Even, or because Horny had a short shimmering black skirt. Horny and Hardy boarded the train, they had no money for the tickets but they remain on the train.

"We shall go to all the sex clubs in Copenhagen" said Hardy, adding "I need some good story for my book" "Yeah! We sure do, if you'll pay" was Horny's cool statement. They were going to do her promotion in Malmo. Malmo was Hardy's sort of a hometown. They were going to go to Copenhagen and stay at Neron.

"Three drunk sailors came down to a brothel nagging for the girl and the lay, no girls were available. The mother in charge seemed to find a solution. "I have one, new, young girl, but she is extremely shy. You must not put the light on and don't be surprised if she won't talk" The first guy came down completely delighted "OK" he said. The second one looked a bit confused "I don't know if I liked it. I shoot my shaft into her cunt, all right! I did bite her breasts. Vow! And you know what she did? She fart and flew out of the window!!!" Neron finished the story, Horny rolled from the laugh. Hardy sucked on his cigarette. Copenhagen was extremely hot and hard to breathe in. The summer was superb, but being so unusual and rainless for this geographic spot, brought Dr. Nostradamus to the catastrophic peoples minds. "I think my wife is dead" Neron was caring on the next joke "I fuck her, everything is OK, but the pile of dishes grows all the time!" Hardy laughed and Noron laughed.

Horny sucked on her cigarette. The world of the opposite sexes was a bit unbalanced, they were both a bit caught in the relation. Anyway Neron was the only one in town, who got Horny's last book, free of charge. Neron was a junky, or a ex-junky. Once junky - always the junky; Horny agreed with someone's opinion. May be Rollins's, may be Burroughs's, and might be Cave's. Neron lived alone. Neron lived with the ghosts. His wives and girl friends, either also became junkies and died, or left him. Almost the same thing. Neron was very charming, he was completely OK. He was simply wonderful. Horny suspected, he was still dealing and still taking - but she was wrong, he was her ex-boy friend. Neron slept with eighteen years old She-cat in his arms. Neron was extremely passionate. He was an excellent saxophone player, an extremely good cook and a handsome man but he walked funny like a jumbo-mumbo monkey-man, Horny said. "He is such a cool Sam-sweet Heart. I left him for a complete idiot" she told Hardy. Hardy made love to her, or may be fucked her, she would not distinguish neither come. Horny feeling her heart mildewing at last, could not resist, she laid a top of Hardy for a long while, they had such a wild and fulfilling fuck, that Horny did not know where to put herself, she put herself against Hardy one more time. This was much faster, rapid, much better. Horny was stopping herself from sex in a month now, actually not from sex, because they had sex, but from an orgasm, the month since he was rapidly angry and shouted at her at the Warsaw's bank - instead of being happy and proud at the successfully closing affair with the renting of her flat, instead he was pissed angry at her - and now she knew more then well how much she loved Hard; but nothing was easier because of that. Neron was gone out of town, leaving the pretty lovers on own in his huge patted by aging dust apartment. They were bored, not immediately, first day went for the wild fuck, but next was a catastrophe, and they had too little money all the time, far too little. Horny was getting pretty fed up with the fact. Hardy seemed not to appreciate - they have been at last alone and could do anything with each other. He found it more amusing to do things exclusively with himself. He spent 99% of time writing letters to Tom, discussing with him every single second of his life, every single thought. He did not talk with Horny. "Why didn't you simply stay with Tom in Stockholm and have a talk, it would have been so much easier for us and so much chipper for me" Horny said, Hardy did not answer, he was not motivated to answer any of her questions. Horny fell silent. Everything was out of rich. All they could do, was to walk the town by feet, constantly - what they did. The weather was constantly over 35 plus C, also at nights. Horny was checking up, if she could have get couple of millions to do her movie, meanwhile she proceeded, the book promotion, it was going surprisingly good, but Copenhagen was such a small town that it hardly gave any cash, back. Horny and Hardy still did not drink, they did not take any drugs, they only suffered in the heat. "Chain me to the bed, with the dog chain, I have found at the train and kept for the clarified reason, lit the candles around me, shave my cunt swell and clean - perfect, lick it hard, fuck it hard, speak sweet words mixed with the rough ones " Horny's world "cover my eyes with the sleepers from the airplane, I have collected for this purpose, let the strangers enter me with the forest of pricks, watch for me, watch for me that I would not have to touch them with my hands, and

rinse my face with a white cold wet tee-sue, kiss my dry lips wet. Uncover my eyes, take the chains off my palms, soften my stiffen fingers, kiss them gently, joint by joint, spread my arms and fix them caught again, pierce my clit manually, slowly, not using a cosmetic shooter, fuck my vulva, make me come with the giant scream, cool me off. Sew my big outer lips with the needle and thread, make me feel that I'm so deeply yours, wind over me, storm and love and promise. Leave me in a clean space, come back and make a baby" Horny's secret world, Horny in his arms, Horny on his back, Horny horny again, Horny constantly dreaming. The circus taking place exclusively in her skull. Their life has become very quiet, if you talk about the real life, if you call for the real life, what others do. Christiania was a strange place. The dirt was number one, the dirt was a visual symptom of an anarchy. Why was it so easy? Christiania was the pressure, not really as much as a group, but as a single one "Look how ugly I can be. It makes me free to show! To stink! It's honest not to do! Not to erase!" Or was the dirt a protection, and in this case from what, or whom? It was all horrendous bull shit. Of course there was something romantic around all that, but what? The ecological, clean food was far too expensive for Hardy and Horny and many more, the single joint would have been OK, but they weren't fully motivated to even try - one. And without trying once, you can't try it twice and absolutely can't fix yourself the habit. Hardy and Horny were not popular by the dealers and the whole entry to the place were just a several of pushers' stands. Of course they did not live there, but Neron's house was just outside and it was painlessly simple to stroll in, it was some odd fiesta for the senses. Literary everything in there, except a few of pretty chicks, was absolutely racked. When Lucrezia was four years old, she and Horny lived in Christiania, on and off and at last lived they're for good and bad, like an accidental marriage. They lived in the real tough guys building, where 99% were the heroine addicts, Lucr was the only child in there; if she was... Lucr took care of her mom pretty well. Cracked was sloppy old and sloppy fat, grown with a huge bushy almost black beard and messy bush of the long curly hair, he was wealthy, he was the owner of the Christiania's vegetable shop, he has given Horny a job, the job. "Now, you always going to have your own money, for you and your little girl" he put his arm around her, Lucr was standing near by, watching the seagulls playing in the sea, seem like playing - actually only catching fish - always horrendously hungry. Horny did not, put his arm off, she simply tried not to feel it. She could do it, she was a master on creating the distance she needed, to survive. She spent the whole noon, the whole early afternoon, the whole late afternoon on cleaning his house, his little sweet idyllic wooden shack surrounded with picturesque bushes. Horny was playing the main role in the horror, absolutely. The whole house of Mr. Cracked was literally filled with shit, luckily most of it old and dry, stashed in the plastic bags, he used to shit into - he was far too fat, to go out into the bushes and duck, or might be it was a condition of his stomach, or his diet - only some of it was fresh and almost steaming, with an odor instantly killing the fly, killing Horny's instant dream of her first job, as it always was a first job, as they were all the same ridiculous. Mr. Cracked still holed his arm around her, when she started to walk slowly towards the huge, golden brown limo. Lucr was faster and jumped into the old car. Horny asked

him to take her to her room, she preferred not to cash her first and the last salary, besides she did not complete the work. Was Horny a loser? Lucr definitely was, she was a sweetest four year old darling and had her rights to buy all, what was there to get. Her mom did not have a dime, constantly did not have a dime. "I think, it was only my luck, I did not have any money. I had no chance to get into any habit" she was telling Hardy. At these times Horny was wearing a pink ballerina dress, big black few numbers too big boots - she has found somewhere, besides the dress she has found as well, and a huge black coat, Andy gave to her, or did he just leave it at her place. It would have been strange, that he has taken it off, as Horny's room was the coldest in the entire junky house. Horny was definitely not a scout, a survivor either, but she survived.

"Look, here by that tree, I had my most terrible trip" Horny said to Hardy "It was the same day when I had the tea with Mike Stardust in the Kitchen. I was gone into a very small shack, with Credo, a small waste long hared Dane, he was a boy friend of pretty Sira, Sira was a bit perverted, she wanted also to sleep with me, she tried me through the whole night, she molested me, she was fucking hopeless, or I was fucking hopeless, any way I did not like it, not even a second of it, but I did not get up from the bed, she kept on mingling with my dry womb" Horny looked at Hardy "Sira was a wife of my boy friend and she had a dildo on her bed-side table at the hospital, they were both Spanish, from Madrid, Jajme was far out, very tall, and very crazy, they weren't hippies, they were some kind of the surrealists, and researchers of freedom and it's limits and borders & a political refugee's well. Fucking hopeless. Sira and me looked a bit similar. I lived with Jajme until it did not become too much for me, then I moved upstairs on my own. The Spanish gang wanted to have a sexual emergency agency, it meant that anyone, who would need a screw or similar services, was supposed to get in touch with them. Real bull. I wasn't fit for it. It is possible that I slept with Credo after all, I, somehow, remember it. We had smoked a water pipe together in this little shack and suddenly I had to go out and I had no neck, no head possibly as well. My neck, even it wasn't there, was hurting me a lot. It was getting thinner and thinner and I was going to die or to suffocate or both, certainly. Credo and a few of his friends, put a lot of afford to keep me alive, they all holed me, to the ground first and to the chair, they brought out for me - next - I'll never forget this tree" They went home and fucked, this time Horny wanted it very much, she was so fucking hot and burning, but she has got this crazy idea for to laugh, the idea which hunted her since at least two months. She started to laugh and lost the hit for a split of the time. Hardy came with a flush.

"More!" Horny shouted. "Ah, it is so pretensions with orgasms" told her, Hardy. Horny had tears in her eyes, laid breathless, prying, she was not going to start to cry. The next morning he fucked her like a Turkish butcher, fast, hard, standing behind her on widely spread legs. Horny somehow looked back and burst in laugh. Hardy was a tough fast animal. Horny lay on the floor quiets. The peace of silence. She felt pretensions.

Lucr was ten years old and she rung Neron's bell, he opened the door of exactly the same apartment.

"May I live here, with you?" asked him a small pretty girl, holding into her huge suitcase. She came from Stockholm, where Horny left her with Vivianne; by herself, by train, crossing the border without a visa, without a passport or any other document, she did not know, she needed one. Horny was stuck in Poland, Taddy died and Horny who went for the funeral, was stopped. The police took Horny's passport. Lucrezia was ten, every morning she lied a perfect make up on her face, which made her look at least thirteen, Lucr was very proud and damn pretty, damn sweet." This time, Neron exaggerated at last! Now he has blown it all out!" The spell went, everybody thought Lucr was his girl, his new love. She wouldn't care the less, she set in his lap, in the bars, especially Moon Fisher and slept under his Hammond organs in the nights, early morning he would carry her home in his arms and lay her carefully down in her room. The room was totally empty but for the madras, which Lucr placed exactly in the middle. There were no decorations, but her suitcase in the corner, always packed; Lucr was prepared to leave any time. Of course she had no toys, she spent the most time outside. Neron tried to get her home every day by seven, to give her food. Neron turned the man of order, the child lived in his house. The child with huge eyes, may be the biggest, and sweetly rosy chicks, may be the sweetest. One day Lucrezia decided to leave, the summer was finished and school had begun, she went to Gotburg, got a hold of the keys to Horny and her apartment and sated down. She managed, she fixed some food, platted fresh flowers into her long hair every day, she has colored her hair henna red, it looked like an old gold, like an old Tycjan's painting, her almond shaped eyes were just happy, there was nothing to fear. Horny wanted to show Hardy where she lived with Lucr, before they ended up at Christiania. It was Isteadgade, the wrong side of Train Station, the famous Whore Street. The heroine quarter. All the sex shops of Copenhagen were there. It went hand in hand, naturally. Her sex life before was most free, variety of the partners included but at the base thoroughly innocent. Now, next to opposite, willing sophisticated, explained and roughly perverted games, she stuck to one guy - Hardy. The paradox called love. "Private cabins, video, sex show, entrance 50skr"- all in red block letters over the shabby street, made her immediately feel, she had something swelling up and hardening between her legs. Horny pushed the door in. Horny paid 2 it. They were both in a tiny darkish, mirrored chamber. There was a clash. Hardy hoped she was going to buy him a girl. Horny thought he was going to buy her a girl. Horny was sucking on the hooker plump breast, she was sitting nude in her lap, it was Hardy who stripped her off, the hooker flame had very little on so they did not bother, they could anyway see her and they both touched her. Hardy was sitting at the bottom, still dressed, in his knees was the flame and in her lap, Horny. Horny was excited to the very last, she felt as her cunt was going to fall out, the most out, it gravitated but Horny did not show it, she closed her both eyes and sucked slowly on the hooker plum breast. There was a possibility of the sandwich sex, with Horny being the middle meat, or whore being it. Horny was staring heavily at the tools, the flame was making herself in order, she was zipping on, the erected purple and glitter-

ing dick, a dildo, Horny felt the saliva thicken in her mouth, she felt the drops of it purpled in the corners of her both lips, face of the womb. Horny was ready to scream, to shout, to yell, she wanted more, immediately before she has taste it at all. She has beaten flame's nipple. "Vow!" The whore breathed fast and near Horny's face. Horny and Hardy walked along the street, nothing has happened at all, they did not go in. A thin and tired looking bitch was shooting a smack, sitting outside the house, on a small staircase, she was slow, with a needle, she had a conversation with another bitch who came by with a big black male dog. Hardy and Horny had taken a long stroll in Christiania, and a long stroll along the dark street outside, they saw a girl washing her teeth and pissing outside her house, the moon was huge. Hardy wanted to take Horny home, to Neron's place, there was nothing left to do. She made a scene, it was already her birthday and she instantly wanted something to happened to her, he has bought her an ice cream, the Red Dream. They shared it, set by the canal, went back home, smoked the rest of a grass joint, Hardy promised the birthday sex. "You are the best, the only one" Hardy whispered to her, they had fall asleep. Horny woke up, her heart was pumping hard, she set down with the feet on the floor, Hardy was very hot and sleeping. The other day they had fall asleep in the park, Hardy laid on her being half nude as she unzipped her dress all the way, waking up, she felt she was dead, she focused the trees. The day was extremely hot and Horny was cool, Hardy slept very long. This morning was slow, it was her birthday.

"Horny, I bet you are very afraid to get old" Suzzana started her successful speech "No" Horny said smiling against cookies and cups of tea, it was Hardy, Neron, Suzanna and herself having a cheerful breakfast. "I have very little of a grey hair, I would like to have more, I'm fifty one. I bet you are afraid to loose your beauty" Suzzana looked at Horny. "N o" Horny said. Hardy was silent, he had nothing to come with at this moment, he was still twenty-four and suspected his looks and everybody else looks won't last, what could one do about that? Horny just made forty-seven. Suzanna was a dominant bitch, she knew what she talked about. Horny paid a visit to the Erotica Museum the other day, she had a deal going on to sell her video collection to them. There, she had read about Marlene's try. Marlene plaid young girls at the age of fifty, she used a rubber skin pulled over her own flesh and her clothes were getting stuck into it, making her unable to move. She cried when she saw the movie, she looked terrible. Marilyn was much more careless, she did not shower much, she lay in bed, ate, drunk champagne and farted, but she would bleach her pubic hair. After all she had nothing to worry, she was killed at thirty-six. When Horny was a small girl, she thought thirty was fucking much, she made a promise, if I'm not 170 centimeters by twenty four, I'll shoot myself" She did not. Besides she thought eighteen was fucking much too. It is all very relevant with age and the time in general. Now it's sort of flexible. But how flexible? That - Horny still did not know. She always shaved her pussy clean, the hair if unshaved turned to sort of dull, she was not very interested to explore it. She anyway loved it shaved, pink and slick and hot. "I was with my first husband and I had this affair with a Norwegian guy, studding also in the same, Warsaw's Art Academy. We spent one week together in

the mountains. Then I was fed up, but he asked me to marry him, he came to Copenhagen, when I lived with Gert, a heroine pusher, I told you about, the one I run away from" Horny said to Hardy, they were on the boat from Copenhagen to Malmo. "It was actually more crazy, Eric's father was a Norwegian ambassador in Denmark, and he helped me when police took me without a visa, they locked me together with Lucr, in the fucking cage. I guess they were on the way to deport me, I was with Andy and the chef of Politiken (the newspaper) was his friend, but he couldn't do anything to help me. So Eric's father guaranteed that I was going to leave DK the following day for Norway and live with his son, he has bought me a ticket to Oslo, I never went there. I did not even cash the ticket. Eric's mother visited me once. Andy. Lucr and me lived on Isteadgade, she was pretty scared to find me there, I was in bed, I had a flue. She invited me out, she has taken me to a Salvador Dali's exhibition at Louisiana, she was really lovely. The exhibition was one of the greatest I ever saw. The size of it was great. Dali was great. Lucrezia was great, she was totally spaced of these great paintings hanging all over. Eric told me about her (his mother) a lot, he was a nice chap, an architect and loved to sing Beatles songs for the kids. Was blond, huge, with a soft light water blue eyes. For his sake I read all the Norwegian literature I could get hold off in Warsaw. Hamsun, Vassas, Ibsen. All the volumes of the Kristina Lawrence's daughter. His mother offered me a job, to be a waitress at her parties. I could not do it. I was a fucking penniless princess, I could not do anything except some desperate, dramatic acts, I washed the staircase once, in the house I lived. I got paid for it. I could do all just a single time. The neighbor, a fat exile-er fixed me this job as he was having nightmares - he said - that my daughter and me were literally starving - which we surely were. Another family wanted to help me out. They were famous, rich family, I think they were called Norgard, a couple, both were professors at the Art Academy in Copenhagen, their son also studied with me in Warsaw, were I was sort of pretty somebody, like a cute, neurotic daughter of the famous poet. So they all tried to help me, but I was too spaced out. They wanted to unroll me into the school, get me into some monetary system, there was no way. I could not do it. They invited me for a huge lunch, it was the fucking horror. I saw everything flying around the table. I could not catch one single piece of flying food, a flying sausage, or a flying fork of even worst a flying huge Danish knife. I must have been really fucked up" Horny ended, looking into the sea view, Hardy's eyes were closed.

"You did not even buy me a fucking flower" Horny shouted at Hardy, they had arrived in Malmo "You did not fuck me last night! You did not give me any present! You are a fucking slut!" she screamed, catching the right birthday mood. "You know that we don't have any money" Hardy explain himself. "Yeah! We don't have any money! You did not have any money in a half year now! I want my present and I want you to come with to Gotburg and celebrate me! It is my birthday!" she screamed. "Horny! Fuck your birthday! Why are you making a scene now! You knew I wasn't coming!" Hardy tried to be logically smart. "You did not fuck me last night and it is my birthday!" Horny screamed, well remembering. She did not see

him to the train, she was fucking pissed. Hardy came back, kissed a tip of her nose. "It's no good to split angry, Babe, you know it was this fucking grass made me slow" he said, she did not give him a glance, she was pissed. Lucrezia put up the party for her mom, in Gotburg, her ex came with a real champagne, there were plenty of girls who all admired Horny and Horny had an absurd vivid sarcastic speech on women emancipation completed, Horny was a liar one more time but she had fun, everyone was laughing, and the speech was brilliant. Hardy tried to go to Stockholm by train without a ticket, this method worked for him before, this method worked two weeks ago, as he pretended he was going to pay with a credit card and everyone knows it's impossible to use a card on the Swedish trains, so they got a bill to be paid later on, of course he never intended to pay it, & this time he had really bad luck, it was the same conductor as the last time. The final was expected - he was kicked out of the train. It took him the whole night, to even try to continue. At last the following day, Tom paid his ticket and Hardy after, a hungry, sleepless night, arrived. Hardy's Stockholm period was as it has started, hungry sleepless & lonely. Horny was not there and was not going to come for a while, even she didn't know that yet. She had tears of anger in her eyes every time she thought about theirs good-by. Savage rage. A decay. Horny was really stupid, sometimes she could hang up on a really small detail, like a birthday rose. The anger had to pass had to dash, had to decay - there was no other way.

Lucrezius walked a long the street with a big bouquet of roses under his arm, at least twenty five, he still had a bleached hair, but this time he wore a black, three centimeters thick hair band around his head, he was even taller then a month ago, almost 190cm, he was shining, carefully dressed as always. As always Horny's heart jumped. Jumped of the love she felt. Lucr gave her flowers and she kissed his chick, she still kissed him first, he was still a child. More, he was her beloved boy. "Horny, happy birthday!" he said, they both smiled and went first to a pizza shop and then to Lucrezia's home.

Lucrezia lay on her bed, she was twenty-eight years old, she has fall in love, her heart was bumping hard, Horny looked at her. Horny saw extremely pretty passionate girl lying on the bed, floating through the room, as a princess in red. The six meters glimmering, glittering red sari sparkling behind her, reflecting her perfectly white skin, huge eyes and the panic. Lucr had enormous breakfast, she had for breakfast everything she did not have for the dinner the other day, a cold old beef, cold old potatoes, salute, eggs, milk, juice, beer, bread and cakes. Lucr hardly could breath, she felt she was going to puke. Horny sensed there was a problem.

Bliss of Berlin was hot. To leave was the last thing one should do. Horny was leaving, more horny then ever. The light of the swell afternoon was dimmed and soft, day was humid, certainly not bright. She was leaving being aware how easy was to turn the coming weekend to one of the best this year. She was leaving being aware, no one waited for her on the other side. Hardy... Hardy was a palling question mark.

"Yeah! Sugar, two years younger than Hardy and completely broke, that's exactly a constellation, I was looking for" Horny, smiling bright and as always enjoying sarcastic, pointed for Jasha and Lucrezia, sitting in a tight embrace, they were at the gasoline station, somewhere in Bayern, south of Schloss Wernstein and going to hitchhike, down to a Swiss border. "But he has a castle" Jasha said.

Sugar's head was between Horny's legs, right between them and most deep, he was licking her open womb. Sugar was twenty two. A coke addict - any drug, he could afford would go, but no needles. That Horny double-checked. He was rich parents, worthless son. A talented musician. An offspring of a very old and musically world round proved family. An open-minded kid and complexly screwed up. "Spaced out" As he explained himself. His heart was a pure gold as much his pockets were penniless. Chain smoking, consuming candies, ecstasy, hashish, grass, mushrooms, although LSD was his favorite, he was buying ice creams for Horny all the time. Yeah! For some reason or the other Horny and Sugar were very close. "Yeah! I guess you are going to be unavoidable" he said at the first goodbye, pressing his cock, against Horny's Venus bone through the fabric of his dark blue slacks and her white Marilyn dress. He loved her dress, he loved her face, he loved her age, he loved her eyes, he loved her body, loved her sleep, her voice, the words she spoke, he possibly loved the air she breathed. "Princess Horny I like you very much" he said. He carried her all the way down the castle staircase. The good bye party's ended with a promenade on his hands - it fitted him perfectly, showing off his pretty waist. At the last day in Berlin Sugar got arrested for stealing a blue cajole for Horny's sweet eyes. At the first day he stole tampons for Horny's peachy bleeding womb but did not get caught. They slept in the car, in the castle and at the hotel. They had been to the movies twice, saw The Fifth Element and The Gridlock. They danced. Horny drunk mescal. Horny shook like a little girl, especially in her hip area and around her womb and inside it, like a girl of twelve whom really yearns to be explored. He was on his way. They fire kissed. First they were unable to talk when attraction was a fact.

"Marilyn... but you are more beautiful" Sugar whispered. Lucrezia gave him a smile. Horny - unable to look at him, stared at the cups. First he spotted her. Spotted her for quite a while. "Why don't you stay and then we hitch together?" whispered Sugar. Lucrezia and Jasha slept a half-meter away, actually on the same, huge bed.

"I made it wet" Sugar whispered, knowing his seeds came over her sleeping bag. This first night they did not sleep at all. He had a gorgeous body and a sweet fluffy face.

Lucrezia leaned against Jasha's shoulder, they were in a front seat and Jasha was driving the bus. In the back, Sugar and Horny were fucking. They were about to come, when the bus drove into a huge and lit parking, they were nude, they fulfilled the act. Horny slipped into an over coat and took a walk, The night was swell. Jasha was pleasantly shocked, Horny looked smashing great! After all, she was Lucr's

mom. Jasha and Luc was Beverly in love, more for every day, which passed. Sugar and Horny's necks looked like after a rendezvous with a vampire. Horny's in several small, sharp short strokes. Sugar's was bright red mashed with two huge circular pads, next to each other. Jasha suggested, the boys were going to strip for the girls. The number was great, Horny took photographs, the boys did it in a front of the car, with music on. They were picked out of the darkness with the car lights, underlined and explicit, passing cars were intrigued. They did not take off the slips. Horny hoped Luc's and Jasha's love was going to last. What to herself, she knew she was Hardy's babe, although she regarded the feeling of rapid wave of hit over her neck and a hell hole ache in her stomach, both caused by Sugar's presence, as irresistible nice. "You look like a violin", Jasha said, giving a glance at his pals. Horny sitting in Sugar's lap, with her leg spread and her knees pressed against the car sit, with her back at the high way they were driving onto. They plaid the mouths game. And the fire game.

"Play this song one more time" Horny asked, Jasha. Pink Floyd's refrain

"Wasting my time, wasting my time, wasting my time" made all 4 of them shine tears against the starry night. The half of the purple moon wedged the hearts. They were on the highway. They were on the high way since days. Horny woke up, Lucr was talking off the shoes of Horny's feet, Horny's feet were slashed over the leaning of the couch, she dashed again. Horny understood her eyes were open, there was a picture, she had focused, Lucr's nude butt sticking out wildly and Jasha's brown tan knees, Horny dashed. Once more she had lift up her leads, she saw a woman's hip spread down and a nude boy with a very long hair, sitting in front doing some strange rapid and powerful move, Horny dashed. Horny slept like a bay. They were in the bar, Jasha, Sugar, Lucrezia and Horny, they were obviously lovely and kissing, the bartender was buying them lots of drinks. Horny's new hair do was very popular.

"Everybody gets crazy about you" shouted Sugar, he was swept with a wave of hit and totally wet of sweat, the other guy, limbo looking rocker at the hard-rock cafe, tried to take her over in the dance.

"I'm going to kill you, kid" was his mad one way look.

"Lets go" Sugar said.

"I want to dance more!" Horny yelled.

"If you strip for me" Sugar said. To Horny in bed, Sugar said everything, the man shall not say. Sugar was really bombed. But he could something Hardy could not. He kissed her lips filled with sperm. Sugar was sport.

"Shell we cut her hair?" the guys were laughing madly, not being aware that Horny understood Danish. Horny's hair had a new war fit a 4 centimeters sloppy stroke of fire red touched softly on her shoulders. This was a hair do she has planed on doing since the last week in New York, she has seen a great version of it on March cover of Vanity Fair. Now, after standing one and a half-hour on the pitch-black high way, with all the cars passing by, sometimes that slow that she could have stroke it if she wanted to, she understood the one who shall stop will be a real weirdo. They were skinheads.

"You were the first one who was not afraid of me" Horny stated, obviously quite close to the trouble.

"We are not afraid of any one!" the guy on her side said. The first ride from the boat, was a pair of Arabs who so unsuccessfully put her off. The pair of Arabs driving sweets from Berlin to a small Danish town, an entertaining driver was singing and bubbling the whole time and the other, young enormously huge guy on her right, Ibrahim, was totally silent, obviously taken-shy by her presence and about to pay her train.

"What movies do you have?" Horny asked pointing a shelf filled with videocassettes. "Porno's and war documentaries, Hitler and Vietnam" Ole, the prettier of the guys said, Horny's hope that the guys hair-do did not have an emotional coverage, or a label - dashed. Horny certainly was not scared, except for the single second when she glanced into the car and saw the complete and awaiting her madness. Horny controlled the situation. It was much better then standing all alone, in the middle of nowhere under September moon flashed with clouds, and clods, talking loud to herself "Fuck! Bitch! Fuck! Sugar - help!" In a refrigerator the guys had 1 kg of a white powder to press ecstasy pills off, their eyes were huge.

"Writer" she answered a question of a white South African chap who paid her morning ticket to Copenhagen.

"I'm sorry" he said, "I thought, you're a striper. I'm sorry", he added.

"Never mind" she said "it's the same thing, anyway, but gives me a chance to be by myself and not surrounded by people all the time" Horny explained. Horny was very tired, exhausted and cold. The skinhead's girl friends followed her all the way to Copenhagen, just to watch for her. They gave her their jackets padding her over shoulders and her knees, brushed her hair, painted her nails and cleaned her face and gave her cigarettes and drinks.

"It was really good to dance" Horny considered small Danish's towns' disco, falling asleep in Nero's guest, Lucr's old room, once again. She danced a lot last week. Last two weeks. It all felt as much longer period of a really good time. It was long since she had so much fun.

"It's like being fourteen again" told herself, Horny dashing to sleep. The church bell rung like mad. It was almost the time to go home... But there was none.

"So you are going to leave Hardy?" asked Nero.

"No, I'm not going to leave Hardy. I love Hardy" Horny said.

Sugar had Horny hooked on his cock, doing it - sit up, doing it - stood up and doing it walked a few steps through the room that was over seven hundred years old.

"You are the idol of all of us" Lily said to Horny, he bought her an Indian dinner. "Alain says, you are the best writer after Joyce" Lily looked at her smiling but not laughing. They were walking along Oranienburger Strasse. The whores were magnificent. Dressed in sparkling red boots, with golden string tangas over white silk "bodies" covering their more ordinary white flesh. They had the usual Barbie wigs

and wings on. They would not fly off, unpacked. Drawing the splendid picture at the back of the night. The classic.

"More" she said "flatter me more" putting a notice to one of the girls in Dr. Martin boots and purple bicycle shorts, crashing the dress code, these girls had a strict uniform code and strict rules, the same clothes meant the same chance to do the job; if it was the job and if the clothes were the one who ruled.

"I enjoyed your last book very much" he added. Horny arranged promotion in Basel, La Hore, and Berlin. The movie screening was going to be in October and November and her books in the stores. It felt pretty good. They also offered her a film workshop with a gay community - a seriously playful staff.

Jasha flashed the condom through his nose, it came out from his mouth, his eyes were rushed red they were all at the gay bar in Basel. Lucrezia was too drunk to say "no" to anything. She flirted wildly and did poppers. A ninety seconds of horror. Horny was endlessly cool. She did nothing. May be she missed sex. Sugar staid at the castle and Hardy staid in Stockholm.

"There is an endlessly small number of men, I can touch, have sex with" she explained to Marco, he was doing an interview with her for the local newspaper.

"That's why you do your films, to be touched by everyone, or?" he asked

"Yeah! I guess so" Horny agreed, she had a hang over, she drunk one and a half beer last night. Lucrezia drunk all the time, she loved Margaritas, Long Island Tea Cocktail and actually all the others too, she actually adored to be drunk.

"But you only like young boys" quoted Marco.

"No" Horny said "it doesn't matter how young they are, but how much they get me going, the older guys lack something, they don't get me going at all, I hate people touching on me" she repeated.

"How about your sexual obsessions?" he asked, still writing down every word she said.

"No"

Horny looked towards the window picturing Swiss hills, Swiss clouds and rarely samples of the needle trees, she didn't know the names of.

"That's my secret. But there is a sad catch, they are so repetitive, so if I would have fulfil them, what would I get turn on - next?"

Horny renewed her looks, she wear Lucrezia's rave pants, black with huge orange flowers, high heeled platforms, golden belt, and Indian belly dancer sparkling colorful bra. Horny looked great. She lost some weight from the constant car massage. Horny felt all right in the new fit. Jasha used to drink his own piss whenever he wasn't feeling perfectly well. Now, he was pissing on Luc, she has got spots all over her body. He has promised she was getting cured.

Lia painted South African's nails, on his right hand, cyclamen red, checking alertly how deep he was asleep across Horny's chest and her left shoulder. He was definitely off. She elegantly picked his thick wallet from the back pocket of his jeans, hoping his shock shall be complete. It still did not occur to Horny, little girl; the skin's girls did not come with on the train to mingle with her, they came along to rob, drunk

South African was a perfect catch, Horny was as always too entertained to fall asleep. So, Horny did not get robbed.

"You are both, completely crazy, you and Lucrezia have disappeared in 16 days now! And where have you been? Lucrezia has two small children! I got to climb through the balcony to her place, you have left Francis's rats without the food and he has lost the keys! We were very worried! Where have you been!?" Lucrezius was on the phone. She called him from Copenhagen. Horny was a little uneasy, she was on her way back but she would not promise where precisely was Lucrezia herself.

"I wrote to you Lucr" she said.

"Oh, yeah, you send me two post cards, fact!" Lucrezius pointed to her. On his desk laid the whole collection of cards from his mom. Horny was a postcard mother it was the fact.

The people were extremely dirty, extremely sloppy and relaxed. They were stoned. Endlessly stoned. The music was a pop cliché of the pop. Neron sucked on his beer. Horny tried to get used to the smoke, she really wanted to see everything, the place was packed. She was telling Neron her story. The guy at the wall had a huge beard, his gray smoked eyes were small and quite gone, he lacked the teeth. The girl was all natural, floppy breasts, T-shirt, pants, shoes, her messy hair covering her face, she was dancing bumping all the time against the tall lame dandy; his oriental face was extremely pretty, almost baby like, surrounded with a huge, waste long wavy black hair. He set down pulling her towards himself, kissed her passionately. The girl rubbed her breasts. Middle-aged Greenland woman came towards Horny and Neron sitting at the bar disc, she moved like a little girl, half danced and half talked. Christiania's Woodstock bar was a great show. Standing in the corner, Gasoline's light technician, a huge Wicking, heavily stared at Horny, she gave him a smile. She loved this size in men.

"You are really crazy" Carisma told her "you only like a very tall men"

"I know. I can't help"

"I like them smaller, 180 is perfect", Carisma said. Horny was back in Sweden. Carisma was taking pictures of the lake. A fairy tale tacked in fog. The autumn was the fact.

"This time, if Hardy asks me, I'm going to tell him everything" Horny spoke to Charisma, Charisma was fully concentrated on the road, she was driving the car. Dora who was even more beautiful then before, said "I'm stupid enough not to recognize people, I don't see who is honest and who is not"

"I see it very well, but I don't care, I'm not afraid of dishonesty" Horny said, watching the young fancy clientele in the bar. Especially a soft girl with a round boobies in yellow wool and short black page'. The girl had tremendous eyes. Her pal, the other girl had really stupid laugh.

"How comes?" Ora asked.

"I don't need their sincerity, I don't need them, at all. I just look at them, I see them, I'm in the same room, that's all, it does not effect me emotionally, although bad, they are unable to destroy me"

Horny felt free, independent and content.

"May be you are doing right thing, just going round, round. But where do you get your energy from?" Lolita's eyes looked as she was going to cry anytime, as she said "I'm completely lost, I don't know what to do at all, this fucking people in the trap, I have been to New York, I went straight back to the hospital, I screamed in three days and three nights, I can't make films, I can't make films without any money, may be I'm going to study math, go into an abstract problems for a while" Lolita took a sip on her beer, her under lip was stuck with snuff, face pale, hair fair, she clutched her fingers at the table. The bar crowd was a bore, a flattering her guy, sitting next to them was completely drunk, hilariously drunk although he had a pretty baby-face and a blond waste long hair.

"It suits you, you are flying free, nothing binds you" her second ex-husband said "I'm still the same place, sometimes it gets on my nerves, but Lucrezius needs a home, I'm very proud of our son, he is the best" The second ax was drunk but Lucr was still the best, Horny agreed Lucr was extremely good looking, extremely cool, and esoteric and sweet. Lucr loved his mom. Lucr started to write on his first book, Lucr was sixteen and the text was sublime, was picturing the invisible. He has yet wrote only a handful of lines, one and a half page but Horny suspected there was a link between them both. Lucr was describing the abstract fear that hunted her as a child. Period.

"He is as closed to a god, one can be, he is sort of the god" the ex, said. He was obviously drunk. His perspectives were extremely waged.

Hardy had grown a black beard and fetched Horny at the train station; this station had seen extreme many reunions of H&H. Hardy gave her a bottle of champagne, kissing her and shouting "Horny, what have you done to your hair? I love it!"

Horny had two red pony tails, one on each side of her head, she looked as Pippi Longstocking, she looked better. Three girls made a scenario unforgettable, the first one, red hayride was puking, sitting at the batch on the platform, the second was about to, the third one, voluptuous and extremely fair slept stretched at the same banish, her breasts moved rhythmically under the black leather jacket. There was certain innocence over the young maids. Stockholm was the fact. Horny was back.

"I stopped eating eggs, they are poisoned" Viviane said "I saw a comet the other day, it moved, I was watching it for a very long time" "Carl Bildt announced, they are going to sterilize foreign children, we certainly should move, I'm feeling very low, they were talking again about cancers and a bleeding disinter, I'm trying to avoid all the risks" Viviane said. Horny's glorious freedom feeling disappeared within days. She certainly got problems with sex. She was becoming confused, just days back she was so sure, what ever she has done, it leaded her into something great anyway, now, she wasn't so quite sure anymore. Might be she has gone too far this time. How was she going to master the situation? What had really happened?

"Why do you want to make music, what do you want by it, what's your goal?" Matti looked so sires and tensed upon the question he threw to her, that Horny almost got scared.

"Nothing" she said "absolutely nothing, I just want to play, eventually every song suppose to tell a story" They were sitting at her favorite Waynes cafe'. Outside, although it was already cold, she was half hour late and Matti had a quarter of an hour left for her; they supposed to discuss the rennin of the Miss Mess band. Matti was the drummer.

"Do you, have any goal?" she asked, more annoyed then cures, observing his face, eyes multiplied by the optical glasses, she slipped onto the street, people were passing in the endless stream, Kungsgatan, the main street of Stockholm, a Broadway wanna-look like.

"Yeah" he said, "I want to cure people"

Matti was not very well, he was in and out of the mental institution at the critical times. Now, he was cured, he had an own apartment and his own cat and was determinant, to put his life together.

"You are so messy Horny, we never got paid enough, I would not do it again, this time you have to fix everything, not be so self indulged"

Horny's idea was exactly opposite, she was always fixing everything, gigs, texts, rehearsing opportunities, all the cash. She thought this time, the guys would take this part and she could just be a singer - talker more precisely, screamer, the painer. Of course she would love to start to sing but this project was for the next next next next

"I find your texts very painful, very destructive, so new kind of texts and I think we could change the name of the band"

They were walking towards Stureplan, Horny ate her chocolate cake alone, Matti was going to the Burger place, he was going to have his burger by himself. Horny was wondering - what was there to reunion, to continue if everything should been changed?

"Call me, when all is ready, Horny we had some great times and did some heavy stuff, I'm looking forward to the band"

He disappeared inside McDonalds.

Horny had a feeling she had heard a lot of unpleasant stuff, but could not remember what it was. Erland agreed it would have been great to have some snappy gigs in NY, just turn by, round, see how the life tastes and how can it get for real.

Erland was cool. He was a party guy, the most handsome painter and he loved the drugs but recently got married to a young pretty dominant chick.

"Matti, is completely crazy, next time you do the talking" she said putting the phone down. The other drummer they once had was out of the question, he jumped out of the window. She did not see Erland since some years and she was not going to see him about the same...

To write a dream chapter, eventually.

Chapter 15

Tadeusz's letters that popped, to answer and discuss with one, picture the facts, the items the people. Lucrezius. Lucrezia and Lucrezius were sister and brother. They had different fathers and the same mother - Horny. Lucrezia was twelve when Lucrezius was born. She was devoted to her mom, she was with, from the first weeks of Horny's pregnancy. She pleaded mom to try, when the doctor was doubtful, however Horny was able to do it; she just missed a baby, an embryo, which summed, indicated thirteen months of pregnancy at the row, with three weeks break. Lucrezia protected Horny when her second husband, drunk, was braking chairs upon her. Horny stood nude against a wall not protecting her head anymore, always protecting her round rosy belly, with little Luc inside.

"Stop that! Stop that!" Lucrezia shouted against the mad man, always drunk at the occasion and fever eyed. Besides Horny was drunk too, she thought it was really cool to drink, cool to shock people in the bars, just ordering a whisky or lots of red wine. It was the red wine which was the blood of the time - and sex and poetry - first written and then done on stage to the piano of her man - poetry, not sex - they were quite good and sensitive performers. He was a good piano player and composed a few of short pieces, dedicated one to her. She had an obsession to have a sex with him on the piano but he would not do. It was not a grand piano. He would not drive her a top their dark green Mercedes, bikini dressed just for fun, she really asked for.

"Only a short ride"

"No" He liked one position, Horny sitting on him and him resting on the pillows and laid back, looking pretty, relaxed - with a time, Horny hated the particular, his favorite, sex position. They were both extremely good-looking and completely crazy actually. Luc was a moody baby, sleeping irregular, and sometimes being awake the whole night, jumping inside her belly, turning, kicking or sometimes sleeping at least two days through, without one single move, making Horny shit-panic for his life and well being, calling the hospital, making tests, tests, tests.

"That's a character of the child nothing to worry about" doc would say. Luc was enormously sweet at birth, just a little bloody and all blue. He had extremely huge chicks, not only Horny, none saw chicks that big. They were sticking to the sides of his face like on a frog or a dumpster, his hair were black and eyes dark blue, a beauty, and he had a pair of real little, big ears. Lucrezia came visiting the first day, she and her pal, Linda got tipsy on champagne, which was served at the side of the bed. Horny had her own room, Horny had to have her own room. Horny was not willing to socialize with the other moms. Horny was barely able to stand at the hospital at all, once the birth culminated in Luc. Luc was most celebrated little man, although he came out drugged, as Horny got a shot of morphine the last night before the birth. Lucrezia helped new fried father to clean the whole home, which waited now cozy and warm. It was nothing easy, the place was huge, lacked central heating and hot water and shower and the time was winter 1981. Horny visited the house one of the following days, taking a long walk with Ex through the winter deep park, unwillingly returned to the hospital, Lucr was still there. Horny quarreled with the staff and left on own request, taking her baby home. They arrived by taxi, Lucrezia

saw them through the window; she took the kitchen staircase out, coming back home after two days. She has been with the boy. Lucrezia was a creation in her. You could just contemplate her, every decimeter of her and her doings. She was extremely pretty, had a face of a princess, a grace of a fairy and mind of a human, able to entertain everyone, take care of everyone including herself. Horny used to watch her fly on the bike down the road, down the hill, down the street, with black wings of her romantic sleeves. Lucrezia wearied long skirts and sometimes-high heels, of course she was a kid. Sometimes she stole money. Actually she stole money every time she felt like doing it. Lucrezius used to create, he worked hard all the time creating his world. His favorite was collection of cars, collections of spikes, nails, and hammers paint. A collection of teddy bears, he had to have all of them with, for a walk, they were eight, smaller and bigger. If he holed them it was OK. If he dropped one, lifting it up, he would drop the next one, pick it up and dropped the next two; it was amusing to watch. His consequence was most determinant. He sweetened his tea, walking around the table x times, and the spoon was always empty x times, when he riched the cup. He created sculptures in wood, at the age of four with a clearance of an old chap. He was extremely methodic and passionate, even if it seems not to go together, it did in him. He was a unique, sunny kid. The man, done in wood was his size, had a huge square head. Lucrezius fixed a step for himself and was humoring the wooden man hair, from above, with a perfection of the machine, every single hair - a nail - was 9 millimeters from the others. The sculpture was excellent, he called it - The Pal. His parent's tenants burnt it in the stove, two years later when Horny, Ex and Lucr were in Egypt. Horny often made clothes for her children, she dressed them as they would live in medieval times or as it would have been a constant masquerade. Horny was a sport. Imagine Horny was proud of her children. Imagine Horny was proud of herself. There was an odd detail, they never called her mom, and she did not teach them that. They called her - Horny. Horny, only had one name. All the other names were the sweet names or angry names.

"Cunt!!!" twelve years old Lucrezius shouted after Horny, who was disappearing down the staircase hand in hand with Hardy. She just told Lucr, he had to move out for few days, to his dad's place. Hardy just came back, decided to come back and the spell was "No Luc, for a while" It was not her idea but she agreed. Stupidly enough, both of young gentlemen had a clutch. Horny did not take Hardy's side. She took her side. She had to fuck, she had to have sex, she was so impossibly in love and Hardy was - her man. Lucrezius was her son, and she imagined the name mom was totally institutionalized. Horny was a fool and fully disserved the epithet he slashed after her. She disserved one each day. Lucrezius started to smoke cigarettes, it kept him off missing her and down with his anger. She never gave him a permanent home after that. Few days became an eternity. Shame to say. Lucr became a permanent smoker it's Prince. She should have given him a castle. She and Hardy went to New York short after, Hardy could not stay in town, as he massacred her face, and after he left her anyway and they both moved from town. They moved to Stockholm. She just moved, leaving Lucr at his dad; she was so madly in love... Of course. She planed getting this big apartment in the capitol city of Sweden, where they all could live,

Viv, Lucrboy, Hardy and herself, she wrote to Lucr about it, she promised him his own room. Don't misunderstand me - Horny loves her son. She loves her son endlessly. One can be a bitch and an angel in one move. Horny can.

"Fittja is ruined, many houses have crashed" announced Viviane, blankly.

"Tell me about your mother" Horny, asked Viv. Viviane was watching TV news and not very alert to talk, with every news Viviane was waiting for the world to crack down. It still did not do, but she tried to prove - it just did. It is hard to say if her inability to understand the language, or to hear at all, was involved in creating the pattern, was it misunderstanding or was Viviane completely mad?

"What was your mother's title and her coat-of-arms?" Horny repeated the question. The news finished and Viviane, switched the television off, she was not interested in anything else.

"I don't know" she said.

"Of course, you know!" Horny was sure.

"I don't remember" Viviane said.

"I know that you do, tell me what was her complete name and all the rest, and all the other relatives, parents, grandparents, the whole tree. You told me that she went to the school with czar's daughters" Horny tried.

"I never told you something like that, what are you trying to indicate. The czar was a patron of the boarding school in Petersburg, he created that school, I don't know if he had any daughters, her name was Victoria Eleonora Koziello-Poklewska" Viviane said, unwillingly

"Common, everyone knows about czar's daughters, he had a few of them, when was she born and what was her parents names?"

"I don't remember when, well, I think she was born 1885, 26th of February, perhaps in Swieciany, her parents were called Stanislav Koziello-Poklewski and Evelina Janiszewska, who was extremely beautiful and died very young, then he married for the second time, my mother was an orphan" Viviane said.

"She wasn't an orphan, if she had a father" Horny explained and added

"You told me, the family name goes back to fourteenth Century"

"That's just a non sense, someone made it up and it already broke so many people lives" Viviane meant herself. Horny wanted to know more.

"What was Koziello-s Poklewsky profession?"

"He had no profession, if he was a duke, he had the money anyhow" was, what Viviane said. Horny wanted to know everything, especially the coat-of-arms.

"I don't remember, we had a white table cloth, with a crone and the coat-of-arms, but someone stole it"

"I don't care for the cloth, I want to know how did it look"

"My mom used to joke, I remember that, she said it was arrows aiming a dog shit, she wouldn't care the less, she was emancipated, besides her pa wasted all the money, in some odd court at last" At last Viviane took a pen and drew three diagonally shoot arrows targeting a half of the moon standing diagonal.

"My mom wanted to study, it was the most important for her, she did not want to marry the man her father had picked"

"Yeah, I remember that, he was old and fat" Horny said.

"Not at all, he was young and beautiful, but she did not want to get married and stay in Russia, she wanted to go to Poland, to Cracov, at these times it was illegal for women to study, so she entered the Baranowski courses at The Jagiellon University, she lived on her own, she had rented a small room on Krupnicza street" Viviane said.

"And who was that planned husband? You don't know, or?" Horny asked.

"Yes, I know, it was Radziwill" she said giving Horny a bizarre smile. The news was worth it! The news was hot! It was the biggest, the most prestigious name among Polish nobles. Horny was impressed.

"And why didn't she do it?" not realizing that even she herself wouldn't be off on that condition. Viviane was pretty hurt, she loved her dad John. John was not a noble man. John was a simple man. He was intelligent, smart, well educated, politically involved and charming, he was strong.

"It's all just non-sense" Viviane repeated ending the conversation, switching on the TV again.

"But how about Butler, the English or Irish grandmother, was it Victoria's grandmother, I saw the picture of her, in a huge crinoline dress" Horny asked.

"I don't know, I don't remember anything, it all gets me really confused"

"But you must know, someone must know, there must be some clear information, Ewa must know" Horny referred to Vivian's oldest sister.

"Ewa might know, she was seventeen years old when our mother died, I was only four, I think my mother's grandmother was called Eleanor or Emily Butler and she married Adam Janiszewski" concluded Viviane.

"And they were noble, or?" asked Horny, who was really turned on to discover her deep and precious roots.

"Yes" said Viviane.

"Show me the pictures" Horny asked, and the next twenty minutes Viviane spent on clearing her way to the old photos, constantly repeating "someone stole them for sure" She was picking up different keys hidden in different places of the room, they were chain connected with each other, each key gave a next key and so on. At last an album, a box and envelopes, all roped carefully around into small parcels were a top of the table. In fact some pictures were missing. It was fucking crazy, almost corny to keep Vivian's paranoia alive.

"Shit!" thought Horny, why did I ask her to look for it at all. Viviane was already locking everything in.

"Why don't you keep the key in your butt?" Horny asked more frustrated than yesterday.

"What?" asked her Viviane, who heard terribly bad and was stuffing the very last key under her madras. Viviane kept on talking to herself in a half voice, the newest - who might be responsible for -the newest -, the missing pictures. There was always the one, to pick at, in spite the fact that Viviane met no one. It was most probable, someone came in when she was out walking the dog. Horny knew, she was responsi-

ble herself for one of them, her grandma Victoria at the age of thirteen, looking like a princess, and looking much like Lucr, a picture was very pale, in soft brown color and oval cut into a hard card. The girl on it was slim, had a delicate face, with rather thin lines, shoulder long, straight blond hair, extremely slim perfect shoulders, a soft décolletage and a white dress, very tight in the waste; there picture took an end. It got melted with all of the Horny's personal stuff, her collection of the self-portraits in coal, and manuscripts of twenty years. She did not pay her apartment for too long time, while she lived somewhere else - in Stockholm, after the return from New York - and at last it was taken from her, and everything what was in there - destroyed. Horny was sure she has missed all the Taddy's letters, but a handful of them popped at Lucrezia's home, when Horny searched for her own books, she recently left there. Actually a batch of photographs was attached to the packet, so it was clear - Lucrezia saved some precious family stuff as well. It was only Horny whose fingers were too blind, to collect. Also Lucrezius's dairies from the trips, to Egypt when he was seven years old, New York and Mexico when he was nine and Brazil when he was ten, all good written with only a little of Horny's help. These works made him come from grade to grade although he was missing about five months school every year and proved his genuine mind, sensibility and great sense of humor. It was all gone now. Taddy's letters Horny deposited to Viv's, well-guarded cupboard.

"My father" said Viviane sitting down upon her key, on the bed

"Was responsible for the whole family after his father died, his father died in flue at Christmas, he was fetching his son by the slag quite a way and the night was very cold. So my father had to go to work. He worked at least a half-year in the factory, supporting his mother and his younger brother and sister and then something miraculous had happened. A brother of his dead father appeared and was willing to take care of them, he was a single man. So my father could continue his study, first in a small town Piotrkow and after words Vilnius, where he was involved in a Socialist underground organization, and when it got reviled he had to escape the country, he studied in Brussels and shortly in Paris. Paris was his party time, he was young, they were a group of pals, they worded long black capes and went out a lot to the places where Parisian artists went, they drunk absentee and collected cigarette's stumps before going home, they were certainly, not rich"

Yeah, Horny knew grand-pa John more then well she adored him.

"Common, girl, we are going to go" he would say to her, not necessarily waiting for her to button up the coat, letting her hand go, as soon they were alone. She was so damn proud when they were taking a buss, not a taxi, like with her dad, who never was sober enough - a bus! He would let her go inside by herself, without lifting her up over the steps; he knew her capacities, he knew she could do it! He was proud of his prettiest four years babe. He could talk with her in hours. Talk and play. Jan had many dreams, vivid dreams. This is what the girl imagined; in fact what she did not know, Jan knowing so well what he had struggled for, and what was a political reality of his country and this little girl's he loved so much, future, must have been very dark. It must have been totally dark inside his heart, yet he did not show, he did not crush her hopes, her dreams, her affection to the world and its reality, the life.

"Did he know, Viviane was sick?" Horny wondered, now. So much of her childhood was veiled.

"It was the most horrifying experience in my entire life" Lucrezius said to Horny, on the phone, he was at his dad's place and Horny was sitting on the floor of her first New York's apartment. She was squeezing the earphone, clutching at it like a sick bird. Steven died and Lucrezius was one of the six men caring the coffin, Lucr was twelve years old. "I don't understand how my dad could have asked me that, and also why I did not say - no! Horny wished she was with Lucr now, she did not say anything, anything smart or loveable. Horny understood, she did not count in a family. Horny and Hardy had fun, the family was in grief, Steven was Lucrezia's first husband, he was a drug addict full time and it was OD that dashed his life. Accident or a choice? Steven could not bear the life anymore and the life would not bear him, he got to be twenty four; possibly twenty six, there was something unclear with his birth date, he was selling too old and stolen cars in his early youth and police was after him and his mother false his birth's date when she could, the death attest was approximate as well, he was found dead. Lucrezia has kidnapped a child away from him, the child he loved, the child whom Lucrezia was a mother to. At the divorce act in Tennessee Chattanooga, she lost her rights to the child, she was a daughter to a crazy porn actress and she was perverted European chick and he was a son of respectful citizens with dissent jobs and lives, her divorce took place very much in the Southern State, where also a sodomy was strictly illegal. After two years she had to take the child back with force, she did not have a choice, the things were tough - the child, was a loved heroine courier on the Berlin-Warsaw track, there was no other way out but to brake the link. The child, Francis was fatherless now, but safe. Safety was still merit in this world. Of course there was a anti-drug clinic where Steven should have been put up for the cure, but he was not the guy who would do, that. It was bad, but simple. Tragic.

Lucrezia was sixteen years old and she lay nude on Raphael's black satin bed. He came towards her bringing a silver tray placing it on the bed in front of her, four even lines of cocaine. The picture was not just stimulating, the picture was gorgeous, and the girl was a beauty. Lucrezia sneezed, blowing it all away. Raphael was one of her three Berlin's boy friends. Steven was the second one. Horny sent Lucrezia to Berlin to study at the theatre school, Lucrezia was not very determinant student. She and Doris were out every night, Berlin was a great fun city. Raphael was well situated, working with movies, actually a film director, relatively older, well composed, handsome man. Steven was crazy, so young that he lied to Lucr about his age, as he lied about everything else, American, rootless as much here as everywhere else, and penniless. His addiction was serious and he was a thief, accept that he worked as a cloak room man, which was quite suitable in his doubled profession. Lucrezia was quite choice less but in love. She left the town quitting the school, she just went back home, leaving all her lovers behind, Steven was the first one who rung Horny's door bell, borrowed money from Horny, and moved in. He was exceptionally quick and exceptionally good-looking.

"So, the other students didn't like you, because you painted self-portraits, because you focused on your body and face instead of the wholesome ideals?" asked Jessica, leaning over her walk-man.

"I focused on my thoughts, but I was getting to them through the painting of my face" said Horny sitting erected in her chair, they were at the Starbucks Cafe' 89 West, up Broadway, and the snow was still falling down.

"This was one of the best defenses of a sexually-explicit autobiography I've ever heard" was Miss Willis, clew coming few days later in New York Press. "How could you loose all your beautiful drawings? I have packed them so well" asked her second ex-husband, looking at her. Of course he was drunk and finishing the fifth bottle of the red wine. Yeah! It was definitely something special with that work. They were bigger then natural size, mostly faces, sometimes more then faces, sometimes even her womb, showing through the fabric of her black jeans, and on one picture nude and open. She called this one - A Rose. It looks like the rose - her cunt. It took few months, she would paint one portrait per night, to the very dawn. They were all done in coal and very black and colorful-bizarre. On some of them she had two faces, or three, and on one she looked like a zombie or a ghost, faceless. Into that one she stuck a safety needle right through it, to keep the soul inside the crop, or a body. Yeah, she was alive. There was a portrait of Andreas, which she had on her front wall, his pretty face was surrounded by cerise bloom, and she was in love to him. The sheet of paper was the man, whom she obeyed. His magnetic face dominated her, Horny unwillingly recalls, she burnt the candles, she glanced, she looked, she watched, she talked to him, she was possessed by love until the very day her second husband sated down in her with the seed of Luc. But by that time, the drawing was off from the wall since a while, Horny and Lucrezia had moved. Horny got hold of the really great apartment in the same part of the town, an old town, 120 square meters, four rooms and a kitchen on the last floor in the corner of the house, the living room was octangular, she was able to burn the fire in the old stoves, Lucr and Horny painted the walls white, erasing the shadows and traces of the ghost, an old lady who lived there before, they wrapped of the plastic floor uncovering a real wood, they worked day and night. Coming out of the house, by deep night, only for to breathe, dancing down in the street, covered with a March's snow storm. Andreas tried to impregnate his image into her new home in various ways, he moved in for a week and moved out leaving his furniture's at her place and moved in again, he was preparing the ground but he would not fuck her. At night after he has been singing with Lucrezia - he sung like an angel - and finally sung Lucr and himself to sleep Horny would slip out of the house. She was taking off her shoes and caring them in her delicately stretched palm, stepped down old wooden staircase without making a noise. Night after night, she landed in her future husband's bed. It was a good turn to her life, anyway. Andreas was a tremendously good looking and singing young man. His voice was masculine, he came the whole way to a false. His passion was the dope. He was filled with pain, tormented by pain and rarely handsome. He was sacrificing her. She could have guessed - for what - she was not stupid. Yet sometimes

Taddy seem to make out the situation better than she. He also had a pass on Lucr-boy, he had loved him, when Lucr was three years old and the most beautiful man of desires, already running around in a lack shoes and velvet slacks, Andreas borrowed him, for holidays, he has been taking with his lady friend, they pretended, Lucr was their child... Three of them composed well. In beauty... But it was also Horny's tendency, she liked finding male baby-sitters for her kids, it was both original and entertaining, she enjoyed male company as her children did, women were a bit too laid off, too absentminded, too ignorant about life's matters in general, Horny wanted to be emancipated but was strictly too boring, her life was her life and the quality was strong. She liked braking the rules or she made a mistake?

At the time she has done the drawings, all the pictures were up on the walls, they peered into her eyes right when she woke up - sometime by the afternoon. She had no walls and this was good, she hated the walls, she have always had a trouble with walls and shut doors, she would keep them open, this habit, was Vivian's habit until she - Viviane begun to bolt the doors. Horny's outdoor was shut but unlocked. She hated keys. Lucrezia took good care of herself, and she loved her mom's job. The faces, they were like their sisters and brothers and they all watched for them, the painted people. It didn't matter that to 90% it was Horny's face. Horny smoked pot. The morning came always purple. Horny lived without a man, in this period, only with Luc-girl, but they were never alone, the faces watched after them, fed them with lies about life, love and security and no storms. Fed with passion. Or may be they stormed over them viscously, sometimes. Horny has sex with some of the men, she has painted, but not with the girls.

"These are the most horrifying drawings I have ever seen" said a little tiny woman Barbro, almost a dwarf "you must have to do with a Satan, how could you do this - possibly? How dare you to hand them here?"

It was the first exhibition at the vegetarian restaurant at which Horny worked during three months, they paid her in a piece of hashish - for the day, and a dinner, for her Lucr and Udo, her German boy friend. It was a while ago, now he was gone from town, as she has fall in love to someone else - a Dutch man. She left Udo for Jeff. Three months later she has met Andreas - a Norwegian, over one night dashed four real years of her future life due to his conflict life. The Future. Udo used to sit at the corner table and write he was a poet. One hour he was not there, and a very young, tall blond, long hairdo guy in the hat and flowery shirt - A Catchy Dandy, entered the place. Horny was cooked. His family name was Storm. Yeah, it was fucking long time ago, and luckily nothing left of neither first nor next love or next. She fucked Jeff in prison, he was the only one she ever had visited in the prison. He came from Amsterdam to visit her and he had the dope on him. He was pretty psychotic, and when the custom man entered the little room for the closer recognition, Jeff shouted, "you touch me! I kill you!" doing some advanced karate jump&kick. Of course he was brought to the floor very fast ending up with a deep jack in his head and no entry to Sweden during next four years plus eight weeks in jail, before the deporting maneuver. He was in a terrible shape after the jail but got permission to visit Horny for three days before being deported. They had terrible bedtime, he kept the light on all

the time, waking her up and waking Lucr, testing how they would adapt jail habits. At last he fell in love to another girl, she plaid a guitar and was singing a song! 1000 miles away from home"

Her name was Ingrid. It was at Blues Annika's home. Blues Annika was a heroin addict, a great singer and really fat and really not pretty great woman. Horny could not sing. Horny never saw Jeff again and it surely was her great luck. He was about to buy a huge house at the Dutch Island, he was planing to take Horny and Lucr with, Horny lost his address. And that was the best. Blues Annika is dead. She died in OD. Some events are constant. As some lives are. Is. Ice.

"People can't eat with this black scary faces around them" Barbro was certain, Horny had to do with a devil. May be she had. Professional people liked the drawings, the teachers at the school liked it a lot and Taddy loved it, she was going to exhibit them in Paris, in a gallery, she got drunk with a gallery manager, she showed him only photos, they shared the whole bottle of Whisky, Horny had so much fun, and he introduced her to so many artists, this day and Lucrezia was there too, that Horny was not motivated to do the show, she never showed up. She did not even go back to Paris for some time. She never went back to the gallery; she had lost the address and had forgotten the name. The manager was really handsome. Horny wouldn't care the less. She packed down her drawings when she stopped to smoke. She showed them together with a few of performances, she did with DS ART, mostly her poetry reading or shows. Her second husband was very found of them. Drawings - not the readings. He did not like to spoil her, the negative critic was always better, more constructive, he has learned at the family table. The shows were good, as they actually were his shows, on that matter they were partners. They used to argue a lot working out, the multi media performances but the result was satisfying. He used to drain her when he was drunk, that all her art sucked that she lived in the dream from the other century, puff. "Look" Horny said to him, now "I apparently did not care for them. They were upstairs all the time, for so long, I did not unpacked the box, I remember I showed them to someone, once, but I don't remember who it was, they were at the attic, as you know, also after Hardy moved in, we filmed a couple of scenes up there, but I never showed him the stuff, OK, I mentioned it to him, but did not show. Would I do that if I cared for them? Besides I was fucking pissed, because when we were moving back to this apartment I lost a few of beautiful portraits of Lucrezia, it was pissing me off. The collection was de-completed. I was really angry with myself. So every time I would look into them I had to face, Lucr's portraits were gone for good. You know, I remember all of them, so may be they still exist; even if only in my head. They are all lined up. After all they were just a pure stuff. Nothing, but stuff. The art is not on the paper, the art is between the paper and the eye, this, one cunt destroy" The image cant destroy. They were actually not in the box, but in between a black velvet mobile wall, witch she used as a bed in her attic scene from ID N3, her movie, placed between Ora and Carin knitting on the meat pieces. And the bed, on which she fucked Mick, when they were, stranded drunk. She locked him in there. It's still curies, how he came out?

"So they are there, in the movie, though hidden, invisible for the eye. And I had one more exhibition with them, when they were still fresh" An exhibition which was put up in Gotburg, at the famous Danvik museum, one month before Lucrezius was born.

"Yeah, Sven Danvik believed they were going to make me famous and rich, he sold one piece to Oslo. It was not the best picture. It was a picture of me and Lucr coming home from Paris. Our bird lay dead in the cage and all the plants were dried dead, the door was broken and Lucr's synthesizer gone. It was horrible come back and you know what I did? Set down and did a painting. I must have been a fucking nut. We looked pretty gone in that picture. Our eyes were strange and very big, somehow bottomless. The bird was blue. I left my place to a young boy and he appeared to be a junky, he mistreated all, I left him very much food for the bird, it would have been enough if he opened the cage and sip the kernels on the floor, but he did not do that. He did nothing like that" He is dead now, his life was short. He took Lucr's synthesizer. Sold it.

Actually, Horny met her second husband at Danvik's club. Later on Danvik's German wife Kristina, was killed by some wild-ones in Amazons. Yeah! The horribly wild story. She and Danvik visited Horny and ex home, when they came to pick the pictures and Kristina proceeded a ghost hunt in Horny's apartment. Horny knew she had a ghost in there. So Kristina did some prayers in the corners of the room. Horny did not have a hand with animals in her home. The kittens went crazy and never learned to shit into the sand box, the whole home looked like one big shit house and smelled like one, the kittens were the thinnest, most paranoid creatures anyone ever had and one Polish chap let them go, under Horny's absence. She cried when she came home and looked for them outside, but did not find them. She was very angry with the guy. It was cold outside and wintry, not a good time at all to let the animals go. But she could not admit they did not grow at all since few months, even an inch. May be it wasn't only her fault, it was possible they had worms and were not going to survive. Another Polish chap gave her a rabbit, she starved this poor animal to death, it was something wrong with Horny. She kept on forgetting to give him food, the rabbit started dying, he was still in the cage, she took him into her lap, she feed him with milk and water by force, he was falling into a coma, she gave him a heart massage in hours, to keep him alive. At last he was completely stiff. Horny and Lucrezia were going to bury him. They went to the mountain, which was outside the house; sitting like a witch. She had this mountain painted on the few drawings, because the landscape showed up around the faces after a while. The girls were digging a grave. It was impossible. The earth was too frozen. They were there at least an hour, the moon was full and hard, a silver one, shrieking. They stuck the body of the rabbit, under the stone, covered with dry black twigs and dry dirty gray crumbs of the old snow. The moon rode the sky like nuts. Some of the drawings Horny have done in the school, and some at home, all of them by night. Horny started wearing only black clothes, long old dresses and old fur-coats, she understood it was an obsession, she tried to change the color but she could not. Her negligee' was black. Lucr loved to do the same. There was a party at Horny's school. All of the Swedish

artists were good-hearted communists. The pig head was crowning the party table, it was enormous amount of food and booze, and they were all rich communists. They were all wearing Russian peasants' clothes, boots, pants, blouse and girls covered heads with chiefs and guys with caps. Horny and Lucr arrived delayed, they were dressed up, in the black long dresses from the other century, amazingly beautiful, full of the ribbons and valances. They both had high heel pumps and black walking sticks and dark carmine painted lips. T h e y w e r e d r e a d f u l l y h u n g r y. Lucr was five years old, she spoke perfect Swedish and she still spoke very good, intellectual, classy German. Of course she spoke regular Polish and all right English. She had no foreign accent, she fitted languages like glows. It was half year since they had left Germany. It was said, she talked like a book, it was due to Udo. It was the way he spoke. Horny was dreadfully stoned. Horny loved to smoke dope, inspire her death trips, it was thrilling and it was amusing her, she was not religious about it anymore, but she was not considering stopping, yet. All her, little money she had, went to the dope. She has got connections with most strange most trashy pushers and dealers. She took several rides with them out of a town, to get the stuff, which she was also pushing to her pals, she did not realized, she was a pusher, as she did not make any profit; and why didn't she? Horny was a trash, but she did not realize that, before much later. Horny smoked three years heavily and stopped the habit abruptly. "I had to stop, I was waiting for Lucr, sitting outside on the bench, I felt an ice mountain a top of my one, and I fall asleep" she told, once told story. The spring has started Horny was in love again and was never going to smoke. Lucr was a sweet kid, extremely sweet kid. Lucr's affection to Horny's boy friend and to his parents lasted much longer then Horny's. Lucr was a kid of order, some inner unbreakable order. Lucr was strong. Horny was rather confused but it did not show on the outside.

"You confuse sex with love, Horny" Taddy was trying to lecture his miss, it would not do and it still doesn't.

Sugar said, Horny is light as a feather.

"I'm writing. Yes, definitely" Horny answered Bartek's questioning, her daily doings. His response was as always skeptical.

"Yeahm, some people find it satisfying to recall all their thoughts - they imagine it is very interesting, some don't. These ordinary thoughts. I don't like to read something, to recognize myself in. I like to have a sensation for my money" Yeah, that was quite a clue! Horny was quiet for a sec. Hardy was quiet as he finished his glass of a mineral water. He still did not drink beer - actually he impressed Horny with it, at her return from the last trip. Bartek was on his third Pripps - he always drunk the cheapest beer at the chipset bars; he had his theory - it sold the quickest and therefore its taste was the freshest. His beard was grayer then the last time.

"Quite a clue" Horny almost agreed with a beer theory, she drunk lemon tea. They had decided to continue shooting for her short movie, a pastiche' on Polanski's school etude'

"Two man with a cupboard" Bartek was going to ride a woman, not necessarily sexually, he was going to be dressed, in a horse riding trousers and boots, and was going to ride her extremely huge, cream white ass. & He was going to have a speech.

"You are not going to eat this mushrooms" said Viviane, looking at Horny true horrified.! Yes, of course, why do you think I had picked them?" answered Horny, washing and cutting brown sleazy hats.

"The entire Bethoven's family died after macramé dinner, I have seen that in the movie when I was small. Zosia, a woman I know, picked "the dog's" mushrooms and was in a hospital in a terrible pain during one week" Viviane had a peculiar look on her face.

"But Zosia is not dead?" asked Horny.

"No. But your great grandfather, on your father's side died after mushrooms, they were not even poisonous, because the whole family ate it and only he died, he ate too much"

"Mhm" Horny was frying a full pan of a greatly smelling stuff, she was not a 100% sure of her pick but she was that pissed angry with Viviane that she hardly cared. Viviane ate too. She did not sleep the whole night, waiting to die. Horny was elevated by her lonesome forest escapade, Lou-Lou joined, and she was at least three hours climbing up and down the fairy landscape. It was unsure, why Viviane ate that much of the macramé stew, she either loved the musty taste, either felt forced to back up, her only daughter. She continued telling the macramé stories through the night. Hardy would not taste it. He was too afraid.

Hardy looked enlighten, was enlighten, he was prepared to speak "Today, I did not drink a half year" he said, pronouncing every word separately. The day had passed.

"I thought I was going to celebrate with a Champagne"

The night was slow, Horny was thinking about her book perhaps or may be of her promotion.

"I thought, I was going to celebrate in a bubble-pool together with five teenage girls" He had to make it more heavy to focus her attention on himself. It worked.

"Ex-cuse-me?" spoke Horny, her face was red with rage "it's not as easy to get five teenage girls nude into that sort of games, you have to be offering something in exchange" she said, trying to be at least smart, if not funny.

"It's enough to be Tall&Blond" Hardy said, he was as usual stretched on the bed, Horny set on the chair, they were in Vivian's kitchen, Viviane was snoring, she took a very short nap. The dirty sober night was in a full glory with a silver shield of the moon, peering right in.

"You don't think, the teenage girls are that stupid and unmotivated, and what do you believe you are representing, as a award, I mean? Actually, what?" Their conversation was suddenly getting over the edge and Hardy, shouted.

"OK, not five, but one sweet teenage, I could easily fix, if I wanted, but I don't want to" his eyes were glassy, so were his girl's eyes.

"You are a fucking swine, Hardy, don't ever use me as a nurse again!" Horny was next to cry. Hardy, also extremely hurt, tried to talk her into a sense mentioning the trust and respect, it became all very serious, she was well aware that it was a cliché talk, the first talk and the second talk and the collision and the remains after the crush; it was all fucking cliché. His trouble.

"It's really burning here, Horny, you are getting paranoid"

Hardy was quite sure, the conflict has begun with a teenage. He knew, she was a middle age woman, with a usual female age tension. How, a Christ, could she explain to him - she was a teenager! They remained motionless, Hardy on his bed, Horny on her chair in the blank of the evil hard-horny moon. How could Hardy know, that she wanted all for herself and she could get it, and she was going to? The item of a conflict was crystallizing and had nothing to do with her age or his drinking and she was comfortable and was going to hit it! Or was she just dreaming? What was she about?

"Horny, I love you!" said Asa, she was drunk, and she was excited. Asa was extremely passionate, but she was right; Horny brought a blast of a freedom, around her skirts, her extremely short skirts. Horny's skirts were still getting shorter and shorter Horny would not age. She brought a blast of the freedom in a shine of her eyes, her eyes would not dim, not dim that easy anyway. And her wings were huge and could hold her well over the ground and they did. Horny was fucking flying, flying again." After five years of yelling, nagging begins - Hardy - constantly - I want your love, I want your baby, I want a home, I want you! - I can't just tell him - hey Baby, good bye!" All Asa's male friends, including her man - fall in love to Horny - a girl with red ponytails.

Horny dialed Seelig's number, they were hopefully, going to distribute her books in Sweden. "I'm sorry, we won't do it, we are not the right company for it, the company in Kings-Springs is much better for you" Mr. At Satter spoke in a mild low graceful voice, he was certainly well bred, and surely in his latest middle age. Just before to die. Taking risks was a non-exciting or non-existing, fisting plea or task.

"Yeah" said Horny "so, you are going to send me back the samples of books, I had sent to you?" she was agreeable.

"No" said the guy in the same mild voice.

"...Do, you mean you want to keep them?" Horny was getting slightly confused.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you very much!" the very mild voice of the chap was buttering and melting. Horny felt sick, disused and she put the phone down.

"Fucking idiot! Old fart! I hope it gives you a blue balls!" she said to herself, trying to get the bad taste off her mouth. She was working, trying to get her applications for the film project money, look more handballs. She was sending a promotion for screenings to La Hore and Berlin. She used to damp all her money to art, but this time it was more, a lot of stuff to pay everyday, all the hundred dollars stamps, photos, faxes, calls, tapes - it all cost more money that she had. She still could not afford to send Nick, a parcel with the film cassette BTH, although he was so obviously

with. Viviane woke up and came inside the kitchen, she did not die and she looked extremely pleased over the fact. Besides Horny did not die either. Hardy went down town, panicked, and came back.

"I refuse to meet you, exclusively at my mom's kitchen!" yelled Horny, standing at her mom's balcony. Hardy was walking off, distinctly stretched and not looking back at his Juliet in the cry act. "I want to meet you down town, among the people, I want you to turn me on!" Arabic kids playing outside on the grass looked at her without a special attention, they were used to a man-woman clash.

"I had so much fun on my trip, I was entertained all the time!" Horny screamed.

"I bet you were!" was Hardy's only response. Horny left her Juliette's balcony, took the staircase down, run, caught her Romeo - face to face; she suggested a cafe* for the meeting and

he accepted. Hardy and Horny drunk. Hardy and Tom drunk few beers. Horny drunk one beer with Carisma, she was at Lydmar bar.

"Look" said Carisma "you always give me such a stupid name, don't call me like that"

"What would you prefer?" Horny asked.

"Cardy!" Cardy was looking at the room filled with pretty East-Malm people, she was fever-eyed with all the reason to it; her daughter was seriously ill and her business collapsed. This was really unfair.

"The name should be short like for the dog! Short and sensual!" Horny fully agreed, she has felt the same way about an awful name Hardy gave her in his book - long-verbally overdone and stupid. Luckily in real life he called her - Babe. Cardy had one hour for Horny and gave her a plastic ill pink salad ball, Horny couldn't even use as a hat. After meeting Cardy, Horny has met Hardy and Tom, they were not at the agreed cafe' but at the bar next door, of course Horny made a proper sorer face when he has waved her in, Horny was a smack. They drank together. Each of them exactly six beers. Horny was going to explode, she was throwing the beers down her throat, she was pleased, she was upset, she was leaving the table, she was coming back, she was making friends, doing her art promotion at the bar disk, running the streets, buying food, rumbling round the earth, definitely. Discussing her life with everyone who would have listen to her, she had found listeners. Hardy wanted to go home all the time, home to Viviane, he was counting every single beer and every deciliter of it, analyzing his life - together with Tom, and not talking to her at all, not paying any attention to her, Horny was over the edge. At last he managed to bring her h-o-m-e.

"You are a shit! You are a fucking slut! Why did you take me back home - and to this place? I want to have fun! I want to talk! I want to amuse my eyes and ears and my feet! I want to walk! I want to sing and dance! I want to ride through the night! I want to fuck!" she sounded really stressed, she could have just brushed her womb's lips against his - it would surely do, for the evening screw.

"Why a fuck did you bring me here, at all! You are a fucking slut! First you don't drink and don't go out with me in a half-year time! And I'm waiting and when at last

it happens, nothing happens!" Hardy squeezing his eyes tried to explain to himself, that he slept, that it was not happening to him... not happening to them. Horny phoned Ora, she was Annabel to sleep, to lay down, she was fucking turning like a ship in the storm, she at least had to talk to someone. Ora's man was back. It was impossible to have a conversation, what was so fucking wrong with the guys?

"Next stop, Hollywood" Horny said to Mats, as always were helping her to get her videotapes together. Horny got a negative answer to her Danish Film Board, application, and wishes of a good luck.

"I'm trying The Swedish Film Institute and if it doesn't work I split" Horny made an effortful dancing pa', she was serious.

"They are promoting you in Berlin as a Beat Generation - you are too young for it" pointed Mats.

"Yeah, but I'm the only one alive! I don't care how they are promoting me as long they do!" Horny was fixed into her world of illusion for good.

In the corner of Vivian's kitchen was a shelf in which corner was placed a cut out photo of Horny, about 26 centimeters tall, from her calves to the top of her fair head. In a nit black super tight, super short, plastic dress. Her right palm rested at her hip, from behind, the left arm hanged down relaxed. Her face was sad, pretty, and intense. She was caught with the smashing idea - this was her, this was her real very body, very flesh. The little flesh was glowing and staring at her. It was definitely alive and dominating the room, real Horny started disappearing...

They stopped to call a w h o r e after her, now she was P i p p i, imagine how good i t felt. Three small suburb kiddy girls fall in love to her and she returned their love - fully. After the second meeting, came to an embarrassing detailed talk.

"How old are you?" the biggest of the girls asked.

"Guess" proposed Horny.

"Twenty five" said the smallest.

"No, forty" lied Horny, compromising a bit - seven years - to the girl's advantage, she would not dare to brake their hearts. It was really not popular to be that old. She also said, she was a mother to two children. And her father was dead all of which was the answer to the girl's questions as they still could not focus on not treating her as a little girl and one of them.

Bent over her application to the Board of Swedish Arts, at Malmo's train station and with Hardy next to.

"A total world promotion without a limit. Fuck 2000! We want it now! What I want to do is actually nothing brilliant and nothing new. I want to take the world into possession - I have done it in years."

This time she had applied for 25 000 US dollars, hopefully she shall get. She could need some cash.

Chapter 16

"So, poor Charlie got his monument" Horny said to Hardy. "And a little Horny lost her little shelter to stay in Berlin" she said. Hardy was shooting pictures, using his

still new camera - Minolta. Horny was freezing, it was the feeling which would always make her feel so endlessly homeless. She was forced to take a walk. The awful walk, in a small rain, and Hardy would not hold her hand. He was photographing everything, walking as always, much faster than she. Berlin was gray. Gray and unsuccessful. Charlie Wings was dead. He has drawn 5 of February 1995, in Spain, drunk and drugged - indicated the death attest. The whole place - the museum, was next to sterile, German documents proving a few dreadful moments of his colorful life.

"He would have turned in his grave" she said, Charlie was a musician, first of all, an inventor, a writer, a techno plastic kid. Upstairs in the Tower was a plaster figure of the East German soldier -Special Border Forces - was written on the forearm of his elegant suit. He was wearing a tie and had a soft, long, black eye lashes attached to a plaster face. There were a handful of the photographs of Charlie pinned to the walls. Charlie as a child - standing in the garden, smiling, holding into a bucket and a spade. As a boy - wearing a kinky smart Beatles's suit and a tie, an extremely broad pretty smile - almost a Jagger, with a neat house's staircase and a patio as a back panel and a Beatles kinky hair-do. As a young man - getting into a period of a rebellion long hair. The triptych - a left profile a right profile and a frontal view of his very face, as a prisoner of the East German prison in East Berlin, and then at last a free man in the West. He was exchanged for some important for Stasi, Eastern terrorist. Charlie was Steven's best friend, and Lucrezia's girlfriend - Doris's boy friend. Charlie was Horny's friend. They really loved each other, both tiny, both plastic-fantastic, East-West artificial new age creatures. His name was Karl Winkler. Under this name he has written a book. He died as Charlie Wings and was born as Karl Winkler. Where was Charlie? Where was he gone in between the vanishing? What was the vanishing if the plural personality remains, where?

Karl Winkler did not die. Where is Karl? Who died? How was drunk and drugged? Who has drawn?

"Look, how do you want me to promote you, after all, we have created my last movie together?" Horny asked Hardy, they were walking Saint Marks, East Village, and just left Tompkins Park.

"You should point, there are generations which bring us apart, I'm young, and I'm a Western Boy but you're an East European Woman" his look was innocent, he would never learn. For him these were the facts, so it was not for her.

"What? How dare you?" catching amok, Horny was shouting, her face pious, red blasted. This was far more than this girl, this woman could take. She was going to have her first ever screening in NYC - pretty big show at Anthology Film Archives, all her work - only seven hours, she was from Sweden, Europe, Western Europe although born in Poland, she was a young filmmaker and it was her US's debut, this was her identity; she felt all of the sudden as she fed a snake, a viper, from her womb&hand - Hardy, not knowing, the sensitive point was biting the hand who fed

him so well and with such an explicit love, Horny started to rage-strip, throwing her clothes, piece by piece down to the ground.

"I'm born in Poland! Fact! But my grown up, creative life, as long, as your entire life at all, belongs here, is rooted in the West, fucking tardy! I live in the Presence not in the Past! Or the Future like you, you'll never get anything done! When I left Poland at twenty-three, I was just a pure innocence. I did not know anything! I did not suck one single dick! I wouldn't touch it! I had exclusively the quests! I seek the truth! The answers came later! Fool!" harshly spoke Horny, cooling down a little bit with her words and lack of clothes, she was still hurt. Horny was funny, she was standing there half nude, with the patches of her clothes around the gutter with Hardy, who really didn't know what to do with Horny who really felt so fucking young... & so fucking westernized... Anyhow he managed to punch out her front tooth, the night before the show. The excellent appearance, she mantled a cigarette in the slot. The show was excellent. Horny chain-smoked, she also had a hangover.

"They should play fucking techno in this Tower and not show such a khaki stuff. What a shame!"

Horny was amazed over the bad taste, which fully proved; a fat sloppy guy was selling post cards and entrance tickets, the guest book was filled, by occasional sentences - also Japanese, and a pen dried out. Horny and Lily had some great soiree, once upon the time in Charlie's bed, rarely electric. Horny and Hardy staid at the very Tower. It was an East German border Tower and Charlie opened a Forbidden Museum in there - after the Wall had fall. Its cellar was filled with booze, Charlie and his band often partied there, playing, drinking, jamming, taking drugs, and had thrown public parties as well. Hardy never saw that much booze in one an unattended place, unwatched place - imagine... he went frenzy, imagine... the girl gave him a lecture in resistance. "Why is my life like that? Why was my dad an alcoholic, and my first husband and my second husband and now - You?" Theirs the first argument. Hardy fucked his Horny at the tall bar chair at the entrance. It was perfect. Horny filmed with Hardy and with Lucrezius in there. The pictures of Lucr, she used in The Baby Trouble Hole, which movie was screened the other day at Eiszeit Kino in Berlin, now united for good and bad; Berlin, not H&H, at all.

"The ticket promised also the reading!" protested a sloppy, red-haired broad. She was a true lesbian and the one of three Horny's guests, whom staid to the very end of the movie. "Bitch!" screamed Hans, switching off the film, switching on the lights and pushing these three, out of the screening sale. There were at least two hundred people waiting for the next screening in the same room, of the really good jazz movie, not such a hit-shit, as Horny's. The broad, was obviously flattering Horny. The screening was good, except for the first 10 minutes, which was a complete catastrophe. Everything what could have gone wrong - did. The sound coming out of the mixer belonged to a Turkish movie, screened in the room besides, it did not really go-together with nude Horny's body - with her strip, her round butt. Plus, all the questions, thrown at the beginning were the key quests, they were all lost, without her commitment-confession, the movie was unreadable. Also Nick's beautiful song

"The Singer" cut together with a tunnel and Horny's sex scene with Mickey was completely fucked up. Nick sung in a Turkish harsh voice. Plus the sound of the cars which came out of the unmixed truck. "You have to stop that! You can't be showing the movie like that! Where a fuck did you get this sound from, it's a working sound, not the final sound at all!" Horny was shouting. They were in the machinery room. None of them knew, it was a classic Hi-fi clash. Hans was switching his remote control in all the possible ways. Most of the people, who were anyway very few, left the room. The promotion fucked up, that's why it was no real public to attend the show. Horny's PR sent at the very last day, with the worldwide Delivery, delayed, due to the strike. The three exceptional, who had seen it, did not understand anything, Horny was certain, as they made no pip or a laugh or any other sign of understanding or communication at the fun catches; she was in the room. Horny made 60DM. It was not a fortune. She paid the travel herself. Hans supposed to arrange a room for H&H and did not, Hardy spent a lot of money paying a hotel for both of them. They had one hour of a great sex, so after all it was worth it. They had spent 5 days in Berlin. Hardy paid three nights of the hotel she paid one. What have happened to the fifth night?

"You are using me as a pack-donkey! & Sex Toy! I'm never going to carry your shit! I'm a photographer! I need my hands free!" Hardy shouted into her face, throwing finally the bags with Horny's books, Horny's video cassettes and Horny's PR down to the ground, having his new and a very handy camera beg over his shoulder. It was the second night in the row, Horny was dreaming that she was beating Hardy, he was going into the bushes to take pictures of some horrifying ugly broads! He pushed the broad in front of him, touching her softly at her fat neck. Horny was very pissed, jealous and repulsive! Horny wasn't a nice person in the dreams. Broad's calves were huge and pricked with blue spots and pink spots and purple spots. The very broad was the most abominable photo object, Horny ever saw. Horny hated the whole situation and she was crying in her dream. Still, like in all of her dreams, she kept the place of the beauty for herself.

"A bimbo! A Polish Bimbo!" a tiny guy was shouting. Hans was trying to shift him out. It was useless. The guy parked himself at the cinema bar and had a long speech in German, he was obviously a speed addict, he had a basket with him filled with all kind of trash and an umbrella attached to it. He insisted Horny gave him an autograph. His name was Gero. She did it, feeling comfortably pleased. Hardy came with champagne at the end of the lobby's show, and shot the sparkling string of the love. Hardy loved his little Darling. They at last had some good sex, in her opinion, & she was pleased. Little Gero kissed her palm and left, moving all of the sudden distinctly and gracefully. Hans invited for a next event some other time, after emptying the bottle of Hardy's cheap Champagne; the girl from the cashier participated too, the cups were plastic-fantastic. Berlin sucked. Vow it sucked! Horny missed Sugar, a bit. She missed the certain hit & heat. She knew they weren't as good as H&H were at the start - this was her complete coverage, her alibi, the power of love H&H, once shaped. However and how much in love, Horny was too young and too earth's

bounded to live in the past. Still she did, they both did, H&H... It was unavoidable - the love was made that way, stronger than human lusts.

"What did you expect?" Sugar asked, who loved to carry her PR, loved to fumble round and keep her in his lap and treated them both equal, as kids.

"Sugar, I'm bleeding, I must have a tampon!" Horny was standing crossed legs on the street, very close to a side walk, crowded Berlin's street, imagining a red, purple, crimson string flowing down her bare, sun tan legs. Her dress was extremely short, she was wearing a blue Replay, but there was no panic, Horny could hold it very tight, walking slowly feet by feet they made to a closest cafe' laughing. Then Sugar bought her a chocolate cake and placing it in front of her went to the store and stole a handful of tampons from a 100' box.

"Police! Police! Police! -Wake up!" someone was bumping into a car's window. Horny woke up. She saw the face, obviously a cop. Sugar, nude lying next to her, slept. Lucr and Jasha getting hilarious stoned and drunk at the closest bar, it was already 6 PM. The cop got back into his car and used the loud speaker at the top of the car to promote the news once again

"Police! Police! Wake up!" The scene lit up with a blue alarming pulsing light. They parked at the cripple's file, not to mention nudity or sex right in the middle of the town. The cop turned pretty aggressive. Yet not totally aggressive.

She loved the town, however it laid its wings around her.

"You are a fuck! Stupid fuck! You are a fucking liar! You have been cheating at your first husband, your second, your children, your mother and now me! Nobody is ever going to care for you! You are going to be a bitter lonely old bitch in a wheel chair!" Hardy definitely had his first speech. He has got drunk for the first time, really drunk, or actually - almost really drunk. He was pulling out everything, every possible dirt, he was trying to hit her, but gave up and went to bed, alone, pulling the cover over his head. They were staying at the second at the row hotel, this time Transit. The first time they had staid at Transit was with her band and of course Hardy, in their second together month. Now, they got the same room as the last time, when they came for Nick's ten years anniversary concert. But then they fucked and now they were fucked. Horny was wondering, what would have happened if he has got really-really drunk. It was not funny at all. Horny did not have fun. Hardy got this peculiar idea that she has told their, last evening's company, Asa's ex boy friend, that he - Hardy was a Nut. She did not. However he possibly - was. It was how he felt. It was their last night in Berlin, they were going to go to Plantation - a disco, with the chap and his stylish Finish broad, and have fun, like everybody else, but Hardy was unable to. Yeah - it was some crack to bite at. He would only want to drink, a little bit, as much he could take and then they had to go, hide or sleep or eventually fuck, mostly quarrel. Horny wanted to lay the world at her feet, Horny wanted to lay the whole world at his feet, but there was no way... They were in hide.

Horny was pregnant - but it was not now, it was then. She was fumbling round Kur-fursten Damen, right downstairs, in the shopping center. Everything was closed. Horny was drunk and did not know where she lived. As usual, she did not know the

address, her second future husband - now the Second Ex was the one who knew - insulted her first, punched next and left. Lucrezia staid home, at Kajzer, a Polish writer who died soon after, Lucrezius was still in her mom's belly. After at least one and a half-hour Horny literally bumped into her man and he luckily and soberly - opposite to his clinic condition - has taken her home. Kajzer wasn't there he was in Warsaw. Their entire luggage was filling up the room; it was exactly thirteen begs. They tried to leave it in East Berlin at the station, but when on the border cross, the luggage tickets popped up, they were forced to fetch it all, otherwise they would not been allowed to cross the very border - that was a rude rule. They came from Warsaw and were going to Sweden, but wanted to stay in Berlin, for two days fun. It was a fuck! All the stuff was Horny's and she was not allowed due to her fragile pregnancy to lift or carry one single beg, Lucrezia was ten years old and not allowed to carry either, she has broke her neck and was wearing a stiff collar, but she did it anyway to help her plastic-dad. He was stilling drunk, too drunk to proceed any action or activities - they arrived very early. He was always drunk on travel, he would not bored the train or a boat or would not leave it without getting really pissed drunk. The custom crew, of course had to look into every single beg, it happened on both sides, they looked into every single paper, and there were lots of them, every single letter of Taddy and his photographs, there was one particular, Taddy standing at the start of the tunnel, and not wearing any shirt only a trousers from the suit, with his hands in the pockets and remaining with his back to a photographer and his face towards the tunnel - they really wanted to know where it was, they wanted to keep the photo, Horny broke down and they had to give it back, although they had a clear tunnel obsession; all these rats. Taddy was already dead and the memories after him like the small photo prints were limited. They thought, everybody was a mouse and wanted out. Every hole was an opening every tunnel was the passage to the better world. These rats, they bothered Lucr a lot, she had her dad's old cowboy boots in her suitcase, they constantly repeated "they are not yours, they can't possibly be yours, why are you caring them?" They x-raid everything and smelled, literally at his coat, piece by piece, like dogs. Even Horny had to agree, it was a very peculiar, worn out coat and possibly smelled a lot. And now he pushed Horny one more time over begs spread all around the floor, Lucrezia sitting at the window sit, tried to mitigate him. She was waiting for them, the whole night, so she set there looking into a dimmed street and now it was seven in the morning and happy family went to sleep. The war was over. Horny and Lucr and Viviane and Marek arrived in Berlin. Viviane and Marek went on to Warsaw - Marek was Horny's boy-friend; they all had a soirée at Sassnitz hotel in two days and nights, which spot, Polish families used for the momentarily reunions. Horny was not going with them, if she did she would not be allowed to leave Poland again - it doesn't need an explanation - why - we are all the batch of well informed people and we all know, well - why, it's the legend of the history, the character of the times, we live; the jail, the Getho, the politics, the roles, the rules. Poland. My land. My home. The rat hole. She was on a running foot. She and Lucr remain at the station without any particular plan. She has phoned her parent's close friends, Wirpszas couple but it was Christmas and they would not invite

her for the night, they said "call us again when you are next time visiting Berlin" It was dirty. They were writers' couple who lived at Horny's parents for few months, when Horny was very small. It was then Horny bumped to Abu Nidal. And after she succeed to escape, she went south, to Udo, to Gottingen, she hitchhiked and still did not fuck him. They were in love but did not have sex yet. He had started sending her letters after he has met her shortly - twice - during an Art Fair in his home town, and a little Horny napped, not really on his written words, as he was sending her the ethnic postcards of the peasant homeless girls, feeling the white space with round careful prints in ink, but his five years old image on a Super 8 film, which some other German guy, involved in Bauhaus, screened at the Art Center - in Swedish woods, where she lived together with Lucr after she left her Copenhagen ditch. The image, he was, his hair, were waist long and free and free and she hoped he was a rebel and she hoped she was a rebel, himself, herself, though well articulated.

"My sweet 23" it was Udo's and W. Burroughs favorite magic number and Horny's age and Udo wrote "still so young and so much experience in your eyes" Yeah, Horny's experience in her eyes was unavoidable to see. So - the movies, he really looked great in that movie. Tall, with a hair long to his waist, smiling broad, M.Jagger smile, of course, or besides he was a poet - yeah, his writing... but his smile turned her, on, more... His walk was funny, he walked like an old man, swinging with his hips like a boat, with hands clutched at his back, in the movie he was still very young and did not walk. Horny arrived at the Berlin's airport, she has run away from home, also from Lucr & Lucr. She had this love affair going on with Lily, an Irish guy, but he did not fetch her, she thought he did not get her message, but he did, only took two extra days to make his mind up, what was he going to do with this broad; he already had a few broads in town, which was his home spot. After hanging an hour at the airport and glowing with love, Horny called Charlie, he invited her to his place. He fetched her from the subway station and helped her with her begs. She had three huge begs, each of them far too heavy for her to carry at all. She has taken all her videos, all the master tapes, and it was enough to fill up one beg, all her dresses and fox collars it was the second beg, the third one were her shoes and hand bags. She has taken all the wrong entrances from the underground train's passage to the street, transporting her stuff up and down, up and down. At last she saw Charlie in the perspective of the street. It was spring. The light was mild. Green. Charlie was dressed in plastic black trousers, red pointed boots, silk red shirt, Parisian blue neck-scarf and shimmering cap, his eyes were painted but not his lips; he was not gay, just a Dandy. Horny looked about the same, having a skirt instead of pants and no cap. They were both bleaching the hair, but Horny's lips were bright red. He has taken all her stuff and taken her home and fixed her bed in his silver room - the entire room was swept in silver folio - he shifted his guests - his techno band guys out - they were pretty all of them, Horny was tired and tipsy and needed to sleep. He put some soft music on, for her and made some tea and served some sekt. Charlie was a genius. She has never met Karl.

Horny and Hardy walked the street, it rained, Horny and Hardy traversed the street with a great difficulties and disgrace. They were very drunk, they leaned in each

other arms, and they were trying to figure out where - were they going to. The night seemed to pass. The street was gray and all new to them. They could not possibly take the cab without a direction, any possible direction of this very hour of Berlin air hanged up exactly between night and day and unbreakable; they walked on, hoping at last to find a chip sort of a hotel for the night they had lost entirely. They supposed to spend at least three weeks in Berlin, Horny was on the tour with her band and took her new boy friend with, their love was a very few weeks old, - new, if they wouldn't be that blasted they would still count the single days and single nights and millions of kisses - vow - these kisses, and intercourse. Vow! These intercourse! To be honest Horny doesn't even know which day they finally met, she only knows it was July and Friday or Saturday... The Ex knew, he had noted it in his diary; she did not come home for the night... But Ex burnt the dairy long ago.

A portly, older, gray hair woman who opened the door somewhere in the middle of nowhere of the former East Berlin was definitely the goddess of this September dawn. The bed was soft, they were soaked with rain and socked with love and soaked with sperm and socked with Horny's special. The manager from Knaak club, where the band plaid the other day promised to arrange the space for them but was so unluckily delayed.

Horny and Hardy arrived in Berlin by train. They came from Warsaw, Hardy's hang over was braking him down their love was one year old and quite worn out in his opinion. Horny phoned Carina as agreed, a lovely babe with a long black dreads, Carina staid at their home some weeks earlier, when she arrived in the middle of the night with Zbig, who was her love and Horny's and Hardy's best pal. "OK" said Caro "phone me in some hours, I'm sleeping" and hung up. H&H felt like shit took a subway to a hotel. All the money went. They actually came for Cave's concert and Nick was a sure card, Horny had an endless free ticket to his show. They ate at the hotel, Horny collected more breakfast items that they could eat. Drinks they fixed back stage, more that they could handle anyway and drugs came free in the car in which they got a ride to the after party. Nick wasn't there, he was with his wife and H&H hanged out with Harvey well entertained. They must have got back to a hotel because they woke up there. Actually it was Hardy who pulled Horny back to the hotel. She was really drunk and she really had fun. The next day that was the day of their evening departure they had a dinner at Malaysian restaurant and collected the cash to pay the dinner with, from the several friends, joining the huge merry table. H&H optimally did not need money. Life was free. They were a pretty couple and some photographer wanted to do a photo session with both of them, which Horny really wanted to do - she was well aware the vain girl how pretty Hardy's presence - was making her face. Hardy wanted to leave, Hardy had to leave and of course she was coming with, Hardy really got enough of Berlin this time, as every other time. Berlin was a sort of his hometown. His grandma lived there, the grandma who did not get a chance to see her grandson for the past fourteen years. If Horny's grandma had been living here or anywhere else, her home would have been a perfect nest. Unfortunately Horny was so old herself that both her grandmas were dead long before. Hardy's life had to be just as it was.

At last they had got the promised apartment from the Knaak guy and some coke too. The place was at Printzlaue Berg, a small cute home, with a toilet - in the staircase. - Bet - Hardy pissed into the sink. They were in the love nest for two days, then B-b arrived taking a space in the middle of the only room and ten years old Lucrezius taking a kitchen and Nero at last, who was going to guest-play the saxophone - there was no corridor or any other space. Lucrezius was going to play synth with her band and was flying to Berlin together with Cardy and her new born son, but they staid upstairs at the neighbor together with the band. Horny met the neighbor in the staircase and borrowed a wine opener from him - leaving Hardy waiting in bed for a while, had a conversation which end up in a great invitation. His place was huge and had running water and almost all required facilities every modern house has. First, the band staid at Lily's place. Lily locked his room and left the town, he was principal about the fact, he never invited any one to his own space if he did not feel like it and mostly he did not feel like it. The next room was empty, totally empty and that's where the band slept on the bare floor, the band was that drunk that the band did not care, it was OK. In the third room staid Dany who was a girl friend to a Lily's pal who also left the town; she was an ultimate lover to the band. The toilet was constantly stuck and the band and Dany pissed into the kitchen sink and took a shit at the yard's minimal loan, there was one bush and Alan lived downstairs; the band did not need to flush the band was the flush! Horny had two more pals, who both, one woman and one man had a great apartments down town in West Berlin and in her opinion it should have been a pure pleasure for every one - on both sides - to live over there but it certainly did not work. Raphael invited H&H once, I mean for one single night the previous time, & once, during the famous tour, he invited exclusively her after Hardy left - to share his black silk bed after offering her a back sit on his sparkling Harley machine. Raphael was Lucrezia's ex lover and he was a film director and a producer, a rather mild soft handsome man and Horny has to underline, she did not have sex with him, for two reasons, she was not attracted and she was madly devoted to H. Vera invited her once and billed her for the night - literally, 25 DM. This simply was Berlin. She phoned Vera at least 25 times per night when they arrived at last at Charlie's Border Tower, Vera did mind, not to pick the phone, to pick the receiver or to speak. It was a slow business but fixable - to find a shelter for the night. The days were bright. At these times it was still Ok, for Hardy to mingle with people daytime. But for the night he definitely had to have his girl in four walls exclusively for himself. Horny was with on these notes, she would also hate to share accidental people beds or floors. H&H definitely had some night light qualities. "You are never going to fuck me! So don't claim my entire life!" Horny shouted at Lucrezius, Nero laughing, like mad, was sitting on the opposite side of the table. They were down town Berlin at the bar at Oranienstrasse. Horny's verbal was dirty and her joke was harsh, Hardy was gone back to Sweden in B-b's company, he has taken his first LSD and could not take a discomfort of the daily life, too many people, too many Horny's too many bands and too many kids and too many himself; however he awaited her there, where he was, for her to turn his hell to heaven, again.

Lucrezius was hurt, but not particularly by her words, as she often spoke real harsh when brought to the very point, he wanted her back home, he was only ten years old and still set in her lap at the subway trains being exactly her size. Lucrezius was a big boy and he loved his mom. They had a dinner at Casa Leone at Hauptstrasse, after Neron took a train back. Lucrezius spilt half a liter of coca cola under her skirt, Lucrezius was extremely flimsy, he was growing much too fast and could not keep a daily size's adjustment. Horny's red underwear were coke soaked. The summer was definitely over and autumn gloriously dimmed night was cold, she and Lucrezius took a wrong subway beneath Berlin lots of times, getting desperate arrived at last. Cardy and Lucr were going to fly back, and Horny was leaving by train, together with the band. The tour was over, or at least seemed to be... H&H were on their way to Berlin, except that it was going to be her show, a movie screening and the book promotion and Hardy was going to make her company and take some photos, they were going to taste and test the love, and mainly they were escaping Stockholm, Hardy gave up signing the contract of the apartment for both of them, which was nearly ready. Wow! Imagine... Nearly ready.

"Look" said Horny after coming from her trip the last time "lets think twice, if it is worth the trouble getting a flat, I won't be here much, during next two months it will be maximum 14 days in Stockholm"

"I'm coming with you" pointed Hardy "we are going to go out and have fun" he assured her. On the boat to Europe, Hardy bought his first two tins of beer giving Horny a shrill. "Are you going to drink everyday, from now on?" the girl asked, she was very sleepy, very tired. The first hour on the train, placed safely on the boat to Germany, they laid together on the narrow sleeping bed, sweetly in a lethargic kind of sleep. Horny's only wish was to remain there, attached to his belly, within a perfect cocoon. She understood she was fragile, or they were fragile, or he was fragile or IT. What was it?

"Look at this document" Hardy, after bringing them up at the boat, finished the first tin and lifted up the shopping bill. "Two beers, one coke, one pack of cigarettes. This is what my mom, is going to receive, together with my body if I'll die now" he said looking at Horny with a great satisfaction. He possibly felt superior. Horny gave him a mean look.

"You're fucking nuts. What makes you think, you'll go back to your mom, if you die?"

"What, isn't it the way the things go? We are not married, the body always goes to a blood family. Isn't it so?"

"You are really nuts" she said again.

"What, would you bury me? Would you take care of my corps?"

"Yeah, sure I would. And I hope you would do the same. You are really fucked up" Horny turned with a great distaste, she was not going to speak more.

"I only wanted to entertain you with a talk. Have a conversation. You know we can't have a conversation..."

Hardy finished the second tin. It was his second, possibly a third drinking event since he has only started it up, again. He was planing to get really tipsy on the boat, he has

bought a cheap champagne, still before they left Stockholm and it was packed into the food case, all the time at hand. He regretted there was no mood - the champagne was prepared to celebrate H&H - the couple and their sparkling love. Hardy pissed and puked several times this night. Horny lied with hands pressed at her ear's shells, alone on her bed. There were two other men and one more couple in the compartment. They reached Berlin six in the morning, the morning was fucking slow and H&H very tired. Yeah! Horny was not perverted, but the geography was. H&H were looking for the hotel, as Hans has failed with an accommodation, Horny literary bumped into the door, of the hotel, she staid at, few weeks earlier, with Lucr, Jasha and Sugar. Luckily there was no smashing memory to recall, she stared heavily at the door, his & her. H&H boarding Jasha's & Lucr's room, this was about too much. An ugly, monstrously fat chap came out of her old room. Vow! Hardy gave her some excellent pounding, she could not deny his gifts, and her attachment to him...

"You are fucking not sane! You can't be her mother! She is as old as you!" Miriam, the Walsh lesbian woman was screaming, not looking anymore at Horny & Lucr, pointing against Jasha & Sugar with rage "if these two are German swine's, your accommodation facilities are canceled!"

Miriam was hot on Horny, everyone could see that, besides she was swiny drunk, huge, not funny at all, she invited them to her near by studio, she was an artist, she said, they met at Tacheles in the bar, the girl was a peanut. She was pale with rage, the quartet run into the bus, wondering "what to do next?"

"I refuse to sleep in the car, I'm too drunk" Lucr was at least honest, she was extremely d r u n k.

"It all feels very good" Horny started her speech "I found out, I care for you much more then I was thinking, I really do. I found out I really love this town, everything in there, the Turks, the Germans, You, kids, dogs, freaks, and mescal. Rock & roll, books - my own and others - movies, streets - dirty and fine ones, food, sex with you, my blues, your blues, your kisses and your dick, your soul, my soul, our plans, the future, the past, the air - everything. I'm pleased we came here and I'm pleased you came with and I'm pleased of the presence the most"

She really loved her speech, tasted on every word, on all the words and their flow along the rail track, along passing landscape of the dark, as it was the night, they were on the train to Warsaw, they had enough money for the tickets and a little more. They had lots of food with them - meat, cheese, jam, pickles, juice, cakes and fruits. They made a compartment to a huge bed and comfortably stretched. In the middle of the trip and still in the middle of the night, Poles invaded their compartment, ruined a bed ruining the testate', spend next three hours loud, rude, discussing Polish bad politics, smoking bad cigarettes. Horny still had enough cash for the taxi home.

"Hallo, I did not recognize you this time, you look much younger" a tiny land lord woman, brushing the street of the autumn lives, seven in the morning, followed by her, as tiny husband and using her cute rough harsh, extremely short breath-

asthmatic voice and just her own gutter slang, referred to the pony tails Horny still very bright red.

"You both look very good, such a young and sweet wedded couple, welcome home" That was actually the clue - they had a home here, in Warsaw. Horny had an apartment that was actually rented out for a year but the renting arrangement fucked up and the home was available again, and had to be taken care of, repaired and rented out. The beggar was extremely pretty, Spanish-Gypsy-Seductive looking, black eyed, black hair, properly cut, young man. His walk was exceptional, extremely relaxed, both hands in the pockets, proving not even a touch of a looser or a sloppiness, his hands were alertly in the pockets, pushing the fabric of the elegant slacks straight out to the sides, his walk was slightly rubbing at the sides - like a boat - it indicated a strong self indulged character of the guy. He in fact made some cash along elegant Nowy Swiat, all the gypsy kids were gone. Horny was looking forward to place the five in her boy's ball - he was not there.

The AIDS's chap, moved from the Old Town, set erected bent over the brunt new, clean note, explaining his fate. The woman must have been fucking puffed, fucking sick, she was standing bent at the guarding stone, on Freta, Horny's & Hardy's street, she was looking into a small pocket mirror observing her face, her eye, she was pretending - picking out something out of her right eye. She was all mess, the day was cold, nearly rain, she was still there after an hour, and still picking at her eye in her small pocket mirror, when Horny walked back home. Home. Horny relaxed, what was happening, was exactly what she did expect - her love to Hardy was clearing one more time. One More Time! Sex. She has taken her favorite space walk, it use to happened she walked the Universe with her bare feet and her bare butt, just after the tremendous orgasm, Hardy was always at her side. Sex. There was something abusing, Hardy would interrupt every once in a while to take a lick, Horny actually hated it, or he would just interrupt remaining in her completely still, other wise, he would have come. He was taking a lot of calming down pills. Sometimes Horny proceeded into her dreamland too deep while having sex. These interruptions were going out of her hands, she was shifting out. As long their bodies twitched together, breath together they could have taken any swing to every possible way - this was not difficult - it was the love. Once Hardy was taking a lick, standing in the bathroom, three meters away from his maid twitched lonesome in the sheets, he was loosing a call over her, and she over his. But this was just a detail. Horny was sitting in Spencer's lap, he was nude and soft, she was aware it was a dream, she was nude with bright red nipples, possibly carmine up, they were at the bottom of the castle, the ritual was taking a place for real. There were possibilities, the options, however Hardy was fucking her for sure and for sure great, she sit with her back to Spencer, leaning on his plump soft chest, he no longer covered her eyes, he holed her in a tight grip, with his palms hooked on her thighs, he was lifting her thighs up, giving Hardy the best possible access to her cunt. This was not negotiable. But her anus, was the bat, it is possible she was hooked on his stiff dick and it is possible she was not and in that case, a shorter man was fucking her in her round red rectum, possibly his uncle. Sugar's uncle or Spencer's uncle, who was who really, it was not totally cleared in the dream

and if it was the dream? She could see where she was, she saw with her own eyes. They were at the lower part of the castle, they were in the part that was definitely under the ground and the daylight never had penetrated the place. The sun never even piped there. There were other men in vicinity. It was too dark to see, but the clear sensation under her feet proved she was touching Sugar's feet, eventually his calves, or was this chest? There were huge candlelight's, as they use in the church, the ritual might be taking a lot of desire in time. Horny was & her breath was harsh and hot. Hardy rose & left. Sugars remain.

"Common, common, fuck me, fuck me fast, move your ass, move your ass!" Hardy was back from the bathroom, lying under her, commanding.

"No! No! Don't call me back!" Horny shouted, "don't! Don't say - ass! Don't! Don't force me to see! To understand! To read! I don't want this fucking reality! This fucking place! This fucking roof over my head! Now!" Horny shouted, laying on him, possibly with his dick in her cunt, shouted straight into his face, right beneath her. Hardy pushed her off, rolled her into her back in the bed and got up.

"You are sick! Horny!" He shouted at her "sex was our free zone before! We are quarreling for everything! I won't fuck you! Not today! Not now, anyway!" Horny lay on her back, covering her face with both palms, crying. She understood, regardless where she was, she was dreadfully horny, dreadfully hungry for her Hardy, and she knew him but too well; he was not letting her get close enough to himself NOW.

The Aids chap moved back to the Old Town's street by night, his head was cocked like a sick cock, a ill twisted dick, packed in - sleeping bag, kneeling, nearly screaming but at non-hearable frequency. Horny and Hardy were broke again. The young girls who rented the apartment the last time did not want to pay. They run a good prospering fashion agency. The problem was that, the woman who lived at Horny's place moved out after the water pipe broke. It was Horny's fault & responsibilities. Horny was responsible for anything concerning the place. Horny was pretty fed up, the bitches did not want to pay. Horny had a dream, this time she had some kind of an affaire going on with a thirteen years old kid. Horny understood, she had crossed the line. The boy was extremely found of her films and she was taking him with to the show. It is possible they kissed. The next dreams got more drastic than these first, but concerned exclusively Horny herself. Or actually not just Horny herself, as Hardy was there too, but concerned her very own dream world on her very own condition and she had fun - considerably. She had as much fun she dared to have. They run parallel with her life, this girl was a master - she controlled also the dreams! Or was her moral crystal clear?

"Your husband, he drives the bus, or?" a woman selling sweets in the corner sweet store asked her. Horny stood there with a new washed hair picked into the ponytails and her lips bright red, smiling. "Yeah, he drives the bus sometimes" she answered.

"But I mean, HE drives the bus, he was so very happy here, he has told me you had got a baby!" a woman smiled broad. Horny looked at her with an astonishment, it was the same candy store, it was simply her candy store since she was ten years, the woman obviously confused Horny with someone else, someone younger.

"No, sorry I held you wrong, I thought you asked me if my husband is able to take the bus, I had got used to all kind of strange questions concerning him, no - we did not get a baby and certainly my husband isn't very happy right now, I'm trying to fix his lucky mood with the sweets" here, Horny cracked, the usual smile. The sweets helped, but stupidly enough she had repeated the conversation to him and it really did fuck his mood. Hardy was getting really sensitive. The newly dressed cop was standing across the street, just left his shiny new car and he was talking on the cellular phone. His uniform was all black, very elegant overalls, did not look like a cop at all, looked like a future evil force runner. The other cop looked exactly the same. They both had clean shaved faces, and skin head's perfect hair do and new black Dr Martins boots, they stood with the legs spread out a bit too much, felt apparently too much power, the force, the terrific dress code. The action was about one little junky, in Polish called "cpun" who set on the ground leaning at the house's wall and with his knees under the chin. To attend or arrest this guy you did not need actually the force, he was harmless. The action proceeded successfully, and the junky was taken away. "This is a fucking scary country" Horny said. Hardy fully agreed.

"Polacks really can't take an emancipated woman"

Hardy saw, in their eyes pretty Horny looked pretty bad. Everything in her and on her, what could have gone wrong - did it. Her pony tails were the dot over I, her much too short skirt and her much too high boots, were a pure horror in her country men eyes, considering her age! Her lips were painted too much on the outside and too colorful. Too red. Their eyes were the verdict! There was no chance for a misunderstanding. They hated her. Horny feeling it, put on a full time show, starting right at the bus stop, putting herself right in the middle of the waiting crowd, straight erected, with her head high and above the dwarfs. Poles, were a very small raise this Tuesday afternoon - especially, as she had her boots on - the whole fifteen centimeters - the day was cold and a sun was mild. The rage was in the air on both sides, her and their.

Lucrezius was fifteen and traveled for the first time abroad without his parents. He and his friends went to London, mainly for shopping but they had much more fun then that. The shopping were done mainly on Oxford Street, they lived down town, at a hotel. They went out, the evenings they mostly spent strolling outside, sitting outside, letting, British, friendly London-touch absorb them, pubs and clubs were out of question, they were seldom let in anywhere, they were too young. Lucrezius made on the computer, elegant cards for all five boys and one girl - the group. They called themselves - puffed travelers, nameless, numberless, ageless and address-less. Printed in Swedish, a pure surrealism to the regular Londoner. It was June, they hanged out in the Hyde Park, where he remembered he was together with Horny and his dad, when he was small, but now they did not discuss Peter Pan, now they made the impossible plans for the evening, they bought beers and aspirins. The whole story with the crazy cows was going on, but they couldn't resist burgers, they were so damn hungry; and burgers were insane chip-cheap, the kids had far too little money

for to choose and pick, or to fear. They had no fear too cheap. Of course, the money would have been OK, if not the damn shopping, they were staying only one week and the hotel and returned flight were prepaid. This time they simply bought bread, milk, and cigarettes and had the lunch. They were making strategies how they are getting into Marcee's. Lucrezius fall asleep in the sun. When Lucr was two years old, he was going through a period of a heavy restlessness, Horny found it very unusual for such a small, cute, happy boy - she had to deal with it. He would refuse to undress for the night, he insisted to sleep in his clothes, everything had to be zipped on, accept the shoes. If he woke up in the night that he very often did, he walked to his parent's bed, he wasn't awake, he walked straight through the huge room directing his steps to her bed. Viviane did the same when she was a child. Horny never. Lucrezia never. Lucrezia was totally independent and totally untouched; she did not fall asleep if she was not alone in her room. It is possible, Horny, the mom, tough her that, Horny was a very young mom and needed her freedom very much. Lucrezia washed her own diapers as well. She gave up the diapers at one and a half-year of age! Together with her, first worn party red, Christmas dress. Lucrezius did not like to be in the room by himself, Horny loved. She used to lie on her stomach on the floor, mostly making fabulous drawings. She disappeared few times from home, as a child, giving her mom a real thrill. Lucrezius, never. He hated to be on his own. If it happened that he woke up, in the morning in his own bed, which was rare, and she saw him do that, his eyes were set at panic, and could not focus; she understood what an effort it took him, to line up, where and why he was... He was up immediately, jumping out of the bed, speaking out "let's go!" With everything else, he was a very harmonious child, lovely and loved. With pretty enormously bright big eyes in brown and lovely golden, shoulder long curls and full lips. He was the man of habits, he did not like to change his menu, and he wanted everyday the same food, most willingly. At the certain restaurants, always the same dish and at the same table. The waiters loved him, after the dinning and his at least five, six cokes he would get down under the table and slept, he was a practical non trouble kid, his parents were out a lot and he was always with, there was no way he would stay alone at home or with somebody else. He watched all the movies they watched, he loved watching movies. Horny let him see everything, she was certain he could handle it, she explained to him often spoiling the thing and he used this sentence when he was too scared, too troubled and it was all getting too much, he would say loud "this is only a movie, just a movie, it's not for real, I know" However he would cry at the sight of the fire on the screen. He would notice at the scene of a funeral "why are they all standing at the grave, if it is only a film and no one had really died, then nobody is laying in the grave" He had a plenty of humor and amused grown ups with his stories. His stories were pretty surreal. He loved to throw parties. One of his firsts was at the age of four, it was at the huge studio and all was preplanned. The guests were invited, of course kids and their parents, but also lots of his childless grown up friends, they were artists to 97 percent. Every one had an invitation, the money were changed to a real children dollar currency and one could buy drinks, cakes, sweets, ice creams, wine, beer. Lucrezius stood in the bar by himself standing on the chair,

selling and serving. Music plaid on his stereo record player that was able to play on 78, 45 and 33 of speed. His idol was Freddie Mercury at this time and favorite, the song Mr. Bad Guy, Lucrezius understood English, this was a language Horny used, some words, mostly emotions, he knew only in English, not in Swedish which was his father and the country tongue. His father tongue was more concrete. Shortly done. Mr. Bad Guy went on 45, which made Freddie sounds like a little boy and William Burroughs on 79 making the best possible Donald Duck. Lucr also plaid a several avant-garde CM von Hauswolff records, all of them electronic, all of them like machines at all possible speeds - Lucr was an inventor. And of course Michael Jackson, David Bowie and Madonna, Maddona - Like a Virgin was on ordinary 36, she sounded like a child anyhow. When Lucrezius was a baby he had exactly the same firing scream as Horny had - Wanda said, and Wanda was credible. High pitched sticking to one tune, rapid and extremely loud and frightening. He screamed for food and Horny screamed nobody knew why. They both had a tendency to loose breath and get totally blue lips, dark blue lips from screaming. Lucr was easy to cool down, Horny cut a really huge opening in his nipple bottle and all was fine, he would be ready with a food within a couple of seconds, he would have one more bottle and the life was a heaven. Lucr was an easy kid, easy going kid and he loved the gorgeous toys. He had great toys, almost everything. Horny as a child got all the toys she wanted, or yelled for, so she stuck into tradition, Lucr's dad had to give him everything, more then everything as on the contrary he had very little, his parents were poor, and they had ten kids, he was number nine. Horny was a single child. Lucr seemed not being spoiled by his excess of toys, Horny simply, was unique - was able to give every single toy away which she often did. Lucr looked very much as his dad was as pretty as his dad, but in the same time looked like a copy of Horny when she was a baby, and a child. Lucr came back from London with a suitcase full of great clothes, jackets, trousers, shirts all very elegant and a slight hang over. He came to visit Horny bringing all his clothes with, they were going to travel to Warsaw for one week of Summer Holidays, Hardy just left her for good, they both just returned from India and now Lucrezius kept her heart really warm. He bravely carried his huge suitcase, there was simply no other kid of fifteen traveling with so much clothes. He was ironing a fresh shirt every morning. Taddy was the same, he would not leave the house wearing an non-ironed shirt, but that was Viviane's job. Lucr did all by himself, Horny was proud of her son. She borrowed his jackets, different everyday and they went Danding in Warsaw, and it was fun, restaurants, cafes, movies and strolling, the streets. They met Ambassador, the neighbor from upstairs "hey, hey hey Horny, you are really too much this time, girl, even newer and even younger" he said, approving Lucr's look.

"Hey, hey, hey take it easy h e is my son!"

The year earlier, also when Hardy left her and she felt as she was going to die, she went with Lucr to Gotland, this was simply great. She wouldn't love, if Hardy left her more often but definitely she would love to travel more with Lucr, they made great trips together when he was a kid, Mexico, Guatemala, Egypt, Brazil, & Florida

- which was the less exotic but still OK. Lucr was a lovely traveler and Lucr made lots of friends. Lucr had a dream, on his eighteenth birthday he wanted a real car. So far she made a promise and they wrote an agreement as they always did, she was going to give him 10 000 SKr if he will come into a high school. Time was going fast. Lucrezius was growing very fast. When he was a small child they always made written contracts on his participation in her movies, the payments, a certain percentage of sold books, as he was the one to make the drawings for the covers. She wasn't flattering him; his drawings were great. He had seen tones of the great ancient art, in Mexico and Egypt, he had climbed pyramids, dived Pacific Ocean, and Red Sea. There was something genuine in the lines of the images, looked as the Gods stepped down and mingled with a simple crowd. It was simply very cool. And very funny. It was good, more then good.

Hardy & Horny were in Amsterdam since two days. Hardy & Horny were together, not more then a week. Hardy & Horny shared a space cake. Vow! This was a shot! Horny never had a lover to take the drugs with, however untruth it sounds, it is the truth. Her Excess was, Ex-is were either through with drugs or would consider, the drug exclusively man's world. Real bull. Horny loved the form, to take a drug with the lover, it was simply the best. Horny would not like to do it alone, it would not be much fun, she would not like to do it with a friend. This was the perfect Horny's very own move and it proved in Hardy, however he was not too interested in drugs. It moved the world around her. It moved it a lot. Horny was aware she needed the love to move the world around her, she needed the love like she needed the air.

"What's happening? What's happening with you, who of you two, is a photographer?" a Black man asked, Horny & Hardy were sitting at the canal, looking at the moon deepen into a shining water. Horny turned behind, to focus the person, he spoke to. There was none, he talked apparently to them, they had been sitting at the canal apparently for the long beautiful time, Hardy was making love promises and lighting joints, he still managed to buy some dope at the coffee' shop, which they at least succeeded to leave - the shop. Horny was as glued into a chair in hours - as the first careless hour of waiting for the start, of the drug intoxication passed - glued in hours. Horny did not believe she was able to leave, to love, to mess the order, of the drug intoxication, was glued to her chair, in minutes, in hours, in time, intoxication, first careless hour, to leave, to love, was able to leave, Horny would have love to leave; it was the horror going on around her. Horny was helpless with hallucinogenic drugs, Hardy was the same, but he did not complain, he knew it would have been his fall. The fall. The down. Not dawn, a bright night, a midnight. The knight. The armor. The Amours.

"I'm getting you into a taxi, you can't stay here" the stranger repeated few times, so he did, packing them in and passing also their video camera to a driver telling him where to drive to, after a difficult and long investigation with the kids, they were the kids. Horny & Hardy went for the wild sex games in hours. Horny & Hardy dashed into a long lethargic sleep, and dived out into a tremendous hang-over holding hands kissing, licking on each other scrotum which was the essence of the paradise and only a corn of earth, all was perfect, it was only to wait until the pain, would leave

and it at last did; Horny & Hardy remained kissing and fucking. It was Horny's first ever space cake. Ok, she has had some, much earlier, but then she was so stoned when she did it, she almost fucking died, it was such a mix of everything and she ended up fucking with Pete, and it was in London in Pete's parents house in Golden Greens, Pete's bed was small, and sex was not very good, and attraction was not so big and the love very small, may be lasted two more days. And Horny's skin was violet and she puked. Now her flesh was rosy pink and Hardy licked her womb and after he licked her rectum and fucked her in the anus and it was the first ever time, someone has done this to her, came into her anus, making her come and it was not a someone, it was her Hardy and she was his Horny and their love was going to live. For good & bad, as it always does. That week, eleven years old Lucrezius spent with his dad in Athens and on Ios, Horny pressed them to go, Horny had no other way, she had to remain in town with Hardy - alone, she could not run away, she had to remain, Horny did not plan anything but love was capturing her and she was giving in, she was throwing herself in as deterrent as she was throwing herself into his arms, his arms, his arms. Horny & Hardy left for Amsterdam before Lucrezius and his dad returned. It was Horny's friend who took them along, he was traveling in the small bus, actually moving his stuff.

"I'm taking you with me, you cant stay here" he said and he did, he gave them the room upstairs. He was bewitched by their love, the whole world was bewitched by their love. They bewitched the love, the whole love. Hardy & Horny the love.

Lucrezius was small, may be six, and may be five. He staid with Bebe in Taddy's house. Taddy was dead, but his house was still going strong, later Bebe had sold and moved. First, they dinned at Taddy's table, Lucr and Horny set in Taddy's couch. There is the certain magic in furniture, one notices after the people are gone and after the furniture are gone too, there is the certain space, the emptiness. Bebe sold almost all of it. They had the dinner, and Bebe asked Lucr "how many potatoes do you want, two or three?" Lucr said "four" The table was Loudvique in dark brown almost red wood, talking, almost talking and unsteady. One had to keep into it in a special way, to hold up a bit from underneath. The company laughed, it was obvious Lucr's appetite at life was big. It did not indicate his hunger, but his alert input all the time; Lucr was not going to loose. He was Taddy's only grand son. It was the last day of the last year, and Horny and Ex went for the party. All the tickets to the New Year ball were sold out, they hanged out in the hotel lobby bar, constantly passed by feasting pares, going in going out, going out, going in to the ball room. Ex got drunk, he got hilariously drunk, he was not intending to go home anyway, they had an apartment in old town, it was altogether 10 minutes walk, may be an hour in that state. He took the room at the hotel, the room was OK, on the first floor with a window into the street. Ex ordered a bottle of champagne and a company of a male waiter. Ex was a very non-sensual wedded man, the waiter thought. The waiter was feeling sorry for the pretty Horny wife composed on the chair, three of them set around a small table in the middle of the room. The waiter using Ex inability to speak the language, they were in Warsaw, let Horny know, how ridiculous the situation was. Horny wanted to

throw him out, it was all rather unpleasant but Ex would never be able to follow these thoughts, he just wanted to have a chat with another man, besides he felt he ruled the situation, he thought he has bought the other chap's time, paying him a tip and all he wanted was a transaction. Horny was on a way to break down or explode. At last the conversation was done, Ex slept with a head - partly on the table and partly in the air, dribbling out of his mouth, there was still some champagne left and it was a good French sort. The waiter was trying to do some seductive move but then at last Horny ordered him to leave. Horny's bed was extremely soft, she loved these beds at expensive hotels and she tear-wet the pillows. Of course Horny was a sexually obsessed creature, of course Horny did not get anything, of course Horny would not take a handsome waiter and actually why didn't she? The last thing she heard before she fall asleep was Ex's body coming down into the floor with a rustle of something very non material. Her handsome Ex was a terribly bad lover. Horny suspected it was not his body, it was his attitude. Or may be all was her fault. January First the street was powdered with snow and for this very view, this very moment Horny gladly gave in all impossible sex and wilderness. There was such a p e a c e in the perspective of the street and Horny's steps carried them on, one after one.

Lucrezius slept, the family was at the Grand Hotel in Sopot, it was a twin hotel to Venice, Lido's beach, and build by the same Italian architect, the same hotel where Visconti's Death in Venice was shot. Of course the place was spooky beautiful. Lucrezius whose tiny body filled the pillow of one huge bed, slept. His dad was phoning the kitchen, he absolutely wanted one more bottle of any alcohol. The starry night in the large, tall Venetian windows looked right in. The sea was black and shimmering, endless in the spectacle of the full moon. Ex was so terribly drunk, he was not able to complete the order, at last he got a service chap into the room and tried to persuade him to bring one more bottle. The kitchen was closed and the bar was closed. This answer Ex would not take. He put a telephone wire around chap's neck and strangling him continued conversing him via phone, moving it, between his own lip's and chap's ear. Chap's ear was snow white, deathly scared. Lucrezia and her first boy friend staid in the room upstairs, one floor above her mom&dad. Lucrezia was fourteen and she was pregnant, she was going to have an abortion. So long the family dinned, the dinning room was perfectly visual, all huge crystal windows looked into the sea, June was gray, gray and most sentimental, the bad weather emptied the beach to a single silhouettes of strolling guests, and the family was delighted, they were there not for to swim, to sun tan, and not to crowd anyway, the family was dining, the food was excellent and drinks even better, kids - Lucrezius & Lucrezia loved to leave huge tips, they loved the game and attraction they aroused. At first days Lucrezius, who was a bit over four years old, use to phone room-service and ordered himself scramble eggs-bacon, and cold chocolate to drink, later when he got used to the place, he would simply have breakfast by himself at the table at the window in the restaurant, getting dressed into his dark sea blue velvet slacks and his lack black shoes and a clean white silk buttoned shirt, he directed his steps towards the mirrored door, brushing his curls with his hand. Lucr hated to wash himself, he was panicky afraid of a shower and only Lucrezia was allowed to wash his hair, his

hair were shoulder long and washed about three times a year. Lucrezius could easily sit an hour at the breakfast table attended by amused waiters and waitresses, he always ordered the same - scrambled eggs-bacon, cold chocolate and white bread, talking and watching the distant view. He was delighted at the weather, the sea was scarring him a lot, if the water would touch his feet, he seemed to believe it was going to eat him up and he would back rapidly screaming loud. It was but a marvelous to see that, entire powerful beast through huge windows, dimmed with curtains in soft silk. Lucrezius loved beautiful things, old antic furniture and crinoline dresses. He dared to try his mom and his sister skirts in white tilt, but only when his father slept, then he tripped he tiptoed to the huge mirror in their eight corners room at home, laughing hell of a lot tip toeing circling sweeping in a soft medieval dance, the past. There was plenty of the ferry in this lad.

Warsaw. Church. Unknown street. The altar candles. Horny prayed for real. Horny never before, was that scared. Lucrezius and his dad set at the first row of the wooden sits. Lucrezia was asleep. She was going to have her first abortion. She was not going to do anything. An extremely old and tiny doctor, who was the only one in the whole bloody town who dared to make an abortion on such a young girl, in her home medical care was going to pull the embryo - Horny's first ever grand child - out. Everyone else, said "you have to bring her to the hospital, she is such a young girl" Horny did not trust Polish hospitals, there was no time to go back to Sweden. There was apparently nothing to worry but Horny could not forget how the doctor's hands shook. Of course she believed the doctor was skillful but under her closed lids she saw her tiny murky old fingers shake. Horny started crying, the church was very dark, murky and the only place open, in the neighborhood, they were not allowed to stay at the doctor's waiting room. Lucrezia was Ok and very soon pregnant again.

Horny was aware she had difficult to understand - her children were hers. Horny could look at them, amused with their beauty, wondering - where did they come from. Of course she was their mother, but there was a very fine detail, a fine finishing in all that - she did not understand. Still, they were very close. Lucrezius loved to speak philosophy with his mom, especially during the walks. His thoughts were genuine and reached far. Lucrezia preferred to write. She took more time with herself, then with her mom. Her writing was rather spiritual, rather fixed. She preferred to write at nights then to sleep. Horny never understood what kind of a trouble both of her children are going to meet, facing the ordinary life. She never forced them to go up, as she did not force them to go to sleep, she was content if they got enough sleep. And they surely did. "I am always very sorry for the kids, which are drilled so hard they don't even know what the night is like, that the stars exist and will always follow us. Don't know what the blues of a gray light means, the change of a sound, a melancholic street instead of a busy day life fit, the sleepless night and the breeze of the dawn" Was her first and most elementary teaching.

"The school should have been starting more late, this is just a nonsense, a human being can't like to be a working bee. We should have some choice here, try to be a queen bee, be able to distinguish, have the time to wake up cozy and slow, catch up

with the coming day, keep the inspiration going, keep the inspiration alive" Horny broke into tears at the meeting at the school, there was some trouble here; Lucrezia helped her out and took her mom home. Horny was soft like a honey. Lucrezia was thirteen and they expelled her from the school, she painted her hair first red and then green, that's why. It was a liberal, and artistic Rudolf Steiner School, but still. She has got to go to an ordinary school, she did not go often enough, and Horny's shrink suggested and arranged the unusual deal, Lucrezia got a private tutor at home, paid by the state. Horny had nothing against it.

Hardy's second speech "You have destroyed, both of your husbands, your mother, both of your children" Horny screams, shouts like a peanut before he comes to mention himself, as well. Hardy continues "you are such a coward, you can never take to hear the truth about yourself. I hate you!"

The bitch refused to give him a dime, to his next beer, the bitch refused to cope, the bitch did not want to drink, and the bitch destroyed the earth. The bitch also had a flue. "It was the very first time since a long time, that I had felt really happy" Hardy indicated, his great thirst. And it was not the past, any of the past stories. It was now. Exactly now. Believe it or not. Hardy was a human being again. A complete human being that was able to take a beer or a drink whenever he felt like. And he felt like. The crucial half-year of his abstinence was finally and successfully over. Hardy did it. He brought a change to his life. He was thirsty again and was able to do something about his thirst and right then, right now, he lacked the cash; it was too bad to be true. And the Bitch, that powerful holding it all under her spell, the love...

Rio was a place very far away where Horny was with Lucr and Ex, but mostly with Lucr; Erland, her base player was there too.

Crazy Sunday - day - likes that you can't talk over, the day like that, you, shall write down, taking a really deep breath. Hardy swung his huge rather hard dick at her - Horny just woke up. The morning was marvelous, gray, spread under her warm, pleased body. Their sex lust night was for once totally fulfilling. Horny was far too tired to draw the clear obstacles of her wills even if she has taken Hardy to bed at the early hour having some extreme sex soirée in mind, she was dashed for hours with lethargic sleep and a slight fever. At last she clinked to his side hot like an oven and not aware of anything. He started underneath her creeping in and into her, his dick slowly pumped Horny up, her spread thighs rested in his thighs, her buttered butt coiled safely, with her cunt on the spat of his cock. Horny woke up right into a starting love. She spoke to him in words he loved, rude sex speech. She switched, took over coming at him with a speed of the racket - a real hot love, and a real hot piece of her flesh - flash, flaming him, flaming the bed, flaming the room, flaming the house, flaming the street and flaming their world.

"Horny! Horny! Horny! Horny! Horny! Horny! Horny! Horny!" repeated Hardy coming. Horny was dissolved, transformed into a pure matter of her ecstasy.

"At last!"

Today, everything what could have gone wrong - did. The metamorphose.

...More thoughts also about a life
Vivian's wish to go to N.Y,
Everybody's wish to go to NY,
Who does not like NY

"You are brain washing me" repeated Hardy again and again. Horny proposed some fun, some ecstasy in a form of a pill or a drop and some event, he would not care to attend. "I do exclusively what I feel for" he indicated and of course from his side, his point of view, he was right.

"Yeah, sure, yeah, sure you do" she, slowly repeated. They were both not interested in re-doings. Christ! She was here FOR THE LOVE, so was he. "When they were going to do the best of the time they had and when were they going to pay a compliments, they were worth?" she was thinking, questioning "or was she exaggerating? Was it good enough and everything else was just a swatch? And what were the compliments? Why did they act, as the time would have been endless. Or was the time, their time totally endless? Might be it was? And than, everything was cool, extremely cool. Wasn't it? In w-e well, she dropped the idea of the child, his baby, and if she did?"

"Why don't you two, do anything?" Wanda questioned, not for the first time "I'm writing" Horny said proud, or Horny said cool, whatever she might been feeling.

"Writing?" squinted Wanda "this shit?" she continued "why don't you work, as everybody else, get a job, make a money, do a living, have a home?" This was not really a form of a question. Wanda was not questioning; she was fed up and soon she was going to start screaming. Wanda was Viviane's older sister, she was a special lady. Intelligent, quick, quarrelsome, spontaneous, stubborn, and wise. She was extremely thin, she was thin and fragile, and her eyes were huge and stuck out pretty much. She had almost no hair. She was determinant.

"You are only coming here, to arrange your money and go, you don't do anything what you should have done, only get the money and go" she repeated.

"Did you phone Zygmunt?" she asked.

"He refuses to speak with me, he refuses to believe I'm his nice, refuse to believe my dad was his brother, refuse to believe his mom was his mom, what am I suppose to do about that?" Horny got a chance to say something more concrete.

"You have to get in touch with him and his wife, there is a heritage for you, after your grand mother and this is important, and is possibly a lot"

Cecilia, Taddy's mother had many lives. She has lost her first love. He died in the battle in the twenties, he was a very young officer, a pal of her actor brother, who also has been the solder then. She was crushed. She started to work as a teacher in the school and the school's director took care of her, his wife just died. At last, he married Cecilia. Everyone knew he was not a man for her even if with a time, he has

got much better job at the School Ministry and was really an intelligent and very gentleman. Cecilia was too pretty, Cecilia was stupid, however romantic, her beauty covered her view deliberately. Cecilia loved Taddy. Cecilia loved hats. Cecilia was angry about life, she wanted to be an actress and her beauty was excellent, the life gave her no chance; but didn't she have a will of her own? Cecilia's will was weak. But there was more, Taddy was born in May of 1924, if his father was not his father, it would explain Cecilia's count down, her blues, her cruse and so forth to come.

H&H at last made their porn filming and Horny stopped freezing. "I stopped freezing, since we had filmed the sex scenes" Horny repeated time after time.

The floor reparation became a day-mare. The guy doing it sated up in the middle of the apartment, laying a new floor in the corridor which was a binding space in there. It was not only impossible to film the close ups to the following sex's scenes, it was impossible to be in there. The payment became a scene in the staircase. The neighbors did not dare to open their doors, Horny was screaming at the workers. On the opposite side were a guy who did the job, the company supervisor and a huge Russian bodyguard. H&H paid. They still had left the money for two cinema tickets, the polish needed to dry. Polish capitalism worked.

"You pay us or else we'll smash all we have renovated" both guys spoke in the same time as they were linked together they were very short both, flaked with paint - both, one of them hold a huge drill machine. Horny was facing them, she had a turquoise towel wired round her nudity.

"Horny, come to bed" Hardy was calling, not noticing they got visitors. Horny was extremely sleepy, it was still very early, and they had managed everything and were going to leave for Sweden within a couple of hours. Horny tried to understand what was the show about. These were the same chaps who woke them up last three days in the row, very early in the morning; plumbing the bathroom, fixing a huge hole in the floor, done on the occasion of the broken water pipe - the first day, mainly swearing in her mother's tongue. Last night she has been, they had been at Taddy's grave. The memory of it made her warm at heart. His grave lit up with eight torches, eight for the eternity and three wreaths of dry flowers, three, each one, from herself and her both children, the night, Hardy, and two of the guards, standing by, talking "he wasn't that old when he died, only fifty-five, a poet" Horny leaned at the stone, moving a flowery ring a centimeter to the side. The guard's presence was necessary - the cemetery was closed when they both arrived. They had done an hour and a half taxi ride around Warsaw at last getting out of the fashion bitches one forth of the money they supposed to get. Precisely one hundred dollars. It took Horny one and a half-hour as well to find Taddy's grave. The time was only after six but it seemed to be a night up there in his world, it was dark, humid and ghostly gloomy. Horny found her dad. Horny's eyes were glassy and graves were powdered with snow.

"I was wondering why did they put this white paint on" as always spaced out, she said to Hardy. It really took her a long while to recognize the snow, actually she saw

it filling up the space between Taddy's letters, the bronze inscription of his grave, his name - only then she understood - the snow was the snow. Horny stood over Him, completely calm. A frenzy hour of searching, fumbling among and between the graves, in sudden torch light's of the two black uniformed young guards and consequently losing Hardy and instantly calling him, and searching his voice and looking into a dimmed dark sky was over. She was standing completely still with her face turned towards him, towards his home, her home. Taddy's home. Their home.

"I actually feel as he is gone for a short vacation and coming back" Bebe said, Bebe was very much Taddy's widow, she had these tormenting her dreams.

"I always dream, that I'm going to meet him and something is always delaying me" Bebe said to Horny, Bebe had a hang over. Horny did not have a hang over. Horny had hang over very seldom. Horny could not drink.

"Yeah, I use to dream like that too, for many years, but now I'm meeting him. The last time I did not see him, you saw him, but not I" she was explaining to Bebe "he just stopped to drink, therefore he would not meet me, he was hiding from me but he was meeting you"

Bebe was fat, quite fat after her latest tuberculoses cure. Bebe's spine is fucked up, she has to wear a corset at least four hours per day.

"Not enough that one must get old, one also must get sick, it's a strange wickerry going on here, all this with my body, happened after the climacteric, everything" Bebe obviously forgot how she lived. How much she neglected her body after his death and before his death, in two different ways. Bebe is cracking down but her love to Horny gets more sublime and real, she has a first hang-over and they talk about Taddy, Horny is more fortunate, she has seen Taddy in her dreams, Bebe, only dreams the type of the dream, when she is going to see him and something is across her way, which was also Horny's dream for the long time. Taddy is still the king. The king of his tribe. Viviane says she never dreams. She has no dreams. All is her reality. She hears Taddy knock at her door. For real.

One way or another Taddy has forced Bebe to make the several abortions, he has forced Viviane to do the same he tried Horny. She would not do it. She would not give up the life of her child. Hardy did not want a baby at all. Of course it is quite a difference, to talk and to do. Fact. Perhaps it is stupid of her not to try him. Will she ever do it? Horny's second ex husband had tremendous difficulties to have sex with her when she was pregnant. OK, he loved her huge teats, they were really huge and warm with huge hard very dark nipples already after some very few weeks of pregnancy - o what a pretty word - and they kept on growing, and she was so obviously horny. Also her first husband was fascinated by her pregnant bombastic teats, he used to do really sensual drawings of her in nude - the rest of her body was very slim and she used to do a Mini Mouse Dance using his boots; it perfectly worked. Anyway her second husband could not take this shit. He could not paint.

He thought it was repulsive to have sex with a chick in whose womb set someone else. He was beating her a lot, when she bothered about sex, or bothered about something else. The men get so bothered. The men are so weak. The men are so full of prestige. Full of hate! Or is Horny a fool and doesn't understand anything? Hardy

would have loved Horny's pregnant teats that do for sure. Why doesn't she test him out, why is she waiting an impossible from him clue. Hardy hates the life...

"Where did you catch him?" a policeman, taking her for the hooker asked Horny. She was locked in the room and her second husband was banging at the door. They supposed to take a drink at the hotel bar. The hotel was a closest to the Opera. The opera, they were watching was boring, A Silver Cavalier, that's why they left in the first place. It took at least an hour for Horny to prove she was a dissent wife.

Hardy run through a lobby with a knife pulled out, screaming. Two hotel guards in pink jackets brought her out from the rest room, when she was taking piss. Hardy who was next door heard the rumor but did not understand the conversation. They were staying at the Warsaw's hotel. Hardy's first night ever, in this town. The apartment had been taken by the Tennessee guy, the one who false a wedding attest between Vivianne and himself stealing the flat for the time being and begun with Steven, Lucrezia's wedded man. This time it took only a couple of minutes to clear the misunderstanding. Horny was not a whore. They simply took a double room instead of the single one, which the receptionist had given to them on Horny's tough request, she even used her dead father's fame and it at last worked. Now the woman plaid a poker face, said she never heard they were going to be in fact two of them in that room. Well, the money straightens it up immediately. Vivian's still had a bluffer's name. The justice in Poland obviously did not work. Viviane's case was on court since three years. Wanda passionately worked at the case. Viviane willingly forgot the case. The thief was a respectable businessman. Poland sucked.

"I'm leaving Warsaw in three hours, leaving Poland, I have been here two weeks and it feels as I have been keeping my head in the lion open jaws all the time. People are such animals. You have to fight for everything - literary" Horny said to a fat taxi driver, she was not sure, should she say, literally or literary, she was the daughter of the writer and she saw no difference, she did not understand it, bit situation was maximally real, non literary, Horny was shivering, Horny was tired and Wanda had a Cyclopes eyes, she was absolutely not sure of the new Turkish tenant, she was renting her apartment to. The taxi driver could make a conversation on all the subjects - OK - but cheated her on the taxi price as well, of course.

"This is the best what could have happened!" Jack Bochenski said to Horny standing in front of him, still holding into the copy of her latest book, she was going to give to him.

"So, now I can mention you, to him!" he said and gave her good-by kiss, taking a book out of her hands.

Zygmunt, her uncle, Taddy's brother, an explicit translator, a writer and essayist. Yeah, this what had happened, was a pure miracle. Zygmunt had an accident. This was bad. Wanda told Horny about an accident and Horny was not merciful. Horny was hurt. Zygmunt left the house early evening, he was intending to pay home bills,

his wife had said. He was feeling very thirsty and intending to buy a juice, entered a tiny store, mixed with a bar. There was nothing but beer. Zygmunt who did not drink alcohol had chosen a beer without an alcohol and had a glass. He was conscious to get all the change back, aware, how much money he had in his wallet - it was quite a lot. All suited. There were some other men in the store. Zygmunt left and directed his steps towards the post office the night was foggy. He was about to cross the street, but the bus was coming and he stopped. In the same moment he felt, someone pushing him, pushing him harder. The lights of the bus were very close, he bumped into something, dropped his eye glasses and passed out. Zygmunt was conscious again when the ambulance picked him up, he felt he was surrounded with a small excited crowd. He was a man of fame but this time, he understood the gathering had nothing to do with that kind of fame, he passed out again. His body was being beaten at the arriving at the hospital, he was in pain and he survived. Later on, when Hania, his wife picked him up, it showed up, his wallet was empty he recovered extremely quickly. And then everything went very quick.

"Imagine" Horny said to Jack "I met Zygmunt, he gave me a kiss, and a script of Taddy's first novel! We had a coffee together, yesterday! Imagine, after thirty-five years of silence! Can you believe it? I did not see him since I was twelve. He did not attend my dad's funeral. He locked his wife in preventing her from attending as well; she had to get out through the window. He used to say really ugly things about myself"

Zygmunt wore red woolen scarf, and Horny just loved to see him, they were both very polite to each other, using the family pattern of words! Imagine after over thirty years, they met again. Zygmunt wore the same winter coat as Taddy used to, he was different but still very similar. Horny was excited to the very last and very happy, very warm. He kissed her for real. He was old, a bit old, but he did not behave old, he walked up the staircase without a trouble, he moved fast, he could see and hear well. Fact, he repeated himself, but he only said nice things, only superlatives. This was a miracle. And Horny was jumping like a little girl and shouted, coming into the house "Hardy, look through the window if you want to get a gift of my famous uncle! Zygmunt is here!"

Hardy looked but Zygmunt was gone, he was altogether too fast.

There was no time and no money again, to send BTH videocassette to Nick, this was becoming an Odyssey.

"Fuck! You!" Horny was screaming "this is my suitcase! Bitch!" Horny set a top of the table clapping with her hands, she was still yelling, "why are you taking always wrong people, what a fuck do you think I have in my bag? Ha? What?!" She was banging with her legs against the table, Hardy who was in fact the one who was caught with the bag, tried to mitigate her, there was no way.

"This is only my job" a custom woman indicated.

"Shitty job!" inflicted Horny, filling she was going to explode. They certainly arrived. She hated her huge bag. She had all the books and all the video cassettes, she

did not sell in Berlin, she had all the party clothes, she had no chance to wear, she had more; she almost did not know what she had in her bag - but certainly nothing illegal.

"You are a legend. In hundred years you are going to be recognized as the One from the outside of the main stream" Anders was explaining to Horny who she really was, he was explaining to both H&H how their brains and bodies in fact worked, he was explaining to them how the earth functioned and what a hashish smoking did to oneself. It all had only a positive effect. He was so precise and took such a good time to explain that H&H were very sleepy at last. They were back, more back then ever. Back in Sweden, back in Gotburg. Lucr drunk like a sponge. She had drunk all kind of an alcohol with a passion worth a better stuff. The Second Ex brought Lucr home, Horny opened the door, Horny was wired into a towel, Hardy slept he was also drunk, the family seemed complete. Nasty was at her dad's place, Fran slept and Second Ex, put Lucr dressed next to her son, he sort of sit down next to her - he was very drunk - trying to take her shoes off. Horny came into the room, she had as always at crucial moments a towel wrapped around, she looked at them. Her Second Ex held Lucr's foot in his hand trying to focus on her shoe. He had a certain difficulty focusing. He had all the difficulties focusing. There is a certain risk Lucr slept in her shoes, or at least in one of them. There is a certain risk, the Second Ex slept on the floor beside his step daughter. They had started the yearly poetry festival and drove round in a dark blue limousine.

"You have to take all your begs from my home, all your stuff!" Lucr was shouting on the phone. Horny sat down on Cardy's floor. They slept first night at Lucr, the second at Cardy, they needed to move to a hotel.

"If you leave anything at my place, I'll throw it simply out!" Lucr meant Horny's huge yellow-beg, filled with books, tapes, papers and a plastic beg with clothes.

"You are not so provocative any longer" said the only old fan, who showed up at her show, among newer younger fans, he was pretty disappointed. No one of Horny's friends showed up. Lucrezius has grown again and was even more pretty then a month ago, he stopped bleaching his hair, he colored it dark red. He was very pleased Horny at last gave him the promised money, the complete 10 000 for getting into the high school. Lucr was pleased over his life at all, Lucr had plans. Horny's show was good, quite OK, as a reading event but she was not extremely satisfied. It was not a concert she was longing for, she left everything on the level of reading. She had a band, The Conny Cowboys, but took no opportunities to test the songs. She took few dancing steps, broke few barriers. Conny fixed her a Madonna-mic, a thread-less microphone attached to her head, it felt OK. She could do more with her hands, though nothing spectacular.

"Too few dancing steps, too few barriers" They staid few days at the hotel, did not meet more old pals, made love, actually sex was great and Horny was in love again and they were soon going to Vivianne's home. To leave in her kitchen - no sarcasm. Sugar was in town but Horny did not meet him, except for a few minutes at Lucrezia's house, he was taking a piss flashing his pretty butt, horny laughed and he

carried her super suitcase downstairs throwing it freely on his shoulder, taking a chance to manifest his vitality, the virility, she was taking it to the hotel by cab. Hardy was sleeping at the hotel room, in a double white soft bed Hardy had a hang over.

Horny had three abortions at the row, when she was nineteen and twenty and twenty-one, at the first one she cried under the narcotics, begging the doctor to leave the child inside her. He did not take her serious, she was under the influence of the drug, she was at his private clinic, she has already paid, filled the forms, the child went... Lucrezia had lots of abortions and Horny assisted her. The latest abortion Lucr did against her wish, the father of the child, of an embryo, did not want to have it.

"Women are animals, they only want to fertilize, it's the hormones game, I'm a human being, the man, I'm not involved, I don't want, we already have one daughter, it's enough" he said. Lucr was in dismay, the loss was irreversible, the life, she was a lovely mom. Lucr was beating her husband, she was physically stronger than him, she smashed his writing studio, the typewriter, the mirror, the track, their marriage fall apart, the chap decided to devote his entire life to his first goal, his writing career, Lucr hated him, with her whole hot golden angry powerful female human animal heart! Their only daughter was extremely sweet and extremely wild.

..Describe Miss Mess concerts and how much one can live through art, fucking shit lie. My heart breaks different places of earth, Lucrezias birth.

More...

Chapter 17

"Lucrezius is going to marry Lucrezia, I have heard" Viviane looked excited "he is going to help her out, there is something very wrong with Lucr's ex-husband, and Lucr is desperate" This time Viviane was going over the border. Horny gave her a very cool look. Horny did not wish to get into a discussion. Viviane definitely looked as she had more sensations at the pick of her wicked tongue. Horny regretted that she did not film the scene with Hardy. The bad, they shared at the last hotel would have been perfect. Was exactly the bed from the "Basic Instinct". She should have tie Hardy's arms along the bed's head, switch the camcorder on. Stroke him stroke him hell of a lot. Arose him. Ride him hell of a lot. Ride! Imagine what a miss. The light was perfect this last morning, the super sun.

"I was taking a piss and suddenly I started to puke pure water." Viviane looked at Horny switching to explaining her newest method of locking the door. Horny was thinking about the sex scene she did not film, a centimeter after the centimeter; his arms, his shoulders, tensed skin deep purple under the ropes. His hairy chest, the hair in the shape of the

heart, thickening from month to month. His stiff bluish nipples. His erected cock and his wicked smile, his open mouth and his teeth rupturing the tongue. His pink dick and tongue. His creamy dick and his tongue.

Viviane loves to powder her nose. Viviane used to powder her nose when she still worked. Viviane stopped working only six years ago. Within this six years Vivian

has got very very old. Horny would love to powder her nose. It is not the same thing, Viviane's is cosmetic, beauty "thing", Horny's explosive, beauty t h i n g; Horny loves explosives. Vivian's nose was long, she always thought it too long and the attempt was to powder it o f f. "I saw myself in the shop window, I resemble an old horrible and toothless monster". Viviane blamed it on her coat picked another winter outfit from the wardrobe. Horny attended the art opening. Its long time since she was that bored. Hardy wasn't there. "If at least Hardy was here" Horny watched faces; most of them in profile, there were only a few types of noses attending, somehow longer than the usual Swedish look. Pale faces, slim figures, except Jan Peter Nilson who grew beer fat. Their eyes were always turned away from Horny, of course they looked at her with short fast taxing looks. "I had to say hello to you, you are the most spectacular babe here" an old chap was short. Dressed in worn out fur coat, he seemed drugged but not by explosives, more by medicines, he was tuned down. His eyes were drawn watery, drowsy with huge circles of water and no focus. He was English speaking art dealer who just made a real cup by buying Spencer half price. His one tune voice was absent and run into the tunnel. "Are you an artist?" he asked Horny disclosing a few details of his l i f e and passed, there was no single sparkle in this chap. Horny watched people's mimics, the muscles making their smiles p r o c e e d, their pale lips stretch. Sex? She watched their backs, shoulders, coats, trousers, slacks, and the footwork. Horny regretted she did not stay home, writing. She noticed there was a new kind of men, the alien, shaved bold, graceful, checking each other, digging each other, envying each other, feared each other and loved each other. They all war-shipped Folke Edwards, Kojak and Jul Bryner and Dalai Lama. James Flack passed by; it costed him a 100 bucks in parking fee. He hasn't shaved himself bold and bald. He has given Horny a ride, he asked about Hardy, he was opening a gallery very soon his wife was pregnant. "I was so fucking bored" Horny was for once the worst kind of the opening attainer, she was not there to buy art, not even to see art. There were metal tubes below the ceiling, she would not care the less which tube the collector in the worn out molding fur bought. She would not care the less to look at the tubes. She went there to see people and let the people see her. She was a loser. The weather was dimmed, slicked, wet and cold, the fog was thick and gave a romantic touch to the melancholy of her heart. Especially there, where the place was filled by water, not glisten at all in this thick fog. Black ship was tacked with fog. The buildings on the other side seemed even farther away. Horny was a permanent outsider, tipsy on an opening's cheap bowl-wine. Horny's tears would, pearl the whole world if she let them go, but she didn't. She took a beer with Hardy and Tom. She bumped to Hardy and Tom, when she took over the first corner on her solitary walk. They supposed to meet another place and it made Hardy suspicious "what was she doing at his corner?" "Tom should have trim his hair" for the first time she was not surprised Tom was not capable to fix a relation ship. She watched his tongue taking a big swing in his open mouth constantly, he was digging in there as well with his finger. "Do you want to read a love letter?" he asked Horny, she did, he has written a letter to a girl, to whom he set next to at one meeting, he did not know the girl's address but he knew her name. He described all his life for her trou-

ble, trouble, trouble. Tom was possessed by an illusion. At that moment the girl was not an illusion, his entire life was the illusion. His face was pink from the beer rush, he took the rubber band off a blond long pony tail, the hair was greasy, he threw the hair forward into the table like tiger, swung it a few times, he was the most miserable molted tiger Horny saw this week. A toothless tiger, a clawless tiger, a furless tiger, a really shameful piece of the tiger. He took off his glasses, and peered his blue short side at the world and the world around him was cruel. It was a party time and place was packed full, the people excited to the very last, free-beer's tickets were send around, the girls had painted lips and painted eyes and painted hair and painted breasts and painted wombs and shoes, of course they were dressed. It was only Horny's vivid imagination that served them nude, the boys were young, in a cute short "seventies" hair cut. Tom pilled in his tooth with a fingernail "there is still some sperm here" he indicated his and her boyfriend's closeness, illusionary or real? "He has given Hardy a blow job?" she wouldn't care to imagine that. Horny saw he started loosing hair and a pink skull was visible. "He needs a hair trim" Horny's dialectics were pushed by Simina's huge butt. Simina was a ward and a DJ Simina was the one who dealt the beer tickets. Simina was the one who has done it, she set on Horny's chair, pressing the huge and soft bum against Horny's hip, she stroke Horny's chick tenderly with a soft palm, and having Horny close the eyes, gave her a kiss. Simina smelled apple tree. Horny found herself in the ditch anyone, any third person, everyone who was able to give her an unexpected appreciation would certainly have it back. Hardy gave her a hug and brushed his lips against her left chick. Horny looked at the guy at the diagonal, the girl kissed his neck passionately, sticking her tongue out touching it with small round tipping moves he dived into Horny's eyes. He looked insane, he looked as he was wearing an oriental mask his eyes were black and features of his face drawn with Japanese ink and brush. Horny smiled.

A woman, who enters subway train, Horny & Hardy travel home, the woman is huge, odd monstrous. She is in her thirties, has bombastic tits, cherry sized nipples, sweaty T-shirt, swelled up cunt against the fabric of her jeans, artificial six centimeters nails, feet hair, big face. She enters the train pushing a twin-baby wagon, full packed with her stuff clothes, books, papers, shoes, topped with beer cases filled with old records, mostly Santana, Oldfield, Eurithmics and Kiss, also pulling a huge trash bag with her sleeping facilities. She looks dramatic she is a horror. Her palms are huge. "I was forced to leave" she explains, answering H&H's questioning looks "my girlfriend's five moths old twins did not let me sleep since days, I'm moving to another girlfriend, at last I'm going to have a good night sleep"

"Jesus Christ, all women in Sweden are transvestites and eat kids" Horny whispers to Hardy's ear, he pinches her chick and her butt "I want you to make cheese toasts when we come home" The sensual energy between them disappeared when Tom exit the train. They both know the woman lies.

"Military took over Sweden" Viviane awaits them with the news, Horny understands why Viv is planing to move to US and why she need an address of Horny's friend in Paris. Viviane's ground burns again. She has changed her old mushroom looking hat to the alert looking basket.

"Witch!" Horny shouted against disappearing shield of Vivian's hunching back, she did not manage to stop her mom for reality lecture, she literary swept off her hands. Viviane was going to send Horny's letter to Lucrezius. For the first time ever Horny discussed with him his acting as a child in her movies. Viviane was on her way to a particular post box the one which worked the one she trusted it worked. No other post boxes in the neighborhood were taking her post. The other boxes in the close neighborhood were wasting her mail. Outside was snowing and the excursion was of a serious matter. Viviane was excited and she runs fast, her aging feet down the stairs. Horny was one more time back. Back from Switzerland, Germany, Basel, La Hore vivid trip. It was exclusively for her work and her work was fun. & Hardy was happy to have her back! She went back to the kitchen which was their sleeping room, maintaining a perfect blow job.

"Is it normal, that boys throw their clothes down for you?" a guy asked, he was perfectly nude, tall, extremely white skinned, with buttery buttocks and a little dick.

"Yes, it is normal" Horny was leaning on the cupped palm, her elbow resting at the bar disc.

"Yeah, I would have think"

"You did not catch, it's normal, but it's happening for the first time" there were four nude guys washing the floor, flattering her, smiling, dancing, fooling around, kissing. Horny was tripping round small cafe bar in her white tight dress she refused to strip.

"Shit, I should have danced" she recalled, missing the great scene. She would have needed the scene like that for a comedy she would have love to do. Could have been a MM pastiche. Marco filmed it. Marco was the boss, she had a screening and a film workshop at the Free Cinema of La Hore, the town was bubbling, but Marco did not drop his pants, Marco was gay.

"How can you use a child in the porn&violance movies?" a small crowd was facing her, they were standing outside not to disturb these who still wanted to watch. The cinema was small. Horny gained a handful of fans who seen it all, three days in the row. The guy who accused her was a professional child caretaker, it was hopeless, Horny tried to explain. "Look, this particular child is my son, he had fun! Besides at the moment he did not like, as the scene on the table, when Peo stuck his tongue towards his ear, he stopped, Peo did not suppose to do that but it was a joke. It's not a pornography to lick the child in the ear, Peo looks wired but he is our friend, my son's friend, my friend, he is OK, and if the child is in charge then all is OK, or?" The guy did not look satisfied, he was angry. "My son is a happy child, harmonious, warmhearted, friendly, lovely, loved and loving and besides this was a film, a movie, an illusion, do you understand? There are kids in the movies, they can handle it, it is edited much more dramatic much more drastic that it in fact is, do you catch?"

"What is the movie about, why are they doing all these things?" he asked, not willing to let it go. Horny was cold and annoyed; she did not enjoy the situation. "They dine on rotten food, it took me three days to get the food ready, strawberries looked great, bright red and grown with a hush white muff. I wanted to picture, how stupid we are

and how much we eat on each other, how we use and bluff each other, all right?" The guy was staring into Horny's eyes, he was wearing an elegant long, black coat, the man to his right was an actor, also powdered by her latest vision, including toothless but dangerous Peo peeing into a cooking pot. On the actor's left stood a lovely girl. "And how is your son now? You said he is sixteen?" "He is very lovely!" Horny was beaming regretting she did not bring a photo along. "Very beautiful, the guy with enormous charisma, I so much wish he was here" she turned away from the young chick facing the group "I don't understand why are you so upset. It's a short movie, a short story, a ritual, and why are you so moved by nudity, imagine all the great dinners Neron had, and they really ate the babies" The small crowd was staring at her mesmerized, this week she was the star at La Hore.

"It is ritual" repeated, Jascha, translating into German, Lucrezia's boy friend, a citizen of la Hore. Lucrezia staid home in Sweden.

"But why do you use sex in that case, sex is something warm" the guy was persistent.

"There is no sex, the people are half nude, that's all" Horny forgot herself all nude at the top of the table. "Sex was in the one before" "Fuck, my movie are for intelligent people, who don't ask stupid things" The evening before was the same, the whole room fit with public ask her questions in two hours. At the beginning Horny thought it was a joke, giggling, throwing slogans, cliches, standing at the front with a messed up hair, messed up make messed up skirt; Sugar was there. She was throwing her arms forward saying "ha ha ha ha ha try me" "this is a character" "hahahaha" "I'm here" "I'm dressed" and looking at herself "almost dressed" "no, I'm not sexual maniac" "ha ha ha ha" "I would not flash here and now" "I'm sincere, you've got to trust me, what a deal if I'm nude, I could have been dressed, I don't care, I accept my nudity and I expect the same of you, I recognized my body parts as entire part of I" After a long serious discussion, accusing, questioning, stating, she at last said "look nobody says to Alpacino, Hey man! Why did you kill that chap? Everybody comprehends it is a movie. Why are so tough on me? You would never call Alpacino murderer, you know he is an actor, it's an act. Why can't you allow me to act? Why don't you allow yourself into my world of illusion instead you are trying to prove what's wrong with me, with myself, with I! Nothing's wrong. It's a job! Making movies is a real job. To do Babe Trouble Hole took me few years filming and four months editing. Four months sitting on the chair, in dark, watching frame by frame. You seem to miss the detail; it is my work.

W o r k." Horny was exhorted, as she would have been moving the walls.

"Where the orgasms in the picture real? Or faked?" asked a tiny guy in the back row of chairs, Horny started laughing "if they were there, I guarantee, they were real" Horny's life was exclusive, she always met people, bumped to them, these odd samples. It was actually enough to leave the house, if she left the house. "We are going to go!" the guy was determinant, below thirty, handsome, carried a guitar case, was going to play on Stroget; approached Horny with a laugh under her Parisian-blue umbrella "miss it does not rain!" He was right; Copenhagen was cold and windy but the rain has stopped. Horny damped her extremely filled extremely huge bag on the

cloakroom at the station and directed her steps towards Neron's house; Horny loved taking unexpected walks. Clouds hung over the town. "We are going to go, the third world war is coming! You will see, Muslims in Europe, you shall see. Do you know Nostradamus?" Sarajevo's native was certain, Horny walked the same direction, she let him have a monologue, she was far too optimistic and far too absent to contradict, she enjoyed the walk the freedom yeah. Hardy put her on the train many hours before, she liked moving along upon the track, along the side walk, along anything her feet fit "Diana was killed because she was going to marry an Arab" the Sarajevo troubadour said.

The old man was obsessed. Horny had a fight with a cafe owner, she called him "a fucking Arab" this was bad, the bastard was short, the bastard insisted to throw her out of his place course she has bought an ice cream outside of his place, he threw her ice cream to the floor, Horny bought a tea, he could do nothing but accept her damn presence, they shouted face to face, with a difference that Horny's face was above his head, it was the Plato shoes which gave her the head over, she pilled a tea at his desk. The old man joined her to bring in some peace he picked out his correspondence with American prisoners. "Brad killed his mother, that's why he is in" "Yeah" slowly agreed Horny-Jo longing for her train to come and take her away. "She was beating him all his life, pushed him around, when he was fourteen he stub her with a knife. We have become friends, he married his lawyer, he is studding and working with computer graphics, really talented kid" Horny almost missed her train, she misread the ticket. Hamburg, one hour at the small cafe down town, perfect 4 PM, no chairs, a line of old men buying bread, breadline and cookies, the only two sited on empty beer cases, the cripple couple entertained Horny. Horny loved these brakes as they brought her from train to transform, from place to place lucky Horny-jolly-joy.

The guys at La Hore lived wild. The guys of La Whore truly impressed Horny-jolly-jo- It was not a small tet a te with life, a small daily, here the life was tough, basic, drugged and decisive. They grew grass, mushrooms, pressed LSD and ecstasy. Drunken mushroom tea ate hashish butter and pastries, cooked! The guys build toughly most of them without any what's so ever decorations. Possibly a tattoo, but they would not flash. OK, some of them plaid with their hair if it was not completely shaved, then it was shaved in patterns, colors tails. The whole house was painted on the inside, in black and white careful patterns, covering each room in neat prints, with Bukowski, the king, in paper print on the kitchen wall.

The guys in La Hore lived wild. The guys of La Hore truly impressed Horny-Jo-Jolly-Ho. It was not a small tet'a te' with life, a small daily life. Here the life was tough, basic, drugged and decisive. They grew grass, mushrooms, pressed LSD and ecstasy. Drunken mushroom tea, ate hashish butter and pastries. Cooked! Vow! The guys build toughly most of them without any what's so ever decorations. Possibly a tattoo, but they would not flash. Ok, some of them plaid with their hair if it wasn't shaved altogether, then it was shaved in patterns, and colors and tails. The whole house was painted on the inside, in black & white careful patterns, mostly reprinted on the Xerox machine, in the size of A4 wallpaper, covering each room in neat pat-

terns. With Bukowski, the king, in the kitchen on the huge black and white poster - the miserable king, the old tiny man, hanging into his trashy yet young, wife. These guys had a direction. Most of the rooms were as if taken of the horror movie, painted, puzzled and made up. In the room downstairs, which also was a guestroom, lived rats. There was a high hanging - at least one a half meter - bed, carefully done, with bed sheets in pink and red hearts, a photo on a nude babe pinned into the wall, in the head of the bed, and a snow white mosquito net draped theatrically over the entire bed. The rat's cages were connected from the inside and created a small rat town, the stunk in the room was abominable. The rat's feces. Horny-Jo-Jolly wore her best rubber skirt and net stockings and a silver bra, she fitted perfectly in. Kid was pretty. Pulling of his shirt, he showed her his tattoo in the middle of his muscles and suntan back, a magic mark in black ink. His lips were thick and a baby face friendly. "This was better then sex, getting a tattoo, no actually it wasn't better but next to it, dealing with pain, on this bases, was purifying and I loved it, I just set there leaned forward with my head in my arms" he presented every move. He could hardly bear himself - the star was in his house! He asked her all the funny questions, making other guys puffed. He was Alex's little brother, other guys thought he was bombed in his head but Horny-Jo-Jolly-Ho thought he was sweet. Kid's lips were really thick, sexy and sensual. "Do you have a tattoo?" "Do you have any piercing?" "How is it to be a star?" "How is it to be a movie star?" What are her films about and how does she feels about them and if she likes to smoke a joint right now, or may be she wants some mushrooms, may be he should have taken her on the long promenade and show her the most beautiful park in the world, which starts 300 meters away from home. He was a child in a young man body. Possibly very young - Horny had no reason to ask. The house from the outside looked next to unattended by living creatures. It was safer that way.

The icy night sparkled with golden stars. Getting unzipped off, a waste short white artificial fur, a white fox collar, blue gloves, a pale pink jacket with a zip in front, soft black rubber maximal mini skirt with a silver zip in front, black leggings in a silver dots, a silver vinyl sleeveless blouse with a zip in front, silver vinyl corset with a metal zip in front, red & black lace bra, net stockings, marine blue string underwear, a blue tiger patterned bra, Horny was a rainbow on the kitchen floor. He loved chocolate boxes, pretty things and toys. The tops of her yellow bleached hair were bright red. Her nipples were black. Sugar asked "Am I mentally ill, or was this song playing over an hour?"

The song was playing over an hour repeating again and again, gigantic "You know that my tears had kept me away! The longer you're gone, I'll humble and shake. From Warsaw to Rome! I'll wait all the time with you in my heart - the river divine! So won't you come close? Rise to an end, with each enters rose well scent, so tell to the night when you hold me tight. With you in my heart- the river divine! With you in my heart - the river divine! You know that these tears have kept me away, the longer you come I'll humble and shake. From Warsaw to Rome! I'll wait out of time with you in my heart - the river divine! With you in my heart! The river divine!" Something really strange had happened to the CD player; it was at least drugged and

at least high! At last! "You know that my tears had kept me away! The longer you're gone, I'll humble and shake. From Warsaw to Rome! I'll wait all the time with you in my heart - the river divine! So won't you come close? Rise to an end, with each enters rose well scent, so tell to the night when you hold me tight. With you in my heart- the river divine! With you in my heart - the river divine! You know that these tears have kept me away, the longer you come, I'll humble and shake. From Warsaw to Rome! I'll wait out of time with you in my heart - the river divine! With you in my heart! The river divine!"

Mushrooms powder in an extremely small amount made her speak past the dawn. "Zabrski Point, you have to see it. There is a scene which I could have seen on and on again. The final scene of the explosion. Everything is flying up and falling down, in a slow motion, in an incredibly slow motion. In pink, orange, red, crimson, violet, carmine, yellow falling through heavenly blue sky. It's so fucking beautiful. It's so fucking relaxing. It's so fucking relaxed. It's so fucking spaced out. It's not just seventies, it's fucking eternal" Horny closed her eyes. Sugar spent most of his time in space. Crossing the sky's railroads. His head inside was a glittering toy. His buttocks perfectly round. His face was a junction of a four years old boy and a Mars's man.

"Mushrooms are the most developed, most intelligent civilization on Earth. They navigate the Earth, they take part. Mushrooms are the oldest beings on Earth and the biggest, they are connected with each other in an enormous - spawn of fungi inside the earth. They have an astral connection, an input, like frogs" Sugar relatives set around the country and around the world in huge wealthy magnificent houses or old castles, plying music, doing drug research, macrobiotic farming, cultivating muscles and Buddhism and getting ruined.

"I'm afraid of you! I'm scared! What are you all up to?! & What do you want from me?"

The over dosed fatal mushrooms, resulted in a female high pitched voice shrilling through the night in the next room accompanied by lots of male mal non articulated voices and a loud techno music, semi occasionally - Nick Cave, which was Horny's CD.

Jasha was nude during the introduction at the cinema, he introduced Horny at his howl town, OK, and he was wearing her light fluorescent pink soft smooth plastic waste short jacket unzipped and her pink lack handbag.

The rooms were elegant - a small screening room with a very small screen, the soft and elegant chairs in sharp pink & soft fabric. Piercing room - empty but for the piercing chair, w h o looked mostly as a ballerina dress, with a big foot in ice cream white, slim in the waste and a rounding, ball like top, open and filled with soft sparkling red velvet - a real master piece. A small corridor lead from the piercing room to a bar; another, long corridor to Patrik's part - his office and one more rather dark room, Horny's dressing loge'. Patric spoke, not even in falsest, Patric spoke in a regular extremely high-pitched girl voice. The screening in Basel was swell, the sound equipment, the speakers - were for the IBM computer and only attached to the beamer, were below the limit but it was nothing to argue about, everyone was de-

lighted in there - it has always been so, that Basel went for coke - Horny took four tequilas, which was really exceptional, and read from her book without a mike for the third time; it worked. The listeners were touched. The story - of H&H - was good and Horny could do her voice, from whisper to scream. The book was easily readable. Horny hanged most of the time in the bar, she could not bear the screening room, she was too nervous about the sound, and she would not bear to see her movies forth day in the row. Horny was dressed up as a Horny doll. She forgot to sell her books and tapes. Swiss girls were mostly very small, rather plain - not fancy at all. They wore dark slacks and dark pullovers and no color in the hair and certainly not make up, possibly brown mascara with no extra lash, they liked Horny they had interesting pretty faces. The bar was elegant and place was Porsche. Horny was relieved, there were no questions. These people had the obvious class, they were too rich to talk and ask. Except for the elegant doctor a part owner of the place, British Nick. He asked Horny if she had some films at the particular intrusting him subjects, he was preparing an exhibition, on farthing and shiting - yeah. Horny choked "Hahaha ha, I leave this subject to Germans, they love it" she said, not troubled at all. She was free as a bird, there was nothing in the world she did not need to do if she did not feel like doing it. The feeling was explicit and very strong, Horny beamed like a midnight star. Horny forgot she wanted to dance, the tequila bottle was empty and there was no mescal, Horny would not drink anything else. Somehow Horny wanted a party, but it showed up, her gig was the party, the company, everyone was satisfied, calm, tired, a bit boozed - Horny's presence gave them always a free drinks - regularly stoned on own belongings - it was the credo, the fuel & no spectacular drugs tonight. It was simply very late Monday, and Horny ended up with a cup of a green tea and sandwiches, at the side of her bed staring into the moon above the hills, the moon moving from left to right. Horny was calm. She really loved the view from her window. The curtains that were pulled away, where deep red. Sugar, nude slept deep.

Lucrezius, his dad and Horny were in Egypt. Lucrezius was six years old. They had spent already a week in Cairo and two weeks in Luxor and moved to the other side of the Nile, to a village attached to Death Valley. It was still January, and days were very hot and nights chilled out. Their favorite places were the temples. They really loved it. It was not as being a tourist. The presence of the child made it all very real. They felt they lived there, nothing was temporary. All the mass of the stone was abnormal, the structure, the way it was all build really worked - kept the spell over the family. Horny was filming, perhaps writing and Horny was making the scenes. Yeah, surely she was making the scenes. Her breasts were huge, swollen up, it was always driving her bananas. She yearned the orgy, unforgettable orgy - same as l o v e. She was filming herself nude, she was filming the other pregnant woman wearing the char-chaff veils, she was filming dogs, donkeys and men. It was characteristic, she paid a one fourth of the ticket price across the Nile; all the women and donkeys paid one fourth of the real man price. Ex was drinking, of course he was drinking and of course he was drinking too much. There was a secret illegal liqueur store

where with dollars all the doors opened up. The town was magic, at first quite abominable, the ordinary tourists used to do Luxor in one day, maximum two, but they staid. They knew every single street - and they weren't just the streets, they were universes - knew every person, every being, every restaurant, every hotel - and they were the continental dreams, every temple - a total explosion of an Egyptian dream, every dog, every stone. Every single kalesh driver. Every shoemaker. They knew it all. They moved to the other side. They visited Death Valley, taking donkey's trip offered by an extremely stoned - on a really tough stuff - guide. Lucr who fall off the donkey already at the start on the thick trafficked street, afterwards set in front of the guide, Ex's donkey was extremely small and he could practically walk, Horny's donkey was tall and screamed all the time. The sound was ridiculous. It all took a couple of hours and made it a gorgeous scary trip. "Would you like to die now?" stoned guide asked Lucr, the bastard must have been nuts, Lucr was six years old, and the Valley lied spread hundreds of meters below them, the path which the animals trotted was millimeters from the abyss, it is unbelievable they dared to do the excursion at all, but they were too fascinated to give it in and their guide definitely wanted the money. Every single coin promised. The Tutenhamon's grave was empty, his mummy was at the museum in Cairo, the day was extremely hot and the Valley fried like a fraying-pan. The same evening, they attended a dinner at young, young local, taxi driver, in his house. The dinner wasfabulous, as the custom was, the ward did not eat, only the guests. Horny was both hungry and rapacious, she wanted it all, specially spices, souses, lemon pickles, vegetables, meat. Lucr went to the toilet together with his dad, Horny felt her foot etched and she bent down to scratch it - there was no foot. Truth - there was nothing. One way or another Horny panicked. She stood up, at this moment, Ex, Lucr and the ward came into the room. Horny threw herself forward into their direction pronouncing "I'm going to die" Lucrezius started to cry, the Ex held her in his arms, she was sipping down as she was a pure liquid. Horny was going to die, she understood she has been poisoned. She was certain it was the food.

"Look for scorpions or snakes," shouted the ward jumping about the room, looking under beds and lifting the carpets. He had bind her legs and arms with ropes to stop the blood and lifting her in his arms kicked the door of the room open. Wooden staircase surrounded the house on the outside circling around a huge yard, the moon shone, he, screaming "Arabia! Arabia!" observed by all the women who came out into the yard, carried her two floors down and stumbled towards the car, followed by crying Lucr and scared Ex. The moon was of a pure gold. Lucr cried the whole way in the car; the Ex was seriously worried. The village doctor was beautiful and Horny fell in love, Horny did not die. He striped her off completely, searching for the trace of the bites, through every single millimeter of her orgy wanting flesh, there was not a single bite, he was certain - she was simply unbalanced, he prescribed Valium and gave her a shot. Horny was saved, cool and in love. Lucrezius caught a children sickness and the doctor had to come back, Ex celebrated his birthday solemnly and passed out. Woke up, making a big trouble to his wife and the kid, he loved to be a birthday monster.

"Too much LSD" was his brother's diagnose of Ex problem, Ex's over sensitivity, Ex's aggression, Ex's sorrow, Ex's dilemma. He has taken over three hundred trips within a few years, in his early youth. Now, he would not touch the stuff, Horny regretted - she wanted to do it with someone she loved. A few best friend of Ex's died after the trip, some did not return and was still leaving at the hospital, few more - walked around resembling zombies. From time to time Ex was telling her about his last trip. It did not sound any good. There was still the wall to pass and the mountain to climb. Ex was right at its the bottom. Ex, Lucr and Horny paid the last visit to Hatchepsut's - the only female pharaoh, who saw herself with a head of the cow - temple and the last visit to a group of Polish architects renovating it, living there since years, and the family left for Cairo. Horny was still taking Valium and it did not make her feel good; she had to stop the treatment, she was a fucking decay, exiting the endless staircase down from the Cairo's Museum. She definitely wanted to be clear in her head. Horny loved being clear.

Udo, whom Horny invited to the Basel's screening, invited them home, the following day. They came late and he was making a dinner, a dish of yesterday. He was moderate cook. He was her ex-boy friend, more then twenty years ago. They had bumped to each other some years ago in Berlin, he was a writer and a translator. Unbelievable, Udo was about ten years older then Horny but he was not old and his life was fun and his wife was fun too. This was good to learn. Udo had a nice home, on a nice street in Basel, nice rooms, nice working rooms, nice dining rooms, nice sleeping rooms, nice kitchen. It seemed, only Horny had no home - at least in that gang. But actually Horny did not belong to any gang. They drunk nice red wine, it made Horny sick, it made her heart run.

"Viviane escaped Poland in the middle of the seventies, without a passport, walking over the borders; she did the impossible, she walked from the East to the West. Yeah - Viviane was a sport. She prepared herself for the long time, trained walking, trained being calm, trained poker face, trained hunger and thirst, the resistance. Her believes, kept her alive. Viviane was in a perfect form, she could walk forty kilometers without a stop, she decided to leave; she was fifthly years old. She went to Prague with Horny's pals and asked them to bring her over to Austria - they were too afraid. She took train to Hungary, she felt followed and switched to a bus for Budapest, she had very little money, a handful of dollars she has got from Robert, Horny's pal - literally few bucks and a little bit of Polish money. She circled Romania, walked parts, hitchhiked; sometimes she slept in the fields, she had extremely little cash left, no credit cards, no documents, a small hand bag and a small hand language - a sweater, a par of extra underwear, a silver necklaces she got from her ex husband, Taddy. A handful of old photographs, a few letters - which was all. She hitchhiked with young French truckers.

"Do you want to go to a bathroom" they asked her after they had passed a Yugoslavian border.

"Yes" she said. They drove away with her stuff, what they were suppose to find? Viviane was very cold and set inside a fork car she has found astride, she set there until the morning, it was too cold to sleep and her jacket was completely wet. The

morning was warm, she slept through the big part of the day, walked, hitchhiked towards Italian border, and waited for the night. Luckily it came with a thunderstorm and pouring rain. Viviane run on her four, soldiers shoot after her, switched the huge lights on, believed she was a dog - Viviane hoped. They shoot and missed. Viviane made it she came over the border to Italy. Viviane walked to Venice the whole night She went to a monastery, in which she was taken care of, she slept for a few days and got in touch with Swedish Embassy, she had a political assail there, before. They agreed to take care of her once more, Viviane was paranoid, she felt someone was taking photographs of her, when she set at Canal Grande, and later at the Basilica and outside of Saint Marco's Cathedral on Saint Marco's Square. Venice was a trap, every second person had a camera if not every single one, Viviane had to escape again, she has taken a train towards a Swiss border, she waited the night, reached high mountains pass, waited until the gray down hour after the border light was switched off and she snacked over, in Zurich she gave herself to the police, after two days in jail, she was cabled to Stockholm by plane" Horny finished, Jasha was staring at her, with every single continuing family story, he just loved Lucrezia even more, Jasha's grandmother was an opera singer and his granddad a conductor of the orchestra, his father worked at the theatre before and now was a house wife and a mom, Jasha's step mom and his wife had a fancy shoe shop, Jasha's mother was a teacher. His seventeen years old sister was extremely childish and extremely tall - Horny met them.

"But how did you leave Poland?" Jasha asked.

"I went for holidays with Lucr, first I went to London in February and fetched Viviane back home, from a mental hospital, she was completely spaced, they gave her several electric shocks and three weeks constant sleep treatment - it was still before her final escape - she wasn't feeling very good when I picked her up, and the last night in London I had taken LSD, I was fucking bombed, I brought 100 LSD pills over in my hand bag without realizing I could have been caught, I got it from my friend for my friends and I gave all of it away. I longed back to London. So in the summer, Lucrezia and me left for holidays" Horny told him.

"Yeah, but how did you get out?"

"My father was famous, I was studding, I was married, they believed I was going to come back, that's how"

"And why didn't you?"

"Drugs" Horny looked in front of her and repeated again "Drugs and freedom. I had no political orientation, no political preferences, I really did not care. I was an artist, I struggled exclusively with myself. I really got attracted to drugs, I would take anything at this time, I was lucky, only a few things came my way, & an incredible amount of freedom, feeling of freedom, dancing, watching, seeing, breathing, I suddenly wasn't locked in, I suddenly could go wherever I wanted to"

"What did you take?"

"I smoked everything, hashish, grass, opium. Took mescaline, I don't remember more. I never knew, actually; it was all kind of small pieces of paper in different coolers, pills, powders. In London kids used to mix it into the food. Cakes, pies,

soups, pastry, salads with a hashish dressing. Yeah, I must have been stoned most of the time and it was pretty good, all this kind of spiritual party" Udo purred for himself another glass of wine, Horny took some tea and lots of a cold water, he smiled at her "What, did you get drunk that fast?" Yeah, she did and she had a slight trouble to breathe and a heart bumping against the rib cage.

"Was Lucr also sweet when she was small?" Jasha who screamed every day loud "I want my babe!" asked Udo. Udo was a nice chap and he has given them dinner. Horny was touched, he told her, he still had some of her writing, some photos, since they lived together and this was fucking long ago.

"I have a perfect tittle for your new book SCHEISSE EMPORIUM", he said.

Udo was the last one, of the boyfriends who was not younger than she was. Udo looked OK.

"Like Mick Jagger" Jasha said, minding Udo's broad lips and savage smile. Unfortunately Jasha said it much later. Udo would have been really pleased. Udo loved Jagger. When he lived with Horny, he was obsessed with Jagger and with Burroughs. He plaid Jagger every morning and wrote to Burroughs every afternoon. Every night he fucked Horny. Three of them, also Lucr slept in a huge high bed, under which hundreds of boxes with books were stuck. Udo was a publisher, Expended Media Edition gave out, German translations plus original version of The Beat Generation and some German avant-garde, Burrows, Gysin, Malanga and Burrows, Burrowgs, Burrowgs. Burroughs, Horny could not learn to spell his name. Horny loved reading the stuff. Gysin loved Udo like his own son. Udo's father was killed under the Stalingrad in the battle, he was an SS officer. Jasha's grand father was there too, but survived, woke up among dead bodies. Hardy's grand-pa left his arm there. Horny's world was small. The Stalingrad defeat, or possibly the decay. Udo had huge debts to the banks, and they were after him, in the morning he would not open his door, at last he had to move.

"They came one morning, Horny & Lucrezia - it was the end of winter but still lot of snow. They had been hitchhiking the night through from Copenhagen and we went straight to bed. Lucrezia followed her friend out. Mustafa, Turkish boy, knocked violently at the door, he was screaming, shouting, crying; his German was bad, we did not understand but followed him out. Lucr laid on the street, she fall down from the bridge over the road; Mustafa convinced her to take a promenade on the outside of the fence. It was high but she broke only her hill, actually only splinted. She had it plastered for a few weeks and Horny took her round in the baby-wagon. The girls loved it. Horny left Lucr outside of the shop and when she returned Lucr set there with lots of money in her hands. Yeah, she was an extremely pretty child. The street by-passers took her for the charismatic Gypsy"

Udo was laughing. He remembered Annika very well. Annika was going to die, she has got this diagnose one week after her daughter was born. The child was born one year after Lucrezius, also in February. Annika was sick, her muscles were diminishing; she already had problems to walk. But they told her "Walk, it is not getting better, it is getting worst. Use the time you have"

Annika was crying when the doctor told her she was going to die, there was no cure. At that moment Horny was in the kitchen of her new house. Horny was her friend, she was the only one of Annika's friends who was not taking care of her during her sickness to d e a t h. Horny used to say - she could not stand the rush, the excitement, everybody rushed on the dying girl - it took three years - to die. Was she afraid? Horny wasn't much around. Was she really afraid? She attended parties and she came as she pleased. She was afraid. All the friends split the nights - Annika could not be alone. Horny did not sleep there, one single night. There was something odd in Horny's good heart. Horny was bad coward bad bed-cover. Horny and Lucr attended the funeral. Annikas's wish was - everyone shall wear white cloths, including her - everyone wore white clothes. Horny holding Lucr's hand stood above the opening, she was throwing white long roses, twelve of them slowly at the hard lead of the white coffin, in which white bride was going to remain. She saw her own white skirt, her own white hand, and her alter ego her child, a white dressed Lucrezia holding into her mom's hand and following the exact move of the white rose departing from her small hand with the slow motion the white rose on the long petal, depart from her Horny's hand, extremely slow reach the white wood, and then yellow open soft moved earth and the pale blue sky and nothing more. The d e p a r t u r e. One by one... Two by two... Three by three... Four by four... Five by five... Six by six... Seven by seven... Eight by eight... Nine by nine... Ten by ten... Eleven by eleven. Dustin by Dustin multiplied raining falling dripping hail. Hail! Hail! Hail! To Death will depart us from the space we stand on and upon, under, under, under, breathless White bride married no one.

Horny was a blasted bitch, she had fame, sex and company - what more she felt for, were exclusively the cakes - a German cheese cake on the first day and a Swiss chocolate cake on the last day and it was the last day. The house on America Street was occupied by the certain type of a young people, who squat houses all over, they are all the same, a bit obsessed, very devoted, a bit dirty, home waned, hippie like, quiet gentle artistic creatures. The house was a piece of art, a huge villa of fifteen rooms. Only two were hit up and a minimal kitchen. Basel was a de lax. The kids rolled joint after the joint with a speed of a racket, the language was harsh, Horny understood even less then on the other side, of the border, in La Hore, still she understood some. It was her last night and Horny moved towards an open fire, the night was freezing and French bottled beer, excellent. They were trying to persuade her to stay, there was going to be a party on coming weekend, the art days in town. Kirsti's breasts were round and protruded right on under her woolen sweater in the color of a warm rust. She had eager brown eyes, resembling of a sweet squirrel, her long hair were dreads bleached. She was round everywhere and really sweet. Sugar visibly fall in love.

"I really don't know what to think about your movie, but I'll buy a cassette, we'll screen it at our party, we had found a projector on the street" she said handling to Horny 30SFr over a messy table. Her boy friend, Doc was rolling a new joint. & Next to Horny, Sam was rolling one, really thick. Horny took several puffs on several joints but she was too careless to get stoned, she puffed from time to time on the

passing cigarette, mostly to be polite. Horny was going home, back to Hardy. Horny bought a lot of plastic, shock clothes for herself, for the money from her sold video collection. Fluorescent blue pants, an incredibly pink blouse to unzip the breasts - perfect for the strip under Hardy's finger tips.

"I get jealous, when I see such a welcome!" A girl had a cutest baby on earth, the girl was tough, with a black short hair, pushed baby pram and pulled huge suitcase, opening the door to the platform elevator. Hardy with a red rose in his teeth was opening a bottle of champagne. Purred into Horny's glass giving her another kiss and a smile, stepping from foot to foot. Half an hour earlier she saw a baby sleeping on her mom's chest. Print of heaven. Horny run restlessly through the train couple of times, she was on the train since 30 hours. Had seen a remarkable picture in red; at the same station, back in a small shitty town where she had changed the train and had a previous fight at the cafe. Two women, the mother and the daughter, very similar to each other, both very tall, graceful, and rich and a dog, the wolf, took places right in front of Horny's face, in the glassy elegant passage over the platforms. They both patted the dog, with content movements of the swell but determinant wealthy palms, dressed in expensive but most descent rings, the nails cared with a transparent but visible polish, the dog had a perfect hard on, his dick hanged out at least 20 centimeters of the pure red stiff erection. From the positions they had taken, they were unable to see the show. Horny saw everything.

Hardy pushed Horny over the cupboard cutting through her buttered thigh, and slashing into her rib, she lost a breath for a sec. Hardy had a feeling Horny made a scene, screamed at him as usual, but Hardy was wrong, possibly she was going to do it but possibly she was not. She only changed the CD from romantic classy Rebeka Tornqvist to a sexy kitsch - Madonna; it suited her perfectly. "I'm going to throw you out! This is Tom's place! Bitch!" He was pushing her out of the door, they were both nudes, Horny screamed like a pig, and some door opened up on the staircase above. Hardy pulled her in, shut the door, gave her few slaps, on the face, on the head, and into her side, he was sure she deserved it. Of course they had three sweet days holding hands and fulfilling love acts, but now was the rage eight-day and the eight-day was about enough. She had a feeling that last three days he was mostly irritated at her. Laughed at her, whatever she had said. She had a feeling she had put all her heart into the cooking, buying food, doing the house cozy, of course for him, talking to Viviane a little bit, whose very welcome was "Premier Persson hired airplanes for everyone who wants to leave Sweden. I threw a packet of Brazilian coffee, it was poisoned" She looked as she precisely knew why everyone was going to leave.

"Were there any other people on your train?" she asked Horny, trying to be smart and sound like it was just a casual chat. "Were there any other people down town when you arrived?" Horny gave her a squint look, she unfortunately did not dig Viviane's monologues. Sex with Hardy was definitely more fun. Jesus!

"I laugh because I'm happy", Hardy said, but she did not believe him. He has been laughing at her, he did not approve her, after three first days after her arrival and his devotion to her came the thin days. He lay on the bed reading newspaper, he fetched

his computer and devoted himself to it next to a masturbation act. She was not allowed to speak to him, when he wrote and when he played chess and he did both things all the time, one after another. She was not allowed to speak to him when he watched TV. What did she really want? A honey moon again? Hardy was happy, because he spent the last three days, dreaming about a woman who moved him, moved his dick the whole way up, appearing at the entry of the bar - the stranger. Hardy was romantic. He has seen her at least three weeks ago and wrote one poem, and two short stories, using two different plots for her. And the last three days he worked furiously on every single word, as he would have been chewing the chick's skin at least. In his writing, Horny took a place of the monster, the wife, he was fed up with.

"This is fantastic I can write again" Hardy was happy. Hardy saw her - the other woman, at Lydmar bar, being pushed in by the swirling door. Horny knew this door, it made her feel nuisance. She was very near from the place - then, she actually wanted to go there, to phone Hardy and to relax, take a beer but James - driving her from the vernisage, dropped her outside 7-11 store and Horny was tipsy & feeling powerless & she entered the shop, bought a telephone card, phone Viviane looking for Hardy, ate a cake & a tea; she was wasted & set there at least half an hour, calling instantly & staring through the window into the fog. To know this, gave the creeps now. Plus that, what he was saying, repeating many times "What did you actually do there, on that street? On my corner?"

Could he think, she was following him, spying at him? Memorizing how they bumped into each other at Sture Plan. Sometimes he placed the woman, at Sture Plan, sometimes at East Bar, which was on the opposite side - he was a writer, all the places were about two hundred meters from each other. Horny felt ill. She felt ill, when she "saw" her, in a black leather jacket, with a blond shoulder long hair. Of course, she looked at him. What, was he questioning - he was a handsome man - every woman would look, Horny would & Horny did.

"I would love to be a monkey" said Hardy, they were both laying in bed and the sex act was over, or may be just soon coming.

"You wouldn't like to be a monkey, monkeys make children and live in flocks"

Hardy was difficult to take him out of the house, even if he made promises.

"I would like to be a giraffe, a tiger or an elephant or a camel but only a male one, I would not like to be a female animal", Horny said.

"No, really?" Hardy was surprised "I thought you would fit as the black widow spider, the one who eats her man, right after the insemination" Hardy's opinion about his girl was a one way ticket.

"No, Hardy, I never wanted to be a woman, I always longed to be a boy when I was a child, I did not like women, did not understand them, I thought they were stupid. This was what I knew about them from books. The books, written by men. I imagined I was a boy for quite a long time. Even when I had sex, I imagined that. I felt it. I felt my penis fucking this cute broad - my man. I always loved to be on the top. To have a freedom to move, to overlook... To decide. To choose the orgasm. Only when

I got pregnant with Lucrezius I found it all of the sudden suitable, more - comfortable, more - lovely and attractive - to be a woman at last. I was undergoing a Swiss hormone cure, the bull hormone, otherwise my uterus was not producing enough of them to keep the baby fed and alive. Possibly its this damn bull hormone what made me such! Still if I was an animal, I would definitely want to be a male big animal. The freedom is the most important to me, of everything. I would not like to be involved in all the fertile process, of heat, of an embryo, of a cab, to be forced to kill every single enemy to protect the line and once again the same, and do it once again and again, rising the cabs for the earth to go on - definitely not. I would love to be a big free tiger, hanging out, at the edge of the desert, hunting, relaxing to the red ball of the sunset and crying to the moon, crying for the woman, blood-thirsty. Or I could have been a camel, in a caravan of thousands, lining up the desert with my steps" Horny was romantic in her dreams and Horny was an impossible dreamer. Of course she would have been the male animal, if she were an animal, at all, it was just her call... Yet, Horny was the animal.

"Why don't you pierce my clit, and why don't we do something explicit exciting and why did you push me over the cupboard, when I changed the CD, I loved to hear Madonna instead of this Swedish smack!" Horny's voice did not have usual strengths "I wanted to go out dancing. I wanted to have fun. We could have danced at home, I just wanted you. I wanted to dance with you. When we came in and you pushed the table away I thought it was for the dancing" lied Horny, he would never do that, she knew he was fed up and was going to sleep and the only think she could do was to cope with it or dance for him. If she thought of it then, she would have done it. "I don't trust you

You are in love to some woman you don't know. You are in love to some woman you have seen. You are bull-shitting me as usual. You are fucking bluffing. It was awful to go to the movies with you. The movie was awful. You were awful. It was awful to drink Retsina and awful to get drunk. It was awful to be forced to go to the bathroom and get lost between the entire movie rooms. It was awful to go to Carmen, the bar full of fools and every bar has a history - where you have fucked smacks in the restrooms, or eventually enjoyed the blow jobs - and when I drink one beer you drink four and are done and you go to the Lou about 27 times per hour and we have to go home, and you have to go to sleep, I want to dance, I want to fuck, I want to have fun, why don't you pierce my clit, why are you cheating me? Why did you push me? You would have kill me if I fall on my head and not over my side. I want a seduction."

"You are as paranoid as your mom" shouted Hardy pulling the cover over his head. They had borrowed Tom's place to celebrate their love but apparently there was nothing to celebrate. Horny was going to explode, Hardy was going to explode, they fully explored a bloody weekend in Hell, their new place on earth.

"I want to go to Thailand with you" Hardy said. The joke was deliberate but good. They were going to do it.

"Let's move to Thailand" Hardy said.

"No, I want us, to move to New York" Horny answered, she was determinant, empty-eyed.

"Why?"

"I want to be recognized. It won't happen in Thailand. Thailand is good for holidays. I want to be a filmmaker and a writer. New York is perfect for me. Who am I in Thailand - a person? And the men are so small, fucking midgets, I hate it!"

"But you have me. I'm tall and you can film in Thailand, there is a lot of prostitutes you can get to your films" Hardy really tried and failed.

"What do you mean prostitutes, I want to film myself! Do you get me? Myself!"

Tom's place was extremely dirty. Tom's place was those dirty that Horny not being very sensitive felt as she was going to puke. The sink was black and gray, greasy, full of his blond long hair. The floor was patched with old potato's pills and full of used toilet paper. Inside the paper roll, stuck the used pieces with dried mucus. Dirty dishes in pails everywhere and old bones from the meat he has eaten, in stocks, perhaps from the last few weeks. There was no gram of meat left, Tom was a hungry being-beast. The towel stunk, the excrements or may be only old piss, Horny added to it her blood. Horny's blood was all over the place, mainly in the bed. The room stunk. The kitchen smelled of garbage and of gas. It was normal. "One gets used to the smell", Hardy said, fart and he was obviously right. They had borrowed one porno movie and two feature. Hardy wanted to fetch pizza and give her some screw, Horny refused to eat at Tom's. The sex was thin. Of course he came first. & He came last.

Horny danced, she used the very last forty-five minutes at Tom's and danced nude. She was not nude, she supported her unfit nudity with a hot string underwear, net stockings and a bra. Horny danced to Pulp Fiction sound track. Horny danced for Hardy, before she danced for herself, but she started at the wrong end - Hardy was hungry and there was nothing to eat of her cunt. He would have killed her if he could.

Horny was bored of her book. Horny was extremely bored of her book.

H&H have been on the slow hot train through India in two days now, even now was then... Hardy was shiting like a chicken. Horny, healthy as always, thought about her life. The life's clue. The people, she had met accidentally made her the most happy, as the running landscape along. Actually, this was enough. Hardy wasted by the diarrhea, slept most of the time stretched at the top bed. The people she had met were simple it was the chip train. For 56 hours her life was clear, she was into something, she was going away from somewhere, she was going somewhere. It was perfect. The view was perfect, lined up, along, changing slowly, entertaining her eyes and keeping her soul calm & intact, as a harmonious mantra running on. Even in the nights, the shapes and stars, and sparkles - there was no glass in the windows. The wind was following. The air, Horny moved with. Horny was moving and it gave her p e a c e. It satisfied all her needs. To piss, to peace!

"Whore!" Hardy shouted against nightly silhouette of Viviane standing on her balcony, waiting for H&H to come home.

"Whore!"

Hardy took photos of Horny, with a dildo in her anus. They were drunk and he was going to fuck her, she was abnormally horny. The oiled dildo set in her rectum, quite deep and her womb was filled with a thickest possible juice of her lust; she stuck fingers into her cunt and pulled it out it was as a glue all over her hand and between the fingers. Horny was an animal. Female animal. Horny animal. Hardy needed to piss. Horny had a feeling whenever she was top Horny and next to ready done, Hardy needed to piss. It was a clear misfortune.

"You are one of the few women I invite to urinate on me, you should have been happy" pointed, Hardy, who already tried to piss into her mouth, but was resistant. She was, perhaps savagely happy, still unable to piss in between his parted lips. You bet she would have loved to do it. Horny was in a bathtub, she decided to masturbate.

"Yeah! Because why not?" She was pounding her clit, and shrilled it with a hot shower stream. She dropped a perfume a top her pink whitish clit which turned dark red and burnt. Now she had to come very fast. They had spent one day on the hang-over and got drunk again.

"Vow! I can drink again!" Horny sung and had at least two hours monologue, this time Hardy did not kill her. They came back home from the town, they forgot to dance again, they had forgot to seduce each other again. Horny watched a black Jack table standing next to him until he did not loose all the cash, she watched the other guys face - to the right, this guy plaid at 5 posts until he won satisfying sum of the money and left. H&H did not sparkle. Horny's heart freaked out.

"Horny don't worry, you are forty-seven years old, it's normal your heart is old & I'm telling this with love"

"You are fucked up, Hardy. & You are a fool! I was born with the heart like that. The double electric line. & I have an allergy on alcohol and I fucking want to dance now!" Horny was sorrowful and was not going to sleep -speeding up, Hardy would gladly do - take a nap, but there was no way, the bitch talked all the time. Talked - was too nicely said, the bitch complained, the bitched demanded, the bitched jelled, the bitch yearned. At least the bitch danced for him and striped, and even the quality of the act was still doubtful, most doubtful, she used the dildo, leaning against the refrigerator, he caressed her, fucked her, fucked her in all her holes, made her come pulling his huge prick up and down her tight anus, her right hand was hooked on the dildo which was doing her womb, her left hand was doing the clit, vow! Where was her fourth and fifth hand? He made himself come at last inside her womb. The success. Vow! The sun was orange on the crystal white snow. Vow!

Lucrezia lost her apartment, she did not pay the rent during last three months. Lucrezia was fed up with his school and Ex said - he perhaps wouldn't make it. Horny experienced a tornado effect in her head - and a will to have a sex with another girl

and have Hardy photograph the session and a lot more Hardy-sex. Horny experienced a certain taste of despair - everything was going too quick, actually rushing. The snow melted and what was under, was a very ugly ground.

... Let's say that Alby was Bronx or even Queens but going down town to Stockholm City - there was no Manhattan. There was a risk that Horny was a smack, a slut, and simply a nymphomaniac. There was a risk that Horny was not a pure energy of freedom and clash what she believed. There was a risk Horny was a little bluff of her time. The time without value and moral. The time with no clue, with no clue... OK - she has proved, she could write, the writing was OK - still, no one wanted to read the shit. It was worst with the movies, and quite impossible with music. Horny was a self-indulged star. A self nominated star. Was Horny a loser? Was she bluffing herself? Horny longed for to play the poker. Not for to win or loose. Just for to play.

"You got a trouble, hanging around your neck!" Hardy said; he was pissed angry, proudly trading. "You look, just like a peacock!" Horny quickly responded, he defiled back and forth the emptiest corner of the extremely crowded huge disco unit, they're visiting - at last!

"I'll go out on one condition! That you are turned on me! & I'm going to sit in your lap and we're going to kiss!" the tune in her voice did not sound promising.

"You got the trouble" repeated, Hardy "I'm not going to dance a single dance with you! You are going to be very v e r y sad!" he underlined.

"Ba-s-tards!!!" yelled Horny at full lungs, she was hanging out at the top of her mountain-illusion, breaking furniture one by one, possessed with rage. - Unfortunately Viviane's furniture. This morning Viviane woke her up with words "Where's Horny? Isn't she here at all?" She tried to look behind the table, where H&H's bed was; she saw Hardy. Horny set up frankly trying to protect her sleep, she waved to her mom, almost immediately leaning back to the pillow.

"The artillery was shooting the whole night through"

"You are so fucked!!!" Horny cued shouting, Viviane was finishing "Lou-Lou was licking my hands all the time" She meant the dog proved

more mercy to her, then her only daughter ever had, abruptly disturbed Viviane screamed "Quiet!!! Quiet!!!! Quiet!!!!"

Within two days Horny crushed two chairs, seven cups, three dresses, wrapping herself nude out of them, three flower vases, one lamp, two mirrors, five plates and squeezed one fork. Her hands were flaked red and black-blue but still tensed. She spilled spinach at the kitchen wall and crushed eggs. Burnt the rice. Broke a pen. She had lust too pure the oil and to blast it.

"I want to go out with you and dance!" Horny yelled, "I want to dance!"

"Why didn't you kiss me for real when I arrived from Gotburg!" Horny was there again, only for to meet her children, she was unable to do anything except meeting

them; she was literally falling apart and had to sleep few times during a day, she has spent two days in Gotburg.

"Why didn't you answer my kiss at all, when I gave you my lips. I was so happy, so relaxed, at the subway station?"

"I want to dance!"

"I want you to seduce me!"

"I want you to take off my underwear!"

"I want kisses! Thousands kisses!"

All in between of lying under the cover motionless for hours. Horny cried, Horny slept, Horny scratched her nude body, Horny banged her head against the frame of the door, Horny was totally fucked up for the first time since long, in a total sober state.

"It was really nice when you caught my neck and shook me like a toy. I felt hot and secure, it is something wrong with me, Hardy. It was great when you slept my face, I felt hot! It's most great feeling hot! Instead of feeling dead!"

"There are cucumbers and tomatoes pickles in the store, for eight crones each and little plaster birds with bulky red bellies - two, for five crones" said, Viviane standing in the door, still in her coat and a funny hat.

"Bitch!" Horny yelled. & After she burnt the dinner down, Hardy decided "We're going out to eat, let's go, have some fun!"

Horny's trouble was, she wanted - as always - the impossible - she wanted a love affair with Hardy - yeah, they had a love affair, but they had a five and a half year old affair and she wanted a five and a half day - young one. Yeah - Horny was a fool.

"You look like a Phantom" Hardy said to his happy bride, they were already on a way to hell. He did not approve her plastic Parisian blue tight Basel pants, silver plastic corset, plastic silver sleeveless blouse and plastic pink jacket, white false fur coat, she has bought in Copenhagen as much for his sake as her, and of course high platforms on her tiny feet; there were many pretty girls out this night; nothing escaped Horny's total control. Hardy slid his eyes over her as soon she set down, close to H&H on the subway train. She was dressed in black, real stuff, not in plastic. She had thick black stockings, generous calves. Dr. Martin's black boots - rather big size. A mini skirt in black, black jacket - Hardy looked again. She had short black page with bangs, sweet little milk white face, she was young - Hardy looked again.

"Does she also looks like Phantom, or does she look better?" threw, Horny regretting she never owned a pair of Dr. Martins, so she could kick better neither dared to dye hair black, so she would have fit. She did not think it was going with the type of hair she had, her hair was too soft and too wavy too curly to make a good black thick page. But she made Hardy to leave the train, angry.

She, was a blond young bimbo - on the next train - with a long wavy hair, covering the breasts. Had short dark coat, stupid-thoughtless but intriguing face. Short gray skirt. Shiny transparent stockings on long legs, which following - under the skirt, between thin bony knees ended up or started up in a red nit strings, deepest in there, she was young. Hardy had to squint his eyes hard, to be able to see it precisely all. She had blond pony tail and bare shoulders, thin shoulder-stripes on the short party

dress, embracing her frailness - slipped off a bit, from time to time. And she smiled - this girl! She was Young!

"So, why don't you do something about it, she's still at the bathroom, you can easily get in there" Horny yelled "& you don't care for me at all"

Horny was popular on the dancing floor, the guys were the suburbs colored crowd. Horny spent all her money on Hardy and herself - entry tickets and drinks. Horny drunk Tequila. Horny's frustration was gone. Horny's depression was gone. Hardy picked his chick to go - of course he did not dance, they have been waiting 2 fucking hours at Mc Donald's, until the subway opened up. Horny was pretty, sweaty, young and exhorted. There was a Serb Mafia, Russian Mafia, Maroon Mafia, Ghana Mafia, Bagdad Mafia, Istanbul Mafia, Chilean Mafia, Salvador Mafia, Syrian Mafia, Finish Mafia - Mc Don was extremely international between 5 and 6 AM, just like an airport. Horny went to the rest room.

"Do you have a company?" a short chap in a red vest and a fly landed in Hardy's lap, trying to brush kiss his chick. Hardy shook him off. Horny joined, the little chap was about to put his arm around her, Hardy gave him a proper karate twist throwing him to the floor without slightest possibility to breathe. Horny screamed, the guard picked out the small chap of Hardy's perfect grip. Horny was laughing "I hope he kissed you! I hope he put his tongue in your mouth!" Horny was laughing, she loved the show, she had been dreaming about Nick the other day, lately she had tremendously good time on her own - full entertainment - before the last three days of the down ride - the depression. Hardy ate the doorman tie - the night before she arrived, and Hardy was on the hunt, Horny's latest sex sugary adventure; the add of Sugar to her La Hore tour, came out and he had all the reasons to revenge. The art institution refused her a scholar ship she applied for. It was indeed extremely frustrated, she was sure, she was going to have it. Yeah! The life was not exactly - the triumph! Horny was Phantom, although not paid, it was her soul it was not her job, she was doing fine. Yet, where?

"Horny is fragile stable" Arjana said to Hardy. Arjana was an artist, she was Horny's friend, a little bit. It was a long ago since Arjana arrived at Berlin Zoo, dressed in a long leather coat and a golden corset and strings.

"Anthonson copy after you, at least since two years! It's fucking annoying" Cardy said to Horny. Horny was well aware of the fact, Anthonson got a lot appreciation and great deal of cash for her work, she was smart progressive woman who acted slut - it was a great concept, while Horny was the slut. Horny had no alibi for her cunt. Horny was the Cunt. Anthonson was a small town Charlie. The art was her discovery, the break through. For Horny the art was simply a part of her bone, a small part; it happened to be her cunt. Sometimes it took a form of the toothbrush. Cardy's bankruptcy disasters proceed on. She was still not allowed to leave the country. All her photo gear was sold out on the auction. It went for one third of the price. Cardy set in the first row, crying "I used to have the best gear in town". Asa was taking pictures again. Roger got a scholar ship, which was great. Horny didn't know he was doing art. Lurezius made his mind up, he was going to be a photographer. He was

going to study in NYC, after his high school. Vow! Lucr in NY - this was Horny's perfect dream!

"I'm going to be nineteen in two years - can you believe it?" he told his mom. She could not - believe. Believe it or not - there is something bizarre in the matter of time. Lucrezia got extremely happy and elevated, she jumped up, when she understood, Horny's eyes were getting old. Horny was rather irritated at the fact, she needed fucking much light, to see the millimeter small dots. Why did t h e y print such small dots at all?

"Please, please don't" Horny was pleading Hardy for the first time, they were nude, they were in bed, back home, back in the kitchen and Hardy was going to enter her with his stiff cock and Horny knew, for the first time she could not take it. Hardy did it; Horny survived. It was only on the way home, after they had stopped defending positions - she felt how good his hair smelled, leaning on his shoulder.

"Horny sit on my face!"

"Do you like it Horny?"

"Is it nice when I lick you like that, with a big tongue over the clit and labia, up and down, up and down?" Hardy, in action threw questions between the moves; he had a hangover.

"No" said Horny agreeing with his tries "I don't feel the lust"

Hardy was an Angel, Hardy lit his lazy girl up for an hour of explicit sex everything included; Viviane stood behind shut door, in the corridor, mingling with newspapers.

"Taddy and me" said Viviane "We ate always eggs for breakfast, I ate, one boiled and he two, fried on bacon, or cream. Sardines for the supper. Dinner mostly was not off - it was before you were born, we spent a lot of time out, we went out and the food was either uneatable or too expensive. Eggs fried on cream - was Ivonka's recipe" Viviane smiled to the memory of the only friend she ever had. Ivonka and her husband died quite soon after she and Viviane had met. They slid into an avalanche.

Horny was little. Truth, Horny was little, Viviane worked at the Opera, she left Horny by herself at the huge - empty now - audience hall. It was the repetition of Rigoletto. Horny loved it, she had seen it so many times she knew every detail, every single word. She remembers the scenes, as they had been taken out of her own life. The girl was brought home in the fish net - dead. The father loved her passionately. Everyone was going to die. It was all very dramatic, very beautiful. Lucrezius was born into a performance group his parents run in Gotburg. He loved everything accept for Ann's soprano pitch, when she sung he was fucking screaming like a pig one pulls the skin off; he had to be carried out every time her part was on. Ann was extremely tall and had a crush on his dad. She had a fucking strong lungs and weak nerves. Lucrezia was small, ten years old - she directed a play by Oscar Wild - The Giant. The performance was superb. The Ex made a genuine music, piano, soprano flute, and violin. All the rules, accept the Giant, were plaid by kids, Lucr's friends. The one who plaid Giant, was her friend too but he was grown up. Karkowski and Horny held the back ground decoration up, standing behind it.

"Horny will you never mature? You are forty-seven years old!" This was Hardy's standard replica, till the next year "This is not a result of your past, this is the result of your arrogance! You are sooo stupid!" Hardy gave her 15-min. of a smart speech "Must be something wrong with your karma" was the last. Horny found no answer and he was pleased with himself. Viviane went round own, one room apartment calculating what more she could buy, Christmas was coming, her shopping world moved in the areas of single dollars and certainly no luxurious. Horny's favorite was King Lear, Storm, Hamlet - of course; of course when she was a child. Now she exclusively watched American movies. As a child she saw a lot of very good theatre and excellent ballet and opera - of course. All very classy always on the border to the pathetic, of course. She did not like the comedies, may be these by Bernard Show were OK, she thought. Show was Lucrezia's favorite, when she passed ten. Horny read all Greek drama at the very young teenage, she could find in Poland and it was a lot, and very beautiful, very bloody and inspiring. It fitted into her world. The play "Giant" finished, the curtain went down. Every one bowed for the director, the enthusiastic public, but Lucr was missing. Lucr hid under a pail of clothes, back stage, she was ashamed how bad the play was done. The Giant himself forgot all his lines, Horny at last handed him a book, which he dropped - his hands shook. He has got a ramp-fever. Lucr was a remarkable director. Hardy in his teenage read Henry Miller. It was Christmas, Lucr got a pretty porcelain doll from her mom, Horny and Lucr had an argument, Lucr smashed a pretty thing at Horny's feet. The doll had a red dress and red shoes.

Horny was visiting Lucr, she still had her apartment, she might be able to keep it until the New Year day, it was very uncertain where they were going to move to Lucr, Nasty, Fran and Jasha who was arriving soon. Lucr got a job at the radio, it was going to start soon. This was excellent she was hand picked out of 800 candidates. There was a risk, Lucr already worked at the massage institute. It was a dirty arrangement but profitable. Lucr had enormous debts; it was quite difficult to imagine what was she in fact doing with the money, as she constantly had none. Was she, now working at some doubtful conduit place to cover up her drinking habit? It was not impossible. Was she taking drugs? She has mentioned, her girl friend was freak-ing out trying to quit the pot. Some of her best girl-pals got addicted to Ecstasy, some to Cytadon. Horny didn't know, one could get hooked to that. Horny still did not try. Horny would love to. Horny was still waiting for Hardy to have it done. Lucr was brushing the floor in the corridor eagerly, Horny was taking off her new white fur - new for Lucr. Horny was forced to buy the new one, as Lucr threw her old. Yeah, Lucr was quick and angry with her mom and now, she was brushing the floor, on her knees. Every single time, Horny visited Lucr was brushing the floor. Not once, Lucr proposed Horny, a tea or anything to chill off and sit down, always very upset by the size of Lucr's suitcase - it simply took too much space. Always on her knees, swiping the floors. Horny and Lucr loved each other. Horny's dream, the night before she left for Gotburg was mined blowing - she had sex with Lucr. It was lucky Horny was intelligent enough not to blame herself for her dreams - the untouched area. Horny used to think that Lucr had sex with girls, sometimes, but may

be after all, she did not have. Or no longer, had. Sex, was not what these two women discussed. Lucr, possibly thought, her mom was too wild. But in fact, she was not. Not in her own opinion. To Viviane, sex was something horrible, but she was a gentle creature and did not bother anyone with her opinions on the secret subject, she pretended it did not exist, but on the screen. In her presence, even Lou-Lou could not do with his toys, which she always hid away from him, and now they were long forgotten and Lou-Lou was losing his teeth, deliberately, with which his lust for sex passed. Viviane was getting a bit better, this Horny stated to herself, already before her last trip. Viviane definitely looked better. Her back straighten up, she surely stopped shrinking. Viviane ate better, now when H&H lived with her. Better then ever, when she lived alone she use to eat only the cheapest frozen food, Viviane always paid everybody's debts, Horny's, Hardy's, Lucrezia's, even Horny's Ex. It is hard to say why, may be because she loved it. It sounds not just, but Viviane loved offerings. She had been planing to live at the monastery where her life with Taddy flipped, her own life flipped but she could not leave Horny - she thought. So, somehow she offered, as well, this idea, for Horny's sake. Was it good or bad? Horny looked at her mom considering, she had a pretty profile, she had something very young around herself, but only when she set in her rocking chair in the profile. Viviane had very little hair left and hoped it in a mouse-tail. Viviane was obsessed with her cupboard, where she kept all her bills, papers, documents, attests etc.

"You are incredibly courageous" Ursula said, Ursula was a dancer, she lived in Berlin and was going to visit her hometown. Horny and Ursula were on the train to Basel. "You are incredible to do all this by yourself, writing, publishing your books, promoting, doing movies, taking it all around by yourself"

Horny looked at her "No, it's really nothing. For me books are like hot cakes for anyone, everyone can bake cakes. I can't. I do only what I can, what's easy, what I have learned. I love smell of the fresh books" Horny was getting ecstatic, she was on the train since 36 hours with breaks. Horny was a bit hungry and had no money to buy food. She even did not have the money to buy the tea. The train was going to arrive one hour earlier then planed, so she was going to be waiting there, it was middle of the night; all was just great. Horny was ecstatic and she was on her way.

"To do what?"

"What was Horny about to do?"

"What was Horny about to do with her life?"

Horny has this memory, when she was a little girl she traveled with Viviane, either to a grand-pa, either to the sea. Taddy always waited for them at the train station, Dworzec Główny in Warsaw. She loved to see his silhouette at the end of the platform, in a dimming light of the dawn Taddy, after a full drinking night, standing there in his trench coat, with a collar lined up, and pitch black curly hair. It was the very old train station - newer build in 1939 was immediately bombed and destroyed at the first day of the Second World War.

"Just before I left Poland for good, the new station was getting ready build. Central Station of Warsaw, Breznjev was coming from Moscow for the opening and I saw,

every morning when I went to work, they were bringing the prisoners down there to finish it all in time" said Viviane. For her the past always rolled parallel with current TV shows, which she was unable to follow, Viviane had hard to concentrate on anything outside her memories or her shopping or her bills, and her obsessions and besides did not know any other language good, except Polish. Steal she did not want to have access to the Polish television at her home, she feared Poland. She feared Poland. Viviane isolated herself.

Nasty, was Horny's two and a half years old granddaughter. She was strong, her will was a bit higher, was enormous. She was in love to Hanson - the boy from American band, she used to watch MTV, sitting as near the TV, as possible; she kissed the screen. Hardy's almost five years old son had a crush on her. Horny and him still did not meet; it was not legitimate. She never saw Hardy's dad. She has met Hardy's mom, once for exactly one day. Horny would love to know the little boy. Nasty could feel frustration when the song ended up "Hanson is finished" she would say, walking quite miserable around the room.

"You, Kubiak's must have incredibly strong gins, you all look the same, you, Nasty, Fran, Lucr & Lucr, on the photos, when you are children, you all look just the same" Linda said. She forgot to mention Taddy. She was a photographer, she knew what she talked about and Nassty said "I'm going to be a writer, when I'm big, it seem as a very nice thing to do, the perfect occupation" Nasty was more then well verbally equipped, already at her age "You sit by the computer, with a cigarette and a glass of wine, like my mom does, I'm going to do the same, and I'll tell my children, they may not disturb, I'm doing the important things, I'm doing the most important thing, I'm going to do that"

Lucrzia's poetry book's coming out, was delayed to the next autumn. Nasty's dad was a writer. He was also a scriptwriter, and his first TV serial was a success. There were puddles in it and he had borrowed Lou-Lou's both names. He did not like the original. Viviane dished all the time. She practically could have start dishing the moment she woke up, regardless if it was four in the morning or six. Viviane did not love books. Viviane was a painter once and now she has bought herself the paint-brushes, still she had no colors and no canvas. She had stuffed the brushes into a pretty vase, a top of her table. Viviane read very little, she always disliked the books accept, a few romantic ones. There was only one book Viviane was personated about - the encyclopaedia.

The day, Horny left Basel, eighty tourists got gunned down at The Hatchepsut temple, in Egypt, on the other side of Luxor across the Nile. Viviane and Horny never touch each other. It was nice to come and go traveling, & then she was motivated, forgiven and allowed to give her mom the kiss.

Lucrezia was five months pregnant with Fran. She married Steven, an American she met in Berlin; they both lived at Viviane. Horny, Lucrezius and his dad were at five months long trip, in Egypt. Viviane lived in the same area, but had three room's apartment and she still worked, at that time. She has spent all her money making the Christmas, Lucrezia was going to give her some money back, later on. So long she

also borrowed money to buy the present for Steve, he wanted - a hair dryer and a morning coat. They went down town to celebrate New Year, Lucr borrowed her granny's subway ticket, took all her own cash, she just received for the month as she used to do. Lucr loved to have entire the cash on her, she felt much freer, independent and grown up, Lucr was eighteen. Lucr got drunk and fall asleep on the train. Steve, he had a really bad habit. Steve took all her money and kicked the handbag under the sit. He woke up Lucrezia in the very last moment to get out. They got out. "Grand mother, I have lost my bag, I don't have any money left" she said, Viviane looked at her as she would have seen the horror. Viviane got a present card at the office she worked at; she bought food for it. When the food was eaten up, Steve left for Berlin. He came back two weeks later very ill and penniless. He surely brought drugs, to sell and take. Earlier, Steve stole Ex's dead mother's watch, bracelet and the ring from the little box at Ex's father's home and Bebe's golden watch. Steve stole Horny's Egyptian bracelets and all her rings. Steve was a survivor. When Fran was few months old, Steve made Viviane take a loan in the bank, the young family supposed to take holidays, visiting his parents and showing off Fran. Lucr came back after three years, alone. Steve had stole the child from her. Viviane was always very poor; it simply was so.

Viviane, H&H had almost no food last three days. They were finishing, what they had found in the cupboard. Horny borrowed a small amount of money from the neighbors.

"Horny! Horny! Don't!" Viviane was screaming, Horny was standing in the endlessly green sea, touching almost her knees, Horny was four years old. Viviane was green of fear, red flecked all over chest, breast and legs, in her white and blue striped swimming suit, her extremely white, English skin could not take the sun. Viviane was may be beautiful, but Viviane was definitely ugly. Horny was fed up with her high pitched shit scared peeping voice. Horny was big and strong.

"My Little Horny! I'm going to die, if you don't come out immediately! Immediately!" Now, she sounded worst, as she was going to do it. Horny remembered the wave, which snapped her from the shore earlier this day, but now the sea was calm and the day hot and everyone was having fun but Viv. Horny stopped. Watched her mom. Gave her a chilled look and slowly, feet by feet moved towards the shore. She hated the person, who made her life to a constant mark of the fear. Horny had no fear.

Lucrzia was vivid, extremely vivid. Horny never said to her "No, don't!" Never! She would not believe it was riverbed Vivian's mark. Lucrezia fall down from the staircase on the boat, survived. She fell down from an extension floor through the hole, survived. She jumped from a rock to a rock as a goat, survived. Lucrezius and Ex and Horny were in Mexico, Porto Seguro, the nasty waves there, smashed Lucr against the bottom, he kept on drowning two meters from the shore, the water was so stormy so stirred they were unable to see, where he was. At last Horny saw him float a bit beneath, she got a hold of him, picked him up.

"Today, I died, but I survived" Lucr wrote in his daybook. The day after DD, a blond, long hayride, Vietnam veteran from Alaska, one of Lucrezius's best friends invited him for the surf-ride. Lucr was scared, horribly scared and extremely tempted.

"The only thing you have to do is not to breathe under the water" DD said, the tip of his nose was split, in the battle, he said. "You are going to keep into the board, I'm going to hold the board with one arm and you with the other" DD was bigger than the board, Lucr was tiny, still seven years old, but very soon eight, the size of the board. Lucr survived but did not want to do it again. Horny was proud. Ex was ecstatic, he was able to do about two meters in a free swim style, mostly the dog. They had spent four weeks in Porto, being definitely the prettiest white couple. Lucr had many friends among wild "local" Big Americans. He had fall in love to Majka, she was fifty years old Mexican bossanova & tango & flamenco singer and run an excellent restaurant. She was a bit fat, black hayride, big-breasted beauty. She was very lovely. Lucr's taste was extreme. He insisted to see her show, exactly every single night. It was OK, they had great Marguerites, excellent cold Coronas, Mescal!!! And Andre pretty, extremely young German guitarist Horny, more than approved. Lucrezius still wants to have the house in Mexico. It means it is his dreamland number one. Horny doesn't have a dreamland. Horny has some untouched goal.

"I want to move on the straight line" Hardy disclosed his biggest secret "Moving in ellipses or circles, is what most people do, the repetition of the secure. Cozy rhythm of repetitive doing. I agree, moving along the straight line must cause the fear, one is all the time a new place, new space, a new situation. But this is what I want to do, mentally. I was born that way"

Horny would not walk on the line between sky scrappers she had no skills. She did not want to die. But, easily, she could have walked around the sky scrapper, on the rim if there was enough space for the feet and she was able to lean at the wall. Horny had no fear. She knew she wouldn't get vertigo. Horny never fainted in her entire life. Horny was strong like a horse. She loved that scene in the Fifth Element, when Lilo made the wall - it felt like watching herself. No kidding! Horny and Lucrezius loved The Fifth Element, Hardy hated.

"Don't try to love her, try to keep yourself clear. You have been struggling enough - enjoy! Life is a beauty" Goran Johansson was a beauty, he was Horny's doctor - no kidding. She at last had a shrink. The problem is that she did not want a shrink, she wanted a heart doctor, but by that time, the medicine did not find out what it was with her heart. The heart had a double electricity line, which is physical, under the stress, it would do a short cut, the heart run 400 per minute, Horny could take it. She was strong like a pig. G.J. took off his white mantel - Horny was his special case. Lucr stood in the window, Horny - offered set down in his armchair. G.J. set down at the small table, picked five cigarettes packets from the drawer - all of them of different sort, throwing them nonchalantly a top of the table; slashed his long legs at it as well, and swinging his feet in elegant brown shoes, said "I'm listening" Horny talked

for a while. Viviane just arrived. She has been in Stockholm at her sister after her escape from Poland and now she wanted to leave with Horny, her child. Horny was shit scared. Her mom was one of the reasons, she did not come back to Poland, three years earlier after the London holidays and still hanged around.

" Horny" G.J. said, "You are not giving in. It is your life, which is important. Do you understand me, child? This woman has been destroying you, in so many years. It is lucky you have Lucr and she can take care of you"

Horny, smoked Pall Mall, drunk coffee, Lucr still looking through the window and with her back to the room, indicated " Right!" Lucr was seven. Horny did not say a word, she felt a bit sick, actually she felt like puking, unable to take another puff and unable to make the step.

"You can't live with your mom. You need a man. A husband who would take care of you, feed you, give you comfortable home, money. You are an artist, Horny you are great. You need a well-educated man with a good straight job and a lot of love to give. Agree, you are the most genuine bohemia, be nice to yourself"

Horny took for grounded, G.J. was her friend, she was constantly broke, it was actually nice to visit him especially during winter time, sipping on the cup of tea, talk about oneself; G.J. seem very caring, very humble, very wise... Within the next years G.J. arranged for Lucr a special education at home, which cost the state, a fortune.

"She is too intelligent. This is no way, she is going to a normal school getting mugged because she is better"

First Lucr went to Rudol Steiner School, but was kicked out at the age of twelve - she has painted her hair red and next green with a food color, together with her boy friend, the teachers's board decided to split them apart, they decided to kick out Lucr, The boy's parents were much more involved within the school, Horny never went there, she did not like it, besides it was a private pay school and Horny did not pay, she did not have the money. Since, Lucrezia was forced to go to the regular school it did not work at all. G.J. arranged privet tutor for Lucr, who came home to her everyday for few hours teaching - Kristian. It was long after Horny stopped going to G.J., she at last read the sign over the door - Women Mental Rehabilitation - vow! What a trip, only Horny could have done it. Horny had told him all, exactly everything. What a bluff! Horny felt a bit embarrassed. She had really the bad taste in the mouth, the same feeling, very physical, which Viviane used to give it to her - if it happened that Horny talked about herself to her mom. Usually she avoided.

"How does it go with your book" Hardy asked.

"I'm shit bored of my book. I don't know why I took this chaotic structure, one should be a detective to get through it. Yeah. But if I get into it, myself, I like it. Anyway, it seams like I am Annabel to do anything else. Sometimes it's like a big ear, you can get into, a sort of spiral ear, so you get more and more inside pressed down with all the information."

They laid in bed, Horny had a bit problem with sex, she was hurt of the last weekend, she wanted endlessly more then Hardy could give, she wanted endlessly more,

then anyone, any human creature could give. There was no love of the kind Horny was waiting for. Besides she hated the idea, Viviane could hear them having sex.

Marcin died, he was Viviane's and Taddy's first born. Sickness, he gave his life to be classified as a Hirsprung's decease. Viviane guessed the missing apple caused it. Marcin had an inclination to a hard-constipated stomach. He had a very young baby sitter, the girl was eleven, she, tempted - ate his apple instead of feeding him, she lied, it was the first weeks after the war finished, and to get apples was very hard. So, that's how it all begun. Horny loved him very much, he died before she was born. Horny paid his death, in the endless blood tests Viviane made her go through constantly. Horny was afraid of needles as of the devil himself, Horny has bitten lot of nurses and lot of doctors, Horny kicked, fought, panicked, screamed, broke things, run. Horny was getting this incredible monkey power, so they needed to be lots of them to catch a small beast. Horny hated Viviane in the end. Horny was given penicillin injection when she sneezed. Horny was not allowed to bent down, she might break her back, Horny was not allowed to cut bread, to lit the match, to run, to bike, to swim. When she was twelve, she was not allowed to ride horses, what was her dream, not allowed to train judo. Horny was very angry little girl, aggressive and bad, somehow - even she was good. She was extremely quiet and extremely loud, hysterical, she felt both powers pulling her - in the opposite directions, she did not know who she was. At thirteen she went down with Tuberculosis, at last Viviane had her word, turn truth. Horny was very sick, but now Viviane did not believe it; she was aware her enemies, who were also her best friends, put her healthy daughter into a hospital with a false diagnose to destroy her - Viviane herself. Yeah, Viviane wasn't really a piece of a fresh fruitcake and Horny was ill looted from the start. It gave her a favor with Her Angel of Dust, she was under its wing - untouchable. Stardust!

Viviane stood in the open door, Hardy just snicker to the bathroom, they had had sex, Horny lied in bed pleased and still hot, she saw her mom and she swigged her eye lids low. Viviane ducked all the way down to the floor, looked right under the table. "Horny, are you there? Bombs are coming down! Lots of bombs!" her voice breaking into a cry "Two days ago there was artillery and today bombs" "Why do you say such a things, there are no bombs!" Horny shouted, so Viviane would hear her.

"You know that military junta took over in Sweden, it's full of it on TV, don't pretend you haven't seen" Viviane felt very sorry for herself. Horny got up and had a long talk with Viv sitting at the very edge of her bed. Viviane was very unhappy, very bothered, plaid with her white feet in warm red morning shoes, her eyes flaking at the wall in front like a caught animal.

"You are wasting your life, mom"

Horny was for once serious and not angry. Viviane had none. How about Horny herself?

Hardy made Horny come by licking her clitoris, by eating it, touching it, playing it, and scratching it. Horny rose from the sheets at instant giving him a satisfaction, a pleasure, a hit, the love. Her lips, her tongue and her palms. Just before he came, he

picked the chick up, turned her, put her on her knees and bent her forward, entered her to the very carnal ending and flashed. The time was 6 AM.

"Viviane hears strange sounds, do you think it might be us having sex, gives her sensation, a hallucination, a dream, the horror?"

Horny's cunt, her labia lips were hidden in the short dark bushy hair. The pubic hair, she did not like. It was Hardy's wish.

"I'm going to take dirty pictures of you, Babe, let it be, don't shave"

There was simply no daylight, anymore. It was always dark.

"You said you wanted a seduction", Hardy said with a great disappointment in his voice, being repealed.

"To seduce is to attract someone's mind not to pull down the underwear" Horny was smart, Hardy was drunk and now hurt, he has been out at his own, Horny was sore - she has been left home by herself, worst - she has been left home with Viviane. Horny was hurt.

Viviane got Horny's flue. Horny got the flue after the dancing night, plus wearing plastic clothes wintertime. Viviane loved to be sick, she was delighted and hot; she was satisfied and humble. Her obsessions were off for the time being. Viviane was humble and her voice was mild. Her voice was extremely mild. She dreamt about Paris. Horny knew the life was tough, the life, including history was rough & tough, hi. It was much easier to float weightless upon it all. Picking here and there, peering there and here. But this time H&H were concern, they were going to stand for the love; it was curious how...Horny's kitchen was ass mess. Viviane was too sick to dish. Both, Lucrezia and Viv, could not stand mess. Horny loved mess and the mess loved Horny. Ass Sure. Hardy shut his eyes. The chick that set down diagonal to him, at the underground train, was too much. She was too young, too pretty and too blond, and she flashed him a cute teenage smile, he could not watch her with eyes, open. Horny set opposite to him, they were going down town and it was necessary to avoid the scene.

"I'm going to buy a book, for Christmas, it is a Satanic Verses by" The girl looked into her purse, watched by her pal, a tougher made, black hair girl on Hardy's side "Salomon RR ush die" she read with difficulties. Her voice was like a cute ringing bell on this fucking train, also in Horny's world; next she told the whole story of her going-to be a boy friend, the full strategy of phone calls and looks, Horny listened. Hardy touched Horny's calf and let his palm remain there, but he would not open his eyes. The girls moved, as soon the place on the other side was free, whispering now about H&H to each other, glanced at both of them all the time, H&H an odd couple.

...Bring in, books, creams, herbs. The boys addicted to watching her movies 24-h a day on the video. The escape, out of her speech...

Chapter 18

H&H were in love. They were in love since few days and they kissed. Bar-kissed, restaurant-kissed, cafe'-kissed, street-kissed, night-kissed and day-kissed. They were

extremely skillful on kissing, love making, sex, love, passion, and flesh and love again... Their blood was cooking every time they glanced. They glanced all the time.

Two or three nights before Horny and Viviane left for Gotburg again, Horny experienced something unbelievable, the maximum of passion. She started up, innocent, not thinking at all of anything sexual, touching his back - possibly he asked for massage - she kissed him softly and stroked shoulder blades, Horny was reading a book. Horny took long time, to get somewhere she did not even dream to get. Horny was so fucking hot, Horny was dissolved, Horny wasn't just in love, Horny was love, the love, Horny was a climax, a total only climax of thee love. Horny was hot and her womb, her puss, her cunt burnt, she was over 100 degrees and did not boil, did not vaporize, he was pulled into her as the shark cuts the torments once and for good. Horny was all over him, Horny was besides him, under him, over him most of the time. The time Horny was hot, she melted him in her powerful instant womb. The womb, Horny was so much in love, she wasn't just sweaty, it was the water purring out, the bed was soaked, so was Horny and his only siren danced him to the very end. "Horny! Horny! Horny! Horny! "

It was long time since she heard her name from his mouth at such an occasion. Horny was done and rude in the morning. Very rude, angry at his simple morning hard on - as she put it into the words but refuse to put it into her mouth, cunt or hand. Who treats the princess, like that? Yeah, Horny was a complicated being, as more she got as more she yearned to get. Regular.

Tadeusz hasn't been home few days. Lately he wasn't home much at all. Tadeusz met a woman, a young woman, almost a chick, but he thought of her - a woman, she was a wife of another man. It was Be-be. How could he know? He was sure, he was going to live with Viv and Horny, forever. Viv was his wife, they were on their thirteenth year together, actually she was superstitious, afraid of 13 but he was not. He was a man. Yes, he was the man, he thought he could ball any emotion, any sexual adventure, at the safe side, under control, to control - he could not. The problem was that he really loved his two sweet&passionate girls - he wrote sweet&passionate poems to - Horny and Viv, both far too sensitive to be left. Of course Viviane was a virgin when they met, of course Horny was a virgin when he left. Viviane was a sensible, subtle, subtitled, complicated character, young intelligent woman, she was thirty-two years old and she was a student at Warsaw's Art Academy, at the painting department, the same as Horny years later. Yeah, life is simply a circle, and the family history takes us on the repetitive roundabout. Mary-go-round, Be-be was a young chick from a village. The country girl, she was twenty-three and married to a communist writer, or even a politician. These old stories are still the secret Be-be's past. Coming up from Wanda or Viv, never from Be-be herself. She has pulled the curtain the whole way down. Be-be. Viviane did not consider Be-be, as a danger rival or a rival at all. Viv was simply pissed angry at the rumors reaching her. Viv was jealous, must have been jealous, and must have been desperate and very hurt. She packed family's old, dark blue valise and locked him out. Did not let him in. She put the

suitcase out into the staircase when she saw him come inside the door downstairs, she must have been waiting at the window. Winter, soon Christmas, very soon Christmas. Torments of snow. Taddy never came back. He stuck to Be-be. Horny's dreadful Christmas. Horny was seven years old, started the school, soon was going to live at the boarding school, loose all her toys, leave her home, her parents, her friends, the neighbors, the street, she was accustom with, her candy store, the bakery, the restaurant, the bookstore, the kiosk, the bus stop, the cinema, the trees, all her world. Only the moon was left. Taddy never dropped the guilt, Taddy was Annabel to leave it behind him, the guilt followed him, followed with. Taddy, the poet was enveloped in guilt and pain. This Christmas when Taddy left and Horny and Viviane had a lonesome Christmas Eve, Julo G. came in bringing a doll for the little Horny-girl, a green pillow like soft Petronela, Julo's coat smelled sheep, was of sheep, he warred a horse riding trousers and boots, he stood dressed like a partisan, smelling like an animal in the middle of her girlish room. She was a bit above his belt, the shoes were very near, and the thick texture of his pants, his head was higher above and Horny cant remember the blurred face. He always dressed like a partisan, he never had a chance to be the one, his father was a policeman before the World War Two and during the war. He talked with her in this tiny room, he lied to her. Horny knew Taddy was waiting outside. The snow was deep. Guess, how much Horny cried to her new soft pillow-like doll womb. And Viviane? Did she know it was the beginning of her new life? Ah, love you are such a queenly think-g... Did she know this was the End? Was Viviane ever, in the arms of another man? This might be secret, to herself as well. Her passion was illusionary. She fell in love to her professor.

Why are women so dreadfully depend on men and if they are? How is it with the men? The men? Whom they are depending on? Certainly not themselves.

In the first weeks H&H kissed madly. She never kissed anyone as she had kissed him, yet. With so much love and passion, she set in his knees, as there would suddenly be no chairs, and no ground nothing around her butt him. She hanged in his arms constantly and instantly. And it wasn't one kiss, or few, it was thousands kisses of thousands federally playing tongues in the ocean of expansively tasting saliva - the snake kingdom, the fever. Until they abruptly stopped. They had stop to kiss. He has forbid her to kiss him at his lips. He had the problem breathing.

Cccilia was unable to kill the fish and the fish was still alive in the bathtub when the guests arrived, her three sons with wives and a little Horny, her blond cute grand daughter with two golden flats fixed by the bright red ribbons. The following scene was a pretty night-marre-ish one, big fish breathing tough, lied on the kitchen floor and all the men, the three sons were throwing heavy objects against the wheezing fish. It seemed all of them tried to miss it. There was no fish for Christmas dinner, which is the usual main dish on every Polish table, there is never meat at this particular Eve. This fish went back to the bathtub enjoying the bath, the bathtub was in the kitchen, Cecilia's apartment was in her own old villa which she and her husband had

build, where Taddy lived as a child. Now, a widow in the communistic Poland, all she could keep was two rooms and a kitchen on the bottom floor. Before the Second World War, it was in the fashionable quarter reserved for Pilsudski's officers. Horny's grand dad was hardly an officer, he was not a military man, he was the teacher. Was Cecilia's rumored love affair with General Wieniawa, more than just a plot? The other smaller villa in the same parcel belonged to Cecilia's parents and to her brother - semi halved. Cecilia's brother was Dobieslaw Damiciecki - a famous approved and loved actor. Cela and Dobbie looked like twins. Dobbie died in cancer the same year Horny was born. Taddy was at Dobbie's deathbed until the very end, Taddy took it very hard, was twenty-six years at that time. Dobbie's mother must have died the same year. Horny's great-grandmother. Dobbie loved Taddy, Dobbie left a wife and two minor sons. Both of them are actors, their sons are actors, it's an exclusively actor clan. Mateo, Dobbie's younger son, taught Horny to drink vodka, he showed her how to keep a poker face after you had swallowed it all in one go regardless to it's amount and joy... Dobbie taught Taddy to drink and to love it, such was a family tradition. Fourteen years old Horny was excellent pupil, few years later they had sex, but only once. Of course Mateo not Taddy, or Dobbie. Horny loved her family, she had the place in her uncle heart - forever; she thought. Horny was a wise talented niece. They did not use to meet through many last years. They had forgotten Horny ever existed. The world is a rapacious sugar pig, it eats up its cabs. That's why they had forgotten her. Just for the Christmas gift and if not? Than, why? Then, why?

Horny was fucking loud, abusing the whole giant ambitious preparations. It was the Christmas Eve, at her First Ex's, who was her first husband then - parent's, neat snobby home, his dad was a lawyer and his mom spoke French and looked much like an actress Grace Kelly and was as cold. She disliked her daughter in law a lot. Viv was already in Stockhole with her sister Eve. Lucrezia was three years old and was placed besides the huge perfect Christmas table exposing full collection of a great old porcelain and a collection of food, a real display of, together with Horny her mom and Taddy, her grand-dad and Be-be, his wife. Everyone had to sit at the fixed place, there was a named ticket at the plate. And why Horny cried was because the First Ex was placed at his parent's side, which was far off on the other end, at his sister's side and not her - Horny's - his wedded wife. Horny was very sure what his parents wanted to prove and to show by that and she did not like it at all. Horny was really crazy, she has ruined entire evening for everyone. She, fucking cried for an hour at least, and they had in program to sing all Christmas carols, plus she did not tell, why she cried... Fucking chick... They tried to guess but they were all the time extremely wrong, and it made her cry even more - also of anger, every time they present a believable reasonable reason.

"You cry, because Viviane is gone and you are missing her" This was almost the fucking drop, Horny was really found of the fact Viv lived in Sweden and not in the same as she herself, two rooms apartment. Horny was fucking fed up being treated like a child. And every time they begun on the particular carol, she cried so fucking spasmodic - they had to stop.

Horny quit her First and Lucr was at the children pension in the mountains for some weeks. Horny was Christmas visiting, Marek came, he was her lover and they slept in an incredibly soft old bed somewhere in the very old wooden house hidden into the snow. Now, Marek lives in Hollywood. Arnold S. is his good friend but there is no snow. Horny ate so much at the Christmas Eve's Supper, she had difficulty to walk through the door, she could not keep the straight line at all. They went for the Christmas mass at the small snow dressed chapel. Great singing theatre poking through the starry night. Before Marek's arrival, Horny slept at the pension in the dining room, every night she pulled all unbelievable lots of fantastic bakery sweet products, from underneath of a wooden couch and cut a slice of each sort, double when chocolate. She was aware she was stilling, she was very quiet and very quick and was going to be very fat.

Horny was a pretty teenager and she and Viv went to Zakopane, the same mountain town, where every fancy Poles use to go, for Christmas. Horny went to eat, twice each day, at the Writers house, to keep the social life alive. Viviane ate by herself, also at the Christmas Eve. Horny must have been the monster not to think of her mom. She, Horny not Viv, has met Pete Lipman, Jerzy Lipman's who was Polanski's Cameraman's - son. And she met Komeda, Polanski's composer, she danced with him, as Pete was too shy to dance - Pete was twelve. Horny was pretty & sweet soon fourteen. Komeda lost the car keys, car kiss, so the trio walked home, licking at the mountains white lucid, lurid, sugar sweet slippery and illuminated tops. They were all drunks. The magnificent view. H&H visited for the first time his mom, together. It was Christmas time, Christmas Eve. Horny could not understand why she did not mean anything to her beloved's moms and dads, as in the pattern. Was Horny a bad girl? The useless catch? This time it was classic, difficult. Hardy's mom was not interesting in meeting his girl, already within some years, both women were the same age - was this the trouble? Horny felt pretty transparent, not really existing. Why was it important to her to be fully legitimated, fully accepted, loved? Why was this, so fucking important to her? Was Horny the trues rebel? Not, bare feet. Horny was never the rebel bare feet, yet. And this time all her shoes got stolen with her suitcase included, already on the train. Horny was a rabbit, tripping in her socks, smoking single cigarettes outdoors - it was illegal to smoke indoors for Hardy's mom. Yet she was the smoker herself. She smoked much more than Horny. She also drunk and liked the pills cures. Horny only liked the aspirins.

JOHN & PEO, Horny met a very handsome man. Peo soon appeared to be a character. He was blue eyed, gentle faced, dark hair, little more than average tall but not 190. - Hardy was 190. Peo experimented with drugs, Peo sold and bought drugs. All kinds, he loved the once you can eat and drink, the ones you meant into your rectum, the one you snort - he loved less, and definitely he was not shooting. Or was he? He had a stable philosophy and thought himself to be much more than average - intelligent. The guy had a charm. He had strong legs, rather usual muscles at first and rather pump later on, and in the future plump, the wife and a little son, what he did not know what to do about. Soon a big son. And no wife. Peo loved to impress

young handsome men. He was young but not these young. He loved to lead a young handsome man. They had to be just below twenty and extremely sensitive, beautiful men with troubles. He loved to lead them out... of their minds just a little bit longer, farther. Andreas was his perfect bet. Horny was Andreas's chick, first and his unhappy lover, next, without the sexual obligations - that's how she met Peo. Peo liked her and disliked her. Peo was irritated about women in general, they were disturbing his grand plan, his plea, to lead these young sensitive men on his own. He regretted, the world did not look, as in Plato times, Plato, Neron - would have been OK. Women were so much made of earth, was his theory, while men were spiritual beings ruled by the stars. Horny was a moon princess, Horny was Peo's trouble. He was giving her expensive gifts, gold, rubies, real fur coats; he could afford it. He did not pay for it, he has got these things. He was a link between the small thieves and pushers and drug dealers. His hands were constantly filled with treasures, which he rotated immediately, to sponsor his simple living or root his fame, his power and his influence. His father was a pharmacist and run own, small chemistry store in a provincial cozy Swedish town. Peo was a sport, he was intelligent, misplaced man, surrounded with all kind of beings. He was a planet. With a time he started to smell bad, passed through, too many vodkas, too many martinis, too many Benezdrine, amphetamines too many ro-hypnols, too many lithium, megatons, too many cortisone, hydroxizins, too many euphories, LSD's, too many uppers, too many downers, too many hash pies, and grass fits, too many men butt holes, too many blow jobs in both ways taken and given, too much drinking blood, too much sweets, too much garlic cures, too much of everything. Peo smelled as he would live exclusively on urine, which he might be did. He smelled as he ate his own shit, which was not impossible for the wizard. He dressed in leather fits, looked like San Francisco gay, never put his foot there, lived in Morocco - Tangier, lived on Madeira, Paris, lived here in Gotburg-Gothole at the top of the trash hill. Lost his beautiful home quite soon, due to his particular conduit, spongy loud visitors, lost his next flat, the same way, remained in the suburbs reading books. The poet once, remain the excellent piano player and the cook. Had a girl friend from time to time, switching her with a flock of the young men. Adored the men he could not get, a hethero sexual men with a charm to a 100%. Hand picked them for his admiration. He has been visiting Horny and Ex daily, he came by every morning, as he would taken a job, of a butler for example, he served tea, never had a dime, and if there wasn't tea or coffee at the house he would bring old grounds from somewhere else, lees, dregs, what ever would do. Every morning he put into Ex's coffee a gift, a sip of alcohol or a little innocent pill. He brushed their floors, shook carpets, plaid serenades, opening up Ex's piano - what Ex hated him for, beating strings tough, pulling them out of tune, still playing hard breaking heart beautiful. His particular and a very strong odorous stunk of an ammoniac was left in the apartment after he has already left himself. Children on the street were afraid of him, he was giving this strange and constant sounds from his mouth and chest- a result of his harsh intense thinking, the result of the all possible languages mix, he also could speak Arabic, of course French, English, German, Norwegian, Danish and Swiss, picking up the cat from his pocket and

a rat from his hat, picked flowers also winter time, was a full time magician. It took Horny years, to learn to love this man. The first ever premiere was taking place at the New Stage, the Theatre, Horny's and Ex's baby dream. Lucrezius was there too, he wasn't even a year old. The Theatre was huge, painted black, mirrored, polished up and hand made. The first ever play, in there was finished, the crimson red velvet curtain went down and music died into the ovation of claps and screams, Peo showed up, swiftly throwing himself into the swiftly swaying velvet curtains, right there at the pro-scenic floor. He was dressed in leather, a very tight pants, a tight jacket, an obligatory cap, boots, a biggest ever flowers bunch supported with peacock feathers and intact pheasant wings, he swung down to his knees, producing a silver tray in his right hand and a bill of 10 000 a top of it. This was a gesture of love. This definitely was the gesture of love. He proposed himself as a premiere party dinner-giver. Arrived within minutes at the theatre's kitchen and cooked, served a dog and a cat food, soused greatly stew with add of the crushed glass, sticking a tail of the pheasant as prove to the origin of the excellent dish. Everyone ate, not discovering the truth of its particular, yet excellent taste. Horny was drunk as the occasion as required, she and Peo quarreled over Ex, both very drunk, Peo explosive, crashed the bottle against Horny's face, strolling into her wild open eyes and Lucrezius's baby face whom she was holding at her gorgeous hip, producing her shrilling, striking pig's scream. Got locked out of the Theatre till the next great opening, took his punishment with Honor. They had known each other in twenty-three years. Peo is Horny's most adorable actor in her films and he is her friend. Horny has few friends. Horny has very few friends.

John. Horny met John in Stockholm at the fast Arabic food snack bar. Rich people do not necessarily like to spend. John was an older, thin, tall man. He made Horny show him her movie within some days or weeks, he was talking a sponsoring, he stuck his tongue out immediately as the sex scenes between Hardy and her showed up - means with the very first cut, his tongue swung out.

"Well, Bill" Horny said "I see, you are enjoying yourself, I'm going to the store, I'll be back" Horny could not stand in there, watching his red pink tongue making a dance outside his mouth. She would not dare to throw him out, she sort of had to take the consequence of her work. John had some great ideas from the first moment he had met her, he said he was an art dealer, in London and US, which he might be was.

"You are going to work for me, I'm going to put the money into your films, You are going to be rich and famous, you are the greatest potential for the new coming star I had ever seen. You are going to live in London & New York, I'll fix you a studio and a home, we are going to go shopping, I'm taking you to Japan next week, and to London and Edinburg to the Theatre Festival next month. You are going to make driving license, you are going to need it if you work for me. I'm so fed up to be an industrial aristocrat, I'm fed up with making money, I'm going to show the world a new star "Horny!" John's speech was not exactly a shy tusk. Within a year, John bought Horny a dinner, which he brought to her studio, finding - she was totally broke and did not have any food and not a dime for the next few days and Hardy had

left. He shared with her a single bottle of wine at her place. At his place he shared with her a very old very exclusive very expensive but not expansive enough cognac bottle and jumped on her by the morning, getting himself striped into the boxer shorts. Horny escaped. They met again and discussed the art. Her art. After one more year, he paid for what was left of her old books edition at the printer, about 1000USD dollars, in order, she could pay - double amount - the new edition herself - 2000USD. The printer would not bother to print the new edition before the old one was paid. John had a plan how to promote her art and was going to put cash into her new film but badly enough it was in conjunction with sex, there was a clear risk for it. At final He gave her, a final one-hour to make her mind up. Horny was not up to do it. The business with John was taking the stop over, she regretted, she really liked the chap, she found his extremely posh 300 square meters, apartment relaxing and airy. She liked sitting down in several beautiful couches in several beautiful designed rooms. She loved the view. They could have been friends. John definitely did not need a friend. He was afraid to be used. This was a paradox. John asked Horny to marry him, he gave her ten years to do it and an option to leave an agreeable message on his answering machine. Horny left lots of messages but not the one concerning that very issue. Horny exclusively, discussed her art, the progress of her art. Horny was really obsessed. She had to make into the point. Horny was going to be a star one way or the other. "You are going to be ninety and still dreaming, you're a hopeless case, Horny" John said... He paid Horny's BTH screening - 500USD, at Film Institute in Stockholm, the Institution itself sponsored her for the production with 4000USD, but would not provide from now on, Leon Flamholz "the suppose to be a producer" wrote to her "I forbid you to use my name in a relation with your BTH movie" Yeah, not even one single person employed at the particular institution attended the show, although the major newspaper announced it, they all preferred not to take a single risk, Horny was a naughty girl, even if she was hitting to be a star. Hi. The copy of BTH which Ola Ljudstrom bought, once belonged to John, John has bought it and then gave it back before particular night at Cellar K Club - at the first page of this book - so she could have sell it again. She did. Horny made five bucks extra or actually ten, as she sold particular cassette twice. John did not show up at the reading, even if he brought her the tapes into the venue. John did not show up at the screening and imagine if Horny was hurt... He did not send his car or the flowers. John was a real amateur. But how could John know, Horny was Taddy's daughter. Taddy send her flowers with every occasion, and they were many - occasions and many roses. Always very long and very dark red and very fresh, velvet roses. Always; even Nick C. noticed the particular length of the Polish roses giving her one. Almost one meter long. Of course Nick Cave! Of course he did not buy the rose for her, he got a rose from a young fan and he passed at first to his new violinist and then looking at Horny, took it from him and passed it to her. Horny was hitting for the stars in the sky. Hardy attended screening, but got very drunk and absolutely had to steal the show. The premiere of Babe Trouble Hole. He, Hardy picked up his dick, at the pool table, sticking all it's length straight into the pocket - it reached the whole way down, when two other guys plaid. Actually Horny did not know how long his

dick was - is, she never measured it. H&H were invited to this particular party at the restaurant by Jean Skaarstedt & so far Hardy was covered up, no one would dare to throw them immediately without Jean's word, it was Jean's place, Jean's evening gay show, but Horny saw it was time to go, Hardy agreed, he was bored, drunk, tired and fed up, he really wanted to split for home. Horny was a star & she wasn't a star, it was like a fucking decease. In Berlin at the last screening, Hardy showed more love and admiration, Horny asked him "Well, where is my limousine?" And Hardy bent forward, letting her jump on his back and drove her there over the street, from the hotel to Eiszeit Kino. Afterwards, picked her up with a bottle of Champagne - sober! Hardy was maturing but Horny wasn't maturing, indeed & it was sad. Horny wasn't maturing even a little bit. They had pasta at the pasta restaurant in Krojtzberg and a tea; the waiter, an old Turkish chap was nice. Hardy did not want to go to the next bar. Her show, was no longer his party.

Horny lost her baby, Lucrezia lost her teeth.

"Give me my teeth back" the girl of ten was screaming waking up from the anesthetic. "Jesus Christ what did you do to her?!!!"

Horny lost her baby, Lucrezia lost her teeth "Give me my teeth back" the girl of ten was screaming, woke up from the anesthetic. "Jesus Christ what did you do to her?" Horny was shouting, crying and hitting-heating the nurse. Lucr's head swelled like a ball, with eyes hardly visible. Her upper teeth were gone, the child spasmodically cried. Her mouth was one gaping bleeding wound. The dentist specialist pulled out four teeth on the pretty little girl, the teeth were obviously infected but not incurable. They had booked the time for the operation, supposed to mend the teeth - there was a risk they might be forced to pull one tooth out - put Lucr to sleep, took x-rays, made a totally different and horribly irreversible decision without informing Horny and Ex, who were all the time in the waiting room, four long hours. At first the whole treatment supposed to be done within half an hour and Horny felt pretty safe about it all, however the good-bye was dramatic - extremely pretty, longed hair Lucrezia looking more as a princess then soon a patient, soon a victim, dressed in a feet long velvet skirt and slightly rouged cheeks was pulled away on the steal wagon through a double glass door, where Horny was not permitted. They very much wanted to examine Lucr's teeth, they had no idea what it was - they had never seen something like it. Since the fatal treatment, Lucr jaw stopped growing and within the years started to disappear. Who was the guilty one? It was quite normal to do that to the foreign people in Sweden, the foreign refugees, or what ever they had been called, given a status of zero. It was impossible to sew the bitch Dr. Marja Varpjo, an old fuck. Horny willed the woman shall get into her hands sometime, she would not spare her, even if she would have been very old, very charming, gentle spare of the dissent lady. Lucr was a quick baby, she was eight months and she had eight teeth, four down and four up, at this age child does not eat enough to create a strong teeth Horny was told. Horny was breast feeding only three months.

"The whole three months" thought eighteen years old Horny. It all started when Lucr knocked out her tooth at the age of four, she was at the kindergarten, Horny took her

to the dentist who instead of pulling the tooth out, put the tooth in and let it grow in, a dirt must have got in there, a bacteria - perhaps she would have need an antibiotic, but the doctor did not care to tell - then was Lucr's London diet spooking, at the age of five - exclusively an ice cream in four months - badly enough, it was the Summer and Horny did not have any money, the next was an enormous amount of a mineral water at Franciskove Lazne - the next Summer, six years old Lucr, whose new teeth were growing out, had drunk, it wasn't good for kids, but Viv who was with her didn't know that. Since, both front teeth started disappearing, as someone was digging in them with a spoon. Plus Lucr's poor diet - the result of the life her mom lived. The next critical and stupid move was when Horny and Lucr were going to Italy, Horny was taking Lucr to the emergency dentist who did a temporary job.

"So my daughter can eat as much ice cream, she wants" Ice cream was Lucr's main dish. The next bad move was a Taddy's death and Horny getting stuck in Poland, Lucr broke her tooth when she lived with Nero, and he did not have enough cash for the private dentist, was unable to take her to an ordinary care, she had no passport and no visa, all had to wait until Horny's return - the entire three months, at which the critical date of an operation was fixed. Of course minding her being the mother, it is Horny's fanlight, however to look upon it. Horny was bad in taking care of her babies' basic needs. Since Lucr was big, she struggled her teeth and it still did not get OK, on the contrary, it got much worst. When the first wounds had cured, Lucr has got plastic artificial teeth to move about with, Ex, she and Horny celebrated it by going to Lucr's favorite restaurant ordering her favorite dish. The girl could not master the denture, she was hungry, she looked upon the room, look upon her parents including a brat new father, took out the teeth, placed them on the table, next to her plate and ate the food. Lucr was brave and Lucr was bright. Horny went to the restroom and cried. The following day Horny got an infection in her upper tooth, she had pain, her upper lip has grown as big as an Amazons jungle married man wooden clap, she looked enormous, she looked at least ritual-African. With all the probability, the medicine she has got against the infection destroyed the embryo. Of course Horny did not know she was pregnant. Horny was total fool a total dreamer.

Lucrezia was twelve, and she and Viv were hitchhiking to France. Saint Tropes - they slept in the tent on the beach. Both had this extremely sensitive "English" skin, got easily burnt with dark red bubbles. Lucrezia dozed in the ocean and Viv in the tent, at evenings they made own cooking. That evening, gorgeous smell from the other tent's dinner cooking gave a kick to the hungry Poles. Viviane, too excited to be shy, asked if she could buy the meal from them, but they would not sell, neither invite for the French stew. Viviane loved the sea breeze especially in the nights, the hum. Not the ham. Viviane was all right.

Horny was doing a great cleaning with her band. A great cleaning of herself. She was amazing an over doze of aggression, which was her daily state. Horny was fuck-ing screaming standing a top of stage, in front of the stage, looking good. Even if she was whispering, she felt, as she would have been screaming. Her lyrics were her

words, her thoughts. Her thoughts were of a great importance to her. Equally important with sex, the most important were her thoughts. In fact.

After Horny's first heartbreak, came the next ones, at Bogusz's a famous painter party - in Warsaw. At Baltic sea village with forgotten name, where Horny was alone with a little Lucr, lied the night through starring into a Saint Maria kitty portrait virtually with hope, walked to the main village Jastrzebia Gora at sun rise, collapsed at the doctor's door. In London with Pete, in the elevator, in Gothole several times, she was known at the hospital. At this time the doctors thought the electric line was placed in the brain, it gave her wired shrill - brain... Within the years of research it was proved the double electric set were in the heart itself. She has had the several of the attacks when she was pregnant with Lucrezius and also with the baby she has lost. The sensation was big.

"I would not like to be without it" Horny said to a famous Shousha's, Egyptian wife. Cairo's experience enriched Horny with an experience of the clinical death. She admired her flights.

"What a fear! What a trip and a victory!" The girl was a peanut or might be she was an astronaut. Two Mexican's attacks were breath taking, first in Escondido after too many Mescals and Margaritas and Pina-Coladas deliciously cold. Made her creep along the Pacific shore at the unforgettable Loony Night all by herself in hours, Andreas who was still at the bar brought her to a doctor, doctor was sure she has taken too many drugs and gave her nitroglycerine, it was harsh and stopped working at a small food inn, the next day she was brought to another doctor by the guy who run the hotel they lived at, the new doctor made her try some crazy medical explosive stuff, the most inspiring; she saw all in yellow before she passed out. Second in Mexico City at the dawn of departure, the flight, dashed her down all the way to the floor, far beyond the wood surface. Brazil - Salvadore De Bahia - few days of the sensual heart and looking into own dream physiology, giving a birth to a twins, the swans, of which one was Lucrezias's. Florida - Ex and Horny were in the car, they had rented in Miami. Lucrezius, seven years at the time staid with Lucrezia, her first husband Steve and few months old Fran - Horny's grand son, were in Orlando where the latest lived. Ex and Horny were on the high way when Horny's brain started literally to sway. To sweep from side to side, they were forced to stop. Horny lay on the floor of the restroom, nude, watching a Black mom sweep the floor, from right to left and reverse and again. At last Horny, dressed, was back in the dining room, the following hours were strangest ever. Horny set on the chair fully concentrated just to breath, her brain was above her head minimum, or exactly 14 centimeters, attached to her as an umbrella or actually more as a mother-cake. Hardy was Horny's cure, since she loved Hardy, since she lived with Hardy, Horny did not need that many shots. Only two New York hospitals' visits apart from each other, two years. US had a new drug, which was dashing the attack within minutes, with a hell powerful-scary landing. Extremely direct.

Horny has dreamed she has given a birth to a swan, a dog, a fish, a paper doll - these were her cabs. Four years old Lucrezius for the first time in his life traversed up the

real mountain hill. Of course Horny and Ex were with. At the very last meters he was doubtful, however he could make it; Horny pushed him up. He was happy enjoying the view to the other side but felt extremely weak, set down unable to do one single step, his heart beaten exactly like Horny's use to, extremely fast, moving the left side of his chest visibly, as a bird would have been caged in there. Ex carried him all the way down to a village. The doctor they attended said, it might happen to children with the change of the air pressure, change of highs, and not necessarily indicates the heart's illness. Lucrezius hated elevators and tunnels, he was panicky afraid to enter, walked every staircase himself, it was good they did not live in NY. The problem has repeated when Lucrezius entered the school. The beat of his heart was making him furious, the sound of his heart was making him really scared. Horny let him stay home a lot, the doctor suspected a hole in the heart and started more ultra sound checks. After three months, it showed up - the doctor was wrong, there was no hole. Where was the sound coming from? Horny often had a fever as a child, she got somehow edited to the differences in both states, addicted to the perfect and the sick, and extremely weak in between, totally wiped out. She enjoyed every moment of it all. The fever that high, that it was impossible to do anything but float with, vaporize with, and the weakness as powerful and still delicate and most serene. She was a screamer in her band, she loved to scream, scream over the guitars and drums, scream more than she had power to, pump the air through herself, storm up the whole system of blood, water, veins, her flesh. Horny could not sing. Through the entire of her childhood Horny suffered of something, she never discussed with a doctor or anyone else, she called it an abstract fear, sort of panic, but more physical than intellectual, more a physical defect than a possibility to a mental decease, actually a totally body bound defect, as she recognized it. She was well aware of it and afraid, but learned to control. She has found the traces of it in Master & Margarita by Bulhakov, someone experienced the same sensation which was bind to a heart illness. Horny remembering every single attack, through the years, now connected it, to her heart, the electricity, the double line, she felt, Lucrezius's problem was probably similar, he might had inherit it. She never discussed that with him. This certain kind of a trouble, was much coloring her youth, was significant with her life, the future, the death.

Horny pinned to the wall, the photo of forty-five years old Cindy Lauper, pregnant in the last month, with her first ever baby, posing with her nude belly-jelly. Cindy was absolutely top-best.

Horny dreamed she kissed Taddy when she was fourteen, in the bus. Actually it was Taddy who kissed her, they met in the bus full of people driving through Warsaw - her hometown, they kissed standing between the row of occupied sits. She destroys people, the men she loved never work-like-work-ordinary, even if they work first, they stop immediately after meeting her. Going for the total soul research. She sort of inspires them, but she spoils, destroys their reality, the possibility of functioning in the real world's real life, a real crowd and it's existence. There is something

wrong with her attitude or something good but impossible. A illumination of the slat-dreamer, with an ego blown up proportionally big. Possibly resembling the guy at the institution believing being Napoleon or Queen Elisabeth. Christ. Incurable. Viviane lived before, was executed, being a witch. Was she or was she not? She was tortured and burnt. Horny remembers, herself, dressed in the Renaissance crinoline, she was very thin in her waste - she still is, the dress was swaying like a boat from side to side, Horny was hurrying through the passage, a dark part of the passage inside thick walls surrounding a rather new build thirteen century castle, build in gray, smooth stone bricks. Lucrezius was afraid of circus, he was few years old, he could not stand seeing a trapeze princess doing her shrilling show at the very top of the tent. Lucrezius hated acrobatics. He panicked. He cried so fucking violently, so fucking loud - he had his mom CRY - they had to leave, otherwise the pretty girl in white short ballerina dress would sure fall and sure die, there was no net and they were in Warsaw.

Viviane was going to attend the ball, she lived with Taddy, he has cut to pieces her ball-dress, a real great party gown in gold shimmering into pink, into the centimeter small patches, and he was jelly. Not long, ago a golden robe, looked like a golden rain, strewed all over. He would not go with her, he was not the dancer, he would not want her to go without him. He has cut her dress, left her crying on the floor, in light blue silky underwear and bra, among the colored rain patches, he left for the bar. Viviane's skin was snow white. Taddy came back by the morning. Taddy was a cowboy, he lived in his saloon. He felt absolutely perfect at the instant he swung the door in, breathed in. His thirst, was dragon's.

Circus smelled of the wild animals. Horny loved circus and circus brass music. She loved the circle of the arena and the lights and women's glistening reviling clothes, and the sequins, she even loved the fear. She had to love the tension. Horny was a true daddy's girl. Taddy loved gypsies. Taddy was endlessly bohemian, and that's how he brought up his doll - Horny.

Horny never was a rebel. She was just kind, extremely kind and obedient Daddy's girl. His Pearl. Of course she had to go just a little bit farther, just a little bit harder, just a little bit.

Lucrezius use to say "I won't sleep, I only relax a little bit, wait for me" He was few years old, he had to hang with all the time, especially at nights. Horny never wanted to go to sleep - a parent's disaster, as all the neurotic kids do - they are afraid to miss something great all the time, it is always something great waiting behind the next corner, the next hour. Horny actually did not go to sleep at all, the sleep was coming to her. Every night she spent doing something, writing, reading, drawing nude self-portraits, painting, ducking in the middle of her room, most comfortable on the floor. When Horny lived with a man, she would never go to bed first, unless she was really sick. Was it her restlessness, or didn't she feel at home, in there between toes, fingertips and the top of her head? Her head? Did she feel as a woman, or more like a man? Her second Ex, used to say, she had a spirit, the soul of an old gold, and he was certain the soul of her dead brother landed in her ass in a shelter, he used to say,

she had to live the life for both. Ex knew; he was number nine, and they all lived. His sister was number ten. Ex was sure, Lucrezius was going to be much like his mom, Ex thought the soul of the baby they lost, lived in Lucr. Horny did not search within her soul, that much, she used to look for the brother within her mirror's reflection, she looked for him in her eyes, inside her eyes. Did she found him? Or did he found her?

The guys, Horny loved, they always had this sloppy materialistic approach, vain but not vain, always traveling with a paper bag, pair of a clean underwear, a book, pocket money - if, tooth brush - if, few toys. Never owned proper clothes. Did not own anything else at all. Did not own. Did not have a job, not even a car, but the dream. A fanatic fantastic dream. B i g. A fact, that they were dreadfully handsome, was just an innocent add. A bit beat of the salt to a complete dish a Hungry-Horny. Viviane was most happy when she has bought a ticket, went to the station in Stockholm and bought the ticket to London, straight, could not believe her own luck, her giant happiness; she ended up at the mental hospital. Horny had a friend once for a couple of weeks, he was fairly unhappy, dreaming to leave for the better issue of himself, at last he send her a post card from Lisbon, he was euphoric, he died of it. At the mental hospital in Lisbon within a week. Some people can't handle the happiness. It simply bombs their minds, blows the souls away, targets. Apart.

Wanda phoned Horny and Lucrezia. She said "Steven was badly into drugs, Fran was bad off and only four years old" and Wanda was concern "Lucrezia, his mom had to do the real job now; she had to take care of her Ex and her son" BB, who was Lucr's boy friend, and Hardy's best friend, paid their - the father and the son - flight from Warsaw to Gotburg, the Christmas tree was already put up in the living room. The boys arrived. It was impossible to prove to Steve, his drug addiction, in order to get him into a clinic, he would not admit. Swedish law did not include such a possibility, except for the criminal case. They would have to set him up. Steve slept a lot, cried a lot, pissed into the bed, got his own room in H&H home - they were together since five months, Lucr and Lucr lived there too. "Lets fly to Spain, I have the money" Hardy suggested Horny, they were taking a night walk in the harbor. Fog glistened and ship's hooters cried in his heart. "Go, go, go, away from other people's pain. Go away from pain and other people's duties and disaster" Horny wouldn't. Steve escaped, within three weeks, taking Fran with him to the US, his mom paid the trip and kept it secret from Lucrezia for at least a week, while Lucr visited police, hospitals, airport, cafes, friends, pals, enemies all around the town, loosing her mind - he disappeared the other Thursday, booked a time for the laundry, downstairs, first - which was a smart move - the complete three hours, he managed to get their clothes outside and took Fran for a short walk - only. Steve was quick, he escaped his mom and her control-wings, taking a flight back to Sweden within a month, this time Viviane and Lucr paid it. Hardy's son - with his ex - was born and H&H were leaving for Portugal - they were together since eight months, their sex was a racket. Horny left apartment to Lucrezia, who also supposed to mother her little brother,

Lucrezius. Lucrezius was eleven years old. H&H supposed to be away at least half year, were back after four weeks. Horny arrived drunk, in her bed slept Lucrezia with her son and Ora with her son. Lucrezius was at his dad's place and Steve out, lauded. H&H cracked the big bottle of Bagaserra, Portugise ROM and split the roads. Hardy left her for the first time.

Horny's Ex cracked the bottle of Whisky alone, it was the yearly Christmas tradition. The Whisky was a gift from his pal. He slept on the floor, in the middle of the leaving room. Viviane put the blanket over him, Horny wouldn't care the less. Horny and Lucr and Lucr enjoyed the Christmas tree, having a cheerful snack watching cartoons. There were the same cartoons every single year at the Christmas Eve. Ex slept forty-eight hours. Horny was a tree edict, she loved it, dressed in all possible glittering stuff. During the first four years, Hardy left Horny nine times, during the last - one and a half, he improved, he stabilized, he stopped doing it. This year Horny stole two Christmas tree's. One for Lucrezia, from the tree market, still two weeks before the time. Lucrezia dressed it up for her children Fran, the little Prince and Nasty-queen and Jasha who just arrived.

"My first husband was a junky and a thief, the second one was an alcoholic myth-maniac, I wonder what's the third ones, secret is?" Lucrezia questioned her fate. Jasha was perfect, did not drink and did not use drugs, but he was an exhibitionist and had sex with men.

The other tree for Lucrezius, Horny stole outside of the flower shop already the day after the Christmas Eve. Lucrezius placed it up in the corner of his room, he did not use decorations, he had none; these which Horny gave him the last year he has thrown away together with the dry old tree. These decorations were Viv's many years' collection. Horny woke up, with the eyes straight on the glittering bulbs. She loved the bulbs, in red, yellow, silver, green and Parisian blue. Looking into one particular bulb, slowly, she got close to it. She looked into her monster e y e deep in and she laughed. She stretched her fingers stroking over sharp stiff needles, touching small hard red apples and pulling the chocolate candies in shimmering blue, bright red and yellow and Italian nuts painted gold, sticky under her fingers, making her finger tops golden and an artificial fluffy, pleasantly plaid, under her finger tops, angel hair, gave a rusty weak sound. She was at her grand dad's huge home and always slept beneath the tree, in the dining room. She loved the green deep smell of the tree. This was the last Christmas at his house, the last Christmas before he died. His four daughters sold the house, garden, fields, forest, everything; they split the money between each other. Horny was nine years old. Viviane bought the gravestone for Horny's alter ego, her brother Marcin.

"I don't give a fuck about Christmas" Hardy said, talking on the phone. Horny was desperate, not about the holidays, but what he was up to.

"You could not say anything. Even if I fucked like a horse; the way you live. You sound like a jealous wife"

"I'm a jelly jealous wife" Horny dared to state, but tried to prove she was smarter then that. "I may ask everything, I feel like knowing. It's important to me, to know the truth. The truth it's the only possibility. It has nothing to do with what I have

done before, you don't know what I have done before, you had not asked me. You know I have betrayed you and it is too sensitive for you to talk about it. I want to know what were you doing yesterday. If you went to the bars hunting women also on the Christmas Eve. That's why you wanted to stay in town alone - I think - just to hunt; and I don't like that. When you are with me, you only write, play chess against a computer, watch TV, read newspapers and books. You do all the things, which you can't share and don't want to share with me. You treat me, as I wasn't there at all. As I was exclusively the mist of air surrounding you, keeping you there, in place. You don't shave, don't brush your hair, and don't wash your clothes. As soon I'm leaving, you wash, prepare, plan, buy by wine, get shaved, pretty, excited about how you're going to spend the time. When we are together there is no time at all, only your presence. This is not working for me, I'm able to make my choice and in order to it I have to know the whole, the entire, the total truth. You seem to like, going on your own the most, and you can't do it when I'm around, freely. It sucks. I want us to share life, I'm interested in. Young life"

"You sound as it would have been just great, going out. It is not. I looked at people, yesterday. You make it sound as everybody were having fun it is not so. Very many of them, the people who are out, are lonely, alcoholics..." Hardy tried. Horny would not give up. She was pissed. She was not an alcoholic. She was hungry for love. Hungry of the love proves, love tokens. This particular Christmas sucked. Of course Hardy put a phone down several times, he was hurt in his pride. What was the bitch about, walking over his man integrity hit man-identity, as bitches always do. Why she did not seem to care, that he has bought her the first ever Christmas present, was she instantly blind?

"Bite your teeth, Horny, we are soon going east"

Horny was not full of hope. "I want all, now. Immediately"

"We have taken a break from each other and you are coming up with old shit"

"We haven't take a break from each other. I'm meeting my children it's Christmas. You still don't want to have a child with me. I have two years left to have a baby! Do you know how it feels? If you don't care, you can't love me. Why are you constantly deleing? No, way. Viviane told me, she has three years life left, when I mentioned, we are moving to New York in the Autumn and I would like to take her there, later on. She said, there was - no later on. It was only NOW. What am I supposed to do? Lucr is having the last two years before he is really grown up, why is everything so drastic, suddenly, so fucking stressed and limited - this fucking two years until this fucking 2000 limit gets me wild. I had a beautiful trip with Viv, we had a great time on the train, for the first time she talked, spoke like a human being, like a person possessing a brain and even a heart not only the hat and hate and after, it all rolled down once again, she is so fucking crazy. Hate and the hat. Why is everything hurting me? Why don't you give me the life I want to have? I mean concerning you and me" Horny had many questions.

"You are not capable to get it. Listen I haven't eaten yet. I have to go and get some breakfast. I have been very drunk last night. Why don't you call me back, letter?"

"No, I won't call back. I have nothing more to say. It would only make me repeat everything once again" Yeah, Hardy was a tough cake to bite or a tough nut for many women as he thought himself. Loveliest nut, or may be he was right, may be it was all her fault. Horny was next to cry, she took Viviane for the walk. They had the Christmas Eve Supper last night at Lucrezia's home. It was definitely the last week of Lucrezia having an apartment. Lucrezia was very pretty, dark brown tan from the shop downstairs or from the institute? She was constantly showing her sun tan breasts, showing her sun tan legs, as her blouse had split and her feet long skirt had part, she had pretty pretty pretty dark brown eyes and she kissed pretty girlish looking Jasha, both of her children were very alert, jellies about the mom. Jealous ass well, jelly.

"Who is this?" Viviane was shouting and made Horny abruptly turn from the table filled with Christmas food - Lucr's pride. Horny saw Lucrezius, her son, coming in, a bit delayed.

"What do you mean, this is Lucry-boy, your grand son" Horny was feeling a bit puffed.

"He looks like Taddy, I got so shocked, I thought I saw my husband when he was young, he is beautiful"

Viviane was very pleased, loved his proper white ironed shirt, his face, dark big eyes, thick dark eyebrows. She did not see him with a dark hair; the last time she saw him, he was blond. Horny realized, in fact, that she herself did not recognized him as well, two months earlier, seeing Lucr with a dark brown-red hair at Gotburg's restaurant. Yet she had no references to her dad that young, pore did she, did her subconscious work well? Or work at all? She remembers the kinky feeling when she has already answered a pretty lad smile, long after realizing - it's her son. He caught it, he knew she did not recognize him and his eyes sparkled with joy. He definitely has grown again and surely was very pretty. He has grown over his dad, who was not very enthusiastic about Viviane's break out, he always knew, Lucr looked like himself, and that's what he was so proud of and he wanted to keep it that way. Puff. Ex was a very handsome man that one could not take away from him...

"Hardy" Horny whispered, her voice astray, ashen down, blasted "Kathy Acker died" Horny was really said, really sad, already sad hundreds of times to herself "Kath, why a hell did you?" Horny was drunk, she was out with Jasha to the bar, strangers who were entertaining her, asked if he was her new boy friend and she said - he was her daughter's boy friend and they all cracked the joke "Oh, excellent lucky young man, you can fuck them both!" Horny did not like it, but she liked to be out in the bar and she was laughing at everything. She sung and danced for Kath, for two drunk hours, at Cardy's place - alone.

"She surely end up with an OD. What do I care?" Hardy said.

"No, cancer" explained, Horny "at the Mexican alternative medicine hospital, three weeks ago, crazy, they have taken such a long time, to write about her death, she has had the cancer in the entire body"

"Fuck, Horny. I have to go to sleep. Phone me in six, seven hours". Hardy said, dashing the phone. Yeah, Horny really felt, loved...

It was Ex who told her that Kathy died, they both knew her. They both knew Kathy ass well. Horny invited her to Sweden couple of times for the readings. Kathy was excellent woman, great companion and she drunk only cognac, drove Harley and trained gym, swum and jog every day. Kathy was trying to be nice to her, at last. Kathy met in Gotburg this English poet Tom R. and they had an affaire. Kathy was in love, they kissed all the time and smeared her lips mashed purple.

"Look, this is the London style" Ingela really though it was, she did not believe Horny, Kathy just kissed at instant, before going on stage. Tom wanted to continue the story, Kathy dropped him the same night after he had confessed he had eleven children and loving him wife.

"You don't think I'm going to have an affaire with a guy with eleven children and a wife, behind their twelve backs. You don't know whom you are talking to, Tom. I do in fact, know the math" Kathy's moral was crystal clear. Kathy had her maximal price. It's shitty bad, that the girl called a female Burroughs had to fucking die, the same year as he, being the half of his age. Fuck this is really the miss! The nature freak, the nature freaked out! And this fucking journalist wrote that he did not understand her last book - Pussy the King. Fuck him, why the guy has got paid, writing about the excellent dead writer, that he does not understand the last word, the last book. And how, the hell, the man should have ever bee able to understand, Pussy The King? Never! Who is interesting in the kind of the bullshit, if he does or does not understand? Who cares for him? Who is he? Isn't here any other fucking journalists available? Fuck, Kathy why are you gone and where? Pussy the King!

Horny was reading her own horoscope for the next year, it was good, for H&H in fact, it said - Horny, a Virgo - was interesting only in an exciting relation, staying with the guy as long she could learn something from him, had fun, when the Ex told her about Kath, she stopped reading, looked at the Kathy's column, she stated the fact breathy and went back to the horoscope, it said that Hardy, a Taurus should definitely not hunt, it will only make him sexually confused and it said the 98 was going to be their best year ever, yet. It won't be better then that - it said; then she returned to Kathy's page. It was all very very sad. Horny mastered the roller blades at last, Cardy's apartment was big and Lucr was Annabel to make a decision

"Where they going out or they weren't?" Lucrezia was trying to stop drinking, Horny wanted to go out and dance, Horny was an evil mom, Horny wanted her daughter company for the party, she drove around the room on Cardy's child roller blades, Horny was good, aseptically when she drove backwards. Especially, now. They were all sleeping there, this night, Lucrezia got locked out of her apartment by the owner she owed him the colossal sum of the money. Nasstasia was delighted with Cardy's son's swing, she was swinging far, high and wild and fearless.

Andrea Edwards Yeah, Andrea was an addict, and loved booze, she was Horny's friend; this is what Horny thought. It was hardly the truth. She also was going to be an actress, like Horny, but she was doing something for it, she was studding. Horny

met her, the last night. For the first, Andrea had her pretty boy friend with and that was this. She would not want to see Horny. And for the last she had her pretty boy friend with and she would not like to see Horny.

"That how you are" Andrea showed Horny a booklet, with the homosexual perverts, a short man in a tiger slips, and something very huge inside there, indeed, a probably a monstrous prick, hairy chest, zizzi's wrecked smile with an erected short whip in his rose up broad hand.

"That short one, remains of you" Andrea picked out an inhalator from her hand beg and breathed and gave to him - her pretty boy friend, and they jumped into the taxi, laughing, Moa was with them, Moa was a lesbian ex-girl of Bacon-Lotta, Baco-Lotta screwed Hardy once, Moa was doing Andreas's cunt - swing. On the contrary to the couple, Moa was sane, conversation with her was easy. The following evening Horny saw them - without Moa - flying in the streets counting the gutter stones, holding hands, very intense, sparkling in the cascades of shrieking laugh. The next evening she saw Andrea rumbling round at the club, alone, totally pissed drunk, tautly unarticulated and some hours after, by six in the morning, leaving for home - Stockholm, with a shopping paper bag in her stretched out and far forward hand, with all her belongings. It was simply so, everyone Horny loved-once did not use suitcases, not even the traveling bags. Andrea was both drunk and drugged and angry. Andrea's parents and sisters were all famous, and they all knew, perverted little Horny. Andrea was of course, a half of Horny's age.

"Stop taking about your book" Lucrezia said to her mom, they were hitting for Ora's yearly Christmas dinner, taking Lucrezia's children and Viviane and Jasha, with. Horny couldn't stop being excited. "It's just perfect, I have started the book with the dinner at Ora and I'm going to end it there. It's absolutely perfect - can't you see it?"

"She is out, there won't be any dinner!" Horny quoted quick, seeing the dark windows on the first floor. They had brought a lot of food, practically the whole dinner, Ora had said "buy the main dish and some salute. I'm a single woman with a child, I can't invite you all" They had bought bread, chicken, potatoes, salad, tomatoes, olives, cucumber, kiwis, coca cola and a bunch of tulips, fire crackers and sweets. Ora opened the door, she was unprepared but she was dressed. Wearing black tide pants and high heels, she was very tall, very thin and very longed legged. She did not wear a bra and it was not flattering. As the teenager she had an extremely huge teats - an 8th - at least and they had destroyed her back - what was left now was the bad back. Ora run her fingers fast through her hair - Horny was very curious of her new hair-do. It was very old and horribly messed at this moment. Ora still did not wash her and she had a hang over. Her normally huge beautiful eyes were small and lined natural violet, she smiled and let her guests inside - she plaid CD's - a horrible Peter Gabriel and TV - a horrible circus show, at the same time, full volume to satisfy everyone - kids and grown ups. All the children took the bed in the living room and jumped. The rest resigned in the kitchen sharing a bottle of the red wine.

"You could return the money for the wine you are so many Ora tried. "No way" shouted Horny "you are too much! Ora! You know, I don't touch the rred wine, hi"

The girls laugh, Horny knew Ora's particular style in and out. Ora was always like that, she didn't spent money on others, she was perfectly cool, she could have quarrel with a taxi driver about a dime, and make a scene to Horny for not returning 5 bucks in time. Jasha made an excellent chicken almond marinate with potato chips and Horny made salad. Ora had a perfect spices set. Ora's typewriter was covered with dust, she still didn't begun writing. Her son was a excellent painter- he was into a spider man future world, the spider man was in a full action - jumping, flying, shouting, shooting, sneaked the New York's sky-scrappers of 2050, was the perfect back ground and the perfect prove of our survival instinct - past the critical 2002, Nostradamus's fatal date. Drawings were superb and covered every decimeter of the wall in his room. He enjoyed having guests.

"Crystal is the strongest of all. Much stronger then iron or any other metal. In one particular, Indian cave, they had found a whole collection of a forty-nine crystal sculptured skulls, they were from the time before the epoch of the spilt stone. They were smaller then human heads and perfectly, pedantic done, with the top of the skull, marked, the forehead, eye-holes, nose hole, mobile jaws and every single teeth mastered in there. They were made by the people who came from another planet. At the time they were made, the earth people did not have the tools they could work in crystal with such a precision" Viviane straighten up in her chair, she was blushed red on her cheeks from all the food and wine and looked really beautiful with her silver hair pulled into a mouse tail and sharp classy profile and tiny crack of the kind lips and sparkling eyes.

"So you believe in life on the other planets?" Ora asked.

"Naturally. How could we imagine being t h e exceptional in the endless Universe? It's enough to look at the sky at night to realize impossibility of such a nonsense" Viviane was clear and used the logic for once, or as usual.

"I have stopped to believe" Ora said picking up Nick Zeed's book, A Totem Of The Depraved from the top of her cupboard, where she also kept Horny's books - invisible for her son who also was Zeed's son. There were black and white corny obscenities of N. with other babies, with other babes, with teats and tits and butts; the cover was very pretty - Horny thought, but she got no chance to read even a line as Ora quickly removed the lot, the loot, hiding it somewhere else.

"You are a fucking Muslim skull and you don't have qualities at all!" Ora was squinting her evil, make with thick black mascara, eyes. Her lips were still a bit red, she had put really careful and rare make up but after she and Horny danced for an hour at the first disco, not much of it was left. She was obviously drunk and obviously pissed, the world was full of fools, and her world was inhabited exclusively with fools. She pushed the typical Latino guy over his limit obviously, in the very last squeezing a big tube of a garlic mayonnaise into his face. A Black woman who sold sausage at the stand outside the club, they were going, to continue the party at, mentioned it's price with rage, trying to get her gear back. The short man, also a night customer, with black hair, at this moment with a mayonnaise hair and mayonnaise face punched Ora; she hit her head against the dirty wet gutter. The weather in

Gotburg-Gothole was hopeless, it rained almost all the time. Horny and Jasha continued to dance, not getting involved with an incident. Lucrezia had no other choice but to buy Ora next Whisky and hold her arm around the angry Orisitte, next and for good. Lucrezia dumped, set down on the street crying, she had a sever pain in her left arm. Horny led her home in a soft embrace. Ora were rambling. She had chased Gatzo and Bo away from Horny's side. Gatzo spotted her as soon she showed up at the club "Is Hardy here, too? It's soon New Year, he use to break my teeth, then" Gatzo made punching move into the air. "Hardy isn't here, but he taught me to do it" Horny laughed doing the same move through the techno and smoke absorbed air.

"I'm possessed by you, I ate your eye-lashes and came into the room to meditate" Gatzo told the poem he has dedicated to his lover, abruptly saying "You don't listen Horny!" "I ate your eyelashes and came to the room to meditate!" Horny repeated, pleased with her own abilities. "You see, I had heard everything! Please continue" Horny was fucking polluted this night.

"I ate your eyelashes! Ha ha ha! IT fucking sucks! YOU fuck off!" Was Oras's shortening smacking version. Gatzo instantly vanished. Gatzo had no money to buy Horny's book.

"As always talking shit! Shit! Shit! Bo! Jump on your bike and driveeeee! You talk so much shitttt!"

Patience less, drunk, dissatisfied, bored and sharp Ora walked right behind Bo, he was telling Horny his long story. He jumped on the bike and drove away. Bo went home between visiting two clubs, to get the money to buy Horny's book.

Lucr still had very much pain in her heart, and in her arm, Jasha slept and Ora dozed on his side; she loved his cooking. Horny was telling Lucr "I did not think I could just fall love like that, looking at stranger" She was telling about a young boy, she seen this night. "Did you see how he danced? We danced together the last dance, ridiculous, that I immediately pooled off, ignoring the feeling. He wasn't even extremely pretty but for me he was the prettiest of all. He danced close to me and said the same - you're the prettiest babe, in here. I was so hot, it was so fucking hopeless, when the music stopped, the light went on, and we parted. He was not the most tall, just an ordinary tall, he was wearing brown clothes, nice but not smashing, he was young, damn young, with brown hair and big dark brown eyes. I loved the way he danced. He danced gentle, light, he had fun dancing, I can't forget the way he moved, and the way he moved, close to me, he paid attention to every centimeter of the space dividing us"

Lucr wasn't really listening; she was too drunk.

"But, tell me Horny what would you do, if Hardy left you? What would have happened to you? What shall you do in such case?" Ora were seriously worried about her pal-friend.

"I will do my short film the way I want to ha ha ha, you know I cant as long this goes on, ha ha ha ha!" Horny quoted blankly, giving Ora a sweet grin. Ora disliked Horny's work.

"You only, need someone who would take you back twenty years" Hardy said with rage. Horny was smashed. Their New Year party had turned a total catastrophe.

"It's very good for my book" Horny tried to be sarcastic, gathering her hurt limbs, filled with blue-black marks, yellow marks, violet marks, purple marks, pure black marks and gray marks, never before she got painted into that extent.

Ex, Horny and Lucry-boy celebrated New Year in Luxor. Most of the warm, black starry night they drove in the calash, customary decorated like a Christmas tree the whole year round, pulled by the horse dressed like a Christmas tree, the driver was a funny middle aged guy with a quick greedy sly dimmed eyes - heavy East-eyes, dressed in his obligatory light blue galabija - looking as an old lady night gown, and tacked over his head and shoulders into his huge Arabic, red and white dotted scarf, with only small parts of his fluffy sly face visible, they did not realize he was drunk. They had been driving around, the sleeping town, looking for an open liqueur store, there was none. But they found some private place and Ex bought an Egyptian Brandy, it was all they could get. They shared the entire midnight glare in three, somehow the driver got the most - his gulp, and larynx was enormous. His English was fun, every time he intended to say, to Ex "your wife" as he talked exclusively, man to man and exclusively about her, he said mistakenly for the tenth time "my wife" Ex, who never beat anyone else except his wife Horny, lost the temper and tried to punch the chap, Ex set in the calash and the driver set a top of the box, which was difficult position for the heat, Ex missed, the driver - avoiding the punch - fall all by himself straight down to the street, a horse was still driving, Lucrezius who was sitting next to the driver at this moment got a hold of the reins and pulled back. Calash stopped, Ex jumped down, Horny was laughing so she almost pissed on herself. Ex got hold of the calash's driver, massaging his heart and trying to put some life back into him by banging his back and clapping his swarthy cheeks. It worked. Soon the driver was back at the box and the whole process repeated once more, the driver, cracking the whip, said "my wife" Ex, tried to punch his face, missed it, the driver fall down again. Not caring for his despair of loosing his very golden cow for the sightseeing, the family decided to walk back to the hotel, passing by Winter Palace on the main street along the Nile, where the elegant party was held. The party was over, the band from exotic Senegal was packing up, Horny, tear eyed, staring into the semi-loon in the sky and semi-loon in the Nile, both sky and Nile heavily dark blue, kept on repeating until white hot morning "I wanted to dance! I wanted to dance! I wanted to dance!"

Horny had her best time, seeing her kids and grand kids. She had such unbelievably fabulous time with Nasty-Baby. "I love Petter Birro" two years and nine months old Nasty walked around Lucrezius's apartment with a photo of her dad in both her hands, staring at it. She wasn't all together wrong titling him full name, it was a PR photo for his latest book, he has become a recognized writer, it did not prevent him from being a real rascal ass hole to Lucrezia, what did not prevent him from his daughter affection. The little chick loved his daddy, she was a third generation of the

divorced little babes; it was important to behold the roots. She kissed a picture, repeating "I love Petter Birro. My name is Nasstasja Birro, I'm his and Lucrezia's daughter, Lucrezia is your daughter, you are Lucrezia's mom" she was explaining to Horny who was completely in love to the little miss, who looked so much like herself. Who possibly was a sixth at the row, generation of writers - as she hoped herself, observing her dad and her mom, she still could not write, but she had plans, she could count to ten, from where she jumped over to twenty. She did her toilet by herself, which was sensational at her age. Seductive little Miss and Horny, her grand mom, they had couple of walks, alone, just two of them, in the afternoons, in the evenings and in the nights. They watched Christmas decorated shop windows.

"I'm going to buy a hobbit", Nasty said.

"You can't buy the Hobbit, as much you can't buy Nasty and Horny" the grand mom explained "we aren't for sale, Little Treasure, we are the living creatures" Taddy bought Horny a hobbit; he brought a dwarf one night, one Christmas, from the bar, trying to fool his Angel. Nasty loved to walk, first holding Horny's hand and after all by herself, holding her hands tight on her back, pointing her self independence. Lucrezia who was always on the run, always packed her into a fast buggy.

"I'm not very good in speaking Swedish, I can't say everything, I want" Horny said, in her grand daughter's tongue, passing the corner of the closed now, pizza store, where both of them were earlier, this night.

"Me, on the contrary" the small chick said, splitting the palms on her back and lifting them up in the dancing pas, for the stronger articulation of the fact "I'm able to say exactly everything, I feel like saying" Nasty and Horny returned home, at 2 AM and she spoke to her mom, coming inside "I have had a great time, you need not to worry. I'm fully entertained. How are you yourself? How have you all been?" She was so damn much as Horny herself, when she was a child, it was unavoidable to catch, only Nasty's hair were dark brown and Horny's were very light when she was that small. On the train back, Horny was reading Sartre, he was talking bad about women constantly - they had no brains, they were over emotional, deathly depend on men and their love, they were constantly in love - dull making decease, they were unable to reason in the men's world, they were an obstacle on the man's road - men's progress; but he might be playing with images, other men opinions not his own... Somehow she has lost the urge to read the shit - Hardy's Christmas gift. The train from Gotburg was arriving in Stockholm. Horny was fucking nervous. She fixed a fresh make up but it was soaking down. Her armpits were licking in floods. She had to try to ignore, how she felt. She bent her head most down, she didn't want to see Hardy yet, not yet. She hoped to cool down within next 10 seconds.

"I'm going to find a swell twenty-two years old cunt, at last when I'm totally sober and you are going to see how it feels, Horny-Babe..." It was what he had said, before she left the town. Now, at the platform, she saw his head, she saw he still did not observe her and she did not make a move to change it. They came against each other, Horny did not smile, Hardy did not smile, and they did not hug and did not kiss.

"You didn't shave, ha! This was a test!" Horny said thinking "You don't care for me as for the other girls, I'm not even a symbolic material girl" Hardy gave her a book

he has bought for her - A Virtual Light, she said something more unpleasant, or didn't she, he picked up his wallet, picked out the keys to Viviane's place, throwing them at her huge traveling bag, pushed her over the face, slightly, saying "Bitch!" and walked away.

"Hardy! Hardy! Hardy!" Horny shouted, the travelers were passing her into all the directions, with kids, babies, luggage, cats and dogs.

In bed...

"Don't touch me before telling me what did you do?" Hardy's hands inside Horny's pants, inside her stockings, twinkling her nipples. Horny takes it all back, all her heavenly belongings, pushing his hands off.

"I want to know what did you doooo!" Hardy, trying to get inside her once more.

"Stop it! Did you have sex, when I was away? You are going to tell me, before you touch me once more, did you have sex when I was away?"

"I did not have sex when you were away" Hardy fell in Horny's arms, between her twinkling opening knees, loving womb and pink cerise cunt all the way open.

"Vow! Vow! Hardy! Fuck me! Fuck me hard Hardy, vow! "The images under Horny's eyelids were rushing extremely fast, she loved Hardy endlessly, she was nailed to the rock, fixed to the rock with her legs open, Hardy loved her endlessly, that's why he took another woman nailed to the rock next to her. The second picture, emotionally loaded, he is fixed to the rock and another man is fixed to the rock, she takes the other man, next to Hardy who can't touch her, can't reach her, she's fucking violently until the orgasm. Number three, H&H fucking for-ever never betraying each other never wanting anybody else, only H&H orgasmic scream - sex, sex, sex, Horny's vision. Sartre was spooking or was he totally out of key? Hardy did not - if he did not...? Not because he loved Horny - but because the booze took the main place and there was no chick of class, at least the minimum of class wreck wired, who would dig that type of one night stand. Hi. H&H both, knew it, but for Horny the most important was that he was not refusing the dialog. He was not refusing the dialog when she pushed him really hard against the wall, the rock, the Sartre.

"You want the party and dancing. I'm not a dancer. You'll never dance with me. You'll never have the party because I'm an alcoholic. You need a shrink, Horny"

"I know I have been molesting you about a party time during last few months"

"Last few months? Last few years. Always" Horny could not think - always. Horny always thought - about three months, back and three months forth, she could not stretch it longer. Perhaps that's why her life was as it was.

"Phone around for the party" Hardy proposed Horny.

"Everybody is either afraid of me or afraid of you" Horny said, still Asa Franck, who was Horny's the only friend left in the capitol city of Stockhale returned her call and invited them home.

"Jesus! Party at home..." Hardy spied his soon future.

"Angst! Angst! Angst!" Hardy said, referring to the music Honey plaid on Viviane's old small tape-recorder, Horny opposed "not at all! P.G.Harvey is great! Why, when it is a describing IT, no one and not you, can admit, it's power! Magic! Dark!

She moves perfectly in there. There is no fear at all!" Horny was really disturbed. Much more bothered then she ought to be about a music, she plaid at the very last day of the year. "You say so because she is taking it all by herself like a man. Like a human being. She is not flattering you like a sweet little girl, she is not flattering you, not begging, obeying; she is taking all by herself. I have fall in love to her songs. I! & I was singing with her for Kathy last Thursday from 3 to 5 AM! It's actually the first time I heard P.G, on my own! Men are so fucking cowered and limited" Horny was very angry.

"Common Horny, don't make a scene, everyone knows Madonna sings about sex and PG Harvey sings about fear, and don't take all this so serious and so personal" Hardy said. Horny was top annoyed "It's not a scene! It's an opinion! They both sing about sex, Fool! And it is fucking serious! And fucking personal! Different worlds, different aspects turn different people on. Yes! Turn on!" Horny was offended.

"I don't think Viviane is crazy" said, Hardy. "She is perfectly normal, but she is sensitive and proud. She is also afraid, she might be not well in her head. You should not push her, Horny. She would need a shrink, an intelligent shrink and she would have straighten her life" H&H were on the train, hitting for the party, Horny was very dressed up. Hardy was as usual, he only had one pare of leather pants, after Ex, one pare of jeans after Lucr. He had one pare of boots.

"The only thing which is really sad, it's Hardy's boots. Look at it" Viviane said, to Horny when Hardy was still in bed, in the kitchen. Viv was watching his boots, which once were a pretty good find at New York's street, up town and near Broadway; the soles, which Horny let being meant at shoe maker in Warsaw, were OK, but there was not much above the feet, no more then a Dusin of a bigger and multiplied, for everyday holes. Horny made Tandori Chicken for Viv, herself and Hardy and he opened the first bottle of sparkling wine. Viv got drunk on two glasses, went back to bed, she had a flue.

"What did you do last five New Years Eves?" Tom, whom they were bringing with to the party, asked. It was Horny's idea to take him with, she did not think they suppose to leave him alone on the night like that.

"The last one, we just arrived in New York. The plain was delete and we were too tired to open Champagne. We took a walk to the Cathedral, but missed the mess and the concert, before twelve, with Stas, Stas's wife and Stas's kids, but at twelve we were alone walking home down the upper Broadway" quickly replied, Horny.

"And the one before?"

"I don't remember"

"We're in Warsaw the other year, in this awful Blue Velvet club" Hardy meant the techno place. Now Horny remembered. They went there because she made a scene - she wanted to dance! She forced him to go out and forced him to go to that club, she lost her pretty jacket there, they did not dance, Hardy would not dance, and there was not a single person they would know. Actually she danced by herself for a few minutes but right then, Hardy wanted to leave and they argue on a way home...

"And 95?" Hardy went to Lund, Hardy left Horny on the Gotburg- Gothole ice leaving all of the sudden, after Tom reached him on the phone and invited to his home town - a small town in southern Sweden, of course without his chick; she let Hardy know how she felt about that, of course down there, were some targeted chicks - involved in the escapade - in a puberty age, which was Tom's great and unfulfilled ambition. Oh, Tom... Oh, Hardy... on the hunt, on the haunt.

"Yeah, what did I do? I could not see my children because Ex had a girl friend and she made a Turkey dinner" Turkey dinner was an Ex's yearly tradition since he and Horny had split, the elegant dinner for at least twenty friends. I missed twelve hour fire works, where I could have seen them outside - my children, I was filming a monologue, which I used in BTH. After, I went across the street to the neighbors, as I missed Cardy and her car going to a mansion out of town, for the ball which turned out quite boring - Cardy had said - exclusively girls attended, an owner was a quite damning guy, Jan. Horny remembers, she went also to the America House Club and met Ex and he slept in her bed, and met Mike and his ex wife who did not sleep in H&H bed - the pallet outside of the fire place. It was still before she has lost her apartment in Gotburg, exactly two months earlier.

"94?" "I really don't know" Horny is excited about going to Asa. About going out at all, about going out dressed up, about going out with Hardy, about going out with Tom, she sips on her Retsina bottle. The scene of 93 passes through her movie mind - it's their first New Year together. She dances a top of the bar, Hardy looks at her, smiles, sends her a kiss, he is talking to Tom in the corner of the room, about three meters away from her. She sees his pretty blue-green-gray wild-cat eyes. She loves him madly. She breaks off the neon lamp, from the line in the ceiling, dances with it, looks at everyone - a jolly champagne drinking crowd - from above, she is wearing 40ies swimming suit in black, she looks at her popping breasts, slim waste, cool tights in net, she breaks the lamp on her right tight, it straws over everything in a silver glass dust, slowly, like a snow. The guards pick her up and throw her out. Hardy follows with. H&H kids slide down 4 floors laughing. Fall outside on the street kissing, fall asleep embraced, next to the parked car.

Rio de Janeiro. Horny got them there! Ex, nine years old Lucrezius and Earland, the bass player in Miss Mess, Horny's band - Horny is a screamer. They have a dinner in the restaurant, on one of the main streets. Not Copa Cabana, they are fed up watching fat Germans unsophisticated machinations, getting screwed by young Rio-chicks-lads, all together the same thing. Horny and Lucry-boy shared an excellent chicken, they are sitting in the patio on the street, as everyone, it's too hot to sit inside, outside is quite swell now, it's late evening. It's a true fiesta for the eyes; the Rio! DE JANEIRO! Down there in Europe is wintertime. Two elegant white-top&blackbottom dressed waiters attend them all the time, the men, the boys are unbelievably beautiful in this spot of paradise of earthly flash. They are all pleased. Lucr is slim and deep sun tan most of the people take him for the local ragazzo. Lucr feels pretty much at home. The man from the street, fire-eyed, ruggy dressed, fast

reaches the dining company, he catches up silver bowl in which the chicken bones lay, he bites on the bones with his bad teeth, he puts the bones into his mouth, biting fast and loud, sips it down with the rest of the souse and Horny's glass of a sparkling wine - there is not much to choose among wines - in Rio. The waiter is already next to the bum, with a left hand pulls the silver dish and with right punches him hard across the face, swearing at the chap hell of a lot. The eater doesn't show a surprise, anger, fear, or any emotion at all, extremely steady on his thin legs, hunches his back a bit more. Lucrezius is crying. The man departs. Late at night they go to a huge disco outside, the one besides the bridge thrown over the street. Horny gets dancing feet, fit, dancing hips immediately, the guys - Ex, Erland and Lucr don't dance willingly but take turns to dance Jolly-Horny-babe. At last they are fed up. A Black guy in the white hat and a white, a bit shabby suit, invites her up, unwillingly she agrees, he presses his belly against her almost immediately, Horny tries to keep him off the shore, his belly feels repellent. At last the chap is fed up with her and her attitude, he leads her back to the table, takes off the hat, takes the card out "I'm a film director, come by tomorrow" he says, Horny throws away the card, they are all laughing at his next dance; the woman is Black, big and fat, he is jacked, nicked into her as the spider, still he can do it, it's Tango. On the way to the hotel, a row of extremely pretty young charlottes, flashes for them in the dark palm' street opening the coats, parting the coats fast; they are all boys, with breasts and pricks. The view is bizarre transvestites have pretty girlish faces. Most of the hookers in Rio are operated to women - men, it's too tough and too good business to let it in the female wallets. It's the men world.

Lucrezius is six, Ex and Horny are together in Cairo, Christmas was OK, hot in the air, they go to Sheraton Hotel to look at the installation of a paper mashie rein dears and Santa Claus in the toboggan in the lobby. All over the town, Copts put up the Christmas trees, the trees lack the needles almost completely it's simply too hot. Egyptian trees are the opposite to an American, American trees are short, bluffy, biffy, with extremely many long branches and twigged, and dark green. Egyptian is tall, slim, with a very few very short branches. They do an excursion to the Concert Hall. They are well cultivated. The concert does not start in time everybody is waiting in the chairs. The orchestra is almost complete, trying the instruments, listening to it, a big rat runs through the stage, rumbles around being visible to everyone, people rise in their chairs, female members of the orchestra shrill and jump, some upon their chairs, a cello player trays to aim the rat with his bow but misses. Two of the tickets men walk in, they are dressed in elegant uniforms. The rat jumps down into the public, the tickets men spot him in the rim, take each other hands and first one of them and then next tramp the animal to death, one of them picks it up by the tail, it is stiff now and long, they leave the room holding hands, to the ovation of the gathered, the conductor comes out, the ovation increases, the lights on the public area goes down, the lights on the stage rise, the concert starts with a soft pizzicato in C-moll. Or was it B-dour?

H&H party 98 started not too bad, with the flattering them talks. Einar Hecksher was interested in Hardy and his writing and the guys had a long conversation including Burrows-Burroughs, Ginsberg, Bukowski - all of them dead, and themselves - barely alive, hi.

"I have read your books and saw your films. I have a feeling I know you perfectly well" a woman was tiny, dressed in black jeans, a jumper, had a hair in short rat-greet page and not even trace of a mascara. Horny was not just flattered Horny was shoot into a heaven. The tiny woman got Horny's collection to write the study at the University. Horny was pop. Horny was HOT.

"Yeah, we had first, the Form in many aspects, mostly a technical approach" Asa talked about, arranged by Tuija Lindstrom, Horny's famous work shop at the Photo High School in Gothole "And then we had the Body, and we took Horny! We knew, all the time, what was going to happen, it was a h i t! We had so much fun! All female students boycott Horny!" Horny was beaming she loved to be the theme to a conversation, reviling more of her secrets or clews and claws to a tiny girl. "But why do you dress so female reviling if you always wanted to be a man?" She looked at Horny's tights in net stockings and a triangle of her wine red-rusty underwear showing out of extremely short frontally zipped rubber skirt and two of her sleeveless tops in silver, waiting to get unzipped - which even Hardy asked her not to wear at this particular night. The Tiny didn't know who Kathy Acker was. With another - very thin girl, sipping slipping on a white wine, Horny discussed her own great devotion to have Hardy's child, still in this century, the next was too late; she drunk some Vodka with Ana - Ana's perfume and forms were superb. Horny paid compliments to all the girls in there. 12 hour outside - the fireworks - Horny got hold of the bottle of a cheap Champagne - Hardy's bottle - drunk it all, she was sore at Hardy, he cared far too little about her at the very moment into the 98th, he was hanging into Tom, and he was wearing Bjorn's long coat in which he literally and grotesque jumped around, rising his arms in the ecstasy of the pissing time! Horny was dreadfully attached to symbols. Pissing-passing time! It was her definite fall. Twelve hour bonfires were done - and they were all back home. Horny was dancing - but not with Hardy, Hardy was conversing Einar again, Asa's boy friend - the man of the house wanted them out. Horny was dancing with Bjorn; it was fun.

"You were never welcome here" said Asa's boy friend for the fifth time, after which, he and Hardy exchanged the countless amount of "Suck my dick!" verbally. With a tongue and without a tongue. What a flop! At the beginning he has given Horny a piece of his art - a hand palm, in pink plastic with an inscription L. O. V. E.

"I'm sorry you have to leave" Asa had failed to mediate the conflict. Someone definitely punched Hardy he was bleeding from his mouth. Horny watched his lips - they were as painted with a fresh water paint - Horny was mesmerized. There was a whole flock of people hooked into them - H&H. All the men wearing nice party suits and all the women wearing the usual clothes, jeans or pants - Stockholm's progressive woman style. Horny has hid Hardy's head and face in her lap. Asa was flying through her corridor and out into the circling stairs where the play was ON. They kicked at H&H. Horny loosing a grip of his head dramatically rolled down to the

floor below bumping her head, her shoulder, the shoulder blade, the hip, the head, the knee and once more - landed spread on her back with arms thrown apart effectively, just like a Christ. Asa was screaming. Police was called to catch Hardy and Horny plaid dead. Horny and Hrankenstein held out in the rain. They were soaked, Horny was terribly cold, Hardystein was for to kill, stripping of his upper part, ready as a gladiator, white skinned, soaked, soaked with the nipples stiff, with the hair glued to his face in strips, filthy, dirty, sly and abominable, provoked by every single male by passer. The staircase show had ended up with Franky Hardy Boy's giant puke, the maximal red wine vomit, and soaking cry CRY. Horny never heard Hardy cry, before. It was the truth New Year Salve. She heard his cry and the puke pure over the staircase like a fountain, like a waterfall several times on and on and on. Rhythmical pulsing floods of disaster. She felt ill and repellent, to hear him weep. Hardy had chased away a stranger who tried to help Horny walk. Her right knee was double big in comparing with the left one. It wasn't broken but it looked as it was, it looked as the whole bone was sticking out on the inside. Horny staring at the knee cried. Horny staring at the street cried. Horny staring at Hardy cried. Every time she glanced up - Hardy half nude with his arms rose up, giving a horrifying roar from his lungs chased someone successfully away - everyone was running, for the life, Hardy moved like Frankenstein himself. Hardy the monster!

"I apologize to you!" Einar was stumbling home in one shoe his face was smeared thick with blood, cut in a few places.

"You are fucked up, Hardy!" Horny was yelling, "You have beaten him badly"

"I fall" Einar said. Einar lied. Einar has written to Hardy the following day "Brother, I'm weak and tired today but alive, Brother... you did not manage to beat in my nose. Is still big and ugly. And I have found my shoe - it stood a top of a silver taxicab. " After all, Einar is an all right poet. Only Kathy is dead. Einar was a Cinderella of the Night. Hardy was wrong - Einar did not push Horny down the staircase, even he pushed her out of the flat. Hardy feels guilt, licking his sores. Einar was the only one important for him in there, the only interesting spot; Einar matched the rebel, the writer and the junky in one, of course a femme fatal wouldn't be bad to start a year at, but Horny was there... But not f a t a l enough...

"This is very good for my book, as it in fact did not start at Ora but with a fight" She has let him fuck her once, excess of alcohol in his sperm and her juicy-puss, make her smell like a whole fish shop - down there - awful. She has no lust for sex with Franky, besides no position would do. Her body is too hurt. She can't even pick in her nose. Men are brothers. Women are rivals. Under her eyelids, Horny constantly sees Franky rushing the streets. No longer attracted to the D&D hybrid - Dangers&Dandy.

"I have become smart" Horny classifies Franky-Lee. Hardy - The Cry Boy. She has a blue-black mark on the inside of her thigh, looks like a print of the boot, the same mark on her right buttock, pain in her ribs, wrists, knuckles and ankles, extremely swollen right knee, the mark is red, pink, violet crushed, looks like an explosion, and black-blue, a water bubble on the right side of the knee, and some more bluish, gray and black prints along the calf, all the way down along the bone. A left arm is deep

deadly black and gray, makes Hardy plan to phone the hospital and investigate. She has severe pain in her skull, most of it on the right side, at the back of her head.

"How am I going to challenge my alcohol aggression?" Hardy is fully regretful but it doesn't do in Horny's eyes.

"Fix a shrink, may be your pa"

Hardy's pa is a psychiatrist, he refused to meet his son since Hardy was thirteen, after they had a father-son, argue and a fight. The hormone rush and in the following the abandon son's complex, the perfect material for the lover, husband and so on for sure for such A cute Horny Bleached Bitch Beach of the Sun Shine of the Century. The Cry! The loony poet's daughter herself, the loony queenly poetess, well verbally equipped and demented in her head, pulled out from the real world into the outside fence, buried there. The Love Torturing, The Torture of Love, The Love Toys & toying with love all is perfectly under control of p a i n, the main character in this follies de deux. The world and its possessions... Ass well, ass wells, ass soon ass possible. Keys my ass! Kiss yourself Doctor Hope! You have missed the best job you could have had. You have done the great job! The greatest job of all the jobs! Including your son's favorite blow job...

"I'm going to die" Viviane hardly can speak the words, using her very thin piping voice. H&H are invited for New Year dinner to Iris and Julo - the first dinner this year. Viviane has a flue, a deadly flue, she is waking up, a smashed down H&H couple postpone the dinner until the next day. Viviane survives till the next day. Viviane hears Taddy open the door. Viviane tells stories. Viviane can't breath. Viviane constantly chokes with her mucus and cough. Viviane has fever. Viviane asks questions. She suddenly remembers everyone, plans to buy presents for Hardy and Jasha, sweaters and perfumes for men, she wants to know about everyone. She asks if Jasha is possibly an actor remembering their welcome to Lucrezia's home "He made a candelabra out of himself, it was grate" She wets her pants every time she sneezes, she sneezes instantly. Iris is Julo's beloved. She has actually saved his life. She has found him at the hospital in Warsaw, nearly dying. A toothless, old, broken man. Julo used to be H&H friend. They also searched him but did not find. Iris took Julo with her, first to Oslo and now to Stockholm, as she switched her job. They both love nature and lonesomeness. They are going to buy a boat. Iris is an art intendment. She loves to bicycle by herself...

"I was fed up with Hamburg and took my chance to move. The Scandinavia seemed as a promising solitude. I have written a book about Edvard Munch's self portrait, there is nobody else who painted more self-portraits then him"

"Yes, me" Horny says. Four of them are dinning. Elk's stew four long blue candles in separate holders, wine. Their new home is a true love nest. Tiny, cozy, decorative and soft. Elegant of course.

"This is Lotta Antonsson's flat, she has left for NYC" Iris says. It gives Horny a choke. She is for the very first time in the apartment of an old friend. She recalls quite a few times she has phoned there ... Hardy looks at her. Hardy knows what she thinks.

"This is really good for my book. People are Shmack. Aseptically the women, the solidarity between them is a Myth"

"I met them both, for the first time, Lotta and Hokan, in Venice at the Biennially" Iris says.

"Venice Biennially is most important International Yearly Art Event, it's during the Summer time" Horny keeps Hardy informed noticing for herself - she had never attended, not in fact Kassel Documenta either. Actually, why? Her work was shown at Kasells fair, buy the same guy Axel Morner who started up Lotta's career, but she never cared to go there herself. Axel dropped her after while, when he saw he could not sell her work, it was labeled the pornography, his gallery could not be labeled.

"It was Hokan show, Lotta was only helping him, he had sweet flowers installation and got butterfly's cocoons from all over the world sent to him. He was crying, some of them came dead, as the weather was very hot and they incubated before the estimated time and there was a long weekend and Venice's Post office was closed"

Horny knows Venice Post Office very well. She lived there with Lucr. They used to sit at the Post Office steps at the backside, at the canal. One could get sometimes inside from the back, after it was already closed and she wrote a lot of letters to Taddy, send him all the poems she wrote, she also received her post there. She knew all the postmen and they all loved the two girls. It wasn't in the summer, it was in the spring and tourists were few. Horny sees butterflies, Hokan's butterflies, yellow, lemon yellow, Bahamas yellow, crimson red, Parisian blue, pea cock blue, purple and violet, lifting abruptly from the set blooming plants, dazzling more, she needs more verbs she doesn't know to express the world of the butterfly, with their wings, being a part of something great. Being a part of a real art fixed show, being watched by million eyes - the snobby attendants - all of us. Horny remembers 94th celebration, Hardy and she went to a party at one girl's home, Horny was sad and set a lot for herself, watching bonfires on TV and not with everyone at the balcony, Hardy kept on leaving her constantly and coming back, Lotta-Bacon was there flattering Hardy - he did not fuck her yet, Hardy had quarreled with his friend and wanted to punch him, Horny put her face in-between and Hardy did not cease the heat, he broke her front tooth, but it wasn't really a great deal, he has broke this particular tooth many times, so it wasn't even the real tooth. After he broke her book Babe Trouble, as she took it senselessly with to the party - he broke it to pages, out in the street, slowly one by one, one by one, insulting her verbally "You are a very bad writer Chick, nobody wants to read your shit!" It was snowing in a slow pattern, with single big flakes, sailing down one by one buy one down to the shimmering ground, page by page, page after page. It was Baby Trouble. Then they met Gatzo and two girls, Gatzo gave Horny good-by kiss and Hardy broke Gatzo's tooth. Horny embarrassed showed him her crack, it was empty between first and third upper teeth, Gatzo's girl choked screaming "What a fuck! Call the Police!" Hardy punched her fast taking her front teeth as well. The chick yelling wildly jumped into the street trying to stop the car, screaming "Police! Police!"

"Let's run!" Hardy, the sly dentist of the night, took Horny's hand pulling her with into a home direction. Horny fixed her tooth the 1st January, having a good time for

to think in the waiting room, the emergency was full of Hardy's victims. She brought some fast food home for Hardy, Hardy spent the whole spleen in bed, he wasn't filling well at all, wouldn't see anyone else but his beloved Horny-girl. The love was flourishing. The same tooth gave in NYC, as well to Hardy's punch; Horny danced too reviling and walked the balcony balustrade too high up and they both were kicked out from the party, she was hilariously drunk and took a shit in the parking lot and run away all the time, at last Hardy had to punch her. They holed in the pouring rain through the half of the night, Horny cried floods of tears, then they were driving subway, at last Hardy had to leave her there; it was a fucking horror night and Hardy slept outside at Washington Square - alone, the silly thing was that the following day was Horny's screening at Anthology Film Archives. She was half-hour late, she had to fix her tooth, but NYC emergency used chip glue, which held about 45 minutes only. Horny resigned keeping a cigarette in there in the crack during the show and through the weekend, on Monday found a private Jewish Mr. Kaplan the dentist in Midtown, who did much better job, for the much sulkier price. The next time the tooth broke in Warsaw, all by itself, next in Katmandu, brushing her teeth, she fixed it in Calcutta, the next time in Alby-Hell, Stockhole where at last they did a really good job, burning a little bit of her gum, a new solid laser method. Yet, it broke in 2000 in Brussels just before the candle show, Horny appeared upon the stage with the candle stuck into her anus and other candle in her moth-mouth both burning, Hardy paid the tooth but he hated the show, the dentist was Arabic excellent, the next it dashed down with tooth brushing at Cracov's toilet in 2002, just before Pope's Carcass visit at the small hotelik, where Stephen Rife fucked her bloody, greatly and with love, so far... But that was only the history of the t o o t h to come...

Hardy worked on Horny who has matured at last, Hardy was determinant he was going to get the damn girl stimulated, Hardy was going to get his Horny - horny. It was quite impossible issue for today. Horny was sure, she was not going to have sex with Frankenstein, Hardy showed her his dick, it would not do, Horny squeezed her lips, Hardy tried to kiss her, tried to open her mouth, see her teeth, lick her teeth. It was optimally easier to lick her womb, she could not keep it as tide and there were no t e e t h in there, Horny lay spread and angry. Hardy gave up the stimulation act, he simply pushed his dick into her, laying at top of her chest and her hips, she felt as her rib cage was going to puff, was going to crash, going to burst, but Hardy would not stop fucking her. Abruptly Horny felt lust. Horny felt lust, she threw Hardy off herself, turned him on his back, duck over him, swallowing his prick with her pussy lips and deep into the bowels of her love. The knee stopped hurting as at the spell Horny fucked him hard, swell, swift, determent, with love.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, more, more, come babe, come babe, come my" Hardy was whispering, was telling, shouting, singing to her, Hardy was about to come. Horny stopped everything around her abruptly stopped, Horny not only did not feel lust, did not have lust, Horny was stiff fixed upon his cock, and wild eyed. She remain like that staring at the wall in front of her, unable to slide her eyes upon him, her very own Monster.

"I have heard it is impossible to leave Sweden. They don't let anyone out" Viviane was apparently cured from her flue. Lucrezia worked full time at some very suspect place, but she no longer had debts.

"It is very good for your book" Hardy told Horny, Tom set across the table, they were drunk, besides Horny who just arrived at the bar, was drunk as well. They were obviously back in business. "Tom, reviled for me, the mystery of the bleeding punch. It was you, who has punched me" Horny was starring at her man.

"You put your shoe heel into his mouth and there came this Hollywood blood from the corner all the way down, it was before all the fighting had started, and that's why I left" Tom said, looking at Horny, Horny was pretty taken and very quiet.

"Think, if it was you who pushed me down the staircase, if I have punched you?" she said at last.

"Tom, said that you set in my lap and we kissed, afterwards"

"We kissed?" Horny repeats, after him.

"Tom told me many more things, he has seen"

"What?"

"I won't tell you"

"I haven't become smarter, I haven't mature"

Horny is discovering the facts they had been fighting last night again, the part of the night they were awoke, Horny was Hurt and Hardy was Hurt and they were hurting each other. They had this fucked up timing, when she was fun - he was sad or busy, when he was fun, she was fed up or sad or angry and their moods were shifting with a speed of the racket. And they were fucking drunk. Hardy pushed her on her knees unzipping the button and the zip of her blue plastic pants, Hardy was intending to take her roughly from behind, Horny's broken knee hurt like hell, Horny's hurt pride hurt like hell and she pushed him off, twice this night.

"Bitch! Bitch! I hate you Bitch! I'm not going to Thailand with you! Bitch!" Hardy wheezed, passing to sleep. Horny felt a little blue, Horny felt very blue lying there on his side all by herself. Both, elbow and knee hurt so much that she slept bad and woke up all the time. She felt sorry for herself, it won't be cured when they shall be in Bangkok, she hated the idee of having pain walking on the beach, pain - traversing the jungle, riding an elephant. In the late afternoon Viviane woke them up, she was cured and hungry, H&H had sex. VOW! It was GOOD. Hardy had a hang over.

"Shall I help you with your bags?"

"No, tank you"

Young Black man was handsome, tall, gentle, had deep voice and spoke perfect fluent English not typical for the Turkish, Polish, Finish, Syrian getho they lived at Hell-Alby, she rumbled with the damn bags and the dog back and forth, the handsome guy was back "Would you give me your phone number?"

"I don't have one" Horny was smiling, his eyes turned extremely bottomless black and tempting "& if I'll give you mine?"

"It's not a good idea at all"

"You have a husband, or?"

"Sure, I do" Horny gave him her charming smile, pulling the dog and the shopping bags; it all tunneled to each other. Horny hurried home without looking back. Hardy wrote in his poem again and again and again

"Drew had the hair, the bangs, I was trying to ignore, while talking to my wife; the result was not promising... "

Horny took care of the house and cooked. She was only a B-figure in his inner world. Horny made excellent food. Hardy was both, very hungry and very thirsty. They listened to Nick Cave's The Boat' Man Songs, Horny behind the computer, Hardy on the bed, behind the table, with closed eyes. She at last sent the damn packet to Nick, BTH movie on VHS cassette and DP - her first published book stolen from Ex., formally dedicated to Lucrezius but also written for Nick. Vow! She was sure, he was going to replay.

"This is not good for my book, there is no end of it... There is simply no end. No end at all... "

H&H need a new hair do-s. Hi. The love overcomes. Hi. H&H were nude, in the bed in many hours, they were both quite familiar with an idea of having sex, no one would move first. At last Horny got up, took a shower giving a pleasure to her deliberately, sprinkling her clit with a burning perfume. No fish shop... She came in, hot, giving Hardy an extra shrill, she dressed. Hardy rose from bed, pulled down her stockings and panties, threw her on her knees on the bed, kissed her back and the spine, smelled bad from his mouth, took her from behind, his prick must have been extra big and extra eager for Horny felt pain also inside her womb and not just inside her fucked up knee.

"You're a fucking jerk! A fucking jerk! To do that, jerk!" Horny screamed, Viviane slept and Hardy bumped on until he came. Rising her up and stroking her face. Horny dried herself with a towel and got dressed, Viviane woke up.

"In Paris" Viviane said "I was drinking for breakfast a very hot tab water mixed with red wine, one third was the wine. Tea, cost more then bread cost, the whole five Francs" The previous day H&H and Tom had been to a theatre, Lars Noren's new play about gutter people, speed freaks and about alcoholics whom he already pictured before. Noren's language - who is definitely number one of Swedish play writers since long time - was enormous, sometimes exact and explicit, when he was anal, let his heroes, both men and women pull the trousers down and shit, hidden in the anus drugs, discussing the necessity of using a spoon when constipated; most of time, was simply great. It felt as he has been reading Hardy's "Hustler" piece, especially when he came with familiar "Suck my dick" and sophisticated pussy story - the pussy tale. Or was it Hardy who read Noren? Definitely, Hardy would have made a great play writer. Hardy, sure read Bukowski. Hardy read Miller. M&B's dicks were united in Hardy's words; still Horny priced Hardy's dick the most. Although she loved Noren's poetry, he abandoned by now. Noren possibly read Horny's books too, it proved when the poet-girl entered, yeah, she was totally blasted, H&H were already described characters.

"I think, I heard, someone is denying, Horny that I gave birth to you, they are trying to deny that. You must get hold of the only one left, birth attest, I had it before, when

you were very small. I'm sorry I did not keep it in a safe place, someone must have stolen it, I was so very exhorted, and tired and happy when it all came around - your birth. It is possible they are denying more" Viviane's voice became very quiet "they are denying that you exist" she took a deep breath "it has to be taken care of, Horny. You must get hold of your birth attest; they can't deny decay, the document" Viviane still had comebacks of the flu, woke up drenched in sweat. Horny slept a lot, she mainly slept or wrote. Hardy slept, read books, played chess, the whole 36 square meters - the room and a kitchen - smelled, they were inside all the time except for someone going out buying food, about 25 minutes per day - at the moment only Horny had money, Hardy taking the dog out at afternoon - 12 minutes, twice. The dog stunk, his teeth were really bad, smelled - kind of a sweet death scent, smelled shit and something else, it smelled all over, it has grown into the house's own scent. Every night H&H took the dog out minimum 8 minutes making a circle at the back of the house, attached to the promised high way, the suburban, high and small houses were taking the view, with a spread behind them, forest of torments of a Swedish fog. It was definitely time to go, widen up the views and let some air in. The spring came this year already in January - normally it should have been May. Nature was speeding up - after all might be Dr. N. shall get a point here. Horny booked flight tickets to Thailand for the nineteenth February.

"I'm going to do the nose plops, like Rodham has" said, Lucrezius who was planing, both a NY's photographer career and an open landscape photographing, only seemingly in a clear opposition to each other. His mom gave him a real Canon camera this Christmas. Lucrezia started to work at the radio, her first real job with one-year contract. "Like Taddy, my grandpa" Lucrezia was a proud grand daughter. Shockhole was a cultural town of the world for this particular year. Horny phoned Asa. "This is really bad for your book" Asa said, at last "you had fall from the staircase all by yourself" Asa looked at Horny "I saw it, you stepped backwards into the air, you fall the whole way down - backwards, you wanted to follow Hardy when police took him. You could have been dead. I can't believe you are still standing..." Asa seemed amazed but definitely fed up, having Horny as a friend. Horny showed once more, what she was good for. H&H smashed Asa's New Year party and did not apologize.

"I never seen you drunk before, I can't even speak about it anymore, I did it, during past ten days, Hardy has tear off, all the names from all the doors, in the staircase, I only wonder - when & how?"

Cici Pashberg pretended she did not see Horny coming in, she left, passing her own folder to some influential man visiting Tuija Lindstrom's show. Tuija was the boss and she had this incredible shock photo show, simultaneously at two galleries in town - Shockhole. The shock of it laid in a complete lack of it. Lindstrom did not need to show off herself, she did not need to show off at all, only after much later when she flaunt herself and especially her young lover using the regular size photographs at the walls of the decent Art. Hall in Gothole she was cast out, but the society disaster came later, now she did not need, did not choose to flatter anyone. She showed black & white landscape prints; harbors. Tuija was fat. She was perfectly arrogant, she did not need to flatter anyone with her looks. She never went to gym or

diets. She did not need an attention. She had the attitude. She had the attention and she gave Horny a kiss. "Look, who is here" she said laud, giving Horny a really warm hug. Parsberg who was a great photographer, the catcher eye, was really successfully busy or simply blinded out by the color light to miss Horny just like it - at the distance of no more than two to three meters, Horny was a flickering rainbow, enveloped in her fluorescent plastic outfit, thrown right in, in a small crowd of black dressed visitors who instantly reached for the cameras and took some color shots - Horny! Horny! Horny! In the subway all over the town, was the whole batch, kinky cultural performances, aged snow flakes dancing, a couple dancing, where the man was red and virile and woman was black dressed and extremely passive, almost a statue. Wow! What a wow! The wolfs! The vows...

"After all, I might be fucking lucky not to brake my neck" Horny pointed to herself, walking the promised high way. The high way was dark blue, very much dark blue, the sky over it was in her favorite - Parisian blue, marked with huge and pitch black, dominant huge electricity constrictions, the suburban Shockhole shimmered as the 1001 nights with lights, lamps and lives, the air was clear and extremely fresh, Horny walked the high way, Horny saw very far, Horny walked her free way, off. The free game... Her next coming free game...

"You had bitten him in the finger and he was bleeding. He accused you of defeat" policewoman said to Horny, at the end of the interrogation. Horny, dressed in her blue fluorescent pants, set on the chair-crossed legs and bears feet, she clasped her fingers over a small silver top, covering her breasts and partly her chest. "It is hardly possible. I don't bite even an apple or a sandwich or my boy friend when I kiss him. I have a crone tooth" Horny was logic and exhorted. For the first time in her life, she has been arrested and kept in the cell during six hours.

Horny got up early and left the house, she had couple of things to do down town and knew in advance she want be able to come back home in between, before the night gig. She was going to read at Fashing.

"I really can't answer your question, why we don't give you a scholarship. Might be you aren't that well recognized?" the chap suggested, he was thin, pale, greedy dressed, was one of the clerks of the Art Council.

"I left both of my children, live at my mother's kitchen in the suburbs, put 90% of my union support money into my art. What more do you want me to prove? I have nothing more to sacrifice. Where from comes this bad opinion about I?" Horny was referring her part of the sublime story spreading on his table countless amount of reviews, video cassettes, posters and books, alertly wondering WHAT was she talking about? Hearing her own voice pulling known her story.

"You are very productive" chap pointed agreeable "& I did not hear, you are having a bad opinion"

"Yes, I do. Only because I act nude in my films, but it was year's back I have heard about that, besides now it is clear to everyone, I'm not a slut. It is clear it's a concept. An art concept" Horny was staring into his face, abruptly deciding to pull off, packed

her stuff and left, leaving video cassettes at the particular institution for viewing for the first ever time. The first and the last time she has had got some money from them was seven years earlier, 3500USD; it reached her in Brazil, was a pure miracle, she was there with Lucr, Ex and Erland and they were totally broke already at the semi part of the planed time. The ground, the gutter of Rio was pretty surreal at their arrive. It was all strewed with money paper bills, in several colors, several proud portraits and several currencies amounts, all useless, devaluated, pretty cash of the past. Of course they have picked it up at first, making a classy, new comer mistake. During four months in Brazil Horny didn't do art. She wrote 12 chapter's book, with one single sentence each. Returned, 10 years younger, loaded herself with the sun-light-energy - the deposition, and the power of the moment - no mingling with past, not using the intellect at all, she returned Brazilian, looked Brazilian, walked Brazilian, thought Brazilian. She did not pass the required rapport to the art council. Brazilians they said, we are all far too European, far too neurotic, far too artistic, far too verbal and far too intellectual. She has learned, yet she had forgotten.

"No" Helen says, she is not as verbal, as when she saw Horny the first time. The shop Konstigt placed at the bottom of Culture House of Stockhole, bought Horny's complete collection of books and tapes before Christmas for over hundred bucks, but they had send it away to Gothole, where "Horny was really famous", Charlotte said and Charlotte promised to buy more books after the holidays. Horny was a bit curies if they simply did not hide the stuff, not to irritate the clients. But now Charlotte wasn't here and Helen said, "No, I had asked Charlotte but she did not say anything, she did not say - no, but she did not say - yes. It's a novel? Isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a prose"

"We don't carry the prose, you see"

Horny cashes her books instead of the cash. Horny goes to a fashion magazine trying clothes, she puts some cheap beautiful stuff "on hold". Actually she can afford it, it's really stupid she did not buy it, it would have been smashingly perfect, aseptically for New York - attending the art opening; it's a long black Cardigan with a blue fools-fur collar, with a big décolletage and a row of the small buttons all the way down to her knees - looks perfect with her Phantom pants and great to her figure. She tries on, a flashy expensive male cut aluminum colored suit with a macro-mini skirt in tiny red stripes, it looks bad. She goes to the bank sanding Lucrezius, January's allowance and to another bank to pay her old New York's debt on Viv's credit card, an add in NY's Press. Last week she passed another 120US dollars to the printer for her books and Conny was going to bring 20 books of each tittle, but she did not phone in time, so no books. Club Fashing. Horny arrives at the club with her bags filled with PR stuff and four single books to sell. Conny and few other musicians are already there. It was Conny's idea to make her to read. She is going to read alone for four minutes between the jazz band sets. Kirk Lightsay arrives from Paris by plain; he lives in Paris, he is New Yorker, he looks at Horny as he did not sea ever a girl that pretty.

"This is Horny, she is going to read poetry" Conny introduces her to Kirk.

"It's not a poetry, it's a prose" Horny says.

"What's the difference?" asks her Kirk, his head is shaved bold and has palpable Kojac' features, he is softly Black. He is Black but he is White, as Lucrezius would have said it when he was a child. Kirk is a piano player and a star in the band.

"Prose is like that" Horny rises up her pointing finger, drawing with it a horizontal line to the left.

"And poetry is like that" she rises up two, a little bit spread fingers of her right hand and pulls them fast down through the air. Conny fixes a dinner and beers for himself, music is his life, he is constantly hungry, he never has any food at his home, he is a club eater, that's why he is such an excellent drummer. He is old and smart. Horny is going to meet Hardy at the restaurant Kirk follows her.

"So let me hear your poetry" Kirk turns back, walks towards the bathroom, they are at his hotel room, and he can't believe he tricked this girl to actually come here, Kirk wants to happy-shout, but he repeats coolly without turning back "Your poetry"

"No" Horny says "Hardy is already waiting and we are going to go" Kirk remains with his back to her, vales down to a phone, dials a number. "OK. Elisabeth, great, fetch me here, I'm waiting"

Horny catches the cab, realizing that the whore sitting inside her car outside of the hotel, stares at her heavily, fearing the competition or competence? H&H and Mats and Tom drink beers, Horny's reading is not off.

"I'm very sorry" Conny says, "you might not use genital words, here. We are getting paid 2000US dollars. They won't pay us if you read your stuff. Among the public it's full of the business men" Ulrika sings "Lover Man" twinkling with her eyes to Kirk, she makes good sounds of a good fuck but she does not use the genitals names. Horny is trying to sell her books and it drives her exactly bananas.

"No" Pawel Lucki says, and he is a Pole, who is a sound technician at the club, who was in love to her 1000 years before, she can't believe it and they plaid together in the send box as kids.

"No, I don't have the money, I have a small child and I haven't read the book since seven years"

"How much?" Kirk asks.

"Ten bucks" Horny answers.

"Elisabeth decides"

Horny gives Elisabeth a smile, Elisabeth says nothing, she is wearing a turquoise suit with a skirt covering her thick round knees, she says nothing.

"No" Kirk says "I travel light and actually don't read books"

"O, you have written a book?" an old, short, fat photographer who flirted Horny before, flatters her now "how much does it coast?"

"Ten bucks"

"Oh, such a small prints, I can't read such a small print"

Horny knows he tells the truth, she can't either. Fuck! H&H leave. Fuck! Hardy has banged his fist into a porn car, exactly into the PR slogan featuring & promoting a nude girl. A short Asian jumped out of the latest car, from the car in front, one more guy, also Asian. The second guy who became the first guy with huge muscles, with

the first punch threw off Hardy's eye glasses with the second threw Hardy to the ground, both men kicked against Hardy's head, chest, back and belly - as he turned, as long he turned, after both Asians remained aiming at his head, as he stopped to turn.

"Fucking Muslim!" Horny was mad of wrath and rage, screamed into the muscles chap's face, no longer picking at Hardy's fucking alert ability to create the fucking clash. She clashed. Her victory was short. The chap dashed it with one single kick at her chest, Horny fell with her head against the gutter. Horny was shouting at the police, Horny was swinging her little pink shining hand bag in a police woman face, shrieking "You must be out of your fucking mind!"

The other police team cuffed Hardy, Horny saw that, sort of through her wet eye lashes and jumped at the short woman in police uniform, swinging her pink handbag into the woman's face. With the next move the police threw Horny against the wall of the house, female police and her male partner, having a conversation regarding Horny but now directing the speech to her.

"You are under arrest! You are accused for the act of brutality and you are drunk!" Horny tried to turn back. With the next move Horny landed on her face, hitting it painfully into the sidewalk, the slush. Regardless how much Horny screamed "Hardy did not do anything! I did not do anything! I'm not drunk" shouted or explained she was thrown one more time against the car, the whole damn incident was taking the place outside the damn hotel, Kirk & Conny staid at.

"Are you caring the gun? You are under arrest!"

"Bet, I'm carrying a gun, bitch!"

Horny was not smart, she was heat, rudely checked and thrown against her vivid will inside the car.

"We are warning you, if you don't take off your clothes by yourself we are going to do it!" Three fucking police bitches witches gloved in plastic pulled off the shouting Horny, a shimmering pink jacket unzipping it, a plastic glittering mildly pink jacket unzipping it, a silver blouse unzipping it - Horny shut her eyes, they hold her hands all the time the way she could not move at all - they unzipped a red bra and a blue bra, Goa colorful bracelet, pulled a Goa turquoise ring, Green emerald ring and Horny's "engagement" ring with a silver bird on, they pulled her boots off. Hardy only had one ring to deposit, the Mexican - Horny's love token, with a big honey brown stone, his engagement ring had cracked a while ago, the Turkish from Zbig, he lost at the New Year night and the Polish amber left in Stas's wives bed. Horny quoted at the bitches pulling off her socks "You don't want me to hung myself? How nice of you girls!"

The short policewoman, the same one who had arrested her unzipped her fluorescent blue pants pulling it down, pretending she believed, Horny was wearing pantyhose, reviling her buttocks cracked by dark blue strings.

"You fucking little pervert" Horny wheezed into her face, showing slices of her pretty white hams to a male group uniformed police watching them, sending kisses through the air. Horny was holding her trousers up, with force. The tallest of the three women, pulled Horny's red pony tails rubbers off, making her almost cry,

making her feel slush, cheap and reduced, as she would have pull out her dripping veins mingling painfully with her entire hurt integrity. At last shouting & protesting Horny was thrown into the cell. The winter returned.

"Leave me alone!!!"

Hardy recognized his sweet Horny angry pitch - Dour.

"If you were a man, you could have pissed into the hole in the wall, if you were on your knees. The woman would have to be strongly exhibitionistic to piss in such a position right in front of the cell's door, or completely sexually aroused to hit this bloody hole, with a looking glass above it, the lower part of the door was visibly black kicked all around and the upper part visibly scratched on the right side - they obviously did not have many left handed prisoners. This cell was the one, you could look into but you were unable to look out, was perfectly designed to humiliate every one who got caught, the stone floor was dirty, in a labile pattern which made your head go round, the walls were scratched. The bed was actually the long hard table. Sophisticated sound system made you unable to percept any sound, you might produce without a pain sensation, it was multiplied loud and connected to each other, you heard yourself and you heard anyone else in all the cells who would pip and they piped, they sounded like fucking baboons"

After five and a half-hour Horny started whistling. A slight echo effect in the tubes made it sound as she did not take the breath at all. Horny stopped taking a breath, she was whistling like a train, like a hooter, like a boat coming in through a thick fog and others started shouting, yelling and screaming, the whole wild flock of baboons. Hardy suspected it was Horny who was whistling with the flock.

H&H had to be going to Poland again, the continuing tenant cheated them, the phone bill was not paid and the guy himself disappeared, did not come back from Turkey - Istanbul; it was very probable, they needed to rebook Thailand tickets. They were looking forward to have sex. Sex on the boat, sex on the train, sex at home. They missed Warsaw. They loved Warsaw. Hardy had difficulties getting his money arrangement functioning, since over five years H&H succeeded to ball the government money, they established some kind of the miracle but this certain miracle was coming to it's end. Horny had a headache and severe pain in her left hip from the last time the Arabic guy dumped her into the street. She felt sick and was speculating eventual possibility of getting poisoned by his blood; if she has bitten him. All she was certain about was, she did not remember anything between hitting her head into the street, due to his kick and the pass with a police with her in the main role. It was very probable, she had bitten him. Lucrezia had again no where to live. Lucrezian was going to be seventeen within two weeks and he was going to go skiing, actually snow boarding which was Horny's gift. Horny worked on Lucr's and Ex's solidarity suggesting them to give Lucr-girl and her babes a home for a couple of weeks. Lucrezia could not leave the town, her work was apparently the right thing to do. Lucrezian was that possessive and that jealous about his Sweet Heart, that he understood they won't be able to travel to a cozy hot sea tropic paradise spot, where he would possibly explode tormented by his lusts, shrills and needs, still he hoped they

might be visiting much cooler dressed Prague. He hoped to behold his Darling, for the rest of his life. They were not going skiing together, as planned; the girl was going to London on her own.

"Why Prague? Why don't you go to Warsaw?" Horny asked. Horny applied again for the money for her movie to a new producer at The Film Institute. Nastassia's dad got European Silver Price for his latest movie script and went to France to receive it. Jasha was going back to Germany to play with his band. Horny phoned and checked the times of the boat departures for Poland. The family move was an endless constant timetable. Horny had a feeling - Taddy was alive, he was constantly around. Few times every week, approximately three times within every single two days, Horny had this horribly sticking feeling about Lucr, her son. Since she had left Lucr, Horny missed him so much, she did not know what to do, and it was nothing to do about it as it all laid like in the past, she missed the time with him which was irreversibly gone, five long years. "What was this strange nature of time, made off and what was it doing to her life?"

Jack Bochenski sent his New Year greetings to Horny and Viv, mentioning - Zygmunt, her uncle gave a great lecture at the Warsaw's Writers House. Horny had no money to cut her hair and Hardy did not have the shoes. Winter was definitely back. Horny saw Nun Goldie exhibition once more, realizing that - these people did not mean to her anything, they did not mean shit to her, the faggots, the run down creatures, the sluts, the women in the bars, the men in the bars, the clouds and the Vulcan's, these visions captured by someone else then herself did not mean shit to her. That definitely meant that her world, her vision, did not mean shit to anyone, did not mean shit to you, this was a sad simple cynical conclusion but it was a conclusion.

Hardy touched Horny, she did not react. He touched her wig, as he called the pubic hair, slide his fingers in. Horny laid pressed against the bed, nude. On her right, was the batch of kids playing in the snow, on her left Viviane walking the corridor up and down. It was impossible he could have plague her out into his world. He pushed few fingers in, much deeper, Horny shivered. The sun was rarely strong this morning; Viviane was awake since long time and had a lust to chat. Hardy fed up with the late sexual abstinence worked on his flame, he barely cared that kids could see them or Viv was going to open the door any moment, he pushed his hand deeper into her kissing her hip, Horny was stiff as a plank. Horny shivered, stretched all her fingers of both palms, thrown upon the pillow, as Hardy proceed licking her dirty sleepy, smelly pussy, picking out single hair out of his mouth. Hardy pushed her off. He got up from the bed and got dressed. Horny was too much, she blamed it on Viv. The truth was that Viv heard everything, every single sound of that dirty simpatico nature and she did not like that, she did not approve sex. There was a great deal of repulsion in there. Unfortunately. Viviane's world was crystal clear. Horny in the shower decided to give up the culminating scene: Hardy taking this nude shots he asked for, stopping her from shaving her cunt - and Hardy spreading her carefully, decisively and dominant, shaving it all clean. Horny waited two months, now she had an alternative, she could call him and ask him to do it. Horny took the razor and did the job

herself. Vagina lips showed up, slick and pink. Horny sprigged drops of the perfume on her marvel clit and softly came. No, perfume was yesterday. Now, she wondered if they could hear that she have plaid herself up with the shower beam? She could hear it, the obvious rhythm, she made it hot. When it hit on and of, the frequency quickening, shortening, pitching high! She took some of Viv's, hidden in a little shrunk and enveloped into a two plastic bags, Tiger Balm liquid, sprinkled from above at sticking out clitoris, parting the very up of her cunt, geyser came! Horny set down at the bottom of the bathtub and hid her face in her palms. She must have felt guilt. She heard Viviane at the door and she hurried up.

"Common, lets have some sex"

Horny mastered Viviane out, giving her money to buy the food, there was no bread and no milk. Viv took the dog with her the shop was very near. H&H did the very quick pas. Hardy came, Horny squeezed her lips and her vagina, she would need an extra push or two, but she gave up. They were both happy. Viviane came home, happy showing off bread, milk and butter, she has bought. The dog was happy, he has pissed.

The sky was fucking open upon her, Horny was horny and they both lay dressed on the bed, reading books. Viviane came in, unplugged the telephone and went to her room to make a phone call. The occasion was rare and Hardy placed Horny's palm across his crotch. This time she napped. She stuck her fingers inside his trousers, holding the other hand on the outside in the ultimate grip. She licked her fingers, wetting the top of his growing shaft it was pink, swell, hot and sweet. Now it was sticking out of his zipped pants. Hardy was big. Big and beautiful, the girl started to lick. Horny was sucking on his dick already for a while now she was sucking like a baby, having access only to the upper part. She was fucking hot! She was not going to stop before she was going to stop, before it was over. She heard Viviane talk. She held the other hand clasped under his balls, mingling them softly up, towards her face. Her eyes were shut she was sucking like a baby, milk. Hardy breathed toughly, deep and with pleasure, he came into her mouth, all inside, she still did not stop, pulling out the very last drops of his semen. The trance... Horny slowly parted with his cock, still sliding it along her round softly squired mouth, she pulled it out, she looked into his eyes, flickering, she swallowed. Horny was so fucking excited and so fucking much in love to her Hardy fixed in his tight embrace. The kids went higher up the mountain outside and peered in a bit? They were booing. Viviane came inside the kitchen pointing at the kids. Hardy slept already for a while. Horny saw him right in front of herself, lying in bed, behind the table and right under the window, the view outside was a marvelous winter view, a powerful snowstorm the most powerful snowstorm. Horny was writing, she thought about sex, or whatever she thought, she could not picture it, but she wanted it very much. She could not wake him anyway. Viviane was in the room, watching Tele, or watching the snow behind her window and the TV in front of the balcony door. Horny got an idea. She let the computer unattended, she snacked to the wardrobe at Viviane's back, Viviane was sitting erected in her chair, Horny picked up the dildo from the back pocket in the camera bag, slid into the pocket of her coat, covering the sticking up part with her left hand,

snacked back without looking into Viv's direction as it could have protect her from her mom's eye. She snacked into the bathroom, closing the door well. She washed the dildo carefully, with water and soap, she would hate to get a dirt into her, she found a condom, she put it on she loved all these u n a v o i d a b l e preparations. The material was soft, smeared with a glide cream, she pushed it into herself, into her womb, switching on the batteries, keeping it on the slow speed exclusively for the sake of the low sound; she did not want to be heard. Viviane moved the door clasp up and down, she had the constant habit, the need of knowing who was were and doing what, Horny kept her breath back crouching on the bathroom floor, Viviane gave up, Horny didn't, squeezed her womb lips extra strong to keep the sound intact, inside. After few moves a bit up, a bit down and to the sides, she was determinant to check her point G. She picked up the dildo stopping it, a beat bloody, pulled the condom off, twisted it in and out pulling it back on, Horny on her knees and shifted forth, pushed the dildo into her anus and deep in and switched it on. Moving swiftly her right hand hooked at the end of the instrument, in and out, slashed softly her left open palm over the pussy shaved swelled lips, she came powerful deep inside her bowls with her tongue hanging out like on the running dog. Horny was a freak, a very thirsty animal. Horny was looking around the room, running her eyes round it, wondering what she was going to do of her gear, it could not been found, it was the safest to take it with. She put the coat on. She rolled of the condom, rolling it into the toilet paper, squeezed it and placed in the pocket of her coat, dildo as well. She snacked out, sneaked into the kitchen, threw the condom into the trash extra deep, set down on her chair in front of the running computer, looked around hesitating, slid the dildo into the box with her new books under the table, squeezed her loins, thighs and knees tight, started writing again...

Four years before H&H met Freddie's cat has bitten Horny. It was a very angry cat and Horny - warned, stubbornly tried her luck, patting the animal. Freddie was a rock star, he had a great voice and quite a few cats, for sure a dozen. The particular cat died. Horny got ill, had a terrible pain in her neck and was prescribed very strong painkillers. Horny was wearing stiletto bright red pumps, was very much Mike's mistress, Freddie and Mike were best friends, what made her hang out there, she made the name for her band, particular night, leaving his house - Miss Mess, it rung a m i k e ' s m i s t r e s s. Freddy put the dead cat into a freezer.

Horny was sexually arouse the whole day through, she had plans for the night, rarely plans and clear tasks; she was going to fuck Hardy, she was going to kneel against his lips with her labia lips. Vow! Viviane was awake almost the whole night, at least, as long Hardy was awake, as long Horny was awake, the following morning Horny was indifferent again. Immune to life's beauty. Viviane was making dishes in the kitchen. Perhaps all this, wasn't such a good idea? Horny got a flue and refused Hardy, a nude photographing.

Hardy had said "you are bad to your mom, like a teenager, you are not a teenager, Horny, that's not why you live with her, you live here, because you have nowhere to live, you are a fucking zero, you have nowhere to live"

The last night Hardy stuck his red big powerful tongue into Horny's mouth in the sleep, waking her up for the instant of a pearling pleasure. She enjoyed his tongue beefy red, vermilion and steaming, dashing back to sleep.

"Yeah! This is pretty embarrassing, you should not have been reading it, actually. Repeat after me: I definitely, should not have been reading such an odious, degenerated, excremental, useless, unimportant, detailed, tale"

Yesterday the Tiger year had started. Horny is the Tiger. They had already celebrated it in Hong Kong. The day before yesterday Taurus year had finished. Hardy is the Taurus. The snowstorm has started for good & bad. The storm had started. Lucr and Lucr are both, the Roosters. Taddy was the Tiger. Viviane, Lucrezius, Victoria, Andreas and Peo are Aquaries, who knows who she - Viv, is in China? Lucrezia and Jasha, and 1-st Ex, Lucrezia's father, Geminis. Taddy, Hardy, Francis, Steven, Wanda and Eva - the Taurus clan. Hardy is three times, Taurus - as it was as well his ascendant. Nasstasia, Dora, Nero and Tom, are Aries. Bebe and Freddie are Lions. Mike is Libra. Nick is Virgo. Cardy, Stella and Conny are Scorpio. Second Ex, Blix, Bowie and Stephen Rife and Presley and Adalbert, Taddy's little brother's son and his newborn daughter, are Capricorn. Mark and Earland are Sagittarius. Jan Horny's grand dad was Sagittarius. Who is Anthony and why wasn't Duchamp a woman?

"I don't understand where are the last four years gone?" Lucrezius asked his mom, Horny on the phone. Actually he asked the same thing - almost, already before. He was going to be three years old and he said "you told me, it was three weeks left until my birthday, and now you say, it is ONE?" the boy's eyes were huge foggy and shimmering, not really questioning the credibility of his mom, but sensing some mystery, in there. The mystery of time. The misery of the passing time.

It was painful to be a parachute, a balloon, a big insect surfing, gliding upon the earth. A ping pong ball, without even a smallest influence on once own deeds and doings. Totally passive against odds and fates.

Horny had no shadow, as a vampire has no mirror reflection. Everything else, every single event of the past threw charcoal shadows in the dust-speckled light. Horny was constantly on the glide. Hardy was pretty again - she could see it and he was catching the flue. He did not catch the flue. Lucrezia moved into Ex's and Lucr-boy. Lucr-boy decided - he is going to enroll into a military, he is going to be a war-pilot and a bodyguard. His girl friend dumped him and he has to be someone else, very much, someone powerful. Someone needed. Lucr-boy needs devotion. Hardy gave Horny a real minette - a successful French Kiss. Vow! He fixed her pretty swell-swift! Vow! Horny got a negative answer for her application to Film Institute in Shockhole, with the record speed - one weck. Mike Santiago phoned from New York, was totally exalted, taken by her voice.

"I have a flue, so it's not my real voice but I still want to do the avid video courses in New York, so send me some applications, I may be can arrange the sponsoring" she said and he said, he was a film maker too and never met someone, "as open" he said, like Horny-girl, he read on the clips, and he was going to check her work - right off - in the NY stores, he was going to visit Kim's Video in East Village and Tower Books & Records store, down town. Fine. At the moment Horny is trying to sell her video collections down here in Shockhole. Horny doesn't like "the open" expression very much. Horny is actually very closed, but what does he know? Hardy will not receive the sponsoring money any longer - it fucked. Hardy has got into a photo school in NY - La Guardia.

"Ah, Horny fucked slut! Don't talk to strangers!" Hardy was walking through the snow pulling Lou-Lou, the orange dog with him. Horny "gave" her name to a wearing a Bahaman Yellow plastic rain outfit, Black guy called Force, turning him down for the second time, laughed at his tiger sexy, yellow teeth, hanging quite a bit over his lip. H&H drunk beer and had sex; Viviane washed. They were going to go to either Poland either Thailand, soon. B&B artists exhibited in Shockhole Bjorn Borg's shop, the Underwear Palace's display windows, a underwear containing excrements, each signed with the name of all the male convicts executed lately in US, plus their last menu. The first, since a very long time, woman Karla Faye Tucker, after spending fourteen years at the death row, was executed in The Hundsville prison, Texas. Clinton had or not had a sex with M. Levinsky. US might bomb Baghdad again, or is it UN? A letter here, a letter there... A German chap of fifty-four might get stoned to death for a kiss in Teheran. Not that all these news would have had the references to Horny and her clan, but they do indicate - there is a world around, the world of the particular nature. The wrath easily conquers the sanity. Horny is on her glide.

Viviane got a lexicon - her favorite book and a watch, for her seventy-second birthday from H&H & L&L (in absence).

"Since, I had passed seventieth, my birthday scares, a hell out of me, I don't even like to be remained of it"

She loved the presents - she, since a while - could not afford.

"Look, how much they had written about Zygmunt and how little about Taddy, and there is no photo of Taddy, either" Viviane pointed to Horny, who was slightly prepared.

"Zygmunt is still alive, dad was dead for almost twenty years"

"Yes, they only give Zygmunt's birth year, so apparently he might be still alive, unless it is an old lexicon"

"Excuse me! What do you talk about? I had met Zygmunt in October! And I did tell you about it!"

"I thought, you might been wrong, you might met someone else"

"I don't want to talk to you more today!" Horny was shouting at helplessly innocent Vive. Her mom, definitely got a spell. But the fact was, it has been written - about Zygmunt, four times as much, then about Taddy, the only husband she ever had. The

real hero, she did love. Taddy's price was going down. Christ, there was something palpably wrong with the new Polish regime. It was too fast and totally faked.

The Oasis was considering to quit, only because The Spice Girls grown over their popularity in the US. Horny would love to be called Honey or Jolly again, but she felt too much anger. Constantly.

1996. Bombay. A woman in her early middle age, dressed in khaki trousers, completely relaxed and content, with her hands stuck into the pockets, whistling, with her eyes closed, laying across the trespassing, lead of thousands of travelers on their way to and from. H&H taking a train to Varanasi, the holly, sacred town, where it's best to die, the river Ganges guaranty, a heaven.

1997. Hauston street, New York, subway. Hardy and Horny running and deled, delayed passing instantly fast around an inside corner at which a shabby, dirty Black Joe displayed all the articles for sell - old books, a few VHS cassettes and a pare of old shoes. Sound and smell of the pouring rain. The night.

1970. Piotr Tomaszewski. carries a year old Lucrezia on his shoulders, she pisses and the urine runs along his back, dressed in a clear blue shirt. The blue turns Parisian Blue, then Ultramarine, then Black.

1996.H&H arrives at Jarlpur. Horny has her needs. She has to use the bathroom. The rest rooms are at the rather big area in the right corner of the station building literally filled with shit, with excrements of different size, color and consistence, all of it extremely stingy. An abominable stunk, Horny backs out. A cultural clash! She is trying to state the argument at the principal's desk "I have to use the toilet! You are the civilized nation! This is a train station! I must use the bathroom in the morning! She is shouting. They are on the way to Pushkar, sacred town in the desert.

1998. Nasty's dad got Bergman's price for his latest script, at the film feast in Shockhole, Birro's language was an intelligent true gutter tells, simply excellent. He underlined Lars Noren in his speech. Zygmunt, Taddy's brother got the price for his latest book in Warsaw, Zygmunt's language was extremely cultivated, excellent, brave still conservative, Horny couldn't miss, in the interview, he formulated very similar to Taddy, Zygmunt had become the intellectual number one, in the rude country of Poland, he underlined Sofokles, Aristotle, Homer, Marks and Freud. Zigismund. H&H were tipping round, their time was coming... Horny made Hardy do her vagina and her anus on the boat. One has to take the boat, to get from one place to another. H&H play a dollhouse.

"Horny, I started cleaning the house, I had started with the bathroom. I have found something, among your skirts and dresses, I had found something alarming" Viviane was referring on the phone "I have no slightest idea what could that been. It looks like a torch, is in a size of a hand, it's slim, looks like a torch at the bottom, but the top is very suspects, looks somehow like a bomb, I had opened it, it had a battery inside, but in the place of the bulb, it had a sharp, dangerous looking top, in metal. I turned it and I got really scared, it all jumped and shook in my hand. The vibrations

resembled of the massage, I received when my spine was deceased. Do you remember having anything like it, in the house?" Viviane asked.

"Yeah. Yes, I do" Horny was short, playfully embarrassed; she had have forgotten her dildo. Viviane, as well, came over Horny's hospital legend from 1993, Hardy had have bitten shit out of he, braking the bone under her right eye. Vow.

Be-be rinsed Horny's account. She had axes to it, she supposed to pay TV and washing machine, monthly.

"In twenty years she was taking Taddy's royalties, forging my sign! And now she is doing it again, she has taken out every single dime! She was always extremely interested in spending, she never worked; she sold Taddy's poetry wherever she could. It's her fault, his name is dirty now! When she wearied a fur coat, Viviane had no socks! I feel so fucking hurt of her doing, what does she imagine I won't go to the bank and check? Does she think I am totally stupid?" Of course Viviane could have wore her socks, it was Ok, with the fur coat, Horny was shouting. Hardy was finishing his dinner, a beef file with paprika and rice. He would not take her side "Cool off Horny, Be-be is a lady, she is not cheating you, she simply takes out the money and uses. Don't insult her for a couple of hundreds" He had decided to stay over the family trivialities, and exclusively use his sober mind. Horny's rude and vulgar replay made him clean his lips pick out the wolf, pick a fifty zloty bill out, lay it on the table and leave. Horny stared into a gray rain behind the window. They again were trying to collect the debt from the tenant and pay the bills. Hardy was cleaning the house, everything was dirty; the tenant left his used condoms in the corner of the sleeping room glued to the floor, the electricity was shut and everything smelled rotten. Wanda was very weak and they were going to visit her. Horny had no lust to see Be-be, but Be-be was coming over to borrow 20-zl. Horny talked with Zygmunt on the phone and he said, "this other family tried to take our heritage. This is sad but it's a truth" He meant his deceased father's brothers, relatives, they decided to meet the following week; it seemed as everybody's road run over the dime, a great amount of it. It was sad but it was the truth. Adalbert, the son of Taddy's youngest and deceased brother, got a baby, a little girl. H&H visited a new go-go club, it was bad, the go-goes set around staring at Horny's pony tails - the only hit of the night. They were OK, only the teenage chicks, all around this town, could not take her look. Actually, since H&H arrived in Warsaw, they have quarreled very much, most of it about emancipation, Horny was extremely aggressive. Aggressive and breaking down, all was farther and farther away and she had no lust for sex. Taddy was farther and farther away, as well as poetry, or any of intellectual spices, were.

Clinton had a speech in Washington at the background of a paper mashie of a Berlin Wall, regarding Poland, Hungary and Czech, NATO entry. The theatre of the politic turned grotesque. Polish capitalism sucked. Why Horny took so much care of her Warsaw's apartment was only partly of emotional value; the bigger half of it was a pure economy, for the first and the last time, Horny had a chance to make huge sum of US dollars, if she would buy it - sell it. Polish capitalism was new and complicated, it was hardly an easy transaction - Horny's affaire - and the out come of it

uncertain. There was always a third hand. "Your Big Brother is watching you!" was still the ultimate. Of course the brother changed the passport, now he or she was a true Pole. Ambassador's wife moved out, his mother lived there instead, taking care of his skinny tall teenage daughter. She called him, Rafal - a cool name. Ambassador drunk more now, was extremely tensed, had jacked nose in the middle of the bone, the tension in his face was maximal, his teeth seemed to be wired together, shrieking eyes, he pissed into his pants, which clearly showed along left leg of his jeans, his Shaffer dog got older, he has been beating his mother daily. Horny standing nude, behind the door was prepared to interfere if needed. The struggling, yelling and screaming pulling two did not appear in the viewer. Bebe arrived and Horny capitulated. Bebe arrived in a blue fox, heavy and long, fur coat. Dark blue in thin white stripes lady man suit and dark blue in small white dots scarf, cutely ribbons. She had white powdered face, long hard carmine nails and smoked pink cigarettes. Horny landed her 50zl.

"The first night in Rome, we staid at the brothel, young fresh soldiers set along the corridor and we felt too much repulsion for the bed and did not even lay down. The next night we spent at Bachelor Maltanski. This whole trip was our best travel, the only misfortune was, Taddy spilt his breakfast on the plane" Bebe was the lady. Babe referred to Friday, thirteen. The very day was also Friday thirteen and Horny kept her fingers crossed for Lucr-Boy and his snowboard. It worked. H&H had sex. The Serbia guy, the pal of the last tenant after whom remained not only the used condoms and rotten food in the fridge, but also a cellular phone, a car keys, an electronic note book and two par of shoes - paid all the bills he supposed to pay, his appearance was the first time a small gangster with a heart, the second time only a small gangster. He still owed H&H 500 bucks for the missing February rent, which they were probably not receiving. H&H seen Titanic - the movie, it was a kitsch - for Horny's sophisticated taste. She liked the sex scene, although with a faked sweat. She loved all that sweat, of course the girl remained her of herself.

"The ridiculous naive definition of the rich and poor, only Americans can do"

The ticket for this particular movie cost twice as much as any other. The production coasts were enormous. The cinema room was full packed there was palpable lack of air and old wooden chair's cracking unable Hardy to hear what the actors said. Horny's sexual passion was back and gone again. Horny masturbated in the shower, after the orgasm she thought she was going to die. A hell of uncomforted. The day after she had repeated it anyway. Horny saw Damian, the son of Cecilia's brother on TV, acting in the seventeenth century play. Damian got fat but this was actually enormous, even if Viviane had said recently that Cici and Didi looked like twins, Damian looked very much like Adalbert - Cici's grand son. Adalbert got married and H&H went to visit, Horny was shit-scared, she was going to be very jelly about his new born baby and it was going to show; it did not, Horny hardly felt anything. A baby girl looked like a hobbit and had really long hair, as for a baby. Adalbert cooked like a woman and what made Horny excited, was the fact, that his first daughter Zofia looked like Fran - Lucrezias's son. Zofia was Fran's aunt, although they were the same age. Zofia was very beautiful, perfectly formed, long legged,

slim girl with the butt long thick black hair, Zofia liked her aunt Horny a lot. Horny had to remain to herself, although with a surprise, she was Fran's grand mom and Adalbert's cousin. She had always had this problem, a slight problem, remembering it, the second when these facts were swiping away. Adalbert was a singer in the band called Chocolate Spoon, he gave Horny his first CD, he did not have the second one. Hardy liked the music and he liked Adalbert. Horny gave one of her books to Adalbert, too greedy to give away both. He pressed his lips at Horny's l i p s at good-bye. Warsaw was dumped in rain. Wanda, Horny's aunt was eighty-three years old, below 30 kilograms, extremely weak and very alert, very lovely. She ate very little, drunken beer and Campari and smoked cigarettes, she still took care of all her businesses, but did not willingly leave the house. She also pulled lovely stories from the past, leaning back in her couch. She had huge eyes and huge ears in mouse's face. Life was trickery. Wanda became a middle hand in Horny's application for the New York school, she supposed to pass the fax, she thought Horny should not go, she should sit down and do a good thinking about her own life, about her life. In Wanda's opinion Horny did not take enough care, of her mom, her children, her country, her apartment, her moral, her sanity, her health, her clothes, her Hardy and herself; Horny was going somewhere all the time. Horny explained to her, shouting into the phone, that it was her life and she was doing a good thing, the r i g h t t h i n g, she explained in a calmer manner, it took only eight hours to fly, there from here, was not irreversible, was chip and cheap and easy done, ass well. Lucrezius turned seventeen, returned from the Norwegian Mountains and had a cup of tea with Lucr-girl, at his house. Both of them phoned Horny, the mom. Nasty and Fran slept. Hardy slept, only Horny was sitting up, staring into the screen and the keyboard, wondering what was she waiting for? Was she going to spend her whole life in the dollhouse? Was she never going to do it for real? And what, in that case?

Horny lived with Ex, twelve years old Lucrezia and one year old Lucr. They had thrown a great party at the theatre. Horny was fucking drunk and fucking angry, fucking miserable. She was in the restroom, both of the toilets were occupied and the doors were locked; at her back she had a door to the ballroom. Horny stood in front of the huge mirror, she was very pretty this night, her hair were waist long and curly, colored golden red, big almond eyes, long eyelashes, round lips, small feet in high heels, slim calves, short black dress, white small hands. Horny looked straight into her eyes, feeling, the aggression, the power was going to destroy her, blow her up, Horny kicked, she kicked at the huge mirror, the image of herself, the image of Horny folded extremely slow, broke apart, exploded into several pieces, with each living own life, swaying, flying pendulum, standing, still, stopping still, came down to the floor, with all the silver and without a sound; the apocalypse was complete.

"Why did you leave me?" asked her Ex "what does he do, what I didn't?"

"He carries me in his arms into the bars" his ex wife told him about Hardy. Ex was pretty puffed. Horny seemed to have a sense of humor after all. On the contrary,

Horny was not joking, she was dreadfully deadfall serious and he tried to say he could do the same.

"No! No! NOOOOO! I'm not going to go and watch more nude women with you! You treat me like shit!" Horny was shouting into Hardy's face. It was hardly any reason. The blitz silver moon was left outside, they were back home, Hardy gave up the escapade first and Horny followed slowly after. "If you hold your paw in my pant's all would had been fine but you didn't. The first time in Key West" Horny brought back four years old story "you fall in love to one tiny striper because she talked to you! You wrote about it to Tom, you certainly did not write "Horny stood next to me, my great Horny looked fabulous..." You fall in love to the second much fatter striper and set around in the corners glued with your eyes to the nude's bombastic tits, and you disappeared with the slut and you beaten me at the return! The last time, in Warsaw you pour a beer over me, right there in the show room! I used to love these places but you had spoiled it all for me! You are a fucking amateur!"

Horny was wrong, he did not poured the beer over her but over the guy she talked to, the guy entertaining her. Now Hardy got up from the bed, hit her at the top of the head with both palms, poured an orange juice over her and swung her out of the bedroom. Horny had to understand; she has made the scene. Their sex, the day before was at last, enormous. Was 200 percent passion, with no compromise, the cunt was the cunt, the rectum was the rectum, the penis was the penis, the hand was the hand, the breath was the breath. Horny screamed all the time, they both screamed when they came. Horny was fucking flown to the moon. She saw herself from above, three brown beer bottles stuck into her wholes, she, masked and tied up with black thick stockings. Luckily it was not the truth event only a true vision. She was a tardy-vision. Luckily not clairvoyant. Horny was a mess. What did she need her horrors for? The morning after the sex event, she waked up, with the feeling of the shock "perhaps she will never have his baby, they are going to go, she counted the amount of the months on her fingers back and forth, if she did it when they came back from New York, it would have been already some weeks old, well she did not, she counted on her fingers again, this time forward, they'll go to Thailand, they'll go to New York, they'll go... Her last menstruation was pretty weak, it could have to do with the fact she has fell down from the stairs, she had problems with her spine, since, but it could had to do with her age. If she wanted to have a baby, she would need a doctor caring for her full time. It could have been quite difficult in NY, she was not going to be rich and he won't care, emotionally, financially; that she knew. Horny fell asleep, Hardy dreamt about vampires. Horny was going to go with Adalbert to the Court House, to help him to do legal proceedings regarding bequest, which she did recently herself, also with a delay of many years, actually she did not do it - when Taddy died, because she didn't know she ought to do that. Be-be gave her cash, after Taddy, which Horny took and spent parting with her pals, she will never know if Be-be was generous or not. Horny never understood it was her legal right and not the cool friendship between Be-be and her. Horny was tardy, however she was Taddy's chick. His only child. Be-be sold apartment, getting herself a small

place. Be-be sold furniture, Taddy's home was filled with antics, starting with ash-trays and wineglasses and forks and ending up with cupboards, coaches, dining room furnishing etc. Full of paintings, not all old, but all by the famous painters. It was all gone - sold - and the subject was a taboo, she would never ask Be-be about. Horny lost material things constantly, and she had hard to focus on the material value of her dad's stuff, but she was familiar with the thought...

Now, she was very sleepy and would wish to stay in bed, besides her Hardy to whom she felt love, admiration and attraction. Horny got fat, she had floppy teats and floppy belly and a bit too big bum and thighs. Hardy bought new jeans and bought Horny stockings, they bought a frying pan and a cooking pot and a new lock for the door. Horny was turned on her man again, Milo deliberately stopped drinking, but it did not stop his major problem, failing love affairs with young chicks and a constant lack of cash. He invited H&H for a dinner at the fancy place, Hardy missed it, Horny had a Greek salad, for once with an original Greek, who had a Super-fry-pan and an ecstasy. "It works on me like a mild coke" he said, Horny was wondering if he could drive the car in the rain, but he could, he borrowed 50zl from her and 150 from Hardy. Horny took Hardy to bed for sex seduced him. Horny had him in her womb and her anus; she had tears in her eyes, she was electrified, she was fulfilled but she was not sure if Hardy was. H&H had seen a movie, The Kamasutra in the cinema at the corner of their house, they missed first five minutes as it linked together with the sex scene at home, the temperature inside the cinema was only 14 Celsius. Which is pretty cold. The movie, even kitsch, was quite painful to watch regarding their latest argument, Horny was sad through the whole day of the same reason and now she was simply dashed, whoever she would have identify with, a whore, a wife, a king or the sculpture she would have loose, she was fucking desperate and fucking sad, and fucking - Christ, lonely. She had a lonesome 12 minutes moon glide the streets were incrustated with tears. She was so blurred by sorrow she almost turned transparent with the weather. It was mild sorrowful winter, H&H went to bed 11 PM and had sex. Horny understood she loved Hardy and she was far too restless to have a home, far too aimless to stay one place, longer then a week.

"For the first time in my life I feel safe," said Adalbert "in eight years I had fucked hookers, my ex wife was a slut, Jo-my true wife is an angel. We are both very happy. I'm thirty-six years, I have one room and a kitchen and a seven years old, breaking car, I mean shit! The job, I don't like. My guitar player wants to quit, it takes me down very much but my family means all to me. I was twenty years old and both of my parents died, I was so instantly alone. I had saved my mom from the suicide twice, first time I was eleven, the second time I was sixteen. The third time, after few weeks after the second one, I could not save her, I was farther away, she was still at the hospital and I was, home. She tortured me telling about her sex life, not with my dad but with my pal, she had to tell it to someone. The only happy period of my childhood, were the three months, the period between her death and the day when my dad brought a new woman, home. My dad got married and died, the widow took the heritage, and she sold the apartment. My mom's family was wealthy there was a lot to protect, I took her China, her furniture, paintings and her gold, without sharing

it with the widow. I took my dad's books. Zygmunt first suggested, I should leave them behind and he was going to buy the same for me, I would not agree, I wanted the books, which were around me, my whole h o l e life. Zygmunt called me the thief, we did not meet since, and it was fifteen years ago. My ex wife wanted to take the father's rights away from me - you are a moron, your mom hanged herself - she said. I miss Steve, Lucrezia's first husband, he was such a beautiful man with great possibilities, and he was my only family when I broke with my ex wife. He was my family by choice and we were friends. Horny, I'm such a fortunate man, everything I had achieved in my life, I did myself and at last everything is perfect and my wife turns me ON and we have a home"

Viviane was still married to the young gay American bluffer, American thief, American Hohnstapler, American canaille, American gangster. It was really ridiculous his lawyer managed to pull the whole thing in three years, without the guy in question, showing up at the court. The Judge - constantly changing, was slow or bought, the procurator was on Viv's side, and the case was evident. Siedlecki forged the marriage attest between himself and Viv, in order to steal her flat, Horny's home, H&H's home. He has rented the place from Steve, Fran's father, for 400 US dollars, which was a usual price for one-month rent, and he refused to leave. Steve was a junky, and Siedlecki was well aware to use this fact, for his own benefit. They were both Americans, he was American and was sure getting away with it. He thought he had enough money to pay for himself, to cover up his lies. He was shocked when Horny and Viv, broke into his office and remained in their apartment, changing the locks. He was still registered in the apartment and still Viv's husband. To get read of him Viv went for the court - there was no other way. He was hoping to win the case. He planed to frame Horny and her mom. Viviane was risking to be buried under his name, if she would have die in Poland, it would have been a great bureaucratic error with everything related to it, according to the procurator. Viviane was not going to die in Poland. If she lived in Poland, she would not have an identification document at all, as she did not accept to bear his name, which was the only way to have such a document, until the court proved Siedlecki guilty. She would not be able to leave the country or do the errands anywhere where the identification was required. It was all very silly. Polish Law system, fully sucked. The money was the boss. "This whole affaire sucks. Typical, it should happened to her, who always had most sever identity problem. This fucking jerk, hand picked, if he wanted to do the harm, beyond recognition. I would gladly slice his balls. I don't understand what he counts with" Horny said to Hardy in one of her monologues, riding a bus through Warsaw, watching shifting house's facades. Hardy was with his thoughts, he was working on the review about Warsaw's sex clubs for the Swedish paper Cats.

Bebe called, she was up to give back 50-zl, then after two days, she called again and landed it again, she discussed, the idea of going to the bank, taking some money out of Horny's account - Horny protested; it was exclusively Taddy's royalties coming. Be-be seemed not to understand what she was doing, or did she think Horny was a tar? Be-be used to drink, with Taddy, as much as Taddy and took the same drugs, the

same pills he was prescribed, the Elvis Presley set, but now she was clean, or wasn't she? Was Horny responsible to watch after her? Be-be did not have children. Somehow Horny felt as it was her duty, but when all the trivialities, the money matters came around, she could not avoid to feel bad about it and think, "she already snapped my dad once, when I was eight. Should she continue?" There was a certain risk, everyone got to continue, all once started. It was not the risk. It was the fact.

Clinton has to wait, to start the war until the end of The Olympics. H&H long for Bangkok. Horny mastered "deep throat" at last "One has to slide it at the back of the gum, breath very cool and be extremely in love, extremely peaceful, light and quiet" She was so fucking touched, she had tears sparkling eyes, from being touched, not at all of a vomiting effect.

"Christ... " Hardy soaked with love. His cock was bright pink and big. His hand pad at her weightlessly, the only weight in his hand paddling at her, padding was the love. H&H became angels. And they were going to go...

Christ, he took her from behind, she took herself 127 seconds after, with an egg-toddy glass and a shower, quite cool. Girls are smart creatures they know a tornado effect. Hi.

Everything switched off once again great started up sensuality died. It was enough, that she Horny, set on the chair, while he set in the easy chair, and the visitors, Adalbert and his bride were in the couch, baby slept in H&H bed, Adalbert talked about his dead mom and dead dad and the ex flame, Hardy about his son, Horny about her, it did not help that Horny was wearing a maxi short rubber skirt with a zip in front, silver top and net stockings; it did not mean shit. The only tornado effect of this night was loneliness. Horny was endlessly alone. As Adalbert and his wife were two hours late for the dinner, H&H got drunk and stubborn and alienated and smart already before. Hardy was showing his nipples and Horny lower slices of her buttocks for the visitors sitting together on the couch. After... Horny, drunk and lonely phoned sweet Lucrezia, Hardy slept. The following day H&H had a hangover, but Horny went out to meet Zygmunt and his wife. This day H&H did not have sex. In Horny's eyes it's a great waist to have one without the other. The hangover without sex... It was a great loss to sit on the chair when one could have been sitting in the lover's lap. Horny was fucking hungry, hungry, and hungry and the spring has started. They seemed not to have any time. Horny was at Wanda and Horny was at the bank and Hardy was sitting around at cafes and Hardy was writing. She stressed Hardy to do some stupid things, to do things what had nothing to do with the love, he stressed her to do stupid things, other pares set around on banishes outside and kissed. Everything H&H said to each other was wrong. Everything had to do with a small practicalities and small favors. They stressed from inside - outside and outside - inside out, nothing has had happened neither outside neither inside. Horny was well aware of the fact that small unimportant, hurting events were starting up the avalanche in which, within either day, either minute she was so hurt she was ready to explode. They have bought tickets to Zakopane, it was still... possible the continuing landscape shall bring the change, a disserved happiness and lots of sex. Hi.

Clinton still did not start the war in the Middle East. H&H had sex already before they left for Zakopane. Horny met the smiling, elegant neighbor from upstairs, an old charming woman "These days, when I wake up and don't feel bad it's already a great day!" Mrs. Z. was radiating. Horny picked 5 of her BT books from ZAP's bookstore, where she left them 3 years ago, no single book sold, Wojtek picked them from the magazine where they have been stored. The sufficient bookstore does not have a tittle at the display longer then a month.

"Your friends where coming and looking at it" he had said. Horny signed one book for Adalbert and his wife. Actually she was happy to have the books back, the edition including color prints of H&H having sex, which was sold out, otherwise. Nick did not replay, did not conform, he has at last got BTH movie. Lucrezius phoned, he hoped, the promised trip to Thailand was going to be off, he and Lucrezia were going to come over at Easter "My friend was there, it was 35C, a perfect beach weather and he has bought a lot of stuff, Cartier copy for couple of bucks and copies of expensive shirts and pullovers very chip" Horny would love to make her Darling happy and she smiled at his simplicity, it kept her warm. The NATO forces were going to be vaccinated against biological weapons, first time ever, o f f i c i a l l y. "We live in the science fiction world" H&H agreed.

Tadeusz Kubiak

From The Bottom

I'm a city rat
I'm the urban city rat
I live at the bottom of your lives,
in your garbage, in your cellars
I dislike the sun, prefer the moon
I'm the urban city rat
I'm the asphalt town rat
I'm fed on what you repulse
from tables, bowels, plates and pots
I gnaw bones of animals and birds
murdered by your choice
I'm the rat, I'm the cosmopolite
I'm the rat
I love, fuck and breed
among broken stuff what
you've cast away into the deep down
repulsing it and refusing to see
I'm doing fine
I'm happy here in spider nets of coils
ragged down by your desires beds
beneath the iron and the old wood

a top of which you did rest and pet
dined and chat
I'm the rat from your city
I'm the rat from your bottom
you see me rarely
yet, with the poison you hunt me
you die of numerous illness of your kind
still you blame me for the few
you kill each other with your hands
yet, you see the enemy in me
you drill each other guts
you peek the levers like vultures do
and bother when I tear an old trash
you are worse then million rats
you stroll in the sun, under the stars
you may kill to feed yourself
I live of what you refuse
I sneak by, I reckon my ill looks
I'm the rat, I'm the rat
I'm your city rat
At night I gambol empty attics
the Semiramidian gardens of mine
Garden of Eden's wedding feast
where you dry badly washed cloth
besmirched sheets and the rest of
where you might once hang
reveal the tongue and slug
Oh, heroic, it is sure, when our town
is going down- you shall leave the decks
homes, beds, bars, waiting halls,
schools, churches, theatres and posts.
Here too- you are like me.
I'm the rat, I'm the rat,
I'm the rat without your mask.

BLOOD, part 2

" ... he's got a blow job
& a blue ring,
what did I get?
A big ass in my blue pants."

Chapter 19

"It is still, nothing, to take a cup of coffee" Damian tried to pull Horny into a regular dimension via phone, refring to her enthusiasm upon the fact, of having a cup of

coffee with Zygmunt and his wife. For Horny, it was everything. Damian, also said, he looked forward to meet her, after their return from the mountains. "Zygmunt refused to meet me, past last thirty years and now we are pals again, we are drinking coffee!"

Horny repeated like a child with a sheer exaltation. Except for the fact they both stopped drinking it. Horny remembers, Zygmunt was a devoted coffee drinker, Taddy never could, his heart was always too weak. Now, Zygmunt was sixty-nine.

"Zygmunt used to cross himself, whenever I had mentioned you" Damian said. Hardy and Zygmunt met. They liked each other, which was expected.

"What for?" asked Wanda, Horny told her that they were traveling soon.

"I don't know " Horny said. She loved being honest with her aunt. Damian asked if Hardy was pretty.

"Yes, very pretty and very young!"

"Great! We are all fortunate after all!" Damian was more than pleased with his life, he exchanged a cheating him old wife to a loving him young wife, already happy years back. His new wife was a world famous dancer and singer. Damian was Horny's uncle but not as close as Zygmunt. Damian's father and Horny's grandmother were siblings.

Kazik was both, drunk and fucked up. He was solid middle age.

"My son lives in Chicago" He started conversation with Hardy, Hardy was drinking vodka, they were at Janosik, an old inn in Bukowina, a village, 20 minutes drive up, from Zakopane, which is the heart of the Polish Tatra mountains.

"My son is twenty four years old and he is a truck driver in Chicago" An enthusiasm in a drunk man's face exchanged into a sheer despair, Hardy was also twenty-four, and very vodka-keen, to hear the rest. "My wife and son, left nine years ago for Chicago"

"But you go and visit?" asked him Horny, he looked at her, as she was a tardy.

"No" he said, drastically looking at his empty hands, one of his palms, was swollen, shining purple, under dirty bandages. "My wife writes sometimes and my son phones, he is not good at Polish writing" The man looked as he was going to burst in cry. Hardy bought them vodka each. The barmaid joined in, she presented the dining room - normally shut, with lots of tables and a stuffed deer's head hooked in the middle of the wall. .

"Kazik, was a bad husband and a bad father, he was exclusively treating his larynx" She did a characteristic "drinking vodka" gesture, padding at the side of her neck with a side of her palm. "Drinking hell of a lot, beating his wife, he could not take, she came back from the US rich, bought for them a house and a land, here, he was very upset, very proud, very jealous, he was making scenes all the time, he suspected, she had have someone there; she didn't even say good bye, took the boy and run off. Since then, Kazik is all the time at the bar crying, the first years he was literary wet weeping"

"It is not the truth, he is my only son, a beautiful, tall man" Kazik stretched.

Before leaving Warsaw, Horny cut her hair at last, she came home, looking really cute; the rain ruined the hair-do quite immediately. H&H were at a top of Gubalowka, the mountain Zakopane and Horny was examining the wet curls in the restroom, of the picturesque restaurant, she had to consider, she had a lot of gray hair. Her face looked extra wrinkled from the sauna and the fresh sun tan and cold. Her teeth were yellow, her neck looked like on a lizard, she needed to do something about it or she needed to get used to it, she looked at the young waitress's milk white neck.

"No way you are forty-seven years old, you are kidding me! You are twenty-three, no more, look at your pretty and tiny, fourteen years old girl's calves!" Janosik's barmaid was shouting, giggling, shrilling, turning her eyes at the joke - Horny's joke, and turning a pointing finger characteristic, pointing at her temple, knocking at it; looking wise. The barmaid was a print of all the Polish bar runners from the East Village, in New York, was blond, with a short cut hair, tall, fairly breasted and seriously dressed, warm hearted drinking bitch, about fifty-five and looking it very much.

"Show her your passport, other wise she is going to take it as an insult, she does not believe you" Hardy said, Horny was both, bothered and amused, she showed her ID. The barmaid, examined it first carefully, examined Horny carefully, and congratulated. Kazik, more drunken then before was also going home. The following day H&H were going to go to Prague. Zakopane was OK, sex was OK, the view was OK, the bed was OK, lack of the snow was OK. For a short while Horny was mild, and almost happy until she was angry again.

"I really feel this walk. We have been walking up at least an hour" Hardy said, looking at her.

"All I feel is a n g e r" Horny was honest.

Romeo and his dog, his wife, his pal, the Dalmatian Saba were at the same bar as H&H. Horny wore her elegant Dalmatian jacket, with which fact she amused the owner of the place, a middle age elegant man, who passed by at the closing time to pick up today's income, touching her gently at her Dalmatian shoulder, he was more then flattered, his bar was so frequently attended by the Dalmatian dames. "I'm totally free!" Romeo shouted, he looked really fucked up, his upper lip was amphetamine mashed, he was wild eyed, hungry, cold and lonely, the same his dog. Both, the dog and it's owner wore bright red, neck-scarves. Saba, who was full-grown bitch gave up a hard sit and coiled at Horny's feet. The floor was cold and Saba made herself extra tight, which proved an alert lack of home. Romeo was portraying H&H, for a drink, a single vodka shot, for the sheet of a paper on which, Hardy looked as a fat youngster, Horny looked like an old man, Romeo was throwing words without a stop, from the bottom of his bowls. "I'm free!" to illumination of his speeded eyes.

"Why a fuck did we come here?" A local gang of young teenage girls looking upon near by, mountains tops powdered with a fresh snow, was agreeable, Horny was agreeable.

"I have to invent a religion, otherwise I'll be going bananas" Horny was aware of her situation. Kalatowki was a marvelous place for everyone, excluding the restless, rootless, hopeless, lonesome Horny. She feared to lose Viviane. She pressed herself against old dry grass, warm from the sun, the view was marvelous and Horny was tear eyed. On the other side of the hotel was a patch of an old snow frequently used by hundreds of skiing people rotating round and round and round. "She came here for the love" The target stood up to her throat, last night she watched gorgeous stars, from her bed, at the lonesome mountain hotel, she wanted to hit Hardy, she laid on his side, he farted, he was drunk and he slept. She was very jealous at the families with babies, she was jealous at hugging couples, she was jealous at people who kissed. She was pretty fucked up. Hardy woke her up, they were in the room, in the old wooden house at Bukowina, Horny felt love, an endless bottomless love to Hardy.

"I'm so happy you woke me up, this is great. I love you so much. I feel such a peace, I don't understand why I felt all this wrath, 24 hours through"

Hardy was fucking Horny hard, she felt his sharp pick, he moved fast above her, upon her, in her. Hardy's face moved, from up, down. Horny tried to watch, Hardy moved, withdraws, lay on his back, swigged her sitting her up upon his dick, Horny almost fainted. Since she discovered few days ago, she did gain some weight, she put herself on the rapid diet and she was weak. Hardy came. Hardy was pretty. Horny needed to drink something, all he could offer was the yesterday's Czech beer standing at the side of the bed, open, Horny phoned room service. Last night he did something, she would want him to repeat and repeat and repeat. She undressed in front of the mirror in the corridor, checked her too fat butt, came into Hardy in a small dark blue string, curved herself, showing off from the best side. He took her all the way up, into his arms, picked her like a babe, like a baby, like a bride, swung softly, laid on the sheets carefully down and licked her puss. They fall asleep, without a progressing, they had spent the whole day on the bus and two different trains across two fucking countries, Slovak and Czech, and Horny did not eat already since few days and Hardy drunk a lot and they were both very tired, of the travel and her swinging mood. Horny did a geographic mistake, Prague did not lay on the other side of the Polish border. Horny was ready to cry, she was instantly fed up with watching Hardy's back at the perspective of Prague and every young girl, passing him, throwing him all kind of the different looks, regardless how she enjoyed, the handsome man, watch her.

"Horny, you are like a hungry monkey. Horny, you should read Krishna Murti, you must be able to relax" Was Hardy's recipe.

"I'm a hungry monkey!" Horny was very angry, she wanted the promised kisses and promises. The Prague was made for the promenade love, and she wanted H&H in the main roles. It did not catch.

Perhaps Hardy was right, perhaps she should read Krishna Murti. Instead she read Raymond Carver and he made her instantly depressed. H&H had spent the whole fucking day on the train getting to the fucking Prague. It was Horny's idea to go there, but she thought, Prague was much closer. She thought, everything was much closer. On the fucking train, was enough, she slid her eyes, upon a couple holding hands above a table in the dining room across, a young boy looking in hours, at his girl as she would be IT, at a front table. Two teenage, laughing girls. Hardy picked Horny's fancy new white shades a top her head, uncovering her lonesome eyes to the room, it filled her with rage enough to show her teats right off, pulling down her T-shirt. It made Hardy, leave the room. The following, was dramatic, H&H each by oneself, faced an opened and swirling with air door, in a blackout train, running through a coal dark tunnel. Horny's jelly knees shook, she continued to see through the wagon she has passed, another girl sitting in another guy arms. Another girl's leg thrown across another lad's lap. A fragment of the smile. The other people touch, the other people lives, made her instantly off. Three nights ago she said to Hardy, leaving an elegant mountain hotels bar, leaving him at the table with unfinished drink "I don't want to play the third violin in the bad orchestra" Today she wanted to do the lead. Horny knew, she was terribly inconsequent, more, she was totally labile.

Horny looked at her bluish palm, leaning flat at the mirror, of the Prague's hotel elevator. It had a green fluorescent lining, in the corner of the mirror was Hardy's face, Horny had no grip on the situation.

Two young chicks came into the cafe' at Waclavske Kladbisce trying to sell two cans of instant coffee, they did not get away with it. Two guys came in with a dish-ling liquid they sold six bottles, after displaying it on the floor. It was all stolen stuff and they were visibly speed freaks, Prague was a modern and a very pretty town and no longer East European. Prague westernized... The time was nay, for Horny to hunt her bold kisses. After traversing an old picturesque town, H&H were situated at the train station and about to leave. Horny went to the restroom. She paid 2Ck for accessing a toilet and 2Ck for exactly 8 centimeters long and hard toilet paper. "One comes out with wet fingers and a wet cunt" Horny pointed smart. Observing a post communistic greed, the eternal toilet paper, sliced by an old short fat lady with bleached raked permanent hair, into the far too tiny laps, folded, and laid a top of each other, prepared. Back home, H&H had sex and it was good. Viviane phoned and Bebe phoned Bebe needed more money. Viviane was dealing with Horny's money, that's why she called, besides and mainly, she had to have a total control over Horny's each single move She was worried, as she couldn't reach Lucr & Lucr. "I called you twice a day, each single day" she said, satisfied, to at last locate H&H.

"I love your Negro eyes and Negro size" Horny was cute again and flattered - after the orgasm, her Hardy, who was first sweet and next sweats and fed up. Horny was regretting, they did not pierce the nipples in Prague, as Hardy proposed. They had checked the shop, it was next to their hotel on the main street. The place was extremely small and maximally filled and multiplied with a huge mirror at the back

wall. Two huge bold guys with earrings were tattooing young customer's arms. The chick with brown dreadlocks, behind the counter, pierced under her lip and on her tongue, was busy, receiving the customers. It seemed to be a fast deed. Horny wanted more ritual, more preparations, more tension, more fear into it, she was so stupidly sexual. There was a risk, certain things were never going to happen, if she complicated it all too much. And constantly, she complicated it all far too much. She saw, what a perfect opportunity they had missed, because she wanted just a little bit more glare and shine and sensation, all the time. Horny needed to straighten up.

Briggit, Brigitte... Horny was twelve. She was scared. The merits dwarf loved her... "What would you do?" Twelve tears old virgin and the odd yet powerful dwarf, the evil elf is in love with you. Horny's life sucked from beginning to the end was like a tale. Horny's tears were pure silver, pure gold, pure hard crystals. Was he going to catch and behold her? Horny's fear was diamond hard, tough. Horny was a child. The chap phoned her every single day, few times at least, searched her, looked for her, saw her. He was not just short, his head was round and big, his arms were short and already hairy, he was four years older, his legs were archly, created almost a closed circle and Horny saw him in her night mares popping up, quite frequently. He was an older scout, she was a baby scout, and she obsessed him. He managed to come across her way at all times. Horny avoided his street, it would not do, as they lived couple of blocks from each other. It was relieve to get ill and disappear. Horny was down with tuberculosis at the University Hospital in Warsaw, Horny was safe.

"My dad's widow"

Horny was going to pay the tribute to Taddy's mistress, to Taddy's latest wife and his widow of course. Horny carried a long cream orange rose with huge thorns in her palm, crossing the town and now crossing, the odalisque's staircase. Bebe's face was sloppy, puffy and fresh powdered, Horny gave her a call, what gave her the time to prepare. Bebe put fresh lipstick, as she would be going to receive the visit of the lover. Horny was not surprised, Horny expected it and did not get disappointed, Bebe's nails were steal a bit wet and carmine hot and extremely long. Bebe used a bright light powder, it gave her this old age diminution, she gave Horny her cheek. Horny kissed her once, twice on the other cheek and third, an extra on the first powdered cheek again. Bebe's skin was soft, soft and used, Horny liked it and she liked the powder's smell. Taddy's odalisque was grown fatter, had two voluptuous breasts, quite a belly sticking right in front and nice hips, she was wearing long bright red skirt, black polo sweater, black stockings and home shoes. Bebe was tall and had similar to Horny's hair do. Bebe's eyes were deeply and thick underlined, she was consuming medicines, like candies, they lay around, every where in the colorful leafs. Bebe set down and Horny set down in the room furnished with what was left of Taddy's antique furniture collection, in dark red silk and dark brown wood, possibly Loudviques. How would Horny know? In the corner of the room stood an old big golden vase filled with dry roses, lots of them were Horny's gifts. Taddy brought up his baby well. Taddy brought up his other babe well as well, she was elegantly

curved, side sitting, like a dame a top of the horse, on the bed, covered with an old heavy cloth, reading an interesting book, anyway the book laid a top of the bed, spread open, & with the cover up. All his books were still there, in the shelf, which took the entire wall in the small room. All the photographs on the walls, were of Taddy and his family, a pretty profile of his young mother, a face of his teenage father Franciszek, old hard brownish prints, and attached to it, a photo of Francis, Lucrezia's son. Taddy's mother, posing in a whole figure, as a most cute young girl with a long black hair, with a small photo of Lucrezia and Fran in the corner. In the corner of the room, bigger then the old takes, black and white portrait of stoned Horny, with Taddy's eyes; the entire family had Taddy's eyes. There was also a color, smaller picture of Taddy, Horny took during his very last visit to her in Got-hole, in profile; now all this pretty nostalgic and no one single print of Bebe herself. No one of her blood family. It was, charming, devoted and scary. Was he her identity? Did she exist? Bebe told Horny, what was like their, Bebe's & Taddy visit to Prague, thirty years ago. Taddy was drunk, Bebe was his odalisque, Bebe was still his odalisque, Horny did not mention the money Bebe took from her. Already going up the staircase, Horny was certain, it was not the purpose of the visit and never coming up into a light. Taddy was not home... Horny staid longer then necessary. Taddy was still not home. Two women laughed quite a lot. Last half an hour Horny set in her coat and with her face cupped in both palms, with elbows on her parted knees - Horny often set like a man, like Taddy did - waiting, Taddy did not show up.

Hardy got drunk on his own, Hardy got drunk on his own watching women, watching chicks, watching girls, Mademoiselles and sluts. Searching the fuel for his spirit, his engine, his vertigo, his identity. Horny did not show class, Horny made a scene. The spring has started and Horny wanted it all for herself, what had to do with love and men, her man and her. Horny was a bitch and she definitely enjoyed it, she thought. Hardy discovered a great, new bar, which he was not going to show to his slut, Horny. But he would have loved to take Tom there, but Tom was in Stockhole. Hardy's life was unfulfilled. So, was his wife's...

Brigitte stood in front of Horny. A short man with a perfectly round head stood in front of her.

"Greetings from Leszek Pempel." he said.

"I know you" Horny smiled, greeting him, she was at Michal bar with Malgosia, Marek's wife.

"Your father did not care for you, Horny. He left you and Viviane, for a younger woman. He left you with the crazy mother, he really did not give a fuck..." Malgosia said, Horny would never agree. "He has told me that he loves me, every time we met"

"Ash, he was a poet"

"But he really loved me, I was typewriting his poems recently, for the anthology which hopefully comes out, I found incredibly beautiful poems, written for me and

for my mom, the ones I did not know. You don't imagine how much I care & love him, nothing could stop me from doing it"

Horny's credibility was limited, she was unable to distinguish it, from one to another. From work to life... An emotion was a satisfying substitute, all she - mistakenly, thought, it was, all about. Leszek Pempel was eleven years old and was her love, she was twelve. They kissed and smoked cigarettes at the scout camp in the mountains. She also kissed Jack K., Jack was blond and tall, and he was twelve, and he was not at the camp, he remained in Warsaw. Leszek was very short and dark hair. It was so deeply veiled into an unimportant memories, she could not tell who of them was first, to kiss her precious lips. Jacek plaid music. Jacek was devoted to jazz. Who was the first boy, she kissed? Leszek was the youngest and the smallest at the camp. He was definitely the first one; she smoked cigarettes with. Two months earlier she smoked for the very first time, but she did it alone, she bought a packet of menthols and smoked a few, one after one; she possibly got sick. Now, she and Leszek were in the corner of huge empty darkish tent sitting on his pallet, he was hugging her, they smoked at the same cigarette and kissed, her feelings were mixed, Brigitte caught them. Horny was punished, she had to stand on the guard at nights at the less favorable hour, of the deep sleep, which really fucked her up and she had to dish pots, in the river everyday and was watched by her commandant. The season was rainy and Horny got a flue, first and a pneumonia next, Viviane visited and took her with to Bukowina, Horny was still ill and feverish.

"Is it Brigitte?" Horny asked Malgosia, after he left. She did not dare to check, for her, to look below his belt for the archly short legs. It was he. Leszek died at least ten years ago in blood cancer, he was an excellent photographer. His last job was the photographing of the rotunda, the bank in the center of Warsaw what had blast, exploded, many people died, it is possible it was a set up. Leszek photographed the place immediately after the explosion took place, the victims and blood were there, did it have anything to do with his death, or was it only a regular cancer? It was the gas explosion, did it have to do with him gaining a lung cancer?

"I'll take you to the mountains, next week if Horny allows, we'll take a tent with, only me and you" Brigitta was having a conversation with Hardy, who arrived at the bar. Horny started to feel sick. Brigitta was drunk, and the only one who spoke English around the table, her first positive impression, that he was going to keep Hardy entertained was long gone, he was ordering Horny as she would have been still a little girl under his commando, he stole her cigarettes and called hersweet names. Horny was getting terrified and she was drunk. He told her he loved her in the past and now he was a respectable married man, a father to four.

The actual fever, Horny had in Bukowina, where she was with Viv, after the scout camp, been the fever in which the tuberculosis broke through into her immune system. Horny lay in bed, thrown into her side, with a face against a wooden wall, build of logs separated with a thick platted rope. Horny was burning, wet and ice cold, she

rolled herself together having her arms between her legs and her knees under her chin, Horny was trembling, Horny lost. Horny came down with tuberculosis. The sickness was the cruel one. Took about a year of her explicate and tormented youth. Actually Horny never been young and she never been old yet. Horny was sort of outside.

The hurricane was coming and she was in Bukowina again. The day's, playful although too strong wind, in which children and dogs, flew a bit over the fields turned to a power, which was breaking trees like matches one after one and taking some roofs and smaller shacks. Horny was eighteen, escaped her future first husband and her future ex, after a violent quarrel, he threw a party in his parent's villa, to which he invited all the boys she was fond of, it was a dirty trick, she at last very drunk hid into the kitchen's cupboard, but he found her and punched her out of the house, down the stairs, now she was in hide, for good. The wind roared, shrieked and boozed in hours. At night it cooled of quite a bit and Horny went down the village to the Janosik's Inn, she had few vodkas with an old local men, all of them seemed very old to her, except one, a village teacher, a skinny guy with black thin hair and huge black eyes, who instantly tried her up. She was the only babe at the place except the cute waitresses. Horny set at the corner table under the stuffed deer head. She felt repulsion to the teacher who kept her palms in his, he was chip, and dusty molded was his breath, but she danced with him. The room was lit with candles; the electricity broke. Gypsy orchestra plaid, but this was nothing extraordinary, the Gypsy village was next to that one. The old Montana man, she drunk with, offered to drive her home, she agreed, she was drunk and the wind was still very strong. His two horse's cart waited outside. Getting read of the teacher, she boarded the old man's cart. He hanged an oil lamp on the side of the cart and covered Horny with a bear skin and set next to her, picking up unfinished vodka bottle, the horses were not willing to go, at first. They took a stroll to see the damage, the hotel, or what was left of it, was still burning, the trees laid around like a heap of game sticks, at last they could not drive, the road was totally blocked with trees and they returned.

"I have a five years old son, he is a half Arab" Hardy leaned towards Brigitte, Horny could not master her repulsive jealous and she left the bar, running, picking her coat, fox collar and a bag.

"I want to dance with you, I want to kiss you, I want to get drunk with you! It's spring! Be mine!" Horny shouted, following Hardy, walking fast on the dark empty street far in front. Horny felt damn young and very pretty, she saw her own shadow, she was slim, long legged and did not wear the coat, the spring came, even if only for one night. Hardy also, did not wear the coat; winter was gone. Horny saw her shadow in colors, she was wearing blue fluorescent pants and pink fluorescent jacket, her page was perfectly blond. Hardy did not want her company.

After hanging out in the apartment with a sleeping Hardy, by herself, Horny set on his face by the morning. It heated. The three acts of sex with Hardy were tremendous. H&H were the best.

"I arrived at Taddy's parents house in Warsaw. I arrived first, Taddy was still on his way, Viviane staid home with a baby. The trains did not function in the first year after the war at all. It easily took few days to pass the country through. Taddy's father, who was a prisoner at the concentration camp in Germany until the end of the war, returned. Taddy arrived at the evening dinner. The food was good, they had couple of drinks, and Franciszek, an extremely charming man, was telling the story one more time, for the sake of his oldest son. The story was tough. Franciszek's two younger brothers, Bernard and Stanislaw, were there as well. At night Cecilia, his wife woke them up. Franciszek was feeling bad. He was really bad and they all realized he might die"

It was Wanda's story. Wanda gave him a reanimation. Old man died. He was not yet fifty years old. Taddy told Horny that his father was already dead when Taddy arrived, his dad was dead but not yet cold. Her first reaction was to simply confront it with him. She caught herself sometimes, like that, Taddy was at her reach. Horny could hardly conform it, they were all dead, all except Zygmunt; would he remember it? He should have remembered that. He loved his father very much. Zygmunt was daddy's boy, Taddy was mom's.

Six years old Lucrezius, Horny and ex, visited Cairo's cemetery. Why it was so exciting to stroll there, was because of the actual tenants. The people lived in the graves, the whole families with kids and cattle lived there. Lucky ones got a hold of bigger graves, monuments in a shape of a small house, the less lucky ones had to take anything left; they did. Some coffins were pulled out to give more space. The day was extremely hot, the temperature was up to 50C. Lucr, Horny and Ex went over to the bar at the Nile bank, they needed a cold drink. The river was steaming, but was still blue. Horny's drink was pink.

Horny was two years old, her arrival at Bukowina was maximal. Taddy, Viviane, Horny's maid and Horny herself took a train to Poronin, a tiny town were Lenin lived in hide. From Poronin they took a coach, some miles. Horny bored, decided to walk. There was nothing what would change her mind. Taddy walked with her, Horny cried, walking holding into his palm. Horny's cry was maximal. The people were coming outside their houses by the roadsides and were crossing themselves at the sight, they feared Horny was the devil.

The first time, when Wanda met Zygmunt, he was twelve years old. It was during the World War Two. He was sitting at the table with his books, he was studding an old Greek and Latin, and there was nothing what would keep him in the time of presence - the war. Wanda was involved in the Underground and she was helping out both families Damieckis and Kubiaks. Wanda's father was the link, for the people to hide,

if there was a need. & There was. Wanda met Zygmunt at the Writers House. 60ies were the period when he decided to isolate from his family. Sometimes he also escaped his wife and son, taking only his small daughter with. At these occasions he was searched via radio.

"I'm Viv's sister, do you remember me?" Wanda, smiling and as always smashingly elegant in her pink, blue or green Coco Chanel, stretched her palm to him, she smelled good perfume, good coffee and good cigarettes. Zygmunt stood up, took her hand, brought it up to his lips, politely banding his head, kissed his own fistful palm and left the room without a word.

Zosia Shick is dead, she was Wanda's and Horny's pal. Zosia was an admirable pal. A writer, a translator, a tiniest, a toughest Polish Jewish woman living in the center of Vienna. She and her husband were a writer team. Horny never met the man, he was dead when she has met Zosia at Eva's, Stockholm's house. Zosia had exclusively vodka and cigarettes in her fridge. The books lay in piles all over the small room, her whole apartment was one room. Ex and Horny visited, drunk and staid. Ex loved the old woman. He asked her possibly everything, as she would have been a Sybil, he really took his chance, Zosia and Horny looked at each other and laughed. Zosia's Vienna was amusing, they had visited her couple of times on their way to Venice. The last time Horny phoned Zosia, was quiet a while ago, Nick had a concert in Vienna and Horny wanted flowers to be send. Zosia was too ill to leave the apartment. Horny hopes she phoned at least once again.

"When will I be able to live, of my work?" Horny questioned herself, walking next to Hardy along the main and only Bukowina's, a totally dark street. Hardy walked besides her pretty unsure. Horny leaded, Horny knew the road, could have walked like a horse with blind folded eyes. She was thinking about R. Carver and herself, she was not modest.

Two Gypsy kids entered the bus. Horny knew, it was they as she heard the accordion. She was not wrong. The girl has grown but the boy, her older brother who was playing, did not. His black hair has grown quite a lot, and he had it done in the long ponytail on his back, he had a pretty earring in his right ear. His black eyes were as always tired and without a shine. Horny gave a little girl all her change, it wasn't very much, she was shy to give the paper bills and she was fighting her tears. Horny bent her head deep down, the kid's exit. H&H were going to pay the visit to Wanda. Wanda was 37 kilograms of weight, she was extremely thin, when she bent her head forward, Horny could see every single vertebra in her spine, it reminded of a lizard, she moved slowly and mechanic.

Jack Lomnicki phoned, he was drunk, he wanted to come over to H&H, they were already sleeping after a sweet horrible wine, at M&M, it was Hardy who bought the wine. Jack did not like Horny's work, he did not like his own work, he did not like anything. "We are the same, Horny, far too sensitive, children of two geniuses" the best actor and the best poet, the children of idiots, I'm coming over! Your work Horny does not make sense, you are totally into your cunt dominated by the prick, that's what it is! I'm coming over with vodka! "H&H could not have vodka this

particular night, they had to sleep, especially Hardy who was already in bed, the time was only 1 AM, Saturday night and Horny still had this unfulfilled going-disco, plan. Warsaw's Cul de Sac Club & dancing! Jack was extremely fat, he said, the highest he could do, without an elevator was the first floor. H&H lived on the first floor. H&H had a home. It was the truth, although Horny missed NY, missed her children, missed her mom, missed her dad, missed Bangkok and elephants.

"Go to the Zoo and ride there, it's cheaper" Milo was pragmatic and started to fuck a new girl, even younger than the one before. H&H had a home. Jack could not join to a vernissage, his legs were too sick, he could not stand or stroll. Horny was getting seriously depressed, it regarded her work; in this country, unfortunately a home country, she had totally no feed back.

"Carrot, get the carrot, the beer bottle is not coming deep enough" Horny was wheezing under Hardy's prick of the night. The carrot was perfectly down her anus, Horny shrilled high, screamed, shouted and breathed, she came with a tremendous orgasm, Hardy was still too drunk to come. Hardy had few beers at home, before going to the Art Castle. The vernissage' was a bore, an ugly modern strange & odd furniture & glass, red & white wine in plastic cups downstairs, and in tall wineglasses upstairs. Joasia was leaving for New York, she presented her daughter, and Horny was incredibly curious who was the father, who gave the daughter such tremendous black eyes. It was the famous trumpet player Mr. Tomasz Stanko. H&H had few more beers at the restaurant downstairs, Milo and his new Armenian, black eyed chic drunk tea. Hardy pissed constantly, which was his regular alcohol do. Arriving home, they went to one more bar and one more bar, Hardy left, leaving her at the bar - he had to get home, the last vodka was the one too much, and she refused to leave before she even tasted on her beer.

"Just go" she said.

"Hardy, come here, its great music, some people brought a CD with a mountain rock! I did not want to go to the last bar you were the one! I wanted to go home and fuck!" Horny returned a cellular phone, she borrowed from the young girl. She went back to her beer pint, Hardy said he was not showing up but he did, taking her home, this time.

"I want your child!" Horny was shouting, bringing up all the details of her two years old conversation with a gynecologist. Hardy was not listening, she was making the story even more detailed.

"I'm not going to have a child, Horny never, to this world"

"Then, pack" Horny was really drunk, Hardy must have been even drunker, proved the rare lines yet he came with, "I'm sorry, Horny for me being cold, and your life with me, unfulfilled, but my parents fucked me up. I'm making a great effort to be a better person for every day which goes, trying to challenge my bad sides, I often loose the good ones too. That's a condition, you have to cope with, girl" Horny was shouting back at him, Hardy continued talking well articulated, watching TV, his favorite, a soft German porn.

"There is something I got to tell you, Horny, something important, I'm only twenty-four years old, I'm going to bury you" Horny was totally puffed, he was talking, with love "I'm going to bury you, you have twenty five years left, I have at least forty, you have to see that as a fact"

Horny, furious with anger stood up, in front of the TV, pulled down her shining blue pants to her knees, her strings, spread her pink labia's lips, swinging from side to side, leaning with her buttocks at the screen, stuck her pointing finger into her cunt, pulling it out and in, she was pissed angry, and she desisted the show, leaving for the bedroom; however he asked, she wouldn't dance for him once more - Horny was fucking angry. Hardy carried her from the bed, sit down with her in his lap, spreading her legs to the sides, opened a chess program, started playing, sticking his left palm deep into her cunt. "I was longing to do that" H&H kissed and plaid on, Hardy fetched oil. Now, Hardy swung his siren a few times to all the sides, kissing, sucking and tempting, stuck the carrot into her vagina and his hard dick as well, Horny was pleased, Horny came again, shouting. Hardy brought his babe to the face of his blown dick, she licked it.

"Hardy, come on my face" plead the girl, lying flat in the oiled bed, she saw him kneeling above her, using one hand and than both, grabbing his huge prick. H&H were totally elevated, he smeared her breasts with oil, asked her to keep them fixed and rolled his pink penis in between for the long time.

"I want to pierce my clit, Hardy will you do it?"

"Of course I'll do it" Hardy was solemnly soft, devoted, in love and kept on fucking her.

"Do, you want to do it, or do you prefer to look, if someone else does it?" Horny was breathing fast.

"I prefer to look"

"OK, I love you"

"We do it tomorrow, I hope it's a girl"

"A girl? I don't know, I think I prefer a man"

"You fantasize, sometimes"

"Yeah, I fantasize everything" Horny said and Hardy laughed, they were fucking, Horny's most frequent fantasy was a classic, a gang bang, few man fucking her, of course Hardy very much included.

"A, girl?" repeated Horny quiet and agreeable, which devotion turned her on "may be, possibly"

They both came. Horny woke up, Hardy laid thrown across her body, she still had her fingers on her cunt and she started to move them, she plaid her clitoris, the piercing avalanche was very close, was pulling her with into the abyss. She found the carrot under Hardy's knee, pulled it out, inserted into herself, plaid for a long while, Hardy did not wake up, Horny got up, moved to the couch in the living room. She switched the carrot into her anus, wet her cunt with a mescal, she has bought in Prague, hoping it was going to burn - it didn't, came flashed playing her clit; pulled the carrot out, placed it a top of the table, a top her letters, the last day's work, different art projects applying and went back to sleep. The hang-over was tremendous good,

they fucked the whole day, pure fucked with no toys, plead promises of love, at last Horny went to get some food, twice; she got them an excellent breakfast, with eggs, a tartar meat, the "cabanos" and vegetables and a Vietnamese dinner from the restaurant down the street, juice, coke, water and chocolate puddings. She wanted to smear his prick and lick it, she had no time to use the sweets, it was all too good anyway, the sperm was delicious.

"You are going to bury me" H&H were laughing madly, she repeated it again and again and they were laughing more and more and more. The joke was enormous.

Lucr & Lucr on the phone, they both phoned mom, Lucrezia's voice was powerful and merry, almost glittering, she still lived at Lucr's house. Lucrezius's voice was extremely quiet, some of it not hearable, drawn back, as always, his girlfriend was back but moody. In his gang, Lucrezius's was a leader of an unusual kind, the quiet one. His power lied right beneath. Still, it scared Horny quite a bit, her child was very quiet. Why, was her child' that quiet?

Lucrezius, Horny and Ex, were at Nick Cave's house in London. Horny got this tremendous idea to borrow 100 bucks from Nick, they needed a loan and she could see him one more time, at the occasion. She has got a crush on him. They were in the kitchen part of the living room in the cottage, Ex and Lucr drunk coke, Horny drunk beer which Nick poured for her after she spilled the beer beside the tall glass looking into the host's green big eyes. Nick was wearing black jeans, white shirt and cowboy boots, he was extremely slim without a coat; he was humming on the song, every time he left the table and reached the fridge for more drinks, mostly beer. Horny drunk unusual fast. The loan, was the money they needed for the last day, but because this was the last day & because Nick made them wait the whole day, it became the money for the last night, they had a very late night dinner, Nick wouldn't join, it was Horny's name day, the 10th of June. He walked them out of the house, walked them to the rim of the dark park, walked on, the bushes, the trees were wet dark green. He was wearing his white shirt, he did not intend, walking that far. They kissed good bye. The following morning, they had an appointment with Mrs. Lipman, Horny fucked it up, she had this terrible hangover. Mrs. Lipman was waiting with breakfast, unable to change the plan and visit them at the hotel, before they left. It was really shame, they haven't meet in seventeen years and they did not met again... Mrs. Lipman was old, she was Pete's mom... And Pete was dead.

Francis and his dad lived at the Central Station of Warsaw, Steven hoped they were going to match among all the gypsies sleeping there, they were both black hair Steven natural, Scottish black hair, though American, Fran's brown dirty. Steven did not speak Romanian, he spoke Tennessee English. It was good to stay there, easy to get the stuff. The money he has got from Siedlecki for renting out Horny's apartment for one month were finished, but he was OK, he had plans, always few good functioning emergency plans. Steven was a survivor. He had no idea how short time he had left.

Horny packed all Hardy's stuff, she had decided, Hardy was moving out of her life. The day had started with a silly almost absurd dream, a bride in a long white dress with black dots, twined on the ground, her face was decorated with a grimace, she

was the ash. A huge cow in black and white patches, laid on the bride's place a top of all the ash, chewing, she had her back against Horny. Horny woke up feeling this tremendous and fulfilled love to her Hardy, she always appreciated a sex's overtures, the sex's rhapsodies, sex's crescendos and sex's hurricane like finals. There was a doorbell, it was a messenger, Play Boy returning her stuff and in the same, refusing, to chapter-print her book. The contact with Play Boy at first, was a major advice of Janusz Glowacki's publishing house. Horny did not like the situation of being refused, it almost spoiled a great morning. Hardy screwed her hard tough fast from behind, she knew the act was not going to give her a sexual satisfaction, but she let him do it, she was his chick and he liked to do that, once in a while, she like the speed, he achieved. Horny hold into Hardy's hand, they were walking down town, he was going to buy flash light and going to take some pretty nude acts on her again, she was going to visit Wanda, she felt like doing it, Hardy suggested he was going to wait for her at the bar. The problem was that Hardy got drunk and disappeared before Horny arrived; she really got deled at her aunt. There was some error already at the tram to town, he heavily stared at every chick who was a chick and not a middle age women as his girl. Hardy was sitting at the back of the tram, Horny stood at the door watched by men. Horny methodic packed each item, she considered his, a tooth brush, clothes, a computer, pictures of his son, a shaving cream, a camera, the new flash light he did not use on her at all. Hardy came home after 2 AM, pissed drunk, swinging on his legs, with a camera swinging at his swaying shoulder and extremely rude. He showed with his tongue how many pussies he has licked sticking his big tongue out. He aimed at the TV set, and at Horny herself, at first he pushed her only a little bit, until he did not suspect she has hidden a juice, that made him furious; he forgotten he has hidden the juice himself. He was always more thirsty then she, he knew he was getting tremendously thirsty after all the vodkas he has drunk. Horny has hid in the living room under the cover on the couch, she was scared, he has found her and kicked. "It's a first time I had fun" Hardy reported, but the bitch was not cooperating.

Horny left Wanda and passed the bar, Hardy was going to wait at, she investigated. "The guy left an hour ago" the waitress said, Horny jumped into the bus, already leaving the stop, it was a wrong bus, going in a wrong direction, Horny was caught without a ticket,

Horny was caught without a coin and without an ID. It was the usual, she loved the pattern of exclusively Hardy handling the money as long he was on her side; she was her man babe... After a long useless argument Horny was brought to the police. The next was Cecilia. Cecilia was 88, Horny brought her home, it took at least half an hour. Hardy's Cecilia was definitely, much younger. Horny bumped to Stas, she promised she was going to kill the guy if she ever bumped to him, she did not, and they tried to have a chat. Horny had gone through Hardy's pockets, it was like a display of his deeds. The money was fold together, exactly like the one, men stick into the slat's genitals and ropes, some of it was broken. Horny had a clear picture, she saw Hardy, drunk sitting on the chair, with a Russian whore nude, a top of the table, teased & holding into the money with her teeth clasped, and Hardy pulling it

back all the time, aiming at her pink bonny ass, these sluts don't get fat on a good amphetamine diet, and a vitamin cure, pain killers and gym. Horny waited for Hardy many hours, until she at last phoned police and emergency. It took some time to check, all the working people were extremely nice to her, she has never done that before she was fucking literally trembling.

"My husband, left a cafe at 5 PM and still did not arrive, he doesn't speak Polish" Horny was exhorted, she saw him robbed, injured, hurt, pushed out of the car, bleeding, lost, dead in a frozen bed in the freezer - just like a movie. Yeah, Horny had a vivid imagination, as every wife waiting at home, with only a cup of a black tea available. There was no food, he stressed her in the afternoon to go and buy his flash light, and she planed they were dinning afterwards in some cozy place or even at home; they were rapidly running out of money. But now Horny was not thinking about that, she was praying he will be OK. "No, we don't have any foreign people injured since that hour"

"You are a fucking bastard!" Horny packed all his stuff, taking the credit card out of his wallet, a picture of Fran, and her own credit card and all the money, leaving him 20zł at the top of his packing, and two aspirins - Horny had mercy. Horny could not sleep, 8 AM, she was at the bank machine taking all the money out, it was quite a show and working on the street, guys whistled at her, it was visible she did not sleep, she looked cute in a short white fur, and a white plastic sun shades, the sun was bright and the morning extremely fresh, and the sky was blue, Horny paid a rent for the apartment and went back home, replacing left cash into her account, at last going to sleep on the couch. Hardy had a terrible hang over, Horny was soon up and singing, she was excited about her new life, and very fed up with the old one. The energy was blasting inside her.

"Miss, Miss, you can't sleep here" Horny woke up at the Night Club, remembering she left the dancing floor after hours of dancing, hours of tempting and hours of battling the young chicks at the club, waving her hips, swinging her butt and her thighs, moving her teats; used the rest room - the toilet, and took the first empty table at the corner of the room and immediately dashed, the next time she woke up, she was nude at Hardy's side. She was rather puffed, the last night she spent on the couch and she scratched him when he tried to pull her to bed towards himself. He gave her a punch, then. Now he was hugging her, Horny had a hang over. Horny had the most terrible hang over this year and a last year and a previous year. Lucrezia phoned Jasha was stuck at the border to Poland and needed help, Horny was very ill and Hardy was very pissed at her and left, Horny was puking. Her luck has turned, now he ruled the angry card and looked into her hand beg, there were few suspect items, a stockings, a new comb and she had lost the sweater, which Wanda gave her a day earlier and her blouse at the club. Horny hung his shirts back in the cupboard, but she was too sick to place back the toothbrush.

It was difficult to believe, Horny herself had a head or even a body, she was ending up at the outer parts of the eye holes, that's all she was, it was filling her up with fear, the pillow was a necessity. The pillow, the bed and the cover. The only & possible existence. Existence marked with panic, fear and pain, why was alcohol bring-

ing such an effect upon her? And how much did she drink, two, three bottles of wine and some beers, was this enough to smash Horny's precious existence? She would wish herself being much stronger. She always hoped to move the intact hills.

"How do you make your money lately and what are you doing at all?" Wanda asked, she was the only one who repeated these questions, the only one who asked Horny at all. Horny looked at her; she was not very excited about how the conversation turned. She was late, Hardy was waiting, she came to care for her sick old aunt and not for the hearing.

"I'm writing" Horny hoped it was going to be all, she was already dressed in her coat and glows. Wanda looked at her spaciouly and Horny was forced to add, "I'm working on a new book"

"Is it as ugly as the last one? As the one you gave me? Only sex between woman and man?"

"It is close to it, there is sex, but I dare say, I talk about other stuff as well"

"How can you write such abominable repulsive things? Everyone gets really insulted, everyone I showed the book to, Horny they are laughing at you" Horny knew, Wanda still had that book at the side of her bed, and this was a complement.

"Couldn't you write something else, something, what people want to read?"

"It's impossible. One has to write what one has to write"

"They also say you can't write English and they are laughing you have published it by yourself"

"If I couldn't write English I would never got reviews in the United States, neither the readers I have got. I have fans and they love it. But I'm afraid it won't work in Poland, they won't publish it, I have already tried, they refused me, using a pope as a reason and of course the money, they could never make money on it, only a scandal. I have my own publishing company here and when I get ready with translating, I'll do it myself"

"Horny, what can I do with you? Tomek Jastrun was here awhile ago and he told me, he saw one of your films and it was a pornography, and he got very shy and left the room"

"Tomek Jastrun is an idiot. I remember that situation. I invited him for the festival, to read his own poetry. I was showing couple of my films on the same festival and I saw him leaving the room. There are people who say it is a pornography, but it is not, it's only how they want to see it, there is not much I can do about it"

"You have been to Egypt, filming, why didn't I see anything? I have a video. For sure it's the same, that's why you don't bring it here"

"I don't have anything with me" Horny lied.

"You have shown it to Bebe"

"Yes and Viviane, too, saw two films and she liked it. She said, one have to have strong nerves to it"

"Why?"

"They were a bit tough, I presume" It was that particular conversation what made her to miss Hardy.

"You are paranoid, I can't get drunk and have fun on my own that you wouldn't see me immediately with the whores. You limit my life to the corner of this room" Hardy misplaced Horny's desires easily after his conditions, which was not particular Hardy's defect. It's every marriage defect or every man defect, Horny was soon to think. He had no idea what, she wanted to approach, with him, or even more with herself. Horny's view upon a mankind was a bit low. But not a drastically low - there was still hope. The particular corner of the room was most attended at H&H's home. It was the corner, the garden of lusts. Wanda's pretty, one leg table, Taddy's Loudvique chair and Hardy's computer were there and tones of the demons and troubles, of H&H going to remain...

The drinking pass on her own Horny started, meeting Stas, they were best friends again, which they had been since forty years. So, this time they had talked about the death, the time was a rude machine and it was valid to be prepared, with pleas, quests, kids, relations, bills, loves, and most of all the arts. They had been here for the arts, it was unquestionable, unavoidable and strict. They spiced it with the wine.

"You must have a card to be here"

"I have a press card from Sweden and he is a painter from New York" Stas shrunk, he did not feel like a painter from New York, a painter from New York is a Warhol for example; as what is worth such a tittle if no one has heard of it, yet. "I don't like you to say such a flat cliches about me, I don't like this snobby sobby snuffy stuffy place, let's leave, let's go somewhere else"

"No, I want to stay, here" Horny really loved the place.

"Why, do you like it?"

"I like a pussy color on the walls, the pretty men and the pretty women and I like a bartender and a music and an atmosphere and my wine and you and myself in here, we fit" This was a particular bar which Hardy found earlier - Horny recognized the name, she read in his letter to Tom. It was a snobby gay and snobby lesbian place. Stas brought her here and of course they were permitted to stay and got served. They set in the staircase, drinking, Stas had to mark, he was an outsider. Stas really was an outsider. Horny run to a kitchen all the time and flattered the owner - a gray looking bitch; Horny was cute. & Horny was drunk and it was only a very beginning of the night.

Horny was staring at her white scarf, which she landed to Hardy the other day, there was a print of the kiss, there was nothing to do about that, but stare, she stared heavily, trying to dive; was it her or not her own lips. There was no way to tell. She hardly had clairvoyance's skills, now. She was too drunk.

"If I want to go with someone to see The Warhol's exhibition, it's her" Adalbert was pointing his cousin, Horny. Adalbert was not blind. Horny had her standard outfit, was glassy and flashy in her pop plastic elegance. Horny was evidently a walking art piece and she knew about it. She brushed her long blue eye lashes down gracefully, looking at everyone, and passed the living creatures, was looking at a incredible

astonishing smashing collection of work. Yes - work. Horny's pants were still shining blue and very tight, plastic. Her new cut new bleached freshly yellow page was flaked dark red on the right side. Her dark eyes were surrounded with a thick bright and fluorescent blue kohl, Horny watched Mick Jagger's purple colored lips, Stallone's pitch black eyes and young Dennis Hopper's the most gentle but dark&hot, gaze. Hardy was with her and Adalbert. Jo, his wife staid home fixing her hair. Horny's jacket was bright pink and her blouse silver, all in pure plastic, Horny was too warm, the room was filled up, her outer jacket was black & white, cow skin strap, her purse was clasped to the right side of the jacket, was of the same material and had a long silver chain swaying between Horny's sparkling blue knees, there was this great collection of a sprinkled with colors Marilyn and of the colored guns, and shoes, Lennon, and 10 of the most famous Judish brains of the century, Einstein, Freud, Stein, Kafka, among them. The pictures were shimmering, glittering, breathing, singing, humming, shrilling, shrieking and amusing. Andy was worth every single dime he ever made. Horny's print of the lips was bright red - perfect on the white sheet of the page of the guest book, Adalbert wrote "By, by Andy!" Horny scanned and a batch of young admires watched from above. Horny was elevated, she knew she could have gone every day to that spacious rooms show, again and again and may be she was going to. Horny adds, "You are not quite gone! You are right here"

Once again H&H were partying with the same result as usual. Horny was certain Hardy did not give a fuck about her. Anyway not the way she would want to. Presumably, back home, he tried to rearrange the spell, making a big joint, which was going to fix them both up. Hardy crawled into her arms, the bitch, Horny stared at him with a wild surprise. This was definitely the spell of the moment and Hardy was going to dance his Horny, chick, Hardy collapsed after three steps, he got so unbelievably stoned. Hardy's old habits, Hardy loved to end up at the restrooms with the girls, Hardy hated to end up at the restrooms with the girls, Hardy always ended up with the girls at the restrooms. In old bad times, every time the door to the toilet was shut, Hardy was inside there loading some chick with his sperm, Hardy had tones of sperm to give away. Hardy was a sperm factory. Hardy liked to check all their holes, they had plenty of. Horny's cunt reaches through to sex again, two samples with Hardy and a masturbation act, prove that. "Why is he sticking his fingers into my cunt?" Horny repeated to herself, she could not find a pleasure in what he was doing, she could not find a motivation, Horny was heavily off. Between his first pass and a second pass, Horny took a shower. Horny massage her clitoris with a water stream, vow. Horny took a blue tooth brush and scratched the clit and mashed her pussy lips, vow. Horny stuck the tooth brush inside her vagina, still using the water stream on her outer genitals, tried several positions, on her four, lay down, standing, sitting with the legs down, with the legs up, ducking on a flat foot, ducking on her toes, at last she was straight on her knees as to pray, squeezing her thighs together, squeezing a vagina, the cunt was thick now, pretty delighted, and a clit pale pink almost white and fucking hungry, Horny swung forth and back, Horny came throwing her

head far back, her hair were wet and tickled her back, her lips were brought into a pig pink circled snout, vow. Horny was crazy or Horny was fun, she wouldn't know that herself.

The case against Siedlecki would proceed farther and faster, the judge promised Horny who was Viviane's plenipotent. He lied. The case was taken over by another judge, a woman and she hang up the case. Siedlecki had a lawyer who was fixing, Viviane did not need the lawyer, she did not commit the crime. This case proved how low and rotten the law was. More, it brought a constant error to Horny's life, her practical & emotional life, her geography & history. As long the chap, de facto was Viv's husband, he was formally living in the damn apartment Horny was protecting as a dog, in three years now. And again it had to do with a history, her will to win, her cast not to loose, all independent from each other plus the damn chance to make a lot of cash for once. In short, win the case, get read of the guy, buy and sell the place. No history left, but the profit was OK.

"Today" announced Horny looking at Hardy relaxing on the living room's couch "walking along the street, I realized that the life is passing me, at the length of my nose. Everything, what other people struggle for, want to approach, get, is just flashing by, totally out of reach. And you know why?" She looked at him again, they were friends again, pals again, lovers again. "I'm busy fighting my demons, my own demons of love, and want, and the inside, it occupies me totally. I was always like it and always shall be, I will never have a home for my children, neither for myself, I will never have a job, I will never get paid for my work, I will never establish, never win, get or concur" Hardy looked at her, thinking she has got cheap and pathetic, he has got nothing to say, nothing to add to her conclusion.

"I'm jealous on you Hardy, for not being pulled by love right into the plank. I was the same, when I was your age, free. Now, I'm longing for Viv, for my children and my grandchildren, that I could die. It tears me apart. When I was your age I never longed to dance. I danced"

Hardy was looking at Horny with distaste. "In my age, you were a stoned hippie" He returned to watch the TV, imagine how Horny was hurt, still trying to pull the conversation; it was useless. Horny withdrawn to the sleeping room at last, heavily, sadly staring at her wall.

Meeting with Partum. Partum was short, extremely famous and of course not young. Of course he put his eye on Horny. Horny had this luck in the bad luck, throwing herself into people's eyes. Partum knew Taddy, of course, he knew, when & how Horny had left the country. He had Taddy cry in his lap, he said... He has bumped to Horny and Stas the other day, but then Horny was drunk and probable funny. He called her up, proposing to meet; she made him wait few days.

"What are you doing?" Horny asked, he just looked at her, so she developed a question "what is Polish art like?"

"The art, bitch died. I'm doing some philosophy of the thoughts" Partum's answer was rare, in the room filled with a drunk arty youth. Few extremely pretty extremely

young woman, all of them much taller than Partum or Horny, extremely round breasted, extremely fitted, extremely long legged, starry eyed and narrow hipped, all of them defiled in front of them, Partum and Horny, one after one, making themselves just a little bit more attractive in the spell of the movement... They were paying him an honor, sprinkled with hope, he will put his eye just on her, and then nobody knows what can happen. Partum was an Institution of Fame. "Die Warhol aus Warschaw, La Bozzare'de Varsovie and a Goughenheim on Mazowiecka street"

Horny tried to find out what he has done. He set next to her with legs stretched under the table, palms jacked one to the other, rather quiet, attended from the back by several young men who all borrowed a small money from him for more booze. At the back of Horny and Mr. Partum was the bar.

"I am a Dean!" yelled Krzysiek Wachowiak, who in fact approached this incredible position. Krzysiek and Horny were pals at the same atelier in the art school.

"Aren't you too young?" she asked.

"I'm 50 years old"

Chap looked young, was dark hair, tall, wore glasses was drunk and extremely verbal. The supposed to be Horny's business meeting with Mr. P. was down in Krzysiek's blur, he remembered everything, Horny remembered nothing of that past they two had together. She remembered, Krzysiek was mugged by other colleagues and she was on his side, actually she wasn't on his side, she was exclusively on the mugged side, as she always was... Partum educated Krzysiek in the past. Partum seemed, educated every single professor at the particular table - also these who were his age or more - at least 8 of them, were drinking salud' to Horny's well formed legs, to Horny's gorgeous eyes, to her popping up breasts to Horny's little cute ass; and so on.

"You should translate Taddy's poems to English. Buy an old color Xerox machine and do the books all by yourself and make a lot of cash and pay the debt to your blood, Miss. Borrow me your books, I may get you, to be presented on TV. Galleries make no sense, you don't need a handful of people coming by. You have to multiply everything. Internet is OK, it is smarter to be with instead of not to be. But you need money. You have to pay 700US dollars per three months for a good web page. It's OK price. If you manage to keep yourself during one year, you'll remain. Don't go to NYC. To NYC one goes when one is already someone. To go there and live like a hippie is a lost child job, a real shit. You could eventually go there if you had enough money to buy a house or have a good flat and then do some arrangements with sense" He was having this conversation with her, while she watched the room, watched the people in the room, lots of them and all of them very loud, moving and very excited. The professors at the table, yelled, had speeches, slept, drunk, toasted, woke up, complimented her, and stared at every centimeter of her precious flesh.

"I find, the art's mob here is being against me" Horny looked at Partum

"You don't understand anything, this are only the politics. It is all exclusively orthodox. They don't know you, except for a couple of the old colleagues. This is not the point. You got to have the door. The entry"

"Go away!" Krzysiek was yelling at the very old dame, Horny bought three dying roses from, for the whole 10zl. Krzysiek worked on Horny, from the beginning to buy a beer for him, he worked on it, on everyone around the table, he has bought one single beer for himself. Krzysiek was famous, had a great job, painted exclusively sea waves in oil & acrylic, but his cash was with his wife, so to say.

"This is a nice old lady and I love my roses" Horny was tear eyed. Krzysiek was still chasing the bum, as he called her. Horny appreciated her short conversation with the woman about how to keep these particular roses alive and the actual origin of the old dame's hat, much more than any of the flattering her table's men, Horny was hurt, she loved an old geezer's watery blue eyes, charismatic and a bit comical features, her patchy skin of an old lizard, the fishing man outfit and too short, squeezed posture.

"You just wanted to drink more for it" she pointed to Krzysiek the obvious fact.

"Yeah, right but I'm worth it, what do you think she will do with it, she will drink! It will go down her throat, she is an old Alco, why do you think she is here at all, five times every single day and night, in her stupid red hat, pushing this fucking dead roses on the ones who think are romantic enough!" Here he hit the point he was not stupid. It was time to go Hardy... It was time to go home. Partum suggested, he was taking her to another place, more quiet, less filled with fans, his and hers. She wouldn't. He suggested, to take her to his place, eventually, she wouldn't. With an admiration, she looked after the small man with a huge bag with an expensive Pentax, wearing a fur coat he has bought for 10 bucks, second hand and dry washed for 100, in Copenhagen last year, disappear into a wet dark, of a Warsaw's sticky night.

"Fish! Ah Fish! Fish!" An ordinary looking guy stretched his head out of his car shouting after Horny, walking along the street, all the Night Clubs were at hand in a cozy exciting darkness which smelled Spring again, far too close to prove own innocence or independence, at last Horny caught a Cab. She wanted to get home to Hardy and she was very hungry, the night shop in the neighborhood was closing within three minutes.

Horny's loneliness was destroying her. Her Hardy was home, so why she felt as she did? It was enough, Hardy did not look at her, did not converse, did not respond to what she said, left her alone at the table, crossed from kitchen to the living room, switched on the TV, she felt he was neglecting her. Horny plunged herself into a bath tub, she was hoping a short hot shower was putting her up on her feet, Hardy asked to photograph her already since few nights, nude or a half nude, Horny's body was cute. Horny was so fucking cold and the water did not get hot, however she mastered it turning the taps. Horny remain in the bathtub at least an hour, suffering and cold.

Horny was in bed alone since a while, now, at least an hour, the bomb blasted inside her, pumping her veins, spreading slowly in waves as she would damped an LSD into herself and not three single beers.

"I'm going to die, till the morning" she whispered to him. Sex with Hardy was a masterpiece, he started with the most unusual kiss. Ended up with an orgasm bringing his Horny back to life.

"Animal! Animal!" shouted, a happy girl, Horny.

"So, you were Kosciuk's old flame? You must have been crazy he is a psychopath. He is totally out. You must have had a tough life, girl" Partum said, Horny did not respond.

"If he is still alive. Zak is the only one who cares for him, on and off. He has found him lying on the street smeared in his own shit, he brought him home, cleaned him, and gave him a mattress to sleep. He is a total narcoman. He looks like a fat sack he looks horrible. He just sits on the gutter. But I met some people who were studding with him at the film academy, he was OK, than, they said"

"He was a prisoner after the student uproar in 68 for a long time, I have heard he never became OK, after this. He told me, he was an excellent violin player, they broke all his fingers in jail, they did the drawer trick, they tortured him. But, yes he was pretty taught. He was fucking obsessed and fucking sneaky. He was observing me. He was constantly in the state of research. He was also selling me to his pals for the drugs, Mescaline, LSD, opium, hashish and grass. He was doing a research on colors and sound waves, it was a totally insane project at first but Art Academy in Copenhagen backed him up. There was something exciting around this man. He was also very beautiful, really handsome. He was Jewish, but he did not look Jewish in any way, he had big blue eyes, ash colored hair, pale carnation, sharp features, he was very tall, slim, completely well made, plaid the guitar" Horny said, thinking. "He has never done anything he had planed, did not make one single movie, was quite good at sex" She had a vague memory. "But spoiled it by being so obviously mystical about it all, touching the very end of her tail bone, explaining that, with this touch, she was entering cosmos... She did not... He was a fucking UFO"

The old dame roses did not open up. They were hardly red, they were small and heavy gray. Stas left for NYC without meeting Hardy and without saying goodbye, he was afraid to get drunk again.

"You look horrible in your blue pants" said Hardy, she was getting dressed, they were going out to an art opening, she has given him a blow job "Bleach" he asked for, and she has given him, her ring he asked for, he had a feeling the ring was matching his eyes, perfectly.

"Horrible. Not at all chick or hip as you imagine, you look cheap like an Eastern European girl and your ass in them is huge like an awful pumpkin" Hardy wanted her to wear her black jeans and look like the students at ZAP. Horny did not like melting with the crowd. Horny wrote in her daybook

" ... he got a blow job

& a blue ring

what did I get?

A big ass in my blue pants."

Horny was vain and a bit blues, Horny was very vain and very blues and they were her best pants. But today, she was wearing a black short, far too tight skirt.

"They talked bad about your dad again on the radio, they said he has written a poem about Bierut"

Bierut was Stalin's pal, was Prime Minister of Poland, a head of the Central Comity of the Communistic Party. Do not confuse with a party and do not imagine Taddy wrote something again, Taddy is still dead. It all referred the Past. Horny remembers seeing Bierut, she was five years old, it was the 1st of May march past and the chap, smiling, stood at the top of the tribune, surrounded with a lot of the men like him, waving to the passing conduct. He smiled more then the others, Horny looked, waved and smiled back. It was easy done. Was Horny born a traitor? Did she betray her people with a smile? Horny loved smiling. She could spend days smiling at people, catching their eyes and they would smile back. She loved the effect it spelled upon her, the warmth, most powerful communication and togetherness. Was Horny, a communist?

"Why do they tear your father's good name all the time? It hurts, there must be some pig in there"

Bebe phoned. Viviane and Wanda called, Horny was a little girl again.

Horny had a total disorder in her body, a total chaos, inflicted with a few painfully yelling holes. H&H had been to an art opening and to ZAP. After spending 5 hours under one roof with 300 people sick on fame, Horny was done. Once again Horny felt, as she would drop an acid and not two, three beers; Horny felt insane. The art show they had seen was neither good or bad, was boring. Food at ZAP was aural.

"I have seen you before" Hardy recalled a little chap with a bleached post punk messy dirty hair do, sitting at the same table.

"Impossible" the guy said.

"Last week, we have been talking"

"Was I after the coke?"

The little chap's question, puffed, logic intelligent Hardy and the little chap quickly quoted "impossible" He was an obsessed and a drunk famous painter, everyone in that fucking room filled with smoke was an obsessed and a drunk painter, regardless to the sex segregation, or a kind of art they were devoted to, or the grade of the fame. Yes. Partum was still there, or there again and still promoting Horny his newest starlet, he spread the news Horny was a porn actress; it was definitely no good and not the truth in her eyes. There was hardly anyone who cared for her eyes, their eyes tried to pin else-where. Horny still tried to find out whom Partum was himself with no result. No one could give an answer. Robin talked at least 8 minutes on the subject without saying literary a word.

"He is may be a bluff" Hardy suggested. Partum kissed Hardy's every finger, with his little, vodka deepen mouth. Horny still felt deep trust to the old man, not that he was going to make her career but that he cared, or what it really was?

"The old cunts are jealous, they won't promote your books, chick" Partum told her, bringing her around the room, introducing to several guys instead, who each gave her a card. Just

Wonder, why. Once again he explained his theory to Hardy, this time, how orthodox, Polish art's politic was, this was simply it. Sexually free art, he called Horny's work for, now, was not permitted but he was going to put on the fight. A young black-eyed boy instantly was fixing her eyes. A loud tall broad in leather pants with a bonfire of a brown red hair, from the other day, was there again a tasty young, half-Italian, as well and a young blond chick showing of nipples in a leopard blouse. H&H were changing the tables, Hardy was constantly bored.

"The old tigers don't like young tigers" Horny told Hardy and he did not understand anything. The old flattering him chaps - with the subjects of Vikings, Swedish woods, Wasa dynasty, Swedish steel, Swedish sport and the rest of classics Absolute, were nothing more than boring.

"Your lady is amusingly beautiful, you have an excellent taste, my young Swedish friend" They talked behind his back. They could not take his look. They had said, he was an uneducated piece of a young shit, chewing on his gum.

"Hardy stopped smoking at least a month ago and actually was chewing on the nikorete also while having sex" They questioned sarcastic, who was the man in H&H's team, telling, Partum kissed Hardy on his lips. Horny's plea was to take him out, it was impossible to teach seventy years old egos how to behave in the room, next to a handsome lad, who was hers - the goddess's, man.

"You had a better chance to melt before you have shaved" Indeed Hardy shaved the other day.

"You look fifteen years old, if one takes you for the men and around twenty if for the girl"

"You mean I look like a pussy?" Hardy was seriously hurt.

"Let's move to another table" Was his girl's point, they moved to Robin, a Satanist.

"Do you know Diamanda Galas?" Robin asked a thin girl who was his company.

"Is it, she?" The girl pointed at Horny with a great interest, Robin denied, this time the girl's attention turn on Hardy with a great bang. Her gesticulation went wild.

"Watch out, you are going to pick my eyes" Horny wheezed, it was extremely unpleasant being ignored so drastically by someone - a young bitch, sitting centimeters away. However the chick continued loosing her head for the Hardy, a foreign, young and handsome man and continued putting her excited flapping palms into Horny's face, saying "so, what are you doing here? So, who are you? So, are you studding here? So, what are you doing in Poland? So, what are you doing in Warsaw? So, what are you doing here? So, what? With who?"

Hardy seemed to enjoy the show, as it was his show at last, and refused to exchange the sits with Horny who was clearly in the way and very disturbed. The chick, both, high and drunk went into the quarrel with the other girl at her side who was accusing her "so, why are you spying on me, so why did you say to everyone I'm fucking in the staircase, you know well I had nowhere to go"

The other chick was rounder, had an angel blond hair and a gentle childish features. Partum joined and the bonny chick threw her arms around him.

"So, you can never do anything again, it's too late, so, three years ago you could have formed me to anything but you were not strong enough" She smiled charismatic

showing her sharp long teeth, her face was witch's thin, her body was witch's thin, her pupils unsteady, she was wearing a hippie woolen blurry white dress and she was very thirsty, extremely thirsty and she did not have a coin. Partum answered "I'm sorry I did not promote you, as I promised, I would, but you really sucked, you were the scabby mongrel" The party was over, the bar was closed and the people were leaving except for the next table's guests who were singing a birthday song, it sounded militant, with a dominance of young strong male voices.

Hardy urinated on the street, against the house, loud and obvious, drew attention of the yuppie, who parked his light blue Porsche and was opening the gate to the very house, the two gentleman had a nasty exchange of words, a short essential conversation. Horny was very cold, winter would not leave.

When Adalbert had driven H&H down town to the particular opening, earlier this day "Christ!" Horny shouted "what a sky!" The sky was bursting upon them in all variety of a dark blue, the day was dying in a symphony of light, simultaneously, strong and sublime, with a dark blue of heavy clouds bowling rapidly upon earth curved with streets, houses and cars; they were fixed in the traffic jam, Warsaw had far too many people in the cars, for it's territory. The going out started with a demonic, powerful, sky, getting Horny excited of what it had in store, for her. It had nothing. It simply darkened up.

Horny sneaked to bed alone, hoping she will fix herself up, she did not. Horny was fucking ill, desperately looking for one steady point to stop at, there was none. She was circling in chaos of her body, her soul hurt, like fuck, there was no other way to express. Hardy who joins her was constantly running up to take a shit. A tin blown in the wind along the street outside H&H's window scared a shit out of her, Horny was clearly over done. She was fucking blasted once again.

Lucrezius had a small obsession, Lucrezius had a great obsession. The toilet. He was three years old and visited Viviane in Stockholm together with Lucrezia. Actually it was fourteen years old Lucrezia's trip. She has taken him there one late Sunday morning, after finding her parents, Ex and Horny in the kitchen together with Bruno K O., still drunk after a drinking night; she has got enough - demanding money for the train. Viv and Lucrezia taught Lucrezius to go to the bathroom for his basic needs. L&L came back home after one week, Lucrezius proud of giving up his diapers for good. These needs were spoken out in Polish. Other wise Ex spoke to him Swedish and Horny, English. Now, to avoid confusion, Lucrezius gave up the talk and used gestures to show what was going on, he either grabbed himself back or front, it was very clear, until he has created his own words for these particular things, it was easy, except for the small detail, he wanted an assistance in the bathroom, he did not use the pot, but the toilet, he had to strip nude for the ritual, it had to go very fast, he, jumping, shouted to be helped to get all his clothes off, it was quite a scene. The family agreed, comforting a little boy. It ruined his kindergarten going, there he would not use the toilet at all, there was no way to make him do other wise. He was coming home totally exhorted, rushing to the bathroom at once entering his house,

hastily. After four days, of schooling, he remained at home. It was a bit of the trouble, the authorities wanted him to continue going there, Horny was not the trustful mom, according to them, they wanted to suit him into the complete social structure. In their eyes, Horny was both, the freak and the foreigner. Lucrezius refused. He was an excellent toddler, a great boy. Lucrezius's bathroom obsession continued on the long worldwide trips, in every restaurant he was examining the toilet first, before he examined the menu, he anyway would order the same dish every day. If toilet did not do, they had to look for another place. It simply had to be extremely clean and had to have proper locks.

They were on Crete, in the car, his need was alert, they stopped in the mountains, Ex had to build a small toilet sit of stones, Lucrezius would not duck, he would not risk, it was no use, even to try to persuade the lad. Horny as a child, in the school - the kindergarten she refused, because she was unable to sleep with the other kids in the same room, and they were all forced to take a sleeping break in the school Horny would not use the toilet in the breaks, there was no way, she would even piss if other children could have hear her; she went there during the lessons if she really had to go, she would always think of it twice. She developed strategies. Taddy, as a grown up man would not take off his long elegant trousers on the beach, he was walking around looking really silly, he was taking off his shirt. There was nothing wrong with his looks, he had beautiful legs, he had his mom's delicate calves and pretty and small feet, Horny inherited. The jealous, was the character's line these three generations shared, the father, the daughter and the grandson. There isn't much to do with a certain line of queens.

The view, which Horny missed lately excessively, to a pain burst, was an Indian sun set. The sun set in Gua, red, blood dripping and revealing, harmonious with the depths of every soul possessing the eyes, the eyes devoted to this least of the beauty, the world supposes to provide with; the sun set in red.

Hardy, still sleeping spread Horny's legs, lifting them up over his shoulders. Horny definitely woke up Hardy licked her womb.

"You know what we will do tomorrow?" he asked her with a devoted lovely soft voice and disappeared. Hardy woke up in the bathroom spiting blood, it scared him hell of a lot, he thought it was his own blood. Horny, simply had a menstruation. Horny bleeds like a slaughtered cow. Hardy would not touch her a few days. It was repulsive.

Had Horny's loneliness anything to do with Hardy's drinking habits? Or was it a total freak of her, her own libido? Was her sensitivity, childhood bind, did she inherited it after her mom, or was she simply allergic on an alcohol? Did she have the right to bother Hardy, to break her alienation? There were 49 TV chapels, 18 computer files and 50 000 000 people on this earth, did she have any privileges, regarding him or did she only imagine it? She wrote in her daybook " you are either before, either into it either after, what am I suppose to do, next to you? If you are drinking, we sit like ghosts in the chairs because you are drinking, if you are not drinking, we sit like ghosts in the chairs because you are not drinking, it is always the most impor-

tant issue, it always does the total clue in the room, if you do, or if you don't; we are always in the room, Christ." There was something wrong with Horny, she waited for the love as the dog waits for the bone. There was definitely something wrong with Hardy, he was puking and shiting the whole night; he did get drunk. "We'll bury the love, if we don't wake up" wrote Horny, she was smashingly beastly beautiful this night. The mirror reflection hunted her, her eyes fucking shone like lamps, her hair was swelling done.

Horny slept far too much, she was loosing her personality in her dreams, in the first dream, she bedded Nick, Cave, there was lots of beds to choose and of course no sex. Next dream, there was lots of a young boys available. Next, Horny had her boy friend with, he was... a twelve years old girl!

"She only looks twelve, she is fourteen, believe" Horny explained, watched the girl's butt, in the short brown skirt and a transparent pantyhose, waking up at Hardy's side, she had slept thirteen hours, they were both exhausted, sweaty and smelly, they have been together five years and eight months.

. H& H at Per La Chaise. The cemetery was nostalgic, exclusive classy and gray marbled, in the early light of the Spring. H&H were the first time in Paris, together. After walking around, checking all the precious graves, Horny set down on the marble bench, Hardy lied down immediately stretching himself comfortable, using her soft belly and thighs as a warm pillow, the day was cold, but the sun plaid it a little bit up. Horny lifted her face up, towards the sun, Hardy deliberately was catching the sun tan, unbuttoning his shirt, Horny was playing with his breast long golden wavy hair. Exactly every by passer, carrying a camera and every one seemed to be carrying one, took a photo of H&H, Horny with her eyes softly close, but not shut, watching it through the fringes of eyelashes and Hardy, totally unaware of the fact, deep in his contemplation of the Parisian sun. Horny's butt, ice cold freezing, and her limbs stiffening bit by bit. They were on their way to New York, for the first time.

"How to keep Hardy awake, into my world?" Horny put herself a question, she has failed again, after making him leave his chair for her couch, playing him up wild, biting his lamb tasting teat, keeping his eyes in focus, planing to wildness it all up into the bed, she has failed again, a phone rung, she picked it up and he was back into his chair sunk down into a soft German porn, holding into a remote control, as to the life-board. It was long after he has left the room, she realized, she was left on the couch, she found herself breathing heavily, crying a little bit and severely biting her hands, still flashing under the eyelids pictures she had recently seen - a nude butt of the slim woman in a stripes of red strings, a nude couple furiously fucking, a bimbo playing with her teat, a girl bind into ropes, with squeezed breasts sticking out like two trapped animals, all this she wanted to happen to herself; Hardy slept.

"Christ, how to keep myself alert into my world?" Was Horny finding, the way out of her trap? Hardy fucked Horny, to fuck hurt Horny was as useless as to fuck a plank. Hardy turned her a little bit to that and the other side, Hardy slide in an out several times, Hardy was passionate, but the bitch was beyond his reach, Hardy

came, Horny was off. The night proceeded. The nature of time was wicked. The nature of the bad time was double as wicked, it passed in many destructive ways.

Horny woke up into a Hardy's love, together with a bright sun. She had plans, they agreed upon - for a tet a tet a la Varsovie, which did not work, Hardy simply, changed her plans by wanting to be on his own. Horny exploded, a bitch did not know how to celebrate a new awaken love without the main object, her man. They beat each other before she left the house, of course she had a new and cute hair do, and every time she had a new and cute hair do, she supposed to get an extra Hardy love, she has got arrested for crossing, a narrow Miodowa street on the red stop light by two cops, she fixed some practical stuff regarding Viviane's court case, she read a book to a cup of tea, at Literacka, she has been reading that book, Dead Babies since a while, Hardy bought the book for her in GUA, she visited Wanda, she bought 2 books for Nasty. Within a week Nasty was going to be three years old, and now the little girl decided, she was going to be an actress, she has started a Suzuki training, she joined her dad at the theatre, he has got an acting job, plaid a woman, a singer. Francis had his first serious kiss; he was in love, the girl was a black hair, black-eyed beauty. Actually, Horny took a notice on the nature of the fact, it did not give her an aging syndrome but an essence of an abstract. Lucrezius was not going to Cyprus with his chick, he started to think of quitting the school.

"Since ten years I did not feel the lust to anything" he was telling his mom, on the phone, Horny stood, supporting herself at the bookshelf with her elbow, where the phone was placed, she was wearing a purple underwear and a tiger blue bra, her hair were fixed with a wet gel, she was bare feet, she could not sit down, the wire was too short.

"My school is boring, I can stand two subjects, a photo, and computer drawings, but we have twelve more, I'm fed up. The school does not give me any qualifying education, I would have to study more to attempt that, I care for my future or to be someone, but I can't become someone, just to please you, I have to fulfil myself, and I feel nothing, there is no use to lie. After this school, continuing the study I could be a journalist and that I don't want. Or to be a photographer, I want to do a photo as a hobby but not as a job. A film director, is great, but see where you or dad has got, not far at all" Lucrezius was getting a bit desperate, he needed money, and he knew he will be needing money through all his life, he didn't know what to do, he was constantly tired, he slept too little, every single day started too early. Viviane stopped picking up the phone, she was fearing someone might want to visit her, she did not want visitors, Hollywood has given a new trend this year, no pennies and no bra, no one single actress on stage or in the pubic room wearing a bra or an underwear, Jack won the Oscar. The men were over represented in the American show biz, after all it was a factory of the dreams. Something was clearly out of the balance, still women who were fewer, were more visible, this was a fact, Miss Helen also got an Oscar for the same movie in fact, but she was an old rug cunt while Senior Jack was a genuine sex symbol. H&H already seen the movie. In the Polish show biz, men were even more over represented then in an American. On a Polish, movie posters, the names of the actresses, if they were printed at all, were written in an extra small print. There

was something terribly wrong with the pope. It was surely his influence, all moves of that type were his influence, and he was very influential on this territory. Why wasn't the pope, a woman, it would have been easier to live in such a world for people like Horny, the people with cunts. H&H watched the TV Oscar's transmission through the whole night, they laughed at all old cunts, and old peaches, the stars. Every actress over twenty-two years of catch was an old cunt. Drew and Mira still managed, they were on the critical twenty-two border, Mira was excellent, extremely tall, extremely well formed, also the legs, and childishly innocent at least minding her charisma, Drew was an experienced sarcastic viper, she lost her virginity at the age of three. The male actors did not get old, they got mature, responsible, wise, or interesting. H&H, woke up staring into each other eyes of love, the event was clean, pure, powerful and unforgettably. It actually never happened before, or did not happen since a long long long while. Horny felt goood. She should have understood it'd go down with the Titanic. Titanic got 11 Oscars. Kitsch got a maximum of unbelievably prestigious prices. Nastasia, Horny's grand daughter was kicked out of the Suzuki school, she had destroyed the violins, she literally crashed them, melted them into centimeter small bits, out of the pure excitement, during the games.

"You are a fucking sloppy woman!" Hardy was dissatisfied with her, Horny; she was at last, happy, fulfilled, cool and horribly female. She did not do anything this day, but having a small sex with him finding her G point, vow, touching him, vow, making him come and cry, cry for her, the next was a dry writing, and again back to a sexual, long soiree with herself in the shower, brought her cunt completely sparkling red, hot and shaved and shaking for more, Hardy joined her in bed for more sex, this time great, hard fucking.

"Lick me Hardy" Horny started with the line, boiling up and shivering under the spell of his tongue, eating his big cock, dancing, turning, pulping herself.

"Oh, Hardy, more" The girl was a hungry one, ended up riding, her black glistening stallion, the mountain of his flesh, came hard, forever fulfilled. It was a while, at least few days, since she longed for the powerful sexual clash that much, she got it. Hardy did not like that, he did not like, there was no real food served at the house, he did not like she was still undressed passed 9 PM, he hated her, had to hate her, had to see how repulsive she was. She has made a scene before, every time he went to a coffee house to watch broads, she made a scene, she wanted to come with, she imagined they were equal, she imagined they, H&H were going to hold hands and he was going to kiss her purple lips, with love, in front of the others, how could an old rug imagine, she was worth that and they were both equal? She has made a scene about a ring, he has taken her ring again, to decorate himself at the cafe«, it suited his tattoo, and there was always a chance, a pretty ring on a pretty boys hand was a good start for a conversation, if some chick at the next table would want to talk. Horny, still unflattering nude, with low breasts and a home shoes, which made her short, without even an underwear, at the writing corner of the room, was shouting "the ring is a token of love! It's my ring! If you wanted to wear it because you loved me, because it reminds you our love bound, with it's green magic eye, ha, then fine, but you took it, because it looks good on you, when you go out alone, slut! You never gave me a

ring, in all this years! Don't fucking touch my ring! Ever!" She produced few crazy aggressive & aggravating gestures. Hardy's Horny was not the same girl, the same person, she saw in herself. Hardy's Horny had an abominable flesh, hanging down from her hips, when she lied down, sloppy on her thighs, it was also something wrong with her cunt, although red but unpromising, he would have promised something was sticking out of, a small devil's tongue, how could he love an old bitch like that, he was only twenty four and really pretty. Hardy's Horny came into the room saying "I don't think you love me, it somehow explains everything. Every time I'm pleased with myself, with you, with our life, you are misplaced with me, you step back, step out, you are here because it's practical to have a roof over the head"

Hardy just, had to leave the house. They both knew, by this pattern, they were never finding the way to each other, the way to love. She still gave him her belly to kiss, her belly showing in the crack between a silver blouse and despised by him, the blue pants, she was wearing a g a i n.

"Oh, no, not this" Hardy moved her off his way, he decided to get drunk on his own, it was only to leave the house.

"Girl, you are famous! I got you an interview in the flashiest paper! You have to be there by tomorrow, I'll go with you! Friday I'm leaving for Copenhagen" Partum was on the phone, Horny threw herself into a taxi. Before she left the house Viv's old girl friend called, she expected H&H at Viv's hometown, a small pit down south, the same day, Horny was excited, she wasn't there since she was nine. Partum was at Zap, of course, were else, it was his castle, they went to his studio, he, another chap and Horny, she was dying to see his place; it was small and roughly simple. There was a table, a bed, another low table with a lot of a photo work and papers and one more, painting room. They bought vodka and juice for Horny. Partum was an excellent host, he had a long speech

"This dame, here, is an artist, she is like Madonna. I'm not saying she is number one, for this one needs a huge money, she is one of the top twenty in the world, we, here in Poland are morons, and there is a risk she will leave as anonymous, as she came. The women are jealous and men scared of her. She is doing a sexually explicit art since many years, she is great!" Here, he rose a toast.

"She is writing about sex, her particular sexual life dairy, not like a woman, or a lover, she writes like a writer. Her old girl-friends don't dare to meet her, Horny is so fucking young, she is unbreakable, her old pals, they are old falling apart hens, I have been checking it up, everyone knows about her, here, but they take a water into the mouth and refuse to let her in. It's a dirty game" Here, Partum spoke more about a Vatican, Christianity and other blur.

"She is a way off, in front of us, she is even a competitive to myself, I'm taking it, I'm getting even with the morons, I'm promoting this broad. She is doing movies in which she is copulating, not like a whore, or a wife, but an artist. I said it very good, didn't I?" Partum asked her with a great courtesy to take of her coat and prove how well she was preserved. Horny was laughing all the time, drinking her grapefruit juice and was indeed charming for the occasion. Horny took a taxi home, passed an

Irish Pub to look for Hardy, he wasn't there, he already left the bar 14th, she went to a Go-Go Night Club pretending she looked for her lost clothes, hi, she also danced there the other night - of course on the side and unfortunately not nude - now, looking for him, he wasn't there, actually nobody was there, for the last three guests, Spanish fellows and a pretty, Spanish speaking bartender who still did not forget her. There was no single go-go, Horny wondered where did they go?... At home, Horny warmed up her tea, lit a cigarette and went back to her writing. Hardy came home terribly drunk, hit Horny from time to time, cooking for himself, he farted at her, spat, waved his arms, pushed her around, pinched with a fork. Horny slapped his face his glasses fall. Hardy cooked his pasta, ate and was back to execute the punishment, she twisted his glasses, he slapped her head, face, back of her head yelling, his eyes were white, his eyes were fucking gone inside his dumped head.

"I'm strong" Horny, scared, thought to herself on and on, he sprayed her with a shaving cream, hair gel, broke her cigarettes, burnt her with a light, he wasn't only aggressive, he was fucking insane, he broke a lamp, missed her and went to sleep. Horny stood in the middle of the darkened room prying, she was clearly aware, this affair did not work, the money were gone, she could not fulfil, one single business arrangement, constantly plotted into this cracking love, like to a dance. Tango with the demon. Horny was a devoted dancer, Christ, Horny was too much a dancer and her life was not a party, her life was at danger, was she able to see that? She set night after night, writing. The nights she did not write, she was getting lost. Hardy was going out, writing a small laps to Tom, she was writing small laps to Hardy, it was a fucking writer crack-creed-creek, in here, in there. She had a long argument, with Lucrezius on the phone, his school-going was cracking down. Hardy cared exclusively for himself, or not even that. He simply didn't care at all. Hardy was a destructive sample of a Buddhist. Hardy was a fucking piece of a shit. Bebe called, Vivian called, Wanda called, Horny was in Hardy's arms again. She had washed all his, beer, hair gel and urine stunted clothes. They had sex twice the following night, she seduced him once again, this time in the sleep; it was very good. There was no end of disaster or there was no disaster, which would have known? Wanda said, she was leaving this world and planned to leave to Horny, a last piece of the land after her grand father. It was situated on the outside of the cemetery, the priest had an interest in it, the cemetery became too small. Horny had a chance to be a part owner of the town's old graveyard this was a hit! It smelled cult. Imagine, Horny part owning the graveyard! H&H were traveling there the following day, to Jan's, Horny's granddad's hometown. Partum's woolen socks laid, perfectly mantled a top of each other, in the place of the pillow, on the bed. And one more sweater folded in two, diagonally, she has never seen a sweater folded into that direction, a really odd Partum's do. Partum was wearing the same clothes every time, Horny saw him. Everyone called him, the master. His woolen sweater was black and worn out, black and not fresh, a bit too long jeans and black much too long T-shirt sticking out of the sweater, like a short dress, he looked fucking great. And moved all the time even if he did not move. Had a Rose's priest', grayish hair do and a watery blue eyes. Horny read his Manifest. Partum was definitely a surrealist. Horny did not understand a

word. Sex with Hardy was great again and their love seemed flourishing, as by miracle they got some cash, they were going to spend fast.

Chapter 20

"Jag vill hem! I want to go, home"

Hardy rose in bed, caught with a sheer despair, he was drunk, he was waking up several times, at first did not know where he was, he was puking, pissing and shiting, he slept in his clothes, he whined "I want, home" at least four years old; at last.

"You, fucking whore, you have betrayed me" Now, Hardy sounded like a man, Horny lied down besides him, he noticed she was wearing an underwear, she was up pissing, possibly two minutes, they were in Lodz, Polish Hollywood. She was promoting herself right into the heart of the beast, the movie world - she walked right in; in that case she did not need a public screening, a public screaming, a pubic, a show or a review. The train from Warsaw took an hour the town they arrived at was a dynamic old, dusty gathering. Nineteenth century's, small, industrial place. They had an expansive - midday, breakfast at the elegant hotel and went straight into the town's main art hall. Horny was expected she had an intern screening.

"All your movics are erotic. I don't like an ordinary porn, it turns me of" said Jola Ciesielska, the museum's curator, who was receiving. Horny, a visitor. The boss, an old noble maid, was luckily not there, few more specially invited embarrassed guests, attended.

"No" said Horny "Super Ego, was half nude, that's all, not erotic at all, it was about a food, the nourishment" she explained "ID N1, is erotic, one can't deny, it's visibly sex act. It's about love and passion. But my movies don't suppose to turn you on, they suppose to make you feel odd, a bit awful, filled with reflection not rejection, touched but not sexually arose"

"Why that? You have such a beautiful body?" Jola asked. Horny certainly gave her a smile. "But you are a performance artist" Jola more stated then asked, Horny did not answer and Jola added, "Can one say?" looking at Horny trying to define her.

"Yes, one can say..." Horny said agreeable, her brain was bombed, she should have say, if she was sane "no! I'm a filmmaker, I'm creating illusions, performance artist expose realities"

"You do something, what, lets say does not finish necessary when the movie finishes..." Jola looked at Horny with a smart, detective look in her face; did she sense the act of perversion?

"No" This time, Horny responded, teased by Jola's look. "The act finishes when the movie finishes, actually it finishes before, the whole process of cutting, editing makes it, into a story, and if it doesn't finish for you, then I'm flattered" Horny was rather pumped out, the air in there was electric, nude images of herself and playmates rolled on; they talked about Karkowski's music, Jola questioned her small auditory, who according to her was in the state of shock, they barely spoke, Horny was wearing a plastic pink jacket and started to smell sweat, Jola and she, discussed Lucrezius's appearance in the movie.

"He will have a dreadful memory through the whole life", Jola said.

"No" Horny talked about it before, yet not with Jola. "He was paid, he had fun, he stopped where he wanted to, no hard feelings, no bad memory, children like doing a theatre, but getting food to rot was more advanced & difficult, it took three days"

Hardy was waiting outside, Horny was getting stressed, Hardy was sure Jola was a lesbian, Hardy was outside taking pictures. Jola, who had a young boy's, short blond hairdo and an old lady over the knee long, sepia colored skirt, said, all the ICA, the London's pride, was homosexual and Horny being a hetaera had no chance. It was possibly the truth. It was all very simple and they all talked about the pope, once again. Horny was pretty fed up, traveling round having a conversation about the pope. She apparently did not know the guy.

"Can't you put this fucking camera down?" Horny asked Hardy photographing her, wishing they could take a walk, looking at the beautiful houses, holding hands, Horny loved old beautiful houses. Jola promised to show TET collection to everyone in this town, the entire Ludz's avant-garde - which was the number you could easily cunt - scene was away, attending an international art project in Australia. H&H decked at the East Gallery at the East Street. The streets, the houses and the bars reminded of East Berlin, H&H felt pretty at home, they were out with Anna. Anna was British citizen from Zimbabwe. She was very white, short, cute, nice, kind, quiet, she had small blue eager eyes, was a bit shy and suffered of a maniacal depression at times, she said. She could not live in Britain, she was fed up with pussy licking, she had a Polish man, at last.

"I'm here, also because Poland reminds more of Africa" Anna missed her roots as all the sensitive beings do, she was an art performer, she has filmed an attacking her ostrich, and she has filmed her nude feet and has filmed herself nude in the mirror, with two heads. She was one of the twins. Besides that she was the performance artist, she was an English teacher.

"What a faggot shit, are we looking at?" Hardy who woke up in the middle of the floor, put a question in his mother's Swedish tongue and passed out. Anna had filmed herself taking a shit, in the extreme close up but she could not find the tape, Anna was drunk too. Horny was drunken too and pretty relieved, she was not very anxious to watch the particular deed performed by her new pal right now or possibly ever, at all; it wasn't hers topic, really. H&H were going to sleep over, Anna and her man slept in the bed constructed beneath the ceiling, H&H on the floor, the place was huge.

"You, fucking whore, have betrayed me" Hardy repeated again, in the sleep.

Horny woke up - the night when they came back from Ostrowiec, Viviane's home town - up in the air, Hardy was swinging her round in the sleep, intending to fuck her. She woke up literally in his grip, in his arms, with her head sticking out into the room not knowing whom she was, Hardy was full asleep. It was impossible to pull out, unprepared, from the dream area into their room, into his arms fast enough. Horny had an affair with a ten years old boy, he loved her movies and he lied in her bed, she felt him on her back, of course she was not going to have sex with a child, but the sensation, considering his obvious devotion was nice. Christ, Horny's dream

world escaped her total control. Ostrowiec has changed. Arriving, Horny counted on her fingers, since when she wasn't there, she counted back and forth, it was thirty-eight years. The first thing she saw after leaving a dark platform walking across the tracks was Statoil Swedish petrol station; it was pure Surrealism. When she was there for the last time, people hardly had TVs, and seldom owned cars. For the most they drove horses and carts. The people at Statoil, the customers were young poppy looking car drivers. In the old times one could have arrived from the near by town Starachowice by horses, the trains connection was not frequent, Horny felt very ancient. She easily found Jan's house, but she wasn't 100% sure if it was the house; it was. Jan's gardens were gone, high blocks surrounded Jan's house, the house itself seemed bigger, she expected it would be opposite, she supposed it could possibly feel smaller, it was two floor's, eight window's at the row, sepia colored house with a red steep metal roof, a terrace downstairs and balconies upstairs. H&H were staying at Dana, Viv's pal, on the opposite side of the street from Dana's small, red brick's, two floor's cottage, was a sparkling with lights and disco sex shop. H&H slept in the living room; Dana had a visitor, Cela. Dana and Cela were both over seventy years old and smoked cigarettes and laughed all the time. Dana's dog was constantly constipated and was on diet, it was an old molding dog. Dana loved him. H&H were well received.

"My legs were all shining of phosphorus and I had to spit the plums, all was shining" Wanda was in the conversation with Horny, she referred to Jan's neighbor garden, the Second World War's bomb attack and her night's pluming. Along the entire street were fruit gardens, flower gardens and cottages. "I had this on my sin's list before the first communion, I went to Milewski's garden through the hole in the fence, I was stealing his plums and the branch of the tree broke under me". Was Horny's story. Horny went through a severe religious obsession at the age of six, it all started & flourished in this small town; she spent lots of time in the church, lots of time praying, meditating, taking decisions, mediating with god and herself, she insisted being baptized, enrolled into a kid's bible school taking part in processions, strewing flowers, singing religious songs, joining the mass everyday. The mass was in Latin at that time and Horny understood everything. A local, young priest called Smerda was her warrant. Horny was afraid to die and she yearned salvation. She lived in the children room, which was placed in the corner of Jan's house two front windows went out into the garden, side windows to the neighbor's plum garden. Her parents were not there they were in Warsaw at that time but arrived later to take part in the culmination of Horny's religious explosion. The fiesta.

It was six in the morning Taddy and Viv got married in the local church, during the war, it was forbidden, the celebration was secret that's why they did not wear fine clothes. After that, Viv gave herself to Taddy. They lived in the corner room of Jan's house.

"Watch, watch, watch, catch, catch, catch, good, OK, no good, finished!" Anna repeated her guru's clue; she has met him in Varanasi. Anna and Arek, Polish art student spent a month in India. H&H exchanged the memories. They were, now in Lodz Kaliska bar, drinking beer and smoking cigars and Anna implied her guru's clue upon Horny's work, she still did not see. Actually, this little, young, performer and suffering of maniacal depression girl, was going to decide if Horny's work was or wasn't coming into a light in the home country. Horny already burnt the other bridges.

H&H went to the Ostrowiec's church. Horny had to see her church, the funeral was taking place and Hardy, cleverly forbid her to go inside. She got a pip in, fast saw everything, a front panel painting, a crowd of singing people, the priest and the coffin in the middle. Horny backed out. "Lets sit here, no one shall notice us" Horny set down on the bench opposite side of the small street, she was wearing her blue sparkling pants and glorious platform boots, the small crowd gathered. All the town's small dogs wildly barked at Hardy, the photographer; he was the most suspect, they barked literally from dog to dog, from house to house, from street to street they waited to see him off. Few younger boys waiting inside a funeral's bus stared heavily.

"Lets move" he said, she had to agree. The tall pretty girl, standing outside of a tiny Wrangler store, surely, heavily willing to leave the town, stubbornly waited to be photograph, a handsome Hardy didn't. The next time Horny looked into the church, the door was shut.

Horny was let inside Jan's house. It was not really Jan's house any longer. Shabby furniture viewed other people's life. A young girl was ironing clothes in Jan's dining room; it was not Jan's dining room. "Your grandfather's, grand piano went into a museum in Starachowice" said, a middle-aged chap, who guided her through the house she knew so damn well. Horny had such a lust to lay her hands a top of a cold, slippery black Steinway, reflecting through the dust. Of course it was there no more. The light in Jan's room was unusual strong, a shady verandah was removed.

"We have cut the old trees, they were taking too much light" the chap said, pointing huge bricks, outside of the window. "We are burning them down since years" Horny looked down, feeling the touch of the dark bark, of the cherry-trees under her small palms, she climbed these trees daily and most passionately, she actually lived in these trees.

"We dug out an old Jasmine bush in the corner, we were forced to build the wall, instead of the fence" He pointed the surrounding them blocks.

"That's a blossom?" Horny made sure, pointing a huge leafless, buddy bush, right in front. There were also two very tall larches, which Jan never saw grow, they were the last trees he planted. There should have been also a peach and an apricot tree, of his more recent ones, which Horny did not see. And did not ask. They were possibly among the sawed cubic of the dry old timber.

Horny's childhood went in smoke if not in flames.

The table was laid, china, and silver, cups, the same as every day. Jan set at the top of the long rectangular table fronting both windows into the backyard. Horny set opposite to him in the chair, if other grownups would have been there, she would have been sitting at the old brownish leather couch by the wall at the left side of the table, still almost at the end of the table. Horny was all fixed up, clean washed, almost polished, dressed, brushed in two ashy blond long, thick braids with colorful ribbons, the braid's tops consisted of at least 18 centimeters long English golden lock's, which she constantly spiraled in her right palm with a pointing little finger with a very short nail, she was biting her nails, sometimes she used her both hands, right on right, left on the left, now she kept both palms at the top of the table, she was smiling at Jan. There was nobody else who made her feel as safe, loved and comfortable as he did. Marysia, a kitchen maid carried in the food, soft boiled eggs, bread, butter, tea and milk. Every day, since the war had finished Jan ate two soft boiled eggs for breakfast, he lifted the knife cutting the top of the egg skull in one go, Horny always impressed, watched. He was taking a click of a hard butter at the top of the spoon, dipping the spoon into a pretty silvery salt carrier, eating it with a great delight. Horny watched, knocking at her egg with a spoon until it cracked and she could have peel the top off - it was never too soft & never too hard, she wouldn't dare to try the cut. The tablecloth was hard starched and snows white. Horny adored her grandfather.

"Your grandfather saved my father's life" Cela told Horny by the breakfast in Dana's kitchen. Hardy was still sleeping, Dana was cleaning the garden, the spring was entering, Dana's dog was dreaming away standing a top of the staircase in the sun. Horny was picking at the stale bread, ate a half of a boiled egg she cooked it too hard and she was not hungry. Cela had a coffee with a cigarette, Horny, black tea. Cela talked. "Twenty, the most respected men from the town were selected to be hung by Germans as the act of the punishment for the partisans blasting the town's main bridge. Cela's father managed to jump out of the balcony into the garden, unnoticed, the Gestapo soldiers did not find him in the house. He broke his leg, could not move freely, lay hidden in the bushes, Jan was the third person, after Cela's father's two best friends Cela asked for help, refused. Jan hid my dad in his house"

Horny was touched but not surprised. Jan was hiding lots of people in his house during the war, constantly.

"This is a drug store" Wanda said looking through Hardy's Ostrowiec photo prints, he did 140 pictures, only five of Horny. The picture was small and the house, Wanda pointed at, even smaller, Horny focused on something in a shape of the house with a blurred out billboard.

"They hung 19 men on the square outside of this drug store, I think there is a monument in that place"

Horny saw, at least six pictures taken on the monument, a broken iron rope coming out of the bursting gutter on the side of the Town's Square. Cela was a double widow, but Horny said, she was not a widow at all, as she divorced both men first. Cela lived with her second man all around Asia, he worked for Polish Embassy, she

lived in India, Vietnam and China, she traveled a lot, danced, smoked, made three weeks unforgettable holidays in Iran, Beirut, before it all went to hell, looking from the perspective of the Westerner, she bought shoes in Rome; she was actually depressed, she looked good regarding her age, bad regarding her check.

Horny, happy, pulling off her leopard pantyhose, and her silky lilac underwear, throwing her fluffy nude flesh at Dana's couch, with Cela and Dana resigned to their rooms, overwhelmed by real love, bursting out in a sudden flow of an earnest, asked Hardy a stupid question, "Where did you go after closing of Zap, two weeks ago, with who and why?" Hoping for a sweet love diddle doodle sweet fooling & satisfying her words, his answer was rude, honest. Horny, hurt, refused him sex or even a touch.

Ostrowiec's train station's bridge was pricked with single skinheads, creating small gangs, enough to scare shit out of you, from all possible sides, it was the trap. Strangely enough skins did not wait for H&H, the colorful foreigners with lots of attractive luggage, they waited for football team's supporters, escorted to the station in police cars, by Special Forces. The policemen looked like medieval knights, H&H boarded their train dissatisfied to loose the complete show. The Warsaw welcomed them with an ultimate Spring, Horny asked for sex, burst with hit in her womb, Hardy denied but could not kill her gorgeous goddess looks.

"How do you do the magic, Babe, you are old, and suddenly you leave the house so completely young, new and good. You look good, Horny" Hardy had to see it. His new hair cut was great, he thought.

"Horny, you are a bad model, you fool everyone with your image, the Bimbo, you still can't do it, you are so closed up, you don't give me this, you don't give this to anyone, and actually I'm not sure if it is good or bad, may be it is a complement" Hardy was pissed angry at her, but tried anti trance philosophy, he spoiled the continuing film on her, he spoiled his inspiration, his expectation, his aspiration, the bitch did not show, shit. Horny was shy, Horny was difficult and Horny was hurt by what he said, these were not news. She was the only person on earth, able to take these sensual pictures of herself. What a shame... Hardy kissed her freshly painted lips, she was above him in bed, he twisted her underneath himself, she used to love that particular move. Her excitement vanished, the phantom of Hardy being out with the other girls, Hardy having fun with the other girls, was back. They were in this bar, on her request, she visited a bathroom extra long, looking into her eyes, looking at her pretty half nude flesh in the mirror, fixing her hairdo, sacrificing her state of being, with images of Hardy and someone else.

"I feel, someone else is here, a third person, I don't know if it is you or me who's crazy, doubling the view" Horny was aware, in her jelly someone assisted her, was she crazy? She whispered to Hardy, it made him furious with rage. Hardy pushed her off to the side of the bed, she continued whispering and hexing, he was up to strangle

her. The girl switched, they did not have sex since at least a week, and she was sitting on his back massaging it, kissing it, and padding it.

"Is it nice?" she asked touching softly his nude small buttocks.

"It's a pure hell", Hardy said with his face to the pillow, continuing "it's something wrong with you, it must be the climacteric"

Horny must have been puffed, but did not stop kissing him, thinking "why, he says that kind of shit? Because I constantly say: I want! I want to dance, I want to kiss, I want an attention, I want fun, I want fans!" She knew, the sacral fearful name, was coming up, sooner or later, it was included in her age, in every woman's age who does not die before, such is a nature of a mankind, such is a nature of time, she moved upwards, giving him her cunt to lick, he gave her a swell orgasm, turned her upside down fucked her from behind, wet, came.

Arek and Hardy had an argument, Arek was drunk and pathetic, Hardy was drunk and bored.

"1940 in Katyn, in Soviet Union, 15 000 Polish officers were slaughtered, they were the root of a Polish upper class, 15 000 educated, talented, courageous men. It killed the country, we did not have any chance there was nobody who could lead. 15 000 corpses mingled with earth, the gold was taken, the spirit was freed but had to wait"

"What kind of a bull, are you pushing, you Poles, were always born slaves" Hardy did not believe in the upper class myth, he took it as an insult for the qualities of man, a single human being, to document he added "you have entered Czechoslovakia with tanks in 68, you..."

"The Spring 68 started in Paris, followed with Warsaw, I was with on the streets, I was still in the school, it was a full time revolution. Before that was a Theatre, Dejmek's Mickiewicz, Dziady play, there was the demonstration after every performance, the people were full aware of the situation. Warsaw's people were on the streets, after the Student's Spring the Philosophy's faculty at the Warsaw's University was closed and all professors in captivity, we were actually first within Eastern European countries, but the government and the military leaders were with the Soviet Union. Why the Prague's even went that far, was because the government and military backed them up, it wasn't Poland in Prague, it was all East European Block's military units; Hardy, please don't tell him your dad is German" whispered Horny across the table. Arek told her how bad Germans treat Poles, using Frederic Chopin as an example. Arek was in a full contact with his despair, refereeing to the history of his country, Horny was full of respect, she had no history, no country, no legend and no clew and no clue. Hardy who was buying many last beers for everyone, fell asleep across the table

Horny, still a school girl, entered Taddy's home with Tadeusz Baranowski, her kind of lover, the lover of the heart and not of sex, they had been chased by the special drunk forces, small viscous men running, aiming at them, T.B was art. student and Horny was his small playmate, they escaped Milice together, miraculously reached Taddy's door before getting arrested. Horny escaped inferno. They escaped inferno, the political and inferno of love. T.B. never got his dream Horny.

"Miss Kubiak, we have been waiting for you yesterday" The woman was tall, blond, was a film director, but Horny did not catch her name. Hardy was outside curing his hang over, the film director waved to him through the sparkling glass, they have been in the Polish dream factory, a film industry, Horny was a celebrated guest, they still did not know what, she went for.

"I'm going to fuck you out, the cunt, the fucking cunt!" A chap selling drinks and cakes on the train from Lodz to Warsaw, fought a bicycle mantled in the passage, across his way. Horny woke up on the train stricken with panic, abruptly sit up, catching the breath, Hardy slept, he had a terrible hang over. Arrival - Horny most inspired, changes into a local train, leads the group of two, H&H, they come out straight at the Culture Palace, a Soviet Union's gift for Warsaw, surrounded with couple of new, glassy blue sky scrappers, build by Western Europe's business companies. Horny tries new shoes, she is powerful and elevated, she is willing to move the walls, all the walls, the inspiration goes down with a soft German porn at home, Rita is showing off, she is OK nude, horribly usual in a usual life, pretensions, she sleeps with her dogs, travels with her dogs, has ugly legs, she walks fast. Hardy lies in Horny's lap, nagging her to scratch his back.

Wanda's spine was completely visible on the outside, as she would not have a skin, OK, she had a skin, a dry skin, but not a gram of flesh.

Viviane phoned. "It's so cold this spring here, I start to think, the ice mountains are floating outside, on the Baltic Sea" Vivian's voice was cracking.

Lucrezius was anxious, Ex was going to have a baby with his hairdresser.

"You are really stupid Horny, to say so" Hardy was always her consciousness.

"I know, Ex at last fall in love to a young woman he hung out with for the past three years and they are going to have a baby" Lucrezia is moving in for good into Ex's and Lucrezius's house, they are all very excited and happy. Of course, she is moving in until, the moment, when Ex and Lucr and a hairdresser are going to move into a really great apartment.

"Hardy I'm scared"

"Leave this to yourself, Horny"

"Put it on my clit" Horny heard herself say, she sounded eager, she was eager, she felt her clitoris being very hard and very big, dominating her whole being. He left her alone for a moment, to get the stuff, she expected a burning feeling to burst her, shoot her like a racket, it almost did without it; she waited for him to come back. She certainly woke up, of the pure carnal excitement, her clit was still very hard and very big, she still waited for him to come back and smear it with the stuff, realizing she was in bed under the cover, coiled, with her knees under the chin, hands deep between her legs, he seemed to be writing, yeah, she heard him typewriting in the other

room. She realized, he was not going to come, he was not coming, unaware of her state... The morning was gray, Friday. Spring died.

Eggs, ham, bacon, mozzarella cheese, fresh bread, tomatoes, pickled cucumbers, pineapple yogurt, orange juice, black tea - he bought a great breakfast. "Hardy come here" Horny tried, he was back at his computer, tracing a very old story. He came crawling under her cover, Horny went back to bed after late breakfast, he was licking her labia for a long while. Horny was so full of love, so full of desire, they were sighing in the pattern of a melody, every centimeter of a touched flesh was an explosion of love. Tenderly motivated senses. They coiled both as they had lost the bones, breathed deep, breath loud and fast, the pleasure was maximal, at Last Hardy was fucking her, her rosy flight "come, come, come babe" Hardy was screaming, Horny was totally relived, Hardy shot "I love you, I love you, I love you" "I love you, I love you" repeated the girl licking his ear.

"Keep your hands on the cover, Horny" Niania, the nanny checked her up once again, she had all the reasons for doing so, Horny did play with her puss. Niania thought her to prey, Horny was doing it at the side of the bed, kneeling on the floor, in a long night dress, clasping her small palms together, before that, Niania washed her face, hard and rapid with a cold water & soap it was all totally new for Horny, her parents remained in Warsaw. Horny was in Jan's house. She shared the room with two other of his grand children and Niania. Jan had four daughters, of which three had children, Wanda did not have any, Eva and her two youngest children lived permanently in Jan's house. Niania had a long thin brown hair, pulled strongly and platted and wired into a round nape with long sharp metal pins. She had a system to undress herself, it was impossible to see her body, accept for the shoulders, arms and arm pits, Niania heard bad, Horny and other children and everyone else, had to shout against her left ear, the right one was totally deaf, the remains of Warsaw's bomb attack. Horny's bed as the other beds, was by the window, she could see the moon. They all got up very early. Horny was afraid of thunders.

Horny stuck a white round button into her anus, it supposed to twist round giving her a constant pleasure, puff, it did. Day was beautiful and Horny had a lot to do. Hardy and Peo, presenting his best leather outfit, talked. Hardy did not stop touching her butt. Horny was very sexual. Horny was spoiling Ex's party and Lucrezius had to tell her to leave. Horny woke up, suffocating of cry, Hardy guarded her in his arms. She dashed back to her super dirty dreams.

"I did not know I could have such dirty dreams" Horny was both, puffed and content, Hardy worked on his writing.

"I have the mouth tacked with my underpants, my face is covered with a black sock, the wholes for my eyes are cut, he can see my shining eyes, they are unusual dark. I'm roped in all possible directions, I'm roped together and I can't move, but he can fuck me, he is going to fuck me, that's the clue, he is going to hurt me, but I'll sur-

vive, he is going to test my limits, the limits of my excitement. I'm going to hate it afterwards, I'm going to hate myself and him, going to cure slow. Testing of an old long settled will. Everything is sterile clean, there is a clean white sheet under me, his tools are ready, everything is ready, he is going to pierce me in many ways, I've been waiting long. Unnecessarily long. My womb licks of desire, my brain, my soul is out on spell, put on game, put on play. I'm programmed on the particular play. The bed is set, it is possible to lift it up and bring it down again, It is possible to direct it straight up, so I'm standing and the other way, I'm standing on my head, it is possible to rotate it, I'm going to loose control, loose the constant check, what is happening at all, he is going to sacrifice my ability of control, he is going to cover my eyes at certain moments that I won't see, he is going to confuse my temperature sense, I no longer shell distinguish hot from cold, burning from titillating, pain from a gentle touch. He is going to bring me free, even if only for the spell of the moment. He is going to rope me, the way I can't move a single muscle, he is going to loose the grips and rope me into the bed, so I can imagine I can move, but I cant, as I'm maximally spread up." Horny was day dreaming the possession of her exciting freedom.

She broke a drinking glass pushing it off the table with her nude round butt. Hardy was furiously fed up with her, her sloppiness, her laziness, her flimsiness, her carelessness, clumsiness, her ego trip. They had an ordinary, quite low key sex. Horny made plans for another beautiful day hand in hand, she could not pick the worst, less suitable moment and she did not do the dishes.

"You didn't do the fucking dishes!" Hardy repeated once again, they traversed humid glue like, exploding of spring - Warsaw, hand in hand. She, in her plastic pants, succeeded to bring him to her favorite bar in apricot, the same place she has been to, with Stas, now she tried to kiss Hardy, sitting at the bar disk on the tall chair, he refused, abruptly stopping her. After two beers and vodka at another bar, Hardy lost her in the street crowd. Horny was going to burst in cry. She took taxi home, she had looked for him, twice at the last bar, once at the previous bar, at Pepo's and at Zap, Hardy was home playing chess with the computer.

"So, short you are" Hardy said to Horny, standing besides her in the mirror, she dared to take off her shoes in his presence, walking on a flat foot and not tip toeing as usual. She did not reach to his shoulder.

Warhol has seen Jack. Jack was severely dripping with sweat after a couple of steps. Jack wished to sit down all the time, his spine was ill, too much fat to support, it was unbearable. Jack could not see Warhol.

Jack Lomnicki's intern show. Jack arrived at H&H with two bottles of Polish Vodka Luksusowa and two bottles of French white wine.

"Write this" said Jack, who could not loose the lead and Horny, when the party died, moved to the computer, to write. "Pewien maly czlowiek, opowiedzial duzemy czlowiekowi i wszystkim wyszlo na jedno - one small man, told a story to a big man, and it was equal"

Jack, like a balloon lay in the middle of the room with his face down to the floor. He lifted his head, blood dripped from his mouth.

"I slipped" he said. He was too fat and too drunk to walk across the room without falling. Jack was sleeping on the couch, kinky thrown, laid on his side, with head up on the pillows, one leg on the couch, the other with the foot standing on the floor, protecting huge middle body, the belly, from sliding down. His fluffy belly hanged down and out and up, looking very soft in a soft pink, almost a white color with a misplaced navel, very far. She tip toed to Hardy, who threw himself into the bed with a face down, hours earlier, he could not drink as much vodka, as Jack could. Horny drunk bottle of wine. She considered the evening as good. Jack had been entertaining.

"So, you really are related to Damiecki's, movie clan? Unbelievable!" Jack was still, surprised.

"My grandmother was a sister to Dobieslaw, Damian's and Maciek's father and Grzegorz's & Mateusz's grandfather" Horny explained one more time. "They looked like twins" that, she did not have to say.

"The only clan is me and my dad!" He was dissatisfied "Borys-Damiecka destroyed my career!"

Jack poured another vodka glass for himself, he could not pure the wine for Horny, he could not, easily get up and the bottle stood on the other side of the round table, Hardy already slept.

"She gave me work because I'm my father's son. She kicked me out twenty minutes after his death"

"She is Damian's ex wife, nothing to do about the fact, she is a bitch, I heard"

Before Hardy dashed out, they all discussed his previous school going.

"Who has chosen the school for him? His parents or himself?" Jack seriously asked, giving Horny a sensational thrill.

"He has no parents!" Horny threw Hardy's latest version, but trapped by a tragic expression in Jack's face, corrected "his parents don't give a damn about him"

"What kind of a school is it?"

He knew it was a photo school, but not getting an answer, he asked, "how many famous people came out of it?"

H&H stared at him for a second and burst in laugh.

"It's La Guardia, New York University Collage in Queens, Black neighborhood, majority of the students is Black, it's a regular school giving a professional basic skills. To get into that school, he did not need to show a portfolio with his work, all he needed, was to do a Toefel, an English test"

"You must be crazy! He must not go there! I'm going to teach him, I'm going to find him a teachers right here, what is he going to do up there? Can you fight?" Jack turned to Hardy, why he talked via Horny, most of the time was because of the lack of his English, Hardy's Polish was minimal, he was able to buy himself a beer, or other food, able to say hello or ask, what time it was.

"You are both crazy!" repeated Jack. "You don't want him killed?"

He looked at Horny. Jack was very fond of Hardy, this came up many times, he was always on Hardy's side - man to man, and now he wished to father him as well. "I

have no children" Jack said. Hardy went to sleep, not bored but drunk. Before, Hardy stated he did not want to be famous, he did not want to be an artist, he just wanted to photograph, he had nothing else to do, he said, but to picture the world surrounding him, once again, that was also a case of his writing, his perception, but he was fed up with sitting on his ass, fed up with words. Hardy was a perfect material for an artist, according to Jack and Jack knew.

"Why do you write this shit, your dairies, nobody needs, Horny, you have aged" said Jack.

"Your terrible platform boots and whore's skirts" Jack snapped the vodka. "Oh, Horny we all loved you so much, you were our innocence, our cocker spaniel, all the songs were for you, Horny you have no idea how much I loved you"

Jack's stomach hurt, he did not piss since the party's start, and that's about 6 hours and more than a half-liter of Polish vodka in and lots of juice.

"I know you have been a whore" Jack at last got up, stretching his hands to her "Dance with me"

He forced her to play God Father's, film music on and on, at least seven times; she was doubtful, she would love to dance, she looked at her partner, he was standing almost steadily, with his stretched out arms to the sides of his belly, she gave up "You are going to fall over me and I'm going to die" Horny said laughing and not getting up from the computer, the music was astoundingly beautiful, not just nostalgic...

Jack pissed on the bathroom floor at the red small carpets which Turkish tenant left.

Hardy licked her ear, giving her the only sensation, a bad smell from his mouth. He wanted sex, he already did his do, she did not like, especially now. He already laid flat on his back in the bed, holding one of his palms inside his jeans, with the other pulling her on his wide spread crotch, Horny was new bathed and had a lust to go out of the house - the Spring was outside, he wanted her to start, to do all, eventually a blow job, he still did not shower after, the drunk last night sleep, Horny washed carpets after Jack, she washed towels after Jack, she picked up the bottles, the glass and the rests of the old food, old herring, she could not continue to serve. Hardy had to see he was forced to change the tactic, he lined over her, licked her womb pulling painfully her labia lips, Horny hated it, he pulled her nipples with his teeth, Horny hated it, Hardy did not stop, moved bit by bit, fucked her, came. Horny at last smiled. The sacrifice was over.

The only phone call, Hardy received, in his Warsaw's home, was bad news, his mom was seriously ill, he had to leave the following day. After two months without a single cigarette, Hardy smoked two packs of Caro and drunk two bottles of white sour Sofia wine in one go and some vodka which M&M brought.

This was proportional to pain, all the cherry trees were in a white delicate bloom, the wild apple trees two. The day was sunny and peaceful, the temperature jumped visibly up, people strolled, people set around enjoying this day. The old town was a

picturesque reality, H&H fumbled around, they could not be inside the house, not because of the sudden, burst fully Spring. Home was, like a waiting resting interior, it was the longest, the slowest day of the year and Hardy was going to leave.

"Rock & Roll!" A tall middle-aged bum, Hardy knew, was standing right in front of them rising his hand in a salute asking for the cigarettes. "Rock & Roll!" he repeated after he got it was his name.

The carnal, necklace-like beauty of this town at the last evening of H&H's, this April, still before the Easter. Everything was like jewelry. The neon lights, the trees, fragments of the houses, pieces of the dark sky, backs of the moving cars in front of them, the cars passing them in the opposite direction. Horny was taking Hardy to the Central Station, he was leaving. He kissed her without a desire.

It was while writing, Horny got turned on, she had to fulfil herself, she was fast, showered, washed her womb, dried herself hastily and roughly, creamed her face, she hated a dry face feeling, fetched all necessary tools. Two quarter bottles, they were both a bit full, she poured a red vinegar into an empty glass, she gave up to empty a vodka, but she checked the lock. She washed them fast, fetched oil, towel, spreading it a top of a bed, needles, matches, looked at the towel, fetched one more and spread a top of the first one. Slashed her cunt and anus with oil fast, testing the openings, oiled both bottles all around, put the vinegar's bottle with a long slim neck into her harden womb, pressing it against the sides of the vagina, feeling already pleased, pushed it in, pulled it out, her womb moisten up, she tried a bottle's bottom, it was too big and Horny did not want to stress anything, she placed the bottle's open neck against the anus, it was rather tight, locked, she relaxed it, slowly turning the bottle, drove it in, her cunt moisten unbelievably, a thick glue like liquid leaped out. She kept the vinegar bottle fixed in her anus with her heel pressed softly against the bottom, she did not want it to slip out, it had to be inside. She unscrew the vodka bottle, poured the vodka into a cork and poured over her clit, it was slow, the vodka was weak, stood open through the night two days earlier, but burning which she loved was coming. She poured one more cork, and plaid it up. Holding the vinegar bottle in her anus quite deep she got up, run to kitchen fetching a sake clay vase, she poured vodka out into a sake vase, went over to the bathroom, still holding the first bottle deep her rectum with a right palm, washed the vodka bottle inside shaking it fast, came back to bed, half lied down, drove in the vodka bottle into her cunt, but not very deep due to the bottle's shape, too short neck, pressed the vinegar bottle unbelievably and pleasantly deep. Touched her clit, vow! Plaid her clit soft, swigged both bottles, irresistibly came, in her anus, with powerful cramps along her rectum, round her breathing, pulsing pulp of her queenly rectum, vow! Lied back, on the pillows, pulled the bottles out, got up to piss, pissed the glue, a silvery glue, surprised of the amount of that stuff. Showered. Horny was filling most clean afterwards. Clean and pretty knew born and extremely free.

Taddy spent his last three years at home, dressed in his stripy, colorful morning coat in a worn out forte, he stopped shaving, looked heavily into his eyes in the mirror, the movement which used to be dedicated to just this splendor, whistling, wetting his

lower part of the face, his both jaws, padding at them with his wet palm, getting the soap, fluffy foamed, shaving with the correct steady moves, whistling on a French song, he stopped doing all that, looked into his eyes heavily with a progress of the sorrow from day to day, from morning to morning, did not stop going up early for his daily religion, his redemption, his rejection, his rite, his writing, it was all to him, it meant everything. Taddy was heavily fucked up and almost wished to die, with only a sparkle of a life, hidden, sleeping, coiled at the very bottom of his guts. For the first time in his life he had a beard, first a black beard, then greening beard, then quite a graybeard, which fact, he referred in the letters he wrote to Horny, his little girl. His lost little pearl. He was a very old man at fifty-two, fifty-three and fifty-four years of age. Unbelievable, how fast Taddy burnt up. Almost nineteen years after his death, his departure and where to? Horny still feels like writing an answer, a letter back to him, but where to, she catches herself on the particular thought catching her, transpiring, to give him a buzz, a call, a ring, the heart, or to write, him a letter. She did not see Taddy, through his past last three years, she did not see her dad since, twenty two, years. Unbelievable, how catchy, confusing, luring, cheating is a nature of time, the nature of time. Horny.... Taddy... Pals... Bebe told Horny that last three months Taddy was an impotent, he was unable to have sex, it depressed him instantly, it was surely caused by the medical, anti drinking cure, he went through. It was the same cure that fucking killed him, Horny was sure.

H&H were in Lodz, last hour, they were both hungry and found a chip place, with a fast Chinese food; there was a girl in there, standing at the side of the bar, visiting another young girl, who served the place at the top of the small counter, the Asiatic men cooked, they did not speak Polish, to get the right food to the right order was difficult. Horny mediating, smiled at the girl and the girl smiled back at her, they watched each other, the girl was a sixteen years old beauty, blue eyed, blue extremely huge star-eyed, she was blond with all the softly, small, ring like curled fluffy hair, pulled modestly into a pony tail, she corrected it all the time, brushing her palm lightly over stubbornly rising single curls. The chick was extremely sensual in being nothing and everything in the same time, perfectly, simple formed, she was laughing constantly throwing her starry looks at the middle-aged men and at the younger men and at the young man, of course she looked at Hardy, this was H&H's last hour in Lodz. Horny took her sit, the way she could see the girl all the time, she was shining pulling Horny's eyes towards herself like a magnet, when Horny got up to mediate the food, Hardy took her seat, was very slow to give it back but had to, Horny i n s i s t e d.

Wanda was fifteen, she was very slim, tall quick, pretty but even more intelligent, had this truly mathematics' brain was brilliant. She was bad at French, she had to do a summer work in French, and she had her mother to help her. Victoria Eleanor was extremely brave and beautiful but at this point her beauty was gone, she was racked down, and totally powerless, she was forty-four, had four daughters, Wanda was number two. Victoria Eleanor spent last two months, alone at the Krynica Zdroj, drinking healthy mineral waters, undergoing several treatments, resting, it did not do.

She returned as tired as she left. She had severed headaches. Wanda was going to come to the scout camp with Eva, who was already seventeen, an extreme beauty and a clear humanist, a poet actually. Wanda was one year too young to attend the camp, her mom was persuading her to write, she was sixteen, Wanda could not lie, she did not want to lie, she had to if she wanted to come with, and she did. Hala, a number three went to a children scout camp, and Viv who was only four, followed her parents to Victoria-Eleanor's summer property, in Hiniowka, outside of Vilnius. Wanda was a great swimmer, Eva could not swim jet, at nights the lake was black, glittering, swell, Eva and Wanda were taking the canoes with the boys, the seduction was fully going on. The black shimmering water fascinated Wanda, who was not prepared the life, could have been that great, that exciting, that tasty and beautiful, she slid her slim palm through the black of the water, while the boys, rowed on. Eva was giggling, laughing, touching, she dared, she talked a lot and with her usual verbal brilliantly. Wanda was quietly steaming. She loved to swim, had to swim a lot, and avoided boiling up. Eva was drowning, it was dramatic, she jumped into the lake teased by the commandant, who said, "your younger sister swims and you don't" Wanda jumped in to rescue the sister. The same day they got a message, the mother was ill, they had to interrupt the camp and come to the family summer place immediately. It took few days to get there. Mother was really sick at their arrival, but there was not concrete diagnose jet, they knew however she suffered of an anemia. She lied in bed, extremely pail, all her daughters were there, her younger brother arrived and some close friends, it was a huge, pretty airy house and everyone had enough space, Victoria Eleanor screamed at nights. "Johnny! Johnny! My little Johnny!" Without a stop she called her husband or her first born and now dead, the day she got the diagnose - the lung inflammation, she was done, she could not control it, she lost her consciousness, shouting now, day and night, without a stop, until the day, of her death. "Johnny! My little Johnny! My little John!"

Viviane never learned to swim, she was far too scared.

"We are watching your movies, right now, Horny, we think you are great!" Anna phoned from Lodz, the funny thing was that Horny phoned her the same moment but the phone was occupied and she gave up, it was Anna who came through.

"We are going to Zakopane, are you coming with?" Horny had a slightly bad conscious but she decided to go, previously she was planing to visit, Wanda and Bebe and to write during the coming Easter, Hardy left her computer, she switched her green-blue ring for his brown. Hardy saw it blue she saw it green. They both, fall for this one, Horny's lucky one, none liked the Mexican brown, since Hardy damped matching, honey colored amber ring in Stas's wife's bed. Horny often missed his ring and now she missed also her own, Horny was attached to the colorful light breaking through the stones.

The sky at Zamkowy was dark, sweet blue, the night before Hardy left. The moon was in there, getting full, besides the pillar, getting the view magnificent romantic and not cheap. H&H shared beer on the bench the night was hot.

"Why did you go to the mountains?" Wanda asked Horny, Wanda had a new hair cut and looked much better then since long.

"To enjoy myself"

"You are an idiot, you are completely crazy, you don't know what you talk about! To enjoy yourself! If you were eighteen or twenty five, it would have been forgivable to be that stupid at your age! Don't provoke me to show you, your own birth attest! How about your very duties?"

Horny knew what Wanda talked about. Wanda was over eighty and very sick, had not long to go on the mountain rib but today she seemed better then ever, her doctor assured, there was nothing particularly sick in her, she was going to be OK. Viviane missed two front teeth, her mental health was bad, and perhaps it became worst. Bebe's doctor said, she was in the danger of an Alzheimer, Bebe's mother had it. Bebe showed some signs. Lucrezius was on his way to quit the school, there was both a guilt and hopelessness on his mind. And first of all, he did not have any money. Hardy was gone. His mom was extremely ill and the outcome, impossible to speculate. Horny had fun. Mountains were powdered with snow. They walked 14 kilometers, almost without a stop, OK, with one stop, about half an hour to look at the frozen lake, to drink an apple juice, to talk with Anna and with the boys. How could she do a trip with one girl and two boys all of them very young, being herself this very sexual, attractive woman, without a single sexual reason or an outcome? She could. There were many things Horny could do. Many things you did not expect her to do. Horny danced one more time sating the entire room on fire, Horny had new shoes, Horny had new hips, new boobies. Horny smiled. She spent at least an hour in the sauna, with her playmates. Three of them were nude, Horny wrapped a towel around herself, underneath she was wearing a dark blue strings, the temperature in the small interior was coming up to 100C, Horny left, Arck flashed it up to 120. Horny landed Anna the skirt and stockings, Anna looked great, her legs were well formed, the skirt became very short, Anna was fatter then the first skirt owner, best Horny herself. Wojtek, Anna's beloved did not approve all that. The boys around always though, Horny spoiled their chicks. Horny danced like a manic, the night through; the night gone...

"What's the difference between a very successful artist and myself?" Horny questioned.

"He has a dick"

"Is that a particular problem?"

"No, I don't mind to duck when I piss"

"Are you able to defend your art?"

"Naturally, I'm a thinking, intelligent being, but I won't do it before, you accuse me more specified, if I spoke now, I would have only uncover all my week points, and I won't do that, being a rough and thick skinned, sensitive conduit person, not used to loose, used to get, not gain, to take what I want" Horny was sitting on the train, back to Warsaw, alone, enjoying passing her landscape, the young birch trees, some first signs of the spring being a bit restricted, a gray sky, the torments of air, dry grass,

few patches of the fresh and a white dead kitten hanged, spread between the birch, among the birch's leafless trees. A sense of the horror.

For the first time Horny saw a small, old church, being that perfect to get married at. She missed her Hardy terribly. The wooden building was only one hundred years old. She willed strongly to come from it, together with him, hand in hand, after the ceremony, walk the grass, seeing this incredibly long, not just postcard like panorama of the Tatra's mountains, take off the shoes, rub down the slope into the black forest, sink in it. Here, the dream was taking an end with a wild sex. Hardy was far away and far from the deed. May be farther then ever. They talked on the phone after her return, he was so fucking unpersonal, while she.... She did not want to think of that. He was only organizing his school going, wanted some webs on Internet considering Stas. He did not ask for e-mail address at the Xerox across the street, her street, his late street, that he could send her love letters she wished, willed to get, no, he seemed off from that area. Of course his mom was ill Horny understood that. Horny did not have sex the last days, but her dreams were shamefully, deeply sexual, she desired every one, many men, Hardy too. The night view from the car was a magnificent, hell's view, fire, black chimneys, red sky, polluted heaven in spell, gigantic buildings in black, the fire again, Silesia, the death of the citizens and coal and cash. Arek, who was driving the car, asked her about Hardy and how did they met, how long they have been together, about ex and how long she was with him, about her life, timing, work, points, aspects, her band.

"Ex is Swedish"

"We were together twelve years"

"Hardy saw me on my street, I was walking out the dog. Hardy set at the particular cafe, outside of my house, during three months, everyday until we met"

"No, I wasn't there everyday. I had a lover in Berlin, so I was quite much gone, I was running away from home on and off"

"How did I understood that Hardy was there for my sake? I understood it after a while, it's easy, we looked at each other"

"I met him at last at the disco one night, I came there with my husband, but he left after half an hour and I staid, after that I actually never went back home" Horny said, the boys laughed, digging the story. The romance. The True Romance.

"Yeah, Hardy is sharp. He has got you! How long have you been together?" Arek asked.

"Six years"

"He is soon twenty five"

"He is very much in love to you" Arek, driving, more stated then asked and Horny said looking into a hostile landscape "he left me nine times"

Arek questioned her work with the same interest.

"I was making movies since about eight, nine years. Before that, I plaid with a band. Miss Mess. No, we did not make a record. A hard core, kind of trash. Yes, I'm a vocalist but I'm not singing. I'm screaming. I can't sing" She forgot to tell him, she had a theatre as well, two children and two grandkids, a mom, an aunt and a dog.

"Why did you travel with these people, why were you in Lodz! What exhibition? What photos? For sure sexual! You are only interested in sex!" Horny would not mention the film screening. This time she had to lie. Wanda was shouting, rising her arms up, Horny was exhorted, Hardy was not here, Horny was tired, the schedule of the last trip was not slow. Horny was hungry and Wanda gave her a dinner, Horny's previous book laid in the middle of her table. Horny moved it to the side, trying her best, to remove it off Wanda's sight.

"Am I going crazy?" Anna stood up in her double bed, Wojtek slept, Arek extremely stoned set on the couch, Horny softly bombed after one single puff, was sitting there too, she was going to sleep on this couch, Arek was taking a single bed. The black hashish they smoked was strong. It was past four in the morning. Anna heard the bird cracking with scary white lights in her head, she started to weep.

"Do you know Cindy Sherman? You should know her work, you were surely not the first. The most fascinating are the Asiatic women, their perversion is especially sublime, they can afford the true mix of the western and the eastern world and it's culture. It is important to exchange, to observe, to know what the others are up to, and what's already done, that's the only guaranty of a progress in art, in arts" Adam's speech was firing, Horny gained terrible head ache.

"Do you mean, the art is a collective thing? I never knew, what others were, are - doing, not because I'm nonchalant or arrogant, I simply missed it all, because I was doing something else, or I had a hang over or I was sleeping, or horny or what ever? I believe I'm a caring person, when given the time and an opportunity, but possibly I'm an a s s h o l e as well. I want to have the show at your gallery, it's optimally the only palace, possible. You see, I'm getting very angry. I had a screenings all over the world, but not in my home country, here everyone tells me about the pope, as an argument, why my show can't be off. What does he have to do with me? With my work? I want to exist. I do exist! I don't care what aspect the gallery should imply to my work, it doesn't matter to me at all, neither I'm interested, how it shall be received, or what others did on the same or different field, fields, I don't care. I daunt give damn about the fields, I simply want to be on the map, because, why not?" Horny's speech was honest, they were discussing her less favorite subject, her art and an art in general; Anna had to go over to the chemistry store and buy pain killers for her guest, Horny K.

Adam already slept when they arrived at the gallery in Lodz, it was Anna's home, Anna was going to buy Horny's book, she already was reading since two weeks, so Horny could get home to Warsaw. Everyone's money was finished.

"It's a short cover" Bartek said. Wojtek introduced Horny, who was so tired and freezing and misplaced that she simply stood in the middle of the room in her coat.

"The famous, Horny Kubiak?" Adam questioned, getting up, making the honors of the house. In the morning many more guys, just like him arrived, discussing loudly art projects, art gigs and art events, they all returned from Australia, Horny under-

stood she had to be getting out fast, all the guys were wearing glasses, had a short shaved rat colored hair and were dressed in several jackets a top of each other and jeans, they were all middle-sized and middle-aged and male. Horny ended up in discussing her art twice, she gained a terrible head ache. It was not Anna, but Adam and four more Adams who were going to decide about her eventually presumable show at the eventual place. The palace.

"They won't like it" Horny whispered to Anna, swallowing the pill, the aspirin.

Before Hardy left, before he has got his bad news, they had the last dinner in town. Hardy had a giant hang over and he had hard to go out, she pushed him to it. First they were at Samson, a Jewish restaurant on their street, they had barszcz with garlic nods, Horny had a vegetable's plate. They took a walk around the old town, and went back to the small inn, besides Samson, again. Hardy ate Greek salad, Horny drunk tea, they watched people passing along the street, on the opposite side, they were mostly single old funny walking people, of course few young ones as well, Horny pointed at the white cat leaning out of the window on the first floor.

"In New York, I'm going to have a cat" Hardy said, Horny puffed that he did not say "we", flicked "I don't like to have a cat, they smell bad, I would love to have a dog, but it's so much duty do"

"I never want to have a little puppy dog, eventually I could have an old, really an old dog, which someone would leave at me"

"Yeah, Hardy this gives me the clue, why you have such an old girl friend like me, you mean the young one would have been for the whole life, you would have to invest, be responsible, be a total part planing together with, and this you can't give, can't offer that, you hope, I'm going to die soon and you can start once again, and once again, and possibly again, everything short, easy, without any responsibilities, without commitments, you are fucking smart, Hardy -H&H laughed, twinkling the eyes and holding hands, they went home, the phone rung.

"It's to you, Hardy" Horny said. She decided the other day, she was getting better and kinder to him - regarding the concrete situation, their situation, she was going to be smart and accessible, she was going to pose for him, the way he wanted her to, she knew, she could do it. She was going to take nude pictures of him and his soft and hard-hard-hard prick. And she was getting him to Cul De Sac, the disco they haven't been at, and Tango, the show restaurant, they had to combine their needs, she was certain and she suddenly knew how, and definitely this time she was going to buy the ring for piercing her clit and he was going to do that.. She was going to buy fresh flowers at least twice a week, colorful tulips. She was going to buy, together with Hardy, the particular double dildo, she was going to insert into her womb and her anus, simultaneously, and he was going to watch her do it to herself. H&H were going to love it...

Horny came back home, to Warsaw, she was catching the flue, Hardy was still not here and she felt a sweet sextet sixteen. She could not help feeling it and she danced to the mirror, she was slim again. She hoped the spring was coming soon.

The woman she saw crossing Nowy Swiat, New World, was a spider woman. She was so incredibly crippled. Her legs were literally a spider's legs, but she did not have six or eight of them, she had two. She crossed the street looking for the cars, stopped, Horny understood, the girl, it was a young pretty girl, her face was great and classy, her hair dark brown and long, she was a beggar and crossed, only for to get a shelter from the starting rain under the small roof. Horny was wondering, if the boys love to fuck her, she thought they do. It was the following day, after Hardy left. Just before he left, they have both seen, one of the very old shaking women, the one who use to post at the Barbican, bent forward maximally, almost as a semaphore or even more, she used to be trembling, stretching her trembling palm, hiding her bent down face with a chief, sacrificing every by passer with her begging horror voice. Now she had passed H&H, walking pretty swell and certainly straight, she balled into her stick, and had a company of the little girl and a young woman, all of them were Romanian Gypsies. The woman was showing her face and she wasn't really old. Before Hardy left, she got hold of a Gypsy baby strolling across New World street among running cars, at the same spot, as the spider woman was, Horny saw the child and run into the street catching toddler's palm.

"Where are you going?"

The child was about two years old, and pointed at the group of older pals, the beggars sitting on the other side, the baby was hitting for. Horny still can feel the crust of the little palm in hers, being immediately useful and having a heart filled immediately with love, warmth and well being.

"Horny, it is unfortunately the truth, I'm going to quit the school. My grades are really bad, I won't make it" Lucrezius confessed on the phone once again, Horny was heavy at the subject.

"I'm going to find a work possibly, may be at some cafe, may be at the store. I could do computer courses and start working full time. I'm fed up with studding, I'm not making any progress, and I'm never enough in the school. If I pushed very hard I could do a certain examination on each subject, perhaps the teachers would go for it, but I won't"

"I was hoping you could at least do one or two years of this collage and continue in New York" Horny sounded weak.

"In New York I would like to do a body guard course, Joo told me, they earn much, of course such a course must costs a lot" Lucrezius searched excitement. Excitement and cash. Horny was quiet.

"I'm going to try to enter a military school, I want to be a pilot, I'm not sure if they take me in"

Horny was very quiet.

"Ex, is going to have twins, in November. Imagine two! I'm not saying, I'm not happy to grow the family, but I won't live with two babies. Ex will surely move in with them. What am I going to do? Yesterday, I felt such a panic, I was so incredibly

scared, I phoned my girl friend several times, up to the morning. Do you think I went to school, afterwards? It does not work"

Horny was very v e r y quiet.

"How could you have been expecting, that with such a mom, such a past, such a dad such a heart, Lucrezious will go a regular way? Go to a school, a college, a University? How?" Horny questioned herself, still she was quit desperate.

"...There are many more passionate deeds without imprisoning submitting oneself into a military system. How can you imagine, doing that, would give you a freedom and strengths? It must be some myth you are talking about, in old times perhaps.... Now one can attend any sport club or unit on much more fair account.... Remember that I never left you. " The mom wrote to her son.

She fully ignored unknown to him a family history, Victoria-Eleanor's father being a Captain at Russian Czar Military and her mother's father, a Colonel at the same Petersburg Court. & Victoria's brother killed, at the beginning of thirties as a young officer of the Air Forces in the accident at Warsaw's airport. Buried with a propeller blade upon his grave.

Hardy seem to forget, Horny exists. Horny misses him, continuing her anal masturbation, and a night dreaming of other men, strange is a nature of a mankind, mankind that Horny is.

He was about to go, just about to leave, they walked for the last time, over the corner on Zamkowy, Horny holed his hand the night was thickening.

"Look, at these beautiful white roses" Horny pointed a hip of the long fresh flowers laid on the gutter for sale. She wanted him to grab one, pressing a red kiss on her lips. No, Hardy bought a few beers for himself for the road; he was already gone. Horny was out of his Venice, quite deliberately and so she remained. Of corpse, she could have said "I'm here, Hardy, I want the white rose" She did not, Hardy knew, everything she wanted to have, she was able to get it, by herself. She was old enough, emancipated, strong, logic, perfect.

An extremely tall man, much over 2 meters, young, blond, and slim, rise a camera to his eye, as soon Horny leaves her house, today she is gorgeous. She walks away from him fast, as he would burn, she does not look back.

"I'm the only chap in that country, who is able and going to make you famous, famous and rich, Horny" Partum continued his started earlier speech, he was back, back in Poland, back in Warsaw, back in business. He was very drunk and Horny was giggling and laughing again, she has seen the latest Woody Allan, Deconstructing Hardy, the movie fitted her like a glow, she laughed during two hours, like nuts.

She pressed the oiled bottle inside her anus, this time she was speaking loud to herself, she practiced an interrupt orgasm few times, comfortably moved, around and above, sidewise, on her back, on her knees, with face to the pillow, on her back, sighing pleasantly, excited and relaxed simultaneously, came speaking "burn, burn, burn, burn" repeating, in a low, thick voice. Horny was a freak. She went down town with a letter to Hardy and Viv in her palm, not watching the crowd at all, of course her new shoes were a sensation, the clouds were heavy when she left the house, dark exciting above the city. Horny had a hang over and she did not give a damn about anything and anyone, not even herself.

"My Dearest Lucrezium" The happy mom was writing. "I have lost some days - or years? Possibly...It scared me suddenly - when I can lose the count over the days in the period of time when every day is important to fulfil some particular deed. It is possible I can really do it deliberately - full time, loose. No, I haven't gone crazy - but I'm a bit crazy when I live alone. As Hardy is gone, my perspective, towards the presence is heavily shifted. I wish you would call everyday and wake me now. I wasn't even working last three days on my book. I just watched TV holding into a remote control, and walked around taking it really hard to proceed, from day to day. Christ! It's a shock - planning for the same period of time - including the time, what already gone. Do you understand what I talk about? Please, do not think about military school. I was never that much panicked about you, as now. Military school is a school, which teaches to kill - not to fly and define! Please! I love you! Horny".

Horny had no lust to leave the house, she was really terribly bad being on her own. She wrote the letters to Hardy and Lucr with big floppy letters, as she had lost her skills. She had difficulty to follow to remember what did she do the other day, what she was up to the following day. Her eyes were heavily filled with tears she felt it. She lost the track of a passing time and lost the track of the missing time. She lost the track of the time. She lost a hold of her courage, she walked apartment from wall to wall, Horny was trapped. Although she made friends with a ten years old beggar, went with Malgosia to the movies, drunk tea at cafes, beer at the bars, bought make up, had money at the bank, had the best shoes in town, Horny could not stand being alone. Horny was dreaming about a vinegar bottle, Horny woke up horny, she went up, straight to the cupboard in the kitchen, picked the bottle and hastily standing nude besides the cupboard, oiled her womb, her anus, sticking every finger separately into it. Horny went back to bed, she first did her cunt, sitting literary a top of her dream bottle, curies how deep she was getting it, switched into her rectum, ducking and sitting on it as well, it went as deep in, quite deep anyway, she fulfilled the act, with her butt on the pillow, Horny passed out back to sleep, the night was almost breaking into the dawn. Horny continued, started in the bed, after waking up, attracted by her puss, looking at her pale pink virginal rose bud of her clit, she touched it, pulled it up. The masturbation in the shower, Horny sticking a blue tooth brush into her cunt, stream did her clit, she leaned at the wall with her back, spread her legs

wild, stood on her toes, pushing her hips and a pubic bone and her knees, most out... Came. The cramps were wet and powerful.

"It's a very cold April" Horny said to Anna, was waking up on the bench of Lazienki Park, the Royal Park. They both took the nap Horny was finished. Anna was visiting. The coming Saturday, Horny was going to go to Lodz again, there was going to be a party, the girls were becoming friends. It was Wojtek, Anna's boy friend who invited her. It was surely better to take the train and be among the others, then to be here, with a remote control in her hand. Horny loved dancing. Horny did not love her vinegar bottle but she washed it carefully, she was certain she might need it. Horny asked Wojtek to invite Jola, they had some business deals going on, regarding Horny's work. Anna left, leaving Horny on her own again. Lucrezius started to work at the cafe in Gothole. Horny talked to him on the phone. She asked him for the letter and they both laughed knowing, the teenage kids don't write to their parents. Male teenagers seldom write to their moms. Lucrezia did not get in touch with her mom since a while, now. Hardy was taking care of his mom, he phoned once. Bebe needed to borrow 20zł again to survive over the weekend. Taddy's royalties paid only 26zł to Bebe and 26zł to Horny this month, was Taddy's poetry dead? It was exclusively Horny's job to market him. She did not do a one single move since at least, a half year. Besides, and this was the fact, a ninety percent of the cash came out of his side job, the children poetry, he would not feel easy about that.

"Horny, what are you thinking about, indeed?"

"How, do you look, in fact?"

"You, can't walk half nude!"

"You should look everyday into your ID and realize how old you are? You are not doing anything your age requires! I'm sure I'm the only one telling you this, but if I don't say, who shall?!"

Wanda was shouting into a phone, Horny was calmly nodding. Wanda was always right.

Cindy Sherman was not good, a big batch of black and white small prints few pretty ones; that's all. The show was at the Art Castle. The bookstore at the precious castle, hold two of her books, where Horny found one picture she loved. She pleasantly shivered looking inside the red cunt. The cunt in red. Michal was ten years old, was from Romania, he did not look much, like a Gypsy. He was in Warsaw since a half year, since a half year he did not go to school, he spent most of his time working, from Monday to Friday, begging. Horny gave him money three times, she has met him three times, she has bought him two white chocolates and a hamburger and chips and coke. It was Michal who said, he was hungry, when she asked if he wanted something to drink after the chocolate, oh, Horny always thought - life was a good tasting party. He had these dark, big eyes filling up with tears, whenever and whatever she asked about. His post was outside the courthouse and he was doing it on his knees. Horny tried to make him change the position. He had six sisters and brothers,

he was shining when he spoke about his people, they all hold around the same cross, the same streets crossing, he longed back home. Luck and Rafal, made him a company too, they were well fed, well dressed, Polish kids, they were planing on being his guards, two other, bigger boys stole 20zl from his pocket this afternoon, the small lads did not want to be paid, could guard him only after their school time, preferably only Fridays. Horny spent 1 hour at the bank and changed her account to a special European account with a card for the banking machine. This was a pure miracle, she showed Jessica's New York's review on her books, DN Stockholm's review on her films, an add telling which New York shops carried on selling her books, mentioned, Taddy was her dad and the royalties from his work brought about 200zl per month and she fucking got, her account open; there was no other bank on this bloody earth, who would do it. Hardy called and the day was hot, also evening was hot, Wanda was fine and Horny was in love, to Hardy of course. He was waiting for her up there, in the Swedish woods, the first version, they agreed to, was, that he was going to go up there for one week and come back, but his mom was too bad for him to come back, Horny still had some stuff to do down here. The following day she was going to buy a beautiful raincoat for herself, and was going to go to the movies, with Malgosia again.

"Could you give him up?" Jo asked, she was getting married to Life, an American, she gave up a Guru, the Indian Prince already a few months ago, she was ecstatic about her life, as usual.

"You have this classic toxic relation, you and Hardy. I read about it, it's unavoidable. He is searching distance, you - togetherness, you're both searching him, exclusively. You - him, and he - himself"

Horny bent her head down in a sharp sun, Warsaw went suddenly into the Summer.

"Look, at this man, he looked at you with such an appreciation, why did you turn him down, he had such an interesting face" Horny saw the chap from the distance, before he reached them, she agreed, he was damn handsome, cruising through the park. He was tall, about thirty, with a nice curly light brown hair and a dark gray suit. He walked pleasantly, he walked easy, easy printed himself into Horny's sensitive hungry retina...

"He just loved you. There is not much man like him in this bloody town, everyone is so critical here. I saw you yesterday from the bus, the whole damn bus watched you and one man was doing this loud repellent sounds" Horny was not planing to give up Hardy, although she was not blind, she knew which elements, were blown off from the life, they shared.

"I'm going to take you to the yoga courses. You don't imagine how it will change your life, you are going to master it all. The only way, if you really shall be with him, is to take him as he is, to let him be, the other things you talk about are not important at all"

Jo, still did not give up on her pal, Horny would not do it; the yoga with Jo. Horny wanted to do all by herself. Jo gave her a necklaces, Horny could not refuse, the eye. The hologram in flat glass. The yellow eye. Jo asked for Horny's book. Horny said,

yes, she was going to give it away. It was always to give away instead, to give to, Horny was impossible, she hated to give away her books. Horny was a Profs.

"In this town, the only person who is promoting me, is Partum" Horny said, to the thin chap with bad teeth, who supposed to sell her books at the stand outside of the Writers's House, but moved it more inside, into his store. They did not meet since at least a year, he was the boss of the particular spot and seldom sold books by himself, he was a writer himself and had a bookstore down town, Horny did not know where. He knew Partum well.

"Yeah, Partum was quite a show, when he came up. He made a piano concert, he did a great PR and he banged on one single key, his fame! He was definitely a rebel, but he always drunk too much. This gorgeous girl who fall in love to him, took care and fad him in years. She gave him up when he refused to stop selling his child's toys for booze. He was a good conceptualist, one can't deny. You look beautiful, Horny, this spring and where is Hardy?" Horny gave him necessary details, he gave her his books. He still had her books in the store. Earlier this afternoon, Horny bumped into Partum at the Artist's house, the famous Zap bar. Partum shared the table with two chaps, Horny saw their backs, she tried to snick away but she was too obvious, Zap was empty, one of the guys was definitely her first Ex, Lucrezia's dad.

"Ha ha ha, Prettiest Horny on Earth, here we are, your husband and your lover!" Horny was astound, she did not recognize Mark, at first. It was the fact, it was her ex husband and her ex lover and they were pretty drunk, and with a sight of her they got very fast, much drunker, they loved all her looks. Horny was giggling and presented a green-yellow fluorescent raincoat, she bought, and taking it on and turning round, stretching, Horny was not modest when given a chance. She could not remember if she ever had sex with Mark, she remembered one particular night, Ex drunk slept in the room, and she was very close to sex act with Mark in the kitchen, Ex woke up, it was quite a scene.

"Take her!" Ex was shouting, after he pulled them up from the kitchen guest couch.

"Take her with everything, her sunken down tits, her cupboard and her child, take all!"

Ex landed over the Christmas tree eating up glass Christmas bulbs. Horny was pregnant but this child she scrubbed out. Now, Ex refereed to a clash, when he hit her with a floor brush, Horny had a headache. Mark advised her to x-ray. Mark was pretty charming and very warned out. He was a gentle, caring lover in the past. Ex, tried Horny's sun shades, it gave him the look. Ex covering his eyes, which certainly consisted a soft human look, showed of, the rest, a shining bold skull, in which a window glass mosaic, made yellow and pink arabesques, and a peculiar - indeed - horror mask. Ex, surprisingly enough asked her about Nick Cave, mentioned a fact, of Nick kissing her.

"How would you know that?"

Horny was wondering, but said nothing, she thought, possibly someone saw them at the taxi stop, Warsaw was a gossip town, even if it was only a small good-by kiss.

"Do you really know the guy? He is a great artist, indeed, thinks like myself exclusively about death"

"No, he doesn't. Not since he lives with his little sun. Some people are able to change" Horny said irritated with her Ex's cheap drunken chip and pathetic believes about himself. They were too drunk or simply Horny was, as usual too sober, for the conversation to wind up.

"The ex husband and the ex lover"

Mark repeated many times, very content. Ex wanted to follow her home, or walk her home, she had him walk her to the beginning of Zap's staircase. Malg would not go to the movies, Malg's Mark was going to have the name day the following day and she was preparing the food, Horny was invited.

Adalbert, her brother took her out. They drunk a coke, they had a quarter of an hour for this meeting, they were both stressed.

"Imagine a small Mulatto chick" Adalbert rose both of his hands, creating a gap of 30 centimeters.

"Close your eyes"

Horny did, giving the last blink over the Old Town Square, already filled up with moving elegant people, fancy gutter restaurants and cafes.

"Show me where does she has a head?" Horny showed.

"Where does she has teats?"

Horny picked through the air with two spreads out fingers of her right hand, her eyes were agreeably closed.

"Where does she have the puss?" Adalbert's, tongue and mouth wet sucked at her pointing finger in the particular place, Horny screamed loud, they both laughed.

"You know that you get a hair growing between your fingers, if you masturbate too much?" He said, Horny fast looked at her palms, it was unavoidable and simple reaction, they laughed.

Lucrezius pawned the camera Horny bought for him last Christmas, he needed to buy a gift for his chick. He definitely stopped the school. He still worked at the cafe and started to work at the video store, Horny's old video store where she used to borrow the films, and a cafe she used to go to with her pals. A Gothole was eating up her child, once again.

Horny lied in bed, Lucrezia, a baby lied in her pink lined basket next to her mom's bed, playing her little rosy palms, with joy. There was a party going on in the kitchen, Andrew and Ex and Jack and some few bottles of a red wine, they loved the red wine. An empty bottle stood besides the bed, Andrew said something, he called Horny "mom" possibly "my old mom" without welcoming her to the party, Horny, feeling neglected and mad with anger at the particular form of the name given her, threw the bottle against him and Ex, who were about to leave the room, they both ducked fast enough, although Andrew was crippled, the bottle crushed against the wall. Ex caught a floor brush standing besides the door and flanged into her skull, with a brushing, wooden end, she was sitting and half rising up, Horny dashed. She

was bleeding from the little hole, which had a wicked tendency to open up within a long time, it hurt and grew with a fluffy rim of meat.

"I see, Hardy left you a computer?"

Bebe visited very early, she brought 5 tulips in bud. Horny took at least 1 hour to wake up, sitting on the couch in the morning coat. Bebe set in her favorite chair.

"But you know why, he did?" Horny asked, laughing "it's my protector, he knows it's the only thing to keep me at home by night, hi hi ha"

Bebe looked great! She was wearing dark blue wide trousers, high heel sandals, dark blue stripy jacket from which an playful blouse stuck out, Bebe wore jewelry, her hair and make up were carefully done, she was a perfect sixty-three years old Madonna's fan. Bebe finished to read Henry Miller, Horny landed to her. They, Bebe and Horny had always easy to talk, to speak about everything, at least Horny had no secrets. It was the loveliest waking up since long, Horny was delighted and took Bebe out for the beer at the Old Town Square. She had a bad conscious stashing tipsy Bebe into her bus, home. Bebe went home. Of course the Square was a twenty-five years old, crossing map of The Bebe and her Taddy, there were many bars. There actually were only the bars. Horny landed Bebe 50zl.

"... So, I woke up on the train now, wondering, what a hell am I doing, strolling round. These days, without you, make me think more about life in general - but I don't come to think anything smart. Weather changes rapidly, of course I could have staid home, as other days, watching TV, I have seen that many fragments of so many films that I don't know what I saw. I read a review in a Cosmopolite about a men strip at Loch, exciting indeed, I'll definitely go and see it. The French slat showing off tonight at Loch, called Dalia has huge teats chained together, it would have been actually cool to see it..." Horny, wrote to Hardy. Folded a letter together, damped it into her pink hand beg, in which she also had, two of her books nicely packed, the presents for her friends, an extra underwear, extra stockings, a black shimmering new blouse, creams, make up, tooth brash and money and a credit card; Horny knew her roads well.

"I watched all your movies within one day, you became very dear to me" Adam said, looking seriously at Horny although he was drunk, her show was going to take place in Lodz in the end of May. He was really fond of an idea, she was going to bring Mats with her from Stockhole, and he was going to handle the technical side. The party was life-full, pleasant people looking like artists being artists set all around the place in clods. Horny was drinking white wine fast. They plaid Nick Cave's Murder Ballads. Food was good, Horny was dreadfully hungry, she has had a breakfast at Adalbert's.

"You know, you are a bit too rude to your children. Don't you ever tell them, you love them? Taddy told me every time I saw him, that he loves me, it's important to be sure and to be told" Horny said and Adalberet answered "you were bloody spoil-

ing Lucrezius all the time, you were calmly explaining to him, the situation, when he lied down outside of the kiosk, jamming for the toy, I prefer my rudeness"

Horny had a great lunch at M&M and now she was attending a third party this day, Horny loved being invited. She spent an hour and a half on the train to Lodz, looking right between the legs of a pretty, Italian looking, man opposite herself, that's what he thought, feeling uneasy. He had only one leg, the other leg was cut right at the groin, he kept hands upon his crotch, Horny looked at his watch, all the time, Horny wanted to get to the party soon. The entire place waited for her, Horny was well introduced well before she arrived. Her show was going to be an installation and not the cinema for the first time, it was Anna's idea, eight posts with eight movies going on all the time, in the different rooms, the place was huge. She was going to read in the Lodz Kaliska bar, before the show, she was going to put up the band - possibly. Horny would love to put up the band, but she loved Erland, her old base player, too much. It was apparently a stupid choice, making her unable to play at all, Erland had no time to play. In Horny's life everything was emotionally bond. It was damned, coursed, either everything, either nothing. Everything or nothing. No accident at all.

"I loved the movie about your father, before I saw that one, I was wondering what made you start the hole, the whole negligée. After, I understood, I saw, you are his continuation. It's too simple"

Horny understood, that sooner or later they are all, going to read Taddy again and this time it will start with her. Being a key to her work, her heart, and her life - unavoidable. It was really simple. She did not need to worry. He was coming back. She told Adam about Lucr and Lucr, Lucrezia found herself, had two lovely kids, a third husband, herself was a Swedish poet, soon established and had an expansive radio career going on, soon her own program, her own history but Lucrezius was far off the track.

"This kid" said Adam "was rose of the pictures, was surrounded by incredible pictures, all the time, he has to test everything bit by bit, beat by beat, he has to try out, before he is going to find himself in this spectacular world" Horny had no secrets, Adam told her many more things about herself, he could have had described a shape, a size and an exact color of her cunt if he wanted to.

"This is a superb dairy you made Horny-girl, you are very strong and very delicate, you must continue doing it, I'm sure you are doing it, I'm sure you have an endless row of the raw material to do the films of, for the rest of your life"

Anna wearing a short light flowery lemon green summer dress repeated, swinging her body to and from "Horny is best, Horny is best" Anna was drunk. Anna was paddling on her drunken feet. Jola had an excellent hair do, a Sid Vicious this time, floods of vodka swept the table up and down, up and down. Horny would love a Mescal at this very point, Poland still did not export it. Horny and Wojtek went to the alcohol store, buying more white wine, investigated about impossible Mescal - Horny's drink, Horny put the plea, leaving the message to the boss. Horny danced with a Shaman. The Shaman took Horny up in his arms, as she was a feather, a fever and danced, Horny first giggled than whined and asked him to put her down. It was still Nick Cave, singing.

"You are this girl, Jola told me, who did Partum's show in Copenhagen, you run in the stiletto hills over all his paintings holing it! You are Superb!" Shaman conversed her through the dance. Horny did not understand anything, it must have been a mistake.

"Not at all" she said, but there was no chance, the news was spread. Shaman would prefer to dance to something else that Cave, Horny would prefer to dance someone else, then a handsome, tall, demonic, uniformed, black hairdo, eagle faced Shaman, Horny became fast capricious, Horny followed Wojtek to his brother's ball in another part of a town, Horny lied her head on his shoulder dancing him, Horny drunk liters of wine, all white wine was her. She of course tasted a new and as superb food. Horny was a bit starved out, she never had any food at home, when she lived alone. And now she had to taste every single excellent dish. Anna was nude behind the table. Anna told Horny, she had this tendency to strip if she got drunk, she was always kick nude and kicked out nude of public places for this particular deed as being nude, searching for and hopefully catching her jeans on the gutter, and usually not finding the top, Anna never wore a bra, she was well prepared and well equipped; her boobies were big. Anna slept at police house few times, being caught nude on the street, when she has been kicked out of the hotels and bars. Anna was taking medications against all kinds of states she approached, also against the nudity itself, it did not really work. Anna's boobies were soft, Anna was hot, definitely not freezing.

"It's Zimbabwe spooking" Adam said "it is natural, there to dance nude" Anna who was still wearing panties pulled them down to her knees, sitting in a man lap, Wojtek pulled her off, her womb was softly shaved and shaped, she really made an afford to look as she did not care at all, as her body was none of her tools, neither pleasures, she quite denied it, using her extremely sloppy all day round out fit. Now, when he pulled her off, her legs were stiff stretched, passing the floor, she was passively struggling against him, she did not want to stop gambling now. Wojtek threw her on the bed, sitting on her, laying on her, kissing her. It would not do. She was apparently angry, at him. It was a stupid move, he and Horny were gone, alone for an hour. He told Horny, Anna was too drunk to come with, or he rather knew Anna was prepared to do the show over there, he really did not want Anna do, that, there. Horny and Anna danced holding hands, Anna was falling down, rising up, playing exclusively Nina Simone, her belly was smooth and hanged out of her panties, hanged over her panties, hanged everywhere, white and fluffy, when she spread her arms dancing her breasts she was doing it good. She walked on her four and climbed any man, every man. The party was dead, the rest of the party excluding Anna's part was totally dead. She passed out below the window and Wojtek covered her with a blanket and stuck a small pillow under her head. Adam snored, Tomek snored and Victor snored. All the real artists snored. Helmut and his young tall pretty chick in a long tide stripy dress, were cleaning the kitchen, she got a cleaning fit. Horny moved, Adam snored too close to her ear, these drunken people were sleeping everywhere, tens of them, the Shaman left much earlier, deciding to pick up Horny at twelve AM. Wojtek stretched arms for Horny, she was millimeters from doing it, but she did not, she slept on the floor, twenty centimeters away from him in a blue warm

sleeping bag. His was brown. They did not touch each other. It was almost an experiment. Horny woke up, Wojtek snored. Horny wondered why she never heard Hardy snore. In the morning Horny, chased by her bad conscious and the sun, moved, besides Anna who moved into a mattress where some long hair guy slept, but now he was already up. She smiled to her, softly touching Anna's face and her light blond hair, Anna watched but did not smile back. Horny wondered if Anna saw her sleeping besides her man? There was no apparent reason, the room was 10 times 10 meters. Horny fall asleep again, she had wired dreams, which were as the party has not stopped, it 's Juliet now, walking nude on her four, messing up over Horny tempting her, Horny was exhorted, the party was nuts.

"Did you go to The Magazine Machine's party in Warsaw, Horny? The one I told you to go?" Jola was receiving Horny, Anna and Shaman at her place. Julius, a tall black hair and handsome, set besides the table with a vodka glass in his hand, in the Spring sun filling up the room, the window was open, the day was warm, Jola was still drunk and looking great, a cyclamen lipstick covering softly her round and full, all the time moving lips, a raid bra, very light blue intelligent, scrutinizing eyes showing an excess of the firing liquid, she was still damping into herself, Jola had a great flat in an old house, filled with books, dolls, art pieces and she had a kitten; an elegant blue long bottle of the vanishing vodka stood in the central place of an oval antic table. Jola had a good taste and beautiful vodka glasses.

"No, I did not, Hardy had such a terrible hangover"

"You know, what, Horny! Don't mention him to me, your baby son!" Jola was totally emancipated and besides Horny was her very own hit! Jola was determinant to bring Horny out into the Polish's light and she was doing it. She had arranged the show for her in Cracov, already finished reading her book, waited for the next one, Horny promised to pass to her, she was going to do a review on Horny's work or even a book, an art book, hopefully. At the moment she was obsessed, she phoned all her friends, reading to them excerpts from Horny's BT book, as a citation of her own life, translating it to Polish, testing on them an impact of Horny's words, it was smashing, all of them except one, thought Jola went nuts, some questioned her, on what drug, she was going, actually. Jola was a writer too, there was a risk, they were going to share some lines, Horny was thoughtful and not extremely excited about that, besides Horny would not drink vodka, she told Shaman, she could not do it, she had a double electric line in her heart, an excessive defect, it excited him even more. He was using electricity in his art, Horny still did not see. Horny was not her piece of art, Horny was very much a human being and drunk tea, a red burning bush tea, Jola's magic one. Although she was smiling to a coming success.

"You are going to give them a blow! I called Lucas, in Cracov, I told him I have someone totally new, and she is a Pole, too! All the Kozyra's, and the rest, can go and hide!" Here Jola mentioned the whole name list, of a Horny's concurrence.

"This is going to be a real blow! He asked me how many floors you drive me up, Jola. I said, eleven floors up, man! He took it immediately, you are going to have the show this June!" Jola gave Horny a kiss, rising the continuing drink, she questioned Horny for an hour at least about an origin of her art, giving her immediate theory and

a long complicated, intelligent analyze, at least in two - hours. Horny was puffed, bombed and her smiling muscles hurt a lot, and was totally outstretched, she could no longer use it. Jola had a most beautiful bathroom in Lodz. It was all dark pink, in marble, Horny stared at it, blankly, trying to recover her strengths.

"You are teaching us to live for real, Horny! The sexual power of life, the sexual power of an Universe, that's what it is!" Jola shouted. "They are afraid of you! You are a treat and a threat, to all of them! All of us! Isn't it so? Just tell. It's a burning of the witches, that is still going on, they are practicing on you, by refusing you into a day light of the Polish dawn, Polish disaster, you are one of the most powerful, intuitive explicit woman, I have ever met and I'm discovering you!"

After hours of talk, Jola had a white foam in the corners of her mouth, she was still questioning, they saw Shaman's exhibition, it was Jola's gallery, and it was really great, huge, Shaman was at last cool, his own art which was the pales of rust welded, was overwhelming him into a natural size of the man, he was suddenly toothily OK. He kissed Horny good bye, Jola was still talking, they took a bus, Jola was talking, they walked Piotrkowska street, Jola was still talking, now about Taddy. She talked about him as they have been best pals, Jola said, she was fifteen years younger than Horny, but still quite closed to the artist's - Horny's horny world, Jola told. Horny was quiet. Jola was planing which publishing house was going to give out, Horny's books in Polish language and wanted to take Horny to the bar at night, again.

"What's the tittle of your new book?" she asked.

"One man show" Horny told.

"It's a very good tittle", Jola said. Anna and Horny went towards home, looking at shoes in the shops, Jola went away to another art meeting, she was going to attend, with the other four artists she was discovering, the shoes were great, extremely high.

Bang Lassi - Yeah! They both tried it, strangely enough, at the exactly the same spot of this bloody earth. Tomek and Horny talked, they were laughing all the time, flashing smiles, yeah, Bang Lassi, was an experience, they were both scared, elevated, paranoid and still cure about. Puskhar, India, Ragistan, The Palace Hotel.

"I was sitting at the lake and after an hour of watching, I realized I was banged, I was watching the fishes, I was never interested of the fishes before" Tomek was pretty, but not as pretty as Anna said, Anna said he was prettier than Hardy, he was not prettier than Hardy. Anyway he had a short cut hair as most of male artists in Lodz and he had quick eyes, he was surely a photographer and more, everyone here was a photographer and more, he was definitely taller than other guys in Lodz. Horny looked surprisingly fresh, regarding her hang over, they all slept in the same room, at least partly, as Horny did move around from room to room, searching her very own spot.

"I was playing cards with Hardy in the room, when we realized the stuff worked, we simply were unable to play, but hoping we could, moved the cards from hand to hand, we were laughing first"

"Have you been scared?"

"I was fucking scared"

"I was scared to go to the Lou"

The expansive, two floors high, part of the hotel, surrounded with a long balcony was farther away from the lake, was all in white and light pink marble, the patio was grown with always fresh grass, long pink and violet flowers and a row of palm trees, the cheaper in white sand stone part in which H&H staid, was besides the patio and above the magic, desert lake, the rooms were small cells, but from the outside they were creating one floor palace. Tomek lived in the tent. The tents were placed in front of the lower part, but only during the season. H&H were there after the season and the tents were gone. The toilets and showers were right in the middle, at the backside of the patio, surrounded with a marble wall. In the expensive part, every room had an own bathroom and a shower and AC.

"I was scared to go there too, but I did. Hardy did not, first time he did and he could not come out, so the next time, he was pissing into the empty bottle, he pissed over it and he pissed on his hands and on the floor in the corner of the room. I was very scared but I loved this drug, the next day I wanted to do it again, but Hardy forbid me to even mention it"

"I saw many people there, which I'm sure got surely trapped, they staid in Puskar for many months doing bang. They were tripping round"

"Yeah, I saw them too, especially noticed the strange behave of the young guests at the Palace Hotel, the chipper part customers, they, sort of, walked round, and it did not make sense, they constantly went to the wrong rooms, wrong doors, after I have taken it myself, I understood why"

"Did you hallucinate?"

"Yeah! We were both very thirsty and went out, after a long struggle. It was difficult to get out, we went out, passing the big gate, and there was this small sand road to the left along the red brick wall belonging to the hotel across, where the beggars with kids set day time, we rounded a corner with a little wall on the left side, but now it was a bridge in the tunnel. I could not understand why, first I was wondering how could it suddenly be there, after I was wondering where was I and after understood that what ever brought the tunnel there or where ever I was, if I continued to walk, I would die instantly"

"But you went farther?"

"No, we did not, we went back"

"You should have gone, see what was behind"

"We had no guts, after we returned, we could not get out of the room any longer, there was no door anymore and the window to the lake disappeared as well, we laid on the bed, together"

"I was laying in the tent on my bed, and I thought my pal, wanted to kill me, it was horrible. Why did you like it?"

"It was a great washing machine! I was having this boxing match with myself, I was constantly winning an argument, but in the same moment the next blow was coming down at me, I loved the rapid tempo of the struggle, I discussed with myself all my bad sides, bad thoughts, bad deeds. It was actually great, and very addictive doing, I

simply wanted to battle again; fear, once gone was not too bad, it anyway did not scare me off"

" ...I'm going to have the screening in Lodz 29th of May and Cracov after 17th June. It's simply great. It means more then it says. It means a lot in the geographic way, I'm putting myself on the map, touching also the history of my dad. So called my roots. It's going to be the real blow. Than, it's not just the screening of the old stuff. I'll do a reading as well - in Polish. May be that's the blow I've been waiting for. Hail to You and Hail to us, my Dearest and Beastly. I'm pretty strong and it pleases me, sometimes. Will You ever dance me? Will you choose me once again in a room filled with choices how to spend the time, how to amuse oneself, will You put Your hands on me and dance me, make me hot? You told me - You are not the dancer - I don't believe. When You are happy in the kitchen in the morning with Yourself, You stick to Your glass of juice or beer, in the sun shine and swing to Your favorite tune, why am I not Your favorite tune, in the room filled with folks?"

Wrote, a heartless Horny to her Hardy, signing it by "Horny, the Smashing Coming Polish Star"

"I wonder after who you have such a hot temperament?" Adam asked Horny. Horny at last left for Warsaw, pretty screwed up, she took a wrong street twice, was in a hurry to catch the train, she paid a cigarettes in the kiosk without noticing she did not get them with, she was forced to take a tram, she took the tram, arrived at the station, paid the ticket, forgot the ticket. Slept on the train. She had her dad's temper.

"Dear Hardy, Our park - from train to park - this is a good life, I must say, the only duty - to keep myself, walk. Sun tan, sun shine, hot, bought James Joyce - in Polish. A bit hungry but too lazy to walk. Perfect life condition, of course You are missing and love and touch but who can help? This time, I keep myself strict off and totally off. I wonder if this is a right choice? Life would have been more fun if I gave up the Principe. But I'm stubborn, wait for you, to bring me into the touch of love - Your's Horny"

Jadwiga, a tall older most charming woman, who appeared to be a pushy intelligent shameless Jehowa sect witness got her for two hours of a brain intellectual mingling, Horny's got her battle in the sun. H&H's fire park. Since Hardy left, Horny's visual skills improved. She saw how beautiful the places were around her, she saw it in details and in one piece, in one go. She saw how beautiful her home was, she was catching herself, staring at Bebe's red swinging tulips, backed by her darkest old painting in black-blue; the one Taddy loved. Witch was the portrait of her womb in black flesh of forgotten sins, the Eden's snake, which underneath was light blue. She has never seen such swinging tulips, they were pure magic. Her eyes were blessed or what was it? Hardy phoned, he had a house for them both, in the woods, 7km. away from the lake and from his sick mom. For the summer, he said, after she had asked him for the future plans. Horny was pretty puffed, she was very far off from the Swedish woods right now, what was she going to do there? She planed the show in May in Lodz, the show in June in Cracov, possibly the show in London, during this

summer, and promoting books. During that time she was going to imprint her trademark, her endlessly trading foot, on a quite spread area. As she would do an embroidery in earth. She had a mission to fulfill. She already discussed with Wanda, making her really happy that although, she was going to go to Sweden now, she was soon coming back. Horny invited Viviane, Lucrezia with her husband and her kids and Lucrezius with his chick to her Warsaw's nit home, with TV, a living room leather set, fresh flowers, washing machine, plates, carpets stolen from the Turkish tenant, a complete kitchen stuff, curtains, clean sheets and her own paintings on the walls. What was she going to do now? She changed the date of Lodz event to 20th June, and Cracov to the very end of June, but why should that be better? She was really confused, at the fact she was being forced to leave her new found home soon, but if she reeled down, of course she could focus to work on her book and fuck with Hardy, up there in the woods.

"I have fixed us, our first ever house" Hardy said, answering her question. She was quiet and he added "seven kilometers from the house is a lake, we can bicycle" They both did not have a driving license, neither a car. He used the last argument "it's a beautiful, nice house"

He knew how ridicules the spot was, for his Horny-girl. Horny knew, it was, simply - as long, she was behaving like a human being - not negotiable. She was going to go, be his wife for good and bad, in the name of god, in the name of Satan, in the name of love, in the name of hate, in the name of life&death, so bond together. Already before she has fall asleep, alone as every day, sticking close to the pillow which was also his, Hardy's, the cover which was his, her own flesh, which was his, she focused and the feverish exciting her run after luck fame game art continuity conduit dance space force progress her inner strengths to surprise the world, the roots, who she in fact was, shrunk, or rather cleared up, she focused the lake, shimmering in the dark, and they both, H&H, biking together on the narrow earthy road, leading through the same Swedish woods, where he was waiting for her already now. Horny closed her eyes, peacefully drifting, touching the swell water of the lake with her bloody soul, which was intact waiting for his love to kill her or cure. The love was the power, she never, was going to resist. Horny was a human being. Horny knew how to draw, with her finger in the sand without lifting the finger up. She knew all of it.

Chapter 21

Horny and Anna were sitting outside, at Zamkowy's square marble steps, in the small crowd, where she used to sit down with her Hardy, but now on the contrary to the time shared with him, she was at total peace. Where did it come from? Was it Anna's deed? Or was it pure, Horny's life? Where did it come from into her heart? And how long, was it to remain, there, in her peaceful heart?

She had met her second Ex, when she was down in the worst period of her life, after Taddy's death. Ex has brought some peace in there, within her, he was practicing everyday, his piano meditative playing, shoot her into a nirvana state, Horny was be-

bodied, she was free of her suffering body, floating there, with closed eyes, in the middle of his tiny room. The music did it to her their love bloomed.

"The time goes in circles, it does not go on" Horny was pretty ecstatic upon her discovery.

"The Universe, doesn't go on, it has nowhere to go, it does not have that kind of a space to progress, it goes in circles. Repeats, repeats, repeats. Anna was visiting. Again. Horny was moving, pushing, bowling, the idea of her shows back and forth, one week earlier, three weeks later, three days earlier. She did not want to leave Hardy alone at such a moment, he meant much more, then her films did, still she would not give up the screenings, she would not give up meeting Lucrezia, Francis, Nasty and Viviane and Wanda again, she wanted to do both, to be here and there. Both. Both. Both. Triple. Quadrate. Multiplied. Horny was sparkling. As usual she wanted to do all."

"Teresa!"

Horny was watching a woman playing with a big white dog since a while now, she was not sure, but the woman felt familiar.

"Teresa!" Horny shouted again, the woman stopped, looked, Horny waved to her, Teresa, unwillingly started walking towards Horny, asking, "Who are you? I don't see!"

"Come closer, you'll see it!"

"Take off your sun glasses!"

Horny did, Teresa hanged on her neck, they were best pals, did not meet since nineteen years, Teresa introduced her eight months old dog, first and after her big son, he was seventeen. They decided to meet again, Teresa was going to call, she did not.

Teresa's grandmother was spilling blood into flowerpots, Horny was both discussed and surprised. Teresa's family had a big chicken farm. Teresa and Horny went a lot there to look at the chickens, the chickens were definitely insane; they were all white, scared and not real, they never slept. Teresa lived at Horny's home, they traveled together with a little Lucr, they painted in the same room when they got fed up with the school, The Art Academy, sitting with their backs to each other they were painting in the same pattern, but Teresa's paintings were more conscious, darker, more blue and better. Horny's were freer, lighter, greener, less magic, less conceptual and somehow younger and totally uncontrolled. At one point Teresa stopped to paint. Horny always painted very little. They went a lot to Lublin, which was Teresa's hometown, and to the village which was her birthplace and her home, they went to Lodz once, and to the sea. They went to London together. There, their ways split. The money were finishing, Teresa went with the last cash to Norway, to visit Eric, Horny's boy friend; Horny staid, Horny was never coming back although she did not know about it, she was preparing to leave many times, she was in love to Terry whom she wasn't allowed to meet for his parents, they hid him from her, he was the Irish kid. Terry was sixteen, Horny twenty-three. Teresa was drinking more, she loved vodka, Horny abandon drinking a while ago, Horny was interested in

drugs, Teresa was not. Teresa was interested in married men, Horny not Horny loved young nobodies and no-one boys. She did not dig famous men. It was quite natural their roads had split. They still dressed the same, in long magic flying skirts, although Horny's skirts flied less, she used less cloth, she liked them tighter and she had less cash to buy the cloth, they both had a long hair, Teresa's were dark, almost black, Horny's also brown but much lighter almost blond, Teresa's heavy, shiny, straight, flying as wings or arms when she moved fast, Horny's wavy, curly and light, fluffy, more like a cape or a sweet shelter for her face, Horny was shy. Teresa had longer prettier legs and narrow hips, Horny had better hips, waste and ass. They were both pretty wild, very wild and they had fun. Teresa hugged everyone, Horny could not, she was an untouchable distant hippie. Horny touched people with her eyes, her eyes were dinging, dancing lovely love full loveable eyes in honey brown. Teresa had strong, eager, cow eyes. Teresa loved hugging everyone against her generous breast Horny would not even bear the thought. Teresa loved serving tea on the grass Horny was immune.

Copenhagen, Honey had a boyfriend, Teresa visited arranging the triangle in the bed, Horny did not protest, was not specially possessive on the guy, Teresa was first, Horny laid on the lovers side but escaped before her turn, there were some odd feelings at the breakfast table but Horny did not make the scene, she was unusually quiet. She was ashamed of herself, ashamed that an idea of the small orgy being that close, scratching at her forearm, gave her no excitement but ill taste she still felt.

A famous Art Symposium in the South of Sweden, Ubbaboda, Teresa did a spectacular sculpture, a form she named "the life", there was a trouble with the authorities, the sculpture contained a hole in the ground and a hill equally formed in a perfect halves grown with grass, made it look like the miniature of the rain forest in a relation to a halved earth. It was a great mandala, the authorities did not approve it's qualities, blamed Teresa for jeopardy; people who passed were not safe. It was a great luminous bull, if someone would slide in, someone would slide in, it was a perfect structure to slide in, there was no slightest even chance for the injury. The authorities sent a tractor to push the taken out earth, back into it's hole, Teresa fought, Horny was on her side, they were two standing against the police, the small village only had two policemen, so it was one for one, the other Symposium members not wanting to get involved watched through the windows from the house photographing. Horny got this insane cry attack once the earth was placed back; which clearly meant, they had lost. Tormented, she laid with her face to the ground, weeping, her body was a loud speaker, nothing else. Teresa took a lover, Japanese, older, famous, talented, brave, married, bold man. The love affaire was powerful, very sensual, Teresa was extremely sensual, she was far too sensual for Horny's taste, she took fast and with greed, may be Horny was not right, should have shown, a bigger tolerance to her best pal's choices, but this particular men, arose only a great repulsion in her, Horny was unable to understand what the other woman, wanted to say, wanted to gain, wanted to experience. Horny was not a perfect friend. What Horny

did not know, was - Teresa had to make it; she was not going back to the village! Horny did not have to do anything... Horny's position was bloody privileged. It was also, her pretty bad luck. She did not have an urge, at all. She was not real. She was the creation of Art.

Nero was visiting, Taddy died and Horny was stuck in Poland, she had no passport to leave, Lucrezia was in Sweden. Neron was her fresh Ex, she was not interested to have him back, although she made a great scene this time, reacting at her best pal's table flirt, Horny shouted exploring all her great skills on doing a scene, Teresa left, they haven't seen each other since then, although Horny tried, she wrote, and looked for her pal, several times, investigated about her, with all the other friends. Teresa was none convincible. By letters once they discussed Teresa's participation in Poetry Art festival, but Horny was unable to fulfil one of her best pal's wish, she could not pay the trip for Teresa's son. Teresa had exhibitions in all the classy art museums all over the world, Horny staid in the Underground, staid in the gutter having fun. Teresa had problems with her nerves, with her criterions, values of her work, when transferred into the real world, she became a gardener on her own flesh, she grew the grass obsessively on herself, on her cloth, on objects and subjects, the shows were mainly a documentation over her conceptualism, Horny had no concept, Horny had no clue, Horny rushed the world round. 4th July, an American day, starts a huge exhibition of Teresa's work in the Castle, four big rooms. Horny means nothing to the Castle' Crew, Horny tried to sell her movies to them, and they would not have it. It was all politicks. Such a work as Horny's was not permitted in, as long it was Horny's work... & Not for example, Andy's or Cindy's or X's, hi. Or, SR? How was his work now, or at all? The last Horny saw of him, kissed him was also 4th July, and where was he now? There was the look imprinted into Horny's viewer, the inside of his dangerous eye, she looked into at the goodbye and in her heart, him walking through the screen of her eye at the back ground of NYC sky panorama, darkening, coming towards her, as in the movie, kissing her right hand, saying "this show is for you Mal" and then nothing worked. No show. Nothing. The end. The total end.

Wanda. Horny did not feel, she was her aunt, Horny felt Wanda was her sister, she could visit her almost everyday, spend lots of hours together, enjoying it all, they cooked, ate together, talked, watched news, watched films, talked more, Horny dished, Wanda told stories-memories, new stories, Horny responded to them all. She no longer saw an old weaken by sickness woman in her, she saw a sister, someone very much as herself. The emotion was simultaneous on both sides, there were no doubts Wanda could spend any time, the hours, talking with, being with her niece. They had similar temper, similar body structure, mimics, taste of food and taste of men, this was sure. A predisposition to anger, they shared. Horny has done something, she made Wanda stop planing her death, and start to plan her futurc. Wanda decided to get cured one more time and searched a new doctor. Horny was not happy, she had to leave so soon, she would love to start taking Wanda out into the sun Wanda wasn't out since many months except for the brief visits to the doctors.

Horny would love to take her to see Titanic, what Wanda planed before but gave up. She would love to take her out for the ice creams. Horny brought her books and flowers and loved to kiss her cheeks.

Horny and Wanda loved tall men and cherries.

"Our professor is in love to you" Wandas's best friend announced "Could you think, of marring him?"

"Such, a short man? You must be joking"

Wanda could walk any walk, with a tall guy, a friend of course, eating cherries, Summer time. This time, he ate all the cherries, he showed her how to bind the nods on the cherries ends with a tongue, inside the mouth, without using fingers, he could do it, he was a Turkish pal, Wanda at last learned but there were no cherries left. Mundek was responsible for Wanda marring Janusz Wyszynski, the man, whose name she still was wearing. Wanda was wearing this beautiful name with pride. Bogdan, Wanda's true love was dead since at least four years, Horny was shocked, she was sure Bogdan was alive, she was always planing to meet him, he was Horny's God father. Janusz was older then Wanda, he loved her very much, much more then she loved him, they worked together for the Underground during the Second World War. He married another woman after Wanda, definitely left him. He died quite long ago. Bogdan was ten years younger then Wanda.

"Only ten years?" Horny repeated "so what, was all the buzz about? If Hardy would have been only ten years younger then myself it would have been, it would have been"

"What?" Wanda asked, Horny repeated "it would have been" still not giving the clue.

"I hear you" Wanda underlined "but it would have been, what?"

"Everything would have been much easier" Horny said without believe, she still could not believe Bogdan was dead; he left Wanda, she could not have a child, it was quite late for it as well and he obviously made another woman pregnant, he married her, divorced, married one more and had one more child, his son suppose to be only a little bit older then Lucrezius is. Horny remembers, she always regarded Wanda and Bogdan as a very happy lively handsome couple, always more then well dressed, both working and parting much, having money, having an Italian car, the most rare in Poland. They were both extremely active and sometimes high jacked Horny for the escapades. Horny loved it. Horny did not love her God-mother, Bogdan she has chosen herself, actually against her parents wish, Bozenka, was a cousin and a neighbor, she always wanted to have the daughter, she had four sons, all almost about Horny's age, that's why Horny was given to her as a God's-daughter, Horny had a slight repulsion to her God-mother, what Horny felt to most of people, she could not touch them and she could not bear them touching at her. Horny wanted Dana but it did not work, Bozenka desired pretty Horny too much. Bozenka had huge, sticking out watery blue eyes and a light blond soft curls, orange freckled, white and too soft skin, she was all together blurry in Horny's eyes, although Horny was only six years old, Horny could never kiss or hug her God-mother, there was no way she could push herself over the very limit.

Victoria Eleanor Koziello Poklewska did not go to Blagonadiodzny, Blue-blooded, Girls' College in Petersburg, it was her mom, a beautiful miss Janiszewska, the daughter of the colonel Adam Janiszewski who went there, where she caught Tuberculosis, in the best of the best of the schools in Russia, she died of the illness two years after giving birth to her first child, Victoria Eleonora. Victoria Eleonora's father sent his daughter to the same school For The Blagonadiodzny, Blue Blooded Girls in Moscov, not to repeat a bad luck her mother had. It is possible as well the Moscow collage was less costly. It is possible the family fortune was going down. Or possibly not yet... This, Horny did not know, Viviane's story was incorrect, Viviane was four years old when her beloved mother died. Miss Janiszewska, whose mother was Butler - its unclear British or Irish, married, Koziello Poklewsky was a true beauty, the Tuberculosis only enlarged it, her eyes were damned stars in the cloudy horny swell sky, she had a thin pale gracious face, huge blond curly hair, thin fingers, pale lips. Koziello Poklewsky got married once again and had three more children with his second wife. The summer house was in Hiniowka, it burnt during the Second World War, the other place property in a distance of ten kilometers, was called Zosna, it's also nothing left of it, it burnt. There was a village closed by, Wesola - means Joyful, there was an old chapel, and it's burnt. And the huge land property Postawy. Vilnius is a nearest town, Horny is planing to go there sometimes, may be with Wanda may be without her. May be with Viv, or Lucr or Hardy. Alone? Horny's grand mother was buried on a little hill few kilometers away from the summer house; all the woods around there are still belonging to Horny and her family. Mary, the housekeeper from Lithuania burnt all the correspondence between Victoria Eleanor and her father, through all the years of her study, it was written in Russian. Mary used it for making up the fire at Jan's house. Mary arrived at the end of the Second World War, when Polish were repatriated from Lithuania, she came with her wards, Mrs & Mr. Kryczynski, who were of Tartar noble family and parents to Walenty, the husband of Hala, Viviane's third sister, the one who is already dead, the one who was the less involved in the family business and the only one who had a passion for cards, especially Bridge. When Kryczynskis traveled away, Mary staid, she caught a real fancy for Jan's house and his generous warding. She has burnt all the letters in the period of years, until the very last when she at last asked for the paper to make the fire off, it was a house disaster, when Jan understood that his beloved dead wife's letters were all gone, Victoria Eleanor had a special hand writing and Jan, besides the devotion to his wife, was a collector, he had a room filled with a strange stuff, also buttons and stones, old maps. Victory-Eleanor in her youth wanted to be a writer, it was huge loss. Mary cooked, cleaned the house, and killed chickens, fad pigs. Horny remembers but Viviane insisted they never had pigs. They had one cow during the war, walked to them from the countryside but the cow had to return, where she came from, she was very scared to be in a new place, refused to eat and did not give a single liter of milk. Mary lived eighteen years in Jan's house, she was the very last to move out a while after the house was sold and Jan dead for a long time. Wanda arranged a small flat for Mary in the neighborhood and took care

of her in continuation Mary went nuts and stopped eating. Mary was short, robust, had strong hands, spoke with an accent of the borderland, pulling out words melodic, cooked good, and actually was a very gentle being. She was a good family member but she lived behind the kitchen, it was so, everyone used to have own place these days. Horny knew her well. An old, half-sister of Victoria Eleanor, unmarried Koziellowna who must have been about eighty years old lived at Wanda when Horny brought Viv from London after her electric brain shocks and Horny's famous LSD. There were two sisters, to Horny's grand mother, one was extreme beauty and not very nice, the other not beautiful at all, but extremely nice, it was the nice one who lived at Wanda and Viv was invited to share the room with her. Horny did not want to take the mom home any longer, she used Kora, Marek and their baby as an argument, they were living in her house, they just left Cracov, Horny was still in love to Kora's husband, but they did not have an affair going on at that time, Horny was really down with LSD and deal exclusively with Lucr, & Lucr said her famous, worth the repeating, lines "Don't worry, Horny, I remember, when I was your mother and you were my child, you already had this type of the disorder and it all fixed up, it' shall do it now, as well, don't you worry, my"

Horny was spending most of the time in Lucr's swing in the door to a children room. Horny was fucking spaced. Viv saw, Horny was busy. And Lucr, besides taking care of her ill mom, was planing her fourth birthday party she still had nine weeks left. She went to the kitchen and lit the match, putting the gas on, she made scramble eggs for her mom and a hot chocolate, Horny could not eat. Lur, really was a shock baby, being extremely doll like beautiful and extremely developed for her age, Horny was not the least surprised, Horny was fucking busy with her thoughts and used to some sense of the luxury..

"Lets meet" Horny phoned Partum, they decided to meet at the Hotel Europejski's lobby.

"They want to write about me in an art edition book, it shall have Zosia Kulik's, the General's daughter, vagina on the front cover and Kwiek taking a shit on the back cover, I don't think I want to be with" Was Partum's telephone story, he was eating a cutlet, curing his hang over. Horny was late. Horny was taking a shower, she had to get dressed, she was wondering why, she became so uninterested, & did not check her cunt for a while now, she really was off; within the minutes she started to flash it with a water stream of course, more, she got an idea, she got bloody Horny. Horny jumped out fetching her equipment, the vinegar bottle, oil bottle, she already have her blue tooth brush inside her cunt but this was not enough; fast. Fast, the bottle, washed and oiled, was inside her vagina, it was OK, but she wanted more sensation, she pushed it into her rectum, deep in; right . She was standing, she was on her knees in the bath tub, she jumped out, leaving the running water on, not loosing a grip of the tools inside her, was on the bed, lain on Viviane's morning coat spread, Horny was proper, she pushed it in and out softly, it was very tight in there, deep her anus, Horny's anus. The tooth brush was in her cunt, she felt the damned G point in the rectum, vow, of course she was going to come, she decided not to delay, this time,

not to experiment, not to exercise, not to sacrifice; the white light hit her eyes, more & more, completely white white white light as she came. She missed Partum. She looked for him everywhere, the lobby, the garden of the cafe, the restaurant, the square, the plaza, the park, Zap and back again, only the day after, she realized he has been at the cafe, she did not look into, she forgot there was the cafe, at the damned hotel, she was fucking white light damned bombed.

"May I help you?" The hotel's elegant guard questioned her quite formally and without a usual courtesy, she knew she was a persona nongrata, she was not extremely welcome, actually she was not welcome at all.

"Yes, I'm searching a famous artist, you might be recognized him, Mr. Partum"

And seeing not response on his face whatsoever, added, "He is a bit fat"

Showing his approximate tall ness with her flat palm.

"No"

It was the same fucking lobby, where she got arrested once, in a company of her second Ex, they took her for a new, not yet associated whore. Not bad at all. Horny hated the place, since. Horny run across the Square after an old man shouting "Andre!" It showed up to was another, even older, a bit taller and a bit slimmer chap. She took a taxi to Wanda buying her fresh lily convulses.

"I'm going back to Paris, I can take you there, I'm traveling by car, a friend of mine is running a great book store, wine and books, you can have a reading there" Bogdan suggested, he joined Horny in the milk bar, they set outside, Horny immediately started to count on her fingers back and forth, there was no way she could go. A Black guy was coming towards them, Horny was scrutinizing, he was not Black, and he was wearing dark stockings.

"Look, this is a first guy walking Warsaw's streets in stockings" The guy was a UFO, he was wearing a black thin scarf around his loins and hips, and shoes made of cloth, wired around his feet, Horny showed Bogdan her 12 centimeters high trapeze shoes.

"They scream after me, the old bitch, the old whore"

Horny was hurt, in Bogdan's opinion Horny was the beauty and needn't to care. Horny stretched her well-formed leg in net. It was the first day of May.

"From today, the youngsters are not allowed to be on the streets from 11 PM to 6 AM, what a fuck, the towns Meyer gave this sort of order, he blames the whole generation for rising of the criminality balk and he says that grown ups are afraid to go out. Fucking shit, it's really bad, I'm very irritated, they take a freedom away from the young people. They will be catching them on the streets, and in the clubs and in the cinemas and the police shall be bringing them to the special night shelters. It's a very bad idea, the young people have a very strong developed sense of freedom, it's not going to go jut swell, such a procedure, they will have to fight them to bring them in, the kids have all the rights to see how the night looks like, it's like the over side of the coin, compared to day. Everyone has to carry an ID, this is like a wartime; it's shit. Grown ups are rather pleased with an idea, incredible: What the fucking place?" Horny was shocked, Polish loved to demonstrate a strong freedom demand,

what have happened now? Was the whole nation bombed? Could few TV programs, few young people's, indeed bloody crimes threw the color over all of them, were we so easy to program, so easy to direct, to distress? To scare? Horny, herself was not. She was planing to make Lucrezius come here with his girl in July on his own, now she was doubtful.

"What the fucking place!"

On the contrary M&M thought the decision was cool and right. "Totally correct! What, the minors suppose to do out on the streets after 11 PM?"

M&M did not have kids, only a lovely Pushkin, the cat, black and soft all around and he attacked only mice, and that seldom enough, he was too lazy and too well fad and almost never went out.

"Minors suppose to go to sleep and go to school! My car was stolen by kids! Imagine! It surely did not happened to you" Malgosia was concrete, Marek did not even think, the subject was worth discussing, but added "I don't care by whom I'm going to be knocked down, the minor or a full grown, but eliminating the minors from the night streets diminishes the chances for the excess & access, I like that"

Horny was unconvinced. She pushed her freedom theories on Wanda, a taxi driver and Pepo, who fully agreed, Pepo's son was also seventeen. She saw the UFO, stocking's man once again, outside of Pepo's studio. He was picking up the trash from the sidewalk turning nervously around. He was full-grown, at least over forty. At the Old Town she passed, the Gypsy beggar, the father sitting on the payment with two twins, this time being really big, about four years each, laying between his spread legs, sucking on the thumbs.

"He is making them, fucking mental sick, if it'll continue" Horny passed the trembling woman, with a stretched out palm, once again. Horny became selective, she was only giving aims to the small boys begging on their own; how ever strange and unfair was the pick.

Horny, Adalbert and his wife were doing the bars. They were at the new bar on Fok-sal street, it was really cute place, for to be in this town, Horny was not in love with Warsaw.

"I have heard on the radio, in Poland one gets two years, prison for pornography, imagine if they take me in, after my show, it's not funny at all" They all laughed, such a perspective was too far out to take it different then a good joke, still there always was a chance if a bad luck would wined upon Horny-girl... Adalbert ordered Corona beer, Horny looked at the long slim necked bottle in a white transparent glass with a desire, this one would have gone deeper in, she reflected upon the fact. It surprised her, she did not look at men, in the same way, they suppose to be a better pick for these particular deed but Polish men seldom attracted her, they were too short and too dumb, Horny was definitely the freak and this was a sad story...

The letter from Hardy, still did not come, one single letter within four weeks. Perhaps he did not need her, perhaps he was emotionally satisfied, even the outcome was the tragedy. He was busy, he had a home, a company, routines, food and books.

Horny missed, the lovely sensual sexy letters she believed she was going to get few times a week, it was the first time they have been separated from each other without his previous will to leave. Horny was naive. Naive and one more time naive. She would never stop imagining, she meant to her man, what she wanted to be. She went farther, she was missing his presence and she read his dreams, sitting at the computer totally hypnotized. She read the personal knots about his dreams during last four years. He has been dreaming about sexual adventures with every single girl friend she had, possibly her daughter too, but he coded the name, he dreamt also of love not just sex, he never dreamed about sex with her, Horny, love to her, never. She appeared in his dreams, representing a jellies hen, ballast, a guard watching over him, parting him from, what's fun, if she appeared at all. Horny set there like a Lot's wife, turned into a hard balk of salt. Christ! She knew, she should not read this, it was all beyond her competence, but her motives were first pure, she yearned him next to herself. She was an intelligent person, she could not make him responsible for his dreams, but there was something she could not avoid to determine, she meant very little to him, extremely little. Although it was really nice to speak with him on the phone, every few days even if he did not say much. Horny was confused and H&H, were in love, but where? They were in love to each other in their hearts, the geography was different now, when they were apart from each other in the sense of a flesh. Horny went for the masturbation, giving herself an anal pleasure, once in a while.

Horny's dream: she did not sleep with Nick C. not because it was immoral, as she was Hardy's girl, Hardy was not in this dream at all, as far she remembers, she did not sleep with Nick only because he disappeared after the kisses, he apparently did not want her, that way, they were only friends, never lovers, also in the dreams. Waking up, she had to see she was not better herself. She missed her Hardy. Did Hardy have more power over his dreams? Was it possible, to have it, too has it, ass well, at all? She was not in love to Nick, in almost six year, since she met Hardy, but why did she keep on dreaming these dreams about him?

"There is a smell of a gas in here" Horny repeated after Adalbert, Hanka was incredibly fast moving through the small kitchen cutting fresh bread, slicing and serving home made pate, making tea, boiling sausages for Zygmunt, she set on the edge of the chair eating a quarter of the crispy croissant, with her face towards the window, Zygmunt set next to the kitchen oven, the gas was on, Hanka forgot to light the match, Horny and Adalbert arrived 20 minutes too early, confusing her, Zygmunt had a terrible head ache, the whole apartment smelled of gas.

"He shall live, if he won't die" Hanka laughed merrily. "The same thing, his doctor told ma after the incident with the bus"

Hanka had, except for her sixty-six years old wrinkled faced, a total look of the sweet little girl, sweet, blue eyed, with golden short curly page. Hanka and Zygmunt were still in love after over forty years of marriage. Zygmunt's room was a total, writer room. Filled up with full bookshelves, two deep easy chairs, mostly for contemplation or reading, sometimes for meeting a friend, lot's of red roses which were

a clear expression of his fans, an open door to the balcony, he used exclusively for catching the horizon. His writing table was in the center of the room, was round, not too big, covered with a soft red velvet, on the table laid, books, open books, half open books and dozens of the manuscripts, Zygmunt wrote by hand in very small, round perfect letter prints, he liked soft French paper sheets and good pencils. He used to cut, editing his writing, and glue them together. Hanka was typewriting. Endlessly typewriting. Hanka was a terribly bad and terribly funny Cinquecento - car's - driver. She was shouting on every corner, every corner was a catch, she constantly blocked the street, and she laughed and talked all the time.

"Grandmother Carolina, died because you had taken the house" she said to a young cute blond secretary at the Warsaw's City office. She meant Horny's grand grandmother, Taddy's grandmother. Hanka and Zygmunt since a couple of years were struggling to get back two houses and a huge garden, a heritage after Cecylia, who was Carolina's daughter. Carolina was a huge powerful woman Taddy loved her very much, as much as Zygmunt did. In 1945 when free from the war Poland went into a catch of the communism, private properties, like bigger houses were taken. Over one night Carolina lost her both houses and all the money, as they were not in the bank, she did not trust, but in the mattress. She was found dead in the morning in the yard of both houses, holding into a great sum of cash.

"You must understand, that her tragic death was a reason, why Cecylia did not fulfil a decree, did not plea, in time, to the government about her lost property." Horny and Hanka were at the particular office still trying to get the affair straightened out. The present political system was giving an option to get at least a half of the property back. Hanka blocked the street one more time, she fixed it, singing a love song, Hanka was a sport, Horny was top amused. Hanka let her out at Washington Circle, the day was hot, Horny was hot, her rain coat was hot, on the radio, they did announced the rain, there was no rain, Horny swallowed the big gulp of a hot stuffy air, Horny's heart jumped, Horny stood still, restarting, trying to localize and focus herself, concentrating by passers attention on herself. She felt visibly bad. Horny took a bus, Horny walked through the town, she arranged something, Horny went home, she took all her clothes off, Horny went to bed, she had a vivid dream, she had a far out dream.

Streams of rain poured over Taddy's grave, they slashed his stone in orange sepia, the clouds rushed upon him like mad, the strings of the rain washed the stone, of Horny's presence, for the first time, during her being in Warsaw, Horny did not visit. The rain cut the rain danced, Horny was a slut. The whole time during her latest stay in her hometown, Horny had a feeling, a very clear clairvoyant feeling she was going to see him, he was around, now he was so endlessly virtually really under his stone and he was dead. Horny was both, shocked of the fact and shocked of her idiocy, naively believing he was around, she did not pay him a visit at his grave. Taddy was dead, as dead as always. The rain falls day and night.

"I went for his hand, I jacked the knife into his palm, the fucking bastard had to learn, I cut of his sinew, I told him, don't do a fucking scene, he laid on the bed, sobbing, fucking wooing for himself, he went to the hospital, they operated, sewed together, plastered. I did not care to help him to take his sweater off, he slept a month long in his fucking clothes, the bastard had to fucking learn" Ora was talking about her man, loud and in big gestures, she was very thin and did not wear make up, her black eyes were exploding with energy, her stripy black hair moved often covering her face.

"I had a hang over and he was irritating me" She was the most motivated, she parted her thick lips, showing the famous pearl teeth. Hardy's letter arrived, it was a cool literary love letter, he used a word "Hon" a lot, Horny did not know what it meant, the letter was a half, computer's page short, he sort of explained himself, did not crush the barrier, planed for the luckier with her future, Horny did not want to think of future. However, it was the second ever letter she got from him, and the first one which was not that cold, was pretty hot in fact, but not really hot, not hot all the way. Horny stood in the qui, to pay her bills at the post office, she conversed two old hens - hones? - In hats, they were true lovely, Horny made them laugh. Warsaw was covered with rain, Horny did not care, she walked the town through from side to side, and she was pretty rained down. Wanda's skin was soft and taking Horny's kiss with pleasure, Horny brought her a huge wet smelling bouquet of Lila blossom. They put it on the kitchen table, Wanda was preparing the meal, complaining on Horny's departure patterns, Horny was exhorted. The group of skins was standing outside singing. Horny run around doing the very last arenas, she wanted to sit down at bar Michal were she left two video cassettes, she did not have the time to post, she wanted to order a beer, two beers, three beers, to forget she was going anywhere. The moment was perfect. The night before she was drinking at the Art Castle, she got tipsy after one beer, she was telling a story "I called Zbyszek Libera, I showed his short film about his grand mother, in Sweden years back at the festival I arranged, it was Zosia Kulik, who introduced him to me via letter, so I knew his name, I knew he was famous, perhaps good, surely interesting, and I did not know here anyone else of the - video - professionals, I was told he was Zosia's man at that time. Now, he was enthusiastic, shouted, "Ah, you are this beautiful daughter of this famous poet! Of course we are going to meet tomorrow." I went there with Hardy, we decided to meet at the Castle, he said, The Castle was promoting him, and he had some business to do. He did not show up. I called him and he said he did not have the time, I proposed to meet the following week after my return from Zakopane, he said he did not have any time. It sounded tricky but I did not want to act paranoid and I gave him my phone number, he did not phone. I'm sure, he investigated about me, my opinions, my skills, my good and bad sides, my influences and lacks and decided to stay off. It was clear mobbing. The Castle was definitely not promoting me, The Castle was avoiding me, and they had my complete video set in over two years, and did not do anything about that. No one of working here people ever phoned me back, not even from the courtesy, I stopped calling"

Horny was drinking beer at the Castle with Adam, Marius, Tomek her new friends from Lodz and Malcolm, he was a star of an Aborigine Expo, which opened this very day. The trip from Lodz was fun, Tomek, Adam and Marius, who returned from Australia a month ago, this night slept in Horny's living room, Tomek was definitely not as pretty as Hardy was but he was kind and threw her trash and kissed her good-bye, Horny was leaving for Sweden. Horny shared a sleeping compartment with a young pretty boy ending up the Military Service, traveling to his brother, he was Kwsniewskie's personal soldier it was quit a story. She hitchhiked with three young Polish boys in two fast cars, she phoned Hardy from the road, it was Wednesday, his birthday, she was hurrying for was Thursday. "See you Friday" said Hardy, Horny broke down; she was not invited.

Lucrezius has grown and still lived on pizza, Lucrezia worked a lot, was lovely, but very stressed, Nasty was going through an explosion of a daddy love, which made Lucr secretly cry, Fran started to train Judo, and had according to Hardy, an angel voice, Ex's face has grown and changed, was sort of big-red, he was no longer looking soft, all the softness was gone from his face. Lucrezius had a Californian solarium suntan, he used it as a form of a relax, the only possible form of the relax. He wasn't feeling too good, within two days he was starting to work in the kitchen of the Italian Pasta restaurant, he damped the high school. The first things, Horny bought for him was a medicine to comfort his stomach and a chamomile tea to realize the cramps in his heart, she believed it was going to help, he talked about seeing a doctor. Horny was back in Sweden and Ora were drunk. Ander was drunk too and Lucr & Lucr had to carry him out, Kino, his true love, broke her foot badly, it was plastered up to her knee but she was coming fine, Ander said, before Lucr kicked him out again. "She wasn't drunk or anything, she just got her foot trapped, she fell over to the side breaking it completely off. I get happy when I see you, Horny, in this town, instead of the other peanuts"

. Ex at last cooled down, was really in love with the woman he expected children with, was getting a Porsche apartment again, for him, his true love, his coming babies and his first born, Lucrezius, and was fixing the driving license, he lost many years ago drunk, and a new car, he and Lucr went to look at the car.

"It is really good that Lucrezius is going to do the Military Service, it's going to teach him the discipline" Ex's true love, told Horny, doing Horny's hair. Horny's heart ached, actually she stopped herself from being bad right off. Smacking the girl. She had to be smart now, it was for everybody's good. She had to stay cool. Ex stopped drinking but aged on the outside but was now a very pleasant man everybody said. He, shortly, passed by, for the first time truly ignoring his Ex wife, he really felt she was not existing, he did not live anymore at his old home, so Horny could have her girl party there, it was Ora, Cardy, Lucrezia and herself, and the girls's kids, Lucrezius withdrawn to his room, he did not feel good, past five hours he did not come out, he watched videos.

"I have a fat ass" said Horny.

"Common" opposed her Ora "Everybody knows you love your ass. I red your book" Ora did not have any ass, and she liked Horny's round bit of the flesh. Ora was drunker for every minute which went, Horny's Zubrowka and Cardy's beers was firing her fast, she hold her "knife jacking into her man's palm" speech, one more time, and how she, on the phone, shouted a shit out of her father in low - for Lucrezia, all the girls madly laughed, and how she saw Cecilia Pashberg on TV.

"Imagine, Clara M. was cutting Pashberg's hair in London or N Y, I don't know where and neither I care, they say it's art. They must have a fucking brain shake, these broads" Ora gave a next giggle to the girls, taking Pouser&Soderberg, the famous LPC on the board. "I met Johan on the premiere's screening in Gothole! The movie was good, I don't deny, but it was also nothing in the same time, I could have made the same kind of the movie, everyone could, and they are so proud because they got all the cash to do it; one million! I saw the interview with the both guys on TV, and Eric spoke a lot and Johan looked so fucking jealous as he did not get a chance to say anything, smart, only some bull at the very end, I told him that and he, to put me down remind me of Zbig. Imagine Zbig Karkowski!" Horny remembered very well the particular mix, Johan had a crush on Ora, Horny had a crush on Johan, Ora had a crush on Zbig, Zbig had a crush on Horny, yeah, unavoidable mess, besides all that Horny was married to Ex. Later on, Zbig had a serious crush on Lucr and wanted to marry her, Lucr would not. Period.

"Johan is a White Negro and that's really a compliment" Horny said. "But he is no longer a friend of mine. I called him when I moved to Stockhole for the first time, told him, I want a company for a cup of coffee, felt lonely and told him that Hardy left me after our first return from NYC. And you know what he told me? He told me, I don't have the time, call me the next year. It was October and I thought he was kidding, but he was not"

"I had no idea, he could do that" Cardy said. Cardy had a crush on him ass well before, he backed out after Coco, his monkey broke a finger in her door, Cardy paid the surgery, yet he broke her heart. They were all a tight team of pals, long back long time. Cardy was still broke, her company broke down a half year earlier and she was going to go into the court in Holland, asking the same Clara, who cut Pashberg's hair for help, Clara was a TV program leader and her uncle was a lawyer. Sweden was disgusting for the single female photographers running the companies. Women obviously needed to stick tight together. Lucrezia was getting drunk too although much slower then Ora.

"Next time, go for the leg" Lucr suggested, giggling, fed up with the gossip talk, she also worked at the radio, the media sucked, everyone knew that, even a child, especially hers.

"But spare the dick!" All four girls went into the salves of a laugh they were all emancipated.

"I'm not going to Hardy, imagine I went a pass of 1000 kilometers for his birthday and I'm not welcome! I am not invited! His grand parents shall be there and his Ex with the child and I, after six years with that man, have to remain invisible, because we are not linked by blood! He's the slut to agree!" Horny rose her first Zubrowka

glass. Ora cried, before she went to sleep, she was sleeping over, the tears were strolling down her beautiful spaced black bottomless eyes of the true saying goddess she perhaps was. She had no reason to get back home. There was nobody there to ditch or detach.

"The time here, goes very slow!" Horny looked at her new Sharp watch in pink and back at Hardy, she woke up at his side. Their sex the last late afternoon, evening and night went over the expectations of both. Horny woke up time after time, plying love, receiving love, love deeds, love tokens and love promises. Hardy pushed his dick into her after mingling with her precious flesh in hours, Horny collapsed in a huge Phoenix's like departing for heavens, Pegasus orgasmus, Hardy won over her stubborn slow start, Horny wood and tearless cried, breathed all his flesh, soul included, they were stashed at some cottage in the middle of the fields, surround with singing, twinkling birds, half of the dozen moon, stars, clouds, sun beams, first flowers and barking dogs. Horny lay in his arms. H& H were intact. He ate his, saved for them both, birthday cake literally out her cunt, smearing her with it first, fucked her from behind, what seldom gave her a sexual stimulant and now it really did. They laid together in hours, along each other across each other upon each over below each other besides each other giving the flesh this extreme chance for the magnetic satisfying spirituality, erasing the long month of the missing from the structure of their limbs, loins, meat. Or what ever it really was and we, call, love.

"I don't feel like coming, Hardy, and bumping into your family situation" Horny sung him a happy birthday, of which only one more hour was left.

"I have the house for you and I have the bus's time table, it goes tomorrow 1 PM, I fetch you at 3 PM" It was Hardy's, the only necessary and the best move to get his girlfriend back and situate her at his side. It worked, as planed. OK, Hardy did not carry her over the threshold like a bride into the house but amused with two hours of champagne chat when he for the first time talked about himself and after, listening, let her talk. After the half of the second bottle, Hardy got Horny into the bed, he chewed on her lips, kissed her teeth and toes, pulled every millimeter of her labia's lips with his mouth, stuck single fingers into her anus, stuck all fingers into her mouth, flew all over her, more like a bird with wings then a man of 190, chewed on her hair, her nipples, blessing every centimeter of her flesh, talked to her love, make to her love, when he at last stuck his finger into her tight wet cunt, Horny submitted. Horny too, got her boyfriend back. He was sliding in and out, and in, Horny shouted, screamed, sighed, Hardy repeated "My, my, my, my, my, come, come, come, come" Horny rode her Hardy stallion with a wild open mouth, the eye glass Madeline from Jo, hit her teeth constantly, Horny laughed loud, she stunk sweat, she drilled with sweat, he was getting most deep into her, bumping his sperm against the bottom of her inside, his loins against her loins, his thighs against her wild spread thighs with Hardy-force, Horny had no resistance against HARDY-LOVE. She dreamt by the morning, lying in his arms, a starting love affaire with a girl, she was pressing her stomach against belly of the other girl, Christ! She was calculating when Hardy will

be out of the house, the lust feeling in her belly was very physical, concrete. Laying in bed, in the morning, she focused the peculiar image, her perfect goal, she was going to walk from now on, walk outside, always forward and sleep outside and so on forever. Without collecting a company or things. The following night she dreamt about one of her Ex's, she couldn't say which one, she did not remember, one of her Lucr children was small in a baby pram. She woke up, with Hardy's touch on her face, she was hot, exhorted of the dream, she did not like, she hated it, she was jealous in the dream, she was missing something the others had, she asked Hardy to open the window, the room was hot and stuffed. She lay quietly, hoped she was getting even with her life, she hoped she was never going to bitch her Hardy again. Neither about his dreams or anything else. She was going to buy the piercing ring for her clit and Hardy was going to do it, before her return to Poland. This was a good option to p u s h certain things real. And it was going to give her the option to long for something else. What?

"Life is so great! Isn't it?" Hardy's mom, who was deadly sick, threw, the rhetoric question, she was driving the road, on her right set Hardy and behind him Horny who slowly spoke "Yeah, at this time of the year, it's all right" Immediately wondering when she was going to stop being this cool princes herself, when she was going to prove possessing a human heart and being able to answer, love with love? The world around her was exploding in spring. Actually, Horny had everything but she might be, was still not aware. The following night, Horny dreamt about Hardy, they were in several rooms, always making attempt on sex, it was tasty, he touched her deep, inside her cunt, but there were other people, it was a party, at last Horny made a scene, he betrayed her a year earlier with an older woman, who also was there, the story came out now and Horny was screaming at him. The woman was Taddy's pal, a journalist, possibly deceased. The logic of the dreams was escaping, Horny's entire control. As much her reality did. The time was spread out quite flat. What was the function of life, in a relation to it? To what?

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Chapter 22

"Jack-Jack told me, to tell you, he has been accompanying a few close to him people's death. It is important to help them, to show the love, if they are shy & gentle. And they always are. Don't keep them here. Don't keep them, you cant. Do not cry, don't comment, the hearing is still perfect, even if they seem gone for good" Horny repeated, what Jack-Jack asked her to do... She did not dare to look at her man, his mom was s t i l l considerably well, but i t was too important to make this wait, she was not going to see Hardy all the time this Summer, she knew that Hardy paid a great respect to Jack-Jack; she was the messenger. The shimmering lake, Horny still did not see, but she knows, it is somewhere, here. Horny is so un-doubtfully, The Lonely City Girl. It's a tough cake, even the moon is full, and the grass sprinkled with a night fog as the stars would have come down. And they did. They fell abruptly down, for two reasons, for the beauty and for the weight. Hardy's kisses are over. Long ago. Hardy's touches are gone long ago, Hardy's attraction is gone long ago as he is very busy with everything what's not sensual. The honeymoon of H&H last exactly twenty-four hours. The second day is split to both, this sensual - twice, ten minutes, and this non - twenty three hours, forty minutes. The third day is dry. On the fourth day, she tries to get him to bed without a result in hours, it's for the first, Kinsky's sexuality - the book she is reading - and it's a boredom - nothing particular to aim at the countryside, for the girl like she - circulating between her cunt and her book and back, and for the third, an eager smell of the forest - unnamed

and exciting - and Hardy's sexuality - his nearness, counted in meters, still so impossible to cross the distance between the two of them - and for the last, and the most, the will to fill up her vagina again - nagging her really deep - her very madness to be pounded again be hot again, again again, again again, gives her the fuel to the particular making her nuts, the sexual desire she can't be without and she can't get even with. More more more. More! If he wants her, he leads her to bed for sex, on the second day, by the hand and it works, she is easy to lead, agreeable, he loads her from behind, she does not have the lucky gesture he would like to be lead, liked to follow, he perhaps knows, it is he the only boss of the art and need, and now he does not need or does not art. On the third morning she gives him a blow job, on the third night he takes her hand off his big and arouse dick, on the fourth night she cries, he sleeps in his underwear, already on the third night; she does not have a single gesture to salivate to Satan to satin herself. She tries to eat his naked and tasty arm, this is not recognizable sexual, Hardy tells her to stop, after he tells her something really stupid and uncomplimentary about herself resting her head on the pillow next to him. After, he tells her "a good night" and closing the light, turns his back at her, Horny feels as lonely she could cry, she is laying on his side, the mountain rib, this went very fast. For this she waited, five hours - hoping for the best, Kinski definitely writes too much about the cunt in general and about the cunts, in details, it turns her on, although it bores her too, she wants to try her own opening her own heat, her own beat, and she wants it with her Hardy all the time, yet surely she is mad. Being Horny is sick. Horny cries dripping a few of tears, her eyes are bombed wet. What would Hardy say? Hardy would classify Horny, as a non-material and a neurotic girl, if he would call her "the girl" at all. He would rather call her, his old bitch. This is not her house, he does not have to bull shit her. The crazy bird outside never sleeps. 3.44 AM the fog rises up and flies to the sky, where flies Horny? The moon is still full, behind the tree, as the last night. Horny's knight is asleep. As the last night, the knight. Horny is far out inside. The bird always sings. Horny does not feel like sleeping this fucking night, this fucking knight. This fucking, is so far away, Horny can't sleep at all. She goes up and down, up and down, of course he tells her to sharpen up, stop doing what she is doing, obeying, Horny can't have demands, Horny can't have sensually unfulfilled dreams, Horny is just a square of the wife very fast used. The square of the night in the sky and the sky is bloodthirsty. Horny is not allowed to wear the shoes and to smoke cigarettes inside the house, the basic Horny-condition when stressed and now Horny is stressed. She is not allowed to be stressed. Horny is fucking stressed about the fucking with her knight, although she knows she repeats herself so, as they already fucked the other day, the first day. And now she if sucking up everything. The sun comes up painting the earth with love; Horny wants some too. Horny wants some love to explode her, countless amounts of times for real. She is fucking stressed about the love. The sun goes up as the earth turns round, there is no way to stop the move. Horny knows, if she pulls it just a bit farther, one more pulls beat, he will throw her from the house. It is at the edge. The alarm clock rings, Hardy is rigorist against him, no sloppy life, here. He spares, few minutes for sex, tells her in a soft voice "Come, come, come"

She is not fast, she is just laying there, she slept four hours at last, she says something unpleasant or is it a joke, pointing at him, who slept in his underwear, Hardy goes up, Horny is hurt and wants sex and love and care and a very hot ass well. She sees him, standing in the garden with a notebook and a pen, already dressed, watching the bulls or watching farther, reaching the wall of the forest - who knows. It's an insult for the muse, to thimble nude and unfucked, focused, simultaneously horny, round the house. Horny takes a cold shower, dresses up in her black with pink thighs, Katmandu shorts and black net stockings, and Warsaw's blue shirt, runs out of the house, she does not bicycle, there is only one bicycle and she wants him to have the chance to follow her, reach her, find her, she spends an hour at the cemetery in the sun, she is here for a third time, after she walks back. He is at home working at his porn review, he is sensual clear, smart, concrete, aware what the women like and love and desire and disserve when he describes, the world around. They love it in the kitchen, they love it with the dicks, tongues, cucumbers, carrots, fingers, anything what possibly goes in. Yes, the women... The bulls, in the field outside H&H house are exemplary extremely playful, today, they lick each other small non aroused, hidden in a shaggy fur, penises, and huge, easily accessed rectums, and take each other on the horns, a black one tries to fuck the comrades, riding their backs, without success. Horny the same. She does not like the whole story, her running after his love and him refusing it once again in this picturesque house. How to bite on the apple? Her Hardy. His apple. After the return from the cemetery, Horny sleeps nude for real, Hardy finds her, kisses her, she has to go up and piss, it spoils everything, coming back she has nobody to come back for, she pissed a minute too long, she kisses him, still laying in the bed, waiting for her, but this is not a right thing to do, his eyes are closed and his shoulders twisted together above his head, he is a sculpture in profile. Horny does not suppose to kiss him, whom does she suppose to kiss? She supposes to kiss someone, right now very much. She is still laying nude on him - nude, but he does not get hard any longer, she took off his sweater, it was not a good move, he told her not to, but the sweater was too rough and stuck her, she is trying to push her tongue into his mouth but she cant get in, Hardy keeps his teeth together.

"You should drink two bottles of champagne every day" she says and Hardy pushes her off, clacking at her breast. The breast hurts.

"You have to leave, the house" Hardy tells her wrapping a blue towel round his nude hips, the same blue towel she spat his sperm into on the third day, and he leaves the room, the sex scene is over, whatever the outcome was. Horny starts weeping like a maniac, grabbing at her clothes.

"He already threw her out, it's done"

She dresses up very fast, grabs a bottle of Polish vodka, he asked for, an empty glass, a glass of water, cigarettes, matches dashing outside the house, the ashtray is always there, Horny is weeping in the sun for the long while and very loud, with tears and sobs and vodka seeps.

"You can't cry here, I'm conscious about my image, you have to come inside the house"

Hardy is looking nit, dressed, washed, and brushed. Except for the cry, and the despair, and may be just because, Horny feels like in Mexico! It's a long time since she drunk vodka in the hot sun. It's gorgeous. It works. She is still crying but not that loud, he remains in front of her fixed in a deck chair.

"You not suppose to make scenes, here, my mother is dyeing, I have fixed this house for you, for us to be together. You can't have demands, we are not going to repeat the Polish scene. I'm going to share my time in three, my family, my writing and you. It's all equally important."

"I understand, how you feel about your mom. It's tragic, but not much to do about that, the nature of life is such, but we still don't know about it" Horny hugs him, leans against his back, he drives her on the bicycle, they are passing the church once again, she has nest that somehow beautiful thought for quite a while, now, she tries to be simple and condense, it's a philosophy.

"I forbid you, to talk about that" Hardy stops abruptly, she understands, one more word and she is remaining in the ditch. She is incompetent. Her last call is like most of us, fortunate, unknown. At the lake she lays above him stretched at the top of the table, with closed eyes against the sun, she is tipsy at last he catches her cunt one single time fast, he wants to go home and eat, she would love to fuck, there is a duck couple on the lake, will he never fuck her outside like the water birds do? What about his image, isn't he a wild guy? Horny loves fucking outside. Horny. Horny. Horny. Hardy. Hardy. Hardy. The ducks swim closer having a good look at H&H. Horny is very pissed and refuses to be driven on the back of his bicycle, they still have only one bicycle, the other has a bad tier, and none of them is capable to meant things, she walks, it is fucking far to walk home. She drives him on the bicycle, he sits behind her, he touches her thighs from the inside, buttocks from the outside and softly fingers her puss through the thin stockings and thin underwear, pressing at the swollen up and cracked bitter peach. Horny wants it very much to fuck straight off, she tells him. "Stop it"

The sexual error of H&H continue the whole way home, during the shopping time, she feels he does not like to go into the store with her, she obviously spoils his image, she is not young and she is not Swedish, in his home-tracks Hardy acts like a small town Charlie. The error goes through his cooking time, her next vodka and a beer and more lazing in the sun, more Mexico, more reading Kinsky, more cunt, and during the dinner which Hardy cooked excellently on fresh potatoes, and after the dinner they both ate with pleasure. It is much easier to fuck first and after to do all this other nice stuff. H&H shall never learn. They drive each other insane, why and how? Hardy carried Horny with her head down to the bedroom, after she have set on him, with her legs spread grouched in the garden after the dinner, at last, for ten minutes of the good hot pounding. He licks like a cow and fucks like a bull she comes very fast. The tulips opened and closed before the night. The full moon, clean shaved, showed up one more time, shoveled up her ass.

"Was this all trouble, about this?" Horny has to believe her own capabilities to create and destroy. Hardy introduces himself to the landlord, it's an eighty-five years old

chap, living in the big fine house, Hardy does not present his princess, and she really does spoil his image.

"He is a real playboy" Hardy says. "He has, a twenty years younger mistress and they use to go to Spain"

Horny seen the landlord's mistress the other day, reading a book, sitting on the staircase, of the house, in the sun, she drives her own car and obviously does not live at her lover's house. Horny sleeps well this night at the cozy side of her knight; in the shade of one magic screw. After tomorrow she is going to leave, tomorrow she is going to leave, the time moves on. Vow, Horny was simply horny, and knowing it's the last whole day together, she decided to fulfil at least some spontaneous moves, she touched him, when he was preparing the food in the kitchen, she hanged on him, right, hugging him from behind, yeah, wanted to fuck, to be fucked, to fuck, standing, wow, leaning at the dish machine, with her legs spread, leaning back, fucked from front, like a lover not from the back like a slat, wow, what a distinction, wow, it would have been. Vow. Why to have so many rooms when one fucks only in one, pulling the curtains very carefully and perfectly, for the almost death landlord not to see anything, why? There are only a batch of cows and two dogs around, they won't recognize the image. Hardy is conscious about his image, it is his home village, but there are only trees and bushes and clouds what can see them or hear, he is quite different here, to the other places they have been, he is very cool here. Far too cool with his Horny.

"You are like a back pack" Hardy says to a hugging him girl, the girl drops off. Horny leans over him, in the garden, kissing him, he makes her stop.

"Wait" he says, picking up the snuff from his mouth. "Now, you can squeeze on" he says without a pleasure or a joke. He is always fixed into some furniture, sometime, some particular doing. But of course it is a pity she has stopped, it was up to her if she got disturbed, noticed the timbre in his voice or kissed; may be she would have get out of him some heat, fun or at least a thick saliva. Horny looks at the bulls with the eyes full of tears. Horny, horny bulls. In the forest there is a room like, looking space, incredibly soft, and light green, Caledonia and quiet, Horny lifts up her short skirt showing off to him, her buttocks in net, and string, vow, she wants to fuck, in this forest most soft room, hard, they don't, they go home. After the dinner, Horny sits next to Hardy, in the kitchen, kneeling down to his dick, pulls it out, licks it excited of the area around her - a new, windowed room, and the area inside her mouth, an old dick, wow! Perfect preface, the cunts, that counts! She has to piss, and Hardy moves to bed, waiting for her with the curtains pulled, Horny regrets, she is a bit slow for sex always in the bed, Horny wants a total adventure, a total sexual adventure, as three meters to the right. After eight minutes of the small leaks, Horny is totally turned on, and it does not matter where she is placed, it is perfect where she is, they lay side wise, she is sucking him wild, she wants him to fuck her mouth, deep and rough and rude, prude. She asks for it. She wants him to bump into her head. She would love him to chain her, to tie her. She swallows his sperm, she wants it again, does it again, and he picks her up, comes into her from behind, and finishes it. He knows, it's the only way to make her quit, prude, satisfied. Actually, only the

first twenty four hours Horny experienced the orgasms, he knows about that, he seems to enjoy the fact, that he does not make her come, that only he is satisfied - is he? And she more and more unfulfilled, more and more desperate. A blow job or the fasts pass from behind, yeah, he knows that, and it pleases him. But tonight she is going to ride him again and give it to herself, she is going to ask him to do the roses on her breasts, the biting Kama Sutra ritual marks, round the nipples, she has read about, she is going to go completely wild once again and bump to him fast and strong, unlimited, wow, she knows it. She does not, there is a fucking woman appearing on TV, Mrs. Knudson, which drives Horny mad by blankly stating, talking about a movie, about a little Jewish boy during the Second World War. "Polish society is still up till today anti Semite, its threatening" H&H quarrel, they yell at each other, they insult each other. Horny does not agree.

"You are stupid because you don't know anything about my people, you did not care to learn, the bitch's opinion is build on stupid jokes, slogans and cliches, the same as, I'm a Polish whore!"

Horny is suddenly very Polish and very hurt, of course Hardy has to prove Horny is very wrong.

"You are stupid, you did not learn to speak my language in twenty years and you, indeed dress like a Polish whore, and you know why you are playing this game! And you know what kind of fame, you bring me here, in the v i l l a g e!" Hardy, is a suddenly a c o u n t r y boy, he belongs here, he care his opinion here, he shouts, running around the kitchen in his house, there is nothing of a planed sex relieve release, the party, its the decay ass well ass soon ass possible Horny stays at the kitchen table, writing, Hardy goes to sleep, it's still May full moon, fool in three long nights and days, all spoiled, but so close by, being totally optional. Horny is bitter-sweet. Today she is going to leave. She was dreaming, H&H had a baby boy, he said something in Polish to amuse her... What? She can't fucking remember, the single world he said, he was bold, cute with Hardy's stubborn eyes; their son. Hardy is cleaning the house, vacuum cleaning the house, doing dishes, Horny would prefer he would clean her vagina, she would need some shaving job, leaking job, blowing job, everything. The Honey Moon, The Horny Moon, quite impossible at the last day and it is the last day. All the bulls sleep through this very hot day. No sex. No fucking. No kisses. Horny reads Kinski in the hot sun and it drives her insane. Of course she should have helped Hardy cleaning and then, mantle - possibly, her vagina above the vacuum cleaner sort of by coincidence, coinci-dance Horny is too stupid to do that, she gets no sex. Sex. Sex. Sex. Horny is passing insane... Wow, wow, wow... Cow, cow, cow. Horny wants to get laid. Hardy asked her to take a picture of himself in front of his house, for the good bye.

"Mia casa" he said, looking proud, he striped to the pink towel round his hips, set down on the staircase to the house, rose his arms up, throwing them above his head in a girl's pose, shoot his glasses down, uncovered his naughty eyes, as he always does, posing at her, looking after his house, he forgot it was going to be Horny's house too. He forgot to take the picture of H&H outside the house, and he has a tripod now and the special self-exposing button. Hardy did not forget anything,

Hardy is far too smart to do that, he is fully aware what he says and what he does and why, Hardy is fed up with her. Hardy always knew, it is number one, as more you want, as less you get, implied to her, he is a cliché of the cliché. He knows exactly every second when she gets hurt. Horny does not care how pretty countryside is, she hurts much.

"Why did Hardy wanted her, to come, here?" Yeah, it's a long story... The house itself was indeed, a beautiful wooden house, build 1840, with seven rooms, two floors, glass-verandah, etc. Horny already left.

"So, you think I should come to New York? Leave everything and just come? I have no time for that, before at least three, to four years. I have friends here, a job here, my girlfriend here, and my home here. I left the school but I'm going to work, I'm going to make the money, do a driving license, buy the car, get my own flat, do Military Service! I know you are very afraid of it, worried about me, afraid something bad might happened. But I'm not going to run away from it. I'm going to do it." Lucrezius was comfortably stretched in the chair, looking straight into his mom's eyes, he was the first regularly working person in the family. Horny was quiet, but she had to feel proud. They had a dinner, Cardy picked her up outside Sheraton hotel, Horny made salad, Cardy brought wine. Lucrezia made pasta, Lucrezius bought himself a pizza, which his mom paid, he gave the pizza salad to Nasty. Nasty loves pizza salad, the most of all. Fifi and Teo, Cardy's children were there. Everyone took a break from Ora, this time Horny did not phone her.

"The last time she staid three days through" Lucrezia said. "It's a bit tough to have the guest in three days"

Horny rose, both, Francis and Nasty jumped up, Nasty stretching her arms up in the clear gesture of love, in a long flowery colorful dress and red lack shoes, altogether Nasty performed nude at least three times during the dinner, clothes off, clothes on, clothes off.

"Are you going to go, already now?" they both asked, Horny felt loved and she felt the love and all was all right, she was not going to leave before the next day, always the next day, she carried Nasty in her arms, kissing a little girl's cheeks mashed red.

"It is unfortunate the truth, as more you want, as less you get." Listen to that, when we were in Bombay, Hardy and myself, I wanted to make a trip to a small island near by where monkeys lived. There were only temples and monkeys in the jungle; imagine. I got really obsessed with going there, we never went, of course. I could go there alone but this I did not want, I wanted to go with Hardy, share the excitement and love. I read about that island and heard about it, from a German girl, who remained in India for good. She told me fantastic stories about the monkeys which steal your photo cameras, take your wallet, tease you and entertain you all the time, play you up, wait for gifts, and I imagined it all exactly and I was so determinant to experience it and Hardy hated my enormous attraction, he hated my excitement. Every morning I repeated the same - I want to go and see monkeys, at last I cried - I want to go and see the monkeys! I cried, I was very unhappy and he really enjoyed.

We did not go there. Lucrezius, you have to learn to relax about the details you want from your girlfriend other wise she will make it very hard for you to get it, to get anything you obsessively want. Such is nature of man, nature of human being, badly enough"

Lucrezius had a trouble, his chick was difficult, she would not dance with him, of course he did not dance at all, but she would not go out with him at all, their planed trips never worked out, she always changed her mind postponing them, so no skiing, no shopping, no traveling, no cinemas together, no roller blade, no rains and no seas, no oceans, no mountains no new towns no villages no village's roads, no springs, no high ways. Horny did not tell Lucr, in Bombay she also cried for sex constantly... & Hardy was into Krishna Murti.

Lucrezia had not seen her boyfriend since the beginning of March, almost three months. Lucrezia told Viviane "Horny does not see me at all. She would not greet me when she came in"

It was a pure mistake, Horny loved Lucr very much, and she enjoyed spending the time with her. Why, Lucr did not know about that? What Horny supposed to do, what she did not? Right, she did not kiss Lucr and they did not see each other since last Christmas, and now was May, Horny was exhorting, she run around Warsaw two days, like a maniac, before she left, spent the night on the train, half day on the boat, and a half day in some young boy car, besides she was really bombed, right now, by Hardy's attitude, that she was not welcome to his birthday... Perhaps she was a bit cold to Lucr but only on the outside, actually she noticed that she was about to give Lucr the kiss, and interrupt for the sake of the story, which stood up to her throat, she just told Lucr the whole Hardy story, or may be she was simply short of the breath, Lucr&Lucr lived on the fourth floor without an elevator; Horny had the luggage. The same Lucr, there was not even a cup of tea waiting, although Horny phoned earlier, from the road. Horny was not disappointed at the welcome, why was Lucr? Horny was excited. Lucrezius came home with a pizza for himself and was feeling bad, Horny went down to the shop to buy Samarin and the tea. Both of her children drunk it, both of her children had bad nerves and nausea; they were born feeling nauseous. She never gave them the basic stuff; she never displayed anything. At birth, Lucrezia was yellow with a novel string wired around her neck several times, next to strangle her, Lucrezius was blue, which was the result of the lack of the oxygen in his blood. Both of her colorful babies had a very visible genitals, which new born babies sometimes have, Lucr's penis was swelled up and visibly dinging when the doctor held him upside down in front of Horny, the lucky mom. Lucrezia's cunt gave drops of the blood, which is a rare sensation related to a hormonal excess of the mom's at birth. These details were fast forgotten and never brought into the day light in a form of the family tales, Lucr&Lucr did not know it was safer that way. Horny loved her children very much. She believed every single human being, had a self-fueled spirit and every spirit was intact. She had difficulties to look upon her children as her, she did not feel responsible in any way. She was admiring them both, as they were a pure of miracle and not her own blood and flesh. She had vodka and Kinski's book for Lucrezia, a cartoon of cigarettes for Lucrezius and sweets for Nasty and Fran, but

Nasty wasn't there, at first, she was still at her dad, so Fran Lucr&Lucr and Horny ate the sweets. Horny was satisfied with herself, she had a new hair cut, new raincoat, new shoes, new skirt, new shirt, new stockings and a new ring and a new watch. She was a selfish bitch and she did not smoke cigarettes, did not drink vodka and she did not drink red wine, there was no white wine, Horny was capricious. Lucrezia did. Lucrezia drunk everything, she continued drinking through the night, checking her poetry, persuade her mom to install her computer at the same table, face to face, as H&H used to do sometimes, when they lived at Viv. Lucr worked, Horny did not get anything done not a word.

Andreas, matured and was a subtle gentle lover, Horny breathed in his exciting, animal sweat, he laid, nude on her, not just laid, they were about to do it, to make love, Horny's face was pressed under his right shoulder. Horny woke up, in her grand son's bed. With a tower of the church behind the window. She was puffed by her dream although it was very beautiful, it was really long ago, she was in love to Andreas, she still had the smell of him in her nose, for real, it was difficult to believe it was only a dream and he - for real, belonged to this town - Gothole and to her past, she erased. Nasty's dad talked love and emotions with her all the time, carrying her round in his arms, not strange, Nasty was explosively in love. Horny was the same, as a child, Taddy was the same. It was a paternal writer love to an infant daughter, the most pure and innocent female sample. It was clinically explained and easy to follow. Lucrezius and Horny discussed the tattoos, particularly Lucreziu's planed, three different tattoos. Horny would like to make one too, yet she waited for the kick, why, what and where, the necessary for her aspects of the tattoo, of course the most important was why and for what, or for whom? Lucr had ready plan for two, but not for the third one, he was wondering what that should be.

"Write, mamma!" Lucrezia was sharp, and her voice clanged a bit too sharp, did she think Lucr paid too much attention to his mom, and she, Horny, to him? What did Lucr think? Over Lucrezius bed, there were plenty of photo takes on his chick and his mom. Even Hardy thought this was not regular. Horny loved it. And they were all, pretty takes. Lucrezius told Horny where to buy the best dress, Horny wanted to buy a long exclusive, fancy dress, extremely tight, she tried some already but they were not tight enough, Horny's waist was slim, especially at her back, above the butt, he mentioned the shop, called The Golden Things, where his girl just bought one like that. It was perfectly natural. Lucr thought his mom, were a pretty and a young girl. This family was crazy. Lucrezius and Horny were, both planing to buy inline. Horny told him what Hardy said about her and her way to dress, they both laughed, at the "Polish whore". They shared an irony, a humor, a joy and a bad digestive sympathetic system. Lucrezia would have been angry with her mom's man, if she would hear this. Lucrezius was extremely thin. Lucrezia looked good, pretty. Taddy's birthday, Horny traversed towards the station, to catch the train, Lucrezia left by the earlier train, they were going to meet in Stockhole, Horny's bag was so fucking heavy, it almost pulled her down the stairs with it's weight, Lucrezius was gone earlier too, his girlfriend miraculously agreed to take a walk in the sun. Horny, after the fucking fight with her bag, walked alone, she was used to it, she understood,

that living such a life, consisted of comes and goes, one has to do it on ones own, one walks by oneself, simply boards the train and departure is the fact until the continues arrival. Horny was not the least surprised. It was OK, the bag was too heavy, not because Lucrezius did not have the time to help, but because she has packed into it far too much things, mostly her books and tapes and business papers and a computer and of course some pretty clothes. However she was used to leave Gothole alone, she was not accustom to arrive in Stockhole without Hardy awaiting her, she did everything to get away from the platform fast. The only thing, she had on her mind was to get home, to Viv and write but she took a half an hour walk through the city pulling her bag around. She loved the city...

"Look, how much thinner I became. I was puking last three days. I ate too many mice and everything else. I'm too old to eat, that much" Viviane welcomed her child, a Horny girl, sticking her palm into her skirt and showing how much too big, it became within last three days.

"I made a dinner, but I already ate it myself, an hour ago" Horny knew, Viv was Annabel to wait with the food. She loved to eat. Horny was starving and ate it cold, it was a roasted chicken. Viviane gave her, Francoise Sagan's first book, Bonjour Trisstesse, which Horny read, the following day.

"I read it twice myself, when it came out in 1956 and now again. It 's not brilliant but I like it. It's easy to read, it was the first book I read since very long"

"Yeah, it was not a masterpiece, but you are right it was nice to read. I very seldom read female writers, it's a shame to say but they don't write too great"

Viv looked with great surprise at her Horny girl. "The female writers are not as interesting as the male writers"

Horny being sure, Viv did not get it, repeated feeling quite guilty to promote such a credo, still why should she lie?

"Of course they don't!!!" Viv was absolutely sure, surprised Horny even wasquestioning the obvious fact, Viv's opinion was crystal clear and she had no objections about the fact standing on the wrong side of sex, Viv did not have such a trouble, she was safe about all that, she was never taking sides, only referring to the clarity of facts, Viv was always like that, clarified. Besides, in fact, Viv never referred to herself as a woman, only a human being.

"Not a single man would have been able to read this book, with pleasure, or rather to read this book at all. Women write too much about the surrounding, about nature, about the life from the female point of the view, write about children, love, family, giving birth, the whole physiology, and such things which are really boring for the man. I mean, in this book, they only sail, drink coffee, kiss and create an intrigue, no way such a dull stuff, shall catch the men's attention, or possibly, eventually some very young ones, hi" the mom said and now Horny looked at her with a surprise. They could have had a great time together if Viv was not bombed for most of the time, sailing her very own non accessible world of horror.

The whole apartment stunk of Horny's dog, Viviane was unable to give him a bath, and Lou Lou did not bath since three months, it 's how long Horny was away. Viv

gave her, the famous dildo, she has found in the bathroom after her daughter departure, now wrapped into a plastic bag and roped together with two red gummy bands, at both ends, still following exact the shape.

"The best, it would have been, if you throw that, I don't know what it is? Is it a microphone?"

"Yes, it is the microphone" Horny said without looking into her mom's eyes.

"But it can be some problem with it sometimes. The best it would be to throw it"

Viv was suspicious, the shape was obviously dangers, although they both agreed, it was the microphone... Horny went through her post, all the scholarships she applied for were dined. The summer was in a full bloom and Viviane looked good. Lou Lou looked like an old hippie, he stunk horribly from his snout, Horny was an extremely sloppy, dog owner. Viv loved Horny's new haircut. Lucrezia did not call and did not meet her mom as they have planed. Horny regretted it very much, she would love to fumble round with her pal, her kid, her child, her daughter, they were going to go party as true Barbies do, the party was at Swedish Television, 1500 journalists. Lucr got so fucking drunk, had so fucking much fun and avoided her mom also the following and the final morning of her departure, she was hiding when Horny phoned, when she at last took a train back to Gothole. Hardy called. Horny enjoyed the talk. Horny reminded in Stockhole.

"It's a fucking hole" she said to herself. The sun poured down. Very strong. Horny left new applications, she needed the money to go to NYC, with her man.

"It's at the time, you would produce some new book" The clerk passed by, she was filling up the forms, every single cultural worker at the art institution, knew her.

"The board, had looked at your films recently, they surely remember it all, and what's your work, looks like and what you stand for. You don't have to leave it again"

Horny did not produce something new, she went to Velvet store to pick up the cash for her videos, some of the films were rented out, it gave her a tickling sensation, although they were all placed in the cellar under the label, Trash/cult and not in the main room, under the director's name, all the books sold at Sublime, a small cult store, but she could not get the money this day, the guy who run the store slept and his partner did not have any cash, the same happened the following day and the following, they were possibly broke, they stopped opening the store, Horny walked outside the store day by day; she needed money. In the City bookstores, her books were kindly standing in the shells. How was she going to persuade the regular citizens to read her? There was a new CD with Nick Cave's best out, Horny looked at it, she was happy it was the Diana song as a number one and all the other songs she really liked, she weighted in her fingers and gave it back, there was no way she could afford to buy it, it was pretty ridicules. Was Horny that poor? She did not want to see it that way, she has bought herself an ice cream. She did not pay for the subway, she never paid for the subway, if she would have been forced to do it, she would have been unable to go down town. She used to sneak through. Horny sent a letter to Lucrezius and three ties, she found in Viv's cupboard, he was going to go to a party this Wednesday and planed on using his first - ever, tie, she thought the stamp was un-

necessary expensive. She also sent him a booklet how to tie the tie and how to read the hieroglyphs. Horny was a caring mom but Horny's life was bizarre, she got no single instruction - how to read it. She went to another store and looked through the magazines. The fashion was good it suited her. She did not feel out, she felt perfectly in. Horny was in. Soon, everyone was going to know how Horny's cunt looked like, what kind of labia lips she had, as it would have been her face, also in Poland, it did not disturb her, at all. Viviane made a dinner. Viviane talked about Taddy during the dinner, she talked about their apartment and their apartment after the divorce, Taddy left all the stuff for her gathered in the middle of the bigger room in one hip, as he wanted her to burn it all - she said. The window in a small room was cracked and Viv did not fix it, she hanged a blanket over the hole, Horny was living at the boarding school, Viv got very sick and caught a cold, for a long time, she never fixed the broken window, instead she moved after a few months into the same apartment in the Old Town, they still have. Taddy left his manuscripts in the bathtub in the cellar, the bath tub belonged to his pal, the same chap in whose apartment Taddy was hiding during the war, after his friends from the unit were all killed and until Wanda did not arranged a transport for him from Warsaw to Viv's father's house, the new tenant, a lady, Mrs. Hieropolitanska, threw Taddy's manuscripts. She must have been an idiot, Viviane thought and Horny agreed. Taddy was already a well-recognized poet. Horny did not speak, she was too hungry, too exhorted, too thirsty and somehow blind. Viv was very upset and regretful about the manuscripts lost forty years ago, Horny had to cool her down.

"They were perhaps bad. If they were good, they would not have been in the bath tub in the cellar, they would have been in the books and in the bookstores, besides he should have taken care of them himself" She forgot it was not may be that simple, in between was coming, a political tolerance, intolerance, some texts had to wait. However Taddy's unpublished texts were lost. And now his last unpublished text from his teenage period, a short story written in his still a bit childish prints, saved by his mother, and taken after her death by Janusz, Taddy's younger brother, and after Janusz's death held by Zygmunt who had gave it back to Horny in November last year, when they met for the first time after thirty years of the splitting time, was lost! Horny without reading it, left the damned manuscript to Lucr, in the act of love, not carelessness, Lucr lost her apartment, the stuff was taken by the house company, so now it is lost again and possibly for good. Fuck! Slowly, Horny started to speak, she was pretty excited at last, it finished as always, a wicked odd feeling, every time she happened to talk with Viv without a limit, vividly, straight face to face, fast, and awake, she always felt bad after that. Felt guilt. Why? Horny felt sick, nauseous. Horny booked the tickets for Lucr girl and herself, and Lucr's children, they were going to travel in about two weeks, from Hardy's house, she thought.

"He will not want all of us, there" Lucrezia said.

"He will. He is my husband and you are my children, it's a beautiful house, more then enough - space, seven rooms, the serenading is great, only fields and woods, we will bicycle to the lake, Francis shall have a company, Hardy's brother who is such a beautiful person, is in the same age lives in the neighborhood, and there is everything

in the house, from the spoon to Jim Morrison's Freedom man, "the Universal Mind". I did not have a home for such a long time, I really appreciate inviting you, you must come"

"Do you have a baby chair for the bike?" Lucr was convinced. Hardy was not sure if he wanted them there for a few days at all. She did that move because, she wanted to be with Hardy as long she could, as much it was possible, and very much for his sake, to keep him loved and entertained, to go to sleep in his arms for few more nights, and Lucr, Fran and Nasty missed Hardy and were becoming homeless again, after Lucrezius and his dad were moving together with Ex's new wife. It gave Horny the thrill, it gave Lucr double as big thrill, but it was still holidays and fixing of apartment could be still postponed and economic motivated. Lucr had difficult to master that at all, she was registered as not reliable tenant. Sweden was toughening, Horny was toughening too, Hardy was assuring her it was her house he fixed, these were her children, somebody else has fixed, OK, also grand children but it's the same "thing" and it was only a matter of four days and nights, possibly five, and meant to be a pleasure for everyone. Hardy said, he was going to think on the very case, but did not give her an answer in promised time - before she bought the tickets out, Horny was too pissed to ask once again, she sensed his sort of a silence. To get from his village to Copenhagen they needed to make six transfers with the train. The trip was planed, from Copenhagen where they were going to stay at Nero and go out with him, do the bars, they were taking a boat to Poland and train to Warsaw. Go, go go. Horny could not slow down. Opposite she was going to speed up, and she at this moment could not take it. She felt as the marry-go-round spinning all quicker and quicker all the time, Horny closed her eyes. Viv also, did not have the power to speak more. Of course she did not suppose, for Hardy, to invite Viv and Lou Lou to her new country house, it really sucked, Viv and Lou Lou did not have holidays in years. Horny was taking Viviane to the art opening at the Modern Museum at Wenesday, Houswolff was going to perform, after there was a plan for the bar going, she already talked to Ulf B. Thursday, she suppose to leave, if she was going to see Lucr & Lucr before meeting Hardy again, if not she could have leave at Friday, however it was already Monday night and she had lots too do. She was not very excited to go to Hardy again, getting hurt, getting hardy. Horny really loved that song "Common Barbie, lets go party" She was hardly ever going to grow, up. Horny was definitely, the freak, although the pretty, one.

"You are so very pretty Ho, and don't look older, a day, then twenty-five -Viv complemented her. Tomorrow Ho was going to meet John, Asa and go to Sublime again, pick her money and bring more books. She was also going to meet Bino, the SM. freak, she did not see over a year. Jean, Bino's and Horny's friend already left London, he was back in Marseilles. Horny had a lust to go and see him, she was never in Marseilles. Marseilles was one of Taddy's favorite towns. It was not far to Maroon and Algiers, from there. Algiers was not a spot to go to right now, for a white Horny woman, but Maurice should have been OK. However, Marseilles felt much closer, now when Jean was back. It was really pity he left London, he had a great apartment there, Bino said, but did not like the weather and the food. Jean was a connoisseur,

not like Horny was who liked everything, except for being "one place". Why should Horny be, at one place? There was hardly any motivation. Horny counted on her fingers how much time she had left to sleep until she had to do something the next day.

"My father died" said Asa "And it makes me think a stuff about my life and myself, I don't like at all. I would love to be twenty again, would love to get started one more time, I feel as I'm regretting lot of stuff, I don't use to be like this" Asa shot her sunshades upon her forehead, showing off her brown and concentrated eyes. Horny loved to see her eyes. Horny cupped her face in her palms, Asa was eating pizza and shot her shades down again. Horny was of course half an hour late, the weather was changing, Horny fetched coffee for them both and a cake. She wished, Asa would take her glasses off but she did not asked for that, she was longing to see Asa's eyes, she was longing to see anyone eyes, Horny was like a hungry child, pretty lonely at this very point, or may be she liked Asa much more then she thought she did, trying to see through the fabric of a black shade glass. What she saw clear was her own reflection...

"How is you and Hardy?" Asa asked.

"Not too good" Horny was looking into a perspective of the street, Skanegatan, turned into Asa, saw herself in her sunshade's reflection in black.

"Leave him" Asa said.

"No, I'm not going to. I love him. I can't leave him because he does not kiss me enough, I'm not infantile enough to do that. If I didn't kiss him enough, perhaps then, but I'm not very happy about us, and I don't have an urge to go down to see him"

"Don't do it"

"I'll do it, I'll go this Friday, we have already decided"

Horny was aware, she wasn't going to have a sweet time. She was at this silly point, she almost felt better without him, then with. When she was with Hardy, she was tormented by love, she was constantly occupied with a thought that he did not love her enough. When they were apart she did not think of love at all. It was strange, to be her. Did she change? What was going to happened? Asa cut her hair short and colored it red, it looked good, but the rest was almost more sloppy then before, her breasts were rounder and bigger, she was wearing terrible black broad trousers and a cool brown tweed man coat, especially when she stood up, she looked almost square, Asa was a beautiful woman, so what in fact was going on? She also did not pay, Horny, the usual complements both, emotional and visual.

"I like your look" said, Horny and did not lie, she kissed her pal's thin soft chick with a bigger pleasure then before, Horny was more quiet, more receptive, more thoughtful, less wild. Perhaps Horny was calming down, becoming more relaxed and able to love, human being. So, there was still, a hope...

Yes! Cave! Nick Cave singing, yelling, whispering, and shouting into Horny's ears, wow what girl! It was at the time that Horny would at last try freestyle, for the first

time on her own, the CD freestyle, stuck into her ears with shells. Though, the shells hurt her ears physically. His voice soothed it. His voice tastes a total freedom, his voice tastes a total love, Horny is a passionate fan, a devoted groupie, today single on the underground train in crowd. The crowd is thick and unusually friendly, it's the music who gives it to her, all the people's love. Horny smiles to everyone and everyone smiles back at her. Wow. Nick, you have done it! What no one could. At the moment like it!

Yes! Hauswolff. Horny took Viv to an opening at the Modern Museum. Iris was there to welcome both of them, Horny and Viv, the news were good indeed, they are buying the entire collection of books and films, at the double price to what Horny asked for. It's not the money but it means a lot, however an artist Horny K. wants to be an independent-free it is more than pleasant to be with in the real snobby collection of the arts, the classy stuff, yeah, undoubted and the money, yeah, there are many ways to spend. Horny's puss becomes the legitimate piece of an art. It took, eight years, en eternity. Horny is not very motivated to become a respectable, cool dog owner, it's a high time to figure something new to irritate the citizens.

"You look so good and so young, you never looked that good" Mickey' first wife was a remarkable woman and she was Jolly Horny's friend, and she always complemented her. She had all the reasons not to. John did not show up, a phantom John, they talked on the phone several times.

"When is your book going to be finished?" John, asked, as always.

"I don't know when and I don't know how, I'm on the page I don't know, pageless" Horny was honest.

"Why do you write so much?" John was laughing at her a lot about that, it was the same John, who paid her second book, so she could print the third one, in the other case, the printer, a lovely woman would not even talk with her, John still did not pay the stand on the book fair two years earlier, Horny found out checking her huge and still growing depths, Horny and John made several attempts to the appointment which constantly did not work, Horny laughed at John about that, so they laughed at each other, Horny did miss John, but if he did not have the time, he did not have the time, he was driving a car, sailing his boat, doing all his free time duties and all million bucks business duties, meetings, deals, lunches, brunches, routs and he was sure by now he never shall this Horny girl to fuck, so there was no need to meet. James was at the opening, he as always asked about Hardy, Horny told him the whole story standing at the staircase, stopping him from going in, for real. Hogdahl's machines did not work, but his wife arrived with a baby. Hauswolff showed thirty pictures taken by his eleven years old daughter in India at a holly place, where the monks meet every nine years at the mountain feet, with Kodak instant, the holly men, the cows, objects, subjects, sky, an ocean, lots of Parisian blue. He did not do a performance, he did not even kill a chicken, or produced a single egg - what Horny promised Viviane, dragging her out of the home.

"Tell me, what do you do, really how?" Mrs. Von Hauswolff asked.

"I drink blood" Horny whispered to her ear. Horny was pretty, she could not deny. She was damn pretty today, although she had a terrible headache, she fixed her hair, it was absolutely, enough to turn the room's eyes on her with a simple hair do. Horny was fucking lucky going to the openings to shine, successful battling the exposed art. Asa looked good, she was wearing make up, she brought Bjorn with her, "the tall guy", as she always called him. Iris gave Horny a kiss, she introduced her to the boss of Modern Museum, it was not necessary.

"This must be Horny K" David Elliot said stretching his palm, yeah Horny was easy to recognize for a someone who just watched her feature the other day on the TV screen, although this time dressed. Horny was much of the star. He did asked her about Robakowski, Horny did not have to lie, now, she knew Robakowski, more, Robakowski knew Horny, and they danced together holding the nude Anna's hands on the last party in Lodz no longer then three weeks ago He was not going to forget that. Yeah, Robakowski was h u g e, Horny also had an opportunity now to come out of the dark, the problem was, Horny did not want. Not, really.

"I don't want to be in Warsaw's newspapers, I don't want my aunt to read about the shows"

"You won't succeed" Iris said, David and Iris laughed, Viv stood next to them not understanding a word, not even listening, may be not hearing it at all. This was a conversation stuff for Ho, why she did not want to come out of the dark, was not because of her aunt or an uncle; she needed the fight element to create, to pump her adrenaline high enough, to move above, it was her only motivation, or? Cecylia Pashberg was a part of the exhibition, she was wearing a turquoise extremely short dress, no stockings, flat ballerina shoes, she was tall and could easily do it, without a disappearing. She was showing off a white cotton underwear every time she bent down or forward, she showed an installation on two screens, on one, a woman talked about herself, she had a particular job, was a dominatrix. On the second screen she was in the sex act, with some guy, she pushed around, one could see, they were copulating in the very corner of the screen. Horny listened for a while she was not impressed. She would love to have some more explosive idea about the art. She did not have, looking at Cec' screens. The place was presenting a sleeping art without its princess or beast's beauty. Horny was tipsy from the little wine she drunk, when she saw Asa she rose her arms up in euphony, euphoria recognizing, it was the way Nasty always did, Nasty did the same move when Horny fetched her at the kindergarten, supposed to take her to Lucr's job, to the radio. Horny was late and Lucr not trusting her mom, phoned and asked, "Did my mother fetched my daughter?"

"I don't know if it was your mother, there was some young pretty chick and Nastasia was very happy to be picked up, so they both went".

Viviane was cute and was the only old lady in the whole room, there was certain segregation going on here, in this snobby slum. It was the same people - almost - who attended the show almost a half year ago - think if they were here all the time? Ulf B. did not come and no one else invited Horny out. There was going to be one more opening, Bjorn told her, after they discussed the battling New Year Night, he was a part of, he said Einar was bleeding all over when he came home; she said she

was going to come over to the next place, but she knew she was not, she was too exhorted; so was Viv.

"I was doing this movie about this hundred and three years old German writer, he was also a murderer, a soldier, killed a lot, he was experimenting with LSD and got this price." Bjorn said.

"I met people in Germany who experimented with Ecstasy before it was really known, they had a macrobiotic farm around the castle, they bankrupt, lost the castle, got the castle back somehow but the project does not exist anymore" Horny was into her story.

"The first ecstasy was tried in 1914. Hitler was on ecstasy, I was told, he used it permanently" Bjorn said; that Horny never heard before, but it was not impossible, he surely run on something, Horny always suspected an amphetamine the way he, fucking demonized folks, performing the dominant whittles for the eyes yell the wolf's yell. Last night Lou Lou slept on her pillow, he got a swell fur cut and was freezing but pretty. Horny took Viviane for a far too hot dinner to the restaurant, Indian Star. She loved going out with her mom. Houswolff kissed Viviane's cheeks, they knew each other, when he moved to Stockhole for the first time he lived at Viviane at least two weeks. "It's a pity, I told him to move, of course I did it delicately, I should have let him stay, I remember he fixed himself a job in a post office" Viviane looked like a little fairy elf, standing there in the middle of the museum's room, white hair, little, with big eyes and very silent, there was a great space between her and the others, a real space, as she was something else. Horny decided to buy her canvas and colors, Viviane should paint again, she was good enough, her paintings were sorrowful, Horny was really fed up with the art of today, it did not give her anything. Horny remembered these two weeks, Mickey lived at her mom, Horny got a crush on him, planing to leave Ex every evening, it was easy, only to take the morning train and enter her mom's house. Somehow there were no morning trains available, not a single one, Horny did no go; Horny slept. He moved to a girl.

"He crooned himself, he annexed all the nobodies land around the entire earth and he is selling his passports, his currency, doing the shows, promoting his country, often taking a sleeping pill at the gallery, receiving the visitors fully asleep" Horny informed Viviane and Viv laughed, she thought Houswolff's idea was tremendous, also the fact that he got an art institution to pay, to carry on his kingdom. The sulky sum ass well, ass soon... Yeah, Hauswolff was a perfectly smart king, he made his country run swell. On the underground train Viv told Horny another story. "I was in the second grade, eight years old. The teacher was organizing a school dance performance, she asked all the children, if they had Cracov's ethnic clothes, the one you, Horny had as a child and you really loved it, do you remember that?" Horny remembered also the glass colorful beads.

"I always wanted to have such clothes, but I did not have, my pa, he couldn't imagine, I wanted one like that, only me and Celina did not have it, Celina was new in the class, we stood on the side, all the other kids were in, Celina, was the same woman H&H, got a friend with, the charming worldly oldie lady, visiting Viv's home town, she asked "Viv, don't you have such a clothes?"

"Yes, I have, even a double set, I can lend you, one, so we can dance with the others. I don't know what came to my head to say so. I did not go to the school at least for a week, I was shy of what I have done"

Horny phoned Hardy, he might be does not want her to come now, his mom is bad and she remained at the hospital. Horny phoned Lodz, her show is going to be at 13 June, as she wanted to snap it up, she phoned Cracov, she almost missed the show, the menagerie of QQ gallery left for Ireland, he warned her, he was going to, Horny was always incredible slow and bad with her affairs of that type, Mats Lundell shall be coming to Lodz to help her with a technical side and all that, this was good. Horny was into the fixing and her head wildly rolled. A woman working at Sock-hole's art school, phoned, they were buying more of her tapes. More tapes and more shows.

"We would love to buy the complete collection, but in the whole video teak we have only a few tapes of American video artists and if we buy seven of yours, you shall be over-represented" Yeah, this was a tough cake, Horny produced too much. Or did they have too little? This night, Horny had a really crazy dream. She was with Hardy, she was pregnant with Sugar and there was a drama on passion going on, Horny desired both and her belly grew bigger for every day. Horny woke up, her stomach was big, she had to go to the bathroom, but she could not piss, she felt nausea. She talked to Lucr&Lucr on the phone.

"Here, once someone pushed a table behind me, I was close to have a terrible accident" Horny said, she and Viv were riding an escalator in the home quarter.

"I'm sure it was a stroke" Viv said and Horny regretted, she has told her. Downstairs, Horny had an incident with a police and they were going to arrest her, she was taking Viviane for the cake, at the cafe and this whole story was really bad, Horny got angry because they were rude to her, so she was ruder, the situation developed really bad, Horny called the police woman, a fascist, Horny was shouting right into the young, short woman face, Horny hated her eager mad blue popping out eyes. Horny knew, one more second and she was going to eat her up, and then they were going to bind her and take her away, the police woman started to investigate Viv, Horny realized, it was getting all together too bad, she apologized. Mats Lundell bought a digital video camera for the insurance money after the water broke in his cellar where he kept his equipment. Horny told him she was planing on sewing the Arabic guys H&H, had a fight with, in January, Horny's hip hurt very much at waking up, she felt as she was paralyzed, perhaps she could get some cash and buy camera too, something obviously was wrong, the pain last over four months, the guys worked for the porn industry and must have had access to money. It was also possibly the police's fault, they dumped her, with her face, into the sidewalk. The plan, with sewing the Arabs and the police was good but in the same time, Horny knew she was never going to carry it out. Horny bumped to Camela who returned form NY. Josefina was OK, lovely. They were all at Mellis bar, both girls were in Horny's BTH movie. Mats and Horny continued to Folkhemmet, called A Little Paris before. Peter Mat-

son, who was alone responsible for not screening Horny's BTH movie at the film festival, said in the press - he was working with the festival without being paid, exclusively to get his foot in. Mats Ahren, who denied Horny a scholarship, was a son to a failed variety artist, Mats A. made a failing movie about that, after he had become a promoter at the Swedish Film Institute, he returned all her cassettes and both of her books within four days, he wrote very short, "no" answer without a usual apologies and a good luck wishing. Mats L. made two minutes movie based on negatives, every one wants to see it. Trigve, another Swedish film director chopped an entire elevator at the Film Institute out of the pure anger. The night in Stockhole is incredibly cold. The summer is over before it really started. Hardy phones. She goes on Saturday. Mickey von H. is in her bed, on her back, she is very pleased, cozy, excited, he is touching her from behind, she does not understand he is already nude, he was only visiting short, and sneaked into her bed, Hardy is home, they can hear him, Mickey gets scared and very disappointed at her, she did not tell him Hardy was home, Mickey is standing in the middle of the room, holding his jeans in both hands, still very angry at Horny girl. Lucrezia comes from behind, she is dressed in the bad cover, she embraces him opens the cover at his back.

"We can pretend, you were with me" Horny wakes up on Viv's couch, Lou Lou have slept on her pillow one more night. Should she do something about her dream fucking? She constantly screams at Viv. What's the tension about?

Horny had this wicked dream again, Andreas, sex, love, tenderness, promises. She took him without a pardon, from his wife with whom he had three kids. In reality they have two and Horny never took him from her, opposite, she refused to hang out with him, the last few times, he proposed himself, she would not remember, if he was already married or still single. From her great-unfulfilled love nothing was left. Her broken heart cured totally, she remembers with a disregarding, it was at least three years, she was mad about him. They had one or two good screws, at the very first night of the relation which lasted first in two weeks in one form, then in three years in another, non sexual, harder shape. Why a hack, was she dreaming now about him, again?

"Tell me, Horny" Viv insisted to take Horny to the underground train, she wanted to talk, not to walk her.

"You, said you could not sleep until 4 o'clock, did you hear any bombing?"

Horny almost wheezed, she was shouting at Viv past two days, and it was no use to leave in that pattern too.

"No" she said, waving to a Polish neighbor on the next to Viv's balcony and turned to her mom. "It's a pity, you are not going with us" Horny was a bit relived, it was taught being irritated so much, disagreeing so much and shouting that much. Horny was aware she carried a mess with her, her mom could not take, tones of papers, PR, photos, books, papers, letters, documents, videos, newspapers and papers again and her unfulfilled dreams.

"I understand that you don't feel like coming with, I would not do it, either, I'm sorry I was so rude" Farther then that Horny never managed; no love commitments to her mom.

"I did not want to go to Warsaw in any case, I had a secret, I wanted to go to Copenhagen exclusively, for at least two weeks." Yeah, Viv always went her own way. Horny was desperate, not about Viv, but about herself, the story with Hardy bothered her, she did not feel like going and she was just doing it. Unwillingly she packed her huge yellow bag, collecting everything she might need during next two months, showered, dressed, fixed her hair, she especially worked on her hair and this was exactly where he flanged his palms meeting her, he was squeezing her head in both palms, pushing it sometimes under his arm pit, he did not kiss her at the reunion, neither she did. She wanted to say "Hardy, mind my hair do, don't ruin it" but she did not. Horny felt very stupid, the rapid feeling, that she wanted to cry was a bit tuned down, but she still could not breath, already since some days she could not breath, she felt as she was running all the time very fast, she breathed not deeper then her mouth. She had a headache. She knew it was because of her and him, H&H, story was driving her nuts. Should she do something about that? She knew she was not going to, she was just going to be there, in his company few days and after she was going to go. They drunk wine, she did not get drunk. She knew she was expecting something to happened when they met, but it did not happened, she was nervous on the train last half an hour, fixing her looks, she was very pretty but it did not help the least. Hardy's mom was bad, perhaps impossible to cure. Horny knew that the odd feeling in herself started, during the last time they had met, caused by him neglecting her, it was the same feeling, she had the whole last day with him, and every night except the first one, the pushy rush of the cry wanting to come out continued in the bus, while the trip, tearing her eyes; she simply felt like shit. The few days with Viv, Lucr&Lucr, and Horny was free of it, it was back now, covering her entire heart, imagination and sensuality with nothing left. Hardy took her to bed, although she was looking forward to sleeping rituals, to the nude touch and sex, she refused to take off her clothes. Horny slept in everything she had on, skirt, blouse, stockings, two bras and wine red underwear, in the morning she took it off leaving the panties, the room was far too hot, she was far too hot, he was touching her between her legs, around her buttocks, she did not like that, she searched the last centimeters of her integrity laying in his bed, she did not want to be touched, she would make better on the couch in the other room, but she did not want to create the scene, she did not enjoy to sleep. Hardy woke up around 8 AM fixing some sex, Horny was immune, he was sucking at her breasts, kissing her, she did not kiss back, he fucked her, she did not fuck, did not come, Hardy came, Horny gave him a soft hug. It hurt when he first entered her, pushed into her unused vagina. The next pass of sex was worst, as the first one, he lied a top of her and she could just lay there under him, now he set her upon him and mantled not very alert dick into her dry cunt, Horny shut her eyes.

"I want you" Hardy said.

"I don't" she said.

"You don't?" Hardy seamed to be very surprised.

"No, but do it if you have to, it's all right"

Luckily he did not jack too many times, cruel Horny looked at him coming. He almost looked interesting. The tension in his face, the muscles, the eyes... What have really happened? Was he going to throw her out this time too, or should she go herself? Should she go herself earlier then planned? Horny was a good auntie, she and Hardy's sister and brother took a long wet walk through the woods, auntie was like a kid herself, she crawled under the fences, touched electricity leads for thrill, teased the bulls, jumped the small rivers, got dirty and fall. H&H, drunk vodka and talked about death, a long existential chat. It was the right place and the right spot, Hardy's mom was still a bit above but just a bit. It was unclear, her cancer did not proceed that far, yet, but her symptoms were such, pulled quite far, the doctors were checking it out and would not let her go home. Hardy took Horny to bed for the massage, wanting to help her out of her nutshell-f, wanted her to be fuckable, but she was saying "You always had problems and now you really got problems. It's always you and you and you, your wishes, options, conditions, how about me? I don't feel anything to you, no desire at all, I don't know why I came here?" The massage did not help, he pulled and squeezed and stroked, and kissed and licked, Horny was nude that's all. When he turned her on her back, massaging her chest, she was going to burst in weep. At last she said "No"

It was not her body being blocked, it was her mind, she needed the meanings that he was never going to say to her. Or was it the entire world against...

Horny woke up, flanged herself upon him and kissed.

"Don't think, only kiss" Horny repeated to herself constantly "Don't think, only kiss" She kissed, swung round his sharp teeth with her tongue, pushed in, and talked sweet words and fucked, it was OK, it was more than OK. They repeated and repeated again, Horny figured, a new end to her next short film, Hardy is going to pierce her and she is going to cry, yell, weep, like an animal, he is going to shut her cunt with the needle and thread, if she can really carry it out of the dream into the light, if she can stand the pain and the bizarre reality of the deed... They repeated act of love again, the rain was dashing down from the sky, the world was cold, in their bed the temperature was hot, they split the day to sex and food. He insisted to keep his finger in her ass, in her rectum in her finally hurt, of his jacking, anus. It was Horny's day, she fucked, she made breakouts, she bought food and she cooked. Hardy told her, the other evening, his son and his Ex, were visiting twice, when Horny wasn't there, it was important for his mom and the kid and Hardy to reemit and meet. It was characteristic, Hardy told Horny about it with a delay, everything else was coming straight off, a jour. He knew Horny was going to feel jellies. He hit the point, Horny was jellies, and she did not approve this ancient Chinese pattern of the hierarchy in the family, sort of the concubines. At some moments, only his Ex was welcome, not Horny even if Horny was his current flame and since a very long time. It was all about the blood. It was the Ex, who gave him a child. Horny was not allowed to do that. OK, the Ex was not allowed to do that as well, but she took that freedom. Horny was too slow and too romantic to do it. OK, she did not really believe in an institu-

tion, father, mother, kid, but she would never have a child with the man against his own will. The child was still the clue of the love, also to her. All Horny could feel was a jealousy. Plus that she was not allowed to meet the child, the Ex was jellies about her, Horny. It was a bloody mess, even Hardy had to admit. The summer was definitely gone. Hardy bought champagne for her arrival but he did not feel like opening it, there was nothing to celebrate. Pretty Horny puked. In the colored magazine she saw photos of the cannibals, the Danny-men, they had a certain penis protection, a yellow long, pointed item, exactly as the one, Nick Cave was wearing when he showed her, the dick for the first time, long ago, in the dream, in her dream. Hardy stopped wearing Horny's rings, the rings Horny gave him, he carries them in his pockets. Wonder why? For the sake of the Ex?

"Are we going to go to New York, Hardy?"

"Yes"

"But what, if your mom, does not get better, if the situation is the same or worst, you will be needed, here"

"Then, I'll stay"

"But, you know, it will perhaps be so, I have to know, the probabilities, it's my life too, my plan, I don't suppose, I shall go to New York without you for the long time, I have to know"

"So, now you know"

Horny came upon one more cut to her film, a violent sex act with her Hardy. Fast cut. She had few more days with him but no camera and no piercing ring. Horny would love to give Hardy a daughter; what an expression! To give! Horny was fucking romantic and fucking stupid. At last Horny stopped dreaming about the men, she dreamt about her son Lucrezius - at last, she curled against Hardy's nude - she undressed him - butt, going back to sleep dashing straight into shoulders of the handsome stranger, the affaire was exhorting her, she came into a fight with the guy's woman.

"This sucked!"

Although, she won, she considered waking up, Hardy mantled her hand palm a top of his blasted and hard dick. Wonder why?

Chapter 23

The other day, when Horny was an auntie and went with the kids, Hardy's sister and brother to the woods, they took her a long way through a strange land to two abandon houses. Horny always had an extreme attraction to such places, seldom accessible, but here in the woods unprotected and unseen it was easy, the doors to both houses were open, windows broken up. The place was in a total decay, still did not stop cozenage, cooing, always homeless Horny. The ceiling was coming down with newspaper strips, sometime before painted white and looking like a proper plastered ceiling in an ordinary house, this was a chip fake, the walls were coming off in the same way but were more a left over of a wall paper print in small bloom prints, the floor was in a rough wood and almost completely eaten up by time and vermin, the kitchen's fire place was the most intact. The whole place was small. To the attic

led a wooden staircase, with all the probability the attic was making for the sleeping room with some remains of the wooden beds, which were hopped together planks in form of the box or just a frame, which must have been filled with a hay, the animals lived downstairs, the cooking was downstairs as well as a dining and all the business. Upstairs in the dark, all kind of a sexual abuse was going on, the passion, people here, were very poor. It was not good, now to walk on the floor of the attic, it could come down any moment. Horny was excited, it was a home, it was someone abandoned home. The home. The woods around were wet, the ground was wet too, gloomy, swampy, lurid. The trees were partly fresh, partly dead, the whole areas of completely dead trees, grass was wet, new, bright green, ripe and step-h-in and rich, pricked all over with starlets of the yellow marrow's. In the streams crowned the thick water marrow's or yellow water lilies in the middle and on the sides a blue shy forgetmenot Cecile. They never forgot.

"I want to take the serge the best twelve of sexual photographs with you and myself, there in the house, I was to" Horny was as always pushy, repeated her latest wish, about once per hour, this time she made Hardy pissed angry too. Especially by the word - "sexual". Horny was tear-eyed on the subject, Horny was tear eyed at all the subjects, Horny was tear-eyed and Horny was sad. Horny had no heart and Hardy threw her out of the room. Seri of the photographs, Horny wanted to take with her Hardy excited her, perhaps they will never be done, things had progressed very fast, for the first, Hardy was irritated at her the whole day, and she did not come, by the morning fuck, and there was not the other. Hardy says she should have been happy, he makes the fire and he cooks. But it is not enough, Horny spent the whole day, writing, freezing in the cold house, the fire came first about 8 PM, the dinner was excellent, the chicken. Hardy does not want Lucrezia and her children to come, it came straight through.

"I don't like your daughter" Hardy said, it is not Horny's house and he is not her husband, he uses her, to get the irritation go and as a sperm trash, the dust binder. Fucking Svenson. Hardy repeated "I don't like your daughter. She does not love you. Remember, how she threw us out, after two days, and we were forced to take a hotel, and she threw your clothes out" Now Horny threw all the train tickets, they won't need them.

"Slowly, Horny, slowly, what about the photographs?"

"He threw me out of the room, before going to sleep, I said I wanted this sexual pictures, I said it is my dream to do them, he could not listen to that sort of crap, he is so damned Swedish, he takes nude pictures of me, only when he wants and I'm suppose to show how much or how little he desires; for the most "little", as it's his hometown's photo store. Hardy was already in bed, I came to the bed room with a glass of vodka and lit the candles on the wall candelabra, it was not popular, he told me "drink your fucking vodka, and don't come back before, I'm asleep"

"Tell me more about these pictures"

"It was the house I have seen the other day. We were going to go there, with a photo camera, the tripod, champagne we still did not drink, dressed very well and both

pretty, with a made up hair, his slicked back my big and puffy like on a doll. It was going to be my photo wedding and I was going to do an exhibition out of it, later on, perhaps use the photo shop, Hardy recommended and had an access to. He was going to carry me into the house, over the trash hold, as the Polish groom does with his bride, his bride, possibly Swedish do it too. My grooms haven't done that... They pushed me off the rock. In the house, we were going to kiss and fuck, the pictures were going to be very sensual, aggressive, determinant, not at all shy and we were going to have fun, I was going to be hot and turned on and plotted into him"

"Too bad, Horny didn't he tell you, thee shall not want"

"Yes, he did"

"Was it something else? You wanted and he did not?"

"Yeah, almost everything, it was almost as he would have been finding a pleasure in damping my small tiny dreams" Hardy does not want Lucrezia, Nasty and Francis to come to his house, by this Hardy damps Horny's huge dream. The huge piece of her entire reality. The main part, the blood family and himself and Horny. He was angry that Horny invited HER family for the WHOLE three days, it was five, but Horny did not dare to say, she wanted to be with him, sleep in his arms, the whole five nights, it's boring to be without a man, such a long time and all this crazy dreams and crazy feats. People here are strange, they price the isolation, most of all, like it, most of everything, as for example when he is sad, he has to be alone, can't be with the family which was his, for the last six years, has to be exclusively with his blood family, as they are the once to share, the coming pain. Though he talks only shit about them. People, here, in these geographic areas, don't want commitments, don't want to share, don't want to give, don't want to take, shitty hell, shitty hole, fucking Svensons's life&death... Lucr, Horny and the kids shall sleep one night at Cardy, and shall go to Copenhagen earlier, Neron was happy, they were coming earlier then planed, and Horny shouted "There are still normal people in this fucking warm wood world!"

"There is no time for the Honey Moon, now" Hardy at last spoke, against the shimmering shivering lake, Horny's white sparkling body and her soul intact. It is a total truth, if not that Hardy had always treated her the same... Horny is a permanent & selfish freak, dancing Samba and Bossanova with a short Black Capstan's citizen.

"You are the most complete fulfilled woman, I have ever held in my arms" The dark skinned chap stuck out his short pink tongue, Horny was not specially flattered, loved to dance, loved the Brazilian swing of the moment, asked for "The Ipanema Girl", danced, turned, turned double, turned double-double, swished her skirt, showed her neat buttocks in net and drunk white wine. Her partner was dripping with sweat, licking her ear, Horny laughed, it was Lucrezia's birthday, Lucr was twenty-nine She was packing, moving from her house, smoking cigarettes. Cardy was there with her kids, Lucrezius as well. Some of Lucr's friends, her kids, Seb. Horny was extremely tired, almost knocked out before she had a glass of the wine. The stress of the last days was passing out, Hardy's stress. The first thought that hit her when she arrived from the countryside, in Gothole was a line, in spite of the

champagne they drunk at the very last evening and the ultimate orgasm one hour before she left.

"I have left an inferno of death" It was a selfish, unavoidable line, the Gothole town laid at peace, surrounded her with a calm, homely soup, the girls were pretty and very dressed up, paradox - they had very little on, the boys were relaxed and Horny was catching the mood, the tranquilly mood, with an easiness of the sponge. The weather was suddenly satisfying hot, the summer was back. Lucrezia, busy packing did not hear her mom knock, Horny went over to a Turkish cafe, across the park, had a conversation with an extremely friendly Turkish mom, drunk Turkish black cafe, without sugar.

"What was it, what did Hardy say? He said, in your family, you only pretend you love each other; he did not like that" Horny loved all of them very much and she felt loved, what was he talking about?

"Why was he constantly hurting, me?" Ora did not show at Lucr's birthday - the packing event. Ora were very drunk the previous night, Ora had quarreled with every single bartender in town, and she had a tremendous hang over. She did not show up at the last day, either, she came into the fight with her man. Lucr doesn't want to stay, in Gothole, one single night, after her moving pass.

Horny was shopping, chatting, discussing, entertaining, and about to leave, her bag was far too heavy. Lucrezius started a day, with an aspirin, snuff, Coca-Cola, Snickers chocolate, Samarine, and felt pretty ill, he was stressed, he helped Lucr to move her stuff to an attic of her pal. Ora arrived at the train station at the last minute to say goodbye, she had pretty eyes, more pretty and more black then usual. Horny, Lucr and kids hit Copenhagen.

"Are we in Poland, now?" Nasty asked arriving at Neron's door. Horny's skills were below the zero, she felt she was going to faint. All of it was far too much, suddenly freezing, she was sitting at the back of his house, with all the luggage, Nero came to the station, but they missed each other, Neron's knees and back was hurt he could not help carrying his visitors stuff into his house. Nasty came into the magic flat of Neron with a rubber snake in her palm scrutinizing with her quick Juliet Lewis's eyes, smiling most charismatic but too shy to shake hands, when most proud Horny, presented her. Hardy phoned at an exact second, Lucr was swinging Horny's huge yellow monster bag up the stairs, calling her mom "You got to help"

"My mommy died last night" Hardy said. His voice pictured it. Horny kneeled over the earphone.

Chapter 24

Hardy's mom met Hardy's dad in the night bar in Stockhole, she was an extremely pretty girl, of a model like look. They were both hippies. His dad was a Berliner, young, wild, intellectual, long hair, wearing hat, wide trousers, cowboy boots and an Afghan coat, he smoked pipe, pot and anything else. Hardy was born, hard to say, when, Constance's past was veiled in fog, somehow and indeed. She was definitely a vegetarian, a freethinking, macrobiotic farming, neurotic beauty, she held her nerves

in check with an alcohol for the most. Hardy's dad left, Constance took care of young junkies and other drug addicts. Hardy as a child seen a lot, he should not have been the part of. His mom's, constant attempts on her life, her drinking periods, mingled with a long lasting depressions and a very few euphoric periods, Constance was not the type. They, the mother and a child, took constant walks through the woods, she taught him to see the elves, the hobbits, the beauty and the horror of this world, Constance was constantly on the run. She was in love on and of, to several men, Hardy saved her life few times, their life together was dramatic and not safe. At last Constance who still did not change and was not going to, her habits, the rabbits, the mice, drinking, major nervous break downs, hospitalized periods, drugs, pills and so on, met her latest man and husband, had two more kids, Hardy's sister and brother, Hardy was going through a revolutionary period of his life, possibly not the first time, Hardy run away from home, lived in the streets, in the staircases, stole and feed and supported himself, Hardy was thirteen. Hardy has given himself to sex and other possibly destructive habits, the rabbits, the mice and so forth to come. In his country, he was one of his kinds. Hardy was getting drunk and had sex, Hardy was using make up, grew his hair long, colored it, had idols, of music and streets, and trades, mostly bad guys, artist women, sometimes communists, was constantly tasting the limits, the earthly borders, the submissive, the explosive, the wild thinking and dreaming, writing and mostly hoping to win all this once. Was homeless for at least few months. Hardy was a swine, Hardy was sport, Hardy was OK, Hardy had no moral, Hardy was pretty and he had a huge dick. He had a mom he could fight. His dad, was performing a dad, within a couple of last years, taking his son, for one month holidays to his mom in Berlin, Hardy spoke German, was full of love and respect, they plaid chess and pool, discussed music mad movies. For his dad he had to train carrot, taquwendo, judo and other Marshall arts. Once, the dad stopped seeing him and he did not brake the spell since. Hardy was thirteen. The dad is a psychiatrist. Now, Hardy was twenty-five finished, his mom was dead and his dad somewhere in the foggy land of n o w h e r e. Hardy was on his own, if you know what I mean. Hardy had a wife, Horny, if you know what I mean, but she was on her way, somewhere else. Hardy was lonely, single man of chance and pain.

Hardy has forbid Horny to write about his history his conception especially, it was his dust his life his disaster his plea and Horny listened to him, obeyed him to the very last to the very end, this few words its only an epitaph, the epitaph to the mom, to the woman who brought him to this world in detail to Horny's womb, cunt, loins and heart, not forgetting her dirty mouth and intellectual conception of this dirty ditch bitch. Hardy the sad wizard.

ROOTLESS,part3

Chapter 25

From the maps, Luxor, Annapurna, Warsaw, New York.
Remember some story I forgot...

Fran, Lucr and Horny stood in Neron's kitchen looking at own and each other thrilled forearm, thrilled by the talk about a school black board, thrilled by the touch; the memory of the touch of abominable screeching chock or the same abominable touch of the cleaning cloth against the black board, drying off white chock prints, or a repellent smell of the wet cloth. Seeing the fluff hair arose, had to believe the family phenomenon they shared - the repulsion and much more, probably and for certain, and hopefully in the area of tastes and the others. Horny started to sell her books for the price she has paid to the printer, so no dime of the profit, it seemed all right, as long she has got any cash coming as the transaction with the printer was February's old and now was very much June. If she had more money perhaps she would go to meet her man even if, only for a night, and if only for to hold his hand. Would she? She definitely would. Fran, Lucrzija, Nasty and Horny, the girl, took a walk in Christiania, they enjoyed the place, there was many stories to tell, the girls, Horny and Lucr had lived there, and there were many swings to swing. Nasty loved it. Horny took a dog for a horse, this was a rare mistake. She confused a perspective, and then the dog was the size of the horse. They all laughed at her... Neron's band plaid before Jimmy Hendrix. Of course in the Past, if the Presence was up Today. Hendrix was very demanding, on and off stage. In Stockhole, he hurt his left hand, flashing it throughout the glass door, he was a left handed, guitar player, at this moment already on stage, feeling pain, he shifted, the instrument from side to side, playing it up side down, which is for the others difficult - Neron said. For Horny, it was both, equal, the same impossible. Hendrix forced his base player to do a gymic, and play the base, behind his head, at one special moment on each concert. The Danish band, doing the support act, found it most humiliating, Neron was sitting on the stage, listening to the genius of J. H's feeling a distaste. Horny gets photographed at the jazz concert, she is thinking about Hardy's mom, constantly, it is all very sad, Hardy's mom died at night at the hospital, far too soon, at the wrong department, not oncology department but neurology, they were going, to observe her, wait her out until she calmed down, so she could have gone home, to die, Horny cups her face in her palms at the bar, the music is rough ego tripped jazz, according to N. Fran plays chess on Hardy's computer and war games on Neron's. Woodstock bar at Christiania is as usual an extreme fiesta for the eyes, if you are fed up with a neat life. Everyone is dirty, big male brown dogs try to fuck each other outside among the tables, chairs and freaks. The freaks are plenty. A baby looking boy with never yet shaved fourteen years old pink cheeks sells the dope. White king's size puddle "in rasta" crowns the door outside together with a wolf and a retarded white bulldog. Neron's home is grown with a thicker coat of a gray dust then before, it keeps the standard of the castle in decay with pride. The nightingale wakes Horny at night. She have dreamed about Andreas again, she was getting annoyed, a bit. She would want to dream her Hardy man at the night like this. & Not someone who kept on breaking her heart eighteen years ago, after offering her three years of longing & pain. She is getting annoyed with her book again, again she was refused the scholarship. Now, as Hardy's mom died, nothing is stopping H&H, hitting for NY, this Fall, how is Horny going to arrange her money, to get there? Horny already misses Hardy, it has been

only four days without him, how shall she proceed? Nasty destroyed few of Neron's toys, she destroyed his loud speakers, piercing with her fingers inside, she dropped an iron bird statue at her toes, spilled and smashed, she is constantly charming little miss, a real princess of Charm everyone loves. Fran is pretty and smart, Horny has a fresh hair do and Lucr is a bit moody now, but happy most of the time, otherwise. They are going to go to Warsaw the following day, Horny dreamt a love dream about Michel, this time, a Polish chap from the Past. She desired him very much, she tempted, she searched him, they had a physical contact in every sequence of the dream, she had lust's butterflies in her belly, which violently sucked, she touched him and looked into his eyes, he lied on her, at last. Horny would wish to skip her nightmares. How? They went down town without any cash, Horny said "I'm going to sell my video tapes"

Miraculously she did it, sold the complete collection, so they had everything, ice creams, and a complete picnic's set in the Queen's Park, where she used to go with her Hardy before his mom died, socks, cakes, cherries, clothes, bags. The departure is soon. And then a next departure and next and the arrival and next arrival and next. And what? What next? Louisa, Nero's Ex came to visit Horny and all her kids, as they were her kids. Nero did not have the chick, and had his entire Ex's as pals.

"I still want Hardy's child, I have about two years left according to the doctors, but actually now, I don't want it so very much, he has been too difficult to describe the love and now he is exclusively into pain"

Lucrezia was shocked of what she heard, she did not imagine Horny was still planing this kind of life. Louisa said, she would love to do the same, but she stopped menstruating three years ago, she was fifty-three now, she was pretty and besides she was not in love at the moment, she said "But, if I was, I would want that too"

How bad, is Hardy now? He did not call again.

"It was the saddest day of my life" he said when it happened. No wonder, some days, get this big. The dark side of the love. The blood.

"You have always been like that, an ignorant bitch, especially in my childhood, if I would want to mention my childhood!"

"You have obviously licked too few pussies!" Horny slammed the kitchen door, from the outside; she really said that! Possibly Lucr did not catch the sense of the words nor did she only pretend? Her mom had a feeling, she fell as well for girls.

"The problem, with you, is that I can't have a different opinion to you, it drives you nuts, you are like a child, mother!" Lucrezia stood behind the bed, folding together Nasty's clean washed clothes, unpacking the stuff, they arrived in Warsaw.

"Yeah, right! Aseptically when it is an incorrect and non-flattering opinion about myself! You have never loved me! Not since you have stopped being a child! I invited you that we could have fun, as the friend, and as the daughter, but it does not look we are going to have the fun! I'm bored and you have definitely spoiled my inspiration!" Horny shouted and slammed the next door.

"We are packing, kids! We are moving to my father's house! You love the drama, mother! I see it now, after whom Nastassia is so dramatic! And I tell, you, got to

watch out, it is something wrong with your nerves and your brain! Inspiration! How can you even, pronounce this word?!"

Lucrezia, whose childhood run parallel with her mom's inspiration, was back in the kitchen smashed a couple of cups, having a much longer fluent scare, swear eloquent burning tongue and burning eye, monologue, Horny left the house, slamming the out door for the last time. Yes, Warsaw. They arrived by train, it showed Fran was a gentle sensitive to beauty, boy, everyone took him for a girl, exclusively for his pretty face surrounded with a long straight thick almost black hair, which long ago passed his shoulders. He puked, before entering the taxi, he could not take more, and they have been on the way since 24 hours, making lots of transfers and stops. Nasty was OK, her energy was constant, she could manage a lots of jumping over hit hours without a food or sleep, she loved the side of a dark forest or a pink spread over the fields fogs as much as her brother did, but still prorated the climbing act, they were traveling a sleeping car with six beds, three on each side, indeed, she was a great climber, but Horny, on the contrary, was pretty scared about her tiny granny's climbing adventure; she hanged upside down most of the time, singing and giggling! Warsaw was hot at the arrival, over 30-C. the streets were well hit up, the weather held since over a week. Lucr, Horny and Fran's hearts hit up, they were true Poles, and they breathed in a dirty, heavy, polluted air with pleasure deep into the lungs. It was already on the boat, when Fran tasting the ugliest, of all, Polish pizza, woke up his nostalgia. "I'm longing for Poland very much, this is a best pizza in the world" he said. It was Be-be, Lucr and Horny started a morning quarrel about.

"You never loved Be-be" claimed Lucr, Be-be arrived, looking smashingly great, wearing the same dark blue Marlene's suit as the last time, swell make up, a proper Ditrich's hair do, and carmine painted long nails on rather big hands. Be-be had working hands, Be-be was broke, not a dime of Taddy's royalties came in, she needed to borrow a short cash. Horny bought a bottle of white wine and fresh strawberries for the evening Raito, the children, at last smashed, slept. Exactly nineteen years since Taddy died passed. Since Hardy's mom died, passed four long days, H&H talked on the phone, Hardy sounded bad, he was bad and very unhappy, totally crushed. Such's life. Viviane phoned.

"You won't give me away?" Wanda asked Horny, they were rumbling along endless hospital corridor, she and Horny for a while, now.

"No, of course not" Horny assured, Horny would not give anyone away, she would never give Wanda away. Wanda was hospitalized since almost a week, actually since the day, Hardy's mom died, she had fainted twice this day, she hit herself, and she needed to be put up on the drop. Now, she was really better, she looked fresh, or as fresh she could, she seamed taller, prettier, vital, quick in her mind, OK in her soul, bright, she was wearing a pink frock and white sandals, she set on the edge of her bed and she was into a conversation with a woman laying in the bed besides. Wanda's new pal was nice, really nice, Horny thought, she was an aging lady with a flat sun tan face. Horny said "I like your accent, it's really delicate" It was from the

East, the Lithuanian. The woman smiled, she said she was anxious about a coming blood transfusion, mostly of HIV.

"This is my youngest niece" Wanda introduced Horny one more time.

"She is very nice" said the woman, the feeling in the room was electrified with love, Horny felt it, she loved all these older ladies, the most. Now, Wanda smoked cigarette, whispering to Horny actually far too loud, as they set in the echoed staircase, which was the only hidden smoking spot in this house of pain. Before when they walked in a long, stuffed with heavy air, corridor, Horny holed Wanda's at last warm palm in her hand.

"You have warm hands, the drop must have helped" she said, checking her aunt's forehead, she had no fever. One of Wanda's best pals, within a huge family, very recently died.

"We used to go together to Rzosna, from Hiniowka. Hiniowka was very stiff, snobby place, in Rzosna was a lot of youth, and we gathered all together, everyday through June, July, and August. We walked or took the horses, sometimes bicycles. It was all a great time" Wanda recalled the Past.

"If someone comes, you take the cigarette"

"OK" Horny was clear, she was going to cover up, for her aunt with great delight. Of course. Wanda was excellent skier and sailor, all the surfing through the life, definitely helped.

She just left her pal, Jo and Jo's big new love, in the bus and went over into Wanda's house direction, intended to visit her, she phoned and heard the bad news, her aunt was sick.

"I'm coming over immediately, I want to see Wanda as soon I can." The street was burnt out with sun, there was hardly any air at all. Horny spent an hour or two with Life and Jo. They been strolling through the park - Laziienki, The Royal Park. Life and Jo met in India in an Ashram outside of Bungalow, Life was the young blond American, Jo talked about, Jo did not lie, Jo was happy and Jo was in love, however she forgot to pay the debt back, Horny needed it very much but she did not say a word, she drunk coffee and talked very much but mainly entertained, she brought her books, to sell to Life, but she decided, there was no idea, so she did not pick them up. She needed to pay the gas bill, it was a bit bad, and the company was threatening to shut it off.

"The first time we have met, we met on the staircase outside of the temple, and hugged each other, Jo was in great pain, another woman saw us having sex, she projected it and she told this to everyone making a proportional scandal. We did not do that, but now we have done it" said Life.

"We fainted on the beach together when we hugged each other for the first time" Was Jo's earlier version, she assured, they still did not have sex, then, she also said, she was preparing for him to arrive, she has bought a new bed in red, the whole set of the chairs; she said, now it was done, fulfilled, the sex was great, as they had expected, but he wasn't really staying for good, he was going back home, and then after fulfilling a few of the last duties, actually going to take his mother, at her birth-

day to meet his guru, & returning to Poland and to Jo... Horny went over to Victoria and Eva who temporarily staid at Wanda's house. Horny answered the question.

"Lucrezius wants to be a pilot, what can I do?"

"That's exactly like Viv, when she was a teenager"

Other wises he was a passionate skier like Wanda. Viv was Victoria's aunt but there was not such a great difference in age between them, Victoria knew Viv's dreams much well then Horny did or ever will. Lucrezia wished to be an astronaut! The family was flamboyant.

"Nobody ever thanked me for anything I have done" Wanda said sucking on her hospital cigarette, she smoked wine red Dunhill. The Gypsy beggar with twins - the boys, who did not go peanuts as Horny supposed, from laying in the dad's lap, acting infants still at the age of five, they were perfectly well, well dressed in matching suits, they were off from the begging area and seemed doing perfectly well, they were running in the park. It was the park outside the hospital where Wanda staid. Horny waited at the bus stop, a yellow mini bus stopped, besides Horny was a Spartacus, a night Go-Go club, from the yellow bus spread out the girls, young pretties, well trained beauties, the Go-Go nudies, escorted by a huge fluffy bodyguard, the scene was excellent, Horny stared, the Go Goes did not pay an attention to the people at the bus stop, they hopped towards, they popped in a direction well fixed. They had extremely short skirts and dresses or shorts with popping out brown tan buttocks, below the leopard pattern, they were perfect Poland had indeed at least European standard.

"We have a rabbit here" Viviane said, Viviane phoned, she did not feel good, her blood's shot eye hurt, she was exhausted, she passed the money to Horny once again.

"He is big and white, in brown dots, very pretty, the other day I found him on my balcony, standing up on his back legs waiting for me to open up, I gave him carrots, he was coming from the neighbor balcony through a small hole he made, the neighbor who was away a few days seem to be back, he has fixed the hole but I found one spot from which I can look into his balcony, I have to feed the rabbit, it is necessary, he is still trying to get over to me, he is jumping on the chair from which he can see me as well, he is very smart, he understands everything I say" Viviane's story was catchy. To her oldest sister Eva, Viv said. "I did not come to Poland, because I did not have the money and a reason"

Christ, Viv was tough when it was about human beings and we were human beings.

"Hail to the animal planet and hail to Viv! Hail to Hardy and his mom! Hail to Horny and Lucr, a perfect mach for a mom and a kid! Hail to Wanda and her cigarette! Hail to Lucrezius and his plain! Hail to Love! Hail to Anna and her nude boogies! Hail to Neron and his Wounded Knee! Hail to Partum, whom Horny still did not see! Hail to Be-be and her dream to win the Porsche or the Renau! Hail to Taddy and his beam! Hail to Nasty's dad & Nasty herself! Hail to Fran himself! Hail to Life and Jo! Hail to the Rabbit! Hail to Stephen Rife! Hail to songs! Hail to Nick Cave! Hail to Summer! Hail to the world! Hail to two young long legged chicks in mini skirts at The Square! Hail to myself! Hail to thee and hail to you!"

"Home, what is, the home?" Horny gave herself an eternal question, she was never going to explore to the very end, she laid on her 2 centimeters thin and hard mattress in the living room, she gave away her sleeping room to Lucr and kids, the singing gang of drunk marching skin-heads woke her up, Horny laid quietly in the dark, questioning herself, about the home and about Hardy. Why was he so far away to give himself to pain? Why? What was he searching for and if? What was his life about? If it was not to take Horny's hand in Tango? She felt the rush of the time, the particular rush of the particular time, she never felt herself, before. Horny walked the Summer Street of Warsaw, King's Lead, Nowy Swiat, Krakowskie, Zamkowy Square, she walked slow, without a rush but also without attachment, she was not going to stop more then for a minute or two, to watch the Summer evening party crowd, she regret she had no passion for the beer as all of them sitting around, debating, buzzing and cooking, if she had, she could sit down, slow down for real, exchange the looks, opinions, words or even a kiss, she watched the world around her eagerly and with care, almost with love, she was going into home direction, gave up an invitation thrown by the handsome stranger to share a beer at the mauler. Unwillingly, noticed the only one who was, as stranded, as she herself, was the UFO guy, the guy walking in stockings without shoes, he also paced the streets time after time; alone. Horny was going "home" but not home, she was going to be pulled into the silvery screen, sucked behind it, as soon she switched the computer on. She was anxious to do it, she was expecting to come, home. Horny did it. Horny hated her book, she was so entirely bored by her book, the words, the characters, and she herself in it was so totally washed out, Horny wanted back to the shimmering crowd, back into a glowing city of night. Horny did not leave the house. The house left Horny long ago.

Today is the burial. Hardy's mom's ashes shall spread in The Garden of Memory. Horny is shivering, the Poles bury their folks intact giving them back to earth in One, Piece. All this is but the symbolic of Pain. The culture difference, the pain is the same. Horny thinks about Hardy, tries to watch after him across the seas. It's all in all, about 2000 kilometers to go to fly to dispatch to create and destroy. Life is short. That's what it is. The ashes spread in the wind like a mild fog great cloud. The love. Her Hardy is far away. & His mum is gone... Few days earlier Horny told him on the phone "I don't like all this separations"
& He said, "It's only the circumstances"

"I called you, where have you been? I woke up and did not know I called you, where have you been? I woke up and did not know where I was, where you are, where are the children Lucr and Lucr and Nasty and Fran. I did not know which number I supposed to call. I called everyone, every number I came upon. You were nowhere and no one knew, where. I'm so confused, someone told me that 600 000 people in Sweden, who don't pay the debts are on the Black List and I'm so worried for you!"

"How is the rabbit?" Was Horny's line, responding Viv. Rabbit was still there and Viv was feeding him, throwing a salad and carrots over to the neighbor's balcony. Horny was in Lodz.

"I was in Lodz, I had a very first screening of my films and a reading, for the first time in Poland" Horny was comfortable with Viv, she did not have to lie. To Wanda she said "We are going to Lodz to look at the gallery, I'm going to have a photo exhibition there later on, I'm just going to check the rooms, you know, it's just the recognition"

She could not afford to tell her the truth. Could not afford a configuration. Could not afford the confrontation. Horny was satisfied with the show and asked Adam, who run the place, how he felt about it.

"The men liked it, but the bitches, the women, proved they haven't experienced anything, they did not understand anything. They did not like it at all, they all said, this is not art, you have nothing to say, it is only sex and an exhibitionism, they were angry and said they got bored of it."

Horny was shocked, she thought everyone loved the show as much as she herself! Horny was bombed, more then ever and enjoyed to watch all this great images of herself. Before going to Lodz, H&H quarreled on the phone, Horny had a small party at home after Bogdan's photo opening, five people, five bottles of wine, red and white for the flag, hi, Bogdan fall asleep in the corner of the couch snoring like hell. Before, Horny, Nasty, Fran and Lucr were to a vernisage at Centrum Sztuki, The Art Castle, it was quite a fiesta, and also the flag's wine, Pepo was there too, his eyes shined against pretty Lucr. And Teresa said to Horny "You were always my deer, since I saw you at the school for the first time, your eyes did it" Teresa's show was coming in the first days of July. After Hardy threw the phone down, Horny continued the conversation with Lucr, Lucr fucking cried, Lucr thought her mom was far too cruel. Yet Lucr was drunk.

"I just want to be alive" said a fucking cruel Horny to Lucr who still cried over Hardy's fate. Bogdan woke up by the morning still sitting on the couch, he - kneeling at her bed, had a short conversation with Horny, who had such a fucking hang over and the fucking room, was filed with a fucking sun fucking sharp light, and her eyelids were flashed down. But it did not help. They were obviously not thick enough.

"Could, you please, pull the curtains down" Horny asked. Hardy's mom did not get the stone or a grave and Horny was not invited to the funeral. After six years with that man she was still invisible family member, she was not a family member, she was nobody. Horny hated being nobody. Horny never was going to meet Hardy's son or his grand dad or grand dad's brother, who all looked like himself. Horny was never going to see Hardy old, she was too old for it. In her world of cartoon, Hardy was not reproduced or going to age, he was the only one, young & cute. Like a valiant prince without mentioned courage.

"Horny, how comes, you look so young?" Frederic was French but lived in Lodz, he was young and small, blond, with huge blue doll quick, naive eyes.

"My father always told me, girlie stick to the wind and keep your ears up! & It works!" Horny was laughing, her party was in a full swing. Anna was drunk and lovely and was not going to strip, Horny kissed Wojtek on his chick in a moment of exaltation, exaltation, she had a small crush on him, but he was Anna's man and Horny's love to Anna was greater and her love to Hardy was blameless this very Summer, she was not going to repeat what she did the last year, oh, no. Nasty was absolutely best.

"Christ, you all look the same!" Wojtek was amused and amazed over three pretty Hornys in the different size walking about, walking above, walking... Lucr was very pretty that night, especially her glitter painted eyes, Jasha who arrived a day earlier, kissed her all the time. The movies were great, two beamers, and eight monitors, all under control, Mats who arrived from Sweden was needed, there was all the time something what broke, all equipment was almost a stone aged, he had a tiny welding tool and the smallest possible torch, a hair was growing out of his ears, his eyes were huge, and lips dried, thickly round and red after couple of beers, he adored the place, he drunk quite a lot. Mats definitely grew up, he was drinking much more then before and he started loosing his hair. Jola left, Jola could not bear the look of Horny surrounded with the family, especially the smallest girl, Jola saw Horny having sex with her son, Jola was that crazy to take Ex for Lucr in a love scene in ID N4. She couldn't count out, the father and the son might look alike. It turned a bit stupid all that, Jola was going to write the reviews and to promote Horny in her homeland, no more.

"She is a stupid bitch" Adam said, "Always had been" Adam liked "Father" the most, the short movie she made for Taddy, Adam was certain, Horny's work, Horny's soul was linked with her dad. It might be was. Horny was the last one to know the answer. She had none. She no longer bothered about an origin of her wanting out thoughts. Horny found Lucr, nude in a little room, with her butt sticking roundly up, extremely up, grotesque up. Jasha was under her but invisible, Horny thought, it was bizarre if Lucr laid in the pose alone but she shut the door. Nude Nasty slept between the wall and her mom. The point over I, took Helmut, he performed in Horny's bed, Horny could not believe; more, she could not handle it, the chap asked her if he could sleep in her bed, there was no other, and she was already drifting to a sweet sleep, the bed was huge.

"OK" she said, moving to the side. He stroked her softly, she did not like it, he tried to kiss, she did not like it, the only place he managed to stick his fingers into, were Horny's ears, she did not like that. He was a local tall pretty some kind of an artist chap, probably good, wanted to sing her texts, borrowed her audio cassette, the very first recordings in Polish, she did the other day, in her Warsaw's bathroom, on the translations of the film lyrics, were apparently OK, Horny woke up, saw a white nude ass somewhere in her Visine, it was all dotted, Horny moved to the floor, the guy woke up, kissing and licking her waste, otherwise she was dressed, in net stockings and fancy transparent shirt, no bra, at last Horny told him to go. She got some sleep. Helmut started cleaning the place, making dishes in the kitchen, he had nowhere to go. Lodz was drenched in rain. And Lodz was drenched in rain during the

whole stay. Sunday reading was good, Nasty was best, drifting through the bar, the tiny creature dressed in a long blue flowery hippie dress and a colorful knitted hippie hat, below the screen, where Hardy did Horny's clit with his big pink tongue, Lucr loved Polish version, she said she understood everything, everyone loved it, everyone understood everything, everyone asked Horny how she kept herself that young.

"I had a dog, through all my teenage, he was licking my feet through the nights. It is apparently very good and there was something more but I forgot what it was"

Horny was the star and every one was flattering, especially these few guys who also investigated about a length of Hardy's prick, Horny gave a satisfying answer, got up and danced. Actually she got this great idea quite incidentally; during the reading, BTH was screened above her head, the screen was smaller than the actual picture, the effect was a pretty random, with an accidentally chosen slides pictures shown to her left, it all suited, perfectly, they all said.

"No wonder" Horny said, she did not have a reason to be modest on her special Polish night, the rain pureed down and Horny was home. Horny, dressed in a silver rubber skirt, and a silver two sleeveless tops, she read with a head hanging down, her golden hair brushing the floor of the small wooden stage, papers laying down at her feet, her head laying in her lap, she did not look into the room, once. She read an hour through, magnifying the room. Multiplying. The room. She used Lucr's golden eye glitter all over her face, it printed out in her lap.

"It's your daughter"

Several chaps repeated the statement, aiming Fran.

"No, it is my grand son" Horny was double-shock-surprising them. Franek and Horny went to see an exhibition, Hardy's mom's burial had begun. Alina Szapocznikov was an artist, a sculpturer, she was born the same year as Viv, died at forty-seven, achieved a great & disserved fame. Hardy's mom died at forty-seven, Horny did not die at forty-seven, yet, with all the probabilities she was soon turning forty-eight, the life were a bizarre counter of time; who was the time? Hardy called and at last Horny let him talk an hour through, he was still twenty-five. He talked about his blood family.

"Blood, blood, blood" Horny listened, Lucr cried once again. Lucr cried over his fate, Hardy's fate was cruel.

"I went up the wall like a fly, I threw myself on the lamp and I died" Nasty threw herself backward on the bed, she continued the story "I got this ring from Steven, Steven is dead, he was Francis's dad but Francis did not cry. I was also dead" Nasty closed the door with care, she was telling Horny the secrets, they already looked into their suitcases, compared colorful stockings and underwear, Nasty tried Horny's bras, she hold a black shimmering silver, old ring in her tiny palm, she was excited, telling her grandma. Horny corrected.

"This ring does not come from Steven. I bought this ring for Hardy as a token of love, Hardy wearied it first and left at his pal Be and didn't care to get it back, I took it from Be, Hardy wanted it back from me, I did not give it to him, because he hurt me by not caring, I was wearing the ring myself and when Hardy and myself were

going to India I gave this ring to Lucrezius at the train station at good-bye, for the good luck, for the best of luck; it supposed to look after him. Lucrezius used to have it with his keys, he would not wear ring like that one, he preferred simpler jewelry pierced into him. Lucrezia took it from him, so it is here now. But for the real past of his ring I cant tell, I bought it in the small antic shop in Gothole on the street I lived, it belonged to someone before that's for sure; for good and bad, we will never know. Yet, I would like to know that very much"

"I know. This drawing also comes from India" Nasty pointed at her own creation of Winnie the Pooh. "And this stone comes from India and my dress" She picked at the red beady glassy dress with mirrors Horny brought her from India, from the market in Anjuno in Goa; it was an old magical piece also used by some far away girl. "But this nephrite stone comes from Steven, I met him lately but don't say that to anyone and remember, Francis did not cry, we will go to Africa"

Alina Szapocznikov's one of the first sculptures was a natural size monument on a nude teenage girl, it was called The Difficult Time, the girl was proud, first of all, with a spine nailed straight, and her chin up, this was the clew. There were several masks and faces and heads and torsos and a giant postmen of Stalin. The whole room of metal huge meanders before she entered a polyester finishing period. Horny, who was falling asleep through the first few rooms, woke up.

"This lips looks like yours" Francis said. The lips were bright red and fixed into a transparent jaw, on a leg, these were pretty decisive lips on the walk, plenty of them, there were breasts lighten up with bulbs and also bright red, in the body of the light blue woman. Schapocznikov went through a period of black huge Vulcan lava looking plastic forms and returned to the white plastic with the Seri of her own cut off heads. Made plastic prints of her torso, breasts, belly, and a leg in bronze, plastic hips and lips again, she has been ill in the last period, that's why the room was divided with hospital blinders. She went down with a breast cancer.

"These sculptures she created in the time of The Doors" Francis noticed, strangely enough it was exactly what Horny thought, passing a group of the smaller nude dramatic brides in white polyester, in spite of the apparent female nudity, the silhouettes remained her of Jim Morrison. Fran liked the most amassing huge nude white polyester woman with purple nipples, bright red lips and flaked dragon blue eyes, she looked as she was going to fall, backwards, he was amused, she was stable. He was looking forward to the crash. Horny looked at the huge polyester statue of the nude man.

"Horny you, think he looks like Hardy, don't you?" asked Fran.

"Yeah"-said Horny, keeping an opinion of Hardy's dick being even the greater art piece, to herself. Other wise Horny and Fran discussed sex without prudence typical for families. They both could not even bear the thought of touching a paper macho without shivering. The blood.

"Did you say that Hardy threw you, out of his house? Or am I dreaming?" Wanda asked.

"Yes, he did, well he did not" Horny corrected, seeing Wanda's eyebrows rise angrily.

"But we have quarreled a lot, he told me several times to go away, but I have to understand that, he was extremely stressed and I wanted to be there with my kids to take care of him" Horny explained.

"The man ought to take care of his woman and not the woman of the man" Wanda was clear.

"Yeah, but his mom was sick and he needed my care"

"O yes, of course. You look tired, Horny", Wanda said.

"I am very tired"

Horny was sitting in the chair motionless Fran and Horny visited.

"You looked already tired yesterday, at the return from Lodz, but you look more tired today" Wanda repeated.

"I am more tired" Horny agreed.

"Why are you all so crazy, why are you all rushing after anything, all this projects, moves, escapades, adventures, why don't you slow down? What does it give to you to keep on rushing through? Why don't you relax?"

Wanda looked better then since a long time Horny looked at her with love. Fran watched football, he was passionate and hoped, the Scottish was winning, and his blood heritage was Mc.Kenzies after the sword. Wanda was born in Hiniowka, her mom's summerhouse, who also became the place of the mom's, death. She died in blood cancer. She was buried inside the little hill, next to the forest on her own land. One single birch cross upon the hill - Horny had seen the photo picture of fourteen years old Viv kneeling at her mom's grave; Viv was extremely slim, with classy features, narrow face, small head and a long straight hair. Knowing, the history of the place, the grave is surely no more, being taken by the communism or the war; but actually - who knows? May be her grand mom is still there... The ashes. The grand mum's house burnt down. To ash.

Hardy called at night and talked over an hour, about a burial, family and him. Blood, blood, blood. According to him, the tension within the family pushed his mom a bit farther away. Bogdan who delayed his return to Paris phoned, waking Horny up, Francis slept in the same room as she, in the sleeping bag on the floor, she also slept on the floor, they were constantly camping, all the other people were spread around the apartment. Piego, Jasha's pal slept in the kitchen. Horny felt guilt, she was disappointed at Hardy, pissed angry at her own situation within his family, none. She was not welcome to the funeral because she had no blood links with her man, they did not have the child, she was not taking part in the prolonging the gees, his Ex from six years ago with whom he struggled for love bit over a year was there with their son, their son was a bit over five years, and now Hardy started at last seeing him, this was fine, but why was Horny, constantly sorted off, she felt as a worst sort of the concubine, foreign, Polish, stubbornly not speaking their language, the slut in too short skirt with fluffy thighs. The particular situation, of Hardy's mom wedding in April, Hardy's birthday in May, culminated in his mom's funeral, in June, everyone attended but Horny, Horny was never going to meet them. Horny loved Hardy's mom,

she could not part with an image of her, from the last time they met; her look, her gestures, the words she said, also the absurd now, conversation about Horny's shoes; Hardy's mom lifted Horny's shoes, they were standing in the door to the house, it was not allowed to wear the shoes inside, Hardy's mom looked at the platform boots, weighting the crazy shoe in her palm, touched the shoe with her fingers, slightly.

"They are fine, but if you want to walk comfortably here in the country, you might borrow pair of mine" She definitely gave Horny a lovely smile. She was inviting H&H for the lovely dinner at her house. It was two weeks before she died. Horny was feeling bad, Hardy's mom would like her to attend, she knew it. Why didn't she just go there, why couldn't she decide for herself, why was she always looking up into the connivance of the others? Why didn't she stand with her own feet in the slimy foggy ground, in whatever bad shoes? Why was she choosing a distance in such or similar situations? Why didn't she stand with her feet on the ground? Why did she think so much? Or why did she think at all? Arriving at her Warsaw's apartment Horny did not put the usual photo pictures of Hardy into a mirror's frame, as she used to, she resigned at Lou Lou, her dog. Horny was straightening and her price was going up. Horny's integrity, did she really need anyone? Who was Hardy for her? Nasty, nude, wearing Horny's yellow mirrored sun shades, from the last summer, danced at the legs of Jasha's and Lucrezia's bed. She was fucking great professional, disco babe, she could do it. She was playing "I love you" Donald Duck tunes on her kiddy CD, with disco's blue shooting lights. She was good, the scene was excellent, and both, Jash and Lucr were long hair and pretty, mingled into each other.

"Leave him" Anna, said.

"I can't I love him"

Horny heard this version before she heard both versions. Did she love? Did she love Hardy?

"Yeah, he is a beauty" repeated Anna, she bought Horny's book for her London's pal. Horny loved Anna, who was the gentlest creature. Anna gave her a photo of herself kissing her twin sister Ingrid. Horny gave Anna her book already an hour earlier. Horny only had her own mirror reflection to kiss. Jasha, Lucrezia and Piego loved Anna too. Everyone loved Anna, Mats too. Anna was angry with all her Polish women pals, for not letting Horny in, she made few obscene phone calls and she was arguing with all of them.

"Polish bitches!" she repeated disgusted, she was still drunk. Mats regretted Anna did not strip, he was looking forward to it, very much. On the kitchen wall in the Gallery, Horny hanged about hundred pictures of her different strips, taken by Hardy or herself and few photo prints on Lucrezius and a few on Lucr and Lucr, together and photogenic Nasty Babe. Random like, the photo of Horny smiling, taken by Tomek Sikora and a photo on Lucrezius smiling taken by Horny, were hanging next to each other, they had identical smiles, it was unavoidable to read this.

"I was observing Lucr, lately very much, I lived with him past five months, I can't get deep into him, he has a strange relation to life, he is only sliding on the surface,

he is very much like you, he is talking only about feelings, also with his friends, like a girl, he is very emotional, like you" Lucr said to her mom. The blood...

Horny and Mats had a dinner, actually Mats was dinning, Horny ate before with Wanda, she fetched him at the train station. The wind was getting powerful, the procession kneeled down and the priest was leading the song, people bent the heads down, the bells were ringing at St. Jack Church, the instance blew into the wind, the dark cloud fell, the stormy rain pouring down made Horny choke with air, the people started running pulling with them small, white-toy dressed children. Old ladies gathered under the umbrellas of the restaurant were Horny and Mats set. The priest wearing a white frock, in his outstretched arms, hastily carried into the church, a huge painting of Christ, fighting, as he was a sailor sailing stranding out, the boat, the stormy rain poured like a demon, turning the priest round, blowing in his sail and his long dress. Poetry of drunk thoughts. Anna included a procession in her movie, when was Horny going to film again? She had so many great options of views and events and people and facts, she seemed all blind, or?

What was she waiting for? Stella worked for the Polish Radio.

"What do you like, to do, the most?" she asked Horny.

"To meet people", Horny said looking into her eyes.

"Why did you leave Poland?"

"My husband was beating me, I was practically walking around beaten up daily, I left him, but after my London holidays were prolonging, my father was searching me up and finished every talk with the words, your husband shall wait for you in the airport don't be silly, come back, we all love you; I was getting panic, it was so good to be free at last, I absolutely did not want my past catch up with me once again and the life in the West was then within the hippie movement very exciting, all the freedom I could not resist, I could not come back"

"But than it was better with your new man?"

"Not at all, every next husband was exactly the same, like the one before"

"May be you release such an emotion in men?"

"Yeah, I attract only the maniacs. But don't tell me it's my fault, I won't buy that. I guess I have experienced in my life more pain then a pleasure, it is simply so, but I don't complain, I'm actually, happy, not about the men but about myself, I do what I want to"

"Why do you think people, don't want to listen to you, and do point blindly on pornography?"

"Pornography? I don't know"

"Don't you think, they are afraid of the amount of the freedom surrounding you, and the message you serve?"

"I don't know"

"Did you get through, did you get a real contact with anyone while your show?" Was Stella's last question.

"I don't know" Horny said, "I don't know" she repeated, still looking into Stellas's eyes. Robakowski did not attend, Wojtek said, he was tired but this was not what Horny thought.

"If he wanted to, he would have been here" None of Horny's Warsaw's pals came, not even Bogdan. Wasko, who was Galeria Wschodnia's greatest satellite, did not show up. Horny talked with Teresa on the phone, she phoned her pal for the first time since years, Teresa asked her which newspapers wrote about it and if; Horny had no idea. Horny and Fran went to the movies, fancy Horny, the granny, was dressed like a doll, with a hair made like on the doll, they made a pretty couple, the woman and the boy with starry eyes and a porcelain doll face. The movie they have seen was the squeezer Horny fought, the last half an hour, the tears coming out, quite tiresome. Fran loved it.

Viv wrote a letter, about a nazi destructive force. Viv was very scared. She found a bag outside of her door, with a stone in, she supposed there was an attempt at her, being cooked. Viv could not sleep, there was a drunkard sleeping outside of her door on the staircase, she observed him to four AM, when he at last disappeared; she phoned Horny about six times each day, mostly at the mornings, or if she took a nap during the day, she called at waking up moment, she could not take to wake up without a fear, she could not take the fear. She had to call! Viv never really responded to the reality, Viv always responded to her dream, could Horny do anything about it? Should she? How? How could she protect her mom, and of what? Or, of whom?

Bogdan asked Horny one more time to come with him to Paris, this time it was about her work.

"You can possibly move the whole town, give it a blow it deserves" Horny would not. Lucr and Jasha were going to go to Germany, Horny was staying in Warsaw with the kids, for every minute, the last hour before Lucr left, Horny wanted to come with them, more and more; and dance, live, scream, shout and kiss and repeat. Horny staid in Warsaw with the kids.

"Here comes the car, if it drives on me, I'll die. I died before, Steven died too" Nasty said walking next to her, the Granny, Horny was in a hurry, she really asked Nasty to sit into her buggy, so they could "run", she was going to the Court House, Viv's affair with Siedlecki was still going on and did not proceed at all, actually it swung back as Horny got cheated again, she did not pay an extremely small sum of money in stamps in time, all petition might been pulled out and it finally was.

"Well, it's a mess here, but you can't say it's a plot" said the judge.

"When I'll be big and you small, I shall take you into the buggy too" Nasty said seriously, looking at the sky.

"That's exactly what Lucrezia used to tell" Horny said, they walked hand in hand. Nasty hanged into her Granny's hand, touching it softly with her chick, kissing it, she repeated the process many times, her heart was bobbling, Nasty's heart was bobbling. Horny's heart was bobbling too. Fran was sick and staid at home. Home. Nasty had a doll pink dress, Horny bought for her, Horny had a doll, black and white dress, they both had black snickers, Nasty's label was Wild Kids, Horny's, Free Zone, and neon-orange painted nails, last night when they midnight, visited Bogdan, Nasty insisted on Horny helping her to paint her lips crimson red, but she spoiled it

with a pacifier, she was big and very small in the same time. Bogdan said, Nasty remained him of his wife, Laeticia, Horny did not like that name, Hardy called her the same, her nasty character in his book. Nasty did not like to sleep and did not like to eat. Nasty loved being nasty, she was unbeatable, she loved watching cartoons, she was making dirty nasty songs, loved a butt hole chat, loved beautiful dresses but for the most loved to be nude. Nasty was very pretty but she was much more wild then pretty, she really cared for being wild, only. Wild and powerful and not afraid! Looking at her you could not avoid feeling, Nasty was as free as a human can be at all, she gone far and she went for it, consciously. Nast was Granny's girl, Nast was Mamma's girl, Nast was daddy's girl, Nast was everybody's girl, Nast was very much her own. Totally her own. Blood, blood, blood.

St. John's Summer Night, radio talked and talked of love, Horny looked through the window; a couples, all the Warsaw's couples seemed to take a promenade just down of her window, they all walked embraced, Hardy was farther away then ever, Horny wondered about her life, why was she here, right now? How it all begun? Bogdan called, said it was her first Ex's fiftieth birthday, she was shocked it was so much.

"You are like my wife, who left me and whom I loved very much, always surprised, like a sweet kid" Bogdan was surprised, she was not invited, he was going there, he wished Horny was going there too and he could have entertained, he made her promise, she was going to phone Ex, but she did not, her first Ex was pathetic, if he was drunk, what he was going to. She was neither hurt, neither surprised she was banned. Nasty danced naked a top of the easy chair, a top of the leaning of the chair balancing with closed eyes and the lollipop, of course, it was dangerous, but the life was dangerous. Nasty laughed. As soon there is life there is danger. Horny was falling asleep, under her pillow instead of the seven love flowers was Nasty's pacifier, Horny plaid with a rubber pick between her falling asleep fingers, Horny's St John's Night, Hardy did not call. She was going to wake up in the room lit with sunlight, at home, Horny was coming home... She was hardly his lover. Nasty laughed loud in the sleep, Francis's fever went down and he breathed loud and stuffy. Horny regretted, she was that tough with Helmut, actually it was nothing wrong with him; everyone said, he had fall in love to her with a speed of the light and to everyone, Horny said about his spotted butt and nasty fingers in her ears, and his wet tongue, she did not like. Why was she so priggish? What was this strong repulsion to flesh? Horny visited a neighbor who had two small daughters and permanently lived in US, they were almost the same age.

"You are a very young grand mother, it suits you, but you should have one more own sweet little girl" Marylka said to Horny who set with a suddenly very shy Nasty in her lap. "You were very much in the hurry, you were the first girl in the yard who had a child, I remember we were all waiting to push the baby wagon, one after the other, it was blue, I remember the elevating feeling when I pushed it, I remember your school dark blue dress with a white collar you were wearing when you were pregnant, you were wearing a lot of pretty dresses, I remember them all" Marylka was a devoted pal, Horny remembered nothing, she remembered Marylka having an

older sister, and both of them having blond long thick tresses and both, using the eye glasses, that's all.

"Yeah, I would have love to have own small sweet little girl but my boy friend, doesn't want"

"Is it the same, tall guy?"

"Yeah, it's the same, one"

"Did you like my father, before he had quarreled with my mum?" Fran asked Horny.

"I always liked your father, regardless how his and Lucr's love turned, but like everybody else, I was angry at him for what he was doing to himself, to Lucr and finally to you. You could not stay with him, it's impossible for the child to live with someone who is into the drugs, it's far too dangerous, Lucr have tried, because your dad loved you very much and was threatening her and cheating and fooling, but at last she had to take you back with force"

"I remember all that, it was the worst period of my life when my parents pulled me, each one in own direction"

"I regret we did not succeed to put Steven to the hospital"

"Do you mean, a mental hospital?"

"No, a hospital, simply to stop with the drugs, it is difficult, almost impossible to do it by oneself, the hospital is the only way, but he did not want, we had some plans how and what to do, but suddenly was too late, he died"

"You think he would have lived then?"

"Yeah, but actually no, I think people have the fate, an unavoidable fate, he has started with medicines stimulating his nervous system at the age of ten, his mother said, they should have been continuing watching after him"

"I feel like I am going to crash, no, I don's mean now, but sometimes, I'm going to be injured in a crash"

Horny had difficult to find an answer, she said something like "Then you have to be very careful"

Without coloring words, without a hug, without a kiss, Horny wasn't too spontaneous, she had hard to crash certain barriers, regardless what others thought about her, Nasty came by with stretched up arms pressing out the kiss, they went out walking.

"Steven crashed the head against the floor and died" Nasty said, walking besides Horny at the prettiest spot of an Old Town, The Square, with a monastery and the church. The Sacra Coeur. The same where Horny took Nick to, on the momentarily walk. The Sacred Heart. The same where H&H set every afternoon. Fran puked in the sleep, Horny set besides her computer, besides her thoughts, besides her total integrity, she heard something, a noise, it seemed to be a painting which fall down from the wall, it was Fran who puked. The painting was on the floor. On the floor next to her feet laid Hardy's letter, he only wrote two letters to her within six years. That one came at the first days of May, actually the day she left for Sweden, the last time, and that's about six weeks ago. Horny and Hardy turned fast.

"Dear Horny, got your letter yesterday, read it outside and the wind grabbed your nudies. Took me about 15 minutes to recollect. But still ain't sure, may be the pre-

cious cunt of yours is still flying over farmer country. Circling and diving in the society of cows foxes and chickens. Now, how does that sound? The possibility is thrilling. Planed to phone You the same evening but got stuck in kitchen with Swedish beer and country blues. Could be said a lot about that but right now I'm not in the mood for that old-fashioned cynicism, so who knows, may be I'll make myself clearer then ever. Anyway hearing from You made me happy. (As happy as it gets on the countryside.) Send more nudies, and let me spread some more of that decent flesh of Yours for the wind. Cunt, ass, tits - you, hon". (LEND a camera, spare me my discredits of your body... Hon they were taken in attempts to make most beautiful puss in the world JUSTICE... and failed gravely.)Counting on you giving me a second chance in NYC. Loft in Brooklyn. Parties by the waterfront. Coke in Manhattan. Roller blade in Central Park. Pool at Lucy's. Pissing in the subway. Apple stuffed chicken at Samuel. Vodka at Marek. Tango at Webster's. Hon, my ambitions are blameless, my technique suck. I'll learn. Now... night in farmland. I'm quite cool with the face in the glass. Which, alas, proves after some while - to be reflection of me. Daytime I take walks around this house. Cows hasn't been let out yet, and I have an unlimited area of... space...If you don't focus too much on the horizon - which is sadly interrupted by trees, roads or neighbor houses - you get the impression of walking on a heed. Heed is Swedish hon. A quite beautiful word. Arthur Conan Doyle knew that when he wrote Baskerville's dog. Otherwise I hope that you finished Dead Babies. If there is an anthem, hon, and truly hope so - Amis wrote it. Wish it would be somebody less speculative, somebody mild hearted. But on the other hand, hon...;Who gives a shit. Love .H.

Hornie's books were going to go with Bogdan to Paris, to Shakespeare bookstore, he perhaps was going to arrange showing of her films. The show in Cracov was perhaps happening the next week, if she took good care of it, now, and the show in Sopot was under the question mark at this point, she forgot to make a poster and a phone call and switched the offered date to a baby sitting of her two sweet grannies. Horny stuck a picture of H&H behind the mirror frame, the quarantine was over. Lucrezia called from Germany, Viv called from Stockholm, Wanda called from Warsaw, Nasty's dad called from Gothole, Horny called Lucrezius, and his voice was sweet, loveable.

"I miss you" Horny said.

"I miss you too", Lucr said. Horny went over to Bogdan with the kids to say good bye, she had no patience to find her reviews, she did not take the cassettes what he was going to bring with. Bogdan thought it was already his taxi arriving, his plain was soon, he was not packed, his stuff was unpacked, Horny was laughing, his clothes laid all around in a bigger hip on the top of the bed, his working bag was still empty, he was a photographer, he was lifting the begs to prove to her, they were completely empty, he was not packed, she was laughing, the portraits of himself with Tarantino and Polanski and other pretty blond women laid all around, he was running around the apartment talking to her all the time, he was so incredibly French, Horny took her books back, the books were definitely not on the way to Paris yet, Horny was laughing, Bogdan was trying to converse, he was French, he was con-

versing, he was bloody stressed, and he could not catch a breath or find a word he searched for, the taxi driver rung the bell. Hardy called at night.

"I love you" Horny said, to her Hardy. Nasty cried in the sleep. Horny shouted at Viv on the phone during at least forty-five minutes, Viv hoped it was no more, then half an hour, she thought about her bill, they both had a really bad luck, Horny who was refused a credit card in Sweden, due to her debts, used Viv's for her transactions, Poland joined a Visa system, the banking machine plaid the gymic, it withdrawn the sum twice, Viv had difficult to understand, Horny helped her to feel an application, Viv could not understand anything, at last she could not understand one single word, Horny was spelling letter by letter, by names, Viv could not understand, Horny was shouting "You only have to state this: Irene! Irene! Helen! Helen! Anna! Viv! Viv! Viv! Elisabeth! Viv! Irene! Taddy! Hardy! Damian! Robert! Olga! Winnie! Elli! Nick! Nick! Nick! Taddy! Helen! Elli! Steven! Ulrich! Margaret! Olga! Nick! Leon! Yvette! Olga! Nick! Nick! Cecilia! Cecilia! Ellis! Fitzgerald! Fuck! Ultimate! Ultimate! Cecilia! Kathrin! Kathrin! Idiot! Debit! Imbecile! Idiom! Taddy! Taddy! Taddy! Sign it! Sign! Sign! Your sign! The sign! Viviane! Kubiak! God!"

Lucrezia came back home in one shoe, all her clothes went to Germany with the band. Lucrezia's favorite pair of shoes was stolen, it was a great rave party in Dresden.

"I took the shoes off only for a minute" she said.

"I was really sorry for you, Horny you could not come, you were not there, it was a great party all over the town in three days & nights, you would have fun, you would have loved that and we all would have love you to be there and I would not have lost all my clothes"

They all slept outside, in the park, Lucrezia and Jasha came back bare feet and very dirty. The last night in Dresden Lucrezia and Jasha slept on the bare street. They brought Horny and kids, chocolates, but they did not bring Sugar, it was bitter but better that way.

"What do you mean, you were not invited for the funeral, who did not invite you? I don't understand anything, are they all not interested how Hardy's wife is? Hardy did not invite you? I don't understand, are they not interesting to meet you? Why? You were not invited for Hardy's birthday, you must be kidding, he did not want you all, be there? Why? You are all, such a lovely family. I phoned there to his house looking for Lucr, but there was nobody, so you weren't there at all?" Jasha asked and Horny whined the story bothering one more time, but just a little bit. Jasha took Lucr home, to his mum, at the very first, Lucr got drunk and fall off the chair, they drunk Ouzo. Jasha's mum loved Lucr - it was simple. Horny also met Jasha's mum and his sister and all the cousins. More she did not want to explore, Sugar has taken her to his uncle place, strangely enough the castle, even before the first kiss; introduced her to his grand dad, the duke, after the first night, took her to the family graves after one screw. But these were old stories. Old and outdated. Hardy was her man, her love and he treated her as he treated her; hard. Such was his call. Hard.

family asleep, Fran in the same room, Nasty, Jasha and Lucr in the other room. The other room, The room. Lucas came back from Belfast three days earlier then planed, so it was not going to be any problem to fix the Cracov's show. Hail! Hail to Me! Just a little bit in the HURRY! She asked herself, why did she dream about Michael v H, again, her very lover from the very past, the past. They kissed, fucked, loved, desired, run around, staid at a strange kind of the shabby shelter, witch looked really Porsche inside, and there were many guests and quests to celebrate.

The remote control is in the hands of Fran. It goes round... It was already bad to have the remote control in Hardy's hands but this a bit worst. It's the man trick. Horny loves Fran but Horny hates to be dominated. The only way to survive being dominated is to take the step aside. Nasty and Fran frequently quarrel and frequently kiss, it's the ordinary family life, Horny is highjack into as a granny. Last night when Lucr and Jasha were out Nasty woke up and got a 45 minutes hysteric fit. Bumping with her bare feet against the floor. A little small lovely nude screaming body. These holidays have nothing in common with the last year's holidays. Of course she did not plan to repeat the last year Sugary passions but she was sure, she and Lucr were going to have fun. Going out, doing bars and other public places, attending. Horny's problem is, that she has no friends to have fun with, here lays dog buried. Or is it an ax? Or is it a fucking rope? She must learn the family is the family, it requires her; it's not the entertainment club of her. Bogdan phoned from Paris, he had to take the window out, it is that hot. Warsaw is cold.

"I feel that young that I could go and play in a sand box" Damian said, at last Horny met Damian, it was 15 years since they have seen each other. Nasty, Fran, Jasha, Lucrezia and Horny were invited. The dinner was excellent his wife too and a home very pretty.

"The theatre, I believe in and I live for, I'm devoted to, is dying. We are becoming Americanized, or may be I'm paranoid" It was hard to tell if Horny shared his opinion, she wasn't to the theatre in Poland since a very long time.

"I don't like vulgarities in art, I don't like to see a naked butt on the street, I don't like an art being vulgar. But I don't agree with the official actual drift in Poland, accusing a freedom, a revolt, a provocation in art for the violence in general" Damian said.

"Yeah, this is sad, if it is so" Horny quoted, the entire yes and noes.

"Shall you move back, pool for the shelter, for home, as everybody else?" Damian asked. Even Milosz moved back. Horny was not Milosz, she was not an old successful male. Horny was not moving back, she was still not well done, she was still quite row meat, ready to cruise, the earth round.

"No" she said. "I could not exist here, I could not breath here, I could not get inspired, I could not love. What would have been left? No. & what would Hardy do here? No, definitely no" she repeated one more time. Damian talked about Polish skinheads, they were plenty.

"Of course I love the people, here, but this is not the same" Was her point.

"Are you sure, sister?" He called her for sister, he did not have the sister, he only had a brother, Horny had nobody. Damian was her uncle, a very famous uncle, he was a great actor, his father was a great actor, his son was a great actor, his brother was a great actor, brother's son was a great actor, his mother was a great actress and she just written a great book, in which she also mentioned Horny's parents. & Milosz himself, priced this book, high. When Horny was with Hanka, Zygmunt's wife this morning in the Town's council getting papers together to get the heritage after her grand mother Cecilia and Damian's father Dobieslaw, the fat Clark looked at the papers and blushed.

"Every body is famous, in this case" She was the woman and they are all sensitive about this, special jobs. Yeah, this was the fact. Damian had a biggest collection of white arms she had seen. Damian's wife was a great singer and a great beauty, especially on the professional photos, taken by professional photographers with an attention of stylists. She was a very friendly woman, and the couple made a great cooking and a great pare and great drinks, Lucrezia enjoyed. The curtains in the sleeping room were Damian's handwork; he adored his wife.

"The funeral of your father was almost a sexual adventure" Damian said, Horny blushed. Horny walked between Damian and Adalbert behind engine driven coffin with her beloved dad's corps, Taddy's coffin was a hell heavy iron made box. Horny hanged in Damian's and Adalbert's arms, not touching the ground, they proceeded forward.

"You were so cried away, so sensual, the sun was purring down, I was totally aroused, I saw a ladybird, crossing the path and tried not to kill her but you did"

Horny possibly did, she did not see anything like a ladybug, she did not see Damian, she thought it was Maciek, his brother, that's right; she, long ago, had sex with Maciek and it made her in this worst day of her life, in the very worst moment, walking behind Taddy, driving upon the katafalkxxx, push into Maciek's-Damian's side, to share at least the surface millimeter of her great pain, filling up her heart to the very end, her body, to the very end, the very end. Destroying her, tormenting her, devastating her. Horny's heart was black, bleak, dying, surviving, dying, she thought Adalbert was a boy from the flower shop, he was very tiny, very slim, and very young boy. She had sex with Adalbert after the funeral, by that time she knew, he was the son of Taddy's youngest brother.

"When we kneeled at the side of Taddy's grave, besides another grave being dug, the Honor company gave the hail shooting and drunk grave diggers who got scared, had sward and jumped up, with the gear in the hands, and it all became so tragicomically. I had difficult to keep away from the laugh, you must remember that?" He must have been fully bombed. To say that to her now even though after all this years. Horny did not, Horny threw herself to the ground with the salve as she was shot, it consoled her - the earth, the earth she belong too and longed for, she weep, against caressing her earth, she loved that man. Her love to her father was an uncontrolled adventure, Horny could not part with. She would do anything. She did anything. She does anything. Anything.

"My father was like a guru to Taddy" Damian said, Horny knew about that.

"That tree, my father looked at, when he was dying, laying in my mother's arms, he looked at that tree. They got married at the death bed, it was astounding beautiful, and he looked at that tree"

Damian pointed at the deeply green big tree in the yard, Horny slid her eyes upon, Dobieslaw died in lung cancer, he was a bit over fifty.

"My father was with yours when he died" Horny said, "My mother told me"

"Yes" said Damian, the dinner was over, and The Fifth were going home, wherever it was. It was Damian, who called them like that, The Fifth, planing the number of the table cover's at the previous day.

"We won't become more till tomorrow, Hardy won't come until tomorrow, I wish you could meet him, ass well" The previous day The Fifth were at Zygmunt's dining and at Wanda's name day ass well. Everyone asked about Hardy ass well.

"I'm happy that Zygmunt is seeing you, he used to compare you with the devil, before" Damian said.

"He is lovely, I'm happy too and we talk about the weather" Family was suddenly of the greatest importance to the Horny girl. Ass well.

"An old age is sad" said Hanka, Zygmunt's wife, who was the biggest prove, herself, to how wrong she was. Hanka was singing, all the time, joking all the time, moving all the time, she fell like a teenager and got up like a teenager and run like a teenager, smiled like a teenager, of course she had some wrinkles, but who cared for that? Zygmunt called her A Little Kitten, after almost fifty years of the marriage, or was it more?

"If one implies a Buddhists' point of view, an old age is as good as any other age, the life is good to us at all terms" Horny was philosophical with her aunt.

"I haven't seen Zygmunt since years" Damian said.

"The last time, when we had been friends, before he has taken a step aside from us, we were having a party at Taddy's house, in the Old Town, the building had been under renovation and we, together with Skokowski and my brother were driving Hanka in the working cart on the construction on the first floor outside of Taddy's window. Zygmunt was angry at us not because he was afraid about her life, but because he saw, we disrespected him, when we plaid with his wife, he is full of prodigy"

Hanka was tiny and must fit into the vehicle well.

"I like Hardy" Hanka said "He seem very simpatico"

"Yeah, he is" Horny said. "But he is a bit too much concern about himself, you know, as the young male writer can be"

"Do you mean, he is megalomaniac?" Hanka asked Horny and Hanka were dishing after the dinner, Horny was wearing Hanka's colorful dishing apron attempting to help, Hanka had an experience of the full time life, with a great male writer.

"Yeah, just a tiny bit, but I love him, anyway and he always might get better"

Horny did not write many letters to Hardy in this period, she was strange sometimes, she should have been perhaps writing, now, Horny only followed her wind, and her wind was lonesome and cold, and why? She packed photos of all of them, also old

prints on H&H into an envelope, addressed to him, forgot to post. She was also slow with her letter to Lucr and Viv and Cardy. Horny was slow, hitting her presence containing the past. The blood heritage.

At Wanda's party, Wanda's name day, a day before Damian's dinner, Horny was brilliant and happy, surrounded with all the old ladies, the younger ladies and the very young ones, they were plenty of women in that family, the only men were, Fran and Jasha. Everyone thought Jasha was much younger than he was, people on the street usually thought he was a girl, Lucr laughed. And of course Fran's girl-look was constant.

"I was in Lodz reading from my book in Polish. I lied to Wanda, because I was afraid to hurt her, scare her, but everyone liked what I read. It made me really glad to catch an attention and understanding" Horny already discussed with Maryjka eventual values of her books, eventual plus and minus. It's eventual pornography and what it contained, Horny's stand point, and her worlds stand point. The Christian's heritage was most important - according to Maryjka, and that's why Poles could not take it. Horny could not deny but she also could not give up, there was hardly an alternative. Maryjka was Wanda's pal and Viv's pal, she was the same hunched back woman who, was the first one to notice Horny's book at the bookstore in Warsaw and brought the news fast. Horny always loved Maryjka, who often looked after her when she was a child. Maryjka kissed Horny on her lips twice, Maryjka had pale pink soft, nice to kiss lips, was looking really young on her face. Maryjka was Jewish, and one of these people, whom Horny's grand father Jan saved, hiding in his house, during the Second World War. Horny promised to visit her, she still lived in the same place where Horny used to visit as a child. Horny remembered the gate and the dark staircase in the huge house. Maryjka was already excited about the visit. Horny was too. The blood.

Horny gassed the apartment, she was making a tea and the cooking water blew off the gas, Horny was opening all the windows, saw a man walking on the street, saw Janek walking on the street, he was on his way to the night chemistry store for the pain killers, she asked him to buy her an aspirin, she went down to meet him, they took a walk, they talked, after at least 20 minutes of the conversation about everything, from the silver spoon to Wanda and from Viv to Horny's movies being possibly a porn stuff, Horny said "From September, Hardy and me shall be in New York, Hardy is attending a school, there"

In this very magic and magnify moment everything fall into a right place. Horny had, a dark night peaceful sky over her head, she was calm, she was perfect, the air surrounding her was perfect, there was absolutely nothing missing, nothing in doubt, nothing in pain, nothing in need, nothing, nothing, nothing. H&H were going to NYC and the life was perfect. Horny loved the world; it was the moonless night. June.

Janek was going to NY too, he got four-month scholar ship, he is a conservator. Janek was one of these invisible gentle charming and great beings, he loved H&H, and he understood both of them perfectly well.

"Hardy was with his mum, her last two months, but as the doctors miscalculated, he spent with me two weeks of this time" Horny said, walking besides him.

"Oh my, oh my" Janek was really sad for H&H.

"He is missing her" Janek disappeared into the dark.

Horny kissed Michael and then Richard and again Michael in the same bar. Of course in the dream. Richard was dressed in a black plastic sparkling coat and unusually pretty, not just handsome. Michael was simply the best, and as with Richard it was an affair and the temptation, with Michael, was the love, the love. There was something annoying her but also something absolutely refreshing in her dreams her dreams. The song. The refrain. The song. Horny was becoming a troubadour. Where was her guitar? Hardy was definitely not with, in her dreams.

"Are you sick?"

"No"

"Under medical treatment?"

"No"

"Have you been hospitalized during last ten years?"

"No"

"Do you smoke cigarettes?"

"Not really"

"Do you drink alcohol?"

"Not really"

"Do you train some risky sport?"

"No"

"Did you go up more then ten kilograms, during last two years?"

"Not even a kilogram during last twenty"

Horny could not resist the insurance chick, anyway paid Horny compliments about her figure but now looked one more time as she saw a miracle. Horny was fixing her first ever, life insurance and the pension money. She did not plan that, but the chick on the street promotion got hold of her and she did not say "no" as she gave her the telephone number.

"I thought you were much younger, I met you for the first time with lots of kids and I was sure they were your kids"

"They are my grand kids"

They were meeting at the Literacka cafe, the cafe in the Writers House, where she used to dine everyday with Taddy and his wife when she was a school kid, Horny had a next appointment soon, upstairs at the Library, with the chap willing to publish Taddy.

"Do you write books for children, you hang out with them, so much?"

"No, I definitely don't" answered Horny.

"I'm meeting this insurance chick, I have no one else to go to the cafe with"

This was what Horny said to Lucr leaving the house. Beata, the insurance chick was curious about a lots of more private things she did not fill into the forms, Horny, experienced in answering questions, answered willingly, she stressed Beata to complete everything at once, Beata's routines were a bit slower but she did the job.

"Is that your boy friend? Is he Swedish? He's good looking" Beata was pointing with her long carmine nail, at the three small pictures stuck behind Viv's credit card.

"Tina also has a younger man, it gives her energy, she says, she only wears very short skirts like you, she has the best legs in the world, I have been to Tina's concert two years ago, she was great. Now, I'll be going to see the Rolling Stones" Beata was a perfect insurance chick, ageless, with a short, boy hair do, a Chanel looking dark blue fit, transparent stockings, pumps with a heel not expending three and a half centimeter, not wearing a perfume and holding into a black business's case.

Cracov's show was decided for the next Tuesday, the calendar seems to be running too fast in any case. So, they completed it all, fast, sharing the profit of her death between Lucr & Lucr, fifty fifty. OK. The mom.

"If you won't publish Taddy within the next eight months, I'll do it myself"

Horny had a severe pain in her shoulders. Nawrocki gave her a massage.

"The best for it, is a man's arms"

"Yeah, probably it is" Horny did not feel like bringing more verbal details of her private life.

" ... Coming tomorrow"

Yes, it was definitely Hardy's voice, she at first did not recognize, pulled up from the dream area. Hardy was coming tomorrow. Horny woke up when the phone rung. It was nine in the morning. The previous day they, all, have been to the cemetery, the commentary visiting Taddy and afterwards dinning at Bebe, Horny fall asleep at Bebe's bed.

"We are going to Germany" Nasty's voice was unsure, she has never said that before, but her eyes were shining strong, the map was expanding. Hardy was going to arrive the following day together with Cardy and her little son. Cardy's plan, was that Nasty was going to pay him a company but Nasty was already too quick, she was almost packed. Her handbag was, a yellow straw basket with a red flower, inside, the same yellow Horny's sunshades, a small doll, a part of the watch clip which Lucrezius found on the Warsaw's square three years ago and an extra pacifier. And a small cut out doll figure of her tempting granny. Nasty was the girl of the routines, she loved just these things, and she did not need anything new. The previous day she was a grave jumping in her red lack shoes first and then bare feet, it was safer, Horny would not want her to slide. The day was hot. They burnt torches, brought flowers and took photographs at Taddy's grave's yellow sand sad stone, it was good to sit there, Jasha agreed. He started to feel really comfortable in Poland, 'specially in a beautiful apartment - as he said, which now belonged to Horny and Lucr, and children, Nast and Fran, controlled it; anyway Jasha had to leave - his dad called, and

Lucr unable to separate with him, decided to follow to Germany, taking the kids with. Lucr's & Horny's holidays were over. The new set of pals was coming the following day, Hardy, Cardy and Cardy's son.

Horny walked in the fog, it was the thickest fog she has seen, Horny loved the fog, she loved this particular fog, she got a sudden impulse, after a hearing a catchy Tango song on the TV, to see off the family at the Central Station, she threw herself into a taxi, & she could carry Nasty in her arms, one more time, pressing her lips against child's soft warm chick, she said good bye, kissed all of them one more time making a red print on each chick, her lipstick was fresh, she seen them to the train, waved off Nasty, holed to the window by a stranger, and Lucr. Horny fell in love to this little tiny "t h i n g", the Nasty Girl and now she was walking home all the way, dreaming into the fog. Hardy was coming the following day. Nasty was going into the same direction where Hardy was coming from, to and from Berlin, sometimes the geography can be really precise. Nasty was going away. Hard was coming, The Sopot's show was moved from Friday to Saturday, Cracov's from Tuesday to Wednesday, OK. Hardy was coming the following day, taking her hopefully back into the life she thought she has lost. The sensual love of the presence, with a man, was he? Who could know that in advance. Horny was getting tensed, inside, on the outside, she walked in a thick fog of Warsaw by night. Nasty and Horny were perfect pals, in the conversation all the time. The dialog. The love. Hardy was coming the following morning. Horny was going to pick them at the Central Station. She was ready, she only needed a night sleep; Hardy was coming. Nasty left. Hardy was coming. The fog was so thick and spectacular, that a shadowed silhouette of the Zygmunt on the pillar, printed along the sky over Zamkowy Square mirrored in purple blue clouds. Horny stood with her head up, stared into visual phenomena. Horny set one hour in the bar outside in the Old Square, dimmed into a fog, sipping on a cold beer. The night, the fog was hot, almost steaming. Hardy was on his way. The Night fog, the night was the fog, was the Hardy, was the Horny, was tomorrow; was now, & impossible, far too thick & too material to look through.

"You stink" Hardy lay in the shop window, outside of the club. His eyes were closed. Horny talked police out of collecting him. He was drunk, angry, and unhappy. He hated Horny. & he hated her smell. The smell.

"You are fucked up. You are showing this fucking old boring movies. You are stupid. You are not even getting paid" The gig in his opinion, sucked. Horny was happy, pleased, satisfied; it worked OK. All right. The technical quality of the picture and the microphone, she used for the reading, was bad, still it was all, really OK. People were excited. Some because of Henry Rollins, appearing, some because of Nick Cave, some of her cunt, some of her dead and great father.

"Your father is turning in the grave" The chap was her age, black beard, equipped in media equipment, professional arm bag, looked into her eyes.

"I think he would rather like it" Horny said. Cracov was hot, Summery, old town full of tourists. The show was OK. Lucas, the arranger was explicit, Hardy was the trouble. Their love died within 24 hours. H&H's love died. Now, they were on 48th hour's extension.

Horny was excited, she picked Hardy, Cardy and her son at the train station. Hardy had a beard again. The black beard to his blond hair. It was both, a surprise and not. He was in mourning. Horny fixed her looks and looked like a little doll, Cardy liked it. Hardy was tired, had a hang over, he smelled ill. They all had an expensive dinner, outside in the old town. Hardy went home to sleep, she and Cardy went down town.

"Why did you do that to me?" Horny was shocked, she was talking to a teenage foreign kid who was caught robbing her; unzipping her small black & white purse, on a metal chain, swinging from her shoulder to her hip, twice - picking up the cash. She got the money back, the guard did a good job. She bought a beer for him and a cashier. She did not kiss Hardy she was pretty. At night he bewitched her a bit, sexing her, and in the morning's sex pass, bewitched her for good. At evening, bewitchment broke. The first night his saliva was too thick too sticky to enjoy the kiss. Her cunt was too closed. An orgasm was too pushed. The morning was as perfect, as it could have been, Horny enjoyed sex, enjoyed herself, enjoyed him, they were on her thin mattress in the living room throwing themselves virile against each other with Horny on the top.

"I forgot the life could have been like that" Horny said to Hanka, Zygmunt's wife. Horny and Hanka were finishing the arranging of the family heritage, this time it supposes to work.

"After the bus accident, Zygmunt had sixteen stitches in his face, nine around his lips. They phoned me from the hospital after they operated him, I slept, I thought he was home, sleeping as well, They thought I was nuts, I told them, why do you bother me? My husband is asleep in his room. I felt pretty crazy, jumped into the car and drove to the hospital. Zygmunt woke up, a police stole his money, I took his clothes home, it was all wet, someone pushed him under the bus, it was not really an accident, I'm sure. Last Sunday we have been to a party at Greek Ambassador, it was outside under umbrellas and a rain cloud fall over us, still the party was good and the food was good. Greek Ambassador is very fond of Zygmunt, and we were all dancing"

Yes, blood, blood, blood.

"You are fucked up" said Horny leaving Hardy, she went to some bar, something went obviously wrong, the chap did not carry on her dream, their first tet a tet, was nothing to him. He preferred to play chess with the other chap

"What was it all about?" Horny, on her own, drunk a couple of beers, it was a good-bye for Maria, she died in cancer in the second part of May, the same woman who told Horny to read *The Breakfast at Tiffanies*; she said it was about Horny herself and she must read it, Horny still did not come across the book. Horny came back

home late. Hardy & Cardy were watching TV. Still the football WM. The following day, she was still hurt, baby sitting her weird feeling the whole way on the train, perfectly isolated. She did not want sex the last night, she said something really stupid. She was really stupid. She slept half of the night on the couch, which seemed very soft, perhaps Horny was fed up with sleeping on the floor. Or next to her Warrant Knight the ground was always too hard, too tough for her limbs. She came back to his bed, the pallet, still wasting her chance and so on... H&H wasted many chances. How many more chances, were left?

"You are so beautiful, go to Paris and enjoy yourself" Hardy said to a regular, short young chick, there always was a regular chick, wearing shades, to compliment. Hardy knew how to hurt his girl, Horny. He did not talk to her, did not look at her, and did not buy her a drink.

"How could you leave me, drunk in the park, Bitch!" Was the only elementary question Hardy put, after finding, the company celebrating Horny in the bar. In fact, she did it. After a half an hour argument, him - laying down on the street, trying to avatar his luck, to arouse a real fight with the gutter folks, Hardy at last got up, went over to the park, laid down under the bush. Horny just gave up, on him, went to the bars with new pals, to celebrate her gig, her first ever Cracov's gig.

"Buy me some juice" said Horny across the table, she was too drunk too continue drinking the beer, the following day they were leaving for Lodz.

"No" said Hardy. Hardy would have say, "no", to everything she would have asked for. This was H&H game on the fourth day, on the fifth day his money were finished. The God created the world in six days. They were close to it, the timing, they created hate and pain. Horny was bitter. Hardy was bitter. But he promised, never again, he was going to treat her bad, make a scene, and make a mess, especially on the occasion of the show.

"I'm going home" Hardy said his first sentence since half an hour. Horny was celebrating herself with a gang of the young girls, her new fans. Sopot's show was excellent. But now she invited Hardy out to another bar, they were alone. Hardy poured a pint of the beer over her head, quite slow and deliberately to the very end spoiling her self hardly worked through hair-do, and left, leaving Horny at the table. The group at the table behind her, laughed joyfully at the scene, inviting her, Horny was too bitter and too drunk and too wet to accept; she went back to the previous bar, The Actor's Club. Horny danced with Rene, he was still wearing a white fur coat belonging to his girl friend. He was small and pretty and plaid her up; had a perfect young Travolta's look and steps and rhythm and hips and lips. They already danced on the table as everyone else, in Hardy's presence, now she danced in his arms, very close and he was trying to kiss her, he was trying to get her respond. They were the last pare at the dancing floor. She, feeling her underwear wet, made a decision, she took a taxi home, to Hardy. Her Hardy. Hardy slept and she crawled into his bed. This was Sopot. Sopot's gig was wired. The house was very cold, the weather was cold. The chick running the event was nuts. Arek was still walking on the crouches and could not help with anything, there was a lot of stuff to be moved from place to

place, it became Hardy's job. Lots of TV monitors, lots of monitors, lots of video players, lots of everything. The house was huge, 2 floors house. On the first night Hardy was fucking Horny at the attic, so fucking cold - the attic, fucking so fucking hard - Hardy, & Horny was so fucking desperate, so fucking desperate. Horny felt his hip bones on her hipbones, she felt her hip bones, she felt every single fucking bone she had, with pain. Pain seemed to take a complete possession of her, Hardy came. There were rats and Hardy pissed to the bottle, he was afraid to go downstairs in dark. Horny had no problem with it, she had no problem with darkness, her feet were electrified when she run down in dark, the steps of the stairs were where they supposed to be!

"Get up!" was Malvina's order 8 AM, she was sweeping the floor. The show was OK. Before the show, Hardy fucked Horny standing on the wild spread legs, his thick white sperm landed on the floor.

"What an abominable" Horny was disgusted. The sea was steel gray. H&H could not find a single uninfected object to converse, they were on the seventh day, and they did not have any money. Horny borrowed some cash here and there, after eating and drinking in three days, it was enough to buy one train ticket for Hardy, the other one she credited in her name, and the penalty fee made the price double. On the way home, Hardy chosen a perfect sit, he spent three and a half hour in front of the young chick with a princess's long black hair, twisting herself from side to side between his wild spread legs, his shoes stunk heavily, at the last ten minutes of the trip, Horny made a scene. The jealousy. The jelly. The famous jelly. Horny had a really slow start and Hardy was pissed angry at her, she continued the scene at the bus, she set with the legs spread, brought her skirt to a maximally minimal length, showed her underwear to everyone, it worked, they looked. H&H, thought the scene was groovy. There were many nice boys who offered help with the luggage. The other couple in the train coupe` instantly kissed they talked about a desert of strawberries with a whipped cream - literally and dearly with faces in a centimeter distance from each other, longing to return home, do a big bung. H&H had nothing like that. On the Sopot's departure, a small aging pick pocket thief, was on Hardy, he turned around bumping against Hardy as he was insane or something, he had his hand in Hardy's front pocket searching a totally empty wallet, Hardy told this to Horny with a minimal delay.

"Your daring has nothing to do with the reality. Why did you stick your hand into my broken husband's pocket? He is broke" she asked the chap, the chap had a broken boxer's nose, pressed in, tired gray pale dog face, short hair, pale blue empty drunken eyes, asking "How dare you even suggest that?"

On the way between the gallery and the beach, was a slice of a garden. On the path through a small green and constantly wet garden bush laid racked, cut black suitcase and lady's clothes spread around in the dirt, the dame was robbed. Horny took for herself a blue round cute bra, shook the tiny white worm off. The weather was far too cold to bath and there was no sun. At the return home Hardy gave Horny a massage, the massage, started with her back, as the wings softly touching her, Hardy was a miracle, he moved to her butt, made it quite horny, Hardy was a miracle, touched

her vagina from behind making the miracle done, they had sex on the couch, Horny laid on Hardy, with her legs between his, she was a siren and her head was twisted back like a bow, Christ, this was worth doing it. All the trouble died H&H united in love once again.

"Where from comes all this hate into my heart?" Horny questioned herself waking up at night at his side, she remembered the second night after he came, he did not recognize her, he woke up and looked terrified around and at her and she was repeating "Hardy, it is me, Hardy, it is me, your Horny" Now they were on the second week of the creating the Universe once more, lots of sex, a good sex and some minor quarrels, they could quarrel about everything, H&H constantly hurt and fucked. It was their solitude. Horny's night mares about sex with the other men stopped, she definitely had her hardy Hardy back on her side, his hard on was enough. Was constant. Horny was dreaming about Nasty, Nasty was a princess with very black eyes. Viviane called, Viviane did not know where Horny was, she was just choosing the numbers, at random, any numbers, without recognition of the place. Viv heard bells in her head and made a visit to a dentist and the ear-larynx-doctor trying to find out the bellying defect. The summer drenched in rain.

"How much more pain is there to share, before the love returns, settles down for good, and where?" Horny questioned herself, in the moments she forgot to strongly guard herself.

"How can you represent the man's world on his conditions, showing of like a slave?" Hania was doing an interview with Horny for the TV, Horny was drunk, she had lots of pink wine drinks and also ate the fruits from the punch ball.

"A slave? You must be joking. Enjoying sex is not being a slave in the man's world, I don't understand what you talk about? Perhaps, you are tending on the blowjob? There are several sexual sensual tender positions and I can do, them, all" Horny was wearing a white short dress with long sleeves, and two silver sleeveless tops, Horny was damn pretty, she was wearing blue fluorescent eye-shades, she possessed applauding her audience, few girls and one chap.

"Why is sex so important to you?"

"Right now, sex is not important to me, other wise sex, is nothing, when I show, describe sex, I mean love, the love is the most important to all of us, every single one"

"But you are using a pornography"

"Yes, perhaps I'm doing it, but I'm using much more then that, I'm using the whole world around me, I'm using it, loving it" Horny was spectacular and the audience laughed.

"But you are a woman"

"No, I'm not particularly a woman, I'm in a woman's skin, but I'm a human being, exclusively, I observe the world and that's the way I observe it&myself"

The audience clapped hands, the girls giggled, Horny could not see anything as she had a strong lamp lit straight into her face. The audience was bursting like a sea, humming like a cat, Horny was making, doing the success.

"But you change partners"

"No, not really. I don't change them like a pair of gloves, I actually had only three men, the first one, in six years, the second one in twelve and the third, in six. That's a long time running you must agree"

"Are you happy?"

"No, I'm not"

"So, what's wrong? What's wrong with the men?"

"There is nothing wrong with the men, the humane being is not a perfect creature, this is our solitude. This is it"

Between, Cracov and Sopot, H&H & Cardy, passed Lodz, Anna was entertaining, they discussed Hardy's tattoo.

"It means love in Chinese, he made it for another girl, before we met. I never met anyone to do a tattoo for, yet" Horny said, looking hard, it meant to hurt Hardy and it did, Horny was a clever girl, she on her side was hurt - Hardy did not make a tattoo for her. Sometimes he was planning a new tattoo to decorate himself. The games went on proceeding the way, called pain. A human being is not a perfect creature, indeed. When they were going to unite in love, again? The creatures...

Horny no longer liked supporting him, financially, she had no choice, she had to do it, every time, Hardy noticed it, he remembered his 5 bucks; they both felt used and disrespected.

"I have spent my last 5 bucks, on you bitch! When are you paying back?"

On the Sopot's gig, Horny drunk ten pink drinks and ten beers. The pink drinks were made of the cheapest fruit wine and cheap sherry they indeed, did. Horny had a terrific hangover, Hardy did not, he was smart enough not to drink the stuff but also decided not to do another smashing flop. The present trouble was the Turkish man, Osman, Horny was going to rent apartment to, H&H were constantly arguing, Hardy was sure, Osman was going to cheat her, she somehow thought the same, but she needed the money. She needed the money to pay the bills and leave; she needed a lot of money to do that, over 1000 bucks. She needed money to buy all for H&H, all for his photographic everyday job, she wanted to buy Nasty a pretty ethnic dress, she needed the money to get to New York. She possibly needed new shoes. New shoes and a new hair-do. For Viv she was going to buy the wireless earphones, so Viv could be able to watch TV without making her neighbors nuts, there was a risk, the ear phones looked suspect, resembled a black metallic dangerous phallus. There was a risk, Viv was going to fear, they were able to read her thoughts, through the space. Where they? It was rather clear.

"It is as sticky as a glue, it doesn't wash off" Horny pointed.

"Of course, the sperm is water prove"

Hardy was logic as always, she at last gave him a blow job he has been dreaming about, they spent together exactly two weeks, however Horny though, it was only one week, she had a problem to count, the passing time. They fired out that many

quarrels, arguments, fights, she has been so fucking hurt and Hardy crushed the phone against her head, she billed him for it - for the telephone.

"I don't believe, you have been spending all this time with an old geezer" he shouted, pulling out the phone from her hand, she was constantly conversing and he was really annoyed, he did not understand Polish, he crushed it on her head, Horny escaped the house, Hardy was too drunk to resonate, Horny spent all this time at an old geezer.

"You were the first child, I have been looking after, Horny" The old geezer had tears in her huge eyes, Horny had it too

"You were a lovely baby, you were very sweet, you were no trouble at all. I would love to read your book, Horny"

"I don't think you are going to like it, the language I'm using, the areas I'm describing"

"You underestimate me, Horny" Horny and Maryjka had a lovely dinner, at Maryjka's house, Hardy was invited, but did not want to go. Hardy was drinking with an old bum, to start with.

"I was with Viv, when she came down with a mental decease strongly, for the first time, she fell in love to her professor, Daszewski and she was hiding in my house, she left you and Taddy, Taddy was calling, but she forced me to lie, she was standing over my head, here" Maryjka pointed to the corner of the room. It was the same day, when Horny and Taddy watched Viviane leave with her suitcase, they watched her from the kitchen window, at home.

"I'm leaving for my dad's house" Viviane said.

"Then, she was picking up the phone calls from the professor all the time, the phone did not ring, but she talked to him. She told me many stories, we were friends. She started to avoid me, when your grand father was in the hospital next to my house, she was afraid I was going to poison him, Horny it is a very tragic decease, your grand father saved my life, I spent the whole war in his house, Horny I would have love to visit him, but I did not dare, for your mom, she was important for me, she was my best friend" Maryjka was telling. Jan died at the hospital at night, Horny was ten years old. Vivine was pretty, looked very young moved fast, was thin and quick like a sparrow, Viv was a jumping pretty slim strong goat, often walking nude around the house, fitted into her bone white smooth English skin. This first morning of her father's death helplessly crying in the shower, weeping, sitting in the bathtub, with a stream of a hot water, painting her back red or at least intense pink. Horny watching her through an open door, not caressing her, not crying herself, Horny harden up; Horny totally hard. Did not really love her mom. Was she too bad? Was Horny too bad or was Viv's sickens too wired?

"I loved you mother very much, Horny" Horny remembered all this, she loved Maryjka, and she remembered her home, Maryjka showed Horny a poem, Taddy had written inside her wardrobe, it was pretty pornographic, Horny was laughing. Maryjka tried Horny's trapeze shoes and walked around, Maryjka was very short and crippled, and she looked good in the plato-shoes, much taller.

"You should have a par like this, you look good" Horny said.

"They are really comfortable, but I would not stand people looking at me, even more"

Maryjka was hunchbacked.

"Viviane spread the sand all over your home, she was afraid someone was going to steal her graduation work. She was really ill, you must have had a hell life, kid" Horny remembered all that, the sand strewn in the corridor to detect eventual steps, she remembered all over tricks, Viv was really smart; now, she Horny was extremely tensed, although she tried to hide it, they were eating ice cream and Horny was eating cherries & Horny really loved cherries.

"Somehow yes, I was drinking really much since I was thirteen, & it was not for to have fun, I was climbing out through the windows or I was crying, weeping spasmodic, I was crashing out, talking about my mom constantly, my friends were really tired of me. But my life was fine, was great, I may be did not get this certain thing, the child gets, but I got something else, Viviane was a great pal, sometimes, was an intelligent tolerant woman, a philosopher and I loved my father very much, I loved his poetry, I loved the poetry. I never understood, my mother was ill, but I find really hard to talk about it"

Horny stopped eating cherries. Horny never understood why she could not love Viv, why Viv filled her with instant repulsion instead to love and she blame herself hard. Hard. Horny wanted to die. Horny wanted to die very much, but she was too afraid. This fear was filling her with repulsion to herself, Horny had to have the courage. The courage was her first call. Horny the child, was the man!

"You must have understood you were big"

"No, I did not. It is the same as with incest, the child is the last one to notice the abuse. I knew something was wrong. Something was terribly wrong and unfair. I was glad, she forbid me to eat at people, I hated to eat"

Hardy was upset, Horny left him alone the whole afternoon and the evening through, and he was going to beat a shit out of her, if he got a chance. Hardy got no chance, Horny came back home in the morning when all the colors have changed. Hardy apologized, Horny bought a new cerise phone with buttons, they spent the day together, they spent many days together, all the other nights together, some of the nights Horny was hurt.

"The mother of my son, phoned me and the other people in the house, much more then you did, she proved a support, you could not afford, to give, how could you be so selfish, at such a time, when my mum died?" That Hardy did not have to say in such a form, there were many burning points in Hardy-boy, there were many burning points in Horny-girl, so she would go to sleep in the sleeping bag on the couch, in the living room, after cleaning the whole apartment in madness, Hardy would carry her to bed by the morning gray hour, kissing her.

"My princess, my treasure, my flower, my snow flake, my girl" Hardy was at last speaking and they had a great sex. Once she was jelly, he looked at the pretty woman on the street, too obvious, at a really wrong - according to Horny, second. One night she was in love to him without getting into the trouble, then she threw herself pretty & nude into his arms, they were beautiful lovers, they were good lovers, tasted many

lovely positions, tasted sex countless amount of times, Horny flew the bed, Horny flew Hardy, Hardy flew Horny, H&H flew and still do. Horny never felt so much rapid pain in such a short time for almost no reason, she could not help it, nor could she? Hardy was explaining it to her, how to avoid getting hurt, she did not understand anything, she was repeating "Why, did you lay down on the street in Cracov, why did you spill beer on me in Sopot, why did you crash a telephone against my temple, I can't open my mouth without a pain, it fucking hurts and why don't you kiss me in the street?"

Horny was full of question marks. Horny refused to grow up on her own.

"I'm so rootless" said Hardy "If you flew me to China, I would just root there"

"I know that, everybody knows that, about you"

Horny knew.

"I want to root in New York"

The Lion King set on her, his chest was nude, pumped out, his dick was huge, pumped up, bowed over her, too big to be completely straight, too heavy, in a nice color of a pale tasty meat, purple at the opening, warm, Horny laid flat underneath, Hardy's hungry palms were on her breasts, Hardy's beard was curly and black, and his fluffy blond hair stood up and out of his head, Hardy was Horny's Lion King. H&H drowned in a sex act. Horny was laughing. Horny could not avoid laughing every time, she opened her eyes. Hardy chewed eagerly, he stopped smoking again. Every time they had sex, he chewed a Nicoret. Late afternoon Horny called Lucrezcius, he was feeling ill after too many beers. He has become a dishwasher in a restaurant. Horny loved him very much and they settled the date. Viviane called, sounded excited.

"May be you should not be coming, home to Sweden, may be you should go to Nero, to Copenhagen first"

Horny understood, Viv felt, there was a danger hanging upon her child.

"Don't worry, I'm coming home next week"

Horny had many homes and Horny had many lives.

"I'm very happy. I'm making lots of money, did two movies in Hollywood, one here, next year, it shall be two here and one in Hollywood. You look very good, Horny, perfectly worked out into every detail" Horny saw Glowacki on the street and called after him, they met almost exactly in the same place as the year earlier, Warsaw's geography was timed. But Glowacki was going into an opposite direction then the last time and did not have as much sun tan as the last time. Horny was wearing trapeze shoes, black net stockings, short black skirt with a zip and a long plastic fluorescent pink sleeveless blouse with a zip, her watch was fluorescent pink and her sun shades fluorescent blue. When she passed a side of a demonstration for the gays and lesbians on Zamkowy, the cameras went hot on her, she was a colorful weekend spot. H&H hold hands and steamed love and sex. Horny told Glowacki about her Polish appearances and plans.

"I at last found someone in Cracov who is interested to publish my books, I must do a translation myself, otherwise I would never been satisfied, my English' gramma is

bad, my Polish is all right. Here in Warsaw I tested few publishers without success, they all told me about the pope.

"It is difficult with a translation, you should show it to some young sharp writer to read it through"

"Like you" Horny complimented him.

"I'm only half young"

"I don't know any one, here, except my uncle, Zygmunt"

"It would not work with Zygmunt" Glowacki smiled, continuing "I met him last week, we both joined a Fame Festival at the ocean, he is a charming man, indeed"

"Yes, he is and we are friends again"

They, three kept on walking along Krakowskie Przedmiescie street towards the Art Academy building.

"We are going to New York in a month, Hardy is entering a school"

"And you?" Janusz smiled at her.

"I?" Horny repeated the question "I'm going to hang around"

Horny returned the smile.

"You manage that, perfectly" he said.

"So, see you there"

Janusz walked away with a soft print of her kiss on his face, below his lips, H&H disappeared, holding hands into Warsaw's sunny solitude and merry weekend crowd. July. H&H, a sixth year's Anniversary day. So long, the Victory. Hail! They met many drunkards and some Gypsy beggars and one old beggar on Nowy Swiat, who was wired into the strips of clothes, packed into a huge coat tide with rope, her feet were in five kilograms of cloth each and she repeated with a stretched palm, not rising her head "Please, please, please" In a thinnest, most tearing voice anyone ever heard. Horny woke up happy, at last all the trouble was gone, everything was perfectly in order, her love to Hardy settled down for good and flowered, Hardy was mingling on her back and she was still sleepy.

"Why is the bitch, so happy?"

Hardy was pissed angry at everything, mostly at the new day, he did not feel the progress, he was circling round and his anger was destroying him, Viv called again.

"Please, don't come here, go to Neron first, please, sit down and think, do at last a consideration to what I have already said, so many times, and fear to repeat, but I'm forced to, you are at danger" Four blind young men made a remarkable quartet, their songs were raspy, merry, caring and careless in the same time; the life was fun. The Old Town Square was bath in sun and covered with Sunday strollers. Hail for the Sunday's life! Horny circled on an inline. She was becoming better. Hardy went home without a word, he was too tensed and too angry to respond or to ignore the crowd. Wanda called.

"You do all, what's meaningless and don't do the important. Oh, Horny, Horny, my child... You'll never learn"

"You were a woman of my life. You are the woman of my life. I will always see you on that street walking with a baby wagon" Kitten said, Kitten was successful finan-

cially, had three apartments, Computer graphic's business, a new sailing boat and a new Russian girl whom he phoned, he wanted her to meet Horny. The first week, Horny arrived in Warsaw with Lucr, and Kitten saw the lights in her windows.

"I love you, come with me for the supper" he shouted from the street and returned late at night ringing all the bells to all Horny's neighbors. Too drunk to press single button. It was quite a scandal, in the staircase. Horny did not feel like to open the door. H&H were drinking with him in the bar since a while now, all of them were drunk. H&H had tremendous sex before they left the house.

"I want you in my ass, please" Horny's voice was raspy begging, they had already plaid each other up. In the previous act he made her completely frenzy sticking his finger deep into her anus, he raped her off her distant distinct pride, Horny was endlessly his, came flashing, both came flashing. Now, Hardy stuck it into her butt, it was painful and they gave up, Hardy took her from the back, chopping, chopping, sliding, pounding her precious virgin like cunt; it was all great but Horny did not come, Hardy walked above the place, the home, Horny fried laid on her back, still upon the oiled sheets, she had to deep her finger inside her cunt, it was sliced apart, hard, living, deep, slippery, cave like, tunnel like, she continued.

"Hey, hey, what are you up to?" Hardy asked still walking above the home, Horny continued an act of the masturbation.

"I'm going to buy the piercing ring, today, we've got to do it, today, I'm going to film it, what Hardy can do, to me, for me, this time for real, my Hardy, my, my, my, my" Horny was alone in the room, with her eyes closed, slid completely inside herself, came with a great flush, a full hand! The bluff! The plan staid in the dream area, H&H quarreled one more time, this time Hardy would not wait for her inside the house. The blue.

"I can't let you stick your penis into my butt and then just leave me there, because I might been too slow, to get out of the house" Horny found Hardy drinking beer at the barbican, she was very pretty on the outside but so ugly inside that the couple on the next bench left H&H alone, only an old woman collecting beer bottles came by several times, but this was her job. Three Gypsy kids rushed away with a great fear at the sight of young and drunk skinheads. The boy selling crosswords booklets for the orphanage lost his fabulous smile for good, his front teeth got visibly ill, he must been, now about fifteen. Horny cried and immediately planed to fix him a dentist wanted to walk back.

"You can't jump always into peoples lives, harshly, like that" Hardy was annoyed with her one more time and did not let her off his side, but this was in the afternoon. Now, Little John bought H&H a beer.

"I'm Little John, I have known you, since you moved here, you must been about ten, you were that small" Little John stretched his hand a bit over the table, Horny laughed. "I knew your father, Taddy was lovely, he came, by Samson restaurant every day, set always, alone at the window. I had a great respect to your father, that's why I'm buying you this beer, I'm a faggot, the gay and a Jew, as well" Ass well ass soon ass possible, Little John laughed, Little John was really extremely short and extremely gay and got a real speaking flow and a funny laugh. "I was, in Kameralna

bar, when Taddy went down with his first heart attack, he must have been about forty-five years old" The version Horny was told, was her fault, Taddy got his first heart attack after her Russian teacher phoned him and said Horny was a bad daddy's girl. But there was always a differ version of the crucial event, that Horny knew, she was not stupid, she was a poet's daughter and all was the fiction. The most fictional reality of it all, ass well, ass soon ass possible.

"Look, look, look" Kordelas said, when Horny got up to buy the next beers for the table.

"She looks like a guitar, what a fabulous waist"

"Yeah, you don't have one" Horny said knocking at the huge belly of the always happy pal sitting next to her, the table was bursting with giggle love.

"I like that you and Hardy, stay together through all this shit, life is not only a tet, the closeness and a struggle is as important, other wise it would have been nothing. I'm with my wife since thirty-five years, imagine thirty-five years!" Kordelas said.

"The most important for me are the memories, nobody can take them away from me. And then the most important is the real beauty and to be pure" Kitten who spent a weekend in NYC walking alone, looking at everything, seeing all the art museums on Manhattan, said.

"I haven't been to a single one, the street life is much too dynamic to remember to go there" Horny said, without touching the emotional. Hardy and Kitten drunk beer, Kitten bought Horny Metaxa, sometimes she liked to drink this, Taddys cure was a cognac, his medicine was vodka and sliwovic his pleasure; and had many drinking stories to tell while everyone else told the pranks. The puns, she loved the puns. The words were her domain, she was well taught. Kitten cried at the door of his old school and cried at the door of his Philadelphia's house on the return, Kitten was romantic. Horny never cried at any door, yet. My be the Reality Door, or did she fear that? H&H left for home, the night was hot, Horny pulled Hardy against herself, reaching his purple lips, his glowing lips, his hot lips.

"I got to take a shit" Hardy said and run home. Horny put on the music, Jeff Backley, the tape Lucrezia forgot, Horny danced to the mirror, watching her image, with pale palms sensually walking up her new black skirt, a very short skirt zipped in front, she brought her hands upon her waist twisting her body twisting her hips, walked upon the breasts dressed in bright pink, plastic, cracking her purple painted lips in the smile, awaited her Hardy, if? Dancing, yes! Hardy came out from the Lou, closed the music, sitting down on the couch, switching the TV on, threw "Hungry" Horny's reaction was unforgivable "I'm not your mom" she said. Luckily n o t adding "& I'm not dead, jet" Her ears flushing red at what she had said and what she had might said. H&H had begun the argument, she told a joke, and he did not like, Horny's action was bad. H&H were arguing, Horny threw him out to the bedroom, Horny slept on her mattress on the floor, in the living room, where from Hardy collected her 5 AM. The previous night Hardy fucked Horny in the sleep, Hardy came hard. The love was flourishing, this day they both had a hang over, two hangovers, usually mean a super sex, but not this day. Wojtek called, he and Anna were going to arrive in Warsaw,

late afternoon, Viviane called more confused then ever and not so excited anymore, quite low in fact, Bebe called, Wanda called sad that Horny did not call, Adalbert called really upset about the same, Turkish tenant vanished, H&H's money were finishing, they had to pay a visit to Maryjka, Horny called Lucrezius delaying the date of their meeting, she had to rent the flat first, she did not have the money to pay the bills, she did not have the money for the tickets, the afternoon visit to Maryjka was a drag under the hangover, Hardy tried to stay off one more time, Horny made a real scene this time, a real dramatic speech, a real running from room too room, a real realm, the arms spreading and throwing and hair pulling, she also tried the tears, it did not work, the tears did not come through her clutched palms, she was sure it won't do as well, but it did. Maryjka's dinner was excellent. Hardy liked Maryjka's cat.

"Horny, I don't care how you feel about it, but you are going to sign a book for me" Maryjka said.

"I shall"

8 PM they were going to meet Anna and Wojtek and get drunk again. Timing was never Horny's strong side, she had a tendency to bind it all together into a very tight stressed plan she always had to fulfil, the successful Horny-girl. Horny cut off. She set on the chair, pressed against the leaning, legs twisted, smiling lips; the stupid smile was the last sign, she was human. A glued smile glued on her face upon her lips. Anna was entertaining, Horny was so fed up spending her time with drinking best friends, with the best friends obsessed with the bottle, by the bottle, to the bottle, Horny gave in.

"The evening was OK, no one did anything bad" As Hardy said, but Horny gave in, she was tensed, she expected anything really nasty to happened any time, she was tired of herself, fed up and not funny. Horny was not funny and she said the fewer jokes of everyone. Hardy was beautiful this night, she could not avoid seeing it, brushing the fingers, backwards, through his beautiful male head, fingering his curly hair, but Horny gave in, although she tried to sleep in his knees, in one bar, paid some beers, proposed directions, was considerably cool in the first bar and the next one and so on, Horny was cool, cold, even if she was not. Horny was so totally fed up with a drinking pattern of her pals, she has given in on friendship, this particular night although the night was hot dim, steamy and all together lovely cloudless night, with the moon, Horny gave in.

"What makes us so different? We love each other, but something makes us totally different, is it because your back ground is so much more colorful?"

Was Anna's question, Horny interrupt, Anna was fucking loaded on buzz but fucking logic into her quick, awake, loving mind, Horny was so fucking bored of being tensed, bored of listening, bored of sitting on the chair without even moving her feet, bored of not being able to fire, to fire at all, anywhere, she just watched the pal's eyes and there was no way to persuade Horny to drink one single whisky glass.

"I cant drink two nights in the row" she said, and now, she said "Anna, stop that"

Horny left the room, although Hardy paid her compliments, important compliments, reading, with wide gestures, directing to her the poems he wrote for his Ex at least

seven years ago, or eight, Horny left the living room, for H&H's bed room, stood in the corner of the room in the dark, without knowing what and how to do, at last, unwillingly, she took off her clothes and laid down under the cover, her heart was beating hard and she pressed her palm against the left breast, she still heard the noise from the other room, the music and the voices and the touch of the glass against the table. Anna was born in the most colorful place on earth, Africa, she grew up there among tigers, nude Negress, huge butterflies, all kind of birds, and flowers. The house was surrounded by a farm, Anna's parents were British colonialists, at home Graham Green's drama was going on in the dark hit, full time, mother drunk and stripped for the father, she was a house wife and the mother, she hated the whole of it especially there, in Africa. She was making small elegant sandwiches and drinks or may be only drinks, may be the sandwiches made a housemaid. The mother took advantage on her kids, all of them were dominated, Anna had a twin sister, a brother and another sister, now Anna's most important plea was to be free, and to free herself of everything and this was making her very colorful. Horny's background was bohemian but not colorful, all Horny saw was her face in the silver cracked surface of the huge mirror. Black&white. Horny crushed the mirror long ago. Wojtek went to sleep, as at most times, with waiting Anna out, it was only the Alco pals, Anna & Hardy awaiting the next drink, they went quiet. Horny was wondering, if Anna was showing her boobies? Or did they play more explicit game of sex? Horny had no power to fight, fight herself, fight them, fight for her happiness. Horny gave in. Horny had no strengths to fight the world getting closer. Too close to she and this time for real.

"Snow flake, never, never, never leave me" Hardy was whispering to her, the morning light was soft, Hardy was so fucking scared in his hangover that he did not leave the room, before they, Horny, Anna and Wojtek left the house. They seen Teresa's exhibition, it was a lawn of grass, it was a bra and Teresa's underwear grown with grass and deepen in something liquid and intact inside the glass, somehow Egyptian. Couple of the documentation drawings in pen or ink and a few of documentary photos on her among the growing grass. They found Hardy at the return, sitting in the chair, eating an egg. Viviane phoned twice this day and twice, previous day, Viviane was going visibly nuts and Horny could hear it on her voice. Wanda called and lectured Horny how to master her life. & The Summer came back. Anna and Horny were pals. H&H had sex. Anna's latest art concept circulated around: "see no evil, hear no evil, talk no evil - the three monkeys", she presented it herself, using also her twin sister and their pal, also she born in Africa, all of them nude and in color.

"Is it your Ex, or Hardy in Scheisse Elysees?" Anna asked, the drinking night.

"It's of course, Hardy!" Horny threw over the table, cracking her lips into a smile.

"I don't read Horny, anymore. That's the only way to avoid the huge argument, so I actually don't know what's in there, about me, it's not flattering, or?" asked, Hardy. There was no way she or Anna could answer. It was of course, not flattering and in the same time it was very flattering. & Horny added "You also write only shit about me in your books"

"Not at all" denied Hardy "You know it's not the truth" indicated Hardy.

"Yes, it is, you write about me, I'm the aging house-wife, kin on your love, hanging on you and your dick, while you love to hunt the fresher meat!"

"No, you know it's not the truth, I write about you very good, you just did not like the name I gave you, in the last book"

"OK, whatever you write about me, there is always someone, a woman who's better" Horny was sensational.

"Yeah, we had already had our arguments" Horny explained. Wojtek was checking the price, to print Horny's new book.

"You are in it" Horny pointed to the couple.

"It is not in our profile" B. Dabrowska said, she was an attendant at Zacheta, one of the two main museums of modern art in Warsaw, she was not buying Horny's collection, but she was polite. Jola, who was attendant in Lodz, and also was not buying the collection for the museum, she worked for, had a great laugh, hearing to whom, Horny left her tapes.

"Dabrowska is an old climacteric's bitch, it won't work, you are creating a tasty scandal, Horny, you should have left it to Magda K, and Hania R., they are cool cats and they are young" Yeah, this was the answer Horny was used to get, on both levels, climacteric and young, and actually, why? If Modern Museum in Stockhole could have it, why the other museum, in a great sympathy with the one, with the devil, was negative? Plus that this one was in her home country, who suppose to promote her, if not they? What was their profile? What was in Horny's profile, they did not like? Her cunt set in there!!! Horny's cunt was in the nose and it smelled both ill and delicious. It depends on the one who smelled it. This was not the usual pun, it was a real fact. Ass soon ass possible. The success had to wait a bit. A bit of flesh. The meat. The night. The warrant.

Damian came by, to fetch Horny's, only, Polish translation, the same three chapters from her last book, third, fourth, and fifth.

"OK, we'll never see each other again" Horny joked and he laughed, cracking lots of more jokes.

"See you, kitten" he said at good bye. "& If I can do anything for you, just let me know" Horny never saw him again, her book seem to take the entire life of him!!! Only the three chapters of it.

H&H's money finished Hardy's earlier and Horny's now. She was borrowing a small sum from Viv and Hardy was getting a cash from home to pay the debt to her, which was going to pay of, part of her bills and Hardy was paying their tickets back, they had to go. All H&H's pals were exactly in the same sit, their money constantly finished, they hung out with pals whose money finish every other day, every second day, and sometimes with an amount of the good luck, every third day. They were all devoted artists, so actually, why? Who was the one to create the moral, the need of buying or exchanging, trading arts, & other gross, who was the one? And what was

the clue? What was this non-commercial trap? The climacteric & young. & How they were all, going to survive, longer than the row of three days? Why, was the life, that long?

"Poland is still very conservative" B. Dabrowska had a beautiful gentle classy profile, with a small crook nose, something more really subtle within her face, her voice was extremely mild, she was definitely not a bitch, and what to a climacteric, who knows? & Definitely, that particular was not the reason to negate, at least, Horny was sure. May be "in old times" but now we had such a fan of choice, among medicaments or lovers, or whatever, hi. Hopefully enough.

"In our film & video collection we are reaching beginning of a twenty century. I'm very proud of what we are showing tonight" Here Mrs. D, the curator flopped it all, the video was new, was not reaching the beginning of the century, hardly the movie did. Well...It was an opening of the 90ies arts, there was one room with paintings, a figural but tending abstract, in a dark thickly laid colors with patches of a white canvas cloth, next room was darkened up, showed the slides clips of the darkish landscape, while two chaps conversed from the two loudspeakers placed in opposite corners of the room about something unparticular, the next room's, floor was laid with a real grass, smelled grass, in the middle was a plastic pond filled with water and an iron bench, couple of old ladies wearing long frocks and long summer dresses visiting, all very pleased and deepen into the conversation, few coins in the pond, in the continuing room, a handsome man was eating a cream bun on every one of the eight, color photo prints, on the other wall was something else, between the doors was eye glasses which postponed, with one eye and with the other forwarded the perspective of the huge room, on the last wall of the room were considerably small prints of a nude one legged cripple supporting himself on a nude intact & young woman, both had a cherished expression within the face, in the last room was a huge photo of a small old train station somewhere, in black and white, and a kind of a manifest written on the red sides of the print, it's said, don't and it said do, several times, in English & some other color prints on the side wall, that was all. H&H decided not to touch the wine, Horny received her tapes back.

"Have you seen Jola Ciesielska?" Horny asked Dabrowska.

"I haven't but I'm taking you to the girls and we'll ask"

They were the same girls who arranged the show and to whom, Jola was going to introduce Horny these two cool young cat-ladies not to call the cat lady for the bitch as the dogs do and they, questioned - answered agreeable "Luckily not!" There was a hell of love going on in the art business.

"We are all bitches" repeated to herself, Horny walking besides Hardy to Zap, she longed for Partum. Partum was not there, he was back in Copenhagen.

"I like Warhol" Horny stated in the discussion which whined upon the table, everybody at the table holed into an empty glass.

"You cunt like Warhol, Warhol you can either accept or not" Lewandowski was a short gray hair painter with a big gray moustache, he loved women and he was drunk, still very serious, famous, padding a bit at her flesh.

"I like Warhol" repeated Horny with an empathy removing his hand "I feel great pleasure when I see his work"

"You are laying, I don't believe you"

"I like Warhol, I love seeing his work, I could see his exhibition every week, I have seen it here in Warsaw four times and once again in Cracov and I love it!"

"I don't believe you. You don't like Warhol. You only think, you do. How could you possibly like silkscreen prints? A face of Mao? A tin of a Campbell tomato soup?"

"I like W a r h o l" repeated Horny.

"Perhaps you like a subculture" said, exceedingly, a fluffy Blondie in her sweet Russian melodic voice, in her very midline. Lewandowski leaned towards Horny whispering "Perhaps Hardy, could buy us a vodka?"

Hardy was jumping and picking at Horny with his finger, his pointing finger, Hardy was bursting with anger and hate, his hate "You are the most sloppy, unproductive, stupid woman, I have ever been close to! You are almost filthy years old, and you are telling me " let's go to Zakopane for two days, take a walk in the mountains! You don't even see how fucked you are! I'm getting, you the money from Sweden, for to pay the bills and get away from here and you say, lets go to the mountains! For two days! You don't have any respect to me. You are here for to rent your flat and you cunt manage one single thing! I told you from the very beginning not to deal with Turkish tenant, but he gave you a bouquet of flowers! You are completely nuts!"

"Hey! Hey, hey! I'm here for holidays, renting the flat is just one of the affairs, I've got to do, and at the moment is not much I can do about that! I myself, regret, that Turkish, 3000 American's bucks went at the top of my nose! I was here for the shows and for Lucr! & You are the Cunt in my life!"

"For the shows! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Hardy laughed the Count.

"Yes! I had a show in Lodz! Sopot and Cracov!"

"In Sopot! I can have the show in Sopot too! You are a slut! The most unprofessional lousy slut! I woke up and what do I see, you are sitting and writing! I start cleaning this place, for you, and you are sitting and w r i t i n g you must be nuts, you are so fucking stupid! And you are telling me, let's go to Zakopane! I can't believe that, you don't have the money for it and I don't have the time, I was going to be with my sister and brother!"

Horny interrupts him screaming "I wanted to show you this Five Lakes place, it's magnificent! I wanted to give us a chance! Warsaw is boring, we only walk around, and we can eventually fuck! Why are you, fucking picking on me!? You can leave whenever you like!"

Horny ducked, Hardy was dangerously close.

"I'm going to leave but I have to wait to Monday, I'm going to buy a presents for my sister and brother. But, what are you doing, now!? You are r e a d i n g the book! You were going to paint the walls!"

"I forgot to buy the color. I have to wait with it to Monday. And this is a very good book"

Horny lifted up Gertrud Stein, Alice B Toklas Biography.

"You forgot to buy the color! So, you mean, you are not going to do anything before Monday? You have no respect for my time and me! You forgot to buy the wall paint! You are using me only for to fuck! In New York, the apartment shall be mine! I'm going to put my name on the contract and on the door! And every time I'll be tired of you, I'm going to throw you out! Yes! Out!"

Hardy was shouting, jumping, swinging on his banded knees throwing his arms against her.

"I have checked the price for printing of your book, it shall be about 5 bucks each, if you print minimum 1000 books" Wojtek phoned.

"Hardy, can you shut up! This is immortal for me!" Horny shouted covering the mouthpiece of the phone.

"I see, I phoned in a wrong moment"

"No, not at all, it's really nice of you to call"

Horny wrote the numbers on the paper lying beneath the phone, 5 and 1000, realizing with a great delay, this was a matter of 5000 US dollars she never had, paid cash! That, she could not afford, the mathematics was simple, she actually was not going to have a dime, after paying the bills, and buying Nasty a colorful expensive ethnic dress, if.

"No, no, it is really nice of you to call" she repeated.

"It is not Poland who is conservative, it is Dabrowska. It's a shame, Zacheta has as much money, as an amount of the ice on the Antarctic" Was Wojtek's last word.

"No, I don't particularly like when you lick me. You are pulling on my pussy lips"

Horny was answering a question, hooked a top of Hardy, she was bitchy. She was angry with herself, her enormous burning exhausted desire was gone. Vanished. They were watching TV, and he was playing with her nipples and it turned her totally on, she set on him almost firing, but agreed to wait, he wanted to see the movie, besides she wanted to see it too.

"And I don't like when you bring me above yourself like the mother wolf for to give me the licking. I enjoy the other position, when I lay on my back, like a princess or a queen and then you do this to me, this gives a complete pleasure"

After Hardy brought her to bed in his arms after the movie had finished, she had soured, she preferred it on the couch. Horny was really getting it all behind her ear and Hardy came fast, now he was falling asleep into the shimmering sound of her monologue.

"... Besides, sometimes I like everything, I could love some unpleasant touch or even a pain but it has to be the desire bound; it is all the matter of the imagination"

In silence, she recoiled the vivid images, from the couch, when they watched TV.

" Tomorrow I'm going to buy a piercing ring, for my clit, I'm going to take him with to the store, so he can see the instruction, how to pierce it, no, I'm going to go alone, I'll prepare everything, he is going to shave my cunt, play it soft, thick and pink and meaty and then... I'm going to film that. Yes. I'm going to film that, I can sit in his knees, like today and he is going to hold me and play me up. Yes. He is going to fuck me afterwards. Yes. He is going to..."

Horny saw Hardy's fingers, mingling with her, mingling with her, mingling with her and Horny fall into the sleep. Warsaw became extremely hot, they made love and did not quarrel as much, it was far too hot.

"No, I'm not going to take the computer courses this year. I'm going to work. I already got paid, for the first time. I bought a TV, now I have everything in my room, the stereo, CD, video and TV. In the winter I'm going to buy a car and move to my own apartment, after I'm going to do the courses" Lucrezius sounded relaxed and happy, for the first time, since long. Horny was not worried. She did not produce the fun cliché. "He is the first working person in the family! OK! I'm proud!"

She was pretty relaxed about her son even Hardy was impressed. Viviane called and really worried about Lucrezia, no one knew where she was. Horny was not worried. Horny packed Bogdan's video player and her books and reviews. She was going to send it the following day with the bus going to Paris, she did not take her videos.

"Why?" she asked herself, sitting in the taxi "After all it could have .

been good for me, he knows Polanski and many others" She joked with herself, this sort of an argument never worked on Horny girl, she was fucking sleepy, fucking whipped out, it was 8.30 in the morning.

"They would have surely say, "such an amateur work" Horny observed people on her way back, home, Horny loved watching people, the most of all, creating her own sort of stories, finding the clues and so on, it took her 10 minutes to get to the bus station and two hours to get back home. The Russian young woman with a small girl was visibly bond to an older uglier Polish chap, he was opening his thick wallet all the time, and counted the money. The people to her right, were two man discussing an art magazine, one of the chaps was its literally boss. Young girls were going for holidays carrying huge rock sacks on each back, old fat women with bags and baskets stunk in the hit. Horny also tried a lot of new shoes, bought cakes and fruits. An Old French man bought for his French Lady wife, two silver roses, with amber flowers, they coasted a fortune. "I would have like to buy three, but if you don't have it, I'll take two"

Hardy was buying a ring for his sister and a knife for his brother, Hardy shaved his ugly beard, begun to look like a cute young man once again. H&H had two legitimate days to leave Warsaw, Horny had lots to do...

"A very interesting boy" The chap running a fashion agency looked through a batch of photos of Lucr, she took.

"You've got to take him to the agency in Stockholm"

"May be the next summer, I could have bring him, here" Horny said.

"This sounds as a very good idea, we could surely do something with him"

Horny still had lots to do, before she was going to leave Warsaw, her schedule was sort of thickening.

"Twenty eighth of August, I'm a part of an erotic exhibition in Paris and I'm going to present you, Horny. It's going to be a very revolting show", Bogdan said on the phone, switching all the time to French.

"OK" she said, "I'm going to mail the videos"

"Take down your maps" Hardy demanded, pointing at her favorite maps of Death Valley, Bombay and Luxor on the kitchen wall.

"Not jet, we don't go jet" Horny looked at him mild.

"Now, I'm going to wash the walls

Chapter 26

translate Viv's papers from the art school & The boys following day

For the graduation work, Viv had chosen a play *Storm* by William Shakespeare, in her essay, she motivated the choice, there was the extraordinary power in this play, the superb melange of the invisible with the obvious things, mix of the spiritual and earthly powers, the conjunction of the dream with the reality and the junction of times, there is still the past in the nova days, concluded Viv. Horny was amazed, it was sharp, bright and smart; it was good. The degrees Viv got for her work through the whole period of the twelve years of her art studies were excellent. Viv had the highest points in painting, drawing, and costumes and the stage designee, at the other subjects being farther away from the art she was not brilliant but still more than OK. Horny was surprised, Viv never put herself in the first line, as long Horny knew her mom she always put herself behind. Horny found all this old paper work at the Art School, she set there reading it all through, she managed to get some of it out, she bought peaches for the secretaries, for being cooperative; the papers were old & dusty. Yet, Horny was thinking of Ariel and Prosperous, Viviane obviously did not understand she was sick.

Viv searched for Lucr every single day, she called Horny, Horny knew nothing. Horny bought herself a small booklet by Richard Kern - *New York Girls*, she bought a shirt for Hardy and for Lucr boy, both blue, Hardy bought himself a shirt, bought her an ugly but soft homely green underwear, a ring for his sister and a Swiss knife for his brother and they bought a mirror and a lamp, all for the house they were hoping to rent out. The last day, Hardy stays home, cleaning, Horny is out fixing the last things, paying bills, getting some stuff done, Hardy makes a scene. Horny is willing to go to Wanda and Bebe for to say goodbye and it pisses Hardy off. The bitch has got to clean the house! The bitch comes back at 11 PM and cleans the house up to 2 AM. Viv calls and worry.

"You should not be cleaning, specially not late at night, you need to sleep"

The bitch comes up early the following day, that's the last day, it's clear they are not going to take the train, 8.57 A.M. - they had bought the tickets for. Two nights in the row a thunder woke them up. The second night they set in the bed watching the light cracking in the sky, the universal's light, being switched on and off, to the accompaniment of the extremely high attacking, rolling sound, the crash.

"We, I am aimless rushing through the Universe" Horny reflects, being pulled strongly to one particular unnamed direction. Horny.

"And what time did you plan, we're going to leave?" Hardy's voice is tensed, pressed, full of hate.

"I really don't know. I'm just cleaning, we'll go when we will go"

This she should not have said, Hardy gives her a punch. Not understanding what she says next, Viv calls saying "You must not be cleaning by yourself, you ought to take the charwoman"

Horny was considering to do that, it would have given them the very last days in W. hand in hand, strangely enough, she did not care, she had lots of practical things to fix down town and if Hardy was up to stay and clean, he was up to stay and clean. She wasn't selfish, but she loved to trot the streets of W, on her own, in her own pace, time and space. Yes, the space. Horny was the space's child. The space, the souses freak. She did not need to hear him shout all the time "What are you doing? You are not a teen! You are a grown up woman!" Hardy grabs his photo camera, runs outside shouting, "I'm, also going to enjoy myself!" Hardy is basically running in and out, slapping her occasionally and frequently. Horny has difficult to stay cool. "Be careful with Nasty's sand bucket!"

As he throws it into the shelf. Hardy shouts back "You are becoming a fat housewife!"

He spills deliberately, an orange juice on the floor in the leaving room she washed and runs out again, comes back, shouts, catches the lamp in the corridor, and pulling it strongly rips it off, the bulb crashing gives the flame, the whole floor in the corridor, Horny just washed, is covered with bits of the glass and the fragments of the lamp. Hardy hits her this time harder and leaves the house. Horny is next to cry, she fixes the floor once again and fixes the lamp. Horny is a genius. Hardy, back - takes a nap - one hour, Horny is still cleaning, she goes to the post with the video tapes and sends them to Paris in an regular packet, the air mail cost too much. On her way to the post she passes the mad man, she was planing to film - he sits, grabbing into a beer bottle, talking to himself, in his raspy absent obsessive voice, throwing the words very fast, he complains. Horny is very tired, she moves her feet very slow, she did not get too much sleep. She snails through the real Summery Old Townie crowd, lots, lots of people surround her. The biggest quarrel comes just before leaving the house.

"I'm not going to be with you! Ever! Do you get me?" Horny shouts, provoked by his, slapping her fist and Hardy slams her once more. At last they are both ready to leave and taxi waits down the street, they quarrel for the last time inside and for the last time in the staircase and for the last time in the yard. He throws the keys above the outer door, where they can't get them back. On the train Hardy loves his Horny.

"You are an Angel" he whispers, holding her hand, kissing her rosy ear.

"You are a Frankenstein" she says calmly, her voice expatiates love, they are on the way to Sopot. They had decided to delay the trip to Sweden one more day for the Honeymoon. The sea is calm and the weather cool, a bit cold, the colors pale and calm, subtle, gentle, H&H dine at the fish restaurant at the beach and Hardy still loves his Horny, in the night he makes love to her, she feels pain and he feels what she does.

"Yes" she speaks "I can't make love to you, without feeling a great pain after such a life-show, I can't let you close to myself without pain. I'm laying here, under you,

looking at you, noting - this guy is a mad man, I don't want him to rule my life neither touch or fill my cunt, that's it, Hardy. I'm really tired of you" Horny is lying in bed, Arek fixed them a really nice room and a really nice bed. Actually Arek fixed three beds, he thought, Lucr with her kids were arriving too. Hardy loves his Horny. H&H go out to have a fun. They are almost touching on each other the first half an hour and Hardy buys her tequila, Rene is there and this is a bad spell, he would love to dance with her. Dance with her some more, repeating the past, clinging to her nape. Hardy tells him to "Fuck off" Hardy posses his Horny and he guards her strongly, he watches Rene who drunk, gets too close all the time smelling at her hair. An old piss stinking drunken&drugged short UFO chap caring American flag stops by, he is far too pushy and the bartender has to remove him of the side. He walks away proudly swiping, brushing the flag at the gutter. The stunk remains a while longer. Hardy loves his Horny and he loves her the following day, they are sweet to each other, however Horny thinks "Well, we did not dance, I did not dance, the dancing crowd brushed at my side"

& Hardy buys her, a silver ring with a dark blue rhomb stone in the stand in the sand, outside of the fish restaurant at the beach and a white rings for both, made of shell, with a pink dot on the top, like his cock. Horny is buying neck amulets for all her kids, four necklaces. The eyes for Nast and Fran, the sun for Lucr-boy and the tiny silver heart formed bottle for Lucr-woman, on the mole. The sea is just blue, shimmering, plain blue and a bit of green. Back, home in Sweden, H&H have sex in the Botanic Garden and that's the best Horny's idea, she ever had, brought out by Hardy telling her in the park after taking photos of her sticking out round buttocks and her string sliced cunt "I want to fuck you, now" Horny comes shouting bumping against his belly, hooked and sited in his lap, atop his dick, they kiss, the view is huge, all over the town, they are back in Gothole, but this time, atop of it.

Lucrezius hair is grown, he works 11 hours per day, it's a tough job, his new house is neat, he plans to live there next half year through and to move to New York within two years, he is wearing his new blue shirt, he is going to tattoo a sun between his shoulder blades; it has to do with his real name. Lucrezia invites H&H to the house of her friends where she is staying, they arrive at 3 AM, smashed tired, the last part of the road, about 300km, a bus driver had agreed to take them for free, the money is finished. The wards arrive from the Rave Party in Germany the following morning, tired and drugged, there occurs a certain & huge & loud & angry error - far too many people in the house and Lucr in their bed, with a male pal. Lurc's children are out, Fran sleeps at his pal, Nasty at her dad. Hardy delays his departure one more day, H&H are in love and everyone enjoys it. The town is a cool summer town. Horny and Lucrezia quarrel at the end of the night, Lucr is drunk, pathetic, Horny is drunk and as pathetic, Ora is as always in an emotional disorder discussing animal's fate, people's fate, children's fate, she pleas to shoot all pedophiles, her own fate is a misery, she has seen some more TV and read some more books, she parted with her man again, she had another fight in the bar with a stranger, she is extremely thin, she has a new Italian shoes and a nice fluffy hair do.

"The Aztecs were right to sacrifice a person each night, it kept the population in shack, their aggression was canalized and there was no crime, but the controlled ritual" she says. Horny has hard to agree. "Why should one changeless being pay with life? We have got to develop our skills, we have to learn to control the aggression, ourselves"

Hardy is rather quiet, through the night, taking photos, Ora gets rather hot on him, pinning her super shiny eyes right through, Horny has hard to take that, she does not feel like taking a part in the battle for the eyes of her man, Horny is unable to say "Stop staring at my man"

Lucrezia spends all her cash on buzz. Hardy leaves the following day, Horny takes him to the bus. The wards at home are pretty, watering flowers in the colorful, sun filled room, Johan is wearing red, Sanna blue and transparent black, the flowers are in all the coolers, the rainbow.

"In four weeks we leave for New York" Horny tells everyone who asks, for H&H future plans.

"I don't feel at home at my new place, I'm not at home, the workshop, my previous house was my home. I feel alone, but when I want to be alone in my room, I feel as the other people are in there watching me" Lucrezius said, the other people were Ex and his Next, Horny cupped her face in her palms, the wind blew cold.

"I sneak in when I get inside, I have constantly the feeling that I disturb, I work and sneak in, OK, it's a very pretty flat, first month there I felt very good, I was happy and relaxed, I was eating a lot, I gained some weight, I did not feel the usual stomachache and headache, I did not feel tired, I really looked different, I was shining, I felt it, and my girl saw that I was glowing, radiating. My dad told me that I eat too much that it costs too much that they are going to have baby's twins and have to spare the money, at last he suggested, I'm going to pay the rent for my room and the fair share on the food. We had an argument. The previous agreement was that I'm going to stop the school and I'm going to work for my own benefit, to make the driving license and to buy the car when I turn eighteen, I'm working like an animal and now he tells me, give me the money. I said, no. He was very angry, told me I was proving being extremely selfish, he set at the table, kept repeating it loud for himself, like he can do"

Horny saw that with the eyes of her past, otherwise she only had good memories, he at the piano, him on the pillow, his white, virgin like hairless skin, his smooth fingers, huge intense brown shiny eyes. Ex was no more, that; he has turned to a fattish aging man, married, expecting and mean at the very moment he spoke to her pretty son. Ex was avoiding looking into her eyes... Lucrezius was smashingly pretty, a bit thin but not a bitter lad as he said, he was still shining, glowing, radiating even if it escaped his own taste. Lucrezius was perfectly controlled, well-spoken, polite, communicative, well brought up and Horny did not show, the tears, she gave him a bright broad smile, they were dinning at the Greek restaurant down the street. The son and his mom. He landed money to her, so she could pay the dinner and landed money to her, so she could go and have the beer with a pal who stopped by, telling her his

secret, "I'm going to be a father, I'm in love, I'm going to make a tattoo tomorrow for her, on the inside of my arm, a red huge heart and her name plotted in, urge! That's the life I was always waiting for!"

"I know, it was always your dream, but do you think it is worth that much trouble, so much heavy work, so much of your strengths, in order to have the car?" She asked Lucr. Earlier this day, she has taken him to a fashion agency, she was really hoping, he shall get the job, and quit dishing, a girl measured his hips, waist and bust. He was tall enough but the weight was a bit too low. His piercing was not popular. His face carnation was a teenage dotted. His shoe number was 42, he has grown 4 centimeters since the last summer, he has grown two centimeters over his father length, it did surprise him.

"I don't understand why they get like this, I only should live there eight more months anyway, my girl stopped coming to my place since a month, she does not want to see them, I'm actually waiting, when the big quarrel comes, when the Next tells me all this and then I'm going to scream, shout, yell back, leave. I have to move soon, in that case I have to work at least one year, and may be after I'm going to go back to school, get an education. I want you to be checking for the apartments in NY and let me know about, I want a nice place with big windows"

Lucr was sweet, just like his mom, the view out, made the home. "I don't have the future here. And don't worry, I won't feel lonely if I move on my own, I always did all by myself, shopping, cooking, eating, cleaning, washing, ironing, planing, deciding, most of my friends don't even know how the washing machine looks, and I'm going to have a dog, at last. Do you think I might ever have the dog, if I was not able to take care of Lou Lou, when I had him?" Horny was unable to watch the street, she watched the bee attacking Lucr, he set pretty still, he has got an idea, if he waves the bee, too tough, it will stick him, for sure. It never stuck him before. Lucr was a philosopher. Horny got stuck by the bee lots of times and was not particularly afraid, Horny did not know what to do concerning his trouble at home, she wished to buy him lot of food to stash at his place, but she did not have the money, she wanted to find Lucr girl and tell her all that, news, she has heard, as the big sister could have helped Lucr boy, more than his mom could, last night Horny plaid with Nasty and went to sleep before everyone, they plaid with a balloon. It was the party, every night was the party and Horny was the disco's dancing floor's queen in her fluorescent blue pants, which were back covering her ass, dancing all the Black boys and all Whites and the girls in both colors, Lucr girl and all her pals; whiteout putting their hands of her hips as she used to do. Have she change and then, why? Stranger's hands did not bother her, the hands in general did not annoy her anymore. The hands were pleasant. Horny's teats were small and did not hurt as much as before. Viva. Sexter-Sugar at last joined the floor, his last two tequilas at last put him off the sit, he was dancing at last, being absolutely the floor's main Babe and believe, he was Good in his psychedelic buttoned down all colors shirt and orange pants, the lucid, lurid, sweet carmine smile, washed clean with sweat. Sexter-Sugar put his palms over Horny's hips, at last. Lou-Lou lived at Viv.

"I continued to meet my ex girlfriend when she was already with her new guy, he was a total catastrophe, I went to his house and beaked the shit out of him, I smashed down his house, I took her with me for a week and fucked her, but only in her anus, I had to punish her, the new guy he did not have the dick, I don't understand why she hung out with him, must be for the money, he had lot's" Jukke was reviling, to Horny, his past, she knew both of them, his ex and himself.

"Are you happy, Horny?" he asked her "How is Hardy with you?"

"Well, he does not hit me that hard anymore that it would have hurt, but if I'm happy? I don't know. We can't really, he does not really, he does not want to have fun, and we can, we are fine, but I can't just have sex and tea, I want more. We love each other so perhaps, sometimes I'll learn to agree, to understand, what it is all about, the life, the love" Horny dived and not defined, was sitting on the tall bar chair, and finished her beer. Tulle had a dog with him, a rare kind of the dog, they discussed Lou Lou, Horny's puddle, everybody knew Lou-Lou, he was one of Horny's actors.

"If you don't cut their fur, does it grow all the time?"

Tulle was Peo's son and he indeed was very beautiful.

"Yes, I saw a White Kings size puddle in Copenhagen outside of the Woodstock bar and"

"D i d y o u see him? Was it a puddle? I thought it was a white afghan, but mostly I thought I was dreaming, I was tripping, oh, this is incredible, that you also saw him, that anyone did, are you sure it was the puddle?"

"I'm sure, he was sitting there with two other dogs, it was very hot, he was very hot, he was very beautiful"

"I saw him walk, he seemed to be floating above the ground, he did not seem to have feet, he was floating above the ground" He moved his hand through the air, on his finger was a huge green silver ring, his eyes were blue almonds.

Horny visited Hardy at his country picturesque house but the visit did not go swell and it was before all the dancing begun. Hardy really wanted her to come and she really wanted to go there, Horny went, Horny arrived. Hardy had a bottle of a white wine in the house, and a cold old potatoes onion mix, Horny could not eat onions since many years, H&H drunk and talked, they did not kiss, did not embrace, he did not take her in his lap, they set across the table and Hardy talked, Horny was starving.

"No one is grieving my mom, they are relived, she is gone, I can't stay, here" They discussed, the intimate, life&death conjunction, and the different cultures rituals in relation to that. To that.

"The death is very definite. Swedish culture is incomplete" Horny was a philosopher until the moment Hardy mentioned Ora, he at last liked her, and he could not miss her burning at him eyes. Poor Hardy, he should not have said that to his girl, Horny; poor Horny.

"Ora is in a crazy relation ship with a useless kind of a guy, she stubbed with a knife at last, before him she only reached for the other women men, she is that kind of the

woman, she has fucked herself up pretty well by now, it's only bones and her shiny eyes left of her chances and dreams" Horny was jealous and b l o o d thirsty. She was that t h i r s t y she was no longer solid with her friend, & no solidarity with her sex. That was really bad. The other day Ora told her " I also, as you, like Hardy"

Ora was concern, she saw Hardy first, she saw Hardy before Horny saw him on the particular street, more then six years ago. Perhaps every woman, who saw him, could have claimed her rights, Hardy was not difficult to get... Hardy was a catch...

& Relations between women were bedded badly. How much longer?

Hardy mentioned his refused review for some Swedish magazine, Horny, hers undone reviews for Polish literary magazine.

"Everyone keeps on using you, you have to stop with it Horny, don't do it if they don't pay you, they sense they can make money on you, you are the daughter of the famous man, you are so stupid Horny, you are so fucking stupid, they just want to make money on you!" Hardy was shouting, the wine was finished, he finally rose from his chair behind the table, now, he was standing on her side throwing his arms up across the tiny space, Horny was scared, fucking scared, he looked as reaching the tiny ceiling, the house was hot, the wine and medicine mix made her feel extra pressed, plus the long talk about the death and Hardy shouting.

"Stop, it, I feel like puking" she asked. She sensed, he was going to fulfil the show from the Warsaw's departure, Warsaw's departure was a day mare, Horny could not take, in this lonely house by night.

"Christ, what am I going to do, if he starts heating me?" Horny did not eat anything this day, they, she and Lucr and her kids staid at someone's home, Horny was stressed, she did not wash herself, she drunk a cup of tea outside, she could not afford to buy the food, Hardy had money but not she. Horny was actually penniless as her renting Warsaw's apartment deled. She luckily stopped counting her unpaid bills what occupied her, since the day of the departure counting the front numbers and back zeros back and forth, when she was falling asleep and when she was waking up, her Polish & Swedish debts, Hardy woke up in her arms without recognizing her and the place.

"Cool baby, cool it's me, you are home, your home country, yours mom tongue" Was she right or wrong? Horny's problem, she could not separate the right from the wrong. Now, Hardy was far away from her reality, he did not have any bills to pay a mother to care for, the son to console, the daughter to cheer up and not even grand kids to play with, Hardy was shamelessly twenty five years of time. The time. Of course they were going to go, start everything at the stop from the zero, but this was later on, not before four weeks and now Hardy was very much at home, he got annoyed with her and went to sleep, Horny slept on his couch. The following day Horny feeling abandon, within his family, created the scene. Hardy hated her, she had both a menstruation and the flue, Horny was the freak, once again. The plan was, Horny was going to stay two nights and one day but they were going to have the great time, this was not the case, Horny set by herself in the room for most of the time, she was too sick and the weather was too bad to go out, she was called for the food at the table, after that she would go back to her room, the room, Horny looked

through the window to a shimmering sky in thick gray, Horny in gray, hated a country side she was stashed at. She red Gertrud Stein and looked through the Kern's photo book many times, the nude bondage female images, looked through the window, read Gertrude Stein, read Gertrude Stein and looked through the Kern's New York Girls.

"This booklet is not coming out of this room" Hardy's voice was hard, he did not approve her activities. "& You got to fix your hair" he said, his brother and sister were going to arrive any minute. She was cool about her hair do, it was a professional fix, but she fingered it getting a glimpse in the mirror, she obeyed her master. At the morning, she fucked Hardy sexually, he did not move one single muscle, OK, possibly his dick, OK, the orgasm was a great winning for both, Horny's images were grim, cruel, sick, Horny came with a great flush against the pillow, Hardy came, almost shouting, almost. It was good. Horny left early afternoon for Gothole. The road was shimmering light gray, Horny was radiating and no longer trapped.

The night was freezing cold, the girl the woman in the middle, drew circles, butterflies, plates, houses around herself with a torch fire doing magic, the night was cold, Horny was fucking cold but not bothered by the cold at all, Horny was free like a freezing bird, Horny was the bird, sort of the bird, wingless but flying, Horny just arrived and Horny was going to go, to leave. The music was high, the crowd cold and excited, high. Horny drank beer and Horny drunken tea, high, viva! Horny kissed, high. The lips tasted the raspberry. Dagger-Sugar's hair was in her mouth and his dick was in her cunt. Viva.

"Hardy would have hate me if he knew, why & why & why. I love Hardy very much" Horny was so fucking alive, right on the floor. Lucrezia was singing a song "I'm flying, I'm flying and still am far away" Horny's song was revolting but still wordless and not articulated at all. Viva. Horny woke up on the floor, the room was filled with funk music and flamenco guitar mix, the boys were singing, Horny enjoying the Dundee, the rigolle, put the cover over her head going back to sleep.

"Viva. Viva. Viva" Horny repeated to herself, waking up on the bare floor, with a sky above herself in Grey. Horny saw Lucrezius many times, her life actually concentrated around him, his very presence, other wise, it was the existential blues, where to cook, where to eat, how to get the food, how to get the key to get inside, how to get read of the flue without laying in bed, how to sleep on the floor, where to get the money for the day. New York was far away and Hardy even farther. Of course she missed him, but she priced her freedom higher, Horny was the freak and there was nothing to do about the fact. Horny was herself and could not be anybody else. Horny was.

Horny is standing on the corner of two streets, she has been there for a long while now, she has an arm beg, a heavy arm beg, she is cruising, circulating, between a phone, a shop, the store, the phone, a car, the car, pals, pals in the car and pals coming by on the bikes - Andreas, her old love she dreamt much about recently, he is happy to see her, they exchange hand shakes, and indeed, he has quite a belly, which

is a real waste of the handsome lad she once, loved. Loved. The past have such a peculiar taste today, Horny is cornering her life, Ex comes by, on the bike, on his way to the video store to rent a movie for the evening for himself and the Next, he does not look into her eyes, their love is dead, since long. He takes the same movie, which Hardy watched with his brother this very night Horny was in the house and done the scene, Horny never seen the movie, she went earlier to bed, it's The Game. Horny is not the gambler, this early evening when the sky lays purple strokes over her hair; her hair. The past cooks today and corners Horny against her house, she has a peculiar feeling, being a freak, being like the guy she seen last night in the gate, with an huge arm beg, he tried to sell her speed, Horny did not buy, Horny does not buy anything these days, she does not have any paying currency. She feels this certain push of homelessness, circulating, of course she could have gone upstairs and sit down, alone, in a deserted room, but that would have been about that, she could not do any thing more, there and Horny, certainly does not feel like to. Then also comes Ebbot, on his way to get assume beers at the corner store, he is possibly the best singer in town, after Freddie Wadling. He is also fat, he has a beard and the toughness of time right on his face. Horny was in the abandon apartment of Lucr and Ex, there were only racked down pieces of the furniture left, no electricity, pale light of the noon, pale late of the dizzy, pale light of the night. Lucrezius was too afraid to go in, he would not bear to come inside his house, which was dead. Why was all dying? Why were we that weak? This week? The next week? Where was our strengths gone? And if? Horny went in. Sit down in the window sit, watching a huge corner of the sky and a tiny corner of earth, the ground, the gutter. Night was falling fast. Horny was neither inside neither outside, Horny was somewhere in-between.

Horny was with Lucrezius at the attic of his new house, turning all the boxes up side down, the light was dimmed, hazy, the smell was heavy with mould and dust, their voices were weak, what was wrong with the space of the past, the boxes were filled with unwanted things, the stuff. Horny's and Ex's video cassettes, Bethoven's head belonging to Ex, his Next's dreams of the past, her photos, papers, notes, letters, books, booklets, outdated clothes. Her previous, complete set of furniture, she offered to land to Lucr, she really wanted him to move. In the very lust box Lucrezius checked, were at last Horny's books. Lucr's autumn and winters clothes were still packed down, the shelves in his room were empty.

"I like the empty shelf and black furniture" said Lucr, he and Horny were dinning out again, the wind was cold, they were sitting in the street garden of the small pizza store, she could afford. Lucrezia was constantly packing her suitcase up and down, she was without an apartment since a couple of months, and she was pregnant again. They were perhaps unable to keep the baby, Horny hoped they would. Horny wanted one more baby to play with.

"It would have been the best for you, if you came with me to New York, Lucr boy" the mom said "Not that it would have been easy for me, I have absolutely nothing to invite you for or to, but NY is the town of chances, I still do believe and here, you have the trouble with Ex and don't feel at home, and your girl friend left and all this

blues is not good for you, you are not going back to the school, you have the full time dull heavy job you don't like, you should break with it"

She looked into the perspective of the short street, an empty street of Gothole, and the very cold summer of 1998.

"I would never do something I don't love, a full time, never. I would not do anything I don't love. I could only do a work I love doing, and the payment, an eventual payment for it would have been only an add, an odd kind of the prove of my doings, you know, it would have been OK, but nothing necessary"

The mom took a breath on a cold air.

"But the life, simply isn't like that" The seventeenth years old Lucr seemed to have more stamina then a shell he came out of, had, they exchanged identical smiles, Horny hoped he was soon catching up with her particular idea of her life. And guessing her thought, Lucr said, "This is my life"

"I would need a girl who loves me" he said, "you know what I did? I lied to you, I had no strengths to tell you, she was already planing on leaving me the past week, and you know what I did? I got drunk last Saturday and went to her work, she has a summer job as the waitress at the restaurant, and I was so drunk that I don't even remember her face only her white waitress's blouse and I begged her not to damp me once more, next week it would have been two years since we have met, and I begged her, to celebrate with me, celebrate us, I was going to tattoo our names in the Chinese letters on my arm, I phoned her on Sunday at least 25 times leaving the messages, I wrote a letter and left it at her house, and another letter, and then finally went to her house at 3 AM and she would not let me in, I called now and asked if there is any chance for us and she said, she does not think so, I cant be in my room, everything reminds of her, we have builder it together" Lucrezious was very pretty sitting there opposite Horny, his mom. They were both freezing.

"So, what are you up to?"

The guy was Tom Waits's look alike.

"Writing" said Horny, they were of course in the bar, Lucrezia with the gang was at the next table, Horny stopped by that one, as she recognized the guy.

"Where is Dr. Hardy?"

"He is in the country", she said.

"I don't like your writing"

He bought her a beer, she was giggling, and he was talking.

"Please, don't take it personal, I like the continue, the sense of it, I don't say - it is crap. I just don't like your way of writing. You are not a classical writer who tells a story, did you think you were?"

"Yes" Horny, said, still smiling.

"You are not. You don't even intend to tell the story, don't even try, it seems, that if you would not write you would die, you would choke with all the words you are throwing out. It's like my ex wife's river talk, talk, talk, talk, words, words, words, words. Where do you get all this words from?"

Horny looked at Lucrezia who sat with her back towards her, Lucr forms were fabulous, she was wearing black, her hair were colored brown red, hot and long and flying around her shoulders with every move, Lucr and the gang were drinking, Horny was drinking too, it was easy to make her drink while loading her with an opinions about her work, her entire world. Horny's world. The music in the bar was loud and pretty spaced. Music was spaced. Horny sipped on her beer.

"You tell too much, you don't leave anything to the reader, do you know what I mean?"

"No. I don't do that. I only tell the facts. I don't interpret them. I leave everything to the reader, I'm aware of it, it's really important to me, not to say, even a bit too much, not to dominate, not to direct. Of course I am directing! By choosing which facts I mention, which words I throw, there is nothing accidental, even if I'm writing down the reality, I make my pick. The pick, creates my book and I want each reader to get the certain association, the certain thoughts, they suppose to come all by themselves"

"It's not a book, it's a river of words, but I do admire you, you do it for real. Most of people does it for the show, or because they don't know what to do, but you do it for real. Everyone through the history who was doing the things for real was not forgotten. I'm going to Buenos Aires for Christmas"

"It was always my dream, to go to Buenos Aires and marry a Tango dancer"

"I'm a Tango dancer, but this is a secret, my secret, I'm going there to dance, I'm in fact, good"

Here came the exotic name of the man who had invited him. Horny looked at him, for the first time with an interest, she knew the chap since years, he ordered some more beer.

"If I did not drink, I could have buy myself a Ferrari Testa Rosa"

"It sounds like a great name, please spell it for me"

"F e r r a r i T e s t a R o s a, bet you need it for your book, it costs half million dollars, it's a car"

Horny giggled back, finishing her beer, it would have been a great tittle for her book, he poured more from his glass to her and ordered the next ones.

"I'm also going to write a book, when I'll be old and gray, I'm going to marry a young beauty and she can do whatever she will to and I'm going to write the book and I'm not going to write about myself"

Horny looked forward.

"I'm not going to write about myself" he repeated and she gave him a smile, Horny cracked a broad smile.

"You know, I haven't been filming in two years, it's really stupid, I have been waiting for the money, writing lots of applications, traveling round to meet some money-people and I was waiting and it was all totally useless, totally fucked up, I have to start to film again my way, other wise nothing shall happened"

"If you'll get the money for the movie, put them only into technical facilities, a camera man, cameras, lights, editing. Don't pay anything else, don't listen to anyone and direct it yourself"

"There is no worry, none is going to give me any money. I want to do Avid courses in New York"

"You don't need that"

"Yes may be, but it is in the very best place and I get all the best contacts, it's for the New York Film Academy and so on, all the cream, but actually it's useless too, because with what I do, and how I am, I won't find followers among these anyway"

"No I guess, not. But don't you worry, you are going to have the statue!"

"What!?"

"You are going to have the statue after you'll die"

"Well, pity for me, I'm not going to see it" Horny was laughing a little bit.

"You are going to get the statue, everyone is talking about you, you are so fucking strong, everyone would like to do, what you do and no one dares or can. You are going to have the statue, like all the heroes. Like Jim Morrison. Your films are genial, all of them. All of it. I have seen all your work and it's the best I have ever seen, the power of the cinema is not in Hollywood. I'm going to rise the statue for you!"

Horny was giggling full time full lungs and no longer a little bit, Lucr and the gang looked back, everyone from all the tables looked back and forth at Horny and the chap in the fine suite. Horny started wondering, tried to remember what his name was, at last she remembered. Her laugh was as you fingered pearls on the icy surface of the lake, Horny's laugh was wet, excited and pretty horny. Torbjorn was telling her how the statue was going to look, so she would not miss anything. Horny danced, techno was fucking great and this was no bull, techno was great, Horny moved to the music through the curtain of the smoke dotted by lights, sparkling lights, young girls were fancy dressed, Horny was well composed and cool, she did not sweat, she danced.

Torbjorn, Ex, Horny and Kid danced to some old shitty rock&roll. They did it, they rocked and rolled. Torbjorn proved tango abilities by moving smooth and theatrical, flying his arms and tripping his feet, and swinging his hips, Ex was hopeless, danced with spread legs as he got down from the horse, Ex was very drunk and flimsy and blew on the drink's dankness straw and picked up an imaginative stuff from the floor doing jumps, as he used to, still he was fun.

"You are the most beautiful girl, I saw, come with me, I'm much more handsome than these guys"

Kid was very obvious, his face was a cute mix of Lucr boy with Taddy, Lucr's grand dad, Horny was laughing, Kid returned many times, Kid indeed was possibly twenty, Kid was hopeless, he could not say anything new, anything else, he kept on telling the same. Horny's superiority laid in this, that she was sober. A few of run down and fat women joined the dancing floor, Horny dancing, observed, one of the women brought out on her shoe a big piece of the toilet paper, this piece of the toilet paper made a round, with each dance stuck to a new dancer's shoe, Horny was fascinated, they danced "Angel", "Satisfaction", "Revolution", "The Wall", Horny left five minutes before closing time, running home with her beg with a lap top in, Torbjorn managed to catch her on her flight, fast pressing his lips against her neck, she did not

look at Ex and Kid was already gone, only speed freaks with their begs walked about, for the first time Horny understood, these were the homeless people. She always imagined their begs being full with amphetamine powder to sell, now, she understood, all their belongings were down there. They were sloppy and mostly angry; they had nowhere to go. Earlier this day, she bumped to Ex, he joined her and Lucr at the dinner, at the restaurant where they used to go every day, when Lucr was small, Chinese waitresses were delighted. Ex was already drunk, he was repeating "Shit in education! The most important is that you find out what you want to do! Horny shakes your dreams too much, every time she comes around, but do take your chance, go with her to New York! It is better to have a shitty job there than a shitty job here! And shit in this Hole in that town and never let women dominate your life! Shit in it! And don't worry, you can work, the man is very strong at your age!"

"Don't ever tell me what to do. I'm going to move to NY in two years, as I have decided, I'm only seventeen, I can't just go like that, empty handed, think if it doesn't work and I have to come back and I have nothing here to come back to, I'm going to make the driving license, buy a car, fix an apartment, furniture and then I'm going to go"

"Then you won't go anywhere, then you'll be stuck" Was an Ex's comment.

"I have a head ache" Lucr said to both of his parents.

"Take a beer and relax kid, it's good for you" said, his dad.

"I never drink at hangover" said Lucr as Horny used to say, Ex did not like that, the boy can't be like his mom.

"Take a beer and go with Horny to New York" repeated Ex.

"I want to do less and less" Sipping the beer said Ex, more to himself than the two others at the table, his son and his Ex.

"I want to do less and less" he repeated.

"Lucrezia is pregnant" Horny said to Lucr boy "she is thinking to go from here, quit her job at the radio, may be take a break, go with Jasha to Germany, she really wants to live with him and he can't live here, he has his band"

Lucr looked straight into her eyes, his eyes were rushed with tears. "But I live here, Ex lives here, she can't go, she can't put everything into the man she loves, she is going to be really disappointed once, if she does, it's not worth putting all into love and how shall he support three kids and both of them?" Lucr's face looked as question marc, the weather was at last well, the sun shined over the square, they were waiting at. Viv was suppose to cable the money to Horny, a part of the money Horny owned Lucr, she did not have any of her own.

"I really hope she is taking all, everyone, everybody to her consideration, especially Nasty and Fran, Nastassia loves her father very much, he loves her, he is becoming really famous, he is making money, he can support her already now exclusively from his writing, acting and doing the movies. Fran loves his school, he is the first person in our family who really cares for the education and is really good at it, he hates to miss a single day of the school and he has ambition, he is training in 4 sport clubs and he is beautiful, she cant make him loose all this. She can't do what you did to

her. And she herself, she is just turning a Hippie, she is going to drive around in the bus with a totally poor band, drink and sing and her kids shall hang outside the bus and scream, what a dread. I hope she is able to stop herself. If you and Ex were rich, I would not work now, I would only take care of my education or just have the good time, hang around" Lucr was rational, rational and clear and well spoken. The pocket money from Viv came, they shared it, kissed each other and went in the opposite directions.

"Lucrezia is a poet, why should she work as a journalist, doing all this stupid radio shows, of course she is good at it, she is an intelligent girl, a beautiful woman, why shouldn't she be with the man she loves? Why shouldn't she put all her life onto one card, the Love?" Horny was peaceful, the sun shined as a blessing over this day, over the whole Horny's world. In two days Hardy's stepfather was coming to pick her up and take her to the country to her Hardy. Her Hardy. Horny was peaceful and the world smiled, shined upon her.

"What are you really doing in the country in all this huge house, alone?" Horny asked Hardy on the phone.

"I'm contemplating. Today I'm going to make a good dinner for myself. I'm reading photo magazines"

"I could not stand that, I must be in town, right in the middle of it, with the high pace on" Horny felt she lived at a different sort of the world, different planet, she danced, mingled a lot and ate very little. Horny was becoming light as a feather. She really did not have any money, so it was just to forget all about that...

Cardy was going to the party at Magda, Magda was a celebrity and Magda was rich, Magda's mother was extremely rich, Horny was not invited, Cardy was her best pal but never jet, took Horny anywhere with, Cardy gave her fast tea and a cigarette. Horny borrowed some of Cardy's perfume. Horny felt, she was going to meet Magda later on down town, it was such a small hole.

"Horny! Is that you?!"

Magda was drunk

"Horny I love you! I had always loved you! Horny you are the best, the most beautiful!"

Magda was definitely drunk and her makeup smeared pale face, her blond hair was at mess, her nose was sharp and a bit red.

"Horny! I can't believe it's you! You are looking great!"

Magda pressed Horny against her firm huge soft breasts.

"Cardy told me you are moving to the Long Island! Cardy told me your boy friend is going to study film at the Long Island! You are going to have so much fun on the Long Island! It's very ethnic! The Long Island!"

Magda pressed Horny against herself again kissing both Horny's chicks, Horny was passive, as usual, she just smiled, she had no idea what or where The Long Island was, she was never there, neither intended to be.

"I'm so happy you are moving to the Long Island! I'm living at Manhattan, I lived at Long Island before! Horny I'm so happy you are absolutely the best! Cardy told me you are moving to the Long Island! Long Island is very ethnic! Cardy told me you are moving to the Long Island!" Magda repeated her replicas many more times, each time pressing Horny against herself, she was drunk. Cardy was home sleeping. Horny was fucking distant.

Horny danced, tonight she danced at three different clubs, Dancing Dingo, Cashbar and Nefertiti, and Horny had fun. She was going home alone at 5 AM, the sky was in red, astounding, Horny's clothes were glowing, the red jacket she got from Lucrezius was glowing when she looked at herself, the 5 AM super glow, this shine Horny never wanted to be without. She recognized the girl from behind. Janette was high, drugged, shaky, cracking down, she used crouches to support herself, she was almost fifthly years old, she said, she was a kid of the rich and very old artists parents still living in France, who long ago, gave up on her, because of her habit, heroine addiction. Now, past ninety years, they wanted to meet her, she had no passport, no ID, she was dressed in some outdated stuff, her foot was bandaged, and fitted into a really strange old pair of the shoes, she nervously dug in her arm trashy bag, her man went in the same style, but he was carrying the rolled carpet under his arm, they were on heroin, they were on the street, homeless, Janette's eyes were gray green blue and huge, almond formed, unstable, the sun was shining strong over the square, Janette used to paint before, she used to have kids and home, now she lived at the shelter for the homeless & mistreated women and obviously this hour was the one she dared to come out, take the stroll, or get the stuff, the drug or may be too, get this enormous shine, the blast. Viva. Pretty Su took home last night two Spanish lovers, it did not make her man glad, the drama created the scene, where as the result, Lucrezia was homeless at the spot, otherwise she would have been able to stay four more days with her kids, at Su's, now she was going to follow her man. Horny was home alone, she was at the place where from, Lucrezius moved two months ago and nobody lived there since, there was no electricity in the house, the only light were the bonfires, exploding one by one, the fiesta down town, but Horny had no lust to join, she was inside, glued to the darkening, thick of the rain window.

"You can go back to Gothole!" Hardy was shouting, Horny was scrutinizing, Hardy was scrutinizing even more.

"You are down there dancing every night although you are sick! You come here and you go down like a balloon! Yesterday you fall asleep on the couch at late afternoon, and now you are sitting in the kitchen, on the chair with your stockings down like a child, telling me - you feel sick!"

Hardy waved his arms and with his head he touched the ceiling of the tiny house. Horny, immediately, felt like crying... She felt like puking and she had enormous headache, it seemed as her head was going to crack.

"I can't stand clouds" Horny tried to explain, the single cloud on the finally blue sky covered the sun, bringing her into a verge of despair; the countryside. & She tried, the unbeatable "I have such a low blood pressure"

Hardy's demonic countryside wasn't adrenaline filled.

"Go back to Gothole!" Hardy shouted back at her.

"Common, I just told Lucr that you are so incredibly nice to me and I feel so happy here, come down, relax"

"The money is like a cloud, it passes, moves from place to place, from post to post, it does not exist for real, it is not real, it is all an illusion" Horny was pretty naive, but Hardy's stepfather was charmed and agreed with her intellectual, money-blind mind, Horny was pretty, wearing a white dress, white stockings and silver tops making her look like the space worrier cartoon girl. They had at least an hour before they suppose to drive and the Sunday was perfect, the street was still empty, sunny, windless, warm. They were the first guests at the cafe and Horny looked above the house's roofs. She just left some money to Lucrezius, it was Hardy's loan.

"Nobody relay sees it. I realized this when I was with Hardy in India, we were at the end of our trip, we did not have any money and we lived on my mother's empty credit card, through the last days. We were forced to sleep in the expensive hotels, eat twice a day at the luxury restaurants, and at the top of it I made a shopping, bought a lot of clothes in the fancy shops, and in the same time we could not give the dime to the street kids, I used to hang out with before, it was bizarre and then I was thinking why nobody does anything permanent for all these kids, and then I realized, there was no money for it, the money really did not exist, but in the head, the small privileged group passed the money-cloud above themselves pretending it was there, as it so called paid all for them, but it did not pay, they did not pay for anything, the money- cloud circled around, from hand to hand while this people consumed everything and it was possible only because they were incited"

"You are right, it's just the numbers on the paper scraps, only the notes, it will collapse, it does not have any coverage, any back up, daily the greatest banks are falling down in Japan, few more years and it will all crush, we will go back to the trade merchandise"

Horny woke up, Horny left Gothole, Horny arrived. H&H had sex on the staircase to his house, outside, Hardy spread her out on the steps covering her quite deliberately, after he has licked her thoroughly, they both came. Hardy started with a 2000th photo click upon his hick, she was in his bed, still wearing her white dress, white stockings and big trapeze boots, and dark blue strings, the same clothes in which she left a week earlier. He pulled down her stockings exposing her pretty ass, for the first ever time he lit the room with candles for her even if it was only to give, needed extra light, he bought a new lens but still did not buy lamps, at the end of the session he was hot on her, put the lights off, leaving the candles on, the following was the most enormous sex session H&H had. After licking her for a long while Hardy entered her from the other side, the other direction, Hardy fucked her upside down, she laid

underneath on her back, he laid on her but his head was were her feet were and his dick was doing her vagina, Horny was hot on news, Horny came crying spasmodic, weeping, screaming, loving her man. She laid twisted backwards down in her waist, hanging with her head to the floor, springing the tears, Hardy lifted her up, put her on her knees, fucked her from the riff, giving her this enormous hot blow once again, burning her neck, her nape, her head and not just the cunt the crotch or the belly, Horny weep once more. Possessed the freedom. Asked "So, why don't you merry me?"

He said "Baaa" She still had her face in the pillow, wondering for the sec, why didn't she look into his eyes asking with a great empathy, for real "Will you merry me?" She let these thoughts go without pain possessed the total freedom.

"So, one more photo?" she asked twisting herself and reviling but this time Hardy was exhausted and missed the best click of his siren. So, more arguments and more sex in the reunion inside and outside the house, and more tears and smiles and wine and shrimps and bread and a theatric Swedish, solitary but rich landscape which although pretty gave Horny no kicks. And more Hardy's clicks, he has become a devoted photographer full time. Lucr still did not know what, who he wanted to be and Horny no longer cared about her definition about herself, she stopped to identify herself with her work or creation, she stopped to identify herself, what did not prevent her from laying sleepless night after night thinking about her new short movie.

- "In spite all the missing filming sessions, with the beggars in Warsaw, with the beggars in Calcutta, with all the mad men in the world, nude Nasty dancing, I have to get something really powerful"

Here came an obsessive picture of Hardy piercing her clit, with all the details included, now she put up the date for doing it few days forward, she would need two cameras, of course she could go down to one, she would need the lamp, of course she could have use the sun shine, the day light, she would absolutely need the piercing ring, some instructions how to pierce it and Hardy and herself. This was not difficult at night but still a bit abominable in the day light of the soberness. The sobriety. Horny needed to expend her vocabulary. The Hardy's countryside has become more suitable for her dreams, Horny was getting easy and relaxed, Horny was forgetting the exciting world around herself. So, what to the piercing, Horny was hoping it was going to hurt very much and she was going to cry very much, shout and scream, she needed such a picture, such an expression, such an experience. Horny needed to grow up, she needed to leave her dreams behind, she needed to go forward, needed to go on, she had to progress very soon, very quick and very good.

"So, wish her all possible good luck" Hardy bought Nick Cave's CD, the collection and Hardy was playing it and Hardy was cooking and fucking his Horny and realizing his dreams, they were going to go in about three weeks. They needed to reach something on the other side of the globe. The floods were taking China and 18 millions of households were gone under the water. Bogdan phoned, the show in Paris was quite fucked, Horny still had a chance to appear as a surprise, her tapes came too late so she was out of the regular program, Bogdan himself, was participating only with his photos, himself he was leaving for Warsaw, he did not agree with Aurelie,

the chick arranging Pari's exposition and he decided to do a birthday for his mom, his mom was dead.

"Horny, do you know what I really want?" Hardy asked, "I want to go to India"

"Lets go, then" Horny said.

"But what about my education?"

"Hardy, I would also want to go to India, but New York, is OK"

H&H went down to the woods surrounding Hardy's house, they supposed to take the pictures Horny wanted to do before and Hardy wanted to do now. Horny was dressed in the same white dress, as always, she was still very much Jolly, may be even more then before, the dress was going up constantly, her tights were fluffy sticking out over white stockings, Horny had a full make up and shimmering blue sun shades, the woods were deep and Horny did not find the particular place, she did not find an abandon house, she wanted to have a sex's photo session at, with her Hardy, the White Wedding, her Hardy was not the Cry anymore, neither Boy, he was an extremely good looking harmonies loveable and lovely young man. Horny was pretty amazed every time she swept her eyes over wind blowing golden weed field, towards a tall, blond guy rising the camera towards his eye and clicking her in. Horny, in the field, Horny at the back ground of the blue cloudy sky, Horny smiling, Horny rising her arms, Horny scratching her chick, Horny twisting her lips and hips, Horny chewing at the weed, Horny looking at the horizon dyeing in the sky... ..until he does not find out, she has lost the way. H&H found a witch's mushroom 2 meters diameter ring in the woods, it gives her some itchy ideas about the magical drugs. Anyway by the evening, back in the house, she gives him a tremendous blowjob, his Jolly-Horny-Harmony

"Christ, Horny, Horny, Horny, Christ" whispers, Hardy suddenly very mild, Horny spits it out laughing.

"Get me some wine" she says.

At night comes the thunder, and lit up the whole ground up to the horizon. The following day Lucrezius gets his tattoo, Horny gets nothing personal, OK, Hardy lands a lot of money to her, so she can pay all her Warsaw's bills, he is doing some shopping for himself, he does not give her one single kiss, she does not like the small neat stupid town Hardy grew up in, he did not show her the charm, Horny chick is quite impossible, she does not like her out dated hair-do, she cables more cash to Lucrezius, who screams and hour through getting a black sun on his back - done, Viviane is sad the whole day through, Lou Lou does not feel good, Lucrezia is broke. The rain comes and goes. Like a song.

"Hardy, please, could you write a chapter about yourself, for my book?"

"I'm going to think about it"

& Horny knew, he won't. He was going to write dialogs for BTH, she even paid him for but the dialogs were never coming up. Hardy was simply selective and when it comes to her he was exclusively selective.

Lucrezia phoned a couple of times, she was broke, Horny owned her some cash and Lucr wanted it back plus that she wanted to borrow more. Horny had money but could not get to the bank or post, she was at Hardy's house, isolated in the woods. Horny phoned Lucrezius and phoned Viviane, both of them were going to mail the money in her name to Lucrezia's account. Lucrezia phoned once again, she was unable to pick any money out, her bank account was over drafted, she had both of her children with, they were somewhere in Sweden. The telephone went really hot in at least three hours back and forth, the la familia was alert and every one has taken own post.

"Your family is crazy, it's sound's all very messy to me" Was Hardy's cool input.

"Yeah, to you. Once you have the money as you got the heritage and you haven't the family"

Horny could not sleep, she started to reread her book and now, she was thinking "Fuck, it is so boring, it is really boring and bad written. Either it is something wrong with my writing, my style or something wrong with my life. Both are wrong. Wasting my life, wasting the time, the love, the children, everyone and everything" Horny pinned through the room in dark, the trees outside were stretching in a cold wet wind, this Summer sucked, Hardy slept on her side.

"How do I describe myself! Pretty, a face, an ass, a lipstick, shoes a hair do. I must be completely fucked up. Only the sex scenes are believable, everything else is so fragmentary that it does not have any impact. It does not give anything to anyone. & What are my dreams about? That our world survives and I do pierce my clit! What a bull! But if I throw this book, then what have I done through the last two years?! There is nothing worth being written down and yet it's all done. All gone..."

Viviane called in the morning

"I could not sleep the whole night, did your post arrive, did the letter I mailed to you arrive? I have heard, the banks won't pay out any money any longer"

"Where did you hear that?" asked Horny in a mild voice.

"I have heard that" repeated Viviane. The summer was over.

"If I throw this book, I not only throw away last two years, but all my life" Horny continued a dialog with herself. "May be only my past. May be I'll start with something totally new"

Hardy at last had money, so he was throwing from time to time

"I'm going to buy you a new video camera"

"I'm going to buy you an inn lines"

"I'm going to buy us rings"

"I'm going to buy you a dress"

"I'm going to buy you a fill fax "

"We are going to buy a car and go to Mexico"

The summer dress Horny put on hold, in the shop, two months earlier. Hardy bought Horny a cheap stockings. Something was unclear with his papers for the New York school, it possibly fucked.

"We are getting delayed, I can start studding in the spring, what are we going to do?"

"We'll go to Paris, to Berlin, to Amsterdam, to London, to Moscow, to Petersburg, to Warsaw. I'm going to take care of my mother, of Lucrezius, I'm going to help him out, and I'm going to fix him a model job, in Warsaw or Stockholm, I'm going to find him a teacher in a computer programs. I'm going to arrange with my books in Berlin, sell videos and books in Hamburg, do an exhibition in Paris, now, we can borrow the car from your step father and drive there, Tom can drive or if he can't, Olle can, or if it would not work now, then I'll arrange it soon. A show in London, common! We are going to have a great time, and we will do some exotic trip to Goa for at least two months, and we are going to go to the mountains, Tatra and Himalayas. It's going to be OK, I wasn't ready for New York anyway, I don't have any cash. I don't even have the money for the flight and in six days is my birthday, I'm going to take you and Lucrezius to Venice, I have promised him this already ten years ago, it was the price - for to learn to write, I'm going to do all the delayed all the want to do and all the must be done, stuff"

Horny was excited, the sun came back and Hardy started driving the car for his driving license. Horny was planing to leave her luggage at Hardy, go to Gotburg fetch the rest of the luggage, meet Lucrezius, search for Lucrezia, bring the stuff to Hardy leave it there, go to Stockholm, do things with Viv, fetch her jackets, shoes, photo lamps, organize all, arrange sponsors for the new coming book, she had few in mind, a piercing place, a tattoo place, Diesel, get the photos for the new book, laser printed at the Photo School in Gothole.

"& I can edit my new short movie before I leave, it is easier here then there. & We will go back to Calcutta and shall take care of my kids." After two days everything has changed.

"I need you here for a sec "Hardy said to her "I want you to know, that I'm trying to go to NYC, within a few days, I'm sending a fax to the school tomorrow, and perhaps they will answer me and then I'll be able to go at once, it will arrange with the school payment and you can come later on, when you get some money fixed"

"Fuck" Horny thought, "Fuck, this means I have to take all my stuff along now, this is simply too bad, fuck"

Horny left the house, the night was dark, the road was dark, black, she went farther, where she could not see the lights of the house anymore, the landscape circled her, the sky was flatten with a black-gray hat, which Horny saw from the inside, with a very few wholes in, resembling stars, around the earth it opened up, the air above the earth was much brighter and drew the far away black powerful demonic sculptures of these things which were sticking up above the ground, Horny stood right in the middle, tight tacked with darkness, recognizing the earth being a small plate. A small a bit scary plate, was all she saw... All she stood at, lived on, lived for. Horny was hurt, and it made her both, to sleep on the couch, & to stop sweetening Hardy's life, & start making his presence unbearable and definitely stopped having sex. She was

the bitch and started making the decisions for herself, Horny made several steps all of them on the phone, Lucrezius phoned.

"I found the car I want to have, it's perfect, costs only 1500US dollars, it's Peugeot, it is typical I don't have the driving license neither money yet. I really need to move how am I going to arrange an apartment? & Look, I wouldn't want to work so hard and be able too only pay my bills. How am I going to do? I'm very sad about Lucrezia, she does not act as my sister, she seems totally sold on this story with Jasha, she does not understand what it does to her life, she does not talk to me as we used to do before"

"Lucr, it's only because she is worried about everything, she does not have an apartment, she has small children, she does not have the money, her money just goes, Jasha and his band are all penniless, the tour has fucked and they all live on her, it must be very difficult, but she cares for you very much, you must understand this, it's important, she is your sister"

Horny phoned Paris for the show, Warsaw for the few different reasons and Tuija for business with Photo High School and so on.

"What's your grand son's name?" Tuija asked Horny.

"Francis"

"He is very beautiful, my daughter Lora goes together with him to the school, she was very worried, he did not show up at the opening, have they moved?"

"Yes, no, I know, I supposed he wasn't there, Lucrezia disappeared with the kids, I'm going to locate her"

"It's only a very small chance, I'm able to fix my departure, now" said Hardy after many hours of the nerve war.

"Regardless how small the chance is, I can't wait as an emergency, as a door carpet, for you to land at in case if your major plan fucks. I'm going to do everything undisturbed by the labile nature of your plan, I'm going to leave this place" Horny pointed at the wall in front of herself.

"Tomorrow, the latest the day after. I have things to do which I love to do"

"It's only about the money" Horny thought "I just said they don't exist, but they do, it's because of money, Lucr at last decided to quit the school, of course there were many other reasons, many other fractures, shit! It is because of the money, Lucrezia is getting desperate, also this with an apartment, it's the money, it's her debts, making her unable to arrange the new home, she won't get contract, no one is going to give her the contract, not even a second hand, it doesn't help that she has children and a job. It's because of the money I'm not flying to Paris tomorrow or after tomorrow, even if I'll fix the show, I will have to get there, but for sure I won't fly. It's because of the money I can't help Lucrezius to fix a flat, I can't sign any paper for him, I have the debts since I have lost my home, the apartment I had, this is becoming bizarre. It's because of the money Hardy's plan is not done, and still he has the money. It's because of the money I want to sell my books and videos so I can do new movies, print a new book, buy the dress, the perfume. It sucks. It's because of

the money, because of the money. & It sucks. It's because of the money Taddy's book is still not out, it's because of the money Viv sits home alone"

Horny also had cash at the very moment but it was just pocket cash, not enough to do anything, Lucr did not have even that, but Horny didn't know where to find Lucr, she went on dreaming.

"I have been by the sea, had fun, I was drinking all the time, doing a lot's of Polish bars, Polish food, it was all great, lot's of beers, wine, vodkas. On the boat I had a party with one chap first and after with three young women, I had really fun and I got really drunk, I went down to the cabin and I really puked. My holiday was such a fun" Ora was on the phone, she was back in Gothole, the night earlier she entertained Viv on the phone as well, she had to talk to someone like Viv, she could not just talk to the bottle, she brought along.

"I was drinking from the morning in one bar at the sea shore I had lot's of beers and then wine, suddenly I just had to turn my head back and I puked over my shoulder" Ora was laughing harsh.

put Ex talk 5 billion people too much on this earth

Chapter 27

"What's he doing? I'm going to suffocate"

Horny tried to move her face, but it was stuck between Hardy's buttocks, he was sitting on her, it smelled ill, he was licking her womb with his fluffy tongue at the wrong spot of course, Horny was not excited, more, Horny could not breath, the scene continued. Horny was new bathed, creamed and ready to leave, soon. Hardy switched over to her face, he smelled not only pussy, his mouth smelled garbage, he slept heavy last night, he slept very long, the whole room smelled of him & his misery, Horny twisted her face away, he was pounding her rather well, but she felt no pleasure. Their plans were changed, they were not going to US within few days making a hectic departure, Hardy's school delayed due to Tom's sloppiness. Tom visited, bringing with him a batch of the letters from the school, Hardy missed a couple of tests; this was not good and this time for sure; Hardy, also received a negative answer to his latest plea. They were going to go first thing in February 99 - the last year of the century! The school was starting in March, Hardy set on the chair in the living room, in his house in the fields, counting on his fingers, as Horny used to do.

"Eight months" he said.

"No, six"

Horny gave him an encouraging smile, she was pissed and desperate she, but what could she do? She had to support her men. Her man.

"It's been three years since I have been planing that, three years, shit!"

"Four" said Horny, this conversation was repeating.

"Eight months more, not knowing, what to do!"

"Six" said Horny, everything was repeating.

"You really don't want to have the home, Horny" Hardy looked at her heavily, they were sitting across the table in his kitchen, he already said "why don't we keep your apartment in Warsaw, we need a base"

"No, I am not going to behold my apartment, for the particular reason, for you to come and crush in between my shows, I can't afford this. It's my income, you have the money, I don't, and I'm going to do my promotion, go around with my new book and my films"

"I can't go around, you can't go around like a bum"

"I'm not going to go around like a bum, I'm going to do my promotion and I can't afford to lose my income" Horny repeated one more time, continuing "I want to go to Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Nipple, Athens"

"This is a good idea, let's rent a house on the Greek island for four months"

"And what do you imagine I'm going to do on the Greek island for four months? I did not say, Berlin or Hamburg or Vienna or Venice or Rome or Nipple or Athens. I said, Berlin and Hamburg and Vienna and Venice and Rome and Athens!" Horny repeated her plea, with rage, then he said the crucial sentence.

"You really don't want to have a home"

"I don't need a home. & For whom, for us? Separated from the world, shelter to sacrifice each other? I wanted to have the home with you, at the time, I wanted your baby" Horny looked into his eyes hard "Then, I really wanted to have the home, now, not"

"I must have the place to come to, to relax and rest"

"Let's buy a house wagon"

"You want to live in the house wagon in September? It's far too cold"

"Not at all, one can live in the stationary the whole year round and then I can get everywhere I want to get"

"Do you know why I live here, why I am here? Of course, I came here because of my mother but you know why I am still here? Because I like it, I like to sit on my ass doing nothing, I love it here"

"I hate to sit on my ass doing nothing, I wouldn't stand here much longer, we are really different, perhaps it will never work between us, perhaps we should stop trying"

"Don't be so dramatic, it's only a temporary thing, we go to NYC anyway in March"

"Yeah"

Viviane called, she almost cried and Horny put the phone down on her.

"I'm so worried that Lucrezia really shall go traveling again"

"Yes, she is, with the particular difference, she is not going traveling, she is moving to Germany, she is in love to Jasha, he happened to be German, and, imagine, she is a grown up woman, she can decide herself" Horny was cruel.

"Yes, but the children"

"They are her children, not mine or yours"

"But you don't know what's going on now, it is really horrible, this time it is really horrible"

"You mean Clinton's blow jobs?"

Horny was sarcastic.

"No, something horrible has happened but you don't care"

"What have happened? Tell me, where?"

"In your ass" said Viv and Horny put down the phone laughing loud to herself, Horny was an ass. Viv's Casandra's complex proved with the evening TV's news, US bombed terrorists places in Afghanistan and Sudan, the Muslim world was on fire. Clinton anyway gave himself a birthday present, the world was perverted and this was but a simple fact; if Clinton was the world. But he was not. Shit! He was not! Horny's latest trouble on sex, was actually much of the fact that she needed to take a shit, while Hardy was turning over her and over her, it was not only embarrassing, it was tough, in that condition. Squeezing her buttocks and legs, Horny could not come to a convenient plot to excite herself with. And afterwards when she wanted, Hardy did not have the time, he was already cleaning his home, he had to do it cozy for himself, before she left.

"You see, that I am busy" he said when she was hugging his slim waste. Horny was a slut. He always offered the last few hours of her visit for the cleaning of his place. & She was going to go to Gothole one more time, alone. Hardyless. Horny thought herself, free.

"Do, you know what they told me?"

She & Lucrboy dinned again.

"They told me, I use too much toilet paper, can you imagine that?"

Horny could, but it sucked.

"I wouldn't be able to live with you anymore, not even in NY, I could not live with you and Hardy, I'm not a child anymore, may be if I had a really big place for myself my own kitchen and a separate entrance"

Horny laid her face on the table but cracked the smile, she loved Lucrboy. Lucrgirl was going to have an abortion, she had to do it, regardless to what her real choice was, something went wrong, Horny was taking care of Fran, he hurt his face on the bike. She and Fran slept at Ora.

"What's your book about?" asked, Ora, sitting in her easy chair, Horny was stretched at Ora's couch.

"It's about everything I remember from my life and about all the members of my family and all my friends, you too"

"No kidding" Ora smiled but did not reflect the fact, Ora was exhausted, the last night, there was a party, Ora smoked and drunk, it was a garden party and one crazy junky living at the top floor threw a heavy plank out, it split one Japanese guy's head badly, Horny was breathing rapidly, it was the party and music was toxic and Horny was breathing rapidly, and the moon, the moon was almost full. Sugar has fell in love with a Spanish broad. Hardy staid in his countryside house, Hardy was in, Horny was out.

"So, where are you going to go?" asked her Fran.

"I made this compromising plan, for Hardy's sake, so we are going to go to Poland first, to Warsaw to arrange all the practical stuff that I did not fulfil, then to the mountains, to walk in the mountains for few days. Then we are going to spent two months in Amsterdam, and I'm going to travel around by myself with my books and movies, and then two months in Venice"

"Are you going to Venus!?" Fran was ecstatic, this time his Horny, his Granny, was really atop, a top! Lucr kissed her man, the party was still going on more and more hot, with all the hippie like pals sitting on the ground, one chap was eating fire, it was the show and Horny was the one who screamed the most loud in this bloody moony loony yard. Horny spent two days with Fran, they were going to sleep the second night at Ora and now Horny was pushing "Ora we got to go, I got to dance"

So they did, Ora got drunk, Horny got her dancing, music was fub, everyone, literally everyone was on stage, Horny too, half of the men at the place were Black; Gothole was getting Black and this were probably very good for Gothole, minding the dance floor. Horny & Ora went home, drove home, flew home, dived home. This night they did not talk about men, they did not talk about their Black&White men.

Horny was crying, she was sitting outside of the shut down bar, right at the Whore Street, straight on the gutter, squinting her eyes at the stopping cars, through her tears, weeps and rain drops, Horny was weeping loud, she was waiting for Hardy to come back one more time and take her with storm, take her home.

"I'm arriving tomorrow"

Hardy announced her on the phone, a day earlier, he was coming to see his pal, and celebrate Horny's birthday which was coming very soon. It all went to hell.

Ora was standing above Horny, Horny laid, mingled into a really dirty pallet, Horny felt as she was going to die, Horny had an explicate hang over, she drunk at least three bottles of white wine the last night, it just happened, she was out with Hardy, Cardy, Hardy's two pals, Bjorn and Tadeusz, and her own pals, Helena a poet and Tomas, Horny's guitarist. Horny had difficult to breath, she was white like a fucking wall, and she was still fitted & zipped into her white new expansive dress, Hardy paid the half off, she woke up without any make up, she cried it all off. Horny almost did not breath and she certainly did not move, she whispered " last night, I got lost"

Ora looked at the walls, painted in dots, yellow walls of Lucreziu's abandon room, he still did not step inside here, it was far too much feelings in there. It indeed was, Horny was next to collapse. Horny collapsed. Horny collapsed dashed into the pallet.

"Two young chicks found me crying on the street and brought me here, I could not remember any other place to go, I forgot you and Cardy live in town "Horny was whispering but Horny survived. Horny stood under umbrella, there was a sunshine and the rain, in purple, she looked at Lucr&Lucr hugging each other, Lucr's head was on his breast, locked into the shelter of his arms, they smiled, Horny felt like crying, Lucr was going to leave the very minute. She did. Horny remember the very

first photo taken on L&L together, Lucr-girl almost twelve, pressing a newborn, one day old Lucr-boy against her chest. Now they did the opposite. Lucr-boy was wearing a black shirt and dark blue trousers, being damn handsome, it was visible. Lucr left for Germany or for Spain. Horny picked the tear tin, the beer tin, flatten by the first wheel of the rolling away van, into her handbag. The good-bye relic.

"I'm very unhappy, Andre has a lover, he says he can't leave her, she is too sensitive, she would have break down, to her, he says, he can't leave me, I'm in a bad shape"

Kino was in a bad shape, she perhaps stopped taking drugs and she was fat, she broke her leg, her foot together with another man, that Andre could not forget, they still did not make the promised songs, together, they belonged to chapter "one". They never did anything together, Kino who was an excellent singer and a classy woman, although a junky, she was sorrowing. Both, Andre and Kino loved Horny, she was their little princess of freedom, Horny was the princess of the freedom and she brought a blast with her when she departed from earth. Each time she departed from earth. & She was going to depart soon.

"I'm wondering which of you is more crazy, more bombed" Ora said, they were talking geography, Lucr made an abortion and was going to leave, Horny was coming back to life still in her white virgin-like dress and pale makeupless face, Horny stood up and set down, Horny was going to faint and all was blacken out. Gothole was getting black. Thick black. This black. That black. Horny got a lot of fancy clothes from Stella, she was going to stay at Stella's home for the couple of days before she left for Stockhole, Hardy was already gone back to his house-hole in the fields, Horny's birthday-hole-cunt-shit-dick was a catastrophe.

"I thought you already left back to Warsaw" Viviane sounded crying. Horny phoned Viv, because Ora called her saying "Horny, phone your mom, something is really wrong with her, she has told me the police is after you, she called me many times, she seem to be out of her mind"

"She always was" Horny said.

"Where is Lucrezia?" Viviane asked.

"She is gone to Germany"

"With whom?"

"Are you crazy?"

Horny heavily set down in Stella's chair.

"You are both constantly going-coming, I'm confused. I can't remember, who is where & why"

"Well, then do marks on the map on the wall, as generals do, marking the movements of their forces, as we apparently are your forces, your troops"

Horny was not kind.

"It took me two days to recover from your treatment, you should apologize" Hardy was on the phone, he was back home.

"Apologize? For what? You arrived. You drunk. You said my new hair cut was a bit funny and the new dress were not quite bad, you kissed me on my chick. You cared for everyone around the table but me. We set down for the couple of hours drinking, there was nothing sensual between us, we were pals. I don't want to be your pal. I want to be your babe. Your love. You punched my face. & You left me pissed drunk on the street. At the morning of my birthday you took me like a hen, sexually I mean, fast rude, careless. We spent the whole bloody day in some stupid suburbs, because you were waiting for your pal, and waiting for the money from your pal, it's not my fault you drunk away all you had, without having my birthday in your total sum, simply too bad for you, or a small mistake, you are r i c h these days, you did not give me one single flower, you took me to the movie, y o u and your p a l wanted to see. & How long time, it is since you saw me on the dance floor?"

Horny's monologue would have been longer but she at last noticed Hardy put the phone down. In fact after the movie, the pal left them at last alone and she changed into a party dress in the cinema's rest room, insisted to go and dance with H, forced him to check one place, it was closed, forgot about the other place, passed the porn video cabins, proposed to go in, he thought perhaps she joked, they went to Ex's past study, where they were going to sleep over, it was very cold and no light in there, Horny lit the candles, fixed the bed, Hardy slept in his clothes and would not fuck or kiss. They had a boring quickie for his morning hardon. H&H. Her birthday was a bore, their sex was a bore, Hardy was a bore and he was definitely back, home; Horny remained in Gothole. She and Stella went to see the movie, Horny wanted to see - it was damn sensual, it was not an American, it was endlessly Spanish, and after they went bar hoping and dancing. Tuija bought Horny's video cassette for the Photo School, the School sold the laser copy machine and Horny was unable to do her prints, Tuija's private life was the blues, Asa's private life was the horror, the video cassette, Horny sold was the documentary of her private life, the entire 5 years, she related to Lucrezius's age, it was his childhood from five to ten. Cecilia was going to London for a year, alone and gave Horny her visit card, she also gave the card to Erland, Horny met Erland for the first time since at least three years, he has taken too much drugs the last years, he was different, he was a bit burnt out, thin and not as strong, no longer a man she would sit in his lap, it was sad, but she liked him very much. Horny met Nasty and her dad. Horny and Lucr met a lot and she was excited about it. She went back to typing on her book. Her shitty book. She was a bit confused about all her stuff being spread around the town at different houses, witching several begs.

"Why do you always have so much stuff with you?" asked her Lucr, she had always the different few bags with her at the different dinner. It was no use to explain. She was still trying to get him a model job, the bags came with on the photos H&H took of Lucr for the agencies.

Chapter 28

"Youa re shit! You ares o stupid so you don't have nothing onyo ur feet! You not just stupid,

you are a hypocrite!" Hardy was shouting, Hardy was making faces. Hardy was hopping around waving his arms, pointing at her, Horny. Horny was sitting on her couch pretty sunk down. H&H were back

home, in Warsaw. Horny was wondering, what have recently happened? Where was she and what was she doing past ten days; she did not write the last ten days. Horny was pretty confused, a bit tired, very tired of carrying her stuff, her luggage around, unpacking it, locating around the apartment; the home. Hardy was shouting, "This is the worst you can do to Lucr! A model job! For the first it is a horrible job, for the second he won't fix it, he is not the guy who grabs the things, he is not the perfect bimbo! And for the third, the mammy can't do things like that, leading him by the hand like a baby! I knew, you were stupid, but I did not think you were that stupid! I'm going to buy you a book, The King's New Clothes, it might teach you something! And he won't make the money on it, he will never make any money on it, or certainly not more than his dishwasher job! It is very good for him to earn his living by the simple and hard work! You don't understand anything, Horny, as usual! As usual!"

Last ten days Horny spent, in Gothole with Stella, dinning with Lucr everyday, next in Stockhole with Viv, and back in Gothole with Stella and Hardy and dinning with Lucr and on the road to Poland. Travel was tough, Hardy was pissed angry at her almost all the time, she had too much luggage with her, the things she was going to need during the next half year, clothes, a lot of new clothes, shoes, lots of new shoes, few books, some video cassettes, her own books, more of the books were coming down by post, lots of papers, photographs, creams, soaps, computer, video player, video camera, her old Zenit camera. Hardy bought a new camera for himself, and a jacket for her, she was bringing six pares of shoes and six jackets, all of them to wear outside, nothing for home.

"But only two T-shirts" Horny needed to defend herself. Stella gave her a lot of pretty clothes, again, Stella was a designer. Cardy invited them for the dinner and she flopped it again, it was Horny's the only whole day in Gothole. Cardy postponed the dinner already in her kitchen, over the cooking pot, Lucr and Hardy were pretty hungry, Cardy put a lot of onions into the food, Horny could not eat onion, Cardy bought a red wine, Horny could not drink red wine. Horny felt sorry for Cardy to go for the nervous break down and she felt sorry for herself, her dashed tet a te, with Lucr, Cardy and Hardy, and both of Cardy's kids Horny really loved.

"I'm coming over" Ora were on the phone.

"Please, don't, it's too late, we are going to leave the following day very early"

Ora came anyway, Jess came too but she bought Horny's books. Ora was drunk, she was wearing make up.

"You see, I painted my eyes blue as you told me to, Horny, I really wanted to meet you, Horny"

Horny was pretty heartless this night, she has been with Lucr at the model agency and at the model school earlier this day, Cardy was going to take photos of him but at last refused; Horny had no money to pay the job, Ora was sarcastic as usual, she

made Stella laugh, Mag, Stella's man was talking about their trip to Berlin, together with Horny, years back, the trip was still a hard sensation. Hardy disliked Ora again, she dared to ask him about his son, drumming critically her fingers at the table in the living room. When Horny together with Lucr and Nasty walked back from the model school, they met Lolita, Lol was OK this time, strong and happy, she was on the bicycle down the road intending to take a swim, but instead she went with them to a cafe to meet Hardy, Hardy was gone, they were half an hour late. Nasty was with at the School, and they put her into children's model register, she was all right, she refused to take the pacifier out of her mouth when photographed, she could cope with a boring and stressed venue but she was thirsty, the model mom could not find a bottle opener, the portraits on the walls were dressed in real minks and real gold, they portrait exclusively very old stiff people. Lucr was charming, blameless, but he would not open a bottle with his lighter, he thought it did not suit, Horny thought it suited perfectly but she wasn't able to.

"Are you still writing?" Lol asked.

"Yeah, but it's just a dairy"

"It is very hip now"

"Yeah?"

"Perhaps you should place it, in the future, in some spaced up land"

"Perhaps I should"

Nasty was very proud of her Granny and the Granny was very proud of her Nasty. On the way to a cafe, Nasty ate cakes, ice creams, drunk juice, she had stomachache she kissed a photo of her mom; it was a small fragment of Lucrezia's face, her left eye. Horny spent a long time with Nasty at the Lou. Long sitting at the Lou always made Nasty philosophic, she discussed everything, also her physiology and her kindergarten friends, especially Gabriel, who punched her. Lucrezia did not phone or write, everyone was missing her, and it was unavoidable.

"This is the family fate" Horny said to Lolita, walking besides her bike, Nast walked behind, carrying her new porcelain doll, Horny bought this doll when she was out with Viv and Linn in Stockhole, the world was circling fast, under Horny's feet. Actually she has run after this doll with Linn, while Viv waited at the bridge in the strong sun and wind; the time was nay, the shop was closing and Viv could no longer run.

"I perfectly understand Lucrezia, I would have done the same" said Horny.

"I have done the same" though Horny holding into Nasty's little palm, Nasty walked atop of the wall following the sidewalk along that Hardy pushed Nasty's buggy.

"So, at last you have got a baby anyway" Lolita said to him.

"I would love to take Nasty with me at least for a month" Horny was dreaming "nothing would have been missing then" Nasty washed her face in the fountain pool by deepening the face down into the water, Nasty was a Wild Kid, Nast was pretty and Horny's heart was jumping with love, Lucrezius was there too. Horny was so damn peaceful & complete, although only for the moment.

"Are you planing to have a child?" she asked Lolita.

"No, I'm not going to have the baby this century. This is my standard answer, I'm so tired about everyone picking on me about the child"

Lol stood next to the fountain, watching Nasty, Lucr and Nasty's dad. She did not look at Horny who was the one who asked.

"So, I'm telling them - this century sucks, so till the next one" Lol gave her a grin.

"Yeah, it's opposite with me" Horny was thinking to herself, and no one could hear, but everyone knew "it is this century which counts, the next it could have been only by the miracle"

Yeah - the question of time. Hardy wanted to tattoo a dragon next to his dick, somehow a wise idea - but that came later, that came in Warsaw...

"I can pay for you a small tattoo too" He offered, Horny, she still did not have the tattoo's clue.

"I though they burnt, I though your friends burnt up in the house in the woods" Viviane said.

"What are you talking about?" Horny rose her voice.

"Someone must have tell me that, it is not my fault" pointed Viv, suddenly scared. Horny drove her face down, it was no use to face it right now, she was happy with Viv.

"Someone told me" said Viv "That your apartment is all rotten, the floors are totally destroyed and damp"

"What?" Horny rose her voice again.

"Someone told me, I'm not responsible for it and it does not have to be the truth" Viv repeated once again.

"So, how about an apartment? The apartment in Warsaw, I supposed we shall live there at last" Hardy was on the phone.

"No" Horny was hard.

"It's going to be rented out. I don't want to live there. I need the money. I'm going to buy the video camera for myself, I don't believe it would hold with you buying the camera for me, you would have taken it from me with a smallest trouble from my side, the smallest quarrel. I need to work. I want to be there, where I can work on film, where I will have an access to editing, Amsterdam is good"

"But how will we survive?" Hardy asked.

"I don't care"

Was Horny's complete clue. Hardy supposed to come to Stockhole, fetch her, meet Viv and the dog, his dog, see the city, he has changed his mind.

"I can't travel back and forth just for to see Viv. This is not enough. I don't have the time. My life is not like that!"

Hardy came to Gothole and they, H&H had sex, they staid at Stella's house, and Horny was crazy about Stella's baby, Horny felt nothing of sex, H&H had sex again in the morning, Horny felt nothing or may be a little bit.

"It will be better at home" Horny repeated to herself. H&H were on their seventh year.

"He loves you very much and you love him very much" Stella told her.

"Yeah, that's what you say" Horny said once again. Two months earlier in Warsaw Bartek took a great photo, H&H, looked at each other with love, the world was spinning. Horny borrowed more money from Hardy and bought her books out, it meant she mailed the money and they were going to mail the books to her, Hardy had no time to wait and no lust to carry also her books, it was definitely pity that Horny was not stronger.

"Why aren't you stronger? Why don't you defend yourself?" Hardy asked her and she left the room.

"You are the small shit! You think you are somebody but you are nobody! You're nothing!" Hardy was shouting into her face, pushing her, smacking her on her head, although not hard but with the great dose of hate, and anger.

"I would love to destroy everything I gave you! Give me the jacket!"

He reached for her, Horny set pressed into the chair, in her new jacket, holding onto it. She has found the jacket in Stella's shop, she had no money, Hardy paid. It cost 35 bucks.

"You are behaving like a diva! But you are nothing!"

Hardy smacked her head once again. They were in the fine cabin, over the sea level, across the Baltic Sea.

"We are on the way to Poland! I paid your ticket! You are so unthankful!"

Horny was unsoldable for the huge or the pocket money, Horny was unthankful. Hardy shut the door leaving the room, after a while Horny went to buy cigarettes. Hardy stopped smoking long ago. Horny did not understand what was he winning about, she was going to pay back, all he spent on her, after the deal with apartment, should be done.

"Are you leaving?" the guy asked Horny, he was her age, had a long hair and dark shades, last week or may be two weeks ago he bought the book from her in the bar, the same night when Hardy left her on the street, the chap's pal also bought S.E. book.

"Yeah" said Horny, she was pulling three of her smaller bags, attached to the wheels she has got from Stella, she was alone, the street was empty, she passed the red church atop the mountain, the same as in the chapter Number 1.

"Are you leaving for Stockhole?" the guy asked.

"Yeah" Horny lied, she had no strengths to converse, she was carrying her stuff back and forth from place to place.

"We are going to be stabile, we are going to be one week in Warsaw, one week in the mountains, two months in Amsterdam and two months in Venice" she repeated a known version.

"Yeah, we are going to be stabile" Hardy repeated after her. He was the only one, who knew, Horny was crazy. In his opinion anyway. They were going to go.

"Where to?"

Horny pretended, she had a plan. A realistic plan. Her money was going fast, Hardy was stressing. When Horny was stressed, everything cost double, it was strange but true. May be Horny had far too little money for the life she wanted to do, anyway. Horny borrowed more money from Hardy and bought a winter coat for Viv, it made her so happy, so frenzy that she dropped her handbag, Horny lost her passport one-hour before departure, and all her credit cards. They had to postpone going, at least twelve hours.

"I wanted to do something else with you, I wanted to take you to the movies! How a fuck could you loose your bag and loose the passport!? & Why do we have to focus on that at all? You are so stupid!"

Hardy wasn't fond of her at all. He did not like her hair do. Horny seduced him, back in the cabin, nude and sticking a tongue into his mouth and padding his pretty dick, she danced upon him, hooked at his shaft, with her knees pressed into his hips, her feet under his buttocks, she was thin and she was frail, sex was OK, the sex was good and she came a little bit. Hardy made more sex to her in the sleep, he woke up with the finger in her anus, he fulfilled the act, Hardy left Horny to herself, stepping into the bathroom, Horny sauced herself a little bit, padding her pretty and hard clit. She was planing, Stella was going to pierce her ear. They did not do it, Stella was too tired, Horny was planing to film the scene. She needed it for her new movie. The movie!

"You are all going to be famous, you, Hardy, Mag and Stella, only of me nothing shall come out"

Ora was swinging her legs laughing, Ora was very pretty when she was laughing, her hair were pitch black, her eyes were pitch black and her lips crimson dark. But this was yesterday.

"Yesterday, I felt very hot on you, but you did not react" Horny told Hardy on the phone, he phoned her a lot to Stockhole, before they left for Poland. Before they left. "Don't be funny, Horny, after six years, you want the passion? Don't be funny, Horny" Hardy repeated himself, Horny hung her face sadly down.

"What have happened?" asked her Viv. Horny and Viv met few of Horny's friends, together in Stockhole and at Viv's house. Viv's house. Linn has taken Horny to the party, they met a lot of old Horny's friends, this was a bit embarrassing, but Ann Sofie Siden was OK, and Felix Nordqvist too; Horny danced. Ann Sofie's makeup was OK, her out fit was fine, her voice was superb and Horny loved it. Ann Sofie was famous and everybody knew it. Felix was Lucrezius's pal, Horny knew him when he was small. Ann Sofie did not know that Kathy Acker died, Kathy died in November, Kathy used to be Ann Sofie's idol, it was Ann Sofie who introduced Kathy's work to Horny, then Horny introduced Kathy to Ann Sofie; Horny loved fulfilling her best pal's dreams. Ann Sofie bought both Horny's books, she promised to call. The day after Horny had a hangover and she met Viv again; Horny slept at Linn. Horny had a problem with her stockings, they were falling down and Viv had problem walking, she was too tired and the wind was strong and extremely cold. When H&H finally reached the Warsaw's door, Horny was longing to hear her dog

bark, she was making the dream - Viv was going to open up and Lou Lou was going to jump on her legs and lick her hands, even if he stunk, and she was going to lift him up. But this was a different sort of door. H&H quarreled quite soon after they got inside, this time about Lucr.

"This is the most idiotic idea, that you should push Lucr to be a model, Horny you are a fool! You are a hypocrite!"

As usual, Hardy's motivations were all not that clear to her; he was aiming the model job himself before, though without her help, and without result. Horny knew, Hardy was jealous, but she said nothing.

Their sex was fucking ridiculous, Horny could have sex exclusively with Hardy who adored her, and to adore meant also to agree, agree and excite, Horny was very spoiled and very unthankful chick. And of course she needed to dance. Horny needed to dance! Horny really needed to dance!

The evening light made Horny, horny for life. The life was parallel with love, love was parallel with senses, the spiral, the worm and the warmth, the snake, Horny was hot for life, the light was spooky, the night was hot, Friday night was going to be even hotter, Hardy refused to go out. Actually, first, he tempted by other people sitting around, threw the question "Horny do you want a glass of wine?" But then he backed out, H&H went straight home.

"I'm preparing a surprise for you" Hardy said, but she succeeded to make him angry, she filed him up with hate, before the surprise came out into the night light. Fucking night-light, fucking Horny, horny for life, far too horny.

Light of the Saturday Night. They already had a quarrel, she claimed she was an expert of the female nude body, all times expert, Hardy did not like that, he claimed the criteria were drawn exclusively by the men, these who wanted to screw the female flash, H&H smacked each other, it was about a book Tashen's "1000 Nudes", he already left, from Adalbert's house, he really left, walked off without saying good-bye. The house was far away from town and Hardy had to take the bus back to Warsaw, what he did. The reason was only because she had said "the man alone is not the only expert in justifying the female nudity, I'm a woman and I know" she already was on her own, by herself, for a while, now... The long shadows, laid down on the gutter, they were making her frenzy, they were making her excited with what there was to come, nothing came accept the next quarrel and Hardy's speech on the matter how stupid she was and how much he did not want to step out of the house in her company.

"She" has destroyed everything" he said. The misty light of the night brought Horny to the verge of her greed, Horny wanted to live! She was weak for light, weak for love weak for light, always weak for light. Horny, the starlet of the passing night.

"You talk about us doing a tattoo and piercing the nipples, I guess, you imagine, this should have been a gesture of love, before you used to say these doings had only an aesthetic value to you alone, you say you have changed but I'm blind. I must tell you, what I mean with piercing, it is the sexual ritual and only we can do it to each other and only in the moment of an explicit sex, I have been dreaming about it in years, I agree, may be I have projected it all too big, but have it done by a stranger at the professional fair is a crap, it does not mean a shit" Horny was still talking, while Hardy rose from the chair passed the table and left the garden of the Metal Bar, leaving her at the table with her glass of the white wine and his glass of the mineral water bubbles with a lemon slice and still fresh cubes of the ice, she saw him disappearing into her favorite misty light. She understood "this was it" She drunk her wine, apologized at the cashier, she did not have the cash, went home, borrowed money from Hardy, returned to the bar, paid.

"You will never have anything you ask for from me, Horny, I hate you! Hate you, for asking me"

Hardy was at last clear. Yeah, Horny's problem was short, she needed to go out, she needed to be entertained, eccentric, embraced, noticed, plaid up, kissed, loved. Horny wanted to dance. Horny was hopeless and she had to loose, all the way.

"You are a monster, Horny! The monster! The blind monster!"

Hardy who was very pale and extremely stiff, was pointing at her with a finger as he was afraid, she was going to miss it all, she was going to forget her own name. Horny could really do that. Her memory was short.

"As short as a gold fish" Hardy said. Horny hated a trouble and he knew it, he was going to give her the trouble; the bitch! Horny's only life's plea was dancing, the party dancing... Horny's goals were short, as the gold fish - Hardy said.... The negatives of the photos, Hardy took of her the day she arrived at his house, before he fucked her and after he fucked her, before she cried of love and asked him to marry her, finally came out, they were irreversibly pretty, seductive, Horny had seven souls and seven life's. She was dressed in white, as usual, MM's complex, a snow flake's complex, Horny's complex, she looked like a fucking goddess of the screen, devoted... The photos of Lucrezius came out ass well, he was the son of his mom... H&H were in love but what they were going to do with that love? What was there to do? Who was going to dance last? And if this was the question? The night was misty. And the night was going to go, as the earth turned round; yet the night was going to come back... Horny's plea was repetitive. Constant. As the universe.

In Stockhole Horny gave Gertrude Stain's book to Viv, and in Gothole, Kern's booklet to Stella and her man, both engagement rings of H&H were lost, both pares of stockings Hardy bought for her broke. At the last train, H&H have taken, from the sea down to Warsaw, she had a conversation with an older woman, the woman injected in Horny a severe will to go to Petersburg, to walk & to photograph the bridges and houses in the fog, it was impossible; Russia was getting closer and closer to the war, now it was not only Viv, who was obsessed, people were starving down

there. Why H&H had quarreled on the boat, was because Hardy forgot to bring the photos with, the photos he took of her, on the walk around his house, according to Horny the photos were the special occasion, the first - it was she who organized the excursion, the second, they had had sex outside. He did not show her the pictures when they arrived and he left them at his country house. She felt neglected and used; according to Hardy, she was a smack, an idiot, a tardy, an unthankful moron, messing up all for a handful of an old unimportant shots, he took, he paid her dinner and her cinema, and her boat ticket, it was natural, she should have obey or at least love, and not ask anything, not demand, he punched her and did not speak to the bitch more that night on the boat, the sea was smooth. The ship was on even keel, but exclusively the ship in dark. The fool moon was few days earlier, when Horny was on her own in Stockhole. But they had sex on the boat, did they? - Yes. They did. It was mentioned before. It was the regular sex acts, anyone could have done it especially on the ship without anywhere to go...

"Why don't you send your book to Dorotea Bromberg?"

Stockhole's publisher of the Polish breed; Bartek asked this, they were at Mc Donald's, she, he and Viv. Horny was about to leave.

"I gave her my books before, when I met her at the Book fair, she was not interested"

"Did she tell you that?"

"No, but she did not call me, I gave her my phone number"

"You are really crazy, Horny, in which world you really live? Why should she call you, you have to mail the books to the office like everybody else and then you have to call as many times until you get an appointment" Bartek was broke and she paid his Coke, he ate chips someone left, a lot of it at the table, the sun was still shining over Stockhole.

"She had a lot of problems, she ruined the company, she published far too many books for a while using all the income they got from the Nobel's price winning authors, you should absolutely try, now"

The days went the nights passed and Hardy asked, "how is the party?" Hardy was a practical joke, the party sucked, Hardy did not care, the party sucked, Kora run around the stage patting her breasts, it was a Play Boy's party, Kora's voice was good, Marek plaid a guitar, his guitar was good, Marek was completely bold, OK, not completely, but the top of his skull was really bold and shining, his still new wife, stood at the bottom, in front of the stage, singing for herself, stretching her frail arms to him, the whole concert through, Horny found this embarrassing and rather pathetic Hardy was the only one who could make the party swing for her, but he would never do that, Horny was stupid, naive, radical, Horny was lonesome, Marek looked at her as he never saw her before, her-his big old love, he did not have a minute for her and would not care to put a single personal question, or a sentence, Horny did not exist. Why was Horny that lonesome and not existing in her own country? This was no country, it was the money machine as any other part of the Europe, Horny was thinking...

"It's no use to think, where is the power overwhelming the fools? & Who is the fool? Me? yes, me. Did Hardy still love his Horny? & In that case, how? How did he love? When? Many girls had superb reviling dresses, quite transparent in the buttock areas and Hardy was extremely busy going round looking..."

"Would you dance?" Horny asked, him, this typical male question.

"Never"

"Yeah, I understand"

Hardy wanted to be left in peace, sitting dripping at the young and older babes. Never again, after the very first night, they have met, Hardy threw the crucial question "Shall you dance with me?" By now, Horny was mute. The days went the weeks passed, Hardy was smart, there was nothing for free, in Hardy's world.

"I'm lonely" Horny said.

"Shut up" Hardy said, "I'm watching the TV"

They were back home, she obeyed, Horny was silent, they were to the Tango disco, Hardy left her there taking the taxi home, half hour later Horny took her taxi home.

"I'm moving" said Hardy, after the movie finished, Hardy went to sleep, the movies always finish, Horny knew that too, Hardy would never go so down, as to dance Horny. Why? The picture of the forbidden, laid right in front, they had created it. Horny was crazy about dancing. Why was she so crazy about dancing especially with him? Was it all about dancing?

Warsaw, pulsed hot but slow, the light was dizzy, Horny was decisive, desireful, moony and expected the impossible, it was not the same night every night, it was a different night every night, but she wanted all the time the same. These were small things, their problems were small, the lack of dance, the lack of an orgasm, this was Horny's world. Hardy was reading spiritual books, wild books, smart books, inspiring books and he was drinking relaxing herb tea, Horny drank white wine, though not much. Horny danced alone, though little. Horny was crazy about her family, she adored, and they lived constantly in her thoughts. Horny loved rock and roll. Horny's world was small. How about Horny's heart? Horny's heart ached, constantly ached. H&H quarreled constantly, they killed every moment of peace or beauty with an argument, they were constantly hurt, the situation repeated, constantly. They were not thinking to give in, but everyone pulled in own direction; they got nowhere. They were quite fixed in the scene. They only ate healthy food, Hardy stopped eating meat, and Horny followed with, as usual; Horny was the supporting side, sidles as she was. Hardy's world was constantly tomorrow. They saw two rock concerts, where at the second one, they saw only a support act, hoping this was the main one, as they wanted to go home, Hardy wanted to go home, they checked one disco, from which Hardy left angry, leaving his Horny drunk on the dancing floor. Both, H&H bumped few times into skin heads, with only a verbal trouble, they have been to the movies, The Boogie Night was cool, they attended few cafes, some milk bars, restaurants, did some shopping, visited a photo store every bloody day, Horny doing Lucreziu's portfolio, Hardy his own, their movements around the town were a

bit lethargic and nothing was for real, especially sex, their sex was no longer, or all of the sudden, not for real.

"What was going on?"

Horny was wearing her new stiletto boots and considered, she needed a new dress, a superb dress in black, something really classy, wild, wiped, smashing. Horny bought five pares of socks for Hardy, his feet at last stopped stinking, and he has at last bought real shoes, and stopped wearing wet cloth smelly home shoes. They strolled along Warsaw bewitched by it's beauty, they could not admit, there was a magic in the light tacking the polluted city. Hardy cut his hair. Horny sent the portfolio to Lucr, she bought clothes for Nasty baby, and she has sent schoolbooks to Fran. She tried to phone Lucr girl but every single time she called, Lucr was out partying. Viv called and she was very confused, very worried about Lucr&Lucr, worried about herself, Wanda was becoming very week and a bit confused, she mixed all the names. The names floated. Zygmunt and Hanka were finishing a new, six hundred page's book, Zygmunt was suggested to the yearly award, Milosz was his rival. The calculation was simple, Horny's paternal uncle was the best Polish writer, bet, Horny was proud. Zygmunt and Hanka were totally worked out. Adalbert and his wife invited H&H, home, outside of the town, Adalbert's car broke on the way, they served pasta, Hardy left in the middle of the dinner, Horny punched his cheek, it was about these 1000 nudes, he punched her back, Zosia, Adalbert's daughter saw that, she loved H&H very much. H&H were really crazy, really bombed in their heads, they seemed to believe the life was about 1000 years long. Zosia was very pretty, a bit like Horny when she was small. Horny was more and more in love to her family and she dreamed about babies for real, sleeping at her Hardy's side or on the couch. Horny slept a lot on the couch, every time they had quarreled at night, if they quarreled a daytime, the trouble was long forgotten. Horny realized she was unable to remember what they did quarrel about, longer then approximately 30 minutes of hate. All books, Horny left at Kaligram in Berlin sold half price, she was going to receive 50DM, if she send her address, if she did. She didn't. In Basel in Tom's, No Name shop no single book sold. The following day The Book Fair in Warsaw was going to finish, Horny knew she had no time and no lust to go there, H&H only circled about apartment's renting business and leaving. They were going to go to Amsterdam.

"& Where are the flowers?" Horny looked at Hardy standing in the door with breakfast he bought, the question aroused the quarrel, Hardy left the house, she took care of the house.

"Yeah, women are strange creatures, they want flowers, sex, excitement, gifts, promises, kisses and much more" Horny was thoughtful, she understood, she hasn't been feeling good in a long time now she had difficult to breath. All the Romanian Gypsies were driven away from Warsaw by train, back to Romania, they got food for the road; there was no single Gypsy beggar left on the streets. Horny missed her filming, Gypsies lost their bread. No way, the departure was peaceful and freewheeling...

"Clinton deepen the cigar in her cunt, licked it and smoked" Anna said on the phone, she was back in Lodz.

"Say it again, I don't get you" Was Horny's line.

"Clinton, deepen the cigar in Monika Levinsky's cunt, he licked it and smoked it"

"That's better than my sex life" Horny thought "He is pretty romantic" Horny said.

"A romantic" Anna corrected. Anna and Horny did not see each other since two months. Bebe called, Viviane called her and said, Lucr girl was lost and there was an atomic waste, close to the place, where she was, she needed help.

"That's pretty dangerous", Bebe thought. In Sweden, the election was completed, the right wing lost, the left wing won, with an extreme rise of the communists.

"We are the only country in Europe doing it" Was TV's statement. The leader of the party was a woman, she had a drinking problem, a slight depression problem, wore skirts over the knees, had long slim legs, used red lipstick, had long thin nose and used dirty words, she said "cunt, whore and shit" on TV, during last three days; it was quite original and definitely playful. She was pretty OK. Viviane called many times this night, Viv was afraid of communists as well, Viv was afraid of each formation; they were all bad, and here she was right as the mad once always are. H&H, perhaps had a tenant and was going to go. The last time H&H had sex, it was two days ago, Horny ate some strange stuff, Hardy was at the Square as everyday photographing old couples, dogs, old ladies and young chicks with dogs, he always fall for the chicks with dogs, like Horny once, they carried an illusion of a cozy home. The illusion of life he lacked. Horny ate some old salad, she found in the fridge and went to meet him, they went back home, ate more, Horny got sick, they had sex, it was a catastrophe, Horny's pleasure was minimal, she hated him, when he came, but she has hidden it, they staid the whole day in bed, laying side in side, she loved him, holed into his huge prick dreaming, but every time she woke up, his dick was small, but she still hoped for the best of sex, she run into the toilet lots of times, she took a bath, cured her stomach a bit, masturbate, came back to get some satisfaction at least some enjoyable sex, Hardy asked for the blow job, it was the last thing she should do, she started doing it, hoping, she was able to turn this into her advantage, move him into her willing, starving cunt, and come fulfilling; nope.

"Use your hand" Hardy whispered, completely unaware of the situation in his bed.

"No" shouted Horny, but mitigated herself, padding on him some more, licking with the tip of the tongue very slow, she made him come, managed to move her lips away, made him come into the sheets, laid petrified, hoping they were not going to have an argument, refused to come with to fetch more of his pictures shots, more old couples and young chicks with dogs, she laid with her moth shut and her cunt squeezed, clutching into the pillow.

"I gave the bastard two orgasms and he gave me none, I don't want to quarrel"

H&H quarreled, Hardy was very fast of the house, Horny stood in the corridor, lifting her natty up, showing up swollen cunt.

"Give me a blow job too!" shouted, Horny, Hardy shut the door and run downstairs. He phoned and they met down town, Horny dressed up great & sleazy, for to kill and pretty crazed out, drunk tequila, Hardy left her drunk at the disco floor, Hardy went home. This was two days ago, the time was standing still, pretty still; this was Horny's dilemma. Horny knew, she felt very unhappy. Possibly she was, the weather

was great, the geography was speeding up and was going to go really wild, as soon the flat was rented out and this was soon, within a couple of days, Horny tried to collect her thoughts.

"What was her plan? & How was she going to complete it?"

Hardy seemed pretty cool.

"You are so fucking stupid!" Hardy was standing in front of Horny, who was trying to hide in the sleeping room, behind the glass door, the light was bright, it was a late extremely sunny morning, they were both dressed, the sex act was over, the sex act wasn't extremely good, but it was OK, comparing with a bad one. The one yesterday was great, not really great, and not wild at all, but real and sensual, they both came, relived and full of the l o v e; today only he came. Hardy hit her softly, but with rage, trying to control himself, not to hurt her physically. It fucking hurt,

"You are so fucking stupid, so fucking selfish, I can't believe"

He smashed the lamp on the bed, the lamp did not break, the surface of the bed was soft. Hardy reached his camera, grabbed his book and fast left the house, after one-second long fight with the cupboard door. Horny was standing in the corner of the sleeping room, leaning on the wall, holding into the door, with eyes closed.

"What have happened? She tried to kiss him. He did not respond, as usual, but this time she questioned it and the thunder broke out. Hardy was hurt. & Horny was hurt"

The day was hot, beautiful, everyone seemed to be enjoying it very much. Horny was wearing new shoes, she arranged the video coping for the eventual show in Vienna, she drunk tea at Literacka, bumped into Taddy's eventual publisher, and her eventual principal; there was a new chance to give out Taddeusz's poetry anthology; was it? Horny went over to Lucrezius's eventual promoter.

"Yes, these were demanding photos, if he was here, I would have worked with him, but like that it is difficult to say anything more, even if he was extremely pretty, it would have been quite impossible, within five years we only flew one single model from Gothole, for the job. You have to take him to Stockholm, he has to be in one place, he has to go for castings. And he must have better book" said Darek, lifting up the phone.

"Eve, I got you this job fixed, you are flying to Corsica tomorrow, for two days, you get 30 000. Corsica is in Italy; don't worry you are going to be back in Warsaw for the weekend"

He put the phone down.

"So, you say his portfolio sucks" Horny said, paging through the other models stuff, taking it all down from the shelves, all very flashy, studio, make up done images of beautiful, seductive, young men.

"So, what am I supposed to do?"

"Fight, fight and it is worth it. Take the book with you and show everywhere you go, I don't have contacts for Amsterdam or Venice, but you can look in a telephone catalog and New York is absolutely best, if he moves there, it's not going to be any problem, the book is good enough for everyone in the business, who knows what it is all about. It is different with customers, they need that" he pointed at the shelves.

Horny thanked and left, the sun was still strong, she checked for her dentist and did eye's check later on, she needed reading glasses, she has to start reading again. This day Horny signed contract for subletting of her apartment to a young mother with a seven years old boy, the kid was astounding pretty and smart and cute. The kid loved his new home.

"Why have I actually sublet my home?" questioned herself Horny, still excited from fulfilling the long awaited deal. She slipped 500zł, the down payment into the drawer of her writing table Wanda had given to her.

"Why didn't I get Lucrezias here? Why did I go to Model Plus at the very last moment when everything reeled off for the departure?"

She had some vague plan of working on her filmmaker future down there, back in the West, she could not imagine herself here, more then walking the streets up and down, chatting with the ladies in the shops, chatting with the people on the streets, smiling at kids; where was Horny going to go? Was she totally mad?"

"And where are the kiddies? Gone?"

The lady, Horny adored, leaned at the meat desk, Horny was buying sausage.

"Yeah, they are gone but may be coming"

Horny felt a mild ache in her heart&soul and easily lied, besides it was possible, Lucr girl might been coming within few days, for to meet Nasty and her dad. Lucrezia called from Germany, ten minutes after, Horny entered the house.

"You can come visit in Spain, if we ever get there, I still cant reach father of my daughter, I'm not traveling without her, it's not all impossible that we shall come, we have to meet them somewhere"

Horny bought one more dress for Nasty babe.

"Lucrezias should have start working here, after he would have been able to move, I should have bought apartment from the town and in the future I could make a fortune selling it, I could have spent with Wanda perhaps the last half year of her life, we could have done everything from here, then I could buy a big house and we all could see each other, also Lucrezia and her kids and Jasha and Viv, Hardy too of course. Why are we going?" Horny put a huge traveling bag on hold in the store, she was going to need it, now the renting agreement was signed, she did what she wanted and they were going to go. Viv was alone in Stockhole. H&H had a certain trouble concerning kissing, which she perhaps never was going to crack. Hardy kissed her so much in the thirt three months that she simply should understand there was no more of that item coming by. That was passe. Anyway from March, next year they were going to be in New York. H&H were getting back on the road. They had thirteen days left in W.

"We'll spent a week in the mountains and then, Amsterdam!"

Hardy was pleased that affaire with the flat was finally done, Horny had a feeling that she did not discuss it all with him thoroughly, anyway Hardy seemed to forget the unlucky morning event, Horny did not forget, she was considering eventually to sleep on the couch, but understood, this was a very ancient trouble, he would not understand her at all, all he wanted to do the following day, was to buy a new jacket for himself and go, or at least to prepare for soon departure.

"If, I bought a big house, even Lou-Lou could come" Horny was unbreakable, she clanged into a rapid and deep thought which caught her at the cafe' when she was there with Hardy, few days earlier, looking into a dizzy light of the evening, observing the passing moving rotating crowd of Poles in the perspective of the street, she dreamt of home, clinging the glass of her white wine against his, her Hardy man; he looked into her eyes, she was almost about telling him all that, of her idea, her will to slow down, to collect everyone she loved for real; or eventually she waited for the kiss, Hardy man's kiss, watching the middle-aged couple at the table in front of her touching knees to knees and palm to palm.

"Lets go" Hardy said, snatching his fingers, and pointing into a direction of the door, Horny made a dog sad face, silently walked behind her Hardy man, soon made a scene on the street, about luck of the passion, Hardy left her on the street in this aromatic dazzling hot light, all sparkling with despair, Horny went to another bar having one more glass on her own, Hardy went home, drunk some herbs relaxing tea, read the book, Mrs. Blavatsky & Her Baboon.

Horny's documents and her credit cards and Viv's documents still did not arrive from Sweden, they were perhaps stolen, it was a fucking trouble.

"Why didn't I wait two single hours in Gothole and got the stuff with? Why did I give in for Hardy's stress to leave?" Horny questioned herself, hi. Her books did not come from Sweden, even she paid the printer, were they going to come at all? The videos did not arrive, what a hell was going on? How was she going to do the promotion? Horny felt pretty transparent and a great deal desperate. Hardy did not like to kiss. Did not like to kiss her. Loved photographing other young chicks, gave a radiant grin to himself watching their paper images.

"You don't want to dance with me because I'm not enough, you think. The night we met, you danced with me the whole night, I was everything to you then. You don't kiss me because I'm not enough for you, you don't give me flowers because I'm not enough for you, you don't want a baby"

Yes, she really told him all this in a calm voice sitting in front of him on the couch, her couch, she was soon going to miss.

"The heat, Hardy is missing between us"

"This are only symptoms, Horny"

The new tenant borrowed Horny's book and Taddy's poems, she insisted. Horny bought herself Kern's booklet again and looked into it from time to time, she talked to Stella on the phone, it was so much more enthusiasm in Stella's voice, Horny felt; Horny felt very dashed and she blamed H&H relation for it, her engine was poor, she needed to kiss. Horny really needed to kiss. What was there to do about that? Horny needed to buy a particular video cable, she found someone who was going to copy the tapes for her, she went over the old Gettho Square looking for the store, there was a group of four of German Skin Heads buying the relics, the souvenirs, the books about the Second World War with photos of the Gettho's holocaust, they were talking, conversing, paying, laughing, Horny stared; it was really an astounding wicked scene. Of course they were free to buy anything as everyone else. Everyone

else. The Gypsies were really gone off from the W's streets, it was totally amazing. It was wicked. Horny missed her kids.

"What was the life about?" Horny put herself the question, not for the first time. The other day they both, H&H walked at the river bank for the first time, Horny wasn't there since the days of the deep twenty years old despair, then she always came to sit at the river bank alone or with the guys, but then she tried to jump, now she tried to swim, Horny was floating pretty well, but for how long?

Time's spinning. Wanda became extremely weak, Wita started to smoke cigarettes and became even nicer to H&H. Wita was a sort of an angel, always, now she became happy pretty satisfied beaming young sixty-three years old woman with power and a cigarette, it did her good, it suited her like a glove.

"Don't touch me!" Wanda said loud and with desperation, Horny hugging her noticed how extremely thin her arms became, Wanda was mixing them up all together, Horny's Ex with Lucrezia's Ex & so on.

"It is normal, people get sick, older, sicker, older and then they die" said Hardy who became experienced.

"No way" said Horny, they walked a night street towards home "It can't be the truth, it would have been too cruel. People get sick, then they get cured and then they die" Hardy only looked at her, there was nothing to say, the street was cool, calm and they went to a night open Pizza Hut and ate a lot, especially Horny, she could not stop ordering, tacos, chills, chickens and chilies again. Horny, Horny, Horny was lonely, lonely, lonely. Also with her Hardy, she was a hopeless case, she definitely was a case. Horny's videocassettes got stopped in the Polish custom - pornography, her identity documents still did not arrive and the books simply were not sent the printer did not keep the promise. It all definitely sucked. Hardy's vertigo made them unable to walk over the bridge or take the elevator up to the top of the Culture Palace to enjoy the view. The morning sex was unforgivable, Hardy begun with a demand to scratch his back, how could he know what a dreadful effect it plaid upon his Horny, then he took her blank & cold.

"You can't do that" Horny said, he twisted her upon himself, brought upon his dick, mantled the penis into her dry cunt with two fingers.

"It hurts" Horny said, Hardy moved her round few times, pulling her buttock to the side, splitting her anus, cracking her anus, topped her head with his palm, as he would try to open the bottle, by pushing the cork in, she twisted her head off, she did not want to be with, Hardy apparently came, she would not tell.

"You're bleeding" he told her, whipping off his cock. Horny did not show how it felt, she did not make the scene, and she did not bring the scene up. H&H went to look at Cecilia's house, Taddy's childhood, Taddy's youth house, the house was racked down.

"This family is tragic, we are so much the artists, we never cared for the houses" The house was falling apart, the great grand mother's house already fell apart, but people moved in there with dogs and kids, mending the windows with cartoons -

truth. Sometime fine house, was a total ruin of the man. The man! Hardy took few photo shots.

"Here in that room Cecilia died" Horny pointed at the window on the bottom floor.

"And here her mother Caroline died in the night under this big tree, she broke her leg and she got a heart attack when she was running over to her daughter's house. She was huge, there was no way she could get up. Here were the lilacs bushes, and Taddy always placed a garden chair at this spot and we were chatting, looking at the sky"

This family was a catastrophe. Lucrezia called, she could not come, her Ex did not agree to meet in Warsaw.

"I won't go east" he said. Horny felt like crying she wanted to meet Nasty Babe to the verge of the tears.

"Our sex is a catastrophe, my sex life is a catastrophe. We had a great screw at 10th of August and now it's an end of September" Horny said, Hardy looked at her with a surprise, he thought she was going to make a scene, she did not, Horny fought tears, Horny was the catastrophe. She really did not know what to do, it all started from discussing all practical stuff Horny still had to do in W. It fast came over to art, Horny was pretty dashed.

"It is normal for the writers, every single writer I loved or love, suffered" Hardy said, bringing up Henry Miller.

"Yeah, but he at least got to fuck!"

Horny was deep down but to say this straight into her man's face was both a courage and a sheer madness, probably just the madness, Hardy's dick was fine, may be not hard enough but fine&big. But Horny felt like crying and she said what she said.

"You are wrong about Miller, he was starving, his financial and practical life was really tough, what to the fucking, he occasionally fucked a prostitute, other wise he had a really terrible relation with his wife and with his lover as well, & it took a hell of the time until he came through with his work" Hardy said.

"What do I care?" Horny thought, clutched to the arm of the armchair, she took Hardy's chair this night fed up with her c o u c h, her couch.

"I could just sleep on my couch" she said, looking straight into Hardy's eyes "I don't want to live the life without kisses, dancing and sex" she repeated. Horny was the peanut "I also want to lay on the bench in the boy's knees, fumbling &touching, in the sun, I'm not too old to do that"

Horny's eyes pearled with tears, Hardy said nothing almost praying, she would stop, she did, she said nothing more about this kind of stuff. Horny was quiet, they ate, drunk tea, watched some TV, Hardy hold into the remote control, they watched Hustler's porn model, change poor cloth and poses. Yeah, this was exactly what Horny might had needed at this spot, sitting for heaven's sake on her couch again, how did he succeeded to take his chair back? When he set in his chair watching TV, he did not need to see her if he did not turn his head back, and he did not used to turn it back, Hardy looked forward, always up till Tomorrow.

"We are soon going to go" Hardy said. Lucrezia called again, she felt it was something wrong with her mom. They both regretted, Lucr's Ex made impossible for them to meet in W.

"But what's really wrong?" Lucr asked.

"I can't live without a party, it's really that simple and stupid and nothing is fun"

"I'm exactly the same" said Lucr, she was. It is possible Lucr was a bit tipsy, she and Jash and Fran, were visiting Jasha's mom, their plan was laid, they were going to pick up Nasty babe somewhere, then going to Madrid and down to Portuguese border and then back to Germany and then back to Spain.

"You must come to Spain, it's hot there!"

"We shall come, but we have decided to live in Amsterdam for two months"

"So it is Amsterdam?"

"Yes, but I don't know why"

Horny forgot to remain Lucr to write to Viv, Viv was out of her mind about her grand daughter and her kids, Viv was a sensitive & caring being. Hardy slept, he always went to sleep before Horny, perhaps it was a really terribly bad bed habit. Horny needed the night hours for writing, if not for dancing, kisses and sex; would it come? Would it, the s&k&d, come if she joined him? Was Horny's world finished? Why was she writing? About what? Who was going to answer that, she longed for Lucrezius as well, and for Viv. Last night she has decided, lain at Hardy's back, the first part of her book she was going to call The Dancer and the second part, Blood. It seemed good or at least right, correct. Bebe was coming to visit, the following morning. Horny wasn't sure if she ever took Lucrezia to Cecilia's house? She took there, Lucr boy when he was small together with Ex, she used to go there approximately once in ten years. Horny wanted to go to her other grandmother's land, in Lithuania, see the meadows and woods, the house burnt during the Second World War, what was going on in Horny's head? Perhaps she wanted the land back. What for? Not for the money. Not for the show. Horny wanted it all for the love. All Horny's life was for the love; why was she so alone? Where was she going to go, for her love? Horny smoked a cigarette after the cigarette, Hardy slept, Horny's finger tips run over the key boards, the letters, the words - Horny's thoughts, Horny's longings. What heritage she has given to her children? What a longing... What an unfulfilled longing.... Horny at least got printed the photos of herself from the sensual session at Hardy's house the 10th of August, they were terrible.

"Bitch! Bitch, you destroy everything for me! Bitch! I don't want to see you!" Hardy was shouting, he set in his chair, Horny tried to sit in his lap, the moment was wrong, she did insult him!

"I wanted to invite you out! Do a smooth start to the night! You spoiled everything like every day! I don't want to see you! You told me I'm stupid, when I invited you out for the dinner, and you could have everything you wanted!"

"I wasn't that hungry" thought Horny staring at him, she ended up at the starter, a tiny slice of a pink salmon and a small beer.

"You did not particularly invite me out, you wanted to eat at the Milk Bar, I said, eating at the Milk Bar became repulsive to me, so we decided Samson"

Where, they quarreled about men & women rights.

"No rights" thought Horny, he left her at the table, it started with the talk about the blue magic Niagara pill, about which also Polish newspapers started to write, of course not too good. "... Sex will become even more for the pleasure and even less for the reproduction, the whole sex's scene shall become even more hysteric..."

"The women deserve their Niagara pill too, sex is fun" said Horny, Hardy did not agree.

"This pill has nothing to do with lust, it simply gives an erection to previously impotent men, women always can have sex"

"You mean, the passive sex? It's worst then not at all"

Soon Hardy left her alone at the table.

"I don't want to see you! You have spoiled everything, you told me that I'm stupid not once but five times"

"Because it is very important with this man-woman stuff and it is not right and I'm taking it hard because I'm on the looser side, I am the woman, and it is not acceptable what's going on, not just in the sex areas"

"Bull shit you are a bitch and I don't want to see you at all!"

"May be you want to split?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Hardy broke a chair, did a scary movements run around threw the broken chair once again, scrutinized her and left home, yes home. Horny was rather crushed although he did not touch her, they supposed to go out and now it was nothing of it.

... Bebe arrived, after a while Horny and Bebe went out, Horny returned to her house's window and called for Hardy, she has forgotten something. It was lucky.

"Wita is here" shouted Hardy, leaning out. Wanda and Wita were in the apartment, Horny was excited, they were sitting, four of them, Bebe in her bright red lady suit, with long red nails, smoking on her Lady Di cigarettes, Wanda and Wita smoking on Horny's Caro cigarettes and Horny herself, around the table, Hardy was in the kitchen, all the women, except Horny discussed pills, body defects, sicknesses and pills one more time, they exchanged tips and medicine's names, Horny was beaming, it was really pleasantly shocking to have Wanda visiting, Wanda rarely went out of her house, & now Wanda was cold, weak, tired, exhorted and set in the corner of the couch clutching to her cigarette, she severely coughed. Wita was well informed, Horny rarely read newspapers, she needed reading glasses, she even checked her eyes, it was 0.75 plus, she used to read keeping the newspapers on the floor but now she got fed up with position, she stopped reading.

"Zygmunt said in the interview, yesterday in the press, regarding his nomination to the literally Nike's price, that his family collaborated with the communists in the past, why should he say something like that?" Wita was tending to discuss the modern writing, she begun reading a new stuff, met a writer, a man, forty-three years old,

she said. Horny wondered if he was a reason to Wita's cigarettes late start and her shining new look, Horny said nothing.

"It's trendy now and accepted to throw meat, to write really row and it is fashionable through all the arts, the meat" Wita stated her new accomplished knowledge. The lovely witches left, but Bebe left first, she rarely met anyone anymore. None in the family supported the communists, this was the never ending story. How about the meat, Horny didn't know or knew simply too well - it was all the same. Hardy took Horny to bed for the real meat screw, it was great row dish, he interrupt many times, but laying on her deep inside with his hard prick, he gave her an enormous pleasure and he let her come first, it is possible Horny's bitter reflection " we shall go to the sex fair and look at the cunts having fun", she wrote in big block letters, leaving it at the top of the messy table, turned him on. The following day, H&H started from sex, it was good, this time the interruptions were too many and too long, they were much longer then the motion pass, Horny was a bit disturbed, longing for the real hard sweaty go, passionate & rife ride, she was atop of him, she had a time to think "Was he fucking her or a yoga book? Did he use her for the tantra? Or was it called Kama Sutra?" She was kissing him insistently, undisturbed by his resistance, Horny came and after Hardy came, he looked so damn sensual that Horny just loved the act, and at the beginning of his shot he had a whole tongue in her mouth, it was the most rare sensation, his soft big tasty tongue. Lucrezia called and Viv called, Horny called Lucrezius. La familia. H&H mastered an evening's error and were going to go out anyway, Horny was pretty, Hardy too; new shaved, both. However in different areas. The night was misty and hot again, after Hardy crushed the chair he was out for an hour but came back, Horny was out a bit more then a half an hour, she saw a married couple, who has become a weekend plague, being photographed and filmed at Zamkowy, a classy dressed, dancing & kissing, the guy on the opposite side of the street puked, the Square and the whole Old Town was anonymously crowded or rather normally Saturday crowded, totally filled with people, a Peru band plaid this time Polish folk songs making even an old people dance with frenzy. The sky was dark and worm, Horny felt lonely regretted H&H had a fight regretted Hardy was not on her side, she found him at home, they missed Sex fair, they amen at the entire day, Horny quite unwillingly aiming, partly jealous, partly lazy. Hardy was planing to have his piercing done, there.

"This is meat" he said pointing at his nipple and his dick "it must be done in the professional way, people died in brain inflammations of such a piercing as Lucrezius has" Hardy pointed at his eyebrow. Horny rose hers.

"I still want to do that as a sexual ritual, in private. Perhaps one can arrange it somewhere, but surely not on the Sex fair"

Horny really imagined something else, or was she constant negative? That's what Hardy thought. Didn't he know what his chick wanted? Didn't he know her tender tiny nipples disserved something really extreme? The yelling of her clitoris?

Horny had first tequila in the bar outside. H&H walked through a half of the town, every person they passed was drunk, one fat guy wanted to fight Hardy, but Hardy

being able to hide from an understanding of the words, choose that, and walked away from the incident. At the party she drunk beer and wine, a lot, she was drunk and a party sucked. Warsaw's artists cream was a pretty sloppy gathering of the people who all set on the floor, the wards came back from the prominent show in Japan, Sake and food was finished, where H&H got there. Getting more drunk Horny was less uncomfortable on the floor, the party went for conversation, anonymously drunk Pepo, the same as in the chapter three, was in his bedroom with some chick and his wife Kasia, was fast, acted properly throwing the chick out into a living-floor room. The girls were pretty set up on Hardy, mainly on his dick, they saw in Horny's films, but he would not, H&H were at last out together agreeing, to have fun. Horny got her videocassettes back, M.S. did not fix her show and was not going to.

"I wasn't that impressed" he said.

"Hardy, lets go and dance on our way home" proposed Horny, who still did not sit in his knees in public, the party ended up.

"No"

"Just a little bit"

"No"

"Just for 10 minutes"

"No" said Hardy, Horny slept on the couch, but first she broke couple of things in the living room, including her the clothes she was wearing, Hardy dashed to sleep at the first step in. Horny, weeping was full of hate, really full of hate. She slept on the couch the entire night, the hang over was crushing, Horny shited & puked, shited & puked and cried at last. Hardy took care of his chick, H&H had great sex at least twice. Great Sunday hangover sex, the best. Their orgasms were enormous. Horny came wheezing with open mouth against his face screaming "Honey"

Hardy whispered to her through the last fragments of his shoot, Honey was filed with his sperm like a duck. She was standing with a phone in her palm squeezing her thighs, preventing it all from dripping out, Wanda called her.

"You have to, Horny walk sometimes on the ground, not always flying the light clouds, somebody's got to tell you, and that somebody's got to be me" Horny told her she had a terrible hangover, Wanda checked one more time, where and when H&H were going to go and why or what for.

"It all gets me very confused, Horny you must do the necessary things instead then dreaming constantly, that's all"

Chapter 29

... the missing sequence, dialog, sentence.

H&H had sex. Every time Horny was ready to go somewhere, to arrange a practical stuff Hardy reached for her butt, ready to bang her. Viv called, she had nightmares, worried about Lucr&Lucr and the kids. Horny's Tooth broke. Wanda called. Soon was the time to pull. Hardy bought Horny abominable thick stockings for the mountains, Horny needed net stockings, she was the woman of habits, she loved net stockings. The days became short and planing the mountain trip was a pure insanity.

"We are going to take an easy way to the Five Lakes, you would not do the real trip, there are chains"

"You mean my vertigo? Is it steep?"

Before the top of Zawrat pick, there was a balancing part of the path, couple of meters long, a stone tiny shelf, above few hundred meters deep abyss; it excited Horny since she was a child and did the mountain for the first time with Viv, it was completely secure, a hand rail of chain, protected from falling down, to fall - one would have to will that, or slip. It was impossible to slip, if one concentrated, Horny's concentration at such an occasion was perfect. Hardy was already short of breath and had to sit down, he loved Horny's ass. Horny loved climbing, taking the physical risks, getting her adrenaline flow. Horny needed a new bra, new strings underwear and an artificial bum long pony tail, Hardy did not like all that, he did not like Horny's taste, he loved cool ladies, Horny was not the cool lady. Horny was Hardy's vertigo.

"If one get to go, one got to go" Horny, aiming at something invisible, begun her preparations.

" I'm going to be there too" Wanda talked about Jan's grave. She decided, she was going to be buried in her father's grave after her death, Horny did not shiver but did not have a carriage to pull the conversation, Horny changed subject, they two talked exclusively about Horny's grand father's grave. Horny got the number of the grave. Wanda gave her a sweet smile, they both knew, there were a link between them, but they did not exactly know what it was. It was more then a family and less then a family, it was something special. May be Wanda known what it was; Horny did not. Horny helped Wanda to take off her trousers and take on the socks, Wanda's feet were all veined, the veins were visible through the skin, red, purple, violet and dark blue. The skin on her calves was dry and crispy. Except for the latest damage, Wanda's and Horny's calves looked alike. Wanda's face looked tired, more, remind of a skeleton, her hair stood up. Wanda was alone, the young cousin who lived in her apartment past two months moved out, the relation did not work, Wanda was not easy to be with. She had a housekeeper who attended twice a week for couple of hours, at which she complained a lot. It was rather clear, Horny was the only one in the family who was going to care for the land which was left after Jan and now belonging to Wanda. H&H were going back to Ostrowiec after the mountains trip and Horny was going to check one more time, what could have been done to get the land back, eventually sold and money split among all the members of the family. This was the same move, which Horny was doing already with Hanka, Zygmunt's wife, concerning the heritage after Cecylia. Horny decided to check the possibility of getting back everything in Lipton, as well as finding the roots of her English or Irish grand grand grand mother, Lady Emily Eleanor Butler. The one who was pictured in a marvelous crinoline over Wanda's bed. H&H's sex life improved, their love improved, Hardy made love to her twice last night, the second time in the sleep. Lucrezia definitely lost her job, her money stopped coming, it was unsure how she was going to carry on her plan, to do a brand-new house for her kids, her man and herself. Lucrezius was still in the same shit, his girl friend kept on messing up with him,

and actually she did not, she has told him clearly their story was over, but he would not believe it.

"I feel really sorry for him, not being able to say "no" to himself. I am the same, shit!" Horny said, to her man, Hardy. Hardy's licking last night was good, his licking of her pussy was good, and she herself was almost good. Horny was hard on herself, or what was it? Horny passed a mad man down the street, he was explosively sick, he was throwing himself forward every three seconds, possessed by the cloud of the aggression. An evening was blue, ice cold. The moon was silver, huge, placed between two churches picturesque towers. H&H were going down town, everything circled around their departure. Their, soon departure, also the way she saw the town. It always stroke with beauty close to the last days, Horny was a romantic nature when given the chance.

"I'm going to die and you are going to the mountains"

Wanda phoned Horny, Horny tried to explain, they were going to meet, they were both stressed but in a different directions of life&death. Horny was fulfilling the last duties for Viv and her dad before leaving the town, she was arranging lot of documents concerning Viv's retirement pension and a donation for Taddy's poetry book.

"What have happened with the Gypsies?" Horny asked a taxi driver, feeling the stress of the last days, and a comfort of the coming money, she was taking lots of taxi rides, to and from.

"They were caught at the camping lot they lived at, they occupied the whole camping, some of them lived in the houses, and many of them, who could not pay, lived in mud-huts, they dug. They destroyed a lot there, they were cutting down the trees, for the fire and for to build. Their visas were finished, they were sent back to Ukraine"

"Why to Ukraine?"

"They came here from Ukraine, so they went back, there, it's not our problem, isn't it?"

Horny had a new toy, a new obsession, a new image. She had an aid, a double plastic dick with soft balls in the middle, one of the penises was inside her vagina, a belt surrounded her hips, it allowed her to juke freely, juke a lot, every move forward gave her enormous pleasure inside, vow, Horny was fucking a big breasted broad, laying, spread underneath herself, it was Hardy, it was Horny's sexual prank, an illusion. Horny came wheezing a full open mouth in his face, elevated and free. The next morning the aid was even more precise fitted, with this image she did not have the trouble disliking his passive approach - laying flat on the sheet, the aid extended into four, fitted into hard anus as well, it was perfectly symmetric, so the broad felt the same, the butterfly of illusion, Hardy tried to press his finger into her anus. Horny had a bit difficult to concentrate but she came. All her sexual images were pretty bizarre. Hardy wrote to Tom.- my life sucks, I'm not burning, neither to my art, career or a woman, I'm sorrowing my life, which could have been and is not -in the same time, he was pounding her at least twice a day, whom was he cheating, her or Tom? Himself. What was his image of her? Whom was he pounding? Hardy

checked his health in & out, he was spitting blood, but his lungs were OK, his liver was OK, his teeth were OK, his blood coagulation and blood's levels were OK. The tenant pulled herself out of the deal, although she left 500zl down payment and signed contract with Horny for the coming year, it brought a total error into Horny's plan. Wanda's problem, were the fogs. The fogs made her feel, creepy, lonely and cold; the fogs settled down in her bones, her veins and her spirit, at last. H&H's sex got pretty washed out, Horny needed sensations. Anna, Horny's British pal from Lodz had a giant hang over.

"The exhibition opening was great!" she said on the phone "it was so much booze! The following morning there was still a bottle of wine and two beers left in the fridge!"

"It's long time since I had a kick, a great pleasure in receiving other people's art, I have to renew my looks or stop looking" Horny said, but it was two days ago, when she still thought they were taking a Friday bus to Amsterdam, instead of taking the bus from W, one could take it from L, Horny was planing that, she wanted to meet her pals, even if for a cup of tea. Agnieszka was a director at the Culture Ministry's, book department, Horny visited, Agnieszka was wearing a black suit, a jacket and pare of trousers, which was rare at this exclusively, female employees place. Agnieszka did not use make up or a comb or a hair gel, she had a knotted together tress at the back of her head in dark brown crispy hair, her face was rather flat, simpatico, open and smart, she had a boyish manners, suddenly it was clear, Taddy's poetry volume had a big chance to come in time, come out at all. Agnieszka and Horny drunk raspberry tea, Horny was confused in her speech, she jumped from the personal to non, her eyes werè either filled with tears or hate, she really behaved like a daughter of the poet, totally footless, flamboyant and almost dead. The other day H&H had a fight about Lolita definition, Lolita symptom.

"You are not Lolita" Hardy said.

"Yes, I am"

Hardy hated Horny's cool speech. "Lolita is not an age, Lolita it's a state of mind" They almost beat each other, the night was cold, they seen the movie, Hardy tried to focus on her being a mother, she had to be logic, collect herself, he tried to refer to her motherly pain and motherly pride, questioning, if her daughter Lucr, he said, of course in the far past, would have been the one, how would Horny feel, he tried to get her to hate a Lolita's act, and to potentially get her to hate Lucrezia! Checking on her will to hate Lucr and checking if she would want to kill herself if her daughter took her man, and checking mostly on her huge hate to the man by picking her younger alter ego, her own blood child; Horny was cruel.

"I don't care, I always identify myself with her, Lolita, it's what I look for in love, why do you think, I'm unable to take a job, or why the most important for me is to sit in your knees, to sit in the man's lap? Feel the astounding hit of the kiss?"

Hardy hated her.

"I also miss my daddy and you or any other man can make me hate nothing & nobody or none, nope, Darling" Horny was jumping girlish around making sweet big eyes, Hardy left her on the street. Horny was her own sex symbol, there was no prob-

lem for her in sleeping on the couch. Horny was daddy's girl. & Wanda was daddy's girl. Viv was nobodies' girl. Nasty was daddy's girl. Hardy, probably an orphan, was his own sex symbol, ass well, H&H were on the cracking ice, regardless if they danced or not, fucked or not, it was all the same, ass well odd & pathetic. Yes, H&H's sêx, was various, fine, not so fine, exciting, boring, fulfilling, not enough, pleasurable, painful and so on. Ass well, ass soon ass possible... Horny's stomach was fucked up, suddenly the sex was closer to the stomach than to the heart, so there was some pitch of pain within, Horny needed a cure of passion to swipe her and her Hardy, it was still about two of them. Horny stopped searching the missing sentence, for her book, she just found and lost. Horny was constipated. The sentence was stuck. Ass well, ass good, ass not possible.

"What has happened to this guy, why is he so crossed with you?"

"He is stupid" said Horny, counting coins, Hardy left her in the taxi outside the house, he knew she did not have the cash, he had. Horny managed. At home, he rearranged a bit with rage, he was drunk, pushed her and went to sleep, Horny slept on the couch, and he fetched her in the morning.

"I love you Horny, I have such a terrible hang over, I really love you, I had always loved you and always shall love, you"

Hardy was kissing her back, his speech was crispy, he smelled bad from his mouth, she was stiff. The last day she spent at Wanda, with Wanda.

"Thank you for this picture, did Hardy do it?" Wanda pointed at the photo of herself and Horny. "It is taken in your apartment, when was I there?"

"Last week"

"I don't remember that. I feel completely abandon, you have to call Ewa and Wita in Stockholm, tell them it is bad with my head"

Horny, choiceless, called, Wanda picked an extra phone in the kitchen, they talked in three, Wanda made Ewa cry.

"What can I do? Everybody died, Wanda, what can I do?"

"Christ, Wanda you made her cry"

"So, she may cry" Wanda was concern, her two years older sister was in a much better health then herself, there was no question about Viv anymore, Wanda was wearing a white bra and a white underwear, she was incredible skinny, bony, the skin shuddered together creating earthly images, but her limbs were pretty and well done, proportions of her inside were perfect and her legs long, Wanda did formal papers making Horny responsible for her earthly goods, Jan's land. Many times this day she said she was going to die and that H&H seek exclusively the pleasure, & that it was a bad deal. It was might be the truth. Lukasz sent the review about Horny's work, which he put into an Internet in Polish & English, no magazine would print it.

"He wrote, that as long Poland shall not take me in, not accept and enjoy my work, my art, they won't do a progress, they won't come to the next century or Europe at all, he supported his theory with Marks, Freud, the communists party, Polish disaster, Polish fear and incompetence. He said that it is the myth, it's only our economy, which is behind the Western World, but it is our culture as well, he mentioned, I'm a

daughter of a once loved poet and a niece of an adored contemporary writer, it was all very positive, four pages, very academic-pathetic and unreadable"

Horny flattered, was laughing, Hardy was drinking beer, it was not planned he was getting drunk but he did

"I'm not going to wait for you, I'm going to go to Amsterdam before and wait for you there" Hardy said, Horny's eyes were wild open, she was dating Hardy, she thought, she pulled herself from Wanda's dying blues, meeting Hardy at Zap, well painted, dressed, smiling and fitted, all the other couples kissed, the room was filled, with people of a half of Horny's age, they all observed her, she was a bit unfitted, in there, Hardy set comfortably on the chair, giving the tickets and glances to the other girls, H&H ruined all very fast.

"You are in such a fucking hurry all the time, why don't you marry me, make me a baby or at least a kiss?" she said with rage but turned her face to him with a smile, rising her kiss-prepared lips, he pushed her off. Hardy refused to talk, to kiss and to pay the bill, Hardy was drunk and had a hick up. Viv phoned 6 in the morning, inviting H&H home to her.

"I invite Lucrezia and her kids too"

Viv only had one room, the plan was swell, Viv was excited and repeated it all many times.

"Do you like it?" Hardy asked Horny, he was licking her womb.

"No" she said, "it could be as well a dog licking me"

"O, yeah? Shall I fix you a dog?"

"I would never let the dog lick me if it wasn't you" Horny was taunted, Hardy proceed through the sex act, came. Zygmunt, Horny's uncle lost the battle, Milosz won Nike's literary price. Hardy had a bad hangover. They fucked up the night & they could fuck the morning in the cool way, the wild way, H&H could not manage with love, around the love, towards the love and in love. This night Horny wanted tenderness and a passionate kiss on her lips, a breath taking kiss, Hardy reached for her cunt, his tongue was. Hardy was, Horny was not.

"A gay man, whom I gave a smile, down town, told me something I did not understand, would you know what it means? Hardy turned up from her cunt, Horny was esoteric, new baked, nude and very hurt, lonely Horny slept on the couch, in the morning Hardy fulfilled the sexual act without reaching her. The flat was rented out, the money was paid out and H&H were going to leave this Saturday, where to? & To what? Viv called the other night.

"Wanda talks about dyeing a lot, she is very weak, in fact" Horny told her mom.

"Perhaps, she has eaten too little, perhaps she is used to eat very well and someone made her perhaps a bad food" Viv, could not help, she was a trade, when it was in a context with the real world.

"Listen" said Horny "I phone you later on"

What the gay chap said to Hardy it either meant, pretty or a swine, Polish pronunciation was hard. H&H's life was senseless, sensationless. Perhaps everybody's life was as senseless & sensationless. The point was to get out. Lukasz also wrote that

Horny's movies were not a Hollywood movies, they had a bad light, shaky camera, bad takes, bad cuts and so on, Horny did not like that at all. Lukasz said, that's why they were so good, Horny did not like that at all. Why were they nagging so? H&H's last sex act was different for both, Horny felt, he was eager, heavy, pressing painfully her bones and limbs and loins, smelled an old garlic pizza, sucked on her breasts, mingled with her hair with the same hand he first deepen wet in her cunt, he sweated and it was a bit too hot and smelly, & repulsive, he came. If Hardy noticed, he was fucking the wall, he would have stopped.

"I'm not angry at you, I'm just moody" Horny called Hardy, from the shower.

"I know" he said, her eyes soaked with tears, love was difficult. Horny's life was as it was. Hardy went for meditation. He believed something, Horny believed exclusively herself... What, actually meant, Horny believed nothing at all. Two nights earlier Hardy was tender, found her in the bed, reviled, patted, embraced her rosy fresh white lemon flesh, tried, plaid, everything except for the kiss on the mouth, spoke sweet names and words, he did not reach Horny at all, he possibly came, Horny's eyes were closed. Horny's heart was drilling the earth, or drilling the universe, Horny was nude and soft but her skin was thick, Horny was out of reach on her own in her Sugar Land. The last night, before she came to Hardy, new baked and nude, she ducked in the shower, under the hot water stream, in panic, Horny understood she needed to concentrate & to relax, otherwise she was going to crack down, of all her wishes, needs, hunts, duties moves hopes homes and plans. She did it. She was standing in front of the mirror, padding a cream on her lemon pink skin, her pink nipples popped perfectly out, all was perfect until Hardy reached for her cunt instead of her lips; and talked about an absent stranger, Horny was a maniac and she smashed everything one more time.

"You are out of your mind, Horny" Wanda was as always correct and still very much alive. There was a serious threat of the war, concerning Serbian Kossovo conflict.

"Did you have a fun?" Horny asked Hardy pulling out of her reef, after having fulfilled the sex acts, she made herself clearer "I hope you have fun. I'm far too stressed to feel anything" Expression on his face mildew, he nodded. Horny often dreamt, she was living outside, she was living in the trash, she was searching shelter, for them both, her teeth were cracking, Lucrezius's teeth were cracking, the tension of her stress was growing unbearable. The last night at her home she dreamt, she was laying outside under the cover in the golden pale day lime light in the big empty houseless, treeless square, her pallet was next to the path, the ground was ouzel, Horny was masturbating with her silver dildo, she switched it on with the movements of her vagina squeezing it, it was difficult to do, success was pleasant, she stopped without giving herself an orgasm. People passed her and laugh, she realized her hand clutched to the instrument stuck out from the cover. Yeah, Horny was crazy, she did not have sex with Hardy last two days, she was too stressed and she had aching stomach, she had difficult to breath, she was running around paying, buying stuff, she was running inside cleaning, washing, cooking, packing, sorting, placing, misplacing, painting chairs, washing floors, making phone calls, searching a flat for both

of them in Amsterdam, constantly she was forgetting to do something from her important lists, they were leaving within couple of Warsaw, Horny was washing towels, she still had to wash floors, wash herself, Hardy was dissatisfied with her.

"You act senile"

She really did, she was incredibly tired and had totally no lust for sex.

"Oh, so nice, we are going" Hardy repeated every day for the last few days, Horny was giving him bizarre rage looks, Hardy kept on reading his book, he was a bit bored and he had lust to go, and lust to fuck. Hardy washed a bathroom and paid her new fancy sky trousers. Hardy slept a lot.

Krzysiek W had a show at ZAP.

"It's great" Horny said.

"Well, you should seen mine, it's better" Marek said, Lolo was there and he recognized her and passed her forward, they were all, the art school playmates, Stanislaw A too, his wife was a violinist and their marriage was really OK. Jacek Andrzejewski was standing in the cloakroom at Zap, staring into Horny's eyes, they recognized each other in the same very moment, they had been pals, friends and lovers.

"I'm the only Jew in Warsaw who has nothing at all, nothing of a material value. My mother, after the experience of the concentration camp did not teach me anything of a material value, the same my two brothers, we are the only Jewish family who has nothing. Everybody has something. I'm fifty-one years old, I have nothing, I don't even know where I'll sleep tonight" He was going to sleep at H&H.

"I'm an alcoholic and I have nothing, I had messed up life" Jacek was drunk which was a perfect add to his being earnest. "Jacek Lomnicki! Don't talk to me about him. He lived a month at my place, I paid for everything, he did not have any money, he all the time said, when my money comes..." H&H and Jacek walked by the Maureen, in a small rain, the streets sparkled, they were all drunk.

"Jacek's money came, we went to brothel, in Munich, it was nothing, sexually, I was just happy I managed it, I managed to fuck and then he said, we Polish, we love different, we don't just fuck, like you Jews"

H&H and Jacek went to H&H's place.

"I did not know that I was Jewish, until I was sixteen, I felt different so I suspected, that I was perhaps Czech" Jacek made Horny laugh, he always, also years back made her laugh, he had the most remarkable laugh, Hardy though, he had the same laugh, he might be had.

"My mother was driving me to Zakopane to the art school, I had to transfer, I had too bad points at a regular high school, in the car I read her book, the memories from Auschwitz, suddenly I understood and asked her, am I a Jew? It was mind blowing. My friends were Jewish, we went to the Jewish clubs because the girls were pretty, but I had no idea, I was Jewish myself. My father wasn't my father, my mother had a lover before she met my father, she had no idea he was my father, I did not really love the father I lived with, he was hard, I liked the other chap, I always told him, why aren't you my father, and he was... My real father died in jail, it was all together strange affair, the father I lived with was a communist and did some creepy affairs, a

smuggling from Vienna, he could not do himself, for that he used my real father, who was caught, they finished him in jail. When I was twenty-one, my mother showed a picture of me to her pal and the pal was shouting, "this is Bolek! " " No, this is my son!" my mother replied and saw, I looked like Bolek, he was my real father! My mother died"

Jacek's mother and Taddy were pals. Krystyna, Jacek's mother was an impressive woman, blond, with hips and teats. She was strong, refreshing and laughing and parting a lot. Horny made a bed for Jacek on her couch. They had many wild memories. Jacek was possibly much like his mother, extremely sensual, that's why he has taken Horny for sex, out of the apartment all the way to the lake once at sun rise, it was totally pink and full-filled, he has taken her out to look at ice in the rising sun colors, almost cheap orange looking flashes, he has taken her to the top of the ski-jumping hill, summer night and they slid down on foot, balancing life&death at the jump-trash, drunk of course.

"I met Waldorf last week, he told me, Jack, I have been constipated last ten years"

Waldorf was an institution of art, at least ninety years old. Jack's both fathers were dead. Horny looked at him with love, he was sitting folded together on her couch, he was very tall and very folded, smoking a cigarette after the cigarette and still laughing.

"Sorry for burping" Horny apologized, she ate beans the second day in the row, it was a mountain diet. Beans and cabbage at the picturesque 1900 hotel at the Sea Eye.

"Lend me your camera"

Horny was stricken. Impressed, wanting to stop the time. "Stay, the spike of the time the most beautiful"

Hardy stood up against the cloud. He was walking first. Monumental waterfalls were right behind her to her left. To her right was the straight dark wall lining him up and giving a small platform for the feet, a bit icy.

"No" Hardy was constipated, and death scared; not without a reason. It was, looked fucking steep. The clouds were constantly blowing in and out. The way down was tough... Horny was fascinated. Hardy was perhaps very fascinated and very tired, he could not sleep last night after two plates of beans and two days of climbing and a minor argument with an old super. OK, one day climbing, one day strolling, and he could not shit. The first day they walked on the road glancing at the hills and tops through the thick forest. The sun was shining which was rare this time of the year. Their sex at the first mountain shelter was tremendous, the bed was heavenly soft, cozy, Hardy remembered to start with the real kiss, he remembered to finger play her first. It fucking worked - the girl was devoted, the girl was easy, the girl was his. Horny loved the perfect sex. The perfect sex meant simply excited first, fucking next. It wasn't the same with Hardy. The landscape in stone made her smooth, made her easy, made her pleased. Horny fucked Hardy with her uterus's lips. Horny, horny, home, she fucked him. Desired him, ate his sperm like a hungry kid.

"More, more, more" Yawned yearned yelled Horny's uterus's lips.

"It's all about ill timing and hate, chip rock&roll or even pop-corn, pop&corn - what have happened. Hardy was hard and possibly still constipated or may be Horny was constipated now.

"If I take one more drink with you, I'm possibly going to kill you" Hardy did not think H&H could have fun together, Hardy was constipated, Horny even proposed a cinema. It was also about Marilyn Monroe's pictures in one certain bar.

"Why other men could take such pictures of her, in the past? Why couldn't Hardy take pictures of his girl? What was wrong with H&H?"

"It's because you wouldn't allow me" he said, she thought exactly the same.

"He would not make me, do"

"Who was going to be an engine of this team, before it all broke?"

"It was a hard and bitter cake"

Hardy did not understand her, this was the truth. Hardy left her alone on the street once again, smacking her, but before that, he bought her a golden ring. He wasn't right, he has taken pictures of her, she did allow him, more, she posed for him, pictures were shit. Whose fault was it? Hardy threaten her in all the ways. He could hit her, he could beat her, he could push her to the lawn, he could scream, he could say, "I'll go away by tomorrow. I bought you a golden ring, bitch!" Yet, he could nothing. Horny was rather stiff and not new at the news. These were old news. Only the ring was new.

"Christ, how much, Horny wanted to have a good time with her Hardy! But on her condition" The way over mountain's tops in blowing through clouds was powerful.

"Christ, Horny was a dreamer. She thought, the picks were sharing it all with her... Sharing the power. Horny was pathetic on 2000 meters over the sea. Horny wasn't a great climber but she was OK. She took herself from place to place dancing clouds. Christ, Horny needed to sing again and now, she almost could do it. Horny almost could sing. But she knew she was terrible bad on notes and always out of tune, out of key. What Horny wanted now, was old, she would been satisfied with a single dance, the life before and the life after the dance... There were many more women as she who confused a disco night with happiness. What have happened to all of them? What have happened to all of us? Were we all blasted, insane? Disco kids? Disco cats?"

The second night at the second hotel at Five Lakes was not as good as the first one but still OK.

"Vow!" The third one was the catastrophe Horny was hurt. Hardy licked her new shaved cunt and they were back down town. Actually the first night was not the first. Was third or fourth. The last day in Warsaw was a pure nut trip. Alice arrived before H&H woke up. Alice was a new tenant. Hardy immediately left. He hated Horny, he threaten Horny.

"You spoiled my last 20 minutes, bitch! 20 minutes of my sleep, bitch!" He shouted running in and out in and out. He joined her, hours later in taxi to Wanda's house. Cracov was as it was. Lucas did not pay for her book. One old Alco was singing O

Sole Mio outside of the fancy place at The Old Town Square, the guard beat him every time he came to the refrain. He did not suppose to bother fancy place customers, but they all laughed. Nobody opposed the beating. Zakopane, at the first night, H&H had an argument, she was giving him a blow&job, she hated to do, and did not allow him to come, it made her&him repulsive, he went out and she staid in, waiting in newly done bed, he came back and they pushed each other with rage. Horny wanted a classy romance with her Hardy. The classy romance started with a kiss, required the kiss, Horny was grown on chip&cheap rock&roll and a bad movie romance. After two hours of madness through the holly first night, after sobbing on her couch - here too, at last they screwed each other fulfilling the kiss included. Pictures for filming - she herself, she herself, she herself. Crowd in Cracov. Roof's forests. Water in the waterfall, a very small Niagara though which scares shit out of Hardy's heart and excites her, Horny. Pictures of Nat dancing. Lucrezia's eyes. Lucrezius's eyes. Steaming butts of two horses pulling coal up the road, up the mountain H&H just came toilsome down, in the breeze of the wet sun, with a red pompon of the whip. Horny dancing.

"The gods are on our side" Horny repeated all the time, the weather was superb, considering this part of the year... & on the last night in Zakopane after the quarrel...

"I'm going to give you a blow job" Horny offered Hardy and she did. Hardy came all over her mouth, enjoying the pleasure, she denied him for a long while now. The following morning they were going North again, Lucrezia called Viv, asking her for money, Horny sent applications to the cultural institutions asking for money for her art.

"You are not smart, you are acting as a cultural politician, if you are sending them the pictures of your cunt, you will never get the money" Hardy said.

"It wasn't only my cunt, but also the whole of me, with a lower part half nude and my face and I titled it, obs-cene, intri-guing and nor-mal. What other pictures should I send, the Xerox copy of 1000 bucks bill?" Horny was naive but unbreakable. She dug her own ideas.

"You are going to be poor" Hardy said, Horny set up nude at the toilet sit, blowing farts, writing, this shit, Hardy slept blowing farts in the bed, their diet sucked, it was time to change...

Gypsies came back to Nowy Swiat street, H&H were about to leave Warsaw, last two nights they slept at Wanda's house.

"You only seek, pleasure, Horny" Wanda repeated time after time.

"Fuck, I can't bill you for the luggage overweight, it's all mine"

Horny bought one more pare of shoes and a new skirt, long and tight, said good bye to the town, did not pay all the bills, left. She and Hardy were on the bus to Amsterdam. She set in the front sit on the top level, alone enjoying the view & she did enjoy it. The weather was exceptionally good for this time of the year, almost an end of October 1998, 435 days left to 2000. Of course Hardy traveled light.

"I'm a minimalist" he said. He had one small suitcase and one small bag with a camera, his other camera was attached to his belt. Few of his dirty socks and underwear were spread between Horny's 7 bags, not all very big. Two miserable, far too heavy & incurable.

"It's hard to go" Horny was humming a soft tune massaging Wanda's feet with a fat ill smelling cream. Wanda's feet were tiny girlish and stiff. The nails were hard and much too long.

"It's hard to go" repeated Horny to herself.

"It's the way it goes" Hardy knew. It was only Horny who constantly asked, "how does it happen that we, that people die? Someone is here and someone is not here"

"The body dies" explained Hardy.

"Look at the leaves, flowers, trees, animals" explained Hardy. Wanda was confusing lands, she confused US with Germany, she constantly thought, H&H were going to Munich.

"Amsterdam" repeated Horny, still doing her feet, before she massaged her back. Wanda's every bone was visible and separated one from another. Her shoulder blades were big.

"I look like the people from Zaire"

But Horny thought Wanda was looking beautiful, her legs were long and hips really pretty, the bone showed off, but it was a pretty shaped well done bone.

"What are you going to do there? What do you mean, you are going to work, you are not this kind of people, I don't see you washing windows or floors. Hardy ought to study"

"He is going to do that from March 99"

"Oh, don't kid me about his New York study, it's never going to happen. You and Little Lucrezia destroy the men" Wanda scrutinized Horny's eyes, Horny's face, Horny herself.

"Do you think Lucrezia is happy to live as she does?"

Horny did not have many answers but was returning the look.

"She is a pathologic beauty" Partum was telling Hardy when he did not kiss or embrace Hardy, pointing at Horny, himself kneeling to the floor, for Hardy's camera shot, Horny was fucking stressed, they were about to leave, there was no chance she was going to have the time to go to the hair dresser, she had no time to visit Taddy at the cemetery, she had to visit Bebe. In Bebe's bathroom, Horny desperately was pulling off her shoes and her stockings, somebody threw a shit at her, it was even inside her shoe, soft smashed and smeared and ill stinking.

Amsterdam. The rain was tough, Horny was turning in the wind, she was tipsy, H&H ate out, after spending 24 hours on the bus, and some hours inside the new cold rotten, drafty and damp place, which Horny cleaned and they fucked, Horny's sejour with images of sex a deoux, deluxe, her inner dream fake was superb for this time of the year, men after men, men after men, men after men, Hardy was slow giving her chance to flow the images on and on and on, Horny's bizarre world and she was

thrilled! Spread, chained, bind & loved...The sex on the following day was great and fulfilling but actually what Horny remembered more was the rain, rain, rain and some patches of the sun in the sky and narrow crowded filled with strange people streets, and small bridges and canals of course. Hardy caught panic smoking pot, drugs were legal here, of course. Horny had her career to think about, she was not very motivated, however she has done the plan herself, the promotion; she was even a bit surprised, why and what did she in fact supposed to do. Every single inn was a LSD's influenced, Mescaline's influenced, Hashish's influenced, Peyote influenced, Opium's influenced, Morphine's influenced, kitsch and colorful, with a great touch of a circus and everything what's chip in there, in every second house, there was an inn. The Dutch men were at last tall and pretty, H&H walked around. They were renting one chap's office for the house, when he worked from 11 AM to 5 PM they had to be outside. The chap was Johnny Melville's manager, Horny had no idea that Johnny Melville was, the office was in fact a tiny hippie home, H&H fitted perfectly in. H&H supposed to sleep in a tiny bedroom upstairs, to call this the bedroom only the Dutch could do, it was a small piece of an attic not isolated and not heated up, drafty, wet and damp, H&H slept & fucked at the office. Spaarndamenstraat street.

"Tell me Horny, how do you do that, you are writing and writing but your book does not finish, what's going on?" asked her Hardy, who felt he was never going to be satisfied, he was never going to be at home whenever they, whenever he might go. Horny called Lucrezious, she did not dare to phone Wanda or Viv. Although she had promised to do that.

"Lucrezia lives in the house wagon" Lucrezious told his mom. The Italian hippie woman had a white dog and rumbled around the streets carrying her sleeping bag and other stuff, her man's dog was brown, they were both crazy, people and dogs, H&H fitted perfectly in to the street mad life, strolling round... The thick stockings Hardy bought for Horny to keep her warm he was wearing himself, under his jeans, Horny bought her net stockings in Ostrowiec, Viv's home town, she also bought there M. Monroe's biography for 3 bucks and H&H got their rings, bought them in Viv's home town in the Narrow street, opposite to the church, where Taddy & Viv got married and Horny got herself, baptized. This sort of big things, Horny always arranged herself, at that time she was six years old and well knew, what she wanted; like the rings now. H&H went to the bar down at the Square, to celebrate the rings, did not make the ritual but each tried own ring on, Hardy drunk beer, Horny apple juice.

"I don't believe, Vivianne is crazy, no one is mental sick, it's a matter of imagination, she needs a good shrink to talk her out of it" Hardy said.

"When I was small, she forbid me to eat at my aunts homes, she thought, they were going to poison me, she always threw away the food, which remain at home, during our absence time, even when she returned from work, daily. She had a pad lock on the inside of her room, I told you this before, she thought I let someone in, in the night, someone who cuts her head off and then by the dawn they sew her head on again, I was too small and too close to her to understand, she was sick. We did not

speak, sometimes in days, inside the home, she wrote small laps to me and required a written answer, it was a nut house. But I did write I agreed to write instead of to talk. She was preparing small paper laps, did not give me much space. I actually felt the best outside. At twelve years old, I started to drink, I drunk at each party, I got myself completely drunk and historical, spasmodic, climbing windows, it was bad, Hardy. It was a full time show but I wanted to die"

"If you say so, she must have been sick, but she seams so cool now"

"Look! Look!!!!"

Hardy saw a guy dressed only in green strings riding inclines on Rozengraht. Rozengraht was not in Ostrowiec, Rozengraht was in Amsterdam. The guy had great muscles in dark suntan.

. In Ostrowiec, so far there were three young boys crazing on inn lines down the Narrow Street, along the church but the weather in Poland was milder, gentler, smoother. Horny was at last getting her new camera, but Horny's disaster was that she did not want to film people here, she wanted to film people there, and who would know, why? Who would know? Who would know, what she saw in their rude tough faces, what she dug in their aggression, and intolerance, why she still appreciated when they laughed at her side, when they could not accept her as she was, what was pulling her into their direction, was she a masochist or was it simply her home? Was it possible, Horny had a home? How comes, she understood every single word they said? What really brought this entire people together and if? Horny knew, she was going to deny it, the world was too round, for her to stop at the particular place, even if it made her heart beat fast. It made her heart beat fast, this particular country. Wanda was right, Horny seek the pleasure but even Wanda did not know, Horny was not going to find it.

"Some people are doomed to fail" said Hardy, he cooked their first dinner in Amsterdam, the rain was hitting at the roof, at the windows and at the ground. Hardy not only felt but also was - homeless, endlessly homeless, wherever he might ever go and take his horny Chick with... It was exactly the same with her, also dragging him with, everywhere, anytime... & unfulfilled.

Chapter 30

"This is a massage to Miss Horney, I'm going to sew you for destruction of my apartment and for beating me up, thank you very much!" here the phone clicked, Horny stood amazed in Arjen's office, the house H&H rented, she did not recognize the voice from the other night and the message stroked her as it passed.

"He was a nut case!"

Plus, that she very much would like to keep their host out of this little mess placed on his answering machine. This little mess, was the result of the out going, two days earlier. Jacek was not only a Jew who did not have anything; he had a broken heart. The first wife left him, the second wife left him and now the Korean broad broke his heart for good.

"Horny, I love you as a human being, Horny. All my life I was always wondering, where & how, you are my Only Hippie Girl, my sweet dream" Jacek told her on the phone, was still excited of at last, meeting her after all this years. Excited by the state he has found her - perfect, slim, young, girlish, smiling, wearing leopard brown stockings and short green camouflage skirt, thin legged, loved and not drunk, not desperate, like himself. Jacek lived in Cologne, in a small container, he said, on the sixth floor, with a view to his private sky; he planed to visit H&H the following weekend, meanwhile he phoned all his old pals in Amst regarding them to take care of the new comers. He passed them to the best pal of Jacek's first wife's sister, she passed them to an old friend of her, Jacek Lenartowicz. It was Jacek Lenartowicz who left the message, Hardy was at the laundry, Jacek's blood was all over his clothes and it all needed to be washed, Hardy, the minimalist, only had one pare of trousers, one sweater and one jacket.

"It's going to be Rutgar Hauer himself, to carry Jacek's blood the next time" Horny was laughing sarcastic but merrily. Jacek was a scriptwriter and a film producer, his next movie was going to be a sensation, he was Polish

"Jacek's blood goes Hollywood" Horny could not stop to joke, the occasion was tremendous. Rutgar H. was going to play the main role and Sheriden was going to direct Jacek wrote the script and was producing it. Rutgar was H&H idol, and Sheriden, Hardy's, but much too advanced for Horny's memory. Hardy had to remain her off "In the name of the father". Jacek was really crazy, he could not make a better mistake, he was abusing Horny in his house, his studio - as he said and Hardy was there too. The mathematics was simple, like one and one was two, plus one, was three. They all met at De Balie at 4 PM, Jacek would not drink alcohol, he took a cup of coffee "I don't drink" he said, Hardy drunk three beers fast, was on the verge of the nervous break down, he said, Horny drunk one small Amstel. Hardy and Jacek conversed, it seemed as Hardy liked Jacek, and this was rare. It was clear, the chap was an alcoholic, quite uneasy in his movements, tensed with ticks, and with a shivering, pining eyes, quite obsessed and lisped a bit, but talked exclusively his financial success in the movie world, first hour through, of what Horny did not understand anything, neither she could drop any name, looking hopelessly at Hardy, who was always her memory "have I seen that one?" she asked continuously, Jacek had Jewish features, but Jewish blood died out from his family by sixteen century, he said, and that's long ago. Jacek had this heavy sorrowful black eyes, black hair, black eye brows and bigger than a middle sized, belly which proved much of his life stile, he was still before forty, his wife was abroad on the business trip, while three of them proceed bar hoping, Jacek relaxed and consumed lots of alcohol, Jacek's talk became more romantic, more entertaining, also for Horny, although he continued talking about himself and not listening to H&H at all, he has been a drummer in a Polish punk band, before; he knew the same people as H&H knew, Manaam, however he did not approve them, neither their music, he knew Milo, Cave, Bargeld, from his time in Berlin, he said. His mother was a "Von", from the one of the seven richest Gdansk's families, he said, and this was a family trauma, also his, they had lost all, both, material & pride, wise. Jacek left Poland - like Ora and so many others, one

month before the Marshal low proceed - in the 80-ies, his first ten years in Amst was devoted to drugs, mainly amphetamine and heroine, smoking and sniffing, and some drumming & dreaming, at thirty years of age, he cooled down, entered Film Academy, went soberly into the picture world, mainly script writing.

"I write very well, very fast" he said.

"Is that really, you Horny? We had this screening at the film school, I remember, six years ago, a pretty masturbatory stuff? I can't believe, you are forty-eight, you don't look a day older than thirty"

Hardy noticed that in the last bar, Jacek drunk five bottles of a red wine, 2 and a half-liter, Horny drunk mescal, which made her look damn beautiful and a bit off, her face esoteric in the soft cloud of dream and the most esoteric, hot tempting eyes, although every once in a while, she was hanging her head sadly down

"Hardy you don't care for me as a woman, Hardy you don't feel an attraction to me, on the night like that, you don't see me at all"

Horny was disappearing to the restroom constantly, taking a long time in there

"I want to dance! I want to dance! I want Hardy's hands around me, on the night like that! I want hands of desire, skies of desire, I want fumbling! I want fire! I want dancing!!!" Horny's head swung over the toilet's floor. Hardy still stuck to beer, was pretty eloquent and cool, conversing exclusively Jacek. Jacek used to buy some peoples life stories to write the scripts, he said.

"You should buy, Jacek's life story, Hardy"

"Hardy writes very well" Horny said.

"Yeah, but I'm not thirty yet, ha ha ha ah!"

Yeah, this was Hardy's greatest atom, his age, turning among all this aging people who has done this and this, this and that, but could not take too many turns on the future, Hardy was pretty unique, it seamed, he could still & ever do anything, if he wanted to. His honest worry, his very own private horror was, that might be he did not want to, but this night after all the many beers and surrounding him party night pretty guests - Jacek has taken them "inn" places, all was very colorful, and far off from Hardy's destructive dark thoughts.

"I had been to Warsaw, in May" Jacek was telling. "We had been to Fukier"

Warsaw's the most expensive restaurant in the Old Square.

"We have been drinking and they refused to serve us, Malgosia, Libera's wife threw a glass at the waiter, cutting a vein in his neck, I never before, saw the man covered with blood that fast. They tacked us down to the floor, beat & bind, called the police, police had beaten Malgosia severely, my lawyers pulled me out, I spent a 60% of my income at lawyers, constantly"

Horny investigated, if the waiter survived, Jacek did not know that. He invited H&H for more wine at his studio, he said. Hardy paid the wine, Jacek was doing some chip tricks, & his credit card would not work. Jacek had no cash, Hardy had. Jacek was inviting all the time, he mentioned the previous day he had some successful 20 000Gld's taxes pull, but Hardy was paying most of it. Horny was quite bored, they guys did not care for her, she said, they watched all the other broads and talked

brothels, it made her dandily her eyes at every single man in there, they were all in the exciting kinky Amst. And Horny wanted to have fun.

"We are going to have fun" Jacek L said.

"This is Jacek Lenartowicz, this is a message to Mrs. Kubiak, I made a rapport to the poolice" here, he, slightly lisped. " I'm going to sew you for 20 000Gld's for distracting of my apartment and beating me up! Thank you very much!"

Hardy came back with a laundry and plaid the tape up again.

The trio was in the staircase, Hardy walked first, unsuccessfully trying to get between Jacek and his wife, he saw something was going on, Jacek was at her back. Horny saw nothing, she was drunk, tired & very hungry. At the second bar the guys ate, she did not, she was unable to read the menu without bright light, Hardy was busy with his pick freely conversing his new pal, she got hurt & lost the appetite. The whole day went through on a half of the chocolate pie, she shared with Hardy early afternoon, Horny was really drunk, Jacek slid his palm between her buttocks, quite deliberately and sexually, fingering her, Horny did not like that, but she only shook her arms and moved faster up. She preferred to ignore this, once inside the apartment she went to the balcony, Jacek hugged her from behind squeezing her breasts, one with each palm, hard, she brushed him off, walked back to the room, set on the stool, sore and sad, leaning at the wall, with a head hanging down, after she has send Hardy out to the kitchen to fix the food, Jacek who was very fast and everywhere, came back giving her this time more friendly and tender and less sexual hug, brushing with finger tops, through the back of her hair, Hardy came into the room.

"Don't fuck with my wife! Horny we are leaving!"

Horny was fucking slow sitting still with a head hanging down, Hardy repeated his speech. "Fuck, Jacek, I gave you my dope!" This was the fact. "I paid the wine" One bottle red, one white, for the house. "Paid the cub, and we are here to join your solitary mood and you are fucking with my wife!!!"

This time Jacek was too close, across the way, stopping them from to leave, to go, Horny was still not willing to leave and suddenly it was clear, that Hardy punched Jacek and Jacek punched Hardy back, Hardy & Jacek were sometimes laid on the floor, sometimes, jumping around the room, Jacek was bleeding from his nose and his computer was dashed of the table, the neighbor came up, H&H left. Hardy was not injured but for the pain in his thumbs. Hardy was younger, quicker, stronger, taller and angrier and motivated, it was nothing to do about all this fucking aids and the fucking little mess, which occurred ruining H&H's entree, Jacek was going to produce Horny's new movie, no more. At the bottom floor of his house lived an extremely fat man that fat that he slept nude in his chair. H&H saw him when they arrived, his curtains were not pulled together, H&H saw him once again, the light in the room was dim, soft, the man slept peacefully and deep. H&H's sex on the return home was mind blowing, at last after the very long time also anus blowing, cunt blowing & dick blowing, was great.

"More, more, more!!!" yelled Little Horny to her Hardy-Big. Jacek was neurotic, sexually frustrated man of complexes. What could H&H do about that? It was crazy that this particular story wound up exactly at the night, six years after, identical story took place in Stockholm during Horny's show at Fylkingen, when Hardy threw one little chap wearing Lap ethnic dress, through the room and parked him on the bar, braking his nose, after t'he chap stuck his both short hands under Horny's short skirt in the public room, next to Hardy and Lucr-boy who playing Game Boy, was still a child, then, and now, this very night, Horny's banned period was over, her new show at Fylkingen, in Stockholm was taking place, she was not banned, her work was no longer banned, although not priced. She was banned here now. Hardy was right, Horny was going to be poor forever. If a miracle did not wind up and proved. The day H&H left Warsaw, Julo moved into Viv's house.

"I'm sixty-two, I don't have much time, I have a good contact for Heaven, will you be my menagerie? Or shall I take Lucrezia? She phoned home. I'm going to play music again, but I have to learn English, sing English, I have to catch the Spider"

Horny listened to Julo on the phone, he was obviously living at Viv's house, where she had phoned, Julo was planing together for the Christmas time, Christ!

"He was standing outside at 2 AM, I had to let him in, it's your friend" Viv told Horny, quickly adding "but he tells me his real name is Jacek"

Julo was back in his maniacal period, left his wife, the only wife he ever had and only during t'he last year, but why a hell, was he living at Viv? Viv was feeding him, paying his cigarettes, housing him, in her one room apartment. A packet of cigarettes cost in Sweden over 5 bucks, which was close to Viv's complete daily budget.

"He looks twenty years older, since I saw him last, he looks very sick, green in the face, wrinkled, the night he showed up at my home, he looked horrible, as he did not eat and sleep in days. He is simpatico, plays the guitar and I have someone to talk to. I can't throw him on the street, but within a few days my budget is going to be crushed. He is making a horrible mess, he is cleaning all the time but making the mess, he is talking all the time, he is telling me about playing concerts in London or in Amsterdam, he is filling up my house with trash, he brings in couple of boxes every day"

Horny knew Julo was ill, Hardy thought, he simply stopped taking his medication, but why a hell was he stuck at Viv? Julo was a conjunction of the clochard, a bum, with a heretic. A little bit of the Holly man or a wizard in his features, but Julo was crazy. Julo was calling H&H leaving bizarre messages. Arjen, owner of the place never seen such a show, Julo tried to speak, English, German, French; Italian, he was singing and piping. It started somehow with Horny popping up and H&H winding up all Horny's luggage to Arjen's place, one after one, bag after bag.

"I'm on my promotion" Horny said. So far so good. Horny had a great dream, she was dreaming about Nasty! The dream although happy was really blasted, there were two Nasty, two little girls Horny nursed in her lap and she was not sure which was the real object of her love. They were both pretty, but one corresponded deeper with Horny's heart. Vow! English bookstore Water Stands returned Horny's books.

"I'm sorry, it is nothing, for us, I'm afraid" Mr Best forwarded his opinion. The domestic biggest bookstore was buying it, the old sellers were buying her books for themselves.

"It seam really interesting" the chap said, Horny was standing there in the shop entry shivering, she had have a fight with her Hardy on the street.

"I need some privacy, I'm fed up, hanging out with you" He crushed an umbrella over her head, crushing the late after storm harmony, she at last enjoyed; the rain was pouring, the rain was constantly pouring in Amst. H&H's last two days were cozy, but now Horny had a flue, was hurt and was out promoting... Walking up and down the main shopping street, trying clothes, watching clothes, it was all, the seductive party, disco clothes, she already had a lot and no option to use, she still wanted more, to make her go, shick and dancing into the dark misty night all over... She fall for the blue ostrich boa, fall for the silver blue glitter for her face & arms, new sky blue kahjal, new perfume to find her in the dark, to find her in the crowd. Horny was dreaming Hell-in party night, it was Thursday which made the weekend being really close, watching the party fits, hanging on both sides of the route she took, feeling there was no out going for H&H, yet. Two Indian chicks running Cult Video store to whom Tarantino owed two films, were not cooperating, not interested and very unpleasant, the rain was driving Horny insane, the streets were wet, narrow, and bridges were too many to cross. Horny slept to 3 AM on the floor, she was repulsive, and there was no extra couch to cover up her wrath, her only need for integrity, the rain stopped.

"Juliusz and me are not together anymore. I did not know that Juliusz was sick. When I came back from Paris he was crazy, turned the whole apartment up side down, started to collect trash, stopped sleeping, started talking. I brought him to a mental hospital, it is a maniacal depression he is suffering off, but they let him go after eight days, they said he was OK, he was not OK, I could not take him home, I did not break with him because he is sick, but because I was turning crazy myself, we were over one year together, he is like a child, he is not doing anything, I bought him this beautiful guitar, I paid his teeth, I paid the house, food, everything, I bought him clothes. I told him he can work, he can play on the street or he can dish, he is strong. He is not able to do anything, he is talking about playing concerts. The last month he was coming every night about 4 AM banging at my door, asking for money, shouting, waiting for me in the morning on the street, asking for money, I told him, I gave him the very last money on 11th October, I haven't seen him since, I did not know he lives at your mom" Iris was nervous, Iris's voice was nervous, Iris's speech was nervous, Iris voice was breaking, Iris speech was breaking, Iris was breaking down, Julo was a very heavy catch, a very heavy lover, Iris picked and at last got read off.

"He can't live at Viv, she only has one room, and no money to support him, she is an old and weak woman"

Horny and Iris were in the phones, it was Saturday Night Fever, Julo's business was going really crazy. Hardy suggested, Julo should live at the shelter. Iris said.

"Do you remember, when we invited you and Hardy for the New Year dinner? He was really Ok, then, he was not sick, tell your mother to call police, to say that there is a man at her house, she knows but he does not want to leave" Horny remembered Iris's deer stew, Martini, blue candles, Julo's & Iris's love nest - the home, she also remembered a tremendous hangover H&H were going through and the complete scenery of the New Year Battle, Hardy beating Einar up, Einar's face smeared with blood, her own miserable condition, pain in every single bone, she fall down from the staircase, her knee in a size of a pumpkin.

"No, she can't phone police, she can't do that. Nobody can do that. She won't do something like that"

Horny was bothered, it looked as Jolo was going to remain stranded at Viv.

"I'm ill"

Viv was on the phone, her voice shook and she sounded ill.

"Is Julo there?" Horny asked staring blankly at Hardy's face, it was he who picked up the phone.

"Yes, he is, he made a breakfast for me and now he is walking out the dog, he does everything, but I was angry with him and he said, that perhaps I'm planing to throw him out into the street and I told him, I'm not going to do that, but he must arrange something for himself, but now, when I'm sick it is good, he is here, he is very strong, he can flatten things with his bare hands. I'm very worried about Lucr & Lucr. There was a big fire in Gothenburg in the disco, many young people burnt down, I'm so worried and I also don't know where is Lucr girl"

"Don't worry so much"

"The whole country is worried, there were death lists in the newspapers and on the TV, but Lucr-boy, he does not go such a places, tell me, does he?"

"No, not so much"

"What?"

"No, he doesn't"

Horny did not believe Viv, Viv had many nightmares, often with fire, but this time this was the fact.

"It's really the truth" Lucrezius's voice was weak, sounded sleepy and far away. The inferno took 60 lives, kids were between twelve and eighteen years old, on the disco night. Techno. Hip-Hop. Cave. Christ! Dancing Inferno, the Slaughter House! The Dancing Inferno the Slaughter House! It all went very fast, the fire spread, within five minutes the place hit up to 600 Celsius, there was only one door out, the kids were jumping out through the windows 5 meters down, but many crushed, 200 injured children remained in the hospitals all around. It was Lucrezius who gave Horny the details, he was home this morning & the night of an accident... The Thursday Night when it all happened it was like a war, an Apocalypses, the front ground filled with flames, and exploding flickering sky, the helicopters were landing and lifting, taking the kids away, many died. Only about 100 of party guests ended up at homes after the first help. Ended up at home.

"Where do they keep the dead kids? Horny asked.

"There is nothing of them left, at least of these who remained in the fire, the body vaporizes in the fire, Horny"

Hardy knew, Horny set long pinning into the night into the nothingness, where they all went, the disco kids.

Vivianne phoned

"Julo went through all my kitchen drawers, he cleans, and messes up, and looks through everything, I'm waiting until, he shall begun with my room, my drawers and cupboards"

Viv was shivering, although she said herself, these were small unimportant things, the cupboards in her room, were Viv's domains, everything locked in, everything in a special order, everything was there, Taddy's letters to Horny, a few which were saved, all the family photos, all the bills Viv had ever paid, everything. Julo was still speeding up. Harriet at the American Book Center asked, "are these the erotic novels?"

"No" said, Horny lead by the intuition, Harriet was dry, very dry and negative, she really did not want Horny's books as much she did not use make up and other things.

"Why am I dependent on the private opinion of such dry people? Why? They don't suppose to have private opinions on these matters. It's their job, and this is mine " Horny was really hopeless, her dream was falling apart and she still wanted to dance even if it was so death stricken and untouchable, now.

"I told you long ago, to get a publisher. Ask Henry Rollins or John Giorno or Nick Cave to write, that this is good and you have done it!" Hardy said.

"Look, you are not talking about my reality! You are talking about something not relevant at all! About something what could have been! Or about something what can happen and I'm here, now! And I'm going to do it! This is my concept, you don't seem to get it! If I get a publisher, what shall I write about? And besides I don't want to! I want to do it my way!" Horny was stubborn. Hardy was getting fed up with her, she was not interested in sex, she was sad wining, complaining a lot. Hardy was getting fed up with the pattern. But he tried to inspire his woman. "Why don't you buy the camera out, I'm paying for it, I gave you money"

"I'm going to do, but there is no hurry, I have nothing to film"

"Why don't you film in Red District?" Hardy asked, who perhaps was dyeing for to put his foot, his camera and his dick there and possibly soon doing it, or even did.

"I'm not interested in other cunts's cunts! Only in my own! My own Sensations! Do you understand this? What am I about to find in the Red District? Tell me, what?"

Horny was hopeless and Hardy shouted back at her, they were standing at Dam Square, Adam, it clearly stopped raining, the sky rose a bit pink and a bit blue like a lady's underwear, this generation was damned, doomed to pass, to undergo, to cess-pit...The cellular phones of the dead kids were ringing when the fire men, the smoke divers found them, about 30 laying in one room. It was their friends who managed to get outside, calling them...

"If, I'm not strong now, it will all go, all shall vanish. If I'm not cool and positive now, it won't work" Horny understood, how it was to balance over the abyss, how it was to play with the fire, how it was easy to destroy, to slide, to fall, she still holed herself firmly to the ground with her fists.

"I know this feeling, if I'll play, I'm falling, I'm going to fall"

Horny was lonely, very lonely strolling around here, Hardy was feeling homeless and rootless, it was perhaps the same thing H&H felt. But Hardy was sliding into a depression and he did not suppose, she could do the same, he was also sliding back into a drinking habit, and Horny was more moody than usual. The 60 dead youngsters were still within the besmirch bodies, but their souls were gone, they died of smoke, they did not melt in the fire. Gothenburg covered up with flowers and candle lights. They were all foreign kids, their parents were refugees, they lived in suburbs, often Moslems from birth, they were a colorful crowd, hanged out in Femman, a shopping complex down town, Horny knew all of them, the girls were often swarthy, long hair, loved the same clothes and shoes as Horny did, so they spotted at each other, the boys were quick, pretty, dressed into a hip hop fashion, they were all visible, loud and wild. It must be really silent down town now in Gothole, Christ! The foreign newspapers speculated, the fire being set up, the action being a racists act. However it was, these people were even more stranded now, even more sad, even more marked with pain, all who survived, all who were around belonged to the same kind of the rootless, homeless kind. These who were pulled out with a root like a carrot. The earth was spinning under their feet always with a double speed, this was the rootless phenomena. The speeding earth. Hardy got his mom's cellular phone to work, and printed visit cards with his name and a phone number, his wallet was full of it. Hardy was more waiting than hunting an option, the waiting to no avail frustrated him a lot..

Julo called Horny. "Listen! I got your letter today! Don't talk to me! Listen! It's an order! My work is too advanced now that I could have stop! Don't talk! I have the contact for heaven! You read me, or? I'm wired, I can't talk clearly and they all listen! Stop! Don't talk! Listen! You are clever enough! Order! You are good enough! Never talk to Iris more! She is going to break down, she is not strong enough! We are winning! I talked to Tadeusz, your father! I know everything! He told me how I suppose to act with you! I'm not sixty-two, as you think, I'm sixty-seven, I was Lenin! The computers are all over! And don't worry for me because every country is going to help me"

Horny managed to persuade him to give the phone to Viv.

"I'm not sure if it is Julo? He looks all together different, may be it is his brother, he looks older than myself, we were talking about Warsaw's revolt in 1945, in his passport it says he is born 1936, but he says he has been a captain in the revolt, may be he is his older brother Juliusz, because in his passport is a different name, Jacek Piotr, he says he took his dead brother name as a pseudonym, but may be they had switched all the personal documents"

Yeah, this story was not getting simpler or clearer. Horny started laughing. She remembered, when they, H&H met Julo, he told them "I died before. I have been offi-

cially dead in years and I don't have an identity document. I'm nobody. That's why I can't leave the country. I'm a ghost"

Stella & Cardy phoned, they asked Horny to send them a pot.

"I was there, outside of the disco house, with my daughter who lost the friend in the fire, there was a five hundred meters wall of the flowers and candle lights, it was outstanding, like a star would have died, just like a movie, unbelievable. There was a young boy who was searching for his sister, she was lost since the party night, some people saw her rumbling around the town, all lost in shock, her brother was placing hand written laps, and questioning everyone, and you know what? Yesterday they found her! Inside in the corner, all burnt down and dead! So, they were 61 disco kids! Police is doing really a bad job here, Iranian community took the investigation into own hands, they are certain it was a homicide, the fire started outside of the ball room, on the emergency stairs, everyone in town knows, that the foreign kids used to have the parties in this house, the police station is one and a half minute from the place but it took them a long time to arrive! One fireman car and one ambulance and over hundred youngsters who threw themselves from the windows on the second floor laid all around on the ground!"

It was very heavy, very sad, bad news, coming consequently every day, Horny felt very quality for not being with Lucrezious at least from Sunday, since she knew about an accident, all these kids were his age, what kind of a mother was she? Hardy asked her to phone Cardy or Stella or anyone, already Saturday, when Viv called, but Horny was very slow, very cool, almost passive, disbelieving and without nerves, she phoned Lucr twice, and reached him Sunday morning, even then talked to him, not even 5 minutes, wishing him at the end a pleasant day. She called him since, but he was not in. She needed him, needed to see him, now and he needed to see her, she did nothing about it as usual. Horny was really bombed, she walked around Amsterdam visualizing an accident constantly, piece by piece. Horny was sorrowing. Horny was sorrowing alone. Horny had problem with sex, it only hurt, hurt physical. Shit!!! Horny looked through the book of piercing in a bookstore, it was all very horrible & groovy. "I must be really sick, if I constantly wish that" Horny said to her Hardy.

"I'm really depressed, really desperate, think, if this dope, I had smoked, triggered it all, I'm feeling really bad, now" Hardy fart a lot in the bed, through the nights, Horny had hard, to stand the stunk.

Hardy started to drink again, but he proclaimed "it's not your problem, Horny" "It's non of your business, Horny" "I'm not going to stop, I just started"

It took few days, actually, two weeks in Adam to happen all. Hardy was willing a new life, and a new life meant a new life, he usurp a depression during past week, it leaded to a new life, first drinking, after drinking, new women, new arms, new cunts, new horny states, new, new, new. It was a very old story. Horny responded with anger, it was then he told her "our relation is doomed, it will never work, it is not life, we don't have anything, we don't have a social life, we don't have a love life, we are together because we are too lazy to finish and because nobody flirts with us, that's why" Here he smacked Horny's head.

The final started to come out with a digression, when Horny set down and began to write.

"Why don't you do something about your life, Horny why do you, only write?"

Hardy did not understand that she came, here with him, with herself to Adam for three things. Yes! Three things, finishing her book, doing her promotion and being with him. She was doing her promotion, which having a slow start was coming around fine, now. The writing was making her happy, keeping her satisfied, fulfilled; only the life with him was not doing it. Still she was observing...

This morning, she did not wake up thinking about Julo, the trauma of Julo being stashed at her mother's house. This morning she woke up with Iris calling, Hardy woke her up, touching softly at her shoulder.

"Does Juliusz still live at your mom?"

"Yeah, he does, what I know, I talked to them both, two days ago"

"I met him today, 6.30 AM outside of my house, he showed me keys to an apartment, they were three keys on the green string, looked pretty much as the key to an apartment. He told me, he met someone who gave him a house, 40 kilometers outside of the town and he was going there, he looked like a Canadian trapper, had lots of coats on him, underneath he had a funny old suit and a Canadian shirt. He does not want to wear the fine clothes I bought for him, he has change the image"

"Iris, he has been like that before, dressing exactly the same, showing the same symptoms of freedom, wildness, madness at last, there is nothing to do about it. The clothes you have bought for him, his two bags and a bag pack are stashed at the boat, and he needs 200skr to get them out and a witness to prove, that these are his things. He has no money, he has no where to bring the luggage to, my mother did not approve that. It is not your fault what is happening to him. It's his nature"

"I want him at the hospital. He has to take medications, he has to get cured, I have talked to the doctor again, he could have meet him at your mother's place"

"It's not possible, my mother would think, they are coming for her, but who knows, may be she can cope with it, she is aware he is sick, so may be"

"It makes no sense, to arrange a place for him to live at and a welfare money, it won't work, he is too crazy, I want him at the hospital"

Yeah, this was Horny's morning. She called Viv, to conform the news concerning Julo.

"He left last night, telling me he will come back around 4 AM, I did not wake up"

It was Viv's way getting read of her guest, she bolted her door and slept hard, she easily could do that. It was Friday, slowly becoming a party time. Hardy was organizing himself, his cellular phone was on and his wallet full of the visit cards, he has bought few light sensitive films, to take the pictures; Horny thought, she knew what exactly was on his mind. She was obsessed. Horny was pretty anxious, she saw how he watched the albums with an instruction of the nude photography, he was very crazy about spending lot of time on his own; she obsessed. She saw, when they walked together he was stopping by several sex shops, notifying it in his head; she was obsessed with him spending t i m e on his own; what kind of time, what kind of obsession, what kind of photographing, photographing, whom. Their time in Adam

together was not starting very promising. The sunny day came, a whole sunny warm day, they had bumped to each other by the canal, she set in the sun, he photographed the ducks, the bum and her, taking a sun on the bench. The bum protested "don't take the pictures of me, unless you pay"

"I'm shooting my wife" Hardy laughed and gave him a golden.

"I'm not your wife" she said laughing, stretching her palm for the pay-money. Hardy took a nap in the sun leaning at her shoulder and then all the other tourists took H&H sunny images home, indeed, H&H together looked like a perfect Adam shot. Then they parted, H&H. H&H met again, she told him "if you were talking nude pictures, horny pictures of other women, I wouldn't be with you"

He smiled to himself. Adam was really a perfect town to wind up the kind of the trouble. Horny wanting to be a Nymphet, his Nymphet, and Hardy looking for something-someone else, some kind of other sensation, she though. Horny lay bad off. Didn't Hardy want an attraction from her anymore didn't he feel any? H&H discussed eventual dancing it was Friday.

"You are winning about dancing, couldn't we go a kinky place, so there is also something for me to look at, some kind of the show?"

"No" said Horny. "I! Want to dance, I don't want you to stand & look at other women, I want you! To dance with me and forget the whole world! I want to be the best! Me! Myself! I don't want to feel jealous, jelly, I want to have fun! Next week we can go a kinky place, when I buy some funny clothes I Can wear, so I can be one of them, one of them, in the joyful kinky crowd, this week I can't afford all that, I want to go such places but not as a voyeur, I want to do it! Myself! I want to fuck! I want to fuck outside!"

"You always spoil everything" Hardy said, who did not want his wife go kinky. H&H conversation went out of shape, the canal was glistening black, the moon in the regression shone cold, the town was full with an inaccessible pleasure for H&H, Hardy was taking a beer every other minute, they moved along the canal from place to place, he invited her for the dinner, but he made her pay for it.

"You stupid fuck! We won't go anywhere! I propose something and you ruin it! You are so stupid! I forbid you to touch this subject! Finished! Understand? You confuse your sexual obsessions with the real life, you are too weak to do anything. You don't have an energy to do it and no energy to do it good" Hardy's speech was long and didn't need a reply.

At the return home, there were several messages from Viv.

"Horny, call your mom in Stockhole" "Horny has to call the mom" "It's the mother" There was something bizarre in her voice, Hardy got angry at Horny when he heard it. "I'm tired of this people, I don't want them to call my! Home" Hardy was tired. H&H discussed his drinking lust 30 minutes before he made The Statement of Being Back Into the Habit. "You know it is not much and I can handle it" said, Hardy consuming Heineken fast, Horny thought he was swallowing it faster and faster, he brought a new bottle, sit back in his chair, called Horny to his lap.

"You know, it is in your blood, you behave exactly like your mother. It is in your blood, you are never going to stop drinking, and I'm not going to go with you, through it once again, caressing, helping you out through the depression, fixing up your physical condition; it's hopeless, it is in your blood"

Hardy pushed her off his knees, continued to drink. Horny called Viv several times, but Viv did not pick up the phone. Horny was pretty tired of Hardy's swings, the swings, first depression, then drinking, then very soon fed up with her, but may be it was all right, may be they were like a poison for each other, as he said, they did not have sex anymore, eventually Hardy asked her for the blowjob.

"No" She would say. Blowjob was not the kind of sex Horny could get elevated from. Elevated! Horny wanted to get elevated. Horny lay b a d off. Vivianne called.

"Did you call?"

"Yeah"

"I did not pick up, I thought it was Julo, he was here and I did not let him in, he has to understand, I don't need a guest, I don't need a tenant, I don't need a friend. There is something wrong with him, he has taken the key to my cellar and refused to give back, he has taken one key for my apartment, I think he has sold my apartment to someone"

"Common, don't go peanut"

Horny was not much of the help, Vivaine heard voices and she got scared. Hardy was ready with his Horny, Horny was not ready with anything, she was working on her book. Julo stuck a rose at Iris door, this morning.

"I don't know how he has managed it, the door code has been changed. He said, he was going to play in Berlin and on TV"

This day, Horny met Marieelaine K. in her house. In her house H&H spent the most & first honey moon, six years earlier, the most mind-blowing love, love, honey-love. Marieelaine passed the news.

"Mc Kenzie left his wife, Pauser was here with his music show, presented a new wife, Housswolff is coming from time to time, I met his new wife in London, but I liked the previous very much, John Duncan left Noriko and married another chick in Italy, he lives there now, Zbigniew is still in Japan, proud, he can support himself without the grants, he is no longer a student"

"Zbigniew has a girl friend in Japan" Horny said.

"He did not mention that"

Willem came home, they decided, he was going to interview Horny on his Internet Radio program, Horny didn't want to do it now, she preferred option, the following week, she felt tired.

"We have had extremely much rain this year here, over the yearly level long ago, I don't understand why did you pick Adam this time of the year and for your promotion at all said Marieelaine.

"Yeah, there is not particular modern art touch in this town, at all. But I'm fine, actually enjoying my writing, and Hardy is dashing all his time & money to photograph"

"Yes. It is very expensive hobby"

"It's not his hobby, he is going to study photography in New York, from March"

"He is going to be fortunate if he can express himself this way"
Marieelaine was always just and smart. She kissed Horny good bye.

Andre from Video Cult was buying her films but she decided to meet Hardy instead of picking her cash, H&H meeting turned as it turned. Horny was at last sexually unfulfilled, sexually frustrated. How much more rootless and homeless H&H could get? How much more fucked up it all could become? Horny could not sleep the night through haunted with images of Hardy's words.

"All was going to finish between them once again"

Hardy dreamt about Einar and Einar's new nose

"He had this big new nose and he was touching it every time he talked to me"

"It is because of you, of our life together, I'm depressed & desperate"

"Why did you say opposite, a week ago? You said our life was fine and I should not worry, it was only you yourself, feeling lonely and lost"

"I lied. I did not want to get the shit, I'm getting now, but it's not just you, arousing my depression, is the result of the world around me, the world including you"

"You just want to drink. You want to legalize your lust to drink"

"Don't bull shit me, you must feel that too, that our life & our relation is completely fucked up; you aren't that blind & stupid. I want to work. I don't want to stroll around taking photographs"

Horny fell quiet again, they were laying in bed, and actually with her talk, at first she interrupt him kissing her breasts, caressing her limbs, scratching at her puss, now she started the sexual illusions, in her head, laying on his side, first she in bed with him and other men, in the particular act which hunted her, then she in bed with another woman and Hardy in the main role, it turned her on. H&H had some great sex at last in the afternoon, they slept long, it went into her anus, vow! Bang me now! The orgasmus. Horny dreamt that Viv killed Wanda and Horny was covering the act at last, violating the law, and violating her own moral, stuck to the motherly act. The creation. The fetus. H&H had sex once again this Saturday, he was kissing her all over, his dick was deep inside her.

"Hardy" whispered Horny "I want you to push a dildo into my anus"

Hardy came shouting and screaming, Horny's orgasm dashed her at last free and completely cool... Dreaming without pictures or words, fulfilled into a wave of light, spread...

"I'm really pissed angry with myself, my alcohol attitude rots, it took minutes. Because it does not meteor if I drink one or five beers"

"Five or ten" corrected Horny, H&H were walking, she was dressed up for the dance, in the white dress and high hills, but quite cool, did not demand to have a fun, yet.

"You look so pretty Horny, as you used to, I hate to see you walk around, in your Plato shoes, with a bag pack filled with books and video shit"

Not getting any replay returned to more serious conversation.

"It really does not meter, but only as long I have a control over it, as long I hate, or dislike to drink; but if I love it, I'm sold & I love it"

The crowd on the street was elegant, excited, patched with some occasional freaks, of course the Italian chick with the white dog, her man, with his dog, panhandling, performing post punker group, no longer good, a rusta man singing and playing guitar sitting on the side walk, another American, but white chap sitting on the gutter with a woman, both smoking grass.

"I feel sorry for you Hardy. You don't know even how nice it feels to go out on the night like this, icy cold, willing to drink some cold white wine. You have been taking it all up, to the end of the year, like the rain. I really love the feeling, being totally uninterested in alcohol and then the Saturday night to give in for it, it's amazing ticklish, boozing all around, you can't even imagine" Horny said. A young boy standing, with his guitar against the Armani store, closed now, in his shruggy fit, singing like Kurt - shivering truth! A woman gorgeously dressed, in a long gray fur coat, high hills and net stockings, with a big arm bag, short blond hair, walking in front of H&H, quite exciting, showed up to be a run down, monster faced UFO. Lots of colored happy kids, young broads and boys, dressed up for the night. Black sexy girls, Belgian businessmen, a swell dressed young couple, in long black coats, fancy hair do, she wearing high hill sandals on the bare feet, lights, flickering neon lights, car lights, cigarettes lights, airplane lights, tram lights, angel lights and many other lights in this crowd. Horny who drunk a quarter of the liter of the white wine, managed to get pink hot chicks, hot sparkling eyes, flirted Hardy not getting anywhere. Hardy staid on mineral water.

"Stop it, I'm feeling really bad now" he said, so they walked a bit apart, trading the crowd.

Iris woke Horny up "Juliusz was calling me past last three days and ringing at my door, last night he arrived outside of my door, and I don't know how, because I asked the house company to change the code once again, he was sitting outside of my door, ringing me once in a quarter, at 6 AM I opened the door, he was sitting there, he had unpacked all his boxes, spread all his stuff around, he had a bongo with him and a completely new set of clothes, I don't know where he gets it all from. He was shouting at me, screaming that he had was forced to play a concert out in the cold, I told him that here in Sweden, we all have to work and it's all right to play outside and outside is cold, it's such a season, he was shouting back at me. I called Police, told them, there is a man outside of my door and he is crazy and you have to take him to a psysical hospital. It took Police 20 minutes to come, by then he was all cool and charming, told them coolly that he was not crazy and not going anywhere. They told me that in Sweden there is no law upon which one can place such a people in hospitals or institutions unless they want it themselves. I asked them to bring him to welfare, so he gets a place to stay. He did not want to go, he said it was too far away from the town; all they could do was to put him outside of my staircase, put him into the street, what they did. What am I going to do Horny? I don't know what to do anymore, I do buy him a sandwich when I meet him on the street, I still

like him, there is a place in me where I still like him very much but I can't handle it, I can't take him home again, not in this state. What can we do?"

Horny did not know, she was looking at her nicely filled breasts, she was nude sitting on the chair, Hardy was listening, Horny was a bit freezing.

"9.30 he phoned me again and told me I have to give you and Hardy a call. He said your mother does not pick the phone anymore"

H&H slept a half of the Sunday through, Hardy loved his Horny and Horny loved her Hardy, he called her "my love"

After, Hardy's mood fucked, how could he hate her so much and why? Horny started wondering. The rain returned, Horny boiled some rice. For Hardy nothing was fun.

Horny tried golden trousers, Horny wanted to buy the golden trousers, Horny made a seller girl in the passage, take the golden trousers of the mannequin and she tried it on, it was luckily too big, Horny looked completely crazy in golden trousers on, she had far too many chocolate cakes, chocolates pralines, snickers and so on. Horny was simply getting round behind her ears. The whole week was strange, Hardy was on the border, on the verge of nervous brake down, screamed at her, pushed her off, pushed her down, yelled. "Find yourself a lover!" Stretched his palm, shouted, "give me the keys!" He tear out the keys out of her palm, walked away, feeling sorry for himself, he had a flue and besides nothing was turning as it should... The whole week he was struggling, successfully struggling the alcohol. He did not drink, he was tormented because he did not drink and his bitch was doing fine! Imagine! Fine!

"Yeah, she really looks like Gitano" the chap said.

"Do you know Gitano?" He turned towards Horny.

"No"

"Do you know Niko?"

"No, I'm new here, I know nobody"

"They aren't from here either, but lets have it that way. Your films they are semi underground, but what they are really like? A hard core, or more like Nick Cave?"

Oliver was the boss at the Movie Center, the chain of the video stores and was buying Horny's entire collection, very cheap. She was selling it for 20Gld's per tape, it was really crazy price. Video Cult, Andre bough it for the same price, in that case Horny could not buy many golden pants, actually none, literally. None. Pants cost 90, renting of a single video for one night 10.

"I don't know how to label my films, really" Horny was standing there in this cellar room filled with posters and tapes, all the underground and over ground film. Horny was penniless and 140Gld's cash made a whole way of the difference in her wallet, Hardy was pawning his camera in the other part of the town. Hardy had money but not here, in Amsterdam, this day anyway, perhaps tomorrow or after tomorrow, so long H&H argued about the money, like about every thing else, Hardy hated her. He even said his key sentence already "I don't feel good here, we'll go earlier"

She agreed at first, until it showed up, Lucrezius was planing to visit, so she prolonged, and at least H&H compromised, they were going to leave in the middle of

December, for Sweden first and after somewhere else. Then Hardy said his most key sentence "perhaps I'll go earlier, but that, I can do, can't I?"

Horny shivered. The weather became great, warm and sunny for the couple of days and then very cold again, but the rains were not back, yet. Horny sold only two books, it showed up that the chap buying them bought them for himself, had them in his house upstairs, he said, obviously he lived above the book store, may be owned the house or rented a flat, may be owned a bookstore. He promised to bring them down and put up in the window this Friday, as Horny's interview with Willem De Reeder was coming up this Friday on Internet, this people could not really catch what internet really was, they all the time imagined it was coming up in the press. Oliver forwarded Horny to another chap who runs another store Cine Cine Nou, and he borrowed the video collection. He did not dare to buy "in black", was going to see it with his wife first, decide until Saturday about buying, there was another chap in the store, younger, taller, smashingly handsome and wildly flirting Horny, twinkling his eyes, flattering, asking, remembering single Polish words, made her blush at last. "I'm here for two more weeks and then, I don't know what shall happened then" Horny said, answering the handsome fellow many questions.

"Perhaps you are going to stay here" He smiled

"No, too much rain" Horny said.

"Too much rain" the handsome fellow repeated a few times laughing, Hardy stood in the door of the small shop watching the scene, the first chap forwarded Horny to three different distributors, Horny spent her time, coping videos, coping reviews, bringing it all around sending letters, making phone calls, making appointments, fulfilling them, taking the tapes form one place bringing it next place and sometimes back to the first, a real bore. Hardy was very touchy, very sensitive and filled with wrath. H&H discussed Hardy's alcoholism, he was trying different kinds of calming tea, different herbs and vitamins, he started considering Valium. Already the first week, some chap run after him on the street, harassing Hardy for not wanting to buy the smoke "why did you come to Amsterdam for?!!!"

All kind of the strange types hung after Hardy, once a guy picking up a dog shit to the pocket of his slacks, and once a gay fellow spotting Hardy's dick in the pissuar from above! Vow! Horny passed the Italian couple, this time, they were sitting on the sidewalk with both dogs between them, the man seemed to be sleeping, she rolled a cigarette. The girl was pretty, sweet faced, little, with a short blond dreadlocks hair and blue eyes. Hardy was sure she was run down by drugs eaten up by her schizophrenia, unpleasant and tiresome freak, Horny never occupied herself with that kind of thoughts, she simply took them home, exclusively as a living picture of the street, her street. Viviane called, it showed up in the conversation that Julo used to, when he still lived at Viv, walk around, dressed in an underwear, which embarrassed Viv quite a lot. Now, he was not trying to come back, she found all her missing keys on her balcony, after he threw them there, it was still snowing in Sweden. Horny longed for the weekend in Paris with her Hardy and longed to spread her promotion at least over whole Holland and parts of Germany. Horny bought smashing pare of

shoe for Nastassia, almost Plato! Vow! Horny was still alone, wearing a Plato shoe in Amsterdam.

"The Spice Girl!" people called after her. Horny still did not buy the video camera but soon was going to do it, and also she was getting lust for filming even if she was not in Poland but in Amsterdam. So, this afternoon when Hardy flipped out at her, it was planned he was going to invite her out for the dinner and the movie, and then they were going to collect the camera, until now, she paid all the movies, but this day his money arrived, but nope.

"He is going to rack himself really down, go and get some really harsh blowjob for 50Gld's, 15 minutes, which every men constantly talks about in Adam or get down really down with a heroine or at least a hashish at the coffee shop"

Imagining a real China Town Opium Hole, Horny thought about her man, being just disappeared with lots of cash, and a great portion of the wrath and rage and hate in his heart, mind and soul. It was actually strange, because the last night she cooked a really lovely dinner, really lovely salmon, and Hardy really loved it and really loved her, and the whole house was really set at peace, and Hardy was reading a book and Horny was writing the book; and now happen that... Horny went to a fashion agency at Kaizergracht, to check Lucrezius's luck. It seemed good.

"If he is going to leave here, we perhaps shall be working with him" said Antoinette paging through Lucrezius's portfolio.

"Yeah, we are thinking about it, considering it" lied Horny.

"We have a very few people in his age in the fashion, it seem really interesting, please bring him here"

Horny went around dreaming, moving to Adam with Lucr, they would have a big flat, at least two very undisturbed rooms and a light big warm kitchen to share, she was may be also, calling up Earland, he would have come immediately and then they could play music again, cook together, talk, of course what Earland was interested of, were the drugs, that's why he would not say "no" to Adam from time to time; what was from time to time, so the whole idea was just a pure dream, besides even if it was not, Hardy would not stay away for too long and come down smashing it all, making other people fed up and go, making Horny, his devoted Horny take care exclusively of himself, there was a risk that Horny was never going to start filming again, and it was actually almost sure she was never going to play with her band or any other band again, it was good she had her writing, at least. He was unable to prohibit that. Anyhow Horny stopped freezing, the day was cold, but she walked around, looking into the shop windows, looking at new lipstick colors, pale violet, pale blue, dreaming her winter sugar house with Lucr. Horny was a good mom and a genuine creature.

"I love writing, because I can talk to myself, Hardy" she was explaining to him. She found him at home, sitting on the pillow made couch, with a rose waiting for her at the table, Hardy was sorry for his afternoon show.

"I'm really sorry, Horny"

The same evening or the next evening, Hardy encouraged her gravely.

"I want to be a film maker. Think I'm not really bad, Dennis Hopper was much worse! He was cuffing his new wife, and beating her up. She left him after one week, after the wedding, he was trying to stop the airplane with his car when she was escaping"

Hardy was looking forward to take the promised, weekend drink.

"I did as you said, Horny, I did not drink through the whole week, even if it was a pure hell, but tomorrow, I'm going to have one"

Chapter 31

"Cunt! You stupid cunt! Make yourself invisible as possible! End of the discussion! Period!" Hardy started to make a bed. He was going to sleep. Horny tried not to breathe, sitting in the chair. H&H had quarreled, this time about modern art. They were both not elevated by the subject, but Hardy was more negative... This evening she returned home from the interview with Willem De Reeder, stoned. She smoked skunk. She did not know she smoked skunk but Hardy told her it was the skunk, after she had described its look.

"It was really gray, not like grass, it was white-gray, structured like a moss"

Here, Horny moved her palms and fingers showing the bubbling dry structure. Horny's eyes were red, it was three hours long radio program on Internet, she participated in, everyone in there was smoking skunk, getting much more stoned then she, she only took three single puffs, one single puff per hour, mostly for not to be too rude or too neat. Horny brought a bottle of a white wine and sweets with her; she was neat, she was dressed up. There was couple of people in there, a very small woman with an incredibly round butt, much rounder then Horny's apple formed, actually grotesque round & little butt - Horny fascinated, stared at, most of the time. Her fourteen years old daughter, who as Shai described, was going through the hormone rush, which she indeed did. She did not look fourteen yet, but she was kissing every man in there, bumping against their chests with her small popping out teats, giving them really wet and loud gluey kisses. She and Horny ate the sweets, after they got more accustomed with each other and got to like each other, the little broad asked Horny "Are you married?"

"Yes" said Horny cooling of the men in there. Horny was a hot spot this night. Answered all of Willem's questions as she would have been a child eating the cake, eating an ice cream, eating a cherry; Horny was mad and she knew herself, sometimes she was really mad. She did not managed to say anything smart about her work.

"At least 800 people around the world listen" said Shai, who seamed pretty much, involved in Willem's radio project. The other two women, Cora and Clarie, Willem's wife, staid visibly off her side. Actually first half an hour Horny stood at the window at everybody's back, feeling comfortably, watching the entire room, giving a pretty interesting situation, Cora was on her knees, around Shai's knees, she was possibly his woman, she used a extremely sensual voice, when she spoke into the microphone, and Clari was sitting in Willem's knees, at this moment Horny thought

of Hardy "it was a pity I did not bring him with, he has such a beautiful voice and I would do fine in his knees"

It was not the truth, Hardy would not enjoy the scene, neither talked, and neither let her sit in his lap. James, who was Canadian fortuneteller, read her palm "you are deep" he said "you care exclusively about how you feel about everything, you care for emotions. You are a feeler. People are, practical, active, passive, emotional, and destructive, you are a feeler. You also have the gift of the silver tongue, do you know what it means?"

"No"

"It means you can make people do what you want"

"I did not notice it" Horny laughed, actually she knew it was the truth, but did not work on Hardy at all.

The following morning Hardy woke up with the following words

"Horny, I'm really sorry for yesterday, that I was screaming at you" he was kissing her, she was slow, still being interviewed. Still answering Willem's questions, now, consists and smart but only in her head. At last answered Hardy's ticklish games, but it was too late.

"No" he said "no" he repeated, "no" he said hard once more. Horny jumped out of the bed, short of the breath, she was hurt. The storm cooled of but they soon quarreled about Honduras. Horny was horrified due to 25 000 people's death, in the Organo of the century.

"This is not sad at all" Hardy said "25 000 more or less, we are all bastards, it's we who destroy the earth; and the earth, the nature struggles against us" Hardy said.

"You are not ethical, I don't want to talk to you at all"

Horny withdrawn to the kitchen, which was in the same room, the place they lived at was incredibly small, but cozy, with red velvet curtains, TV, music, plants, couple of guitars, bed, tables, easy chairs, telephone, shower, cooking staff and all the porcelain, everything was in there but love...

The end of this millennium, contains lots of the drama, there is more to come" Hardy said, she said the same herself, but it was before, Honduras's nation stroke, Horny was like a child, she still thought it was unfair if some of us took a responsibility for everyone. Hardy's school papers at last arrived, this was why he did not want to leave Europe this Autumn at all, now it was clear, he had to be in the US before 15th of February. 15th of February was Lucrezius's eighteenth birthday! Horny's time, or Horny's going to US, was depending on how her promotion went now, but she was pressing only a half way. She needed to do the whole Holland, the whole Netherlands, and at least Germany, other wise, she won't be having enough money for to go, that was why she could not leave Europe this Autumn. Shit! This also meant that H&H won't be able to go to Venice, and there she wanted to film! Not here but there! Horny was impossible! Horny at last got her new camera, it was Hardy who paid it! The camera lay since yesterday, under the table in the yellow plastic bag, Horny was not very respectful. Perhaps they could have gone to Venice for a few days, including the Carnival, on 5th of February but that would ruin her. & Hardy was not interested to go anywhere and perhaps or surely not going to. What was she

going to do? She got Venice on her mind! She could not get Venice off her mind. More! She wanted to go there with Hardy and possibly with Lucr, how was she going to manage that? This night when Hardy beat up Jacek L, Horny called Jacek A., when H&H came back home, Jacek laughed.

"I'm sorry to spoil your reputation" Horny said. Jacek laughed madly. He was may be not coming to Adam to party with H&H, the time was running too fast also for him. At the bottom of one of Horny's bags were all her summer clothes, she was going to wear in Spain or possibly in Maraca, now, it looked as they were not going there. It seamed as H&H were not going to break the winter this winter, they had to take it as everybody else, the weather, the nature and what ever it did contain... The Millennium. Hardy was full stuffed with Valerian pills, Valerian drops, Valerian tea, Melissa tea, Johannes root tea, B vitamins, which Horny assured him, were really good to keep the nerves in shack. He kept on postponing their out going, H&H had to wait for the fun time coming... She bitterly agreed. She read Free Amsterdam Guide, where to go and he read his school papers, Hardy was always looking into a bit farther future... Viviane called, Julo visited her, asked if he could sleep three hours, was very tired, she agreed, he slept fifteen minutes, took a bath, walked around, made food, asked if he could come back at night.

"No" Viviane said, he asked for the subway money.

"No" said Viviane, Wanda called, asked for Horny.

"No" Vivaine lied, she did not know where Horny was, perhaps in Gothole. Lucrezia was on a way, back from Spain to Swartz-Wald, Black Forest in Germany, which was Jasha's home. In the afternoon Hardy suspected, he had diabetes, after seeing "Rain-Maker" movie, turned for leukemia. Strangely enough after Truman Show, did not tip schizophrenia. They also saw, U-Turn, Horny loved it. Before going to Willem, Horny passed Monte Video agency, Burt Rutter has been giving her hope to distribute and promote her, but nope.

"You do excellent stuff, but we do more high tech art, as you see"

It was this boring useless opening which was the reason to H&H quarrel, even if Hardy staid home. Shit!

"You are so far ahead in the video art. We have some young video makers who start to go into that direction, but you have done it so completely already a decade ago! I found some of your films which have been in our possession, we donut have any money to buy anything, we inherited the tapes belonging to The Time Based Art"

"I don't know what The Time Based Art, is"

This Sunday Horny tried the camera, first she exploded at Hardy for not having sex - like it would have been his fault and for not going out dancing. Her next comment was "I'm waiting for you to go out, of the house, so I can explore my Betty, my body, my dildo and my new camera!"

He was not willing to leave the house, she set nude around, mostly in the chair, she cleaned the dildo, placing it atop of the table.

"I'm going to leave you, bitch" Hardy said doing some practical writing, it concerned his future school. After two slow hours they had some slow sex.

"Fetch the neighbor" was Horny's unspoken sex illusion, but illusions are OK, as long they are illusions.... It was cool to have an orgasm after the whole bloody week of not having a single one. Vow! At the evening, Horny lit up, playing at last his dick.

"Vow!" licking it, smacking, embracing, padding, tasting, looking at it, loving it. "I love you, I'm sorry, I was so harsh" Horny was telling with her mouth full, pulling, sucking! Horny was horny at last until the bursting limit. "I want to fuck you!" she whispered into his ear, where she had thrown herself in one quick wave, she was hot! "Let me go and piss" Hardy came back small, Horny could not catch the same line, he would not grow enough, did not turn lovely blue as before. Horny was pretty driven off, padding at him slow. Hardy at last reached her cunt, not discovering how wet she was, with his wet licked finger.

"Moron"

He fucked her fast from behind coming vulgar, spoiling her best of today, her best of this week, her best of this month; his best chance. Everything was very sensitive between them. Hardy only thought about his school now, and how to arrange the practical, suddenly he did not want to spend any money any more here, and the chick did not seem to have much cash, yeah Horny was fucking poor at the moment, but constantly dreaming to have fun, also to buy couple of new dresses, vow! Her new movie was at danger. No Venice! No sex of H&H! No other stuff, only stress! Scary! Horny did not say a word to him after he came, at least in two hours, first forty minutes she laid on the bed, with her head twisted, after these forty minutes, she got up without looking at him, went back to writing... Hardy did not understand what was going on in her head, in her senses, when sometimes in days she would refuse to touch his dick. Why? Hardy did not know, Horny thought, how, she could master the situation. Yes, she progressed on thinking in both directions. She was sure, it was very simple. She loved to touch him, but only if it provided her with a great excitement, a huge hard on in her own belly; no other wise... Horny was a wise girl. The very self-content. She still wanted a breakfast in Paris, selling tapes in Paris, doing a reading in Paris, while Hardy became very much one way ticket to New York. Horny wanted to have the house in India, the house with the red parrots and mixed colors flowers.

"I survived, survived, survived" Horny repeated to herself. She did not bleed as much as yesterday, she was not whipped out as yesterday, she was actually feeling perfect and the sky was blue. Hardy was going "home" within couple of days, she was going to Paris for one week, then back to Adam, hopefully to meet her son, then to Koln, to Jacek A to do some more promotion, then she was also going "home" to Hardy, Lucrezius and Viv and Lou Lou. The plan did not come as smooth, there were many screams & shouts but no tears, Horny was a big girl. If Hardy had to go "home", he had to go "home".

"I'm suffering of depression, some people commit a suicide of, I have to go and I'm going to go"

"No" said Frank Lefevre, at whom, Horny was counting, that he was going to buy her books for the bookstore.

"It's a French man, at last not an English, he is going to buy my books" Horny was shinning.

"No" repeated one more time, Frank.

"Why did you say, no, before even seeing my books" Horny was in the phone box, it was freezing cold. It was the morning, H&H stopped having sex, Hardy's plan on earlier departure was not only set but also spoken out, so she knew.

"What's the publisher?" asked Frank.

"I published myself"

"No" he said once again, he was pissed angry.

"Why was he so fucking angry?" Horny questioned herself, walking towards the cafe, at which Hardy was. Hardy was at the same cafe every morning, writing his diary, his diarrhea, drinking his tea, looking at waitresses, they were only two, both handsome and tall, so OK, with it, the cafe was boring Italian place, full of Italian love songs every morning, but OK. It was really nasty, Hardy wrote to one of his pals, perhaps Tom, Horny was jellies about his habit, jellies about girls' length, and she could not cover her jellies well. Horny was not. Hardy did not know much about her, she was not jellies, she was disgust, when she saw, the color in Hardy's face change, when the waitress, one or another came really close, he would turn pretty red, or rather ugly red, she thought. It was chip, cheap, so was the place. Horny left tapes and books on consignment at Stalplat record store, Zbigniew's label. She sold some books to Stalplat bookstore, cash, sold some videos to Cine Cine, was making contact for the distribution at Cinema, OK. She was stressed of having the departure date set, she did not want to stay too long here, without Hardy, it was not cozy enough and she did not have the money, she absolutely did not have the money. They still did not dance and perhaps were not going to do it.

"I hate to dance. If you want to place me in hell, you place me on the disco floor" Hardy said, Horny only looked, she looked sorrowful, Horny was a fool, Or wasn't she? What do you think? And would you like to pay for to have an access to such a life, to pay for observing Horny's life? And was it the life, at all? Horny was looking forward to dance in Paris, with or without her Hardy. Her Hardy. Sex museum in Adam was not going to look at her tapes. Mrs. Buyer was in US, so it was going to be a Erotic Gallery in Red Light District, so at last she had to go there and that's fun. Hardy surely was there many times, it appeared to be placed very near the train station. Vow. When she phoned him sometimes on his cellular, he was always at the train station, Horny knew Hardy was not interested in trains. OK. Moron. She definitely stopped giving him blowjobs, she would not want to copy after the pay-girls for free, for nothing.

"But then, you can take one of my bags" Horny suggested, breaking out the thunder in Hardy's world.

"No, no, no!" he was shouting.

"Why not? You don't even have the one fifth of the luggage I have, you are taking a direct train, I don't know how I go, but I don't have a money for the train, and I'm planing to stop a few times"

"Do you mean, even if I go, I have to be depend on your fucking life style?!" Hardy was very angry and Horny was very sad.

"I don't think you understand what I'm doing" Horny's voice was weak "I'm much older then you, I'm not as strong, you are cracking down all the time, how do you think I feel? Where do you think I get my strenghts? Do you think it's all free? You don't see the offerings, I'm doing. I'm not an ego-tripped self-indulged useless bitch, as you think. I'm actually promoting a really valuable piece of art, and I'm doing it the only possible way, it would not function any other way, it would not happened at all"

This speech was much too long, then Hardy could take, and he felt she was accusing him.

- "Find a Niger to carry your stuff, or mail it all back"

Yeah, Hardy was the man of the world. They had another discussion, actually a quarrel this day, but it was all yesterday, but Horny had a menstruation, so it did not count, an ordinary female shit. Horny made a scene, she was standing on Rembrandt Plein, not moving from the spot, everyone was staring, she was pretty, wearing, a blue fluorescent sun shades, bright red lipstick, Plato shoes, black stockings, black school girl skirt, black leather jacket and her famous white fox, her bag was pink, the brightest, the most shining piece of the plastic swinging above her right hip, filled with stuff.

"Rainbow!" called her colored young boys. H&H quarreled about her work, the way she was promoting herself, the way she was selling her stuff, Hardy thought she was not successful enough, not sharp enough, simply stupid.

"You tell me all the time, I'm stupid, wrong, ugly, you don't like the way I dress, you don't like my hair do, my size, my voice, my face, an expression in my face, an expression in my life, what a hell are you doing here?" Horny forgot he was leaving "I could make easily for the beauty in man's life" Horny was ready to cry and Hardy refused to pay her beer. Hardy almost stopped drinking, his nerves were impossibly stretched. The day was cold, it almost looked as it was going to snow. Horny longed for to annex the new name, Rainbow! Hardy already booked his ticket back, but he still forgot to tell her about it... She had under her eyelids, Wanda's face, she saw at the last morning in Warsaw, Wanda looked dead, but she was not, she was alive, the skin on her face was pulled strongly and tight around the bones, Wanda's mouth was violently open in a huge gap. Wanda's head was thrown back on the pillows. Her enormously thin arms were stretched a bit up. Rainbow came closer, tip toeing and stared at her aunt, a bit anxious, searched for the breath, yes, it was there. Wanda was alive.

Chapter 32

"Will nobody suck my cock?"

Hardy's question was quite right, nobody would. Rainbow was on the safe side, she was the only one in the room, except Hardy himself. Rainbow and Hardy did not go out, Sunday begun 28 minutes earlier, Hardy developed the early bed going habit. No hobbit. & Nobody would suck his cock; not Rainbow anyway. Not even, a hobbit. Not the rabbit.

"You don't understand anything, I could do it but only on one condition" here, she interrupt. Hardy and Rainbow started to drink already yesterday, but yesterday they drunk beer, and today wine, and tomorrow nothing, this was unspoken deal. Only weekend drinking.

"This is my last Friday, shall you fuck it up?" Hardy was determinant, he did not have a new shining name. Rainbow was bitter. Bitter as wormwood. Not even the gorgeous name helped. Their solitude was bitter as a wormwood but cold, they both knew. Hardy was sure, she was jealous at the waitress as usual, she was not. Waitress was wearing a transparent top, Rainbow gave her a swell smile, truth. Rainbow was determinant too. Her time in Adam was also running out. Rainbow was going to go to Erotic Gallery, and drop films and books of the Ego Trip. Rainbow was proud of her label. She told Hardy "Give me 20g, you owe me, for the stockings and I'll split" Rainbow changed in the store, she didn't care the weather was far too cold, Giacometti panty house were pretty, very thin black in huge spirals. The air was freezing cold, still and dry, it seemed the snow was coming; but it did not. There were few nude women in the windows on Spui, women Hardy used to secretly photograph, women who could give any man a blow job for 50g, price of two pares of panty house. Rainbow stopped giving him that particular pleasure.

"If you give me 100g, I'll do it too" she said to her man, he thought it was a joke, but it was not.

"It does not cost that much"

He knew as every other man in Adam.

"I'm aware of the current price, but I'm worth double, or?"

His lady was tough. But his pocket was tight. Result - no blow job.

Rainbow in new stockings on the cold Adam street was promising, in spite the nudies in the windows, the men brushing streets, put an ovation for her, just when she bent down placing her shinning sparkling pink bag down, fishing up her fluorescent blue sun shades, put all in order, stretch up, shades on, the bag on the shoulder, Black guy in silver uniform, wined his brush between his legs, sticking the longer part of the stick out between his thighs, straight forward, flipping it up and down. His pal, White man in orange uniform clapped his palms, Rainbow laughed, pulled up an arm of her fluorescent green coat, looked at her pink plastic watch with panic, she was fifteen minutes late. Hardy was sour. Sore. She gave him a smile, set down, Hardy was sour. The sun was sparkling full through the ice-cold light blue sky. The future. The couple kept on arguing. It did not make sense. Hardy alone was OK. Rainbow alone was great!

"Phone me, when you clear up" Hardy left to the right, she went to the left, it was the only solution after, she had told him "look, I'm not hanging after you, I'm going to

do my business, and I need to be my own sex object now and promote myself, don't make me feel like a loser"

She was right, alone she made a great pair. She and herself. Red District was sparkling red, although it was only an afternoon. The sun was a bit dimmed of the sin all around. The sin. Rainbow was a sinner, when she ran along the canal, looking at the young Dutch, big-breasted nymphets, all small Asiatic queens old Mechico moms, tiny Lolitas, and all the pimps and the doormen recognized Rainbow. She crossed the street back and forth, the nudies watched her shoes. Full kick! The nudies watched her Plato shoes! Believe it or not! The Spice Girls attributes became the attributes of freedom to represent the women! Believe it or not, it was the truth! And Rainbow was proud to be introduced. Almost incited. She was there together with a wealthy looking hooker, speaking French, hi. She left her films and books to the boss of Casa Rosa. She got his card with a pink elephant. "Meet me Monday at 8 PM"

"Make it Tuesday"

Rainbow ran back to the main street, phoned Hardy, met him at the cafe, took back to the Red District for another walk enjoying her. Every single pimp and doorman bowed to her. Unforgettable Rainbow was here before and now, she was here again.

"How can they do it, the prostitutes, how can they take all this ugly men onto themselves?" was Rainbow's shinning line. Hardy and Rainbow were having a beer in the corner bar. The lights were sparkling reds in the dirty canals, Rainbow loved circus, Hardy loved sex.

"How can they survive all this accidental all this abominable men? I mean, look at them". Rainbow pointed silhouettes of men, passing round, passing round, passing round, pissing round to and from, back and forth. "From my moral point of view, I could have buy sex, if I felt like, but I could never do what these women do, although my sexual fantasies circle around different and many men. It's horrifying to imagine, they have no choice what's ever, standing there, taking absolutely every single one, for this small some of money, it's unbelievable. Taking their liquids in, their vibes in, their emotion, their hit, the shit and sweat, it's horrifying. The sex, even with the lover, is either good, great or bad, how can one do this with everyone? How?"

Rainbow was green

"Rainbow, you don't understand anything. It's a good job, some of them, must work three days a month, and then they live cheap and good and free" Hardy's theory was quite impossible, for her to percept. Still Rainbow could not admit, it excited her too, all this women, standing there behind thin glass, in strings and bra, ready to go, ready to give, ready to take, and all the men circling round, like bees, trading round, like insects, in clods, some getting in, the curtains, of course red, such as Rainbow loved, were pulled, and the sucky, tacky was on. Yeah, it was a bit wild to percept. Rainbow would love to be a man. Of course, she has heard, in Adam one could, a woman could buy boys, but they were not placed like these ones, right behind the glass. It was too bad. It was simply too bad. And there were not thousand women to circle like these choosy horny dirty men.

Hardy kissed her, she was still sleeping, he smelled an old cheese from his moth, he pushed his dick into her, she protested, he did not take her serious, proceed to juke, in and out, she at last bumped her head against the floor with resignation, Hardy pushed her away, slinging out his prick.

"You are so cold and stiff!" he shouted, he hated her, Hardy hated his Rainbow. Saturday went as it did start, straight to hell. Of course they succeed to have some sex and some filming and some eating and TV watching, but it was all the minor acts... They even tried to talk, perhaps they tried to love...

"We can invent a new branch, a black porno comedy, but it's not pretty and it's not what I want, I wanted sex & love" Rainbow said after watching what she had filmed, the Saturday, passed; their last Party Saturday. Hardy refused to go out.

"I wanted to go out Friday night, but you said, lets do it Saturday, if we stay home the whole day, it shall be really lovely to go out at night"

He hated her repetitive speech "I have had it before, my life is a hell"

Viviane called. Rainbow was wondering what was she going to do with the rest of her life if she could not film? Hardy repeated "please, suck my dick"

"Dick? No way, dick. I'm not going to suck the dick" Rainbow was sure. Marilyn Monroe, when she signed her first contract, said "now, I have sucked my last dick"

Rainbow did not signed any contract, but she was may be quicker, or possibly had nothing to loose. Rainbow was rainbow and every wind could blow her off, blow her apart. She was only a reflection, a conjunction of water and sun, the illusion. Sunday, Rainbow woke up planing the film takes, it was going to work better, the sun light was great firing the entire room, Hardy refused to film, he refused to fuck her on film. He really looked depressed and Rainbow did not oppose, although knowing this was their last chance, for this time. In the week days they were forced to leave the apartment, Arjen's office much too early, and Hardy would not put up with such inconvenience and he hardly bothered to fuck her at all, she did not bother much either, he seemed to give her a single orgasm, anyway, and then, it really did not make the sense. Hardy used to think, she was cock fixed, cock obsessed, but he wasn't that sure, now. He did not know, Rainbow was and always has been limited to her womb.

"Are you going to behold my computer?" Hardy longed to take it back, longed to write his own story in the golden prints. Rainbow wondered, if he has touched the hookers, the prostitutes, but she did not ask she had no energy to ask. Sometimes she thought he surely did, sometimes she thought he surely would not...

"You can't take it, I'm finishing my book"

"Yeah, you are finishing your book" Hardy repeated after her

"It's my ticket to New York" Rainbow found her hit! Sunday passed sad. Adam became incredibly cold. The Italian couple set at the canal tacked as they were going to the Northern Pool, they had bag packs hooked over the shoulders, a white dog was gone, a brown one rumbled around on the loose lich. The girl was tripped, bent forward, she felt really ill, rolling on a cigarette, without a success through a very long time, the man read newspaper, Rainbow wanted to film them but Hardy opposed.

Every time Rainbow wanted to film something powerful Hardy opposed. Rainbow was powerless, but soon Hardy was going to go.

"They are at the brink" Hardy said.

"That's why I obsessively want to film them, because they are at the brink" Rainbow said to herself, very quiet.

Chapter 33

"She fucked me up! My mother, fucked me up!" Hardy was verbal, they have been sharing a second bottle of wine, Rainbow, although tried to remain silent, got into the conversation.

"I'm sorry for you"

"You should not be sorry, you are in the same situation, your mother fucked you up too, we are the same"

"I would not say that. I'm still standing" Rainbow felt like giggling over her other half misery, but stopped, seeing the horror in Hardy's face, he was serious, or was it only the wine? He expected more sincere talk

"I mean, I'm happy, I'm functioning, doing things"

"Oh, what means happiness? Nothing!" Hardy was as usual, difficult, questioning the basics.

"It means nothing certainly to you, but to me, to the others it means bloody much, bloody lot"

Hardy, as usual, left her without a word, dashed happy to sleep after all the wine and talks, the openings, the refreshments, Rainbow could not sleep, the room was too hot, more even hotter of being constantly lived in as they had been constantly inside. The following day, Sunday Hardy did not want to film. She realized, she should not have been laughing at them both, she should have told him, his dick was doing fine... Well his dick was doing fine; how was doing Hardy? Rainbow wondered, how Hardy could fart that much? More, he has forbid her to burn the incense at home, this particle incense, the only one she bought, gave him a headache. Rainbow had difficult to stand the stunk. Their love went deep into the world's rectum. & Hardy & Rainbow were in love...

"I hate fashion. It is so clumsy, I can't stand the shoes you are wearing. Why people are so aware of their surface and dump all their money into their looks?" Hardy was on his fifth beer, Rainbow was sitting against him at the ring, Red District bar, they watched passing people, they were all remarkable types, rare types, interesting types. Rainbow loved fashion.

"I love fashion, it's a put out of our time, the push of the time, the time; do you understand? The joy! It's something to enjoy, something to play with, play about, choose and identify"

"No, it is a ridicules mistake, it's only the industry who wants us to buy"

"It's very unhealthy for you, to be constantly negative"

A woman, in her seventies, on very high hills, with well-trimmed calves, wearing a short coat and a big red hat passed, Hardy really liked her.

"When I met you, you also had a style but you are a terrible opportunist, you say yes, to everything"

Hardy was disgusted, became more personal in his attack, the big quarrel was but in the air. Huge Black man wearied a fluorescent green dress almost to the ground, his fancy black boots were sticking out. He was very fat, from the back looked like a fat-fat-fat woman, swinging, waving from side to side.

"It feels really good, my promotion here, my appearance, my position, nobody can take it away from me. I'm alone about what I have done in art, I supposed we were many to share it, but it's proved, I'm alone about that. Even my Ex, told me, my consequence is going to pay back. Actually I would not need to do anything more, it's enough what I have already done, but I want to do a little bit more and it really makes me glad"

Rainbow, like Horny talked often about her work, like Horny... The younger wasted chap in leather and pointed cowboy boots in lizard skin passed, they were extremely pointed up, looked as at least three numbers too big, Hardy and Rainbow laughed. Everything was decided, Rainbow was going to Paris, Hardy was going to Gothole, they were taking two different buses from the same terminal at the same time, in two different directions, Rainbow, South-West, Hardy NorthEast. Why? Who would know why? Rainbow's promotion was a good coverage also for herself, Hardy's panic for home, holed only as long Rainbow was on his side, they have bought the tickets, Hardy actually bought both tickets, Rainbow did not have the money but for sending letters and making more Xerox prints of herself, which she placed all over the town.

"It's too explicit. Not that we wouldn't be used to it, we see a lot of gay and lesbian pornographic stuff, but this is too explicit" Janeken worked for cinema De Bali, there was no show on De Bali for Rainbow, Janeken regretted too, Rainbow was a colorful spot, here in Adam.

"Who is arranging the screening in Paris?"

There was no screening in Paris jet, but Rainbow lied "A batch of Polish photographers"

As they got nothing else to do, as to promote a little Rainbow, nope.

"This is my evening!" Rainbow shouted.

"Do you think it's fun siting here, watching you changing clothes?" Hardy was quick but still cool, only in the next couple of seconds and couple of minutes, Hardy was shouting, "My life is a hell! I'm not going to waist my life, sitting around waiting for you! We are going out for the fifteen minutes business and you are preparing for the party!"

Actually in the end of his speech Hardy lost the articulation and verbal abilities, he squeaked like a pig, jumping up from the chair, touching his forehead, pulling his hair, still shouting. Rainbow hid in the kitchen part of the room, she leaned at the wall, she looked gorgeous, it possibly took her forty minutes, to change from the tired exhausted rack into a shick fresh tempting broad; she was wearing a long black skirt, which was Hardy's wish, she was planing a short white, and she was wearing a

black fluffy jacket Hardy bought for her, on the floor around lied, white fluffy jacket, white dress, silver top, the other silver top, pink jacket, a couple of pair of stockings, and few pairs of shoes, Hardy did not want to change, he was wearing a pair of dark blue jeans, he did not want to shave, naturally he was bored waiting.

"I want to be beautiful tonight! It is not about the cunts at Casa Rosa, this evening, it is about me! About me! It is my evening!"

Rainbow was sure, Toine, the manager at Casa Rosa, at all Casas Rosas and of the Erotic Museum at the Red District was buying her collection and her books, she was planning to raise the price a little bit, she was hoping he was going to invite them into the famous Casa Rosa's show, which Rainbow could definitely not afford. For one second when the quarrel between the lovers wound up for full, Rainbow was not so very sure of success, she tried this before; whenever she dared to throw her success rudely into her beloved negative face, it usually fucked, her luck.

"No" said, Toine, the District was full packed with wearied men, lots of weird horny men. The light stickled in the eyes, the colors shimmered, the water and air shimmered, everything shimmered, Rainbow was excited, Hardy must have been much more aroused, behind every single door and window stood one almost nude and extremely easily accessible woman. Women! BROADS! WHORES! HARLOTS! PROSTITUTES! VOW! VOW! All was shimmering, and the bitches were glowing hard this very night!

"FBI would have land on my roof if I put your films on Internet. Its far too much subculture. My company is very big and we promote only straight pornography" Toine said. Talk about, if Rainbow was disappointed, Hardy invited her for the glass of the white wine, not in their bar, in their bar the guys striped, all the men striped! The bar Hardy had chosen was very quiet, almost too quiet but was facing an extremely attractive broad, tall, slim with Nina Hagen's looks, across the canal, in her door, she was wearing a blond wig up to her waist and a few black strings exposing her breasts and her cunt, she picked at the passing men with her little pointing finger like a little girl or a witch, many men napped. Then she was taking them in, behind the second door, for a real great screw. Hardy and Rainbow did not have sex in days. When Rainbow visited a restroom, Hardy stood up in his window, showing off, showing how tall and well done he was underneath his cloths, the idee was bright, radiant, if he could see the broad, the broad must have seen him; she did. This night Rainbow got excited and turned on but she had chosen not to do anything like it, she dashed it, because Hardy called her, something, the very last she wanted to be this night, he has called her a Marry Poppins herself, Rainbow almost cried, tripping home in her long skirt, pulled up over the knees, quite impossible to walk other wise, the skirt was fancy, fashionable and too narrow. The buttocks of the nudie in a blond wig were really small, almost kinky, very bright, pale, virgin like. Rainbow had an hour-long telephone interview, with a Swedish Radio about her books.

"On the cover of my new book, it's going to be few beautiful pictures, I tried to avoid for the sake of my mom, my auntie and my son, but could not, I got really addicted to the idea of having just these, it's a guy with a hard on, a blowjob, a smiling mouth and a penis, in mine and Hardy's addition."

"You seem to be obsessed with the genitals" Benjamin said.

"No, not at all, I'm really not obsessed by the genitals" Rainbow was fully laughing, she was sincere but tired and cold after the long peachy talk, Rainbow basically did not like it, but was still not in the position to say no, to this kind of an option, the promotion and the research on her very own art.

"Great! Great! Great" she repeated. At the very last she phoned Bogdan to conform, if she really could stay at his house in Paris and Bogdan said "No"

Rainbow was packed, her bag was packed, her ticket was bought, she was stressed and she was going to go, she was going to arrive 6.30 AM, it was a bit bizarre but Rainbow was pretty used to it, this kind of arrivals, this kind of arrangements and invitations always screwed up. Julo was back at Viv, Lucrezia was back in Germany, Lucrezius was still doing the dishes. Hardy's bag was packed too.

"Jesus, Jesus, Horny!" Hardy cried to her ear, as he came, he was not incited to her new peaceful name yet, Rainbow did not come, she was fucking too stressed, far too far away to feel anything, it was last night she has been horny, not now, now she was giggling, although it was their last night together, she was trying to delay Hardy to give herself a chance, but there was no way, by delaying she gave him this enormous almost religious pleasure, she had really hard to touch his hard thick wet cock, Rainbow was an illusion. Jacek A. phoned few times inviting her to Cologne, promising rich Jewish sponsors.

"Rainbow, you are the best artist I have ever known. I love you. It's not physical, I always believed in you and that you are an attractive woman it only makes it all even more perfect"

Jacek was drunk, Rainbow promised to come. Rainbow had a new plan, she was going to spend one week in Paris, then she was going to Gothole, Zbig and Mickey were coming there too, it was going to be the New Stage, the theatre's they had long ago, celebration, the reunion, Ex was involved. Rainbow was going to go there and fetch Lucrezius, she was going to take Lucr with her, back to Adam. Hardy did not have any plans, he did not dare to discuss his plans with her, they were very uncertain, she was very uncertain. Was their Adam timing that bad? Was Hardy's depression, clinical? Rainbow wasn't really sure of anything. Rainbow was an illusion.

So, Paris! Yes! Paris had started very early, Rainbow arrived by bus 6 AM, after a sleepless night. Shooter was on his way. Yes! Shooter! She gave him this name the very last morning, before they left Adam. They had sex! Rainbow and Shooter had sex! She woke up, picking at his dick with her finger, it responded her, it moved, it actually swung back and forth, while she picked at it a few times, a few times were enough to bring her upon him, deep it in, Rainbow was a bit faking, she always became like that if an abstinence was too long, not too interested, but the very final was great.

"Shooter! Shooter!"

Rainbow wanted to yell, but deepened her face under his arm, smelling at his armpit with pleasure. So Paris started with an hour when the Black men wake up, there were plenty of them, all with the smaller or bigger bags, like Rainbow herself, all sitting down, with no hurry proceeding into a new coming day, eating something from the

last day. Rainbow dashed the bottle of the mineral water, which Shooter bought for her, emptying it against her lips. She was slow. It was the whole process, to get money changed, changed again, the toilet door open, the people here don't flush! Horny squinted her nostrils at the excrements at the bottom. Yes, this was Paris! & Shooter was on his way away from her. Rainbow was not bothered by loneliness, exclusively by her enormously huge bag, and how to proceed down town and where to? It was still dark when she reached the street, Paris was already awake.

"So, you are going to Paris!" Viviane's voice was disappointed, she confused everything, told Lucrezius that he was going with his mom, and she worried about Lucrigilr and the kids and she was pissed angry at the fact that Julo was back at her house.

"So, you are going to Paris, when everything is so critical"

Viv was disappointed at her daughter. Shooter's face proved an error, already on the bus stop, they were going to board within minutes; only Rainbow was jumping up and down as a small rubber ball, another shop in Adam bought her collection, a guy from Winston was hunting her on Shooter's cellular phone, they wanted her to do a reading and a screening on her return to Amsterdam, and it was soon. Rainbow was happily jumping, up and down, she was going to Paris!

Chapter 34

Paris smokes. Everyone in Paris smokes. Broads, young women, old women, men. A guy walking with a baguette under his armpit took a puff on the real thick cigar. The last day in Adam, Rainbow runs in a pouring rain. Paris is dry in this wet season, just a bit gray. & Rainbow appears as a rainbow along the street. Minka lives at Rue De Calvarie, Minka is the whole twenty years old, a sensitive, charming balanced woman, in fact a good artist. She is intelligent, concentrated, pretty, big girl. There are pretty pictures, she has taken of herself on the walls of the cozy cave, her room, all innocently classic nude. Above Minka's bed there is a worrier's face, a goddess face, which is her K-Night, she says. She means her lay. The room is theatric, but that's why young broads, come to Paris for, or? Rainbow appreciates Minka's aesthetic meanings & her hospitality. Since Friday morning, they are roommates. Minka seam to be a single girl, all of the sculptured dolls, Minka does in plaster and in bronze, if they are men, they have hard on, and they are mostly men. But it's Ruth, a young actress who makes the genitals in clay. Rainbow feels good in the company. They are going to see Japanese Geisha pornography movies at Night. Minka smokes cigarette after a cigarette, her eyes are carefully done, extended with a sensual up going stroke. Geishas are regretful, full of guilt. They cry, feel shy, submit. The movies are pretty and pretty real, Geishas shake calves, feet, press the elbows against the lover's chest really hard. Ruth has no time to join, she has to train, her body, her act. Minka is a typical Parisian 20ies, classy dame with a black short page and bangs, round dark red painted lips, she dresses in dark colors, brown or black, she wears hats.

"Bogdan is an ass hole" Shooter concluded, their pal's behavior.

"No, take it easy. He just fall in love. There is a lover in his bed, his whole flat is as big as a bed"

"If three of us, would have been lovers it would have might work" Bogdan commented Rainbow's arrival announcement.

"& I prefer to sleep at the hotel then in an old butcher's bed, you know that Shooter" Shooter knew that. Rainbow's morals, he could doubt, but her aesthetics were crystal clear. No, old bachelor on her bed... So, Rainbow did not come to Paris for sex. She came to turn around on the stick, take a part in a global fire, the hit, and she came to dance! She could not stay at Patric either, Patric got married and got a kid. So, only a young people, these time girls, were available for Rainbow's lusts. Minka was perfect, might be just a tiny bit, too grown up.

Rainbow comes to the Place Bastille, & what does she see?

"Shooter a top of the green obelisk, nude, perfectly formed, with the legs wild spread, painted gold & with wings!"

Shooter is obviously everywhere & much quicker then herself! Parisian crowd is Ok. Schoolboys are unbelievably enthusiastic at her side. Of her sight. Under her eyelids passes the picture, she herself, her hands, traversing a huge yellow bag up the staircase to the level of the street, step after step tough pulling & lifting, Republique, the first touch of the Parisian gutter. The air is wet, not very cold, & Black, homeless man, watches her. Few hours later, she's a toy of the street; this part she handles better, she's almost a professional at it. Rainbow wears long black narrow shimmering skirt, Plato shoes and black fluffy jacket. She seams to be without duplication, the only one of the kind, with a surprise she mirrors herself in the shop windows. The alter ego...Dancing was OK, and came as expected Saturday night. Minka dreams of men myriad's, she takes one after the other, as they come out of the water. Rainbow also dreams about men in her room, Shooter is there too. Shooter is a man. Bogdan presents his beloved, she is OK, everyone is OK. The woman who holds a Saturday party, is a tango dancer and arranges a motorbikes' rise. All the girls here take the tango classes. Rainbow arranges filming at the Techno Club for the coming Wednesday, although it proves illegal, the filming but possible and done, Thursday morning she has to leave. Sunday is sunny, at the evening she starts to long for Shooter, he hasn't call. She longs for the mattress in Adam, his good or bad mood; his warm or cold side, his good or bad breath, his kiss or rejection. Yeah, Rainbow has no style, no character, no power to reject the love, Rainbow is a woman. When she closes her eyes, the Adam canals are black and shimmering, the sky is black and shimmering, the lamps under each bridge, circle binding a real light with the reflection, when she opens her eyes, she sees Minka working on her dolls. Vannessa's premiere was OK, she was good, the text was bad, it was superb, Jean Habitourn story, she died at twenty-two, she was Modgiliani's wife, she threw herself out of the window at 25th January 1920, he died at the hospital, in tuberquoloise on 24th. She cried and longed only one night. Rainbow had a glass of pink Champagne afterwards. The concept of the play was surprisingly good, it was a dialog between three women, one fourteen, one twenty-two and one timeless but dead, they

were all Jean. Vannesa was green before the show and green the night before the show, she plaid a twenty-two version, the second day of the show, the actors discussed Rainbow's opinion with the director, too heavy sticky intellectual text, untruthful for the Monmartre young chick, Rainbow became an authority, here in Piss. The ticket to the show cost the whole 150FF and Rainbow picked her home made, press card, it was a popular move. She did the same at The Geisha's movie show. Rainbow is a journalist, a writer and a filmmaker. Denis Hopper switched the coke, into cranberry juice in his gin, because he was concern about his health. Paul phoned from Winston Hotel in Adam offering Rainbow a show, a reading, he seamed excited about it. He said Vi-jay knew her work. Rainbow left Adam quite behind herself, and she had difficult to focus back, the Piss's Circus was dominating a view, only Shooter could take her down to earth, but where was the earth? She started to wonder why Lucr girl was avoiding her? She showed the photos to the girls, the photos of her family, she really loved. & Besides where was Shooter and why didn't he call?

"Hey, funky trousers, babe!"

Three Black funky men passed her on her solitary Sunday walk. The sun was pouring from the sky, Rainbow was wearing her plastic fantastic fit, Shooter really disliked. She has found videocassettes with the boxes for 10FF each, it was all she needed. She decided to stop drinking wine, out of the vanity, Minka was going to take photos of her in the coming week, Minka's work was really great. Sensual and romantic. Rainbow filmed Piss by night, it seamed a good concept. The man moved into the women house, bringing a video equipment and a bottle of gin with him, he got them pretty dimmed, only Rainbow refused to drink, she was determinant, she was going to be fresh on the shots. Rainbow felt in Piss pretty at home. He was a Sardinian actor...

- Handwritten stuff impossible to find, it was the details about the people she has met.

B. Accompanied Rainbow on her promotion, she needed a help to find the streets and to carry the stuff, the day was chilly. Viv's credit card expired and Rainbow could not get her money out. It created chaos, an error in her plans and doings, she tried her Polish credit card, she was so fucking confused, she could not remember the pin code, the machine took the card, the day turned hellish, it was her last day in Piss. The other day she spent with Eva, Eva clinically feared death, she was attending a shrink once a week. Rainbow liked her, they were refreshing each other views.

"You have to define yourself, really well if you want to sell your work" Eva was cleaver

"I can't" Rainbow was less clever.

"Well, in such a type of the market, you must"

"I don't care to"

Eva was Bogdan's broad.

"I'm quitting everything. My job. My apartment. My girl friend. I'm changing my life" B. was watching himself in the windows until Rainbow did not remain him, he was going to carry her begs.

"I admire, what you do. I admire you" B. was a devoted fan, a poet, living and working as a bar tender in Monmartre and working on the first novel, leaving for Peru next week, his hair were nipples long and colored black, he was tall. Rainbow left her stuff at George Pompidou, Curiosa shop, The Modern Museum, The Videotheque de Paris, Cartie Foundation. B. left her books at Shakespeare shop, the last year.

"You can take them back if you'll find them" George Whitman, an old owner was bothered. He did not like Rainbow and her stuff. B. found the books under the stairs, George appeared with a try of the cat food, placed it a top of the counter desk, his eyes were absent blue, he picked huge roll of money bills of hundreds from his pocket, begun counting it, placing the counted bills besides the cat food. B. and Rainbow left. The other chap, not young but not as old as George - at Regarde Moderne, bought all her stuff, all she had left in her begs, laughing at her all the time, asking her for posters, reviews and asking for more, he did not pay very much, but Rainbow was delighted. Two old lesbians at Scarabe refused to take anything, they wanted straight porn, and he wanted a straight sub. His shop was filled up, totally filled up and Rainbow was wondering, why, he wanted her stuff in there? B and Rainbow took a drink at Polly Magoo. It was an excellent bar, this was the fact. Rain used to go there with Lucr when Lucr was only seven years old. It was a while ago. Now, Rainbow was getting really at home in Piss, but this was her last night, but not the last bar, at night she was taking lots of her new and old friends to Gibus, a techno club and they were going to film her dance. Piss was hot. Fashion agency Success, wanted Lucrezius to come.

"He is definitely very interesting for us, he has this modern look, but we have to see him, this is a very competitive business as you know, it's not really about the beauty anymore, the person has to glow" said, Jean-Jack. Rainbow was certain this was Lucrezius case, he was glowing pretty strong.

The other model that was having a real show in the mid-room, was really high on coke, he showed a pierced tongue. He was a young American, wearing eighties black suit.

"I can't" said Shooter "I have a hang over"

He welcomed her. Shooter and Rainbow were in Gothole. At first after twenty-seven hours in the bus, Rainbow did not observe how bad off he was, he stunk alcohol, tiredness and piss.

"Nasstasia told me, she loves me very much, but she sometimes misses her mom, so she is glad, but scared, on her way to her. Think, she is three and a half year, she knows about emotional world more then I do"

Birro was tipsy, he participated in the festival, which Ex was doing for the first time on his own; as Lucrezia did not come back in time, in fact she was not coming back

at all. Birro was sharing a table with two young actresses. Rainbow loved to see him, just because he was Nasty's dad. He was verbal. "Lucrezia calls only when she needs the money, I have the money now, so I give it to her, it's OK, she was very beautiful, when I went down to Germany to leave Nasstasia, but she smelled the wine she drunk last passed three days, she is fucked up more then me. Fran was very beautiful, but had very dirty nails"

Rainbow was observant, the men were always busy with the dirty nails on the fatherless child, it was the same she heard from Lucrezia's dad, once upon the time...

"Jasha was half nude and he asked me, are you afraid to leave your daughter with a hippie family? And I told him, I was afraid! I am afraid! They live in the car!"

"Common" Rainbow at last talked "It's a perfect holidays, they drove to Spain and back"

"In three months?"

Questioned her ex son in low, Rainbow thought men were a bit neat here. Birro read three pieces on stage, the first one against the fascists, the second one against the dogs and dog's owners and the third one against the feminists and against the women. Shooter smelled alcohol from the inside, he smelled rotten, he felt bed. After, all went as usual. Shooter could not be out, Shooter has already been out the whole week through, Shotter has already enjoyed himself, and he would not care the less, what was the reason of her arrival. Shooter was dull and could not drink more, he could not meet almost anyone, he wanted Rainbow inside in his bed, but neither this worked, Shooter was not sport, however he had a pretty face. He fucked Rainbow few times, each time entered her womb much too quick, finished much too quick, but even if he would have changed a tactic, it would not have help, Shooter became an amateur once again. Rainbow was frigid.

"I have a trouble with drinking, trouble with myself, trouble, with you, trouble with every one" Shooter confessed, he smelled awfully ill from his mouth. They staid two nights at the hotel, far too expensive for her, as they paid equal parts, it was a joke, Rainbow did not have any money, the promised payment for her trip was not off, her show was excellent, everyone said, Earland plaid, her Ex plaid, Rainbow was a star of Gothole. She read a cut up, from the first two chapters of this book; the motto was:

"I can't, I have a hang over" was Shooter line.

"I can, I don't have a hang over" was her. Ex was so fucking drunk but he plaid piano like a god. He stroked her hair, during the show, touched by her voice, thoughts and words, he complimented her breasts. Shooter staid home at his pal from that day on, Shooter did not want to mingle when his chick was in town, Shooter's fun-time was over, Shooter's girl chase was over, the thrill was over and he was pissed angry at her. Zbyszek smashed down an entry to the hotel, his concert was smashing, it smashed Shooter's soul with anguish, with panic, with fear, Rainbow enjoyed, being aware, the concert was a tough brain wash.

"I understand, why you liked Bang Lassi, in Puskar" Shooter said and she knew, he was right. In one week was her reading in Adam. Shooter and Rainbow were going to Stockhole, to throw Julo from Viv's house. Viv was pretty run down. Lucrezius

and his mom planed a Paris's trip in January. Shooter's future was set, he was ready to depart for New York, all was fixed, the scholar ship, visa, all... Rainbow hasn't started yet. She was hopping to arrange it all. The most important it was to publish the book, which was still at work. Shooter was going to leave on the 1st February, she was not. Luczrius's health was bad, his heart and his lungs were in the risk zone. Rainbow did not feel anything while sex with her man. Shooter was drinking every bloody day until she came. He said it was B.B's fault his pal fault. The couple, Shooter and his Rainbow, quarreled, about the method of the hotel booking, about out going, about small jealousies from the near past, about waitress, about Zbyszek.

"You have to keep your pain to yourself, otherwise I'm going to leave" Shooter said, they were yelling at each other the whole morning through.

"Ok, but you can't talk to me about your alcoholism anymore, it depresses me, & I can't have sex with you" she said.

"You mean, I ought to spend 500 on the shrink, whenever I am bad?"

"I mean, precisely that!"

Rainbow felt at home in Gothole, she felt at home in Adam, these few hours she was there, between the bus to and from, she was going to feel at home in Stockhole, Shooter was not. She did not feel at home between his legs. She had a slight repulsion to sex. He was ecstatic, she was not. Her teats were big, round, full and hurting. Shooter met his son few times but he was not willing to show him to Rainbow. Rainbow was feeling, everything was really strange. Not really good and not simple at all. She was going to meet Fritz-Fox but at last he did not show up, in spite a wonderful letter, he has sent to Adam. Where was Piss? Stella and Cardy were OK. Stella's man lost his wedding ring throwing a snowball at her, two days later he has found it. Gothole was OK. Where was Rainbow?

"Do you have cigarettes? I don't have any money. Did you bring food with you? We are rather broke, but there is some soupe waiting, at home" Julo welcomed them, his menagerie and his best friend, Rainbow and Shooter, at the subway station in Alby Hell, Viviane's home.

"You are not going there! You have discredit my trust! You have mistreated my mother in low! You have to leave! Now!" Shooter was shouting, Julo's face was wrinkled, puzzled, ill looking, detached, distorted, decayed. He looked like Canadian trapper, here Iris, had a point. He was wearing few suits a top of each other, and few jackets, and big boots, his eyes were bleak pale blue and small like pins, hair fashioned into small pony tails on the back of his head, he shaved his beard. He was carrying a curtain's staff from Viv's room and a guitar packed in the plastic trash black beg, taped around. It was his old trick, he always looked defensive, he looked as he could defend himself; he possibly could. He was an old Liege veteran, if his story was truth.

"The grand mother is rather flipped out! I think she is not taking her medications, lets go" he said.

"That's what you're saying! You are not going to sleep at the house!" Shooter was hard, he was fulfilling his plan, he went down to Stockhole to chase this maniac out of Viv's house and he was doing it, pretty well, Julo was hurt.

"I was waiting for you, in two hours, I was standing here" he said. Julo ate this day the whole box of sugar, he has turned the bath tub up side down, willing to kill all the virus, he walked the whole day through, nude, covering his privy instruments with Viv's kitchen apron in a small flower prints, he scrubbed the floors and packed his bags, Viv instantly nudging him to leave, nagging him since days, since weeks. Rainbow looked nervously at the watch, it was 12 at night, the snow was thick and freezing, it was a mildewing condition. Rainbow was willing to host Julo over night.

"He is a perfect manipulator, don't worry, girl" Shooter's voice was beautiful.

"I forbid you, using my images, in your film. Once I gave you a suitcase and 20zl, that are how you thank me now. I'm born in 1934 and not in 1936, I'm in fact some-one else" Julo said.

"I don't give a fuck, who you are! You are destroying Viv's life! That's what I care for! Tonight you are out! You are a sick man!" Shooter was crystal clear, Julo took his bags and left.

"I think he was sent from Israel to destroy me. I saw him yesterday in the military suit, he did not look himself. He was screaming at me all the time, he was giving me orders. I told him, he was going to eat dog food, I though if I insulted him enough, he was going to go. I'm totally exhausted. I don't want to live here anymore, I don't know what to do with my life and with myself, I don't know at all. He cut my fringe and asked me to pay him 100skr, I gave him 20. This is all money I have left"

Viv rose a small moca colored bag.

"10skr" she said, it was 1 dollar 20 cents.

"You see that Lou Lou's water ball is gone? I have discovered Julo pissed into it, kept his urine there, I have stepped into it, I have scrubbed the whole kitchen after that"

"This was the less strange thing to do" Rainbow explained to her mom. "The nature men in the desert always cure the wounds with own piss"

Viv's Odyssey in her own home was over, Shooter and Rainbow took her down town, shopping food. Julo was somewhere in the snow. His life has always been unbearable. Rainbow needed to copy 28 hours of films, before she left for Adam, she had two days, she did not have the video recorder, she did not have the money to buy the tapes. The plan of her bringing Nasty home to her dad, and him helping her out with the ticket back, seemed dashed.

"I don't want my daughter to travel around the whole Europe, I'm going to fetch her myself. I want to do it soon as possible! I have booked the tickets, to Kill and back, the coming Monday!"

"But that's the day of my reading, you told me, you were eventually coming to Adam, and then I could have seen, all of them, Lucrezia and kids"

"Look, I don't care for, what I have said, I'm paying and I decide, period, finished!"

At last Lucr-girl talked to Rainbow. "We are coming to Adam, he is going to do what I want"

"I'm going to move to Gothole" Viv was drawn in her monologue

"What are you going to do in Gothole, alone?"

"Children are there"

The last time, Viv planed to move from Sweden.

"Lucrezia does not want to live in Sweden, for sure, besides they are going to Africa" Rainbow said

"But Lucr boy is there, and a few of your pals, I like, I can't stay here" Viv was determinant, sure of her new plan

"Lucr is going with me to Paris, in January, hopping, he can work there"

Here Rainbow crossed her fingers. "Why don't you come and live with us in New York, after we have settled down?"

"In New York?" repeated Viv.

Shooter became very lovely, very love full, very caring and very agreeable, he was always like that, the first few days in a new place, how was the next? Places and moods. They flipped the double bed into Viv's tiny kitchen, pushing it, pressing it between the table and the window. They had sex when Viv was out walking the dog, Shooter's favorite time was the morning, he flipped the girl upon himself, made her ride, Rainbow's knees were fever hot, she smelled sweat, she moved speedy, fast, there was no way she would come, his palms were hooked on her bums, something happened with her passion to sex, she would not blame his drinking, he did not drink since three days.

"I want a house in Goa, I want a house in Goa with the parrots"

Rainbow was rather stuck with the thought.

"We are going to have the house in Goa, Darling"

Shooter turned very promising, very promising...

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Chapter 35

"Stop it", said Shooter.

"Stop it" repeated Shooter, of course he was talking to Rainbow, of course he did not get a response.

"I can't stand your twitter" he said, receiving only her hardening look. "I feel that bad, that I'm concern to kill myself"

"Shooter, you need a doctor"

"That's all you can say. You are so cold"

"Shooter, I'm afraid, I'm unable to take the responsibility, I don't get the skills, you might need a professional help, Shooter, I'm concern"

"You are a swine Rainbow, I feel so alone, Viv is as she is, but you could"

Rainbow flashed him a smile.

"If you'll smile one more time, I'll leave"

Without a word, she got up, leaving the room, the kitchen, he was still half laying, half sitting on the bed, Rainbow ducked on the bathroom floor holding her head, her face, close to herself, within her own embracing shoulders, arms, palms. Everything was fucking up, they have been three days in Stockhole, in Alby Hell, she bought 30 video cassettes from the local video store, she bought extremely cheap, they were old Turkish films, she needed to copy her work, The Ego Trip collection. She was going in two days, back to Adam, she had problems getting two recorders, first, next getting them work together, she had far too little money, the cable was expensive, she needed to print new covers, she spent a lot of time on the phone arranging her businesses and locating her children. She has found Lucrezia at last. Lucrezia was still in The Black Forest. Rainbow has talked to all of them, also the little kids, she loved them all very much, they were possibly going to meet in Adam, Lucrezia did not have any money, Rainbow talked with Lucrezius a lot, he still had problems with his heart, she tried to reach his doctor on holidays.

"I think, Julio was send from Israel to destroy me" Viv faced her, coming out of the bathroom. Shooter and Rainbow repeated, the love acts. The love acts? With the same lack of the result from her side. Did she need a shrink? Shooter's orgasms were powerful. Shooter refused to take her all the way to the station.

"Your bags are too heavy, I don't feel like it, I'm going to eat with Tom"

Rainbow was nervous, this was rare. She could not easily breath. She felt something was crazy, she did not have the money for the train, she always cheated on train tickets, she was buying it only to the first stop, it worked, she was unable to buy the ticket carrying all the stuff by herself, it was too little time, she boarded the train, examining her luck, pulling her luck, it was a hell difficult - heavy, to get the bag on the train, yeah....

"You have to have that much stuff, as you can handle yourself" Shooter said, she was going to Gothole to fetch at least 40 books, they were over 40 pounds of weight, yeah, she needed a car, a driver, possibly a trailer, a manager.

"You need a Nigger" Shooter said, he was perfectly White and felt bloody used. She slipped all the rings into her hand bag, they hurt, she was exhausted, she was stressed, she boarded a wrong train going North, in the very last, she jumped down to the platform, collecting her stuff, helped by other passengers. Rainbow was stressed, she bought a ticket, boarded a next train, on this particular train it was harder to snick through but this was but a sport for her, they were never going to catch her, she was professional. Rainbow was fucking professional and she was fucking stressed She was recalling the last talk she had at home, of course she talked about herself.

"I really love readings, Shooter, you have to trust me, I love to write and to read, I don't mind traveling, I actually love it, I think Adam is a very pretty town, I'm longing for, it's a pity you don't want to come with"

"Once I get to New York, I'm not going to even take holidays, I'm going to grow my roots deep"

"Yeah, it scares a shit out of me, I like to be everywhere, I love all the views under my eyelids Paris left a great impact! And I can't live without my family and all the world surrounding myself!" Rainbow was chirping again. "Of course, It's pity they are not going to pay me, pity I lost the lecture, and possibly are going to loose the one in Gothole too, the entire photo school is in turbulence, Tuija said. I need the money to publish the book, and I need the money for New York and need the money for taking Lucrezius to Paris, what am I going to do? It pisses me off, they have refused a scholar shit to me again"

"Rainbow, don't tell me this, keep the shit to herself! I told you, they are always going to refuse you, as long your applications shall look as they do! You never listen to me!"

Shooter was seriously angry, it was better to cut the talk, Rainbow went to Viv's room checking her recordings, it was going as planed. TV screen was covered up with a thick towel, Viv did not suppose to see the playful images.

Rainbow got robbed in Adam. The first thing, after her feet touched the precious gutter. Rainbow deserved it. The bus driver told all of them to watch for the pick-pockets. A short, young guy of Arabic up-come, asked her question pointing at the London bus which just arrived.

"I don't understand what you say" Rainbow answered him, balancing her over 40 pounds box of books a top of her huge eternal yellow bag on wheels, testing credibility of the construction with both hands, she feared the plastic handle was going to

break. The guy's partner snatched her hand bag, her wonderful transparent hard plastic rainbow pink bag, she got from Shooter just before they left Warsaw, with it went all the other things she got from him, all the rings, the golden ring, an engagement ring, a green opal good luck ring and a wonderful Nepal ring, they bought in Goa, her leather hip trousers he bought for her, her passport, all her money, all the other documents, presents for Shooter's sister and brother, he refused to mail for her, "I'm not your secretary" he said, the book she prepared for the reading, her entire business notes, on how to do and what to do, and where, her own and Viv's credit cards, her grand mother's hand painted portrait of a Russian Captain, Rainbow's great grand father, he was wearing a uniform sometimes, but now Viv lied, now it was an unknown portrait, which Viv slipped to her bag at the very last, she was too afraid to have it at home, Julo might given her out, Julo has seen it, the frame was golden suspected Viv, it surely was...

"Give it to Cecil" Viv said. Cecil was Fifi's father, Fifi was Carisma's daughter. Fifi was a Russian princess, as the Rainbow's granny was. Rainbow decided to give it to Fifi...

"I have my own cleaning company, I also do cars. I'm very happy with it. I have a Danish wife and a daughter. In two years I'm going back to Africa, back home, I can't stand this life, here, I'm working every bloody day, I have a one week holidays per year, when I'm going to London to see my son, with my first wife. I'm going to go back, with or without my family, my mom is getting very old. I'm forty-one years old, I have all my brothers there, and it's other kind of life, there, more relaxed, more peaceful. I'm a pattern designer, but they didn't let me into the business, neither in England, neither in Denmark, I am Black, I was fed up living like a kid, without my own money, so I changed my profession" Sam was Black, he helped Rainbow at the Hamburg bus transfer, but was on the other side of the bus, when the thieves approached, he helped her again after the robbery, bought her book. So she could get down town. After two days travel, moving upon the road & truck, Rainbow spent some entertaining time at the police, in Red District, watching some really run down chicks, Monday morning, after weekend activities, very old slats, Hilda gave her a tooth brush, tooth cream, and a care free, they did not carry on tampons, Hilda was a social worker. Rainbow dashed to bed at the cell like hotel room, she lost Arjen's keys, neither she would have been able to enter the place, placed atop of the steep Adam staircase, with her stuff, without Shooter-a Negro. Rainbow could not sleep, the day was a real Spring, after the Swedish snow it was reviling her lusts, Rainbow was walking, it was much prettier then she had expect - the town, a total crazy Black Guy on cat or crack, was offering a smoke and a company, she almost submit, Rainbow lost all her make up, she went down town, to paint herself at the store, The Face. Stockholm's woman put an extra much foundation on Rainbow's face, but they did not get much along, The Face's policy was a natural make, Rainbow's was "almost grotesque" the Face's woman defined, reading was shit, Rainbow did not read the whole text through, she could not keep the room in spike, she saw lots of faces facing her upon the stage, but she was bothered by the buzz from the bar's corners.

Rainbow put the entire room to dance after her show, she emptied a Mescal bottle at The Vegas, she got a couple of lipsticks from the girls, one chick went home brought a photo she took on Rainbow six years earlier at Nick Cave's back stage and a tampon box, Rainbow sold four books. Up in her room, she looked out from the window at the back street of the Red Light District, the guys were queuing for the girls in there, there were lots of red lights, lots of red curtains, lots of girls with red pussycunts and lots of guys with red prick's tops, Rainbow must have been pretty drunk as she woke up with a terrible hangover, alone in her bed. They had to throw her out of her room at last, Black couple - cleaning, she spent the whole hole day at the hotel lobby, writing... She felt like shit... Shooter was going to mail money to her.

Rainbow walked felt was an animal. It was directly linked to aggression, the theft, violence, her raped integrity. Rainbow was not untouchable. She blew with an angry wind.

"Fucking Arabs, fucking Arabs, fucking Arabs"

She stranded astray in her heart. Shooter was mild, kind, lovely, love full.

"It can happened to anyone"

"It's not your fault"

"Don't worry"

"Do not worry, Girl"

"Rainbow, it's sad but such things happen"

"I'm thinking a lot about you"

"Kisses, Rainbow"

Such things he never said before. Lucrezia, Nastassia, Francis and Jascha arrived! They awaited Rainbow outside the house in their house wagon, at first she saw the kids, they popped out of the windows, their tiny faces popped out of the window like in the fairy tail dream, the flowers popped from the pots, it was a happy reunion! The day was dimmed and ending up, they had a meal. Accept the perfect family life everything else had fucked! Rainbow sold five books, OK, seven books, OK, nine books, she sold one videocassette, and Ok at last she sold the whole collection half price, to a real tardy. Shooter's money came, did not last, new passport cost 300US dollars, and it was a practical Polish joke. Only Polish passport costs that much, it's because we are so smart, Poles, and if it were cheaper we would constantly sell our identities fast.

"Fucks!"

Viv's money, Rainbow was borrowing came, did not last.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha" Miss Dorine Moignon, the intendment at The Stadhouders Museum had her speech in the phone, Rainbow phoned.

"Ha, ha, ha, I watched some of your cassettes, indeed an interesting stuff, but we are not buying anything, at the moment, if this is a question, you have ha ha ha ha"

Yeah, this was the question. Rainbow was broke, but not only at her cash, she expected something more out there, she expected a lot! It sucked, the other girls at the museum's cashier observed her now, much more deliberately, Rainbow could promise, they had also seen, her privy parts, her cunt in pink, red and black blank...

Breda's manager also gave in, was not going to buy, Eric wished her a merry Christmas.

"I have two children" he said. "I can't come to your show"

Rainbow sold one book and one videocassette, during the second show, computer died...

Rainbow had to read from the book, the computer just died, the text for the reading was prepared there, Rainbow could not see well, but she managed it, she threw a damn book on the floor, clipped with her boots, was sited on the chair, threw her jacket to the floor, was arrogant and nonchalant, did not glance up, shouted the passage, on the robbery in Oakland by two Black men, one with a gun, the other with a base ball bat, which happened to her and Shooter, four years earlier. She run the video, and slides in the same time, the microphone did not work! Rainbow did a Polish arrogant success! Right! Rainbow bought bus tickets for both Lucrezia's kids paid the rent for the house.

"This is a scandal, you took your whole family to my house, you can't stay unless you'll pay double, I'm doing it only for the money, this is my working space!"

Arjen was on the phone, rigid, pissed angry and deliberately ruining her. There was something with her economical calculations, which what was constantly going wrong, the bus tickets cost three times more to what she had expected. Passport, about five times. The children tickets cost more then her own. & Why?

"Computer died, a seven hundred pages book, without a back up"

Rainbow was shivering, for the first time, she had to admit, "Gods don't love me anymore"

They all met lots of artists, performers, actors, writers, poets, jets and sets, they all loved her & why?...

"Shell I tell you why I have bought your video collection?" Alex asked, he was tiny, thin, young and into Zen.

"OK" said Rainbow from the pure politeness, he already filmed an interview with her. She was so fucking broke, she adored the fact, him buying the stuff, although a half price, but - why? I t was really off her way.

"Because it's all so decadent. All the trend now turns decadent again, and you are already there, you are so decadent, so I want to project it back at them"

He was going to screen her work at cable TV, he had a program once in two weeks, he also had another program for kids.

"Mhmm"

Rainbow was bluffed, but not willing to discuss.

At Sunday happened something, most remarkable! She plugged the computer in and it worked!

"This book is going to make me rich!" Rainbow was boogieing and dancing around the room, in her nightdress, among all the members of her blood family. Her blood!

"The gods still love me!"

She danced some more. The last night it was impossible to sleep, at the place Rainbow had rented. Mette, Lucrezia's and Rainbow's friend, was obviously not well, she was into the grass, hashish, beer, ecstasy very much & almost heavily. She was kicked out of her place and lost the job, her child arrived, so all of them slept in Rainbow's bed, they all snored. It would have been really swell, if Arjen just popped up! She would have to pay him the triple of the sum. Hi. Mette's boy friend was there too. They were eight people in the room!

"Has she done that before? Do you recognize that?" Jasha was scared, he woke Rainbow up, he and Lucr slept on the floor, besides her, he was swinging Lucr's nude, cream white body hastily, he shook her hard.

"She does not breathe" he repeated. Rainbow's heart beaten tough.

"What are we suppose to do?"

She thought, screaming.

"Lucr! Lucr! Lucr!"

Jasha kept on shaking a beautiful young nude woman, holding her under the arms, she was rather watery, very loose, she drunk lots of wine, she was nervous, distressed about her pal, about her kids and about herself, suddenly she woke up.

"What a hell are you supposedly doing?"

Her voice was harsh, Rainbow did not sleep until the morning, listening to snoring pals, also a visitor's child snored. All the fucking business, taking the entire Holland, by train and foot, she was supposed to do, she did not do. She was going to go home taking almost all the books and videos she brought for to sell, she felt guilt.

"All the other family women, walked around with stuff, either Christmas food either presents for the husbands and kids, Rainbow measured the streets carrying her stuff, she was exhausted and she was ruined. Odds were simply bad! She had a vague idea to sell her things half price, but she was far too worn out, far too try to do more then a walk. She felt she was going to pass. She did some filming with Fran, he enjoyed that they filmed outside Planet Hollywood, went to Video Cult which carried on renting her films.

"You see, it goes great, all of them are on the hits and news, everyone asks for it!"

The guy who was working there instead of Andre was enthusiastic. Rainbow glanced, her cassettes, indeed, stood up on the very precious shelf, Fran gave her a bright smile. They got stuck with a car in The Red Light District, Rainbow and Lucr run for Rainbow's complete luggage, collecting it by foot.

"Cool" Commented kids, the particular, peculiar street life. Clinton, Bill was bombing Baghdad, that's why Fran was not going to fly to US alone, the girls, the mother and the granny decided, he was going to come, home, with Rainbow, they were on the way to the bus, and still stuck in Adam, Jasha did not know the town, Rainbow was packing her stuff, repacking her stuff, in the car, which shook. Nasty was a perfect driver, she was singing and clapping her palms excited to go with Rainbow along on the long bus trip.

"My love is like a pair of old shoes. They are worn out, not attractive, but somehow very close to you, you can't get read of them, how much you would have wished a new ones" Ora was philosophical, she took her lover back.

"Fran, it's great you are coming home with me, You are going to make for the Christmas gift, for my son, it's only to wrap you in some pretty stuff and sign"

Ora was much thinner then the last time

"Don't look at me" She had commented Rainbow's look. "I got thinner, really don't know how"

Her eyes were thickly underlined with stress. The last day in Adm, Rainbow watched old people taking walks with their dogs, it was spectacular. Everything was spectacular. Lucrezius made a new tattoo on his arm, the tribe pattern. It hurt but not as much as the first one on his back. The bus trip with the kids was really great. The only problem was that Rainbow did not sleep. Stella made her a hot foam bath. Viv was as crazy as normally in the phone, Shooter was going to meet her and Fran in Stockholm the following day. Meanwhile Fran, went to sleep at Ora's house. He was the boss of himself. Rainbow was totally run down.

"I'm nervous" she admitted, she was staying at Stella's house.

"I'm nervous" she repeated.

"You're simply a Gypsy" said Stella and gave her a really warm smile...

...At this point the computer died for the whole four and a half months. Reincarnated in the middle of May at the very day of Rainbow's dead dad's birthday, he would have been seventy-five! If not this, Rainbow's book would have been only a success, now it became quite a forgotten story. It was flexible, sometimes she missed, sometimes, she feared, sometimes she hated the life without to write, at last she had forgotten it, became like everybody else, living without this constant duplication, duplicity of herself, quite free in fact, but aggressive and not very happy, dull at times.

Chapter36

Rainbow was forced to recall. She could not dash it, last two year's project of her life... The book... It had to go on. Sort of, fulfill.

"Fulfill, what?"

"The time. Just, only, exclusively the time. Won or lost?"

It was May now and Rainbow lived in NYC, but she was forced to go back... Back in time.

"The whole family is homeless, it's all your fault" Wanda said, but when and how? Probably on the phone. & Who would know anyhow, where Rainbow, was? Wanda was surely at her Warsaw's house, she did not go outside. Fault was obviously Rainbow's, the state of her family well being, or mal being.

"She was a tribal woman, was she or not?"

"What was home?"

"We had nothing to eat sometimes" Viv was telling old stories of her and Taddy's youth. "Taddy was extremely excited when someone of our friends was going to travel abroad, it was very difficult to leave the country, next to impossible to get a passport. He was accompanying Broniewski to Budapest, they drunk lots of red wine and danced czardas" Broniewski was a great poet, who died when Rainbow was twelve, she was visiting him at the hospital with the dad. Broniewski's hospital room was filled with books, was an ordinary study with a working table in the middle. Broniewski was a communist. Whatever he was, he was a great poet, one of these whose speech you can't ignore. Rainbow remembers dining with him at Sarp, the journalist's club, he got served vodka inside the soupe to avoid his wife's looks and recognition, he would have lots of the sups. Rainbow hated food. She ate little. She remembers his watery, light blue eyes, he loved her. All Taddy's pals loved Rainbow, she was the poet's daughter, it was like a job, like a call. The poet's daughters were lovable, love-full, they were brought up on love, passion, poetry from the very bone, there was nothing else to expect from life... Broniewski's daughter committed a suicide at eighteen, leaving a baby girl behind, his granddaughter. Broniewski's daughter was a filmmaker. Taddy, a pal of her young husband, was a great drinking, soothing and exciting company and a promising young lad, young poet with a promising qualities. Rainbow knew it was so, there was no generation clash, vodka brought them all together, she was also in the club, but not right then, she started at fourteen, with a bravado. Taddy died at fifty-five, as a very old burnt out man. The famous Polish vodka, a burning stuff, a truth burning stuff; she was fortunate, to learn to control her lust, her lusts to intoxicate her life, her explosive being, she was crazy, totally crazy but proved to be a wise girl after all, she seemed to want to last a bit longer, then what she was incited to, shown the path of heavenly Olympic god's like destruction. The harsh bohemian path... But actually, it wasn't due to her smartness, it was more due to the defect in her heart, she had a double electricity line, a hard booze was making it unbearable, the electric spasmodic frequent short cuts during the hangover would have keep anyone away. It's how you master dogs on the run. The dogs come back, when you treat them with electric strokes via a remote control. It was her cure and punishment; not to mention, how much she was concern to behold her looks... What, to leaving the country, this was bad. Really difficult. It was still the same hard when Rainbow was young, yet she got out, the father's fame helped...

Rainbow was quite exhausted, it was chaos at the train station, chaos with her begs, chaos with the kids. Chaos with Ora being late, bringing back Fran. Chaos on the train. Computer's the very last sparkling light at the X-2000 train. Chaos at the Stockhole track, Shooter was late, to receive them. At last he came. She had extremely many luggages, how and why, did she have so much stuff?

"What was in these begs?" asked Fran.

"What? My books" she said.

"I haven't pay your brother's grave past last ten years, I'm afraid they'll arise it" Viv said. Blood family was rooted into the earth, not only moving above.

"You must always have 50 dollars on you, Rainbow, so you would be able to buy yourself out" Viv said, Rainbow looked at her with surprise but did not ask, there was not much use to question Viv, her mom. Lucreziu's home situation progressed in never the less nonsense. He was not supposed to take cakes from the freeze for his step-mom, the cakes were her.

"She has almost hundred cakes in the freeze, I took four, and it became a scene, they weren't even good, I want to move, I must move"

"Christ" Rainbow thought, how to compete the Scottish new dame of Ex?

"All evil, they told me, when I was a child, starts with a bad words" Ewa told Rainbow, her nice, Ewa was oldest sister of Wanda and Viv, she was cultivated, well read, a language teacher, wrote poetry.

"She could not be more wrong" Rainbow thought, but she did not say it, she attended a Christmas dinner, together with Fran at the family. Viv and Shooter were too sensitive to join, refused the gathering, but were happy at the sight of Rainbow coming home with the food, a cold meat and a pastry and a chocolate. The family offered Fran "Robinson Crusoe" book. Rainbow knew, the family was discussing her, her and her book, her books, her verbal sensitivity, her verbal sanity, her nomenclature, her cavity. There was nothing she would have say. She said no evil. She saw no evil, she heard no evil. Ania was there, she was Rainbow's best pal, her love from a long ago past, when they both were small, Ania said nothing, she was totally uninterested in Rainbow, what have became of Rainbow. Ania was the girl, whose pussy Rainbow plaid quite deliberately with a pen, with her fingers and with her moth, as a child. Ania was willing to forget or may be she did forget. Ania was a tired looking woman, sitting on the opposite side of the table. She seemed not to want to deal with her past & with Rainbow. Rainbow wanted her back, as always but she had to wait, possibly a long time, possibly t o o long time.

Nasty and Rainbow set next to each other in the double Decker bus, upstairs of course, from Adam to Gothole

"Princess, your mom is a beauty" a drunkard, who set in front of them, spoke to Fran.

"Look, this is my grandson" Rainbow spoke sharp. "And don't bother him"

The drunkard was kicked off the bus in Hamburg, he was too drunk and had smoked cigarettes, and police was called and brought him out.

"I'm going to my brother for Christmas, I have none else, everyone fucks with me, my brother is a Hell's Angel" he tried to oppose, he was huge, far too huge to the bus sit. The cops were fairy young and tiny German cops but they managed to pick him up swell. Rainbow found his wallet, in the morning under the sit, stole 10 bucks, she was penniless. Rainbow had no shame, she was sad, the guy was that poor. Nasty was most happy to be with her grandam, she loved looking straight into Rainbow's colorful eyes.

"We are going for the nude party" she said taking off her clothes, decorating herself with all Lucrezia's necklaces, she looked great. Now, in the bus, she asked Rainbow "please give me a comb, I'm going to meet my dad and I must make myself all the way, the best"

Rainbow knew how much Nasty loved her dad. She knew, how he was taking her into his lap talking love, she knew how the writers fathers do, how the writers fathers love, Nastassia was the youngest and possibly most important member of the family in Rainbow's heart. The Rainbow's heart...Rainbow's world... Rainbow knew how much Nasty hated the hairbrush, working through her tangled hair. Nastassia fixed her hair, halfway with the brush, halfway with her fingers and now she was singing a love song, quite magic and African, hot, taking an entire bus's public with storm, facing them all, standing upon her sit. With her back into the direction of the ride, the ride!

"Julo, took my silver spoons" said Viv "I feared they could have put him to sleep with an injection" Viv was dramatic.

"He must have been very alone" quoted Fran. Rainbow looked at him with love, throwing him a kiss.

"I'm next to a suicide, I can't live with a child in one room" Hardy said. The moon was sinister. The last night in Gothole, or the one before the last, Ora and Rainbow went out. Ora got drunk. They went still, to one more place, Russian restaurant, Ora cried, she ordered vodka, called the waiter "durak!"

Quite mean in fact, it was a young handsome Swedish lad who did not understand the specific Russian expression for "the idiot", Ora cried, she kept, a huge sparkingly white napkin, delicately, at the corner rim

in her finger tips drying of her eyes first, her face, next. Ora cried a lot, the candles were lit, glittering in the crystal stuff all around, the place was romantic done, perfectly done, Ora was loaded and still cried. Her eyes were huge, black, bottomless.

"I, never was in love" she said. Her vodka was well chilled, as she ordered it. "Durak!" she repeated once again. Rainbow left Stockhole for Gothole, with Shooter and Fran, they were soon flying to Paris, Christmas at Viv was done, over. Viv and Franny got lots of presents, Viv continued her Julo monologues. There was lots of snow at last and Rainbow and Franny took the rides in the white plastic baby bathtub down the slope. Shooter was preparing for the States, Rainbow got an American passport for Fran and an American visa for herself, but she was not going with yet, she wanted Shooter to go alone, fix the place, home, whatever, she was tired of him, his January's states, his obnoxious daily evil-dull moods, his children daily rejection, her sex's resistance. Their New Year repetitive argument, however sparkled up with boy's, Franny's and Shooter's crackers and fireworks, her will to party dance and party love, although they took a single dance on the floor and there was some love going on, but the amount she yearned was of a different caliber, kind, impact, all this sucked. Rainbow was going to go to Paris with her son and after she was going to Warsaw to take care of her aunt for at least three weeks. The plan was swell, to be-gun with.

"I'm going to join you to Paris" Shooter said "I cant fly twice alone, I cant fly, land and fly again, I won't survive"

Rainbow looked at him with surprise but without questioning.

"OK" she said, Viv wanted to come with, Rainbow did not have enough money to take her, neither Viv had, the chaos increased too big, to even think of that, what could have been fixed.

"You can come with me to Poland" she said

"I don't want to go to Poland, I want to go to Paris" said Viv.

"I'm not taking Fran, to the States, to his father's mom" stated Shooter; which was Rainbow's ingenious plan. So, from the planned trip, Lucrezius and his mom, going to Paris, to search luck for him in the model job became a rare family adventure. Shooter, Fran, Luc and Rainbow flew together. Lucrezia and Jasha were supposed to come and pick up Fran in Paris.

HELL, part 4

Chapter 37

"Minka is a photographer, she is 20 years old"

"Is she good looking?" Francis asked, kicking at his bag pack, two other guys calmly smoking their first Paris's cigarettes watched the sparkling life. It was dark, a bit wet, a bit cold and a lot glittering. Rainbow brought them out of the metro station too soon, for the purpose; they all stood on Republique surrounded with their not at all small luggage. Purple, Rainbow's boyfriend, Lucrezius, Rainbow's son, and Francis, Rainbow's grandson, who was clearly before his age, saying rashly "Lets go!" throwing his back pack on the shoulders, thrilled by an image of their ward Rainbow described. They were all staying at Minka, only two of them, Rainbow and Lucr were announced.

"Oh! You are so many!" shrilled sweet Minka before all the hugs and handshakes, after all they were all three jabbingly handsome Rainbow's men.

"Vow! I have the most beautiful boy friend, the most beautiful son and the most beautiful grandson!" Rainbow was blushed again, they were going to an agency, Jean-Jack was going to check Lucr. She was nervous, but not as nervous as yesterday.

"No" said, Jean-Jack "You have changed! You've got a baby fat on your face, you are going through the mutations, may be in one year you'll become the best or might be never. It's the game, lad and you are not even eighteen, don't let them get fed up with your face before you are ready for it" Jean-Jack squeezed Lucr's chick, he was wearing black leather pants and black buttoned up shirt, he was softly middle aged, his speech was much longer, was long.

"The camera broadens up the face, you would look like that" he brought his palms far away from each other, showing how huge Lucr's face would have looked, "The face in this season has to be long, very thin, like a cheese" he drew a long triangle in the air. Lucr was still smiling at him, his cracking bright smile, Lucr's bright orange solarium tan was kneeling down this season Paris's sick white green-foundation

look, Lucr was definitely outstanding and glowing far too much. He was too tall, too elegant, had a brain new shoes, brown slacks, light ochre freshly ironed shirt, dark ochre tie, and perfectly done new wet red short hair, yesterday's super blond. This season in Paris were natural brown a bit longer hair and more relaxed - sloppy, clothing style and the shoulder bag, carried on the back actually and zipped across the chest. Lucr still did not possess the bag like that, his was just an ordinary shoulder brown soft bag, which Rainbow holed at the occasion, or possibly it remained with Purple at the cafe downstairs on Rambuteau, Purple would not have come upstairs. Francis accompanied, too curious to stay off. But this time his superb uncle Lucr did not do. Purple had to fuck his chick, Rainbow, in the bathroom, he was taking her fast from behind biting her ear leaf, yeah. They had been offered to sleep in the cellar, mattress to mattress, Purple and Rainbow on one and on the other Francis and his pretty uncle Lucr. The air was damped and cold was not in favor to Lucr's attempts, his chicks were badly swallowed up. Besides the girls, who lived there on Les Filles Du Calvarie, told all the Paris's-model-job crew to move out. "Move, where?" Rainbow was in despair. Purple who already saved her skin lending to her one third of the Paris's budget money, proposed "Lets move to the hotel, I pay"

The idea was great. Lucrezia and Jasha arrived the same day, and they were all moving to a small neat cheap Mary's hotel, near Circle.

"Go back to Minka's place, bitch!" Purple got drunk, far too drunk for the occasion. "You can all go back to Minka's. I'm staying at the bar the night through, I don't want to see you ever again."

Rainbow was tear eyed, constantly suggesting him to real down, Lucrezius had a next appointment the following day at another agency, Fran was sleepy. "Bitch" repeated Purple, but not as hard as before. Within an hour they were all inside poesy rooms, Purple and Rainbow baptized sex, begun with her butt, a violent, passionate act of love. Vow! After Lucrezia's Fran's and Jasha's departure and next Lucreziu's departure, the couple remained in Paris at least one more week, or more, advocating, fighting, going places, getting it all together and all apart, Purple managed to convince her to come with to NYC, he was going to pay for that, Rainbow's cash was flashed, flushed, finished, she was totally broke. "OK" she said, at last. Although they returned to Paris one more time, from the De Gaulle airport, her ticket was incomplete, it was Purple who bought the tickets, while she was at Mousardine, an erotic bookstore selling her work.

"I'm going to have a nervous break down!" Purple's voice shook, but this was a fact, they were forced to return to Paris, reincarnated at another small hotel, on Boulevard De Voltaire, Purple could not take to return the same place, it would have been disgraceful... They had begun with a quarrel, or possibly not yet. They shared a whisky, already bought for the flight, had some outrageous great sex, the sex they deserved since long, yearned in months. Purple started with kissing her, centimeter after centimeter, millimeter for millimeter, her white, virginal like body, opening her like a bible, or any other holly book, sacral, with thousands of pages of dust and dream, took her centimeter after centimeter, piece by piece, peace, fire, his Rainbow into his Purple, Shooter, Hardy body and nailed her whiz his dick, his kick, his Dixie land,

prick, his maternity, his masculine charm, his alter ego and his love. It was all truth. They had quarreled soon after the act number one, number two and number three. They had quarreled as an act four. OK. Full play. The love was in progress again, however the final turned, they were allowed to fail, from time to time, such was their life... The rains were flashing, flushing Paris and their next attempt on the NYC's flight totally successful, although they had quarreled on the plain, Purple was drunk, telling her Tao's secrets, the arcane of physical love, she could not take him serious. He was reading from the book loud, completely unaware they were in a public place. "You have to press your finger between my penis and my anus, hard, then you will stop me from coming, shall we start practicing? I will never come again and you are going to have lots of the orgasms" he was excited, they were flying together to NYC, the Promised Land. Rainbow's Paris, according her job, her promotion was OK. Mr. Califa, who was running The Erotic Museum of Paris on Pigalle, on Piglet, was the messenger of the good luck at first, excited about her work, at last saying "No. This is not good. What do you try to say? You can't play with the viewer's, you have to decide what are you trying to say, you can't be saying yes and not in the same time, you cunt arise and repulse."

"Yes, I can" Rainbow was sure on her ground, although sorry he would not buy her stuff, she needed money, Club 88 bought The Collection and she bought a dress at the same Saint Denis street, Purple was pissed angry at her. He felt, he was paying her daily bread. Mr. Califa walked out from behind his stand, to show more clearly what he meant, he spread his legs, placing his palms on his crotch, imagining he was a woman. "This filmmaker, she did only one gesture, like that, and it is provocative" he kept on mingling with his crotch, he had a long black moustache, was quite bold at the top of his head, the rest of his hair gone into small pony tail, his moustache moved "Lydia Lunch is much better, she knows what she is doing, she provokes. Your concept does not work, you can't say yes and not, to tempt the people and snap them off, you'll never make a career this way"

"Yes, I can" repeated Rainbow-chick. It was not about the concept, it was just as the life was, there was yes, and there was, no. There was nothing to discuss. It was not superficial, it was real. Of course, she liked Lydia.

Chapter 38

In Paris H&H saw a totally pierced man, his eyebrows, chicks, nose, ears, were all pierced with a neat row of trembling rings. Another chap, stood at night staring at the photographed seductive meat dishes plates, in the door of the restaurant, praying, moving his lips and palms; dreaming, he was a bum. Rainbow bought a superb Parisian dress, the shoulderless turquoise leopard with a split along her thigh for the money she got from the 88.

... if it wasn't for Henry, if it wasn't for Kathy, if it wasn't for Rainbow & Purple, I would have fly away... NYC...

"Am I so separated from my dream?"

"I am"

Suffering headache, suffering a total lack of energy and spirit, the other old ship can't take a smoke, smoke, smoke, hit, hit, hit, walks, walks, walks above wearing a plain blue robe splitting on her heavy and still well filled breasts, Rainbow gave her a quarter.

"I did not think it was going to be so abusive, it gives me a diarrhea and asthma. I'm coming over to Philadelphia and we can meet, not that I would want to invade your privacy, but just a tea in your kitchen, I'm on the diet, only yogurt and tea and then we'll go down town. I'm going to spend the night on the train, I need to work, and I'm going to sell all my books although I love them. I'm so fed up paying continuously to store them." An old bitch, which obviously lost her home was in the phone booze, laud as all the Americans are. Rainbow awaited her turn. They staid at YMCA. The far out place an accidental shelter, a gym center and a hotel, of course. Rainbow observed a shoe game. A Black guy was in the phone booze, had have problems, but following the gambling feet, Rainbow knew, he was going to gamble through. Rainbow felt like a loser, watching her plateaus. She made a collect call to Viv. Viv damped a receiver, refused to be spoken to, it was not about the bill. She was too scared to be spoken to. After an hour of trying Rainbow reached her mom. Viv sounded dramatic. "You know what's going to happened this Monday?"

"What?"

"They are going to take him!"

"Whom?"

Viv was silent and Rainbow was forced to ask although she could foresee Viv's worry, she wouldn't just, face it.

"I forbid you to listen to her! It's all so evil! She is destroying you projecting her obsessions." Purple has told her, afterwards.

"Lucrezius" squeezed Viv. And Rainbow sounded alert "This Monday, it's his eighteen birthday and I'm very happy about that!"

"You are so cruel. I have hard they are going to take him to the military unit, right after the interrogation, I have hared it." Viv was stubborn and her voice shook. Rainbow was speechless.

Green Point Poem

...looking into
an end of
a short street,
you see
Manhattan,
but what you
see is
not what
you get.

Sunday February 15th Galantine's Day, 99.

"I'm working for Modellink! I'm going to do the show." Lucr was really happy. Rainbow jumped in the phone booze with joy.

"Rainbow! You are both, welcome here. But it is a brotherly mess. Do not worry! I'm a mess! Since Mary died in November last year, I only cried!"

"Ok. We'll arrive in one hour."

"Oh! Please don't! Give me at least two hours to prepare myself!"

As Purple spent most of his money in Paris, there was not much left now, he had a problem to fly both of them to NY and a problem to accommodate them at the hotel, each night cost 60US dollars. It was lots. Rainbow tried to get them to stay at some friends' apartment for a few days, it did not work. She phoned from Paris she phoned from Kennedy's NY's airport, she phoned from YMCA, it did not work; none wanted to see them at all. They had a plan, three days at the hotel, in order to find an apartment. It did not work. After six days Stas put them up at Cyril. Cyril stunk, his place stunk whatever he did or did not prepare. Rainbow & Purple were well fit for the horror night. They were down at Brighton Beach, it took 1,5 hour on the subway train. Subway blues train. Hey! By night...

"Three Advil for one dollar!"

"Three Advil for one dollar!"

"Free Advil for one dollar!" Mex. repeated swaying slowly over the subway wagon. Rainbow was the only one interested but too powerless to even squeeze Purple's palm.

"Free Advil for one dollar"

"Three Advil for one dollar!"

"Three Advil for one dollar!"

Advil is a painkiller, Rainbow's found of the soft painkillers. The price was a hit! Mary was certainly dead, she was possibly still at home as she stunk, the place was overwhelmed with Mary's dish, Mary's clothes, Mary's stuff.

"Mary was eighty-eight" Cyril said. Cyril was about half of that age, but seemed to be gone the whole way through, ready to expire, and very happy over the fact. His eyes were merciful, sorrowful, doleful, doubtful, dull, panic and maximally scared. "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, I'm really veery sorry, Rainbow" he re-constructed, re-con-stated in his inherited Russian accent, making his voice ridiculous week, Purple & Rainbow believed him. Rainbow & Purple slept dressed up. Rainbow wired her woolen scarf around her head, Purple stroked a cockroach of the bed, with a flat hand, that quick that she couldn't see.

"Rainbow, I love you so much, I promise you, tomorrow I'll take us back to the hotel, until, we'll find a home." Purple was pressing her against himself, they flew Cyril's horror pallet, Cyril resident the coach in the kitchen, all the other rooms were shut down. It was a garbage house. The alarm was going on wild on the car downstairs the whole nigh through. The pallet stunk, Rainbow pulled the scarf thither around her head covering her face. She tried to make it sure, she was not touching the pallet with her face, with her skin, her flesh, even in the sleep, her soul hurt.

Purple squeezed her hard "I love you! I promise you! I'll find a home for you! I love you so very much!"

The alarm was going wild on the car outside.

"So you are in New York!" Wanda said

"Yeah!" misswilling her niece admitted.

"I feel very weak, very weak" the aunt said, but sounded strong and well fitted into her home. Rainbow was still at Cyril's horror home, he stunk more than the last night. Both, he and home stunk more acrid more piss more of Mary's death and corps, more of Russian disaster, more of Polish solitude, more of Jewish pride. Cyril feared that Rainbow & Purple should leave before buying him, a coffee, cigarettes and a beer. He was becoming nervous and uneasy about it. At last he asked for the change and went down to the store.

"You have only the money in your head, Rainbow. To gather, to squeeze as much money you can and go have fun in Paris, New York, where else? What do you have in your head, else? Nothing" was Wanda's speech, although she was pleased over the call, so was Rainbow, beaming, apologizing, explaining, promising. Cyril stunk, as he returned home with the donuts, Purple stood between him and her with the rose tea in his hand and quite ready to leave. The night's savings on the hotel bill were a high price on the down trip for Purple and Rainbow. Cyril was a bum. The early afternoon went along Brighton Beach. The early afternoon refreshing walk lined the beach, dozing the sea wind along with the wheel chaired Russians waiting to pass, to desolate, to transfer. To something better than this world - an eternal American dream... To die...

Lily was a flower only in the Garden of Eden. Here on earth, Lily was filled with pain. Pain was her treasure.

"I'm on Prozac, Valium, other downers, plus all the consumed alcohol. I had a broken nose, broken arm, tornado arm-pit, 27 stitches, broken foot, I'm so sorry for my son."

"Purple's mother died" Rainbow said. Lily said nothing at all. Lily was filled up with pain. Rainbow, Purple and Lily were dining. Lily's son ate in his end of the long room conversing his pal via Internet. He was discussing the drinking secrets of his mom, he was twelve.

"I'm not sure if I want to go through all that... Look at them, people live such a misery here. I'm here to fulfill my NY's dream, no longer certain" Purple was unusually verbal, unusually free speaking in her company. She agreed. She traveled the same speech, dialog, monologue, an essay, dozen times each day and night. "I won't offer anything to this dream, I'm not going to sacrifice myself, I'm not going to isolate myself with you, in one room apartment. I'm too old. You are not going to dominate me. I want to write, to make films, to socialize, meet people who still live. You are not going to turn off my light 8 PM, because you're going to school, our home has to be big enough to invite Lucrezius, Lucrezia, Viv, Francis, my base player, Nero, Stella, Ora, Charisma, Anna or anyone of our family or friends." Rainbow was dreaming. "I want to live now. I have no future dream to squeeze and suppress the

now, for" Rainbow set close to him on the subway train. Her voice was calm, low, emotionless, powerless. She has said all this about 10th time during last three days. They had difficulties in finding home. "If I knew you took me here to camp with and support you emotionally, I would not have come" Purple's ordinary state was to withhold all kind of information, Rainbow knew nothing what he was doing, thinking, going through or up to. Purple called it, the integrity.

"Do you want a carrot in your ass?" Purple asked his Rainbow after molesting her labia lips for a bright, short dry while. They had problems, maintaining sex...

"No" she said. She has become a girl, a woman - as he begun calling her - without an imagination.

"No" she said, she was concerned, sure, she did not want the carrot in her ass, and who would want? No sane person in the whole world would want. Besides Purple was always coming too quick, entering her too quickly.

"An amateur" thought, the girl - as she called herself.

"I want a carrot in my as" Rainbow whispered. She was horny, very horny, and extremely horny. She was drunk. And she was in love to Purple. At last Purple was not sleeping, at last Purple was going to fuck her the whole dawn through. Only three people popped from twenty-five, Purple and Rainbow - no longer popular, invited for their move in rout. They supposed to receive presents from all that attended - something for the house or the art. Purple speculated what would Richard bring. Rainbow was tequila drenched and enjoyed every minute of the party. Jola's laugh was foibles, fabulous. She brought curtains and table legs. The table's plate reminded home with a husband. Purple was cooling, polite and Luc and Darek showed their dicks. Luc's was very long. There was an unpleasant scene before the guests arrived, Purple and Rainbow quarreled for everything, and Purple despised her taste and choice on everything. This scene was repeated as the party crowned with a giant sex for two, and a cool hangover sex has passed. Purple could not take her taste.

"I forbid you to hang this picture, it exposes your nudity, some guests can feel offended" Purple said, "You might not show my dick. My dick is mine" Purple said, "You might not hang this picture although it pictures you. I have taken it and I'm not satisfied. I'm going to take new ones."

"Unbelievable! I'm forty-eight years old artist and you tell me what, I might and might not hang on the walls in my home! Unbelievable!" Rainbow shouted in his native tongue, dressed in strings and net panty house, showing off her butts and womb in round explicit openings. She was wearing a plastic high hill boots, marching back and forth. They had moved to a new home, at least 19 meters long, to march each way. It was railway shaped. In the living room Purple hanged a collection of his 18 cool landscape photos on the wall. Rainbow was not supposed to hang her; she repeated. "You are unbelievable!" Purple was washing the wall.

"Fuck me!" Rainbow yelled for the whole house. Tequila party blow was not bad. "Thigh me up. Please" she whispered delighted as Purple was fulfilling every single

of her wish "Stuck a carrot in me" "Burn me with a cigarette." "Fist fuck me!" "It has to hurt!" "It has to hurt!" "I want you to pierce my clit"

"I'll do on Wednesday" Purple was at last verbal too, but was he credible? He was leaning on the wall, fucking his squirrel, his honey, his beam, his cake, his little county, his butt, his princess and hiss all mighty love...

...Now he was washing fingerprints, palm prints from the wall, next to his photographs. It was the fact, Rainbow hanged the pictures she has planed, in a few days now, thinking how. She was planing to get hold of thick dark wooden old frames, but she did not have the money at all. She had no dime. She used a banana cartoon sides as frames ass well She underlined the yellow bananas with bright red lipstick, red lip-liner and red nailish. She was fairy satisfied. But Purple was not. "Bananas boxes are simultaneous for me with leaving on the go, I used to pack my stuff in such boxes, when the place of stay would have got too much under my skin. Must I be remind of that every time I open my eyes?"

He meant the one in the sleeping room, a beautiful double photography of them both, in blue, in the sex act, with his Rainbow on the top. Placed one straight and the other upside down beneath, like in the card game. Rainbow's face in the grimness of the powerful orgasm.

A bit more.... ... Gotham bookshop did not sell a single of her book within two years, Rainbow was away from the City. Not to mention they had kept them hidden. Tower Books sold a few, were going to pay by mailed check. St. Marcs paid 28 bucks, Exit Art bankrupt, Spring Books in Soho bankrupt. The videos at two of the Kim's places got lost. But she was still not forgotten.

"Oh, Baby Trouble! Back in town! I had heard you were back! That's great!" Greg, an owner of Accidental, an East Village's, 24 hours open store was enthusiastic. Accidental sold everything, but she had lost receive so he was not going to pay; after a hard argue, paid the agreeable half. The situation at home became repulsive, dynamic, wrath, and not loveable. The couple shouted at each other.

"You are not going to have your shaved cunt on the picture above the stove when your son is here cooking tea, if your mother comes or Wanda!"

"Yes! I shall! May be not Wanda but everyone else! You are a puritan idiot! When I was a baby I had a Picasso's nudes in red ochre over my bed!"

"But you are not a Picasso!"

"Yes, I am! Fuck you!"

"I don't want to have a single picture which I would be forced to take down when my sister comes! I won't have a home like that!"

"I don't care! Don't use your sister against me! I love her and she is a brave punker adorable girl! And such pictures is all I want!"

"And why don't you work? Why don't you have the money? Why do I have to pay for you? How much money did you bring home from the bookstores? How much?"

"Don't fucking touch me!" "You know nothing about art!" "Jerk!" "No, you can't eat my puss, it's mine!" "It's fucking jail! You did not allow me to have children, I'm a full time artist and this is what I want! Do you get it?!" "What a fuck should I do inside here?!" "Look at the walls?!" "Look at you!? I fuck! Hate you!"

Hardy Shooter interrupt her violent monologism's "you weren't doing anything, you said you were creating! You were just sitting on the floor! And how much money did you get the last week for your art?"

Rainbow crossed the line, but there was no highway back, may be some tiny path...She rose her head. "I shall show my cunt whenever I feel like!"

That kind of freedom was an important element in her art. She was an own piece of art. And she owned and claimed a complete copy writes - copy rights. Hi. Purple spent time standing in the living room watching his wall; they had no chairs.

Michael owned an Irish Pub on her corner past last forty years. She sold him two books, he paid with the beers and chat, and he was impressed

"My dear private writer, ah!"

Although Rainbow's previous need was 20 bucks to repair her shoes. She was flattered but Hardy Shooter was less, as he had to pay the repair. Such was a circle of her life, unavoidable. Meanwhile Lucrezia was lost again, Lucrezius's photos from Paris got lost. Lucrezius was forced to take out all the piercing considering soon coming show, which had flopped anyway, he did not pass. He bleached his hair without warning, they told him to pass. Rainbow refused Purple sex... Rainbow bought a lovely, turquoise, cream cake like armchair for the money from Accidental. Purple made a scene "I pay your daily needs and the roof over your head and you are buying something so unnecessary as an easy chair!"

"Why don't you shoot me?" she suggested, picking up her wallet, paying cash. They were shopping at Salvation Army, the necessary stuff, a table and two hard chairs, which Shooter paid. They really loved each other... The horrible cold stopped, the sun came with a blow of the fresh wind, at such a turn the wrath stopped and love begun to the grooves City on Earth, New York!

"Bitch!" Purple was overwhelmed with rage, he was nude "Bitch! You are so dirty! Your dirt follows you at the constant! You spread your dirt around! You stink! I despise you with all my heart! Go to your room!"

Rainbow did spread her business papers all over the house, they were on the floor in her working room, a top of table in the living room and around the famous chair as the telephone got hooked in there, as Shooter had decided but could not foresee, she was going to use it! It was more he could bear. He felt dominated when he experienced her move through the house, the house he had paid for alone, he felt the threat and wrath, again, but much stronger then before, when she only marked the walls, with her pussy trace. Her fierce evil wings! The trash! Now Purple threw every single paper from the floor in the living room into her working room, returned for her, grabbed her by the arm, pulled her, also nude from the chair, pulled her through the

whole place and threw her into her room shutting the door. He set down; in the turquoise chair.

"I'm sorry. I'm never doing it again. I'll never yell at you again"

"You get no choice! You are a parasite! You don't have any money! And don't have the manpower! You have to do, what I want, Bitch!"

He meant she did not have the male strengths to carry the stuff up the staircase, Jola gave them shelves and TV and another TV and Rainbow had a hangover and wanted to eat before leaving the house. Shooter wanted opposite.

Stas did not look very well. Stas looked really tired, he looked as something or someone has walked over his face, it was the life... And his teeth.

"My soul hurts" said Stas "I'm sick of this town. I don't want to go out, I take care of the kids and paint and take care of my three cats"

They were 4 people living on the 16 square meters space, all was in there, puzzled, Stas was proud; TV with the computer games, toys, painting studio, living room, kitchen, bedroom and a corridor. They lived there since years, since centuries.

"I'm going back to Poland" Stas said, preparing for the huge exhibition down there. He was one of the better painters, but the world still did not know it, although Stas was not very young, he was in Rainbow's age, they had been pals since they had been kids. Their famous parents were pals. Both, his parents and grandparents were artists; top artists.

"I have heard you talked bad about me, like I'm one of these "wonna bees " he said

"Never. You are very important to me, as an artist and as a friend"

They did not mentioned Purple's incident with Stas's wife at the fatal good bye party when Stas threw Rainbow out.

"So, what did I miss?" asked Joana and without giving Rainbow a time to converse, continued "I'm fed up with you Rainbow I won't see you anymore."

Rainbow set on the floor with a telephone, there were no chairs in her room.

"I have hared so much bad about you, I have hared about an incident with Jacek Lenartowicz in Amsterdam. And I have hared that you forced Zbyszek Libera to give you his film and you did not return it. And I have hared many other nasty things about you. We all don't want to have anything to do with you!"

Horny set on the floor. Hardy returned home, Horny still set on the floor, she felt like crying. M&M did not show at the announced visit & did not call H&H took a walk at the waterfront, it was a Sunny Sunday. "Clixton Sucks" and "Pussy Negro" were the slogans on the walls. An enormous collection of trush, trash, and rubbish backed up by the luminous Manhattan's panoramic sky line view, the world's most famous sky scrapper's, sky line...

H&H did not meet Flav, they could not afford tickets to Bowery Ball Room, went down to Mars bar, bumped to Julies, mute Felix the Cat was there as always, not much had changed accept for all the new expensive Japanese sushi restaurants and

young yuppie Japanese couples and their sparkling red cars all around the Village and the Lower East Side. The Money was coming in. The huge big breasted bar tender at Mars carried a tiny guy out, his feet would not touch the ground in her grip, Gulliani cleaned the City, all strip joints were gone, to Shooter's disaster. Where was he going to go, to fulfill his dream? In such a City? H&H bumped to something on their way back down the First Avenue. It was Cyril. Standing with his back at them, frozen-like, motionless, with a cracked guitar case in his right hand, with his left shoulder the most up, legs soften, wearing a leather pants, cracked soul, cracked face. They had to take him on hole.

"I have been such a great musician" "I have been such a handsome guy" "I have been so talented" "I have been such a great lover."

They dumped him quick, deathly scared, he shall follow them home and smell... Stink.

"Do you want to be big?" M.Santiago asked her.

"I don't care if I'm big or small, as long I get to do what I want" Horny was stubborn. She was very pretty and very stubborn. "Looking upon people, society structure there or anywhere else, I consider, my art is not needed. How could they like it? So, how could they buy it? So, there is no money in it. I don't say I don't care. I love promoting myself, I'm running for it all the time, screening, publicity, viewers, I feel successful and famous, perhaps I'm like this mad guy, who imagined being Napoleon or Alexander the Great. I'm not aiming small" M. Santiago was going to support her with technical facilities, concerning the editing of her new film, he end up asking if she would act sex in his film, with himself, she wasn't angry, however she was never going to act sex in his film and he wasn't going to provide her with the editing facilities. Horny was a quick complete person, person with soul intact, exclusively in her own hands, besides God's.

"You are unique. You are one of the kinds. Rainbow, there is nobody like you. I keep reading your books once in a while" Anton was on the phone and Horny was not the least embarrassed of his speech. Jacob as always talked about escort girls prostitutes and so on, he must have loved this kind of talk, his photos, on the contrary were very good. His party sucked, Horny was going to do the reading, but no one came yet. H&H rumbled home, without one single moment of the sweetens, this magical sinful NYC's night, within a few days she was leaving NY, she was flying back to Europe for four long weeks, the last weekend past and she was not going to whine anymore "Shooter, I'm bored. Shooter I want to have fun! Shooter I want to dance! Shooter I shall sit in your lap! Shooter, why don't we kiss? Shooter why don't we ever go out!? Shooter, why don't you want to date me out?"

Paris.

"He loves fist fucking" Jean was concrete, honest, quite excited at the thought, tensed his pupils even more. Rainbow gave him a squint look She was with on the note, although not on the bill. She would have cock, dildo, eventually a bottle up her

anus but certainly not the fist. She loved the female fist act up the womb, vow! The place was filled with gay guys. Open Bar at Rue Des Archives. The place was boozing. Crim shook a palm with her, he was bare Chester, pierced in both nipples. His smile was emphatic-enthusiastic, he only spoke French.

"He likes you" translated Jean.

"Hay Shooter it is Rainbow, how are you?" she said into the phone

"I have a hangover"

There was something about women from the Lower East Side, something about his male cock alert needs, although he confessed to Tom, being more of the cat kind, then a young lion, what had chased him out of the house, after his spouse left the City, the weekends got more sense more color, at last he was motivated to go out on haunt, proving his virility.

"Oh, yes? I'm home you don't want to go out, I'm gone, you the mouse-dance, the table, Shooter"

He damped the receiver, she did not call again. Three male go-go dancers were upon the bar disk, turned now into a cat walk, they were dancing, twisting, showing, exposing, tempting, but it was only one who was tempting her. Not that she would want, he sort of got an alert crush on her, or put on the professional act. Jean was wondering laud all the time "Is he straight, or gay, what is he in fact doing? He is not acting. He must be straight. He is crazy about you!"

Horny refused to speak, to converse, to touch, but giggled, as he invited for the sensual dance, at different spots of the bar, she all the time moved into a safe distance but not safe enough, she was getting hot, at the back of her neck, she knew the feeling, like fainting slowly bit by bit. Becoming accessible. The game went on, the guy was blond, tall, could have been American, Belgian, Polish, German, not French, he changed from a sequin white&silver sparkling mini shorts, into a golden strings, his butt was round and sun tan, his muscles perfect, and his smile excellent, bright, he got a crush on Horny. Bought her Champagne and danced upon her, on the bar, she exclusively continuing giggling, sparkled with the drink, went home with Jean. Jean was approached by a young-whispering Korean with shaky sweaty hands and really wanted to leave fast. Korean was definitely not his type. Rainbow giggled the whole way home... electrified, regretting she had left.

A spectacular walk along the Seine, the leisure in the sun, with Yasha, Zbig's chick and lovely Belville excursion with her and a dinner at Vietnamese restaurant. Good reading at Shakespeare and Company. Shopping with Eva for the money she got at Bimbo Tower selling films and books lots. Leaving at Jean, going with him to gay bars and gay discos at Pigalle, the famous tea dance, Sunday tea dance, being in fact a full techno party with Arabic pretty gay little boys, older Negroes and a few spectacular transvestites, Rainbow having fun. Hardy Shooter phoned but talked only to Jean, Rainbow was out, beaming, radiating. Lodz. Holly-Lodz. Party, party, party. Boyz, boyz, boyz, girlz, girlz, girlz. Drinking, but strangely enough, Rainbow, watching her pals does not feel like dancing; Spring. Movies. Anna. At one point

Horny was that spaced out, turned on by the life sparkle, that she did not recognize Anna entering the restroom at the Bar Lodz Kaliska

"Christ! I did not recognize you" Rainbow whispered.

"I saw that" Anna said. Horny loved Anna. Rainbow bought lots of crazy sunglasses for herself on Piotrkowska Street, and a cocktail mixer for her Hardy, for his birthday.

"How can you be so cruel, to buy an alcohol mixer for the guy who is trying not to drink?" asked one of the more incited guys, the one she shared the bed with, Horny giggled "We always wanted to have one" she said. Horny loved Anna. Rainbow asked to be filmed jumping from start to star, LA pattern of Polish Holly-Lodz. She had fun. Shooter could not sleep, he went to Lili's place "If not a pussy peace, I'll get, at least she is going to give me Valium"

Lily laid on the floor fooled packed in alcohol, full drunk, she was preparing a dinner, a steak, she has failed a bit, it all fall to the floor, Lili laid on the floor biting at the huge cutlet, it was hard, hard was her life, and hard was the meat, and hard was Hardy's visit and unfulfilled needs. Shooter could not sleep. He missed his Rainbow.

Warsaw. Family Love.

"Bitch, you are such an abominable repulsive bitch!" here Lucrezia slept her mom's, Rainbow's face with an open palm, Rainbow turned away, Lucr shouting at her back, spiting from her mouth at it while screaming, furiously angry at her mom's remark. "Why aren't you able to do anything any longer without your boy friend's assistance, you were such an independent girl."

"Bitch! You are not going to classify my life, you have said, to Ora, Ex and my brother, that I'm drinking too much, that I'm bad to my son, because I have taken him from the school! Don't get so involved! School is shit and I can do what I want! We are moving out today! Now! Everybody packs the stuff!"

The boys were packing bags, Nastasia still asleep.

"All my bad sides are after you! You have taught me all the bad the evil! The freedom, you said! Look at yourself! You are almost fifty years old and homeless! Peniless! You are nothing, and have nothing, you are a smack! I hit you because I have a temper! You don't have any, you would be afraid to hit me back, you know I would have killed you! I can express my feelings! You don't! Bitch! I hate you! You are pathetic! Your art is pathetic! You're stupid pathetic pornography! Your stupid books!"

Rainbow came to Poland to meet Wanda and to meet Lucrezia, she met both. Jacek Lomnicki laid on the street, he reassembled of a huge animal, his belly, his stomach was huge, was that huge, that he could not, he was unable to get up. He was hilariously drunk. Jacke Andrzejewski and Horny tried to fish him into the taxicab. Horny wanted to go dancing, Jacek A. surprised her with some speed, after investigating, what drugs she liked, they had taken it earlier this evening, he also cooked a dinner, for the whole Rainbow's family who already forgotten the fight. Nastassia, for whom Rainbow filled the house with gifts at their arrival, writing a huge poster on the wall, Nasty 4 Love. Nasty became four years old and said, once again "Rainbow, don't

worry, I remember, when you were small and I was your mom, it all was fine, you shall see, just wait and see, I'm telling you the truth."

She had fall into the park's pond and was tacked into her wagon.

Now, molesting Jacek L to get up, Horny gave up the party, they were all pals, close pals, very close pals, friends, their parent's mostly all dead had been great friends and had been the tops of the Polish art in the past, writers, actors, poets, journalists, dancers, the whole cream top of the cake.

"It's a Hollywood syndrome, we'll never be happy, never achieve anything" she used to say. Horny gave up the dance. With an enormous struggle they got him home. Once a handsome young actor, he was that fat he could not enter, he could not sit down, neither lay down, neither eat, he was hilariously drunk, but still talking. The guys had some undone argument from the years-back going on, the birds whistled behind the window, the sky was lightening, brightening, they were all at the top floor of the Warsaw's sky's scrapper.

"To the gas with you!" Jacek L. was shouting at Jacek A. Jacek A. were Jewish and the joke hit three of them madly laughed. Horny had to squeeze her thighs not to piss on herself she laughed so much.

"Please, don't say this again" she whispered catching breath. Both of them defined, verified, stated, confessed the love to Rainbow, the goddess. Rainbow was quite high from the line she has taken hours back, the guys sipped on Vodka bottle, eventually she did it too. What could she do at the dawn like that?

"We will never grow up" said Horny

"Goddess" "Goddess" "Goddess" repeated Jacek A and Jacek L. and went back into an old argue, about some brothel money years back.

"Birds are singing and we are quarreling, what a fools we are" said Jacek A, a bit tired of the constant swing back and forth, from good to bad.

"They are not singing, fool, they are quarreling, talking, chatting like we do" Rainbow said in the moment of the high, stoned enlightenment.

"Goddess" "Goddess" "Goddess" repeated the boyz.

"I want to pass, traceless, as the sledge on the hard snow" Rainbow wrote this poem in her mind one dawn after hard Hardy fight, hard Shooter quarrel and now, the Purple dawn, she repeated it laud for her pals. She was sitting in Jacek A's lap, Jacek L. was too fat, that she could sit in his lap, he had no lap. He was quite jealous about that but Horny grew tired of sitting on the floor or walking above the room and there was only one chair and Jacek A set in it, he was too tall and too fucked up to stand... Far too bonny to sit on the floor, and too old. Jacek A. passed the fifty's trash holder. The party was finished. Jacek L has become too drunk also to be a ward in his own place, there was no place, he needed to dash down badly. She went straight to Wanda, after she kissed Jacek A in the stairs, and let him fuck her at some spot located somewhere but she left soon and spent the whole Sunday with her aunt, she just loved it.

"You like my party dress? I'm coming up straight from the party, I was with Jacek L and Jacek A." These were good references, she had the same black dress, with round openings a top of white round shoulders, which the go-go liked so much, placing a

light kiss in the opening of her left shoulder, passing by taking her by surprise, also smoothly taking chance to brush over her knee dressed in famous tattoo stockings; the whole New York, both men and women run after her questioning "Miss, is it a tattoo or a pantyhose?"

The women ate together, both with difficulties. Rainbow was rather smashed from the stuff she has taken and the stuff she has drunk, the stuff she had said, and the stuff, she had hared & did, Wanda did not object, she did not notice, it simply did not show, Horny was a smart girl, a niece.

"Damian said, that your writing is rubbish" Wanda said, Horny suspected it, Damian broke a contact with her, Damian was an uncle, who forced her to give him a Polish translation of three chapters from her last book a while ago "Common, I can take it, I'm not that old" he was assuring her, she was doubtful "You are going to be angry with me, I'm going to loose a friend" she repeated.

"Common, don't be shy, I want to read it, and there is no risk"

So now it was done. He was not going to talk to her ever again, it was the family. Family pride, family affair.

"Damian is an idiot" said Horny looking sadly at her aunt, Wanda was very thin and looking really tired, Horny loved her very much, but she was sure she did not say that. There was one more plea, Rainbow came to her home country for, Taddy's book. Twenty years was passing from his death, his silence; the book had to come out, Horny was in the discussion with the Art Council.

"I'm not getting up from this chair, before I'll get an answer, and the answer has to be, yes!

I'm not getting up" she was well sited at one of the dozen rooms she visited at The State Ministry of Culture and Arts. Yeah, the culture and the arts. The torture and the rats.

"Rainbow, never stop! Rainbow you are a writer!" Bebe said on the phone "I had read it! Don't worry about Damian, he is an old prick!"

Bebe was sport, was a balsam to Rainbow's lonely heart.

"Where are you? I'm totally confused where you are?" questioned Viv. Rainbow was still in Poland, she was taking Francis with her and they were leaving for Sweden the following day. Hardy started to go out with Rob, it was nicer to haunt that way, they worked as a team, both utterly handsome and single, besides, it was natural to have a friend. A male friend. Shooter realized he loved his Horny very much, missed her very much, utterly, inertly, almost could not breath, could not breath without her, made plans, concerning their love affair and life affair. He made his mind up, he was going to ask Horny to marry him, he bought a bottle of Champagne, a sparkling Russian wine in fact, but this was a week later, or may be two weeks, now, he exclusively went on haunt, women were plenty. Plenty and pretty.

"Hon, at your return, I'm going to eat your cunt, eat your pussy, Hon, you are the best, and Hon, you're mine..." he wrote to her. Rainbow knew, it was too good to be truth.

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Chapter 39

Sweden was as always, Ora was a bit thinner, but less angry & getting herself together. Stella was busier then usual, Carisma well-fit, Su singing, got read of at least half of her fear, but not tearing her apart love affair, Lolita getting stronger, gather-

ing her roots and wings, ass always starting all from the beginning, Lotta Bacon hanging around with her fat pussy pals. Lucrezius working, Ex OK, his wife regular impossible. Ex blamed hormones, all the children growing, possessing the secret of life... The taboo at its best.

"You are a guru for all my girls pals, Rainbow" Lucrezius told his mom, he got her to flash a smile, bright... Viv fetched Rainbow at the station, it was fun, she was wearing, her new coat and a new hat, Rainbow brought her from Paris, from the Bour-Bour square. Viv looked cute, had quick squirrel eyes under the silvery lizard patterned hat, which was a bit too big, kept on falling down over her tiny face.

"I have changed my clothes, because I did not want to be recognized"

Here dashed Rainbow's hope, her mom dressed for her sake. No, there was not much for Rainbow's sake neither at this side or the other side of the globe. Rainbow bathed the dog, what Viv could not do, she packed her stuff, visited her aunts, packed her stuff and was ready to leave again. Part of her enormous luggage-language she left in the lockers at the station already the day earlier, the other part, took together with Viv, already Monday morning, she practically staid in Stockhole only one, incomplete weekend, she wished it would have been more, she was a sentimental creature, she loved her mom, she kissed her goodbye.

Ora's apartment was that messed up and dirty that it hardly could do any longer, on the contrary, Ora's son and Francine were doing just great. Rainbow was feeling uneasy, she came to Sweden to meet the family and to arrange the money for her NY's daily needs, but the money did not work. The money was finished, the charity, the gravity, the union and so on. Rainbow was taking with, the last fifty samples of her books and Francine-boy her pretty grandson.

"I don't understand, why they do not give you a scholar ship, I did not think you work that much as you in fact do. You get all this great reviews. And I'm aware of the fact that yours younger friends who do the same kind of art, they are doing fine here. They all get the money from us"

The guy was a Clark at the famous Stockholm Art Council, who once again refused Rainbow's Kubiak's art.

"I keep on wondering, why? I suppose it is too much sex in your work, people are afraid, its Sweden", he added. Rainbow walked Queens Street, she saw a young speed-up guy in front of herself in the crowd, she watched him, he was an Arab "I'm giving a money away" he stretched palm to her handling 500 SKr bill, about 60 bucks, she looked doubtfully, he moved his palm away, turned towards three young Turkish girls walking by "I won two and a half million! It's truth! I'm giving the money away" they giggling, shrieking, accepted. Rainbow was buying hot dog, still stood the same place, but he had forgotten about her walking inside the Jewelry store after some longlegs chick, she heard him say "...girl..."

Rainbow was counting her money back and forth, it was too little, she supposed to buy the flight tickets for her and Francine, Shooter called her last night, reminding she ought to send him 400 bucks, she owed him, yeah... She did that, but how was

she going to get herself back to NY? Her show in Paris was within a few days, she could not miss it.

"Le pain" was labeled all over Paris, but le pain, here did not mean, pain but daily bread. Her show in Paris... She supposed to lay atop of fur, in the same bar where the go-go guy danced, lay a top the same little stage, stretched, reviled for the eyes although not completely nude, adored, defined, she was supposed to line her thoughts, the lines of love and sex! Jean did not fix a microphone! The spot was occupied by DJ, she did her show in VIP room with a fountain and a red carpet, OK, but she racked her voice, TV did not work, the video did not work and Jean did not pay her. It sucked. The whole day was hellish, just like hell. The scene was spectacular - she packed her stuff for almost an hour, outside of Erland's house, he was taking her to the airport, in Lolita's car, he was her base player and now she was playing her basic lines, she was throwing hundreds of videos, dresses and boots and papers into the suitcases, her own, one from Stella and one from Lucr, and a few from somewhere else, without the friend's help she would not have got away. In Paris she had a fight with a Korean taxi driver about the bill from the airport down town, it was 400 francs, it fucking sucked, she still did not arrive and she was already broke, although Francine was lovely, the most lovely and cool and happy all the time, and only saying "OK" "I'm very happy to travel with you" "OK, Rainbow" "OK"

Rainbow walked home, in her shortest rubber skirt after the reading, showing off the hams of her ass, accompanied by the young Arabs who were plenty out at night and the only one hanging out that late, Rainbow was immune to their eyes, immune to their jokes and propositions, immune to the possibility of getting robbed, raped and so on, she did not get robbed or raped, she came home safe, went to bed, for the first time excited about him, Purple-Hardy-Shooter getting closer to her skin, her flesh. The very last party she attended in Paris was spectacular, vow! An Alien Nation, only at the first look was a cheap masquerade. A fetish party in the caves of the Saint Sabine. Rainbow danced, the girl was skinny, tall, she was tensed of her own desire, she was threading a thorny pink rose over her tongue, stopping it with her little pearl teeth, her eyes were wet, her womb tensed and thick under fitting leather pants, she twisted her feet when she surly came. The chap was fat, old, nude, dressed only in chains, a fat blond in a red plastic bride set, set spread legs, on his back, he was on his knees, on his four, she whipped him, he yelled for motre, constantly yelled for more, morte. Immortal in the game, in the dresses of the monks from the medieval time, nuns, Evas, Adams, devils, cats, skeletons, mummies, clones, aliens, and wicked boyz and girlz, Parisian crowd had fun, living through their dreams. Rainbow wearing her rubber skirt with zip from down to top in front and a silver plastic top, toxic. The morning came pale as the virgin skin, before the light, before the people, before we were and went and became what we finally are.

"Bitch!" said Shooter to his Rainbow, finally to her that awaited face "Bitch! And, think that I wanted to propose, I bought a Champagne!"

"You did, propose", she said.

"Did I? Was I that drunk? I don't remember anything."

After not very hitting first second, first minute and first two hours, Shooter, finally laid on her in bed, she was still dressed in her famous black dress and boots, he had his penis dipped into her, however could not come, tried her in hours, screaming, shouting repeating "I did love you since seven years!" "You have the best cunt, I had tried!" "I'm going to marry you!" "I did love you since seven years!" "You have the best cunt, I had!" "I'm going to marry you in Las Vegas!" "You!" "Best!" "Vegas!" "Vegas!" "Vegas!" Here, followed three weeks of quarrels and fights, before the couple cooled off a little bit, the rage, the hate, the bitterness, the jealousy and the love. Horny was thrown out of every bar she attended with him, she was jumping at the bar discs, taking off her dress, beating every girl, Shooter would have approach, spitting at him, scratching, kicking, carried away, carried always out, slashed down a disco staircase by the guards for reaping off his glasses and hanging in his hair. Shooter became a popular regular guest, while she was an aging Polish trash, Polish comet in their Polish eyes; they all hated her, the countrymen, they and he, the Champagne remained in the fridge.

"I'm going to shove this bottle up your ass" Horny, full with rage, yelled at her lover, Shooter, brought to the very last station of wrath & rage. Rage & Wrath. And hate it all came before the love, in this house of the broken hearts. Horny wanted to dance again, dance... Dance. Again. Again. Again.

"The doctor told me, I'm going to die, if I'll drink" Shooter said

"Cut the crap out, it seam to hold only in my company, Shooter" chick was uncensored, seamed to miss the joy of her toxic life. Shooter as always in her presence, stopped smoking cigarettes and begun with a chewing gum, she hated it. He was patting himself. He was certainly not patting her. Everything was lost, all what they could have achieve after the six weeks of separation, was already done, gone...

"Horny fuck me", he said to her waking up after one more nightmarish weekend pass.

"Christ, be quiet Shooter, it's so much hate here, I don't need a man, I need a God"

He would not date her, he would have her to give him a blow job or cook a meal.

"You need a mom, boy, not a woman like me, I'm too free for that shit" she tried to define the lines of her free, she thought, spirit

"You are perverted and you are forty-eight!" he would shout.

"A fact, it's true, fine, so what?" she agreed. Their orgasms were occasional, casual.

"People steak together for various reasons" he would say, at times, when he was not giving her a blow, with his right palm. It burnt her ego. Defeated her alter. Ego.

"You wrote" she tried to remained him of love

"I wrote, because I had forgotten what a bitch you are!" "You are going to get nothing from me, if you don't stop demanding"

"I don't demand, I only want to live!" "How am I going to verify, the difference between to demand and to want to this greedy guy who won't give anything by will or theft?" Hopeless Rainbow thought for herself. It was no use to talk, to argument. To argument would have been to argue, in his judgement.

"I don't want to get old and gray hair, I don't want to age"

Shooter turned twenty-six and his Horny served him a dinner and a cake with candles, she made a min to his speech.

"I'm sorry, perhaps I'm being clumsy, you are so much older, sorry if I offended you"

"You did not offend me, that's not why I made a min. I made a min because you are aging and I like the young boys!"

Horny won once again, the verbal battle of this night, after followed exclusively pure horror, bit by bit, Shooter after testing her gift, the cocktail mixer on gin fizz, but not with lemon, but grapefruit juice, would not dance her once again, he already danced her seven years ago at their first night, he did, now he would dance his mirror reflection, a tall handsome lad in the mirror, a silver one, Shooter was hilariously drunk, wearing Francis's red Adidas cap, Francis was at his other granny in Tennessee, it was perhaps his luck to leave the mad aging house fast, he was still a kid, he became eleven the other week and got a pair of shining inn lines, his world laid at zip. Horny's was at zigzag. Francine tested the inn lines in local and Central Park. Shooter cried into a bartender shoulder, a bartender was Rainbow's best girl pal so the story was short,

"My wife died"

He has got a message from home, a woman with whom he had sex, once, may be twice, may be three times, years back, died. Horny danced the night through on her own, splitting for Zedd's club with a Polish stranger. They were both crooks, the Champagne remained in the fridge. Shooter did not like his school, but worked on his art and called his Rainbow's art for shit, it became the pattern of the house, and it was upsetting him, to see it on the walls. He was proud of himself, although he found his life tough. Horny made some cash at last on her films, selling it to all the Kim's videos and other stores in NY. Lucrezius started to go for the parties with the models pals, it was only both of the agents and himself hilariously drunk on hard booze, the other models spared the looks, he ended up doing an eagle in the grass, by the morning reviling pass, he still had no jobs yet, kept on dishing, was coming soon to NYC. Shooter hated his school but worked for it a lot, he loved Rainbow a little bit but refused to go out with her, certainly refused to date her on his own. He would not go out with her, without his new pal, Rob. Rainbow wanted him to date her alone, she wanted to sit in his knees and kiss; alone, intimating.

"You are mental ill, when did we do that?" he just asked. But it was hardly a question. She wanted to go to the park and kiss "It is spring" she said.

"I'm too old for that, girl" He left her stretched alone at the park bench. Last weekend night, he left her out drunk alone once again, she was exposed to a teenage rape act, but talked herself out of it, Shooter himself was next to be mugged but talked himself out of it. So, they both still talked to, strangers. Next to. Hi. He preferred to glance at men playing pool, then his bitch in a tight white outfit, dancing. He could not bear to see her dance. Rainbow was attending an art openings on her own, met some art gallery of people, the celebrities, the menagerie, that was OK at the week

days, but at weekends she feared to traverse party town alone, she yearned a romance with her man, she could choose, to stay home looking at Shooter reading book or going out alone. One weekend she staid in, ready to scream, ready for the scream therapy! Next weekend she went out. She phoned him several times, tempting him out to join her, the night was hot Friday night, everybody seamed having fun, specially couples, specially lovers, she thought, she saw, she felt, she knew, ready for the therapy of scream or yell.

"No, I have bought a blue berry pie and taken a glass of milk, don't bother me now"

"This world belongs to men, such is a society structure, you can do nothing about that, the woman is suppressed" he would say. He hated her for reviling her cunt, he usurped it was his, only she knew, it belonged to her. He hated her for the self-prophecy, as he named it. Underlined with all the photos of her hanging on the walls. Hated her for seeing herself beautiful. Hated her ego and alter ego and super ego and all that. Hated her so-called, art. Hated her nagging voice. Hated her wishes, will and needs. Hated her strengths and defects; her defeat. Loved her. But, loved, what? None would know an answer to that... The Champagne remained in the fridge. The world belonged to men, Shooter knew...

"Women have too little dick!" he said.

"You must be fucking nuts! Women and men are equal! We are the same! The same blood, bones, chromosomes, brain! The same needs and wills! Women have exactly the same rights to everything"

"Woman is an animal, she only wants to get pregnant. She puts the make up on to attract the man. No, woman never shall be equal to man, as long she won't relax and stop wanting it! Wanting it all!"

"You are really fucked up, Shooter! It's not about being relaxed. The woman is equal to man. She is a man! Fool! She is! She is the human being, she has exactly the same rights to love, freedom, money, pleasures, work, success, orgasms, sex, as many choices and responsibilities" Horny could have talked to the wall, it would have been the same.

"He did not even, buy the ring" Rainbow refereed to Lily. "He only bought Champagne, he turns every occasion to have a drink, although he won't drink with me and you know what he said, when I begun to propose? Don't take away that very pleasure from me. He is afraid I'm emancipated too much. He doesn't understand I'm already through. I'm a fucking man! Human man! Human being! I bought my ring myself in China Town" the girls laughed in the phone.

"Did you throw her out. Yet?" asked him Rob, his still new pal.

"Don't worry, Rain, we shall go swimming" Lily said. Lily was drunk, but hoped she had all under control.

Rainbow put the blinds on him, seduced him, he loved that. She was hot, sweaty, fulfilled, after a while she knew, there was never his turn. Shooter wanted to be

loved, but this was it, this was all, the end station of his possibilities. Shooter's world belongs to men, but not her, her world was quite different, in fact. The money for Taddy's poetry come back, were OK! The book was coming out at the beginning of the autumn! Rainbow won!

Shooter at last danced! But he danced like a girl! He danced like a woman showing off the nipples, shaking his curls to the sides and to Rob and Rainbow and to his mirror reflection, wanted her ear-clips for himself. Shooter kicked his sandals off and danced barefoot, tip toeing on his toes, Shooter cried when the pals left, leaving him with his chick on the dancing floor, Shooter pulled for home, playing his shoes all the way, throwing them up against the trees, Shooter was drunk, Shooter stopped a stranger man in the park trying to mess or seduce, the stranger after showing off few abilities with karate kicks dashed off. Rainbow walked all the time at his back, somehow, they came home, she lost the lust to sex with her Shooter-Swing, both, the night through and the hangover through, Rainbow was at a computer. She was not an animal.

"We are stranger, in this world, we must breath, we must learn to breathe, we are under the water, we are not alone, we are not aggressive, we are together. I tried this machine and only when I was cool I could learn to breath, we must be cool, learn to be cool, learn to be" Jack's A. mouth, was going fast, the light was glowing deep red through his ears, he started to smell a very good cognac, his breath was possibly harsh, course it suddenly smelled a lot. "America is rich, I could make living here, why don't I want then, why don't I stay. Love and art is most important, makes you strong, makes you powerful, then you can breath. Makes us real. Only when we are powerful, fulfilled we breath. Learn being powerful everywhere you go. But where to go? At home I am most alone" his body language was a movie like, he waved his arms, the glowing of the ears and out spread hands' game and a characteristic movement of his body as he was a perineum in the old huge watch, the old machine, Mephisto at his best yet speaking like Guardian Angel. To love, to save the world, to be, to respond. Of course he had some good smoke or possibly a fix. And what she did not know the waving, the dynamo was ruled not only by his eager spine and smoking skull - his expression, but also by the stiff ankle after a motorbike crush in his youth, 15 centimeters of his ankle was stiff "After I've gone through so much loneliness, I have learned about myself. Even if you fuck the whore, she is possibly not a whore, whore is not a profession, whore is the character. The money is not important. Transaction is one thing, but the n u m b e r, the most human number you rich, you reach with the other one are communication and it happens sometimes. I love all this black men who come against me on the street and offer things, offer stuff, offer themselves, they are soft. Horny you must stop compromising, you must believe you are worth all, you want young loving you great man, get him and love him. But get the right guy, fix yourself the angel if you must, love him, and take the love from him, take all the love he can give, Horny you are going to get the love, I know" The last part of Jack's And. speech came by post, did Horny believe? Horny

was possessed by herself. She's got this angel inside herself. She swallowed the hook. She was her own golden fish. The same fish, who fulfilled every poor fisherman. All she suppose to do was to turn inside herself and say "yes" Yet, she did not write back, Jack included return address, in her life there was no return. He included few sensual drawings in black pen she pinned to the wall in the leaving room.

The summer became that hot that alligator's brains cooked up. Steamed up. The alligators came out of the Florida swamp, started catching dogs. It was going to be hotter. Much hotter. Rainbow begun her Central Park adventures, dancing in the small crowd to the drums, battling this tall goddess Negroes, Negroes was a woman but was like a boy, her hips were great, slim, legs, limbs long, extremely long, almost The Blue rise, the Negroes was the first dancer on this marble floor, yet Horny was not coming up bad, white and short she was, in comparing with loads of chicks still tall and long legged, b o d y was like the relativity floating theory, Rainbow dressed carefully in transparent red for these excursions, these dancing, these drums, Rainbow waved her hips, hard, she pulled her skirt low, yet she was wearing a long black skirt, not that red yet, different Sundays, different colors, the same moods. Negroes also changed the out fits, her pants were set that low one could see her hip bones and one could have seen the pubic hair if she would not shave it off, she did, you could easily see above the rim of her khaki pants, she was chocolate black, she moved hot, she was hot, she was fucking hot, and focused Hardy's lance. & Rainbow's eyes. Rainbow had no chance to put her eyes off the dancing Queen. Horny watched her shoulder blades through her brought down lids, it was easy this way, Horny followed the movement of the other woman's jungle spine, jungle breathe, jungle air, jungle mist, jungle humid shriek, jungle sun dust, the Queen hold her head high independent what swing her limbs took and coiled and swung and pumped, her hair was short cut and her smile broad, the fascination was full. Horny pulled her narrow, feet long shimmering skirt down her hips a bit more. Hardy was soon bored and wanted to hit for home, they definitely had a home. Lucrezius was arriving soon, really soon, possibly even sooner, possibly tonight, possibly now, Rainbow could not sleep, she burnt candles through his entire flying night, watching after her son, he was arriving with a friend. Lucrezius was very pretty and very thin, he was holding his fashion model portfolio in his hand, their suitcases were lost so long, the transfer in London did not manage the bags in time, Horny fetched them at JFK! It was a few years since Lucr visited New York, it was a real fiesta! He was staying over two weeks! The first night he and his pal were lost, Horny was considering to phone police, yet where to? They came home about 4 AM, they have been lost, they have been to Black Bronx! They were obviously alive, they took a wrong sunway line, got misinformed in the subway, looked local, did not crack out of the crowd really, and were directed to Bronx! Lucrezius's pal was South American, easily a Portorican look, Lucr, had this odd tendency to appear local everywhere, it was the gift of his life, his tattooed slim arms, his smiling thin face and bright eyes made easy to meet the strange world around himself. Yet they threw themselves to the floor as Allah prayers' coming home and Horny danced the war-winning dance

above the boys' silhouettes, Hardy went to sleep, he was going to school early in the morning. Javier brought plenty of money to spend, he bought 200 vinyl records and 3 golden Citizen watch for his brothers and for himself, he was out of Sweden for the first time since he arrived from Chile as a child. He and Lucr matched. They attended a party all together at Amy's home, it was plenty to drink in the garden placed near Brooklyn Bridge in China Town, and the party was great. Arriving home H&H got a carrot love flip, it's a chance run around with carrots between kitchen, to get them and their bedroom to dispose them, to insert them to gamble and play, Lucr and Javier placed in the middle room, living room from now, slept. Javier drunk plenty of beers at the party and his consistence was young, both boys were eighteen. Javier's mother was dead, that's were his money came from plus his own work, he trained as a cook, yet here they did not eat much, their diet was the Chinese kitchen service outside the house, it was also Brooklyn exotic and Rainbow's cooking art was poor, Lucr cooked sometimes, he was good. Hardy had no time or interest. He rather enjoyed young boys stay. Lucrezius went with his portfolio and with his mom to Agency Q, it hit! The girls working there wanted him to stay, he was going to be a special kid, they were going to put him on training, he was going to go for the top; Lucr gained terrible head-ache and Hardy gain a jelly fit and put the phone down. The hit in town increased, one could not say, what was the reason to Lucr' still growing migraine. Horny mom was very happy to have her baby son back, they cruised the city much, much and everywhere. "I'm perhaps very stupid not to take this chance, the millionaire career, I could have the car and a boat, if not more"

"All is perfect, you should only take off the socks" the stranger complimented Lucr's look. The socks were a necessity, the new bought sandals were hurting Lucr's delicate feet. They were waiting Javier down town near Tribeca, Horny ate take away sushi in the street and Lucr drunk mineral water, he insisted paying himself. He also paid his flight. He was sparing his mom and he adored her. The migraine passed, when Luc took a decision. He was going home, he was flying home as planed. He was not staying in NYC undergoing Q's special treat. He bought pare of sandals for his dad on 34 St, Horny paid. New York was her city, was laid at her palm by now, rooted into her spleen, spine and veins, NYC was easy accessible, for what price, Horny did not know yet. Horny was New Yorker, though her son was flying home. The boss of his Agency in Gothole was not pleased, it was a bad move, he said. "If Lucr wants to be a model he must stay" "if they want me now, they want me later, I won't change" was Lucr line, they spent some time at the beach, bathing was great, the beach was full and it was fun, the wind was strong. H&H photographed Lucr, at the beach at ESB, on the roof, in Central Park on inn lines, Lucr and his pal left and Horny staid home as shoot of, as shot down, she had nothing but herself and the city to walk. Hardy, Hardy was becoming an odd chapter, he was too busy, and there was a new playmate in his class. Horny sensed this and she questioned it, the answer was "no", Hardy was against sex and against all somehow, he was going to the Chinese doctor checking his health and Horny worried.

"No, I'm hornnier then ever, I masturbate everyday" was Hardy's line to her, was quite enough. He spent all his time in the school or asleep.

Rainbow bought hot love pills, he was not interested he said. "Just a little bit" she said to herself, she got quite far. Rainbow had 3 hours sex orgy with herself, he had no time for Rainbow. Rainbow tested the pills "just a little bit" she said to herself. She got quite far. Rainbow had 3 hours long sex orgy with herself. Perfectly cruised apartment, walked on her knees, walked on her four, getting gears, getting tools, getting stuff, all this dirty super America flammable stuff, sharp stuff, quick stuff, hot stuff, big stuff and a long stuff. The long stuff was the best.

She sucked on her breasts, pulled her nipples, patted, heated, loved, used mirrors, used herself, watched her tiny rectum grow, expended, laid on the floor, used walls, chairs, guts, pillows, beds, pillows, did herself in the anus with a hair spray, think infinity like a lizard, moved like a lizard, moved like a leopard, moved like a cat, ended up on her belly pumping herself fast, hard and deep, from underneath, hard to the very end of the gear, the very end of herself, end of her soul, an eternity. Rainbow felt clearly the hot aura surrounding her head, rooted deep inside her skull, lifted up, spread pulled her with into the space of air, Rainbow passed out.

She did herself in the anus with a hair spray in pink heavy metal, moved like a leopard, moved like a lizard, moved like a cat, ended up on her belly pumping herself, hot, hard and deep from underneath, from behind, the gear she pulled out of her vagina, the metal was hot, burning her fingers, she was surprised, she herself produced that much heat from the inside, a hungry Rainbow will be continuing getting there, Rainbow a dazzling like, a dazzling night light night life light light light light right coiled on the floor. The next day was superb was now Rainbow did not have to do anything, she thought, but she was pulled with the wave of the strong heat strong heat she was unable to avoid, she thrust the pills inside and up her rectum between two fingers tops tips, inserted up her womb mixed with oil flushing the stuff down herself in both ends, her now and her back and her womb, that makes three, in both beginnings of freedoms as act as at the beginning was the word, hit, heat and temptation. Rainbow felt lust, unavoidable lust, she slipped long penis formed perfect bottle inside her womb. She danced feeling how it dance inside her, she made love, lay down and a white sticky stuff coming out her womb was creamy, sticky, thick. Rainbow anus was small, hard, beginning to come, beginning to hurt, with her nudes cramps she tricked it, she tricked it beat by beat, bit by bit, bite by bite, the mescal bottle was trading inside herself, passed the pain barrier, was sliding millimeter after the millimeter. The mescal bottle was her favorite regardless if Rainbow laid on the floor on her back with her legs up or if she set on it watching the scary thick glass entering her, she saw her round butt on the both sides of glass jacked into her. Of her thin and wide spread fingers she made beams around her head, she watched it, she pulled off her black transparent dress, she was all nude on her knees with teats brushing the floor, hot with the bottle jacked into her anus far deep, she made herself come with her head high and her waist slim, she rested on the bed in a peaceful cloud until she was ready for her womb. The call of her womb was fast, the mescal bottle had much easier start and as great ending and effect, sucking on her teats Horny made herself come leaving living beat fast hot ecstatic, she remain there on the floor in front of the mirror watching her tormented satisfied womb and a lamp, a lamb her

chief, chef, teeth, bottle, sparkle, the light, the fight she won, Horny became religious, she changed name from Rainbow to Horny, as it correspond better with her obsession, the heat of town was bringing her clearly to the bottom of her own body of her own flesh, she became religious adoring her single life and deeds, Horny washed the gear, washed herself, smooth, rapid, slow fast, insane, tender and rough in the same time, yet hot. She left down town.

She was home, she touched her anus, inserted. Begun with her anus as usual, this time she was fast, trained, expected regular miracle, she made beams sticking of her heads, watched it. Pulled off her black transparent dress, was all nude, on her knees, with her teats brushing the floor, hot with the bottle jacked into her anus far deep, she made herself come, with her head high, and her waist slim. She rested on the bed in a peaceful cloud until she was ready for her womb; the call of her womb was fast. The mescal bottle had much easier start, but as great ending and an effect. Sucking on her teats, Horny made herself come, breathing deep, fast, hot. She remain there on the floor, in front of the mirror, watching her tormented, satisfied womb, in red, her cheeks purple, her eyes radiating the light, Horny became religious adoring her single life and deeds. Horny washed with cooking hot water all the things she seduced, she dried the floor of a slippery oil and her thick cum, dressed, left down town. The weekend was a disaster, but only because Hardy was home and she could not play, of course he would not play, nor did he? Did she miss anything?

“Too little sex!” Horny yelled to his face, Hardy supposed she was obsessed, he certainly was not, he was enjoying to home, to clean, to dish, dishing, cleaning and so on, the siren Horny laid sourly on the divan waiting for her go; it did not do. It brought her out of the house after spasmodic cry, for the most solitary hot Village night. Hardy was reading a book in the sleeping room and did not rise from bed, this was a Friday night, Saturday was worst, Horny did not say one single word to her pal, her latest lover, Hardy Boy, she put a spell on her speech, she used to practice it on her mom, when she was small, when the emotional things between them, got far out of shape, it was both, a way to punish and to cure, to remain strong, to remain hopefully hopelessly strong. At one point Hardy got, to lick her womb, but he stopped it, the house was unbearable hot, Rainbow looked at him with her huge sadness filled eyes, he palled “you have practiced this on your mom, you are not supposed to do that on me” Hardy said

“Have sex with me” Rainbow spoke, quietly, in a raspy voice of a little girl.

“Not now, later, when I feel for it”

“If you don’t feel like it, you are not touching my! womb! jerk!”

This cross conversation made them exchange few more words of hate, Hardy ended it up with a speech “you can’t spell English, you are stupid Polish woman, you should go back, if you can’t master it all! It’s your pathetic father’s entire fault! You are obsessed with sex, your father was a bad poet, Bitch! I forbid you to write to my siblings, you are destroying them, with your stupid sentimental cheapness, they are mine! You are always trying to take over everything! I want my family for myself! Masturbation is not sex, you are sick! Your’ writing! You push the bottle in your ass!

People are going to laugh at you!” Hardy at last grabbed his camera and left the house, so she could have pleased herself, Horny Queen. Hot. Hot. Hot.

“I’m very fortunate that I found a way to my sexuality. I have an extreme need of going wild, going loose. It’s summer time” Rainbow, flashed and calm was writing small notes to her love “I still love you but the time is tough” “Computers are for spelling” “You never read my father, Love, you don’t read my language” “It is sure many shall laugh but many shall love and it is for them...”

Sunday was effectles, H&H were both home, they had spent two hot hours on the roof, Hardy needed more shots of her, this time wearing a plastic fluorescent yellow plastic rain coat what was his favorite, she managed to pull him out for a walk, the day was dreadfully hot, Hardy almost got into a fight with a young Arabic guy who claimed, Hardy’s wife was wearing too few clothes, a salmon colored skirt unzipped & pushed much below her navel, a black bra and a red sequin bra and shoes and blue beads. The front pages of the newspapers indicated JFK Jr. and his wife were lost in their small airplane. H&H bought lemonades and set down in the park, it was filled up with freaks. The tattooed guy who plaid in Zedd’s movie had a long loud speech to casual pals. H&H walked through the Village and along the Broadway, the new shoes were hurting her feet, the tickets to the movie they wanted to see were sold out, they walked back, checked another movie theatre, another movie, the tickets were sold out, Hardy who anyway said all the time “we can’t afford it” proposed the evening home “I won’t go home” nearly screamed Jollyrain’y. She drugged him through the town, it was dark, sensual dark, and Hardy was exhausted, Hardy was very exhorted, making his plans for the coming week, his school. H&H set down at Union Square in the park.

“Are you longing for Europe? I could think to continue my study in Europe, from the winter semester, if I’ll find a good school, we both have families”

“Christ, he is not going to discuss his school again” Horny was taken heart hard, but was not on her guard not to speak it out, the darkness clinging against her flesh was thick, pulling hers senses out, she was a helplessly and hopelessly a beloved daughter of the deceased poet and a painter, he was a rational abandon son of the psychiatrist and a social worker; both with no currant history - H&H.

“I could study in Berlin, Warsaw, Paris. Anywhere I can earn my degree”

The black guy set opposite side of the path, spotting unmistakably, Horny’s right leg was all the way up, she kept her right foot on the bench, to let some evening smooth air flow between her legs, the guy scrutinizing and still feeling unseen, grabbed his dick with his huge palm, grabbed it through the fabric of his shorts, moved it palpably, patted, touched it, worked on it, the night was hot.

“Let’s go”, said Hardy “this guy is nuts”

Monday was swell, Hardy left the house early. Horny responded the tools, she brought to bed safety needle, gin & candle for sterilization, matches, perfume oil, oil, snaps glasses, the famous pink hair spray, all the bottles were right above her, as they the bed besides the fire place, she moved the mirrors, so she could have seen herself, if wanted. The blinding eyes patch, if didn’t. She did not want to view! She didn’t want to view! She didn’t wanna view! She bolted the door of the house, she pulled

down the curtains wooden stripes, pushing the chair against one, so the wind would not revile her to the curious neighbor eye. She brought to bed four numbers of Leg Show magazine, but these definitely did not turn her on. She took the pills. Waited out. The storm started outside, the rain was pouring down like nuts, the thunder bolts hit near by, Horny worked herself walked herself worked herself with the needle, she has cleaned first, pressing against her clitoris, hurting herself but not to the blood, she was patient, she watched herself in the small mirror. Dropped oil into her anus pushing it down via Mescal bottle, which became her favorite. Transferred to a spray pink metal tool, later on. It was fitting perfectly in, she pushed it all the way in, but it was coming out, of a cortex move, of the rectum move, the colon natural move, she set on it. Rainbow was right on the floor, mirroring herself, she was nude, with legs spread and still ducked, the spray container was standing on the floor, she jacked, Juken herself up and down, sliding on it, she was very hot, and quite close when the blood came out, Horny panicked, pulled the gear out, squeezed her buttocks, squeezed her legs, her thighs, it smelled blood in the room, it smelled iron, the thunder was finishing, with much slower huge drops of rain. Horny washed herself with cold water, prying, the bleeding was going to stop; it did. After a while Horny did herself with a thinner candle in her butt, not exercising her looks or moves, just a plain act, came. With not much of excitement. Pulled the white cream candle out, it was all twisted, it was like a pipe, it was Horny's own hit, did it. Was Hardy aware of her hit? He was punishing her by not having sex, whom was he punishing? The Kennedy couple was dead, they flew into the patch of a thick hot haze, crashed at the surface of the ocean. They left 50 millions dollars, the newspapers said, Hardy was totally uninterested.

"Some rich kid is dead, and so what? They won't fool me, fool me, I'm far too smart" he meant the media game, Horny was much more toyable. Outside of Kennedy's apartment, the lined up by police crowd, cried, mourned and placed flowers, teddy bears, colorful balloons. The speakers broads were young and well trimmed, one wearing red suit, the other one white long skirt, all the fifty camera men were arrogant -middle age, several elegant hip couples holding hands passed by, she was quite sad for the life being cut, pronouncing her naive life&death philosophy, hanging with, the TV news, walking the city which was losing the hit. The hit & the Horny. She was damn hungry, she could not afford the sushi, like yesterday, sushi was 6 bucks, falafel was 3, she was going into it's direction, quite fed up with the being NYC' poor, passed all the possibly best Porsche out eating places around Union Square, where she fetched Hardy's slides and negatives, he shoot on her the last Sunday, the work sucked, Horny looked terrible in print. Angrily walked the village's palpably poorer crowd, but soon agreed the falafel was very good.

"Are you American?" the owner of the famous place set down in front of her.

"No, I'm Polish" she said. He sadly looked at her, he was middle age man with a Syrian nose, she watched his profile, too powerless to tell him to leave.

"Don't you have a husband?"

"Yes, I have"

"Don't you have a home?"

“I have”

“Will you come home with me? Dance and drink birra?”

“No”

“I’m sorry” the chap with the sad face got up, placed himself behind the disk. Horny could draw in her thoughts undisturbed, the peculiar crowd in front of her passed by. Saint Mark’s street was filled up with tattoo & piercing studios, since it has been legalized in NYC. It’s crowd was the same, pierced, tattooed, painted, decorated, fierce, fiery, excited, believers, admires and sluts.

“What was, Hardy said?” “He said, it was marginal” “The lack of sex was marginal”

“He was busy and happy with his life”

“But you leave me alone twenty four hours per day, the whole week round” “Of course you sleep at home, but that’s all”

“I’m happy with it, go and get yourself the life” this is what Hardy said.

“Its cardinal” Horny said, using Taddy’s the father’s favorite word, he never discussed the marginal. She saw him, at the magic spell of the single word of meaning; he was standing in a half profile to her, he was wearing a white shirt, unbuttoned, he had a bit of the drinking belly, but it did not disturb her, his voice was hot raspy, his hair black, wet, shiny and combed back, a beat wavy, his neck thick, he was not looking at her, yet, he was gesticulating, as always in the talk, glanced at his window filled with a green bush of trees, it was only a particle of the second until he would have looked at her...

“Its cardinal difference between seventy lays per month and suddenly three bad lays per month, it is difficult to transferee, without dropping the balance” Horny knew she was inconsequent, but she was not confused, though she hurt his pride.

“Get yourself the life” repeated Hardy, hard and left for his.

“It could easily be a putsch, there was this tendency in the US, the tendency in the world, to erase, to remove the people who carry the freedom influence combined with the power and the beauty” “& why did Hardy ate my banana?” was Horny clew for this day; banana was OK shaped. She had difficult to leave the house, once she left she had difficult to come back... She was a simple being. & Quite unfit and still broke. She ate exclusively cherries, cherries and snacks. & She was damn free, H&H fridge was totally empty. He ate at the restaurant outside of his school, not once he invited her there, he had pals. Neither he showed his school, as he previously planed. “It’s too difficult to get you in, one needs a special permission from the rector, actually quite impossible” Hardy lied.

“Why do you destroy us, me, yourself? Does that make you rich? Does that make you famous?”

Horny did not have an answer to Hardy’s questions, it was not negotiable, also with herself, it was not for to gain, win, get, manipulate the reality in any way; it was simply her call. The sex was powerful and it wasn’t her obsession, it was a superior part of life, it was something she could not possibly ignore. Although she momentarily stopped the major masturbating, for his sake, she sort of was hoping to save, to behold this part of herself intact, in case if he was near her, doing IT. The couple,

Horny glanced at, was in a passionate kiss, the girl was leaning at the house at Third Avenue and Saint Marks Place, and the guy, taller, was jacked into her lips and hips, H&H weekend was a disaster. The weather was that hot that brain cooked up and Horny was getting panic walking to the subway train, she would put a wet chief covering her face, walked like a blind horse. At home air condition was only in one room, the rest of the flat was like a hot soupe, an excursion to the beach, one hour by subway was a luxury, AC train! And AC beach! Horny loved bathing this time of the year, Hardy had no lust and time to attend, OK, he joined once but took his camera with and had to hold into it or had to have Horny holding it while he took a short swim, he also had a perfect AC at his school, the nights were not as hot, yet few very hot.

“Do you have a husband?” the guy was black, toothless and belly equipped yet not old.

“Mhmm” Horny sighs with no farther wish.

“And how do you like it, I like to do all with my wife”

Horny was quiet, and looked to the side.

“I like more fat voluptuous chicks, you are very beautiful, but I like them like that” he drew curved lines in the AC air.

“I like to lick the cunt like that” here he plaid his red big tongue out moving it eagerly, showing off not healthy jaws, almost toothless and quite black. “I could do that to you”

Horny choked “you know you are an ass hole?” she shouted yet cooling down said “no, actually you can say all you like this is your right. My attitude is mine, exclusively mine, I have no right to blame you”

The guy smiled broad parting his mouth, showing off the inside of his moth “you are a good girl” he said, conversation died, but they smiled to each other few more times.

At the beach Horny was approached by young handsome in soft black, here she laid at danger. The dandy would not go off her side. “Listen my husband is coming soon” she lied glancing at her watch. She watched him walk off, the boy was a beauty.

“A beautiful Brittany”

A Black chap walking with a woman paid a respect to her look.

“Hey, hey, hey, don’t speak to my! Lady!” was Hardy’s justification, of course H&H were pretty deep into an own conflict already before... She has taken him to the JFK Jr’s house, he did not stop photographing in time, and she was attention hungry...

“He sees more then you do! I am not your property, people might speak to me, especially their compliments, I like to hear”

Hardy’s immediate reaction sucked, the evening sucked, it ended up with a black mad guy, who had a nerve to scare the shit out of her, stroking the white breast, she was showing, walking behind her Hardy back. The night sucked. And the following day was a disaster, Horny went far, she laid herself on the bed, almost nude, with a transparent breast tissue and a red blinder for her eyes, with two fingers, inside herself, smeared deeply with oil, feeling the pulls of her blood with her fingers inside

herself, both in her womb and her anus, Hardy spilled 2 liters of milk, and all his porridge, smashing into it six eggs, on the blue carpet in the leaving room, leaving the house for his horny spouse, alone.

The candle entered her rectum was twice as long twice ass long as a rectum itself, she was magic adjustable, it was far out, she breathed deep pressing her nostrils out and in out and in hard, the candle was sliding in the complete length, she was legitimate she was not nuts, in some cultures it was totally OK pattern of behave. It was not just like herself, it was just like something was out of your house out of your hers total control, spaced, totally spaced out, she was legitimate, was OK, pretty, she was heated, she was on the floor with her knees up, frail fragile not vulgar, she was very hot and very calm extremely calm, and extremely hot, the ecstasy was her day duty, her hot mail, hot male, cum, come, com.

Rainbow was walking Green Point street, it stunk more then ever it stunk deep odor of excrements, it was steaming rot, Rainbow wanted to puke badly, but she was full of hope what the night had in for her. What the night was going to bring. She bought an ice cream and she walked back the odorous hideous space, the night brought nothing.

Hardy invited for the dinner at home, grotesque burnt chicken and a bit too row potatoes.

"I want sex, not a dinner" was Horny's line, after she has eaten.

"You are a psychopath" was his.

Horny tried herself, she dropped Tabasco on her clit, it burnt a bit, quite much in fact, but she frequently, pumping herself fast and hard made herself come! Horny felt her rectum and her anus was palpitating trembling breathing pulsing sound with an orgasm she would have arrange herself. She felt with her finger, Rainbow was fucking inn, fucking in. "I used to get what I want! I used to get what I want!! Oh, yes, what I want, what I have!" At this instant it burnt! It burnt as hell, Horny cried, hold her hands between her thighs, cried loud jumped into the bath tub pouring a cold water stream, cried, laid down on the bottom of the minimal bath cried, chopped ice from the fridge, holed between her legs, held at her labia, put it inside, it soothed a second but yet it burned, Horny cried coiled on her bed like a dog.

"Whose influences are in your music? Lunch's, Cave's? Or actually you are more morbid, darker, perhaps Michael Gira? Did you read his book?"

Horny did not. "Of course, I like Cave, everybody does"

"He was playing concert here last year, but I could not afford to go, the ticket coasted 50 bucks" Marc was cute, he was running Sound & Fury at The Lower East Side, which supposed to sell Miss Mess, VHS.

"But where is my tape?"

"Its at my home, I love it, its very good. The most I like the song you are playing outside. The sex scenes, are they real?"

"What sex scenes?" Horny could not focus, it was very hot in the store, the AC did not work, there were no other customers.

"If there are any sex scenes, they are real" she felt like a dummy, she could not find it in her mind, the reflection was blurred, although she edited 20 minutes long tape, herself not long ago; it suddenly clashed, the images of H&H's sex scenes from Angel & BTH, she was saved, it was particular sex with her husband, Shooter, she was at home, she gave Marc a smile and left the store, the street was boiling of hit and it was night. Russian Ice Cream Bus, stopped her parking across the street near her house "come, come inside my machine" Horny laughed running off the bearded old man. She took a ride with a young Polish in his sparkling red sport car, he was cute, yet when he focused on sex with her, she made him stop, got out of the car, waved. H&H relation suddenly mildew, the hate started to pull off, she had missed him dearly but was unable to wait, damped a few love pills into herself, reached the tools, explored her sexuality intact, in hours, deepen her complete left palm into her cunt. Sleazy, sticky and wet. Luxury. Until Rainbow's nude silhouette, mirrored fit, softly sun tan, in the Buddha's lotus setting, with thin arms down along the sides. Classy dirty after sex. To be thrown rapidly on the toilet sit, deep sucking her breasts, angel like emptiness euphoric, flashed down her bowls, with the feet outstretched into corridor, bowed breathing, against the hot air, angellikeclean, orgiasticfulfilled. With her clitoris trapped, dripping and pure sharp deep red. After it, she was purified, clean, perfect, but still home, alone. Rainbow, glowing, traded the fool moon night.

"I'm the biggest living philosopher, and my dialogs in the play I have written are a true Shakespeare's Juliette's words & lines"

Jacek Gulla was toothless, and explosive, his voice was loud, rambling the night "NYC had its golden age, with Basquiat, Warhol, Shnabel, Ginsberg, Gulla. They all died, it is all over now, its only ugliness left" Gulla passed himself over the living trash hold.

"You are not modest" Rainbow's voice was weak, she was delighted, she had bumped to him, as she felt she would had die, ghosting the town one more night alone. Gulla was sure the Kennedy Couple was murdered by the System. Horny bought him a drink, a supper and a glass of wine and a beer and a drink and vodka-ice, the night was hot, herself she did not eat and drunk too much, she did not have high culinary needs, she had very little money and all she needed was the company. At last they tried to buy an old molded carpet from a bum. Actually tried not to buy, alike Shakespeare, the carpet was magnificent but it smelled literally shit&piss. Horny held her nose clipped with two fingers, laughing, Gulla made the conversation, he was pressed the price that down that he insulted the bum who smelled too but not as much as his trades and they were free to leave, Gulla walked delighted Horny to the subway, it was her best evening since Lucr left. At the last evening with Lucr they seen Star Wars, it was great! It was fucking great! The best was the scene of the space duel between the casts, between the spices, between the creatures, between the animals, and they were all very fast in their space machines, extremely mobile, extremely colored and extremely bravado. Horny was a kid. This is what Horny and Luc needed, they needed a bravado, the Eldorado, they needed Tigers and Baby-lons. They needed to speed the presence, speed the painful past&the great past,

the past, speed it all up, multiple, in one great cavalcade of cartoon love, real love, twenty first century love&courage. Horny was a cartoon mom & not, she was the mom as she gave him her blood & flesh & soul, gave him nothing, gave him all, gave him what she could & what she could not. Did not give him what she could, should and supposed to. Horny had failed the mother job. Horny lost this time for good, for real. Did she see the reality the way the others do, did she see it all at all? Did she see? All was it all movie dark, movie pre-plaid, pre-record already written to the very end? Francine arrived and took his Granny to the movies again, the movie he wanted to see plaid in Tribeca, the space around was a deserted Black racked neighborhood, they could not see the face in dark, but they heard the voice "can life be more beautiful? Most beautiful mom chick with a sweet daughter chick" they both laugh, "yes, the life could been better than that, was better then that" the movie was great & surreal, Fran's movie' choice sophisticated. Yet, he had spent a few months with his other Granny in Tennessee and returned pretty laid back, much pain in the ass, would prefer to ride a car, would infect prefer to drive stationary, would prefer his burger at drive in Tennessee style, cheaper, bigger, taster, fulfilling, would prefer the chips Tennessee style, cable TV, cable vivid, cabled life, would prefer this and that, did not want to bath, set motionless on the beach, did not like Hornie's sequin bra, yet liked a freak show, especially a pretty chick with the boa snake, loved coke! Drunk only four sips out of the tin, soled tripled prize by the walking man, well chilled. The coke after that was not sparkling enough, Horny at last found out. Cooled down, cheered up and left for Paris alone, leaving to Horny his wallet filled with American coins, Francine was sport and loved his Granny much, lots. Yet, did not look back when walked by the stewardess. H&H felt awkward standing there at JFK, ready to wave back, realizing how independent one might be, one is at the very young age.

Chapter 40

After having some sex, with Hardy, after at last having some great sex with Hardy, Horny was out with Zedd, selling books. They begun outside Tower, they were told to leave, as they took Tower's customers away. OK, they moved cross the street, they've got some attention, gave away business cards, flyers, Horny had no card, some odd middle-age guys looked into her videos, exposed, upon Zedd's portable, he had arranged for the occasion. Some young odd guys looked at her videos exposed. Only the professional bought the stuff, in NYC you don't damp your cash; you buy, when you know, what you're getting. Zedd hoped for the recession to come back, he was a political intelligent human being unable to pay his rent. She had to consider, she was standing there with although hated but 20 years subculture New Yorker, subcultural New York cult, though everyone asked "you are not, Nick Zedd?" expecting much meaner bigger darker morbid some, instead of a cheerful red dyed tiny human with a pretty and delicate face; they sold three videos and four books, of what only one item was hers, BTH movie; within six hours, being moved from spot to spot by security, police, and door men. They exchanged their black lists, Zedd was on the Village Voice's black list, she was ass well.

"They won't write about me anymore in NY Press" Horny said.

"It's because of the stuff, they wrote about you the last time. They wrote, you were horrible"

"No. I got really good review, the shit stuff was on the mail, from the gays. Are they gay?"

"No, they are conservative. They suck." Horny's videos started to rent frequently at Bleeker Street, at Underground Kim's, still Horny was making a promotion for them, living the flyers out.

"Why do you do that? You don't get any money from them."

Hardy came by and refused to kiss her on the mouth. Kern came by and although did not buy, prompting his VCR was gone and a lamp broke, was cheerful, mild, as always polite, had his pregnant wife with, did not prove a trace of knowledge, Horny's trouble with "his" video renting store. It was seven years since she saw him last, which was at the Copenhagen Film Feast, where he was the main dirt and she a lobby attraction.

"What are you really doing here?" he asked, thrilled, observing a peculiar scene, sidewalk colorfully displayed, the art and the bodies thrown effectual, pretty, intriguing into the cozy dark.

"We are broke. There is no hidden idea behind that"

"I did not do anything in five years" Kern said.

"That's not truth. I saw your billboard in Soho"

"Ah, the postcard"

"Yeah, rarely big postcard, covering the whole house"

"Fact! Ha, ha, ha, ha and you saw my name; that's the most important."

Kern left for food, in his kitchen. Washington, who has been invisible in five years, still homeless, pooped by, hoped to rise ten bucks to buy her book, or more, he flew his open palm over her stuff displayed. "Soon is our birthday, you say, you feel young, I feel old"

"Don't worry, it's only forty nine, it's nothing, filthy fifty is more to celebrate" Shooter was supporting side, as they had always been man to man, pals.

"I like forty nine, it is seven times seven, it's a perfect witch number" Horny was not worried, about her age, she shared the birthday with the bum; their friend was a bum, was a poet, an ex drug addict, and an influential person during their first stay in NY, years back, especially for Hardy-Shooter. About whom, H&H had been wondering from time to time, fearing, he might been dead. Washington was not dead. Washington immediately begun panhandling, it did not do a smack. Before he left, he presented himself to Kenny

"Washington"

"George?" Kenny was Black, homeless, hitting for Boston, working for both, Horny and Zedd, following every single or coupled, by passers, intending to make his three bucks per book, he was a comedian, he said, but certainly not the seller, his voice nagging, broke the Night Village's voice "this book is going to change your life!"

"Here is his, her, entire incredible astounding mind blowing life story, you might not miss, only 12 bucks!!!" some of his front teeth were missing, he was taller then aver-

age. The guard of Pyramids was big, muscular-very-exposed, wearing shorts and a sleeveless T-shirt, every girl who went there was a white witch, the boys were immune, also Japanese. The black painted, mascara dripping, pretty, youngish witches liked to be matched with weak and non personal; the clay for the night. Or else, they were feminists.

"We shall be moving back to Europe, Paris perhaps, within a half year. We can't stay here, I don't have a permission to work, I can't take a stupid black job in the bar, I won't survive"

"What job should you have in Paris?" asked her Zedd.

"I don't know" she said, feeling how ridiculous were her doings, her decisions, her geography, her money, her surviving kit, her love, her aspirations, her goals, credos, creeds and her deeds. The night was swarthy, sweaty and thick and at last black.

Horny fully broke down, Hardy still would not fuck her, or would not fuck her again, or would not fuck her for her pleasure, only his own. Horny started to make up to herself, the first few years with Hardy when she did not cry for the small things, type missing sex, missing apple, missing sock, missing egg, missing cup, now she cried everyday and every night soon every hour. She cried and threw things around and kicked furniture, she could not easily destroy herself. She accidentally, cruising in a fury, fell over the dish stand with a front of her tensed neck, crushed glasses underneath herself, got up, nothing had happened on the outside, she slightly though painfully bumped her knee. Horny was iron done, especially when pissed angry, pissed hard. Hardy must have hated her very much. There was nothing inside herself or around, she would have agreed with. Hardy spent time masturbating internet, these days the married men did not need cars, to repair, to get away, Horny was so fucking alone and had this fucking problem with sex, with her man, while he was chatting his sperm away with Jasmine, with Fleur, with Candy over the screen. The roof was bad and it was raining inside the house, the summer was over. They stayed at Manhattan uptown. Rainbow set on the chair, twitched, whipping, weeping, screaming pounding air in front of her, the air was harsh, was blowing her lungs in beats. The words gaping out of her was a Zulu love despair speech; if it was. The yell of her womb was unbearable, also to herself, the nights, the days duplicated each other, exchanged each other, she threw herself round tiny Lily's place, threw herself against herself, screeching at her thighs, her belly, her knees, her breasts, her shoulders and arms with her bare nails, she twitched her flesh under fists, palms, fingers and kicks, Hardy slept.

"You are mentally sick", he would say, when confronted, with the size of the problem, the conflict they had created.

"It's all your fault & you are mentally sick" Hardy shouted. "You are mental sick!" Hardy shrieked and his voice was going falsetto. They made an investment, the major try, he bought wine, she bought a new underwear and a collection of cheese, as broke and constantly poor they were, it was an investment for the miracle of the night; they had almost killed each other.

"I like voycur sex, I like to watch an amateur sex" Hardy said, having the Internet in mind.

"Oh, yes? You do?" was Hornie's accidental line, the evening had slid. But the night lived. Horny said nothing more.

"Lets go out it's the last time, I'm drinking with you" they had spent a few hours on the Internet detecting Horny's moves in there, Horny's moves through the space. The art fart, from dot to dot; the minor one, giggling to the first sips of wine, until the last killing drop.

"Lets go home" Hardy threw his line after one single drink, the bar was messy, loud, broads were obnoxious, and the guys less drunk but not less puffed. H&H house was dark and the cat was sad, and the music was all forbidden to play; they both had such a different taste.

"Come to bed" Hardy was trying to mediate.

"Out!" this time Horny was screaming "move out or move to the other room!" he did, smacked her, pulling her rapidly to the floor with the sheets. Her knee hurt like shit. He was up to more.

"Police! I'm going to phone police!" she was in the process of doing it "I never want to see you again!" she ended up in his bed asking, "Please, fuck me, anyway"

"You're not even wet" Hardy said, pushing the penis inside her.

"But I want to be" Horny was determent, as always. "Oh, fuck me long fuck me hard fuck me good, fuck me in my ass" Rainbow was mild but sharply teasing her man.

"I cant" Hardy was honest, clear. She felt something wet, around her thighs.

"Did you already come?"

"Yes"

"You fucking little sissy!" Rainbow set off, for three hours of spasms, cries, ripping her skin quite a bit, her flesh, her fucking libido, her goo, and then, back to the Internet, she was also caught; it was unavoidable. Though the pornography was not her catch. A photographer, observed by Hardy and unnoticed by his girl, Rainbow, took about ten shots on her from a distance of one and a half meter, crossing 6th Avenue and 34 Street in opposite to her direction, she was showing off her boogies this day, wearing an expensive slip purple Lila dress. The right breast was visibly scratched, marked by Horny herself. The scene was discussed, as Hardy begun looking at his spouse with an attention, he forgotten she might disserve. Rainbow was flattered, willing to see the result of the guy's work, but he misreading Hardy's look, escaped the place. Hardy was always too tall. Rainbow was buying few new dresses in The Crazy Arabic shop.

"It's so fucking wet" Rainbow said, Purple-Shooter was on his morning go, licking her with his fluffy red tongue between her legs, actually across her womb, right on the clitoris and labia lips, she did not love sex, the first thing in the morning. The rest of the summer they seem to spent by the computers, they had two in the house, took turns on the internet, slept, mildly fucked; love flourished again, H&H were set for the next pas, days, days, days.

"I saw what you wrote, you are a liar, I do have money, I can go out and buy a porn magazine, but I'm bored of pornography. But you would not say that, in your book; if you said that, the whole book would had fall" Hardy was fit for the afternoon lonely stroll after having fucked her, the morning quick.

"No, I can easily write that, I can write this line, you said, "I have the money, I can go out to buy a porn magazine, but I won't; you live with the man, who is not a pornographer, who is bored of pornography" and it won't change a shit. This book is not about you. This book is about myself" Rainbow was laughing, Rainbow was sarcastic and Rainbow was crystal clear. The day was hot.

"OK, lets have some sex" Horny came towards him on her knees, on her four, the day was passing peaceful, it was her birthday, they had already quarreled, already fucked, at Shooter fast new woke up & fulfilled condition, they had this trivial problem, timing it up. Timing it all up.

"Love, love, love!" Shooter was saying, telling his lady who was squeezing her teeth hard, he was coming... ..he was the lonely comer. ...Thunder woke her up at night, the rain was pouring inside, through the ceiling in both rooms and the kitchen, placing strategic buckets, plates, vases, towels, Hardy's shirts, old carpets and sheets, she cruse round having fun watching first morning people, making their move through the street with the water reaching up to the knees, H&H were at last sleeping dashed into the dry hot corner. Up to 5 AM, they had been at the computer creating her web site, site was there, however it was totally fucked; but it was there. Shooter gave her 12 roses, cheese cake and lots of love, all bought at Broadway and 89th. But she wanted some more now, and now he was sleeping. Horny did not go outside this very day. She multiplied.

Horny was jacked into his body, his bare chest, she was crying, weeping.

"It's very good sentence for your book! Don't worry, Horny, did she really said that?" Hardy's voice gave a palpable impression of excitement. It was Viv. Horny phoned her, to settle down the plans of their coming forth vacation plan, their meeting in Paris and all the rest, including cash. Viv said "If I'll get the loan from the bank, Lou Lou have to be put to sleep." Horny damped the receiver.

"Bitch" cried Horny "Bitch, for sure wanted to kill me too, that's why she was locking knives away from herself, and had a pad lock on the inside of her door! Bitch! She is a monster! I don't want to have anything to do with her!" she runs across the small place, back and forth.

"She is always thinking, to escape. Escape, that's the only thing she aims at, not to go with me somewhere, be together, stroll the streets, parks, watch the life, talk, communicate! She is a total peanut!"

"Let her do it. Let her escape."

"But then she will end up, barricading herself and ending up at the hospital"

"Let her do it"

"You don't know, what you talk about; she will die."

"Let her do it, than."

"Bitch! My father must have been a monster to leave a child with a mentally ill woman. I was totally certain, I was mentally sick myself, not she. It was, when I lived with her in her worst period, between my thirteen to nineteen years. She was making experiments, waking me up at nights, checking how much I remembered of it, she was placing things around and strewing a send on the floor. I was trying to kill myself once a week, every time, there was a party time, a drinking time; I was sure I was mad. I was a climber and I had these crying attacks and refused to kiss the boys, though at last at sixteen I had a boyfriend to fuck, love & kiss & cry" Horny was still weeping, but this time, at last trapped on the bed, tangled into the sheets. Nick phoned everyday, trying to get her to sell the books together, again. Horny did not have the power, strengths & guts & urge. He at last left her a message "Since you got so hooked on the computer, you have changed. How about a real life?" Hardy got jealous, Nick became too private.

"I always become private with people. Common, Hardy, you can't worry about that, it goes for everyone, my son, his friends, Fia, your sister, anyone, journalists, bus drivers, neighbors, you, Nick too." She had a damn bad conscious not being there, on the streets facing the writer, her undergrounder luck. She was just such a mean unsuccessful housewife, though she would not cook, Horny had her principles.

"Underground art, means, nobody cares" was Nick's correct philosophy line, they both knew about... It was hard. And it was fucking poor...

"Do you Miss Europe? Because I do. Of course, you know, this moving plan, moving to Paris, I do for your sake." Shooter ensured his girl.

"I don't know what to do" Rainbow repeated to herself since a while now, the last week was blurred into the dim light of the late afternoon. There were a lot of hours at Internet, lot of hours on her web page, which actually turned great, with his help, lot of hours argue with Hardy about work and details, about pride, about statements, about big things. "I like to have a total control" Horny said, not agreeing to leave anything in his hands. He was sarcastic, he knew she could not do without him, the moves coded into the spots, dots, marks and signs were too complicated for her. Things, things, things! Marks, marks, marks, signs, signups. The things were crazy. Horny was not. She was not crazy, that she was certain of. ;

"I don't know what to do" she repeated to herself. Last night H&H were going to take nude pictures, on her, they did not, "She was a trouble," Hardy said. "She was an obstacle across his path. She was useless. She was bad. It was all her fault"

"I only told you I had a stomach ache. What, would you like me to lay there nude, farthing, squeezing my hams?!"

"Couldn't you be just a bit less vulgar?"

"No! Your pictures are your business! I wanted to take my pictures in the same time, with my camera and my film! So it becomes more professional & less humiliating. My body is my tool! You pushed me around too much, you can't use me, and then put your name under the print! & I wanted to have a bottle in my cunt!" explained

Horny harsh, who in fact had taken her tools with to the Manhattan, having these pictures in mind. She did the same scene earlier, down town at the Barnes & Nobles bookstore, he was trying to play her up with some verbally undefined jokes, padding at her hair, questioning her few minutes lasting disappearance.

"I have been taking a shit!" said Rainbow loud, what made him escape the place. Now, he glanced into the small mirror, Lily was determinedly short of mirrors, he glanced into the only mirror in the house, for the last time, crashing it against the wall, threw the chair upon the bed with rage and left the house. Horny was left in the frozen posture, her hands burring her face, her elbows in her knees, her ass in the sit, her head empty, blurred, dark black, totally discharged. But this was yesterday.

"I don't know what to do" she repeated to herself, now, today; it did not have to do with Hardy, it did not have to do with their love, it had to do with herself, her surviving kit, her motivation and creative sources. Rainbow was pretty wiped out of the sky. The money she used to get from the government were off, definitely, this time, Viviane paid her very own savings, which were enough for three days, may be five, into a usual account. Horny still had some cash for a few more weeks, possibly three, if she lived cheap.

"I don't know what to do" Horny repeated to herself.

"Scratch my back" asked her Shooter, trying to place her other palm on his groin, he had a hangover, the first one since two months, they had drunk some last night, he drunk some beers after the clash, she already gave him a painkiller. "Scratch my stomach, but carefully" he said. She was not very good. "Do you like me? Do you care for me?" was his first question at waking up. Rainbow was filled with despair; she was staring into the gray square of the window, so easily accessible. Of course she did not debate the suicide. But there was hardly any other way, to choose. She had no strengths to pick up the receiver of the ringing phone, no strengths to listen through the message; she had no strengths to know who it was. No strengths to make a decisions. No strengths, to dish, to dress, to wash. Everything was in the mess regarding her work, not her current creative work, but the old work she supposed to promote the surviving kit. There were no answers from NYC options and she had no strengths to call or walk for it, there were no answers from Paris, she supposed to be in Paris within a few days, may be within two weeks, everything job wise, had fucked. She had nowhere to stay in Paris, Jean was back in Stockholm, Ewa & Bogdan were in Warsaw, Minka probably lost her apartment in June. Last night H&H spent, discussing Shooter's art, Shooter's surviving plans, after his study would have stop, in some years. Shooter was a man of order and the long laid plan, an early bird. Horny tried to explain to him, the comically of his speech while the roof photographing. "You are a student, you cant be so blaze to yell at me, shouting, I'm unable to work with a photographer! It's just a bull, you are my boyfriend, and we have to create the intimacy, it's the kind of pictures, I need." she was trying to explain. On the way to the bar, H&H passed an old woman sleeping besides her small spread, with old records and old books. The woman was sparrow tiny, sitting in her small portable chair. H&H felt such a mercy, such a horror looking at her. She had her hands folded together on her put together knees, and thick eyeglasses roughly fram-

ing her bony face. When H&H were almost through talking his art, the woman entered the fancy Broadway bar; she was in the need of the toilet. On the way out, already on the street, Horny this time tipsy, run after her, stretching a few dollar bills in her palm, saying, "would you care?"

"Only if you buy something." sure Rainbow agreed, the woman who was not only hunched but folded exactly in two, dug into her cart.

"I liked the records you had, I saw you before, you were taking a nap"

"Do you have a record player?"

"No, actually I don't. May be I'll take a book, give me a book, please"

Horny ended up with the guide over NYC from 1988, it made Hardy laugh. The next time H&H saw the woman, was a quarter of an hour later, H&H had bought some food in Deli, the Deli was closing and the small working guy was throwing all the delicious food into the trash; Horny could not believe her own eyes. "In the town where so many people hungers. How can they do something like that?" But then, she asked Hardy to go over cross the street, she could not meet the woman once again, the sparrow woman was trashing, checking the trash containers. Horny really loved her. "I wonder, how did her life go like that?"

"I don't know what to do" Horny stated to herself. Shooter tried to get her care for him, he had a hangover, and The Bitch would not do the soothing process. His arms were pale, white, motionless and his face sad, angry. His face was unshaved more then planed, Horny did not dish in time, a sink, the only shaving place in the house, the sink was filled with five days old rotten filthy stuff. Horny was a lazy Bitch. They had a day of remarkable sex, especially she was hot, they both enjoyed it. It was last week, or the week before, rather before. She got so enormously excited glancing at his chest, his hairy chest, this hairy chest of her man was enough to turn her on, and they cruised from the computer to the bed for the most perfect soirée this year. Oh, yeah. She galvanic came and offered him, his dream blow job! It was also because she miraculously got a grip on herself, this very, day. She was so fucking hot and real, did not have to produce the images, as the piercing scene, or being roped together with another girl, or more explicit dirty bondage things, impossible things, forbidden things, stupid things, useless things. They had some good cool days, went to the botanic garden, ate some sushi, ate tacos, whatever, walked the streets for the most, and cuddled a bit in the Central Park's wet grass.

"How does it feel, Horny to be forty-nine?" Shooter asked.

"It does not feel anything. It feels fine, if. Feels the same. I'm OK. I'm fine and I have got these beautiful roses from you. My mother says, since she passed seventy, she hates her birthdays, she does not want to die, she hates to be reminded of the fact. It is not so with me yet" Rainbow was concern. But this was last week. Now Horny felt very much in between, between the flights, between the floors, between the doors, between something she did not know, neither the input, neither the out-come. Shooter got angry with her, he liked her best, in more perfect suit. Rainbow was in the mess.

"I mean, my life in Paris shall be only much more difficult then in NY, I mean what am I going to do, if people don't start buying my films and books in time. Immedi-

ately. I don't even know the language; I wouldn't be able to work even in the bar. I mean French have a good cheese but are much more cruel, then timid Americans are, I mean French really don't like to share the cheese with strangers. I shall be totally isolated. I mean, look, what has happened to my gigs, it blew once again. Why did I put Hardy into this track that I don't like NY, that I won't survive here, when I won't survive there either. I won't survive anywhere."

Hardy found on Internet, the best, the most expensive, the most prestigious school in Paris, he was really sure of it, sure of his plan.

"We are going to live in Paris and I'm going to learn French, I'm going to be a French photographer, I'm going to have a car & a cat" he repeated hard, harsh and loud, Horny was unable to return his smile. Lucrezius was a single beautiful young man and was going to do ten days fashion show in his hometown, for the autumn season. Vivianne seemed to cool off and Lou Lou was still alive, taking his daily walk with her, around the house. Nasty and Fran started a Rudolf Steiner education, in German.

"Why don't you retract?" asked her Hardy.

"Retrack, what?"

"Your life, your art, your work. You could never live on your art yet, it's not suddenly."

"I won't. It is nothing wrong with me, with my work, with my art, it is all perfect. Who have to retract; the whole world has to retract, because I won't. Besides, you don't care for me, anyone, any woman could scratch your back." Horny was pretty tear-eyed. She was pretty much like a cloud inside the room, reaching the shiny screen, Horny was the pilot.

"I'm so happy I have you, Rainbow" Hardy said, kissing her nose, her lips and her right chick softly, he went out to buy food, and rent the videos, to watch. Horny was very much inside banging at the keyboard, the key board creating her world...The movies, Hardy brought home, were boring, but she was much less angry then the last week. Did that mean, she was learning? The money promised for Taddy's book was denied. The Minister of Culture has been changed once again.

Chapter 41

"Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! I'm not going to photograph your dead face, ever again! Bitch! You have done it, again! No more! I'm not going to spoil one more film on you, Bitch! My problem is that, I'm working with a model I don't want to photograph and you are working with the photographer, you don't want to be photographed by! Fucking Bitch! It's over! I'm going to find a model and I'm going to have fun!"

Hardy was already going to bed, to sleep, it was the classical way to punish her, the Bitch. Of course she had spoiled that session too. Yet, why? She begun with taking pictures of herself, but instead of developing, the scene died, she was immobile, she was stiff and unable to do, it was the fact. & Hardy was a disturbing element...The camera was laid off on the table. The lamp close to Horny was shut and he was taking his clothes off... He was going to sleep & it was definite. Rainbow looked around herself, she was wearing a black tight fitted mini skirt and nothing more, she was

tensed but the tension was going away. The boots lay on the floor, he allowed her to take them off, they were too tight, he allowed her to take them off, considering, they were not in the picture anyway, he was shooting her fluffy teats sticking out from the thick black fluffy jacket, she was too hot, the lamp was very near, he asked her to spread her legs, but she felt momentarily shy, she felt fat...Hardy afterwards made love to her, in bed, in dark, but she was blurred by her own stiffness and the stuff he had said.

"You are the most inhibited woman I have seen, that's why you make such daring movies."

The next day Lily arrived, so H&H were done with the pictures, this sort of pictures required being totally undisturbed, hi. It's not hard to tell, why H&H, left that important for them both, event for the very last chance and night. Lily got drunk and talked past six hours. She has been to Poland, she has been to Berlin and she has been to Tunis, the boys were plenty, the drinks were plenty, the parties were plentiest, though she finished her monologue telling about her Tadeusz's death, it was clear now, he has drunk himself to death, drowning himself in the lake. She had no idea, he has been an alcoholic, he has been her early youth's love of seven years. They both won the Nude Spring Photo Saloon, the Primavera, she has been a model and he a photographer, the trouble occurred, as she was exposing parts of her not eighteen years old teats, though with no nipples, she could not authorize herself. Lily's father saved young photographer's, first won price, and a young model's job, by giving a late authorization to his minor chick, Lily's father was a diplomat, the family used to live on Cuba when she was small, Lily was going to be a dancer, she took wild samba classes and smoked pot, she broke both of her legs and put down the hope for the passion and the career, Lily's mother died in cancer, by that time she was a morphinist and an alcoholic - the mother, not Lily. Now, after the holidays Lily's skin was matching a good looking Negroes and she was about to start a new job, a therapist for mentally disturbed teenagers in Bronx's clinic; it was bedded tough; and she longed for the new & hard job. Deadly mosquito, the encephalic spread over NYC, and Lily's computer broke; it looked, as it was H&H, who did it. The computer, not the mosquito. Lily's son came back to NYC too, covered with a Tunis intensive sun tan, as dark as his mom's. Horny sent the letters and e-mails all around the world, concerning Taddy's book. She asked people's help, to protest against the Culture Ministry of Poland. Their rebuff of the damn and so precious 5000 Polish glottis. The twenty years anniversary, planed, was fucked up by this ridiculously small sum of money. The evil of money and the evil of people whom where in power to deal with such, one more time did it. This sucked. Of course it was motivated, the Ministry favored writers who worked within Solidarity - the famous Polish formation, and Taddy's ill luck was, he was not a politician, Taddy was still, exclusively the poet. Even a child would understand that; Lucrezius interviewed at the age of the early fourteen, said, not about Taddy - he never met, but about his mom and his childhood "I lived with a poet, of course she was my mom, yet first of all she was the poet". The child was genuine, politicians were not, was it that's why the world looked as it did? Yes, it was.

Lucrezius was going to move out "last month I have been all the time in my own room, I don't even eat in the kitchen, I'm not welcome in my own house" Rainbow and he exchanged the e-mails, it was fast. She wanted to bring him back to New York. His letters were beautiful, so were hers.

"I'm staying in 400 dollar's hotel, I sold myself very well." Teresa was a bit fat, she was leaning at the gallery desk, it was the opening of the Chelsea NYC's Autumn Season. Horny obviously did not sell herself, neither good neither bad, neither was she fat, neither leaning, Horny was cruising.

"How long time do you stay?" Teresa asked Horny, whom she did not recognized at once.

"I live here" Rainbow was easy, taking her minor revenge.

"How many hours a day, do you spend at Gym?" Teresa asked her past pal. Rainbow laughing squeezed her buttocks between thumb and an index finger.

"I would have got arrested if I showed your films." said Nick X. So, no Manhattan Film Feast. Neither arranged by Jacob, reading was off, he wanted her to fully improvise, she was not up to do those. It's not that he was so totally arrogant, but it simply required too much work of her, she was soon leaving for Paris, the gigs there, were fixed, though not paid; she was stressed and not fully motivated to push her alter ego, through the Danish & US tipsy crowd atop of Gershwin Hotel, especially that Hardy arrived to accompany and he was no longer morning sweet, he was evening sour and taking place; his school has started. The previous day's Serra's birthday party was a hopeless event socially for Rainbow of course, Rainbow was not introduced to one single woman or chap, the place was filled with such, quite boring anyway - and very anti-Hollywood. But why not, pro-anythingatall? If NYC's Independent film society was not fun, where was the fun? Where was Rainbow going to find her promised kicks? Serra's movies were OK, mainly pissing-passing and masturbation acts, which were pretty much Horny's topics, but Serra's were laid as a joke, and that, the "independent" room could take. Though it was Horny's claps, which broke the silence after the exit of the perfectly pink vagina graphically spread, trembling in ecstasy and plenty re-urinating in a vivid yellow stream.

"Babe, what do you want to show here?!" Tracy was fat, enthusiastic and quite fun. Rainbow giggled, she was getting done her band's concert's plan, for the autumn, after her return from Europe.

"Vidia Lunch?" Tracy repeated "yeah, I think I know her. What kind of music do you play? But actually it does not matter, you seem alright to me" Tracy was swell, and both of his bartenders were as well. Horny liked this tape of small places.

"A person which places Nick Cave, Blixa Bargeled, Lydia Lunch and Norman Mailer in the same movie, deserves to be our house band, and I don't even care if it is good, but just for the aesthetics, hi" David, a bartender bought her a drink, second drink and the third drink. NYC was still hot, cooking, bubbling; its immense power grew, instantly as Horny was leaving. The other venues were not as easy, but seemed

challenge-able, only some, true sarcastic obnoxious young, run by rude, pale and short guys. Short guys often had to take out their rights, harder. Yet, why?

"Goldie! Your name must be Goldie." The guy was pleasantly Black, huge, wide eyed, stoned, he was a part of Saint Mark's vivid crowd. Rainbow was wearing a golden dress, the five bucks dress bought in Arabic store midtown gave her the million bucks look, it was patched and cut everywhere, covering and showing off.

"Are you a model?"

"Are you in the modeling business?"

"What is the stuff, your dress is made of?"

"Chick! Your teat is sticking out!" screamed someone leaning out of a driving car, a raiding car. Goldie rushed through the town, she got her first ever business cards done, it was in fact fun, the cards were red, but did not include her newest name. The show at Tribal Act, the tattoo & piercing, main studio of Paris was far out. Goldie was screaming into the mic, Rebellini-Pantalloni, who was a Corsican editor of the second number new, Sexreporter Magazine & was inviting her for the gig, was pulling off her bra, Goldie was immune, she did not prove having a moral, she did not stop him, she was showing off her teats with nipples, pink.

"Do the show! Do the show as you do in your movies!" he was pulling off her stockings and pants. She was a bit slow and holed her underwear up, she was supposed to do the reading from her book. He was thrusting his head against her covered up and guarded womb.

"They don't understand anything! French don't understand English! You have to do the wild show!" Rebellini was pouring wine over her hoping, she was getting out of her wet clothes, she did not, she picked one single word from her book yelling to the music of two noise's playing Parisian boys, she has got to accompany, Romain and Fred "Decay! Decay! Decay!" after eight minutes of screaming, she was done. She broke her fucking strings, the boys offered doing a record and a concert in Lyon, Goldie was superb. Screaming...

"Lydia Lunch is very known here, you are not yet" Jean-Marc said, it was he who wined up the screaming job, he was the journalist, who had her entire work in his possession, but could not arrange a real paid show or the screening. "When Lydia Lunch reads English nobody understands anything, but everybody listens to her. It's a matter of fame." Jean-Marc said.

"Where a hell is my bra?" Goldie looked around, it was obviously gone, her voice cracking.

"I know" said, the only tall young dandy, dressed in cream white suit, who assisted her from the beginning pouring wine to her glass, borrowing her eyeglasses, doing translations and other gouges. He literally got a short guy, with a blond short sticky, punk hair, into his grip, disarmed him with right arm, pulling Goldie's wet red bra from his left pocket with his left hand.

"Vow!" Goldie said, shaking the item off. Horny's show was done, the wine was thick, the wine was thin, the wine was red and the place was closing up. The Tribal Act people arrived disgusted with Rebellinis's drunk crew, throwing everybody out.

Goldie cancelled the swell idea of sex in her room; it was one half-short blond pretty pornographic performer who offered him. Goldie took couple of photo shots of the guys laying down for her in the street. They lay like beads, like cats, like rats, like gladiators, at the entrance to the dirty old Voltaire writer hotel.

"So, why didn't you want to do the masturbation show like in your films?" was Rebellini's key sentence of the interview they were doing up in her room.

"It's my inner life, I'm describing in the films. The inner life, I'm unable to expose to the public, it's not the same thing. You know. The inner life and the show isn't the same thing" Goldie was repetitively pathetic, she was always fucking pathetic answering all the questions sincerely, stupidly, thoughtlessly, afterwards she was going to long for the movement when her fame, her recognition was going to give her the chance of not doing it, of keeping all her answers to herself, I mean her work was so clearly explained, there was really nothing more to say, without becoming cheap & stupid, she hated this feeling, she knew this feeling since she was small, it was when she had her night talks with her mom, & reviled too much, tried too much, trying to convince her mom into the world of her reality, it gave her the most creepy feeling, but it was always coming with a great delay, when she was alone again, in her room. Rebellini took some pictures of her, he got her to show off her teats once again, pull and rub her nipples, show the hams, stand, sit down and lay down, pull down her underwear without showing the point, the cunt. She luckily stopped herself there. It wasn't really her moral, it was just a spontaneous act. She has got enough. Besides in the damn interview, she just talked about her basic and great innocence, she believed, she possessed, Goldie was really bombed.

"It's a pity, I thought, you were going to masturbate" Rebellini-Pantalloni - that was his real Corsican name, Rebellini was his alter ego - said at his leave, once again, he was a professional photographer, he was using the big size Nikon, he made her sign an authorization for publicity... What, would she care... She loved the publicity, the publicity was making her the star, she supposed. The last day in NYC was fucking hectic, Shooter had sex with her twice, but she was too stressed, to feel anything of it, they were in two taxis, she paid a fucking lot, over sixty bucks, much more that, she could afford, the first taxi driver was Indian was an idiot and Shooter wanted to beat him, for cheating Goldie on five bucks and Goldie was shouting almost in tears "I have the plane to catch! Please leave the chap! I have a plane to catch!" Horny was throwing her stuff into the bags, it took her exactly 30 minutes to be done. The second taxi driver was Russian, and Shooter read him sore, but Goldie read him proud; he really wanted to appeal, descent at least and at last after his Moscow trash, she gave him five bucks tip. Wanda wrote a letter, which must have been lost in two months, she said "Horny & Hardy, how can you be broke? Other people travel to US to make money, & they are all returning full of cash? What's wrong with you? I fear, you count on me, but I don't have it, Horny & Hardy, sorry" Horny translated it to Hardy, after the check in, they both laughed, they loved Wanda and they knew, she loved them too. Wanda was one of the few normal human beings H&H knew, and she was the only human being who cared for them in that normal, human way. Of course Viv cared too, even more, even sharing every coin with them, but Viv was so

irrational, odd, confused and bombed, as were her motivations and attempts, tacked in fear, hate and mistrust.

"This machine indicates, carrying of explosives" the custom guy was slightly fat, very sore and tried to behold Horny's working tool, her Power Book, the Lap Top. The Power Book 160. Macintosh.

"You must be kidding" she said, Shooter was standing behind a small short wall, still waving and sending air kisses. Luckily unable to hear, grotesque crap.

"I'm sure it gives the response of explosives. And it is very dirty, it hasn't been used for the very long time" he was sliding a tissue over the damn dust, sticking them into his machine, which was proving the error & piping a lot.

"I'm an artist, not a businessman, I use it for writing, not carrying around in the box, don't be ridiculous, & I used it may be a week ago, I don't know what time values you have; I'm not quite sure, if one week is very long or just fine; it's my job - to write"

At last the chap let her go, and let her keep the working tool. By then Shooter already left, forgetting the rest of Miss Mess tapes he was going to mail for her to the NYC's clubs. He could absolutely not focus, to do something for her.

The place was filled up with drinking men, Jewish, Arabs, Tunisian and French, they all had fun, the food was plenty. The Rabin, Horny thought, was measuring the blood pressure, but he was doing prayers with the Jews, everybody else kissed the bartender, an old white Tunisian woman. Patric, Patricia and Thomas took her there for dinner, Patric and Tomas were going to buy the distribution rights, was said last night, but she wasn't that sure if it was going to be so, though she hoped, she was totally broke.

"I'll pay two thousand francs per master, per film, I'll do my own professional covers, I'll sell to my own clients; my partners say, I'm crazy, that I'm buying it, but possibly you shall not be stupid and you change a direction in the new films, do different stuff" Patric said.

"Possibly" said, Goldie. Patricia was Patric's wife, a former porn actress, a tiny & a shy one & none English speaking. Goldie woke up last night, making the whole budget of spending 20 000FF, the offer occurred already last night, after the show; Goldie wanted to take Lucrezius to NYC, publish her new book & pay Lucrezias's teeth surgery & take Viv for holidays. Goldie was not economic, for these four giant-important-major-cardinal events, she would have need, at least four times the promised sum.

"Oh, so trashy..." Patricia expressed herself, in her mother tongue at the moment of entering Goldie's room & Goldie was not sure if she meant the room, or Goldie's racked down face... Hornie's French was slim. Or rather Hornie's English was slim and her French was none. Horny was walking Saint Denise, hookers were plenty, evening was soft, their teats were exposed and big, skirts short, cheap, mostly red, silver or black, they dressed as Horny used to, they were huge and not young, many were Black. Tomas bought her Jasmine ethnic flowers first and red roses now. Tomas and Patric distributed pornography.

The emergency at Saint Antoine hospital was filled up with sad Friday crowd, mostly men, French bums, Polish bums, drunk hand cuffed drivers were brought there by police, old dying men by their wives, motor bike's traffic accidents victims, wired, driven in dramatic, and Horny herself, two hours through; her calf's vein had burst.

"I love you. I miss you. I love you" Goldie said to Hardy on the phone, and it was the truth.

"I love you too and I miss you" Hardy's voice was weak, a bit crying, and very close, there was a hurricane Floyd passing at his side. The nature was becoming explosive at the end of the century. There was a recent earth shake in Turkey, present in Thailand, bomb blasts in Moscow, victims, wounded and dead. H&H couple were at last in love, though apart. Goldie moved to Yasha and Zbig, Paris was sloppy, crowded and Arabic. Young nasty Arabs hanged after Goldie asking various things. Yasha lived in Belville, there were more Arabs than French in Belville, Yasha was Japanese, she was a bit drugged a bit drunk and very quick all the time and sparkling intelligent.

"I don't want to live in Paris" Goldie stated once again to herself. "Why don't I want to live in Paris?" "Everybody else wants it"

"Hausswoolff regrets, acting in your movies, he is afraid it shall spoil his at last serious career, he is at last seriously promoted and at last seriously paid" Zbig said.

"I felt, I knew, you were going to say just that, it does not surprise me at all, he did not return my calls since long, I don't have contact with him since years, I could have sensed, there was something going on"

Horny was too proud to say more, she did not mention Hausswoolff again in Zbig's presence, she was hurt.

"He was my best friend, he was the part of my entire concept, he was the part of my inspiration, he was one of the obstacles, that my work, my movies developed this and not the other way; or? I was doing it for us, I wanted to put our most powerful love on the map, install us in the environment, among the others, of course I did not deny myself & surrounding me rude, beautiful world." Goldie was sad, chip&cheap&hurt and it was stubbornly on her mind. Goldie was not constructive.

"Is your anger, your way of expressing, linked to Richard Kern and Lydia Lunch and her nudity?" Jean-Marc was interviewing her on the roof, of his Cybro Porn Magazine. He also worked for Nova magazine, a serious cultural paper & Cine Rome, for which he was doing Horny.

"No" Goldie said, "it is reality bound. I'm a feminist but women hate me, I'm not doing it for the men, I'm doing it for myself and for the women, but they do not trust me. We all need freedom! My anger is the reality bound" she repeated herself. She took off her sunshades and gave him a smile; they were done.

"The winter sky in Japan is clearly blue. I love the winter there. The men treat women bad there you would not stand. I don't need privacy any longer, Japan cured me, it's so crowded and small there. Masami gave out 300 Cadiz, Masami is special, he can do all the bondage thing"

Goldie believed Zbig, there was some kind of the power, there was a samurai power in the tiny extremely quiet drawn back gentleman, with a delicate face, Masami Akita, Zbig's partner. She felt fascination. It was like a wind. She felt he was appearing in her current nightmares, though she was not sure. He excited her sensuality dream bound.

"He has a very dirty mind, he is a genius, he knows the golden shower tricks, he knows all special places down town Tokyo, where Japanese men do a hara-kiri and they pay, to be watched." Yasha smoked a cigarette after the cigarette, damping vodkas and wine into her, laughing obsessively to herself, she was a good photographer. Their home was minimal, they lived there with her teenage son, it was typical, the friends which had these minimal homes, always invited Goldie, these who had huge match, never; Goldie's luggage filled the half of the place, filled the whole empty space, Masami was Goldie's first Tokyo connection.

"The western, good looking girls are the whores in Japan. Japanese treat western women like shit. I can't afford to live there the whole year round. The summers are horribly hot and humid there. I spent summers in Paris and Barcelona, the artists who are not rich, they all moved to Barcelona, it is four times cheaper then Paris is and the weather is great and Spanish are OK" Zbig said, Goldie was thinking about Mickey, C.M. v H., she was hurt. She thought, Mick had quality; she believed his courage, his spirit, his immense power... She believed the art...

"Common, he is like everybody else" said Ora, Goldie was back in Gothole exhorted by traveling with her bag, her bags, Zbig carried it all through the Parisian metro's transfers, there were no escalators, and no lifts, she could not afford to take cab. They kissed each other goodbye, he was going to do music for her next movie, it was going to start with Mike's cum. She did not intend to change the script, of Time Gap. Gothole was cool, dark, slow and secure, Goldie felt pretty at home.

"I would not like to move into the wardrobe even if it would have been in Paris, I like to live."

"You are not working, you are not doing anything," Ora's neighbor contradicted her. "How do you know, that I'm not working. I'm a philosopher. I don't need money, I have everything I need, I don't want to buy something specially, I spent my money on good food and drink, I don't mind living on the well-fair, I don't need better clothes, I'm not one of these who pretend. I'm satisfied with what I have and who I am, I'm real. I saw Hausswolfs's ex wife, she was interviewed on TV, on her way to Venice Bienalle, I did not understand anything of the blur she had said, and neither she did. In the newspaper, I saw the photos, she was going to present there. On the photos was a girl sitting on the messed white sheets, on the bed, she was covering her face with some kind of the huge chewing gum; it did not tell me a shit! It could have possibly express, I'm feeling bad, or I have been feeling bad, or I'm going to feel that, bad. It's shit." Here Ora saluted her beer, the neighbor got a baby girl and they were celebrating.

"& Bet, she is never dropping the fancy name, although they are divorced and she has married your former guitarist, the women like she, suck" Ora was explicate,

Goldie refused to drink, but this was nothing new. There was a cold chilly rain in Gothole, Ora's son loved the rain, he opened the balcony in one room and the window in the other room. The night was glamorous. Goldie felt slightly insane, there was something what did not fit. She phoned Viv "the water is poisoned," said Viv.

Lucrezius moved out from his dad and lived on his own, the fashion-show, he was going to take part in, was postponed for the men models; only girls showed off, he had said. There was a chance, he was kicked out, he had missed appointments, he had missed a rehearsal, he had a hangover or he simply did not want to do it. Now, he missed his home badly. Goldie was immensely sad, if she could do anything, she would do anything... She folded his hand. He actually made his mind up, he was not hitting for NYC, he fell in love to Norwegian girl, she lived on the small island, she trained football and she was still going to school. Lucrezius deepen his face into his arms, his eyes were shut, he looked very tired. His eyelids were deep red, stroked with thin bluish veins. Goldie felt like crying. His palms traveling upon his face, the finger's patterns were identical with her. Identical with Taddy's though he did not know that. She saw clearly. An hour later the mother and the son walked in the rain, Taddy was dead more then twenty years, Goldie had no money to take the cab, neither to pay two night tram tickets, which were ten bucks for both. When she was Lucreziu's age, Taddy was paying her cab rides between the distant towns. Taddy was a prominent poet, then, more then well paid. Goldie herself was somehow outside the monetary system. It was hard to say, why. It was late night, the trams at last stopped going, the town was small, the streets were deserted. Lucrezius was going to work the following morning, every single morning he cleaned the restaurant, which before was next to his house, but now was far away.

"I'm ashamed, I've been doing the cleaning job in fourteen months" he said, he was pretty. Horny felt mellow. Horny felt like shit, and did not know what to do... She actually heard for the first time, he had been cleaning; he had told her he worked in the kitchen, dishing. He was doing both jobs. Was there any difference? Obviously there was. He hardly slept in his new place, the entire place, his room was messed up as the bomb would land, Lucrezius who was the family's major aesthete, and his rooms were until now, planed, cared, designed and worked out, did not give a damn, everything was in the boxes and bags, or thorn on the floor into the large hip of his expensive clothes, Horny's letters and postcards, photographs of his mom and photographs of himself, the first ones went with emotions, and the second with his job, the modeling. His de-completed computer, lamps and put apart shelves. The single item which survived the move, and was still of the same meaning as before his last move, was a photograph of him kissing his girl; it was framed in ashy-blue and standing on the pretty pedestal. He himself slept at his pal's couches.

"Why was she such a fucking loser?" Horny had no strengths to fight.

"I'm not going to offer the love, for the career, I'm not coming to NYC, I'm going to Norway, I can do whatever there, I can practice at the hotel in the mountains" Lu-

crezius was more and more sure. He started to write, and wanted to begun singing lessons. Horny knew, her son's world was like her, she wished, she could put him into the other track, where he would stop missing and start taking the chances he had, the love would have been fine - even better, but there was no way to do it. Ora's dinner was superb, she grilled tender lamb cutlets on the balcony, into the late rainy night, Ora's crab salad was superb and she was very beautiful, very delicate, her beauty was superb. Though she had a hangover the following day & her great looks were gone, & eyes tacked. She was single, alone and in pain. Ex begun with antabus. It was soon time for Horny to go. That's what she thought...

"Anders is dead", said Ex, she gave him a look.

"Anders Wedin is dead" Ex was exact, Horny was mute. Sunday was peaceful, they walked together, a son, a mom and dad, towards the small park.

"He died in an epileptic attack, I think he choked with his puke, his ex wife found him after four days."

Horny missed him immensely, suddenly, violently. He has been the most intense, the best, the most devoted cameraman she ever head. She knew there was a threat of his life, if he did not undergo a brain surgery. The suggested surgery was going to make him blind. He decided to take the risk and behold his sight (site). His visions were enormous, the phantoms of fear, the hallucinations, overpowering him at least once a month, they were the symptoms of the sickness, the side effects, the catatonic attacks. Horny had to get to know more, there was nothing to do but she searched for him, visited his first wife; intended visiting his first wife. Gunnila's house was dead, on the outside and inside; Horny stood outside of the windows, the windows were mute, extremely mute, the woman standing outside the windows was shivering. Horny was this shivering woman. Gunnila was dyeing at the hospital, her cancer returned, she was at the hospital since February, now was the end of September, Anders died in July. Gunnila's children were at her pal, and were going to remain there. Gunnila was informed about her love's death with a great delay, the people around her, where afraid, the news, the knowledge was going to spoil her fight, the major, final struggle for her life. Now, she was concern, she was going to meet him soon. What they were about to do?

"I'm too stressed now, but see you in the Future" she said to Horny on the phone, her voice was raspy, she was smoking cigarette. Horny was mute, though no shivering... She was working hard on herself, her voice, her approach; she had to sound joyful. Futures... yes, this kind of Future seamed unavoidable. Was unavoidable. Fact. There was this rain period in Gothole flashing, sudden quick ice cold showers over the town. The feeling of safety was washed out off Horny's bones, she hanged around.

"I had stopped taking pictures, and after it, all the inspiration, the will power, returned to me, I'm also painting now. Before it was also your fault, that I at last could not do anything. If you wanted to do something, you did it, like men do. I was inhibited and paralyzed. I'm at last, happy. I have learned to deal with myself, I'm attending courses, I'm learning life, trees, I'm the nature, I can at last be alone, I saw the life through other people, now I see it through myself. I don't believe anything" Lotta Bacon slimed up, gave up her vulgar make up, gave up her lesbian lovers, beholden

attraction to pretty young men and felt venerable free. She gave Horny a warm hug and a kiss. Horny remained stiff.

"First you hold a speech in five minutes, describing your entire theories and statements and then you say, you don't believe anything. Do you believe what you are saying?" Horny was trying to get through the smoke and drunkenness of her old pals, this town was a drinking hack, only Ex had stopped. Lotta Bacon was buying Horny's books. Hardy wrote, he asked for money. Some of his needs were at risk, why should he care all Horny's needs were at risk. He also mentioned love, after all. Yes, love. After all.

"You were the only chick in town who managed to walk through Haga in stiletto heels" he said, he was the owner of Satisfaction, a record store placed outside of Horny's door, where she lived at least ten years in the past. Or, more? This was the fact, but Horny was embarrassed, he repeated the shoe-club at least ten times, he was drunk. She was in the process of peace making with the other chicks, dames around the table - all in the flat shoes, it was an important matter - the peace making. She could not spoil it, just because of her shoes, her choice of her shoes, her abilities with the chosen shoes, and their choice of the shoes and their abilities with their shoes, but he did not understand that, neither he cared. He was perhaps divorced (which meant teasing the girls and pity he) as every other man in there, in the bar. "You were the only girl. Tell them about the femininity" he has bought her a beer, and a second beer. The chicks in there were at last OK, they had nothing against her, at last, it seemed the hate was gone into the misty, rainy spooky air. All over the town Horny missed Anders's presence, they were planing on doing the movie together... The real movie! Why a hell did they waited that long.

"You told me, I was going to be a legend; you are the legend." she repeated to herself, she hated rain, wet and cold, it was getting into her bones. Johannes's son committed suicide, he had tried it before... They had to scrap him of the express train, and the road on the distance of twenty kilometers, they had to prove he was himself, in two weeks they were rebuilding his jaw. Johannes was an old friend, a pal, now working for the European Community on art.

"I was missing you so much in the past, it was unbearable" Lucrezius said to his mom. "I don't dare to miss my girl" but it looked there was a chance he was coming with to NYC. His career, his future was sure, there in NY. But Horny was wondering very painfully, how was she going to pay his ticket and how was she going to feed him there in NYC, during the first three critical months and who was going to pay for a gym, she or Natalie from Q? Still, she was aware, she herself asked him to come. H&H were moving back to Europe in the spring and Lucr just had to have his chance in NYC, in Paris his looks where not that popular, his cheeks were broad. Whatever was going to happen he could not remain here, in Gothole. He was in fight with his father's wife.

"She is humiliating my father. She has a distortion of personality. She kept on hiding small things from me, she was doing it all the time, type, the toilet paper and the shampoo and the face cream, cakes, biscuits and bread and newspapers. She forced me to move out, she was bitching me to move out, all the time. I don't want my dad

to live with her" he has moved out, now she was bitching Ex. There was some certain error between women & men. Why? Was the life so little fun? Horny knew Ex could have been difficult, Horny knew Ex had been difficult, but intellectually really OK. Was it all the sex demand? Or was just about the power? & Who was the best? Was it all about the role? & Who plaid it out? Lucr was totally OK, Horny sensed some jealousy, there. Was his plastic mom jelly about the love between father & son? Was this possible? Horny was standing upon the stage, Conny surprised her with a possibility of performing, possibility of reading, possibility of screaming. The room loved it. It surprised Horny. The jazz trio was good. She was OK. Why were they that enthusiastic, the public? She has become New York star, in her old home quarters. OK. Young listeners asked her questions. She hanged around Conny's club, she wanted a video tape from him, with a recording of their previous act, which Anders had filmed. Conny was making it difficult. "You should have an original. My tape is a bad copy. Get the original"

"Common! Anders is dead. How could I get an original?"

"Why didn't you take it from him before he died?"

This night gig cost her a fucking night tram's ticket price which was more then five bucks, and a drink in the bar to reel down her own excitement, while being questioned by young boys. "You are great! Where do you come from? It's the first time this night, and there was lots of music performed, I had felt anything. Whose texts did you read? It must have been someone of the beat generation. Yours? Your own? Did you ever read Kerouack? Did you read Burroughs? Allan Ginsberg?"

"Listen, they are all dead, now, but in fact I met Boroughs once"

"Where?"

"In this town"

"Hey!" a voice in the telephone was slow, pulling unnecessary, and female. Belonged to Lena Boetjus, a Clark at the museum. A curator. An art curator. "We haven't decided, yet, how can we buy your tapes. We haven't decided yet how can we show your movies. But I don't mean we are not interested. We had a meeting yesterday. We had tried to decide something, I had a proposition & it is a very difficult decision" Horny was listening, she was puffed. She counted on receiving the money for the video collection, she left half a year ago at the art curator desk; all she was wondering, was if they could for once, pay cash, instead of 30 days taking check... It fucking sucked. There were no other definitions of the fact, it fucking sucked. She asked 150 dollars, for The Ego Trip Collection, the museum was the town's main museum and was certainly not totally poor. It was somehow not a question of money, but question of guts, statements, and decisions. Gothole was small. Small & coy & cozy. Coy & Cozy was the threat, cozy was the main threat to the art statements. Cozy was odd and abominable, cozy was ugly and cozy was cheap. What worried her, was Lucrezius, he slept three, four hours per night, smoked two packets of cigarettes per day & night, and had cramps in his chest and heart, again. She had failed her mother's job totally. It was to be seen, what was happening with her other

jobs and deeds in this earthly life. Horny was slowly laying in doubt, laying slowly in the great doubts!

"So, tell me who is scarring you, now?" Horny should have not thrown this question at Viv.

"Mr. N and his wife are hanged, and their children escaped to the forest. But what is strange is, that he has written a letter to me afterwards, and he had send me a book, Alice in Wonderland" Viv and Horny were eating a meal together in Viv's home, Horny arrived half an hour earlier, Lou Lou stunk, he did not take a bath since May.

"Listen, you are no longer logic, it could not happened; you know Mr. N is OK, it's just your imagination"

"But it did happened" Viv was concern, sure, almost hurt, placing a mouth full bite of meat on her tongue. Horny gave her ill look. Viv had many more stories to tell, at last Horny yelled back. & Viv quietly said "but you did ask me, to tell"

Horny understood, her mother was totally bombed, since Viv started to pack, especially in the very early mornings, she was preparing for departure, she was preparing her escape. Horny was stressed, she was coping the films, searching different papers, notes, preparing the next application for the scholar shit, scholar ship, the sinking boat, she was doing phone calls. Horny feared, this time her luggage was incurable. 60 or more videocassettes, 60 or more books, computer, printer, video camera, clothes, shoes; Horny was obsessed with shoes. She was creating a new tape with old recordings of Miss Mess; they were in fact musically beautiful, lyrically passionate, Horny observed, through the years she was wearing the same red dress. Yasha phoned.

"I staid in Paris at Zbig" Horny told Viv.

"I thought Zbig was dead. I heard he was taken to a concentration camp"

Horny gave her a look.

"Seb, your friend, is dead too, I wonder what happens with his pretty children, I have heard, his wife had taken them abroad."

"Seb, is perfectly OK!" Horny yelled over the table.

"I heard Lucrezius is going to the military, they give 50 crones a day to the recruits."

Horny gave her mom, look of hate.

"I had heard Nasstasia's father is gone, he has disappeared and he does not have any money, I'm worried about the child"

"Nasstasia is with Lucrezia in Germany" Horny gave up hating her mom.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes"

"Are you sure they live in Germany?"

"Yes"

"So the address you have given me, is correct?"

"Yes"

"Is Francis with them?"

"Yes"

"How do you know?" Viv was a difficult mother, and even more difficult grand mom and she was still getting packed, though they two, Horny and Viv were not

going for the planned holidays; the Summer was over and Viv was bombed, more than ever. Horny bought a touch-tone telephone and a phone card, in order to phone Lucrezia. Viv's phone was old type and was disconnected for abroad as well, Viv was unable to pay her bills. Before, she was chain calling, locating her child, grand children and grand-grand children spread in the world.

"I'm very happy. All is very fine, we have the beautiful house, we have cleaned up, for your sake, we thought you were arriving last week" Lucrezia's voice was clinging merrily in the phone, Horny was delayed it was because of Lucr-boy; she supposed he needed her support and she traveled to Sweden first.

"All Jasha's family lives here, and we meet a lot, we work together, and all is great, but they had been the fascists in the war, it is very embarrassing for both sides, I was shocked, and they apologize all the time. We have found a lot of old photographs, while renovating their house, everyone was wearing Nazi uniforms. Sometimes I feel just like packing up."

"What have happened with your poetry book?" Horny asked Lucr-girl "isn't it coming out soon?"

"No, I had canceled it, they wanted me to do a promotion tour, I could not do that, children are going to school, they both talk German, it is very busy here, I do other stuff, now, I don't care for this sort of the career."

"Lucr, poetry is not the career, poetry is something immensely else, something much bigger, you can't give in, your poems are great"

"Anyhow, I don't care for this book, I had to give them money back. I still own them some, they hate me, now, nobody ever canceled the contract with "The" Bonnier"

"It is dangerous for me in Sweden, maybe I'm getting over to Copenhagen. In Sweden the military took over, I'm not sure if the trains go any longer" said Viv. On her desk laid the several train schedules folders, she had collected.

"Yes, they do" said Horny. She was worried and stressed, her schedule was much too tight, she had to get her American visa on Monday, in Stockholm and she had to leave for Gothole, Monday. Viv had appointment with the doctor, Tuesday, her eye was going to be operated, Horny should accompany her, Horny had appointment in Gothole, Tuesday morning, at the museum, with the curator Lena B, though Goldie sensed, it was the totally useless, phantom appointment. Lou Lou's surgery was scheduled for the next Monday, no hospital wanted to do it immediately. Horny had to buy a flight ticket Tuesday, she had to fly to Paris, Wednesday. She needed the entire Thursday in Paris to sell tapes, to fulfill the distribution deal, Friday she had a concert in Lyon, she was not getting paid, but it was good PR and adventure, she dug to perform with Freyja, once again. Tuesday night she was going to perform with Conny Cowboys in Gothole, she hoped to sell books & tapes to the new fans. She wanted to edit a new Miss Mess tape, with Anders's takes. But not with Conny Cowboys but with her own band, crying drunk, hanging up in the construction, yelling, powering, but it was on S-VHS, she could not pay for converting the tape, she did not dare to ask Mats Lundell, the favor again, he had much less time now, his life was at last in order, he had a girlfriend, he had a home and he had love to care for,

not just his own and her work. She should have been both, in Stochole and in Gothole, Tuesday to do all. She should have been both, in Gothole and Paris, entire Wednesday to do all. It was impossible. She wanted to spend the entire Tuesday in Gothole for Lucreziu's sake. & In Stochhole for Viv's sake. Lou Lou needed a bath and a teeth surgery, he was stinking like shit from his snout, his lovely snout; Horny was not sure if he was surviving, until she returned within half year. She was not sure if he was surviving the surgery, she should have done it two years ago. The vet had warned her on the phone, long ago. Where did the time go? Within a week she supposed to be at Lucrezia's house and within ten days in Warsaw. Horny was a master on laying herself under the schedule. Her planning was far too tight. Where did her sanity go? The veterinary doctor, she visited with Lou Lou and Viv, Monday, was pissed angry with her; she mistreated her dog, it was the fact. Lou Lou needed the surgery, now, and there was no guaranty he was waking up from the narcoses, the surgery was going to be expensive, she had no money.

"Your dog can not continue living like that," the doctor said. Lou Lou had a severe inflammation in the jaws and his entire mouth, Lou Lou was stinking that bad, that Horny had difficult to sleep in Viv's house, though she gave him a bath. He immediately begun with antibiotics, the dates of the surgery interfered with all the other dates; it was soon clear Viv was unable take him to the hospital. Horny understood, it was her main duty, she was in panic, both time & financial wise. She decided to take one by one. Yet, how? Hardy phoned and threw a phone down at her. She told him, she was bringing Lucr with her, he congratulated to the plan, a new holiday with her son and said he was about to loose the apartment, he had no money to pay the rent, & it was all her fault. Horny felt just a little bit dizzier & went out to do a shopping for Viv. Hardy phoned again and apologized, he had some school duties; she explained to him how to use water colors, how to use the brush the best. She was still a pro. She had all this in her little finger. Goldie's little finger... Goldie was an expert. Horny maid an ingenious plan; she was going to buy her ticket to NYC on her visa expired card, now, she was not going to Gothole, yet, she was going to fly to Paris from Stockholm the following day, Thursday, she was going to go to Lyon to play, Friday, she was going to visit Lucrezia and children in Germany from Lyon, Saturday, then she was going back to Paris, (when?), she was going to use her flight ticket, back, change the date of the return flight from Paris to Stockholm, half year forward, in that way it won't cost her an extra money and she will be back within a week in Viv's house. Will she be able to use her main ticket, Paris - NYC? If she uses half of her return ticket? She forwarded the dates for the surgery, one week, and got more antibiotics for Lou Lou, Viv gave her money, so she also bought tapes, video' boxes, printed covers and was doing tapes day & night. As she had expected, previously, she was going to fly from Gothole, she already carried a big portion of tapes and books leaving it at the train station in the lockers, twice, she was unable to carry all in one go, she could not pay the cab, it would have been at least 40US dollars for the cab, each time. Horny calculated every minute and every coin, she was a bit feverish and extremely stressed. She felt big guilt not staying with Lou Lou, in case if he was going to die during the surgery, next-next week, but she knew, she

won't have the money for the surgery if she won't leave and sell her tapes & books. Could she be sure she was going to sell the tapes and books? She had to be. Mats L. came by to take his video player back, only one of the two, Horny used for coping the movies, was hers.

"What is this!?!?!" the fat old man, with a family, was questioning, rudely, watching Viv and Horny. Horny was balancing her luggage, she had her famous yellow bag, a dark blue bag she got from Viv, two large shopping paper bags with tapes & books, couple of smaller bags, including a ball, a porcelain doll, Swedish food specialties & other gifts, hooked upon the train station's card; she was trying to traverse the door, the door opening was too small. She already repacked all the tapes into the video boxes displaying on the floor at the station, while Viv tried not to observe the pictures of her daughter nude, but the other buy passers, certainly did, staring at them both, Viv was very much a part of all this, she was taking her daughter to the bus, which was bringing her to the airport, she was wearing her new Autumn coat in huge hen's feet, in white and brown, her new beige basket, and her new black hand bag, also her new white bra, she has bought on her shopping round with Horny-her girl. Viv was at last, elegant, or elegant again, possessing & controlling her cold English looks, her Anglo-Saxon blood. Her mad blood!

"You have to let my mother out! Now! She is not flying with me, she is unable to find her way out otherwise, she is mad!" the damn door was automatic shut it was for the security, once you crossed over towards the bus, you could not return to the building. The bus in question left, Horny was of course late. She was feeling hot of carrying all her stuff! The guys working there did the impossible, they manually opened the damned door, Horny leaded her mom out and kissing her affectionately on both dry and tired and white cheeks, returned, boarding the next bus; the working guys helped her with the bags; she had to memorize during the ride, how many bags she had with, & where they were placed all over the bus. Of course she was the scene in the airport, nobody flies like it, flying travelers are always elegant and their luggage is nit, it's the fact. She had slight difficulties checking in, but at last, using her extended ticket for NYC, which enable her to have more stuff, was able to board the plain. Fred was awaiting her at The Charles De Gaulle, Fred was her new musician. His uncle's wine was delicate, and his mom's mushrooms excellent.

"My uncle lives outside of Bordeaux, the best mushrooms in the whole France, grow there" it was the fact. The Machine Gun TV from Tokyo and plaid at Instant Shavers in Paris was great, they were traveling together to Lyon the following day. Fred's uncle's champagne had a class. Lyon was OK, the club was OK, Marie Claire was OK, new fans were OK, Horny sold some books and tapes, though very little. It was fun to stand on stage, the show was OK, Horny made her first ever CD, she fucked up the text, she did not prepare the text counting on improvising, she had pain in her throat, drunk French cognac with row eggs and honey and was a bit drunk, she was not motivated to use much text as she knew the French do not understand, yet she would not undress. Once upon the stage, she had forgotten they were recording the CD! The CD was vocally OK, musically OK, it was really pithy about the text. Horny looked swell, great, bathed in smoke, backed up by her video huge image, and

some nude slides on the side; she needed not, to revel, more. She was just talking, and occasionally screaming.

"I admire your work", said Fred "Richard Kern is not an artist anymore, he is a business man. Of course I love his photos, but it is nothing adventures to take pretty shots on pretty nude girls. I really love that you have conquered Demoniac at last. It was really fun, when this guy said, it's not a pornography, it's art, my customers won't be interested"

She woke up at night with panic "how was she going to get the money for the surgery and for Lucrezius's flight, how was she going to support him and herself in NY?" She sold three tapes and one book, in Lyon! Horny could not sleep, the room was dreadfully cold, wet, the bed smell mould and she was not getting paid. Though Demoniac shop in Paris, ordered ten BTH tapes and possibly Patric was going to pay 5000FF, for the rights for two of her films, but she did not trust him at all. His first offer was 20 000FF for ten films, next 10 000FF for five, and 5000FF for two, the last... She was going to accept any. Horny sold 3 tapes and one book, she got anyway 400FF paid for the gig in Lyon and found out, looking at the map, Fred could drive her half way, towards Lucr's house, from where she supposed to take train. She could not hitchhike, in France, Saturday after five, she knew, none would pick her up; it was different in Germany, but Lucr lived at the border. It was difficult to transport the luggage since Fred left her on the station but French male working crew appeared helpful, caring, the train was slow, she was memorizing Demoniac's shop grotesque visit, watching a peaceful grayish French charming, landscape,

"No, I can't buy your movies, it is art! My customers want S&M" the guy was talking while watching, Angel movie upon the counter desk, Hardy was doing her and she was doing his cock, she was not embarrassed, she was stressed, she was standing there with Fred, he brought her to the shop, Paris was very crowded this morning and they were leaving for Lyon very soon, Machine Gun TV were waiting in Fred's house, which was 6 kilometers outside, South. Machine Gun was a duo from Tokyo, the lovers, he was mad on stage and pretty laid back off stage, at home, she was very shy and cute and girlish on stage and regular at home, they were young, her name was April.

"You should check BTH, there is S&M couple in it, also Lydia Lunch, Nick Cave, Blixa Bargeld & Norman Mailer" Horny said.

"What's Nick Cave doing?"

"He is singing"

The guy put the tape on.

"S&M couple is at the end" Fred informed in French, but the guy was watching from the beginning. It was quite hopeless, the movie was almost two hours long. He passed Lucrezius's song, Horny's strip and poem and song, Nick Cave's appearance stolen from the BBC TV and her sex with C. M. von Hauswoolff, and only at the appearance of Peo Soderberg-!- frantically asked "Who is that guy?!" & ordered 10 ex. She felt warm at heart as it was one fifth of Lou Lou's cure's cost. Peo was wearing leather cap, leather jacket, was a bit old, a bit wasted and very much St. Frisco gay. Though he was from Gothole. At night she was hitting some small cozy French town

where Lucr supposed to collect her with a car, she was the only person who got out of the train. The night was quiet, moonless. The family arrived in complete, Fran, Nasty, Jasha and Lucr herself, everyone cheered mood and looking great, though Lucr a bit fat. Nast glued to Horny like the post stamp of love, remaining in her lap in hours. Horny was home.

She woke up at night with the same panic "how am I going to buy Lucrezius's ticket and how am I going to pay Lou Lou's cure?" she was surrounded with mountains, the house was old, spacey, great, most cozy home Horny had seen, there were animals, like ostrich, lamas, turkey, donkeys and dogs and sheep's, Fran was sleeping deep, two meters away from her, he had begun his German school. Horny loved sharing the room.

Chapter 42

"The school is fine, but why everyday?" asked Fran, he begun Rudolf Steiner school, he had fall in love, he was kissing his girl and so on, coming home with bright red cheeks and always late. Horny had one argue with Lucrezia, which made Horny cry a bit, Lucr was disappointed with her mom, the mom was still minding her work, demanding to be driven all over to sell her tapes, Lucr planed more dinners and family meetings. The food was great, Jasha's family was great. Noble & all right. After the dinner, his dad's new wife bought tapes & books, when she got drunk. Sugar's mom, came upon the tapes, questioning Jasha's dad's new wife.

"What!!! I bought some porn! Don't you see?!" Jasha's dad's new wife had a bit difficult to adjust to a small antroposoph picturesque town, where they recently moved to, to give the family the chance to unite. Jasha's father and Sugar's father were brothers, Sugar was at the castle in Bayer. He looked at last beautiful, Horny saw photo, he stopped shaving his head and let his blond curls reach the shoulders, and he rapidly slimmed down. His pale face was suddenly and totally angel like. Horny hitchhiked to Zurich and sold lots of tapes for a price three times higher then the Paris's price. She could afford to take a train back, she traveled together with Patric, the filmmaker and her promoter from Basel, a charming gay chap. Horny understood, she was still admired & screened, here, in this luxury, forgotten & picturesque corner of the world. Patric made sure, she was going to have her next movie premiere under his spell. Horny arrived in Mullhaim at midnight, she could not find Lucr's house, there was none to ask for the street, she strolled the town was like a theatre scene's wings. She saw a man, fast walking with two dogs.

"Are you Sugar's father?" she asked.

"How do you know?" he answered, stretching his palm to her.

"I don't know, how" she said laughing "I'm Lucrezia's mom"

Sugar's father was a world's class violinist, Jasha's father was an actor, before, but now, was taking care of his minor sons from the new marriage, they were all musical geniuses, Jasha's dad's new wife had a shop with Gucci's clothes. Horny attended Jasha's mom's birthday, met Jasha's grand mom who came from Frankfurt and was sitting on her chair in the corner of the room, the whole evening through, the food was admirable and the wine too. Nasty wearing feet long red Swiss folk dress, was

superb and Fran was bored. Horny was pulling together, her Saint Denis turquoise leopard dress, trying to cover up the high thigh split, Lucrezia's skirt was that short on her back that she flash her butt, every time she bent down, and she bent down a lot, the family, was pretending not noticing the fact, Lucr's pantyhose were transparent. Every one was very modest there, with some touch of Gucci's clothes, but only the feet long night version. They drunk special local wine, which was white but looked pink, it tasted very well. The following day Horny and Lucr's family visited other small towns, walked the museum like, streets and went to steal wine grapes in the wine yards, the weather was great and one could see the Alps. Lucrezia settled down for good. Though the wedding was still not off. Nasty was telling Horny a story from the picture book, which Horny had bought for her the other day. It pictured a girl with a dog. "This girl's name is Lisa. She is parentless. Do you know why?"

"Why?" asked Horny

"They died!" cleared up Nasty. Horny was telling Nasty about Lou Lou.

"I think, he will die" said a little girl.

"Swine! Swine! Swine!" Horny used this words against Viv, for the first time, she was back and it proved Viv did not collect Lou Lou's already paid antibiotics as planned, Viv was busy with her night mares, Horny almost hit her mom. The Paris trip was OK, the rest of Paris trip was OK, Horny hitchhiked the day through, meeting peculiar drivers, Tina Turner's Zurich's producer, a computer guy and another small town Charlie, boarding a train at last from Dejoine, the train cost more then it would have cost, if she took it from Mullhouse, which was the start point of her trip, but there was no time to regret, Horny's wallet was filled with French and Swiss money bills. Horny had her damn luggage and did not know where she was going to stay, she phoned Yasha, Zbig was still there, he quit his Polish gig.

"I felt like a prostitute, the guys I worked with, decided to do the money, first of all, I quit. I missed quite a cash but I feel good" Zbig's eyes were dreamy, tear-filled, they were smoking heroine, which was a Paris's typical gig, a Paris's pattern of behavior. Horny's bag filled the whole flat, Horny refused the smoke, she was exhausted.

"All the people are getting desperate now, in the end of the century, they are all thinking about the money, they all are credible materialists, all of you" Zbig took a swig on Smirnoff and Yasha did too, Horny refused.

"My daughter asked me if I have a cellular phone, I'm not going to have one; she is only interested in material things" Zbig said. "What's Lucrezia doing in this little town? She is never going to use her potentials, and she is blaming you, for that, she is blaming you, for her childhood and her entire life, she is blaming you for destroying her and destroying her future" Zbig told Horny, Zbig was in love to Lucrezia, before, Zbig wanted to marry her, before, Zbig was in love to Horny, before. Fred arrived, taking Horny to his parent's house, they were still on holidays; he had a cellular phone and that's why he was easy to reach and he always let Horny do her calls. Horny was more relaxed; before Fred arrived, she went with Yasha to meet Patric in the small bar in Belville, and he gave her a check on 4700FF, only 300 was

missing from the latest promised sum, for BTH; Horny splited BTH in two parts, so she could cash the sum, it was meant for two films.

"Nick Cave is going to sew me" Patric feared, he was running the pornographic film company. Patric was buying distribution rights for BTH. If his check worked, Horny could pay Lucr's flight. Lou Lou's surgery, she already could pay with the money for the books & tapes she sold in Germany, Zurich and Paris. Horny bought Yasha cigarettes, Yasha's cash was dashed. Paris was safe and cozy. She suddenly almost likes the idea of moving there. They got another concert to play at her next return to Paris within two weeks, now was only Lou Lou's surgery, which was scarring her.

"Swine she was screaming at Viv, her mom "swine you want him to die!"

"Not at all, if I wanted him to die, I have enough pills for poisoning him, shall, I show it to you?"

"Please, do! Swine!"

"It's enough for three dogs" Viv said, presenting the pills.

"Swine! Swine! Swine! Yelled Horny, throwing her arms rapidly to all the directions, Viv was sitting a top her bed at least an hour through, with her arms folded down between her knees. Lou Lou survived, the surgery with all included cost 400 bucks, Lucr's ticket became a half price since Air France double booked the returning Sunday's flight from Paris to Stockhole and Horny got a vulture, the compensation on 2000FF, for spending Sunday through at the airport and not with her beloved dog. Visually, the flight was amazing, the view upon the air, the view between, the crack between the earth and air filled with a red sun down was amusing, the darkness was falling rapidly down. Horny was getting an interview in the Cinema magazine in France, soon, and TV interview and the evening for her dad in Shakespeare's bookstore and Stockhole was the most beautiful city seen from the air, drawn in foggy clash of heavy dark blue moist air. A fairy tale.

Chapter 43

"No, you made me wait through two seasons, it's almost winter now, when I wanted your son to work for me, I told you very clearly, I needed time to develop him. Now I have a full board and I got a boy from Canada, who looks very much like your son! You are taking too much of my time" Nataly was no longer charming, no longer interesting, no longer interested, Horny shivered, she, herself just made Lucrezius, make up his mind, quit his dishing and cleaning job, do a final talk at his Gothol's fashion agency and she have booked the flight for them both. The following day she supposed to pay his ticket. All was set. All except his career. Horny was spinning, her head was spinning and she had no guts to phone her son. "What did Nataly said, more?" "Yes, she said, this business is very fast!" & being pushed by the loving mom, she said "OK, I'll look at his new book but if I don't like what I see, then not!" It was a simple clew but Nataly sounded annoyed. Nataly was annoyed. Horny picked out Taddy's books. "You cant have them hidden, it must be a pleasure for you to look at them and read, after all he has been the only husband you have had" she gave Viv a sweet smile.

"I feel so guilty", she said to Ora on the phone.

"Common, you did everything you could, everything you could for your entire family, and also or even for your dog; I had no idea, you love them all that much. You are a good-hearted person, Horny. It's true" Horny was not convinced. She was again counting on her money. All sorts of the tickets, her coming trip over Poland, a train, a boat, a train, a travel from Warsaw to Paris, a bus, all the luggage, taxis, time and money. Hardy woke her up at 2 AM, calling "What!? Are you going also to Poland!? Why!?"

"I have to, Wanda is waiting for me and Taddy's book, as well"

At 4 AM, she was woken up by a paper sound Viv was packing Taddy's poetry volumes back into a cartoon box, which she was hiding under her bed. Viv was always at danger. Viv was packing some other stuff, but Horny had no power to watch, she had to sleep, she was going to leave the following day.

"Stop writing shit", said Wanda, Horny was in Warsaw. Horny was planing staying at Bebe, doing at last some writing, taking Bebe to the movies, and visiting Taddy's grave but Bebe had an accident, the car had pushed her, had braked her leg and her arm, she was disabled, stashed at her girl pal outside the town. Wanda invited Horny to stay. "How lucky, that you are here, now" Wanda said. Wanda was sick, she had a loose stomach, which in her condition, 35 kilograms of weight, with 170-cm height and eighty-four years of age, was deadly. Wanda's bones were sticking out on her back, under her thick pink night robe, & under Horny's palm, Wanda was constantly freezing. Wanda stopped dressing up. She refused Horny's offer to help her to take a bath she had no lust or strengths. Wanda coughed without stop. She smoked cigarettes, lots.

"My older sister Eve and her daughter Wita, cheated me, they made me give my apartment to them, I made a formal paper at the notary, a faked selling transaction, I'm regretting this fact. It does nothing if I change my will I sold it to them! Though I did not get any money, of course. I did pay all the costs. I'm not going to give it to them. I don't want to give it to them. Ewa have to sell it back to me. You have to help me. They thought I wasn't returning from the hospital. They thought I was going to die. They stole my photographs and other personal things and some of my kitchen tools. They want me to die and they want to sell the flat, they need the money as an investment into their paintings collection" Wanda repeated the theory, the tearing, horror theory many many many times; Wanda lost control of, the art of a conversation, control of the frequency of the thoughts being repeated, though the thoughts itself, were logic, clear and with a possibly. It was a simple family affair, though Wanda was completely alone. Warsaw was charming, Horny run the streets, a Rumanian beggar who used to beg with his twin sons, had only one of them in his knees, now the boy was at least six, seven years old, he was huge, he was pacified and slept in his dad's lap. There were several more women with babies begging and some women with bigger children in the wheel chairs.

"This is a horrible seen, they should forbid children to participate" Horny said.

"What!? Do you mean we should support the children of all the East Europe trash!? No way, we can afford doing it!" Taxi driver was taking her to the Culture Ministry

the Taddy's fight was coming up. The rest of Warsaw was picturesque, safe and the weather was fabulous, the sun. The women were elegant and the men busy.

"We can not promise anything, we did all we could" Agnieszka Komar-Morawska was even more beautiful then the last time, her hair was not plaited as before, her hair was let loose, she was ill again, and it was the last day of her work.

"Mrs. Director, if you were as powerful as your beauty is, Polish culture would have conquer all. Mrs. Director, you should do a climatic cure, Warsaw's air is too bad." Nawrocki, Taddy's publisher was alert. Morawska's hair was heavy brown, long and huge, she could easily stand on stage or in front of a camera.

"I'm a clerk, I'm not responsible for anything, I can not do more."

"Look, you have to stop blaming my dad, for his moves. He was a poet not a politician, we are talking literature, here, don't we? Everybody knows that the Minister favors the Solidarity, or what's left of it, and this is bull. You have followed this, now, in three years."

"We are coming here with the sleeping begs, thirty writers, thirty women and men and we are going to move in with the minister, how do you like that?" Nawrocki asked.

"Do you ask me if I'll join? Believe me I can do nothing more." Morawska brought her strong fingers through her Gorgon's hair she had big masculine hands. But a personal, right hand of the Minister, Mr. Marek Kaczynski promised, it was going to work, going to happen. Was it? Poetry and its, Taddy.

"In what language do you write your book? English?" Alice was Horny's tenant and was becoming a friend, Horny was visiting, sipping on the cup of tea, slashed comfortably in her own easy arm chair, in thick brown leather, she was in her old home, but felt no possession.

"Yes, English"

"But you told me it's the family history"

"Yes, it is."

"But do you think, they'll be interested in Polish family, over there?"

"From the literature point of view it does not make any difference, I mean, it's a book, it addresses your imagination, not the territorial belonging here or there."

"Are you sure?" Yes, Horny was, but possibly she was quite alone, thinking that. Horny was totally exhausted, travel from Stockhole to Poland was a hell, a storm in eighteen hours and no cabins, so she slept on the bare floor, the bench, she protected at evening hours, old Gypsy woman snatched from her, all her bones hurt, Horny was possibly no longer young, a new fucking bag - Air France smashed the famous old yellow bag, last week, and now she was a proper Samssonite carrier, which she received from Air France company, and it was impossible to carry it up the staircase, or to lift it up, filled up with books & tapes; since she arrived she all the time, had something to do, at last she was forced to get up 7 AM, only for to be able to write some time, before Wanda woke up, for to piss, cough, regret, drink tea and take her medicines, taking Horny into her total possession telling her "Wita & Ewa stole my home, stole my life, stole my beads, my photos, my kitchen's wear and tools, and I

don't want to see them again. I won't see them again. I want my home back." Wanda gave Horny her old Dior's party dress, questioning for the third time "did I take my medicines?"

"Yes, you did" Horny said, the dress fitted. The dress was a beauty in black.

"I'm going to take my medicines, now or did I, already?" the aunt looked at her helplessly.

"I'm going to take my medicines, now or did I, already?" the aunt looked at her helplessly.

"I'm taking my son with me to NYC, he is going to do a fashion model career" Horny told Andy on the phone.

"You mean Lucrezius!? You mean the sweet Lucrezius?! Are you mentally ill? Are you so totally fucked up? They are going to do a whore out of him! He is going to prostitute himself! You must be totally mad, chick!" Andy was a lawyer, an old friend, an old pal, an old fan. The same guy who pissed Horny's apartment down, living through his alcoholic decadent orgies in there, the same guy who was a famous professor and wrote books on crime. He had difficulties to walk now and then. Horny needed his help in Viv's case. Horny did not have a time to phone anyone else; no one single call that wasn't highly motivated any one single private call. Not Jacek A or Jacek L. Fred found Horny at Wanda's house, and found her previously at Viv's house, it was the first time Horny had this kind of the band, that she was taken care off, it was great. Yes, she was flying to Paris the following day, she had no physical guts to take the bus, she had no time to take the bus, it would have taken from her twenty-nine hours, twenty-nine hours of a great discomfort. Wanda gave Horny 100 bucks to her flight ticket the entire ticket cost almost 400 dollars. Horny stole 100zl from Wanda's table, after the aunt asked for the fifth time "is it your money or mine? & Why is it laying a top of the table?" The ticket cost still much more, then Horny could afford, but there was no other way, to move from place to place. Horny had to do the Paris's gig, though Wanda made a scene at a departure.

"You are crazy, completely crazy, you see, what a state, I'm in and you are leaving me alone! Why don't you stay at least one more day. You are a complete egoist! I thought you had some heart!"

Horny had no heart, the last day she paid a visit to Taddy and made a final talk considering Viv's trouble with her name, Viv's name in Poland was still Siedlecka, after Siedlecki had falsified the marriage attest, in order to steal Viv's and Horny's home, the apartment; this was where Andy was hopefully coming in.

"We are on Siedlecki's side, he renovated the horrible trap, the total ruin, your home was, I know all about your son in law!" a clerk, a woman at the Civil Rights Office was screaming into Horny's face. Horny knew what the damn clerk meant Horny's son in law died in OD. Horny was standing over the brown heavy stone, sending Taddy kisses, she was repeating, though within her heart, very concrete words "What! Are you doing, here!? Why are you laying here!? Why here!? You should have been sitting in some cozy bar and chat with pals. What, are you doing Here!?!"

In Horny's perception Taddy was more and more alive, Taddy was simply alive; she wasn't sure if the quarrel at the Ministry did it, or his own will power, or her, but he was very much alive and very much her father.

"What! Are you doing, here!?" Horny repeated once again, the brown stone she covered with wreaths, torches, candle lamps and flowers. She was disturbed by Taddy's irrationality, his immobility. She felt venerable and her eyes were wet.

"I don't like your new bag" Fred said, the concert was OK, the flight was delayed and there was no time for the sound check, she turned back to the public cracking an aspirin with a sip of a beer instead, Horny felt very tired and felt pain in her throat, before & after, she has been screaming, shouting, yelling of hate & love. Fred was carrying her new bag, Fred was tiny, far too tiny for all her stuff and all her frequent moves, he picked her up possibly for the tenth time by now, at least, from and to and from the car, there was no end of it.

"It was a complete success", Scot said. Scot was a poet from Manchester.

"It was a complete success, your voice, a text, vocals, the music, you have bewitched the room, together with the guys, you were great." Scot was definitely a new fan. Romain who plaid the guitar in the new band, left, he was no drinking anymore, since years, but it was not an easy task. Paris was OK. Horny's stress feeling was loosing up. Within a few days she was meeting Lucrezius in the airport and they were both flying to US, back to NYC. Lucrezius was at last running, holding into his 3 piece hand luggage, waving with it to the sides, trying not to bump to too many people, he was running around Charles De Gaulle air port's terminals for a while now.

"The French don't know how to spell New York!" Lucrezius was extremely short of breath, his mom kissed him, leaving a red print on his cheek, he must have been appearing pretty, as all the working staff, gave not only relaxed but radiant smile; the entire air craft was waiting for Lucr and his mom over ten critical minutes; Horny refused to board without her son. He was sun tan as a California kid, he was wearing white long sleeves' tea-shirt with black tattoos and light beige trousers, his hair was new cut and for the first time since long was natural brown. They announced his name lot of times, while he run to all the wrong sides. They were flying to Newark. But Lucr had no time to read the ticket through. They were the last two persons boarding completely filled plain. Horny shut her eyes, Lucrezius slept, he did not sleep last night, but this was transparent for her, before, she too, had this crazy habit of getting packed the entire last night through, now she more lived in her suitcase and packing was never that time consuming, though still done at the very last. She glanced at his sleeping face, her eyes were filled with tears, she knew it was impossible to catch the time, which was lost; she hated herself for leaving him, leaving her son behind, at the age of twelve. The sky beside his face was plain plane blue, the sun shone sharp, they flew high over the clouds, they flew with the time, atmospheric condition was constant, the time stood still. Horny wanted to cry ... Horny cried, a little bit. An old woman on her right was a Parisian, her son was a clown in Big Apple Circus, and the old woman flew for the first time to NYC.

The last days in Paris were hectic, Horny felt as she was running all the time, she could almost not breath, she felt like puking, the time rushed far too quickly. Yasha was somehow in the same mood, the pals, Horny and Yasha swung together, Yasha showed up at the concert inviting Horny to stay at her place, Zbig left for Tokyo. In between the duties they walked Per Lachaise. Horny found a cross, an old iron cross, she took it. The guy at La Mousardine committed to be her slave, he was wicked, young and was sticking out his dick at the girls he was following them for quite a while. Horny walked with her iron cross. Yasha was picking at her codeine pills. Yasha slept very little. Her economy was fucked up since a while now, before she had this very rich Japanese father, the heritage after him was finished now. She was a journalist and a photographer, now without a job, she had three sons, of which only one lived with her. There were two huge holes in her heart at last. One of her absent sons was coming to visit this week, she wanted to lend some cash from Horny-Rainbow, but Horny-Rainbow kept her wallet tight, though she was buying Yasha cigarettes...

Ewa and Horny walked in two hours, at Per Lachaise cemetery, once again. Horny could not have done anything, it was a holiday and everything was closed. Polish were aggregating Frederick Chopin's grave, they were all much tearful, they burnt candles and brought flowers. In this symbolic way, they all visited their relatives and friends graves, which were out of the territorial reach. French only brought flowers. All the other graves were, spectacular beautiful but Horny missed flickering lights, it was not as beautiful as in Poland. Chopin's corps was not here, he was brought back to Poland year's back, and his grave was just a shell. Jim Morrison's grave was quite abandon and also emptied by now, Jim was back in US, resting besides his wife Pat; French government decided not to renew the grave's lease, some people believed he was still here, in Paris. Some believed he was alive in Africa doing stuff. His bust was removed or stolen, Chopin had a white marble statue of the crying sorrowing female beauty in full size. Jim did not have one single candle and had some few miserable flowers laid, but he still had a guard, a short, fat French policeman observed everyone, who observed Jim's tomb. Ewa was at last OK she has dropped her neuroses. "It's after the holidays, I was back to Poland for four weeks, though it is Paris which is my home, I'm cured now" she said. Horny was not cured, she felt as her strengths were leaving her. With panic she was questioning her departure, she was not ready, she did not check for Hardy what she was going to check, what he had said, was the most important, not her missing knee-cups, womb's slime and kisses, but the papers for his future schools! Fred was unable to drive her to the airport and she could not take her luggage on the train this time. Both taxis, Paris's and NYC's cost over 100 bucks, Horny paid it. Hardy argued with the driver about a route, Hardy confused bridges and made driver loose his way. Hardy picked both travelers at the airport with a red rose. Hardy proposed, before fucking her, using his magic of spring's sparkling wine bottle, for proposal - not for sex. For sex used his dick, which turned bright red and Hardy questioned her about the adultery, pulling off hurting him skins, afterwards; but Horny's card was crystal clear, almost snow-white. Sex was a bit odd, Horny was limited, a bit cold, a bit shy and a bit surprised,

she felt love, but she did not feel in there in the love chamber, she was at last ready for Tibet, to go there and meditate, as J. Mikkas had recommend. Though it was a first time this morning, in Paris she woke up holding her hand upon her womb, she stopped shaving it, as a result of the lack of time, it was strange and hairy, she shook off the odd old dream, sex, fast and collected herself fast to leave for the airport, Yasha helped her with the bags, the morning was dark, rainy, the lights were shimmering through the taxi ride, Paris was flickering all over her. Hardy quarreled with a taxi driver in NYC, the traffic was jammed and they lost the way, NYC was trashy and rainy, all the back streets - ugly. & There was an old man dead lying across the road. Horny was exhausted, and Lucrezius's luggage was lost again. Horny woke up at the evening in her own bed, she not only did not know where she was, but she did not know, who she was, she felt she was going to die, if she did not locate her spread personality in time, she was staring at a half open door, without knowing who was behind it. Horny's heart was running very fast, and it was making her trouble. At last, after working very hard at her consciousness, she called Hardy's name. The horror scene repeated at least twice, again...

"I have to go home" almost said Lucr, almost; his body language said that. "I'm possibly always going to live in Gothole. I love it. I can't stand to be away from home longer then a few days. When I don't work everyday, when I don't meet my friends, I have all this panic thoughts, panic phantoms hunting me, mom" he told her. Of course he did not say "mom", of course he said "Horny". He still, never called her mom, only when he talked about her to his pals and chicks and when he signed his name under the letter to her he printed "your son, Lucr". She also after him, begun to use this form "your mom, Horny". Four days passed. Lucr was training gym, watching TV and walking NYC with his mom.

"But the visual side, doesn't this turn you on, the picture of the town, the people?"

"I don't care at all." answered her Lucr, Ford agency wanted him to have the visa and wanted him to work for them, Lucr was yawning. Horny's money was going very fast.

"I'm not black, just well tend!" The old huge Negro was yelling he was collecting. A small tiny black girl with hair draped in thousand colors glass beads gave Horny a lovely grin. Her mom was amazing fat. On the opposite side of the street, NYPD car abruptly stopped, two by passers were laid to the ground and cuffed, they were surely busted for drugs. Young teenage boys moved fast in front of Horny and Lucr, in spit their baggy trousers hanging down between the knees. Hardy forbid Horny to work for herself, she needed to rest; Hardy expected Horny to work for the house, type - shopping, paying, cooking, cleaning; he has been longing for her to come back - very much. He has forgotten all about sex after first two nights, his school was craving. Soon, he had a list of duties, for her, everyday; he had no time. She has been back, home, a week, they haven't been together, H&H, out of the house, they haven't been together even to the roof, to view the precious panorama, they did not kiss, Hardy was extremely busy and an old tension between the couple was back for good & bad. The house, the kitchen, the cupboard was filled with cockroaches. Hardy was

spraying all the time, but it gave no result. Hardy wanted to marry her at the New Year Night, and wanted to invite a performer, a guy performing in strings and high heels singing and plying violins. Horny did not care for the performer, she wanted the wedding in Paris, in the spring, she wanted her family to attend, all of them. The classy scene, with Lucrezius leading her to the altar, and Nasty and Fran carrying the white, floor brushing dress, and Lucrezia and Viv wearing pretty hats.

Actually it could have been in Zakopane, in the mountains in Poland, in this smallest church on earth. Horny was a romantic creature. How was her love to Hardy? The tension between the lovers remained, problems with money, no sex, lack of the communication, anger and irritation, envy, lack of a trust; hell & love.

"It seam as you both, do it just for the art of itself. Just for the fact, named l o v e" Lucrezius said. He had some newer, prettier vision of love, life & marriage...

Horny arranged concerts for her band, they were coming soon to NYC, Freyja guys, this was marvelous, soon, it was legitimate for Horny to stand upon the stage in the dim light, looking smashing pretty and revealed and shout "Fuck, fuck! This is not the life I want to live!!!!" and ovations were coming and applauds and a sparkling Martini drink, with a pink umbrella and a dark red, sweet cherry, vow! Horny wished herself a great, great luck! The sunset was fabulous! Carmine red! Her favorite. The people on the subway were all strangers, it was OK. She was visiting Jola & Pawel, the couple called each other for "dick" & "cunt", in her mother tongue, without desire, it was not OK. NYC was as always, rude! The time was nay... The life... The love... To torture love to the very bone, very end, to terminate it and no longer to toy. How far was it to go...?

"Memorial for my Dad", Horny's reading at Shakespeare & Co, in Paris was great! It was stupid, she did not film the piece. She was reading from "One man show". It went with a sorrowful music of her new band. Scot brought his musician, the guy was a beauty, with black eyes and shoulder long black hair, and a huge smile, Horny had one second to look.

"You have to accept, I'm nervous, this is for my dad, Tadeusz Kubiak" she began, her voice shook, but she was a pro and able to control it.

"This is going to be a bestseller!" said Ewa, booking herself on the buying list, though, "One man show" still did not come out. Romain was reading, Taddy's poem in French, twice. Taddy was superb. Taddy, the poet was not dead!!!!

Arranging concerts was half-and-half, OK and not. Horny dragged Lucrezius with, around the clubs, NYC was cold, especially at nights.

"This people are nuts!" Lucr said, Horny knew, he was right, but there was not much to do about. Anton's filming crew, his film project, a half party a half promotion for the Night Magazine, which at last give Horny a kick in the butt, dropping her page. "You left NYC and I had far too much material" Anton could not help the fact. "Join us, you can play somebody's wife. We figure out some crazy scene for you" he said. Everybody in the room, a tiny bar, was shrieking, screaming, yelling, and popping. They were the celebrities, especially young girls giggled unbearable laud, especially

when they recognized themselves on the silver screen. Lucrezius was very pretty in there, in the Gershwin's hotel lobby, as he declined to go inside the mini bar, the filming the shouting space willingly. Lucrezius, whose eyes were most black, this night set in the corner of the carmine red plush settee. Jacob set on the opposite couch far of. He wouldn't care the less. The guys outside, two Black guys outside were checking trash inside black plastic sacks. The night outside became unbearably cold. Horny had few more places to check Lucrezius followed her but refused to go inside Pyramids and Cooler Club; he preferred to hang out in the cold. The West End of 14th. St. was invaded by bums in various colors and hookers exclusively, tall, pretty, skinny and Black, though they all seemed to be wearing big flat pointed Nick Cave's red shoes. It was 2 AM when Lucr at last zipped his inn lines, hitting for YMCA, where he trained gym. He looked terrible, when he entered "Q Model Management" the following afternoon, the hitters at home were freaking out, mice too, playing and screaming the whole night, the machines repairing, cracking & a street's drilling started at dawn, Lucrezius's eyes were red and a face swollen; still it looked as Nataly, after joking, smiling and measuring him, still could have imagine to work with him! She was going to take few days to think about it, she was in a jolly mood and all the other bookers at Q were jolly too... They all shook hands with pretty Lucr, while Horny kept herself very much in the back, her palms, sweat dripping. "Thanks for bringing him back!" Nataly said to her at the good bye. Horny bought Lucr 10 bucks' watch in China Town, she expected, he'll need it soon. Horny talked with Ora on the phone, she needed Ora to cable 50 dollars to Viv, Lou Lou was going to the vet, which sum Stephan, running Velvet Video owed Horny and supposed to pay but failed. This sucked, as Viv worried very much for that little! Stephan of Velvet was arrogant and pretended, did not know what Horny talked about, he also said "I did no task you for more films! I'll pay when I can!" She was telling Ora "I was completely tired, totally exhausted arriving in NYC, I not only didn't know where I was, but also who I was!"

"Yes. This is horrible. Do you know any other people, who experience that? This is really horrible, I never heard anyone mention that"

"But you know, what I talk about?"

"Yes, it happens to me every time I return from Poland! I also did not recognize my home and my boy friend! I woke up and saw him sitting on the chair, and I panicked, who a hell was this chap sitting in my chair!? & How a hell, could I get together with him? I wonder where does this t h i n g come from?" Ora said. Lucrezius was increasingly home sick. "How do you expect me, to stay here few more weeks? When I'm finished after the first one. I don't think I'm returning after Christmas, I'm sorry you spent so much money on me"

Yes, Horny spent the money but she did not mind t h a t. The peace, in her heart, in her entire being, has had so much to do with him, him being here; her son. The blood.

Ora forgot to send the money to Viv. Or more possibly, she just did not send.

"I don't have the subway money, I can't afford to go to the post again, possibly a next week. I'm eating pasta and beans" Viv said, it was the blues. Nick Zedd did not call

his son, at his birthday & this made Ora's loan non-accessible. Horny understood this was a bitter fact. She was aware of the promise given to Ora, Nick sending birthday gifts to his son K...

"I want to go home", Lucr said. It was the blues. He has sent Viv, his only Swedish cash, 100skr bill.

"Everybody else would have been crazy excited about the possibility working for Ford, and he is yawning" Lily said "Ford is the most important, the biggest, the most serious agency of all" Lily was OK, and her son bleached his hair. Helmut, her boy friend, was at the mental hospital, in Berlin, which was his hometown, he no longer knew whom he was. He was like a vegetable, he needed diapers and he needed a drop. It has happened to him before, it used to take couple of weeks, it was a sickness, and he was perhaps coming out of it. Stas, Lily's ex and the father of her pretty son was cured, from his major tooth inflammation, for the moment. "I can't paint, I suffer of depression but I would want to celebrate Millennium in Poland, if there is anything at all to celebrate. But how is Hardy?"

"I don't know how is Hardy" Horny said, they were walking uptown Broadway, they have always been friends. Stas's good-by kiss-smelled cigarettes. Lucrezius was trying to stop smoking, Horny lied to Nataly that he already stopped, he was training gym everyday, his muscles hurt. Hardy took some fabulous photo shots on Lucr, which Lucr did not approve, it was Lucr's pro. craving. Now, all the beautiful excellent pictures of himself, he saw as completely useless and ugly. Lucr was captured inside the apartment, in the kitchen, with a black woman statue and on the roof, freezing with a red nose and feverish wet sparkling black eyes, wearing a red scarf, which was in fact Horny's skirt, from Saint Sabinne's - the fetish party trophy. She took it off the wall. Hardy's breath was harsh, he was literary trying to squeeze his index finger into Horny-Rainbow's anus. Horny was extremely busy, she had an appointment for Lucrezius at Aline's S. agency, Horny had lot of other things to do, Horny never has been as far from sex as these days, these mornings, these early afternoons and Hardy was merciless, insisting on checking her anus. He was sucking at her teat, he was padding her butt, he adored her ass, and touching her womb; it was absurd. Horny was annoyed. Hardy came and she had to shower once again. Hardy's breath was not fresh. Lucrezius started planing on going home. Here, to work for any agency, he needed A visa, including working permission, to get this visa, he needed tear sheets from Modellink, his home agency, and he did not have the tear sheets. After nine months working for them he did not have one single tear sheet! OK, he had one really small, but on the picture he was tying his shoe and one could not see his face. All this details were found out by a fat Sam, the boss of Ford, who at last considered "the boy is looking OK, I could have worked with him, if he had all that, "A" visa and tear sheets and "A" visa. But actually he is a bit too young for us, we priority more masculine types."

"It all sucks" Lucrezius said, "they have bought me. I took all my piercing out, six pieces, from my face. I can't color my hair, I can't cut my hair, I can't grow my hair, I'm too sun tan, I'm too little suntan, I'm too thin and I'm too fat! You know it sucks!

I'm sold. Completely sold. & Every body says, go on just a little bit more lad, a little bit longer kid, it is a great job man, a best paid job on globe! & So far it gave me 60 bucks in cash. & If he is saying, "he is looking OK" it sucks, none makes the money on OK! Neither him, neither I! It's a trash business!" she knew, it was. The following morning Hardy repeated his attempts at her, with a result a bit more satisfying... for himself.

"Where is the sun?" Lucr asked his mom, they have been planing the day out, taking pictures, running places, yesterday was hot and she was to Central Park on her own. "You slept too long. It's almost winter time, sun goes down around 5 P.M." The night spread extremely cold, somehow Winter came...The only phone call which came to Hardy at all, was a pal from school, calling, telling Horny, the news "I have bad news for Hardy, he is going to be very sad, his best pal, a girl died, her brain burst, she was clinic dead since last Saturday, this dawn she pasted away" It was the first time Horny heard about his best pal, a girl, but not the last. She was the sweet, little girl. She was an art student and she was young, she was Greek, she was single, she was under influence of her dad, she had a brother, she left her country five years earlier, she was an addict of study and work, still she did not care, she was not brilliant at it. Hardy had learned all her secrets and invisible thoughts. She was a great comfort to his life a half year through. Hardy was a concealed type. The girl's name was Sofia.

Lucrezius turned the night to day. He was awake every night watching TV and he was sleeping the days through, he seamed depressed. "I can't stand being here! I'm home sick! I miss my friends, my home! My girl!" He told her, he was pretty homeless in Gothole, he moved all his stuff to his father's attic, but at this point this was not important. "If you want to be with me, you have to live in Gothole, yourself!" he yelled to his mom's face. Williamsburg was deserted this evening. Horny had an argue with Hardy this morning, Hardy refused to pay food, refused to pay his part of the food; Hardy could have lived on noodles, but enjoyed the food they had at home, he has counted out a simple trick, Horny the mom was filling the refrigerator for her son, Horny's money was running out. Nataly did not call back, as she supposed to. Lucrezius decided to go home anyway. It craved too much of his nerves to display himself, wait for a "no" answer. He did not like New York City.

"All you saw was a red wall of the house behind the window" told him Hardy.

"Oh, not at all, I saw every single sun rise of New York" Lucr answered Hardy, Lucrezius was well spoken, he slept using his blue eye blinds from the plane, after the sun rises. Lucrezius saw also subway tracks, subway rats, subway mice, subway passengers, gym's deserted room by night, few elegant agencies down & midtown, some models and receptionists, Green Point's night racked down streets, when he passed on the inn-lines, New York sucked and the vermin at home was plenty & now also Lucr took part in killing it, as his bed was right besides the doorless kitchen. New York had no glamour. Lucrezius was planing a new tattoo, actually four new tattoos, all on his back, circled around the sun's picture, which was already there. The guy in a closest, new tattoo store appeared to be Swedish too, his name was

Max, too, as Lucr's second name, a half of his face was tattooed and he was extremely tall and odd. Lucrezius designed his tattoos himself. He asked Horny to draw them on his back, from the paper patterns he cut out, his skin was soft.

"We are not interested" Michal Kolecki, the guy who run Polish main bookstore in NYC, told Horny and told her to pick up her books. The bookstore was not interested in selling her books and not interested as well in repeating "Memorial for my dad". This sucked this really sucked. Her Polish roots sucked, Poland sucked, and Poles sucked. It was useless to embrace the roots. Horny was, guess, hurt, but said "I'll fuck them!"

"They don't like women, there" Jacek Gulla said on the phone, "the women here and the women there don't like you" he corrected himself, Jacek was not living anywhere and he was still broke. "I sleep at my lovers", he said, mostly he slept at the newspaper' couch. "This is the ugliest, the most expensive town of this earth" he said.

"Yes, that's the fact" Horny said.

"It's not the fact, it's business. Americans adjust, they are stupid, they are big children, but they do, work and they do, pay" Jacek said. He read her the whole list of the downtown poets, performing at Barnes & Nobles this night. "Do you recognize anyone?" he asked.

"No" Horny said.

"Neither I. The great sharks are all dead, only I'm left, the only tooth, Jacek Gulla!" with pleasure, he tasted on his name, prolonging and underlining the sound.

"You are a typhoon woman, we have the women in Japan and they all give names to the typhoons, you are the Horny-Rainbow typhoon. I adored your dad's poem. I only know one, but I cant forget it, I want to know more about him and more about this particular poem, you have to ask the translator before she dies. Especially, where did he stay in Paris, I want to know that; if he knew about rats we have in Belville. I'll pass his book to Japanese promoter as soon you get it out, it's important. I love you" Yasha wrote. Hardy wrote something too, not to her but to his pal Tom, unfortunately he left the letter to be seen. Seen by Horny "my girlfriend is a self publishing female writer falling for long and much."

Horny wasn't that stupid, she understood, what it said, actually.

"My boy friend was a male writer, who never has got anything done, accept two or three shots, a handful of pages each, that porn magazines, published under the pseudonym of the female, paying him a finger cash, a pocket cash. My boy friend is a male student of a photography, who cant take a seductive pictures of me, who cant take any pictures of me and my rock & roll dream NYC promotion is coming!" I can do that too, I can be cynical and sarcastic and hurting, of course it's a noise band but who cares? Not many has heard noise bands at all. & Besides I have no one to send such a note too. & I'm going to take the fucking photos myself, then he can see, when he gets published the next time." Horny was feeling bitter. & Horny was feeling bitter. & Horny was feeling bitter. & Horny was filling better! Better, bitter, sweeter, best! Though she saw him sweet ass well while doing puma, he called it cobra, his daily yoga exercise. Where should that snake him?

"Come and kiss me" Hardy did a one finger sign, at her & towards himself, he was still in bed, flat stretched, she was up right in front of the computer.

"Not before we've settled down all ethical pieces of love, we need to yearn a respect to each other"

"You are full of shit" Hardy responded. She did not move. "Continue on your book!" Hardy said.

"It's a dialog with myself, which is at the moment the most precious morning resurrection"

"You are full of shit" Hardy repeated himself. Horny's pathetic world shrunk, turned around, loosing the pretty base; Horny was not as strong as she thought. Hardy's best pal, the girl was spooking; however unethical the phenomenon was. Hardy needed care and Horny was not going to give him that. "You had have your fun alone, caress your pain now" his future bride said, after the first three days of the critical help, when she was taking his folded palms into her, when he was afraid to die and soaking. Now, the past was overwhelming her. There was not much to do, to interfere the past. Hardy lost his pal, his only emotional - he said - company at school, this summer and this autumn. His cafe drinking and his lunches, giggles, sunshine walks, conversations, story telling and all this what surrounds the sweet little artist girl and himself. Horny never saw his school, and it was clear now, why. Though he had said last Winter he was going to bring her there, show her around, she never saw his lunches and dinners spots, though he had said once he was going to show her places with a fun people and a good cheap food, Horny never saw his lab, though she had hoped at first to get some of her own prints done there, never saw the school park or a yard, or his schoolmates, for Horny it was all like a movie. Horny could not forget her lonely summer, her feverish masturbation pass extended into at least two hot months, could not forget all the lonely weekends she had passed, mostly inside her home, the trap. Horny was a heartless bitch and she had no much respect for life & death as it seemed. She could not forget him screaming into her face "You bother me, only because you have nothing to do! Go & get some life! I have at last the real life I wanted to have!" Plus that now, he has said, to everyone including himself "the bitch, my lady love, ruined me by going away, I'm ruined, cause I had to pay the entire rent while she was doing Paris! I'm not complaining but it's the fact and I have no money to eat for, I'm starving!" Her fact was that she went & got some life, which was hers, she wasn't hungry for food; she was lucky looted; she was sensation hungry. Now Horny refused to be his piece of meat to treat. Horny was not a beef, though she had a rose' butt-bud and black knee socks. Horny was a fucking independent&alive woman, but could Hardy see that? Could Hardy see behind her evilness? Was Hardy able to crack the shelf, of her empty heart? Was he willing to do that? To fill her entire heart with his l o v e? She doubted. Lucr was about to rebook his ticket home, but Click agency, so far stopped him from doing it. Within two days, they were giving an answer, yes or not. Natalie still did not call. Odds were rude. Horny and Lucr talked through several pizza slice huts, dirty Wenddies, Broadway's cafés, Tribeca hacks, Manhattan's subway tracks and Brooklyn streets. Meanwhile Hardy crashed the bedroom TV, pushed her to the floor and spilled tea

on her "I hate you, Horny!" was his plea. Rainbow felt a bit better for better or worst; she knew hiding bad heavy thoughts was not paying back, realizing them was OK. New York smelled sewer, acrid urine and old piss "I'm not a beef. Hardy is a misogynist, he'll never offer me the place I deserve. For my soul my brain and me goes before the body and its needs. He thinks if he gives some momentary sex, then we are done, plus some service from me to him! He hates me, cause I don't care to comfort him after the Greek chick died! I have never seen the Greek chick! I can do nothing for him and I'm not going to. Perhaps I'm being selfish but I can't focus it."

"I fully understand you" Lucr loved his mom, independent of, if he was going home now or later, independent of, where her home was and if. Horny was at peace, she was also at peace with her emotional love to her man, Hardy, she hoped, she had enough brains to straighten all up between them, get and give what was there to give and get. This was an ultimate clue, the clue of life. How about death? Horny was not afraid to die. Or was she? She looked at Hardy a last night before she went to sleep, he slept like a baby, with a white face straight up and both palms up thrown next to his face, like a child. Lucr slept with a remote control in his stretched out palm, Horny took it from him, shut the TV and dashed to sleep behind her man, Wanda's face flew out as of the dream, Wanda was sleeping but she looked dead, she was dramatic thrown to the sides, her mouth was gaping huge, and the skin of her cheeks was pulled slick around the cheek bones, she was struggling somewhere else, she was breathing. Nasty was very hot, when she slept, like a fire was her skin, Viv snored; Horny did not know other families, how they looked when they slept, but this one, she adored. Horny was at peace with herself.

"For me, the adrenaline is the biggest kick. To be quick, to chase the fear away. To move, to play, to push, to force, to bring out the impossible, to conquer." Lucrezius did not mean his moves in the fashion world, in the fashion business, he meant his rides on the motorbike, the inn lines, the skateboard, the snowboard. "To erase my fear, to give for the excitement, to breathe, in spite the speed, to see through my tears. I want to learn to fly a plane, and I want to jump a parachute, even if I'm afraid" the streets of Green Point were ugly, the gutter was racked and deceased, the sidewalk was the same, the people moved quick, with faces down, the air was contaminated and cold. "I feel sorry for Hardy, he has a vertigo, and sorry he does not fight it, he seam so old, he is going to fit perfectly into Paris's scene, the decadent and slow, he is. He is drugged without drugs, he is always high and poetic, I'm not talking against him, but that's what I see" Lucr said. "Yeah!" Horny was laughing "you know, why he does not take any drugs? He is afraid of them! The fear gives him a vertigo!" Horny was still laughing. Lucrezius questioned the light phenomena upon the sky.

"It's a smoke", Rainbow said.

"Can not be, it's some kind of lamps" he insisted. The night was ice cold. Hardy was home.

"Do you know, what brings this country together?" Horny asked her son

"It's only two hundred years old, or?" Lucr threw a question, back at her.

"Yes, about. There is no history, no culture to share, there is only a great longing for home, friends, families and the basic urge or wish to make the money, which binds the people together; it's a stolen land."

"But what has happened with the Indians?" asked Lucr.

"They possibly died"

"But if we would not take it, someone else would"

"Like, who, tell me, who? Brazilians? Egyptians? Chinese? Tell me who, would, have? If not pride stupid greedy Europeans"

Horny and Lucr continued walking towards the house, they have lived at.

"When did Hardy meet his son the last time?" asked Lucr.

"About a year ago, he met him for a few days when I was in Paris for the first time. He was going to meet him and say good-bye, when we had come to fetch you and when we had been going to Paris together and before we had left for US, but they hadn't met"

"Why?"

"I don't know, something went wrong. I asked but he refused to tell. He said he was going to do that later"

"But he is in touch with him?"

"He writes letters sometimes, once in a while."

"Doesn't he phone him?"

"No, he doesn't"

Horny and Lucrezium were almost home.

Rainbow had to phone Nataly, it was impossible to wait longer Nataly was taking the whole week, to make her mind up.

"I have shown it, to the board and I don't think it is going to happen" she said.

"That sounds really bad" was Horny's line of pain.

"I'm sorry", Nataly said.

"Bye" said Horny.

The lights were flickering, Horny was sitting a top of bed, her bed, Lucrezium was in the living room on his bed, he refused to get up and refused to phone, himself. Horny was observing the flickering light, of her silver blouse, dancing in pink on the walls of her sleeping room, the sun outside was incredibly bright, though the day was incredibly cold. Horny was digging the light and wanted to stop the time, not to comprehend this kind of news. Q's answer was not a Q answer, could not be. Horny wanted to share the life with her son, now, Horny wanted to cry, Horny brought her hands together, the lights were still jumping upon the wall, they were two big flacks and one small. Two days earlier they were walking Brooklyn streets, Lucr was telling her. "I was a father to my dad in years, he was the son and I was the dad, all the years while he was drinking, I cared for him. It was ridicules. Sometimes he woke me up at night, he was scared, he saw demons"

"Was he drunk?"

"Completely"

Horny knew it was all truth, Horny's heart was heavy like an oyster, like an oyster black, like an oyster deep, bottomless. Horny counted to ten, opened her eyes, told she "courage" couple of times and set a top Lucr's bed "Q sucks, they won't do it" she said.

"What did she say?" Lucr asked. Horny repeated every word she repeated the very few words being said. She was so fucking sorry.

"Don't worry Horny" told her Lucr "there is the whole world, out there" told her Lucr now... Horny was feeling so damn small... He smoothly has taken the role once again to be a helping, supporting side, also to his mom... Horny crushed. Yesterday she had a talk with Nerve, actually not with Nerve, but with a sweet little girl working for Nerve, called Robin. "We don't know what we should do about your work, you would like us to promote you, but we try to stay as far from pornography as possible" sweet Robin said.

"I'm farther from pornography then Nerve is, and I'm not quite sure what you talk about"

"We are a literately magazine and I'm not quite sure what do you want. If you want to write for us, you have to write a story, the best shall be if you write a story about yourself, it does not have to be a complete story if you know what I mean, we are not promoting artists, we are not promoting film people."

"No, I don't know what you mean and I feel pretty confused, I got in touch with you, after I read the article about Nerve, that you are searching new people, especially wild smart writing women to work with you, and I presented myself, by presenting you my work, if you know what I mean; how could I do different?"

"I'm not accusing your work or undervalue your work, I hardly know what you are doing. And I could not promise that the editorial, I have passed your work to, had a time to look, to check it. So, if I might propose, write a story about yourself and we will look at it. Or if you have something going on write now, here in NY"

"I have something going on right now, in NYC." Horny needed to be promoted by Nerve, or needed to do something else but as revolutionary, she was spending now her money, which were reaching her total income to the end of March, in the middle of November! Only Lily knew about it. Lily was the only person who asked "Where from did you get all this money, you are spending?" & Lily got thrilled by the answer, Lily was the only person accept Wanda and Viv, who was interested, thrilled and worried, how Horny was going to survive...

The world sucked, the world just sucked. There was no time for fear. Horny knew, she just got all this gigs in NYC for her new band and herself, but she also knew NYC; it simply could be the playing for the empty room, plus that Nick Zedd was calling asking "put us up, put us up together with you" So her last gig at Siberia was already shared in two, from having idea of Nick as the guest of her band, she had his complete band. Vow a bit of trouble. OK. Said was said. Horny admired Nick as an artist. Said was said. Hardy said, that Nick would never do anything like that, for Horny herself. Perhaps. For sure. Hardy said, Nick, a twenty years New Yorker, had no dignity, asking her, such a favor. Horny was not going to slow down for that... She was prepared to battle and love, to loose and gain, to love and hate, Horny was a

complete human being again. Horny and Lucr shopped in China Town and a chap selling stuff, thought she was Lucr's chick, it was fun and Lucr was proud of his mom "he thinks you are very young" he said explaining the story, she had missed. Click's agent Amir, told him "your mom is very hip" Lucr and Rainbow were matching, wearing black sweaters and light gray woolen perfect slacks on Lucr and a feet long wide hard starched silk silverfish skirt on her and perfect Autumn shoes in black. Lucr & Rainbow were matching in many ways. She knew she was going to cry very much after Lucr, should be gone home... She felt this damn pressure in her throat already now, it was useless to tell him to go to gym, to tell him to continue reading his books as planed, it was useless to go down town, useless to go taking pictures, useless to sit down, useless to walk. The time was out. Horny's eyes were slowly filling with tears. Christ! Nick Zedd phoned couple of times, Hardy owed him 3 bucks; Nick wanted it back!

The world was a bit out of the balance.

Nick was wearing pink sunshades and Horny gave him 3 bucks. Lucrezius and his mom were hitting midtown, to the movies at Time Square, it was night and it was a very cold night, the wind was rapid and icy, Time Square was sparkling, they strolled around at least an hour. Horny loved Lucr's look, his presence, he melted with the back ground as nobody else, she so much knew he could have had this perfect glamour life here in NYC, as much as it did not work. She blew 50 bucks quick on nothing, 60 bucks, on very nothing, for this they would have survive in Europe a bit longer, just a minute longer; a woolen scarf, a popcorn, movie tickets, a very lazy breakfast bought in an Arabic 24 hours store. Christ! Horny loved her son! Click resigned Amir welcomed Lucr within a half year, a bit more matured. Christ! This was the same story everywhere and Lucr was fed up and was not going to fulfil his very last gigs, the appointments at last with the agencies who priced young boys over a grown up young man, Boss, Zolie and DNA. Horny cried and locked herself in a wardrobe, as Hardy nagged her too much

"Lucr is a grown up, don't baby him! He does not want to be a model, he wants to go home, and be a dishwasher, let him go!" Hardy would not stay over fucking her and sticking into her and so on. Horny was miserable and Keykoo phoned organizing Horny's gig, the first concert on the NYC list. Christ! Horny wasn't fit for fight. She rebooked Lucr's flight ticket he was going to Gothole within twenty-nine hours.

"Nick is an ass hole!" underlined Hardy once again "I was taking pictures of him on his roof and asked to use his toilet, he said, "you can piss on the roof!" I borrowed 3 bucks from him for food, after spending 20 on the films, to photograph him, as he wanted the photos! If you don't phone him and cancel his concert on your gig, I'm going to do it. I forbid you to have his entire band on your concert. Don't be stupid" Hardy was clear, Horny was dashed under the sheets.

"Listen, I got his demo tape, it is good what he is doing and he is the only one who does the same art as me, books, movies and a band and it means the same. I won't cancel"

"Yeah, wait and see, he would never say that! Wait and see, what he says about you! You read his book!"

"It was a joke!" good-hearted Horny hoped. The darkness came fast, it was good that Horny and Lucr had seen all the great NYC views on the movie the previous day. Lucrezius was perhaps going to Milan, to practice on the model job, his agent phoned him, but this weekend he was going to party with his pals, down in Gothole, he already did all the necessary calls. They were going to go bowling in a lilac bar.

"I hate Nataly" Horny said "actually I really like her, she seam so personal, I like her presence, her look, her voice, she could be a daughter to a Polish model, Lucyna Witkowska whom I knew when I was sixteen, who got stuck in Milan after marring an Italian millionaire, she got into drinking and drugs, he kept her home; Nataly looks just like her. I like her much more then Click's Amir of Ford's Fat Sam. Why did she do that? What was the board looking at? The Polaroid shot the receptionist took of you, on your very best day?" Horny questioned her son, Lucr put a pillow over his face, Horny looked at herself, she was sitting a top of his bed, tickling his foot, she was padding a bed surface with her angry palms like a little girl, she was wearing a completely transparent black dress and she was completely nude underneath, she was smelling Hardy's sex, Lucrezius put both of his pillows across his face; Horny understood her mistake, she run back to the bedroom changed the dress into a disco sparkling silver blue, checked it's length, it was at least to the middle of her thigh, she returned to his room set in the turquoise chair, keeping her knees together and repeated her speech.

"It's all about money, Horny, it's not who likes whom, it's a business. And it's a lot of money and it's a big business. I'm going home and it's too late to speculate, I don't give NYC more chances, as it does not give the chance to me. I'm going home."

"A rose, to see the rose or to observe the rose, it doesn't matter; the matter is, when." Lucrezius gave his mom, the page covered with small blue prints of his concealed thoughts.

"A snow crystal gives so much a pleasure. To see sun beams shine, to see them crash through, snowflakes, to receive a reflection against our eyes, the reflection giving us hundreds of colors, but only three of them are the life's colors."

" A pretty, moon lit, road tacked with snow. The snow taken, ripped from the sky. The white snow covering a hard surface of asphalt, with a layer of minimal crystals, waved to white cotton by mess of winds is the nature wonder. The nature miracle. The happiness caused by this perfection, is worth living my life."

Lucrezius added to it, a face he has drawn in a lead soft pencil. "It looks like you", he said. The delicate girl on the paper had the moon lit eyes, wide spread and spaced out though sharp. Horny shut her eyes. The following morning Hardy had sex with her. Lucrezius was gone and Hardy expected a dinner. The spooky thing was that the girl Lucr had drawn looked exactly like a self-portrait Vivianne made of herself, when she was young. Horny remembered it very well. Vivianne loved using the lid gray sharp-topped pen, leaving a soft, most tender lines of catching her images... They were almost not there... Yet, they were not forgotten.

"Fuck you! I fuck your fucking films and I fuck your fucking books! You will never learn!

Fuck you Horny!!! Why did you concealed from Viv that I have a son? This is sick! You are mental sick!"

"What's sick, is that you did not present me your son and me to your son, we live together over seven years, he is almost seven!"

"He is five!"

"He is almost seven, Hardy. He went to school this year. I was hiding the fact of you having the child from my mom because she would have brake down if she knew. She is so sincere, she would have been suffering. She would have never trusted you, if she understood you had the child you hardly cared for, your child whom you did not bring to your home, to her home, to your real life, she would have never trusted you again, therefore"

"She trusts none. You are mentally sick!"

"She trusts you. Besides you could have told her yourself, this is hardly my job. You still can do it."

"But this is sick that you have hidden from her! I fuck your films and books, you're fucking work! I'm sick of it!" Hardy was yelling, Hardy was shouting and sipping at the last drop of the pink wine, he planed to seduce his spouse with; the attempt failed and Hardy went to sleep leaving Horny-Rainbow to the room alone. Horny and Lucr walked Brooklyn Bridge, Lucr for the first ever time, they were both taking pictures, the panorama, the air, the space and the sky were superb. Horny was staring at the silhouette walking away from her. "I know, you want to take photos of him. You have no dignity, Horny! You take the dignity away from him! Why are you all so crazy? You and Hardy! Why do you treat people as freaks?" Lucr's voice was sad. Horny watched the chap, the chap was young, definitely miserable, Black, in rugs, wearing one shoe and one sock, pulling his belongings, a beg behind him, he composed superbly, he cracked the back ground, his forth ground with a giant power! In front of him were a giant superb perspective of the Brooklyn Bridge's gate and an American flag in blue, red and white flown in the wind at the background of the perfectly blue sky. Horny watched it all through the viewer, she needed only to click. Horny sadly put down the camera eye.

"You and Hardy are so damn cruel" repeated Lucr. But this was yesterday, now he was already done with the party with his pals, or he proceeded to the next party, the time went back, only six hours difference between NYC and Gothole, creating a huge time and space gap, making Horny totally certain of the loneliness and the total loss. Horny was so totally lonely in the very pick of the very celebrated world. And her son was gone. He was no longer a child, there was no way back, Horny had failed her mother' job.

Hardy woke up with a slight hangover.

"Don't mind the quarrel from yesterday", he said, Hardy fucked her. "I would like to have pare of cowboy boots and pare of new trousers and an earring" Hardy said. It was the truth, Hardy was shoeless again, every few months Hardy was shoeless and Horny was laughing madly at his sight. He really freaked it!

"I don't even have a money to buy the shoe ropes" Hardy said, he was wearing beige shoes he found few weeks earlier down the street. They were crazy working shoes,

very used and twisted, all flaked with a white paint, for sure belonged to some crazy Polar, Hardy looked tough sport and Horny was laughing, they were going out to get some food, the day was gone and the night was mild, soft, humid. & Very pretty to walk through.

"How are we going to go to Paris? I have a ticket but you don't. How are we going to find an apartment without money, we can't go there without money" Horny questioned.

"I'm going to work. First we are going to stay at some friends until we find an apartment and I'm going to work"

"Shall you work as a photographer, or a photographer assistant? I'm not sure how easy it is, Paris is tough. What kind of papers are you getting from the school?"

"I'm going to be a dishwasher or what ever, I'm going to make money. I planed to be a fashion photographer but I don't want it anymore; it's boring. I would like to do a journalistic photography, but it would require at least three more studding years. I feel so useless. I feel like amoebae, I only eat, shit and sleep. I wonder if this whole year was useless or did it give anything into my future?"

John Wagner, an American sculpturer called from Paris "Horny, I just wanted to chat, you were great at the reading I attended. I did not tell you this, I got no chance to tell you that, you had so many admirers, Your writing is very venerable and very bold in the same time."

Yeah, Horny was settling down in this illusionary literally world. The literally world. The total fiction.

"Both of my children seem to be the poets; I haven't fail as a mother" she said to herself. Otherwise, it's seemed to be the epidemic of dishwashers in my life. The world behind her window was instant black, perfect.

Horny worked on bringing Lucrezia & Lucrezius closer again, manually passing a phone receiver, few hours before Lucrezius left.

"Why are you doing this to people? They can decide for themselves" Hardy was negative, as always.

"They are not people, Hardy, they are my children." Horny was as always, an elementary teacher to her man.

Chapter 44

Suddenly NYC dressed in colors. Streets were full of lights, all kinds of lights, and even the spiritual. Horny rushed, passed, cruised Midtown; the crowd was alive! People walked like ants to all the directions, but they were not ants, they were people! Black men were stylish! Black men, who single walked above or stood around, they wore black clothes, sometimes hats, sometimes not. The crowd was a busy OK crowd. The cold was gone away from the city, which was now tacked in a warm soft fog. Horny was into her doings, printing new business cards, printing flyers, double-checking the gigs she already arranged. Her NYC Tour was more then OK, Tonic, CBGB, Pyramid, Siberia, Mars Bar. & Still trying to get newer, bigger, most hip

venues for her and the band. Started to focus on what texts she was going to do and what clothes she was going to wear, at Mars she was going to dance on the bar disc, & how much she was going to revel & revile & revoke & reveal & revolt & revival. At Mars's bar she was going to wear the white soft plateaus, to sneak like a cat on her four. Like a go-go puma. Where was she going to show her teats and nipples? Where was she going to be a modest collected chick? The guy was sneaking out of the Pyramid Club, with style, he was wearing a uniform, an armor, in black. His face was painted into a vampire. He was catching a sock hooked over his knee and slipping down by itself, though the sock was zipped into a garter. His shorts were short. His shirt was made of the small hard holes. His hair was long, thick and dyed black, tapered. He was carrying a huge heavy box, an amp, for sure, and the guy was not a rowdy, the guy was an idol. Horny's musicians did not look like him. Horny's musicians looked enormously normal, they both disliked fashion, all the fashions, except for Fred favoring black neat quality matching him clothes. Horny's musicians were nice and they were good musicians.

A Black guy slept, in his lap was caught an electric guitar, his amp was tied to his foot with an electric wire. His face, passed thoroughly, and wrinkled with time and hell. His head cocked struggled up. On the next platform of Time Square, another, very much another, Black guy dressed in a long cool coat plaid a saxophone, the sound, the music was genuine. The NYC blues, softly pitched, masculine, relaxed. Hardy's name was Evil.

"Bitch! Irresponsible bitch! You spent all your money on your son!
You spent all your money on your son, for him to sleep two weeks through on your couch! Irresponsible bitch! If you don't have the money, why did you come here at all? "

Hardy's name was Evil!

"I need access to my computer with no limit through the entire weekend, give it to me now! Give it to me fucking, now! You seem to forget I own it! After all I have serious thing to do, not as your fucking, bullshit writing!" Hardy was yelling, Horny was sitting in bed, under the cover, with hands slashed over the keyboard. She was so very worried about Lou Lou, so she could cry, Viv called saying "the dog was going to die, soon" it proved to be Viv's flip, the vet doctor, whom Horny confronted on the phone, did not say anything like that, returning home from two hour's long jogging round with her two huge completely healthy dogs, around Alby Hell's lake. The vet doctor said "there is obviously something wrong with your mom, she did not listen to me at all, though Lou Lou never shall be perfect again" Hardy's demand was seriously threatening. Miss-willingly she agreed, closing off her page, for four long days. Hardy offered the entire weekend for some shitty writing for his English lessons at school, AZT research, Hardy refused to go out with her walking, refused to go bars, refused to disco, not refused to refuse, refused all except to refuse.

"Listen, I refuse to have sex with a stranger" she quoted his sneaking palm, though he thought he took her, only she knew, he didn't. "It's humiliating when you stick this into me, when we do not share the life" the girl had this revolutionary for these days input. The mental input... The girl was a full time dreamer. Poor little Horny. Hardy's

name was Evil. A stranger in a car flashed his huge and perfectly stiff, ascending up pink-gray cock at Horny and the other street kids. Horny called police. "I could not see the car's number, not even the car's color" she reported, still in the state of shock. Hardy's name was Evil.

"I'm the best American writer" stated Jacek Gulla, he was already drunk, he repeated the line from the last night but suddenly it was clear, the review he was promising Horny was not happening. Polish press was far away for the little Polish Horny girl. She has almost forgotten her more shining name, Rainbow. Horny measured the ice cold city with her steps, up to 4 AM every night doing a band promotion, every flyer could give a person with ears to come, to be, to do, to give, to receive the Horny's holly art... Which could turn in the following to a record contract, a video proposition, TV or radio appearance, or the revive, at last&at least. Ass well, potion and poison in rife. It was in there! Horny was fully bombed, in her head... But at least, she felt she did all she could. Of course she could have fucked some important journalist, like Taylor, but she was too stupid to do that, to experience a solution like that. She measured NYC with her steps. Fast Horny's pace. An add was out of question; it cost too much.

"The boy is extremely beautiful" Boss's David said about Lucr's photographs. These with lot of makeup. "But is he coming back? In this case I want to meet him."

David was handsome, had a perfect hairdo, clothing, musculature, length, eyes.

"He comes back exclusively, if something sure pops up"

The mom, was determinant, this time.

"I could not promise anything, it is not only about the beauty. It's about the money. & He needs all the papers in order. I have hundred beautiful guys and at least ten of them look like Lucr" David sent his finger across Lucr's chick. Lucr was far away. Lucr stopped smoking cigarettes for good, but at this moment was fed up with modeling. Moved back to his dad, casually, after staying first two weeks at his pal, back at his dad he supposed to buy his own food and to pay the room, plus being frank invisible.

"I'm the best American writer" repeated Jacek Gulla. He was self-indulged and forgot the review. Hardy whose name was Evil gave him Vodka for breakfast, took some photographs of him on the roof. "I'm the best American writer" repeated again Jacek Gulla, Hardy left for school. Jacek was telling a lot of a confidential stuff. "Constancy Rich, the guy, a pal of all of them was obviously working for CIA, how otherwise would he make such a fortune? Constancy was obviously perverted, interested in small girls but passionately fucking with men in his office" Jacek was certain "Constancy fucked an actor" Horny forgot a name of, such a very small guy, "And possibly fucked Stas! Constancy was happily married. Constancy was rich and everybody else was poor. How comes? Why none of them was able to make it? To make the living, doing art? What was wrong with the Polish in NYC? It was all Constancy fault, he was working for CIA and Gulla was the best American writer ever, and as good as, old English, Shakespeare, William."

"I'm going to kill you!" Tango, a neighbor from the floor below was standing, squeezing a huge bat, in dark brown wood. He was directing his wrath at Gulla; Gulla have walked inside his apartment without warning, danced hip hop, refusing to exit the place, claiming, music was plaid far too loud. It was. Tango was from Puerto Rico and there was no tune of joke in his voice, his timbre was sour. His pride was hurt. Horny was standing between the guys her review was certainly not coming up, even if Gulla stayed alive, this time. There was a new book in town, Nick Cave's biography with huge color photographs, this time Horny's sweet-racked face was not with, even without the credits or comets. But there was Lydia-racket showing off her boobies, in the pond. Nick looked really funny as a young teenager, somehow plain and somehow not, surely cute. Looked much like Lucrezia's ex boy friend, Alexies. The very last sentence in the book was rude. Horny read the book through at Shakespeare Bookstore, Horny was not very hip, and could never afford to buy books. Nerve magazine gave up on her.

"Editorial says, you are a very interesting person but they won't cover. It is not my decision. I'm sorry." Sweet Little Robin said. Robing had two thick black tresses dinging over her round young teats she was short and cute. Robin meant, Nerve wouldn't cover NYC Tour's with Paris's guys from Paris Fucked Music Society, Freyja guys and entire Horny's work. Gulla phoned again and wanted to sleep over one more night at H&H. Hardy said "no". Gulla hung up.

"I'm going to kill him, if I see him here again" Tango quoted, he had a serious talk with Hardy on the subject this night. He was somehow making Horny responsible for the incident. Horny's review in polish Super Express was definitely for-ever dashed.

"I know two great writers, they are both from my generation, they are fresh and new! And this is a sign for me, that it is worth to work on writing for the fresh ones, there is a chance" Hardy was slightly pathetic sitting under a cover in bed with his hands slashed over the key board of his computer, he was writing... a letter to his son. One of the two explicit writers was a pal of his early youth, Bob, the second was Lucrezia's ex husband, Peter. Horny who just came inside set down on the bed's side.

"Don't dare to distract me", Hardy added looking at her viciously. His letter became almost a half of a page, when done.

"Hell" Horny covered her eyes, she so much needed to be a queen of her house tonight. Admired, priced and loved, powered, inspired, kissed, flamboyant this was not happening, she felt cold, spent many hours outside, alone, Hardy was the only one in her company, now and was not going to give even a hint of her NYC Tour coming, the following day! Everything between the lovers seemed so mal composed. Untimed. Pictures she had planed of herself together with Jacek Gulla on the roof did not happen, Hardy was momentarily blind, forgetting the task and shot the rest of his film on Gulla alone, for his school, though she already dressed up for the event, the planned review&photographing in the team of mad Gulla-Kubiak. She was wearing a red dress, the one she bought from a Black man's gutter display for five bucks and washed past a week through, every day in the bathtub. The dress was formed like a flower. She was going to blind fold her eyes with a red scarf of the dress, behind

them was a skyline of Manhattan. Hardy never focused the same. Never saw the same. She saw herself and he saw himself.

"Jacek remains me very much of myself, that's why I like him very much, we are both very intelligent, crazy and writing!" Hardy was very much his own. Hardy's name was Evil, so was hers, he was not going to give her the price she earned. Himself already took her place, in his heart. An odd combination. Hardy was very protective. More than concern about himself. He was always covered. He had a constant alibi. He was never, going to be taken, on the bed...

"You are never going to make any money" Hardy threw into her face and refused to pay back a small loan. The chick was fully mad. & The guy was fully mad.

"We think you are a very interesting person but we are not going to cover it", said magazine Nerve. Horny did not expect this. This was one of her NYC's hints. They said first with the event appearing they shall cover it! Now, all was in her hands, actually in her throat. Was she going to pick it? Or was she not. Why was Hardy bothering her now? Why didn't he support? What was his love about? Sticking it into her? Horny had 14 days to go, two weeks to prove herself. She needed training and she needed courage, she needed Hardy and his love. She needed to discharge from earth, she got two weeks to go... The sky line...

The Tour was progressing OK, Hardy cooled off, the home was real, when the guests arrived, concerts were OK, Horny bought tea and honey, her voice was racked. Fred brought, from Paris, red and pink wine and duck's liver, and both musicians brought own sweetens and charm, even Hardy could not admit. The home for four was cozy.

"I need a man, I can love, not teach" Horny was leaning to Lily's shoulder. Lily was a great listener, tonight's show, the music was OK, Horny was OK, and H&H had some real sex, the day after, the following Sunday, so she could drop her bottles. So she could stop sticking into herself by herself. She could stop seducing herself, though she was really great at it, leaning, ducking, mirroring herself, spilling oil feverish all over her panties, stockings and winter shoes and a red spread on the floor. Pulling, unwrapping her shoes feverish to get better access by herself, to herself, fast! The chick was fully mad and the guy was fully mad. From Hardy's side it was even more palpable. He came with his mouth wide open, whizzing, she for the first time did not neglect him, she was sucking on his ear, she was sticking her tiny fingers in his dirty sleepy mouth, she was pulling his hair, she was scratching the pulp of his buttocks, she came! And she seemed to want some more!

"I, at last found my place in life", Lucrezia wrote to Lucrezius. Vivianne was as bad as ever or possibly worst. "The snow is up to my knees and I'm afraid to go out and I was bleeding in two days from my nose with a black blood and I stopped to take the medication, I'm sure it's the medicine, that makes me sick"

It was the same medicine, Horny ordered for Viv, before the departure, the medicine waited at the chemistry over a month that was clear, someone had mingled with it. Mingled - destroyed it, exchanged it or what ever was Viv's current version. Lou Lou was weak and Hardy was softening. Horny was trapped with loneliness as soon as the first off stage day came.

"You are pulling it all right. I'm dead corps" Stas was whispering to Horny holding her hand very tight, he was both drunk and stoned. Stas attended a Pyramid's show.

"You have a sharp tooth, you pull it with the tooth, I'm toothless. I made a lot of children and I'm always messed up with women. And I can't paint" Stas looked tired and Horny was still holding his palm. His dad was ill. Tristan was all right. Tristan spoke French!"Tonic" was quite snobby, "CBGB" great and "Pyramid" horrible, but not in French version but in US! Horrible! Really horrible. Horny had two concerts left. Jola wanted her 200 bucks back. Horny did not have any. Horny's calculations did not work so far, and Hardy's did not work at all. Of course they did not pay the rent, yet. Horny was wondering how was she getting to town, her metro card was expired, her cash short and her visa card empty beyond the stalk. NYC was a great place! NYC was a great place on earth but not a great place to be. Horny was slowly mildewing, she wanted sex at nights and candle dinners with Hardy and she was proceeding a masturbation pass in the shower, the same as before. Horny was fully awake, skinny, shiny, horny, raspy and powerful. And she was a bit hungry. It could get much more hostile within the coming days. Horny did not have a financial emergency plan. Horny stupidly counted on Nerve, counted on her Tour, counted on Kim's, counted on selling the distribution rights for her films to some people John D talked about, counted on Andrew Johnson who since half year was delaying a review in Time Out, counted on moving to

Manhattan after Lucrezius's Q's success; in the opposite she was going to be penniless within days. Single days. Possibly hours. But she was in love to Hardy again. His name was no longer Evil. & Her name was Horny, once again. & She yearned sex with her man. Sex and happiness. Anton phoned, he had a stroke. This was horrible but there was no longer a threat to his life.

"Why are you in this business at all, it does not give you any money!" Hardy's name was Evil!"You are driving taxi and eating sausage!"

Hardy's name was Evil and Hardy's name was an Idiot! This time he meant, the band, though he himself ate porridge everyday! It was true, about the locomotion, they were forced to take taxi to and from gigs, and they had lot of stuff, lots of gear, lots of instruments. They had to share the transportation costs. Hardy was a stressed student and he still loved his future wife, Horny. Horny & Hardy had this incredibly immediate ability to hurt each other with words; the game went on, sled on, bumped on, tracked on, rumbled, touched and sometimes fired. They both had no money for the rent, but Hardy's government money was arriving soon; it was more difficult with Horny girl. Horny was feverish, the weather was constantly changing, and her voice was racked down. There was longing slowly gaping in her; but for what? She could not name it but she felt it. She distinguished it among all the other sensations passing through her entire system. It was taking on the shape of love, work and home. Yet, how? They both plead love, how were they going to master it? How? How, when and where? Horny was so dreadfully horny. After the concert at Down Time Horny smashed her entire kitchen. In the first sentence she knocked out her front tooth with a microphone; she was drunk. Horny drunk the whole bottle of Mes-

cal, the microphone got stuck in the stand and she pulled it strongly towards herself, after a short intro, then it happened, she did not feel how, but there was something on her tongue, a hard, sharp item in her mouth; it was her tooth, the show was OK, Hardy took her off a dancing floor, into a cab, and into bed, but not for sex with games. Hardy was sleepy, Hardy had to sleep, Tom was arriving the following afternoon from Sweden. Horny was spike nude, she smashed all the plates and cups, frying pan and a cooking pot, she continued shouting, all the boys, three of them, pretended, they slept deep. This night, Horny's voice was bearing any shit any hell, loud.

"Why were people around her boring?! Why wasn't Saturday for dancing?! Why, there was no climax after the show?! Who was the star, if not she?! What was it all about?! & Why were they not paid?! & How was she going to pay the tooth?! Her missing Shark Tooth?! Where were the golden days and if?! What a fuck was going on?! & Why nobody would Fuck, on the Night like That!"

Horny moved out of her house, it all took very few days, it all went very fast. Viv supposed to live with Lucrezia, she was invited, forever or for the winter; though she was not going to go.

"I have sent a letter to Lucr, explaining all. I might go and visit in the spring. I can't risk my pension." Viv said.

"It won't be" Horny was accustomed more than well with a problem. Viv's vivid imagination ensured, she was at danger, everybody wanted her home, her money, her identity.

"They won't let me out with Lou Lou"

"They shell"

"They won't let me into Germany, they don't let anyone"

"Listen, you are crazy. You can't stay alone over winter, Lucrezia has a wonderful house and she is your granddaughter, you should trust her. You should trust me. It is all very painful, that we are on your black list."

"I don't understand what you talk about"

"No, you certainly don't"

"I'm so tired. Why aren't you easier with me?"

The last show at Siberia was really fun. Sound was really OK, even they did not have a sound engineer, there were no monitors and no mic's stand. The place was quite abandon when they arrived and staid like that. Hardy arrived with Tom, Hardy spent entire day with Tom.

"Shall I buy you a drink?" he asked Romain, Horny's guitarist. He did not ask Horny, he was never a gentleman in the presence of his woman. He fucked up recording, of the twenty minute's show he recorded first three, over the table, of beer bottles taking the central of the view, while blurring the sound with his beer chat; after the show he asked Horny "Can you buy me a drink?"

"This guy lost a style permanently" was Horny's correct version but she bought him a drink. Although, his government's cash arrived and her was maximally minimized. Horny's heart was big.

"Why is my man, such a sissy?" was her question to herself. She was adorn this night and smiled broad to the first guy, who asked her the classy question of the night. "Horny, shell I get you a drink?" but he came late, and she set besides him for a half an hour of talk, entire Heineken through. He was one of these who have met Copola. Hardy and Tom left for home. The band, Horny, Nick Zedd and his chick, and Copola's chap, hanged out to 4 P.M.

"Was that the guy from Sweden?" asked Nick

"Yeah" Horny said "he is Ok, but he is a little boring"

"Hardy is boring too", Nick, who was bright this night, said.

"Oh, yes, he is completely boring, but he has some magic secret sides" Horny hopped, laughing. Nick looked very much like his son, this night. The little princess Horny was dressed this night in red. She was a woman in red, showing of her womb dressed in black strings, when ever she set down with her thighs spread, showing of her buttocks dressed in a transparent lace with a touch of dimmed black whenever she moved, and showing of her teats whenever she leaned and they were in pure silk skin of an angel. She was wearing a Russian green with a red ribbon, military hat. Siberia was a KGB's meeting spot, and an owner, Tracy M. was a bouncer at the famous club 54, in the past and now was quite fat and the most kicks for a vain Horny, was the fact, Siberia being Broadway's! Broadway and 50th St! Most perfect Manhattan location! Hardy did not take one single photo shout of his myriad. The kinky lady in red was not on the school list.

"Judaism is not a race, it's a religion of choice" Nick was saying.

"It is a race, a culture, it is the whole thing. But I won't argue with you, you are far too intelligent. You shall produce five contra arguments on my single one, tonight I have no lust" Horny was saying. They already exchanged opinions on amphetamine.

"I took it for to see the beauty of bars and for sex" was Horny's line.

"I, for to read books" was Nick's.

"You must go to India, it's the best place on earth" she was telling him, his dame was wearing a transparent outfit. It was the last show and Fred was kissing both of her (Horny's) cheeks. His NYC's trip was superb. He was telling her "It was a pleasure to buy few drinks for Nick" Hardy was quite pissed at her, she came home that late.

"What kind of people you hang out with? The Copola's guy is a psychopath!"

"The Copola's guy admires my work, he does not want to sleep with me" Horny was easy flattered, but wrong. They all always wanted it... Ora woke her up, early this morning, she was going to Lucrezia for Christmas.

"Viv told me, she won't be going. Viv said Lucrezia told her she should be forced to work very hard in Germany. She told me she was bleeding from her nose. She told me, someone stole your unemployment's money, that's why you are penniless and she suspects her pal Mary from the past, and she told me, she won't leave her apartment" Horny knew all that.

"I'm very disillusioned about Sweden, I would like to move out. The fucking welfare refused to pay my phone bill and my boyfriend did not give a life sign, since. The welfare, harden up, they are putting me on a project, which suppose to give me a work. It is all bullshit, it is just for them to survive. This is their job! To play me up, to play me round, to make me come and go, to fill the forms, to give them jobs! The whole fucking net. I'm their bread! But where is mine? My boyfriend did not call, since a half year!"

"May be he got married"

"But who would want, him? I've lost so many years with him! I'm old and fucked up."

"You are young! Stop drinking and in two months you shall be, like a new"

They spent chatting an hour through. Hardy who has been pissed angry with Horny lots of times this week was angry at her again. It was difficult to detect, why. Everything was wrong, she was out, she was in, she was awake, she was asleep, she was watching TV, she proposed seeing Patti Smith at the New Year, she wanted to film 2000's hour at Time Square, she wanted to eat Chinese food, she was tired or she was not, all was pissing him off. He proved the optional he still did not have time for her, though he had a time for Tom. It proved the optional, Horny went mad. She smashed two boiling eggs he was making for Tom and himself. Tom was cooking Hardy's porridge since two days, Horny tried once, but Hardy spilt it to the sink as she took a wrong proportion. It supposed to be a cup of the farina and two cups of water, stirred.

"You stupid fuck, all you speak to me about are bills! You are busy all the time, you don't give me an access to your life, though you have full access to mine! You don't care for my needs! You want me to satisfy yours! You stupid fuck, you are taking Tom to school with you, though you told me, it is not allowed to visit, there! I don't even know where your school is and how the building looks, you have spent there almost a year! You did not take me to a single lunch at school! I was alone the whole summer through! You stupid fuck, I won't live like that! Perhaps you are ashamed of me! You stupid fuck!"

"I don't recall, you expressed your interest in my school" Hardy was collected, cool, smart, well English verbalized, of course. He was proud of his language, as much as when he wrote to his son. He was brilliant. Horny packed her bag after the boys left. Hardy left a note a top of a table. "I lend you money for the rent for two weeks, maximum. Pay it to the super right away, she has been pushy about it. I'll cook for us tonight. H."

"What are you up to?" Ora phoned again, this morning.

"I'm looking at my suitcase, I'm moving out to Lily"

"Why, all of the sudden?"

"It is not all of the sudden."

The girls chat, Horny glanced at her suitcase. A top of the suitcase laid a pink umbrella from Paris. Horny packed a lot of stuff, though she asked Lily, if she could move in for two, three days to think over her situation.

"& I need to write; here, I'm devastated with hate. I can't take it" She took 20 bucks from the rent's 800 dollars hip, it was for her tooth, she told Hardy, coming from the dentist, that from now on, he was going to pay the fixings, of the tooth, he once broke. She was going to pay a taxi with it. The NYC Tour did not give a dime. Rollins who was performing in town a week through, and she had left him a message, did not call back.

"You were great" Cathrine told her, Cathrine was pretty, black hair, tall, slim, young, she was a new fan.

"Vivianne told me, she was bleeding from her nose the last night too and she woke up with her face glued in blood, and she was going to buy a yellow cotton, against it. I'm afraid she is getting worst. She said, it was a vet doctor fault. I don't know what I suppose to do, may be I just put myself on the plane. It is humiliating to watch Tom and Hardy, with growing jealousy when my mother is going totally bananas and needs me." Horny told Ora.

"Why don't you come for Christmas here, I want you to come and after we'll travel to Lucrezia" Ora was quick and explicit. Horny was glancing at her new pretty couch, the couch, she and Jacek Gulla found and brought home, the other night. Her home was pretty but the dream was crushing out. The couch was empirical style, cream white, with a pressed fabric and six lion's paws in dark brown wood.

The taxi ride was excellent all the NYC lights flickered in the rain. Stas carried her suitcase up to a fifth floor on his shoulder.

"It's not as heavy as I supposed it suppose to be" he joked. "You are bright, I would also want to move out"

Lily and Horny set, chatting the evening through, Horny gave up going out. Lily was no longer puking and she was back at her bottle.

"You must stop" Horny was a helping side.

"It's not that easy", Lily said.

"I'm very worried for my mouse, it's dark brown, Hardy wants to kill it" Horny took her cup with, the cup Lucrezius bought for her. "I love my mom", it said. Horny bought him a cup with James Dean "be a better driver" she said. Lucr could look like Dean, but also like Ricky Martin. When he was in Spain this summer, girls were taking pictures of him and with him on the behalf of R.M. himself.

"I'm afraid Hardy shall think, I escaped only a financial responsibility", she said.

"He is not that stupid" Lily was always just. Hardy was afraid of mice, he kept on killing them before she arrived from Europe, for the last time, he was certain they spread diseases. Horny loved mice. She also loved rats. Really loved, if she happened to see one sneaking at the Subway's tracks. Last night, before she moved out, she met a guy called James on the Subway, he had an incredible smile!

"I love your stockings", he said. "Most of the people your age does not expend their minds, you are doing it with full power, just keep on, I have days when I'm psychic, what sign are you?"

"You mean, an astrologic sign" Horny pretended.

"Yes"

"Virgo"

"And you are born 26th of August?"

"Yes, I'm"

"You are just perfect"

"I'm trying not to loose control over my life"

"This is exactly what you want" he flashed a smile at her, radiant. It made her sink

"how long Hardy did not smile at her and how little he cared for her soul? Her inside. Hardy stubbornly kept on mentioning her brut butt"

"Is this a Time Square?" she asked leaning out, she knew it was. They waved goodbye to each other. She filmed a Black Chap playing trumpet and another plying a guitar. The guitar player was her pal; in the way that she saw him before, she saw him many times and they used to exchange smiles. He was the one who used to play in L train passage, she wrote about him long ago. He agreed to be filmed on the contrary to the trumpet player. The guitar player was wearing black shades and had no teeth. His eyes were completely red, but she missed it. She saw it when she already packed camera down. The picture in the viewer was black & white. She was walking away questioning herself. "Why don't I pick it up? He won't mind" His big pure red eyes were glancing after her above an absolutely black shades and she turned back lots of times. She did not change her mind. & She did not stop questioning herself.

"Why we all have such crazy men?" Lily questioned the fate "Why?"

Lily had vivid dreams last night. Horny had completely vivid dreams since at least two weeks, every night.

A week earlier Horny was showing Super Ego at Siberia's film club. Few people left the room, it was Horny's fault.

"The little boy!" a young woman was shouting into Horny's face.

"He is my son"

"And you glorify such a behavior in his presence?!!!!"

From the club they went to Chelsea bar, Horny and her band. There was a chap whom she never met.

"Ah, Horny Kubiak! I know you. I remember seeing a movie of yours ten years ago, a movie with a fish"

Horny was ecstatic "it's the same Super Ego, I showed tonight. If he remembers the images and me he has seen once, within ten years! If I have been inside his retina or his storage in ten years! Do you know, what it actually means? It means I did succeed" Horny was leaning towards Romain, the street was furiously cold. NYC was hot! & Horny was bombed, though expending...

Horny was hardening, she staid at Lily's already four days and nights, Hardy did not show up, though he phoned asking her to come back home. He was not cooperating, not discussing her life he kept on discussing his. His loneliness, his study, his longing for her, his money, though he told her he loved her. Actually he told her this

extremely many times, this winter. It was dull. It was sure, if Tom wouldn't be there, Hardy would have come here with roses and a ring. But Tom was there. Tom was very much there and here in NYC. And surely happy to have Hardy for himself. Horny had difficult to sleep, she had a flue, she was weak, and she was going down town. The Female Bookstore refused to carry on her books.

"Very poor quality of translation" said, at last all over pierced lesbian chick after Horny's nagging "Why not!? Why, why not? Really, why not?" Horny liked the shop and the dames in there, she was stark hoping they were finding a publisher for her. The publisher for One Man Show. The third complete night she had chat with Lily. The girls were excited to 5 AM, Lily challenged the bottle, Horny challenged herself; she was not giving in on his conditions.

"He does not walk with me outside. He does not go with me to cafes and bars. He does not kiss me. He has sex with me, only when he wakes up, with a hard on. I don't know his son. I don't know his student pals. He only wants to see me at home's, seclusion. He does not even take me to the roof, if it's not for the fast photographs for his school. He refuses to date me! He does not care for my soul. He wants me to scratch his back. He constantly yells at me about the money" Hardy had phoned and was going to call again, invite her to dine the following day, he said, he loved her very much; he hung out with Tom for the weekend fun, she was skeptic.

Hardy phoned late, asked her to dinner.

"What do you have in mind?" she asked

"I don't know. A dinner at 9 PM"

"Where?" she asked

"Home" he said. She hung up. Yeah, she, Hardy and Tom, at home, for dinner, this wasn't exactly what she had in mind. He did not call back. Horny was hardening up, hopefully quick enough, although she already painted her nails and had chosen a dress.

The day after, at Monday, the phone went hot on both ends the couple decided to meet at Starbucks Cafe. The rendezvous went swell, H & H spent six hours out together and they were going to go home together. They were in love. Sex, at home in bed, was superb, explicit, Horny was shivering, her sweet cunt was shivering, H & H experienced a totally new fresh love, extended the whole night through and the whole day through. Sex, cunt, anus, cock, kisses passion.

"This was a heavy day" commented Hardy. She did not take this as a warning she smiled. The following day Hardy mirrored himself nude "I'm perhaps gay, I'm a woman trapped in man's body. No, I'm kidding you, but life is so short, I want to play" this following afternoon they walked together with Tom. Bought shoes for Hardy, arranged some of her stuff - bookstores. Hardy slept at the cafe, Hardy was momentarily irritated at her, Hardy was tired and bored. Hardy could talk only about himself, his life, his future his plans, his worries and hopes. Of course no more sex. Horny did not take this as a warning. The following day was as always, he hated her, he yelled at her, he wanted her to scratch his back, he banged with his fists against the table and cursed her, he threw stuff at her, Horny was a bit ill, she had a severe

pain in her back; it made him pissed angry, she might need his help! They spent the day apart, the next too. Christmas came and they all moved to Lily's place. Lily left for Texas. Hardy was afraid of bombs at the New Year. He announced they were all staying home, they celebrated Christmas Eve, home with fast Chinese food and beer they gave each other stupid gifts. Hardy was worried about his physical health, he was worried about his financial state, he was worried about his study, he wanted a bourgeoisie relation with her, he said, he got a flue and became totally unable to take care of himself. At Christmas Vigil Horny talked with Viv, she heard Lou Lou cry. Lou Lou cried loud.

"He was doing the same when Lucrezia called" Viv said. Lucrezia did not call Horny and Horny could not reach her. Horny phoned Lucrezius, he was already at the pub, and he was sweet with his mom. She phoned Wanda. Wanda was home alone "Wita wanted to place me in the old people's house. We are on a fight" Wanda was gentle, collected, and smart but she repeated every discovery few times. Lily blocked Internet with a password, so Horny could not have an immediate connection with the rest of the world, neither could she work on her web page; she had an important stuff to do. Lucrezius was going to write to her, something really beautiful. Horny needed to stress once more, she needed to check Viv and Lou Lou as soon she could, she needed to repair her relation with Lucr-girl, she needed to have her own computer and own internet as soon she could, but how and where? & How about Wanda, there was nothing more to do. Wanda said she was depressed, her soul was not well, but she hoped, she was surviving this night. If Horny had some space of time, she would spend some time with the aunt. But Viv was her mom, she was first, and Lou Lou was obviously not OK.

"This old bitch, is using you. Viv is dishonest and she knows about it, she wants you to come home, therefore she is lying. You have to cut her off. I was feeling very free, when I finally cut relation with my mom when I was sixteen, she was pathetic alcoholic and pill popper" Hardy said the other day. At Christmas Eve's day, Hardy was jealous at Tom, Tom's mom phoned with greetings. "Why none calls me?"

"It is a result of your life. It is logic, simple. Phone your son and phone your siblings. Phone B and ask him to buy a present for your kid. Don't be a fool Hardy, tomorrow will be too late." Horny was back at her teacher's spot. She could not leave him, all in the dark. She bought him medicines, drink and food and directed her steps to the computer. She was feeling calm. She had managed to film the Black Musician's red eyes in extreme close up; NYC was small. H&H were both sick with the same flue sharing bed up to the last day of the century. Horny was bleeding and they drunk Night Ny Quill excessively. The last days of this century dashed into pain, fever, and dreams. & Blood.

"You have to come home"

Horny phoned Viv and she phoned Lucr boy. Lucr girl phoned Horny! Everything in Lucr's life was perfectly timed, she was attending candle dinner and a church singing mass, all before 12th! Time Square was blocked with NYPD. 8000 policemen were protecting safety bombs did not explode.

"2000, 3000, I don't care, I'm going to take 20 minutes sleep" Darek said, remaining home. H&H and Tom cruised for the party. Hardy danced with her few steps in a narrow corridor at 12 PM, kissing her lips on the outside. It was swell, but it was also It. He entertained himself with Tom & Rob. He went that far, that he had cut his arm with a crushed vodka glass, with twenty, thirty, forty slashing cuts only to get read of his girl, once in bed! She wanted to smoke dope, he got from Stas and she wanted sex! Now! This was out of a question. H&H woke up embraced with a huge hun-gover.

"Horny, please give me an aspirin" Tom was calling from his bed, from his room. She did. January 1st, 2000 the spring came to NYC. The trio took a walk to Strawberry Fields in Central Park, there was a mad pare of bums quarreling wild, woman and man; the sexes were at error, Hardy was on the man side, Horny on the woman. The scene became unbearable. The evening was misty and almost hot. It was time to hit back for Brooklyn. H&H had some good and some bad days, at the third day they both had lost. Though at the second day of the new Millenium they had some good sex.

"You are sucking out my energy! You say that you'll go, you better go! Take care of your schizophrenic mom and your dog! Get out of my life bitch!" Hardy was yelling, the spring was complete and the night soft.

"It's only a global warming!" Hardy yelled, unprepared to celebrate it with his spouse.

"Why do you utterly focus on yourself? Why is your future more important then my presence? Why didn't you teach me to swim? Why didn't we play in the sea, why did you hold into your camera tight also on the beach?"

Horny was unable to see her mistake, she utterly focused on past, anyway with her chosen man Hardy. Why was she doing that? The summer was long ago. Was gone.

"You say, you are an independent woman, but you can't support yourself!"

"Stop, fucking molesting me about money, 90% of the women are supported by their men! Cut it off!"

"Yes, but they have the wives they care for and their wives care for them!"

"How do you know that?"

At the fourth day Horny made love to Hardy, it worked. Horny's business did not work. She had last 20 dollars to spend. Here, Hardy was wrong, she still could support herself, though not much longer, and it was only for the very first time she had failed to pay horrendous rent of her cozy home. & Besides her band paid the part of it and they lived at Lily at least ten days, which is one third of the month and they planed to sublet their home for this periód and Hardy missed the add in time, & Hardy did not believe she could do an add good enough; his English was better, he was concern. Al at Lotus Cafe in Tribeca took her TET collection on consignment he would not pay cash. "90 dollars, it's money too. I can't take risks. What, if none will buy it from me?" Horny was hoping to live on it through the whole week, but nope. Lucrezius wrote to his mom, his mind stood still. Hardy started school. Horny was still not loosing hope, getting her economy together she was planing taking pack of her books with, the following day. Somebody shall buy. Rain was in floods over

NYC, Broadway was black, the rain was black and shimmering in dark. Horny was well equipped, she had umbrella, pink and transparent and she had Plato shoes, she trod right through the water pools. The wind was increasing. It was no big deal, she anyway had only twenty-two books left, and she was anyway going back to Europe before Hardy. Europe was the direction, Paris was no longer sure spot.

"May be Copenhagen" Hardy said. H&H were in love... They breathed each other air and it was peaceful.

Love was short. Short as a breath. Horny showed her cunt and butt to Tom and Hardy in the same time! Of anger! Horny was unfulfilled, unfucked and quite fucked up. Tom got drunk on his own, he was drinking ten hours through, he begun to like Horny girl. Hardy worked on his written piece again. Horny hated his writing. The wife of the chap called Dean was always at home waiting for him half nude and half drunk, thirsty for sex and companionship. Dean and his pal Mal were out on fuck, they fucked exclusively whores, preferably in a triangle. All was in the right place and size. The whores would not follow them after being used, like a refrigerator and unlike Blondie, Horny. At home neither Tom & Hardy, neither Hardy alone would fuck her! A home without a fuck is like a body without a heart. Horny needed an incredible amount of intellectual and physical stimulation, her appetite for life was blameless. Hardy did not want to spend time with her, otherwise then home. & Actually, this precious time at home, he was spending with himself... It suppose to be a secret... She supposed not to notice it... While Tom was still there, there was some out going, all together, or sometimes just for the boys if Horny managed to do a scene. O, yeah, Horny always managed to make the scene!

"I need a man who loves me, not himself. I'm forty-nine! I'm smart!"

Horny was a good writer and a good actress, the scenes were full-blooded. Horny dated Judah, Dan, Advil, Tomek & Aras & Bradley. Judah was a millionaire, he was wearing a huge contemporary golden ring and silk coats for the dates, he was taking Horny out for dinners and sending her home in a limousine. Dan was a sculpturer and perhaps was a vampire. He was wearing turquoise sunshades but his eyes were intense brown. Aras was Turkish filmmaker, OK an avant-garde filmmaker. He adored Horny's work. Advil was a young short slim dynamic talkative drummer, who hired himself all over the town, he was into soft drugs and came from Israel. Judah was also Jewish but he was rich and Advil was very poor. Horny disclosed to him a standard NYC dialog "everybody says, Polish killed most of the Jews during the last war, it's unfair"

"Everybody knows its bull shit, how comes half of Tel Aviv speaks Polish? Don't worry girl, let's have some fun"

Nostalgic Dan, who suspected was himself a Jew was broke, his visions were erred and he spoke French; his ancestors were from Lithuania. Aras hair were long and curly, he broke with his girlfriend; his hands shook when he was drinking wine with her, Rainbow. They were all single - divorced guys except Tomek, Tomek was Amy's love. He was Polish, he was an artist and he was best pal of Anna & Wojtek. Wojtek dumped Anna for Irena's sake. Irena was doing nothing, she had eight years old son and a husband, it was bloody mess, but Wojtek hopped to clear it up. Wojtek

got a job on TV, as a cameraman. Anna survived, though her heart broke, she had a new apartment, new boyfriend and the same old teaching job. Tomek and Horny seen Sensations and other art shows, hung around, discussed life & art & fart with joy, Tomek drunk coffee, he was young. Dan had already stopped. Horny was searching job she went lots of places, stores, shops, cafes, restaurants, bars, video-stores. Bradley was NYC's experimental-film-maker. Bradley was very handsome and very friendly. They all enjoyed Rainbow's shine&glare. Horny lost her Silver China Town ring at Brighton Beach, due' to Hardy's sudden single deep kiss in the thick fog and hard rain, she was wearing the ring a top of a black long velvet glow, they were having a stroll and the last Russian supper with Tom, he was leaving the following afternoon. H&H apartment was rented out, money was at home but Hardy refused to buy her a new 20 buck's ring, but told her also to stop looking for jobs, Hardy said "we have enough money, lets make a budget, lets do the budget for this money" he had said this everyday until it all ended up in his pockets. Hardy simply boiled over, as he had expressed that. Tom was gone back home, to the North and Hardy refused to have sex, Hardy was afraid to be trapped under the sheets, he could not breath under the cover, he was stressed and externally tired. He simply could not get it up, longer then except looking himself in the mirror.

"Bitch! Spit up some money!" He threw a chair at her, smashed a jar of his jam, stopped buying breakfast for her again after an entire glorious week of doing it, pushed her, kicked her, hit her, threw the eggs she was frying into the sink, yelled some more, shout more, all about the lack of money from her side, and left the house. The day started OK, Hardy woke up besides his girl, saying "I'm going over to the bank to cash the check and I might come back to bed within twenty minutes, I might take off my clothes once again"

The problem was, Hardy's problem was, he could not purchase the check immediately, it was taking three bank days, and this was Friday! Yeah. H&H didn't communicate and Hardy did not communicate' with the banks. He simply boiled over, as he had said. Hardy needed a nurse and a guide, not a wife, it simply was, fact. Vivianne was waiting for Horny to come back, Lucrezia rented out the half of her house and did not have the space for her grandmother anymore, Lucrezia bought a new dog. Lucrezia was happy but stressed. Lucrezius was not happy, optimally, nothing worked; within two months, he worked only four days, and his girlfriend refused to meet, yet. Ex said, that Lucrezius's slept the days through. There was something in Lucrezius's voice what was scarring her, his mom; she phoned him daily. Horny read lots of books within last month, as she did not really read in years, it suddenly gave her an old kick. She read, Hamsun's Hungef, XXX's fiction about reincarnation, A.M about Simone De B and Sartre, XX's about Proust, History of Orgies by Burgo Partridge, A Fist Fucking Guide by unknown solder and Erotic American Selection by Nerve, Opium Book. She started to work on her master collage, the one she started two years earlier and carried with, among her other possessions since, a huge colored version of Sodomy & Gomorra, totally pornographic; it was getting really good. It included images of her and her family. H&H had still sixteen days left until they were moving out from their house, home, place, spot. Call it what you want, but

where, they did not know exactly, Lily was the only option, actually... Still, Lily was not informed, yet. Saturday, Hardy sneaked out of bed and went to school, he really had a school lust wanted to be a big photographer! Horny decided to film her own sex scene, an orgy with her tools. In the shower she got seduced, first it was a shower stream of hit, turning her nipples desirable and alert, next her clitoris, of course, she had a full access to herself, now as always. She spread the wings of her labia lips, exposing the clit to it's master, the water stream, the touch, the locomotion, standing in a split as much as the narrow bathtub allowed, breathing consciously hard and deep and slow, to take the hit but not delay the deed she came, socking her thick cunt-liquid, excessively on her thighs. Gave up the filming, phoned her Ex and wished him happy birthday, realizing after the talk how caring person she actually was, she phoned him each year, and it has been long lovely hard seven years with her Hardy boy; Ex never phoned to congratulate anything. Most of people used to pull the curtain totally down, yet how and why? The sun was in full shine over NYC, the sudden freezing cold of the last days, over, she was going to meet Hardy downtown. She had plans for both and for herself. Everything between two of them was suddenly clearing up for the better. Peace of the last days died into a bitterly freezing cold, all bums were helped, given gray or blue blankets and soup. They were all stashed at Subway's stations, H&H's error was in full.

"You, swine! I have been waiting... I'm going out to see the movie" was Horny's written line.

"I want you out of my life!" was Hardy's in scream, at her return. His voice was always ascending grotesque high, when upset at his spouse. It started quite innocent, with Hardy watching TV stretched, delivered on the heavenly soft couch, extending it's length with boots in the air and Horny ducked in it's corner, schizoid between his calves. After a painful hour she tried to make herself a bit more comfortable, Hardy moved both of his legs into her lap giving her a shrilling smile, she pushed him off getting abruptly up, the cozy evening was dashed.

"I'm hardly an inferior being" Horny was sharp, proved her verbal extending abilities, she was very hurt and set down in her turquoise chair.

"I though you liked that" Hardy tried.

"Yeah, in seven years you thought, I like that, you have been fucking wrong"

The night was fucked. The morning was a new U-turn for the try, peace and love was a clue, laid on a tray; they lied quietly in bed, waiting the miracle. Unfortunately Hardy had to go up and take a shit, at the return he got stuck nude in the mirror. Horny observed Hardy mirroring himself from all the directions, mostly his back.

"What are you doing?" she asked giggling, expecting his promised return, for a little bit of a slow fuck, which was the pattern of these days, if...

"I'm searching a perfect place for my tattoo, it has to sit right, if someone asks me to show it off" Hardy analyzed his back, his shoulder's blades, his chest. He should not have done in such a long time. His spouse was the bitch! & She got up! She left the spouse bed!

"Nothing is happening to us! Nothing shall ever happen to us! You are instantly focused on yourself, only when you had hangovers or took some drugs, you were

able to focus out of yourself", shouted Horny, feeling totally unfocused. Hardy was completely quiet.

"I want a ritual, I want bondage, I want you to pierce my clitoris! Nothing will ever happen to us! To me! A tattoo is a token of love, and for you it's just an aesthetic decoration of your very self, your skin!! I am in a total seclusion! You are unable to love the woman! Unable to give the love! & You are always sure, it is your dick, it is all about! If we fuck, if I fuck you, it is not because you have the dick, but because, I have the cunt! Moron!"

"You are obviously sick, you are really awful, you would want to probably go to these clubs with a spanking whip! You are really ugly!"

"Moron! You know nothing about flagellation! Nothing about nothing! Nothing about me! Morroonn!"

"Everybody knows you are sick. I'm not self-indulged egomaniac. I'm not like that everybody knows that. If Lily thinks opposite it's because you loaded her full of shit!" Hardy was sure.

"My book is going to defend me"

"That really worries me"

"Don't worry so much, only when truth is spoken out and agreed upon, the process of progress can begun" Horny was strictly pathetic.

"You are fucking mad" Her man was more clear and spoke the last word... Yet, she re-used this conversation in her new CD and placed the words, the thoughts, the people, the persons as it suited her best. The last breathe, the lost word.

"I want you out of my life! I can't breathe when you enter the room. You are a fascist. You observe me all the time, you criticize me all the time, you don't love me anymore. You want to have sex? You are upset because you don't get laid! How can I fuck you when I hate you?" Hardy's voice was on its highest pitch, the vein in his neck was thick and tensed, Horny watched him, she has been horny in three days, now, he refused to have sex, he was busy and she was out, she cruised the town, the town was immensely cold, stricken with polar cold, Horny learned to breathe and walk outside, of course she wasn't warmly dressed, her skirt was split and short, her stockings thin, her heels high, her head and ears exposed, and she was wearing the same leather jacket all year round, the street was deserted and ice blown and silvery gray. Nick Zedd held the show, he was tucked up to his eyes and labeled with a red swastika on his arm, his partner, also Nick, showed pretty nude legs & buttocks, walked glass stiletto heels, and screamed primal through the mic, Taina showed her young big white teats, eating a fire from the torch and pushing a five inch nail into her nostril; she was cute. Mary was more determinant, she was a bitch, a punk. An aging half nude chap dressed as a chicken, cackled as a chicken, he had a company of chicks. Ady was old worn out waiting to die in cancer mixed with aids mixed with junk mixed with misery mixed with no more hope mixed with the end; still she was yelling a top of the stage, dressed up in red bra and a panther fitted pants, with a makeup as a vampire, which did not change a thing, she was as much vampire without it, this was sure. & Was going to die, one day, soon. Ady hated everything and

everyone. She was shouting, "where is my band? I'm all alone, where is my band? I hate you all!" The cameras went hot on her she was quite a show.

"It is so unfair; every time I feel love to you, every time I need you, every time I want you, you are telling me, you'll quit!" Horny was trying to weep, she was on the bed, before she was in his knees, but not on her knees; she felt as he was twisting her entire neck with sorrow. The sex they both attended was superb, Horny designed it, Hardy submit, Horny licked his cock, she deepen his cock passed her larynx, he was licking her shivering cunt, sticking his finger in her thrilling pink anus, her eyes were heavy with hot sleazy tears of the desire, she was fucking high on the love trip, riding him against the wall. The second pass started with her mouth and his cock, end up with his cock and her anus, he screamed of ecstasy. The love cherished once again. H&H were exiting NYC soon. Lucrezius had a new girlfriend.

"I'm going to take Lou Lou with to Copenhagen" she told Lucr.

"But what shall happen with grandma? Grandma can't stay alone, all is so very tough..." Lucrezius said.

"Bitch!" Hardy yelled at her again "you did not pay one single bill since two months! How dare you taking 50 bucks from the drawer?"

They were walking through the snow-tacked park, the air was soft, Horny looked at him hard, without saying a word, with her chin high.

"You can't take the money like that! You can't take the money from the drawer by yourself, I'm going to keep the money in the bank!"

"This money is as much mine as yours you took your part, I took mine, though much smaller" Horny was collected, unemotional, cool. Hardy was uncollected, emotional and not cool, he was a student and he had to pay supplies, he had to eat, he had to eat god damn enough, he shouted lot more and walked off. He had offered to take some nude takes on her last weekend, he was becoming good at it, but he changed his mind, there was no urge for him to photograph his chick, when there were other chicks, better and better presented, as nude Taina upon the stage, smiling and not craving and couple of models scating the ice in Rockefeller Center, perfectly fitted his lins, he only needed to click, without being craved a smallest thing, he anyway needed to photograph for his school, for his teachers and for his pals and she was certainly not belonging there. Besides he really did not have the time, neater the right steam, he said. H&H were in love and Horny was longing for Paris. Yasha and Rebellini were waiting with the tummy up they were going to photograph the Rainbow-ass Horny-girl. The problem was that Yasha did not have the money to develop the films. At the professional photo store where Hardy was leaving the film in Horny's company, he bumped to his school pal, he had no choice, he had to present her, he took a deep breath to speak, his cheeks flashed purple red.

"I thought he was proud of me", Horny thought, smiling on the outside. She filmed a very tragic bum at the Subway's station, he was about her age, White, surrounded with at least eight filled white old plastic bags, reading a thick book with one standing out! Eye, with the other half of his face glued into the other half of the open book, his back was arched, he was underlining certain words with a gray pen, but it seem as he drew lines in the water with a stick, making quite a labile move of his

right palm, his hands were dirty and very thin, totally as on the hungry bird, he was a horror creature, he was taking notes. He was writing inside the book. He looked insane. Was he? Horny had such a lust not only to film his face and put him in her movie but also to read the words he wrote, she was chanceless. Unless she asked? She did not dare to get that close, she was afraid to hurt the man. This evening Hardy fall asleep in her arms, he was deeply sad; to wake up angry, repulsive, abject, full of hate to her again... This was a mad circle; it was perhaps better if he made his tattoo to decorate himself, then as a token of love... Horny's brain still worked. It was for the reason, Taddy, told her at the occasion of each daily goodbye "Horny, my little one, I love you so much! Horny, my little one, sticks with the wind! Horny, my little one, your ears up!" It was a good school. Horny was doing fine... Horny was as glued to the wind and the wind blown fast and strong. Suddenly she realized the chap she had filmed, was the same chap who passed her lines earlier at the B&N's bookstore, wow! She was almost every day at B&N's, she was reading books there. There was a color panel on the cafe's wall, in each store, they were all identical in the chain of all B&N's, there were writers painted and named only two were women and over twenty of them men, Hughes looked like a copy of Taddy. Exact. Again, there was a big chance Taddy's poetry volume was showing up! The cultural money was given, just it wasn't really there, yet, it was sort of nowhere, it was still where Taddy was, himself, in space; but it was coming! Horny talked to the right palm of the minister himself, MR. M.K. Great! She also talked to Vivanne, Taddy's first wife. Wow! Her mom, wow! Viviane's got it!

"I'm a bit without a money. I sent a parcel to Lucrezia with warm clothes for Nasstasia and it cost as much as the inside, all together 70 dollars, it was a bit much for me, but it made me feel relieved; I told Lucrezia, after you had sent me these beautiful photographs of all of them, I saw Nasstasia here, walking outside in the summer dress, Winter time. I could not forget the seen, the little girl in the summer dress, and all the storm wind and snow around her"

Horny was listening.

"I have had an accident last week in the bath tub, it could had cut of my head, I had been lucky, I was standing in a bowl filled with water in the bath tub, I had a problem with a corn on my foot, and I supposed it was going to help. In the same time I was washing my hair, so I was standing with both hands up and suddenly the bowl started to ride, to drive with me in it, it moved around, I could not control it, it was very strange what was happening to me, to my body, I was with my back to the wall and I was with my face to the wall and so on, it went on like that, round and round"

"You must have fell"

"Naturally I did fall and I wasn't able to get up, I hit myself badly, I cut my right buttock with the porcelain soap box which I crushed, I'm going to show you the mark; I was trying to turn and I could not get up, I was on my back, my sciatica did it, that I could not get up, not until I found out I could do it when I turned to the side and I got to my right knee, then I got up at last, I still feel pain"

Horny was listening.

"My passport is valid not even a week more. I'm anxious they weal shut me in, when I go to the police to renew it, I was planing on going tomorrow to the main police and not to my local one"

Horny was listening.

"It's good you phoned now, I was waiting two days at the phone, I'm quite terrified about it, I saw a strange thing on TV, I suspect they might send me to a concentra-tion camp"

"Look, this is not going to happened in any case, there are no such camps in Europe, it won't happened, what you saw on TV, it must have been the movie"

"It possibly was"

"The little girl you saw, you must had imagined it, for the first Nasstasia is with Lucrezia and for the second you could hardly see a child dressed like that, this time of the year, outside"

Horny felt dreadfully logic, did Viv believe?

"I'm not disavowing, I could have imagined her, but I could not forget"

"I won't send you more pictures" Horny's voice was merry "and don't watch TV"
Horny's voice clanged with joy.

"I'll be waiting for you" Said, Viv.

"How is Lou Lou?"

"He is all right but he wants to eat all the time, he barks at me all the time, even a night time, I think the teeth are bothering him, but he is all fine, I'll be waiting for you" Viv repeated. Horny's schedule was very tight. She had lots of stuff to do before leaving NYC. Lots to do in Paris and Lucrezia's gallery and shop opening was February 12th, Viv's birthday was February 9th as Lucrezius's February 15th, and Horny wanted to perform in Paris between February 8th and 12th, it was all a bit mal planed. How was she going to entertain the family if she was going to stand on stage? Then also Hardy, how about Hardy, he was going to leave NYC about February 15th for Copenhagen? Where was he going to live there? Horny at last phoned Nail, but Nail had moved. Why wasn't Hardy investigating about an apartment, by himself. When was Horny catching up with Hardy? Why wouldn't Hardy catch up with her? Why wouldn't for example Hardy fetch her at Lucrezia's place and traveled back to Paris with her and entertained her and traveled with her to Lucrezius and then to Viv? Because Hardy had no interest in all of them. Yeah, it was perhaps a fact. But how much should she stress for his sake and to do what? To sit in Copenhagen down at his feet, scratching his back, morning "Hardy I want to go out! Hardy I want to dance! Hardy I want sex! Hardy I want nude takes on myself, Hardy!" & Hardy would say one big "no" to all of her plea she had been screaming in years; his private executioner, his private fascist, his spouse. Wow! This was the life they lived and this was the life they wanted to live! And this was their reality! H&H's reality! H&H's life! WOW! H&H's real life! Wow! Yesterday Horny told Lucrezius "Hardy had already packed, he always does it a week in advance, glancing at me with a sheer triumph, he has only one bag, he throws away a lot of things. I can't do that. I collected his photo prints from the trash, I haven't start packing anything, I know I have more stuff then I'm ever able to squeeze to all my bags, I'm not going to throw any-

thing, I'm a collector, I still buy stuff, read books, we quarrel all the time about everything, I'm not saying we are through with love, it's not what I mean, I'm just describing for you, the mood of the moment and the activities, I always want to know all about you and you, to know all about me"

"I miss you too", Lucrezcius said.

"Can you come to Lucrezia's opening?"

"I'm broke. I eat outside and I'm hungry all the time, I eat dinner twice a day, all money I earn I eat for"

"I know is hard, but may be you should eat at home"

"This is not my home"

"I know is hard. Lucr, I was reading your solar horoscope since 2000's start, it mainly said, Don't do what you don't want to do and then the whole New World opens up of what you really want to do, do you understand what it means?"

"I do"

Horny phoned Lucrezia "of course I'll be trying to come to your opening, how could I do otherwise, if I'm literally six hours drive away from you, just how do I do? I don't have the money, and I can't hitchhike this time of the year. I have to get this together, Lucr it's done, I'm coming"

Horny read her own horoscope too, it said something like, she could not recall it exact "be more at easy with yourself, let all happen to you, expend your imagination, let your vivid side free, live really through your dreams, expend your dreams and areas, do not shrink, don't be so much an adult, let it happen, let it win" Yeah! It sounded just cool to Horny-girl! Just great! There was nothing enslaving her, and that was just great! She also read Hardy's lines and it said, she remembered clearly "be a child who you are and in the same time be old, much older, ask your friend to mail to you his or her one gray hair, have it locked in the box, and be wise of it, compare, behold both states and statements, youth and old age, and it shall all clear up for a good result" This was OK, with her. But did Hardy know this? She doubted he read such stuff. But why didn't she tell him? It was because she was fed up talking "him, with him, always about him, always teaching, always advising, always being a supporting side, without getting anything of that kind back. And if she had complained at the lack of a balance, he would always have say: you are such a dirty communist, you would like all equals. Yeah, she wanted it equal. Extremely equal" so she would not even mention for the most, she let it to the wind, it shall come if it shall come; there must be some mercy and some things happening just by chance, just by itself, without controlling it, she believed. Last night she walked alone in the snow up to 1AM, in Manhattan and Brooklyn, there was no one else who was walking, the world was at peace, tacked with snow, just as Lucrezcius had described it in his poem. Every new layer was virgin-like. Every newer layer was perfectly untouched. Though it still snowed but it seemed all still. It was and it wasn't yet it was. The day before and the day after, that is how her life rolled... Without forgetting the night! Yes, the nights!

"Five days left"

Horny had only five days left in NYC, Fred booked a concert in Paris February 8th. She was not going to fuck it up. Lucrezia's gallery opening was happening at February 12th or 20th, Horny was not going to fuck it up, and she was going to be there. She was searching venues for more concerts and screenings - Horny needed to glare. Eventually make living...Lucrezius's was back at his agency, standing in the ring, he or somebody else was going to fly to South Africa doing a job. Hardy's school was perhaps ending later than he did estimate, perhaps he had to remain in NYC until 24th, or even 27th. It was he, who made Horny stress hers schedule, her return ticket was dated March 21st. Said was said, done was done, Horny rebooked her flight for Paris, February 7th. And her flight to Stockholm 28th. There was a lot of stuff to do on her list. Horny saw Patti Smith in reading, Patti was good, Patti was great, Patti was crying over Robert Mapplethorpe, she was screening the movie they made together in 79. Wow! Patti was skinny then and now; she was really cool! Robert's face showed very momentarily, his hands were more there, he was the photographer. Patti was the muse she cursed and pried.

"I have poisoned Lou Lou, but he did not die, yet, he is halfway paralyzed"

Viv was on the phone it was Horny who called her mom.

"You did what?!"

"Don't shout at me. He was barely moving but now he ate, I gave him seven sleeping pills, I thought he shall fall asleep but he didn't. Victoria told me yesterday that you are never coming back and people from India come to my door and they want your wooden pen's case, I had hidden it. I need to go away but my passport is invalid, it is a horrible situation with our money"

Horny, crying interrupt Viv, Horny crying phoned vet doc in Sweden, finding, the required phone number among her already packed stuff, within tons of damn papers, searching through with shaky hands, finding out, Lou Lou was not going to die. Sobril was not a sleeping pill Sobril was the pill damping fear. Horny phoned Viv. Horny was crying.

"You are a monster, how could you do something like that? How could you carry that out? You are a witch"

"Possibly... Possibly I am. I was also crying when I saw what I have done, he did not fall asleep, he was crawling around and crying and coming to me, and his eyes swell up, and later he was able to walk on his front legs and now at last he walked to the room on his four, yet quite unsteady"

Horny heard Lou Lou cry.

"Why is he crying?"

"I'm eating he wants some of my food, I'm afraid he shall be paralyzed for good" Horny's entire day went as it did, everything lost the meaning, especially her art, her so called art. The town was dark, cold and slow. Horny did nothing what she should, she was rambling the streets. Hardy was home cleaning the apartment for the new tenants. He never changed his plans. He was cool, perfect.

"You have to break with your mom, she is a monster, she has no emotion, no love, you don't have a connection with her, it is only the blood. She had never loved you.

You have to understand this. I told you before. She had put a spell on you, the spell upon your life, you have to be free"

Horny looked at him watched him, Horny loved her mom, she felt responsible, and she could not stop feeling responsible for the mom and for the dog.

"You have to take the dog away from her. You have to find someone who shall take him immediately"

"But Lou Lou is her life's insurance. A daily connection with the living world"

"Let her root. She has chosen to be mentally ill"

Hardy was reading Dalai Lama's books and Yoga's books and all this stuff. Horny rambled-rumbled the town, she understood, she could not fulfil her plans, her duties before she left the city.

"Please, I want to come home, I feel so terribly lonely, will you cook for me?" She phoned her Hardy, standing outside the phone booth.

"I already ate"

Hardy had a headache and he already ate, he was not going to cook for her. Horny came back home much later, questioning herself "How could Taddy leave me with a mentally sick woman, with a sick mom? With the sick bitch? How could the rest of family do it? Why? I feel so ashamed questioning this now, I'm too old for this question. I'm almost fifty years old!"

Horny damped a filming idea of sex with herself, there was no space to do that, no option, no possibility, no esteem. She still wanted to take the nude photos on herself, and arrange contact at Moma regarding her art, she was not going to go to the galleries with her photo work there was no time, to finish it. Perhaps, she was going to do it in Switzerland. Lou Lou survived Viv's attempt at his life.

"In Switzerland, they pay better" Horny told Hardy laughing, she was feeling like shit, and certainly there was no sex in her angle. Viv sounded totally damped on the phone, lifeless. It was still twenty-five days until Rainbow was going to meet her mom. Hardy told her last night "I'm sure she wanted to kill you when you were small"

"I know that" Rainbow agreed. "I'm not going to sleep at her place when I arrive. Hardy I feel so homeless. This two weeks with her I was planing, was so much going home, I expected I could have clear up everything from there, from my mom's couch. I won't"

"Don't worry, we figure out something"

H&H fell asleep holding hands. Hardy had such a terrible headache that he forbidden her to speak more.

"Swine! Bitch! Swine! Fascist! There is no solidarity!" Hardy was at the top of his shrill. He did all the packing, apartment's part cleaning and useless stuff's throwing already three days ago, Horny did not join in. Horny was, yes, filming herself and photographing herself nude, the very last night at their house, she had planed this and they both, saw Cabaret, at Studio 54, which was only a push for her. To strip off was the clue. Hardy did not join in, he refused to take even some very few nude shots, of course refused to look. Her obsession disappointed him gravely. It disappointed her groove that he refused to take the promised shots. He refused even to click once!

"Fascist!" Hardy repeated.

"I'm a beautiful woman!" Horny looked stark fucked up, at least on her face, anger, lines, cold, stress, just name it. Of course age! The teenage girls in Green Point were bursting in laugh. Seeing her outfits and her ponytails.

"An old bitch!" they shouted.

"Fascist" Hardy repeated once shutting the door and going to sleep, with blind folded eyes.

"These are my blind folds and they are for sex" Horny said. They were from Air France, she collected few of them, indeed for sex... Hardy had to hate her. Of course Horny had to see she was quite fat and unfit, once, nude in the mirrors. But with a little bit of work, to stretch, to hold, to cover up, to shade, it worked. Horny danced nude a top of the table, controlling self remote and a video she simply started up, though the camera was not moving and the light was poor. Horny cleaned apartment at the last day, Hardy shouted at her and left the house, he was suddenly urged to take a hot chocolate at the cafe. The world around was at peace, Horny forgot to film herself on the roof, with the skyline as the main motive. Horny's duty list was half-way done, she was about to leave, she sold the video collection to Judah for 160 dollars, invited Hardy to the movies for 20, missed Dan but there was nothing to do about that, never plaid with Advil's punk band, and the funny guy in the hat, she forgot the name off did not even begin painting her portrait. Hers filming for NYC's pass was undone, the same as the nude shots, Moma's deal was not done, John D was still promising to get these folks with the distribution for US, he bought one cassette for the good-by, Andrew Johnson from Time Out, returned her tapes and paid for three lost ones, Horny bought two new suitcases paying 70 dollars, a fortune, bought gifts for Lucrezia, her man and her son for 50, nothing yet for her granny Nasty, nothing for Lucrezius whose birthday was coming up simultaneously with Viv's, nothing for Viv. Horny did not say farewell to Dan, who became quite a dear friend and Tomek, Tomek somehow disappeared from Horny's entertainment's world, there she felt Amy's tiny finger. Otherwise, why should he reject? Horny was dealing with Demoniac to the very last, Demoniac, a S-M shop in Paris supposed to pay her for the tapes; they had sent the folders & New Year Greetings.

"They have great shows in the shop" Horny said to her Hardy displaying colorful kinky page.

"I would love to see that" Hardy responded quickly.

"You can watch me, I'm going to do the show there"

"You?" here Hardy looked her down.

"I" Horny repeated evilly, heavily "I'm a porn person" she did not dare to say "star"

"You are not!" Hardy looked her really down. He and his voice looked her right down.

The flight to Paris was great, the wind was that strong that the plain flew much too quick, there were not many people aboard and everyone got a space to sleep, it was bedding good & Horny was flying back in time, though only six hours, still... Her

luggage was her only trouble, it was far too huge, Hardy remained in NYC for three more weeks.

"I don't want to spent the last going out with Lily, she will get fucking drunk and we get nothing done of a personal stuff. It was OK before when we could damp her into her taxi and go home..." Horny was as always not very polite, H&H were staying at Lily's.

"You cant do that, you cant behave tike that" Hardy was sure. The outgoing with Hardy, Horny and Horny's two old flames, was fun until Lily got that pissed drunk they had to damp her into the taxi and join in, this was a drug. Before that happened, they discussed Stas.

"Stas is lazy, that's why it does not work for him" was his ex's line.

"Stas should have been going back to Poland, all would have been fine" were the other three's.

"I'm reading Capote's Breakfast at Tiffanies at last and it is great. He is the very first male author who does not ignore women inside. His girl, Holly a complete human being and it is like, reading about myself. The freedom is her main go" Horny was never modest. They returned to Stas, it was safer.

"I know all, I'm his ex"

"You can't know all. He is an artist. I'm an artist" here Horny touched the sensitive string, Lily was a psychiatrist, but her soul wanted to create and wanted the love as everybody else, the evening was going to flip out.

"You are always flattering Hardy and why that?" Horny told Lily. Hardy was sourly watching TV they were at Lucy's bar. Hardy did not drink alcohol since Tom left. Hardy pity himself, spending his time with three old witches and Horny was not sparing him, talking to her flames. Hardy was not smoking cigarettes, not drinking coffee and now he stopped with tea!

"In eight years I begged Hardy for a child, I gave in at last. He always said "not to this world" and you know, what? Hardy is going to be a grand father within ten years and it scares shit out of him. He is going to keep on mailing Christmas presents his entire life through, ha ha ha ha!" The table giggled of laugh, Jacek Gulla came and Lily threw herself into his arms after the first compliment, she threw her nicely shaped calf and foot across his thigh just before she passed out. Jacek gave up, he was somehow more in order, older, telling "I'm fifty four, I know all I should, by now"

"I'm thirty eight" Lily tried, she was successively younger with each additional drink, she drunk only vodkas, it was her dad's high class's grade. She repeated her entire childhood stories, they all knew, but this 'was also before she passed out. Maja was OK, though she did not accept, she was getting fat. "Do you take hormones?" she questioned Horny.

"No, not yet, but I shall if necessary"

Horny was wearing garters attached to her slightly over the knee's stockings in black but Hardy seemed immune. At home Lily still willing to converse, fall down from the chair and could not rise, she asked Horny to be helped. Hardy gave up dashing to

sleep; he was so obviously staying much longer. Horny was laughing; she was leaving within a day, it was only to pass the Sunday.

"Polish artists are not longer hip in NYC, I'm very happy I could have support you" Judah said, he was a bank investor, casual sum he paid her for TET was a lot, comparing with Horny's zero.

"Such a sum is nothing for me, if you have friends who are like you, starving Polish artists, tell them to phone me. They won't make it in NYC, these days. It is all about the money. It happened when the wall in Berlin went down. Why should it be hip if you can do it at home. No, it's not hip and it is all about the money. The same happened with Mexican art. It is all business, I'm well orientated, I know every single horn worth to invest the real cash"

H&H fought about sex, about the lack of sex, about the idea of sex, about the idea fix of sex. Lily gained such a hangover that H&H was never alone in the apartment until Horny finally left. And in the nights Hardy did not prove an interest he was too tired.

"You don't understand. Women have much bigger need of sex, then men do" was Horny's line.

She was deeply sad. Central Park was tacked in snow and the sun shone.

"You are mad" Hardy laughed. "Where did you get this from?"

He stretched his very precious body, he was proud of.

"From myself, and it is scientifically proved. Men fuck as the territorial mark. It hardly means anything more to them. Women serve the nature more from the inside, they love to fuck, they love to get pregnant, they love the physical side of themselves, they enjoy sexuality more then a lot, they love to get this done, they cant stand without. Why do you think they are so, I'm so tensed and angry? It's just the myth, created by men for all of us, for both sexes that it is all about themselves and their phallus symbol, and women in fact don't like it at all! It just makes it all, more secure for you, for the men. If I was so happy, pleased and agreeable with our life together before, it's because I was so completely sexually fulfilled. We had this great orgies for two, frequently, and it was cleaning me, purifying me, my life was as it should, was great! I never cared if you or someone else did something, I did not like, I wasn't narrow-minded. Now, I became; the condition of the moment made me such, the condition of my libido, the condition of my womb! The cunt's symbol, if you know what is that!" Horny was getting excited.

"You are the bitch"

Horny left unfucked. Hardy remained unfucked.

Horny set in a taxi next to her Hardy, she was thinking and she was talking "I want bum's long pony-tail, one blond and one red, or this other huge wig, one blond and one black, a new sexy dress, a new sexy top, with sharp pointed teats, a new sexy stockings, new sexy shoes, a new ring in the form of my old ring for 20 bucks from China Town, a book for Lucrezius. I wanted to film myself a top of the roof, everyday, I did never. I wanted to film myself trying shoes and wigs in the stores, Black Sellers were great, they would surely film for me they were flirty. You never took

me to your school now that's it now it won't change I'm leaving. The only hint, why you didn't do, I can figure, is my age"

It was Basquiate's book and the outfit for the Paris's show, all from Broadway down town and 14th St, nothing of it was bought. Horny did not have enough money and peace in her heart. She received e-mail.

"Viv is in a very poor mental health, you have to come back as soon as possible. This time it won't do without a doctor. She thinks Israel is involved and targeting her and you, she is certain you are both at danger. Victoria"

Fred fetched Horny at Charles De Gaulle Airport he helped her with the damn luggage. She had four suitcases, Hardy proudly, only one, she not only had to drag around with these, she also repacked it in Paul's garage, spreading all her stuff on the ground. Fred took two biggest suitcases to the cellar in his house. Paris was OK, Horny was feeling slightly homeless but she was hardening fast. The second part of the day she rambled the streets alone, fighting, jetlag and a wet cold fog. The following day, Paris was bathed in sunshine, all worked...

Chapter 45

...All worked Horny's done a lot. She posed nude! An act of "nude in Paris" was a very cold job, gave 250 dollars. But it was fucking snowing when she pulled off her underwear, short non-English speaking photographer dragged her through Montmartre dressed only in a black rain coat and black high heel boots in three hours! The additional & last half an hour they did it in the bus, shooting and reviling. Horny was pissed angry a bit playful and frozen likes hell. She refused to continue, therefore she got only a half of the promised sum, 800FF. Before this dreadful event, she had been longing for so much&so long, she has met Marie-Ann, a charming chick. Cost's wife. Costas is the bloodiest angry rebelling performer in entire France. Marie-Ann is his art partner. She was cute, brave, small and pretty, she was wearing wild pants and red clown's painted chicks. The girls dug each other at the most fancy Pigalle's cafe, Chao Bar. They both drank juice de apricot. "What am I suppose to do for you?" Marie-Ann asked picking up her digital video. The answer came into her web page, guarded, decorated with Horny's strip's start at the mountain of Sacre Couer, viewing few observing gardeners, and the back of photographer's boldest head. Christopher caught Marie-Ann's wrist grossly, forcing her to destroy every picture of him; with no success. At last Horny got a complete agreed sum for posing nude in the streets but it was Patric who paid the rest. Patric was a Jew, who was the first man having enough a humor to buy a distribution's rights of her work. Patric was running a pornographic company, situated at the same cute, narrow dead-end Parisian' street, Cite Joly, as Demoniac. Cite Joly was in Per Lachaise neighborhood. Chemin Vert was a long street starting at Per Lachaise leading to Oberkampf or even farther, at the beginning on the left side of Chemin Vert was La Mousardine, an erotic bookstore selling Horny's books and videos, with a young cute Sofie as a boss. Cite Joly was a second street to the right. On the corner was Cafe Le Moderna where Horny was well recognized. She was more then a steady customer, she was one of Patric's Golden Dames. Demoniac was a classy S-M's shop which sold Horny's

work, lots of other works, explicit photo albums viewing women, girls, ladies, dames, roped, bondage, veiled, exposed, possessing and possessed, tools for both sexes and fun clothes for women, the customers were to 99% men, all in there was costly. Patric was a photographer and liked dinning out whit his new star. Dominique, who took some good, shots of her in the autumn, when she still had some border lines and refused to slip down her pants, convinced her now to order the famous intestine sausage. The sausage tasted skunk but Horny ate! Dominique was a big faced Corsican and the trio had fun, though Horny refused to drink a finishing cognac to the collection of cheese and cakes she enjoyed; there was an eager dog running inside the restaurant and a sudden thunderstorm outside. After which the blue sky and sunshine returned.

Horny's arrival in Piss was perfect, the concert was great, the room maximally filled with fans, departure for German-Swiss-French border where Lucrezia lived was OK. Paris at the last day was magnificent, she did some more OK deals and meetings, many fabulous bars, restaurants, streets, cafe's, L'Operas, Concorde's bathed in pink glowing sun. She was getting together with a theatre company, they were going to work in Brussels. Arriving at Lucr's home, after the arriving at Mullhouse railway station & after kissing Nasty, Lucr, Jasha and Fran, where police occasionally hunted whores, and two of them looked like Horny, Lucrezia said; at night she begun missing her Hardy man! The train was one hour late, which has given a cool hour in Strasbourg, where she drunk a quick beer with Charlie, Paul's son who incidentally traveled on the same train and with a casually met Dunkier's chick, who loved dogs and cats. "Dunkier has a longest carnival and drug queens don't come from New York, drug queens come from Dunkier" the chick said.

"I came from NY" Horny said. In Nasty's bed Horny had a dream that she had a love affaire with a vampire! She was fucking scared, in the dream. The whole dream was like a movie. Exciting and entertaining. In the reality she was bleeding and eating a lot! She could see the Alps. Still the culture there concentrated mainly around an act of eating. Lucr had a new dog, a puppy and it was shiting inside the house, Horny slid on its soft excrement. Fur of the dog was nicely soft. Lucrezia and Jasha were in love. Nasty was intense, stressed, she was easily falling from cry to laugh, she was like a wind, a hurricane and a zephyr, both, light and desperate. Fran was OK. Horny, Horny got engaged as an actress in the play "god is my copilot" Horny was a pilot, not in the play but in the reality, but who was the god? And if Horny was the pilot, what was the God's job? She laid this ingenious plan, she was going to Stockholm to pick up Viv and Lou Lou, Lou Lou supposed to be staying with someone in Gothole or with Hardy in Copenhagen, if Hardy already had a home, for his spouse and his dog and his mother in low. She was intending to take Viv with her to Belgium for the rehearsal, of course she did not have the money, neither for travel neither for living, neither for Viv, neither for herself. She was chaos's pilot and she was doing very well. Of course she returned to Paris, before returning to Paris she traveled to Basel. She met Udo, he had obviously a conflict with his wife. She, the wife did not want to join his mom's eightieth birthday in Gottingen. He was Horny's ex.

Oma was a pretty tough lady with a tough back ground, she had been married to a Nazi's officere, Udo's dad who was shot in the battle for Stalingrad; Horny was glad to hear the old lady was still going strong, but moving out from her apartment at last into a service house. Udo at last took the rest of his belongings from his mother's attic, damping it at his Basel's attic, including Horny's art. He said "I'm too old to move again" and it worried him, considering the conflict with the wife. Udo was fifty-eight years old. Pocio bought his Expended Media Edition long ago. Horny phoned him and met him at the cafe', guided to the place from the train station by a playful, talkative priest of Polish-Lithuanian born, who in twenty minutes bravely pulled her new Sky Way bag and carried two smaller bags with books and shoes, remembering his childhood war's excursion. Udo did not bring her to the train station, he boarded her on the tram paying hers ticket. Horny spent two hours in Basel all together. Horny felt very Parisian. Horny was a decoration on Pigalle-Piglet and it was flattering. Horny was wearing Parisian Blue glitter shorts, red garters and short black stockings inside and outside. Pretty sensational Cabaret's style, draped for this time of the year, the evening was a bit cold. Horny was bombed, but the street loved it, she also tried on a rubber pig's mask and a red rubber dress with nipples. Wolf, Respublica's theatre company's German director filmed her in this outfit. The outfit was presented at Fetish Film Festival. Horny met Wolf on her concert, she did invite him there. She also invited Natalie, Bogdan and Eva and Tadeusz. Horny at last proved her exhibitionism slipping off her glitter shorts down into the stage's floor, appearing in the very first line in negligee', though not acting playful but regular, in open zipped on the shortest rubber skirt, her standard outfit. She was wearing a turquoise tie, silver armless top, black long glows and shoulder long ponytails. Wolf brought Manu with him. Natalie brought a bold tall broad. Natalie was arranging a main party for FFF. Natalie was young & fun. She was pretty and she worked with prisoners as a therapist. She had red eye makeup. Horny had a small clash with Hardy on the phone, Pawel died and H&H were both shocked of the bad news but they could not communicate, Hardy hang up on her. Pawel hang himself. Horny talked to Viv and Lucrezius on the phone. Hardy did not write to her. It surprised her, he was sleeping beside a computer but he did not e-mail to her. Possibly he was not sleeping beside computer, possibly he was sleeping beside Lily. And this is what she suggested to him and that's why he had put the phone down. She was sitting on the floor of Bogdan's Parisian apartment. Bogdan had only one chair and it was filled with stuff, Bogdan was cooking for her, she seemed to need a care. Bogdan, Polish photographer lived in a minimal apartment of foursquare meters at Saint Paul. All, suddenly felt very dark, but H&H were going to meet in Copenhagen, soon, develop some love. When Horny arrived in Stockhole she missed Hardy man! The longing for her man sort of embraced her. When Horny walked Alby Hell's dark path she was thinking, questioning Viv's solitude "How could I leave her alone in that dark ditch of sorrow?" Day earlier Hardy left NYC & Flew to Copenhagen, Lily told her, on the phone; Horny phoned to talk to Hardy and Lily said, "he's left". Hardy e-mailed a lot to Tom and Tom knew, Hardy phoned Tom from Copenhagen, Tom knew, Horny did not know, why was Hardy withholding information's? Why didn't

he phone her? What was on his mind? Was he jellies or did he give up on her? She hoped, Hardy wanted to do a great, the most pleasant surprise, like telling her "Babe, all is under control, so please come home" and he was silent until he was in favor to talk; until he had fixed all; the home and so on. Horny, the blue eyed was on her way with Viv, to Copenhagen to meet Hardy but Hardy was already on his way to Stockhole to Tom, Tom paid Hardy's trip, the circle was closing, Hardy did not keep her informed, Viv lived in the middle of nowhere, Stockhole was in the middle of nowhere, Horny missed NYC! Horny spent three days in Stockhole. Horny arrived in Gothole, Horny met Lucrezius at the train station, Ora's phone was shut, Viv was bombed. What was happening? Horny was proud of herself, first she was a porn starlet, though very cold one and next she was going to be a hot actress in Brussels, it was something. Was it? Was she? She got a written contract, guaranteeing the time and profession. In Paris she had this strange strong feeling, Taddy was alive. Was Horny bombed? Was Horny free? What was she up to? Was she nobody? Who was she? The hit was bubbling inside her, the pride, Hardy no longer could throw into her face his strongest tout "you are unable to make money! You are zero! None wants to work with you! Go & get yourself a life!" Horny had a life! With her first stay, she lived at Paul and after return from Germany she lived at Wolf. They both cooked for her. She left two suitcases in Paris at Fred's parent's house & one at Paul's.

"What shall happened if I won't go back?" Viv asked her helplessly, Viv; she took three of her most precious books with her, two written by Taddy and one by Milosz, it could well mean Viviane wanted to stay. As the time hunched, Horny was quit tired of Viv, Viv was very negative, full of hate to the world and especially to it's people. The entire population was responsible for Viv's odds; Viviane's mean odds. Her hideous seclusion.

"Are we all going to be like that, crazy?" Victoria asked on the phone, Horny had no answer. But she said "no"

Next week she was going to have a concert in Paris again, she had fans! Horny had fans in Paris. Horny had a son in Gothole and a daughter in Mullheim. Horny had a boyfriend; did she? The world was very small, still Hardy was a bit farther away, all the time, however she moved. And Viv a bit too close to her, why was Horny doing that, fulfilling this crazy plan to bring Viv with her, it was impossible to entertain Viv, Viv snored, the only plan Viv had was to escape, the only activity was an escape, though Viv was almost glad to travel with her Horny, especially to Paris. Horny was glad to be able to put her foot in Brussels, she has never been there before, she had copied the movies, and she was going to sell the very last books, literally five! Jan, Horny's grandfather studied Geography at the University in Brussels during three years, at the very beginning of the last century, when he was twenty years old. This was thrilling. She treasured the memory of him. He was Viv's dad. Viv seemed not to care. Horny bought train tickets in Viv's name, she was going to pay later on, she was getting 1000 dollars from Video Red, the pornographic company wanting to distribute her work, she was getting paid for singing with Freyja, this time, Yve-Mary said, he also was going to arrange a video projector and slides projector, so at last Horny's Paris's screening was coming up; perhaps she was going

to stay over in Fabrice place, Horny had new friends, the theatre company Respublica, it was fun. Wolf, Fabrice, Manu, Carole, Douze, Fred, Nils and Melanie and a little Alma. In April, Horny was getting more money from Poland. Was Taddy's book coming out? In this case when? Horny read about Celtic ancestors on Viv's side, her Irish and British heritage, they were all poets, shamans, druids, witches, magicians, moving, traveling, burning. The biggest punishment for the family was to be excluded from the rituals. Horny's family was certainly in. Horny was in for good with her shoes on... Plenty of shoes. She was impressed. Horny was wondering if Hardy had grown a beard. Lou Lou was staying at Lucrezius's home, Ex suggested it, Ex's wife was moving out for good, she was taking the children, Ex was quite blues about all that. Lucrezius thought it was OK, he won the territorial, she packed not only her stuff and furniture but also the box of house's salt. But not an ax. Lucrezius lay down on the floor, with the half full kitchen salt's small plastic container, he had spotted packed, in his stretched up arm madly laughing. Horny was trying to mediate his opinions but she was powerless. Ex's ex, was indeed taking her old salt with, all furniture, all towels, all kitchen tools. Hardy did not call. The town was very cold, stormy, Viv traveled in a summer coat. Why? She did not want to be recognized.

"I can not receive my pension again at my post office, the military had taken over, Sweden is splitting in three parts." Hardy left Copenhagen, because he was dirty, hungry, down and penniless, nothing what he had planed, worked. He suspected it was Neron's fault. Still, he kept Horny uninformed, as it would not consider her life, her reality, her love, and her future... Did it?

"This is superb, you are finally a porno star and I'm playing polka! Polka is prostitution! Ha ha ha ha ha!" Nero was laughing, Viv and Horny were staying over at his new home.

"Where is your dust?" Horny asked him. The apartment was new, the dust and a big portion of old magic was not there. But the main magic, he, was still present. Hans died.

"I felt something was wrong. I broke into his house with police, locksmith and his sister. Hans was lying on the floor, dead, thrown apart, with legs and arms stretched up and he painted his moustache black. It showed up Hans was still alive but the temperature of his body was below 26 degree C., the black around his mouth was his gore. He had an epileptic attach, and he was in coma, after half year at the hospital he was malfunctioning but he was functioning, then he decided to die and he died at his birthday" It was a sad story. Copenhagen was ice cold, Viv was freezing. Horny and Viv enjoyed Saturday's festivities. Children's masquerade, street music, ice-blue cloudless sky. The newest plan, done on the train from Gothol to Copenhagen was, Viv was going to travel to Lucrezia after Paris, Horny phoned Lucr from Copenhagen, Lucrezia did not want that, she was far too stressed, Horny did not tell Viv all this, who in her clairvoyance asked "Would I be able to take a direct train back to Stockhole from Brussels? Do we have the money?" Viv was constantly worried about money, as it was the only issue on her mind, it was pretty dull and it was pity Viv was in such a deep despair, every day of the glorious, long awaited trip. Perhaps

it was too tough for her, first night they slept at Lucrezius and Viv could not get up from his low bed, next night they slept at Cardy, the bed was perfect but Viv didn't know where she was & Fifi dared to question Viv "Have you been to NYC?" It was highly suspect; it had to do with the identity, last night they slept at Neron's. Neron was a perfect host. Perhaps Viv was too old for all that, they still did not do even a half of one way trip. More than double was left, Horny could not afford flight. Horny looked at Viv with surprise, was going to look at Viv with surprise, caused by Viv's question, was about to tell her, how good it was to be on the road, instead of cruising Alby Hell's home between a kitchen, a toilet and a bed. Viv fall down, before Horny spoke. Pedestrians, outside midtown church rushed to help her up, Horny ducked next to her, pulling her up. Viv had fall straight down to the ground, but luckily twisted herself a bit so she did not land on her face, she landed on her right hip and a shoulder. Horny already bought bus's tickets for Brussels, in an endless run-pass, dropping Viv at the cafe' at Central Station, spending exactly all the money she succeed gathering, Euro bus office was closing in the very minute, she entered it.

"I broke my hip!" Viv cried. The hip was not broken, Horny took Viv to the bench first, the air was ice cold, Horny held into Viv's handbag, Viv's handbag was the issue of the highest importance, they went to sit down in the near by cold church and after a quarter of an hour, when Horny literary pried and Viv did, only God knows what, they "went" to a planed cafe', they moved like team of snails with Viv glued to Horny like a post-stamp, Horny was intending to sell her videos at Film House, the old collection was still there. Horny bought Viv a big sweet fruitcake and a hot chocolate. Horny was a fruitcake. Horny was bombed, she was fulfilling her plan. Few hours later Viv really could not walk.

"I suppose Victoria gave me a mal working medicine. It's getting me rapidly older, I look like an old woman! I have to color my hair, my hair is white!"

"You have had such a hair since long time, you look the same to me" Horny was cruel, but did not mean to be. She was wondering if she still had a money for the taxi, they had to be taking taxi for the bus. It was not good, Horny's economy was down to zero after she had bought Euro bus's tickets for them both, but Viv definitely could not walk to the local bus's stop... Neron who gave them his most wonderful and high bed, and served a most excellent salmon dinner with varies drinks, offered Taxi money. The bus trip was a horror for Viv, she reported few times in her paranoiac view "Horny wake up, they are checking everybody's money, they are not going to let us in, we don't have money, Horny wake up!" Viv's had Swedish passport, Swedish nationality, so she was treated well, more than well. None asked her even a question. Besides there were no many checks at all, they were traveling within European Community. After arrival Viv slept in the middle of the day, in the middle of the living room in far too short far too low couch, snoring and groaning, whit her feet in the chair's extension. Apartment that they were staying at was on the second floor with steep Brussels's staircase and no elevator. Of course it was all Horny's fault, but how could she had expect, they wouldn't get undisturbed room, with the real bed; she mentioned this very need in her e-mail. And why she has taken Viv's desire to see Paris, that serious? Horny felt the other actors and both directors

were looking at her as she was going to ruin the work? What was she going to do with Viv? Why did she bring her here? What was going on in Horny's head? Didn't she have limits? Horny had taken Viv to the theatre, how could she know, the rehearsal room was on the fourth floor without elevator, four floors of the steep old wooden staircase, the entire Brussels was like that! It took Grotowski three hours to walk up these stairs but he was Polish's theatre's prophet and that made him highly motivated, Viv was not. Her old passion lasted through the twelve years of art studies and fifteen years of her working life, was long forgotten. It took Viv half an hour to get up from the mattress, and one-hour to get dressed, everybody at the theatre was fed up with Viv, sitting in the office watching videos, only because it was impossible to communicate with Viv. Only Fabrice liked Viv, he was personal, clapping her on the shoulder.

"Military junta took over Sweden, they also clap people like that, on the shoulder. The guy in Copenhagen was excellent, I don't think it was Nero himself, Nero was much thinner, this guy was great!"

Viv was no longer interested in theatre. She did not ask what was the play about, what were conditions of work, what was Horny's job, what was her part; she did not put one single question outside of her financial state. Of course Viv got sick, old people don't travel this time of the year, or don't travel at all, Viv refused taking medicines, she was certain her own daughter was poisoning her, she was certain the water at the house was poisoned, the world was fed up with Viv. Viv had a fluffy body and Horny had to be helping her to get dressed and undressed, it was all an abominable act, Viv had a white round unwrinkled ass. Horny bought Viv silk brown pajamas in Paris, which in Viv's version made a travesty on a concentration camp's prisoner, in her pace of move and style of walk. Viv's eyes were fixed at the floor, and her back extremely hunched, Horny was terrified, they were in the middle of Europe; the rehearsal was going OK. At last Horny got her own matters and was not forced to share the bed with Viv. It was also Horny who got sick first but the cold was not braking her down as much as it did to Viv. The living room, they slept in was ice cold. The theatre's work was OK, it was exciting, Horny was crying, kicking, yelling, squeezing, throwing, all in the perfect manner of Artaud, Horny developed. They were working with Lee Strasbourg's method. Horny forbidden at last to use a laptop's written text for her verbal acts, stood up with her back to the crew, unzipped her trousers in the middle of the butt, pulled it down, saying "I have a very pretty ass" turned the face flashing a pretty hot Polish smile at Fabrice and Wolf sited at the director's table and one extra pull for Carol, Carol set on the floor, Carol was a dancer. Horny flashed her new blue Parisian bra when needed, broke into a hysteric shriek working on the combination of her personality bound with grand daughter Nasty's "I have something to say, let me say it, let me say, let me say something, or I'll puke!!!!!!" was the quotation picked up at the last family visit, when two of them traversed a small mountain in Sulzburg. Horny freaked out on the aspect of freedom, the freedom's yell; riding Douze, kicking him with her bare heels, shouting "ride on bastard!" Corrected by the directors, Douze was the one to lead the motion of the team, she suppose to be only it's voice, she threw herself to the floor as a fetus, cov-

ered her face with both palms, banged the floor with her feet eagerly, jumped up, took the entire room, rolling her full lungs, nagging the single word of "freedom" surprised also herself she could have been that loud, as she had a loud speaker build in and was able to move the walls, any walls limited her... Asked for, Horny reeled down, explored the cooler side of her personality, that which was more healable with the others, though she spoke straight up into the room, against the ceiling "I promised myself, I'm going to remain cool, I'm not going to get excited, revolting, nasty, crazy, though I was born as angry" stretched comfortable on the floor, swung herself side wise "when I was small and I was small, feeling my brain was going to cook" swung herself with her belly flat on the floor, whispering against the dusty surface ending confession "two plus two is four, two times two is four, it use to work to keep me cool" Horny, with her face to the floor remain motionless in four minutes, Fabrice walked over to correct her legs, she wouldn't be able to rise as long the legs were crossed. A physical morning exercise, dance, gym, contact dance, massage and touch was fun. Horny was the most attracted to Fabrice and the less to Fred, and it looked as Fred got a small crush on her, he was hopeless, though actually working as an actress with all of them was great, Fabrice and Carole were new in love and Horny and Carole became pals. Wanting to avoid poisonous water, Viv was damping aspirins into a glass of wine or a cup of coffee, she had forgotten, the house's coffee was made of the house's water. Horny and Viv left for Paris by bus, in the bus Viv, feeling comfortable reviled a secret to her daughter "Karlsson, ex premier of Sweden invited me to China" this was scarring both of them, though differently. Getting out of the bus Viv wanted to faint, since this moment, all went wrong with Viv's Paris trip, Horny panicked and then all the rest was lost, Vivianne saw nothing but the Euro line's station, underground, subway, underground, staircase of the subway, dark Belleville street, casually under falling down eyelids. While Horny pulled her up in one hand, with the other arm pulling the bags. To transport Viv to Fabrice's apartment at Saint Verge over Bellville Park was a pure hell. Viv fall asleep after the dinner in a small Indian restaurant at Rue De Bellville. Horny phoned Zbig, he was living at the same street, he knew Viv well, he came down to help, they took a taxi; it was literally 700 meters to walk, but taxi driver lost his way, they drove twenty minutes round in the small streets leading rapidly up and rapidly down. Viv was shouting, "what are you two doing with me! Do you want me to die?" The taxi driver threw them out, they phoned Yasha, Zbig's wife, she joined, she and Horny held Viv, Zbig caught a new taxi, they at last found the house, Yasha and Horny pulled Viv two floors up, Zbig took care of the bags. Fabrice's concierge was disturbed of the noise in the stairs.

"Is that OK?" Horny changed for the concert, she was wearing shorts, stockings, garters, silver top and turquoise tie and black knee long high heel boots. Zbig and Yasha were coming with, it was a first time ever Horny was two hours late for the show. Viv did not want to stay alone but she had no choice. Concert was not very great, sound was terrible, there was no PA, no monitors, no feed back, no video equipment, no slides projector, it showed Yve-Mary was drunk when he had promised all the stuff, the payment included; the end was great, Zbig said. The end Horny

did giving in reading the screen, she stood back to the room with her arms up, improvising on a single sentence's quotation of herself "Decay is a great mercy!"

Horny totally racked down her voice. She got paid 70FF! This was as little and as much as a half of the sum she spent on taxis this evening. After 2 AM Fred brought her home after he has kissed her in his car, she sneaked in, a bit drunk placing herself in bed next to Viv, Viv was snoring, Horny had pain in her entire body, the flue was tough. The following morning Viv woke up sick. Viv had pain in her body, she was still counting on her sum of monthly income within a week, and she no longer wanted to visit Lucr. "Lucr can come and see me, she is young. They are heavily bumping at my door, I got to be there and protect the house" Viv slept the entire day through, the following day was time for Viv to leave, Horny arranged for her an airplane ticket back home. Horny showered her mom and dressed her. Viv could hardly walk her right hip and a right leg was totally out of order. Horny phoned Hardy asking him to pick up the mother at the airport, Hardy declined, Hardy refused "she is an animal" he said, damping a receiver at Horny, his chick. Hardy an animal... He also said "never again, call me, to ask something of me" Hardy an animal... Horny tackled the talk with her back, unable to show the mother hers face "I can't reach Hardy" she said, without turning back, she phoned Seb, he promised to do the picking up job, but failed. Fred and Horny took Viv to Charles De Gaulle Air Port. Terminal one was like a space ship, was a space ship, Viv got scared, she asked where she was going to fly... She was placed in a wheel chair "I don't know what is going to happened to me when I'll arrive, may be Seb can take me to his house?" Horny kissed one of her mom's cheeks, when she reached for the other one, the service's guy pushed the blue chair away entering an escalator, leading up into the center of the space's ship. Two days after Horny phoned her mom, Viv sounded like a very scared squirrel "TV does not work, I suppose it was a cataclysm, what day is today? I have almost no food in the house, something happened to my legs, I can't walk. I only have five dollars for the next few days"

Horny was back in Brussels, superb full of pleasures Paris, with a plain blue sky, was farther away. Lucrezius was unable to care for Lou Lou, Horny phoned Fox, of course Fox said "yes". If Horny had a casual, normal, regular husband or a boyfriend she would phone, and ask Hardy to make shopping for Viv, and pick Lou Lou. "Lou Lou was in the state of longing", said Lucr. Hardy's sister wrote to Horny, Hardy got a job in Stockhole; of course Horny was the last to hear. The theatre was OK. Horny was OK. Actually working with the theatre was fabulous, Horny was superb, Horny could act! Horny and Douze were naive natural actors, they together could act simply anything, do any sketch any scene, every dialog, and every situation. Horny was an actress! Douze was an actor at Varia theatre. Varia theatre was a second big theatre in Brussels. Varia had best technical facilities of all theatres in Brussel. Douze was French, he was a country boy from a village North-East of Strasbourg and near Kolmar and Selecta. Horny passed the place by train, when she was going to visit Lucr. It was Douze who arranged Republica's contract, all the girls working at Varia were crazy about Douze. About his true blond Mohawk hairdo and blue eyes. He really was a splendid actor. & He was totally wild.

"What have happened with you, you have been very tough first, then much more accessible, and now you are like a child, hopeless, sharpen up Horny, you have your role, your character to play, and this is a tough powerful dame, the queen of the Swedish underground" Wolf was looking closely at her, she was an actress in his play.

"I cant do it, I cant do the Polish text, talking to my mom and dad, jumping the rope like a child and then go straight to my regular Miss Mess personality, let me talk English through the whole play, I have taken this Polish part too late & only because you pushed me to, I won't manage"

"Of course you can" Wolf put his arm around her offering her entire hour to work exclusively with her, Horny feeling awkward and shy, took a deep breath and begun, switching from Polish to English many times, rapidly, Horny was close to cry, at last it worked...

"I have been laying on the floor in two days now. Yesterday I drunk two glass of water, I don't think I ate anything. I can't walk, I have been crawling to the phone in one hour now on my belly, like Lou Lou did before, I heard you calling, I was calling you but not on the phone, I was calling you and Hardy and Lucrezia and everybody else through the space. I could not phone you, I could not remember one single phone number. I pissed on the floor this is horrible. Where are you? You are in Stockholm, or? I have to get to a hospital, with my hand. I think they poisoned me on the airplane" Viviane was telling in a weak raspy voice, interlaced with panic, lit with panic, rushed with panic, soaked with panic, glued with panic, panic, panic, panic.

"I'm in Brussels" Horny was stricken with panic, shouting and trying to stay cool, hoping to stay cool.

"You are in Brussels, oh Horny you are..." Viviane cried.

"Why did you insist to go home alone?" Horny was senseless.

"Go where?" Viv asked.

"Doesn't matter. Don't worry. All shall be fine. You are going to be fine. I'm going to phone Hardy, he is going to brake the door, he is going to get you to the hospital."

"Yes. He has to brake the door, I'm sure I have locked it. There is no way I could do the money business tomorrow, I have to get to the hospital with my hand" Horny had one hour left to the premiere.

"If I'll make it now, I'm professional" she whispered to Wolf. She could not tell anybody else. She could not break team's concentration. Horny was professional! She did it! Horny was a fucking good actress. Horny was great, she had a main role, at the beginning she was jumping the rope, doing a childhood monologue in Polish "Daddy, glorifying death you made me to an endlessly sad child. Mother, your fear of death made me into an arrogant rebel, why were you always that scared, of what, what's wrong with you, what's happened now, what's happening, are you OK? Do you hear me? Do you hear me at all?" Hearing music, Horny threw away a skip rope, threw down her white fur jacket, grabbed her bag, walked few steps into the middle of the stage, faced public dumping her bag to the floor with a great dash, promptly

saying "I'm Horny Kubiak! I'm a star! I'm a queen of a Swedish underground!" The play was thirty minutes long. After thirty minutes of being rude, Horny relaxed, pleased, satisfied served white & red wine to a pleased public. Horny was the star! Viv was brought to the hospital, her left wrist was broken, Hardy was vacuum-cleaning her floor of all broken glass, at first Viv did not give the sign of life, through the door's post opening, the ambulance's guy broke the balcony's glass and started laughing, he spotted Viv sitting on the floor, talking on the phone. Lucrezia phoned Viv. Viv was calling everybody and all of them heard. Policeman who arrived told his life story to Hardy man. It was Thursday. Saturday Respublica gave one more show. Brussels was indeed a beautiful city. Brussels had a birthday-cake look-a-like castle. Brussels had the most beautiful old shop's gallery. Horny walked there twice extra for the sake of Jan, her granddad. She bought there a small porcelain doll in a blue dress for Nastassia.

"Now you are not a performer anymore, now you are an actress, now you can play Shakespeare" Manu' told Horny, they were celebrating. Horny did not tell him, that she always could. Horny lost some of her arrogance. Soon Horny was leaving for Paris again. Paris was OK. More then OK, Paris was in Spring, and as with the last visit Horny's money worked; meaning - every time her hand was empty, she zipped her card into a banking machine and Taddy's royalties covered up all hers and Viviane's expenses, plus that Patric's & Taddy's money have paid Viv's flight, now Patric's, Demoniac's and Alice's the tenant's money covered Nasty's fifth's birthday gifts, Horny's hotel and living and flight's costs; it was not just a miracle, it was regular, Horny's life worked. Gothole was a horror but Lucrezius was sport, Ex was sport and Lou Lou was sport. Lucrezius had a hang-over and a moral hang-over " I was drunk and I asked my girlfriend to marry me, why don't I have more style, why don't I do it sober & with a ring? Why don't I at least wait until I have a job and can afford to buy the ring?" Horny almost told him, that he was the best, that nobody ever asked her this maxim, this question, with or without a ring, with or without the ring; they chat the night through. Horny bought a train ticket for Stockhole, Hardy was going to meet her.

"He is going to tell me, you are stupid, you are useless, you are bitch!" she told Lucr. Within twenty-four hours Hardy's speech was fulfilled, his sex was fulfilled, Horny had problems with her intentions and feelings, her sexual intentions and feelings, Viv was fully bombed and soon coming home. Ora phoned "I did not talk to anyone in days. How is Copenhagen? Hardy invited me home to you, he said he was going to work as a fashion photographer, I was on my way" Ora was as always sarcastic compensating her own solitude.

"Hardy is a piece of shit, you should take correction on his words. I read his daybook of the last few weeks. There is nothing about me, nothing of our home or wedding. Nothing what fulfils or at least continues the plan we both laid when I was leaving NYC. He is planing to be a student for the next ten years, until I'm fucking sixty! He has been thrilled in Copenhagen by the French lady's bum's fragments, he had seen her at the youth hostel, he had seen her slipping into her German boyfriend's bed. He is depressed, he is powerless, he is uninspired, he can't breath and he loves the dead

chick, his school's dead playmate! He writes love letters to her and cool dry one-liners to me & I'm unable to answer his kiss, it smells fucking rough, his breath I mean, his mouth, his bowls, or whatever it is. Do you think this is love? Do you think I love him?"

Tom's love affaire finished before it started. Tom wasn't feeling good. Viv was home, H&H too, Hardy got a job, he was taking care of old people down town, leaving the house at dawn returning at dusk, but this was good for his future, he did not have any cash, any money at all but Horny had; he was not impressed of Horny's theatre latest conquest. "Sounds as a therapy to me, absolutely don't imply the news at me", he concluded in a daily battle. The daily war; but he did not succeed in making Horny shout yet, she has learned to control herself.

"It's OK, as long you don't fuck the director" Hardy said at last, he meant "I let you do, I allow you" he felt as Horny was his property, it was a simple calculation. It was more transaction then love, Hardy was young and cynical. Plus, he thought her relations with people were exclusively sexual, as she would have been retarded, or if she would have been a piece of flesh. Horny, the Flesh, told him about Paris's nude photo session, it made him refuse to salute' in Paris's Bisous pink wine - an identical bottle she drunk the previous night with Ex, so second Bisous Horny drunk alone, still it was really good Hardy really stopped drinking... Ora phoned once again this evening of H&H's reunion, she "did not talk to anyone since long" she said. She "was fighting a welfare again, they only paid a half of her rent. The start of the conflict was trivial; she had missed an appointment. She was prepared to fight. To fight the entire lousy system"

"If I could freely choose, I would live in the house with Nasty and four dogs" Horny said, Horny had a dream. Horny was mothering Viv, spring was coming, Lou Lou was cured and he was enjoying the life!

"How old is this puddle?" asked her, a funny sloppy chap, a local junky merrily running down a heel, a hill, the slope.

"Fifteen" Horny answered looking at his stripy colorful coat.

"Fifteen? It's a lot for the dog. My golden retriever died at sixteen, he was unable to walk, and I was forced to put him to sleep. But this one seem like he is making twenty!"

Viva to Life! Horny phoned John V., she hoped he was putting some cash into publishing of this book. John, he might be was, he might be wasn't. Horny, the vanishing star...

"I love you" Hardy said, he had said this many times, it did not make Horny more agreeable, she was not fit for the sex games. Hardy came. Horny was careless, cold.

"I don't want to be a photographer in Paris anymore, I don't want to fight for jobs, I don't want to be this ass hole who gets the jobs. I want us to move to India. I want to live in Asia. I need one more or two years of study, I need the base and then we can withdrawn, life is cheap down there, there we can afford house and I can afford a film for my camera, that's all I need"

"Yes, all you need! What am I going to do there? I don't want to withdrawn!"

"You can be a journalist"

"I don't want to be a journalist. I'm not journalist. I'm someone, I have my way, and I'm developing it. I'm somebody"

"Yeah, what are you really doing, ha!?"

"Promoting myself!"

"I don't like this Andy Warhol's shit, the fame! You are a tardy! I don't like art I don't need art. I only like personalities. I like Picasso, not his shitty art! I like Henry Miller! I don't like Norman Mailer anymore, now when I read more about his life! Art does not excite! & What do you think you are doing? Drifting round promoting your old books and old movies! Ha ha ha! When did you write Baby Trouble? Ha?! How many years ago?!"

"Promoting old books and movies!?! So what about this book?" Horny pointed at the computer. "I worked on it three years! It's done. I'm going to publish it. And I'm going to edit a new movie now, here, or at Fred's place, he is buying Premiere, he said I can move into his house, he is soon getting!"

"But you can write in India, you can film there too"

"O yeah? And what they shall do with me, they shall never accept my work! I need stimulation, I need the whole thing!"

"All you need is to show your cunt!"

"You are a fucking idiot! It's your fault that I did not make any new movie since five years! & You know about it! I can film an entire new movie with Respublica, they are great and they'll let me behold the role, the position I want to have! & I want to play with my band and they are in Paris!"

"Your band does not care for you. You said they chosen a tune with Nick Zedd for the coming CD, they don't care for you! They don't want to play with you!"

"You don't understand anything, they did it, because Zedd is cult in Paris cause he is an American, and they expect something to happen, possibly they expect their fame to grow, I cant forbid them this strategy, everything I tell you, you use against me, also my children! I forbid you to use my children against me! I love my children and they love me! And very much because of their existence I cant move to India! Tardy! The band wants to play with me and the most important is that I want to play with them and I'm going to!"

"I also am going to write! I also want to perform though without the music. I also want to make movies!"

"Naturally, you want! Yours writings sucks! You write only shit! I can't read this it makes me pissed angry! It's such a shit, from a personal point of view! It's such a lie!"

"You see! You also bent for personalities the art isn't all! & You write very badly about me! I can't read this too!"

"I don't write bad about you, I write only facts!"

"Also opinions"

"I write facts, not opinions!"

"You select, otherwise your book would have been so long" Hardy opened his arms.

"I select" Horny agreed.

"But you liked India before"

"I love it for the adventure, for the trip. I could not live there, I'm a woman, the woman in India is not free, I would go there for a freak, they would fucking stone me, I would have to get involved with the whole pattern of behavior, I would have to fight for the women rights, common, I simply want to go on with what I have done, I'm good, I'm satisfied and I want to work with Respublica, we have just found each other, it works. It gives me a great satisfaction to work as an actress. It gives me a kick! I'm good at it. Do you understand how it feels? You don't want to fight for anything, so you want to go, to leave, you want to be there where you suppose shall be easy for you! Only you! You don't mind to check my space, how difficult or how useless it can be for me! You consider only yourself! & Surprise, I'm good! It feels fucking great!"

"Blab, blat, blah" was Hardy's shortening line. Sunshine outside tacked with clouds. H&H's life became more agreeable. Viv was softening, Horny was cooking twice a day, serving Viv meals four times per day, sitting down with her at the table, burning candles, playing radio, music, though Viv did not hear the music; she heard people attacking her door every other night Viv was damn scared & Horny who always slept light, assisted her mom believing a miracle, believing her care shall give a result, bring back Viviane. Friday morning Horny and Viv went back to the hospital. The ex-ray proved the fracture was badly growing, the surgery was planed for the same night. They were going to put a metal construction, with screws to protect Viv's wrist. Horny clutched her fingers, doing a translation, she was very sorry for her mom. She helped her to shower, Viv was nude sitting in the chair, Horny was wearing marine blue rubber boots and a white plastic apron upon her usual clothes, the stream of water was hot, Viv's terribly white skin pinked. Viv looked pretty alive, her skin, her flesh was not old.

"So that's your chick, Taddy" Horny spoke to herself in quiet. Viv's pubic hair was long silver white, thin, electric, standing straight out as in the wind. Her breasts were hanging, but not terribly hanging, her hips were OK, her calves were pretty, her ass was cute, her knees all right, she actually looked younger wet nude then when dressed. Viv's hair were not Rife, Viv's hair were few, white long hair, when showered, when wet, Viv looked bold. Horny looked at her mom's skull, Viv was possibly watching her feet, but actually her eyes were closed. Small veins around her thighs were dark violet, very thin and crisped, clearly damaged. "So, that's your chick" Horny repeated, mumbling to her dad. She dried Viviane, Viv's back looked ill. Horny threw a huge, floor touching white towel over her mom's head, watching her posture from the back, Viv looked small, odd, distant, unreal. Completely small and unreal under the cloth.

"They mantled a war aircraft into my arm, you are going to be very scared when you'll see it! They have done something horrible to me it might be a war-ship. The night was a horror"

"You had a surgery"

"No, I did not have a surgery, jet. They did something horrible to me"

"You had the surgery, you had it under narcoses, may be you don't remember it"

"May be I had. I got an injection in the morning. At night they wanted me to hang myself. I was behaving badly. Horny, you have to come and get me" Viviane's surgery was done, she wouldn't believe. She was trying to unscrew the screws hooked into her arm. The screws were huge.

"I'm going to die. They are going to cripple me, they are going to cut off my arm. They did what Khomeini did to punish his folks in Teheran, it's the Scandinavian military junta, who did it to me. It's a toy, they mantled into me, and they play with me. They had plaid me up. It's all finished" Horny was forced to take her home. By the morning, Viv took the bandage off. April 2ed it started fucking snowing again. Horny phoned a psychiatric emergency but she did not get through. She left a message at the psychiatrist doctor she involved few days earlier.

"Horny, this time I can't do it, I can't help you" Fred was on the phone "they called me from the kiosk, someone had ordered a kebab, a hamburger and a hot dog, in my name. I know its Hardy. It won't work. I don't work there anymore" the phone woke Horny up from the dream, it was the psychiatrist willing to discuss Viv. Next phone was Viv's worried older sister Eva, next was Hardy "I did not received my money yet, as I supposed I should today, I have only what I got from you in the morning, do you know any kebab's place in the area of my work?"

"No, I don't" Horny said. Hardy did not have any money since the moment he picked her at the train station with a small tired rose. He was laying his surviving business in her hands, it was not casual, it was regular. Horny did not protest. But Horny did not approve.

"I remember when Marcin died, it was 13th of April, the entire Cracov was in bloom, the spring was foibles. I don't remember what year it was" Viviane said.

"It was forty-six"

"I'm not sure, how can you know?"

"He was my brother, I know. It was 1946"

"Tomorrow I'm going to fly to Cracov, there are doctors who are able to care for me, who can take the stuff out"

"Listen, this is good for you! Do you understand me?"

"No. I'll never believe that!" Viv spent the day, reading an encyclopaedia.

"They make aircrafts of titan" was Viv's clue. Horny's clue was none.

"I love you" Hardy said.

"What are you doing Horny?" Viv suddenly woke up.

"I'm writing"

"What are you writing?" Viv was suddenly véry alert.

"I'm writing on my book" Horny proved slight irritation, but turned back, gazing at Viv.

"Perhaps you should copy Françoise Sagan"

Viv was fabulous but Horny had no desire to turn back.

"Perhaps I can sell my three paintings I have" Viv continued. Horny continued to write.

"Perhaps we can sell a blue lamp", Viviane said. Hardy was sleeping in the kitchen.

"I love you" Hardy said, though he did not have a physical time for her, he was busy. He was working. He was doing the same job as eight years ago, when she had met him. He was getting up 6 AM, leaving the house 7 AM, returning 6 PM wanting being served and taken care off. He was going to bed shortly after 8, sometimes 9. It sucked from Horny's point of view. Of course she understood he had to make money and he had to do something.

"Job was OK" Hardy said, he was taking care of old people, doing what Horny did for Viv, he was earning money, but so long Horny supported him, though she did not have an income. Horny was cooking everyday. He was enjoying himself with one old chap, he was taking the old chap out everyday, visiting cafes. Both of Horny's children phoned, they needed money.

"I figured out it's Hindu people" Viv said.

"What, Hindu people?" Horny asked.

"The nurse who came home to bandage my arm looked Indian, a mail nurse at Hospital also looked Indian"

"I don't thinks so" Horny answered without turning back.

"We should have given back the wooden pen-box, they are punishing me for, my arm is going to rott"

Horny approached her mom fast, she was yelling to her face "Fucking trade! Fucking idiot! Il cretino!"

Zbig arrived. He was busy, his concert was turning even bigger event, then planed.

"All electronic Stockholm's battery is joining. Hausswolff is really big now. He has three offices, he is dealing exclusively with million's crones projects. He has the office at Lydmar Hotel, we are having a special dinner there tomorrow with all the panel. I named the concert different, it's no longer my composer's portrait"

"How?" Horny asked on the phone.

"Automate"

"Hi"

"I'm never going to use my name for the concerts"

"Why?"

"Too much ego"

Horny set on the chair in Viv's kitchen, sky behind the window was gray, and there was snow outside again. Horny was hoping Zbig's arrival was her ticket back to the social life of Stockhole, he wanted to meet her at a cafe'. Horny had no strengths to take subway, it was only 30 minutes but it seemed an eternity. Horny hopped Zbig was getting involved in producing her CD, but he did not mention it. He may be did not read her e-mail. He surely had enough to do with his own work. Horny was watching a floor, she could not decide, if she was going downtown to meet him, he was so excited of pal's success, financial & fame. Horny was thinking if, she went down town, if he was coming to think about to invite her for the important dinner the following day, so she could also represent her too big ego; she did not hope so. In this case he would have said it. She knew she had this really bad opinion among the others, here. Yet, why? She knew why. She was an exhibitionist, she was constantly

promoting herself and her art sucked, she was exposing her cunt. & She was exposing her soul.

"Horny, perhaps we can write to Queen Elisabeth and ask for money" Viv interrupted. Horny shrieked. Hardy came back home, this time he received money but he was fed up with her and did not feel like paying back write now. He was "not in a right mood" he said.

"I'm going to cook pasta with butter latter on" Hardy said, dashing to sleep; still penniless he used to accompany Horny to the store and say "I want this and I want this and I want that". Now he was more Spartan. Now, he was bothered by his late promise "when I'll get money, I'll do the sushi"

"Two weeks ago I was still in Paris" Horny said to herself, she was completely fucked up.

"Whore!" Hardy with seven months delay comprehended news, that Horny showed a breast, and flashed her thighs for Rebellini. Horny tried to tell him earlier, mostly because she was proud of her looks, fixed with a traditional Nikon with flash. Hardy hated her with a great force it was too bad for both. It was strange that Hardy did not comprehend why, Horny loved nude photography of herself, could he blame her for it or did she need a shrink?

"It's my work!" she shouted.

"It's not your work! Whore!" Hardy shouted back, after he did not speak to her in two days.

"Whore!" Hardy was hitting Horny hard all over her body. They had been out checking town, Horny did reading at Jean's club. At Jean's club people fucked in a special room. H&H did not fuck but were pretty excited both.

"Shall we leave, or shall we fuck?" Horny asked. Hardy preferred to take her home for apportion of some good banging, Horny was not obscene enough, she was a romantic creature, she did not like Hardy's approach at her, she did not like how he sized her ass. Hardy was blind that was all. Horny was blind, she hurt him unbelievably pointing the fact and she had to take a severe beating with not too much complaint.

"Whore, I'm going to kill you!" the hits were reaching all over her, over her skull, her face, breasts, back, thighs, hand palms, arms, legs, calves; as he intended to chop her in pieces. Hardy was yelling "Go and sleep with your schizophrenic mom! You are making me mentally ill! I hate you! I hate you! You are able to destroy all! I hate you!" Horny was laying on the coat she threw on the floor coming home, the coat she recently got from her aunt, feeling it's softness, he hit her hard, the light in the room was off, but he somehow could spot her in dark, she laid over the pail of clothes; she tried a lot of different outfits before the reading. The reading was OK, partly very well. Horny was fucking strong and blue black marks were surprisingly few. Their sex the following day was at last OK. After few boring numbers, Horny at last hit up, proposing Hardy "lets have sex" Hardy placed himself dangerously close on his knees, his dick hung over hare face, misspelling she brushed it softly with her

lips, the time of a blow job was definitely over. She worshiped Marilyn's clue "that's definitely the last dick I have sucked" Hardy was licking her womb and at last the womb responded with pleasure, little by little, Hardy got his girl to perform a fire dance upon him, Horny's waste was slim, her breasts small, nipples small and dark pink, hips curved and buttocks hard & simultaneous softly cute and nice, Horny shut her eyes, glowing over him like a midnight star, both shouting...

"Horny, you must apply again for the money at Swedish Film Institute, they have a totally new set of curators" Mats Lundell said joining last night's Horny's reading at Jean's Skaarstedt club Naked, she did a masturbation piece from chapter 39. He was filming for her, accidentally they filmed over the only take with Viv from Paris, Viv at the fountain with a glorious view. Viv's cute elf's face with the face of bronzed statue's siren.

"Lily Vain have done a great career, he is doing the videos for the German part of Expo in Hanover 2000, the first great show of the new century, he is in NYC, he works there, he has been flown Concorde once a week back and forth, since two months. It's eight millions dollar's project! Surely, Madonna is going to work with him soon" Zbig said before he left, Lily Vain was Horny's ex. Zbig after offering himself for the night, flew back landing in Copenhagen, Zurich, Paris, his ticket was cheap. The following day he was doing Paris-Tokyo, the world was surprising round under his wings. His concert was powerful, much like a giant flight even Hardy had to admit, even if she preferred to go back home to Hardy. In 10 days was Horny's return flight to Paris, how was she going to handle it? Who was going to care for Viv, Hardy and Lou Lou? She was pulled strongly as a fly to the shit, as a bee to the honey's giving flower. She wanted to go to Paris for 4 to 5 days. H&H's previous plan was a Wedding in Paris at Easter time, now there was no valid day or place. Wanda phoned Viv refused to talk to her.

"It's so hard to be so far away from all of you. I'm very lonesome and sick. I heard from Ewa and Wita, Hardy is wonderful"

"I hate you!" Horny was shouting in the direction of her man "I'm responsible for myself, Viviane, Lou Lou and you! It's more than I can handle! I'm shopping, cooking, and cleaning the house! Where is your part? If you have no strengths to give it the care coming home, change the job! I work hard and I refuse to support you, I need my money for myself, I don't care that your photography is costly, I also have the passions to support, I have debts to friends, I have debts to Jola, to Mats, to Ex, which I want to pay back, I don't have a need of a gigolo, I don't care for representation or sex. I don't give the fuck! Tomorrow you don't eat here!"

"You cheat people! You blow everybody! You work! Ha ha ha ha! Whore, you show your cunt for 1500FF! I'm moving out!"

Horny's problem was that she lost one of her credit cards during Saturday's party - of course she paid all the drinks for both, she had headache due to the beating and she could not stand to care all day round for Viv and she could not stand in Alby Hell, the ghetto seclusion; she was filled with aggression to the very last. Both of her children needed cash, they called, they were totally broke. Hardy's problem was simpler, though he worked, he was penniless, and their battle of hate was about 30 minutes

long. Hardy was a super-free man on one condition, never ever yet in his entire grown up life he was responsible for another person. How comes he succeeded? Was he evil or was he smart? Horny started laughing, threw herself over Hardy, of course he was laying on the bed, their living space in Viv's kitchen was limited to a double bed and one, two square meters of the floor's patch, mostly loaded with her stuff, besides Hardy was tired, his schedule was tight. Horny was jumping upon him, squeezing his face, chest and twisting his arms. She was hurting him and she was madly laughing. Horny kissed him softly "I love you" she said, flashing an extra smile.

"Taddy, listen to me" Horny walked Alby's Hell narrow path holding into Lou Lou's lich, the sky above the patch of a dry violent dry brown bush was totally gray, totally Dorian Grey, totally still; heavily gray, as the paint when you have taken too much of black from the beginning and it doesn't matter how much more white you add, you won't get it any lighter. "Taddy, Hardy's writing scares a shit out of me. Is the work, the writing necessary referential to the author's personality? Does he describe his world or does he make a cross process? I'm embarrassed to tell you, but the women in my man's writing are only wives and prostitutes. More, wives are bitter, disappointed, demanding, betraying and bloodthirsty. More, the wives are constantly waiting to get laid. I mean, you are the man, too; at least you were the man, do you recognize the pattern? Prostitutes are a bit more playful, they are a bit prettier, a bit younger, but much greedier. They want men's money. Who says, the money is in the hands of men? Why? What kind of world, is the world of Hardy? What's his share? What's his goal, his clew? What's his fucking problem? Why is he so destroyed? Why is he a cynic? How can he be that fucked? Who drew his world? He might feel very sensual, when in his vision, in his world, the women have exclusively teats and cunts, sometimes asses, women's palms grab only money or dicks, dicks or money or both. They are all waiting to get laid and to get paid. In opposite condition they rapidly bitter up beaten up. What a fuck, world, Hardy's world! Why is he meditating, why is he addling his inside like a birthday cake? What's the deal? Why did he stop drinking alcohol & coffee? What's his fear? Why did he stop smoking cigarettes? Why did he stop to drink tea? What's he up to? Building jails? What's he saving his energy for? Avoiding dirt shall never make him clean. Nothing shall change, as long his heart stays the same. His imagination. Taddy, I have been yelling at Viv, more and more. Taddy, I don't think I can do it. I don't think I can make it. How could you choose such a dame? She is your pick, not mine. What will happened with her? Taddy, I suppose, both Hardy and Viv, use me as a slave, it's a detonation, though Viv is mentally ill. Are you sure, Hardy is sane? Taddy, I want to fly again, I need to rise above the clouds. I need to move, remove myself from here and apply myself there, then I might remove myself from there and apply here. Taddy, I want to walk Boulevard Menilmontain in the sun. I must. I want to walk Broadway in the rain. I shall. Taddy, why am I like that? Is the life real? Is my life real? Am I real? Who am I, T? Am I real? Or yours poetic creation? The creation? The flesh of art.!"

"Perhaps we can sell the dog" Viviane gladly pointed at Horny's and Lou Lou's return. Horny gave her a stern look.

"It's my dog", she said hard, twice. The dog was standing in the middle of the room wagging merrily his tail, glancing at both women. Horny was stressed, she was leaving the house, Hardy phoned and she was going to meet him at 'Waynes Cafe'. The sky looked amazing, it looked as someone was lifting the hat, it simply cracked and the spasm of a sheer light was driving in, between the bushy horizon and the thick greenness above, the thick grayness all around, Horny's steps of escape were quick. The air was wet, but started moving. The particles...

Lucrezius phoned, both, mother and son had a sever hangover. Lucrezius had fun to gain it, Horny moderately. Lucrezia phoned. Horny was telling "You don't imagine what had happened, I at last met Hardy's ex and his son! Not that it would have been planed, they came to Stockhole and Hardy was going to meet them and we're going down town together. I mean, really they stepped into the same subway! It was really crazy, everybody was very nervous and no one could say a word in over two minutes! Then it was done Hardy went with them into one direction and I went to the other. I mean no more improvising, after Hardy joined me in the bar and after his ex joined too. I haven't talk to her since eight years! She is nice, pretty, but I can't say I like her, not after how she proceed all this time, I'm perhaps hard handed bitch"

"I totally understand you" Lucrezia said.

"The worst is, that I agreed. We were sitting there drinking red wine, talking art...Crazy! OK, I told her how much I love my grandchildren and you, my children. I told her about Viv; she seemed noticing, I'm a human being and not a monster, she lauded me to. And you know what she said? She said, Hardy and me, we are like John Lenon and Yoko Ono! Fuck!"

"But that's great, that means, she likes you! You and Hardy are a very special par"

"Oh, no! Fuck! This is not great! This sucks! Especially when it comes from the woman to woman, we will never be free, equal; the man will remain the ruler. As long as it is not natural, as long as it has to be mentioned or defended, with such a cliché, that a woman might be the older in the par! What else would she mean? Yoko Ono, I really didn't like that! Yoko Ono is a Japanese businesswoman, And John Lenin is a great dead shot rock star, Hardy hardly proved his qualities yet. But if she means that we had photographed ourselves together totally nude, she can be prepared to see more of that!" Horny was really disturbed her superiority had no limits. Still she was very critical Bitch "The ex wrote to Hardy, that their son is a reincarnation of the Buddha, this is embarrassing, and she said her lover is certain she is the goddess herself, and she wrote a song, a memory of a great ecstasy a great orgasm Hardy gave her over eight years ago, I tell you Lucr, heavy stuff here in Stockhole City" Lucr was laughing.

"Don't worry Horny, my ex, said in TV's interview he is Jesus himself and he never had a wife! Imagine! We lived together four years! Nasty after watching it, said stark - it's obvious, mom, pa never was in love with you... Imagine, at five years of age!"

"I'm going to start working on a new book" Horny said to Tom. "Otherwise, I will never finish this one, besides, I'm bored of the form, I want to change the structure and I could not do that in the last part of the last chapter, I need to space it out! Though I also want to be more concrete. & I absolutely want more dialogs"

Tom, himself stopped to write already three years ago, he was quite blouse and distressed "Of course I write on my daybook, I need it like an air, but that's not writing"

"You should pick it up again, it's really fun, or you should reconsider the daybook, it's even better fun" Horny pointed, throwing more of the red wine into herself. Into herself... Hardy, who was sitting besides her was hugging her under the table, was pawing at her right hip and her right buttock with his right palm. Horny...Hardy...

H&H? The special par. Old Lenin and his Bitch!

"I can't stand it! I can't stand you! You are destroying me! You are taking advantage on me! Just because we three are having a cozy dinner, and Hardy does not understand Polish, and you suppose I'm going to cover up for you as always, as through my entire life, you are telling me t h i s crap! This shit! I'm becoming mentally ill! Do you understand what a shit pressure you are putting at me! You are pretending you are so cool, nice, innocent, you say Hey, as a complete ass liqueur, to every nurse or a doctor, or a taxi's, or an ambulance's driver; it's only at me, you are opening the door of your horror cuckoo world! The rotten and feared death ass well ass poison ass the potion, I can't stand it! I'm not getting in there! You not suppose to do that to me, I'm a human being! If you have nothing else to tell me don't speak at all!" Horny was shouting, Viv was pressing herself in the direction of her bed, the dinning was finish. Ass licker. Ass locker. Ass liquor.

"I made up the story, I often make it up, just as a table conversation, I have nothing to tell you, we are not on the same wave's length, I'm an old rack and you are a child" Viv was helplessly scorning round, she was already sitting on her bed...

"What happened Horny?" Hardy was lain on the kitchen bed, massaging his heart's muscle Horny was running around tiny apartment.

"I don't really know. She said something, I'm so confused, she said something like, that she has to ask the house company to change the locks, and give us new keys, she said that someone has, some stranger has the keys and then she said that the company gives the keys to anyone, and we might ask as many times we want and that every single key is always different, and that people often loose keys and someone always finds it and it meant really nothing and the important thing was what she did not say; she always speaks to me in codes, she speaks between the lines, I'm loosing it, I'm loosing myself, she is always approaching me, when I'm the most vulnerable, when I cant defend myself, she was sure that I won't dare to involve you, won't dare to spoil the cozy dinning feeling, so she thought she will damp the horrors into me invisibly, immediately, into her very own security box, but I can't take it anymore, she also said she is going to write to my ex and his ex, to ask them to ask the banks of Norway to land her the money, if I won't talk to them" Horny laid her face on the side of Hardy's thigh, playing her trick, her visual trick, looking at him, his face was changing rapidly. More rapidly then what she usually accomplished, the images were

more diabolic, his eyes were burning black; Horny knew she needed to interrupt the game or looking, the game of looking...

"Horny you have to drop it, you can't do nothing for her or yourself, there is no miracle coming. That something happens and you can have the mother few more years. You have to stop believing that she loves you, she is the UFO"

"Is she that out?"

"Yes she is"

The following day Viviane begun with Sobril, the downer; she went over to call Horny, the Little Kitten as she used to... The situation at home was idyllic. In two days was Easter, Horny was going for Paris and Hardy for a Swedish countryside to visit the family. Viv was staying. Horny bought colorful tulips and a new blue coat Hardy bought him a golden earring with a red eye.

"I wanted to buy you a ring, but it comes later" he told her. Viv never repeated Sobril treat, she did not like to be that off her horror.

... Horny did not touch writing almost a month or more then a month, who would have watch a time for her if she did not? None! The day before she left for Paris she asked her Hardy to accompany but he didn't prove being spontaneous.

"If you had asked yesterday, now is too late" Horny was furious. Horny had fun though it rained the day two, the day three, and the day four, of course the day fifth it fucking shined, the sun of course; the sun of glory over Hornie's Paris. Hornie's Paris was explicit. However Hornie's return was actually superb, Lucrezius cooked Indian for his mom and presented his Swedish chick, all perfect. Lou Lou who had his fun time with Luc cherished to see Ho, Hardy was too tired to receive his chick at the station but the chick was a big girl and got home safe, in spite of her incredible amount of luggage, the very next portion of the stuff left at Fred's in Paris since Feb.; Horny was her own donkey, her own car, her own taxi, her own track, her own engine, her own racket, her own bomb... Viviane! Viviane was fully bombed. Within a month Hardy broke the engagement once again, though he gave her a silver ring at the arrival. Literally the fourth time broke! & Second ring in eight years! The first ring she had been robbed off in Adam. The final argue started with a usual female-male rights cool afternoon talk in bed, on the basis of the wild world's view, not much of the private landscape involved in the particular conversation, or was she that deeply fogged? Yes, she was. For Him it was surely very personal, to hear his private nude Donna, nude side to side, nude cheek to cheek, not even glancing at his pretty dick.

"You are totally pathetic" he said hateful, after her long monologue on women odds "latest, I was sixteen, when I laid nude with porgy broads and had this kind of talks" Summer came and withdrew and came again. Horny was on her way once again, she was hitting for Brussels first, Paris next, just what role she was going to play was a bit unsure, Horny seemed to suffer an identity crises, the identity cries, she should never abandon writing for such a long time; she barely remembered anything, something, everything was floating in a grim fog.

"The future was uncertain" Fabrice, Respublica's director faxed her these lines, these words, it read the same in French as English. Manhattan became Horny's favorite drink, Lucreziu's gave in acting in a soap opera, actually did not attend the test pictures, which Horny arranged for him, and it supposed to be one of the main roles, he plaid in a music video with Lucy's Street, Lou Lou was a bit tired, a bit too hot, his eyes lost glare. Ewa was eighty-seven and Wanda eighty-five! Mickey was going to Geneva and NYC and Bangkok to perform, Horny met him a first time since long, he was drunk, Eric came from Borneo, though Horny did not know where it was. Ora was a bit desperate, she changed her hairdo, Cardy was immensely sad. Horny had a slight problem in establishing a show at Demoniac, otherwise all was the same, Horny was not retracking. Though she recently found out, she was able to have great sex with Hardy if he gave her time, if he let her coil against his wounds, cocktail her wounds, at their flesh for as long she wished to instead of stubbornly attacking her genitals. Poor Hardy thought if he used his thick unpure pink tongue the girl was done... He was so far from the true, or was Horny and outsider for good? Holly Glory!!!! Where was her cunt placed, was it really in her head? Oh, holly!

"At last I have destroyed my structure!" watching successively laid the track with fragments of my tired looking face. It's visible. I'm fucked up, though not totally... I have offered last three months to Vivianne. Even if I achieved something new, in the same period of time - I'm talking my actress job. I have crossed the roads, clouds and borders. She has sucked out life of me as much she gave me life. My mother. It is hard to say, if we love each other now, I think we don't do. However she isn't aware of it, or? She might be clearer then I. Why did I let this happen? For the sake of nature? For my very devotion to destroy? To survive? To survive the attack of her sickness at my sanity? To embrace the distracter itself? Out of my decadence... and something else what Hardy can't give. I have destroyed H&H's sexuality. OK, is not that dramatic. Hardy enjoys it, but Horny is sailing lonesome through the nights. If sex belongs to night if sex belongs anywhere. I have proved for Hardy, physical I'm at the same level as he, I'm not a rack. We both jog about 25 minutes without a stop around hell's lake. I'm bad. I'm bad. I'm bad. I'm bad.

"I'm very ill. I can't shit. You can't leave" Viv was standing nude over her daughter. Horny just discovered, the train she was supposed to take from Stockhole to Gothole, where from she was flying to Brussels, was fully booked, she had to be taking earlier one, at 10 AM. She slept over, now was 8.45, the schedule was tough. It took about an hour to get downtown from Alby Hell.

"I have tried every 5 minutes through the night and entire dawn. I'm completely hard." Viv was repeating. Her pubic hair was godlessly, silvery long, standing straight up. Her belly was fluffy soft but obviously hard stuffed.

"You can't leave" she repeated. Horny did not look at her mom above the waist it was no use to meet mom's eyes. Horny was throwing her clothes out of several shelves to the corridor's floor. It was clear she had no time to do the last phone calls, no time to actually prepare herself and her luggage to leave, she lost 2 hours due to

the crowded trains and additional 2 hours to the long heavy morning sleep, dashed to violent dream. Four hours were an eternity. She picked most colorful shirts, skirts, bras, slips, and one tie. She heard Viv trying to shit. Viv was loud.

"Why she never locks the door?" Horny who was so fucking delicate still had a time to be disturbed. Horny forgot her last samples of the selling books, floppy discs, covers to the videos she was planing to sell, and the red shoes. She took a quick stroll with Lou Lou who was staying for the first time alone with Viv since the poisoning attempt. He did his basic needs fast, it was raining and the sky sprayed in gray. Horny fucked up for Lucrezia, she did not pass the money to her, Horny and Viv were totally broke. Horny was refused a welfare she applied for. Yesterday Horny managed to pay Viv's rent for the last two months, leaving Viv 30 dollars, kept 200 for her. She had to pay a penalty to Sabena, Belgian airlines for changing her booking two days earlier. Respublica has changed rehearsal dates. Horny had no idea how was she coming back home, for what money? Certainly not Hardy's. Typical, Hardy had a job and earned money but she was outside the seen. His financial reality when good had nothing to do with her financial reality, when bad. This woman had no reality. All she was worried about was the act, her act, her character. The queen of Swedish underground. The previous version was tough, aggressively settled. Now, she was deep in the blues. How was she going to combine these personalities? She had some kind of a vision, though not really verbal yet, she saw herself falling down to her knees painfully, getting read of all what was pressing. Horny forgot the watch and her sunshades. Horny did not buy toothpaste for Viv.

"Come here", Hardy said, he strategic placed himself on the bed. This was Horny's less favorite start for the act. Horny was cooking their last dinner, she shopped; Hardy was too tired to join these actions, he slipped his pants down. He got her underneath himself, pulled down her dark blue slips. Horny was not hot. He slipped his dick into her dry cunt without a problem. Pulled in and out. Grabbed her buttocks, intended to slip his finger into her anus. She kicked him. He fulfilled the act groaning loud, Horny got laughing attack, the same as on the last occasion. A neighbor's voice was heard from outside "I'm masturbating for Tokyo!" He was a young Finish man, living across door from Viv, he was never visible accept for his balcony performances, the last time he screamed for about four hours until finally Hardy phoned an ambulance, the ambulance did not come but police did. Finn yelled with two voices, one male one female one femail, all terrified.

"I'm masturbating for Tokyo!" the line was repeating. Horny went back to cooking. It was red sausages and potatoes. It was what made Vivianne sick. The previous occasion of H&H's sex was after the jogging pass that means the previous evening. Hardy turned on seeing hick chick's skirt kick up with each of her steps, one to the left, one to the right - each time both buttocks exposed.

"Excuse me, where is actually, Ann Sofie Siden's work?"

"It's finished, is no more, but we didn't have a time..."

"Then you should have taken the sign from the door"

"Yes, we have to do it, we didn't have time" the uniformed baby faced guard of Modern Museum of Stockholm fully comprehended, pointing white walls of a corridor.

"What was the show like?"

"It was 15 to 20 monitors with a video, she interviewed, she interviewed, these, you know, she interviewed, call them hookers, in Czechoslovakia"

"And that's all?"

"Yes, that's all" his face was very pink, extremely pink, almost red.

"Hi hi hi hi" female giggle passed Horny's anyway dispersed attention.

"Hi hi hi hi" it was definitely a group of women. Horny glanced. They were seven, from young to middle-aged. There was nothing in the room.

"It stopped but it is coming back" explained, a short woman in museum uniform. An image of a nude young man in natural size, appeared on the wall. Women began giggling again. The man was jumping. His penis and his balls jumped the penis the whole way up. The uniformed woman took her position, with her back into an object of art.

"And this suppose to be art?" asked one of the middle-aged creatures, they all stood in a tight group without spreading in the huge sale, facing the man and facing the guide.

"So, you know what the art is? May be you tell me!" The guide was frank. With a great authority she begun "Can anyone define what the art is or is not? This artist" here she named an English chick "always does objects which error you after while and that is her clue. You see there is something what does not fit. Do you hear the music?" she pointed to a loud speaker in the middle of the room.

"It's a classical violin concert and the man is dancing a disco dance! This great error, this provocation so immense and characteristic for just this artist, does all" she looked with a great triumph at the tightly standing group. Horny was standing a bit farther away, quite blurred by the guide's guts.

"Yeah, what was the art?"

Iris, an art curator at the museum reported, Julo was still alive, Horny really thought him dead. WOW! There was a power in life! The power in lives!

Horny's arrival in Brutal-Brussels was great, was brutal, she has forgotten the note book and had to prolong the novelty, she did not have a phone number, indicating where to go, she rumbled around the town as a free bird in the pink glaring rain of the falling dusk; it was tremendous! She gave fully for the passion. The passion of life, Horny loved being pathetic.

Chapter 46

They did Stanislavsky's method and Lee Strasbourg's method; it fucking worked on Horny with a power of smash. Now she was not only a comedian, now she could do the drama on stage. The biggest miracle of all was that her brain worked, she could do all in the same time; she improvised her lines, her verbal, as she would write... quick and smart. This has become a piece of cake, it did not matter that Horny had a

flue, was broke, lonesome and painfully had stretched her thigh's muscles, Horny was superb, every show was two hours long. She interlaced intuition with consciousness. Horny was the full blood actress. It was raining in Brussels like fuck! Every single bloody day! Horny knew all the cozy places to go, Horny knew bars, streets, clubs, cafe's, squares, shops, stations, churches, subway and trams, buses, taxis, transportation's, movements, happiness, the life! Horny was the star. She threw herself to the stage's floor yelling for full "I'm a human being!" It was perhaps a paradox, off stage she would say, "I'm an actress" on the stage she shouted, "I'm an animal!"

What was her role?

"I don't know where the Aix Province is, do I look to you as a geography teacher?" putting the entire room on laugh. No, Horny did not look like the geography teacher - and why not? Horny looked superb in her seductive fits, she changed on stage, proving the essence of her flesh, Horny was tempting but not pleasing, she was fucking wild! Every single step she took and every single word she spoke, and every single breath she took was on her condition, the nature of her power, her success. Horny was the star! She changed constantly evil green skirt, evil orange skirt, Jupe! Snake's skin top, transparent Caledonia top, silk top, shimmering top, plastic top, rubber top, net pantyhose, slick stockings, garters, stay ups, pumps, boots, sneakers, stiletto heels, gloves, silver shades, black shades, blue shades. Aggressive, happy, seductive, pleased, hateful, demanding, shouting, yelling, whispering, kissing, dancing, nice, awful.

"Horny is very intelligent, she is always a head of you while you are explaining what you wanted to say she is few steps in front of you, she had already answered and maintained a new clue to solve, you have to be very quick" Wolf said, the team walked through a park in a small rain.

"It was easy" she said to Ewa, they had a drink at rue Saint Antoine, in a slow sun, Horny was back in Paris.

"Wolf said, I'm like a teenager, I did not want to be filmed in underwear and bra, everybody else from the group did, but I could not force myself to take my clothes off willingly, I kept this duty to the very last day, it really sucked. Wolf said, Horny is like a child, that's why she is so good on stage, she is playing like the child for real, she believes every word she says" and you know, what? I really do. I haven't had such a fun since long"

"How are you and Hardy?"

"Hardy? He does not pay an attention to me. He is asleep, if not arrogant and neglecting. The last time I met him in the park downtown, I was twenty minutes late, he was asleep on the bench when I arrived, he insisted to continue sleeping in my lap, I was exhausted too after the usual run through the town fixing my business, and the day was very hot, so I did not like the service idea at all. I set in the grass and read a book spy-watching other couples in seductive acts. Hardy woke up, insisted going home, though I came to meet him I agreed, we took subway, he fall asleep immediately, he was sleeping with open mouth and open eye in front of me, snoring,

forty minutes through. We arrived, at home he had a cup of coffee and went jogging on his own. I feel bitter about all that, why doesn't he drink coffee before meeting me, why isn't he fit, why doesn't he care? Why is there nothing? Nothing at all"

"He is locking himself out, as the life has nothing to bring"

"No, not at all, he likes his work, his photographing, his looks, his jogging gear, his jogging; it's only me in seclusion. It is life with me what has nothing to bring. It's terribly frustrating and first of all, terribly boring. You know what I did when I was in Paris the last time? What I did not tell you, I looked for the wedding dress! I found one at Boulevard Magenta! I'm a fucking nut case! Ha ha ha ha!" Here, she leaned towards Ewa's ear, whispering stacked three fingers out, her eyes glittered with excitement. "Then leave him, then he will learn, he shall understand, he must change"

"I don't like that, I don't like tricks. I'm just so fucking angry, it's so much easier being a star than Hardy's flame" The girls laughed. The evening in Paris was bathing great.

"Being a full time actress, it's a paradox to begin now, I'm almost fifty, other actresses complain they have to end, they get chased away"

"But you are the paradox!" Yeah, the evening was bathing hot, Royal Opera, ballet, Flesh Quartet, Mats Ek, premiere, cocktail party, dinning out at Saint Lazare. Paris! Horny was strangely beautiful that night.

"I hope, I really hope you are a feminist, your power it seem to me as you can do anything you want to" A woman leaned towards Horny, she was in Vivianne's age at least, her name was Britta, she was Swedish, she became Horny's date, the ladies talked, everybody ate fwa-gra a duck soufflé, Ewa, an expert chosen expensive white wine; it matched Opera's champagne well.

"I refused to visit Paris until now, I do think French men suppress women. I have been all over the world but it's for the first time Paris, I must admit the architecture is astonishing, the crowd is nice, & all the young waiters are very devoted and very cute. French people seem to have more gladness within themselves than we Swedes have. I really like being here, it's a great town! But they don't know how to make bread I hate baguette! All these dancers here are astonishingly beautiful, do you think they are as intellectual or more physic beings, they expressed emotions & intellect so perfectly in dance?"

The ballet was a perfect duel between women and men at home platform, quite a show! Women were masturbating with vacuum cleaners, a soloist, and a prima ballerina dyeing with her head in a bidet, toiled in chaos. The men were aesthetic pretty, more expressive, decisive and relaxed. Flesh Quartet's music was superb! Horny rose her head over-looking all the guests at the long table "they are definitely physic creatures" above the table there was a golden constant cloud of laugh, giggle, chin-chin, santé', fork's and knife's music against the porcelain interlaced with excited straps of words; could life be better? French people ate a lot and talked a lot; defined a lot. Celebrated a lot and fancied a lot!

At 2 AM the girls crashed a car! Chantal, who fetched them from the restaurant was disco thirsty, they were going to dance! Chantal was men thirsty! Chantal was a frustrated housewife, spending her weekdays in home's seclusion with two kids,

every weekend's drama to unsuccessfully pull her husband out ended as it supposed to. Chantal drove every single Saturday drunk alone 20 kilometers each way and tonight was the night! She was that drunk that she could neither speak neither stand. Three girls after two hours long argument with the "other car" they crashed into, ended up in Bogdan's bed, his entire double, now four people's bed. Unfortunately Horny had Chantal at her back. Chantal, hugged her scratched her, breathed at her! In the morning Chantal cried, "Frank is going to massacre me!" Of course it was "Frank's new car". As much as the house was her duty. Chantal was a former model and Frank was a former fashion photographer, now he was selling cellular phones, they were considerably wealthy. Bart's friends called Horny, Barbie. Barbie hanged out with Bart at Cafe Angels at Rue de la Rocquette for almost all meals, with Fred at Instant Chavires at Montreuil for concerts, with Frederic at Zorba at Belville for drinks, with one more Fred no kidding for soft afternoon drinks or de cafe at Hotel de Ville; wanted in Paris Barbie enjoyed herself full time. Francis's grandfather Buddy Roy Edgar Mc Kenzie shot himself. Buddy shot himself in the head. They were previously Scottish, now Tennessee clan. The family tragedy shocked once again. Horny talked to Francine on the phone, she talked to Lucrezia, Hardy, Lucrezius and Ex and Viv. Viv was not informed she did not take part in real life and death's events. She had enough with her illusions.

"What am I suppose to tell Francis?" Lucrezia phoned Ex, she did not find Horny.

"Tell him the truth"

Francis and his step-dad went up to the mountain afterwards.

"Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!" Horny was back home and her Hardy had a word with her. The last day in Paris Horny woke up in Carole's apartment, put on Johnny Rivers, danced "Sunny" bare feet. Had a cup of tea, left the house. Meeting with Patric gave her additional 500FF of his debts to her for the distribution rights of her movies. The office room was filled with kinky videocassettes, including urinating, defecating and all the rest of pretty useless sexual acts.

"She is very special" Patric introduced her to a bold short man carrying out a huge cartoon filled with videos, Patric was selling a lot but still not enough, he said. She suggested they were taking a coffee at Cafe Moderna, he brought his wife with.

"Do you have a dog?" Patricia asked.

"Christ!" thought damped Horny "now, they want me to have sex with a dog!" she was unable to say a word.

"It's kanish" Patric said, he knew Lou Lou from the movies. Kanish, means poodle, puddle in French. It soon proved Horny was completely paranoid, Patricia did not want to sell Horny's sex with Lou Lou, Patricia remembered, when they two met last Autumn, Lou Lou was undergoing the surgery, she wanted to know if he survived; she wanted to have a conversation, she barely spoke English. Horny's latest nudity exposing video sold at a low price at P&P's company... Horny was giggling, for her all this was very funny. The couple P&P was a bit pressed financially, and an additional 500FF, 1000 all together, Horny was going to fetch at Montparnasse's sex shop. This was simply great she thought, leaving quite immediately. Rue Gite' where

the shop was, crowded with typical men crowd, they all watched Horny walk and she had fun, when the small guy approached her, crossed her way blocking it, pulled the wallet out and opening said "Police" showing his ID, she was obviously new...

"What do you want?" she said in her usual stage's stark voice, he disappeared, he dropped off her sight. It worked! Horny could not easily believe. It was really funny. Horny received her 500FF bill in an envelope marked "pour Patric, Video Red, Miss Horny". She continued walking towards Montparnasse Boulevard, this last day she walked in three hours. She walked all the way to Concorde! At last there was no rain and she felt like taking Paris's by stroll! The very last dawn she woke up in Paris, cleaned the room, rolled the bed discovering the room was strangely empty "where was her suitcase?!" Terrified, she checked outside the door, she left the suitcase outside! It's exclusively due' to Carole's neighbors at Cadet, Rue La Martine 2, that Horny was still in possession of her book and Hardy's lap top! She had no time to be happy about for too long, the plain was leaving soon. Pretty Lucrezius awaited her in Gothole and now she had an entire hour for her son! The train was taking her back the hole way to Stockhole of course Hardy was not waiting at the station, her trips were far too frequent and now within 10 days she was going to repeat the proscenium once more, the flight was taking her back to Brussels to continue playing God is my co pilot. Enjoying herself... Threatening the god, or addressing him?

The first Stockhole's day's masturbation pas, shaving correctly finally perfectly her cunt Horny pushed the dildo extremely slowly into her anus, when it was maximally hid, she came shaking strongly from the inside. But this was not satisfying this was not enough. She was soaking for more. Within a while she tried herself from the front side, her womb; she swung the dildo in and out fast, almost until the orgasm, she interrupt many times enough to bring herself into the state of fire pulling the dildo all the way out, she was hitting the dildo fast in, missing the pit with it's sharp peak, fixing the pit with a peak, observing the silvery tool draw the pink petals of her womb's double lips, they were fantastic glued into the machine, visually sharp, staring at the mandala in steel and flesh, Horny gave herself to passion.

"I'm having an ugly wired-do, for the daughter, I no longer want to live with you and Hardy, you do not give me a credit of trust, there is no mutual understanding between us!" Viviane was shouting at her, Horny was on her way to Ewa, Viv's sister; Viv did not approve that, finding both, sister and daughter a traitor. Horny was lending slides projector for her show, the following day.

"I'll never enter your sick world mother, don't dream about! You are sick and if you agreed, you could have been cured!"

"It is you who is mentally ill, you always had been, that's nothing new! Your father was crazy, though not to such an extant"

"Nobody likes you here, may be you have a better facade in Paris, but here none needs you!" Hardy was shouting wide-eyed and very close to her "ask your son, your mom, your daughter, my pals, your pals! You are a total useless! You are mentally sick!" After the first promises of love and hope, Hardy had seen through real

qualities of his spouse "I live of illusions" he was sorrowing himself "your show, it was only you, you & you!"

"This is my image jerk! You are a swine to hit me, that hard on my head, when I lay next to you in bed"

"Because you are driving me crazy! It's no wonder that all your husbands were alcoholics! You drive everybody crazy!" here he rose over her, ready to repeat "Go, fucking back to your mom! I have rented this love nest for us, but I was a fool! I don't want you here! Goooooooooo!"

"Love nest! 19th square meters of the suburbs and you decide what we do, when we sleep, when we talk, what we watch on TV, what we hang on the walls, what we eat, when we eat, when we step outside and where do we go, "we" is a magic word and we don't have sex! And the fucking love nest is that small you cant turn a cat, it does not even have a kitchen to close the door or a bathtub or even a shower cabin to sit down without being watched! You fucking prefer to do dishes then to have sex with me!"

"It's possibly true! Gooooooo! You would do a brothel out of this place! Gooooo! I have spent 60 bucks on you and myself on food!"

"Then what? We are even I have spent entire payment for the show on the taxi you insisted to take to get fucking here! You work so you pay the food, it's normal, Jerk!" The idyllic weekend in Begger's Hat flopped. Of course Horny succeeded to hid additional 60 bucks of her payment at Naked, to send back to Lucr, she owed the money to her son for the flight, Lucrezius was planing to buy a car, he worked hard and much for his money, H&H's first little quarrel downtown blew of when Hardy refused to pay the coffee and a cinema for her, what made her cynic laugh, as she got used to guys paying for her. After all the yelling and cries, lovers managed to have some intercourse's in the nest, Hardy fucked her when she slept from behind, severely bleeding, the fucking full moon, she seduced him more pretty at least for herself flamboyant and nude, riding him, shouting "I love you!" repeatedly, she also gave him blowjob!

"I would like one more" Hardy agreed gladly.

"Then you wait another half year" she said laughing, which was true. Lately, she really hated blow jobs...

"OK, then in November" Hardy was smart, he could think and count, still he made a small mistake, he insisted July was before June. Sometimes he was really funny... She was pleased she managed to hug him lying on the rocks at the Begger's Hat's lake and hug him around his waist and his hip while they forest-walked, this was very new. That she has learned at the theatre, practicing the touch-tone with the group and the sensuality with Fred. Within few days Horny was leaving for Brussels, her show at Naked in Stockhole was superb everybody said this line. "I liked it very much" every casual spectator said "that's more then I can say" was Horny's modest one. Ola plaid saxophone to at least 45 minutes "one man show" including a minor incomplete striptease, Miriam did slides and Mats filmed, Horny painted her nude butt. TV run own engine, CD fucked. Eric from Kiruna was very pretty, I mean really pretty with pleasing quiet eyes, looked quite a show in his costume, so much

the show that Horny did not recognize him at all, watching the tall guy's sitting next to the stage nude torso, long rubber skirt, exposed white round butt and masked face. All the other guys asked, "are you a transvestite or a real girl? If you are a real girl, then we want your cunt!" they were mostly wearing slave's necklace...Hardy set safely farther away with his arm thrown over Tom's shoulder; this was a gay club, and lately Hardy stopped crashing out of the mob. Of course he refused her request to join on stage.

Ewa, Viv's sister said that Horny's grandfather Jan left for searching GOLD in Ural in 1916 with his pal, that's why he first separated with his wife and children, two daughters and the third one on the way! Not at all because of the revolution, what her mom told her. Once Russian Revolution was the fact, the couple could not reach each other, their lives were threaten, the grand mother was a former duchess, the separation lasted seven years. Ewa remembers the sky filled with stars when they were escaping the summerhouse on cart and horses, though she was only three years old then. Ewa is eighty-seven and she is Horny's aunt. Life is a spectacle.

Horny was crying in three hours before the main performance, she was of course in Brussels since a week, until now all was super fixed, super exotic, super passion, a super life...

"You have the best stage presence of everyone, you are very good, but you destroy for your colleagues, they have no chance, it's your show, you take all the space!" Fabrice and Wolf had for once the same opinion, "Horny sucked".

"This is not what they said, Horny" Frederic was walking her out, the day was incredibly hot, all the days were incredibly hot, Frederic bought white flowers for the starlet in his team, he put his arm around her "this is not what they said, you should be happy, if you only knew what they had told us, they told us we aren't there at all, we are not existing and this certainly isn't your fault!"

Frederic, Manue, Douze and Horny danced every night through, they hardly slept, Horny was falling asleep every time she laid down on the floor for relaxing exercise. Wolf, Fabrice, Carole and Nils slept a lot the team was split in two. Brussels was a party town, they also hooked up with Serge, Serge was a extremely beautiful designer dancing Samba, there was also one more dancing Carole, Carole was a bit fat and the boys loved her super boobs and she was a photographer and she loved food; she was having twelve croissants each breakfast! Carole took some half pornographic images on Horny girl and Fred, actor in the Lou, the Lou was in the corner of the lobby, the main show was successfully over, they all did it good; the directors obviously implied Brecht's method, they made their actors mad with wrath. Horny was exposing her snow-white fat butt on which she painted a big red heart before the show - her revenge! Horny exposed her pink pussy for Carole's camera eye. Horny was severely drunk, she danced with wine glass on her head, drunk every additional wine, threw every additional glass, Horny hanged up in the stage's construction six meters over the floor, continuing the private show without failing, Horny fall on the street, broke her stocking, gored her knees, at the Egyptian restaurant Horny danced with a group of children, at last Frederic was driving Carole's car, he was a bit less

drunk, Carole was always maximally packed. The car went like a boat. Afterwards they had lost the car keys and they had forgotten where they had parked the car and they had lost Manue and Douze! Horny was literally back in her teenage. The following night Horny damped her with Mescal, she ate the worm, she danced passed the dawn, she danced after breakfast and she danced after lunch. She still danced when Douze put her on the train, he was the only one remaining in Brussels and she was the last one to leave, due to her super business class train ticket accomplished at the airport with a little lie. Paris welcomed Horny like a star! Joke. Horny arrived alone at Gare de L'Esste, or was it Gare de Nord? Horny proceeded with her super luggage as usual, Horny found home, for this night and the other nights successively. Xotile was a new pal, she run a bookshop Lady Long Solo where Horny had a show, Horny worked with a couple of photographers, practically everyday, both in Brussels and Paris. In Paris they did some bondage pictures in a hothouse. Horny was exhausted and happy, the family arrived, Lucrezia, Jasha, Nasty and Francine! Horny supposed to take Nasty with her to Stockhole to her dad, Horny was a family messenger. Wolf threw her out of his apartment.

"You have to leave immediately" he was on the phone, he got to know, she had taken her entire family including a dog, to his house without asking for... Yeah, this had happened before. Yasha did not want to meet her anymore, she wrote "I won't have anything to do with porno" Yeah, this had happened before, Horny's facade was cracking down, and it was not ill Hardy's finger, it was her own destination, her own solitude. Also Bart asked her to take her luggage from his house, as she wasn't sleeping there, and refused fucking him, his girlfriend was arriving, Frederic's girlfriend was arriving too, and now Horny's stuff was at Wolf's.

"I won't work on such conditions. I'm always going to be paid, so I can pay for myself, including my flights, my nights and my grand children!" she told Ewa, they had been to the movies together with Bogdan, the girls loved the show, he did not, a French version of "Fuck me!" was cool, the girls thought and it really was.

"Common, don't analyze all, for once the women run the show and this is fun!" Horny told him. That night Horny was taking alone at the hotel, she placed a family at Fred, Fred from her band. She had a couple of drinks with a stranger in the heart of Paris at Place de Cliche, cute Portuguese psychology student. Horny sold all the videos she planed, she had spent the money ass well, Alicia, the Warsaw's tenant delayed the payment and Horny was forced to ask Hardy for the loan. It was OK. The conversation took place minutes before the final goal in the final between Italy and France. "Italy and France are playing right now" informed her Hardy. He undervalued her gravely as usual; Horny was standing in a phone box on Bastille, she had entire football circus right around her. But actually it was more dynamic through her stay in Brussels, where true supporters arranged a fiesta in a driving car's cavalcade, averting to her evening stroll down Saint Gill. Horny had a tall glass of a pink Grenadine 'at Cafe' Le Bastille when the hurricane of applaude broke out, even pick-pockets were involved, the guy on the second floor balcony above her dressed in slips was ecstatic, his hairy chest was palpitating. He was squeezing his wife. This evening Horny and Xotile had a late delicious cous-cuse dinner at Cafe Moderna at

Rue Keller. After 1 AM the place was deserted, Moroccan owner joined them with an excellent Moroccan dessert "What are you describing, what's the essence of your work?" he asked.

"Myself. Freedom, not a political freedom, but the personal freedom, pushing my own limits, developing, living. Freedom of life!" Horny said with a great empathy tasting at the sweet marzipan cake, she shared with Xotile. "It's political" Xotile pointed stark, Horny was palpably her new Marilyn, was her new trophy; of whom Xotile took about 500 photo shots and introduced to as many pals, Xotile knew entire intellectual flavor-flame of Paris and worked on Horny's fame hard and with a great dose of obsession&joy&devotion. Horny paid her instantly with a glorious smile of her red painted full lips.

"You are very sexy! Tre sexy!" The restaurant owner, who was a lawyer as well, repeated, sending air kisses for good-bye. The following noon Xotile and Horny took subway together, Xotile was going to the movies, this sixty years old chick had an energy matching ten years old girl, she was quite a superb beat and a full time show, Horny loved her hats, Horny gave up the movies, hit for a family meeting, the last one in Paris.

"Francine is very sad, you all have to act upon that quick" Xotile leaned to Horny's shoulder.

"Francine have had a fever through the past days, besides it must have been all very stressy for him, he is soon going for holidays to US, his granddad shot himself. Francis is very beautiful boy, he is very cool now and I'm not worried" the granny said, explaining much more of her grand son's turbulent childhood.

"You have to write about that"

"I did it"

"In that book?"

"In that book"

"I'm going to talk to my editor to have you published in French. You are going to get paid"

Xotile was excited, her previous plan was only a picture book. The women kissed each other good-bye. Horny flew to Stockhole with Nasstasia and this was great! Five years old intelligence of her grand daughter satisfied her entire needs! The girls had seven hours fun! Including serious talks, playful talks, imaginary talks and a makeup session at mid landing pass. Nasty loved the clouds, loved seeing the clouds from the other upper side as much as Rainbow did.

Yes, Rainbow and Nasty were home as long they flew...

"They look like a real snow! It tickles hard in my stomach!" Nasty was giggling with every push, the turbulence was tough weather was at storm. Nasty had no fear...Lucrezius was on Cyprus with his chick, Hardy slept and Vivianne cried...

"They told me all this terrible things about you"

Hardy made a decision, he was not going to be a Rainbow's groupie in Paris or Brusels, he was going to study in London from the Winter and the Autumn they were

going to spent in Thailand, he had the money, he worked, he was saving all, he told his Horny to scrap together her share...

After three days in Stockhole, Horny felt when it all cracked, she understood she was a bluff. She talked with her children on the phone, she yelled at Viv, she let Hardy fuck herself, sexually. Lou Lou wasn't feeling good, he proved to be totally alienated, he set in front of the door, with his back against H&H when they opened it, Viviane forgot to lock, H&H shouted at him, he did not turn his head, he set there as a Sphinx...

Horny phoned Taddy's publisher, the first time in a half-year, she supposed Taddy's book was done.

"No, it is not, they did not give the money, they were cheating me once again" the publisher said.

"Fuck!" Horny was saying to herself. "Fuck, if he can't handle it, if he can't rise 5000zl within three years, he isn't the publisher. Fuck, I'm going to do it myself! I'm going to publish Taddy!"

Within four weeks Horny was flying back to Paris, with or without her Nasty... It depended upon Lucrezia's choice. Xotile at Lady Long Solo was preparing a meeting with an editor... Paris was opening up. Horny had to be aware not to shut her heart too fast... Where was the love? They did a seductive anus fuck, Horny's anus. She was taken, devoted immediately... Though Hardy was just slightly to quick, he did not make her flash come. Her first thought was to get up, get to the restroom to finish the job, but she gave up, gluing herself against his chest, cooling off gradually, slowly; at last it worked, they were both externally peaceful.

Horny should not have told him she was utterly depressed, she missed her friends and her work, and living cities "For the first time I feel as I need a shrink, I'm scared"

"You are top neurasthenic, you are totally wrong, a total shit, you alienate everybody, you don't have any friends, you don't have reality"

"You seem to identify me with yourself, as you identify yourself with me, I saw your curriculum, I mean, you did not do that, I did. You seriously need a psychiatrist"

"You are a total loser no one needs, you destroy my life, I cant breath in your presence" Hardy forgot his promises of love from the last two days "everybody is pissed angry at you, your son, your daughter, Yasha, all"

"My son loves me, he was never pissed at me" Horny begun.

"In NY and Paris he was completely pissed at you for drugging him around fashion agencies and he left quick enough that you should understand, but you're too stupid"

"Don't use my children against me & if you talk about Yasha, she did not like the pornography"

"Don't mention this word" Hardy shrunk looking himself around, H&H were at a tiny pizza store Patricia, where he dined a lot with his little sister a weekend earlier. The quarrel was getting slightly intense and the baker tried not to focus at them, he

really tried to hold himself out of that, the place was about 9 square meters and Hardy's speech become frankly loud.

"Old bitter bitch!" was Hardy's newest definition of his love.

"In this case you are the total loser" was Horny's unspoken, though... Hardy told her "you know nothing about love, you don't have emotions" was he right? He has become worse on the sex game. He instantly picked himself as a central point "come here" he said, "kiss my stomach" he said, "suck my cock" he said, "suck my thumb" he said, "scratch my back" he said. He plead his chick neurasthenic, when she refused, missed, grew frustrated...Hardy reading Thailand's guidebook generated a pretty hard on. Went out to the restroom, masturbated. Against her own will, she begun licking his dick afterwards, it was definite a mistake, she hoped eventually to bring him to fuck her good! Though he withdrawn off hers hurting him mouth, grew tiny small, left for the quiet masturbation pass into the toilet pit. Their sexual relation was a bit demolished & quite flipping out.

"You are so incredibly short!" Hardy yelled when he got her to stand beside himself bare feet "do you have a complex about it?" "You must have as you are always wearing high heels!" "Imagine if you were as tall as me, we could speak face to face"

"Yes, I'm a head shorter and twenty years older, you are twenty years younger and a head taller! These are both, simple and obvious facts. You are really stupid if it took you such a long time to figure!" Horny was shouting face to face! She cooled off, this afternoon he locked her outside of the door, when they talked money, when she said she needed 200US dollars from their income from their NYC's flat to give back to Jola; she urged it was an emergency because Jola's life was hard and apartment was as much H's as H's, the contract plead they hired it together; it was no use to push her luck now, she was nude and the time was 1 AM, Sunday. Next week they had 8th years anniversary. Hardy begun to write on his novel once again, his writing was well verbalized, he could express himself, but something was more transparent then his language abilities, Hardy hated life&people including himself...

"You will never have the last word with me, the last word is mine" Horny repeated to herself, in quiet. Did that change anything? Did that prove anything more then her integrity? Yes, it did. It proved her identity. Hardy had no identity, Hardy wanted this and that, in the future... He has been a bit back into drinking. He restarted during her absence. Yasha apologized, her e-mail was titled "provoke" she said "doing this constant provocation you must know what you get "xxxxxxxxxxxx" Horny started to receive e-mails from young people "you are the best" "I stole this lines from Horny Kubiak, she is the best!" Horny was quite flattered. Yasha e-mailed, questioning Horny's vanity. In her next letter she asked about Hardy "Where is your guy, why don't you introduce your guy to me?" Horny slept well. 7.30 AM Hardy left for his job, care taking of old people. Hardy's life bathed sorrowful, as much his future was instantly great! Horny had her revenge, it was quite tragic, Horny was not after revenge, Horny was after love, but she was at the wrong side of a door, could she see that? She was not only blind and naive, Horny was...

Cardy phoned, Viv phoned her the day after Horny's arrival early morning crying, "Horny died in the plain crash"

"I'm going to forbid her to call you" tried Horny.

"No, I understand she is worried, give her a hug"

Yasha sent three more e-mails. Ora phoned, she had an existential problems, she was blouse and lonesome, still she was very excited to talk "Viv told me you died in the car crash, she said you carried a big box with hats across the street and did not see the car, she phoned me almost every day and I only asked her not to phone that early and the following day she phoned before 8 AM and said you died" she told Horny. "She asked me to phone Lucrezius and Ex, but I quickly understood it was only her flip, after a minute at the highest" At last Horny could not keep the bitterness intact, she boiled over.

"I'm hurt! How could you promote such a story to my friends that I died?! You were planing to pass it to Lucrezius, how could you, how dare you? Don't you understand what you are doing?"

"You are unjust, you don't know how it feels for the mother, they are just your pals, and Lucr I could not reach, I was crying and they told me you died and I was crying, I was tormented with cry"

Horny understood, Viv was out sailing, Horny understood she was out sailing, trying to reach Viv, her mom...

"We are like winds, we might or might not meet again" the guy said, his name was Mika, he was wearing a suit and a makeup, H&H were visiting Arvika rock festival.

"Who was a fat fuck?" Hardy asked eagerly, he was softly drunk, definitely tipsy, Mika was a romantic lonesome dancer, the very last dancer of the last dawn of Apollo stage, Horny's show was OK.

"Freedom is the only interesting quality of my life!" she was yelling standing with her back to the public, with her arms arose every once in a while between the reading. Blixa Bargeld was great he was beautiful again. Cardy joined. Horny had a dream in which Nick Cave appeared, he has got a new tiny baby with a girl she knew and they talked, his face was very near hers and there was quite dark inside. The rain stopped. H&H had a pizza at a return home.

"What is your book about" Wita asked.

"It's about myself, my mom..." Horny was taken on the bed, did not have a better clue.

"Is it like a dairy?"

"Yes. A sort of"

"What's the tittle?"

"One man show, it means..."

"I know what it means. I feel like a beaten up dog. It's a strange time we live, the floods in the

North and unbelievable heat in Central America. My father died two days ago, the funeral took place today"

Henry, Wita's father became eighty-six years, he used to drive Harley, he was Horny's uncle.

"When are you traveling to Paris?" asked Hardy.

"In two weeks"

"And what's the purpose of the journey?"

She explained listening to her amused...

THE END, 17th July 2000

Horny found out she could give herself a 15 minutes orgasm switching a dildo from cunt to anus back and forth; wow. H&H's sex was lousy, he was extremely quick, though pleased. Vivianne left for Poland. Horny put her on the boat and Viv came through the needle eye. Lou Lou supposedly had cancer, Horny was out of her mind of fear and pain; it proved to be a false alarm. Horny talked on the phone to Luc&Luc and Wanda, Wanda's sentences were perfectly clear and repetitive, the age of the circle. Wanda was captured. It proved Lou Lou was going to be sixteen years old in November. It was Lucrezia who knew. Lucrezius and his mom shared the emotional input on Lou Lou's life and time in general. Lucrezia was distant, intellectual and almost cold.

"As you are talking about violence in the movies, I have seen "Fuck me" a French movie which recently was taken off the theatres by the censor ship; it was pretty well done. The action was at last in female hands! Two chicks fucked and killed every single guy who messed up with them! One of the two Beauties, Arabs was taking her revenge, she got a nude man go down on his four, she stuck a gun in his butt hole and she blew it!" Horny was telling the listeners, H&H picnicked in the park, Hardy was taking a stroll. Ann Sofie Siden made a fantastic sculpture, a bronze copy of herself pissing, a fountain placed in Royal Park!

Horny dressed for Paris, she was wearing a leather suit in pink, a short jacket and a mini skirt, her hair was freshly bleached, almost white; she used too strong bleach too long time. The time. Nasty, the wearer of her shimmering princess dress. The dress, Horny bought in Jola's Brooklyn shop but still did not pay, Hardy refused her access to his NYC's account. H&H's love was at peace, lately they had stopped the major fight, of money&sex, major flight, they were aiming Thailand the coming Autumn, perhaps Hardy was going first, at the beginning of September, his plan was laid, he had taken vaccinations and he had the money. Horny was not done but started considering it. A trip with her man. An adventure. The jungle, the mountains, the space, Bangkok, Pataya, the rain, the sun, the crowds... Nasty matched the feet long princesses dress with a yellow cap and pink gymnastic shoes and red socks with cats print.

"She has four mufflers, it won't be any problem" Peter, Nasty's dad said.

"You know what happened with her first Paris's pacifier? She dropped it into a Paris's toilet, she did not like the Paris's toilets very much" Horny was informative.

"I hated Paris's toilets!" Nasty quoted, walking between them, carrying her shimmering new turquoise handbag, she had spoke English! Horny spoke Swedish with her,

Horny's Swedish was rough, and the little girl was the only one too like it, on the contrary to Horny's men who hared "This ugly Polish harsh".

Nasty's dad cried at good-bye.

"I totally forgot German" Nasty told Lucrezia, her mom. The girls arrived at Charles De Gaulle. Paris was OK. Horny's show was coming up this Sunday at Lady Long Solo on Rue Keller 23.

"Vivre to Freedom!"

Of course, sleeping facilities were not fixed, though they seemed to be. Of course they, the family, la familia drove in Lucrezia's car round Parisian night in hours, of course Nasty slept and Lucrezia was fed up, only Horny was repeating the spell "it will all fix, don't leave" At last she said "it is exclusively your own head & cash what's reliable" and with a sum of 500FF boarded everybody, into two rooms at Mary's hotel; also the dog. Everything else seemed to cost soon Horny was broke but happy, at last the family left leaving Horny for the sharks. Horny attended a minor personality crise, somehow she did not want to perform, did not want to conquer, did not want to trade, did not want to achieve, did not want to experience; she was feeling very sleepy and Paris seemed extremely lazy. What was wrong with her? She glanced at the families walking Paris! They were plenty, everyone on holidays. What have happened with her life? Who was she? What was so convincing about her work, that made her keep on at the beginning of August 00? Why? Not only geographic, but mental, metal, what was her fucking motivation? Xotile spoke thousand words a minute, Xotile was intelligent though she was in the Clinic State of rush, Rainbow could no longer comprehend, no longer think and no longer speak. A rainbow spread over Rue Keller. Lots of people and lots of photographers attended Horny-Rainbow Sunday shoe-show. Wow! The place was full, though the streets were empty! Badly enough Horny found a way back, she seemed to enjoy her proceeding career, shouting & whispering, everyone in there seemed in the need of SHE, how comes? Who was she and what was her job? It was no longer her crises, it was simply a question, her question...

Xotile had a plan, she was opening a show with photographs taken on Horny by anyone, in September cocktail parties on the boat in Bastille, she was taking Horny to Cannes in September, she was throwing another show with Horny herself in September, she was translating Taddy to French in September, Xotile was completely crazy but the plan was OK.

"You and me together, it's a bomb!" Xotile was over sixty and beautiful, she was extremely energetic. Horny said "yes" to everything though she knew September was right after August. Of course Horny was not staying in Paris yet, she was going to Luxembourg to play with a totally new band called Mental Decay, Fred no longer wanted to play with her but he did not want to make a statement why not. From Luxembourg Horny was taking a train back to Paris and plain to Gothole to Lucr and then a train to Hardy and Lou Lou to Stockhole, and in the end of August H&H were going to Poland to fetch Viv and celebrate Horny's fifty! This was nothing she loved, the number, but she said to Hardy the other day "the only way to stop it is to die, I won't die yet, I wona do all that, you know"

"Hardy's dick is like a beer bottle" Xotile said, BTH was screened at Rue Keller at Charles De Rose gallery. Alain, the boss mixed LSD, cocaine, ROM, red wine and grass. "Its a bad mix" Xotile said. Horny's show got one guy to tears. June was beating Alain every time he spoke, she was extremely jealous and extremely drugged & drunken; June was young trashy, blond and beautiful. Alan and June's love was a total destruction. Xotile and Horny slept on a huge foutong, Sidi a Bedouin slept on the floor, his camel died and he came to Paris to sell his silver revelries in order to buy a new camel; he had to have a camel in the desert. Sidi spoke French and English! All the women were in love. Imagine going... To leave for the desert. Silver, the stars and sand. The space. The peace. He rarely spoke, his eyes were dreaming, he was dressed in sapphire and violet, he not only made rings and amulets but also knives. He had an address and a cellular! The editor found out he was more interested in political wing writing, eventually drug culture writing, and not a bimbo writing.

"I always wanted to marry a tango dancer, but this guy is much better. I would love to go with a caravan for few weeks!" Horny told Florence. Florence was an actress, she had red dress and carmine nails, she had a sister in Chicago, Florence was a table company on Horny's right side, there was no one on her left, June passed out and Alain had to take her home. For Horny the life was always few next weeks. Any activity taking few weeks was a lifetime. Was this a gift or a problem?

"Go back to Paris! Do your shows! Fuck your dog! Go back!" Hardy was shouting, he was between the sheets, she arrived at midnight with a weekly delay, and she was back in the Hole. Of course she did not fall in love to the Bedouin, she only loved his smile, she fall in love to Hardy, she phoned him four times, which to be Horny, was extremely much. The shows were ended, indeed OK, and plenty. Douze arrived from Brussels and Manu joined. Manu followed with to Luxembourg and Douze joined again. The guys, the actors from Respublica were doing what she did before, traveled paying with own money for to join her, to play, to live. To perform. With them Horny created a new band Pink Jupe; three of them were wearing leather pink mini skirts, she has bought for herself at rue Saint Antoine. In Paris they hanged out at Rue Keller full time. Luxembourg proved to be completely bourgeoisie and Thierry Waltzig proved to be a genius, his photography was most genuine, Francisco was not as hit but his shots on Hornie's net neat butt were great, both were twenty years old, Francisco searching a direction, Thierry already had being a spoiled child of Luxury, found pain, scarification and self burning stimulating or even fulfilling, though his eye&mind conjunction was blameless. They were both short, Thierry blond with angel mini curls, Francisco, Portuguese black hair & black eyed, his nipples were like cut mandarins, Thierry never took off his T-shirt, he had burnt his nipples for photo&fun. Horny worked also with two other photographers, both in the middle of thirties, both broken hearted and in a full despair. Jean-Pierre tried suicide few times during last few months, Stephen was more stabile but completely flipped out. Stephen was an excellent photographer, Jean-Pierre's profession was actually brain,

more precisely the center of memory&emotion, placed symmetrical at both sides of the temples.

"How do you make a living?" Fred asked, thrilled by her flying frequency.

"I don't, but perhaps you could buy some new tapes from me?"

"Fuck off, do you want me to buy tapes with my music?! You are a diva!"

"Don't be so thrilled. You have a job, music is your hobby, I don't have other job, neither want to have one, right now I live from selling tapes, you can buy the movies"

"I'm not buying anything"

Freyja's Fred was perhaps not very elevated about continuing to work with her. Or possibly he was fed up with his own platform, he tried to get away, wanted to live in South of France and was looking for new jobs new loves and so on. It did not do.

"We already plaid this concert you wanted to play so much, at Enstant Chavires, we took Frank instead, he paid tribute to you, he was wearing a blond wig!" Fred was beaming throwing his arms successfully up. Xotile made Horny agreeable with a new plan: Horny was coming back to Paris for more shows within four weeks. Wow. How? Hardy Shooter made a new plan too, he was going to wait for Horny, H&H was going to Thailand together in October. In September she was going to shoot a movie with Republica, a story of the trap. Horny stretched both palms in front of her face, counting; she breathed safe, the number of days accelerated the number of fingers until they were going to leave for Poland. She promised Douze, the first week of October she was going to perform in Brusseles. Horny's world went round and she was not alone about it, it was common; for all of us...

Ex begun drinking again, his heart was broken again, Lucrezius was even prettier, both he and his girl very much in love. Goran was dying, he had an urgent intestines infection. Olle was going to begin teaching Lucr to drive. Lou Lou was slightly better. H&H were in love.

Except that today it was possible to count out the departure day on the fingers, this was scarring shit of Horny. Time was going too fast. Now, was below ten. Less then ten days! Hardy was coming probably with to Paris and Brussels. Horny met John again, the millionaire, he was possibly coming to Paris to film for her, he had the right camera,

"You are never getting read of me, Horny, you are simply too beautiful, do you imagine what we could do together? We could take the world. Why you never called me, I told you, you leave the message on my answering machine and I'll marry you. Why don't you marry your boyfriend? You look superb in pink. You want to know my definition of art? If everyone likes it it's not the art."

Hardy was crying, Horny got a phone call, it looked as she had a breast cancer. Horny was bloody tough, her references, her questions, her worries... "What, is HE taking me OUT already? Am I that good? Am I done? It can't be true. What am I going to tell to Lucrezius? He loves me so... I love him too."

Ok, she wanted to live, but she had to stand up for her clue, her credo, her goal, already so many times spoken up "I'm not afraid to die"

"I'm not afraid to die. I'm not directly afraid, but I'm a bit scared of pain, scared to loose control over my life, my freedom, my work, my hope, my strengths. I'm afraid of bombing medicines, witch's for sure. I'm dreadfully afraid to be stashed at the hospital"

It took literally six days of crimson fear. Horny turned filthy filthy, Lucrezius and his chick came up to Stockhole, though tired and sick, looking completely London alike. Horny started a retrospection of her guilt "was cancer the punishment?" "How was she going to do her movie?" "Perhaps, if it shall go really fast, as everything else in her life, she must have a strategy, possibly she can do non virtual editing of Gap movie, by writing down all the moments, all the cuts, all the scenes, second by second. Decay movie she must shoot, otherwise it won't happened, polishing of this very book should not have been any trouble. Where is she going to live? How about a trip to Thailand?"

"Cool down Horny this is not important" Hardy loved her endlessly, kissed her endlessly, cared for her, let her talk, carried her handbag and so on. Cooked for her, cooked tea, cleaned the house, walked out Lou Lou, walked her to the lake and the lake was blue and the weather was cool and the sky was blue and the grass was green. Hardy bought her a new ring with a big red stone in shape of tomb.

"Well, this is important for me. You know my defeat, I always see the life three months forward, I don't think I'll die quicker"

"Horny darling don't speak"

Monday proved the cancer being the false alarm, Horny was well, completely well and Hardy was yelling, shouting at her again, not only shouting, he was also drinking! Lucrezius was back in Gothole and Viv was willing to come immediately home...The new movie was coming in shape "Decay" And a new book "Decadence". Hardy no longer wanted to study, so London idea was off. There was no particular place to go, afterwards.

"Did you tell Nick Cave about my mental sickness? It hounded me in years, this what he had said" Matti was stressed, tired, cold and hungry; he was on his way to a weekly shrink-visit.

"No, I never knew about it myself" Horny was as usual correct. "He just said that. It's strange he did, he is very kind otherwise. But actually not, especially after the concert he is saying such a stuff"

EPILOG, ONE MAN SHOW

Title gets shot to pieces. You hear the sound.

Jolly-Angie and Cry-Boy are going to die. But you won't see that yet. First you're going to watch "what do they die for" they die for no-thing "death is free". Everybody who appears in the first scene is going to die.

Shooting, people trying to be invisible and as flat as possible. Narrow corridor, bright light of the bulb lamp. The lamp hangs quite low and moves giving an extra spooky long shadows on the walls. Camera very low, as Jolly-Angie is crawling on the floor, camera stays that way until the next "place"

"Fucking lie down" shouts Jolly to Boy "I don't fucking get it, what went wrong!" she continues, Boy's reloading the gun

"Fuck, fuck, fuck keep on until Juda comes!"

Boy gets shot through the hand.

"Don't fucking touch his hand, he is a poet!" yells Jolly

"That's not a piano-player" XXX answers shooting through his other hand, not being really visible. There is more people involved on both sides, a classy scene of shooting like during armed storm of an apartment. Explain visuals, logic, more dialog. The lamp crashes by shot. Darkness. Cut.

Two Mexicans or Portoricans, carrying a huge cupboard up the staircase, it is much bigger than they are and if it were bigger 2 centimeters piece it would not come through, a finger space. They have a key dialog between two of them. They delay the final shooting, as the two are a perfect barricade. Juda appears with lot of armors on him. He also has a key dialog "I'll would love to point right through you, frying a really good cheese of your dirty mind flesh if there was a smallest chance to pass, but do me a favor Boyz and speed up" You won't forget until the end of teh story, considering to shoot the guys but seeing it won't let him through, the cupboard is feeling the entire space, he is helping them as it is only option to win time. Cut.

Jolly walks paced with people sidewalk. A guy makes an attempt to get her shiny pink handbag, she kicks him in the face and runs off, camera follows her not paying attention to the guy. She stops by the street phone, picks up the note book from the bag, checking her phone card and when the wanted number dials, she is screaming to the phone "doctor Reynolds, it's Jolly, I'm on my way, sorry for being late, don't leave" she hangs up hurrying away, she stops suddenly, picks up the lipstick from the bag, paints her lips using a street shop window, close up. Cut.

She rings the bell, no answer, she kicks the door. Cut

Disco, shimmering lights, absolutely great and great crowd having an extreme fun, showing off the details of happy turned on faces involved with each other. Camera flying comes to Jolly and Boy, dancing, he is pulling her off. "No, I want to dance" she dances making the gestures of seduction. "I have to have a drink" he says. "No" she repeats dancing towards him "we need to talk"

FINALE

The finale scene is fulfillment of that one; everyone gets shot, in torch light. Juda shoots everyone and then shoots himself through the head, his head splashes on the glass upper part of the door, you see much of the brain details, it's soaking red. Shows the END text on it. Someone unknown breaks the glass. All is gone.

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EPILOG, ONE MAN SHOW 658

One man show



One man show.

To torture love, toying with love, love terminators, folié a deux.

" Malga, The Conqueror! The neo-neo Beat Dame! The outsider!

... Is packed jabbering rush, reads like a sexually graphic, every page is a stellar orgasm or a breakup, sexually-explicit autobiography, next to Howl and Naked Lunch. Malga the outsider, the neo-neo Beat Dame. Of course, she is Slavic. Plenty of slaughter house talk, and equally obscene passages, gasping prayers among the blocks of boredom, its just Malga and her staggering beauty, dirty only in a chipped-fingernail-lacquer kind of a way" Jessica Willis, New York Press

"Of all the people I have met, no one has attempted to act the part of total Artist quite like her, to such an extent in being provocative. Provocation seems to be innate to her, her very apparition is an offence to the very inner calm, weve spent a lifetime attaining. Her means of expression are beyond recognition. Her artistic expression is identical with her life. Her art is maximally charged with sex, drugs, violence, travels, experiences, emotions and guests. Her passionate abandon creates a secret" Mats Olsson, Material Magazine