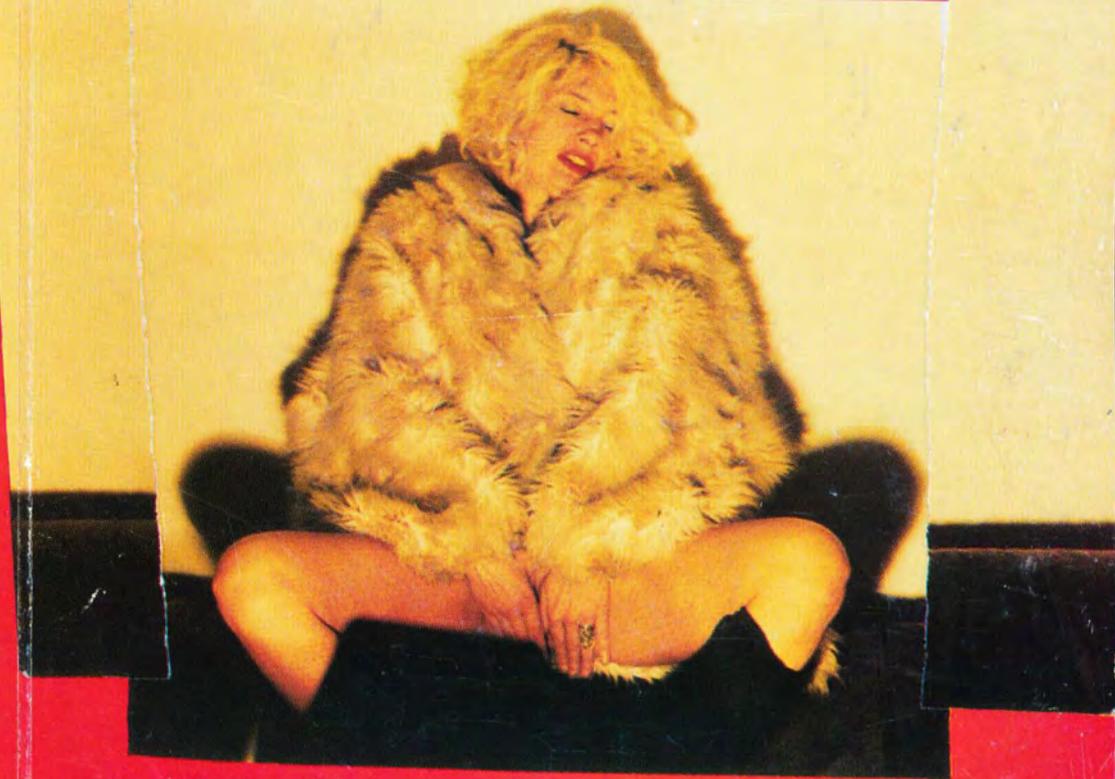




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MALGORZATA KUBIAK



SCHEISSE ELYSEES



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MALGA KUBIAK

SCHEISSE ELYSEES

a life dream, the bestseller, a laugh story

for Agata and Sun, my children.

THE EGO TRIP

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COVER drawings SUN MAX. KUBIAK ZACHRISON
photo HARRY HOPPE

photos, different in different books

ESTRELLA RYDMAN

MALGA KUBIAK

HARRY HOPPE

FRED NILSEN

***Thanks to John Vestlund
to Harry Hoppe
to Danuta Kubiak***

I have done stupid things but I have done them superbly.

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THE EGO TRIP FILMS & BOOKS

I

New York gave a right kick to Crim-Agr and Joyce-Joy, they were spinning through the world as they would walk through a cake store and that was a fact. Joyce mouth was stuck full with everything what came her way what was of a sweet nature, Crim rushed forward with his arrowed cock aimed on so long Joyce's ussy-cat-big-cunt, vov! What a lively show of perfection, they were at last in the right spot! The street took them home! They were right in the middle of it and celebrated like a king and a queen! Sort of. She wore sun glasses through the first days or even the first weeks also at night, her face was fucked from the surgery and a sharp phantom pain exploded along her cheek bone in a frequency, once every 4 minutes, throwing her tighter into his side, arm and a gathering and guarding shoulder. They mingled with a world at last! Along the streets, along the Avenues, over the bridges and in the heart of a Central Park, skyscrapers gave Aggr a small shake through the first few days, but crowds of people consoled them as they took them immediately to the hearts and did not let them go, full of adrenaline, washed off the spleen, loved, looked at, watched, appreciated, conversated with, turned on and hot they started fucking for real again. Crimson started to fuck his sweet little Joyce for real every night and every dawn and every morning and every afternoon even if their new friend, Joyce old girl-friend

Miranda, was almost in the same room - or may be that's also why - there were no doors between the rooms in NY except for a better or fine places, he started to lick Joyce, lick her heavenly pussy wet and slick and clean and shining through the dark hours, Brooklyn nights turned Joyce's hottest nights since... Laying there on the floor, a bed self made of something hard and Crim moving round her! - not just thrown flat upon the sheets waiting for her to do all - Crim taking her to heaven and to hell sticking his tongue into all of her holes. Yeah, Joyce turned to the beast again, the only state she truly digs - an animal! Standing on her four, standing on her three, standing on her two, waving, on her one, hanging, flying, spinning through the universe and he fucking her with a frenzy finesse of a man and frantic simplicity of a man! He the man!

Tonight they went to bed earlier, Mira wasn't at home this week and that was the first day, Agr was reading a paper stretched naked on the bed showing all his readiness for the act and his Joy lovely as always coming towards him, running, spreading the wings...

- look, Joy there is a lot's of sex adds in the newspaper, what do you think if I fuck all the old ladies in a neighborhood, what do you think?, I mean I really like to fuck, and if I can fuck you, I can fuck them too and how much money do you think I can make? -

...Joyce sinking fast.

An Intro. 1

The anesthesia doctor in a proper green outfit is finishing to inject, the surgeon kneels over Joyce, the nurse watches the screen

- what's your name? -

the surgeon asks, bending farther over her

- my name is Joyce -

she answers

- what are you up to Joyce? -

he asks her, the anesthesia doctor pulls out the syringe, leaving the needle inside her wrist

- I am writing a book -

Joyce says, twinkling her eyes, satisfied with herself. The nurse puts her on the drop, the anesthesia doctor glances at the screen

- what's your book about, Joyce? -

the doctor asks, her eyes are closed and the breath calm, the doctor looks at her for a second and turns for the rapport

" A woman, brought to the hospital 4 AM, injured by a boy-friend, a blow out fracture, agreed to a surgery, asked if a boy-friend could film the surgery, no permission given, asked if both could sleep at the hospital, no permission given. The best suggested solution is a implant, but because patient has stated, she is in the hurry to leave the country we shall do a transplant"

- Joyce, what's your book about? -

He repeats the question, not getting an answer, he takes the scalpel into his gloved hand.

An Intro. 2

Ann was an old woman, an excellent writer, she was Joyce's father's old mistress and a translator and that's the main reason, why she received Joyce and Agr in her Parisian apartment. She had them sitted at the correct places at the table in the dining room. Agr - whom she considered, a handsome young man, possibly an artist - at the chair that fronted her own empty sit, Joyce sat to it's right, a chair on her left was free as well. Ann, with a powerful shiver which was a result of her major stroke, rushed through the huge place hooked on the walking cart, a cigarette in her mouth, she, constantly puffing without using her hand, on the right side of the cart, hanged a new bottle of labeled Whisky in a basket and on the left glasses in a handy container.

- Rosa! -

commanded Ann urgently

- food on the table! -

Ann was a tall, beautiful woman of extremely classic features, blue eyed, blond colored curls in a short page, a perfect careful

makes up and elegant clothes; she did expect her guests. With a great effort she placed the bottle and the glasses on the table. She took her place, parting from the cart and throwing herself into the chair. She had Agr open the Whisky and she poured it herself for everyone. Rosa, a bit younger, as tall and very stiff entered with a soup, the plates and silver were already laid. Rosa took the chair on her principal's left. Ann puffing more urgently on her cigarette glued into the corner of her lip emptied her glass to the bottom. The conversation was pleasant, she was delighted at her visitors, drawing the lines of her very special life, investigating about their presence and future plan. They midlanded for the three nights on a first visit to Paris - together and on their way to New York to start the New Life. Ann having a big collection of pills to intake, disclosed their secret pointing at her Auschwitz's tattoo on the left forearm. The dinner with a good red wine and roasted meat was excellent, Rosa served it and did not speak unless questioned by Ann, after the cheese and some more drinks Ann ended it up telling Joyce and Agr were they were going to sleep. Joyce got a small room behind Ann's own and Agr in the end of the long corridor.

- tell her, we are married -

whispered Agr dashed off by the idea of spending the night in Paris alone. Joyce did not want to interfere. They met outside the bathroom for a kiss, that was all she could do, a wooden floor creaked horrendous with even a most light step. Whisky - one of two black cats sleeping in Ann's bed - woke up yelling. Rom-Mercedes, the second one got that old that nothing bothers him anymore.

The woman is extremely fat, they are both making the laundry at Brooklyn's Green Point - the polish destination. She is a former opera singer from Warsaw who exiled, jumping off her tour fucking long time ago. She is just some few years older than Joyce but in her image Joyce is a young girl.

- You must be careful, Joyce -

Zofia teaches her new found, a new friend

- I was also young when I came here, I was so happy, I was so naive, I was so stupid. I'm completely alone, people use me, my cousins are the worst, humans are rats, eat on each other -

Joyce is touched, studing the looks of her pal, concludes for herself

- she must have consumed extremely many of the kind -

washing machines yell like hell, she is planing to take care of Zofia, take her out, entertain, fix some singing

- I was never as pretty as you're Joyce, but I looked all right, I wasn't big, I did my hair and painted my lips, I'll pray for you -

Joyce makes her sing Bizet's Aria For The Love, Zofia is good. Joyce looses Agr's engagement ring, forgetting it inside the dryer, it has fall out of the pocket of his jeans.

Joyce met Aggr at night in the Tompkins park, she was excited for love, they did not see each other the whole day, she planed a dinner at an Indian restaurant, to find a place was a child's job as all Indian restaurants were on the same street, still it took time to choose the one, Joyce childish amused with looking into each one have chosen the very first and the very last - it was the same - it turned to be the only fine dinner at the place with a white table clothes, real cutlery, served food and wine for just two of them during the whole trip. Aggr did not like special arrangements, he did not like the food Joyce had suggested, he did not like Joyce's nose

- you have such a long nose Joyce, you are so ugly, Joyce -

he insisted looking at her

- I want to fuck other girls, can't you find me one? A little blond American virgin with an intact cunt, I can't do it myself as my lances fucked and I'm not as pretty wearing glasses, you ought to help me Joyce, I need a fresh piece, a new lips, new breasts and hips to roll me back into a dream, I'm so fed up -

Joyce leans back at her chair, it is a tall hard wooden classic chair. The smell of food stuffs her and a high number of waiters move soundlessly round them placing more and more and more bowls, cups, plates stuffed with small strange uneatable items. Her tall wine glass is filled with cold pink champagne. The bubbles go up into the air.

*

Street is crowded and hot, dreadfully deadfully intense, they walk one and a half floor up, he struggles with a key hole for a while and she is more and more short of breath, she wears a white dress, her old wedding dress she hopes is coming in use, violet gym-tangas, black bra, jewelry, plato-shoes and make up. He picks her up like a doll and squeezing her waste and kicking the door with his right foot in and covering her hot thick-painted red lips with his burning wet, whipping his tongue down her throat enters the dark corridor; he expects all people living in the tenement are here and he expects to hear the chat and music and all that but there is nothing but intoxicating beat of his heart and flush of his blood and her smooth tiny body trembling in his hands - it isn't a first time so he doesn't have to treat her as a virgin and taste every millimeter of a decisive flesh - no - he presses her against the tepid wall with her feet up in the air within split of a second drops his self-cut off shorts and not wearing any underwear finds her pussy with his pointed stiff dick - removing wet tangas - all in one move - nails her to the wall in the violent act of love! Sex is nothing to him, Seymour knows he loves that woman.

- O, yeah! - but this is not what have happened. What have happened was that Joyce was very late, cafe they were going to meet at, was closed, the day was 4th July, the time after 12 noon and streets were next to solitary, she jumped out of the taxi, she was runing a few steps, she was running straight from Aggr-Crimson's bed and his loving and performing dick and he stopped her in bed extra long and extra good and he was watching her thin today - as she lived exclusively on cherries at least one week - brown tan ass in fluorescent violet tangas which was almost as a "g" string and he watched her put on the white dress the same as yesterday and he saw her lean at the wall looking at him and the whole room for too long and far too steady

- what are you up to Babe? -

asked her Crim whose intuition about her was blameless and mostly right

- nothing -

said Joyce getting herself out of the house suddenly very fast, run to and from the L train and the taxi cab, she hanged on Seymour's neck smiling broad and swishing her white dress a lot - he was standing there in down pour heat leaning at the street sign since one and half hour, exactly at the corner of Houston and Ludlow, he was hot, he was tired, he was bluesy, he didn't think she was coming, he was wearing trashy khaki shorts and laced, smart brown boots reaching into his calves, that was all, his face was tensed

- you are beautiful, all in white stripes -

he said and did not really kiss, the clash did not really work

- ups, Crimson, Crimson, Aggr -

thought Joyce

- I love fucking with you most of all Crim -

the heat sipped from the sky as from some kind of mean machine, the bodies wet and sticky, he was showing her houses, many different rare beautiful houses

- why are you showing me houses? -

asked Joyce

- show me your dick -

but that she did not say, they walked through the Alphabet City, his arm around her

- they are very special houses one can't ignore them -

he said, she nodded, she felt strange and odd, the excitement from the other day certainly wasn't there, she pushed a kiss on him at his lips and pushed it farther to become real and she pushed it hot; she wanted it that way but she knew what she felt and what she was doing - she was gambling, she was fucking bluffing

- I'm going to make a bomb for you -

Seymour said seriously

- do you want to blow my head or my heart? -

Joyce giggled satisfied with herself, he did not laugh, they went a few places and to a cafe', drunk coffee, he ate something, actually a big boring cake, she paid, he was broke, they talked, they talked about Crimson, she also told him about Washington, they joked, they went up to his place which was empty and he was making a bomb, his face was concentrated, eyes of steel and a lips tensed into a thin stroke, she sat on the chair watching him and holding her hands hanging down like on the little girl between brown tan knees, a white dress laid spread on the chair's sit as a parachute pulled strongly in the waste with a Harley belt, she was a doll, a New York Doll, he was pressing and blowing different sort of gas into a little plastic container and fixed a fuse and handled to her. She used the bathroom, re-did her lips considering NOT another kiss and they went out, he took all his heavy bags, he was going back home

- will you see me off to the bus? -

he asked

- I can't -

she said and pressed her lips lightly against his, he looked into her eyes and his look was like a knife - sharp, stiff and dangerous; he was off. He went underground. She run, she dropped the bomb, it did not blow, she picked it up and put it into her yellow bag, it fit perfectly, she continued running to Crimson to the park, she was late. She was standing in front of Crimson smiling to him, feeling like a pretty naughty child, she holded the bomb, he grinning knocked on his forehead with his pointing finger, he did not like she was late and certainly he did not like the rest

- did you fuck him? -

Crimson asked

- no -

she answered laughing, she gave him a kiss and he answered it and gave her a hug - o boy, he was sweet, her Crim - he send her to buy a Bad, they were going for lunch this day with one old chap to his very old aunt, she thought but they were not, she spend the whole day sitting in the park, Crimson plaid chess, she got tipsy

and sentimental, Joyce's life is a fucking paradox box, the bitch knows herself, if they would have fuck she would forget the whole affair but as they did not it sat on her mind like a sore, like a frog who wants to be kissed, to be turned on - free, it was bothering her, she wanted to play the toys, her toys, Seymour's toys, she knew he was in love to her, but may be he was not? - this certainly bothered her - Crimson plaid chess and his first hug and kiss was over even if it was hot and arrowed her right through the heart, now he did not care for Joyce and Joyce was bored, she was sitting there by the next table writing, playing with words, making ornaments, playing with images, playing with Seymour's love with a whole story and memories of the past days - it was a small fire anyway, she went to Side Walk and drunk three big beers in the row, talked to a Jewish guy who wanted to take her to another place, she had him walk her back to Crimson-love, at night they listened to a fire works still not leaving Tompkins Park, the night was hot, Crimson lit Seymour's bomb under the big chestnut tree but it did not blow, a tall girl complained

- Oh, look you can't leave it like that some dog will get hurt -

Crim and Joyce went home and fucked, fucked like hell! Joyce was Crimson's Little Darling.

Four days earlier...

They crossed the lights, still on 42ed street, the door to a cafe bar right in front of them stood wide open, the place was small, kind of a dark shabby disc with a glass holder stuffed with a few kinds of simple food dishes and some light beverages, they went upstairs, carried the bags. The room was big with lots of empty plastic tables surrounded with an ugly plastic chairs, no more then two or three tables were occupied by a single black men with empty eyes and full ashtrays, on the side of the room was a huge monitor with a God Father movie running. Michael Corleone was having a soft melodramatic argument with his American tall unattractive wife, they more whispered then quarreled, she talked about their love and he of his duties and obligations. Minutes went, Seymour ate some kind of a blurry rise mix, Joyce turned towards him, something screw inside her breast, she threw her arms open and threw them around Seymour's neck turning her face away and towards the TV

- what, did you get a crush on me? -

asked Seymour in his sparkling voice, they both made some kind of a swirl, Seymour's lips were in front of hers and his eyes looked into hers deeper than they were expected to, the fire was lit and they seemed to soothe it with a wet lips for an instant, they have drown beyond, the rocket was shot, discharged and Seymour's tongue was in Joyce's mouth, her eyes smiled, sparkled, dangled, twinkled, the birds were beating the wings round the moon on flight to Venus but there, wasn't cold as in the space there was hot as they would have been set on flames.

- you have to stop, else you must leave -

they heard a voice, a man stood in front of them, they thought it was a joke, so they giggled and did not stop to kiss - he was angry and he threw them out. The New York's street they walked, was exotic, containing all the colors and the pavement they walked on was maximally hot, and the air was hot and the night vanished off and the people were almost touching them both and they were stealing of their endless light and of their endless flame as they were just landed gods which they were.

Three weeks earlier Crim sat in the Tompkins park as everyday, Joyce just sat down besides him and they gave each other a little kiss, the heads of all chess players at all the tables rose and gave them a glance,

- what did you do Joyce-girl? -

asked her Crim and smiled

- I was laying in the sun, I was writing and reading, then I took a walk and then I came here - she included all the unnecessary details how many men looked at her and how many smiled and how many talked to her and what and gave her their phone numbers and of course how ugly and ridiculous they were and all that as it would have been something new. Aggrr who was torturing Joyce through many last days telling her how much he wanted to meet an New Girl to fall in love to and preferably from the town and with an organized life to get a total and needed order on himself - sweet, sweet lucrid luck-talk; anyhow he looked at her

- one day you will meet a beautiful man and that will be that, Little Joyce -

Agr said with a sad, sentimental and a serious look in his eye as he would read in a well read, dusty book. She looked into the street, where the East Village night show was going on for full, the people were playful, everybody except a few panhandling and not very colorful tonight punkers were in the constant move with almost blood way visible in a veins, hearts working, eyes sparkling, eyes talking, mouth moving, words flashing, screams, breaths, barbs, teeth not necessarily perfect, bodies, legs, hands, fingers, stomachs, spines, buttocks of all kind, the whole assortment of clothes plus some nudity it all creating the most powerful song crushing right through Joyce heart perception and landing in her belly as a good meal, she felt no hunger, she felt satisfied, she clinged to Crim's side and let their love keep her hot a little longer; she had no plans. A tall blond big breasted broad with a big dog passed them on the right side giving a radiating great smile to Agr and taking his with her. Joyce felt the sting going deep into her heart. The next day she felt fucking bluesy, Agr of course wanted to be by himself hunting his luck and chicks and playing chess, she decided to take a walk by herself as she came to join him in the park much earlier than usually and he did not like it. She walked the street, saw an old friend on the street, who - she knew lived in New York, actually she wasn't sure if it was him so she let him pass and then she decided to run after him still doubting and then she did run and then she stopped and at last she continued and it was him. He was pleased and going to give her his phone number, but listen there is something catchy, it was in East Village, they met just on the corner to his home, they used to be friends before, in Sweden, he even plaid shortly in her band, and listen to that, he did not just want to keep her company, he was on his way home, he has been playing tennis and he was sweaty, he longed for the shower, he was swaying with a tennis racket in the big blue sporty bag, he did not invite her home, they went to a closest liquor store as he was going to write his phone number, no not to his home, but to his studio far off - this is a fucking catch 22, it took Joyce some time to find out. They never met again anyway, whenever she phoned the secretary refused to call for him. People are nuts! Anyway, another much younger, taller and beautiful man run into the store in the same moment and fronted her

- are you Joyce? -

he asked her

- yes -

she said

- are you sure you are Joyce? -

- yes -

she said feeling perfectly at home with a peculiar question

- I'm Candid Seym -

he said and gave her hand, a hug and a kiss. Joyce understood, the name clinged immediately familiar, there was an American who wrote letters to her since a few years, was in fact she knew in love to her via her films and books. They have never seen each other. OK, he saw her in the films, but these were old nude crazy images, Joyce was suddenly excited and ignored the old friend, totally, Candid gave her his card and she was going to call him and they were going to meet the day after.

- Why the day after? -

thought Joyce disturbed

- Why not at once? -

He was going with a girl, her name was Fly, she was a panker, a squatter and her skull was shaved with some fringes of brown flats at the top, she looked militant in her khaki clothes but showed off some flesh round pretty thighs and round breasts. Joyce went the other way and couldn't drop the first impression of the scene, Candid's very presence. As the hours went by she felt more and more stoned, poured in kind a magic wing, walking round the streets, eating cherries and talking to strangers that talked to her. She returned to Crim, told him about the meeting

- was he beautiful? -

that was a first Crim's question

- yes -

she said

- do you want to fuck him? -

was the next

- no -

she said. At that instant Candid walked by and Joyce pointed at him, Crimson shouted

- Candid Seym! -

and a very tall handsome man with a very short dark brown hair turned back, his company, a girl gave in and went off. The guys presented each other and after a short talk, Joyce and Candid moved to the next table as Crim was in the middle of a chess game. They talked business, Candid gave her a little fast kiss on her cheek and dashed off more then went, suddenly he wasn't there.

- he is sexy when he doesn't talk -

Crimson said looking at Joyce, Joyce still looked into the direction where Candid did disappear. The following day Crim accompanied her to the date, the following days Crimson screw her and screw at last some other chicks triumphantly bumping into them from both directions forcefully and totally enlightened, Candid did nothing, Candid really didn't know what to do... Candid lay did nothing, Candid really didn't know what to do... Candid lay down in the grass next to Joyce and Agr. Joyce woke up with his green eyes staring straight into her under her eyelids, she was getting annoyed with herself and slightly hot, it was tremendous great to fuck with Crim and his side affairs were invisible to her, she took for grounded his passion for chess and men gambling was the one, there were small errors as she was getting wilder than lately with too much blood pumped through her heart and tried to strip for him in the bathroom and she was annoying him and he knew why, she wanted high tension gambling. Candid was from far off state, no not a lonesome cowboy even if he behaved like one, he was a pyrotechnist and Crim and Joyce were going to his night show. Joyce run like a nut, stumbling, dropping her stuff, dressed like a midnight queen, they were crossing Brooklyn's 8th street to come to the East River shore and she almost run under the car

- Joyce!!! -

shouted Crim's and his heart beated fast and he certainly did not like that and Joy she simply loved, it. They have been on the Long Island beach this morning the first ever time bathing together and

Crim carried her like a baby in his arms into the heavy waves, but that she has long forgotten - Joyce-bitch. Candid kissed her hand, was very concentrated and correct, the show, the explosion did not work at all. Guess, if there was an ill willing Crim's finger in it. At night was a six people, table party at Mira, Crim and Joyce room runner, a whisky and a polish company. All the girls entertained Candid Seym, Crim entertained himself talking to the other man, did not drink whisky but beer, did not get drunk as he had to watch for Joyce who sat between him and Seym, with a small place just above her knee on the right side glued into Seymour hairy thigh

- what are you wearing? -

he asked and look at her too long sliding his eyes through her naked nicely buttered waste, black dressed round hips, buttocks he knew by heart, very short dress and a low net stockings, the very spot on the right thigh burning, Candid did not move his leg away but behaved as he didn't notice, Joyce sucking his heat like a baby milk spread the warmth round her body, at one moment when Crimson and the pal he was talking to went to the store to buy more beer and left his holly Joyce unwatched all her excitement about Seym disappeared, Joyce understood she was not falling in love; she was just gambling but she still couldn't stop herself and why should she, stuffed and prepared with Crim male maltreatment like a turkey ready for the great hot oven that was going to turn her to a perfect amour propre dish? Today Crim was simply sweet and turned to her kissing her cheek and smiling to her and Seym and throw his arms around her shoulders, and asked some occasional things, she smiled back at him. Seym was leaving together with the other couple and he said to Joyce standing in front of him in the door

- may be we'll meet again -

he said and it did irritate her. The day after Joyce and Crim were going to meet Seym, he was perhaps going home or he was not going, they went early morning, they both liked him, they went the same place at the Water Front as the last night, some kind of easy going freaks were preparing the festivities, concert, fire, theater, food etc. Seym wasn't there, Joyce laid on the very rim of the shore dashing into the river tempting the morning air, she had even less clothes on, than the last night and people, men stared, and the sun slid along her naked thighs, Seym did not show up and Crim was apparently pissed at Joyce, he refused to be there

even a minute longer, at home it appeared that Seym phoned or was at the same place or wasn't, how ever they went there again at night, this time Joyce dressed with care, she did not wear any underwear only a leather chick shorts and low stockings, she slid a condom into the pocket or didn't she, she was anyway considering

- I'm going to fuck him tonight, wherever -

she thought, the scenery was great, huge area buried in dark, sky, moon, music, fires, bushes, trees, grass, garbage, ruins. Seym wasn't there, he was on his way home by bus or plain, there was one girl dressed in nude, she had a little rabbit tail on her butt, cat ears and painted mustache on her pink round cheeks, big floppy low boots and this perfectly naked hot body and there were lots of people, sort of avant-garde underground little artists. One band was very good, two others really bad. Joyce drunk beer and Crimson was moody and did not want to drink. The moon shone like a maniac.

*

Crimson apparently fucked some chick but he lies to Joyce as never before that he did not. Crim met Washington and they three, also Joyce had fun. Washington was wild and pure entertainment. Washington fall in love to Crim, Washington fall in love to Joyce, Washington fall in love to Crim, he was great but he had an aberration or rather direction, he was forced to use people, he was homeless, penniless, drug-edict, a poet, a loner, a broken hero, a mythomaniac, an actor, a heartless human beast, a golden heart sheep, a racist, an American, an Irish-Russian mix and totally undrinkable and surely poisonous. And he did not fuck a woman since many years, and possibly he fucked men, to Joyce he said that, sorrowfully enough he did not fuck anything. He also killed his wife - fulfilling average man-dreams. He put an error into Joyce's world, however she was pleased with a state of his free mind at the certain turn, at the next he would discuss with Crim their wedding, sometimes Joyce and Crim's but mostly Crim's and his own, he would say these things on which Joyce has always napped and couldn't stop

- only men love, only men love each other, only men have brains, only men have hearts, only men have sex, only men take drugs, only men have fun, only men are alive -

well, Joyce was done and cooked and turned pretty boring in that mess, sometimes she would slap his face and sometimes Crim would slap her. The men were discussing future robberies and possibility of putting all their money - Crim's and Joyce's as Washington did not have any - into cocaine or heroine or amphetamine that they wouldn't even let her taste. No surprise Joyce turned big size monkey hearted and sharp aimed bitch. Washington was a huge man and was born exactly the same day, month and a year as she - a very long time ago, which did not make the things better at all. With a time it has driven the affairs horrible and into its peak. Of course she was jealous and they did treat her like shit. Washington was always drunk, fumbling and his eyes were burning and piercing and his tongue was a true snake tongue, a wizardy, lovefull, evil, faked, playful snake tongue divided in two at the very end and poisonous. Sometimes he would take the money from Crim's pocket and hid in his butt hole and then his trousers would hang down very low and it would show off and he would say

- yeah, do you really want it back? just pick it! -

and he would laugh, he walked barefoot and had several head injuries and several colorful scarfs chiefs which gave him a certain swashbuckler charms, Crim started wearing scarfs too, Crim started following his big boss but only until certain extension, when he had a hang-over or a specially a drug hang-over he would love to hide in Joyce's arms, then there were no phone calls coming in and they had a lot of sex and love and home. Joyce and Crim - not Washington, who was locked out for the time being. The days like that they used to go to the Time Square at night to the movies. Crim's arms would be tight round his girl his wife or what ever she was his only one at the nights like that. Poor stupid Joyce she would bend as the Crim-wind blew. And now he blew hoarse. They have been out the whole day and they have been drinking the whole evening and night, now they were going home, they were drunk and they just said good-bye to the playmates

- I love you -

said Joyce throwing her arms round Crim, the street was ravishing, hot and filled with energy

- I don't love you -

Crimson said

- what? -

Joyce choked, they were right in the middle of a Village

- but when we make love you tell me that you love me and we do it every day -

the girl tried to prove he was obviously wrong

- I don't fuck you at all, when you sit on my dick and fuck me I imagine it's somebody else, some other woman and I let it go -

Crim said looking at her, heedful and serious, the picture was familiar enough and this time Joyce couldn't beat it, this time she let it go, she run the other direction. Crimson followed her for a while

- Joyce, come, we go home! Please Joyce, come! -

but she did not and very soon they lost a truck of each other.

- O Donna please suck my cock tonight! -

she has met a group of punkers, and that was an approach of a taller guy in the gang. As she understood she was locked out tonight the offer wasn't too bad, it did not mean she had to necessarily suck any cock but it surely mean she did not have to remain on the street and she was going to go to their place, it was one girl and two boys, they had some kind of a conversation with Joyce, it was all settled but then Joyce changed her mind, she really got fed up especially with "her" play mate, a smaller of the guys - imagine such a small boy! Compared with Crim at least two heads shorter. Disaster! She did not realize, a Crim's Head shorter could have been a real smarty. She went off alone towards the underground drunk stumbling, stopped on her way by some real trashy samples. Inside the station she said to the old man in the cashier box that someone stole her wallet and he did let her through without a ticket - she did not have any money, their whole vacant cash was with Crim. In the next move she sat outside of her house, she had no key, Crimson had the only key they had, she sat there from about 2 to 4 in the morning entertained by an Italian neighbor, a young man on his jogging round, of course he said she could have sleep at his place but she didn't want and he told her his life-love story - his girl friend left him after two or three or four years and she broke not only his heart but also his will to go into the type of trouble again - in fact he was

pretty handsome but not smashingly handsome and to impress Joyce one have to be. All she wanted she wanted Crim to come home, and not even home but to her lap now, she could have gone back to town and look for him it would have been more reasonable but she did not make even one single move, she sat on the staircase to their house not rising her butt during these two hours. She was waiting for Crimson and she was totally in love. Joyce was stupid like a hen, she climbed a roof, went over a roof, climbed down to the fire escape staircase and a balcony outside her bathroom, opened window from the inside and slipped in and sneaked into a cold bed, stupid Joyce. This night Crimson had a tremendous good fuck but she learned about it much later, actually she knew it right then but he came home in the morning about twelvish and loved her so much and talked sweetly and denied and told stories and was tenderly touched over her bleeding pussy and said

- I love you Babe and if I did not I wouldn't be here, so!?... -

and he guarded her in his arms and under his prick blowing her off from the earth one more time with his powerful love fuck. This world was a stinky stuff and Crim-Agr did not use condom with the other girl whose cunt, mouth and ass hole he fucked and now he did not use soap or a shower, he just pushed into his sweetie Joyce's hole, feeling much at home in there.

Joyce phoned Candid, she phoned him many times. She phoned him from home when she was alone and from the phone buzz when Crimson was home. It was a rotten game. But Joyce was a rotten girl, but only when she got an oportunity, the maximal oportunity. I don't think she would do the same if Crim wouldn't treat her they way he did. Or would she anyway?

It was Thursday night and she after some really break-neck attempts stood inside New York's bus station waiting, she was dressed in a white, that short skirt that her whole thighs showed perfectly and a white blouse, or rather something you could try to call a blouse, something not even covering her brown tan breasts. There was only one more girl in a white dress standing as she in the middle of the floor alone and she was black. They were both very pretty and had this damn strong sex-appeal dominating over

the whole huge bloody hall. She saw Seymour's face behind the small thick glass square in the door, concentrated, looking down, not forward and not in, he tried to open the door and did not managed, she did not run to help him, she understood that door did not open from outside only from inside, she stood without one move still in the middle, she let him find another door, open, come through, find her with the eyes and come towards, they smiled but not much, they certainly did not kiss or touch, she took one of his bags and they did leave the station. They walked on a 42 ed street.

After they have been kicked out of the cafe after the first kiss they went down into the tube, the train was late and she sat in his knees his knees

- shit, train is late -

said Joyce

- that's good it gives us more time -

said Seym and he kissed her passionately, she said nothing, on the train she sat in his lap and he kissed her, a young mother with a little girl watched her close, they both - the baby and the mom looked inside Joyce eye's

- if my nitroglycerin blows now, you'll die in my arms -

said Seym, she looked at him

- was a guy mad? -

for heaven sake she was late! On the street she run straight forward until she reached Crim, it was dark and late, he sat alone at the chess table

- where have you been? -

he asked

- I got stoned and couldn't move -

she said.

She was hanging in Seymours arms, with her hips, abdomen, ribs and breast she was pressing against his chest, belly, his belt the only jewelry he wore, and his cock

- I want you -
whispered Candid
- I want you -
he repeated
- take me -
she giggled with a great easiness broad smiling her mashed lips
- how, here on the street? -
he asked, his lips were bright red from her lipstick
- yes, here -
she answered pressing harder against him. Behind him was a wall of the house, a cheap cafe', they were near the bridge, somewhere near the bridge
- it doesn't work, I have to stash you somewhere in China town they let rooms for 10 box, I mean you are totally turned on -
he was an old bum, had Candid's face, Candid's lips and eyes
- o, illusion -
felt Joyce stranded by his apparent Candid's look, he wore straw hat, was a painter, was a street bum, and was Candid's new found friend
- o, illusion! -
This morning Agr fucked her in her rose bud, she loved that, it was long since, it was that mind blowing and wonderful, she was on the way out and Agr said
- come here sweet Joy I want to fuck you in the ass -
she came on her four like a kitten back to bed, what she didn't know was that he was inspired by the other woman's bud. Her appointment with Seym was already set and she was not going to change it. She was late an hour or even two, she found him at the cafe' playing pool with an old man who hanged with them since, was planing for them and enjoying the passion in which he was a part somehow, he had a bottle of vodka from which he was pouring into Seym's cup all the time, Joyce did refuse to have some and after while he did not care for her, the men talked politics, Joyce laid on the bench resting in Seym's lap. Their

flames were going up and then down and then up and up and then down and then up

- what do you say Joyce shell we go to China town? This opportunity might be not repeating -

he held her pressed against his loins, she smiled, they gave damn in old chap and his promotion, they run off, walked and run and were in some strange shopping streets when they jumped into the taxi car and went to his place. Seymour carried her inside holding in his arms and kissing, he sat her down in the chair kneeling in front of her took off her shoes kissing her feet, he holded her in his arms again taking off her clothes in the middle of the living room in somebody's house, there was music and lot's of people voices everywhere, he did not shut door, he kept on taking her clothes off

- someone is going to come in here -

Joyce whispered

- OK -

he said

- we'll borrow the closest room, someone's room. -

He carried her in there, kept on unbuttoning her black dress, it had millions of buttons on her back, he was kissing her neck, chewing her flesh, her breasts, her back, her shoulders and her arms and her lips and kissing her eyelids the most soft, he carried her up the leader to the bed still straggling with the end of her dress. Now he was naked and he entered her with his penis, they were fucking and they were fucking for the long time, the frequency was frantic and it was enormously hot in there there were ocean floods slapping through their two only bodies and they were still fucking

- do you want me to come? -

Seym asked

- yeah -

she said

- yeah -

so they both did. A half a minute after he was at her cunt again licking it

- o, boy this is very nice but give me a few seconds break else I'll

be nuts -
she said smiling, he lifted up his head from the little bush of the womb
- but I want to make you come -
she looked with such a surprise that he somehow understood and asked
- or did you come? -
- Yeah -
she said laughing
- did you see me come? -
he asked
- no -
she answered
- I saw you saw me, you looked at me -
he insisted
- no -
she said
- I don't remember that -
she explained. The whole bed was soaked with their sweat, they both joked for a few minutes and cuddled she laid naked
- I can't make you pregnant -
he said
- what? -
asked Joyce
- what do you talk about? -
she repeated
- I can't have children, I have done a vivisection -
he told
- why? -

she asked
- too many people on earth -
he said
- aha -
she replied
- you can only have me -
he continued
- what? -
she asked
- or did you want to carry my son? -
he joked
- yeah -
she answered laughing, then Candid put his shorts on and set still next to her in the bed, he was very much in a hurry, he was going to have a show very soon
- did you see all my tatoos? -
he asked Joyce
- yeah -
she said, he had one big in the middle of his back and one big above his penis was for the better sex, he explained
- well -
she said pointing at his shorts above the crotch with her toes
- show me that one, I haven't really seen it -
she lied, he unbuttoned his pents and she slid in her foot, his shorts went off and she pulled him on herself with both of her legs wide spread, they were fucking again
- I want you a top of me -
Seym said - she did but it didn't really feel great and he turned her on her back again and they both came
- now, you saw how I look when I come, your eyes were open -

he said
- no -
insisted Joyce
- I have to go now, I'm late -
she said
- yeah, I know, me too -
were Seymour's words.
- what I suppose to do if I'll meet you and Crimson? what do I
suppose to do? -
he asked
- I don't know -
said Joyce
- it's possible we are coming to the show -
she was gone. He was leaning out of the window, calling her
walking fast down the street
- is my cum dripping out of you? -
he shouted
- yeah -
answered Joyce and did not stop running. Washington stood
outside Tompkins park
- Joyce, you are looking fucking trully great today, I haven't seen
you in such a splendid shape, man what a girl, a best Village's
chick! -
and he kissed her hand looking for once serious and not drunk
- Yeah, I feel great tonight! -
she said
- have you seen Agr? -
she asked
- yes, he is there, playing -
Washington said

- see ya!

Joyce shouted and run off, reaching Crimson threw her arms
around him giving him a hot kiss, she sat next to him pressing her
hip against his, he gave her a hug, and this hug was really
something thought Joyce most delighted. He turned to her again
and kissed her lips, and this kiss was really something Joyce
thought delighted. She has made a story that someone told her
Candid was in town and going to have a show and she pulled Crim
with her to the other side of the river, the same place they have
been to before. There was nothing. They talked with some of
Candid's friends and took their car back to town, Joyce was
joyfully wondering if they were possibly able to recognize her
shoes; the shoes were right in the middle of the living room for a
long time this afternoon and these were very rare Joyce's shoes.

This night Crimson got drunk, he got drunk already in the car they
were taking off from Candid's show which did not happened and
Crimson talked really strange sort of bull promises, he was
screwed for the violence, he was up to smash everyone who
would come his way, later on he gave her few slaps on the face,
was ignorant, unpleasant, discussed and bored, he was
quarreling with her the whole time down town, Joyce talked to
Candid on the phone, the show was off but much delay, they both
have taken such a long time, she knew where he was going to go
at night, Crimson was so fucking moody and drunk all of the
sudden that it would have been only a bloody mess to join Candid,
there was no idea - thought Joyce. On the way home Crimson
was beating her and shouting, they walked Brooklyn's empty,
black night streets, the evil-eyed gutter shone cold and solitary,
reflecting Joyce's deed a bit too fast. At home he went straight to
bed, she sat in the corner of the kitchen on the chair

- fuck you Crim, I'll go, I promise you I'll go -

rebellious, she thought for herself

- Baby, Babe, My Sweet -

called her Crim from the other room

- what are you up to? My Honey sweet girl? Come to bed, please! -

Yeah, she loved her man, she came towards him taking off her dress, her bra and her tangas, yeah, she cradled into his arms and they fall asleep with or without a fuck, it didn't really matter they loved each other. The following day Crimson fucked her so damn well, so damn great he made her fly! And he did it many times! And he did not want them to go down town at all and they did not. It is possible they went to the night movies at Time Square and saw something what only turned them on and held hands and lips towards each other and hearts too very much and possibly they ate a Chicken Teryaki at the Japanese fast food that was their hang-over-love best cure nest, and they were popular at the place - you bet! The true lovers - for ever, red curved in one arrowed heart, Crimson and Joyce!

She missed Candid's caring arms, she looked at Crimson, in East Village in the street at night she saw his best glorious smile explode on his face, it was as the light, a sun would have turn on, turned her on wondering

- am I totally crazy what am I doing, I love Crim! I would die for every smile anytime, always and again -

II

Key West. They stood with their backs to the high way fronting their dream. She was huge, black about 80 cm in diameter and about 4 m in a waist - girth - wearing tight elastic fits, far from even reassembling a shorts and a blouse, which were sweeping all around enormous features, he was about a quarter of her size still a big man standing to her left. Intently they were watching a soft double bed with cream white sheets in a small pink and wild strawberry print of hammers and angels. They were discussing it in a soft lovefull voices. They were going to buy it. They were going to have it. Crimson and Joyce passed them in the distance of a few meters. They were in the middle of nowhere, night was black humid hot with a light games speeding through the sky - far away thunder over the Caribbean Sea, they were going home from the cinema, a good 3 km walk through nothing to the place were they were going to stay at least 5 more days. Joyce saw a falling down star, it fell in the horizontal position and she gave a luminous spiky yell as she made her wish. She was so much in love and she wanted the love to last! And that was what she wanted to scream loud as hell but she did not as she didn't want to threaten the spell the bound, on the next turn there was a hamburger drive in and a lurking softly into the soul man's dark voice sung a love song

- dance with me -

whispered Joyce looking at Crimson

- are you out of your mind? -

he answered her crossing to the other side of the road making a repetitive movement with his right arm and shoulder that meant

- she ought to walk fast! -

- but where and why? -

asked him Joyce's eyes. He already looked on down the high way, tutoring the view with his deterrent tough man walk, she stressed on dreaming.

*

A beautiful, sporty Black couple passed them holding each other hands, reaching towards the end of the pier, a man wore wide big black bermudas and a young woman wore a bikini in a tiny white and blue stripes, they reached the end of the pier with a big red billboard

- caution, no access, beyond this point -

he leaned on it spreading his white smile and she took a picture, then he backed, she sat down at the billboard turning up her charmingly smiling face to him and he took a picture, then they kissed. Taken new positions, new pictures and kissed again. Crimson and Joyce laid on the pier watching sea, sky, clouds, waves, pelicans, sky diving parachute, beach shore and palms and people - a Polish family including youngish skinny unattractive couple, fat grandma and spoiled little girl of age about eight who would only take a notice of her father all the time, lots of Cuban loud wild kids, swarthy boys and girls with teats and firm butts in colorful bikinis, few American ordinary families - fat whites, two or three gay couples who would always stare at Agr very much and actually they stare at Joyce a lot too with a certain touch of envy, then a few single American girls dragging Agr's attention instantly rather independent on how they look and how much they showed off - Joyce and Agr did not take one single picture since they shot in New York one film on each other stripping acts, it wasn't Joyce's choice to take them and to interrupt either. It was Crimson who was a motor engine in their love vehicle and now it was broken for good - an engine. The sea,

the ocean here was hot like a soup and thick with plants, plankton and all kind of a fishes like in a soup, the water by the shore was swallowed and people used to lie in it like in the bath tub in a small gatherings talking and dosing or in a couples mingling kissing and so on.

Intensity of the color, days into the night's threat and heat's hit, cicadas obsess me and blues me even tighter and breeze of the wind sways my dreams the whole way round, Love, give me your sea-green into my golden brown most close and most deep.

It is a first night at TA's and Crim and Joyce have a garden, the street is darkly romantic impossibly stimulating with it's beauty if you come from Europe as we do, the houses here are these dream colonial wooden houses painted white with balconies, porches, verandas, decorated and constructed by a pillars curved in wood, the vegetation, the trees are all kinds of palm trees, tropic trees as gum-trees, huge bushes all in bloom whose ill and dazing tinges and smells battle the insects and birds for space. And there are our bodies, more and more tan for every night, naked and hot responding the life, love and sex with growing force.

Agr kicks Joyce out of the bed after the perfect blow job and a perfect screw, room is very hot, outside is even more hot, she is going to a store to buy breakfast as every day, she is trying to walk in the shadow, it is relatively late and other people are having lunch. Chat comes out of his house and invites her for a drink, she says

- no -.

Chat is a beautiful black man from New York, he smiles showing his perfect jaws and a perfect white teeth, he holds Joyce's hand in his, not letting her to go off, he is a bar tender in one place and a waiter in other place and a cook in the third place as every body here, if they aren't a strip dancers or a shop runners but then they don't walk round the streets day time. Joyce passes two petrol stations situated on the opposite sides of the big street, she stops at the phone buzz, she dials Seymour's phone number and makes a collect call, giggles sipping in his love words and

promises or raciness if he isn't in. She dives into the big and cold store enjoying a perfect air condition, all the men in the store try to walk as close to her as possible and women and girls return her smiles.

- Joyce, I don't want to be with you -

says Agr looking at Joyce. They are sitting in the garden, Joyce already cut white bread, she holds a knife in her right hand slicing a tomato, for a first time in her life she has a real long nails, she looks at Agravieous. He holds a tall glass filled with a fresh orange juice and brings it close to his mouth, he takes a sip

- I'm fed up with that kind of life, lets be it our last honey moon, lets make this trip to LA and then we fly back to Sweden and we'll split.

-

Joyce watches his face, he gives her a smile, the hair laying on his shoulders are long and much more blond and curly. Joyce lays a new layer of the dark red polish on her nails.

The very first days in Key West they have spent at a friends to friends - a couple's house, Crimson-Agr was taken by the girl's of the house butt, it was little and neat and her legs so long and slim that they end right at her butt hole - Crim's expression - and she was very young. Crim and Joyce slept outside on the veranda and close to a magic baobab, the tree had a real spirit and it watched after them at nights, in fact it was fantastic to make love right outside. The first night they have been seeing absolutely astounding strip show and coming home Crim crawled into Joyce's pussy as soon they have been left alone, it is possible that at this point he would have taken any pussy with a storm and not necessary her at all and even preferably. The following morning Andrew took them to the beach and Crim carried his Joyce into the ocean and guarded as a child and she screamed of true fear and he kissed her lips. The following night he has beaten her on the street for something they both couldn't remember, some verbal argument, they were drinking every night, also the last night in New York, they flew from New York to Miami and Agr-Crim was still more drunk than sober during the flight. In Miami they haven't seen much at all as Crim was moody and it was too hot for a hang-over at all and besides there was nothing to see as he said. Joyce bought for herself couple of pairs of sun glasses

and then disappeared to town for an hour or two and Crim who fall asleep on the bench, was bothered by cops. Late afternoon they took a bus to Key West, there was a beautiful girl on the bus and both Crim and Joyce watched her wild. The girl was cool, she was tall and pretty, with long legs in a long but low cut blue jeans showing off her little novel, flat summer shoes and a tight sleeveless white t-shirt containing rather big teats especially as they sat on such a slim boy-girl, and nothing more in clothing at all, no bra, no underwear, she had a short dark brown hair cut in a short and careless version of a page, soft lips, eyes, little nose, no make up, no jewelry, no luggage but a packet of cigarettes and a lighter. Joyce had a high heeled black shoes, one or two mini dresses on, two bras, underwear, net stockings, lots of bracelets, lots of rings and lots of perfume and make up and a bleached hair and a lots lots of luggage. Imagine how well she knew how much Crimson wanted to fuck the other girl or may be also make love to her or especially make love to her spreading her out among the little hills on the sea shore or in her girlish room with an old wooden bed and a white crispy sheets and at least four old teddy bears or most willingly right here in the bus on the sweaty leather sit bumping up and down up and down along the road, she - Joyce would love that too if she would have been a man or even if she wouldn't, but a girl gave totally damn in Joy and refused to smile back, she really looked her down and she pined her eyes through a handsome Crim-Boy feeling sorry for him dragging "an old killer bitch" with him of Joyce's sort. So here they were the new arriving, spinning through the tropic rain pour down and a thunder storm through all the Key's heavy tropical night, dreaming the stranger girl smooth shaved pink pussy with wings, pressed against the inside of the blue jeans fabric.

Their days at the friend's house were somehow running out and all of them knew about it even if no one spoke, it was in the air, Sue and Crim watched each other under the lids and eyelashes more and more close, Andrew irritation grew and Joyce was sort of cool, or wasn't she? - Yeah, she was except for the moments when she screamed

- fuck you, Crim! my age is my business and none of your's shock story, girl entertainment! -

Even so, Joyce and Andrew were far too good to even imagine to play the losers part, the situation culminated when Crim stepped

at the owner's little kitten almost jaming it down and Joyce was alone at the beach to clean her heart and mind, it was after a vodka and cocaine night when Crim flipped out as Andrew thought, totally and entertained Sue wildly with a bitchy talk, he flattered her madly and he threw shit at Joyce - telling Sue that he could barely breath next to her oppressed by her old age, but tempted by her career and hoping for his

- I know you have fucked Seymour -

he said to Joyce looking at her heedful and under the baobab tree

- no -

she answered giving him her perfectly innocent eye and he threw a slimy muddy tale on a Sue's very old, in his eyes, man - long passed the dawn and all the way to the white hot day. It is not necessary to add that it was Andrew who was throwing a party and now when Joyce came back from the beach and crawled into endlessly at this point loving her Crim, threw them both out of His house.

Crim and Joyce were stashed at the expensive for them hotel, Aggr was so miserable at this moment and making commitments of love and life that if Joyce would have pick at him with her long nailed carmine finger in the very instant he would have beg her to be his wife. Joyce missed her chance, she sat in front of him lying in bed - rather bored, not cooperating and not talkative at all - she wanted to sleep on the beach, she wanted a wild side of life to sail straight into her very own pocket and not just her cunt.

SILVANA was standing wide astride, she was perfectly slim and long, better then well formed, she was nude except for the white tiny bra and tiny stripes through her cunt, covering the opening but nothing more, all her perfect lines were already there, Joyce thought but they were not, what happened next grew much over it; Silvana walked like a circus horse in the arena towards the hem of the small stage. Joyce was familiar with a place as a little girl so she missed the sawdust and the kind of a accompanying brass music, the girl on the stage slapped her right slim buttock with her right palm and gave a great broad smile like a mare, the light changed from red to blue; Silvana bent forward. She almost kissed her calves

- o, her calves! -

kissed her feet gloriously equiped in the white spikes with diamonds and raps, fast and into the wild rock and roll tune she turned back to all of us summoned exposing her ass, a little round rose bud still hidden under thin white stripe, her body dancing in unnamed frail ravishing blooming forms still bent down maximally as a half of a sword and as dramatic, her face snaked through between her legs and turned like a snake towards the closest man; a man, a little fat rat, red face dry lips, red neck, pretty buzzed up held a dollar bill in his mouth and turned towards her. She wanting to do a really good job twisted and backed her face, he following it, she teasing him towards her sparkling womb, one of her hands loosing up the raps, the trap - a cunt open and truly wet, the clit grown sharp sticking up, green bill in his mouth next to it, with a sudden turn her womb withdraw, her legs spinning for the metal bar and all the way up, the girl standing on her red long nails palms turned the face towards the man obviously being much too slow whose face was still the same place, she picked up the bill in her modeled teeth looking straight into his eyes, the delight was easy as she would have been always up side down to face the temptation. The dance continued, she was great, she slapped her butt many times and possessed the stage and the room she gave a total damn to, the summon men all of them with dollars in the mouths waited the turn breathlessly, she reached them however it pleased her, collecting; the summon men beat the dicks, battled the cocks, desired her flesh, priced summed sensualism, and yelled for more. There wasn't end of a pleasure through the three songs - approximately 6 minutes and all of a twenty seven girls all around the evening, from dusk through the night and down to dawn.

Joyce and Crimson's life fall apart for everyday. He doesn't water-play with her anymore, he takes his solitary swim enjoying her inability to follow him, her fear. Joyce is afraid of the water. Joyce is afraid of deep water. Joyce is afraid of a even a bit deeper than herself water. Joyce can't stand without touching the ground. It's a clear defect of Joyce's soul. Jack, a black guy she has met accidentally at the beach when Agr was still delay carries her farther away on his back, she is child-screaming with panic but she loves it. Agr is visibly jealous. This fact makes him definitely

skip every possible water-game for-ever. This is a bad turn. They need playing. Everybody needs playing. Other people play. Agr gets drunk right in the morning, joins Joy in the water, throws himself into her arms like a baby, splushing-laughing. Joy can do it, he is weightless, the water is very thick of salt, very hot, Joyce can't do it. Joyce hates to do it. She has no mercy to his Crim-baby game. There is only one alternative, two options, either it is Joyce who is a baby-girl either Crim is going to give her one, the real. This day dashes them off to trouble for real. Joyce almost wants him to go home, she almost wants to experience her own new luck, indeed within a very few days or hours Agr states it

- I'm going home tomorrow -

he changes his mind not wanting to give up a California visit. They take more coke, it does not make the deed, Joy wants more of the stuff any day, Agr threatens her

- If you'll do, I'll leave -

he only wants to watch nudes in act, they are both a street attraction of the crowds, a beautiful couple, Joyce tan is extreme, she can battle Cuban girls and it does suit her very much. Crim is very pretty too. A gay stranger offers him a blow job for a twenty box on the night pier, which is a theirs tet ate' spot, Crim strongly denies it.

She kneeled to his naked crotch, pubic hair were heavenly soft, dick was a baby-size and stunk that much and familiar that her heart had melt, she tossed her cheek back and forth about all that heaven calming down and exploring the magnetic fields of their possessions turning her face right towards him smoothed her lips now over waking up the beast and a little bush of a sin, her tongue wanted out and play but she still prison it behind the walls of her teeth, the melted heart continued tricking her out into the space of the endlessly soft humble and vulnerable, her eyes filled with tears as she knew there was an end of it born within her, she knew the temptation, an easier sort of life, a new pink tongue licking her pussy, a sweaty fuck, passionate kisses - her few tears rolled down and sunk into a dry bush and some made a little wet road through his snow white belly in the middle of the golden brown tan

body - at the end of it was his face and he seemed to sleep, his dick shrunk to the baby size again, she deepen her face back into his hair breathing very deep and very slow as to save the time they had left. He pushed her off, rose

- I'm going to take a shower -

he said with a touch of irritation that the blow job was never off. She froze still, kneeling with her face into the sheets, her small breasts hanging freely down and her chin on her knees, there was left the smell of him and she pulled in through the nostrils and held as long she could; then rapidly breathing through the mouth mothered and babed the thought - he was a love of her life but she did not have strengths for to struggle no more.

And that was the saddest conclusion she ever came to but tears did not flow, they only made her nose soak. She stayed like this for the long while. But not long enough to change her mind. - She has seen the end. - the most destructive vision of love.

III

WHITTE VILLAGE

My feeble mind's consciousness staggers. Nothing to be proud off. The questions following the staggering state are unanswered, simple, somehow useless, ridiculous and not redemptive. And sure naive, nothing to be proud off. Reconnoitre unveils it all but I still would not recount. Nothing to be proud off! Shit! I move from the cozy shadow of the house's wall as it was brain washing me with a daily radio shit chat into the middle of a cafe' Madrid into the middle of a sun hit and heat right in the midday in the outskirts of LA, Whitte Village or hill or a pocket as they call it or what ever it actually is. I wouldn't give a fuck! Sharing other people lifes gives and doesn't give a redemption. No progress. Shit. I talk like a book, some much lower version of "I Ching" veiled as hell

- Talk human! -

said Aggrr and irritated turned back to sleep, we were in the bus and I supposed I talked really beautiful as I did describe the inner state of my mind and feeling - feelings - such a flat word - and opinions and sorrows choosing the words carefully. My eyes filled with tears as I knew he was quite right at first but could have given me a chance to develop the thought. I tried to talk about our life but was certainly unable to put the things straight and short. We were

surrounded with a real and vast landscape since days and caught in a vehicle, a Grey Hound Bus, ancient Texas and Arizona cut only occasionally by Mc Donalds stands, small industrial buildings and a people's few tenements as the bus drove on and under my eyelids shifted the pictures of the last few nights - lots of a nude strippers - as it was only a film a bad movie with an ordinary done double vision mix.

SHE kind off slipped down on the table as she flew in from another and most innocent world, she was the most vulnerable little pretty thing I ever saw. Don't get me wrong, she wasn't little, she was big, thick, thick thigh, big butted and big breasted young beauty still she was the perfect untouchable porcelain virgin doll possessing all the previously mentioned qualities. Crimson set at the first lead of the little stage, Joy sat at the bar entertained by a two Swedish guys he caught up with that night and it was the last night. Joy was cool, Crimson was on his rebel as he grew tired of her and them - the Suedos, and he was hurt by what she said when they were going off the beach for the last time, she said something stupid, she said when he questioned her about her future plans

- I'm going to find a man to fall in love to, to marry and to make a child with, don't worry not Seym, he can't have kids -

the "encouraging joke" was a drop! She loved Agr madly and her heart instantly cried for him but she created a chance, an illusionary possibility of controlling her life without him, a paradox, a result of how much she was hurt, a product of his selfishness a fruit of his needs and statement's, words - her own survival instinct, needs, dreams or deeds or whatever it really was - anyway she sat on the bar chair drinking white wine ignoring Crim and ignoring the strippers as they appeared no threat to her as sloppy "cowboy's old maids" they were. Crim looked back at her, they exchanged the look, all was cool and she took a new sip on her wine slipping her eye over her own brown tan flashy peel, with pleasure. At that instant a new girl slipped in, at that instant Crimson has fall in love, actually Joyce fall in love too but this certainly did not count for them both - Crim and the stripper babe, she bumped right in front of him skiping the first in a row man within a fast second or two, she kneeled down in front of Crim having away her heavy parts, the back and her butt and showing off the prettiest ones, her sweetest doll face, straight soft shoulder

long and heavy light brown hair without an inch of the artificial color, almost no make up, long lashes, shining eyes, round childish lips, waving her innocence she slipped down her bra or rather a thin stripes she was wearing protruding all her great teats as they were not just two twin babes but lots of them and all settling down right at his heart getting grip on him that hard that entire room was gone and not just Joyce

- Angel, where do you come from and what's your name? -

he questioned a girl as the girl she was now meeting only him - the man, the chair next to him was empty and if Joyce was an alert or at least a normal wife she would sit down there and demand her own space, but she was definitely not, she did not sacrifice herself but being bewitched of the instant was not in touch with her own flesh. The show went on for an hour, the girl twisted her nude loins for Crim several times, sometimes like a little tiger sometimes like a pussy-cat slipping down the rest of her tangas leaving her pussy pink shaved and bare just a centimeters away and they did talk in the middle of all that, every time she went down the stage making place for the other girls she would, striped, take the chair next to Crim deepen in their solid suddenly love and a conversation, Joyce watched the other girl do trick with her extra stiff and extra long nipples hanging on them some ropes of her clothing, at moments when Crim's girl was bought by a customer for the private show, which means she would sit naked in some chap's knees, sitted on the chair and mingling with her sweet body in the narrow space pretty visible from the place they all set, Crim would breathlessly follow every single of the moves, Crim who was very drunk at the beginning had sobered up from the kick and would not drink any more, Joyce threw wine after wine into herself sitting fixed on her bar chair only about a meter and for sure not even two from him, they were miles away, at one moment Crim passed her on the way to the bathroom, touched her softly, perhaps checking if she was made of a real stuff or was she a dream, he would never let her lead a game like that in his very presence. They look into each other eyes. When Joyce came out of the bathroom he was gone and the girl was gone too, Joyce rose from her chair and went into a corner behind a small wall, where they both were, Crim sat on the chair next to the girl, she was perfectly nude and they talked, Crim's eyes were fixed at her teats as with an instant and tough glue, Joyce reaped off his glasses

- you are too much Crim! -

she said abruptly and went back to her wine in the bar, then Crim was gone, then he fetched his glasses from her shouting at her to give him money and she simply said

- no! -

his huge problem was, he could not buy the easy accessed chick as all the cash was in Joyce bra. He went, the show was over, after a very long while Crimson was back and willing to take Joyce home, he did beat her on the way, her lip was plumped and her back scratched and clothes soiled since he pulled her against the road by her palms. Joy was screaming, shouting and crying, Crimson was unfair but at this moment he missed his true Bonny and hated Joy and that was the only fact. Bonny gave him her card and her private address and a phone number so actually Joyce did not understand - as the only fact she comprehended was a girl's sweet flesh and not her professional hooker reality - why was he back and for what, except that she herself wanted him and his fuck and his hands right there where they leaned against the car and she wanted his love and she wanted him to fuck her right there in the dawn, feeling the hot hard body of the dark red Cadet on her back and butt, he pushed her over a bicycle and hit one more time. They were in bed and he was pushing her and Joyce cried and screamed, Crim fell asleep, she went through his pockets finding a card, she went to the bathroom and staring at the little pink ticket and every single word in it, the girl's name, the girl's family name, the name of the street and the number and every single figure of her phone number written in perfectly round childish prints. She tore it into a very small bits and threw it down the lou, she flashed and saw the bits whirled and go, then she went back to his wallet picked up some other one or two cards to some other girls and to be sure she tore them too to bits and whirled them and saw them go, she went back to bed. Crim woke up and tried to hug her, she pushed him off and he pushed her off the bed. It made her cry again. After just a few more minutes of her screaming their naked host stood above their bed

- you have to leave immediately, both of you! -

he shouted packing their stuff and kicking it all out of the house

- I give you 10 minutes! -

he announced, Crim first tried to fight him then cooling off tried to mediate, it would not work in any of the ways. Within a quarter Joyce and Crim were both dressed, sitting outside the house with all their bags next to them, the sun sipped out of the sky, Joyce hang-over was tremendous and her head was going to crack

- o, what have you done, Joyce -

whispered Crim and gave her a little kiss. She tried to fix them into a hotel as the only thing she wanted right then was a fuck, a gorgeous fuck with Crim but she did not tell him that and he would not want to stay anymore anywhere. And he didn't know she still had some extra money for it, hidden in her bra since the last night. He was determent to leave the town immediately. They took a taxi, brought all the luggage to a bus stop, their tickets were for this very day and they had two or three hours until the bus would leave, they went to the beach, Joyce tried to swim but she would get a post alcohol panic so she gave up, Crim slept in the shadow a hundred meters away, Joyce laid on the pier, she started to fall asleep woken up by Crim who kneeled next to her tenderly lifted her fluorescent green bra and kissed her breast, kissed her nipple not disturbed by other people's presence at all

- I love you so much Joy -

he did whisper, she closed her eyes. He was very tender to her through the first hours of the bus trip, he held his hand under her skirt playing with her clit what she loved, her clothes were wet from the bath, she had a swimming suit on and a little skirt, the night turned unbearably cold, air-conditioned and Crim slept in her lap and a fat American mom gave her a huge pink t-shirt. They spent four days and four nights in the bus's sit.

Aggrr is really obsessed, he just can't help it; all this beautiful young vague slim charming California's girls, his heart is pulled to the left and to the right and back and front every 4 minutes like an earth quake with every new entry of their little charming items and details. There is no way he could stop himself, he is suffering but Joyce hardly can feel sorry for him being "his old bitch" being his owner and roller, his girl. Yesterday he fucked her in the bathroom as they did not do it in 5 long days, first a stripper, then a bus trip

and now they still don't get a bedroom only a bed in the office; he did it from behind, that he does it only when he is really horny. He licked her pussy while she stood in front of him and he set on the toilet sit, this is what he only used to do with the other girls and she loves it. And he turned her round and set her on his dick, then bent her forward, pushed her down on the floor, pushed her head down and yelled his ecstasy right into her ear as he never does and just this made it the most explicit.

Joyce reclines towards the girl, they are both naked and they are in the bed between the sheets, light is mild, and - man! - it is hot in there! She spreads the girl's thighs finding a little pink flower at the bottom in between there. She spreads the petals, every single of it and they truly form a little pussy in pink, she watches it almost breathlessly, goes on and finds a little opening, a little dark hole that is entirely pink soft hot and moist when she opens it. Within her fascination of an almost standing still time it all takes a sudden sweep and labia's lips start growing into an enormous size of two big hand palms on both sides of this pink darkening and tempting paradise. Joyce wakes up stashed between the wall and Aggr's naked and bony back, she sits in the bed and he looks at her with questioning eyes

- I had a crazy dream -

whispers Joyce dashing tough

- I was making love to a girl for a first time, it's fascinating -
they both pass back into the sleep.

*1

- I never had an enemy in my bed, before -

Joyce said, pointing at her love, turning to the woman besides her

- may be it's his almost infant age causing most of the problems -

she added

- or is it me? -

- O, God why don't you come down from your cloud and fuck me really good? -

she smiled pointing up beyond the ceiling

- Lately -

she continued

- we start our nights in rage of hate and a flat disaster and self pity, then after some hours of indolent sleep the love comes back, it comes to both of them - us - it feels my hole body from top to toe and from toe to top, many times and his heart movement and intellect, OK, may be not that much but a good part of it. There is a risk we'll become permanent enemies, but there is a slight chance we'll win. Love has a devil's strengths. -

she looks at the woman's fishy face

- Anyway I'll not lose. If not him then anyotherone -

she smiles and closes her eyes. How wrong she is... She is trying to deny, he is the love

- what a cliché! -

She is up to whip him out of her heart, she is wiping her own heart for a while now with new, unrecognized images. And the time isn't endless as the nature of time is, it is ticking to it's end - how trivial - and not to the beginning - how practical - they have fucked their love, and they did it deliberately.

People in the average don't like to be remained that there is something more then their little world, little box, a little cage of fun and sorrow. But this boy was definitely a tightest ass they had stayed at, he was fed up with them after a few hours, he was destroyed after a 22. He barely could breathe and stand the visit and the visitors, Joyce lay stretched on the bed consoling her limbs, carelessly showing off her round ass and not using the cover - as he did not give them such - at nights it as well showed off remarkable Agr's shapes; and it was something to watch, especially his dick in a sleep position it flew up, lived its own huge life; hi. The host seemed to be cockless, fleshless, wifeless,

spiritless, penniless involved in the cult world promotion and taking care of his little son from the previous marriage. It was a lazy day now and while she lay on the bed Agr sat round drinking his beers, chatting out his astonishing philosophy on the alternative and underground art; he knew that with his body, soul and the whole glorious rest he was getting into a bright light very soon. Eric couldn't breathe, he covered himself with a thick blanket and hated the world. His son battled the car toy in the corner of the huge loft room, they all "shared". Eric got up, reaching a beer from the refrigerator and spaying at the pretty couple, hoping they would not be into an act. They were not. Yesterday the scenery was the same except that Eric set the whole day at his computer flushing it back and forth his brain. He was a typical washout. Almost a midget. He lacked even a trace of self confidence that was a temporarily and great luck of his minor son. That was his life and he certainly didn't need to be watched by that horrible nonchalant beauty rather par. He no longer wanted to screen her films, show her photos, promote a performance as was the previous deal and one of the reasons they came to a Whitty Village at all, he despised the women like her - with ass, flesh, pussy, and strengths to turn the comfortable man's world into a dirty ditch of sorrow.

- you better go and beat the meat! -

miss Joyce sung in the shower exclusively for herself. The same morning he told them to leave. They still managed to stop at the barber to get a new hair cut and left by bus to the very heart of LA.

*

Revenge is domain of Gods and their delicious delight.

*

What's LA?

- Melrose Avenue, some bars and shops. Muscular Negro affectionately tempting Joyce. La Locka who locked herself in and doesn't leave the room. Marek who is too busy or his car is too broke to leave the well-defended house - a closed Hollywood's door.

They are walking Melrose Avenue, night, very hot. A TV team stops them for the interview, a question is related to the latest Time's article and it's cover - an adultery; the statement is: it is a result of your childhood family pattern, simply if your father committed - you shall do it too, it's valid only for the men. Agr refuses to be interviewed, Joy loves it, she answers every question laughing with a great joy.

- what would you do if your husband would commit an adultery, would you forgive him if it would have been proved it's in fact his own father's fault? -

her answer is

- I would have been pissed -

and she adds at a female rebel trip

- and I don't think it goes only for men, my father did it, I guess I would have been feeling quite comfortable doing it myself, the men are such a toys, these days -

the man, an interviewer in a proper summer light blue-silver suit is discussed and switches off the mike, she gives a radiant grin to a still shooting camera-man. The team laugh and wishes a good luck to them both. Agr stands near by, leaning against the street lamp. The night is even hotter now. Joyce at last spoke. The florescent great sign cracks dark sky HOLLYWOOD.

The next day Joyce is walking a burning hot street, she is running for a video cassette, arranging a screening at the small cinema, a secretary at the place already took her for the movie star, mentioning a name of an actress and the name of an old movie.

- well, I'm not that old -

jokes Joy, dashing the name without hearing it. She is certainly herself. So now, she is walking a street, searching a shop, two guys offer her a ride and help in finding it, it works, they also offer her a role in the movie going to be screened in a two months time, they say it's about an alcoholic guy and they need a sexy female to match, she is going to be perfect for it, they make appointment for the evening meeting to look through the script, they joke, discussing an alternative movies, independent cinema and the cult, it comes up that Agr and Joy are really broke at the moment, one of the guys says

- we can give you a shot in a porn film tonight, that's how we get our cash together as well, you'll get 500 US \$ at hand, you can be alone in the room with a camera, or in the same way together with your boy friend, then we pay you both -

- may be, it's an idea -

Joy answers. She tells Agr about it, he is pissed angry. More than pissed.

- you are a tardy, Joy -

Agr screams at her

- a naive fool, a role, you are so fucking stupid -

- I don't understand you Crim -

says Joy

- it's you who said, if we get an opportunity to work with a film, here, we take it, you would do it if they spotted you and not me, besides you can be with and we are fucking broke -

she tries on, a long super tight all silver dress with a great decolletage on the back and some in front too, it suits her, she shows off to Crim waiting sourly on the street

- you are a nut, Joy, you could never afford this dress -

Crim-Agr says, impressed by her look, but knocking his forehead, she twinkles with her eyes, her figure gets this great angle she has never seen, wow!

- it's just perfect -

points Alison, the girl from the shop, Joyce puts the dress "on hold", Agr throws away her appointment lap. A street Black guy, definitely on crack, stretches his palm to her, she gives him her hand, he pulls it very strong towards himself, she screams almost falling down, something awfully white coming out his mouth, the guy is about to bite her palm, Crim and some strangers disarm the nut; Joyce's heart is palpitating.

- what a shark! -

she says, laughing, they are going to Venice Beach, take a long walk to Malibu, as longer they get on as more elegant people they pass, all these healthy sun tan pretty roller blades creatures, some photo models and photographers on work. It's their last day

in LA, the wind blows North. At a night party with Fred, Joy gets loaded on Margaritas, she has fun and she is dancing with a Czech guy, Crim enters the dancing floor reaping her of the stranger arms

- you are really fucked up, Joy, lets go -

he says

- well, you are not dancing, can't I do it? -

the girl asks fumbling on her feet a bit, sucking on a brain new Margarita

- no way, I'm on my 17th beer, do you think I'm a super man? lets go home -

Fred laughs his ass off, this couple stayed at his place for a week entertaining him frequently, he takes them both home, he doesn't want them to repeat their sensational night walk through the strip of the black slum, surrounding elegant hills where his house lives. LA is OK however it is. Or just because. They are taking a buss to Frisco.

IV

San Francisco, revenge wicked plan - disarm your enemy with love

"Male children over six years and dogs are not allowed in" that's a sign outside the lady bathroom at Grey Hound Terminal in SF. Joy and Agr-Crim arrived dashed, after a heavy night California-drive. Joyce spent at least 20 minutes in the hard approachable restrooms fixing her make up. It's quite a work to look fresh at these conditions, Agr slept literary on her through the first few hours.

- how terrible you look -

Crim-Agr says to Joy coming towards him, out of the bathroom.

They are taking a photographs, she turns after the lance as the sun flower after the light, she has a same condition. Agr is not that enthusiastic, he would like to take a nap, to get home, somewhere, they don't really have a place, yet... Or not have at all.

- I know what it is with that town -

Joy makes her point clear

- it's not only cold like home, it's totally white like home, too -

Agr agrees, they are strolling slowly in a cold wind searching for the sun spots in the street view, among the luxury sky scraping business famous buildings - everyone knows from the various SF's movies - and a lot of a dark concrete structure exposing the neat working middle class

- vov, what a bore -

Joy points again, they have a breakfast at the cafe at the terminal, it looks like any place down town in Berlin or Prague, the place keepers are from Hong Kong but all the customers have been definitely white. In the last 25 minutes it has been only one couple except themselves, a woman is extremely huge wearing a huge swaying cashmere tent dress and bright green coat that makes her sick-white pluff face look even sicker as it would have been covered with swelled meal powder, milk and a wall paint. The couple discusses William Shakespeare

- he never gives me a real flow -

a green tent says, throwing wildly the master's master citations over the long cold polished bar disc they are all sharing. Crim and Joy have scramble eggs on bacon, French bread, and French cafe ole'. The woman is still avoiding "the banal - to be and not to be" picking up some more sophisticated and charmingly very long and invoked lines. The couple satisfied with themselves, grandly their eloquence sways proudly off and Joy-Crim team remains alone. They walk too at last, she is taking pictures of a single sleeping Negroes at the back ground of Agr's delicate this morning face.

- yes -

continues Joyce climbing down the street

- I miss the nerve, I miss colored streets, I miss the clash, people need conflicts to stay awake -

she pulls Agr's arm

- nothing is happening, they are just dreaming the time away -

they walk in a cold mesmerizing sun and ice cold wind

- look at that -

she points,

- "at last only one thing shall go smooth today" -

it pictures a glass of a yellowish whisky on the rocks, taking a few photos of it together with Agr's face. She feels observed by a few black guys and gives them a friendly smile. A minute later a very short Mexican man reaps the camera off her shoulder together with her white skirt which now hangs down showing off her rouge tangas. About 50 Black and drugged men stare at, they have gone about 50 meters into the wrong street, 8th street crossing Market, all of the sudden everybody is on crack and very much "in color". Joy got her kicks she wined for. The hour which follows is quite a classic-shiver, starts with Crim's gallop run after the thief, which have started and ended with Joyce's scream, and ends up with a police's attempt to catch the guy and get back Joyce's luxury case of fun - Fox's camera; two policemen with a pulled out guns, like in the movies, Joyce and Crim are running wildly round an open car parking place, looking under the cars. It all has given no result except the clearance of the deed, the guy is still and visibly around, watching them all, quite untouchable in his quarter. Just a bad joke. There is a magic house in the corner that only colored locals enter. All of the sudden they see more, in every corner of this cool friendly white city, there are the others, stranded on crack benches, crack hunger and a crack shit.

- Frisco is a horrible hive -

Joyce says

- a horrible sat agog and a fucking cold too -

the wind ices more as the evening falls out. They still have no place to stay, soon it is a hungry stir in the swarm, as well for the couple Crim-Joy.

- hey -

the guy says, standing a cross their way, he is a local, tall, handsome

- I have seen the whole scene from the beginning, it was a mistake to involve a police, I can get you the camera back, my name is Master, I'm Cherokee, we are fighting to get the land back, I can do a lot in here, just give me your address, I'll bring you the stuff -

- we have none -

Joyce says, he looks at her doubtfully

- I really care for my film, I have to have it back if there is a chance - she adds. The guy tries to improvise Jim Morrison looks, Joyce pleased, gives him some probable telephone number to somebody she might know, he gives her his. Agr is not found of it all

- you are a stupid fuck, Joy, every one can buy you a bon-bon - he says to Joyce.

*

There is even no trace after the composer owning the house in Paro Alto who once stayed at Joyce place. Miraculously, enough she traces another chap, a tiny-tiny performer artist they both very briefly met in Berlin. Tiny-tiny invites them home, his home is a big loft in Oakland, his house is filled up with artists, one in each room, everyone in there is a sort of a single primitive-rough being, there are some art references between the visitors and the gang, otherwise "the locals" look pretty suspicious at the new comers. They look palpable different. The people in the house, the survival artist of both sexes, wear huge shabby pants, Dr. Martin's boots, or something more gentle and less visible and always a kind of a woolen hat. Beautiful tattoos are the only extras they run. Joy and Crim have a dark sun tan, both of them have a brain new dolly hair cut - Crim has cut off his wild looking and a breast long blond locks, they have a brain new cute shoes, Joyce's "old" black super plato's have been sensation everywhere - also in NY - and now she switches it with a turquoise high heel pumps, Crim's leopard skin low boots from Melrose's second hand are worth a pimp, theirs new expensive looking summer clothes, sea blue slacks for Agr-Crim, soft silk unbuttoned shirt, a Ray Ban's, Joyce is wearing a mini-mini super tight Malibu-Monroe white dress with fluff, shoes, rings, bracelets, fancy sun shades and nothing more. Crim has her small hand bag - as he surely shall protect it better - and this constantly swaying cute little item makes him look like a true fag. Make up, yes, Joyce make up! The girls here do not use make up, creams, hair brush or a styling gel. Joyce- Crimson are of course placed in the living room, the show.

*

A rouge. Joyce bicycled down the street, the cars in thick pour

were all right as fussing hornets, but men with a hungry eyes and fast or sudden movements brought her to the verge of panic

- I have been bold and I'm not, remembering the muzzle and it's deep black pussy aiming at me, aiming at Agr, I guess I am in the state of a shock, simply scared like shit, aghast at every single move done by a "man"; I have been gunned at, we have been gun at, a rustle of fear, a rustle of panic and dread, fettered to the stalk of it for good and bad, only the death shall depart us -

and it almost did.

Suddenly Joyce and Agr are extremely brittle from the beginning to an end. An end. A crimson fear, maroon blood, grey fear, white blood, thin and thick, rouge, Rouge, San Francisco freak.

- People are poor, the misery of life brings you into the rage of a suffer so constant and deliberate that hate its only a side effect. A wrath. I wouldn't like these boys, as boys they are, to go back to prison for four years, right now in the very end of the Summer 94th. That's it. I'm may be starry eyed and naive, we should do something about that fucking ungraceful structure - we have all, they nothing - it's a fucking bolt into your spine Mrs. World and Mr. Fuck. The houses they scale off on the outside and inside, children go out in hordes to find food, they fill up plastic bags with dregs. Chastise of the fallen Angel is nothing to be proud off. Adhesive fear creeps on my back. It's a melancholic force, farce. It's a tale. Fairy is gone. It's the mess, I mean our trouble together is tight and there ain't any space for the mangy lotted and we sit here, there, everywhere, taking all the space into the possession mauling after we have eaten and they maraud - of course. How else could they do? I hate America. I hate mankind. I hate the world only because I am and I love it. I would love my fangs be truth, my hands of real gold and me smart and know how to do. I won't disdain you - a promise. I don't want you or me be a prey. Let's share the tit-bits!

Joyce and Crim were a perfect target, taking a five minutes walk to a Bart station. The other good result of the robbery Joyce and Crim fall the victims for, was a giant fuck Agr-Crim gave to them both right after or as soon they were left alone. It was all in it, ballistic kisses, pulp, touch, love, ventures, crypt of love, permission, right attempt, foreplay, midplay, afterplay, all. He was

simply THE BEST quest crest dick, cock, heart, tongue, eyes, skin, all her lovely boy in his full persona and flesh! Urge! Yeah! And she was at least as good or better and fully awake taken given forgiven and LOVED!

- I could have been robbed every day and scared like shit and at fully uncontrolled risk if you would give me THAT in return -

yelled Joy with joy wild kissing her Agr-Crimson Love-Mad Man. The only one she ever loved for REAL. The vain girl lost her little bag, all her make up, creams, their last 20\$, a credit card, note books, an address book, amulets.

*

- he walks like a faggot -

thought Joyce stumbling behind his back and trying to keep the pace of his fast but excellently high-handly, yet esoteric steps. She watched his necklace and his new leopard shoes and his thin bare sun tan knuckles, hidden in an elegant light blue slacks. He didn't want any longer to carry a bigger, heavier bag with clothes, so they switched the items. He carried her hand beg swaying it elegantly along his calf - considered Joyce with rage hugging a big bag in a full embrace of a lonesome squaw, being now a few steps behind him. Street was dusty and hot. They were almost reaching the station, crossing a high way outside, she saw in the corner of her eye a walking young huge Black man swaying the base ball bat. He had a company. A mean Black tinier male has been pointing a little shabby silvery green pistol at Agr. She winced and gave a sudden loud bursting shrill, he pointed the gun at her, his face was very black and very blurry and defused, he had a mustache and a cap on, he got it going repeating

- money, money, money gimmy all you have

money, money, money, gimmy all you have! -

stamping from foot to foot, as thought he was a rap-poet on his own, he's really got the mean powerful cracking rhythm and a mean strokes beamed out of his black solitary mad hungry eyes. Joyce looked right inside the muzzle, it was more then bleak and it was fucking deep. The huge guy swaying with his base ball bat did not speak a word. The smaller guy reaped Joyce's handbag out of Agr's hand pointing now the gun against Agr frail chest and placing it right in the opening of his purple brown silk shirt, as

always unbuttoned all the way down. Joyce was still watching a distant show, her heart was cool and cold. They were close to a bridge's iron construction, in front of a plaster grey wall a 50 meters distance from the station and with a wall of a cars passing at their backs on the high way, 3 meters away.

- it's only a make up there -

she spoke rapidly pointing at her bag in the rap-thief black palm, trying to reach it back

- gimmy all your money

gimmy all you have! -

she saw Agr throw his black wallet, with a lovely photo of her, a credit card, and the last 20 box, down to the ground between the rapper sneakers. He must have bent very fast as now he was pointing a wild black staring muzzle at her

- money, money, money gimmy all you have! -

she threw her big bag to the ground right at his feet, it toughly pounded. He lifted up the bag, and making a step away dropped it down. Both Black guys were running farther away.

*

- A Token of America dangling like a Micky Mouse, the social structure, poverty, a confrontation, fallen Angels, consequence, a blow job, laces of pearls, sweat, sweet and blood, watched -

Crimson-Agr and Joyce standing in the middle of a cool Black crowd at the Bart station, being this total White Idiots in a pretty clothes on a Vanity Blond Trip.

**

She is at the sloppiest cafe shop on Mission, SF. The waitress fat and big like a house sways behind the bar disc eating cakes, fingering on cakes, a man with a mustache is wearing his hood deep down, comes in and eats a few small cakes in one gulp. The tune of the broken hearts on the low speaker seems far away but puts Joyce in the state of waiting, being clearly fed up of being confronted with a repulsive misery, envy, hate. It's plain Sunday.

Agr is home asleep in a clear state of the hang-over, too much buzz. The family men are out at this early hour, typical Latino way, Joy-Agr moved to SF - Mission - staying at a friend's to friend, Joyce is fed up being watched and being forced to watch after herself with a great urgency.

- so what that my skirt is short and my body visible, I'm visible - they don't have to pretend a sex starvation, they surely get their more than willing wives, and some get the real Donnas and Marias with big red cherry nipples, long pitch black hair, and extra cozy cunts. I hate being this men's obsession, an oblivion, the lie.

-
she sips on her morning cafe

- I know my hair is blond but it's artificially bleached and the most of all I'm bluesy on my own and want to stay that way until I see my Babe -

The boys kids are already sexy here and the young girls consoling their dark painted lips and boobies. Man, that's life! and today Joyce is not sure if she likes it - she wants her Babe.

- I have become timorous. Man, I turned into the timid target. Nothing to be proud off. For most of the people I'm just a piece of a luxury flesh a mouth full bite or a morsel in too short skirt and with too rife tights, floppy boobies and hot cunt, it's what they, hate and love me for. -

Joyce birthday.

Count down for the rock and roll. Hysteria. Myth. Pleasure. Drugs. Drugged. Intoxicated. Lonely. Togetherness. Girls. Love. Men. Power. Rhythm. Passion. Fear. Evilness. Recklessness. Maze. In a haze of maze. Lure me. Cheat me with promises. Dart my heart. Blow my head, fire my bosom, womb me, sheath, conquer all, tear down veils and blinds. Do not chide, chastise the shrew with an adamant iron ring, cast them out, aim. Golden Queen. Kingdoms. Relations. A black hair girl in a red long dress with neat black hand bag on her right elbow. Coke. Speed. Cave. Horse. Still. Mute. Keen. Blond Vanity. Breasts. Black painted lips. Punk's outfits. A hair -do. Music.

Sweet sour green Margaritas. After 2 hours hanging around pushing around trying to get in, freezing like shit in the birthday pretty thin outfit, celebrating, mediating, collaborating, talking to

tall black guards and a small white ones, after a double security check for guns or chats ever danger one could collect on oneself, twice an argument about not carrying a birth certificate which says who is who, who am I, and why, we were at last in, due to King Rainier showing up at the right place in the very last. It was the end of Kid's song. It was actually Kid who told me at the LA's party that Nick's concert was coming up exactly at my birthday in SF. Nick appeared fucking drugged.

*
Big Betty and a story of "her little freedom house". Hunted by thoughts, visions, dreams, she is not smart and understanding to give up what they don't have, for what they do.

- We did not fuck, you wouldn't kiss, we did not dance, you did not give me a flower, you did not give me a dress, you did not give me a ring, you didn't carry me in your arms to a better world, you did not draw an illusions how much I wanted it all. I fucked myself with a pink shampoo bottle I have squeezed into vagina by force, kneeling on the bathroom floor.

*
Joy-Agr guest list tickets included the after party at The Jack's Bar, but Crim was done with celebrating her and they pulled for the shelter.

*
PS. A hundred of years back, in another life, I was in love to Ja and Ja was in love to me, I was married to La, Ja was doubting and afraid, at my very birthday he decided to give me a fuck, a precious item he did not dare to do till, I knew about it, I got so forcefully drunk and missed my gift, and that's great. Think, why? I'm not as stupid as I look even if my speech betrays me. And shampoo bottles are quite OK. Hail!

*
Crimson licks Joyce cunt getting under her skirt, they are in the park, right in the middle of it; unfortunately he stops, it breaks her will. She wants to come right here and right now of his hand and tongue. An old hippie dances, being the most miserable sample of our times which luckily past. A San Francisco's living legend. The seventies. Hell, the remains of all these people from the frantic

past are really here, they are here and we can see them with our very own eyes. A strange phenomena, not very funny or encouraging. I have nothing against the movement but what's left of it is but SAD.

*

Joyce's heart run down to her feet, a young small black guy in a red-black chequered jacket passed on her left, Agr and she sat outside at the Horse Shoe, a freak cafe' and for an instant she was sure he was going to rob her, going to stretch his armed palm towards her. She had nothing and she hated the way anguish mingled with her the last days. She despised the people and this was new. Her malheart kept on terrifying, mazing, molding and slinking.

- my scoundrel looming heart in the belly of an apprehension and scarcely visible -

a seconds before, she have seen him dive hungrily into an empty soup plate at the table in front of them. The town was cold. The fog was already coming in. The picture of it was of a great beauty, all houses were now lit dark blue and clearly drawn meanders of white rolling fast fog were absorbing and erasing them, next. A horror. A master piece.

*

Seym phoned and mesmerized her with his endlessly soft voice

- I did not think it possible any other voice but Agr's most deep could do that to me -

she stated for herself putting the phone down. Agr came in looking suspicious at her being still close to the phone and the peculiar look in her - pumping, bulging, bumping, booming, boasting, like a tribe's, leading, heavy drum.

She was as you would pull the skin off her, actually since the day of a robbery, may be since she met Agr-Crim or may be from birth, but she did not observe it. She was in the store across the street from La Boheme' where Agr sat playing his third party of chess. She was freezing, her half nude breasts sticking out of pretty Replay dress were goose pimped and bluish, her face was pale and her teeth clinged, her hands pressed hard against her hips. A

deep voice of a beautiful Black man in there, she stood on his right. He looked back, he was tall and extremely beautiful, he mirrored her with his eyes, understanding she was freezing he switched the sides standing now on her right and covering her from the open door's chill and wind, he smiled

- it's cold -

he stated exorcising her with his voice, he was all dressed in black, wore a black slacks and a soft black lamb wool sweater

- are you a dancer? -

he asked her still holding his pleasant conversation with a shop's seller, an old white grey heard man in glasses - getting his gin and a packet of Pall Mall. He definitely mesmerized her with his palpable tenderness, she paid back in smile, the rhythm of a cangas from the Capoeira Club above the store made scenery theatrical, they were very fast to tell at least a few stories each as they were made for each other but not going to meet again, she paid her Marlboro pack, the street was very cold and appeared as in the dream, they glanced at each other, parted. The street was as dangerous as before, Joyce knew, his voice, and a tender care in his deep black eyes watched for her for real, she run across the street and entered La Bohem'.

The woman was voluptuous, misformed, drifting round in the wheel chair, she was pushy, happy, stoned and alive. Joy was there in her perfect body suit starving for the real life. She had everything a woman can get, still she yearned for more. Agr was pissed angry at her.

- watch out for the earthless roots! watch out for too much security, watch out for yourself and me and sanity watch out for your life Fucker! -

Joyce repeated to herself. It is possible the fallacy and its fang has taken over her usually so clear heart in its dusk. It is possible that Joyce miscalculated, she wanted to take a revenge on Agr. She imagined she was going to win, no, not his love; she was going to win all, she was going to walk off as a queen or a princess, being carried away in a loving arms; sure. She fucking miscalculated, setting up the toy traps and checking up if a devil was on her side. She wanted a hit! She sat in front of Agr, she felt tears coming up, she was going to burst and all that flush of cry was going to bring

her out. She wanted out.

*

Joyce and Agr were in bed about to make love, she did get a laughing attack, she could not stop. She reclined back into the cry, she was passing into lament, she burst in laugh, he held her hands. Single tears rolled down her cheeks. She felt like a happy child sitting naked in front of him, laughing and crying in the same time, the love they shared was iron hard. That's what she thought. Agr definitely did not like the awkward situation, which did not provide him with a hard on.

*

Candid Seym switched the TV on, played one of Joyce short movies, an obscene obsession - masturbated and came with a hard flush.

*

Joyce and Crimson shared a bottle of cheap Champagne in bed, the morning was rose blurred, excellent.

*

The next day Agr was fed up with fucking her and would not repeat.

*

There were 14 shampoo and conditioner bottles standing on the bathroom floor, they were all very good love tools.

*

The rage and wrath inside her made her nearly insane. The hangover was demolishing the entire world into the world of aghast panic.

Joyce have seen A Natural Born Killers, a movie, Joyce wanted a quick life they had, she wanted the love, she wanted it all, OK, she did not want to kill, but she wanted - to drive carelessly through the earth, dancing a top of a pink cabriolet at every single stop. She wanted kisses and fucks and love acts, she wanted it from the front and from the back, she wanted to marry a top of the hill or bridge and change the rings and cut the wrists, OK may be not wrists, but flesh and make the blood coagulate with him - she loved. The beloved one. The beloved ones. The men she loved

never acted like that, never really acted as men, still Crimson got closest to dream. She shouldn't forget.

An old man entered a cafe' she sat at, alone. He looked at Joyce, with such mercy that her eyes filled immediately with tears, she badly needed to soften her iron veins, she badly needed to CRY. She yearned an oblivion. The man on the opposite side of the street was packed in some kind of a hot pack, knighted hat covered his bald head, leaned at the electricity stalk and fumbled for a cigarette. Joyce wanted both things at the same time. To be cool and humble and wanted to be crazy, endlessly. The man was Black, very black and old. Very old. She sat there like a monument to be watched, while she watched inside herself and watched outside, nothing would escape her aimed attention. She drew the men's eyes towards herself without a stop, being the loneliest on earth at this very spot. Her nails were bright pink. A piano plaid this fucking sorrow once more. A Black man wore his huge leather hat with glare, his eyes did the same, sucking on his cigarette slowly walked to the other side. Joyce had mixed feelings about SF, actually they two had some good time, Agr even shaved her pussy once and fucked her really wild from behind, but every day she wanted more, she wanted something new. Their hearts glared with rage. She drunk her tea, it smelled herbs, she wanted ordinary black perfumed tea, this town was a freak-health spot and she was not of this kind at all. A tall Mex passed by holding into his plastic cup, looking into it, counting the coins inside without touching them and without moving his stubborn stroke mouth. A White man sat into his Jaguar and drove off zipping on his belt first and smiling to his playmate girl on his right. The sun shone deep crimson through his ears. Joyce put herself a question

- our life, does it make sense? -

the curtains in the house opposite were deep golden, they glared in the sun blowing wildly in the wind. An old man in a cute red cap carried a big great suitcase, someone parked a bicycle upside down

- this street does it make sense? -

the sun glared into Joyce eyes from the passing car, two Mex kids were into some business on the other side, the old man in the hat appeared again this time running, the light dimmed the side walk

slowly into the dusk. The couple on the other side were in love, the sun beams were breaking in a tall girl's long, thick reddish hair. Her man was huge and they both content, Brooklyn's type of jazz in a flashy Hollywood's arrange was making Joyce nearly crazier, the saxophone cried spasms. A small man with a grey beard looked deliberately under her dress, she did not move, he was fingering on some kind of a bird food. Joyce waited for him to spread his wings and flap, his pale powerless mouth turn nub and chirp. He stared under her skirt, flushing tiny beads of a food through his thin fingers, she did not bring her legs together, his eyes were sorrowful. A man in the wheelchair swung inside the cafe' to give her a fast glare and swung out. The sun was about a sat down, swinging music glared into Joyce's lonely heart, the boy outside had a green hair and his girl none. They both had a lot of pierced rings everywhere, mostly all over the faces. Cafe's manager marched gladly next to her, back and forth, sitted in the front window she was a perfect catch, people were streaming in, a little man in a dark blue shirt walked in waving to her wildly,

- the universe runs on love -

was a text written in the rest room in big block red letters, a tired man with monkey face took last puff on his demolished cig and squized it down with his shoe.

- only the love conquers hate -

said a "hero" in the latest movie after the killing, shooting, raping, burning, destroying

- o man, this is a sad glare of this life -

pointed Joyce who longed for love at this point like nuts. Someone wrote at the bathroom wall

- I lick your puss, call me -

the number was given.

- fight back -

said an older man t-shirt, he lit a cigarette and went without looking at her. 3 men passed the cafe' for the eight time

- how old are you? -

asked her, one of them

- 21 -

she said, she groovly lied. A girl standing outside was white, wored extremely buggy sloppy clothes, she wore no make up on her smiling face. she had a neat tattoo on her left calf. Joyce needed a tattoo too very much but even more she needed a reason a violent passionate reason for a tattoo. She gave her last 75 cents to a begger explaining to him

- I don't have more -

dissepoting him a lot, looking at him hard and he returning her the look; she had seen him many times on that street. The sun had sat down, the street was cold, she turned malicious moody and pettish, she was forgetting the truth and the truth was forgetting her.

V

NEWYORK. Friday night, they - Agr and Joyce been put on ice for a first time, home wise. She understood that if Ag wouldn't be the man he was they could have had fun. But they did not, it was obvious, their love sucked from every possible corner, the nerves were stretched and night grew tensed. Ag tumbled with the men and animals, Joyce was alone, at one point Pontus gave her a kiss seeing how and where she was, she appreciated his immediate tenderness and Ag said leaning like a cool cowboy imagining himself as a cool young rebel

- piss of from my girl friend, don't touch her, don't dare to touch her -

it was just another moment to grow her shitty blues! Pretty punker replay wasn't much higher

- this is my street, I'm born here and I do what I want, Puta Madre Carache! -

with an extra touch of Puerto Rican which was his sward's heritage, on the contrary to Agr's - male, his voice sounded like a child's charmingly lisping, a high and glued with sugar, the star of his dark brown hair shook, he was tear-eyed, he was as tall as Agr but much thinner, four years older and very insulted, very hurt. The boy's game went on,

- this is my street -

he repeated stretching both of his painted arms visibly peremptory

- pity for you as in that shit you're going to remain -

concluded Agr freely holding his arms round Joyce, she started to feel the warmth of his shoulder and did not care for the Punk anylonger when Agr added

- I don't care for Joyce but for myself, you don't show enough respect to me, you always stand too near her, next time I'm going to knock you down. -

Agr squized his fist and gave a real shining grin. Chef of the tribe collected some tattooed muscular chaps round himself swearing a hell of a lot. Agr really didn't care as the whole collection reached to the middle of his chest. Washington tumbled bare feet and this time he was annoyed with Agr too trying to mediate. Agr fed up with an incident stretched a palm to his enemy who still tear-eyed did not except discontinuance. Tattoos' guys did, they all took a cool shake at Agr's still stretched hand and went off, street was cleared and dark.

You have to paint it, an arouse jealousy, desire, taste and a smell of it as Mimi's wet cunt quiet and murmuring like a child licking on the fruit candy. Seymour stated calmly into a phone

- Joyce, Joyce, Joyce your voice is like a candy -

- Yeah! -

Joyce lay in the grass at the Washington Square, still Sunday, very hot. She sliped down her stockings, the holder and at last the upper part of her dress and then the shoes, stretched, she was cooking in the sun.

- pain, pain, pain in the skull, pain in the skull responds the hell in my mind firing up more then sudden but much later -

First pleasantly heated up she recognized small fly's slinging tongues all over her, the flies loved it excessively as more she sweat and smelled, they buzzed round her humid underwear and her smelly boiling cunt, round her open for the sun thighs, hot hips, frying belly, knees, calves and her feet. Ag slept stubbornly by himself how much she wanted him to cuddle into her and how much she wanted not. The people were all over and they

watched. A young man gave her a desirefull look, he walked by and walked back placing himself right behind them staring and rubbing his eyes, gave up, sighed and walked off, he had some of Seymour's gentle features. Much later Joyce looked for him in the crowd but did not find.

Monday. On Monday one smells pussy, and pussy smells men. Cold water to wash oneself with by choice, Rich says

- kick the dust guys -

and a cold first streets at the instant smelling brushed off feces catches up the hit blooming in the intense scent of a garbage

- so what that if you knew my thoughts it would steam up your world? Am I so blaze' blazed, blitzed am I so intently cold for your compliments and superlatives, the show off for just another stranger am I just a cold bitch today? It's hot like fresh shit and they are still talking about me, they are talking about how sexy I'm and what would they do with me or to me

- suck it, fuck it, eat it, man! -

and they're black, white, yellow, brown women and men and children - mean, boys at 14th.

- To pay attention is an easy job for them as I appear as a comet on their street at their quarter, corner, spot, of course they are a pushers, dealers, gigolos, chicks; up to 1 AM the crowd thickens up with beautiful people, mostly men. -

reports and recognizes the girl's spine.

*

The silhouettes of the poor men tough build, Black, rapid dressed, the way they operate their feet in the crowd, the way they inflict their homeless bodies into the thick NY's air, big trashy clothes for all around time, faces and feces and eyes, eyes of the rapid rabbit, rabbit fronting a snake, slushed into the stinky mother cunt. Joyce cunt stinks of desire. There are everybody here, she, he, college boys, young girls, children, dogs, men, women, squirrels, cars, houses, dollars, poverty, crime and no more.

Joyce's world. Wall Street-men lost in the wrong neighborhood, eyes, voices, sweat, perfumes, smell of petrol, smell of food, dogs

and no birds. Pigeons on the Washington Square are full with flees. The men who sleep there turn their innocent face into the gay sky. I started to suffer from the insomnia through the greater part off the nights laying besides Ag's body. I knew more then well how entirely painful it shall be to miss the love, I have tasted before this time forever, his presence - my real life, I dared not to struggle, I stared into the night. I did not sleep seven days and nights, I did not see retreat, was there any? There must have been. Or wasn't there one? -

*

A tough, pilot's brown leather jacket accompanied by pairs of old fashioned and warned out shoes and used washed off negligee on the side walk's gutt-market costs 5 dollars - I can't afford, walk away from it -

- no cigarettes -

we both have a very few boxes until tomorrow, or until? And no bed to sleep in tonight. A pitch black middle aged man with raspy voice and a greish hair, halfly laying in the leisure pose on the bench laughs sarcastic responding with a short rusty words - the other guys laying on the other benches; it's more and more palpable that we have no place to stay, Miranda got fed up to deal with us and optimally she had her rights - it is all our fault - we did not pay the last telephone bill, did not buy the tooth cream back, stained her pink frote' towel with blood and sperm, we did not ask and did not ask to compromise and now we are still out in the park. The drunkards, the bums - the verbal teasers are highly emotional and discuss in the pun manner playing with words, playing with images, and toughness and a dirty joy of life, show off possessing the intellects's wild capacity - it's the most necessary merit and the prestige among the homeless when the darkness tackles the city. At this hour they are crazy as their speech is

-the dirtiest hip of dick-shit my filthy cunt ever heard -

implies Joyce to herself listening and trying to see in the dark

- a stinky fun games in a soft misty light more drowsy then the spirits are, even the trees are out a picture now -

the drunkards's spirits are wild, aggressive and drunk. Aggrevieous plays chess the whole day, he plays against a few homeless ones, some students, a lawyer, a doctor, a hustler he persuades to give a free game, an artist whose work hangs at Goughenham Museum and then he is back at the Black Homeless James. Bruce Willies have acted and screamed for the Die Hard - 3, 30 meters away, at pink plaster elephant atrap, through the hot day until the first thunder bolt.

- I could smell that there was a thunder storm when I got out of the subway -

said Tim, an Irish percussionist from Belfast, who gave Joyce 20 US \$ a few nights ago

- I know how it feels to be broke and robbed and cold -

he said then, now he was on his way through the park after the whole day work at the restaurant up town, now they, Agr and Joyce at least got their jackets out of Miranda's house. A man, an owner of the most heavy raspy bass voice in the park ironically threw through the still thickening cozy darkness

- keep your ears open! -

it was to Joyce, she knew that, he knew she wasn't capable to live her own life, he knew she was an observer, he hated her since their first talk, she was a smart voyeur, he drunk after-shave and plaid with his Zippo and was a retired famous saxophone player, now without an instrument, without a penny and without a home

- I had three h-white wives! -

he was telling her

- imagine, three h-white wives! -

he broke into a deep sarcastic bitter laugh, he got a hard on every time he opened his mouth, tasting on his voice's and other qualities

- you are too proud a bitches! -

was his last conclusion and then he said no more to her till now. Her bitterness today climbed so high and monumental that it all of the sudden cracked. The Bible crazies, three young chicks with a well formed slender calves returned and talked a true rubbish about love determination, God's devotion and people's

togetherness in so embarrassingly obvious lines that if you would listen you would be cheated or would want to puke, they were fucking maniacs - thought coolly Joyce wondering about human minds rotting in the sun, buzzing in the afternoon, dining and recovering towards a total night's collapse, Ali who was her company at the table watched the girls with an appetite of the starving, not getting even slightly obnoxious from the crap they were selling, she felt very tired and she looked at Agrevieous, it smelled piss there, she felt very tired and she looked at Agravieous, hew was still playing, with a very old man this time - a very slow player indeed, she watched the rift growing between him and herself and between her own mind and a body, she wanted to go home and collect her tormented being, from time to time she walked over the 9th street to a phone, spending precious last coins uselessly trying to find a bed for tonight for them both, all of the friends were either into sex, either frequent depression, either weren't at home, either wouldn't pick up the receiver while she talked to an answering machine and then she would hang up, some of a punks went to sleep on the gutter, some were still panhandling eagerly, she went towards her bench looking at Agrevius, it smelled piss there, she felt no anger but love, illuminated she sat down, darkness was soft and homey, she thought of her walk through the East Village with Fizzi and her guide, a Monk woman

- I can't live without love -

said Joyce

- I feel most powerful, when I'm by myself -

said, Fizzi who has recently taken a lots of spiritual lessons, Joyce was questioning her with her eyes only

- look -

said Monk woman

- all the men eat Joyce with their eyes, she invites them for it -

Fizzi gave a squint jealous look, Joyce shook hands with them and exchanged kisses, went across the street and set down on her bench, previously they were going to stay at Fizzies place after coming from California back to NY, but Fizzi seemed to change her mind; she could not stand Joyce in her own rational and free spirit. Sex became impossible as they had no place and

park was too small and trees too few and people too many or was it all just an excuse? Now, she watched the street, pretty gym treated bodies mingled with most miserable ones, some having an occasional dog-walk some hunting the life's solution; all the loud crowded Americans in various colors of skin and Joyce knows what she wants

- love is missing! It's Friday night! Party time?-

They stood on the street and drunk beers and she stood with them, she had no fun, Aggrevious had a small rat in his pocket, Washington was drunk and drugged, barefoot stumbling and his eyes shone as Aladdin's lamps and sometimes as a joyful dragon's eyes under the wired chief, at last they have gone with Ali to Baby Land bar only because it became too cold on the street, the boys were planing to collect coins to buy more beer in the store, one little chap gave her a joint, bought her a beer and gave her his tall bar chair and entertained with a brain wash talk - of course - he told her she was very beautiful, had a great body, explicit ass - what else? - at closing time she had a breath conversation with a Russian photographer and he invited them home. She couldn't find Agravieous, they stood outside waiting for him a while, Alexiej tried to walk her off every other second and she consequently hold him in place, suddenly Agr rose right in front of her, he simply slept with a dogs on the pavement stealing of them, the heat and a coziness and she did not recognize him pressed between a big warm sheffer and a house's wall and some person or a punker sipping down.

The bed they got this night was build of pillows, it smelled dust, old felt blanket and cat piss it was a paradise, the host fucked his young Polish chick in the ass, Joyce and Agrevieous holding hands swayed into a soft dream.

The day after they slept at Rich and at least Agrevies made love to her, he fucked her hard laying on her and she did not dare to breath or come, Rich was a good friend and he just broke with his girl friend and his bed was one meter away and Joyce did not want to hurt his solitary feelings, all the apartments in NY were dreadfully small, she woke up after an hour and then she fucked Agrevies and it was a great event, she came tackling and holding back her raspy breath, she must have caught a cold in the park as

it was whistling loud in her nose, very early in the freezing sleepy morning Rich had them out. It stunk feces under the Black cleaner brush and a hot chocolate at a corner cafe' wouldn't prolong an illusion of home.

- Sunday morning, Soho, lost in structures and in the paradox of love games, smelling unwashed pussy, leashing my tongue over unwashed cheesy teeth bone, give me some ivory, rift my belly, give me some love, rift my intestines from the inside, the outside level, the surface is simply too perfect, got a rose from a toothless Negro and all the other men whiz after me squeeze the balls blue, but not you Agr! -

Joyce went through her morning psalm, Agrevies pointed with a clear self pity

- no one gives roses to me -.

and he watched himself in the shop window good three times fingering his sloppy hair-do.

A silver, iron, black, glass monumental structure of a sky-scrapers against the darkening purple sky seems most powerful after the perfect-muscles in black skin decorated with pale blue nipples-NY's-pulsing-flesh-man in a super stretch shorts a roll-blade flown swiftly between all the American huge shining cars in the game of a colors disappears into the cooler end of the 42ed street. Time Square choking with life farts, pisss, breaths, twinkles, through the veins of the huge sex machine called life - world's rectum.

The night catches up done day one after other, black slim men go to sleep, the first one already in a sweet dream under a cream yellow big soft quilt kissing the gutter and dashed like a child, in a woolen hat on a bald shaved tough scull unlike and like a fragile infant asleep, the next one under a rougher red-black rectangular blanket, the third with a cranium deepen into an ochra-brown cartoon searching his most solitary intimate shelter, the fourth sleeps on the bed of a white and crumbled plastic with his face pressed into the roots of the house and a hard on in his twisted loins. East Village is a generous home mark for everyone - we go and have another drink in one of the bars tackling us through the sparkling feasting crowd. The bars, the shit holes, the piss factors, the dominant, intimidation, fun, fans, sex, business - call it what you want and get what you take. I know what you need!

She is small, she is homeless, she is black, she is tensed, she stinks piss and moves like a stumbling robot between whose legs is stacked an erected too big dildo, it spreads her like a star but she walks forward in her high heeled old fashioned white boots, backwards circles, winding a balance with her out stretched arms. Her repetitive harsh inquiring cutting voice, her movements and her voice, her movements and her rapacious hands are like a night mare you want to be without. Hot Dog and Hot Dog's kiss, Joyce smoothly and trying not to be seen touches her cheek wanting to take it away, the wet print of hell, feeling that it doesn't work to simply dry it off, she moves her hand at last rapidly up and down and from right to left and from left to right, instantly wanting to whip it off. The kiss burns as it did come out of the hell's rectum. Love is a fucking trap in the town nested in the bottom of God's ass. God's stinky butt. And this God has no penis and it doesn't have a cunt but it has a bladder filled until the blast border with the disseminated urine, it's going to burst and I want to be with the beast's blitz tonight. God's guts.

VI

BROOKLYN EMMERSON PLACE. If not this 3 mouths old post card popped - as the things laid in a long chain of the last two days, I could have been myself tonight, come home lean on the wall, draw down the shorts, spread my legs, thighs, hips, stick out the pubic bone and play the pink flesh of my bosom for all the men in the house - the boys! - hi, it's not what I really mean, I mean to play it for A - how much harder task - the holly cow Joyce sighed - it's what she really wanted at this instant she loved him endlessly while she desired the revenge - play my real strengths and joy - she dreamed on as she imagined still close reality - crawling round him, slaving, sucking, kissing, what an intense heaven! - and still she knew how much she willed and needed and yearned this and the opposite, she, leaning against the wall and he inserting her pussy fully with his tongue, first and his great cock - last, all was a fucking dream a great insane fallacy, a great insane felatio, she was deep in it till the moonless end with her mouth fully stuck.

- Kiss my black ass! -

he was very fast and black, skinny teenager, he shouted at his pal; Joyce jumped, the expression was too good to be missed, the

whole street was overwhelming her, the street life was something entirely different then in Sweden, in Europe, it was dirty, rotten, juicy, spicy, hot, poor, animalic, and somehow vulnerable American and Joyce's heart tumbled down her feet, she took a deep breath of the New York's air, it smelled cunt, a real voluptuous cunt, she had a slight feeling that she was obsessed, obsessed with herself, obsessed with genitals, obsessed to get laid again so she closed her eyes and tried to relax, she had to see more then that, more then just herself, and smelly juicy cunt and it was there, she felt the smell of the autumn apples, she felt soft touch on her shoulder and it was Agr's palm, cold and soothing as always, she opened her heavy eyelids, and through the thick extra long lash mascara she saw the soft light of the mothering her sky over the crowd of rushing people she loved and she hated, feared and worshiped.

- our angry love! It's a true love! And I pry you're proud to have me!
as I'm proud too! -

it was to Agr. The song lashed her lips one more time

- how am I going to escape that love? The love which is hunting
me so entirely -

The women were big breasted Negresses in tight short green dresses, their buttocks were true huge and black slicking and licking backs, Negro-buttocks, hills, the summits grown wild with blueberry crooked fists crested with longest Negro nails in apricot, orange, crimson red blooming as a fresh fruits on the palm tree

- I'm blood thirsty -

whispered Joyce and went back to her pedestrians observations and that were the last things they were while they multiplied consequently into blue-grey, flew round with open wings thick or raspy thin knifed and armed or knocked out with the nubs into the concrete air of the heavy gutter stained with a harlot's blood, a penniless hooker blood

- I am so alone -

whispered Joyce

- talk to me, be good to me -

but he simply wouldn't so she tranced within their shirts, rugs,

carpets, furniture, bardiscs, barricades, disco tunes, spunes of funes and not knowing the countersign to get through the Peter's gate she got so obsessively lost and lonesome within the crowd so only her own pussy could show her the way in and the way out. She grabbed it, done it, surmounted, survived. Day was perfectly white as her race. And all she wanted was to get soiled, dirty, wrong, filthy wet, obstructive, hard, violent, razor sharp, real and loved and laid!

22 september

There is that minute of a total peace, Joyce lays back on the bed, Eva's bed as it was her own, Agr sits in the same little room, they are both naked and showered; the rest of the world is outside the window, they full filled an act of love few times since yesterday, nothing is missing all is fine, nothing matters, this is a minute of a total peace in Joyce's womb and heart, the world outside starts with a Twin Buildings, continues with Palace, Dakota, afternoon jam traffic of the Manhattan Island continues with a dirt of Hudson River and Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Queens's outskirts and beaches into the Atlantic Ocean's haze and eddys reaches the rocky row coast of Scotland goes through little London, Northern sea's peaceful water's to the slow West Coast of Norway and Sweden runs through Europe, an old Queen on expensive fast train goes Turkey - a chip movie trick, arrows the deserts of Irak, Iran, takes sexy Thailand from behind, dives out at a expansive Japan, dives into the coral sea surrounded with flowered Haiti's swarthy deareyed bare breasted girls distorted with snapping machine gun's clicking shoots and blooming blood, and rises straight into hell doing it's every day turn and every year pass through the Universe, all this is far away from Joyce's womb full stuffed with Agrevies's sperm and sat at peace in her vacuum land of happiness at last.

The Summer has cracked down into the Autumn's shell of grey misty light and rain. Adonis, Apollo and Minerva producing jars of sweat jog through the chilled off, suddenly, Central Park. Apollo's calves white and well shaped grown with black hair look as perfectly drawn with a soft black chock by a master Da Vinci's hand when they disappear into the blaze and blast. Minerva's red, firm buttocks, bump up and down above dark pink from the strain of move, high working thighs, her feet clap in sneakers. Adonis is pretty old, tall and also white, wealthy, wears a funny old

filthy cool black hat and runs slowly dribbling pushing his last extension to go. They are preparing for the battle and run towards the city

- so, last night we made love. Vov! It was a sensation. -

- close the light -

said, Agrevies and his voice was soft

- yeah! -

she said doing it taking off the last piece of the cloth and leaning over his naked chest, belly, face, dick, and thighs

- mmmmmmmmm -

-he sighed loud, his delight was of a high range, it was a long time since they have been alone in one room, she licked his penis with a top of her delicate tongue and the tops and corners of a red painted lips, she was hot. She withdrawn and bit his and her nipples sitting up just besides his stretched down gorgeous body

- more more more give me more -

she heard his slumbering whisper

- yeaaahhh -

she sighed deeply and slid his growing cock fully into her mouth, her throat was open, round and wild, it was hard skinned from the desire and she pushed his root through her larynx, it went through painlessly, she heard how delight grew in him and stacked out and out

- yeahh! -

she repeated burning with a heat of them both.

*

She faltered, took his arm, the day was very hot and it made her butt sweat in the leather shorts

- look -

she said swiftly and softly

- do you know what happened to me today? I gave you a blow job in a shower and then jerked off -

- it wasn't a blow job -

he said

- it was a hand job -

they were entering a Washington Square

- whatever -

she said

- it's not what I mean, I don't get what I want, I don't even ask for it -

- sex is boring -

he interrupted

- no -

she stated

- I would like to get what I give you, it's not boring at all, it's just the way we live, we don't even have a bedroom -

and she wasn't sure if it was that, that's just a practical things one can organize,

- may be -

he said

- it's a fucking jungle low, you just want it for yourself and if I was the same we would have been just great -

she added, his eyes were already drown in the games as they reached the chess's tables. Hordes of men battled each other with pride, with anger, with energy, and force. She did not tell how she felt about sex last night, how he came fast and secretly without giving her a slightest even chance; somehow she felt it was all her fault as she miscalculated so totally stretching herself naked on the sheets, yearning with a reverie and reverie.

*

What he felt were the gusty wings of the trap slamming into his face, the wizardy waitress walked in front of him, behind him in a tiny black ballerina shoes, while his girlfriend was everywhere most willingly holding her evil eager pointing finger painfully in his ass. He found himself helplessly bounded into adventurous rich corner luxury fate, her long skirts swished round delicate calves, his girl was a monster and her full hand palm was deep down his throat. And she screamed

- I am a film maker, come to my show! -

that was bad enough and he knew how much worst it was going to get as she yelled for the wine, her eyes were white of the insanity from all that thirst. She was a fucking bitch as she tormented his wings once upon the time... Their love was pious and flashable. And she yearned for it and sex and nourishment in her fulfilled fallacy all the time. She wouldn't say - no - to a 18 lays a day for 40 days and nights in the row, she wanted a lair and she wanted cabs, she was a simple animal. Worst then, she plaid her intellectual trick that she wasn't and then she wasn't and then she was. Anyway, they were all going for a libation and rain was getting increasingly intense filling up New York's streets with a wet mist of Saturday Night fever. The bitch was going to dance and her every angry nerve plaid it up spinning constantly. The water run down her cheeks. Her hot bum was chilling off

- Agr looks beautiful tonight -

she suddenly thought, squinting her eyes to all the lights, cars, horns, and dancing crystals in the air. Her excitement reached the crest long before there was a reason. She already had a lot of white and a lot of red wine. She had couple of joints in the staircase. We are taking increasingly symbolic salutes in three plastic cups filled with beer

- time is nay -

I hate that expression, I hate every single sentimental expression and I hate the fact. When Agr looks into a nude books, a books with photos of a nude ladies, Joyce's underwear wets or rather her labia's lips wet and black stockings as she doesn't wear a panties tonight neither yesterday. No time to wash clothes, no patience to wait.

The time is shortening unexpected fast facing the number and amount of undone things, projects, losses. She is afraid, there is a taste of the black hole in front. A little girl's Joyce game flopped. The plot flopped. She is not going to do any of the hazardous revengeful moves she has planned. She is still human and sentimental about the world, it's past and it's news. The Innamorata's eyes fill up with tears. She would love to throw herself into a Henry Miller's arms. Why is he so stone dead? She yearning of passionate love, especially with a clash of genius, has become unbearable. Agr is at her side and he is beautiful and soft

and sharply intelligent, equipped with a great size of dick but, but there is a but, her stupid butt on the way, it is something wrong with her and he is aware of it. She simply can't live without love and sex, and she can't have a sex without a love and the love without the sex, and now for every day that goes she is turning into a bitter bitch

- unseal me and coy me coo me eat me shell and suck, taste my flesh, allow me to be a flesh again and not just pure idea of hate and love disembodied through the blue skys. Fuck me outside and inside my skirts, reap the clothes off me, lick me feet me again if you want to but consume all you see and all you don't -

her eyes shine like on a squirell, as on a tigerness, a wild cat, an elephant, a goddess and a Negro girl. Her eyes crack of desire, she doesn't understand why didn't she go to gym and shapen her body new, did not meet an influencial people to shape her cariere too, did not buy new clothes only tried to hold her own dream by the horns, with frail water rings richly running through her open mouth. Last night fuck turned miserable as many last ones. She started to kiss to pat and pattle his baby sized dick

- so what? -

you say

- I tell you -

she made it grow stuffed into her throat and to roll her hot tears down

- babe, babe, babe, babe, babe, there is so much pain in love and devotion and I don't mean the fallacy, I'm going to crack down! If I don't get mine NOW! -

she yelled for full lungs and she did not get. And she did not crack, she laid the whole night at his side falling into a several small night mares one after one, one after another. Well, she slid his penis into her sweet pussy but he came within a few slides, aslo sliding out and he wizzed

- shit! -

as he fall out. And she was sorrowfull at his rapidness and covered the boys body with a hot tender tears of oblivion laying the whole night through crying her late ecstasy, turning with the morning light into a proper bitter bitch again. She wanted sex! as

the narcoman wants a fix! She was down in the ditch! And he gave her these soft innocent tender kisses from time to time as she was an innocent girl or a sister in law or blood or any other kind of an assisting lady Godiva in charge, judge and she wanted sex! the bloody voluptuous sex! and she wanted it now!

Mac Dough, Soho, Cafee, Joyce looks after a girl, she stands on the stop lights, her legs are deeraly long and frail, perfectly shaped, she stands in a boad step out, her black skirt is modesly short, her profile covered with fancy big shades, the light changes to WALK she walks off, she walks like an ugly duck. Joyce belly is tormented the whole way through from the lack of sex. She has fixed her tooth which Agr knocked out once more. That morning when they got into the subway after drunken party they were kicked from because of her behave and three hours of Joyce's strip, piss and shit show down the pouring-rainy street and four hours of Agr performing the revenge - sleep on the steps to the bank on Park Avenue, Joyce screamed at him and she was afulfull, she claimed she was a woman and ditto she was his woman and needed a full attention worth a regulair movie star which she was. Agr jumped out of the train. Joyce wants to be a little girl again, she wants to walk with her mother on the street she wants to have her palm hold her warm and soft lovingly hard and she wants to walk crying loud, Joyce needs floods of tears, she needs a great river floods. She is a pure nut.

- Flys bit so oufully at the Washington Square, Joyce haven't had sex in days and she is so impossibly horny so her belly is turned inside out and the town lost it's charm definitely -

Anyway that morning when Agr jumped out of the train they both did not know where they were, he was outside on the platform, next to a deep sleeping Negro laying upon all his belongings on the concrete, he was black as a night which was gone lost and Joyce tried to dance for Agr in a crowd of men, she unbottoned her shorts she swung her hips and Agr carried her literarly out and slashed both of them into a wet nighty streets somewhere in the midtown. And now she was on the train alone, she was all wet from the rain and wet from the desire, leather shorts were wet through, her leather jacket was wet, hair were wet and hanged down in the wet blond stripes, her t-shirt was entirely wet, her lips were dark blue and the tooth in front below upper lip was missing making the tough jack into her devlish mouth, she wore big blue

mirrored sunglasses to hide and cover misseary and despair, she got out of the train on the next stop, one of the Green lines, somewhere in the Black Brooklyn, she waited for the next train, all round her homeless men slept, wheezing from the mouths of the rail tracks, they were all black, may be turned Black with a time, who knows? I mean - tell me? - why some people are Black, some White, some Yellow and so on? What a strange world? She hoped Agr was taking the next train, she took it, he was not in the wagon, on every stop she switched the wagons, there were men sleeping on the train, there were men half sleeping and looking at her, there were men staring at her, her net stockings were badly reapped all over showing big patches of tasty thighs also in the thick fat rim between the stockings and a shorts hem gurters were open and her belly her lips shivered. Agr wasn't on any wagon, she got out of the train. A Black man followed her, approached her

- I seen your boy friend -

he said

- you are late, he told me how you are dressed, I'll take you to him -

she followed him, he kept on looking back all the time, stopping waiting, she was very slow and she stumbled, her high boots were soaked with rain and piss. She got susspicious and turned back. He did fetch her. He laid her into the end of the trap pushed her to the wall put hands on her ass, she screamed like a pig, he had a video tape in his hand and tied her up with it fast pulling it out, it had no end, he tied her round with her arms and hands pressed into her body, pushed a wet sock he had in his pocket into her mouth stopping her shrilling yell, pushed her down into the platform, pulled down her wet shorts, she had no pants, he pushed his hard little penis into an exposed and naked womb and fucked her fast, rose, bound her even more with a tape all around like a packed fish

- what fucking movie can be that long? -

questioned Joyce

*

- fucking cowered h-white bitch! there is no way we can ever fix it -

Bob was quite low over the fact, his first intension was to take a bloody drunk viper chick to her man, he saw them together a few

times and a chap passed by a while ago. Bob pulled out in the same direction, came out of the Subway and towards a Washington Square

- and guess who was a first rack he saw? -

- Agrevies at his verginal fiesta, a first sleep on his own as all the other cool NY-ers, stretched wild long at the marble wall almost as a wet monument, with a pale-green face's twitched expression, some puke beneath his head, holding his cold hands between the crotch of his dirty blue jeans, talking loud in his sleep

- o, yeahh this is just great Babe, you are undoubtfully the best Suger, just push a bit harder, o, Yeahh -

his speach ceased as it came

*

25 september

- recline towards, it's what I want, recline down is what I despise -

whispered Joyce and didn't know, the time when she was going to stand straight up and cash and collect was already at her door, as she did not have the door. Clouds were thick over her head and still thickening but they were going to pass, the nature had its declared way, and now she paid in cheese cake for her morning tears, the cake disappearing in Agr's rapacious sad mouth. His revenge was powerful so was her. The town, before was on acid and she, before was strong and sharp taking all she deserved and deserved not. Now at last the town was sharp too and it got onto her, upon her, over her and all over her with a razor and was cutting her toes, one after one, and she cried over the toes as they would have been of gold. The games, the fireworks were cracking in her as crackers drenching the whole town in gorgeous hilarious glittering theatrical sorrow as the all 12 000 000 inhabitants were Shakespeare's heroes, and heroines and the cattle and worms. She wasn't tough any longer and her sneering role sucked. Going through, goring through, gorging through mistakenly. She felt as she was never getting out. Squinting upon her own past, she realized, it was so fucking loud at the cafe she was penniless stranded at, that she couldn't collect her thoughts

- If I'll stay just for a few minutes more, I'm gonna puke all over the place -

she underlined, she understood, and again she lost a grip of her well being

- I know my price and I wonder where is a dummy which is going to pay it? -

that was a cynical attitude, she knew that. Was it love she cried for or just sex or simply a power? May be their love was great or may be it was over? Was it her vanity that mislaid her so gravely? The intuition was telling her that he loved her more then she loved him. Could have she been that wrong? Tall handsome Negro plaid a guitar in the very long passage to L train, it was night but in the tunnel was no time, he had a square thick dark shades he had a very few sticking up in his singing mouth, black stubs of a teeth he had a hat on he was Black as a pitch he sung about love in dark sad absent voice he sung for money and to kill the time which was killing him he made no money Joyce didn't have a dime she hurried after Agr, she was his girl and she didn't know that time was running or did she? The moments, the aggression wanting to explode her veins hold like a parasite into her spine telling to destroy every target her eyes met. She held herself to the ground with fists. Giving up battle after battle without a clash she was tormented down as the number of trains tracked her down through the long railing subway net below the city. Her eyelids were long and sleepy in thick mascara coat tired were cheeks in rouge and breasts in pale color of strawberry milk, tired were her thoughts and loins and limbs and love was tired and she was watching a street life crowded Broadway's at 59th street. Friday 6 P.M. the elegant rushing hordes patched with lonesome standing Negros

- you say that US doesn't have a race problem? Then you haven't understood a true hearty propaganda and an engine of a 12 meters long limousine, white with a row of a 12 black shaded windows on each side and a swan soft satin sits. -

- Why don't I let Seymour lead my heart lost? -

it stroked through her mind some days later.

- Her addiction to Agravieous's sperm is simply too great, and that's a great luck. -

said an Observer. -

Friday Agr sat at her side and a young baby shaved and pink cheek cop emptied his beer bottle into the garbage

- you cant ...intake alcohol .. beverages in the streets of NY city -

strangely enough, this act cured her pain for the minute or two, the cop wore a long black blue and a brain new cape, moved with a flat paper's stiff dignity of the cartoon-cop, had a thick muscular smiling big cock sucker pale pink lips, blue eyes without eye lashes; a few drops stained the lovers as they walked away hugging each other. Agr gave Joyce a soft tender little kiss. Little kiss... Actually it was nothing wrong with a little kiss, nothing wrong with his love either, he was cool and caring and not cold and annoyed as before, but she, she wanted a breath taking kiss! great fuck! she wanted him to eat her pussy! and eat her cum! Last night she fall asleep with his sperm in her mouth and love words on her lips and of course ditched into his arms, she woke up crying she woke up mad, the walls were odd walls and cooped over them, she pushed off his knee from her tight, pushed off his crotch off her hip, sliced off his cheek off her blond soft hair pillow, the walls were odd and she wanted a great fuck for real! She wanted his tongue whipping in her throat and womb. Twice this night they were woken up by the guys in the house, they slept on the couch, on the floor on pillows, on their leather jackets and every time she woke up it hurted less to lay on a bar floor, she was ironing through; the boys came home from the party with a girls, they were loud, cheaply impressing and entertaining, the game was the one of the most elementary sort, to get a lay and the air was standing still the most radiant as their dicks worked so tough and still very much on an outside, leaning in the magnetic hard on soft ware fields, the boys wheezed and screamed, they came in twice with a deferent girls, they were all horny little beasts and they cried for it in a high peach. The night was a bizzarest night since last Weekend that was the night of Joyce's show. Cole walked in for the second time, first preaching his pals

- boys! for you it's only a fuck! and I'm getting married soon, I'm resigning to my room! -

and then he changed his mind, joining them all with a most puffy come and cum. The girls gambling feverishly, shy provincial weekend visitors of NYC, feverishly tumbling with Italiano, while Carlos already in his bed with silky black sheets, flashing his always alert dick between his Donna's silky thighs, silky lips; he

went on the very classic lines - thought Joyce who was wild awoke and listening, she rememebered how she walked on him, before the party, standing in his room in black silky stretch midhigh long underwear watching himself in the mirror and showing off buttocks and biceps and breasts and seductive black hot eyes, he slicked his black cuerly hair into the little knot with gel, he was very Sapanish and he put on a cream white suit in which he looked a lot of ridiculous as his legs appeared much too short and his otherwise all right ass too big. Joyce passed into Agr's cosy arm pit. Italiano sent his 2 playmates relatively soon out squizing the last juice long past the bright morning. Cole woke up as always alone demolished by his hard on putting immidiatly the usual dominant militant music on pumping his dick and his lonely - soon married - heart.

Joyce, full of hope, has taken Agr to a porno cinema at Time Square, the room was dark, a 150 kg blond Donna nude on the shining screen. She took out her upper loose teeth and her lower, she happily switched between a three erected dicks in a tough deep blow job, she was exhausted, elevated. Joyce's eyes got used to the darkness, a black guy right in front of them was finishing his slapdash dinner, a tin; he has stretched down comfortable, had a lot of his belongings spread. The man on Agr's right came dashing rapidly for air. The music went down, everywhere one could hear rustle of a drying paper. America was a civilised high tech Circus

- lets leave -

Agr already standing up, pulled her arm

- I feel sick -

The Prince of no land, the one wearing rugs filled with newspapers which costume made him wear the proud name was laid back in the G subway at the return of the rain season yelling and smiling at her sight even more frantic then before the Summer, he had less teeth in his open mouth and seem to recognise her. Garbage in East Village smells human feces and people passing by at Sunday mornig are shic. they have red dived hair, red yellow blue black green hair glued into the leophards, they tread, tripp sneek, lounge, stumble and pass by. The shit of the day deeps into the shit of the night. They are all sizes from a very thin to a very thick almost a thread till an

elephant. They are small fishes and sharks

- New York is a huge garbage heap and if you don't have a references to a stady land you'll drown. -

said, Agrevious already in the first week after their arrival

- and you shall not return -

piercing through the burning black purple sky, answered him a sentimental and not as brave but honest Joyce, as she was certain, she had none. They were teapsy and they were high just of being here and drinking most toxic air and time did not matter

- now we are loosing a breath -

Joyce wakes up crying, she cries in the shower and he first worries, next thrusts her off when she stretches arms towards him, they push each other in the shower fighting for the water stream - lovers. She watches a white foam of a soap bubbling between his thin buttocks while he rinses off Carlo's Apple shampoo of his hair, she is crying and trying to get under the water stream chanceless against her love. It's a jungle low in NYC today, tonight, tomorrow. Agr wants to leave immidiately, she still wants some giggs, success, bussiness, love, deels, scenes, shooting of the pornographic variations of her and Agr and some hot kisses with the back ground of the Time Square, East Village, Brooklyn Hights, she is a fool and he hates her and sometimes he loves, they are broke and everytime they do get money they burn it fast. They can't plan, they don't have a home, no place to sleep, rest, fuck. They are going to clash of broken hearts in the heart of the ego man and earth's womb, they are beautifully equiped waste, a pretty kids in space and need, ciao! and torn into a Scheise Ellyses' and leave or stay as no one really cares. Everyone is but an Outsider. That's The tragic spell. We Are spell bounded.

*'

- A clang of fear and courage, dusk, dangling my bare pussy in the arms of snakes, wet, singing melancholy of the feet which walk away, paving a rail road, deny, trading stones, of life through the gates, playing theater in the womb of the reality, thirsty, fatigued, duped vagina's horny shriek, words, fast, unindicated, simmering in excitement, lonely Innamorata, yearning for the dick. Agr's fast rusting heart, W. Burroughs's theory about a women still actual,

particles of a chronic fear deepen so well that only a sex or love is a temporary cure, cure my lonely heart, my lonely womb fast cause I can't bear it no more, fuck me like a dog and draw a thick curtain over my basic needs, let me ignore, let me be as you all are, lain me the whole way through, fuck me down my throat and onto my belly, soothe my ears with music of your voice and splashing, curb one more time, jerk my clit, labia, opening, feel my vagina full with yourself, wing me, and wing me off, fly me to the moon, Americanize me, intimate me without intimidation, talk to me, yell at me, kiss my lips, eat them and bite off my sweet nipples waiting for them to re-grow. The love is a tremendous mistake. The love is a tremendous power. The love is a solitary queen and I'll never be the king. Raven me, shed my blood, I don't whimper for a baby anymore, I'm desirous for just one single fuck - Agr! -

She sat there in a short white krypton crinoline smelling wild acrid pussy and the men nailed on as a flies round a big pale of shit. The sky was a total purple pink and one more night coming. One more day passed. As the night came the sun-flies died off and nature buzzed on, she sat next to a dead bird hoping to sink her smell beyond it's. It was a little bird and it didn't do. She was no longer familiar with her own smell, as since years Agr use to fill her with his sticky sperm floods, still just a few days ago. Actually it happened just the other night, but she thought it was ages ago - she lost the grip of time in an exciting New York Snare, a lime rapid explosive desire, it cracked her down for good. Now, all the gates of the Washington Square were closed, a razzia aiming at Black boys selling crack. Agr sat watching a chess games, 7th hour in the row, now, he wasn't going to be a gigolo, neither a jewelry maker, neither a writer, neither a movie star or a super model - now, he was going to be a hustler and he pulled all his time and love into that. Joyce grew more lonely then ever.

*

Agr. pointed with palpable self-pity - no one gives roses to me - and watched his pretty reflection in the meat shop window - Joyce thought about a walk they have taken in Amsterdam. Wondelpark in full bloom, Agr stopping consequently to let her walk in front of him for to enjoy her sight, and then her feet in the air and all of her in his arms and the lips playing a wild cats and ate the wild pussy cat in her tummy sucking like nuts- Joyce, you are only a step from the end -

Joyce is bluesy and numb as the moon has a cold coat on, in the starless windy night. The homeless and dogs are out, garbage rests on the grey gutter softly caressed with a brace of a fresh morning air. Farther and farther to A Happy Land

- what do you want Joyce? -

captured in the brace of wanting a love, quiet, well done despair. In the blitz of the room and space the sun's hot dust particles fill her eyes drying the self concerned tears fast

- see nothing -

the Sunday gets cool, hot, everybody in Soho seems to be eating pancakes for the lunch

- the time eats the day too fast -

considers Joy still smelling ill from the arm pits.

"Killing Zoe" - the movie with it's twisted hyper realism of slaughter developed outrages dynamic sling the rests of the life sipping through Joyce's cartoon world, covering her paper face with flat palms she stumbled towards a rest-room. Unable to look into any eyes including her own held the palms fixed standing in the line along the mirrors. Agrevies waited outside the theater and gave her his smooth gathering shoulder and a cigarette. They somehow got home, they must have traversed Houston, turn to the left probably on A, walk into a 3ed street, turn right, continue across B, they must have ring some bells as now they were inside the studio. His lips curled like sad rose petals in pink rouge flesh of soft velvet in a white pale silky skin Agrevies's lips in a new shaved face. Joyce looked, watched and held her breath not to push perfectly still time, his soft beauty overwhelmed her deep into the misty roots of their dying love, she laid on the madras in the middle of the mellowest dream, they two had a home, a shelter, a place to be and not necessarily with the others. She closed her eyes slowly as afraid that it all shall be gone when she opens them again.

- We'll do whatever you want -

she heard his gorgeously stable deep voice very close to herself. She opened the eyes, he sat on the chair playing Neil Young "we have been lovers, I'm still in love to you"

- right! -

he said with a palpable trace of rage as a picture of her Candid and his Sugar entered his retina

- we are going to a bar! I want a drink! -

they went, the street was cold and bleak dark, moon-less. The hunters.

She arranged the camera, he lay on the bed, she focused leaving an extra space for herself

- take off your trousers -

she said. She changed clothes to the sexy red uniform, he gave her a short and amused look. Someone started to throw little stones to the narrow window from the yard

- I told you they'll be on it, the rats never sleep -

he said satisfied with being so damn right. There was also a movement at the big street window

- fuck -

he said

- OK -

he said

- fuck me and that's it! I want to sleep.-

he had many drowsing beers in the bar, she stared

- you are going to fuck me! And I'm going to take some extra close ups on genitals work -

she said harsh

- no way! -

he stated

- no way, I'm going to fuck you! -

he repeated. She woke up, she had to piss, she pissed to both empty bottles not leaving any space for him.

Now, was a day, he was outside and looked in through the front window, he saw her naked standing a top off a bed, taking on a black long fringes, his little girl with breasts protruded over a black

silky fabric, the pink nipples he knew by heart, who squized and his dick stood up, The Alphabet City's Black men in hoods wearing shabby baggy clothes were around him watching with big heavily shiny black heedful crack eyes, he pushed the door in, he pushed her on the bed with her knees spread, he pushed into her and fucked her for real and not for the film, he breathed rapidly and gave a short scream, the girl laid peacefully on her back listening to the man loudly going through the garbage outside the window, she opened her eyes into the pale day light. Couple of unknown to Joyce bones and some few intestines swayed in front of the metallic blinders, she moved her eyes towards the huge number of corked brown bottles on her left, they were filled with rose petals deepen in liquid, Joyce suspected piss. It was Juliette's art work and items, Juliette was a fragile, tall, slim, red-haired, young American artist; she was obviously very productive as the room was filled up. She also made paintings in glue and blood, probably menstruation blood or an animal blood, as she did not seem to have more particular aberrations, it was for the glue sake they were forbidden to smoke inside her place. Agr was taking his second cigarette outside, but this time he did not watch Joyce, now he watched the street squinting his eyes, closing them at last into the morning sun and satisfied took a deep breath at the end of his Marlboro cig mixed with the trashy fluid air of the very town they were about to leave.

- an eye for an eye and tooth for the tooth! -

I'm shouting, running along Houston, the sky is suddenly hot and cloudless, my breasts bump against each other and against my black bra swaying up and down in the passing by eyes of the business women, men walking fast to and from Broadway, tired eyes of a trashy Negroes stumbling round, greedy smart eyes of a teenage drug pushers lifting up every little corner with no temptation, eyes of a young girls frying in the sun, and most of all young men, men, men, and the reflection from the shop windows with me crucified into it, you have lost me from your sight, I love you, Agr that's why I run away.

*

...she fell away -

if I'm pissed drunk the music is explicit on the Air France, it smells Europe up to my feet and it smells great! I have survived! Did not

eat one single hamburger and fucked only one American. The plain is about to lift and I want to clutch my husband's face

- are men so much more valuable? -

he calms me down with a kiss

- Agrevies is a creature prepared that everyone is going to lick just his rectum, what do I care? -

more of his kisses fall at my face

- most probable he'll find a suckers he yearns for -

neck, hands, he tickles my ear. The table smashes into my knee. We are both drunk, Agr hilariously.

- it's a God who puts me on the probation for nothing, for all the deeds, sins, vanity, my pretty face, empty heart, ding don; may be it's for your sake, I mean You, really you, whoever you are -

Joy wants to puke or piss but it's far to crowded to tack through, she rests her head on Agr's breast,

- you, boy, or a girl, a man, a woman, a child, a monster, a killer, a beast, we are all lucky lotted onto the earth and earth means pain for one reason or the other. -

The world angry - to ban, to course, to rage, to fence and fancy, the battle won or lost?

- burn in your shelter arms and in your hairy chest of sweat -

over the seas. Far too much, the love is an explicit game and not a toy! Come and try me, shine the world at my feet, illuminate! And can you share me with the others? Share what's already lost.

They serve Loin of veal with mushrooms and cream sauce, rice with ham, green peas and tomatos, fresh garden salad, cheese, pastry, cafe, champagne, gin-tonic. Agrevies's kisses fall over my face in cascades, his shoulder caresses and his forehead lean towards mine winning my entire heart. The plane lands on Charles De Gaulle, Agr is sick, he unscrewed 5 bottles of Whisky yesterday, as the night is gone and it is the next day.

*

- OK, this is it -

Agr says an elementary sentence

- I'm home -

- passengers boarding for Kabul, please attend a security check -

his speech dies taken over by the speaker voice, a cute Parisien
Miss sitting relaxed in the control room, planing her evening
tet'ate

- on my own -

Agr continues

- passengers for Caditz, proceed to gate nr 9 -

NOW AND HERE

PART TWO

- Few lonely days few lonely nights, an eternity -

I'll die -

notes, Joyce

Eyelids picked themselves up for the pregnant painful sky in
darkest carmine tormented thick clouds fixed stillsome
astonishingly beautiful and most of all sinister over our world. Our
world. Within split of a second, a spacy universal vision shrunk
into a square of the window framed by a structure of cold whitish
synthetic walls and a fragment of your body beneath fragment of
mine. The birds sharp thoughts flew right in - so, we were not
dead, so, we were, so, I didn't jump out - I was coiled into your
arms and you were my world. The eyelids fell drifted inside you.
The red clouds lay over us like a lock. Lid of heaven. -

- Joyce reflection, during a visiting Agrevies for the third time in his
hermitage after he has beaten her for the first time since they
came back from NY.

VII

A conversation

- I can't drift between Agrevies's bed and my mother's table, can't sit around waiting like a mistress waiting his furnished and dressed up dick or pointing finger, telling me, calling me, and calling me off, forbidding me, ordering me, I must have my own place, have to work -

Joyce announced in a long monologue

- what shell you do with a pictures? -

asked her Jean Louis minding her photo session this night

- I don't know -

she answered and closed her eyes.

*

- This is what you, they call life! I'm at last waiting for the turn. Not expecting One. Sliding my eyes upon a view, the view you had explored before me. The lights go down - inside, on the outside - they flicker. It is our love that brought me here - STOCKHOLM - here isn't my place. I have to find an alibi. I know what it means tasting on my cigarette as much on my loneliness. I had plaid a game. Today I am not a boxer in fight. Tonight I'm pretty and men look at me and no one is you. I had danced in a thick crowd pushed

by bodies, bumped into hips and backs and no one was yours. Tonight I'll get a key to an endlessly windowless space - call it home if you can. I can't won't even try. Hate probations. Such a louse task. No task. Win or lose. Bet - I want to win. So what? The question is baseless and there is no answer in the perspective. O God, would you hold my hand tonight? I'm not sure if I believe that you exist. I am a consequence of my deeds, it's no good. Have I created illusions, realities that don't hold? Am I hungry, in need of sex? These are but a trivial ghotic spells I shit in, these haven't to do with love. You talk about pleasures. I hope I'll survive. Yes, I'm hungry but certain couldn't swallow a single bite, begging stillsome time to float. Prying there is a drug to carry me up, the drag, the power to carry me out. I don't want to talk about love. I want to survive. I won't survive without us. Scary Monsters, just a Bowie's song. In the tight grip of despair of despair of despair have to stop all words as they only bring me closer to a brink, an edge of something I don't want to explore - the life without you. I'll paint my nails red, I fear the night and fear the day, fear my windowless room, fear my bed, fear the next cigarette. I have so damn much energy, people like me, I fear my heart. I need a lot more strengths to challenge myself in the bottom of the belly of the beast called love. Soon time to go, I shiver, my hands sweat, I wonder if I know how to walk, place the feet after the feet in front of each other. Hate shivering. How do I get out of this place filling up with people who smile to me and smile to each other? This is a bad night mare. I have to leave before is too late. I lean back into the chair which keeps me up. I can't go through it one more time regretting I have sat down, it was my first deliberate mistake. Have to get a watch.

Joyce stopped running and noticed an error she was into, she was getting trapped.

- The time moved on and it was easy, I have already got a watch, I have a food which my mother packed into my bag and I have moved within time and space, it wasn't difficult, only sweaty as bags were too heavy for the promenade I did pretend I took, I'm home, I have survived. -

To make a long story short Joyce has moved into a room, a vault behind a bankrupting office in the best part of the town, right in the center and most posh, of course she can work on her career and of course she knows how, Stockholm generally sucks as she

wildly sucks on her thumb pushing up her luck. Love has to wait,
which is may be best and a very new for Joy.

- let's play! -

shouts Joyce walking through a thick dark
and she jumps up and unfortunately down.

VIII

THE BITCHES DON'T DIE EASILY

- O, man waking up in the cave, o, man can't name the feeling,
wondering if I'll suffocate from the petroleum, fuel oil, gasoline,
kerosene or lack of you? Meanwhile, here goes on a freak show,
no kidding. Where are my usual strengths to face the world
turning even more bizarre? O, man if I'll go through this sadness
I'll go through everything, if I only come out alive. The pain tearing
me apart sitting on the chair drinking tea after tea, smoking
cigarette after cigarette, laying in the bed through the sleepless
hours, radio on, the show goes on looking so pretty. With the
lights on and in the dark and no air. Painted my nails red, stood in
the mirror with a white swan scarf around my fucking neck stone
dead, both. O man, this is no song, this is a symphony of death,
yes, I said death: as closer I get and inhale it to the radio hit, o man,
no kidding. Would like to sing for you the sorrow and show you
how deep it has grown into me, man, so inept. I expected it would
have been highly indulging to get into the last move and do the
final cut. Perhaps I should have explain the stage and it's
surroundings and brings you closer to the facts of my film, there
are no deeds to tell, to face.

Lets skip the enigma. Joyce is on her own. And it doesn't do, if you get my point, lets say more straight, Joyce is on the bottom of despair and on the bottom of her love, her life?

- this is no life -

repeats Joyce stubbornly

- I have to kill the infant in me. I'm optimistic. -

said, Joyce

- you are naive -

answered her a man, and the men, they do know. He looked at her. There are no other options for you Joyce. You lie to yourself. Nothing matters for you except your cunt. Agr doesn't love you, he fucks you with his black dressed dick-sword, can't you see it? Joyce is blind like an old hen and deaf like an old dead tree, infatuated. That's what Joyce is. She takes another cigarette, Freddie Mercury sings "we are the champions" and Joyce is dead as alive he is. She can hardly distinguish the chair off her thin buttocks, she has lost all her flesh. Joyce's hands lay on the table, she sits straight up awaiting the arrival. Am I not clear enough?

- facts, give me facts, colors, tastes, details -

-Ok-

Agr left, some days passed, Joyce wrote a love letter in which she surrendered, she sold her secret for free, she gained some love for a few days

- be more explicite -

- OK, she has told him that she had fucked Candid and she fucked Seymour and it was both at the same time, the same person, -

- he should have taken the chick to a shrink -

- perhaps so, but he did not do, he just fucked her -

- once or twice, for each I mean? -

- don't tease, it is serious, it was a game with her own reality and had nothing to do with Agr and their love -

-did he understand that? -

- no, men aren't capable to understand this -

Down there in New York, the town which never sleeps and Liza sings stretching her cat like skin high upon the sky scrapers and Joyce and Agr walk a Time Square feverly embraced, she fucked Candid and she fucked him for the minute of love and not for the flesh as men do, Joyce is no cannibal, Joyce is a woman and that's the tragic output, and she did not stop loving Agr for even a second split. Women are vipers, have two ends, like a stick. That's a fact. Joyce isn't a son of the bitch, she might be her precious daughter, she is no beast, no disco queen, not a movie star, but a character very close to you tonight, so hold her hand because the night is lonesome

- more facts -

- no, I refuse, I love him so! -

- whom ? Candid?

- No, Agr! With all my heart! -

- you are a terrific idiot! -

- Yes, possibly I am -

- did he answer your letter? -

- no -

- did he wait for you? -

- no -

- did you see him at all? -

- yes, I arrived at the Stockholm Saturday night, he wasn't waiting for me so I had no where to stay, I went to one pub to find a chap I knew, to stay at and Agr was there in his very own person, just that I did not recognize him at first, his back was different to what I knew of him and a fat woman stood next to -

- Joyce, you are a fool -

- no, we kissed each other and she left, he chased away the guy who talked to me, we went out together and spent the night at his pal, he asked me if I'll fix the new way, to fuck through the night and say good bye.

- What we had is over -

he said. I agreed. We had a great fuck. He couldn't fulfil his plan,

asked me for a few more days. We did it. Then he was gone and did not want to see me, then he was drunk again and had to fuck me, we did it, I took care of him some days, he fucked a lot of other girls too, we had fun together anyway, driven back and forth, he found more letters from Can-Seym, fucked up timing, like it was my fault, and then the most stupid he found my letter to Seym, fuck! I must be a puffed idiot, playing, playing with words. Agr-Crimson held me tight in the sleep, we were in his new shelter, the lid of heaven closed over us in the sea of crimson, that's how his new name popped up for good. He kicked me out by the morning. We had some great time, in my petite world I was totally turned on the blow job and we gave up the party, I took him in his bathroom, I took him standing and I took him on the floor, the day after we came to my mom's place, as there was a TV and a double bed and food, I opened the door, there on the floor laid a new big letter from Seym, talking about Gods! Fuck! He wrote no word but send me a brush! So the love dashed. Crimson left. Fucking trivialities! I have no power to recal more of this shit!

Joyce went to a book fair to Godburg and to Berlin, it was GREAT, except for the Rydman's - a delightful couple trying to kill each other on the train and her few accidental fucks, she had FUN! THE GIRL HAD FUN!

She glued a plastick long eyelashes, changed to a new dress two minutes before the train arrival, threw herself into Crimson's arms, he did wait at The station. Life is a paradise. They drunk last drops of the Cinzano, kissed, smiled, talked, went to his place, he bought Champagne, and a white wine, she gave him present - a Dali's perfume, he striped her off, he had decided to use condoms from now on, Joyce was both drunk and inexperienced and fumbled too long with a thin item and his big cock, he got very angry. She doesn't remember what happened after, but they did fuck, fucked a lot, the day after too, she run streets of Stockholm, and her cunt burnt of the rubber and lacked his sperm. She was next to cry, a stupid girl. Poor Joyce, she understood how much an animal she was, she wanted his sperm, the liquid to stuff her, the smell to intoxicate her, smooth her well being. She found out she could have been in touch with the stuff when she sucked him off, that was too much a pleasure for him and not so much danger, so at this part he gave up a rubber. She ate his sperm like a maniac. She lived on it. She didn't wash her teeth. It was a great dinning. At night they fucked so great and violent that she didn't

care anylonger that they were using condoms. In the sleep Crimson jumped on her and covered her face and body with kisses, plaid her pussy and her butt. His eyes were open, he saw nothing. The day she felt best with him and almost in the harmony with a new situation, she fall for temptation and read his text in the computer, his new book. He did cheated on her in New York, the details were fucking painful, fucking hurting, fucking embarrassing. Joyce turned a fucking sad bitch. Crim has fucked this fucking chick in her ass in three fucking hours without a condom, and he did scream when he fucking came. He was so fucking good, that a beast asked him if he was on drugs. Shit, what a fucking HIT! Joyce is PISSED! LIFE SUCKS. FUCK. And she still sucks Crims dick. Crimson fucking incident has taken place just before her and Seym. Fuck! Life is a bloody mess in the trap. Joyce bought Black Jack condoms for her and Crim, she loves him. They have fun with a new toys and he looks great in the black great shiny outfit, she wants to take a pictures. His dick looks like a true devil in colour and size. Vov! She left the town and returned several times. He was tender, he was broke, he was vulnerable, he was hungry, he was in love. He was not in love, he was fed up, he was pissed, he was hitting her. They started going to Extract, she took him there one evening fed up of mingling with infantile boys, he fixed her horns, he sold her with a shoes on and of course sold himself. Took her home in a fever move, asked her to dance nude, she did, he kissed, hated and hit her, especially that she got this insane idea to dance outside the window and it was damn high up. He threw her out of his room, she burst in cascades of cries, slept on the floor, he brought her back to bed most tender. Just for to brake out in the epilogue

- Go, fucking bitch, this is my place not yours! -

he tried to throw her out all nude, he let her stay, in the morning he fucked her the most tender, they were catching amok. He told her

- listen Joy, tomorrow is a time OUT, I put my watch at 9 AM. - she woke up, dressed, left.

- I bought a newspaper, look at the apartments adds, found one. I'M HERE IN THE CAVE HOME -

- you are totally crazy, Joy -

I told her.

- I saw him yesterday, we talked, ate, I paid food, he cooked, we fucked, it was peaceful, I started to fall asleep, I was so incredibly tired, couldn't sleep last few nights, but we woke up and he wanted me to go immediately, I thought first that he loved me, then I thought he did not, we are going to meet tomorrow, I can't live like that, I could start telling you all that from the beginning, I don't know what to do, but you have got your facts -

FUCK! MY LIFE IS A FUCK! This is a life and it's mine and it's true. I'm scared Its not very bright of me but I'm scared and soon scared like shit!

We have spent last night together, it's a bad joke to say - we - and to say - night - and so on, it's all madness we are into, and now when I'm alone again I don't have to play a heroine. Tea and cigarettes is all I have, here. It's Agr who put me on that probation. On try. On trail. And my entire little-life-fitness-club. Is there no earthly power to change the penalty? I'm sad. I'm lonely' He wouldn't like that. I have to be strong. Beautiful. Attractive. Famous. Loved. Sexy. Rich. That's what he likes. Shit, it sucks! Humble. Do we both know what it means at last? Do I know? The tears, they will probably and hopefully crack me the whole way through to the very bottom, as I don't let them flow, me the winner!

- you are a fucking looser, Joyce -

said Agr standing in the door to her place

- you have lost the game, I'm sorry for you, you are so lost, you no longer are a movie star, you no longer are Candid's or my game or girl -

he was swinging fast in his very own and very drunk paradise, didn't he just tell her how much she meant to him? or?

She was unsure, she sat on the chair in the little room watching his angel like face change to a stranger man face a stranger with a shades on and no voice, dark bearded stranger in trashed clothes and messy hair, all together a grey chap

- I feel so great now -

pointed Agr and walked through her tiny room. He turned back and poured a glass of water into her face. She lost her breath. She got her breath back. She poured a glass of a water to his face. A second later, she sat on his knees promising the love. There was

a great doubt in him but flushed fast, he pushed her off, rose, gave her a blow on the back of her head, she fell on the bed feeling her neck crack but it did not, she sat up, he hit her in the face, she kneeled down to the pillow, within a while they drifted into a conversation. Now, they were in bed.

- I'm going to screw you to Wadlings' Solitary Moments -

Agr said

- no -

she said

- in NY, I was cheating on you full time, I had a girl friend, I met her every day in the park when you thought I plaid chess, the first time I screw her for seven hours -

Agr looked at Joyce with a great satisfaction, he knew how much she would have love to be in her place

- without a condom, I took her in the ass, I think she had Aids -

he add

- she looked like a junky, and there were two other girls, one was my dream young doll, but she was too young, she was my age and I got bored of her, the other bitch had a bad breath, but this first more permanent chick, was great, she fucked like a hooker, quite awful, was not young but had a young body, was Polish, looked Puerto Rican, spoke six languages, she had a big teats, she had a big house in Switzerland showed me the photo of it -

he continued the tell

- you are an idiot Agr -

Joy pointed and went to take a piss, Agr went after her

- I love you Joy -

he said carrying her to bed

- please lick my rectum deep with your tongue, lick my balls, lick my penis, use your big tongue, I love you, girl -

he said

- I know that -

she said laying on her back

*

She was in the store, bought some breakfast, returned, came in

- come and lick me -

he laid on the bed nude stretching his arms to her

- I want you -

he said, she set on the floor, she looked terrible, she did not brush her hair in days, did not wash her face, only her lips were painted bright red. He started to take off her clothes, his hand was in her bra,

- I'm going to eat your breasts -

his face was turning round in her retina or even outside of it

- I'm going to screw you -

he was taking off her skirt

-I'm going to fuck you in the ass -

taking off stockings and tangas

- eat you pussy, eat your cunt, come, babe now -

- do you love me? -

she asked

- yes -

he said, she laid at his back

- eat my balls -

Agr said

- no -

she answered straight, wondering what they were up to. Bad off they were. She kept on getting up and laying down.

- you are still bleeding, I want to eat your cunt -

he said again, they fall asleep, he slept very long, she got up, tried to brush her hair, it took her about an hour to get it done. She took shower. The trees behind the window were leafless and black, the sky was either pink or a grey blue, autumn time. Their hands were all in blood, they were playing sex games and it was very hot

- you make me crazy, it hurts, I want to come -

yelled Agr

- I don't want a screw, I want your love -

she thought but did not say

- o, give me a cigarette, my dick hurts-

he said, she gave him a cigarette looking at his blown up and shining penis

- I hate his dick -

she thought

- it's not him who's crazy, evil, cruel, it's his dick. I don't want his dick, I want him, I want Agr -

thought Joyce in despair, soon they were hot again, his cock in her mouth and he pulling her closer

- more meore moer -

he whispered

- touch me -

she yelled and wined putting his hand on her cunt pink and swollen, they were ready, they were done

- please give me a condom -

he said

- no -

she answered

- you are crazy, you are stealing the love from us, I made my test, you made yours, we are fine, you are just far out, you are afraid of me, afraid of love, afraid to get more attached -

she said

- I'm never going to fuck you without a rubber -

he yelled back at her

- o, yes, you will -

she said

- you don't want because it's nice -

she said

- yes -

he pointed. Now they plaid it again sex hot sex hot

- give me a rubber, Joy -

he said

- no -

she answered and he pushed her to the floor and it was then she went to the bathroom and did her hair what taken at least an hour. Now they plaid it again. His cock was full and soon cracking, his hands were full of her blood and hers too, she danced over him, he was watching the beauty who rolled his life in over two years now, his mind was drifting

- no way -

he said to himself

- that I'm getting into her all naked now and it shall be forever, no way -

he set up, pushed his dick deeper into her throat, at last he laid on his back and she set on him

- get a condom -

he repeated again

- you get it -

the girl said

- I can't you are sitting on me -

*

He had his Shining Black Jack on, was turning her to all the sides, bumping, screwing, fucking, anus, cunt, anus, cunt, came screaming beastly tough. She laid motionless, he pulled his dick out, pulled the rubber off, the blood dropped to the floor from it with two big carmine drops, she did not move, he laid down

- come here -

he stretched arms to her, she did not respond

- this is no good, we have to skip seeing each other, I only want to have fun with you, this is no good, I give you 10 minutes to get out of here -

he said

- I have a fever -

said, Joyce

*

They walked the street, holding hands, no anger, a few minutes of eternity, crowds, they were together on this bloody stinky earth.

*

- you better run, my heart running, my breath lost, my heart breaking, you better run, help, challenge my fear, run, chase, better run, sweet, away, try to stay cool, a while longer, for-ever-love or not, you better run, a strange sensation of the pain, don't care for my dream any more, no more care, care for our love, that pure, you better run, more then ever, harder, fuck me, mine, our reality, who cares, no control, totally fixed into you would love to lion you would love you on any terms, any condition. Silence screams into my womb and pussy and heart and ears freaking my eyes from the inside. To know the sorrow. Why don't you speak? Why do you speak? Can I forgive? Can you forgive? Do You love? Do you love me? Are we alive? I want back into the dream wherever it leads, back into your soothing arms, want your hair on the pillow, want to sleep in your arm pit, want it now, want to forget the greatness. The shit. The play is over but the life goes on, I love you.

What did I feel?

- Sorrow, endless swaying wings of a superior sadness getting me deeper down then ever before. Don't want there. At all. Kinky? Not at all. If the truth can't give me your soul the lies certainly won't.

Melodrama, Kwatch, I'm not a writer, I'm not even a person, I'm a character from a bad romance, a bad book, and a people around me are a paper cut dolls, they move as on the northern pool stockholm moon and this is what it is, shit, no more, don't want it, the people here don't have much life in themselves and I have less, so what that I have you, so what that our love has survived,

that you have fucked me again and we came screaming, breathing, breath of the earth, how dull and great experience, even that doesn't mean anything, so what that I have money and a roof over a head, so what? so what that we want back to New York? and why? That I'm beautiful, powerful, special? the one? It's all bull shit. And I don't care. It means nothing, all means nothing as a star falls into my pocket and ashes down, it doesn't even hurt; fed up with an enigma, want to fuck you now, for real, hard, long, fast, that's all - I'm an animal - I'm a movie star - I say and you know it's all bull shit, in your eyes movie stars are rich, young and famous, that's what you say. I sleep with a knife under my pillow. People who talk to me at all, ask

- why did you come back? -

- we don't want to see you here -

that's in the mind.

- yes, why? -

I ask myself even if I still remember - why, I don't want to talk about it and try not to think. And I don't think - I'm empty as a bell. My fucking soul walks the dirty streets of Alphabet City, glamorous broad Avenues in midtown, walks over the Brooklyn Bridge and feels no wind as skinless it is, walks through Brooklyn High's, walks on goes through the red brown old door and climbs up the narrow steep staircase, it goes right through the locked door and crawls straight under the cover on the hard futong, in between the sheets, it's hidden, now and cozy and at last at home, the body doesn't matter anymore. The day and the night is colorless and the same.

Hope not to bump into Miranda, hi.

IX

" O, so crazy, leaving on my own, lonely, lonely, lonely, o, so lonely!" -

Freddie Mercurie's voice powerful, somehow joyful, cracks the space -

I never understood -

Joyce says

- how much pain -

another cigarette, another cup of tea, she throws hot water straight to the cup covering old dry leafs, it's dark as a pitch and bitter; Joyce's shrinking tongue, a minimum effort, heart bumping against it's walls

- walls are my enemy -

silently pries Joy, dark is her heart, dark is the day and dark is the night and nothing ends but love.

- there is no air -

prays, Joy and wishes

- I want no more -

the walls come closer, and she cant move and her ribs stop moving, a green light appears on her right, if she has a side, there

is no space for sides, or back, front, up, down, future, past she is wrenched into the Presence. The verdict coming. Outside is a street, people always walk, olderish ladies-maides in long fur coats, old gent-chaps getting into their Mercedes, young boys sit round reading books, pretty; guess, boys or books? Very few small babies, just a single one by feet, in long red coat, and one more in baby cart in sky-blue, tears Joyce

- Agr is never going to fuck her without a rubber, so good by a baby dream -

girl is an idiot, an option to keep at least the minimums of her grey cells work diminish from hour to minute. She is a tardy. What Agr does all these days is to have a cake and a plate, to eat the cake and still have it. Lot of different cakes. Lot of different plates. He licks the plate with a big fluffy tongue, a pussy bite; the cake has a very dark sweet cherry on the top, he plays it, be wild with a very top of his pointed and pink tongue.

The loneliest full moon over the town. Joyce has fun on her own. Agr fucks another girl, he is not far from Joyce, he is inside her heart settled down for good as god in hide. Agr uses the rest of a Black Jack condom. Next day. Today Joyce is going to have fun, she dresses up for it. Agr calls, he is tired, sad, broke, fucked. He is in need of her care. He stays for the night. She has a dream that they fuck without a rubber. His dick is about three times longer and she dances a top of it. They wake up in the morning, she sucks him off, that's eat. He leafs, she remains in the chair. Girl's got a trouble with her motion. The girl is stuck, her heart is like a penniless homeless man, she stole Agr's note book, she phones his latest fuck, an answering machine with an alert horrible business woman voice, Joyce can't believe her own ears, feels almost sorry for Agr. The girl, Joyce, got no grip of reality. Joyce mingles with a damn dumb stranger in the concert crowd, she leans against him with her hip and he falls for it all immediately, Joyce gives up, falls off and thanks to god. She visits parties and bars.

- living on my own, quite OK, in fact -

Gloria, Gilda, Trap Bar, East Bar, Lydmar. Just fine. The next day Agr wakes her up by phone, he is pissed about his note book, she doesn't care. They meet, he takes her to his place, she takes a bath, she has none at her place. She smokes cigarettes, he

doesn't want to fuck. She goes out to the corridor where her jacket hangs. She comes back stretching both locked palms to him, he points on the left one, she opens it; it is a strawberry pink condom. He takes her with a storm and to "Solitary moments" He puts on Nick Cave's CD "Do you love me?" and they do it to the songs. First she lays a top of him like a child, all is cool and calm, he smiles to her. She plays his body very slow, nipples, arm pit, hands, elbows, clavicles, neck, lips, stomach, belly, chest, knee, calves, and last the dick, she plays her tongue carefully, the most careful she is able to, with just the very pink end of her tongue she licks the bottom of his cock, then the root, round the top and the very top itself and not getting into the tiny hole. And on and on again very slow, rises gently she reaches his lips, it dies a little bit - his dick, she goes back to eat, she turns her ass, more and more and still very slow at last landing it in front of his face

- there is a devil in your room, there is a devil next to you -

sings Nick, Agr kisses Joyce's pussy, the rectum, buttocks, thighs, he licks her labia lips carefully, violently, fast, he sticks his tongue into it as deep he can get, she kisses his balls, his ass, on the inside his hairy thighs, he holds his dick astray, they fuck through the whole CD, song after the song,

- do you love me as much I love you? -

wines Nick. The music is over, she breathes loud at his ear, she comes like a fuck hurricane, she can't hold it no more, she comes like a hurricane once more and again and for the long time, he moves fast, very fast, it's over. She rises up, pulls off the condom

- what are you doing? -

he asks, she doesn't answer, she eats him, swallows, licks, kisses and keeps it big for the long time, in the moment she moves away from his body all is over, she is over and her gentle peaceful mood. She is restless, understands, it's time to go.

- do you want to eat with me babe? -

he asks her, she agrees, he makes food, she can't eat, she almost doesn't breath, she doesn't think about him, she walks across the tiny room, he is peaceful, she stands in the window, she dresses up, she leaves. She walks through the cold air of the night, thinking the words she is going to write. In the train a boy keeps the girl on his lap, she realizes she wants one more fuck

tonight, she regrets that she left Agr and his cozy little home, she doesn't go back, she goes on, forth. She thinks of an act they did. She is at home, there is nothing to do. Writing is might be like a love affair as Norman Mailer said, but she is a very uninspired lover at this spot, she walks from wall to wall. She writes a post card to Agr. Someone calls her. She goes out to the bar. She doesn't want to get drunk, she just can't stand to be at home, she ends up wild parting to the white morning. It's basically fun, a guy is lifting heavy weights for the show, 19 times a 55 kg, she plays ping pong, yeah, it's a sport hall they are at, he takes her back to her place, he kisses her neck - it's nice, he mingles with her hair - it's nice, he gets passionate - it's nice, she tells him to leave, the final is fucked, she had to send the guy off, there is no way she could put her hands on him or let him do the job, no way; not him, not this one. He comes back and asks her to let him in again, promises he won't touch her, she does not. He hates her for it. The morning come up tired and white, she decided - today she has to eat. She sends a card to Agr, she goes to a store and buys a food, She gets a post card from Candid, he hopes for her. She films Laibach at the club - The Sympathy for the Devil - she is going to use that song in her movie, it's fixed. They supposed to go out together, she goes to the bar before, the door man doesn't let her in suggesting - she is too drunk - she is fucked, she is not the least drunk, it does happen considerably often, people take her for the hooker when she is on her own. She is walking home. Outside her door, in the car with the lights on, a man sits jerking off with his pants down his feet, she comes on him from behind, she sees pink dick and hairy legs and slashing working paw, she walks too far missing her door. She walks back staring at man's face, horrified. She fumbles with a key. She gets inside. She smokes a cigarette, her shoulders are dark, she pulls the curtains down, it's all quiet.

Einar calls, he is the only one who answers her desperate messages on the answering machines all over the town

- I'm so lonely call me Joy! -

- you are too much Joy, for us all -

he says

- you would like me to introduce you to a literary quarters, for the first there is none, your novel is a great position into the ego trip

art, you write in the proper pattern of an ass hole and you can do it, Joy you write better then Keroyack but who a fuck, is interesting in your sexual problems? It's only about fucking, the dialogs your characters are having are just boring and the photos of your nude sexy ass turn me off. And what do you know about situation in Sudan, why don't you work as a stripper? I love you and respect you and you are not hip, you are real, honest, strong, the most courageous of us all, but you are a nymphomaniac, and exhibitionist and sado and now as you are reaching forty why don't you write the truth, tell us how it is, hey? -

Einar finished taking a deep breath, Joyce was laughing her butt off and could not speak for a while

- it's just what I am doing -

she pointed

- then you don't need my advise at all -

he pointed, and hanged up, he had no time for the coffee outside and besides it was already 4 in the morning. Joyce crept to bed at last.

Sally opens the door, Joyce is sleeping

- hey -

says a little girl and remains inside the dark. The first night Joyce slept here she put off the light but immediately put it on again,

- I can't sleep like that-

she told herself

- if I'll wake up, open my eyes into a pitch dark, I'll die in panic - but now is OK, she finds her way, with feets and hands and soon just easily by heart, waking up she recognizes Sally's voice

- vov! you are here, great! -

shouts Joy

- put the light on, sweet Sall-

commands, sitting up in bed. Sally is a great company, she is six years old and they have day long conversations, her sweetness, love and care are the balsam for Joys wounds. They are pals.

- so -

says, Sally

- your pal doesn't want to live next to you? Then he isn't your pal -
her conclusion is brilliant, farther then Joyce could ever come.
Sally is very fat, heavy, when Joy and Sally went the other day to a
pizza store, Sally couldn't come up on the high bar chair, Joyce
helped her and couldn't lift her up at all, they both had a good
laugh, Sally ate her pizza much quicker then Joyce, first, then she
ate the second half of Joyce's. Sally loves to eat, but much more
she loves Joyce

- Joyce -

she says

- you are as beautiful as Madonna -
she adds

- may be more -

she gives Joy a big hug. Sally wears glasses, she has little fat
hands with short little fingers and Joyce loves her, loves to hold
into her little hand, both outside and inside, they are taking long
walks and this is new for Sally, she used to be both, to shy to go out
and too tired to walk.

Now, Sally goes towards the refrigerator, opens it

- what is it, a carrot and parsley, you have to sharpen up, Joy, you
must eat, else you'll die -

Sally makes tea for them both and brings her drawing book, and
her shopping will book, she makes the circles around some toys,
which means

- I want to have it -

she explains to Joy

- it's simple -

she points, they smile to each other, they know the game.

*

X

Joyce's life

- Life is tough. This is not my usual statement. Life is life -

- this is the rock and roll. Life is shit -

- this is my statement, life is a real bull-shit but I'll not give up
before I'll win it all. It is nothing thrilling, it's not a challenge, it's my
all year round, all day-night round clout and it's my. I'll not shout,
I'll just do what I have got to do, I'll do all. I know I'm naive like a
child, I'm not business minded but my energy, my strengths, my
will has no end -

Hero stood in front of her all naked, his body was a glorious piece
of meat and his soul vulnerable a lot, his dark brown long hair
hanged down over his nipples, his belly was muscular and
rounded as a piece of the fresh meat raw done, his legs were
strong and spread and in the middle of all that was a real blown up
dick stretched up like an elephant's nub towards her and with a
slight twist into the left, for an instant of a second his hands
hanging down motionless, his eyes pining through hers sitting
down on the couch. They already been through the first kiss which
was her deed, they sat kind of on each other and vice versa, he sat
on the couch pulling her clothes off she standing in front of him,
holding her underwear neither up neither down but somewhere in

between covering almost all pubic hair, then pulling them slowly down and still not exposing her cent, their clothes literary flying off and falling down, he hold her in his arms, he lifted her up, she still had some clothes on, he carried her, with her legs twisted round his waste through the room and down the spiral narrow staircase, his room was a 3 square meters cabin, his bed was a bunk, they were on the boat, both - lamp and a window were small thick glass circles in the middle of light wooden walls, Joyce laid naked in the bed with her thumb in the wet pink mouth and Hero bend forward over her was licking her other mouth, her womb, her face was hidden into the soft bag which has been with into the Antarctica and into the Himalayas' stocks summits and rocks, little after she had his all softly delicate long hair in her mouth and he still worked at her little clit, they were the only illuminated creatures in the tiny cube tiny coop, the water was calm this dawn as the dawn it was, they passed out, the water murmured like a child, they dreamed wild dreams. The sun looked in surprised at the scene, Joyce thrown upon Hero, sleeping a top his soft big body like a princess at a bloom sheltered between his thrown apart legs and caressing her arms.

Joyce dream was an action movie, she was in it, Hero and Young. Young was Agr and she loved him, she dreamed the dream twice waking up in between moving into the Hero's side, he was soft-mellow all around and it did not matter how she laid, how they both laid in his mini bunt, they fought police, they were in America of course and Young was a hero and Hero was cool, they were all a top of a huge container running it's surface, Young was all the time the head away and far too wild and policemen were certainly going to do all to get him down and they did, she fought policemen like a tigress in heat, it was a night and it was a dawn, Young as a hero bled a lot and next injected with a sleeping drug, he was captured, she shrieked like a wounded bitch, she was so much an animal in that film, she jumped over the cutting knives, bled and was definitely going to save Young. She woke up, she was by herself, she was on the boat, she was in the cabin, she was in the bed covered with dark blue huge very soft and very warm sleeping bag, all was a dream, she sweat like a true beast and tried to stand on her tiny feet and thin legs, she stretched her hands holding herself into the swinging walls, room was hot and there was no air.

Sally and Joyce are great love-pals in the need of each other, Sally is waiting and she throws herself into Joyce's arms but Joyce has to go very soon, she is going to meet Young this time for real. She has phone him from the boat.

Agr and Joyce are smashed they did make love and it was vulnerable deep act except for the condom Agr insists to use from now on - that's a condition, basically he wanted Joyce to leave right after and already denied her question if she could stay for the night but they passed out, actually it's only Agr who passed out for real for at least an hour, Joyce plaid that she slept too, she laid a top of him as it was she who did fuck after she licked and sucked, so now she laid without a pip totally motionless praying the time and Agr to stay still, her pussy hurt, her belly, her thighs, and her stomach too, her shoulders and her twisted arms, however hard she tried he did wake up

- Joyce, action, your time is out -

he said not turning his eyes from the window's view. She made her way to the bathroom fast and puked in the same moment she pushed the door, she was sick, she got dressed, went out, walked, bought kebab, ate it, took the train, walked home very fast, opened her door, run to the bathroom and puked again then she put the radio on and sat down on the chair or was that her bed?

- hey Joyce -

said a steady and wonderfully clinging voice, a little hand searched the wall for the switch, the light blitzed on, Sally was in the room and she gave a broad smile and talked at least 30 minutes without a stop, Joyce was in bed, she was more then pleased over a visit as the little girl's reality run parallel with her own, it was a happy, Joyful life and they were going to go down town to look at Christmas windows in the males, they were going to play football in the yard, they were going to drink some yogurt and eat fruits. The vanity time of Joyce's was running out, she and Sally walked hand in hand through the walking street flashily covered with long thick bright red carpet, people stared at them and they were disturbed turning their faces off, the thing with Sally

was that she was very fat, I mean she was that fat that she looked and did not look like a little girl, she looked like a small monster, she had thick glasses and she rolled from side to side while she means to walk, Joyce held her hand very strong, she loved the touch of the little today gloveless palm with fat short fingers, she loved Sally's warbling voice and a cozy touch of her soft long hair, Sally forgot her hat and wore a hood on. Joyce remembered how pleased the street was in New York over Agr's and her great looks, the compliments they received, both of her blood children were also very beautiful and she knew how it was and how much she got for it... - the world was astonishingly observant, intolerant, cruel, rotten, dismissive, abominable and stinking shit which kept on coming, passing out, leaving, evacuating our minds, our perception, out wonderfully quizzed culture of the modern western world - the cult. Sally laughed at Santa Claus and little rabbits and other pets and dolls behind the toy window. The man next to them, a proud creator of two doll faced cabs with sweet black curls in a red and fitted coats at tiny figures smiled to Joyce flirting as Latino's do which he was, his eyes slid through Sally's euphoric features killing the final of his charm, Joyce waited him off, angel voiced Sally sung the carol with the dolls, their mouths clapping rhythmically up down up down up down immensely - the doll's mouths behind glass.

Agr had screwed lot's of girls he considered as 14 years old - they were not, he meat them accidentally as he wished, they picked him up, or he did, he would approach them fast sexually and sensually already at the bars, sometimes on the street and sometimes at the underground station or a train, the act he would fulfill at their place or at his chamber, he was high - they were crowds hordes of girls, one had three nipples and he did not get excited over the fact, it was repugnant; where was his Joyce with her vanilla smelling womb, pussy cat cunt? Joyce was under Page Hip prick and she had fun! As the things laid in it's Stockholm's ditch Joyce was a lonely bitch, she was a lonely heart, she was a pure sorrow coming out her eyes still tearless and may be forever; Morris, she meat after Agr phoned her a second time that Thursday and said he perhaps was not going to join her as the things turned pretty excessive for him at the little cafe' besides Tom's house and he seen lots of victims of the night who has seen him and then Morris phoned her the second time even if she already told him

- no, -

and now she said

- yes. -

They met at the A bar, OK, they drunk some, they went to Extract, Morris got hilariously drunk and behaved like shit and she did fortunately dumped him, he behaved like Agr without even being one pulling her off every conversation, pushing her against the wall, kissing, fumbling round her with drunk sloppy fingers, anyway she met Hero and after the introductive and seductive smiles and looks Hero said

- I'm so lonely -

- shall I join you tonight? -

asked Joyce and he thought she was kidding, his eyes were warm and familiar

- I'm not kidding -

she add, he did not believe looking at her explicit thighs in net stockings between a mini skirt and maxi socks

- O, I like that -

he sighed pointing at the very spot slightly with his finger

- I'm going to phone you the first thing after seven in the morning -

he said

- there is no need, I'm going with you -

he did not buy it

- I'm going to put a money into your films, I'm rich -

he continued

- fine -

she considered and asked

- shell we go now? -

as the place was closing

- in three months I'm going to have a beautiful apartment -

he said

- lets go, I feel lonely enough, I won't go to my place -

she answered not paying attention to his apartment in three months and other plans on their future friendship, down at his ship he feverishly looked for the candles to make it cozy and for some wine to drink

- there is no need, I don't care -

said Joyce and they talked more of the "LA career" and that sort of shit for the long time, Hero bought her book - handling the money to her still in the taxi, said

- this is only for the book -

she understood, after years of marriage which broke he did buy hookers - apparently, he paid beers and cigarettes more then willingly at the bar, now - she threw herself into his arms and into his lips kissing him, stabbing at the words

- I don't want to talk more stuff -

and now Hero did not want to meet her anymore, did not want to meet, did not want to see her, did not want to phone, neither put the money into her film, did not want to be a friend or tell her his life's spikes he started to unroll so charmingly. She already knew enough. Hero wanted to run off, Agr's dick's vision scared him and her image and her hooker's mind and joy, Hero was shit-scared and wanted a girl-child-monster out his way. But it did not show at once, it showed later when he did not call in a few days and she has found him and he was so shity surprised and all she wanted all she did not asked for on the phone was to sleep beside his soft and fat and hot cozy body one more time and one more time

As they did not fuck anyway and she realized

- that's what may be was a problem remembering his hard on faint away - Guys are peculiar creatures. Anyway she was on her own and she went out, she needed to sell her book, she did not have a money for the train, it was just bull shit, the guy she made appointment with considering the book, was hurt because she refused to sleep with him, it wasn't the same guy, it wasn't Hero, Hero already bought her book, OK, and she talked to someone in the bar, a little guy, a very little guy, an artist and then Page Hip came in! But, anyway that was already on Monday, so Thursday she met Hero for the first time, Friday Agr did not except her wish

to spend the night together at his place and she doesn't remember what she was actually doing with a rest of the night. Saturday, she and Agr were going to the movies - Pulp Fiction by Tarantino, she bought tickets in the afternoon, later she had a dinner with a girl and her kids out in the house in the woods, Agr was already waiting, walking outside her door and he was moody, movie was all right, he thought the movie was great but he wouldn't hold her hand, neither she, it was a sad story, she felt the distance between them increased even more, it was creeping like a snake, slow and tensed and deterrent.

*

The red carpet stretching along the walking street is mashed and soaked with an ice cold and slippery mushy liquid created out of polluted rain, polluted ground, steps of millions and felt's fibers; Joyce walks on it, it is repulsive and her feet refuse to continue, her belly turns upside down belling deep, she is drenched after she has crossed Southmalm, Slussen, Old Town, Bridge, Opera House, Cafe Opera, Kingsgarden, Centrum, NK, Normalms Square - she steps off the carpet onto the concrete and feels most powerful. She is at last mastering her life. She feels strong and her steady steps beat the fixed rhythm of her heart into the Stockholm's gutter. She is in a hurry her home is getting closer and she wants to piss very much. The pedestrians passing by glance at her with an interest, appreciation and respect; she is busy and powerful, Agr has left her in the middle of the street at Southmalm, he was annoyed as she failed so obviously, Lina wasn't home, Et did not let her in, Uka did and they had tea, roasted bread with butter and Joyce had an aspirin, she has a hang-over, the town is jennied into a humid misty darkness, into the wet misty cliffs of air, water, sky, bridges, paths, roads, streets, leafless and black shaped trees and all that surrounds her tight, she is by herself but no longer alone. She is just a little bit cold, pretty wet, breathing, walking, she isn't crying for love, she isn't crying for Agr, she isn't crying for human company, sympathy or attention, certainly no compassion, she passes places as bars, pubs, shops, restaurants, inhaling the smell of hot tasty dishes deeply into her lungs, she doesn't have any money and it is OK. Her own steps keep on embracing the soul she has thought she has already lost. Life is life. And it's not just a song, it's Joyce's reality!

XI

- Spread your legs -

she heard Hip Page's voice commanding her, she opened her eyes, he held a video camera towards her, she laid on the bed, her palm was laying across her rosy pussy covering it, sheltering it tight; Joyce loved these words and she followed the speak-word, she moved her white thighs apart and moved her little fingers through everything she has found in there. Hip was delighted

- more -

he said breathing tough. She did it and continued wondering just a little bit how did it really happened that Crim lost a grip off her so deliberately,

- yes -

she knew

- his sperm. That was number one. And his commanding spell was gone out of her as well as the taste, smell and touch. Still it was a great pity, actually the tragic soap opera came to it's end but not their love. -

She already stripped for Page pulling down her tight black jeans, pair of stripy underwear and her bra after he has stripped for her, he was all right, I mean his body was all right, his guts great, his will and desire that clear that it was no use to complicate the deed.

She felt like a child, she felt like a little girl, they were pals, not lovers and they were doing it; he was in her and moving and turning her into ways, from the front, from behind, a top at the bottom and so on

- can I come? -

he asked

- yes -

she answered, they were pals, it was not a great deal, it was all right, she got some sperm she yearned for so much anyway and an orgasm as well. Totally OK. She moved her palm over his skull, his face twisted in ecstasy, she moved her palm surprised over an egg shape of his skull

- it wasn't Agr's gentle skull, life was simple, at this moment she needed to be by herself... as she couldn't be with Crimson -

The night after she was fucking Crimson! Crimson was fucking her! They did it great and with care and for the very long time, her pussy was best, the best, his cock was the best and they run the broadest narrowest path of heat perfectly together, perfectly into the love with a speed of the rackets colliding but not destroying each other, freeing each other for one more minute, one more second, one more act and one more life, they were not going to stop, never going to cease, she was stonned and she was his, he was hers and the time was immense until someone rung the door bell and Crim opened the door, she laid a top of the bed waiting with her the most spread womb-scream-shine-silver-running wet hot gold alive, she wasn't interesting whom Crimson was talking to at the door, she awaited him, awaited his cock to make her real cool princess again for a life time which was now! Crim came into the room and sat down on the chair, time was grey, room was grey and slow, his shoulders covering some deliberate dirt, a great deal of dirt

- is Page Hip in town? -

asked her Crim

- I don't know but I suppose he was going to come soon -

she answered carelessly

- what did you do yesterday Joyce? -

he asked, with difficulties but she did understand what have happened, she tried to get him into her side; or at least back to her pussy, he would not.

- Page just passed by -

said Crim informative. There was nothing to do, nothing to say, after a while she sucked him off ate his creamy Crim sperm let Crim creamy life into hers, they fall asleep, they were on the Cepellin, they flew and were never going to land, her head rested and dreamed at his soft shoulder, his steady chest, his soul, they were in the same dream, miracle. And their hearts were beating tough and together. The room was on the flight above the earth. It was time to leave.

*

Crimson rung the bell, she opened, they kissed, they looked into each other eyes, it was some days since they seen each other, as she was gone from the town - it was a day time

- I'm drunk -

he said

- you see I walked to you such a long way, escaped all the temptations - and then some time after he continued the speech

- you don't have any illusions, you shall not have any illusions, no illusions about the love, about me, about you, about us, we are dead as the love is, may be it was always that way but we were fucking blind -

he dumped his head into the table, they were no longer in her room, they were out and Fox looked at them with pain; he was hungry and he wanted to eat

- are you going to leave me here? -

he was helpless

- we have to -

said Joyce, Crimson was already sitting on the street

- we'll wait for you at home. -

- I love you Joyce! Love you Joyce! You are the only woman on this bloody earth! -

shouted Crim against the cold and the dark leaning on her hanging in her and still trying to walk, people stared at them - the scene was not the most usual at afternoon's Östermalm were everybody were chic and scheduled. Fox entered

- I have turned a genius, Fox! -

shouted Crim and threw himself into Fox's lap and shoulders. Joyce and Crimson went to Crim's place by train and he kissed her the whole way and at home he kissed her pussy and he rolled the pussy into his world of honor, man, flesh, flash and power concentrated into his cock. She loved it, she loved it, she loved it moving perfectly underneath, her pussy was a beast, was his beast drinking soul and life dry into the very end. They went back to her place and fuck three days in the sky, it was a long time since she was that pleased with her pussy as during these nights and days,

- yes - not particularly his cock but just her pussy as it would have renewed completely and totally made in satin an outer flesh, silky labia lips and bloody carnation inner ones and all the rest of her lioness hot body, -

then he left; at the instant he locked the door behind his steps she already heard hit the gutter a black item settled down into her eternity cold Joyce's meat, Joyce's flesh with her soul included. As you would have nailed bitch into the swell floor without any soul left. They repeated the spell in a very few days again staying in bed, fucking but this time she did not come close to heaven and she did not wonder why, she left him on the street and took her long walk on the red carpet. Collected and perfectly cool. The circle closed.

Now she was under the man and his dildo, big pink dildo with a batteries on and his little but alert dick all smeared in some oil's essence and other expensive stuff, the hand cuffs laid on the floor, she was stretching her legs, screaming, dancing upon walls and under the two pricks fucking her, she was yelling whiping weeping singing breathing, he pulled the dick out and came all over her belly with lots of stuff, she was laughing. This night she was drunk, first a young boy, a very young boy came by her place and took her out - can I come in and warm up? I'm so cold -

said the boy she never seen before, all right he had a child's face with green shiny eyes and short red dyed hair, she was laughing

and they sat and drunk Crim's gin and when it was finished she agreed to the red hair boy's invitation and followed him out, then at the bar he took her to she sat among kids, literary kids, next place they went to he was not let in, he was too young, and anyway he was an idiot, now she was by herself and celebrated like a queen or a whore? She wasn't sure but she got fed up and she left especially that two small Irish roadies on the tour with some famous star, who wanted to hang with her said

- we shall fuck you both -

and they did mean it, so the next place, the next bar she started flirting with a right sort of a guy from the first step in, he was tall and nonchalant enough and in love to her, he said he was going to merry her after they exchanged a few words and stated their professions and passions

- OK -

she said - first they went to her place and watched her movies. He was a poet at last! He was an idiot at first!

- Do you get a kick from showing yourself like this, naked with a legs spread? -

she looked at him, even a child would understand it was the matter of FREEDOM not CUNT, she did not answer his question but said

- let's go to your place and I'll listen to your poems; -

they were disgusting bad, a really soft murmur and it was on the tape with music and his whining voice she could hardly distinguish from the soft mess but understood he used adverbials and metaphors instead the real names for the things and it didn't tell her literary a shit. And she remains on the couch. They end up in his bed anyway. Life was life and it was just nothing. And a pink dildo dug into it.

What was in between? In between she was out, going out to Gilda, a disco to sell her book again, the car stopped and a man, a producer run out, fronted her and she promised to join him to a rock and roll party the following day, she though he was inviting many people but the truth was smaller, more trivial then that, he made his driver drive after her for a while already what she did not see running fast as the night was cold-solitary-boring.

- Look -

he said to his pal

- this chick has the most sexy walk I have ever seen, follow her - in the disco she hung around and did sell her book to a Finish businessmen who wanted to be an aquarel painter but did not become one, he tried to take her to his hotel

- look -

she said

- I'm not a whore which I would definitely call myself for if I slept with every person who bought my book, shall you have my book or not? -

- I'll have! -

he said and paid a full price, she signed it chicly and with a kiss. The man who took her to the party the day after was lecturing

- I think it is difficult for you to be an artist because every man who talks to you wants to get into your pants, I'm may be going to buy your book later tonight -

which he did and he tried to get into her pants she understood when he stacked his tongue out at her at his place later on, he looked like a snake, no, more like a reptile

- yes like a real reptile -

she thought and run off, the rain was pouring down as in hell, she went to another party where two other sneakers very different from each other hang on her, one looked like Rutgar Hauer and she took his phone number as she wanted to film his Rutgar's face and he said

- my cock is best -

- I believe -

she answered and already made a plan to film him fucking a fuck-Jenny-Doll - the one with flapping porcelain eyes, the other one half of Rutgar's size - more a Dustin, o misery - was promising her ups and entire satisfaction - she left both and joined a boy and a girl and a boy. They went to Sloppy's were every second man waved at her more then visibly

- shit -

she thought and after they successfully danced and took over the dancing floor with glitter of her punished banned glorious ass and hips - aha! - she asked the boy she knew a little bit to take her home. He came in for a tea and told her his very boring life story and his great dilemma - he was so incredibly indecisive - and hold his hand a top her knee, she did not put his hand off, she thought he was going to understand all by himself that she did not want any physical contact, not even his hand laying on her knee but he did not and Joyce falling asleep on the chair forcing herself to keep the eyes open for a long time already and the next definitely had him out of the house, the time was 7 in the morning

- O, Lord -

she whispered and remembering what she said the other last past morning crawling to the, once more cold bed

- tomorrow I'll take here anyone -

now she was more skeptical, more precise

- no way -

she said to herself and slashed her great body under the sheets. Crimson woke her up ringing the bell, he was short visiting and short screwing her

- O Lord!!! -

I mean he let her screw him to be more precise; so now when she got the real poet the last night she did not have any doubts left. She said to herself - perfect! -

within drinking hour she wasn't all together that enthusiastic but she said

- OK, I'll try -

and he did fuck her with a dildo! O Lord, this was a first time in her life she had a Dildo buzzing inside Crim's vanilla pussy. Believe it or not! Next morning was cool, I mean not the real morning but her morning, she was laying in bed reading Bukowski's Hollywood, it was a real cool story and she enjoyed reading it, she took an extremely long shower and tried all fine poet's perfume, she had him make her a breakfast and there was a plastic-fuck doll sitted at the end of the kitchen table and there was a slogan passing by

on the computer

- Darling come back! -

which he used to flash at good-byes and she did not care for his embarrassment and imcomfort for her delaing a departure. But now she was walking home, it was already 5 PM and the town laid down, all town laid down, she walked alone, at the beginning a man who just left a porno store tried to follow her first by foot, then by a mini bus but he did give up and she flew down on her feet

- fuck, something was wrong, something was fucking wrong -

but she did not want to name it at all, the wind was freezing cold and she held her jacket round her waste, the town laid there down bathed in tears, weeps, whips, kicks, hits, bushed down into the ground like a smashed birthday cake smeared with blood and shit but with the candles burning on as the one whom she celebrated did not have a gust, a breath left to blow

- or was it herself? -

but the wind blowing into her face, into her soul scaring shit out of her vagina again. It was quite different to walk after she left Crimson and being herself, now she was sort of something else, a dildo-doll and the sea, the ocean was pulling her in, the torments of air and space were quizzing her into the already lost game shrieking like shit loud inside her head or outside her head or in the sea or in the air or where? She continued down and down and down wondering how much more down can she get and is going to? After a day or two Crim visited her again, her moods shifted from cool to violance in the frequent refrain together with a hit song or a bang. Mostly she felt as kicking into things that were on a way, on her way, also along har way - as walls of the running escalator, doors, a face of the cashier at the store, a glass in the window, a person standing next to her in the bar, a bartender, a door man, a passing dog, an old woman bent forward under the heavy fur, a tree. There was no much mashed love left in her squized veins, she wanted her revenge. Revenge for her life and death! She dressed white for it. The night was done of gold. She already kicked the guy who put his hands on her white dressed butt right down on Sergels Square when he spotted empty and shaded place, she kicked him straight in the face, kicked the miserable creature

- fuck you! -

she screamed and echo carried her thick blood thirsty low thick voice and blood starting running from his nose and mouth.

XII

Listen -

said Joyce

- I forgot something very important, the first time when Crimson stayed with me for 4 days since at least a month something horrible happened next door. I have moved my furniture from the last town to this one, we drove in this racked Mercedes Benz with a huge wagon on the crook filled with all my magic stuff. All the men, guys and boys in the car smoked pot, I did not - I was stoned anyway - it was unavoidable, inside was thick with smoke. The road was broad, the road was narrow, fog was thick. The sky was stacked with clouds and sinister feels, the forest ice cold already, the moon gone to hell. We reached the town, then we reached the city, it was at least an hour past midnight, we past Aquarium - it's a bar

- I feel Crimson is there -

said, Joyce.

- Ha ha ha ha -

laughed the guys and did not believe her, especially Fox. The town was like a circus, there were crowds of drunk teenagers all over on the streets, they did not know the way to her place but it was impossible to communicate with the circus drunk youth, the

air was cold and every mouth was stemming and every soul cooked. A permanent Hallowe'en. At last they have found the way anyway, brought all the stuff inside the cave and drunk some wine and smoked more pot, Fox put a bottle of Whisky on the table - unwillingly but he did, old Bb was drinking like a sponge - actually he was a sponge, an old sponge, young Bb holded Joyce's hand and was talking some crap, some real crap, he talked about his make up and various colors of his hair and his poetry. At last they have gone to the Trap bar. The place was fucking crowded. All stuffed with people, smoke, disco music and some death. Gabriel, a little broad man danced with her, tried to dance with Joyce, she wasn't polite, she was fed up and he was so fucking short and such a bad dancer anyway, he said

- I'm going to Sture's you're coming with me I'll buy you the whole night girl -

- No -

she said

- what you mean, no? we are going, you are coming now -

he looked shocked

- no -

she said

- OK, but tomorrow you'll come -

he agreed

- OK -

she said wanting to split off.

Crim woke her up the following morning, he was drunk and either desperate either in love, after he spoke to her and damped his head into the pizza they went to his place, after they fucked they were returning to her. The train was filled with drunk young people, it was a circus again. A great circus, they were all very excited and buzzed like crazy hornets, crazy horses, drunk silly cats, puppies eating lions and girls. Masks. There was the smell of the booze, the smell of sweat and harsh pussy sound and coca cola. They all went out on the same station as Crim and Joyce and went up into the square shouting, the night was ice cold and the party was mostly a queue standing all around Stureplan. There

was something temptingly sinister in the air and Joyce wanted to join the crowd tonight as she understood it can't go on forever

- no way! -

opposed Crim

- I have a hang-over, we are going to rent video films and lay in bed, and fuck -

he added seeing that he needed a real strong argument to keep her statement in his hands

- OK -

said Joyce feeling her pussy yell for his cock. They did go home. 5 AM Gabriel and his two pals arrived at the place with a machine gun, as they were not let in earlier to the party, they gunned down over 20 people, 4 died. Crimson and Joyce slept since a while with heads stuffed with love and MOVIE New York flashes in the air and stone, film blood, sex, drugs, coks, intimidation, trouble, slam, slang, guns, dollars, gangs' games and forces and The hero's death. And half hour of a giant fuck and half hour of the porno movie that did appear in the same time. The next night they watched Taxi Driver and Joyce wanted to cry over the New York Gutter and their Lost New York Love. Crimson and Joyce they were an eternity of love. And the world around them swelled with crime, determination and it's revenge, it was thick with assassin's go, victim's thick hot blood, frenzy frantic streets and of course police, press, radio, TV, all the media show and it was all just next door to the bed they were fucking in. The following night Crimson, Fox and Joyce were going to a porno store to rent some new movies. They passed a crowd gathered on the street, pales of roses - white, red, pink, black, carnations, slogans, watchwords, torches, burning candles, tears, anger, and impotence.

- This is not New York! -

someone left a poster beneath the burning torch.

- In New York people gun down each other but we don't want it here -

was the clue

- we only want good American toys, we don't want everything -
how dull-blind can we be? People stood in hours staring at the

holly mark of death and crime. It is may be all just insanity, Gabriel shot because he wasn't let into the disco or could have there been any other reasons? Or was he simply a dancer, the very deterrent dancer?

- We have all gone quite far. Or, far out! -

The media tried to make the cheap statement and grill the new pig in the same hour

- video violence and movies! -

- That's insanity! Statement like this. The cheap, chip bullshit. Or? Are we so easily bought? -

Joyce Crimson and Fox continued to the video store, Joyce plaid with a big sleeping doll with a vagina hole to fuck, in rubber, the doll had real doll glass blue eyes and long stiff black eye lashes, Joyce stood there for a long time flipping her eyelids up and down amaized as they gave exactly the same sound as her dolls did, she loved the clicking sound of their hard plastic lids and the touch of a stiff lashes. Within a day or two came more details in the press, Gabriel was a young and fatherless, he was an outsider, a foreigner, a ruthless member in the roothless family, he was a gangster already for some time, he has committed big robberies, he drunk whisky and cocaine mix also the very Night and most of all he saw himself ugly and much too short - that's why. No one loved him, he was simply too short, so he had to impress and at last he has done it! -

Crim visited Joyce and fucked her again with a condom of course, he checked for the condom around his root all the time, it annoyed Joyce a bit. He left. She was taking a walk. At the place of the assassination was a remarkable crowd, about sixty grown huge men, with huge flat faces and splashed nose's bones, squinting small and empty eyes, extremely broad shoulders, chests, all the backs huge and strong heavy steady legs, shaved heads or almost shaved, regarding Stefan's nomenclature - a cut nr 1, rarely a cut nr 2, they all had thick naps, glorious jackets thick-stiff, leather, or plastic or something else spread over the most powerful shoulders. They were all hugging each other in brotherly manner of huge broad arms and palms big as a plates and a true glass tears shone in the corners of their eyes. They were one of the victim's friends, pals, followers; he was one of them a doorman at the club who denied Gabriel, the entry for the nightly

fun and entertainment; Stockholm's powerful phenomena, they are extremely well paid. The victim was a gangster too, he had guns at home and was involved. Some more wired details came up, the fun party pretty people were rubbing, robbing, killing, flying to Hongkong, traveling to Switzerland, washing money. Stockholm was no longer grandmother's little shelter noticed mob in great astonishment as it -invasive, caressed it's toys. The wind gusted and died into the stillsome and frozen air.

Sally disappeared from Joyce life too as the office Joyce lived at collapsed, it was bankrupt and Sally's pa and his partner had to go underground, it was all about a money. Joyce smoked cigarette after cigarette. Joyce made her room beautiful, she lit the candles her room was a beautifully structured life-tomb and she sat there in candle light stroked with a sudden thought

- the life is not a show! The life is a solitary battle! But for what? -

there was a trouble swelling in Russia again, the soldiers collected and guns and machine-guns cleaned up and tanks ready to go.

- So why don't we close all the cinemas for example? What are we waiting for? -

It was nothing to do but take a walk on the red carpet - again. The police caught a young killer and his pal on the freeway hitting for out of the town. They slashed him to the ground, kicked, cuffed and photographed to satisfy the mob's curiosity and pulled him into the picket's bus.

Joyce run through the cold black night how pathetic it might sound, she was white dressed like a Cinderella doll and she has taken the dancing floor over one more time twisting the entire room round just her hips! Crimson, penniless waited at Extract and when she at last came in through the crowd - which was her third for tonight party - he had a feeling he was going to cry for real!

- his Joyce! is going to save him and buy him a beer! -

he even gave her a kiss. Actually he gave her at list six or seven kisses. This night she run twice alone through the solitary street structure letting the icy gust destroy her lungs mingling with trivial apocalyptic suicide thoughts, playing with them like a girl infant plays the dolls, dressing them in suitable dresses, collars, ribbons, white socks and a little white lack shoes, brushing their

long plastic hair with a pink plastic comb, shaking them hard so they flipped their eyes open and closed unceasingly twinkling at Joyce's reality. She took Crimson after the Extract to the Trap bar that became her favorite cooler or hit up, just before the dawn - shack but suddenly he didn't want to drink more and the entertainment was killed dead, they came to her place, he didn't want to fuck and she did not. He tried to wake her up in the morning pinching her meat, she yelled back, he left and she slept through the hole whole black day. Something was going to happen.

Joyce took a hot bath, shaved her pussy clean, washed her hair, it was a fresh and golden and curly and very soft now, she painted her lips, took clean clothes on, in black; she was on the train and she was going to meet Crim tonight and she suddenly look forward to it very much, she was going to dance and seduce and back home sweetly drunk she was going to dance naked in the strop light and he was going to kiss her off as never before - that was what she planed. She was painting her nails red and it was a difficult job as a train swayed from side to side and back to forth, she held the nailish bottle between her legs, she held it with her knees; now she was ready, she closed the bottle and suddenly sleepy closed her eyes. She had at least 20 minutes more on the train, she had to get home first, change to the net stockings and a plastic skirt and then rush! She was late. Through her lashes she saw a red big prick stretched towards her, she opened the eyes hastily, a man sitting in front of her on the diagonal had his prick out! He had his prick out and it was big and redish with tensed veins, he was older then middle-age; Joyce was ready to choke. She realized that he was watching her from the beginning and watching under her skirt following her thighs in black while she painted the nails and keeping her legs up on the chair opposite, she looked around the wagon, there were people but they seem not to see anything, she couldn't believe her own eyes and did not dare to move, now his long jacket hanged over the dick and it showed up only accidentally, Joyce closed the eyes. Then he stretched up a bit more in the sit letting the prick come out pointing at her and very red. She screamed at him

- you can't drive like that, this is illegitim, are you nuts or what? -

all he did was to flipped his palms over the dick, he did not move neither she and nobody else said a word and he did not. The train

spun through the night. Crimson did not show up at the agreed place.

*

Joyce and Klara were standing outside in a full moon literary fixed into the mob, the crowd was creating a block and nobody could move, in none direction, it was pressed between fences and pressed against the door. The door was shot. It was a party.

Joyce is planning she is going to skate in Kingsgarden. Russians did bomb the up-roar, they have bombed the whole town but it is far off in their own country. Crimson drunk so much last night that he feels he is going to die, his head is pressed under girl's arm pit, it doesn't smell familiar, Crimson wants to see Joyce before. He comes to her place at 5.30 in the morning. He is knocking at her window. She sees him kneeling there. It's a very low window, it's placed right at the side walk. Joyce is sitting on the couch in her room, she is writing a letter about her new movie, her next movie. She is wearing black dress. It's just some small piece of the stretch around her hips, belly and the ass and some little piece of the cloth over front of the chest and over parts of her breasts on two thin straps and something like a little cross over her scapulas. She is wearing nothing under. Last night she sat by the computer below the window and some people from the street knocked into the window and smiled and waved to her, she smiled back and waved back. The next guy who knocked insisted to be let in, he was whining outside her door, she pulled the curtains down feeling a bit uncomfortable, he kept on ringing her door bell at least during one hour, she felt hell of uncomfortable and thought through the possibilities of him breaking in, her legs were like clods, or was it like a cotton? Joyce let Crimson in. She is very happy to see him and puts her writing aside - are you happy Joyce? -

asks her Crim

- how is your life? -

he is watching her, she doesn't answer his questions, she is kissing him for the long time and he kisses her back, they mingle on the couch. They supposed to go to the movies. Crimson hasn't any power to go out. Crimson doesn't want to go out. She sucks him off and she swallows it. They go out and rent two video movies and buy some food, the street is very cold, showered with a small

rain, it's of course dark, it is always dark, it is no use to even mention it.

- I'm going away for the Christmas Eve, but only for one day -

Crim says. They are planing to spend the rest of Christmas together

- it's not nice to be alone -

Crim said few days ago

- you can come to my place, we buy some food and rent some films and stay in bed -

suggested Joyce of course

- I'll buy bottle of whisky -

added Crim

- great -

replied Joyce. They go back home, Crimson takes off his clothes and goes straight to bed

- Joyce, come -

he says many times

- soon -

she says

- wait -

she says

- in a minute -

she says, she is reading a book. It's Bret Easton Ellis book Less than Zero. The book is about nothing and it is very easy and pleasant to read. Now Crimson says he will go only for a few days

- why don't you take me with? -

asks Joyce

- I would love to but I can't -

he answers

- good -

Joyce says

- then I don't have to buy you a Christmas present and I did choose a very beautiful book, in fact two books -

Joyce says. Christmas means nothing to Joyce but the time with Crimson does. But she knows it comes anyhow. At last she comes to bed, before she changes her clothes to a turquoise corset

- o, Madonna -

says Crimson, they watch the movies. Joyce looks beautiful in the piece having celadon breast's cups, glittering tiny shoulders raps and super tight fitted hips and ass in deep dark green emerald and a belly in shining sky blue. An American movie is sick and full with killings, madness and blood. Italian movie " The ugly ones" is charmingly funny and pretty mad and good. No one gets shot even if they try to

- I don't want to be a writer -

says Crim

- I want to live like this old man -

the father in the Italian film - the chap is old, has an old fat sour wife and a fatter sweeter lamb in the same bed, Joyce takes off her pretty clothes, Joyce is naked, Joyce makes love to Crim, is no use to add that he is using the condom, Black Jack, it isn't a wild act. They sleep and they sleep good. The day stands up grey and cold, they go out and Crim is moody, he wants Joyce to buy his ticket for the train as he doesn't have a money, her money is not enough as she made her plan to go too and see her friends and children, she decides they are going to take a train together at the Christm as Eve morning, as it is the same direction . They are at the Station, they book the tickets. They are going to Crim's place, Joyce wants to pick up the money Crim owns her. They arrive, she is restless. Today she is very restless at his place, he goes out to by Coca cola, she takes a bath, he comes back, he looks into her, he is arranging a new carpet and a new painting on his wall, he is cleaning, the room is silent and they don't put any music on

- play some music -

asks him Joyce

- what? -

asks her Crim

- I don't know -

answers Joyce, they play nothing, they lay on his small bed, she is wearing first a yellow towel and then a small black tangas, they lay on the bed, Joyce is hungry and she cooks rice and fries the meat. Crimson bought the cheapest meat he could have find in the store when she asked him to buy something for the dinner.

- He doesn't care for me at all -

Joyce thinks

- you don't want to invest in me anymore -

jokes Joyce, Crimson jokes back. The food tastes excellent, they eat and decide to go back to town together and see a movie, a new Dracula movie with Brad Pitt, they have to rush. The movie is so astonishingly beautiful, Joyce lays her head on Crimsons shoulder, feeling his thin clavicle, Joyce is high. It's the movie that makes her high. High and vulnerable. She thinks about their love and life watching a film blood playful artificial splashes. She knows she loves Crimson and that he means to her as much her life does, if not more. She decides they have to go back to New York together, she decides she is going to give him for Christmas her latest writings and Candid last letters and a picture he has send to her, she is going to write

- Crimson, I never loved Candid, Merry Christmas Crimson, my Love! -

Joyce is so impossible high and spaced on love after the movie, they go out to the bars and drink, Crimson drinks beer and she drinks white wine, Crimson wants to take a last train to his place, she wants to drink more

- you can come with me to my home -

he says, Joyce wants to drink more, Joyce wants to have fun, Joyce wants to be wild, Crimson wants to drink some more too, Crimson drinks beer and she drinks white wine. They have fun, they also go and eat at the night kebab Picadilly. They take taxi to the Trap bar. It's full packed with people and wild. It's her place. She buys two beers, Crimson feels sick, Crimson wants to go

home to Joyce's place, Crimson can't stand inside

- I wait for you outside -

Crimson goes out, she sees him walking outside looking at her standing in the bar, through the window, she is drinking her beer, at last she gives it up and gives up the idea of taking the beer with her hiding it under the jacket. She walks out and they walk home, it's still a full moon. Crimson steals her manuscripts and reads it, he undresses and goes to bed, Joyce complains but not really seriously, she just says, states it

- you don't want to go out with me and be wild, you only like to hunt other girls and then you have fun - - o, Joyce you are jealous -

says Crim happy, of course Joyce is jealous but she doesn't want to waste the time for talking about it, thinking about, feeling about it, she says nothing, she wants to strip for Crim and she wants to use the strop lamp and she wants to film it, it shall be for her new movie, Crimson gets really furious as accidentally he just read "an old story" of Page Hip "filming" and screams at her, getting up from bed, grabbing the camera out of her hands and throwing it onto the couch, he smashes a box with salt instead. Bang! He goes back to bed. She comes to him all naked, crawls under the cover, they embrace, he doesn't want to fuck, she sucks him off or she fucks him, she can't lie in the bed, she feels much uncomfortable at his side, he never kisses her in the sleep anymore, the tight link is broke, their love is baseless, rootless, homeless and still real. This is exactly what he wanted to break, the love when two people become one and one is but a half. He couldn't stand the feeling of being just a half of the person being placed in the perfect and strong body of the very beautiful young man - he is, he needed to break the link, he couldn't stand the feeling of needing her desperately and needing her for to breath and needing to fuck her sweet pussy and kiss her lips and needing to sleep beside her cream white body and soft like a dream

- You don't love me anymore -

says Joy

- you are only with me because you don't want to be alone, you don't want to fuck and kiss and all is very strange -

states Joy considering the fact that he is constantly coming

looking for her and she is not, she isn't going to his place and she is hardly phoning him except for the very single calls - he says nothing. She sleeps on the couch and he calls her back, she comes and goes, comes and goes through the whole night. She can't stand laying beside his very strange and odd body after the very first minutes which are just great

- I love you -

she wants to whispers to Crim

- We are going back to New York in couple of months -

whispers Joyce, they sleep at last without from her side struggle

- I guess I love You -

says the girl, she is very tired and she has a hang-over, she boils eggs for him, he eats the eggs and goes home. She is cleaning her whole place, she goes out, she is writing him a lovely post card. They are going to meet in three days and go for dinner together and then they are going to spend the night together and travel by train together.

*

Joyce went beyond. She was out of her place for 24 hours and she has gone beyond. Joyce survived. This time she was cuffed. Joyce survived hung-over. She is walking on the street, she is singing loud, she is going home, it's 9 p.m.. It was a swell party and Joyce was a queen, she danced on the table for the whole room gathered, she was at the Christmas party for some musicians at the Irish Pub at Kingsstreet. Indeed she had fun and charmed everyone also girls and women and bartenders and guards and place's owners indeed, but then at some other party Joyce was simply pissed, she must have been out of her mind, there was a lot of wild running and white wine and red wine and Martini and grass and other stuff and she was cuffed for the long time sometimes by her hand and sometimes by her foot and sometimes both feet or hands and hands and she ended up in the bath tab she was told, with water running in three hours

- I never seen something like it -

said Marc

- well -

said Joyce

- this is quite normal for me, I must have been a fish or a myriad in my life before -

he only looked, Johnny almost set on her coming inside the living room wanting to sit down on the couch and finding there a naked blond girl covered with a small white towel pulling her thin calves tightly towards herself. So for all the men she did amused last night she couldn't even cunt their number using not only her fingers but also her toes she had a fucking roar of panic gusting through her dying shrinking soul and creeping jumping Jack flesh now and now was a hell and it's were she was for good and Crimson definitely wasn't by her side

- O, Crimson if I only could have get my hands on you now it would have been all great! Just dozing by your shining side and coil against your heart, - o pathetic - and lampoons were her thoughts running off into the staring starring stirring time time time time fear when Joyce was beyond. And it all started so cool, she phoned Marc as Caro's phone was occupied, yes simple as that, and Marc was going out quite soon and she was going to join him

- how nice! -

So Marc picked her up and they walked up Sturegatan, across Stureplan and up Kingsstreet; already walking inside the Place, the fat guy at the mike on the stage and dressed into red Santa Claus's flannel said

- O, Welcome Marc with a Little Blond Cutey Babe! -

and she gave a charming smile onto the filled up room.

*

Joyce's statement

- I need to tell you about Crimson's cock, his precious dick. It's beautiful, graceful, big, dancing, powerful, mingling, full of splendor, strong, real, gutsy, gusty, loving, lovable and my - that's a lie. His dick is simply the best and it smells perfect and tastes even better. Well I didn't know it was that great, I knew I was in love

that was all. But now when I have seen his smaller and most miserable substitutes the truth talked. Well, this is it. -

*

Joyce's confession

- My life is mad. Crimson comes and goes as he pleases and I'm rather thankful for both. Am I a peanut? Is he still my king? Is he my king? Is he a king? A king? King? He is already planning a move, the move from the city. He is talking about death. He is talking about Life. He is choosing a death verbally. He is choosing life. He is a life. He is alive. My life is not a life. He comes and then I can't even write. If I'm not a writer - what am I? But of course minding the love I feel to him - I have to stop the research the moment he appears or am I starting it for real? Am I winning or loosing? First he wanted us to continue to fuck, that was all we had, he called it pleasure, then we did some kind of life-love-sex compromise the days he was there-here and nothing the days he wasn't here-there - as - he was with the others. He tells me about fucking other girls, I go for it fucking other men. I don't want to fuck other men. Whose life is mine? What-whose life am I living? If I am not a writer, who am I? Now he wants to see me when he needs me like a friend, all of the sudden sex is dead, he has either pain in his dick or something else, he does fuck with the others, the change have happened very suddenly. Who am I? He seem to combine the madness of my both parents and is he going to be my death? my annihilation? What am I waiting for? Am I totally crazy? Am I crazy? Am I? Is Crimson more then just a color, the color, the color of life? Red? Is he just a red color of life? My life? He is a red color of life. -

Joyce is wearing her Cinderella's white clothes - a white fitted dress showing off her round hips round and popping ass and round nude upper parts of her breasts and a white short fur jacket not covering even an inch of all that also in Crimson presence and people are watching them both, Joyce is pretty like a doll or a B movie star, Crim is always shockingly handsome man. Joyce has nothing to say. Her hair is bleached and forming small curls.

Crim doesn't talk to her except for when he talks about himself.

XIII

CAPTURED. Captured in love again, captured into love, dealing with a trivially formal, female thoughts - does he love me or does he not, where do I get money from, will it be enough to buy food, what do I cook tonight, why ain't I able to cook more then three dishes - beef with potatoes, pork chops and meat souse with spaghetti and a Greek salad - that's four, I don't want to eat pig meat, I want his baby, I want my breast to grow enormous first with his sleazy desire, round my little nipples to groovy big and dark almost black and then, I want them to swell with milk over a little creature which would have been so much of him and so much of me which would have been a unity and a perfect prove of our virile love our most powerful dirt our force our energy our angel-like dust not spread in no avail. And then, the wrong side of the moon, the other side, the tricky one - will I get very fat, will I ruin my hips and belly, will I get pregnant at all, will it work, will he leave me or will he not, will he be at presence when my breasts will yell for his touch, when my pussy will yell for his dick, when Angel - the fetus shall take it's shape, move, wave and grow and stick through the stretched skin of my belly, and then at last Angel's birth, the coming out into the silly silky beautiful world, humble, helpless, forceful, bloody and screaming - will he be there? Will his love last? And besides why don't I get up early enough of the bed and house to get to the doctor and pick out my spiral? Or am I already pregnant, it feels like that in many parts of my body? Shell men

stop looking at me as I was their closest dream? Crimson, I'm captured, captured again. And this is how it have happened. It has been 46 days. The first day we went and did Christmas shopping and I lended a money to Crim and after Crim lended his money to me and then we went to my mother for a before Christmas Eve meal, it was a Polish traditional and it fucked out stomachs and after we went to the bar and Crim was pretty sentimental and I was empty as a bell hanging on the cow's, with seven stomachs, throat and I insisted to walk far-fart and he got very much too cold and bored. The second day we got up very early and went for the train, we slept on it.

Joyce luggage got stolen, all her pretty clothes, white dress, net stockings, black silk negligee, red silk fringes negligee, high heel shoes, creams, 8 of her books that was all she had left, 5 white plastic costumes for the BTH movie, 4 pares of orange plastic gloves, two white hats and all the presents she has bought. Crimson was taking her to his mother place for the Christmas Eve, Joyce was nervous, and now also her fine clothes were gone and her shoes. The family reunion and union and meeting was fine, food was excellent, woods were wet, cold and threatening and sinister, silence was a fact, after one day tripping on her bare feet and smoking cigarettes outside Joyce was done; she had to leave. But something of the highest value had happened, to Joyce - anyway. At night Crimson fucked her without a condom, he came into her flashing his sperm all over her thankful rosy pussy. This was a sensation! And now Joyce sat in the bath tub inspirting the odors coming out of her. The snow was still up in the sky, the snow did not fall down this Christmas; the sperm did, Joyce got her Christmas gift and sat embracing her delighted belly. - O, man! - OK may be she over estimates it, the fact was that he wanted her to suck him and she wanted a screw and she kept on sucking him and she stopped every time he was about to come

- fuck me -

said, Joyce rising her face off his dick

- I don't have a condom -

he answered

- suck me off -

he added

- no -

Joyce replied and laid back on the pillows, Crim's choice was limited.

Crim stayed in the Twin Picks.

The third day Joyce was at her old home and she cleaned it up imagining how cozy it became. It wasn't cozy, it was a theater scenery, empty, soulless and dead. She has done bed out of pillows and fur coats and covered it with a light blanket, she has placed the bed-palet in the middle of the huge eight corner's room with white and brown curtains, it was also in front of the fire place and she kept on burnig-flaming a lot of stuff in it. She plaid radio all the time very loud. In the front room she placed a table in the middle and chairs, she hanged pictures on the walls and on the table she has placed a plant she has stolen from the outside the neighbor's door and in it a plaster head of the pharao, possibly young face of a Tutenhamon. Violet, purple and Parisian blue Hyacinth's sick heavy scent filled the place battling the fire and a heavy mold smell settling down in the old wooden houses' apartments that stand empty for too long time, cream white baroque crepe curtains in that room. The last two rooms were shot, one filled up with packed cartoon boxes and the other that used to be the room of Joyce's son completely empty, almost sterile. She did not expect Crimson so soon but he run through the door. She was standing a top of chair hanging up last curtain, he run towards her, picked her down with a yell of a joy, kissed her lips, fucked her - come into her with his precious sperm again! and invited her out.

- Oh, I thought you two, were in Hollywood -

the occasional customers and spectators welcomed them skeptically and with a sting; it was a sort of their home town - little, small and forgettable. Then he fell asleep on the floor besides the table when they came back late at night and she remain sitted over a bag of chips. Home was cold and cover was very thin and they laid in bed practically on the bare floor and she fucked him and fucked him and sucked his whitest winter juice of his cock! The winter plaid it's charms for Joyce to the hot pulse of her blood and heart. Yes, her heart fucked and they have gone to the hospital but it was a minor problem and soon they were back into the fucking and hot floor, every time she stopped the act she was

already willing to do it again, her pussy flamed up for good and Crim's mood turned down back into the town's blues. The following night they have been to a whisky party and Joyce came out of shape, she did perform a girl-bitch a bitch-idiot and they both forgot to fuck watching, on the TV luxury strip girlie girls nude or lightly dressed. The hang-over was total and Crim's soul wept. Joyce performed the hostess, the nurse, a mother, a whore, a starlet, a housekeeper, a housewife and a cook; Crimson was totally stranded into her willing arms, shoulders and fingertips. The town was odd as an old hat on the bald old lady head. The gutter literary crumbled under Crim's proud steps. Joyce was cool, she was arranging her home-house but she failed all the time as she mostly found herself staring into the mirrors of dust. The old year was catching up with a new one and Crim decided to leave her one more time this year and he really had to stress as the last day entered the clock. He left by train 6 AM.

Colombia - 150 people were arrested, 20 airoplanes. 8000 policemen took part in the gig. Far off.

*

- O what a mess! -

on the contrary Joyce's life was perfectly in order and may be Crimson's too

- surprise, surprise -

it was only 8 AM and Joyce cleaned up all the mess around her. Crimson was on the train going south and away from Joy. Joyce understood she was Crimson's wife and should take their love most serious and even with more care. Crimson was OK, really, even he seemed so piggy and swiney when he was around her and moody in the same time. He needed extremely much air and in this old place - old apartment - old home - old town - the ghosts where awkwardly overwhelming them - The ghosts? - Yes some kind of - Living on my own - Freddie Mercury sang again on the radio, and now Mick Jagger - Start me up! Never stop! Vov! Vov! - Crimson slept on the train. And again the growing distance was bringing their hearts even closer one more time. The town, she was in was banned and may be banned for good. She "plaid home" and it did not do.

Two days ago she insisted

- I want to celebrate a New Year with you as we have decided -

- I don't care Babe -

he replied. It may be all started when the thieves stole her clothes, especially a white dress she was planning to wear and net stockings and her shoes, or may be when she did not behave on the TV porn party and she turned sour-sad and not even sour-sweet and Crim had to get pissed at her, or may be when she got jealous at him watching young Tracy's attempts to her pink little juicy pussy on the screen, where was Joyce's sense of the common and her intuition? or may be when she dreamed? may be when she did not lie in bed? and fuck and suck at the right spot of the second? may be when she phoned? or may be when he phoned?

- O, this is just a bullshit -

whispered Joyce and dropped it all. She needed all the air too, all the air for herself. She needed to get a real grip of herself and a grip of her new film

- yes, the new film. -

She got stuck where she was. Crim passed her place, up in Stockholm, every day, every night and every morning, she wasn't there, he was leaving notes. On the forth day of parting she sent him a card.

"I'm coming back relatively soon. So, you gave me your sperm at last for Christmas, not too bad at all. But I want a real sensual passionate fuck, I want you to suck my clit and lick me off into the very end, I want to scream in your arms and under your performing dick. So you have kicked the door to my entire reality, my integrity, my heart, you've got my love back and I wonder what you'll do with it? O, what a Party we have missed. I want to make a new songs, I want, I want, I want... Tod have been sleeping in my bed but we did not fuck, but I guess it is nothing to say as when we are apart it doesn't really matter or does it? See you soon Crim and be really sweet when you see me."

Crim walked round her door like a dog. She took few more days, all together exactly one week, they met at the train station, took a taxi, run in, he pulled her new green panther jeans down leaving her new green jumper on and fucked her pussy so excellent that he made her scream, made her lose her scream, lose her breath,

lose herself. Joyce heart went fast-fast-fast like a little toy train down the stormy hill, and Crim was cool and Crim was drunk and Crim was a hero one more time.

At last he painted all her nude parts with red hearts in lipstick and said

- if there is a love, if there is a beauty - it has your name, Joy - she wore an emerald green corset fit, boots and a captain cap. She still had a lot off distance to him but he was rubbing it off her back, her butt, her pussy, her inner cunt, her mind and her soul he was after.

As the days went by and the nights they repeated the deed. They ate from the same table, the same pot, the same plate, the same spoon, knife and fork. As the days went by and the nights they started to get bored of idyllic pace. Joyce had difficult to sleep all the time by his side, she found out she got used to sleep alone on and off, but Crimson seemed pleased so she has learned it back, learned his sleeping body back, his loins, and his sleeping dick, his arms and caressing shoulders, his feet, night kisses through the sleep, the breath, the heart beat, Crimson's heart beat. Crimson was calling her his wife and planning his single life somewhere in the future in the Mediterranean, may be Italy or Greece or south of France, himself on the beach or the bitch or certainly both as he gave her a gloomy smile painting the view, himself walking on the beach with a bottle of pink wine or blond beer -

- or blond bear - thought Joyce - of course at sunrise; and he knew the young attractive and very handsome lad doesn't last lonesome in the starry night.

- Yes, this diva-girl with balloon breasts, gracile legs and the pockets full of diamonds and the money! -

sensed Joyce. After 10 nights together they took one night off for no reason and stopped experimenting remain side in and side by side. Crimson's sperm flew and spun and was all over the place was Joyce's impression. She cooked dinners. But no longer with candle lights and bottles of chilled wine with a cork-screw already done in. And herself sitted on the frame of the couch in some cute negligee alert for the door bell cling. Crimson did not have any

money, mostly did not have any money. They had small fights, they beat each other over the bag of chips one night and Crim gave a skull - as he called it - to a boy she danced with and he screamed all over the street - why did you fuck Page Hip? I have fucked a Black girl when you were away! -

and she still complained about the bag of potato chips, he smashed her entire room while she yelled

- you didn't buy me anything, you didn't buy me a dress! you didn't buy me even a flower Goat Head! -

and he screamed - you don't even realized how lucky you are to have such a young beautiful man like me, Old Bitch! -

and they were both pouring down the pictures of them two in a kiss and full color, and he hit her a little bit and locked her in, she shrieked like a crazed out pig realizing at that very instant that she had stranded out entirely and right then he opened the door and brought her to bed and into his arms, she licked his sperm as she licked her wounds and sores while he was chewing her butt, the rose bud and the pussy. Sometimes they slept at his place but mostly at her, she found out in the perfect dark of her cave she has got back her eyes of darkness around him, she watched with her hungry lips and her tongue and with the fingertips and the flesh of her breasts and the flesh of her hips eating his cock in the dark she saw everything, and everything was as the world turning back into her arms, the world turning back and onto their crucified love somehow new and somehow very old. There was a vague plan of moving to New York, Joyce going first, finding an apartment and Crim joining her quite soon. It is possible that Crimson had other plans simultaneously with that one. They were a couple again even if Crimson stated

- we do not live together -

Joyce saw him every night and every dawn. The couple as the time went by grew into the roots of dream and silence, soon they had nothing to tell each other and Crim grew bored of sex but not yet the food, company and the bed. Joyce was turned on an idea to make love to Crim with another girl, she had this ecstatic vision - she and another girl sitting nude or almost nude in opposite corners of the couch and Crimson coming IN! Tension, wine, smell in the entire silence except for their harsh breathes. Then Crim lying all nude in bed and both girls licking his penis as on the

classic pornos and as Crimson suspected she wanted to lick the girl's shaved swollen tasty cunt and vice versa and then she and the other girl bent forward with the hot excited butts maximally stacked up and he fucking them simultaneously and fast, she and the other, she and the other, she and the other butt to butt! And Crimson's Dick! She was also out some night and nights looking for the other girl, she was so turned on that she felt as her own pussy was going to fall out as she run through the park to the bar, she knocked off her knee painfully on the glassy ice glaze, she spotted one bitch and waited for her, danced with a pretty boys who were especially much after her this night as she wasn't the least, but it did not work at last. The girl said

- some other time -

and she went off with a boy. Joyce came back alone and crept at the Crim's soft warm back and fell into the sleep. They slept a lot. They watched a lot of video movies at her place.

One night they were going to meet at the bar but Crim was all too late, that night she spent in one girl's company and they did adore each other but talk was serious chat about work, her work, pussy, pussy art and the world; they were actually going to continue plus one more boy but they lost hold of each other when Joyce was calling Crim at the bar closing, almost 6 AM. And there was also a tall pretty Black guy who tried to hold his palm on Joyce's ass. This dawn Crim brought a boy with him, home, a little man but it all turned miserable.

- Look -

said Crim to Joyce the following day

- I have been dragging him here so we could have fuck him, both and why didn't you want? -

but he knew that Joyce did not fall for midgets, the blond guy was homosexual and did not like Joyce, and brushed his own hair all the time and said

- I'm so vain -

except when he flattered Crimson a god and then Crim took a lovely grip round small guy's shoulders and with his right palm grip on his ass and stacked his virile tongue into the other guy mouth in the perfect kiss or it's fleshy beginning. Joyce stood across the

table staring and still.

- I think she is jealous -

said Crimson's partner and then it all went somehow to hell among Joyce's little sobs.

- Are you an actress? -

asked her a little guy and Crimson slept and small guy was eating cookies and then he left. Yes, the life wasn't easy. Hi. That following day Joyce of the melted heart was entirely in love to Crim whose hang-over was as a huge palm tree and bigger then parachute and even bigger and soon after he had a feeling that she was pregnant, Joyce breasts started to swell and grow. They both laid nude on the bed. Crim squized her belly and smiled

- I'm fat -

stated Joyce who was very thin not long ago

- it is nice -

replied Crim and added

- may be there is a little kid in here -

In a few days she was sold. Sold on it. Sold into the baby trip, Crimson's child trip. It all came fast over her and unexpectedly, she was dreaming night sweet mares that Crim was going to merry her and of course they were going to have the Baby! Somehow he did not dislike the idea, he pat her belly and gave her soft smiles, one night they slept at his place and as he had windows in his room, he could look into her eyes waking up as he used to do "in their life before when they had a home" what was impossible in her place as the darkness stole all the views and looks and this very morning he glazed at her with so much love; the coming night it was all fucked. Joyce met him at the bar instead of her home as it was planned, she was in the company of other men and she talked much crap how much they adored her and how nimble she was dancing on the table to one special song and it was all fucked, Crim wouldn't give her any soft looks no more. They watched more video films every night and in every movie there were kids, babies, the men were struggling for the love and all that crap or a proper lifes; Joyce turned unbearable, she complained about paying for him, cooking, shopping, dishing, cleaning, him not giving her one single compliment or

decent fuck. She does not mind doing all that for him but what she really wants are the classics - she wants Crimson to be, to mean, to want, to say

- Joyce, be my wife I want your Baby! -

Crimson is planing his single life anyway, Joyce wants white wedding dress and a light steps inside the murky church and heavy organ music, Crimson plans his departure as soon his book shall be ready, Crimson is planing to move to Casablanca on his own, planning to buy a white suit and compose himself wonderfully at the out cafes'. And to switch from the cigarettes to the cigarillas. He is talking a lot about himself, how great writer he is, how great his new hair cut is and why, how fantastic his feature and future spell itself, how totally recognized he is going to be and how soon, how every body is going to lick his rose bud, and how brilliant his language is and how brilliant he is all together.

So now Joyce was done; Joyce is done, she has had confessed to him in spoken and written words, Crim doesn't say anything.

That was the 46 days of Joyce and Crimson without a condom. Hi.

XIV

The whole last week, or what ever time it was she has spent dreaming her baby-state, the baby being begun in her, it blew her mind and her body, swollen up now breasts big and hurt, especially when she was waking up at night or in the morning, bigger and bigger and hurting more and more, even Crim has said

- oh, nice big teats! -

but he wouldn't play with them or suck, only touched it softly feeling the growing weight, he has been staring at that very part of her all the time wherever she was naked or dressed, following her with a serious look. Joyce became obsessed.

- Baby! Baby! Child! I want your child! -

she repeated holding onto her very hurt, very swollen and very big gorgeous teats.

Wherever Joyce goes they take her for the hooker and she seriously wonders why, they even tell her that or they don't, but she knows it's what they think.

- Is her face that odd, vulgar, deterrent? Or what is it? My clothes? -

she speculates

- But it doesn't seem to make any difference, it's the same whatever I have on, is it the way I walk? Is the whole town mad? -

"Joyce" "walks" "home". Yes, it's exactly what it says. A woman named Joyce and feeling as about being herself but not really, actually feeling quite much as something else moves along the street, it is evening, Friday and all the people she passes in the passage are about going into the bar, pub, restaurant, disco, they are dressed up and very visibly in the popping party mood, they are mostly in groups on two, sometimes bigger, they are talking to each other, embraced or close to it, Joyce walks by herself, she is going in direction where the place is where she is spending her nights and days. It's not that her loneliness is that palpable, I mean she is hardly alone all the time, night dinners, watching movies, making love, drinking sleeping, waking up - all that she shares with Crimson day after day, night after night, what's palpable is the timing gap or the incredible difference between her and the others, stranger in the paradise - pathetic prescription or it is something completely else she doesn't get a grip on. Where is the error? What is the error - as error it is. All seems so unreal to her. Is it? There is a certain split in the reality. She is carrying four heavy bags, she has been going on like that since about 5 hours, she has walked many streets, passed many hundreds of people, may be thousands, she has collected, bought a lot of stuff, stockings, wine bottles, beers, food, make up, shampoo, food for the scene she is going to film tonight, she was pretty excited about it, but now all is dull, it all feels very dull, she is going to blow her brains, I mean in the film scene, she is thinking

- how a hell am I going to cook for Crim or even open the door for him when I'm going to lay there on the floor with my head blown away? OK -

she corrects herself

- this is only a scene an illusion so my head is going to be still there, that means I can get up and open the door. But will he not get panic when he sees me there standing in the door without a head? -

she catches herself on

- well, I'm going to lay there and take this and this and this picture; but how a hell I'm going to take this and this and this picture when I lay there on the floor being filmed? -

Joyce stops on the street and puts the bags down, they are heavy.

We have merge, we have merged with a power of gust. Love is such a secret to me, to us. So irrelevant and so perfectly natural. He would only shrug his wings, his shoulders if you would have ask. - He - Aggrevioues-Crimson; as she did not "go" into his great plan, she only brought him from day to day from night to night and from night to day - she - Joyce. Love is such an embarrassment to our great plan, a sufficient vision of life. Love is that trivial that we willingly forget it's name. The bless is dashed, cooked, fried, roasted, grilled and eaten up, consumed with bones, with a peel to appeal to you as a vague but heavy cloud. Yes - the point of it, Crimson's intention was to survive, no - wrong, it was to win the world, to take the world with a storm, but till then he needed to survive and Joyce was his insurance, his emergency door and it happened he stood in that back door since a long time now, he knew what was at his back and he knew for sure what was in front and it was irresistibly great but the fucking door hit his face instantly. The door. Crimson's mind was black like an oyster and horny like an old octopus and his fingers were tough; and tougher was her world. He ignored her clit instantly. She was a princess on ruins, she sat there on a smashed down stuff covered with soot, dreaming.

- Well, you can only blame yourself, Joy, you know how the things are and what I'm up too -

said Crim and he always used the steady voice, his steady voice, giving her a shake

- it is a big mistake to even think about a child, you would make me very angry, very disappointed -

he did not look at her, besides the room was buried in dark, her world was a dark cave

- I'll come at night -

he added.

Actually it wasn't so even if it was so. It all took many hours. Joyce started to bleed one week too early. They laid in bed and their bodies were naturally hot, she was hot like an oven with only the ash inside and she whispered to him

- Crim I want your baby -

and then he said what he said and gave her his shoulder to lay on and her breasts were swollen and filled with physical simple pain, they yelled for life, real life and they were very hot both on the inside and the outside and the nipples were burning. They slept very long this night and she dreamed about children she has left, babies she has abandon, they were three or four, dream was painful. Then he got up, went to buy a breakfast, ate, said he was coming back at night and went out.

The night before, Crim and Joyce were drunk and they had a show like the old days. She was filming when he came, she had a red corset on and a boots, that was all, she had neck and a chin painted with ketchup and on the floor laid her shot brain, a cow kidney, a half of small cauliflower, tomato mash, chopped cow meat and small pieces of beefsteak; an imitations was considerably satisfying

- it is like a trip, coming in here -

said Crim coming in

- you look great -

he said and after the farther recognition and fast consideration corrected himself

- you look terrible, I hope you don't feel how you look -

Joyce felt stonned, Joyce needed Crim's help to film, he was bored of it, bored of her and all that, he watched through the porno magazines while she simultaneously cook for him and rearranged her filming requisites, Crimson did not feel like eating, Crimson felt like puking looking at the food and the cow's stinking kidney on the floor and her hellish face and eyes gone somewhere he did not want to get to; Joyce dressed for going with him out to the bar, she did not wear underwear only net stockings and a very short dress, satisfied with herself slipped a garter on the right thigh, had newly washed hair and not so much more on, except for pretty eyes and horny lips, they got considerably drunk

already at home on extra strong beer and wine and then more beer in the bar, a tall man approached Joyce

- I bet you aren't wearing a underwear -

and she alert and excited repeated it to Crim, she must have been a nut, this girl - Joyce; Crim sad something to that guy and the guy went, she wondered what did he say. She was very drunk and they did drink more, back home, Joyce changed her clothes many times, and cut it with a biggest kitchen knife wholes for her breasts and her cunt, she waved her nude hips over Crim's face but did not dance, she showed her lips of her hungry belly, she pissed when he was fucking her and his dick stiffened up at the sensation and dig her and poke her like an iron sword pricking pink flesh, it was Joyce's paradise. She continued stuffing her little cunt with knives and fucking a bottle and changing the clothes, at last Crim fucked her butt and fucked her pussy in the chair with so much power that he jab-blew her whole soul with hordes of spear-swords in pure gold and prod with ancient elephant tusks and a dinosaur's privy parts so horny was his cock. And the only conclusion the silly girl approached was

- Crim I want your Baby -

and a holly ghost Crim who knew today the filthy evil intimately enough just had to deny her one more time leaving her to the thoughts of a humble sorrowful violation and the pussy's blood flowing. The hostile clouds gathering, were up to swallow her one more time and this time she hoped it was going to be an eternity as her soul had no strengths to travel back and forth again.

Crim despises what they have done, his sober philosophy is a young clean man philosophy, means mostly no philosophy at all but a properly ordered life.

- What?! -

- Yes, it is difficult to believe. But it means, no pissing love. -

Crim also despises the idea of the baby being brought up to the earth from the deepest of Joyce's motherly bowls and his very own energy. The way he put it

- I don't want to have a child with you, Joyce -

he said and he broke the heart of that fucking bitch Joyce. Joyce is

sad, endlessly sad. She sees herself under torments of water, drowning, dying, dissolving, disappearing, comprehending at last, becoming weightless, waitless, worthless and so fucking eternal and powerful. Crim has great plans for his future and constantly hates his very presence

- if not my dream I would at instant die in this prison -

please guess, is Joyce a guard, a rat, a mouse, a room mate, a cook or a pussy or may be all together? a tardy?; a dart is coming through her heaviest heart a whole way soon, this is a bad fairy tale but yet not sinister enough.

Joyce misses her son very much, the missing doesn't go down, it increases, it howls in her like a wolf, she lives from day to day, there is no plan for anything, loneliness besets her with a tight black ring, the people she sees hem her, sometimes sex with Crim is like a little window out sometimes not. She listens to Nirvana all the time and most willingly.

Joyce looks for one street in the rain, she asks the stranger, she is soaked with cold rain dash, he is wanting to point the way for her, he walks very near, very close to her, Joyce is wondering

- why a hell is he walking so close to me? -

she can feel his breath and his intention

- is he going to jump on me too? -

a small young man says

- well, are you in the hurry? -

- no -

she says

- I live here -

he points up

- we can go to my place and drink cofee -

- o, no, no -

says Joyce

- are people mad or what's going on? -

silently she questions her world one more time. The man explains to her how she has to continue walking. She walks off, she feels uneasy. The rain is cold.

- How have you been doing Pussy cat? -

asked Crim coming in, Pussy Cat was drinking vodka two days ago and have been very depressed at the moment, Pussy Cat was flashing down her thoughts, it's suicidal thoughts

- how charming -

Crimson commented in his very own person and very verbally, Joyce swallowed bunch of tears and said

- yeah! charming indeed isn't it? -

she broke off in a cry, Crim didn't know what to do, lately he didn't know what to do about her all the time, that was jus fucked fact

- his Pussy Cat is damb, dumb -

he started to think and at last he did decide

- the Pussy Cat is an idiot -

Joyce went by the street and it strangely enough smelled and felt Spring

- already? -

she thought surprised

- yeah! -

and then she continued thinking about the love and her life

- it was all so useless, the way she plaid all the cards to his hand all the time, as the steppe's woolf starts to eat from the man's hand, and what shit instead of nourishment, or is it just her head blown off totally? -

she thought

- why no man ever asked me to marry him and to have a child with? OK, I was married twice but I know well how did it go, the first time I was pregnant and he had to, sort of do it, he was forced to do it, for the second time I married a man who loved me and beated me and our child, my second child, was already four years old and I needed it - the marriage for the papers as we wanted to go to Poland and there was a risk they might keep me, OK, both of my

ex-husbands did not leave me, I left them and they would want me back still today, no one ever left me, is it really true? yeah, I think so and every one I left I could have back right today if I tried but it's not that, no one ever asked me to marry, you know the classic way with a ring in the clutched palm and a fiercing battling bumping pumping heart, really questioning, really awaiting the answer, can you believe it? I guess I'm too easy to get, I'm somehow getting them myself, do I? I guess so, I guess the only one I did not get and he got me is still Crimson. O, Crimson he really is a chapter of my life, a bible, will I die for him? -

Still it was difficult to agree that the man whom she called "the one who knew how to take off girls underwears" stopped taking off hers, it was bloody small detail and this bloody small detail was fucking painfull one and it started to grow over her head - the detail not an underwear. Hi. And then she also remembered very well, when they had some hot sex games in December and she mingled with his balls he said

- o, be carefull, they are important for me, I want to have children - these words burnt. Joyce felt she was getting sick or something, mostly something, Crim was trying new glasses and needed her to watch the shapes of a different samples being tried, she felt as she was going to puke every time, she sat on the chair and he showed her every single par. He looked OK - she thought

- in the glasses, where he looked really great were his jeans - she started to stare between his legs every time he presented a new par of glasses, stare at the very side on his left inner thigh where his big dick showed up bumping up the fabric. Joyce gained such a terrible head ache that she had to interrupt the session and go to the chemistry store to bay vitamins and pain killers, she left the shop and run into the street, she had to cross that street and the next one to get to the pharmacy, a red small Toyota coming all of the sudden in front of her pushed her back abruptly, sliding on a new rubber tires shrilling the front mask of the car lifted Joyce up like a paper doll and dashed her against the glass of the eye-glass's store slizing the top of her head open and smashing huge window threw Joyce right to the Crimson's feet, her eyes wild wide open, the floor fast covering with blood, Crimsons shoes, jeans bathed, Crimsons hands, knees, face,

arms coloring; shrill from the outside exploding in his head together with Joyce's last scream. The sound of broken glass continuing. They walked on the street, New York, Saint Marcs, if you have been there you picture it immediately, evening, hot, people, many people, very meny people, drowning in rather friendly crowd of shops, shoppers, street walkers, drug adicts, crack pushers, dogs, junkies, pretty girls, blacks, yellows, whites, brownees, street bums, big kids, boys, eyes, everything - Joyce and Crimson were in a hurry, they were going to meet John Giorno at a "gay and lesbian literary reading", Joyce was very pretty, Crimson was very pretty, Crimson wore a blue jeans and dark shirt stack into the jeans and open the whole way showing off his brown tan and hairy chest - the hair on his chest in a shape of a heart, Joyce had a deep tan, a tight black very short dress with an opening and a line of small black buttones between the buttocks - there comes a song on the radio right now, a female voice is singing "I'll survive, I have all my love to give, I have all my life to give, I'll survive, I have all my love to give, I have all my life to live, I'll survive" it wins Joyce's heart and her decisions with childish easiness- showing off her breasts and shoulders, decorated in a sparckling yellow boa - on the New York street - they did run, people stopped them saying

- o, men you don't belong here, go to California and take care of your love, you're both so beautiful, men take good care of each other and have a fine life! -

XV

Now Joyce walked along Nybrogatan, of course her late death was but a dream, last night they had a great fuck, she licked him off for the very long time at last he turned her on her belly, pulled down her black silk tangas down almost to her knees, rose her butt and entered her cunt totally soaked with pussy juice at that moment, he bumping heavily came and made her scream!, someone rung the door bell and he slid out for to open the door, Joyce laid on the bed atop of sheets like a princess in her holly hot dream with eyes black and fixed as a boiling pitch, someone came some looser intruder and he was cold, now she has been to a vernissage at Gallery 3, Crimson refused to fetch her there, all the "friends" went to Bombay for dinner, Joyce walked towards her place, three, no four boys stopped her on the way, she sort of moved one of the guys of her way and passed, walking off, one of them continued what he has already started, standing face to face with her

- how much? -

she was off may be a 5, 6 meters she turned back and screamed

- this words you can stop up your ass! -

she walked noticing a red limo following her, she slow down, turned, the car stopped, she went towards it, she put her hand on the car door's ice cold opener, she had bare hands, no polish,

black leather jacket covered with a short light brown fox cape, extremely short and tight black skirt, net stockings, and a leopard high heel LA boots

- 4000 -

she said, bending forward opening the door - four was her sacred number

- no condom -

a little egg head man stacked his head through the window still rapidly flashing down. A little egg was just passing through her loins, loins, the loins. There was a way to fix the life one way or another. And she knew it.

*

- If you'll give me a script I want, I'll creep at your feet -

said Leon, he was serious about producing her new movie, unfortunately she wasn't. She mingled with the old one. She had shown him some few great pages, 1 meter square size of a messy blurb, he was observant but did not like the story

- Jim Jarmush is an idiot -

Leon pointed for Joy

- an avantgarde is dead since 1920 -

he assured her

- actually I know what you're doing, you are seducing yourself and this is not fair against your spectators, I forbid you to use my name as a producer for your BTH film -

Joyce sat on the floor staring at him blankly, holding into her tall glass of a red wine, unfortunately he drunk only a red wine; it did her no good, she preferred a white one.

One is so incredibly single, in town, on earth, in space and soul,

one is so incredibly single, when one already lost, and still can
lose more. Spring, success, sex - all is so small when one feels so
incredible single, in spite togetherness, one is so single...

JUST SHIT

THE FINAL COUNT DOWN

PART THREE

The very last days and nights of Miss Joyce Joy and Crim
Crimson in laugh.

**

I didn't have to get farther then love to get deep down to hell. I
didn't have to do anything more then let a man love me to let the
beast free. I was ready to taste the cruelty of his dick, I was in love
for a first time in my life and soon I was going to feel the horns of
the vain devil herself - me? - he, still combing his hair and fixing his
looks between the torments and intercourses.

Oh, sweet intercourses...

*...if I ever would have believed I was in fact going to lose you,
Angel, I would have act a hell of different, all the way different.*

Would that have change anything?

I don't know.

Still, I would have done all I could.

*I did nothing. Nothing. Literary nothing. And one more time
nothing.*

*All right, I wrote a few love letters... and a few hate letters. Was
my life no more, then words...?*

XVI

By now it's but a dream of my man...

my man, my man, this is a worst day in my life
- well, if this is the worst day is not that bad jet
-isn't it?

Last Friday.

The phone rings and wakes me up, it is my mother calling, she is
already in Poland. I actually pushed her to go, as I didn't want her
to see him leave; it would have crush her heart. Would it? Don't I
overestimate other people's involvement? I start to understand
what's going on in Crimson's head, all small and unimportant
details start to make the line. The white line of the destruction. He
wants to destroy our love deliberately, thoroughly. I'm snorting it -
the line. I do not get high, I get fucked. He wants to move to Paris,
he is going to be helped by the girl he hardly knows. A chick, he
had fucked once, twice. So far so good. So far so bad. I am
addicted and I bleed.

He has fucked me thousands of times. Printed into me the high
mark of his dick, his label. We have gone approximately through
1080 days and nights with about three intercourses per 24 hours.

It makes 3240 lays. Sex, sex, sex. Love. It was mainly only at the beginning I was his, his great grand plan, after I became an endless one-night-stand and one-day-stand. I became his fall, his crush, his own count down. His own personal disaster.

I cant just loose, lose him, lose his heart, lose his soul, cock, body, hair, eyes, hands. Myself. Cant lose myself.

He is a cruel man. He is cruel.

...just a few days ago, we were staying for the night at my mother's home because our clothes were all soaked. We visited her. We were both taking a bath as there is none at my place, at our place. And much water collected on the floor and all the clothes fall into it.

I couldn't sleep as I was thinking

- where?

- where is he going?

what's it all about? -

I asked but he closed his eyes and was on his way to sleep sweetly and godish after he had fucked me in the same room my mother slept - she has only one room. At last after all this years I have learned to squize my pussy.

... I got up from the bed and took his wallet, which laid on the shelf and I went to the bathroom as I have done a couple of times before and looked into it. There was his passport, which he usually used to carry in his pocket - loose, and there was two little papers folded together and on one was written "stuff to be fixed at Tom: "stereo" which meant to put an add in order to sell the stereo - that was for to give me some money back, and then "phone Zizzi" and something more I don't remember. And on the other paper was a telephone number in Paris, his own phone number and one more number, named - Zally Bus, which I didn't know was a French transport company. There was a new metro card and many post stamps. I stared at it. He told me he did not have any money that's why I was still paying everything. My money was finished as well

and now I was finishing the scholar ship I got for to make a movie. All the details about her - I knew from before - pulled a blitz through my dumb perception. But now I did not think of all that in pictures - they came a few days later. Now, I was staring at his things in my hands. I felt guilty for doing it. Staring. Stabilizing a view. He must have had money if he bought the card and all the stamps. He was lying because he had plans, he needed every single coin. I stared at it a while longer. I really thought he loved me, so I had difficult to understand - how? I did not believe what I saw. I remembered anyway "Zizzi" was the name of the girl living in Paris that he met a few months ago on a party and she gave him her address and a phone number. When we were going home after Easter he lost his address book and a passport on the train; passport came back but not a book. I even remembered her hand writing. Now I took the number, in case if it was hers, there was no name besides the number; so I could have gotten hold of him if he would really go and go there. I stepped silently over a floor and silently placed a wallet, which cracked loud, back on the shelf. Sounds were monsters. I went back to bed and laid against his hot body, he moved and gave me a kiss, we fall asleep. The day after I tested the number. It was hers, the answering machine was on, she was out. She spoke cute French.

I was pretty paralized about it. What I should have done was to tell her to draw to hell and tell him the same. I don't think he would have continue the plan at all, it held only as long it was the secret. I did nothing. I was sad. That's all I did. I was sad. He went on making love to me like a crazy!

- he is not going to leave me -

I thought.

But now this Friday B-b was coming to help him with some stuff, to move the stuff

- to move the stuff? isn't he just going to Paris for a short holiday, is he going to move there for good? what's going on? -

I did not ask. It felt stupid. I would not allow myself to discover - I already was a looser. And besides I knew him, whatever plan would have been, it would have change to any direction, possible and impossible. I did not want to occupy myself with his anyway humiliating me, plans and went on working on my movie instead. My movie - that's another chapter. He did not like my movie, he did

not like me working, he did not like me working so much and hoping so much. On the other hand he loved the movie, he was full of respect for the way I was editing it, he appreciated my sense of humor, intellect and my big breasts and my courage. - That's what I thought. He in fact hated it all.

Last night after we made love and before I fall asleep I felt under my fingertips the touch of the baby when I stretched my arms forward. His and my baby. Was I crazy? I kept my fingers in the air and the feeling was very strong. Strong and most clear, more then palpable. My heart was crashing out, off, from the reality that soon was going to pull a big stinky water over my head, over my head.

The phone in the morning pushed me out from the bed. I sat in his working room-cave that I turned into my working space a few days ago, when he was at Tom making all his phone calls to prepare his departure. I was angry, hurt and very much I wanted to survive. I did as they advice you to do in the female fe-mail fe-fail magazines - a truth kwatch - a shit - I removed all his photographs from the wall, removed the little left stuff in the working space, the things he wanted to keep he already moved to Tom. I laid the beginning of this book, the first 40 pages, on the table, the book I interrupted for a few months as I wanted to give him chance to work on his own and that's why I gave him my computer and this tiny cave. In fact, I did read his book - it was good, and me, my character - Honey - was fool of the life - I sat here in the tiny room, when the phone-call was over and wrote to him that I know his plan, that I have known it for a while and that it hurts me very much and that I still want a baby. The baby! Our Baby! My Baby! Baby.

I went back to bed. He went up. Read the letter. I could and can see him doing it. He must have read it at least three times and stared at the very last lines. I know the way exactly, the way he does. He did. He came into the room, white, silent bent down over me saying

- Baby!-

with so much love-pain in his voice and trying to touch my face. I turned back to the pillow and refused to talk. I did not talk to him the whole day. What I did not know was that he was going to Paris already on coming Tuesday. And besides he did not believe I knew His Plan. I thought I had time. Time for what? Time to do what? What a Miracle had I expected? As I expected One.

At night we went together with B-b to the bars and we kissed and held hands and he was very sweet and me too. And I paid for him again. He "did not have any money". We wanted to go home quite soon because we wanted to make love very much - I thought. And I thought

- we love each other so much, we never are going to be apart, he is just crazy -

So there was no other girl on my mind.

at this point I still don't believe in it.

We had managed to get into the error anyway and don't ask me how. Crim was troubled that B-b was going to sleep in the same room as we, and Crim wanted to fuck me and he was embarrassed because B-b was introduced to his plan and I was not.

So there was full of hate all of the sudden and we did not fuck, we have quarreled and I tried to tease him, tried to push him out of the bed several times. Crim did not get teased, Crim got angry and moved into the bed he made for B-b as B-b has taken the couch and then after a while Crim moved back to our bed and I did suck his dick. And was very much in love, I, me.

Last Friday.

The phone rings and wakes me up, it is my mother calling, she is already in Poland. I actually pushed her to go as I don't want her to see him leave; it would have crush her heart. Would it? I start to understand what's going on in Crims's head, all the small and so unimportant details start to make some kind of line. The line of the destruction. He wants to destroy our love, deliberately. He wants to move to Paris and may be he wants to live with a girl. With a girl he had fucked once, twice, three times, four? She is a sister to our friend. He has talked about her - the girl who likes me very much - I mean now he doesn't talk about her at all. But when he has mentioned her once in the drunk battle on swords he used that expression - the girl who likes me very much - so far so good. So

far so bad. He has screamed right into my ear - I have fucked a girl much more beautiful than you. When I went to Gotland I did not go because Tom invited me for the trip but because there was "a girl who likes me very much" and she wanted me to come and I

CAME in many ways - and when I, Joyce, had cried and we were beating each other hell of a lot he took it all back and said - I'm sorry Baby, it is not true, I only wanted to make you jealous.-

Look, I don't want to talk about her she still doesn't exist.

I thought. That very night we had smashed entire place, and he crushed much glass and paintings I was found of.

Anyhow, a few days ago, we had to stay at my mother's place because our clothes were all soaked.

I couldn't sleep as I was thinking

- where?

- what's it all about? -

I got up from the bed and took his wallet that laid on the shelf and went to the bathroom and I looked into it. There was his passport and two laps, on one was written "stuff to be fixed at Tom: give an add to sell the stereo, and then "phone Zizzi" and something more. And on the other paper was a telephone number to Paris, his own phone number and one more number with a name Zally Bus. He must have phoned her and had left his own number, and he was looking at it while talking to an answering machine, so he would not do a mistake, I would have done the same, I mean for the correct number sake. There was a new metro card and many post stamps. I stared at it. He told me he did not have any money at all that's why I was still paying for him everything. My film money was just about to end. By the stupid coincidence I got this very money at the same day when he was on Gotland fucking this very chick, I remember because I called him there to talk about it, talk about the cash, I wanted his participation in making a choice I had to do very fast "was I going to buy a contract for my place in Stockholm? or were we going to New York? The movie I could do anywhere-everywhere. When I phoned he was out down town and some girl picked up the phone. I remember I was playing with

a thought to go there, it was only 6 hours by boat and it could have been fun if I came by surprise and we could have luxurious time spending the cash. I did not even imagine he was having a fuck-date. I remember him sitting on the couch and looking at me sweetly and asking my excuse - Baby it is nothing I had planed - as in fact, we two were planing a winter cruise to Petersburg when his idea popped. I dropped the thought; I knew he was going to look for girls to screw as he always did on trips that made him such a beautiful lover at the return. But now I did not think of all that it came a few days later. Now I was staring at that stuff in my open palms. I felt guilty for doing it. I understood, he must have had money if he bought the card and all the stamps. He was laying because he had particular plans, he needed every single coin. I stared at it a while longer. I really thought he loved me so I had difficult to understand. I did not believe what I saw. I remembered anyway "Zizzi" was the name of the girl living in Paris that he met a few months ago on a party and she gave him her address and a phone number. And as well, she was the same girl he had fucked, he told me, years back when he run from his ex-girl. When we were going home after Easter he lost his address book and a passport on the train; passport came back but not a book. I even remembered her hand writing. Now, I took the number, in case if it was her so I could have got hold of him if he would really go there. I laid in bed against his hot body, he moved and gave me a kiss, we fall asleep. The day after I tested the number. It was hers, the answering machine was on, she was out.

But now this Friday B-b was coming to help him with some stuff, to move the stuff

- isn't he just going to Paris for a short holiday, is he going to move? what's going on? - I should have call to her and say that he has changed his mind and isn't coming and she wouldn't go to fetch him at the bus station and I would fly there and met him and we would have fun -hi, or I could have change the number, her number in his note book with one or even two numbers, dial the new version and ask for her so many times that at the time he would have phone, the man picking up the phone would send him to hell in a blooming French and he would have imagine, he misunderstood the whole new arrangement and understood Zizzi had a very jealous and active lover, they were all very good ideas, not as childish and naive as you imagine, they would have work and keep him in my arms or between my breasts or between my

legs just a bit longer. They were ideas. It was too late, as I am talking about the past. I am still getting new and more sophisticated flushes in terms what I might have done around the phone number task, it occupies my thoughts. We have been in Paris together and I can easily place both of us here and there and mostly here.

The last night after we made love and before I fall asleep I felt under my fingertips the touch of the baby when I stretched my arms forward. His and my baby. Was I crazy? I kept my fingers in the air and the feeling was very strong.

Last Saturday

I am taking a short walk with my dog. I feel like crying. I'm taking a long walk with my dog. I'm swallowing tears. I'm taking the longest walk with my dog. I watch the view of the whole town walking along Hornstull, Slussen, Old Town and Östermalm. Walking along the sea at Söder I imagine, there will be a message for me at home

- Let's do it! Marry me! -

at the return there is a note

- come to MM bar after 7 AM.

C. -

At 9 AM, from my taxi, I see them walk. B-b, Tom, a girl and Crimson. I join them. I'm wearing ridiculous for the occasion "a wedding"-white hip-short false fair, snow white fox collar and extremely short and tight fitted white dress. We go to the pub. Order drinks. He wants me to pay for him. I am tough. I won't do it. We quarrel. In the next bar we are cute and cozy, he keeps me on his knees, I pay his drinks. B-b and me want to look for speed, we make a little try and do not find it. Crimson dances at Kings Gardens watching two old men playing chess, he watches his new, elegant summer-shoes at the end of his turquoise slacks in the light dancing pass'. He is filled up with his sweet little secret, his Parisian Grand future, the glamour, the major change, his cool arms in turquoise, his palms are safe and swell in the turquoise pockets; holding into my all white accessories, I stand next to him.

Stockholm's night is hot.

Last Sunday.

I get up too early. I don't care that his hot sweet body lays on my side. I'm discussed. He has been talking about leaving me again and he has been preparing some kind of a departure. He was doing it. Again. I did not want him to go but sometimes we both pulled threads too long and too far. Once, may be a week ago, I said, we were in bed

- this is more that we can stand, lets take a break, take your holidays and I'll take my holidays, we are quarreling about everything, you own me a lot of money, in fact all I had and you are saying you are not going to pay me back you are going to blow me and since that moment I did support you another 3 weeks and now even I'm below a zero. I have nothing left and it's nothing to fight for. I love you. -

- I know that -

he concluded. Today we don't talk, I'm discussed, he is still asleep. I know, in the moments like that women should keep themselves very calm, calm and quiet. I don't do. Something reviling and hard comes up my throat and I have to jump up from the bed screaming.

How much I'm going to regret that.

XVII

TO CRY

To cry is to lick dry earth's salt, simple as that and short as shot, pain lasts palpable longer, for-ever-for

the pathos of some words makes it easier, palpable easier - don't want to be cheap. I am cheap. The tragedy thrones all the sudden down at my feet

- all the sudden? you knew it so well from the beginning, from the very beginning -

- no I haven't, not even yesterday -

-you are naive? -

- I know, I am naive. Love is a beast is the beast's nourishment. -

God, help me through to get back my soul, rip my soul outta his body, outta his skull, his chest and talk to me like a sweet horny Niger, the one I saw a week ago outa my door, he saw me walking with my arms tight under my breasts, twisted together, holding me up like a strong cuirass; he has stopped his post bus came out and said

- girl you aren't happy today, this is a Summer, girl, don't you like it? -

and I said

- no, no -

because I thought he has said he wanted to see me like that again for the drink

ANGEL. Angel, I want you alive, not just under my finger tips immaterial.

Longing for his baby still did not leave me and he still did not leave me, not yet.

MUCH LATER. He is gone.

LETTERS TO Crim

"Tom - I'm angry at you! You asked me if I shall continue to live here, in town? - where, a fuck did you think I would go? did you imagine-hope, I was going to go away from the town, dematerialize? I thought you liked me. Isn't it enough that our beast friend cheated me on love, on truth, on money? He got away with my 1250 \$. 1250 \$ is not much in comparing to what I have lost but it's all I had in cash and love. Love is such a freedom. Love is such a devotion. Love is such a shit. I can't pay rent or buy food. I can't eat and not only because I don't have the food. I mean, clear up your mind and do it now! Because the pigs went wild. Because the beasts is out. Yeaah! O Yeaah! Just a few sweet nick names. Wouldn't You call me Honey as he used to? Wouldn't You Baby-me? Fuck! I'm beast-angry! At last! and my revenge is sweet!"

PICKING UP SHIT. Picking up shit after Crim isn't a joy but I hope it works.

I saw him go off in a turquoise pimp suit that so unfortunately I had found for him in the second hand store, I have paid it and I have seen him fall for himself in every street window

- Hail to me, the great looking man! If that's really me I can get every woman, I can get the whole world and lay it down at my feet dressed in new shoes! Hail to me, Cinderello! Hail! Who's my better half?! -

The great looking man left my home, without turning his back and babying, guarding in his arms one of the very last cartoons filled with his stuff, the stuff, saying

- see you -

and after a second of silence, adding

- sometimes -

and mumbling to his companion with a great worry

- I haven't wash my clothes -

it did bother him as "to wash clothes" stood at the very bottom of his perfectly sat departure list. I think I cried; It happened already two and a half week ago, only one and a half week ago

- if you can share a week in halves and cunt the days of the severe pain with a precision to be envied strongly.-

Strong, how strong do I have to be, need to be to get through IT? with or without a damage. I want to come out the demon hold, alive. I'll crack his wing, I'll melt his clutches, I'll eat his flesh, I'll poke his eyes.

"Revenge creates tragedy" - that - William's and Leon's statement doesn't effect me anymore. I do want a revenge and I'm going to have one.

This night

that night

beat it! beat it! beat it! beat it the bat!

SOME TIME BEFORE

LONG BEFORE

BEFORE

BEFORE HE WAS GONE

WHEN HE STILL WAS HERE, AT HOME WITH ME IN LOVE
EVERY DAY AND NIGHT...

...Crimson and Polyester are in the park, one of the parks watching broads, they are watching broads, parks were watching none, city's parks are half dead, birds shit on a sweet and bad people, they always shit on Crim and his new P-suit; Crimson is turned on himself, filled up with himself, the day is like all the other days, he has already fucked Joyce, his little Joy has grown older, with an add of his godish sperm even a day older - Crim has to put an end to it. Her flesh hangs on him like a peel. The crust.

The rooms in dimmed light are magnificent, the crowd of people, bare breasted, bare chested, partly nude or nude. Blowing disco crush, candle lights, flowers and amazing amounts of drinks on all the tables, Baby's nipples are sharp topped and dark red, hot, her milky white breasts dressed in chains, her belly too. Priss, all dressed in leopards leads Kim on the lash, he wears silvery rubber peel, her eyelashes are long stiff and plastic. Gordon exposes his big bare ass and silicon teats, wearing high heels, reaches 2 meters 05. Teddy licks his lady's boots. Camy pulls her mini skirt a bit higher, reviling tan thin buttocks. Crimson wearing his turquoise suit, yellow standard unbuttoned shirt, leopard LA shoes - doesn't feel like eating even a smallest bit of the excellent cheese selection - he drinks. He hangs around and with a time widens the circles, hovers round Polyester and Joyce having a snack. Almost deadly smell of gardenias spins his senses even more. Polyester dressed in Tod's old leather pants, white cotton jacket and dark shades conversates Joy, she wears her rubber black skirt that short that when she gets up down part of her round smooth fat buttocks smiles in brown net pantyhose, her tiny feet in plato shoes and chest in black corset. Joyce leans back on her chair taking a deep breath.

- fix some speed Joy -

inclines Crim.

Blixie wears, red corset, some kind of a wild skirt not covering anything and black thigh high boots in plastic, her teats are big and dollish, Jean has a long leopard coat and tight pants, they are

the party joyful wardens.

- I want to take a taxi, bitch! -

yells Crim pushing Joyce in front of him. Rain pours down ice cold and frosting

- why don't you have the money? Why don't you ever have enough money? -

Crim has been taken by police and relized with a help from Joy, when the rain has been just starting with big cold drops and Mila the door-girl tried to replace Joyce inside. It wouldn't do. Crim has given a blow to a fellow two months ago and now this guy phoned police, they have grabbed Crim right from the Black Jack's table and found Joyce to support him still at her fine cheese snack, police investigated Crim in the buss outside of the club.

- that fellow is mad -

commented Joyce pointing at the short guy in a leather pants and black net T-shirt, his absolutely standard out fit, who thought himself to be Jim Morrison's look-alike, remembering the blow Crim gave him.

- that fellow is mad too -

she thought of Crim.

Joyce had watched Crimson in front of the stage dancing to models at show, she liked red plastic dress on the blond chick, a model. Crim smiled wild to all of them. His streets pimp glorious suit, on the background of all rubber fits in here, made him look decent and distinct.

- man, he looks really far out, as he would eat them all in one gulp - thought Joyce watching him from the back of the crowd. She felt lonely. Crim's head dangled to the music and into the girls coy steps more then eagerly.

Soon, after the place has grown very crowded and unbearable for Crim, he pulled Joyce from the dancing floor irritated by her vulgar movements and some other girl mingling with Joy's teats.

Madness.

- you are so fucking old and don't have the money for the taxi - yelled Crim ones too much. Joyce yelled back.

- it seems my age makes you really trouble! -

- yes it really does very much! -

Crim shouted back. At these words Joyce was already on the other side of Kingsstreet and screamed through the pouring rain

- I don't love you anymore! Sleep some else plays tonight! Fix your own money for all your taxis! I'm going to walk back! And it is my home I'm going too! My home! Not yours! And you aren't Welcome! You are so fucking boring Crim! -

- Joy! -

called her Crim. She stumbled on drunk, angry and wet with half of her bare ass sticking out of the rubber skirt. Madness in the rain. She pushed her love for Crim into the very exceptionable bottom on which image of Seymour, laid coiled like a waiting dog with his hot red tongue out, the walk home wasn't very long even if they both were loaded, all the drinks in the club were "for free" except for the very few last ones. Madness. Crim stripped off nude outside of the house.

- play with me Joy -

he said but he had a sinister look in his eyes she feared; she was certain he was going to lock both of them out and she was extremely cold, cold and drunk and sinister.

They were both in bed, someone rung the bell.

- Polyester -

said Crim remembering they left his pal at the club.

- great! -

pointed Joyce

- he is much nicer then you are -

said the girl who started to feel some strange attraction to Crim's best pal

- he is vulnerable -

noticed Joy

- vulnerable and human, unlike my wicked Crim -

she remembered when he asked her simple things as if she was

freezing when she was in fact shivering and three of them were sitting at the bar outside some late cold night, or asked what did she search for when she walked round her studio lifting all the single sheets of papers up, looking for the needle or he would give her a welcome hug or a smile. Now she was too drunk to remember all the single items but she regarded the warm feeling in her heart as a nice one

- I like him more then I like you -

said Joyce to Crim

- I have plaid all my money off on the Black Jack, I didn't have enough for the taxi, I have to sleep here -

said Polyester coming in soaked from the rain

- sure, sure, you make my Joy very happy -

answered him Crim, Joy made a grimace

- I'm going straight to Paris -

said Crim to Polyester.

- I'm going to Piris -

heard Joy and thought he said Pireneies,

- o that's his new plan, to go walking in the mountains. That's why he was so far off lately and did not repeat his plan of both of them disappearing in the Moroccan dessert which was his latest hip -

understood Joy and sat down to the editing, impossible in fact task being that drunk

- come Joyce' show me your ass -

said to her softly Crim

- no -

she answered mingling with the wheels of the editing machines just besides their bed

- come -

he repeated, and his voice was soft and thick as a melted butter

she came closer on her knees

- if you give me a real kiss -

she turned her plumed lips close to Crim's remembering a kiss he gave her a few nights ago awaking suddenly from the sleep, his tongue whipping between inside of her cheeks and all around the jaws, she couldn't forget an energy of a pure gold. Vov!

- no -

said Crim

IS THIS REALLY - is this really how he made his mind up? then? or did he plan this? did he plan and in that case for how long? since he has fucked the Paris-chick? was it because of her? - quite impossible - because of the town, this town and the other town and himself or because of me that he decided to put an end to our love? -

- An end to my life.-

Wondered Joy.

The total madness started, Crim almost immediately made his lists and stacked to them entirely, all Joyce could and should have done, she did not do. She watched his moves paralyzed and fascinated and she watched his lists every bloody day as they laid a top of a tables, a top of the computer, a top of TV and pinned to the walls.

- who was her man? -

this thought impressed her over everything, over her very own interests,

he supposed to pack the books, to pack the records, sell the telephone, sell the stereo and typewriter, move the stuff, move the carpet and the painting, his only homey belongings, print his New York book, pay Tom's phone bill, go to a working office and wash his clothes.

- what's he up to? and when and how is he going to be back into our total and ultimate love? when is he going to marry me? and what is he going to do before? and when are we going to have a baby? -

her love was very strong, unbreakable

- how was his? a time of the great test? the time of the

consideration? or an end? -

Joyce did not believe Crim was going to leave her for good and she still does not. He has taken almost a month for his preparations. No, actually only two and a half week, counted now Joy.

Crimson has been gone in three weeks and one day.

- It is getting too tough -

whispers Joy through the pale lips

- I love him, I love him, I love him -

she doesn't cry. She cries not. It did not help to put all his photographs back on the walls, he is not here, and obviously he is somewhere else somewhere as between her legs, her - the other girl, Me, me forget.

She has been lucky till now, she didn't know the life could hurt that much. She sits on the chair questioning herself

- his name is Crimson, what is my name? what's my name, I can't remember. Why can't I remember my name? -

She has to look through her papers and at last finds it. Her name is Joyce. Joyce and Joy.

- my name is Joy -

she repeats it loud a few times

- Joy, Joy, Joy, Joy, don't forget it is Joy -

She has been sitting in the park on the grass, the sun spun, she laid in the sun for too long, she moved into the shade after moved back into the sun.

She came home. Home? At the taste of first tears, threw herself on the bed, held herself back from the cry, rose, found Crim's dark blue scarf covered her face and passed out.

- Is sleep a cure? -

Waking up, she remembers the last morning before he left or before she told him to go, she stole their last night, she kicked him out one day before, would that change anything? Knowing Crim's determination in fulfilling the beginnings of his plans, she does not think it could have change anything, except that it would have

given them a beautiful hot night together, but she thought he was going to go by train together with B-b, so all she was missing was just two hours of B-b's jokes and farts she could no longer stand, she knew he was going to go to Paris and fuck Zizzi -that - she found out at the night just a few days earlier but she supposed he was going to go to his parents first and cash some more money and relax and paint their house and then all the love was still in the God's hands if there was any god and if he was human enough to own pare of arms. Anyway, she was up from the bed this last morning and Crimson covered his face, covered his eyes with her black bra and after covered his face with her black dress and breathed in the smell of the dress she wore so unsuccessfully last night, she knew this was a gesture of love, she thought this was a gesture of love.

Gesture of love. Her madness.

The pain is no longer immaterial, the pain is taking her whole body into possession with severe head aches, mumbling pain in all the glands, her heart and now also the stomach.

Tea and cigarettes and water are her kind of valium, she can't drink alcohol - that - she has found out right at the beginning, it was bringing her into an immediate state of despair. It is bringing her into the immediate state of despair. In the first week she made actually best, after the very first tears right after the door shot at his back she kept herself tough, Fox came visiting the day after and they spent three days and three nights talking, she was exhausted by all the words, Crim and she had talked very little, except for the few dynamic quarrels. Then came a trip to Gotland, was a bit tough on the ferry boat; forced to accompany her dog - him not being allowed anywhere - she hanged among the drunk teenagers and watched one middle aged grey hair hippie drinking hot whisky from the bottle and petting his big grey cat into the morning that was the boat's tired arrival. The holidays were great even if she was sad, bluesy, she met her son and friends, places were new and all the people appreciated her, and the whole little town was pretty close to the sky so why not to live? She bought a three new white dresses, a white high heel snickers and got pretty much tan, she has learned that Crim was already in Paris and she "fixed" a new phone number to him, she stole it from Zizzi's brother, she insisted to misunderstand what Mat, a Z's brother said so obviously, she was going to ask him for more details and

her heart started to dance and she felt she was going to faint and she gave up the talk and the talk gave her up. Coming to Godenburg was tougher but still bearable. Her children, friends, even her grand son, they all represented love references for her, and she loved them back but couldn't talk about anything else but Crim, Crim, Crim, his crimes, deeds and love. Love!

- this is not love, you are talking about some kind of a sickness -
stated Lala

- this guy he has done so much bad to you, drop him -

Joyce was in love or eventually she was sick, it did not make a deference at all.

XVIII

FOUL MOON NIGHT AT GOTLAND; THE RABBIT AND SO ON. Karra is driving, Joyce sits next to her, Maxi and JO giggle in the back of the car. The night is soggy black and soggy moist and hot. Golden-red melted coin of the moon comes and goes under the clouds. Breeze is chilled fresh, a hare stands on its hind legs in the white zips of the car lights, the print of his silhouette grows rapidly zoomed in. The car's wheels, hip and jolt, a hand break, Karra screams, she throws the car door open, the car stops, she throws herself out, Joy stares forward as the red full moon sips in. At the back of the car, the hare's stiffening bit by bit, it's legs stop running, it's eye runs a bit longer reflecting clash of the back-car light's and the moon's, the eye dies with dim, Maxi kneels over a dead animal. Another car stops abruptly at the side of the scene. Stella jumps out and runs towards, in fast move she catches the latest victim by it's long muffled ears, shooks it hot

- a stew tomorrow! -

announces loud, turns on her heels and holding into her loot, in long leaps runs back into the car.

We are breathless quiet. Maxi gets back into his sit. Karra starts the car.

At home, outside - the show! Stella with the hare in one and a big kitchen knife in the other hand shows up in the middle of the night

garden lit up by the full red moon. She is both, concentrated and thought-spinning - talking loud to herself or to a summon pals. All of us are here. She pre-introduces every of her quick moves. She cuts off the paws and puts them at the row from left to right, cuts off the head and places besides the four paws, both eyes are open. She makes a straight incision, possibly along it's front, chest and belly and guts an animal in a quick professional way. She is elevated, hare's blood is running and soaking and his meagre flesh is hot steaming. The night is cold.

- I'm going to make a little gift-beg for everyone -

Stella says salting the pulled off blood-wet fur. She hangs it on the drying line.

In the morning my dog gets very interested of a hanging up surrounded with hundreds of fat flies dry, raspy fur and wild excited of the stinky remains, surrounded with thousand flies - a head and paws.

At evening we are reentering the garden. There is a brick made oven still on fire and a sharp odd smell of a burnt meat. The party! Dining room is done perfectly, a huge table covered with thick and starched white cloth is set up with pretty porcelain filled up with food, baked potatoes, salads, sauces, gravy, shining cherries, buckets of flowers, lit candles and wines - pink, red and white poured into tall crystal glasses. The table's surrounded with tall dark brown heavy chairs; the main attraction of the table is the miserable, meagre, shrunk, grilled but still raw looking body of the rabbit. Stella invites for the meal, we sit down, Mag holds a speech. We raise glasses, toast and sip on the wine.

I chew carefully on a small bite of the meat. Max refuses to eat.

- you do not expect me to eat an animal I saw die? -

he asks. This simple, stated question raises flash of the fire over the night.

We are all beating each other, the words are stinky shit truth balls, we hate each other, we see each other, judge, threat and despise. I hit Mag several times in his face, I kick him in the stomach. Stella bites my palms and hangs into my hair. The moon shines, burns right into the room, Mag kicks the dog, Stella burns my arms with a cigarette, we fucking shout, hate and yell. Max squeezes his fists in front of Mag's face. Mag calls him names. We "talk" money, fame,

vain, age and the precious dreams - we're all fucking zeros; we smear it with hate. The moon is even fuller than yesterday. We are for to kill. Haintz, a Pretty-Patricia's boy friend, drives the car closer to the house, picks a few of us into it. Karra starts her car. We are all in. Stella and Mag remain on ruins - they are going to kill each other tonight or may be they won't.

After one hour fifteen minutes driving we arrive at Mat's house, the lasting days of the holidays, we sleep like sardines on his tiny floor. That's how I get hold of the new phone number to Crim.

- sew him, I mean judge him -
said Zbig really angry at her

- Joyce is in love. Joyce is falling apart.

Joyce waits for Crim to enter. Waits all the time. Joyce is falling apart. And the world is outside. Crimson is vanished, he already left Paris after he fumbled it's hot dark Harlem and after she, Zizzi threw him out and he has stated through his pal whom Joyce phoned that he doesn't want her to know where he is. He does not care how she is, feels and so on. Joyce lacks logic. Smart girl Joyce lacks the logic totally. She has to go through it or fall.

- hey girl you look like you came out of a grave -

her low into base harsh voice spreads over Karla Road, she is walking out the dog

- hey girl you look like you came out of a grave ! so I did -

she sings on in a slow rhythm,

At last white nights are over, Northern white nights are over, one can see a black sky, a certain and very tasty blackness lays down on all, bushes, grass, flowers, cars, houses, gutter and people.

- It has become my little Paris -

Joy thinks drowning her eyes in the games of a car lights.

XIX

She and Zbig were out in the bar in their old town

- this is a looser place -

stated Zbig. She saw that too but would not admit. All the men in there had big bellies, visibly bigger than just a few months ago, all of them were drunk. All the women had sad watery eyes. Joyce sat very quiet, she wore dark shades inside the restaurant, she did not eat, drunk her beer pint slowly, with short intervals she had to keep going to the bathroom to dry her eyes, dry her cheeks soaking slowly with tears. She lost her man.

- listen-

said Zbig

- if Crimson fucked you, fuck him! -

and added when she wasn't responding, not even looking into his direction but kept staring at all the bellied men and sad women in there

- you are my friend, you must be strong, you must win all, fuck this guy back! Man! you are important! -

she did not answer, got up from the chair and run this time to the ladies room to get a grip of her tears.

- it is a very bad energy around you, I have to leave, it keeps on

hanging around you, the misfortune -
he left. Joyce sat there staring at the people, Zbig phoned to the bar after just a few minutes, asked her to forgive him and join him into some other more flashy place

- OK-

she said

At home, drunk, they sank into the big leather couch, they have been old lovers and use to fuck in between the years, Zbig gave her a warm hug and a kiss, she threw herself into his lap, into his belly weeping like a baby, the tears surprised her with their temperature, they were extremely hot

- don't cry, Joyce, don't cry Joyce, don't -

repeated helplessly Zbig, his shirt and his trousers were wet of her tears all around his belly, it seemed she was never going to stop. He carried her into the bedroom, and sat in the window in which the sky was rising in pink and waking up families of screaming seagulls sat in big flocks, it was the grey spotted cubs who shrilled with fear and excitement at the very beginning of the flights lessons, one fell off the roof and waited to be helped, she leaned at the glass of the window she pulled off her white snickers, her white tangas, her white dress and her white bra, she was very brown and smooth. He laid her on the bed and took off his clothes, she closed her eyes. He was pulling her nipples. Her eyes were closed. His dick was in her cunt and he was making his very sound of a delight - she knew, she laid hard against the sheets as she would want to double her weight, she sort of, plaid dead, she plaid dead as Crim wanted her to do sometimes, it felt good

- don't you want? Joy? -

whispered Zbig, she passed out, he stopped without coming, rose, tucked her with a thin blanket and went to the other room.

Crimson and Joyce were visiting her mother during the

midsummer, an old woman was very pleased to see them both and look especially after Crim's comfort as he was more the guest.

- my mother really likes you -

said Joy

- only because she doesn't know who I am -

answered her Crim. Joy shook her arms and gave him a smile. He stroked her cheek softly. And now she gave him a real bright smile supported with a shine and sparkles of her eyes. There was a polish red cold soup, chicken, fresh potatoes and a green salad for dinner. The wine they were supposed to bring with, they drank at home with Polyester before going to the kinky very party that has given the final engine to Crim's voluptuous plans. They had ice cream for dessert and Crim ate so much of everything that he past out for at least an hour dozing on the couch in the evening sun.

Crimson's preparations went on, Crimson's soon departure, he was going to move his stuff that was only books, letters and records but it wasn't visible yet, he was still mingling with his book, he couldn't get it through the printer, Joyce's computer was old and no printer would suit. Joyce tried to help him, Crim unable to understand the technical explanations bitten her in a hand. He actually got more scared of it than she. She didn't really care, just went back to the work on her movie. But there were other moves who were the witness to Crim's following his plan. The plan written on the sheet of the paper and laid at top of computer and remaining there from now on, he used to cross over the moments he had accomplished; it seemed as he was planing to leave the country. He wouldn't answer Joyce questions about the inner and the main spot of his plan - where? With whom - that wasn't even her faintest idea. She was sure he loved her. She was absolutely sure he did not have an affair. She was sure he was going to go alone and going to come back very soon. Here, little Joyce went on The Needle. They spent the time making love and loving each other interrupt with increasingly frequent arguments, often about the damn money. Crimson explained - he can't afford both, his trip and his debts?

- I'm not going to give you anything, I'm going to blow you -

Joyce was shocked and more astonished at first then angry. She absolutely needed the money before the Summer, she said.

- For once I have to think about myself -

answered her Crim. The comicality of his words was that obvious that she did not laugh, she choked. During the following weeks she had to spent more money on him for every day, food, newspapers, cigarettes, snuff, bars, cinema, restaurants, videos, computer discs, printing, metro tickets, papers, everything. This situation combined with the chance of not getting any of it back was driving her nuts and he in return couldn't stand Joy-grumbler. They were still in love, he was still in love to her, this is what she thought. Sometimes she woke up in the middle of the night and asked

- Crim where are you going to go? what's happening? I can't sleep -

- sleep Baby -

he would answer, hugging her tighter within the shoulders and pressing against his chest, his belly and his dick and his thighs and his feet would have play with her's as always.

He was making love to her eagerly and with passion as he would have been taking a good bye of every centimeter of her soul and flesh, he wanted to see her all the time, except for the moments of his preparations. He told her many times that he was going to go to his mother first for two weeks and then, then - he would just take a water into his mouth and she did not ask. All she knew was that he was coming back as soon he stayed womanless at his parents country house for just a few days. Here Joy miscalculated the game. As the game she was for Crimson, just a game.

- "Cheated and robbed by the lover" -

that's what she answered Tomek and they both had a great laugh and even greater laugh when Tomek asked her for Crimson's age. A superb joke. A half of her own age, and still she wasn't smart enough

and all she feels - is pain.

- "It is the time to change my name" -

The guy was very small, very short, his eyes were much unstable as on many Polacks in the exile. He was trying to give her small kisses at the shoulder, suddenly she was on the bed with him a top herself, his one hand roughly between her legs, or both -? - the other hand pushing her down, she got a grip of his short brown hair and pulled it, she kicked and she screamed. He had a bad breath

-I'm not going to rape you or something, I'm not going to hurt you!-

he assured not stopping to perform on the bed

- you would only try -

she said spiteful looking straight into his eyes with a very concrete expression in hers as he was a very much a small fly and she was going to squeeze it any time she felt like doing it. And she might feel like it very soon...

Now she was free but he still wouldn't leave. She watched his incredibly big monkey hands, great gorilla hands on the small and tiny corp. She never saw hands like this. These were the most ugly, abominable and repulsive hands she has ever seen.

She told him to leave few more times and at last he did.

She turned the key after him and laid on the bed, the dog joined her immediately, licked her face first and then laid down on the pillow, laid a couple of hours like that, guarding her vulnerable life and tough reality like a beast friend, the best.

8,30 in the morning, hot, Greta Garbo's square, a small sand box, pink elephants in marble and a couple of benches, bushes, earth.

-Am I going to faint or am I not going to faint?-

questions herself Lucy, o yes she changed her name from Joy-Joyce to Lucy. Her mind is that stressed that it is much easier dealing with Lucy, she considered, disturbed at last by all these joys in spa. She has to walk much more for to get to the train taking

her home, her plato shoes seem to be about 10 kg each, the raincoat protects the sweat from getting winded and refreshed, the rain coat protects her from the spectators. Net stay ups luckily reach little higher then the rim of the coat, she slides the garter a bit up her thigh until it hides, white dress she has under the coat is already soaked with sweat and hijacked above her ass. There is no use to even think about unbuttoning the coat.

It is much worst in the train. The train is full of people going to work, women wearing summer dresses are not pleased over Lucy's looks. Lucy's looks make the men pine through the coat.

- God damns, do they think I'm nude underneath? Am I going to faint? How many more stops are left and do I dare to raise my arm, vov, the sweat is running out my sleeve - and it stinks -

The party, she and Fredrik left - he was - just taking her to the train as she said she was not going to sleep at his place - was crazy. Irina was a very sweet, indeed, Russian; big breasted huge buttocked, newly blond bleached, sweet faced beast cute strong woman and a great hostess in a willow-green. She wore several kinds of a transparent wears, fits, and changed her high heeled spikes many times, they were all great and sparkling. Lucy loved the shoes and loved Crim.

- unfortunately -

this also was Irinas's favorite and very suitable expression.

Gordon run the show, was most of the time nude and all around shaved, huge man rather crazy, friendly, with a child's eyes and a small pit. Morgan compared his pit with Gordon's what made Madde cry; Madde was Morgan's wife.

- I'll leave you if you show your penis now -

she screamed firmly. She was tall, young, with pretty dark blue flirting eyes, long plastic lashes surround with classic 60's make up and long brown-red hair, she wore black rubber tinny blouse, the same as Morgan's, cut off light blue jeans shorts showing the little apples of her ass in net pantyhose and very long legs. She just made her number, using Irinas's most favorite out of a big collection - German whip, having a hand in a shape of the penis and short rather thick ropes in black sky, whipping Gordon's ass until the bright red and sitting a top of him, giving a tough commands

- on all your four! closer to the entrance! right! now! -

Now, loosing her toughness observing Morgan's eyes pining into Lucy and his fingers unbuttoning his black jeans, pulling down dark blue slips and fingering his white dick, she broke into the cry and tears.

- Crim's would have been a sensation! Almost double as long! - was Lucy's only thought.

Morgan was a beautiful man, tall, at least 195 cm, handsome, with shoulder long light brown hair, blue clear intelligent eyes, defined lines in his long face and a long sharp nose. He liked Lucy a lot. In fact she liked him too.

They all drunk lot's of Grant's whisky, Lucy was the only one who drunk Irina's special mint-mix tea, Irina was a health freak.

Lucy refused to be whipped and refused to dance. Gordon picked Irina out from the couch where she sat next to Lucy and now his big hands were all over Irina's privet parts, she giggled like a baby, laid down on the floor bare breasted with her little fat legs up, she had beautiful tiny white feet with bright red nails. Lucy was falling asleep, the time was almost 8 o'cl in the morning and the room was more then bright in a sharp hot morning sun. Fredric who was studding to be a lawyer and had already an actor career behind was mediating between the arguing parts standing on all his four in front of Morgan and Madleine who visibly liked him and sometimes turning towards Gordon telling him his own Hungarian and quite a different story. There was some sophisticated porno and MTV, movie mix on the television set.

- I really love this pretty boys' striptease! -

yelled Irina giggling happily. Lucy said - yes - to everything what did not include her bodily physical involvement and now she said

- o, yes they are really cute -

She wasn't excited about the company but definitely had more fun then the last night, when she spent some hours dancing with a tall, handsome Negro boy, who just turned 22, was celebrating his birthday and taking for granted ending the night together with Lucy repeated at least twenty times

- you are going to be astonished, I have a really nice surprise for you, you are going to be very happy, I have something very

special for you -

He said very proudly, he was from Manchester and was studding a design, Lucy obviously not interested in his sort of a sexual sensations, may be even a long dick -? - dropped him at last by 4 in the mourning, morning. Then naively and stupidly she got straight into the ripper's monkey hands. Lucy survived as she always does.

Lucy and Fredric were good pals by now, but they already talked through the whole night, taking at least tree hours to discuss a theater, Russian literature, exceptional view's of NY, society's basic rights, crime and the Crim's particular story so now in the morning there was nothing more to say. Except that he was turned on her and she was not. In the corner of the couch Lucy showed Irina her treasure, she picked up from her golden envelope-like hand bag a little baby wool glow in red and green stripes, from which inside she picked the stripe of 4 colored photographs, they were all picturing Crimson's sweet and innocent face.

- indeed -

said Irina

- he is a very beautiful man, unfortunately -

Irina showed her in return picture of her handsome Arabic husband

- he left me five years ago, I still love him, five years -

she repeated in her sweet Russian melodic voice

- he doesn't want me, that's life, you have to learn to live with it. Phone me Lucy, we can go jogging together, or we can take a trip down to Europe, French and Italian men they really make you forget -

and she squized Lucy's hand and showed her a dildo collection, a golden one looked quite all right. Lucy's head was reeling wild.

- dear God, give me Crimson back -

whispered Lucy and passed out, she was back home, in her own bed, in her own dark cave smelling unwashed dog, the cave not

she, not yet.

.... sometimes I meet some old friends and talk and these short minutes hold me above the surface. Beat the surface with my wings! It is just seconds and minutes that can turn the life, the despair into the real hell. I miss him even more since I left my crust, him him him is whom I want! Can't stay inside my darkness as it would crush me as well just slower. The odds are bad. My film doesn't give me any joy any longer but I must do it as it was my count down one way or another - the loss. It is hardly Crim's fault that I'm at the bottom now, I have put everything, all my life and motivations into one card - the love!

A moment of being cool, I have made simple plans for the next three, four weeks. I despise the method, Crim's method, the Germanic sort of a dry and organized and meaningless faked moves - yet it made me cool - life is strange. Life is not what I thought it was. This what I call Real Life is a killing dose, an OD!

There is something what annoys me very much. I'm running his show - not mine. As when, I don't go and find him and get out of him what I want - The Love! - I know, especially if I would have been quick, as fewer days would have separate us from the great attachment we had, I would win as it would give him back to me! Which is what I want! Instead, I get insulted, blussed, proud, hurt. Fuck, this is my life too! I had to get what I want to get! I know I can get! But I'm paralyzed. It was always him who went and came back. Every of these times I could have gone and simply pick him up and it would work! It would also prove to him the power of love! My power! Not just his powerlessness according to the plan. The failer. Not just his dreams, illusions, conditions, wills going into victory or crush. Mostly crush. Why am I waiting playing this female part? Why?! Where is the real me? Why do I give him so many chances and don't give the chance myself? Is it because I

love him that much? Or is it because I'm stupid and I live in a dream - as he says? Like, in three years, I'm whining about a child and I don't pick out the spiral; I wait for him to speak first?! Now, it's just a pure speculation, as he is already gone. So, the sperm bank, in a while I might be able to buy Crimson's sperm! I guess he is able to sell all. Fuck it is awful to be a woman on our conditions! Who's ruling my life if it's not me myself?

In the men's world.

Last night I met an attractive couple who wants my company in bed. They weren't with on the after party. He is a photographer and she is a cute blonde. He just returned from the job in Paris

- how was Paris? -

I asked him with a certain Crim-longing

- o, it was just hot, very hot - he said.

The nut who tried to rape me got so fucking excited seeing my and Crimson's nude photographs which I put on the walls of the writing room. He said he can take me for two weeks to Florida, his favorite place. He said he is going to send me roses every day. Fuck, if he shows up here again I'll kill the beast!

Crimson was waking up, Joy laid beside him.

- what plans do you have Crim, where are you going to go? -

she asked, as he had said seriously he was going to leave her again. He smiled softly, waved his palm at her, gave her a little kiss, lifted up the cover and pointing at his dick said

- this is my plan for the next twenty minutes -

She obviously looked for the trouble, she did not kneel to him, she did not touch him, suck him, kiss his penis, no, she did not. She smiled back to him and started mingling with her pussy. After a longish while he rose up, she continued playing with herself kicking the cover off to give him a better possibility to view. He was annoyed. Much annoyed, at last given in, came closer, kneeled down, turned her on her belly with the ass up and pushed in. He must have been certainly watching his dick rather close, as he pulled out suddenly and she laid quietly happily waiting for the next push

- what's that? -

she heard angry aggressive voice

- what? -

she turned unable to understand. Crimson was taking off his dick some small particles of a brownish slam, looking like a bits of a dry blood.

- well I don't know -

she said carelessly not expecting the problem to grow, but it did.

- It's a full-

said Crimson loud very angry

- I have never seen something like that! -

and he looked at her as she has fucked at least the half of all male population while he slept. Or as she would rot from the inside. She remembered that in fact they had an argument last night, they were drunk, they came home from the party and Crimson put her on the bed, pulled her skirt down or may be up, broke through her new net pantyhose and stuck couple of play cards into her open womb. She did not expect he was going to stop after this prelude what he did going to sleep. She got angry, she shouted loud - he was but useless - redressed, remade lips and eyes and her hair and went out having a plan of going to the bar and dancing and getting really drunk. She did not lack much of the drunkenness, she sat at the first bench, smoked couple of cigarettes. A passing chap asked her

- are you waiting for me Babe? -

she smiled to him and said

-no-

she went back home and back to bed.

-look, if you think... I haven't fuck anyone last night, it might be as well your sperm from yesterday or something of my inside, these parts are for making babies -

she said and smiled touching him, he pushed her off, looked at her with a highest possible abomination, rose from bed, washed himself, get dressed and went out. He was going to meet Polly-man as every day.

Mostly he did not want her with

- is it because he was day dreaming his future she wasn't going to be a part of? -

asked herself Lucy now, but now was too late and answer did not matter anymore.

XX

Lucy woke up free from love and longing. She looked around her room with a surprise, she patted her dog. She laid listening to the room and it's walls of the past. It was difficult to agree that all that actually has happened to her. Like - Crimson screwing her on money, screwing her on love and screwing her on truth about himself. And sex.

She fell asleep again, she was dreaming about him and his new girl, she found them, met them, the girl was rather ugly, Crimson was ugly, they were staying at the big "theater" house in the country.

Lucy woke up full of hate, repulsion to Crimson and to what he has done to her.

Juicy wheezes though, her left breast moves up and down and down and up.

- Juicy? Isn't my name Juicy or is it Pussy, Crimson's Pussy? Crimson? Why Crimson!? What's so special about Crimson?-

She has seen him last night. Yes. This is truth. She has seen

Crimson last night.

-Love, love, love why are you that cruel?

From minute to minute the life is more and more difficult, more and more ungraceful, more and more of no use.-

- I saw Crimson -

repeats Juicy, repeats, Lucy, repeats Joyce and Joy and Pussy

- and nothing has happened at all -

- no money, no cigarettes, no Crim -

- what's my picture of love? why do I insist believing, feeling that he loves me, as much as I do, more then I do, why? how?

- am I an idiot? -

- it's since 24 hours I have been waiting for the response, and nothing has happened. Did I see him? Am I fucking hallucinating?

In the morning or whatever it was after I woke up, did I wake up? I felt I was going to die, wheezing like a train. I did not die! Apparently I did not die. Unfortunately, as Irina would had said, I did not die, I'm still the same place, not only the same place, but the same situation. Why do I think that he loves me? If he loved me, he would have been here with me and not with her. Her! Fuck! She, if it was she - was pretty ugly. A paradox. Has Crimson dropped with a forehead into the ground toughly and in that case, when?

My memory reviles all of the sudden. I remember the night when he met the chick. The chick! Bloody chick! This bloody chick! I wonder which of these two broads by Tom's and Crim's table at the bar was she? Couldn't be this monstrous big broad who sat next to him. Opposite the monster set one more; I did not really look at them because they were so uninteresting and unlike Crim and me that I took for granted they were Tom's old pals. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I should have asked

- hey bimbos -

but they weren't a bimbos. They were brain girls. So simply

- which of you two is the One? -

Now I remember that Crim told me once that she in fact was ugly. It was when he told me he fucked her for the first time when he run

from his ex-girlfriend, his other exgirlfriend. Am I an exgirlfriend? Can't be. I do feel very much as his girlfriend, unhappy as usual. Great guy!

This winter he met her again, may be fucked her again, as he came home with a black lace lady-scarf in his pocket, I thought the scarf was Santiago's because he came home this morning with Santiago too. Actually he did not "come home". He broke the whole fucking door because I wasn't at home, I was in the bar and he broke a glass in the outdoor, but only the first glass and not the other thicker glass - he did not have a key, yet. So Santiago and him hanged around waiting for me, they were not at the door when I came, they came seconds after me. Santiago was in love to Crim and Crim said he was going to fuck him, he kissed him deep down with a tongue. He had his hands on Santiago's ass. And he had mentioned he met Zizzi and he was enthusiastic because she lived in Paris! And gave him her address! Vov! Great! So here we go, that's a cool beginning. An apartment in Paris with a girl inside. Not too bad at all.

It was rather embarrassing and sad to see them kiss especially that I really wanted to come with to this party. I felt very lonely, possibly as all other weeks, I remember I was rather desperate and I said to Crim that I feel so lonely that I could die and I did mean it and he did not want to take me there. He held Santiago's ass in one hand palm as he used to do with mine and pressed his scapulas as he doesn't do with me since a while. He gave me a telephone number to the party, he said I could have come after him, but I was too sloppy to phone and work on it and I went to the closest bar on my own and spent the time talking with a girl who saw my films, we did not kiss, we had fun, especially me as many compliments she fancied. Anyway when I turned sour over the guys kiss Crim broke my tooth, he blew right into my mouth forgetting that he used to break just this tooth. It made me cry because it hurt in many ways. Also my pride. Fuck!

- that, I repeat myself? who a fuck cares? -

A real great beginning for Zizzi and Crim, sort of a dirty ocean storm. Twice, started. She wrote her address in his book and he surely gave her his card. Vov! So she could visit and fuck some more. That's simply great. Anyway when he gave me a blow and saw what he has done once again, he murmured

- Jolly Joy, stop it, I love you and you love me! We have to take care of each other, come Sweet Heart to bed and we sleep on it. Tomorrow we take care of your tooth. So we did. (Except that he did not take care of anything) Santiago ate all my Maryland cookies and Crim lost the lust to fuck him right at the beginning. Santiago was a clown and a dancer-street-performer and was very tinny, smaller than me. His hair was bleached and he looked like a Russian doll and he was fascinated by Crim and Crim's male charisma from the very beginning and he was rather fascinated of me now and asked me several times, chewing on my cookies, if it was true I was an actress?

Zizzi wants to be an actress too. Good luck! Why don't we all go to Hollywood? We would match. Shit! I could have fought her when I could, now it may be too late. I could have done it easily a few weeks ago and some days ago and specially yesterday. I did nothing. I kneeled to Crim's left ear after I walked to their table very fast and said

- If I had a gun I would have shoot you! -

I saw him give one single shiver and I rushed off, none of them 4 by the table, including Crim saw me as they all had closed eyes, I did not look but noticed anyway. Apparently, someone saw me coming and threw the commando over the table

- Joyce's here! -

I went straight to the bar and stood so unlucky through at least 20 minutes that I couldn't see them and they couldn't see me. Man, I would love to see Crim, and I was beautiful that night, freshly tan on a solarium and wearing a new white tight dress and brown high heels shoes, so tiny and gracious - me, not shoes. I was really shocked to see him just like that, especially like that, and shocked of what I felt, so I hanged into my glass of white wine and discuss the very subject with a stranger. Unfortunately he was so talkative that it took all my time, it took all my chance. He was a kind guy, he said

- nothing is without a reason, it is important to experience the suffering, do you think Mailer, Miller or Dostoyewski would have been able to write what they wrote without this very great pain? -

- well -

I said

-then, I am in a good company -

and I laughed. After at least 25 minutes I saw in the most far distance, and the whole place is huge, I saw Crim walk to the bathroom, I thought, he passed very decently, extremely stiff and slow. After another 15 minutes I said to the guy I was having the conversation with

- well I go and talk to them -

they were all gone.

And now I have been dying, suffering, whispering, laying in hours on the bed without a single move as a holly fucking ghost, cleaned up the whole place earlier, in case if he came by, what I was sure, was going to happened. He was going to ring the bell and run in saying and kiss of course

- will you forgive me, My Little One, Baby, Honey, will you marry me? -

and I would wait a second or two and I was going to say

- yes -

and he was going to ask

- when? -

and I was going to say

- tomorrow -

or may be I was going to say

- in two weeks -

or even better

- now -

Lucy, Juicy, Pussy-Joyce lost her head again if she ever any-had, not even between her legs, where the most girl's heads are. An old known cliché'. ...pain and a dancing pain and dancing-its ends...

Crim also wants to be an actor, and he wants to be a writer, and a rock star and he can't be anything of it when his old Pussy is around. So when he goes a new place, and she is not there, he'll

become what he wants to be. You get my point?

A Letter

Baby

don't you miss me?I feel very much as your girlfriend, to the bottom of my shoes, to the bottom of my glass, to the bottom of my pussy and to the tops of my wings and ends of the winds, Love.

August 11

Love, love, love you can fool everyone you fool me too

...unable to count days of disaster, unable to count days of despair-despair all the time new despair after seconds of love, strengths, hope, hopes, illusions - new pain all the time growing - a retrospection of a short, bordered happiness biting back

biting harder biting stronger eating up roots - roots of what?

- eating my own roots, less and less acres which can cure, less and less cure less and less hope less hope and more pain in my flesh in a flash of pain and light the darkness breaks and ends.

I just cant cunt cant cunt do all these rituals of life take me the long way off. It is horrible to see how fragile I am; and why? - there is no answer. I'm punching the air in front of me, it does not move an inch, it doesn't even twitch.

- You are frozen inside me as a great piece of a dead corpse, as the truth is banal, as I did believe again, loved, cherished my hunger, built the castles of foam. And it hurts to know your real and hot body is somewhere else as it's not with me. Facts aren't any special: we had sex, I have written a love letter, I have send a telegram, I gave you a date. You were not there. I felt sick already 15 minutes before the train's arrival, I did not even look at all the people who stood on the platform, I knew you were not there, I went. 10 minutes later returned and forced myself to look through every empty millimeter of the concrete. You were not there. Am I here? Empty?

212

12 August

- I want to blow the whole fucking place! It isn't enough to kick the stuff, kick furniture and walls, nothing's enough. A mistake after mistake, if I have gone to the very place we used to go, I could have suck you tonight! You are so endlessly Gone

all wrong! hanging around kissing strangers, impressing the Universe - I guess I meant you, not me - don't remember kissing anyone last night but you certainly did.

Missed you one more night!

Just being sloppy, and not understanding to simply take a taxi, it would have taken me a 5, up to 10 minutes to find into your arms and cock.

"Fox, my study in pain continues. I'm as good as dead. Fighting a puke and tears. Fighting for to breath. If you knew my plan you wouldn't let me go. Or I guess, You knew, everyone knew but me...

Of course You knew why I was so much in a Cream?! I'm long from giving in. Very very far and very far out...

I have written love letters to the Sweet Beast, sent a telegram changing the date - wrote

- "Honey, Friday 21.47.

J."-

I was wondering if he will have a bottle of the finishing wine in his lovely paw or a big bucket of roses, red, pink or white? - I tried to guess. Already in an outskirts I got a terrible pain in my belly. He wasn't there. At all."

12 August Saturday

... conditions are BAD and I wonder when shall I see IT at last? Constructing my own condensed tragedy. I don't have any resistance to pain and I do not protect myself a least. Kicked walls and doors. Why don't I kick it off? I kicked walls and doors - only.

213

- Only You! make my heart bleed! Only You! make my face shine!
Only You! make my heart HOT! Only You! being my love!

Solitary love. Dirty love. Impossible.

Last night I did go out at last but not the place I could have meet you and had suggested in the last letter. I went the place I could not have meet you. I went the place where I was going to have one beer. - Was I thirsty? I doubt it. I guess I was desperate. Inside there, I became even more dashed, crowd, scream, voices, pushes, people - all was destroying me and putting me into the state of an error until I did not sit down and simply watch - one guy in front of me was extra popular by the girls, they all came to him, gave him the Big Hug and he answered it with an extreme afford, he treated every one different - Truth! - one he just kissed on the lips delicately, another one, he deliberately squeezed her buttocks, another one he lifted up into the air, another, plaid with her hair, another, adored her breasts, another, kissed the eyes, another twitched her nose, another stroked her back, another tickled her chicks; if it was the same girl all the time she would have been the most patted, petted one of us all. I did continue drinking, the next place dancing people were repulsive sweaty and I was bumping into them. By 5 in the morning I saw a friend and he told me, he met Crimson this night, he was in the usual place, the place I have suggested and did not go to. Crim was alone, he said - alone and low - Baby-Crimy,

- Baby-Crimy, immediately, I run out and phoned, wanted to come to you immediately or pay your taxi to me immediately - I was drunk, you weren't there, you weren't there later on, you are still not there since 21 hours. Yes, I guess you got a good screw, better then with me a last time, with me you stayed only 14 hours. What wouldn't I give for 7 seconds, Man!? I don't need any vivid imagination to see how you opened her cunt, how you stacked a tongue into her holes. Any vivid imagination at all. I know you better than I know myself. I could have dropped control over myself in a love act but never over you, felt you loved you saw you ate you every part of the second and every particle, all the YOU particles and all the YOU seconds.

Love, You are destroying me. It feels as everything is coming out of me, everything what's inside wants out, pushes frantically, pushes alertly, pushes seriously, it hurts as the wounds would yell

for more and not myself.

He told me, he screwed a fat-butt, an old chick he knew, so it was no rush, but it was OK, she took him home, gave a bottle of Pernoud, a bed, a fat and the TV show - the horror, a top of which she wanted to marry him - a horror! Yeah!

We HAVE bumped to each other the following night, luckily the weekend was long enough so he could screw also me. I hadn't a chance to offer a marriage, he wouldn't talk to me, we did not talk. We fucked.

Monday 14 August

If you told me a while ago that life can get that pathetic I would have never believed You. And besides who are you and why do I pay attention? Unknown spaces and towns seem to surround me, tempt me with still inexperienced glow while I'm remaining in my cave, my catacomb, my bunker. The walls not only encompass me, the walls smell, they stink strong as they live own life, they smell concrete, they smell ancient mold, smell decay, smell dead cart and animal. Foul and nasty. I stink of the walls, my breath - the air I blow out smells of the walls wherever I might go, my hair smell of the walls, my finger tips, my nails, my vulva.

So, my love to Crim is as good as over and I can't move my loins an inch and my head looks at it all, values it, examines it, analyzes it. My belly pressed into my lungs filled up with this odd air of the walls petrifying me - lapidates.

And there is no cure, no nourishment, no medicine and no return. We have tried it all, we have fucked each other, five times -five separate nights again

- why, I did not tell? Who a fuck cares? May be I tired to discuss it with myself first, or may be I wanted to keep it secret? May I not have a least of intimacy? -

and it did not do the gig. Certainly it did not do the gig. Worst, it killed, sunk the expectations. All the expectations. My expectations, as he had none. His ill will went through! He made a hit he waited for a long time! Single! Single! Free! Does that

satisfy him? - No, it does not. - He says, yes - It empties him as a bell without a sound, without a heart without a sense or even slightest motivation. I have seen his most empty eyes in his most empty face stacked upon the beautiful sun tan torso. But a dream of my man. And what a crook. What a dumb child, a cheap gigolo, cheap dandy, what a swift, what a fart and what a blow, what a nut, what a mean little brain, a little player for the great game of lifes, the spectacle. He has killed it all. He pulled the sword first through my heart and then through his own. It's not steaming any longer, its rusting. We are both dead. What doesn't prevent him from finding playmates. The so called intellectual clientele of a female part of Stockholm, most precisely Southern part; chicks which go out in clumps to these bars, clucky, cloddy and a very much pseudo. He is become their new hero Mr Clodhopper, Mr Dick, Mr Fuck, Mr Onenightstand, Mr. Mr. Mr. and more and less. He buys his own beer, he smokes their cigarettes, sometimes he drinks their beer, he drinks beer, he licks their pussies. Mr Pussy Licker, Mr. Tired, Mr Cold, Mr. Soft On, Mr. Hard-on, Mr. Mr. Mr. Fool Moon Blues, Mr. Careless, Mr Tough, Mr. Fuck yourass, Mr. Mr. Mr. Panic, Mr Drunk, Mr Smashed, Mr Hang-Over. Mr Over, Mr Inn, Mr Pass-by, Mr Useyougladly, Mr Useyouimmediately, Mr Fullsexualservice, Mr. Mr. Mr. Alwaysturnedon Mr Ex

- where have you gone Little Darling? -

Empty, raw, limited, lonesome, holding his pale well kept face pulled constantly back, false smile, falsehood thief, full control. The Fool. What a great start for a new Life.

- Baby where have you gone? -

Loving Crimson is so ridiculous - I could as well love Jim, Morrison - they are both as good as dead. And it is Jim's voice which smoothes my neck, pat me, softens the tension in my solitude

- oh, they truly love me, his words and thoughts -

-Crimson, talk to me, I want to hear your voice as it turns me On! -

said Joyce pressing her side against him and giving him small kisses around his face and neck, she has beaten his neck a lot, she giggled and smiled and asked questions. He grinned at the compliment

- I have nothing to say -

he told her staring in front of just himself. The most cold cool guy on this bloody fucking Earth. Screwed earth. She pushed some more amor-vivre

- you have to relax, if you want to be my friend -

he said hard and did not look at her

- I'm relaxed -

she assured, eager, giggling and still kissing.

- I'm going to take you home -

she added laughing

- not this time -

he said and looked cool, cold, bored and boring but he did go home with her this night too.

In exactly 40 days they spend 2 nights together, it wasn't great, he was drunk, she was drunk, they were drunk. It's nothing wrong about that, but when it is only so, it makes no sense to Joyce, still she could have be going on forever. What's she going to do?

I don't know. Do you know?

The first time was actually better then a second time, on the other hand the second time was better. Both were nothing, nothing, nothing. Nothing and everything. Everything possible.

I have to stipulate! Have to live my own life! How?

All I know is - WHY. It stinks around me, the walls breathe a foul air upon me into me beyond me. I am not paranoid, yesterday was a big rain and much water collected on the floor in the cellar, I live in the cellar; the One before the time.

Last Sunday I woke up, it stunk in the room, he laid next to me. He stunk. Did he start to fall apart, rot from the inside, mixed too many pussy juices too many sorts of alcohol and adrenaline? - Yes, he did.

He, Crimson or he, Agr - call him what you want, people not necessarily must have just one name - he already spotted - last Saturday night - a Little Blond Thing - I was there, I was nothing to him. She had a pretty face with a little up nose - he likes that - and he TALKED to her. He leaned over the table, he was STANDING and LEANING over the table and talked to her. He, a Dandy who would always sit pushed most back with his legs stretched in leisure on a chair bent backwards in a Majakowski's or Bargeld's dressedlike look, talking without care if one could hear him - and he would lower his voice even a bit more as to test - if they want to hear they might bend forth, very much forward and they will do. The people and girls in general.

So, last night he came home with me, she, a Blonde was suddenly gone. He would fuck me, fuck me over the table, fuck me on the bed, pull my pants over my cunt, my clit, the cut between my buttocks, he would pull my tangas, it was cream-white lace, he would pull them off and stuck into my mouth. The material was dry and had unpleasant structure to chew, I had to be careful with a tooth he did break long ago and I still did not fix. I kept the tangas in my mouth and he fucked me. Sometimes later or sometimes before we would kiss. After the act I wanted to kiss him again.

- if you don't stop I'll go home -

he said. We were both nuts, it was awful, foul, and still there were sparkles of love, traces of love. O, please don't talk about Love! He couldn't come which was rare, actually it never happened before.

- I have drunk too much lately -

he stated. It was obvious. I came as he told me, while fucking me

- play with your pussy, masturbate yourself, harder, faster -

I came with a flush. He could not

- I have to come -

he said. His dick was already outside me and I was falling asleep. I did fall asleep. I hope he jerked off. I really hope he jerked off.

It must have been a great scene. He had killed our love, all of it.

I have to live my own life, not because I lost the love. I'm loosing all. Last night I missed a film-premiere party. I waited for Jean to call me. The telephone was off. It wasn't my telephone. It was somebody's else telephone. I don't have phone. I slept too long and heard nothing. Last night I met a guy who missed his train. I didn't want him to drift around. I invited him for tea. He was the stranger I met last Friday at East Bar. He saved me from sitting all by myself. I did not intend to sleep with a guy. It became a pure waste of my time. I had to sleep. A film party, I waited for the invitation. I was just the middle hand. I want to live my own life. From NOW on? I missed the trip to London last week because I run after Crim the whole weekend. I run after him because I was nobody - for him. I was nobody. My telegram meant nothing. My attempts and pain meant nothing. I missed the trip as well as it wasn't really for ME. It's possible the guy who was going to take me there for the sake of MY WORK wants to screw me. I have TO BE ME. I have to be what I am in an open and a legitim field. I have to show my MOOVIES and not side products of a someone who's been screwed. I have to stand with both of my feet and both of my hands ON THE GROUND. AND WITH THE REST OF MY BODY IN THE AIR. AIR! That's a typical child's and beast's position. Being basic, it shouldn't be difficult. Crimson has always been Elli's character, I never want to be an Elli's character. Elli's character is the one that lets the time drift himself, herself. I don't want to be a character. I am me. Am I?

Partic circled round me in few months' time and now he has got his chance, we left a party in ultra-rapid, jumped into the taxi, stopped at 7-11 store. He bought a bottle of oil, it was for my ass.

- I am going to give you a "butt massage" -

he said. That's why we left, that was the deal.

He was doing the massage and after we fucked. His pit was short, hard, thick, he was all right, he took care of me, I wanted to fuck sooner, did not fuck some weeks, two, three, may be tree. That's long.

- wait, not yet -

he said. I tried to get his dick into my cunt fast and alertly. He worked on my butt. We fucked, I think I did not come. I was drunk. I don't remember. He pulled his pit out and came spreading the seeds over my belly. I would prefer he came into me and I could weep off in his broad shoulders. Well, for my health it is definitely better that he did not. Will I never learn? I must learn to control my impulses. I never really had serial one night stands, had just a minimum of it; I was always in love. Everlasting love. Ha! How flat! We were very loud. Afterwards after words I understood there was a boy sleeping in the other room, he must have heard us. I have to learn not to think about it or I have to find a new home. I have to find a home. I can't keep on loosing myself.

Few days later, possibly a very few days later I have bumped into Crim again, I haven't bumped into him, I looked for him, at the same place we have been there together at our very last bar-night when he was still my boy-friend and I was his girl-friend when I was his wife, I saw him suddenly - this time as soon as I entered, actually the same place as last Saturday as well, so now he goes only to two bars, easy pledge for me to find the prey. It's meaningless. I started kissing him and pressing myself against his legs, thighs, cock, chest and lips, lips and lips, he would answer my kisses rather slightly but did not push me off.

- O, really? -

Am I that ridiculous? Priceless me, on the run after a guy, after a man, the men, my man, I love. I'm a fool. He has turned an empty character, whom did I turn?

He was standing there with Tom-Poliester whom I ignored - this time, we had some telephone clash recently and I didn't care, no affection left - I was drinking beer and smoking cigarettes and laughing and giggling happily opening my mouth the whole way throwing them, the lips, up against his face with a clash of my

whole body against his. His face was tan but pale, he wore leather jacket I bought for him in NY last Summer, his face was cool, calm and expressionless. I joked

- where have you been? Babe, talk to me, talk to me -

he looked rather nice, his torso was dark tan and smooth, the shirt unbuttoned the whole way down into his novel - how else? - his hands and his mind in his pockets, mind it, not on my ass or hair or neck or shoulder or anywhere, they were in his pockets except for when he would grab my beer or my cigarette

- we have hang-over and we are curing it here -

he said

- we came late -

he added

- we came here after 12 o'cl, we have been here 3 hours -

he pointed on him and Tom belonging together, and counted out looking at the big round clock on the wall

- we are completely broke -

- don't talk to me about the money! -

I gave a great salve of laugh and bumped into his body harder then before, he gave me a slight smile, something in his eye twinkled a bit

- yes, we are completely broke, we credited a beer, we are going home soon -

he said

- tell me more, how are you really? -

I asked

- as you already know, I was one week in Paris, I didn't like it there, I run out of money -

mind it, my money, not his

- I borrowed cash for the plane and came back here, I lived in Harlem, it was too risky to hang around drunk, I just walked around, I was going to study there but I saw it would have been just another compromise "via a girl's world" so I quite, I'm making

a test for the school in NY, otherwise I'm going to study here. I can't just walk around -

He pushed his chest out firmly, did not ask me how I have been, did not pay the compliment, did not show an attention. Tom left and it became clear - Crimson was left with me. I did not have any money left either neither the cigarettes

- lets go -

he said

- do you wanna go to your place or do you come with me? -

I asked already outside, he did not answer but walked with me, took a piss, I wanted to walk home, he wanted to take the tube, it was far to walk, we took the tube. On the way from the tube to my place he started yawning. Inside he sat down on the couch where he used to sit and play the guitar during our last days "home", obsessively,

- do you want a guitar, or me? -

I asked smiling, standing in front of him and pushing out my hips, looking at the guitar still standing just next to the couch. He pulled me against himself, he put me down along the couch on his knees with my ass up, lifted my white new dress, the one he has not seen, kissed my ass, pulled black underwear into the spread between the buttocks and kissed it more, he lifted me up and pulled my pussy with his lips. I think I pulled the pants aside from the cunt, his tongue was in and I was smiling, I unbuttoned his trousers and took his swollen cock out, soon the cock was in my pussy and our tongues in each other mouth eating feverish, we clutched the teeth, the guitar fall down with a great roar, my pussy was a bit out of use, it's bad to fuck that little, for me it is bad. It is more fun when it is every day, it is more fun when it's twice, three times a day, five! Yeah! We came in the same time, he breathed loud and looked pleased. I still run around when he moved to bed, he was home and we were happy, happy to lay in bed, he made love to me again and I sucked his dick, I smiled, I had plans, many plans for us, for tomorrow and for the rest of the life...

It was difficult to sleep, I often woke up looking at him, kissing him, he would kiss me too, in the morning we were fine

- are you in the hurry? -

I asked him as he asked me what time it was, many times

- no -

he answered. We woke up after 2 AM, a second time, I jumped out of bed hearing someone in the next room, I wanted to borrow some money to take Crim out for breakfast. He got up, dressed up and was on his way. I couldn't believe, I asked for the kiss

- I don't feel like -

he said yawning this time for full.

- lets go to the movies tonight -

I said and added

- I wasn't to the movies since weeks -

- no -

he said. He went without saying good bye. The last time, a week after he left without saying goodbye as well, no, actually he said bye, but it did not feel as he said anything, he somewhat floated out on his new extremely light steps. He did not turn back. He wasn't a real man any longer. He was something else. What was he? Who was he? And who was I or what?

Loneliness is tough. For me too tough. It spikes me into the space of a total error. Body is about 500 kg weight, sometimes, all of the sudden - weightless. I met a guy who told me - it is fantastic feeling to train body building as you feel like a bird, weightless. I shall do that. Shell feel like a bird.

Sometimes I try to plan to meet people, friends I don't really have. I make lists, appointments for breakfasts, dinners, park walks, streets, cinemas; well I don't do this, of course. That could have been a solution. Loneliness is destroying me deep down into my core, do I have a core or am I empty as a bell - how I in fact feel. I cant stand this sort of reality, can't stand the isolation, jail within my heart, desires, wills and wants. The life I live now is too heavy to carry on with. There is no solution, something must be done.

Thursday August

I missed the boat, I missed the bus that's why I missed the boat - I was going to Poland, the most I wanted Crim-Crim to come with. Otherwise I am just a ghost. That's why I missed it. I live in a dream. A bad dream. A night mare. I can't wake up. What's the spell?

My fingertips smell of another man, a stranger, I want to swim, I want to get read of this stunk at my hands. I want to throw myself into the water. WATER. I need streams to ice me.

Tuesday night I wrote to a Little Crimson

"Beloved, my Love, I can not separate from you. Nothing helps. You have hurted me so much and you can still hurt me more - I'm scared. You don't pick up dialog, don't answer questions. What have we done? Is it all smashed? Was it this affairs with money on both sides which took the life out of our love? I don't know what to do and how. Was it the madness of drinking? You can't drink so much. Neither me. Promise me that you are going to stop." it will continue

MY Gigolo with a golden soul in a horror fit, no one trusts you, no one likes except couple of pussies and Tom, what's happening Darling you can't run away from yourself, cant just run.

Who am I? I am not a writer, this is an illusion, I'm just observing my own reality, virtual reality, hyper reality, myself, this is not a book, this is a fucking truth. I'm not a filmmaker as much I would wish to be, I'm just seeing my life, my life and myself. Someone said, I'm seducing myself, I'm not doing it. Seduction? That should have been fine. Suffer? That should have been plain, chopped meat, myself. Pain? What's pain? Do I know? Crim said, loving him doesn't lead me anywhere. It leads me to much pain, I told him. I said. Talk. Words. Can I describe? Can I deny? Love. Do I know what love is? Yes, I know what the love is.

Last night I sat on the bicycle behind a new friend. New friend? He wanted to fuck me. I didn't want to fuck him. Fuck. What's fuck? Something increasingly abominable in my opinion. Do I have

opinions? Yes, I have the opinions. Last night we entered my place, my cave.

- It's great here -

a new friend said,

- it's like in New York. -

he pointed. What's New York? Do I know that? Yes, I know what is NY. My cave is not NY. My cave is cave, it isn't even my. Whose cave is it? And why am I here? Am I here? Yes, I am here. Shit, I am here, I am really here. Horror. What's horror? Yes, I know what horror is. A whore? No, I'm not a horror. He didn't want to pay me, he wanted to fuck me on the friendly terms, he said,

- I'm a very good lover -

he said about himself. I had no wish to test, to try, to taste - his readiness, options, his dick. He got me to sit on the couch, he got his hands around me, he got to suck my nipples and play my pussy.

- You smell as you are turned on -

he said to me. I was not. I covered my face with both of my palms. Palms. Yes, I know what palms are. I covered my face, I twitched.

- What's going on? -

he asked me. He proposed different solutions for my move, rather for my total stillness. I did not move and did not move my palms off. At last he asked

- do you miss your boy friend? -

I missed him madly, more now then when I am by myself, missed him differently, concretely, bodily, physically, palpable, missed his hands, his gestures, his way, his sex approach, his sex, his hands, his voice, his salve, his tongue, his arms, shoulders, arm pits, belly, his legs, knees, feet, buttocks, his mind, his souls, his eyelashes, his eyebrows, dry skin on his nose, his soft eyes, his tough hands, the temperature of his swell palms, his smell, his cock, I sat up, I put the guy's hands off my body. My body? Yes, my body. I looked in front of myself into the cave room.

- Yes,-

I said

- I miss my boy friend.-

- Sex is not that important, let sleep -

he suggested. We laid in my bed, it was awful. He said,

- I want to know you better, you are such a remarkable person. I thought You are just a slat, -

I laughed loud so the cave's walls shook.

- But what I have learned about you is fascinating -

he said. He meant my work, may be my nude flesh.

- I want to make love to you -

he said

- I don't want to fuck you -

- Is there a difference? -

I asked.

- Yes, there is -

he said. I didn't want to make love. - I - didn't want!

- I'll marry you -

he said.

- When ? -

I asked.

- Tomorrow morning, when we'll wake up -

he answered. I did not fall asleep. He breathed at my face when he slept, it was awful, I was still drunk but it did not help it did not seal my perception, his breath was the stranger's breath, was animalic, human, odd, real, it was not a dream, hyper breath, it wasn't Crim-Crim's breath. The breath was contaminating me.

After he left I changed sheets, the whole day my body, my hair, my fingers stunk of him. At last I got to a friend's house and took a shower. The water would not take the smell away at first, with a time it was gone but not all of it.

How long am I going to stay in hell?

Everybody, everybody tells me to drop it, tells me he is a bad guy, bad man. I love him, love every millimeter of his mind, flesh, soul, his flash, everything, all. I'm in love. And now, even he himself is against me. He doesn't want my love. I am so damn alone. Alone in love. Is it what love is? Yes, it is what love is. It is what my love is. My love. He is my love. Will it never end? He sacrificed me for his life, his freedom, his singleness, his new coming love, his new coming profession. His happiness. I can't stop loving him. My Crim. I can't think clear. I think clear.

the letter which I did not send continues

" You run after hundreds of pussies - why do you do that? By now may be you have fall in love to the Little Blond, you circled around and above the last time I saw you. I love you, love you so much and deep and can't stop. Nothing matters, nothing else matters at all. Why is life so absurd? Would you talk to me? - Now. I'm at my mother's place. Don't know why I came here. Watching the horror movie on 3, are you watching it? Are you happy? I have to find a home, can't stand at my place, is full of you and so windowless, airless. I can't breath in there. Will you ever come back to me? Vov, now they are going to show sex on TV, so I guess you are looking, You are glued into the screen. Vov, have you seen Phebe? She was cute on stage, what do you think now, that you could have screw her? Well, I could have too. Lately I get some very pretty girls after me and their phone numbers and their handsome boys - well - life is a paradox." will continue

Suddenly there was this song on MTV from Pulp Fiction, the major tune, when Mia and Travolta dance together "girl you'll be a woman, soon" I jumped out of the bed and danced naked wildly and superbly on the floor. I'm nuts.

I am so tired.

I am falling down, falling down constantly, falling down without a stop and without a sound.

XXI

There are dancing silhouettes emerging, twisting out of the smoke. Joyce has been inside already for a while, she is watching a livid smoke's curls with the same intensity as she is watching dancing fragments of people. Hips. Shoulders. Swinging torsos. Swinging hips, beating buttocks. A bare breast looms out there and here in the glucose soft beds of the smoke. Techno. Music. Dominance. Slavery. Trend. Pleasure. Patric attacks an Arabic Negress with his arm arose, he works on his hips and feet, he is huge. His silhouette draws a war scene from the ancient pottery. Nothing is real but the looms of the smoke.

Joyce heart aches very little now, but it does. Magnus's hair is very soft but Madde is so panicky jealous about him - his hair, his length, his smile - that Joyce withdraws one more time. The other times she withdraws because the men aren't her type, or because she is so endlessly cool tonight. Tonight is the night of just one glass of wine and that's a rare sober fiesta for the girl called Joy. She doesn't dance, watching a pretty Trance in net stockings, a very short ballerina dress and a black wig, long stiff eyelashes everywhere, white boas, chains, reviled cocks. The ones who smell a urine from the sweat are obviously on coke. Coke and Crim that would have been a dream. Joyce is innocent tonight too, this place makes her double as innocent when Crim is not with her. Jean strokes her chick tenderly. There is a couple fake

copulating on the couch buried in a dark corner, or may be they do it for real. May be everything is real. Also Joyce's dream of Crim and his love. Joyce is too cool and Irina works on her happiness. Blixie sips on her cola. She is cool too and she has big eyes. Joyce doesn't fight, she doesn't struggle, she doesn't sweat, she is neither hot neither cold, she smiles to everyone. There is no home and no cave on her retina but a pleasant crowd of the people having a good time. A Good time. Joyce drinks ice water and smokes her cigarette. Someone, a pretty boy tells her about his 75 years old grandma who had a birthday party tonight. He crushes into the dance trying to pull Joy with, she does not. She does nothing but standing-sitting around. An outsider? Not really. It is just a cool night. Too cool to be true, too cool to flip her heart, too cool to shuffle her out or in. Joyce is endlessly on her own. Her own. Desmond is nude, gave his rubber silver skin up, wears high heels snickers and has a pretty nude broad with and no lash no chains. This is Desmond's cool night. Also Gordon is dressed in silver and white and calm, the most he does is a dance with a short sexy Brunette, she twitches her loins on the floor throwing away bright red boots, reviling her little sweet pinkish feet. No whips around except one still-some stacked into Marcus's belt. No one crawls, no one licks; Joyce stops at Black Jack table where her Crim used to sit. Sit and play. Play. If there was no past, Joyce would have been a transparent shape of the loom. The loom. The loop. She would have grown a great swan's wings out her shoulders and drift off. That would have been a great sky-escapade. No sky for Joyce tonight. Something keeps her to the ground, some kind of waiting, waiting for his love. His love.

Joce, time to sober out.

- no, no, no, no -

Joyce says

- no -

she repeats one more time.

Jean tells her about his ex-boy friend in Paris who worked as a whore, a harlot, the lost dirty harlot. One night, Jean had to climb to the top of the steep roof of a high house to bring his lover down. Marcel was having a scene. Marcel - was winding at the very top

pounding his cock, he could not come in none of the ways. There was not even a fool moon but a sinister fear flowing over magnificent Parisian view, it got the hero right to his feet.

- After this night I gave up -

Jean tells.

- Love is something else -

he says.

- Something very much else -

- But what? -

asks him Joyce. He smiles to her.

- You are going to meet someone really beautiful, girl -

he says

- No -

says Joy

- You don't know that yet -

he repeats stubbornly, gives her a kiss.

- Jean -

says Joyce

- I would like to write fiction -

- you are already doing it, girl, it is all fiction -

he tells her and strokes her hair one more time. It's hot in the park, sandwiches at the cafe' look like boats loaded with stuff but certainly not food.

And then the things went very fast, they two - Jean and Joyce went to a gay party on Patricia ship, they ate excellent dinner and watched fire works, they danced and talked. A Korean girl with sweet bare buttocks kissed Joyce lips and put her tongue into Joyce's mouth; it was all to threaten her man. Joyce promised to meet them both for sex.

- but not tonight -

she said

- not tonight -

Joyce went home alone walking through the rain, the confirmation was completed. Joyce was still herself and had her snickers on again.

Joyce laid in bed with Crimson, she was in love, she was the love and he was the most sweet most decisive man she has ever seen. She definitely sucked him, his precious dick, his cock, his penis. She was gentle, her tongue was gentle and her lips soft and nude, her saliva was wet and hot and heeling, her hands were made of soothing gold and his sperm filled her from top to toe. They made love many times, two, three, four? They made love and this night brought Joyce back home. They made love in the morning with a bright sun reaping off the walls of her cave, his belly performing his wonder dick the whole way through the hole and deep into her fleshy soul crashed the cave upon them. Crushed it for-ever. At noon she wore white dress, white bra, white tangas, white snickers and they walked the street together in the sun and perfectly sober. Joyce bent down and picked a batt of the red rose laying on the gutter beneath. She left the town, she left the country and she left this entire world by bus first and by boat next.

Four weeks later she was back where she has started; inside her cave. The walls seemed even thicker. Tall, massive woman moved in the cage to the sound of techno. She collected lots of tongue-out-hanging man around herself, staring blankly at her, following every of her move. She was a big Babe with a small teats which she was showing off, bare and white, for the men. She touched herself, she wore some kind of stripes of clothes making a shorts over bigger parts of her normally big ass, her thighs were floppy and her breast-long blond hair touching the buttocks as she squized her loins, touching knees and reaching a big feet pushed into ordinary black shabby pumps. The girl was turned on, she was doing her cage-show already a second time. Blixie slashed the spot torch right into her cunt and masturbated her fast with a true master verve, with a touch and paint of the light beam. She did the same with Jamina dancing the second cage wild; making her otherwise chocolate black the most under parts of her

buttocks - the only ones which can be seen from the front when the legs spread out a bit, or spread a lot as the narrow cage have permeated - into a frantically whipped cream in shape of the frantically flaping meaty butterfly tempt-sucking-ation inside Jamina's black flesh body quite invisible now in the blackness of the room. Only wild open whites of her eyes proved that her head was were it should have been on the proud Marching Bitch. It is probable, The Blond got her screw between the shows. Otherwise Jamina walked the floors in the dark blue minimal plastic fit and with or against that scent her gum over a big, horse teeth, was bright red tonight. She smiled to Joyce, pointed her long sticky finger at her, shook the long nailed carmine finger and said

- you have to cut me out of your movie, I definitely don't want to appear in something like it -

- but she did appear. Joyce had no strengths to kill her darling, she tried but could not compete her own desire. The movement of the black girl was so entirely perfect, she walked like a truth princess - a human peacock, a big spread tail stuff she had meant into her hair underlined the beauty of the move, underlined her musical sensitivity, underlined her basset grace, underlined Joyce's choice. And now Jamina entered the movie room long after the start, she saw Joyce immediately, Joyce held back her breath watching Jamina's shape just in front of the screen, her profile. Well, the scene appeared, a some time after Jamina already leaving the theater twitched her long nails into Joyce's belly and hissed some few words Joyce doesn't want to remember. The other girl, much younger and with a wasp name, broke out into a hysterical cry, Joyce tried to comfort her for a while, claping her nap, clasping at her shoulders when the girl shouted, it was Joyce's most ugly, most sick movie which made her flash floods of tears and hick ups, Joyce who was truly surprised at the fact did not stop comforting the crying little miss and said most honest

- look, I did not mean to hurt you -

the girl wept through her tensed throat

- why aren't you dead yet? is life that much of nothing? why did you

do a movie like that? do you want to show off yourself? or are you screaming, "help me"!?! -

Joyce looked at her coolly

- no -

she said

- no, not at all. The life is really like that and it's all right. I think it's a cool little movie -

Many of the girls left the room, they were full of expectations since many days, They really seemed to love Joyce, before; but no longer.

- What did they expect? -

Yes, it was a premiere and the movie was almost ready and was not bad at all, and was powerful!

Joyce's life was changed, her whole life was changed or actually was not changed at all. Crimson was back. He was back very much and since at least two weeks. Two weeks was a very long time. Three hundred thirty six hours. They had a plan. They were going to live in Poland together. At the very beginning Joyce felt as she was going to be shoot out in the racket into the space and not as going with her boy-friend to her home country. Well, it wasn't Joyce's home country. Home country is something one recognizes, one states it - or? Of course the very strong and concrete feeling about the racket and the space wasn't caused by the geographic areas. It was brought out as a Crimson's very own phenomena, it wasn't because she did not trust him, or because she could count out his plan will fail one way or another in most expected and most unexpected time, no it wasn't out of any detailed calculation at all; it was just the way she felt while Crim kept on fucking her four times a day again and again and again. He screamed coming and this was a rarity and she celebrated his heart soul and cock and kisses. The sun was back too, and they lived in the crypt again as before, cooking, fucking, singing, dancing, seducing, drinking, sleeping and so on mingling darkness with the light.

- my movie is good -

Joyce sat down talking to herself

- my movie is very good, but where are the people who would dig

it? what's wrong with these people, too young? too thoughtless? empty? stupid? insensitive? conservative? dull? inexperienced? limited? priggish?, false?, obscurant?, or simply fucked up? May be. The cuts are perfect, an energy float as well, message, color, sex, drugs, tolerance, push, rock and roll, despair, flavor, obsession, spell, life and death plotted into the endless focus, hocus-pocus, here I am and where you are? Well, where? - Crimson is back but he also hates the movie. Fuck! I love my movie.

- It was the end of August and my birthday -
said Joyce to someone I did not know or did not recognize, they two seem to be quite familiar with each other.

Joyce went to Poland in August to join her mother and support her. An American gay guy had taken over their apartment, he changed locks, threw all their stuff, among others Joyce's 4 years correspondence with her father up to the date of his death. All their letters to each other, and she wrote almost every day. Joyce father was a great poet, an excellent father and excellent letter writer and it was a great loss. This American guy made a faked document of a marriage between him and Joyce's mother and using this paper stole their home. Now, Joyce and her mother with a help of a lock smith's broke in. Inside was an office. Joyce looked through all the stuff, found a testimony that indicated that the flat was already given away as a present to his very lover, a Dutch guy. It was all bloody mess. The following day was Joyce's birthday. Three pals entered the place, they brought flowers, wines, beers, vodka and food to celebrate Joyce. The guy she did not know was a tall wild eyed fellow.

They were in the nasty disco, the light was more than dim, people were drunk so was Joyce. After wild dancing she chilled her lips with another drink, the tall fellow, she was very attracted to sat on her side by the bar buying her drinks. The chairs were tall bar iron stools, suddenly Joyce sat, crotching on the guys' knees, fronting him, with her feet hanging in the air, she was pressing her pussy

against his loins, his crotch, his prick, her tongue was deep inside his throat whipping a mad dance. Her teats pressed his strong chest. The fellow was visibly fascinated, the fellow was madly in love, she pulled aside her pants making her wet cunt nude and accessible, he would not come in, he was afraid.

- please, take it easy with me -

he was telling her.

They spent an hour at the swing outside her home, telling tells. Joyce took him home. They sat in the kitchen on the floor, Joyce kneeled in front of him, she striped nude. He was a miserable lover, it all took about a minute. Joyce had a lust to throw him out, taken with repulsion she felt as to weep and puke, luckily he dressed and went. Joyce phoned Crim. She said

- Crimson, it's my birthday, I love you! -

- what time is it now? -

asked her Crim

- 6.30 AM -

she said

- how can you phone me at this time, I'm asleep! -

he said and hanged up.

XXII

And now the autumn came with all the cold rain wind and fix.

Joyce remembers how her knees shook when she met Crimson, he phoned her an hour before she was planning to go and find him, he was where she was going to go, he phoned her a few times and asked

- why are you still at home, why aren't you here yet? -

she fixed the dishes, she fixed make up, dress, stockings, shoes, hair and jumped into the taxi, he waited for her, and her knees kept on shaking many-many long-long minutes-minutes. It was a happy reunion, innocent and light.

And now at the autumn weekend day, her ass, pussy and thigh's muscles hurt - result of too much sex. Too much sex - can you imagine? The life is ever either, so or so, nothing or all, he or not he, with or without him and now it is definitely with him. The palpable phantom of the silver racket slowly discarded. Now, soon, they two are really going to go - Joyce convinces herself coolly.

Can you imagine the crossing between Blixé and the dog? Why did she do it? Why did she fuck the dog? How come the nature

gave a spell off in or into it. The legitimed child out of this conjunction was more a four-legged beast than a baby. But it had Blixé's very big eyes full of the wind. Windy eyes stared at me. They were shallow and humid and a bit grey. The moment was most sinister. My dog was coming by. Coming forth. As long Blixé was here she spied a perfect control over the infant. She left the house, the house was in the woods, woods were dark, almost black. I could hear the spell whistling. I felt fear which proved very soon. The newly borne creature jumped over my dog as he settled himself in my lap. The whistling increased. I knew something horrible had happened. I took my dog in my arms and moved him away to the comfortable distance where my eyes immediately focused three big fast spreading patches in hot dark blood. My fear steaming. As my sorrow was growing unbearable linked with a helplessness I have had press my dog against my plexus, he was hot.

The whole day I felt as I was on acid, it must have been showing off, the people I passed, thousands of them looked at me gently and with care. The whole world seemed to be venerable. And humid.

Was the life tough, or just crazy? Or was it Crimson's mind, his vivid imagination, his clear vision, his horror, his calm reality, his destiny rooted into me with a new power? His dream, I so easy respond to? - as I remembered myself watching his sleeping face last night, his face rested on the dirty pillow in small orange-flower prints, his body laying next to every of my lines, next to mine, next to me. Were our souls drifting together into astray so he could have possessed my dreams without an end?

Crimson started to work on his first movie script, it started with a scene of a woman having sex with her dog.

These two weeks we had together again weren't the same as the ones before, sex wasn't the same. The new and most powerful

factors was his scream while coming and the beat of his heart against my flesh, against my bones, the resonance of it, beating into me as a drum, beating into my blood, into me as there was always a membrane on my right breast and deep in, on my left shoulder blade and in, my right palm through, my left poop-my poop, my left marble hip, my oral cavity.

The racket was substantial now, was his pining up dick, his cock, the rapid melody of his very being. I could have said - a blow job, and I could have said - drinking the god's bitter but vivid bloom, it would have been the same, his angel's face with swollen up dark round but frail half-open lips resting above my mugging palm coiled into a total peace exposure while it had flushed me there into the very space which only swayed and breathed the most deep far beyond the palpable. I was already there and doing my best.

Time. Now, even or, also Mr. Stephen B Hawkins contributed into the hypotheses that we, people are in fact able to travel back and forth in time. Lets see what'll happen.

XXIII

12. 10 / some days before

- What was that? -

- The smells have merged but did not lead me out at first.-

- Hey, I lied in bed, smelled the caller and smelled something knew. I, we, were in the new place. New for us, old for me. The scent - of my cave was stuck into my flesh, plotted into my, into our sheets, the duck-fluff cover inside the sheet smelled old musty walls plotted into my senses - but not into me, not into my memory. We lied under the cover, he was very near me and coming closer. Did I want that? -

- Yes, I wanted it. Wanted it very much. I heard the horse paddling the gutter. I heard coach wheels roll. I heard steps of the people, could say what shoe they wore and what clothes, could foresee their faces, shapes of noses and chick bones, color of eyes, hair style, scars, I heard their voices, I understood every word they spoke. Recognized, pictured, saw without looking out, tasted without touching.

Is it that what others call - home?

Today - the town was very dusty. Within 48 hours, a couple of days ago, we have moved my furniture, plates, pots, paintings, some books, all video illusions, carpets, curtains, a television set,

into a new home, new country and a new town. He - Crimson said

- visions are possibilities. Dreams are visions.-

I scatted the ice.

- What happened to us? -

Couple of remarkable acts, fucks, and couple of the usual ones. Were we going to synchronize or were we going to flop one more time? The place did not seem our dream land, not at least mine. The clouds were familiar, the gummed up air too, gutter reflected the eyes and flashed deep spikes through my bones; it was very physical. I could have speak for myself, we, as we were still lacking something in terms of communication, there were sights pulling some inner thoughts and some outer parts of the loins, astray. - Why? - There was no clear answer, not yet. OK, there was an old good known answer, but who would want an old answer? - Not I, not we.

He speaks in a voice as he was about to shit, whispers about most precious, for him, items so quiet by will, that I would have big difficulties in hearing it - catching it, that my answer can't satisfy, simply annoys him, that it is obvious, most clear that I am shmack. He doesn't answer the smile, accepts the compliments about his good looks, is again totally filled up with himself. Ah, if I could have gone nuts or simply protest. I don't mean for to behold my face, on the contrary: to behold my life. I have to force the nervous system, the solar plexus, a free flow through the spinal cord, a work of the grey cells and also the most pink ones, the systemic and the pulmonary blood circulation to function only to my self-interest. That sort of credo shall never satisfy, but might save. I experience pain when he performs an act of grouting, in a common parlance called for act of love. He says that my butt is the cake.

Zanzibar, a Warsaw's fancy inn, just a night bar, small, crowded, mixed ages; are these the references? - Yes, they are. Joyce wears white, a very much a movie star-jacket, white short dress, net stockings not reaching the rim of her skirt and showing a buttered slizes of her thighs, a sloppy hair-do, a vulgar make up of her whole face, luxury eye-lashes, she almost succeeds to loose control, not that she would become crazy, not the least of it, but

she manages to loosen up the control, control over every single second of her being; it's hard to be home, that's why she hates to be home. No, not because it is hard, that would not have been a problem, but she hates to feel in a TOTAL CONTROL. That's a very low feeling. "Feeling" is an ugly word. She makes her way through the crowd to a bathroom, she hears a laugh at her back, she knows it is at her, her most outer appearance and the idea she gives about herself, she turns back and towards a girl. Laugh dies on the girl's open mouth.

- I was born, 1950 on the one of the late August's hot nights, it was a Saturday, a fool moon spied into the window behind which my mother in pains, laid at the delivery table in steel. Her belly was small, I used to keep myself tight, knees under the chin, arms along, surrounded by the smallest possible amount of the water in there in the dark, I used to listen to voices. My mom was always crazy. What could I do about that, just shoot in and shut up? I took it for granted, she was perfectly OK. At that moment a Chinese doctor mumbling some oriental prayers laid on my mother's belly pushing me out. I heard mother's roar, her beastly shriek. It was impossible to stand in there, in my usual place. It got far too narrow. I got out rapidly, I was nude-yellow, thin, long, I had a shoulder long black hair, and a long black hair between my shoulder blades. He, the Chinese, holded me upside down, I looked at the room blinded by light, my mother legs far apart, some white moving shadows in there, he slaped my butt, I opened my mouth and filled my lungs and the whole room with a hot electric scream eagerly trying to catch some air, my heart pumping still at 144 beats a minute, my feet still in the air, I pissed. The piss run into my mouth, I choked, he shook me into all the directions a little longer and pleased over his job, gave me to the nurse, saying

- so, we've gotten a screaming dancer! -

my mother still lying down watching the scene and putting the eyes off me towards the moon in blitz of full gold. The nurse deep me into a pleasantly warm water where the moon's gentle reflection still reached, she dried me in a hot towel making a tiny packet out of the whole me. She oiled my hair making a roll-Elvis-lock above my forehead, at last placing me at my mother's side. My eyes were dark blue and shone like pocket lamps.-

ended up Joyce with a grin, still watching the effect of her story on

the girl's face. The very last she kept to herself, her mother told her that she looked quite oriental in her features, color and pitch black excess of the hair and people were making suggestions she might be coming from the Korean war.

Marek was born at the same clinic. He is a good friend, he is a fucking alco, everybody here is a fucking alco, Crimson is in the leading line, Joyce cant drink polish booze, she is going to lose the very rest of her friends, they do think she is an up nose chick, they do not see how the booze rite her with a hyena shriek, she can't drink, she can't stand it. She cant stand the tension which grows in her successively with the amount of the liquid which Crimson dumps into himself, she is becoming obsessed of her palms filling with lead, she twitches them off also in the sleep, stopping off the blood free run, she can't use her hands as the tension keeps on growing until it'll burst. The Polacks drink 24 hours round the clock, there is no salvation, there is no end.

- one day Crimson is going to be really nuts -
thinks Joyce.

One night Crimson throws her against the street, she rolls. She rises up trying to grip the situation or trying to grip her head from the next blow, she fails, his next jab throws her down to the ground again and again. He has a monkey strength. He tries to stay aloof and on the street, at last they succeed to bring each other home. He goes nuts again as soon the door shuts after him from the inside, he smashes some stuff in the house they both nested during the first week.

- this is not my home! I am bored! I am going to kill you! I have fucked so many younger and tighter pussies than yours and I want to do it again, what are you doing in my life and how did you succeeded to bring me to this horrible trap, witch-bitch! -

he is hunting her around the place, crushing the glass door between the rooms and trying to swing her with an iron lamp. She is trying to escape out but he is all over her and she can't get to the door, as by miracle all of the sudden he falls asleep.

He wakes up with love words on his lips, stretching his arms,

promising everlasting love and devotion to his sweet maiden maid. Joyce is in her childhood home or is it a house? What are they up to, searching home or escaping it?

Joyce was five years old she had discovered the pussy, her pussy and how to play it out. She is passionate about it at nights, she pulls it until it burns like hell.

- it's burning! -

she screams, waking up her parents

- go up and take some cream! -

is the every night answer, they are possibly tired of her.

Joyce's father has been always drinking but now he was drinking far too much, he sees white muse and crocodiles and hobbits and all the trolls, they are going to take him. He is in the bathtub, still dressed in his pretty dark blue suit and clean shirt, he has flushed his tie, Joyce is with him. The ambulance arrives, two doctors are entering the house, Joyce's mother lets them in, they break the door to the bathroom, they pack Joyce's father into a white strait jacket with long sleeves, he cries and screams, Joyce bites the bigger man in his calf through the fabric of his trousers, the other one lifts her out of the room like a tiny dirty cat. Joyce is scratching and screaming as wild she can, they throw her into the kitchen, she climbs the window, watches the two men leading her father into a small white, with a big red cross, bus. They take him to the clinic for a long time.

Actually Crims's childhood was more dramatic than her own, was so much more bad she can't even pronounce it. And even if she would have dared, he has forbidden her.

They are quite chance less. Crimson has a panicking yelling hang over and she does nurse him, her skull hurts from the last night blows. Warsaw is a vivid town. Life might suck again or suck for good.

Crimson promises -

- never again -

Joyce was on her knees, she was scrubbing the floor, working

through grey soggy pads and pools with her open or twisted palms, padding the floor, embracing the floor, kissing it. Joyce was home. Everything was there, her toys, books, bed, her mother's clothes and pa's room. It took her hours to blare the floor in the big room. The facts were plain, she escaped from the boarding school, she got hold of the abandon apartment's keys.

PISS experience - twitched on the staircase for far too long time, stragglng her own will and wish. Traveling the space of the past happy childhood. At the age of 8 openly mingled her physiology. Obviously, she was back at the place she despised, a dormitory, and she refused herself to empty the bladder - a revolt! Aware of a great suffer; the maid painfully pulling her long and golden curly hair every morning rapidly into a straight, bam long, ribbon knotted flats. The maid cracking jokes and Joyce's peculiar sence of humor - she did not laugh. Inside a big crowded city, a huge house with a lots of staircase, floors, corridors - a tinny room shared into a 4 small beds and 4 bed cupboards - and memories. The nights of insenity, spilling the last vodka bottle into a kitchen sink to the yell of the late party guests. She would not bear her pa getting more drunk, with all the probability crashing into a spasmodic cry - his post war phenomena - or at his best dripping a single tears, wanting her to sit in his lap reading loud - as he would see it doubled - his beautiful tormented poems words to his pals. Joyce was an explicite reader. The memories, her home, all suddenly being so abstract in the child world - which character is a 100% - the presance. All her values errored, all the statements in doubts.

The very last family night, pa standing on the wrong side of the door, knocking himself in without a result, she crying at the inside, hearing his voice, his breath and at last his walking away steps. The echo. Her mother standing in the room, the door key endlessly in her hand. Endless.

She has learned to love the new place. After two years there, Joyce's mother takes her back to a lonely house, she is busy with a finishing her study at the Art Academy. She writes a little laps to Joy at the certain, most important moments, the mania quite developed explodes of which Joyce knows nothing about but agrees the walls have the ill ears. She fullfills the game, she writes the answers down when she is forbidden to speak. Sometimes she is forbidden to eat, she might been poisoned. She can't

remember any sort of the protest from her side. Her mother is a great tolerant pal as well, she is an artist and she works a lot at the theatre. Some nights, she suspects Joyce opening the door and letting in someone who cuts her head off. She invents a small experiments involving Joyce. She fixes a pad lock on the inside of her own bedroom. At 14th Joyce becomes a drinker, a party princess killer, a crying maid, a performer. She often plays dead, facing her mom at different ocasions. She is obviously to shy, to busy to have fun. She loves to climb out through the windows pissed drunk and give a sceary shows, she does it instantly. If the windows don't do, she, often avoiding flirts and loves, fixes the perfect moment; loaded to maximum rushes out, rushes down the staircase, rushes the yards and streets hunting a real danger. Her knees are constantly gored from the falls. Her cry is a hurricane. The same from the infant's time; she had always had an inclination to a histeria and an oportunity as well. It is hard to say if friends, people in general, avoid her or like. The teachers hate her. She is quite fency, pretty, more than well dressed, she has money. She is a lot on her own. She uses the mirror for her monologs. She uses her monologs for dialogs. She has a dog. She is probably perfectly normal. She discovers an abstract fear. A sleepless nights she fills with books, there are only a good valuable books at her home, no trash, so perheps no hurm on the girl. Downstaires of her apartment is a bucher shop, a truck brings meat every night, a man singing a Love aria to Carmen, slashes a huge frozen cow's corps down inside and leaves, the next few hours someone chops it with a great violance. The floor moves under Joy. A cosy dawn lulls her to sleep, she is in love to Lorca, to Wilde, Remboid, Schakespeare, Eliot, Remark, all the old Greeks - one at the time. She is always late to school and seldom there.

XXIV

Recipe. Start of a day. An order

- Wake up swell, prolong the sleep back into the heavy dash, wake up swell. Research on sex, or feel some sex or read dirty papers. Get into the bathtub, into the shower, hot, red. See your womb, check your pussy, watch it, pull it upwards a bit over the bone. Roses' fields bewitched, roses' buds and very pointed - resembling meat, tasting meat, look as a scarlet meat, two equal pieces; one for you one for me, ah be the real meat!

Keep it hot. Take a walk, as secrets flow openly through a humid and silver-grey air, in the passage under the viaduct, lean at the murky green wall, expose the treasure. No game. Lean between a roundly sprayed word "bitch" in Parisian blue and the slogan "I come into a good hands" in carmine ink, spread your legs not much, spread your arms into Jesus's last move, flank, do a bird. Flap long enough. Feel the earth turning into the right as you stubbornly stand still. Fixed. Beauty. Smell of the Autumn. Undoubtedly passing. Poetry is dead as it has always been.

He walked by and I stood waiting for him at the end of the passage under the fly-over, I leaned at the concrete wall of the bridge's bay, cold-green autumn light coming at me, showing off my cunt in a full meat, full carmine, full life. At my side darkening leafs

glittered and stunk supporting my act.

Joyce went into the passage under the viaduct, she walked fast, much faster than Crim. He was far behind her. The path suddenly in a dim light turned her thoughts even more into direction of sex. Seduction. She inserted the wet smelly air into the bottom of her lungs, it hit immediately her lower privy parts, it pushed that hard she could not bear the pressure, it was exactly what she waited for. The climax. She made only one more step forward, and two towards the wall, she leaned at the wall heavily, she shoot off her hips free into the air resting her head at the concrete cold span, she pushed the skirt to the side or possibly up, she tangled out of her pants her hot carmine labia meat divided at the top by a hardening clit-bud turning pure white as it grew, she waited for Crim, she heard echo of Crim's steps grooving. The sound of his boots died. She waited for Crim to find her. Possibly he has taken the over way. It felt as her cunt was going to burst.

But it did not.

**

A jealousy, envy, these are that truth interesting aspects of love - the witch says, walking away, disappearing, vanishing, Joyce sits on the chair as usual, doing nothing. Her little head works. She has already forgotten a nightmare of loosing, she has all and she wants more, she already has what she wanted when she had nothing and now she wants what she really wants. She wants a fantastic man who can see what she is, a star, a woman, a goddess, a muse, power, charm, gravitation, possibilities, development, the world's conquer. Wants simply a genius who will at last write for her this fucking magnificent movie script, an epos, a book, an essay, or even a poem. She feels shame. It turned as he is just doing it, writing it, day after day spaying at the scenes under his eyelids, scenes bursting of sex in that amount that they turn a truth kitch, scenes rolling under his both eyelids and under his skin and under the epidermis of his finger tips and she is in the same room, but he does not write about her, neither

for her. He would have been surprised by the state of her mind, her deepest wish; is it possible that he knows nothing about her, that far?

- which of us two is a Don Kichote? -

Joyce implies to herself. He fights me like a wind meal when I chase away the ghost of a marvelous devoted him sexy mare when I walk by or give him my breast (seldom) for the sucking kiss. Or me, who fights to be myself, to be a mare, the muse, the same one who reveals for him. This tale starts to stand right up my throat, my eye, my ass, my belly, my brain and across my very way.

*

"Storm and sex. Sex and storm, more in this order. These are sensations of a last days. I would do anything for both. I have been on the road, most on the rail-track. I have been in Crim's bed again, in his bed - his dick pumping my soul rapidly back into the most hot life - by people called love. Also by me. Love. Crim's love. My love. Our love. I have been penetrating the sea which I feared was up to eat me. Crim's lips, mouth, teeth chewing on my, drilling my tongue, sucking my milkless nipples deep red and deep hard. Pulling the clit, having it spread and served. Whipping his sperm, his dancing woodo-dick in my inside printing me with a Braille alphabet, our perfection. We, do read immediately. Morse's alphabet sharpened dark zigzags of the sea through an endless coils of a black waters, black air and crystal snow; uncontrolled, unregretful, merciless and like hydra hungry."

Joyce, twitched on the bathroom floor, trying to hang her face on the sink, half nude, puking and shitting like a sick baby. Inside the ship, she pledged to protect. Totally smashed. Smashed far behind the limits. Emptied and powerless and most careless of an entry, the final - life or death.

Crim, on his travel to have fun, drunk, sharing a taxi with a fat stranger lady-love, fell asleep. She clasped on the inside of his smooth thigh not far from his coiled dick, she clapped again to wake him up. His face above her full breast scrutinizing the shabby street outside.

- eight zloty -

she said, stretching an open hand-palm towards him

- I don't have money -

Crim replayed

- no money? -

she pointed sourly. He, after having checked his pocket one more time returned his empty palm to her.

- no money? -

fat Donna repeated astonished. In the next move she opened door on his side, he got out, she shut the doors after him and drove off.

Crimson walking hopefully towards home trying to sober up at least to master his own steps and streets he didn't know.

A knocking on the Joyce's door. Voices.

- it has been shut since an hour -

a guard in a white overall opened her door from the outside

- you can't stay here locked in, the weather is so bad that we don't know what shall happen. -

Joyce plugged out of her small white porcelain room. The tribe of soft legged drunk Suedos right in the middle of the lobby rolling zombie water-blue eyes. One of the guards on each of Joyce's both sides.

The ship hitting into the side harder then usual, them rolling into the wall, shindy of the crushed glass. A stewardess without her formally elegant dark blue suit, pumpleless, barefoot, wearing grey woolen pajamas on wide spread legs trying to keep balance and a talk, telling the guards Joyce's cabin is on the lowest deck, considering the danger.

Joyce, transported to a brain new fancy cabin next door, and left in the middle. Snow-storm, evil whirls of the first snow and 30 meters tall raging waves hitting a window and walls, roar of noise. More crushed metal and glass. Ship pushed around, back and forth, ideless like a doll. Joyce probably praying on her way to

Crim and thrown rapidly on the couch frantically twitched to it fabric. Pulled from end to end.

Crim licked her decisively, licked her pussy, licked her whole womb sticking his tongue in stretching her on the leather couch. She bowling up into an Egyptian goddess Nut. The epicenter.

The energy never expiring, still rising turning their endlessly soft bodies into a universal structure of hot steel most responding even so irresponsible, no threat, no danger, but ultimate power of gold. Alchemy. Love. Sex. The storm, here, is so much over. Not even trace of destruction.

Joyce felt ill, she spent the whole day in bed at the hotel. She was forced to take a hotel as the train, last night, delay by a sudden snow-storm made her miss the boat. She was offered to stay at the station, to be locked at the train station over a night. The offer was good as she was extremely short of money, but not good enough when she looked over her sleeping floor. She went to the hotel, the town was desolated and black. The bed was so much better.

She knew it was going to be a storm as soon as she opened the door, the day was black again, wind sharp and icy, rain still small but hurting. On her right appeared suddenly a ghost of the woman that scared a shit out of her.

- o, man, this is going to be tough - she pictured without smallest doubts her departure. She was curious how it shall be. She methodically worked all her luggage into the ship, irritated at her hands frozen, powerless and blue from the cold. She, absolutely did not want to miss the chance. The test - will they or will they not make it. Will She ? Will It?

She sat in the cafe, alone, watching the television. Other people were in the restaurant, she could see them through a round glass window decoratively meant into the wall dividing both locals. She had a couple of tables in her view. On each table, champagne in a

silver bucket and merry-crowd. Now she had her face and eyes staring right through the wooden wall behind which was only torments of sea

- it will come through safe -

she has done her very own ritual of thoughts feeling how her brain lifted up creating an aura and giving her a chill.

Did she dwell with magic or was she so fucked up? The captain, a tall slim man in marine blue suit, wearing small silver glasses in his Decent-Dracula's face went softly through the room where she sat

- good evening -

he spoke to her in a soft manner. She nodded invisibly. The ship was on it's way out.

Every of her muscles was tensed, maximally pulled out between bone and skin. Every of her muscles shook, but not in a sloppy jelly manner, more as iron if you imagine it possible. She was on the third bout, on the fifth hour through the storm.

I guess she started making promises.

Joyce is eighteen years old, she is pregnant with a little baby girl inside her but she still doesn't know about it. Joyce has been on a party. She left. This was common. She run out without being noticed. She is loaded. She has been drinking hilariously. It always makes her totally crazy. It makes her search the darkest side of herself. She is never going to the parties to dance or kiss or even mingle; she goes there to get smashed. And she pulls with as an animal to the watering-place. The very first steps outside are rapidly fast, her legs grow longer, her heart pumps as a maniac and the tears flow as the dyke breaks. The night is black. She pulls towards the river, she pulls in, there is a sky-scraper and she has an alternative. She chooses the house. She gets in and climbs the stairs. She gets to about seventh floor and gets into the

window, she opens it. She hangs herself most out, she does not fall, she hesitates. She has paper wings on her back. She rumbles some words and some tears. The situation is most common. May be 5 minutes, may be half an hour. She watches the ground. She gives in. She moves back and takes the staircase down. She walks along the river. The river is grey blue, the air is grey blue, leafless bushes and shrubs are grey blue. She has a white short muslin-dress with white wings with a rim of gold attached to it. It has been a masquerade. On her cheeks are grey blue misery strokes. All the caked make up. Her normally honey-brown eyes are grey blue and empty, she is shivering after all the red wine and all the vodka and all the air she couldn't attend. The dawn is icy. She carries her angel head band with palps in her right palm.

About 5 o'clock in the morning the sea is much calmer. Joyce pined into the dark through the ship's window and went out into the corridor and checked the watch. It was all desolated. She also saw her own reflection in a mirror. She was green-white as a mare.

She wants to ask a brain new guard if a storm is not coming again on their way. She doesn't dare feeling how ridiculous the question is in comparing with unpredictable nature of the wind. What's a use of him answering if the wind shall change it's hideous mind. She is pleased to sea that it's only two hours left by the sea.

- we are three hours delay -

says the guard crushing the dream, five hours left to happen all,

- go to sleep -

he adds She does. She goes back into the cabin, takes all the clothes off and lay down on the couch, she rises up, steps over the room and lies in the bed and under the cover. She falls asleep.

In the morning before leaving the ship she meets the captain in the dim light of the lowest deck's corridor

- good morning -

he says. He has the same expression as the night before, the same suit.

She nods and answers quietly

- good morning -

This is a ghost town. This is a ghost town. This is a ghost town. Joyce is not a writer, neither a dreamer, neither a ghost. Joyce is Joyce. Crimson is writing on a new book. It starts with a dead woman corps. It's Joyce's corps. She is Crim's wife. At last she is his wife. Should she care that she is dead?

Joyce feels as she would have wings. It's not a slogan. She feels the hairy, great petals, collops, binding of tendons flutter and lift her up. They are right at her back, Crim is kissing her, holding her; and it's only the beginning. She is back home. She has survived and she has wings.

Joyce is lying between two men in the bed. One of them, older and meaner keeps his fingers inside her anus. It supposed to be a punishment. She is not pleased, she has her face turned towards the other man, she doesn't know none of them. There is a girl in the room, Joyce knows her but she couldn't say if it's Taslim or Tessa, or Karra, the girl has a short dark hair, she is properly dressed. A white bear attacks the room, he wants to eat up Joyce, he roars, shrieks, his gaped muzzle with huge teeth and huge meaty-pink tongue, is next to her face. The other girl saves her, she takes the animal against herself, she kicks Joyce out of the room, throws after her the cigarettes and the lighter, shuts the door. The hideous battle sound, an animal's and the girl's clash, cracks stupid Joyce's head.

Joyce wakes up, she is so taken that she whispers to Crim

- a lion wanted to eat me up -

Crim is already in his writing room studding her very dead body.

SORT OF A HOME TOWN. Joyce lies on the bathtub bottom, her wings are cut.

Precisely here, reflects itself the ugliness and the height of a perfection of the man kind I come from. Crumpled with comicality, tragedians's faces mirror themselves in a November-glisten gutter. Houses behold the beauty, they are prettier then people. Proud silhouettes of churches, dim, reddish walls of the barbican, a very keen of color and patina walls of the buildings support leaning into them world, tightly wrapped in a grey sky. The light wading through a thick air creates thousands spectacles of joy. The Last Supper. Through it travel tiny, small statuettes of giants, midgets, clowns, honest-s, faultless, and an upstart-farts. All that, is so utterly visual. Not being the vision but the reality.

SOFIA PUSSIES, one after the other parading the cat walk, cleaned of the sexual desires, aesthetic Barbie Dolls, long legged, slim, look alike they all came from one mother in elegant pumps, Rich from NY is sad upon the fact and won't buy the drinks, Crim and Joyce won't get their kicks. An erotic tornado - it's what they yearn. Bart, more agreeable watches the tiny pink butts, a lucrid little squized buns, squizing his very own and much fuller Donna under the chair

- the owner must have been fired -

says, Joy pining into the dark, sipping on her free sweet liqueur

- the last time, a Russian girls were pretty wild buzzing Dragon Flies, polishing hips and asses against a false Armani suits living the fat bonzo guys, quite a spectacle, one brave **THING** a top of table on all her four slowly filled her cunt with an arabesque original Dior tie, getting this purple face of a fat pig right between

the thighs; he pulled the steaming thing out. The tie, I mean, as his guts were none and the show done -

the girls, far back, build a choreography in extremely week dark red light to a soft disco, proudly stretched, with arms manifesting an independence in the game of freedom and no sex.

Crimson and Joyce tested the town, it was a catastrophe. People of the past rode a beasts' backs. The past. The past is the less inspiring. Joyce is sick, alcohol is the monster. Crim is sick too but he is used to it. It simply is his life. Joyce can't breathe, she feels as the air is to end. It's sort of the Warsaw's air all the time, the air that has an end. And it spins wildly through her veins.

- the condition of the life is simple -

pledges, Joyce to herself

- I like, when life is life, flesh is flesh, dog is a dog, a whore is a whore, the love is love, a tiger is a tiger and bread is bread - eatable. -

It was already during the last few days she suffered the come back of her youth-sycho. She used her childhood only mantra

- two times' two is four, two and two is four -

it would not keep her cool. It is nothing to talk about, Joyce hates the effect, these voices, these are exactly the same voices that used to scare shit out of her, nag her, pushy, unavoidable, paralyzing, impossible to ignore, the same voices the same walls; still living at home. Bathtub, bathroom, a plastic curtain that cuts her off the rest of the world, sound of it hideous and malicious, water, her nude body. Body? The heart beat. Heart? Rhythm. Rhythm? Harmony of horror, kneeling down at the bathtub bottom. Bottom? Not just occasionally. Always.

She isn't here to deal with her past. She is here to deal with her future. Good but impossible option. Is the place's Quantum too powerful? Can walls live own life? Do they? Yes, they do.

A few days ago, she and Crim, fucked, did it perfectly, uniting his sex, his dick, with a power of her beating cooking butt and womb, she tucked the bed underneath him against the other wall. After

the act she laid still in the bed exactly in the middle of the small room where at the very spot she lost her virginity, if she had any, anyway without doubts her very first love act. She doesn't want to picture it, think of it at all. It does picture her. The act pictures her, it gets her whenever she wants it or wants it not. She never dealt with these memories and she would gladly oppose if she could. And these are not just memories. They have much more flesh and dick then thoughts used to have. The walls have demon-fairy power. They have the spell.

Joyce heart is of a pure gold.

She loves her Crimson-prince.

They have to get out.

The castle.

- The town, it's only a back-ground. Always the back-ground to a person who I am.-

stated Joyce, erasing exciting New York's views from her eyelids stitches, observing Marszalkowska street along it's dusty grey and rather packed with people, side walks.

People have animal faces. A sublime shopping will creates a Zoo.

Someone has cheated me. Writing books does not make sense. Reading books doesn't make sense. Collecting art in palaces of marble doesn't make sense. Showing art on the street doesn't make sense. Buying art doesn't make sense. Selling art doesn't take sense. Making art does not make sense. I am not writing a book any longer. I have stopped. But he does. Crimson writes his book everyday and in this book I am dead. I am already a dead body. I am his obsession. My son uses a perfume "Obsession for men". I also used that perfume when I stayed at his home three weeks ago. In February he is going to be fifteen. I miss him not like a big boy, I miss him like a child. Soon he really is big. God, clear my roads, fast. I miss him too much. It hurts.

Only a sentimental issue. Why are we here? Home? Career? Money? Surviving? We, two? The walls. We stay within the walls. This is not my home country. I do talk the language. I do talk this language very well. It is my mother tongue. I am not denying my past. This is not my home country. We have an apartment. Two rooms, kitchen, bathroom, corridor ended by the door entering staircase. It is totally useless for us two, to be here. My father was a man. How else?

From place to place. Everyone has a dream, of life, of home, of love, of truth and values.

Joyce stood pressed into Crimson chest, she was crying, gave in stragglng, letting the tears go. He held her gently, the winter night was cold. They were on the way to the movies

- it must be possible to do something, can't we take them home? -

Joyce sobbed. They had met two gypsy kids - citizens of the cardboard town - on the tram, a boy playing a sad accordion and even a smaller girl.

They are on the attic, Joyce and both of her children. Strangely enough all the stuff from home is there, the attic is full packed. Furniture piled up composing unbelievable ornaments and structures, so tucked into each other that it would be difficult to re-guess their previous functions. Enormous amount of papers, manuscripts of thoughts in words, hand made books and books at all, paintings, canvas, frames, lamps, hips of dresses, high hill shoes, porcelain dolls, baskets, dry flowers, plastic dolls, car toys, small monuments, teddy bears, tigers and other fluffy loved pats, flower pots, bottles in old green glass, candle holders, silver, gold, copper, brass, violins, an old couch stuffed with beads, plastic pearls, paper rolls, Egyptian papyrus, big box filled with a yellow, cream-white and green malachite variety of figures and pyramids, rolls of oil paintings dismantled off frames, hips of hats,

hat boxes and boxes at all; all of that very beautiful, covered with a dust gold in the soft dim of the passing day, passing life. Anabelle in a long white dress hoped together in bee-thin waste with a broad red scarf holds a very precious unnamed item in her long slim fingers, her nails are painted in light pearl, it could have been a miniature painting in warm colors with a dominance of orange, cyclamen and gold, or a small mirror in a mosaic, possibly a candle holder for the wall. Maxi tired of a dusty air, having been lifting pails of paper stuff for hours without looking for something particular moves towards the staircase. Joyce stands right in the middle observing curves of a moving dust. Anabelle moves towards the small round roof window scratching off with her nail a patch of dirt from the pretty and useless object. Maxi alarmed by the odd sound throws himself down the staircase, Joyce moves towards the opening, Anabelle peacefully looking through the stuff in a far off corner. The sound cracking with hornets winds and pipes right through, Joyce slowly turning her head back, the whole rest of the world in slow motion folding together as it would have a swan's feather wings, pulling with a golden now Anabelle A Paper Doll, scatter, scramble the entire view to crushing down ruins, cracking down the intestines of the building, Joyce, completely still a top of it all and more than clear, her heart pounding a tragedy in panic from the upper bowels, gaping spleen up to the pulsing ears.

- the body is all you have -
- the body is all you are -

*

Crimson-Agr came home on his four, never before, Joyce saw him that drunk. He was dashed, he was dead but he was still moving on all his four with a head dangling like on the plastic Pluto dog, dangle dong and his soft twitching paws. He was a total fool

- I can't live in the country where everyone is like me, an alcoholic -
it was the most clear statement to his abashed fucked miserable

state. He had blood on his hands and trousers, he had smashed someone terribly, it wasn't his own blood, he was not hurt, only pissed. He was going to be taken by a police but it all had fixed.

In Joyce's dream Crim struggled the Mafia, there were some girls involved and that she did not like, she was fucking jealous; in the reality Crimson struggled the 60 % hydra - Zytia, Wyborowa, Zubrowka. He was a passionate rather sick drinker and he had no reason to stop, except for the pure experiment. Joyce was striking with, supporting his moves. They were discussing his drinking habits, his kidneys, his liver, his nerves - back and forth, he no longer was on the Nalle Puh's level

- I don't have a drinking problem except for: two hands and one mouth -

he no longer had fun doing it, his hangovers were gigantic miserable. Joyce was an experienced buffer; Crimson was her third drinking husband - like it or not. He needed to kick the habit, shoot it off.

XXV

ILLUSIONS. ENTRY - THEATRICAL

Some few snowflakes sailed down like tiny parachutes, however - not ethereal enough to swirl in a heavy standing air.

- I thought it shall be like a fairy-tale, but here... -

she glanced at the grey, dishevelled paper mash contours in which, was done a surface of a filthy, extremely dirty snow.

- fairy tales get used, Lark -

he said, he was pale, tired. He had a mashed lip, on a small pimple-crust, hanged a tiny drop of a blood. A chap, with whom they supposed to share a table, performed a strange dribbling Indian dance; at exact moment when, serving the tables, no longer fresh golden hair bun, directed, a lost couple searching a cover for two, in the big dining room.

A lofty house - Her Lady Ship, lost it's remains of a glamour, furniture - shabby, all the items totally worn out and no longer significant.

They were brought to the table at which set a shabby lonesome chap gobbling on his second dish.

There were two free covers, laid just for them. Chap performed

this really odd, Indian tribe dance - in one move jumping up from the chair pushed his plate aside and the arrows, corrected the panache, run on drizzling steps around the table, pronouncing courteous effusion, introduced - at a full inspiration - himself, pressed up more than a conventional kiss at a stretched by Joyce, palm.

Crim who lost his breath, shook a hand with a stranger and most dashed, sat on the chair.

She as well, already sat, exchanging single words with a guy wondered - why should we pay him a company? - Is he bored, or what? - investigated, collecting her thoughts. In the huge room were lots of tables free.

- I would drive a sleigh -

Joyce sight

The dinner was simple and served at 2 PM.

They arrived in Zakopane at 12.40, at the house at 1 PM, concealed in the room for a while.

- lets take a walk -

Joyce said

- OK -

answered her Crim, undoing her trousers. For dinner, they came down an hour late.

- Poland is an outrageous country, snobby, crazy, ruined, ended up, unfulfilled. What happened? Anything has changed? Or is it me, spoiled in the West and if? -

She visited Poland many times but at that occasion really did not feel at home.

- cholera -

she swallowed, bitterly

*

They were spending a successive honey moon performing four to five elaborate numbers at the first day.

*

She was bothered by a pointless tale

- why are we sharing the table and who is the guy? -

she stared at his door, as she was sure, that was his room.

*

The world wrapped by heaven-white, spins fairy-tale in the soft air. Crim sleeps conquered.

At the Supper, which she really didn't want, for a pure conversation, Joyce said

- yesterday we made a few bars -

she cracked a smile. Crim devoured his excellent meal

- and today, what are you up to? -

the chap asked

- I don't know -

she answered carelessly. She was happy, relaxed, they did an hour and a half, long walk through the fog. Woods. The snow fall. Crim spent an hour writing, she fixed the sleeves to a pretty red dress which became again a winter wear.

- so? -

a fellow asked again

- so -

implied, Joyce

- would you like to make us a company? -

she answered with a question

- I simply invite, for one little drink -

he rubbed his hands - "one like one" -

still rubbing his palms and cracking a great smile underlining the importance of his words.

Crimson, unaware of the table conversation's subject, ate with a great appetite galician salad, boiled hem, smoked hem and a

white bread.

Everything is clear now, and if to hide the fear in a Tarkwinus gob

- we are a step from the world's extermination -

- defined, decided -

Tarkwinus is a self-evident pupil of Witkacy. The chap has enormous amount of a rectified spirit in his wardrobe. The chap is an actor and has been in last 40 years. The chap loves Joyce's father and for this simple reason immediately loves our lovely par. The chap lives precisely door in door, with them, 1 meter distance.

*

Yes, life plays tricks. Nature, rich in all what's human - ashes to ashes dust to dust. No use to make an effort to escape. There is no safe zone, a zone without a spirit and so on, Zbig merrily plays "ave-bell" on his bottle. Ave-bell sounds clean when the mix settles down, ready to intake. Crimson's safe conduct is a very unsettled history. Joyce is stiff from the effort, trying to protect the protection. It is so that, at the little red hat waits a wolf. This fact, unfortunately has many more references to the little red hat than to a wolf. About a wolf we already know very well. We aren't interested in a wolf. He is but a pure formality.

*

The chap appeared to be a charming guy. He can swirl his tongue and burn the eye. Joyce already drank his one big vodka. The chap and Crim during four lovely hours getting best pals, goofed, coaxed, milked, broke more than 2 liters of a pure stuff.

A snow sweetly clings the earth. Crimson has driven somewhere, that far off that one can hardly hear his breath.

- I won't survive in the place, where exclusively alcoholics live -
he strode at the good-bye.

*

The temptation pushed farther away, the tactic, the strategy and all this ingenious plan is not worth a dick! They stand here, now,

eye to eye, door in door in the grand world wrapped into a silence.

- La Bestia!!! -

*

- Come and take me!!! -

Standing at the abyss of air. Thick fog conjuncted with the bottom of earth, glittering of white emeralds, white rubies, some gold and silver, invisibly copulates. It pulls us in with a great power of chasm.

Cracow. Everything just being a background. No main line, no plot, only surrounding, only the scenery. Something between a book and a movie, something I cant get into. A view. Could that be a real life? I'm still bowing for the beauty of houses, howling for something else. Buildings keep so much more class, among which people romp as rats. Yes, rats.

In color, it is grey, greish, blue-grey, softly violet, pale black with traces of the expired snow. A visual sensation, perfectly tuned together rhapsody in melancholy. Thickly black dirt of the ground, of the gutter pleasing and tickling my artistic needs, texture of the dirt - real; me not. I need a tough slang to bring my soul out into a misty day light. How? In my failing language?

Yesterday katz, today empty, "looking" my "died" face in the mirror.

As the light goes off, people become more distinct. Hazardous expressions of theirs faces bleak out. Big variety their choice's possibilities removed by the daily circle of time. More relaxed with a fall of the night, people stroll. Holding hands, watching "with" semiclosed leads, lashes give soft strokes on the cheeks.

On that background a mad man comes up extra sharp. He shrills and laughs in disorder. He is 50 years old, may be 60, may be

more, dressed in black leather pants, grey felt hat decorated with a bird feather, black leather jacket, he has many requisites to fascinate himself with - fireworks, crackers, cards, cups, watches, some "heavy" poetry books, more feathers and a toy gun, a revolver. He poses "an amphetamine cowboy", he is a bad actor. He exclusively powders. He makes Joy's and Crim's night. It shrinks their luck to a pure zero, of course he is a bull, nothing is true except that he might want a beer.

Everybody is drunk. She perhaps feels lonely, there is a fork on the table, she plays a game, swings the fork round asking it

- who do you like? -

it points at her three times in the row. Without risking her luck she interrupts the game fully satisfied

- you are sweet -

she whispers into the fork, hiding it into her heart-pocket. She is a fool.

She has to grip the life before it grips her.

His hands shook, shook like a jelly, like a vibrating tank, his eyes were powerful and shimmering. She thought of tormented ocean. And she gave him a smile. His eyes were deep blue. And a time rushed on. The time was the devil and they were off his hands. They were situated at the Cracov's train station, for a concrete reason and watched by the gang of the teenage girls satting at the next to Crim's and Joy's table.

XXVI

HE ejaculated into my eye. He masturbated for the second time in her presence, his wish was to come on her face as he just did. His sperm was a contaminating poisonous extract. He flew his racket firing the shaft. Sensation was pleasant. She smiled delighted. Her lips spread like a watery crack in the earth, the stuff was pinkish through the closing eye leads and its pleasant temperature and the way it dropped onto her skin resembled purple rain.

Her eye was red, bright red and it burnt. Flashed by and dashed with his orgasm she did not notice that the most of the sperm landed in her eye, it felt little thick - that's all. Neither could she expect its dreadful effect.

He was possessed by hit which resulted in an endless row of drinking and longing for the better times.

They have spent the latest two months on drilling inside, and getting off and into it again. He fought the beast, sometimes. She slept lazily. Of course she was a reason to his stagnation. Which man would go out hunting when he was fed up to the nostrils. The answer was - none. They had neat home and at this moment it bothered him. Didn't he tell her not to take any furniture with? He did. He wanted to live right on the floor, he wanted to plait his own

pallet, build his own nest, for her too. She was a dummy. And he was a gypsy - he said. Now he felt trapped. She fixed money, fixed food, fixed practical stuff, they both fixed some sex.

- Was this LIFE? -

he thought with deep despair.

*

- only, waiting to get laid, getting laid, arranging of borrowing and borrowing money - that's last four months. Dissatisfied to the very last - that's how she feels.

- at last you have become narrow minded -

he said. Yes, at last she wanted something for herself. Something great. But what have really happened and why did it take such an awfully long time. Was a time a demon sitting on her back? He felt definitely trapped, she only felt cramped, as the blood would not flow through the hands and the feet. She fought her rights.

Joyce is obsessed. She obsessively reads Play Boy. She poses nude. She wants Crimson to explore her gifts and readiness. She is a giant star at the home firmament. She wants him to click her astonishing beauty. She wants him to photograph her nude. She spreads her legs, she yearns, weeps, begs. Crimson hates Joy. She wakes up at nights, fixes the lamps, mirrors, camera; takes pictures of herself, herself. She is a hungry nut. She is a total fool of the house. They have a she dog, they found outside, she is most lovely and Crimson adores her

- I never knew I have so much love to give -

he says with a true delight and true surprise battling a small and very hairy, Us. Su is simply great.

- Which lay was best? -

Joyce questioned herself. Defused memory rolls the pictures, she lies on the bed, they just fulfilled the act, her finger is in her cunt fumbling into the hot-red. She wants more. He sees her from

the door opening, returns aroused and tough, fucks her again, slides in and out, she moves the buttocks first, the buttocks dissolve into something much more airy and eternal, she is in the wave, her cunt muscles dissolve too, skin and inside of the belly, her back, the move is perfect, most powerful and very soon she is suddenly free of her body it is still gorgeously far to an orgasm and it comes like a thunder storm. Next, it is day time like the one before, he is writing something, he interrupts, comes to her, she is already on the bed or he lays her there, she is fully dressed, they kiss deep, what's not everyday. He still has a woolen scarf on him, their flat is very cold, winter has already started, she pulls the scarf softly. He binds it around her head covering her eyes, blinds her. She is totally turned on, it's possible she has a thick wool in her mouth, it's hot. He pulls some parts of her clothing off, perhaps not much. He is already inside her and she is bowed up, her ass is at least half meter up from the bed as he is nailing her tough. She comes levitating in her own dark-nest. Next, she has taken a hot shower, shaved her pussy lips clean smooth, she has taken a shit what makes her softer and tinier girl, she has done a few movements, legs, legs up and side and down, and twist which makes her blood perfectly in control, illuminated and ready for the day she dresses up, he comes to the sleeping room, leads her out and towards the couch. She takes over the gambling, pushes him down. He is set with his legs spread and his head leaning far back. She fingers his dick out, slips off her underwear, she crouches over him most deep, pushes even deeper his huge dick. He hardens up. They are screaming coming together. The room is bathed in soft violet candle light.

Zakopane. Different room, they spent most time in huge bed, snow behind the window. They are missing the meals served downstairs. He is tucking her, they are pushing, screaming, breathing tough, this must be a fourth time at the row and is the best one, she is hot, totally hot with a balcony door open just next to her. She lies on the pillows afterwards. Big white pillows under her head, back, ass and legs. Looks like a swan thrown on the freezing lake, with thin ice cracking round her and catching a white feather of her huge and spread wings. The world is all quiet. Then Krakow, a tremendous hang-over, she gives up her may be a best fuck to suck him off. Back in Warsaw, Christmas. Max is visiting. Crimson takes Joyce to the room and fucks her ass. His babe is sweet and fuckable with a use of some Vaseline. He is not

coming into her anus, he switches the holes, the shrieks. He is fucking her from behind giving her a huge orgasm that has become lately difficult in that position. Every time Crim gives her this sort of a total flash she is a boiled love meal. Joyce gets sick. Dashed with burning pain she starts filling her cunt and anus and a digestive system with medicines.

They take an amphetamine that used to be their fuck-fiesta. This time they talk. They talk for hours, they talk for days, they talk for nights, they visit a world. The world is at peace. The world is silvery white. The world is a huge virginal ice beauty ball in which are: frozen river, frozen road, iced mountain slop, clods of ice and hard snow, trees covered with thick glassy frost - they slide and love each other through it. Inside their hot nest-home they speak, talk, rush words loving each other endlessly, follow each other to the bathroom unable to interrupt the link. He tells her about a Parisian Zizzi chick

- she was horrible, she was a total idiot, I did not fuck her, I slept on the floor and at last she threw me out -

and he adds

- You and me, Joyce, we are made for each other, you know that -

Joyce looks at him breathlessly and with L O V E. Then in bed he watches her cunt in hours, he watches every millimeter of the woman he odorous. Unspoken before love words, the love promises exit his lungs, belly, vocal strings and his pink mouth entering her status quo with unexpected force. Yes, they do fuck but this isn't most important, nothing can demolish the spiritual relation they have just begun. He masturbates for her the first ever time. His hands, palms, fingers slashing, sliding over his dick sound to her like fluttering wings. Wings of million birds, all free. His usually blue-green eyes are black, hot, resembling a human beauty she has not seen before. She eats his angel-man face with an eternity of her consciousness. The sperm comes white in big thick humid clods all over her face, breasts, belly, worming her up. It takes her soul with a storm. The hang-over is an usual horrifying terror on real life that are only grey golden stretched to the very last nerves. They shake into each other, against each other, for each other, and it does not help the least. The love gets buried one more time.

Narrow minded and dull she waits for the good fucks in-between

the useless ones.

Joyce cant skip the pleasure to be what she wants to be, what she in her world, is. Her world doesn't last. His world is different. So, in whose world the tragedy takes place? Su is going to go. Joyce and Crimson-Agr won't make it.

XXVII

THE LAST SUPPER

-who am I?-

panic attached to the consciousness of waking up

-waking up from?-

-who am I?-

-where?-

the question hunts her as her ayes focus

-shapes, a surrounding, looks like walls, yes, walls, stuff, unknown, what? where? who? Crimson!-

is the first recognition Joyce spots floating round herself, his face is all she might be for a long split of the seconds, then she realises who is Crimson

-where is Crimson?-

she panics and on this thread after a tough brain work she recognises, brings back the fragments of herself

-I am Joyce-

she realised her name

-O, Joyce, what you're doing to me?-

she questions for no answer

-this time you are too much-

Joyce pets herself, recognises she is at her mother's place and Crim is not at her side. Back in Sweden. Left home again, searching a new home, a direction, a solution is out of my hands - a simple statement. Of course it was Crimson who put a point to the Polish Dream. It was all over and it was all wrong. Crimson told her to pack the bags, pack all together, pack the whole camp, pack everything. They were going to go back. Back - where? An ultimate question, the joke, the trick.

-it's all your own fault, you are a bloody old bitch!-

was Crimson's statement

-but how about a baby?-

she asked

- how about my film, hey? -

she asked, still wining about this damn fucking nude takes

- how about a baby? -

she repeated, he gave her a blank look. In his life there were no commitments. An old life stood up to his throat. He did not want to continue. The place was never his home. The place was his trap. They did not have any money to stay there, no more to eat and drink. They did not have money to leave. She did borrow cash from all possible relatives, sold some stuff and gagged the TV. It was worth it. He was going to be a single man in his own country where he was going to be taken care of. He was not in the need of Joyce no more. This time it was for sure.

Sex, sex, sex. Inflamed, me, rooted with my smooth and white on the outside, firm carmine flesh buttocks, rooted into his, most low and bushy part of an abdomen, his gentle thighs and poops. Conjoined by a huge dick muscle. Inflamed me all together. He wasn't a jungle of flames, he was cool and swell, but I caught a

fire, I was burning from down - up, with a speed of light. Aware of its progress with a millimeter precision, flames sweeping me, but not burning down.

I was nude and walked towards him, he set me a top of him, and he sat me on fire. It was physical. Fire, fire, fire! Nude, in flames, set a top of him, passed into an ecstasy with a swaying head like a swastika of flames, hair - arms as flames, arose arms - hands of flames, palms - pink flames, fingers - nails, humming bird tender beaks let free. Thankful.

Joyce.

Her prince was back and she swayed in the wings of the sex

Mescaline sways my head. Blast. People around give certain touch of despair into my already strengthened control. I do control myself with a perfection. I walk across the room, to get a beer for Crim and me, he is much warmer, much happier, much more human but he definitely isn't able to move. I surf between the tables mastering the rolling-blades. It's OK. It's a beat tough. My breath and heart pump push me between my own walls forth and back. With an effort it's OK. The boats in my head take great turns, courses and steams, they grow to ships. Ocean is moving. Crimson weakens up, he can't find way, we stand in the tiny toilet, his head sways over the sink, he catches breath and I'm catching him from falling down.

At last we screw for hours but we can not come. A strange drug.

The next couple of weeks go for the trip preparations, we are going to go to India, I feel very guilty, my son still doesn't know about it and my mother who broke her arm needs my care, she doesn't know we are going to go but Crimson can not be here, it took him about a week to get

- yes -

out of me. We sleep in my mother's home, our bed fills her whole kitchen. She is very sick, stoned of the strong pain killers rumbles

around tiny place talking to herself or crying from pain.

- I'm going to make love to you on the beach in Goa, Honey -

he says squeezing my waste, my teats, my shoulders, arms and my butt. He molests my pussy, I have a hard time having sex, it never happened before. I don't feel for it, not much anyway. I do not mention it to Crim.

We fix money, tickets, visas and vaccinations. I have hard to breathe as I avoid talking to a family about our soon departure. There are big billboards in the underground station at Slussen, center of Stockholm, picturing Indian crowd in colors, they are pretty flashy, just an exotic looking people in the oriental colorful clothes, the station is sterile clean and platform deserted, grey, green solid. We are both freezing but a vision makes us flash the smiles to each other and give the hands the squeeze. Three days before the departure I did talk to my son at last, he is cool, he comes to Stockholm to take good-bye. Man, he is lovely and I do love him so much! Does he know about it? Am I a horrible mother? Am I a mother? Am I a wife? I'm so incredibly squeezed between the truths.

My mother I never tell where we are going. She takes me to the door - we spent the last night in Sweden at her house as all the others - we do not have own home - and she tries to persuade me to take my winter coat, with. I don't take the coat. She says -

- by no means, you aren't going to India? -

I say nothing. She waves to both of us, Crimson and me, from the balcony, we hold hands and carry our begs. It's a very cold April.

PART IV

ELYSEES

*****August

The only person one can have a conversation with is Lou Lou, my dog. If I would write a book about my life, my reality I wouldn't have a problem any longer with "an institution of a moral control" - we do not have sex. Any sex, as I fully ignore these very few and very meaningless acts. As he masturbates my clit in a few delightful minutes of the swallowing up peach all the sudden and it is rather pressed, mentally and no more then once a week, Damn, if I could imagine my life'll look like it... Or he cums into me within 30 seconds on my back, not into my ass hole, but into my cunt sized from behind. Did his instrument break, his will, his soul died or does he hate it all? He won't say. Do I ask? A main span of this bridge has crushed, a river sips slowly over huge blocks of

concrete, huge fragments of the iron constructions, some remains of cars and human bodies and balls. Or sometimes he calls me towards him, sets me across himself, fingers his soft prick into my dry pussy, we move, its endlessly black pitch around in this house of love, and a very little air, we do come with the silent cry of the wolves' flock. We have been to India for a couple of months and that's a long time... The landscape looks as I imagine the moon surface. His dick is small and frail, no more big and hard and my pussy lips deserted, if you call it love, I don't care to name it at all, we are still alive. I still feel like Henry Miller himself for the only reason - I'm borrowing the money constantly; I'm always short of money. I'm borrowing bigger and smaller sums. I'm totally broke. The trip dashed my economy, he screwed me on money once more, not exactly because he wanted, but it feels natural so. The usual stuff. I'm still drawing the coal strokes - my Future. Who really cares? - I don't. As the sexual drift is my only engine. Is it? I'm off. I have mastered it. I'm cool. Am I? I wonder how does he feel, does he suffers or is he just the king of cruelty in that trap, our kingdom? What's up? I'm dying for a screw. What do you say? Could you use me sometime?; I mean, now!

XXVIII

pejorative, peg, sex, peacock and peahen, peach, pedestal, pedicure, sex, pedal, peduncle, pelican crossing - you push a stop button by yourself - why?, pendulum, sex, pending, pendulous - hanging so totally freely as Crim wants to do, pergola, shanty town, aloof, suss, seath, sex, survey - look and make the point - do it, susceptible, caprice, a blue shal for Angel, my baby, sex, sharpshooter, shatter violently to small pieces - why? what does he want?

It all started so good...

- I never been so happy in my whole life -

Crimson said to Joyce wet kissing her lips. She dashed for trouble - his opposition - but gave him a sweetest smile. The day was hot, the air was very short and extremely polluted, the chaos of the street exploded in the grey cells exclusively, outside it functioned on the outer line of the marginal, and it did. Rickshas - peeping, screaming, driving, scratching, crushing, crippling - transporting people and stuff and generally aiming on making money as each particle of this busy Indian air. A Universe. Dehli was an explosion of life, explosion of survival, dashed poverty and wealth mingled together into an architectonic dull construction. Hit with a burning exploding ball of the sun - to which seemed not far at all. An existence. Mr. Sartre what would you say? Which side of your explicit intellect you would apply into that entirely mad place? Or, are you simply dead? We, people, we love madness and we do hang with constantly and this is our only protection. The holly cows living in the streets don't care for anything, the food comes to them straight down from the bursting sky. And from the vomiting earth. Vov! Life is an explosion! What do I think?

- May be I think nothing.-

questions and answers herself Joy. Her statement is clean and sure.

- All my guilt feeling is gone. I feel as I have been here, just H E R E and I have hard to name the place, the country, the town, to memorize it, to agree with the various names; I have been here since a very long time. This feeling possesses me without the rest during first three days. It fills me up totally. I join it all without an error. Without a clash I mingle with the crowd and air. The chaos and heat soothe my heart and soul is filled. I'm not alone, I'm not stressed, I'm not at danger and I'm not at need. I'm alive. -

- I'm tired and I see but don't watch, do not classify - pictures, unavoidable reach my screen, people walk on, walk by, snake through, it is all slow and fast in the same moment. This emotional, physical very sensation, this very mix used to scare shit out of me but here and now is just in the right pass - a position. No blame. I agree. I am. -

The guy behind Joyce's back, with a great excitement explains the religious conditions up in the West

- we only have one God -

- never mind... -

he abruptly ends up, realizing that his god does not make much sense here anyway.

He is tall, - the guy, not the god, besides - mind privileges - the god is surely tall too, he is white, wears a little boy out fit, cool light green T-shirt, wild shorts to the knees in pale blue, white soft socks with red stripes at the top and purple adidas shoes. His wife is pale and does not take a part in the conversation. They are both very tall, almost twice as big as the natives. Joyce gets her first flies in the ears, and some disturbance, still hectic but no longer horrifying riksha's drive ends up at the colonial style square - Cannout Place - quite pleasant for the eyes. And then this certain explicit feeling of peace covering the top of her head and front of her chest when they, she and Crim, are entering a huge parking place outside the train station, enormously crowded, enormously buzzing, enormously moving - being conscious about it and recognized by an old holly man in pink; meeting his eyes is an intro. And now, a paradise settling in quite deliberately after the meal, they have at the street stand. And then this annoying westerner "comes on her back with his one God".

- people talk -

thinks Joyce, looks at Crimson, says nothing.

Sex in Dehli, their sex in Dehli is an explosion of LIFE, OK, Crim is drunk, has been drunk perhaps during the whole flight and it was long, they mid-landed in Moscow and in Emirates. They are at the hotel now and he pulls off her underwear, she is like a cat, she is a cat, she is in the only possible position, on her four, he is on her back and she loves it.

Usually annoying thought - I won't come like that - is never on her mind, this is a perfect position, this is the position, he probably licks her whole butt and pussy lips, she cant tell, cant separate one from another. cant judge; she feels warm, her desire is making her into a love angel flesh, he is the most tight at her back,

her butt dances and is very hot, very hard and very soft and all wet, his penis dances too, the same or opposite, she won't tell, they are so perfectly tight, perfectly fitted and perfectly close bumping one into each. Levitating, playfully swaying in the timeless dance pass into the eternity of time, perfection of love for Crim and Joy.

- it was such a great choice to come here -

they both know it, feel it and posses the truth, they are very smart and keen.

Joyce is stupid as always and thinks the reincarnation of her butt is forever and Crimson's love everlasts. He thinks that too. They also have a color telly and a fan and is only two of them in the room to share these miracles in flesh. They move to another cheaper hotel and their love luck follows. They do illuminate a coal darkness, the room is windowless, with their glowing enormously hot bodies. Why didn't they come here earlier, is the only question? It is too good to be true.

There is a bomb blast at the next to their hotel, people die and accidentally, cheated actually, Crim and Joy leave for the war. They take 28 hours bus trip to Kashmir. Already at the first stop Crimson swallows some fucking ameba, from now on he shits like a chicken and fucks like a chicken. A misfortune.

- you shouldn't eat chicken on the road -

bad spells Joyce and Crim hates her for it, he knows - she never gets sick as he is the perfect target.

He is sick and the girl yells for sex, stupid chick, still he loves her, but he has to run to the lou all the time especially when he lies in bed and moves his fine muscles, it reaps him off her sweet flesh instantly. An error. They cant leave the house boat, there is a civil war going on and they are prisoners.

Sly stretched, enjoying the elasticity of his chest. His real name wasn't Sly, but just "Sly" brought him closer to Hollywood. He has always been gay. His wife was a cute creature, resting in lots of white flesh. Lots!

Mr. Guick entered a dining room for the fourth time; this time not wearing his loose teeth; highly irritated. Joyce called him for Humphrey, since she succeeded to replace, the portrait, of a

handsome young man in fancy black shades, standing a top of the tall English cupboard - a top of, a still slim, tall, handsome body of their host. They were prisoners at his elegant House Boat and Mr Guick definitely wanted them to go to sleep, the time was 9.15 PM, the electricity was expensive and the light risky - an Indian military unit was placed right in front of the boat, a tiny guy from Madras glued to a view-finder of his huge Kalasnikov followed the scene. Sly withdrawing his pumping up dick from the servant's mouth, Jana, his wife covering her only spot of a hot pink flesh with her right palm and with her left gently and frigid, waving in front of her yawning mouth as she would have been bored or felt an acute lack of air. It was forbidden to open windows after 9 AM, forbidden to use a veranda and impossible to leave the boat at all, all around the clock. She was in fact fed up, they two, on the contrary to Crim and Joy - the neighbors, had paid very much for the promised holiday - the price included Himalayans trek, horses, clothes, guides, peaceful folks, arts, crafts, house, excellent food and all the services; what was left were services. Jana already explored a massage culminating in a giant masturbation act, she had no lust for sex, she was too drunk. Shafi, the servant was going on her nerves persuading her to fuck, he was seriously effected by a local believe, he urgently needed a woman to behold the manhood as, he have had during last 24 hours, at least 5 intercourse with Sly, who really loved it. Jana got up, came towards the guys, straddled and protruded a sharp thrilling string of a piss into Shafi's gaping mouth.

At night one heard a shooting, a runing and a screams - Joyce and Crim were shit-scared. Day time floating, a top of the house boat on a Dal lake, enjoying the view, glorious powdered with snow Himalayans crests and gaining a sun tan that made Crim look like a potential Malignant Sarcoma patient or eventually a duck egg. The Madras Freak kept on scrutinizing. There came the news and details of the Delhi's blast, it was initiated by the Kashmirians, one way or another, the young owner of the closest house boat at their right side stroked in it. Caught, isolated, confronted with life-death, Crim-Joy sex became very tender, he was taking her into the bed 7 PM

- what, what do you want Joy, what shall we do with all the love? -

- I want babies -

she said

- where? -

asked her Crim, in his geographic dilemma

- here -

she pointed at her belly. He never fucked her that good, in her favorite Monk position, that sober - as unlike Sly and Jana, they did not bring with an alcohol, impossible to buy in Sirinaga.

Joyce had a secret, she did not disclose to Crim, she was planing to buy a light blue kashmirian shawl for Angel, their baby.

It was impossible to keep the idyllic feeling, living on the bomb in the world's very end corner. After 5 days, already pretty paranoid, Crim-Joy panicked, got 50 meters over the lake, the same Madras soldier laid behind a pail of a sand bags fixed into a machine gun for good - a bit annoyed as he was determent to taste the consistence of her white - an American in his opinion flesh - at least with his bullets; they have taken a taxi, passed a town with it's tanks, units, forces, boarded a plane to Jammu, flew over the God's only earthly belongings - the mountains.

In the huge powerful snow cloud that treated the airplane as a cat treats a mouse, Joyce at last succeeded to lose the fear of being caught.

XXIX

in Jammu everything fucked.

Joyce sentimental notes

- "A view, long since the view spelled a view upon my life into such a perfection.

A lie - may be 6 days since.

Rose bushes or magnolias, or? A scarlet small flowers on the bush right in front of me and right below me - the center of warmth. Slice of rubbish, a crack of rubbish between it and the great and ancient wall. Anything, dirt, objects, subjects of our previous needs now turned to a rotting, ill smelling, eyes irritating - soup a la giorno - the dish of the day. Below the hill, a slow river opening it's womb's aorta into two even lazier veins, spreading through a dusty golden earth, may be mud. The water was grey, and gently modestly glittered, it didn't denounce it's flow. It looked absurdly steal.

Bewitched, I stood inhaling, served air of a late afternoon. The hit gone, with that also a tumult and crowd. Blessed hour of peace. Sheltered along the river's beds softly mildly green - flanks of hills, the town's corner into the right, houses, walls, stones, arches - glued and melted into the crop of earth. Far beyond

perception - violet, smoothed by air mountain's ribs - being the witness to my thoughts, the witness of a delicate state; my unimpeachable life..."

At night Crim and Joyce get attacked by flees. Next day, badly cheated by a street-seller, buy an expensive ticket for the slowest, no AC, train on which they spend 56 hours.

TRAIN, the gallery of types, passengers and passing procession of beggars, mostly kids. Crim's diarrhea becomes a pain in the ass also for Joyce.

A SNOW WHITE. Sleeping pathologic-patulous giant meat visibly mounts sickly mob. Dusty sleep, a midday nap exchanged to a full four hours heavy dash. Dark soily skin trampled into a rooted sidewalk, peacefully breaths recycling every decimeter of a shade under patches of rags, under a broken chair, span of anything, a blanket, a horse-cloth - the eyelashes, the eyelids, outspread arms, sometimes shrunken silhouettes of something - man look-alike. Shaped as a kind of children, men, women. Powdered with stenchy fate, crumpled with poverty. The white huge body with a big spot of a black face of the only Bombay's albino girl exposes grandiose white teats and white puffy fishy thighs. Her privy parts tucked in some kind of a short cloak or a T-shirt. Playfull, to the white heat, astraddled, reigns sitted and greets everyone.

*

Shanty town, thick stingy air is hot behind the recognition, people in millions in the pulsing move, the dirt that itches, killing sound that peeps, the touch that murders every weak fly of the Wild West. We panic, being all so American. Who cares for my Polish up-come if I don't do. People glue to me like post stamps to an envelope. With but a move of a finger I could remove every single one, it would not make a deed, he or she would be replaced immediately. We are sucked in. On one side, the wall of constantly driving tracks on other, sea of eyes. The eyes are

humid hungry rapacious, at least two of them in each being. That's twice too much. The same with touching me hands. The air seems to be at end. I got us here by mistake, searching a short cut to a cozy place. We're vibrating, we shall soon fall apart with the last dew of sweat. He - Crimson, screams, brings his aggression against me to its pick.

- find a way out bitch! you are a total shmack! we're not getting out, fuck! -

at last we spot a taxi in an endless row of steaming lorries. We get into it in a breakneck manner. I blind fold my eyes with clasped fingers. Crimson is pissed angry and he won't go to eat. He won't go anywhere but back to the Terminal that we just left. He won't talk. The taxi driver is very young, new in town and doesn't know his way at all, his English is poor, the tension between us grows. I make a scene, a taxi battle, a bill battle, I tease the boy

- go back to mummy -

there are at least ten native guys backing him up, they are all screaming

- pay 15 roupies -

I'm principal, I won't do it, I'll pay 10 R. I call police. He convinces me to pay the sum

- no worth the trouble -

he gives me a smile. The next hour we spent in the port surrounded by urine smell and a few sweet little girls who show of their prominent brilliant English. The next hours, resting on the ice cold floor of the Terminal, pigeons shit on us and its time to go downstairs, join the crowd waiting for Goa departure, the locals sit to the right side and the whites - to the left. We move from side to side, both are OK and both, wrong. Chairs are hard and precisely 90 degree.

TY KURWO - YOU WHORE! these epithets run my spine far too frequently - As more I want as less I get. I still remember that day, years back, when you refused to kiss me for the first time. I felt as I was insane, as you were insane, as the air ended up and you were pushing me over the abyss.

I have learned to master ill dispositions.

HAPPY END. Angle wants a happy end! Angie shall lay between the boats with her flesh shivering of desire! The sparkling-skin tigress stretches her tiny limbs enormously tender and powerful. Corny skin as on the max. blow up photo. Blown to the max. just before it all falls apart into the equal grey structure of sand. Smell, touch, color, smells, shocks, structure, changes of humor, the poetry's catastrophism.

Kurwa! I'm swinging my perfect foot as I lost the last drop of modesty; I can all!

MGM - Callangute, on the left Train Vasco middle Goa To Bangalow Vagator Bus to Dehli To Katmandu, Anjuno junky beach - what do you want? -

Full moon thin joke, sex astonishingly passionate for the first time since Dehli, vov, electrified rosy-e pussy - pink and fat and happy and more.

Joyce's immediate retrospection -

First time at Dag or what a fuck it calls Den Hotel - hot hot-el real 69!

First, at a House Boat calm and beautiful, 2ed time flashy as the red flower flushed blood veins and meat vov especially this move DOWN TOWARDS I was going ON DOWN on him beyond the bottom time after time and did not notice the move UP, which would part us from each other did not exist. Fixed.

At the flashy hotels really nothing as dashed into the fancy walls, some mingling on my back or silk. What do I expect of him? Why do I do nothing myself, I'm also in The Room?

2ed night at Basera Hotel after the night between sick, with a true love and passion growing abnormally fast and intense. "we don't take the responsibility for the immoral transactions between the guests" announces printed in big letters the billboard in the lobby.

- Here in the promised land nothing I would anyway recall or remember. He is sick.

- back to now -

He is sick. Angie wants an explosion. Mermaid sick sensualism, bloody a 1000% of that sick item captures me at the ocean side -

quite normal reaction, in my dirty body saved-coded. Power to power mach to mach, stone to stone, life to death, fumbling, mumbling, not establishing anything, certainly not learning, turn me on sweep me human again.

Some sex - borrow the song - LICK ME - PUSSY GIRL MIX WITH LICK ME ALL OVER

Angie. Every time she went outside the room she was with trees, bushes, palms, plants, flowers, sand, the breeze, which touched her skin ocean overwhelming heart awaiting sensation. Jess, she yearned the man. She sat on the veranda smoking cigarettes. Watching the palms swaying in the wind. Watching the moon and it's ocean reflection. Cooling off. And exciting herself again. Every time she went inside the room she was alone his hands were castrated the worst was to lay in the bed it was as to lay in a fucking coffin, next to him, she didn't wait any longer to be touched - or, did she?

- Anyway it all started very good with a lot of sex in Dehli, a miracle of her butt - she challenged the late inability to come when screwed from behind and it was most elevating, vov, of the wolf act, after he has gotten a diarrhea and a sun tan, he burnt his skin and then it was all out. -

She had to repeat these facts to herself, she had to keep the track.

- Sex is like an ice cream it keeps me basically satisfied. Every 20th hour, sex puts me straight off into the ditch. For example now I would like a "minet" - a French kiss - so all in the details can be done. The world is pretty awkward our life changed abruptly, kurwa! it might tepid the bed simply? It can't be us not him not me what's the token? That's the fucking room why don't we move this ocean culture blows my mind I want to be fucked 5 times a day. A phenomenon created by my body, water and air. Shit. The most elevated. Fuck.

Phoenixs, pizzicato on my very clit, placebo, formidable, scorn - a strong contempt disdain - scorn, feel or show scorn, impalpable, scraggy - extremely thin and bony, scream - go away, scrap - discard as useless, fragment of a maggot, iris, dark blue, Parisien-Gouan blue with white twitch of gold stung with needle of desire, kerb lilac limbo.

MIA. She had a killer hands and a giggle

- when she really got going -

girlish, other wise her laugh was the raspiest cracker on this spoiled earth. Basic needs - she had none. But she still talked about them as she had to deny herself, her only wish

- to junk to get knocked off once and forever. -

She very much wanted to make an impression that the life was constantly bursting in her, that she was relaxed, happy, easy going and entertaining and highly bored of all of us if we weren't glamorous young men in flesh. She thought Crimson being possibly the same Scandy Beauty who gave her unforgettable "mufta" - an Arabic name for the pussy lick - fifteen years ago. She had a very good Far memory, her husband said. It was Zeel, at least twice of any young guys' age, he was a quiet man with thick eyebrows and Jewish features, did not speak unless she was gone. She was constantly gone-drunk but present at the table. He drank exclusively soda and smoked green long Danhils. In the past, during his European period, which was his actual up-come he was a promising camera man - he had visions wilder then a circle of lance. Now, he had a small magic stone in his pocket, called it

- Einstein, Zwaistein -

and a small magic store, here in Goa and he watched the sunset every day. He has also gone nuts

- where was that? -

as everybody else here. Why did he stop drinking? What was there left to care for? Why on the fucking dry earth had Donald said - I was like she, like her? I thought my heavy cloud of sorrow was gone of my outstretched arms, once and forever. I felt strong, free and young, didn't it show? Was my statement just an illusion? subversive dirty mare? Why would he want to hurt me? He fluttered me and safely flirted when we have met. Well, the things within the first few days have changed as they always do. These people castrated to the stories of a past were a gold mimes for such a bad writer as me, and my half. The old-timers. She was a raspy cliché on herself all wild full time go-er, all Northern american-cute a real woman - Angie did not. Angie was not the real woman, was not a symptom on the real woman even if she

carried on her attributes. OK, Angie was no longer 12 and if so she had dropped her true old longing for to be a man - a boy - she agreed to be a woman. It somewhat worked, there were lots of men around and she loved a few but that wasn't her only yearning her longings were endless and eternal. She was made of this strange aerie esoteric stuff and she loved to turn a plain meat Angie was a woman in flesh lets be philosophical and not fight our troubles. Mia was a stunt man and it didn't surprise a bit Mia was a 100% of a man in a woman's body; it was necessary for her to point out

- I am a real woman! -

what she did loud and constantly. Showing her pretty white pearl teeth, her tan wrinkled chicks, dry, mostly unpainted lips, small pointed teats, strong thighs, a bit heavy bottom, unbuttoned long sleeves' shirts a very common and not flattering her clothes, mostly tights and gymnastic shoes and a very funny dog.

Donald said already at the very beginning

- I am a very good fuck! -

and then with every next conversation he pointed courageously

- I am a very good fuck! I'm a real man! -

Crimson was still a child in a man's body it was a huge giant masquerade here in Goa where everyone "went for the after season freak" there apparently were drugs around but they weren't on the outside.

- what a pity -

One would have to look for them that was too much work. Angie and Crim strolled around getting a perfect sun tan. Shower 5 times a day and smeared in swept of the cream moistures. She actually started to understand that Donald hated her in fact, hated her for what she was, he could never control, neither fuck her; with that memento she not only was out of the game but turned an evil-eyed and ill-eared enemy.

A girl had a hair reaching the back of her knee-skulls they were ebony black her skin was black but a few degree lighter, she was standing with her back to the window behind which, Angie, staunch watched the goddess. The girl watched something on

the Tv-set standing in the corner of a small room, she brushed her enormous hair for a long while, then collected all of them swinging into a pony tail, folded together into a small and cozy nest at the back of her head. She pined it with a few clasps. Without turning, she reached an electricity switch and turned the light off. The night outside was hot, draped with golden numberless twinkling stars and humid, filled with insects air. Angie turned back to the table, Donald and Crimson were getting hilariously drunk. They really found each other, which prove was the high speed with which Feni - a local moon shine, evaporated, and number of shoulder claps, sporadic peals of laughs and words, words, words. Donald could talk. Donald was determent to teach Crimson, the life. Donald, exclusively, could talk.

- Crim has problems with his identity -

he told Angie the other day, the other drinking night, and it was then he told her she was "a new Mia" and she plunged her Feni glass into his face giving him a nasty scar on his eyebrow. She was sorry to see him bleed but she would not sit on his knees, as he was still persuading her, picturing for her one of his many tiny Thailand's mistresses. Angie had this, sweet-sour little girl - stubborn features at 45. A Sarcastic Donald was 55 and seemed to be a wise chap. Crimson recently turned 23. Donald fucked exclusively whores with whose stories' piquancy he amused the sweet and bored couple.

*

3 outrages, dressed in carmine, purple, crimson, wine red and blood red, patched with mirrors and silver - dresses, Indian princesses battle for the garbage with a holly cow. These 3 slender, tall ravishingly black ladies pack smelly items with their soft skin long fingered sensitive hands into 3 huge jute sacks. Their super long limbs tucked with lots thick silver bracelets covering completely ankles and wrists. They move fast drawing metallic shiny coils through the quick darkening air, big silver rings and sharp long specks in the left nostrils remain much of a worriers especially in these wild cruel chained faces; the right nostrils are free to inject the smells. The smell dominates already wild visual. It smells skunk steamed in the heat of the pissing day and it spreads rapidly with a breeze of the purple sea. They chase

the cow away throwing broken coconuts, rusty tins and bricks, with great care not to injure a goddess, as it's a she. Gods of peace are not around today. Heavy bullet of the sun sways just a bit over the horizon. Today we saw a dead cow lying with all for legs dramatically pierced into the air, on the street which led us to the crossing where the corpse of a dead dog laid at least since a week - the most sharp unbearable stunk, proved. People here are caring creatures but their resistance is high pitched. The dog stunk more then anything could possibly do, he wasn't all together jammed. His belly was a bit smashed and partly popping out, his throat tormented and a dark explosion of the gore drew a gaping patch right over it. Not looking into his blurry eyes, with my nose pinched hard with fingers, breathless, I vanished. The flies followed with. It was the hottest day of the year, the whole tiny Callangutte breathed in the peaceful sloppy death cloud which sunk right down to earth.

Donald was going to fuck this enormously fat whore, she was a heat, she was hit! He was shouting

- Donna, where is your brilliant puss, I can't find it! -

he utterly fumbled with his palm, to get his dick in there was pure impossibility.

- his prick was huge -

he told Angie the other day, it's excellent size wouldn't help, wouldn't provide him with a screw; he was getting desperate, the mermaid was a sleazy piece of a glorious flesh in dark fried meat, certainly well done beef and he was starving. He spread her into all possible directions but no position would do. She was simply too fat. At last he fucked her with his fist and a whole arm and came splashing his cum all over his trembling thighs. The whores were Donald's testimony, his very own - naive as a child's assumption, and the only destination, his true solitude.

- I couldn't live with a woman -

he stated

- no, you could not get it up -

Mia quickly cued, with a huge laugh, showing all her teeth and taking over his pasta dish; she was, again, loaded but she was bloody right.

*
He was a sleazy lizard in black skin. It wasn't a skin, it was a peel over something abominable - his being, as unfortunately he was in shape of man. He was the haunting breath and the scramble behind my window. He was so constantly around that it took me a very long time to realize his presence. He obviously fancied me. Soon, I felt watched day and night. I saw his tiny shade or a shadow, if he had any, through the fabric of the window cloth, I started to feel uneasy as someone would rasp my back with a nasty nail. Crimson also had this bad bed habit of scraping a tiny painful bit of my womb and anus opening with his penetrating finger's reaped nail - if he would touch me at all. There was certainly a devil's seed in this lad. One could speculate why - but it wasn't my job. The world around us was a cynical sneeze, a cynical fart in the clash of cash, only. And my plea was to stand a fence between it and his fragile dark soul. He would also like to scratch my feet and calves with the toe broken nail. It wasn't as disturbing as the pussy's stretch but it was nothing I liked. He simply loved it. Did he ever care for what I like? Would he ever touch for to give me a kick of pleasure? I yearned for it may be too much and he knew it. - So, no. Crimson was a deterrent man.

Crimson, willing to gain the perfect most dark sun tan got totally burnt. His chest looked like a map of the earth with wicked nipples sticking up and fried. He slept on his bed alone, covered with a white sheet up to his neck. The fan was in full airplane engine speed and noise. Angie couldn't sleep watching the scene - the mummy with a perfectly erected dick, dressed in white in the flown round circle of wind. Tempted, she touched it with a finger tip, softly; he did not wake. Mesmerized, she smoked cigarette after cigarette.

A sleazy lizard pretended to be a land lord at our hotel, sometimes he slept up in the palm tree outside our window, sometimes it looked as he was a hammering but he was not, every other day ducked outside our short staircase he asked me for the cigarette, he took water from the garden pump and washed his rugs there. Every afternoon he found shade, ducking under a peculiar bush

that I passed - it was just a few branches, about 60 centimeters high sticking up from a yellow sandy earth - but it was enough space for the porpoise. He has fall in love to me. I could hear him in the night up in his tree. I started to suspect he was a maniac or a ghost. The morning, when Crimson was already gone to the beach - this time to dose at the cafe' house - he came much closer, he came up to the veranda, he placed his palm across his heart making grimaces and gestures, waving his body from left to right, he opened his mouth, did not have one single teeth and gave a shriek, brought both his palms into his crotch, perhaps covering something down there and sticking his tongue out mumbled

- mas-sagee-- ma-daame -

and flashed a smile worth the golden sun.

- this was more demonic and repulsive then a Greek tragedy on stage -

Angie, utterly, had fun.

Crimson blames his drinking for not having sex. Crimson drinks everyday and every night. Crimson is an alco.

Ragistan chicks - they had something very vicious around cruel faces. The cruelty of their vicious faces was drown with a tough native knife. They faced me, sized me and something very brittle and unknown broke inside me. We're all not just loving people as I used to immaculate. This reflection continued to draw the life darker and darker. I, too, was one of them. Sun went hilariously down, looking as a flambeau-ed pilled orange. In Angie's world the dogs bark louder then the sea hits against the earth. In Angie's world hate is stronger then love and she is always awake when everything what could have been and did not happen, is over. This, what have emerged into the bright shades of the night and even sheerer and illuminated curves of the day was unavoidable, but the blue-eyed Angie was the single loner who would not agree with the necessity of that flat type conclusion. Her illusionary visions were leading her lost and lost in a swift of a view of the far away landscape. The love, the sea, the beach, the other - half

nude and joyful people, trustful dogs and scenes of the sheer sex hanging but at her tip-toes and almost at the shark of her nose, in her pubic hair, swollen double and single lips, one painted cerise and the other clean and shining of the heavy dew, - she simply wanted to fuck! - her eyelashes with a single corn of a golden sand a top of each, the very surface of her skin and fluff, short white finger nails and wet finger tips - she was hungry for life right on the outside. Inside her gaped a black bottomless hole. The life wasn't hungry for her. Something was definitely not in order.

- wholly cow! Angie became pathetic and needed a lay or needed to explode, emerge, needed drug and oxygen. She was a wrath! without knowing it. The sun cut as a jewel was just above a big blue ocean in the most far. But looked nearer.

Angie was standing right in the middle of the joyful drunk bubbling bursting crowd of a dull British charter tourist and a few among them vagabonds. Andy squized her buttock.

- man, this night was hot! -

Andy, literary squized her right buttock with his big palm. He did it fast, in a pass by manner and really strong. Angie was stunned and on fire which sprung out her both flickering eyes, she was hot! Her eyes did not stop to roll and mouth - to smile; she was fucking hot!

- what a hell has happened to you, Joyce? -

asked her Crim. Angie's butt burnt.

- nothing -

she said firmly and tried to believe it.

XXX

SLIMMING PILLS. It was and wasn't accidental that it was Andy who introduced them to and provided with, slimming pills. It was obviously his good-by party. Night, the moon, thrusting ocean, swaying palms, drinking crowd, Angie shone like a goddess, of course she was the only one, who wore a plato shoes, reviling super tight mini dress in perfect to her sun tan - white with long sleeves and Monroe's complicated but not as filled top, it's needless to describe her curls, crimson thick done lips, eyelashes drenched in a mascara, turquoise lines around her sparkling honey-brown eyes of desire... She already had 4 pills and a drink when Crimson joined the pack. He was delay on the beach enjoying or grumbling his loneliness

- who knows? -

Angie had some more pills and apparently she had fun. Helen, Andy's girl friend was there too in a discussion with Crim

- I'm ready now to have a kid, and I'll do it with Joy -

he said and Angie got so happy and was getting so high that she needed to take a walk through the crowd. Party was hot.

- vov, you are soo Black and soo Great! -

Angie flattered a two huge and muscular Black chaps sitting at the bar

- vov, you are so Beautiful, you are a New York's mafiosos! -

giggling, she presented herself, to them - truly enjoying the scene, moved to a dancing floor and fall on her butt, made a few more dancing pass and fall again. Angie had fun, she joined Andy in the bar and they bought some more drinks for Helen and Crim, Helen was a naively proper young lady, lovely in fact, with long legs and number six teats. Angie drifted off again, the crowd was sucking her in, she had no directions, she wasn't determent just thirsty of life in the moon shine. She has taken a big step and was going to fall again when Crim caught her arm, he gave her a kiss, looked into her thick pupil-ed eyes with his even thicker and said

- lets go home and make some of this love you talk, so much about -

the road leaded straight down to the glistening black sea, then turned to the right under the palms and straight up to their nest. Their start was blameless, he pushed her on the longing bed, stripped off, befreeing steaming body, wet kissed and touched all of her, his hands were swell and hot, slow and fast, she pulled his clothes off, he was hot and very brown! Passion dangled through the room, echoed with ohs! and ahs! She laughed rushing pearls and closed her eyes. His pink cock was in her cunt, in her mouth and in her hands. They built figures, diamonds, cockroaches, flames. They ate air, the big gulps, sips of the air, they breathed as

the air was going to end.

- you can't even give me an orgasm! you cant fuck! why a fuck you took me from the party when I had fun! you are a fucking pig! swine! you don't have anything between your legs and nothing in your skull! fucking trash! I wanna have fun! I wanna fuck! -

Angie screamed for the walls, Agr-Crim was gone into a lethargic sleep. She pulled his cover off and started to pull him off the bed pulling his legs and one arm, he laid twisted

- what do you want, Joy? are you mad? this pills weren't even good!-

he passed again and she returned to a screaming show, she was explicit tonight. The morning found them entangled one to the

other. They stayed inside, the hang-over kept them intact and close, they fixed some decent sex. The skin had it's turn.

Donald was a lucky chap with a happy laugh, still he talked far too much. Crimson was merely the man of ill will. Donald was all right after all. Someone else talks about the most beautiful sunset - it has been out of Angie's view, simply.

- The most clear full circled golden blade, a perfect, slow sun defected, disobedient to the prosperous Gods - vanished at last - is Zeel's version of yesterday.

A young, smooth, black bull was standing a top of garbage - eating. The sun poured as every noon - again. The steaming heap, he, the bull accompanied as always by two black crows, pinching from the pile and chewing it and consuming a top of him.

- obviously, they love to sit on his back -

concluded Angie for herself exclusively.

- he must be living here, in this trash. There is no way he could get down of it and back a top it. The kerb, the wall surrounding the garbage place is far too high. -

The day opened peaceful, the light disabandon dark - not rapidly - but very slow, smooth. No shocks. The dawn in a scream of birds

- what do they say? -

At night happened 3 things, Crimson lifted Angie and kissed her. He fingered her. She considered both events great and worth living. Then she had her face on his pillow - he must have been up, he screamed

- look! -

she rose her head and she looked - there laid a dead lizard next to her face.

More light. She not yet fully awoke, pretty and her head full of plans. The world as a big comfort holds both of her hands. After the pink rhapsody - pale blue. Woke up in blue-hot. Of course no clouds. Shade of a room, a solitary sex of love of them two. Not bad, the day opened promising, they were going to do a lot of fun stuff. None of it has happened. Crimson suddenly talked to her in

the manner of an angry child,

- but about what? The sun goes down surprisingly fast - noticed Angie, she whispered

- I love the life -

when it sunk all together without even the trace of hit or itself. Angie is far too sentimental about her life and her eyes fill with tears. The day fucked and it still does. Fuck!!! It, the sun vanished as it wasn't even there. A syndrome of phenomena. It's nothing and it's something and it's nothing.

- not really a great fun -

feared Angie, she suspected, the nature had some more traps to reveal in the conspiracy of it's heart. Angie swung her brown legs open above the arm-chair. A tiny triangle of her golden Brazilian bikinis was now the only glowing item on this earth.

- sun to sun, ashes to ashes, earth to earth, love to hate -

whispered Angie closing her eyes, dreaming. The waves were heavily meaty this day and water was for the first time cold and Angie got drunk on her own. Shall it cheer her heart?

Luckily, Zeel joined her solitude, told a mystical stories, gave a warm smiles, some human, none macho power and the most important, a very small bottle containing an experiment - a self made amphetamine; at this point Crimson joined too, taking over the tiny bottle, the gift - placing it safely in his breast pocket, he was already new showered, newly combed and freshly dressed, and in fact very pretty and elegant. Zeel left them to each other.

Angie excited to the very last, waited for Crim's recovery from the sliming pills to take the new stuff. Just a few days. They made new friends and some old enemies, laid on the beach taking the time. Angie was afraid to swim, it dashed Angie down, her own fear. She watched the others. She watched mermaids, pelicans, poseydons, Crims - all excellent swimmers. She watched wanders pushing their stuff. She made friends with local small black boys, she bought them coke and chips, she bought peanuts from them, she had a whole collection of peanuts in small paper bags. She has become a tandori freak. Crimson was still sick in his stomach but ate 5 times a day - it just run through. They rented a honda and it was Angie's happiest day in her

entire life - at last! She got some motion, she got some speed, she got moving! She got going!

- but can you take it? -

he asked, before he gave her seven powerful pounds with his stiff dick right inside her anus. Her anus was the jewel of this day. Sweet Angie. At this point after 5 hours of fucking it hurt like shit, Angie could take it. Angie could take everything what Crim was doing to her and with her and now he was performing at her back. She squized her lips and slid both of her palms under her belly supporting it and taking a very little part of an enormous pain away. She loved it. She loved Crim. She loved his creamy stuff at last settling down her rectum; Crimson came at last - it was their best fuck!

GOING BACKWARDS - they had spent the whole day on the honda, at the very last Crimson broke down, it was his first ever day on the bike, all right on the scooter and first ever day in a local traffic and first ever day in traffic at all. Of course he was a driver and she a passenger. She just had fun. The dinner, they had on the beach, it was a grill party at the cafe' house, they had some wild tandori meat and lots of beers, met some other pretty bikers - Malish, Gigolo and Fat Sam. Moved with them to the Tito's bar. Drunk some more, had fun, met Mohit-Sahib, decided to take a taxi to a Night Disco "In The Wilde", Crimson whispered to Angie

- lets take the stuff -

he needed not to say it again, her eyes dangled and her lips dangled and every single muscle smiled! like hell in heaven twice all right!!

- the stuff! -

Angie whispered to herself running after Crim to the car. The ride was a puff! great! they set lots of them in the car and Angie's neck was twisted from watching the guys, the three bikers on the three great machines following them; it was better then a movie and much better then Easy Rider and almost as hot as Natural Born Killers. There was some crazy music that didn't make the gig worst, Jess - the British chap was a funny one and she sat on

Crimson's lap, which was best. Disco was a Hit! All coal black and sinister, the local people's faces barely visible in dark, all the whitees were in love and mingled in the corners. Angie danced and black boys called after her

- Madonna! Debbie Harry! -

for the second she was tempted to slash swaying hips in Malish 's face. They were little stressed as they were forced to drink on Mohit and he was definitely too

slow serving; Crimson has taken a lot of stuff and did not share it with her, it all seemed so little and seemed not to work at all, he had all of it, he had become very stoned and started talkingtalking, Angie saw it and asked for her share, there was none. Angie cracked down. She shelled in. On the way back there was a tune on the radio

- The girls just want to have fun! -

it made Angie cry, Crimson held all his fingers inside her cunt. There was no way she could get turned on. All the stuff was down his nose.

- Fucking swine -

she repeated to herself for the thousandth time

- fucking swine -

she wanted to go to sleep, but that was a pure dream, a pure illusion. Crimson has taken her to the beach for 3 hours long monologue, he has told her all she had heard before plus a bad news, she was not very elevated, she was just so fucked up, fucking cracked down, repeating

- you know it was my stuff, Zeel has given it to me, it was my stuff, you are a fucking thief, you are so fucked up -

Crimson talked without stop passed the pale colorless sun rise, Angie was pissed angry and pissed tired. Crim wanted to mediate, he had an idea that they go down to a pharmacy and buy what's available - sliming pills - and he will surely fuck her very well; he couldn't sleep anyway and he kept her a slave of his talking tongue. Angie was mad. Angie was cracked. They went to the hotel and he sent her for the beers, then they took taxi and Angie fixed the pills, they drove home and took it. She bushed, she was nude and not accessible, Crimson patted her puss for

such a long sweet time that a bitch turned on like the magic switch. All of the sudden they were in LOVE for real. There was a lot of oil in the bed and in her, his fist was in there and he was fist fucking her giving her such a tremendous flashy ORGASM orgiastic SCREAM, she was a siren of the day, siren of the year, siren of his whole holly future and she possessed his whole heart and he knew it it was forever and she knew it too. Damn, she was so much his, there was no deeper way, no road, no path where his god-dick would not penetrate her dearest esta fiesta flesh. She got what she asked for

- I want you to come first, Babe Baby Love, My Love Angie, Joy, I want you to come first -

he whispered to her sweetest pleased ear and he kept his word, he fucked her for hours.

At night they went to the bar, shortly, had a drink, company, came back home devoted and still very much in love, now she couldn't sleep. Crimson slept next to her, she went for the wild masturbation as never before, especially in his company, she did it 3 times in a row planing their great all the sudden future. She did not sleep this night she was too high and too busy, she was in love.

XXXI

ON THE TRAIN, reminiscence OF BOMBAY 5 June. Veiled into a misty yellow hash of hate, sparkling with still timid aggression she lied on her bed. He laid on his. She was nude and she was dressed. Joyce was wearing horridly red corset, what meant that she wanted to be fucked, it meant to tempt him but it did not do. Her freshly bathed and oiled skin too, it meant but did not do.

- I'm becoming a kitschy cliché on myself. -

She knew it. Nevertheless she's becoming so obviously horny seeing how could she has had progress. But did not. And why? A resistance or a pride? She was stupid enough to warship both. If she has thrust her tiny cunt open right in his face? Move blades of the hips violently... The passion was going to torment her if she only moved a little finger and she did not.

A tiny woman in turquoise sea sari kneeled outside her shabby shack. She was dressed carefully. Her house looked like a smashed down cockroach, still it was under her absolute control. The property makes a certain sense, makes an existence. Her kingdom was going to be untouched until the monsoon; for about two more weeks. The woman had delicate, white and pink flowers braided into her long, thick, black hair. She caressed something with her thin outstretched arms, more than deliberately. The trees were blooming, hot red, orange papper-like mass of flowers. Here

in the slum people cut down every tree and raised small huts. Place was the gold. Space was shit and life was hell. They knew perfectly how to share every centimeter of a dry and dirty, She - earth. Even more, they knew how to get of "her" a safe conduct. Life long guaranty.

A baby, about 9 months old crouched on all his four inside the shack staring with blank, golden plate round eyes fixed at the door opening; outside in the distance of 1, 5 meter the trucks - passing one after one, already before the dawn. All the other, 7 family members sat along the back wall.

- Our beds were next to each other, I tried to pull him onto me by my mental powers, I seem to forget a yesterday, our beds were miles away. Yesterday I pulled up my black short skirt exposing red panted round ass ready for the free game. He would not play. I squized a pillow between my nude naked thighs - passed out. My dream was hot, I woke up with a TV on, angry and drenched with sweat. He was asleep, swell, nude under the white thin cotton sheet. On his cheek plaid a peaceful stroke of a smile. I was fucked. But that was yesterday. Today, tomorrow I could of course play his coiled cock hard smearing it with coconut oil as I have done 3 days ago - I did not want to repeat myself, and mostly I didn't want to do anything, I wanted him to do FIRST or may be I wanted him to do all. I was just a fucking myth. This was my majar mistake. -

Smaller baby, all in a black raspy skin laid on the right side, right outside the

shack on the ground that was of the same dry stuff as her skin. It was a little baby girl, her right cheek was pressed against the earth, she was still too small to raise her head and far too small to turn. She cried. Her tears run slowly, drying on a dusty cheek or dumped into a dry thirsty soil.

In fact Crimson touched her but Joyce did not consider it was enough. She was fucking thirsty and wanted a fucking fire! He was giving her very smooth pads with an outside of his left hand finger tips. She was arrogant, she was nonchalant. She wanted a straight full act. She gave it no chance. She was begging for it. She came very close. That's why she got nothing. She was turning from side to side like a roast beef on fire. She was disturbed

- he seemed to dig his own beauty much more than mine, watching himself, taking photographs of his wet hair do. Patting himself while I lay exposed in deep brown tan and bright red luxury girlish fit. -

concluded, Joyce

- if I was him I would tear these lace to pieces, and possibly of wrath if not of a desire -

She hanged around in the room like a chopped cow, spreading, passing by, turning round, drifting from bed to the bathroom and from the bed to the mirror. At last Joyce was utterly fucked. If she only thought

- what to do? -

she would have known but she put no questions but stared into a reality of this moment. He was reading a book, the invoke study on the very presence and how to get the most out of life. The cue was

- you shall not want -

A peculiar task. She wanted everything. She wanted it all the time. She was getting nothing except her haunting madness. Crimson was always right. Crimson was above. Crimson was born a looser, but in a connection with her, he was a definite, a total winner. She wanted sex, love and passion. Her options were about a zero. Joyce sank below it, even deeper when he laid his head on her belly-pillow.

A woman lived in a real stone house, no matter that it was only 4 minutes walk from the slum and not bigger all together then 16 square meters. It was the real house. She leaned on a handrail of the short staircase. She was done as a princess. Veiled into her red orange, with stunts of gold, fine - 6 meters' sari. Defined in clear strokes of the make up pencil, brush and rouge. She was fully relaxed.

- I was getting nuts. The time was running out. He was bored and he closed the book, in the same moment he threw his shoulder right to me and pointing at his chest made me lie there. I laid like a child on my right side coiled against his

flesh. It was neat and I was at home. He got up, switched the TV and the light off, returned to bed, stacked his finger between my

pussy lips about 1 centimeter deep for exactly 2 seconds. I laid flat as a pancake; following his finger I saw the darkness of my womb. I possibly remained there. We both passed out. -

Time was about 10 AM, 4 children from the real house were outdoors, they were dressed, combed, with small sparkling earrings. They did not duck nude or hang around half nude in big clusters hypnotized by a morning traffic rush as in the slum. They plaid big orange ball passing it slowly to each other.

- He woke me up turning his back at me. I divested from too wet and too tight corset, lay naked clenched at his back. -

A very old woman in turquoise sari sat on the kerb, she had a great HIP of food at her feet, she was sharing it with dogs and two small white kittens.

- All melted in me, all the stubborn walls. Rapidly. Humble, lovely, I kissed his swell flesh and whispered

- I love you, I love you -

Joyce cunt wetted as with a magic switch, hugging him, she felt his cock arose big straight up. She touched it, he moved her hand away. She brought it back into a tempting place feeling it's long swan's neck. He moved the hand off.

- I sank. I was like a bubble without air, praying to stay cool, I did not want to wake him, I definitely did not want to be a witness to this scene. I have failed. I lay wild awake, moved to my own bed, went up few times and pissed.

- how could I piss so much? -

Joy washed her bosom from the drops of urine and blood, slashing with a wet palm, her swollen meat lips with wrath!

- I hated it! -

- my womb, it was very soft and very hard and very big; it held me under the spell. I hated the effect of the touch. The safe conduct. My life. -

Joyce cried, coiled dog. Smoke a cigarette on the balcony, watched Bombay's glorious panorama - the Queens necklace. Watched the moon in it's milk collar.

- I hated myself,

woke up fucked with the morning slash of light. A new day. Today I had no strengths to remain indifferent. -

It is actually perfectly functional to have all these dogs on the streets. They select garbage, they eat literary all what would have get very rotten other wise. The street would have been unbearable. The town is hit up day and night. The dogs make most of their excursions right after the red ball of the sun's - exit. They supposedly eat also shit.

- Alert fish smell reaches our room on and of. There are still very many places in the town we still did not see. No task is easy. We are a lot in the room. -

A tall, young - in his late twenties - local man was crossing a dark street. A silhouette of a boy emerged from black and hit into his direction. The boy looked as 12, 13 years old - was surely round 16, softly slender, with roundish child face features, half long wavy dirty black hair covered his cheeks and his thin nape with locks. His clothes were in the color of gutter, worn out, shabby and too small. The boy caught up with the man, almost rubbing at his right side; not getting a slightest response, backed, targeting Crim. Crim walked right in front of Joyce, with long self secure sloppy steps. The boy who was an immediate expert on a step harmony glued to his right side. Crim seemed not to notice. The boy stretched his palm coiled as a little cup of mercy. Crim saw nothing of it walking elastic. The whole scene took may be 5 to 7 seconds. Crim slipped into the restaurant and Joyce stepped inside after him. The boy discharged into the crowd's darkness. His 3 gestures, his complete play in 3 acts - catching up with a first man, catching up with Crim, and stretching his palm - reeled constantly on under Joyce leads.

- The dinner was excellent. My bloody eyes were filled with tears and my belly filled with food. I was captured, stiff. -

- stop looking at me as I ate a child alive -

said, Crim.

- What could I say? I was the one who saw the boy actually for sure. I also had a feeling, he was one of these three lads who slept

on the table outside our first hotel. Bombay is a great fun City with astonishing night life. Will it cherish me or will it not? Is the earth the right place? Why is it so much easier to deal with these who already are happy and don't want too much, don't want too hard. I have proved a perfect relation with joyful, sweet beggars dolly kids. Gave them coke, ice cream, pencils, cakes, fruits, love, attention and clothes and "a change". Certainly not - "the change". When I meet these from the other side, the real sight of a horror - I panic.

Dinesh, was a sweet little boy, about 6 or 8 years. With my western world experience I could never state children age exactly and they would always lie. I met Dinesh many times, we had a lot of chats, cokes and sweets together, he was a pretty good gymnast and joyfully showed his tricks. I was teaching him to write.

We cross a Colaba street from cafe Mandagar to the kiosk, I'm buying a note book and a pencil for Dinesh, I'm paying with 50 Rp note. We are in the crowd and watched as always. A very dirty boy asks aims. I tell him to wait. Two more boys "arrive" - god knows where from - one with enormously sticking out ears. I get my change and give some coins to five boys now. All of them have mad eyes, huge black feverish, the most mad eyes I have ever seen, they are hungry, they are different age, small and big, they are skinny, very skinny, very dirty and covered with khaki rugs, they are much more than five, now, they are at least ten. They are all stretching their palms, they are shouting and screaming pushing each other away, they are pulling my hands, my clothes and my bag. The scene becomes hysteric. One of the street boys, a tardy, wears a military cap and salutes all the time. Dinesh and a man from the kiosk and a few more try to mediate. The boys don't care, I'm the prey. Two older men take me to the Odeon cinema 500 meters away where I supposed to meet Crim, the boys jump on me all the time. I am inside looking at the movie posters, Crim isn't here. The boys not permitted in, lay on the staircase - begging and yelling, one of them, a cripple crawls right to my feet, he shows he is hungry with the only gesture on earth - padding at his open mouth with a coiled palm - he doesn't have to do it - it is visible, it is obvious for the first and for the second - it doesn't work. I'm determent, they won't have more money, I won't give more money, I'm squizing my bag with a small Ragistan's mirrors, tough

in my palm, gluing it to my arm pit like a crazy animal.

A Muslim woman in black charshaf carrying her sleeping baby girl in a golden dress.

Guys smoking smack outside a church gate, a train station. One sits hidden under the rug, only his cigarette sticks out.

One legged, one handed guy sleeps rolled together extending the lack of his limbs within the coiled move.

A little girl selling white necklaces of Jasmine flowers - Joyce lifts up the camera to expose her smart face and huge exotic eyes away from the stump, the girl's beauty is astonishing, she uses the arm chopped over the ankle for hanging the flowers. It does happen that parents demolish their children's bodies, they become a professional, devoted beggars.

Three man, the prisoners in the jail track parked outside the court house, awaiting their turn. Their families grouped outside barred windows stick newspapers and cigarettes through the holes.

A man wearing Jimmy Hendrix hair-do, which associates here not with J.H. but a one particular guru lives in a self made tent at Cama Road, burning inside the oil lamp always visible through the opening, a perfect home. Old street men, in the passage - smoking smack, passing it to each other. One miserable tinny harlot standing near by. Joyce and Crimson walking home holding hands, a peaceful night.

Joyce's Blues -

- Hey Doggy Dog! Hey Little dog! -

A young black nameless dog swayed for days and nights in a lethargic sleep before his corpse suddenly wasn't on the side walk of Cama Road. Humid hit, last days of the long Summer nineteen ninety-six. The night sailed down, dark as a queen in the color of skin everybody's wearing - pulled over a pink flesh. So much human - summon together, how much more you do hurt me, when you crash right here, onto the gutter, with all you love, hate and have.

- Hey, Pretty Child! Don't wake up tonight, the pillow is no longer soft if you open your eyes, - dream the sweetness, we all share so entirely. Don't hurt me more as I can do so much and do nothing,

but walk by.

- Sweet Dreams of Bombay, Sweet Dreams of Bombay!

The night, humid, black and hot. Sweet dreams of Bombay!

I still consider a chance for us - a topic of illusion.

Sweet Dreams of Bombay!

The night of silk - the sheets - killing. Some chosen people shit on the streets and it's never matter of choice. Sweet Dreams of Bombay! I wait for the dawn and leave for the better World, we do caress so much.

Sweet Dreams of Bombay! Sweet Dreams of Bombay! Sweet Dreams of Bombay! SWEET DREAMS OF BOMBAY!

Joyce's reality -

Heavily purple dragon cloud hanged over the city, at this moment their love was more difficult than ever; soon this dark haze of a moist colored air was going to cover silver blade of the moon - for Venus to shine upon her alone. She despised Donald for giving her - selling - these 2 little colorful oriental booklets of a sinister passion between the two. What was the use for her to turn the page after page, if they wanted they could have had everything but they did not want. To want it alone was but a soul storm.

TO RE-MEMBER

The eyes of the boys I ignored will hunt me; they do a great violence to me as I did to them.

- Joyce

The last night in Bombay, Crimson and Joyce has taken a long walk, discovering "a Manhattan view", excited to the very last spent a few hours at the water front street watching it all inclusively a sun set, chats, a promenade of the rich and spectacular "the beggars show around the fire place". The darkness fall, with a sound of a little bell, blind old beggars couple came by on their round. The man's eyes were visibly plugged out. Joyce asked Crim to lend her his camera, as her did not have a flash

- you are a monster, Joyce! A monster! -

he through over his shoulder escaping the place.

XXXII

FROM THE TRAIN. Water dries and people turn sadder and sadder.

A man bathing his cow in the river, or what's left of it made her happy, a girl bathing, kneeling in her clothes, washing herself underneath made her feel joy of life and some scratch ever lasting eternity.

- We are not to beat! -

A child pouring water over his head to swell the hit. Dogs going into the water to take a deep "all by themselves".

VARANASI. Broken symbiosis of love. I'm not getting smarter. Angel child, you're without a chance. Sentences apart from each other. Just words. Nothing but meaningless words. Head ache. Moonless night on my own.

- my own? -

why to question? His heart is sculptured in black marble. Mine is in pink worthless flesh endlessly ticking, a SWATCH. No matter what I'll do and where I'll go. Within an hour I'll be endlessly cool if I'll remain here in this corner of my bathroom heart.

We two, entered the room, a big double bed glamouring and glittering. I went to the bathroom, and shut the door but did not lock. I slashed my dirty clothes, everything in one ripe - off. I wanted to shower, my skin was sweaty and tired on the outside. We have spent 30 hours on the train. I mingled with cranes trying to guess which was the hot, put them on simultaneously and alternately, I sat on the sink plate in front of the big mirror waiting for the result of my experiment - a hot water. He came in, saw me sitting up, I tried to jump into the shower, he kept me toughly in his hands, gently put me up back on the marble desk, entered me with his glorious cock. A peacock, most amusing bird. He fucked me hard for a long time in a pose I loved. I was bumping between his chin and a marble hooked on his peacock's amazingly colorful tail, I was hot as a stone of the sun which sunk down into the fields on the last train stop just before all the village boys gave a true hail to my bleached blonde. The bathroom was filled with steam, and my pussy womb with jelly.

I didn't need to worry, we did not come to Varanasi to die. We're not true pilgrims. My passion for cigarettes at nights, romance of my cock. I made a zany of myself, I thought our sex and the rest got so unacceptably bad because of the split beds rim. I was just a ratter, a washout, in Sartre's opinion; I cheated myself.

He has done a world's fruit salad in my womb, stuffed my cunt with long slices of

mango, pineapple, the most handy bananas, stuffed me like a turkey: he sucked it all, licked it all, my orgasm was enormously fruity. He called me

- my Little Lady Peach, Baby Peach, Babe Peachy -

my peach was a jewel of the night as there was no moon. He stuffed his stiff tongue into my mouth, slashed it against my teeth, he fought my tongue and he won the battle!

This night was worst then the one before and it took me with a great surprise. My naivete was emerging the climax of itself. I was entering a forbidden zone. A dream was taking over. Will I ever find a way out?

- Alice! Alice, who a fuck is Alice? -

she is a woman behind the mirror. Joyce also loves her white rabbit very much. Delude, deceive, sexually unfaightfull, believe

something what is not true.

I was winning for some time now like a she - cat. A sudden clutch came timidly and not really unexpected. It was either day or night. It was bad or good. It's hard to delude from the veils of my thoughts, single and amassed. Memories? OK - he felt like having sex. He came rather fast. I had no chance. Still it cherished me. The touch. We did remain in the room and did it again, once more with me at the top. This time I did not want to waste the chance, we both came heavily flashed, flushed and fleshed. Fucking was good. I was exhausted like a dog and elevated to the very end of my holly spirit. I did seduce him to do it again for the pure fun. Me on the top again

- who cares? -

we both loved the tremendous orgasm and loved each other. Sex was fun. Expensive room paid it's pleasure. This night, at the new, the most incredible visually place, we have slipped off the road again. He watched me nude but would not act. Something was cooking. Apparently he wasn't a sex machine, I took him for. Two days after he plaid my puss,

- vov, if I liked it!? -

this was best what has happened to me. I lay on my back and he plaid my lips. He was excellent, more than excellent, soft, hard and precise. I could have just come! But I held my virginity, speared it for his cock. Then he took me from behind. Fast. Bastard. What does he care? OK. He cares when he is on some soft drug, then he is love and tenderness, gentleness himself. The moon shone to our room - I wrote love poems and took pictures of him and us both, the sun shone to our room - I longed for the screw. In the following morning he made me do a blow job. And this was that. I watched few more moons and few more suns. I longed for an orgasm.

- This shack was made for sex -

in my opinion. I was obsessed. The place was made for the perfect violent clutch between two of us. The love changed color. Was he fucking blind? Was I fucking crazy? Was I dreaming?

Joyce's Lullaby

Snatched of the mouth of Sapphire Ganges, snatched out a fish's womb alabaster black shining of Ganges, snatched of a Ganges's bowls - the moon, like a segment of a phosphoresces orange, wants to fall into your mouth, and You sleep. Snatched, peeled, juicy wresting of the sky-blue - the wind blows from Ganges as from the sea, and you - nothing?

Down town we are looking at bed covers, I want a big one for us and a small one in purple for Angel - I'm not crazy. We have looked at the sacred temple's pure gold roof from the secret place.

**

Joy and Crim take a boat tour on the Ganges, a spectacular sun setting down into the God's river, swell air, swell wind, swell waves brushing the surface on which they slide. The walls of houses, castles, monasteries, being a clear witness and the prove of men unbelievable skills. The monks houses, the holly men, all this incredible ability of the human spirit. The visitors, Joy-Crim bewitched. The spell of the moment, the spell of life and some other much deeper truth. A Sadhu, the holly man already dead floating the river next to them, pretty ugly blown up, in fact. Agreeing with a life course the living people in that town treat the river as she is, for drinking, washing, swimming, and fun. Joyce takes the forbidden photographs of the funeral ceremony. The body, the corpse tucked in silk, cotton, on the bed of flowers burns in moist red. The Parisian blue takes it all, except the golden shield of the moon and shimmers across the waves. The drums hit like nuts. The night.

XXXIII

KATMANDU

- everything on you is of silver -

- yeah, but my heart is of gold and his curved in stone. -

I was sitting in the riksha and found out that if I completely relaxed, sat lightly as on the horse back every bump would stimulate. I smiled wildly. All the boys in Katmandu looked like Travolta before he got fat, some like De Niro's and some simply better. Girls were all right too. I was quite turned on them too and this was not unusual. I made a small scene! I wanted fucking sex! The night that followed was: he slept and I walked round nude. The room was cold, he was hot, he was running around half in a sleep catching me and pulling against himself hot like a frying pan. His cock was gloriously blown and big. It was pink like a long balloon - but that was a second time, first he fetched me from the bathroom, looked at me closely, sat down himself still holding my hand, pressed his head against my breasts. I had to take a quick shit, he was off into a sleep for good when I came back.

- imagine how pissed I was -

the second time he jumped on my back. It was paradise, he put me on his knees! I simply loved it! His stiff cock was right between my thighs Vov! He pushed me back! I adored it! He pressed his all big meaty tongue into my moth-mouth!!!! He turned me with the face to his dick. I held back two seconds too long. He farted and fell asleep. Then came dry days and nights, until one morning, when finally he licked my cunt hot first, and second fucked me from behind, when I was about to agree with the move we both realized that he already came. I went to a bath tub and rinsed my clit with a swell shower strip until my buttocks and all my inside gave a spasmodic rapid pulping pulse devil rhythm, my eyes sprouted with tears, it became quite useless to go to sleep, to go to bed or to enter the room.

- This was my Katmandu. And Katmandu is an adventure -

tiny guy followed me in the narrow, full of the sun light street, air was fresh

- do you want a taxi, madam? -

he asked in the usual tune "of business voice". I did not answer.

- some hash -

he continued stepping on my feet - coka, LSD, smack? -

I walked slowly

- anything else you might wish, we can arrange everything is possible -

his voice tempted right on my back, I laughed loud and did not turn back at first. The sun shone madly at this very spot right over me. Street was cooking.

NEPAL Doubtfully slowly, I came in. Darkness was moist and smelly, impossible to fix of what. One could hear delicate sound of small bells. Tiny birds with tongue of gold. Warm shadows moving closer, I swallowed one blue pill, one purple. Nothing mattered anymore. Liquid in my mouth was thick, my breath slow and light, floating more around me than penetrating my lungs; as I not really existed - if I'd put my fingers on my pulls I would feel no beat - I did not do it. The men were serenading me. Their flesh was soft and

oily.

*

We were in the bus, we're in the bus through ages since centuries, we're no longer in the desert, we're no longer in the crowded towns, we're spinning through green, wet, animal like woods, hills, platos, we're on the road, the bus was filled with people. I was so impossibly horny, my cunt was wet and big. I was considering to slide my hand in. I wanted to whisper to him

- I want to fuck -

I was fantasizing, it was a night, totally black and he was going to deep his hand into me. I couldn't stand it any longer, I squized my thighs until the very last. With every bump of the road I expected to come. And if I let it go! - I would have been the happiest, this earth ever bore. The bus stopped. I was wondering how was I going to walk in that condition; it seems quite impossible.

*

The drum started to beat heavily. The bus stopped. Heaven was obviously explained. I stood next to him and zanies were shouting, all in the same time, each telling a different tell. The patches of words hit and attacked first shells of my precious pink and big ears at last landing down my, both - dull and electric brain. I started to deal blows.

- OK. The real version - the bus has stopped and Crim and Joyce started to collect a stuff. The sky was red. Already then, the hotel pushers aimed on her and him, they came from both possible sides - the only door was on her side and an open window on his. They dealt the offers. Joy and Crim were as good as sold.

They stood outside, tightly fixed by the ring of a guys who were simply shouting against each other and mostly against their ears, they were supposed to take into the hotel. A circus like show went on and turned unbearable. Joy ducked covering her head, the guys increased the noise

- You're fucking nuts -
she shouted back

*

The night woke me up fertilizing heart danced tarantella, I searched his feet with mine. We have got, accidentally to a Damned side of the sacred lake.

*

I got my pretty ass on the bicycle and squized it with my buttocks gaining speed. My breath was fast - it was the day. I drove over bumps, stones, stocks, grassy hillocks, all possible sticking ups and downs of rubbish massaging my smiling labia's lips bright red. There was no doubt, I was obsessed. With biggest hits I gave a yell but did not come. Why a fuck didn't I? Was I sparing it?

- Yes, I was sparing it, not so much for him as for us. I was a fucking dreamer. I had this dream of love, my passion, the world, his baby-child, I was fucking illusionist and could pick the pigeon from the hat anytime. I was prominent.

*

The men were surrounding me, the light went on. Their eyes were bulbs, I fixed mine on a tall one with big golden earrings and dreamy stoned gusty lake-eyes, I slid mine on the small one with a face of a Chinese babe doll, his were dollish, cold, slant with long thick lashes, his skin was a stretched parchment. Dragon eyes of the crooked attracted me for a spell of a second, the toothless then. Their nipples were hard and breasts' muscles more than well done. They were all nude. And this wasn't a dream. I breathed heavily. I stretched my crooked fingers astraight but wouldn't touch. The touch was out of the question. No one dared to move. I fall asleep. The far off bells were still belling. I was aloof. Himalayas, which I scrutinized in the very last game of the light - a vulgar pink sun set, buried now in a stiff proud darkness. Passion land was out of my rich. He was asleep on my side after a minor attempt on my pussy tiny lips and his single stinky fart. He got disturbed by one straw of my blond hair that slide there during the shower. This was hardly any game. This was our life. He has asked me with wrath and rage

- if I liked it? -

Could I answer? I was busy with observing tiny athletes coming all closer. I could only smoke cigarettes. I should have tried coke - it would have open my veins wise, wide and wild. I yearned his savage fast palms on my flesh. I was tender as a bloom bud, but

for what? There was no answer. The bells kept on ringing. Mr. Mekkas would have been very surprised to know that Nepal, Tibet turned me even more on and not off as he had hoped for. There was no hope for me, to live and cool off in the same time.

endeared, unequivocal, handclasp, hulking, queer, prominent, thankless tasks, goodnatured, thoroughly, scrawl, scatch pad, realm of pure magic, utterly beyond my rich, intervening, acquaintance, reverberations, reverent, discerningly

The life was too pretty and sex the only toy I desired. A carte blanche of his soul worked on me as the red rug does at the ox, wherever we got; I would have not learn with a time. Run without tiring, bickle without tiring, fuck without tiring - a hideous distance. Sex became a gymnastic out of my rich. Heaven hangs over, the sensuality turned to agression, rage of quick insolent words. Indulgence.

Joyce was so obvieously stuck in her limited world, limited vocabulary, limited cocoon of a maggot Queen. She still asked - and what's love? -

a magestic landscape gave no answer.

*

He said, he suffers more than I, when I back him with my marvel, draped in embroidered red undearwear - butt. That he suffers when he doesn't get hard on, or when he gets not enough hard or for too short. He said, mountains are pointed and opals in stone, that mountains are square and oppals suppel, that he can cultivate sex only when he is traped, on the contrary in flush of victory and freedom, sex does not amuse him, doesn't tempt - bores. He is beautiful and stupid as well as ugly and smart. Lately he is ugly and dumb.

A first fight in words, more than words - an aspects. Of course he said he doesn't love me. It might be the truth. It was easy to be a woman - shower, cream, paint nails, instead of giving in for anger or despair. Then came peace and joy and thunder and nitly done bed in white sheets. Some sweet fumbling with a delay, a catastrophic delaid - I noticed it was only me fumbling.

- What a pitty. -

So the shock was here at my presance one more time and my pride. I would have enjoy to have sex with him at thunder. Every ingridiance was able to turn me on, a moon, a bicykle and eyes of men turned me on him. After time of silence in me I took his valium. It really worked. I could HEAR dogs barking far away, insects and frogs outside and other love creatures, I heard him breath next to me. He slept, thunder was coming back. I did not long to hear more of Nirvana's songs. I was cool and his stinky farts were all right. I had a time to find out about our love - if it still existed. I had all time in the world. I was cool. Just cool. It was true. I had many beautiful dreams related to him, my dreams weren't, definitely, a substitute to the reality.

I know we fucked up most visible part of the bodily attachment, it frustrates me, it pisses me off as life is so much emptier but it doesn't scare me at all. Brave ones do not lose and we are not coward, we have proved it- if I had fought lately it was of will for action, pride, my own energy, pure anger, statements, gaining, sureness to win - not of hate. I think he confuses anger with hate or am I blind? But may be I am wrong, if he loved me he would have put his hands on me, play my nipples. Nimbus. May be I'm unbearable, bad, selfish, ego tripped, destructive, may be I want too much all the time. Did I really destroy all? Should I be more humble? Am I a monster? Am I wrong? I want to dance, nude in his arms; chip cliche'. Am I really crazy?

morning questioning

- what should I do?

- expand my dream world or let the cruel reality take over? -

HIMALAYAS. At the very feet of the mountains, at the very start of our hike I clumsily - in the toilet - crush my sun glasses; this fact unleashes a playful scene, exactly everybody, in all four "shopping" stands, who owns shades presents them to me. The absolutely first price takes an oldest, tall, skinny woman - sucking on her oriental pipe she wears twisted mirrored big longish slant glasses in shockingly pink frames with a sparkling glass-diamonds in the corners. I love an old geezer, unfortunately my guts don't mach hers. I take a cooler, slightly twisted, uncomfortable copy of the Ray Bens. I pay a fortune. It makes me look like a zombie as it doesn't suit my face - my eyes are up in my

forehead. I get into a long going back and forth conversation with ten years old boy, he wants to carry our bags, he absolutely wants the job. His price is ridiculous small. Crimson doesn't want it, in a long tirade I tell the boy, I could never accept a child carrying my stuff up this bloody hill, it doesn't go with my "western moral". In a true despair he says

- it is for my school books. -

We are the very last tourist, the season is very dead. We do not give him any money, grip our bags, give a fast glance at the steep endless "staircase" and start to climb.

A pretty girl, at the very top of Dhampus, with a neat exclamation mark between perfectly thin eye brows sheltering pretty slant eyes, she fixes her make as I do - outside. The air breathes oxygen. I cant feel more then elevated. The air clears up revelling summits, enveloped before, in thick clouds and fog in several versions of grey. There is still some hope for us, we are walking. A group of men surrounds a huge black cow. We are far away. There is some turbulent movement, some rotation, the cow screams heavily. She falls down. We take deserved rest. Crimson drinks water, I smoke a cigarette, he has stopped smoking. We are coming closer. A head of the huge cow, cut off, cool in her eye, blankly looking onto her world, hairy ears, horns, open tubes, of a windpipe and her thick larynx, fluffed skin in red and all her precious parts departed, split into delicious pieces of meat and bones. Over that bloody mess of an animal, glorious mountains stained with a powder snow in the air evaporating with cow's hot blood. The men in ducks positions working eagerly. We - he passes by, I take photographs and pay with a pack of cigarettes to my black eyed joyful models. We are walking on, some more excellent views and shrilling goat sentenced. Death is biological, pure physiology. They - 1 old man and 2 young ones lay it - screaming on its side with a neck over a small bowl, the goat is grey-white mix and utterly tensed. The other black goat, it's companion, cries softly standing roped by the side fence scrutinizing the deed. The white goat screams for her life, her eyes wild open. The eye turned towards us shines like a pocket lamp. He watches it all. He's brave. I turn my eyes off and cover my face just before the bulky knife touches out stretched skin and larynx. I turn my eyes back on it, the knife is half way through, saws back and forth, the goat is still screaming and staring wild.

There is some blood, but not so much as I would have expect, it runs into the bowl. The women in the household are farther away, about 2, 3 meters, they are two, in long colorful sarongs. The goat kicks feverishly. One of the young boys pulls out something from the area of the goat's spine. The goat vibrates, shrills violently and falls into a still silence. The old man is singing, loud mourning verses deep in his throat and cleans the bloody knife of the dead goat's side leaving dark carmine sticky strokes on the fur. Black goat sobbing guiltily. Two babies giggle together, laying farther away on the floor of the porch. We walk off. I deep my hands into every ice cold stream we pass; as I use to do as a child. In the ritual, the fear is only a substitute, probably a scream opens it maximally which makes an oxygen dash to lungs and a brain and veins, what results in the perfect act of death, with the soul not fumbling round but, going straight where it belongs. And where?

Night rain fall attacks the roof and my hearing next to the panic, it is violently specific - we - strangers lay next to each other in a total darkness. He hushes me every time I pip. I nurse my baby dream, her soft warm skin with a little flesh fat. There are no references to my wish. I hear our wards make love, the man breaths ecstatically, their bed cracks underneath our cell. Their baby pads in her dream - Sabina. Lifes are painfully different.

When the night started, after the perfect sunset with all the great crests at last being visible, I sat on the bed in the corner of the kitchen, the woman on her knees blew and pumped for cooking open fire flames being as well, the only - crimson - light source in there. The baby girl slept on the floor, she woke up and I took her in my lap; she was supple.

The morning rises softly touched by the white dreamy fogs. There is not much hope for two of us.

Every of my wish becomes his great trouble. He suffers if I want a cigarette, a talk, an item, a photo, a plan - anything. He doesn't agree I do function on emotions, pleasures, challenges and discoveries, not just on a practical or his basic needs. He is denying me being a human being. Why?

Walking here made a wired kind of sense - no more than walking a botanical garden "at home" - up, down rhododendron hills for hours and hours and hours until one is completely dashed down.

trembling and soaked with sweat. Here they were, a proud sensation, the highest, the oldest, the most distinct Himalayas but they were all hidden off and invisible for us - the same our life - there was all the beauty intact, all potential, in presence, future, past in our strong well done bodies and minds, in sex probabilities, in all what's life but it was so deeply veiled in clouds and ill wills that it was impossible for us to see.

- rice fields soft and hairy as a woman's womb, night - Charles Wain stands on its back and with a shaft up, and you don't love me anymore and it fills nothing to me -

lays Joyce, glasseyed.

XXXIV

GHOROPORO LAKNOW A spot of spinning sun in all over grey watery sky with its severe celadon and purple blights to which I stared - made me aware that we're fucking up our lives - I blankly stared at the sleeping stranded hordes of men, children and worms and women without feeling the peaceful bless - I no longer saw. Then, you came over me twice with an explosion of a perfect sex to cease the pain and prove some motion or love but I no longer felt the charm as death and stone dead I remained.

FROM THE TRAIN TO CALCUTTA - crucified in the door frame of his childhood house eight years old Jesus rested sweaty forehead against thick wasted air. India was no paradise and his dad gone for good.

A mosquito beaten Joyce, first softly - a little bit, then more eagerly, more nasty, tasting on her blood with a hook of a pleasure. That was its way, it has taken the train every night having a proper meal and sometimes a fiesta in the sleeping card. They, Joyce and Crim bought first class tickets without AC, place was rough, very rough to be a first class and very dirty, the whole India was dirty, and they loved it here. The life nerve, masses of

people, enormously vast space, colors. The color of India was much more than the rainbow's spectrum. It was possibly a color of life, an energy, the invisible. There was an incident with a gang of the young boys who were trying to mess up with Crim, in that particular case it was unsure if they were curious, as usual or ill minded, which would have been unpleasant exception. They all tried to enter the compartment but Crim stood on their way, filling the door, they battled for centimeters on both sides, the tension kept on rising up. All was under control, except for the sweat floods at the back of Crim's shirt. The train on which they have spent almost two days stopped. Joyce sat at the window, brought camera to her eye searching an interesting subject. A young, exceptionally beautiful, exceptionally pale woman in dark red sari sat on the closest bench. Joyce framed her face, fixed sharpness, zoomed in and was about to click. The woman kept on dying. An older woman, apparently the mother, in panic tried to comfort the younger one, whom literary, in soft moves, fall apart and stopped breathing. The life, here was not that secret and nothing "given". Joyce did not click.

A BOTTLE BOY. A boy has fixed Crim's coca COLA. He succeeded to snatch an empty bottle. It all came out, there were guards, police and more inconveniences maintaining in a tough right blow he received; his chick purpled. The boy followed with on the train. He was pretty with a bright pink scarf wired round his head, picking up his huge black eyes and thick eye brows, he was hungry and Joyce paid his food and Crim paid The Bottle, The Missing Bottle - anything could go out of proportions, here in India. The train reaching Calcutta stopped, the distance to the town was about 30 minutes and the train stood still, already at least 3 hours.

CALCUTTA. An episode. Two weeks of passion. Rain season.

The town is spade with magic. The night. Joy-Crim quarrel from the very first. It's her vision who brings the clash. The cab is an old London cab, she falls in love to the town, of course - how else? This is it. A perfect spot for it.

A man, a lover, puts his arm round her in an old London cab.

Crimson insists to sit in the front sit even if there is a passenger, next to a driver.

A man, a lover slings his smooth fingers under her skirt

- even if she has her trousers on

he gets right In. The kiss is hot. The rain drops start to hit

they do pad in both worlds, hers and this one.

*

Crimson still practices his abstinence; he won't drink, smoke and fuck.

Joy takes her first glass of gin early in the afternoon, Calcutta opens its arms for her.

*

This is a night, this is a thunder, Joy and Crim run holding hands jumping over water pools trying to stick into the Katmandu's big black umbrella. Everybody around them runs too, Calcutta's peaceful tenants seem to avoid the storms.

*

Joy gets up 8 in the morning, she is taking a few street kids to a school, she walks behind them watching. Her heart grows with tender love, the three bare feet, thin legged, extremely tiny little-boys-beings walk in front of her under her big umbrella. The water rises up to 15 centimeters at some places, the human driven rickshas passes them all the time. She can do no different but love the place.

*

Night-Calcutta is spectaculair, it's hot, black, shimmering and alive. Crimson gets hilariously drunk. He shivers in spasms before he passes out. She can do no different but hate him. Crimson hates her whatever she does.

*

Joyce sells her golden ring, takes five kids for dinner and to the movies.

*

Mita and Kid take Joyce and Crimson to the train station. It is night. Mita and Kid are going to sleep right there, they can't walk back down slam-town, the bridge shuts at night. Joyce cries on the night train, she has left them as she has found them - on the street.

FOR MITA -

you must do all by yourself. Aim big. Do the impossible. Get the strengths. No one is going to do it for you. Get off the streets. Our world is unfair, it borns us, rears - without a care even for the second-split from the very beggining to the very end. My world is a waste.

XXXV

PUSHKAR. BANG LASSI - Told about the drug by 2 sensitive London young men, met in dashed by rain Himalayas on the last STOPover - the intern top - hi!-ll, dark mady muddy sleazy village on a slope. The boys with delicate porcelain dolls's, English features, frozen, exhausted, tucked in blankets and towels, shoeless, beaten all over by ugly leeches drew an easy going fumes of a sacred sunny languished Pushkar, sacred lake, peaceful folks and an extremely easy going drug, the boys consumed with a banana yogurt and next in a dry form a top of a camel in the Pushkar desert - just for fun.

It was a bluff or someone here was a wash out - Joyce and Crimson - prisoned in the cube - a chip sort room at the luxury palace Hotel in pink marble - apparently - as at least a quarter of the perception was reality bound; they're certain they're in an own room and they're not. If it was an ordinary room - they had enter - how else - ? - it ought to be a door, there. There was not. It used to be a window as well, going to the peaceful chintz sky blue lake. There was none. There used to be a music, the sound of prayers coming from the sacred ghats - there was not. Joyce understood what a miserable crip she was - what a mean character - she battled her honor and pride constantly and instantly inside - a fucking zero, miss none, torturing him for own imperfection -

- you just zip his heart -
- what can you? -
- nothing -
- I'm myself that's enough with a clean eyes and a diamond tears -

- banal, you pull, dick- little-ass -
- shut up, unless I'll blow your dirty existance phiz -
- OK, pretty snout, I'm convinced till the next blow -

she was in the boxing ring against herself, warded off and delivered a blows. Her nose swalled up and shined dark red. Cought in the tornado (effect), the words interoupt, impregnated by explosions, crackers of lights and sounds, the crystal structure.

Joyce to Joyce

- your arrogance sucks, you live on the surface and deep inside, with nothing in between -

Crimson laid next to her, on the bed, which pushed together of two singles filled up the whole space - actually they both laid on it - paralyzed of fear. They were on the hallucino-express-train, genick- rushed through a tiny wall-less cube. There was no beginning and no end of a sparkling and all chopped darkness. Her argues continued. She won every one, but no matter - accusation, slanders returned with a star light speed. It was a horror and she was excited to the very end. She was in a position, she enjoyed to defend herself to the very last. It was brain wash in a super machine, she controlled bubbling drone of a voice - only sights, and onomatopoeias were heard on the outside. She argued for her life, love, values, goals, clews and her own skin, she hurted.

- Joy -

whispered Crim

- you are a tough little lady -

he twisted her arm

- I love you, Joy, your beauty, if you still believe in me, then all is

but fine -

He pleased her with a tongue kiss, but her flesh was immune, fully engaged in a war and totally alert to win.

They are out of the doors, sitting at the staircase to the lake, night, moon glitter on a water slab, surrounded by the peaceful human beings, immediately they have to leave. They are hunted and very thirsty, a shopping stand is across a short street. They are on the bridge in the middle of the tunnel, Joyce hangs into Crim's shoulder

- I'll die if I'll do the step -

they stand

- this tunnel has never been here, neither the bridge, where are we Crim? -

- don't speak Joy, it's not good -

says Crim, dashed with a crystal panic.

They are back inside, clenched, twisted loins, lips, eyes, Crimson forces her to sleep.

The next day is blue and hot

- Crim, I want to do it again -

Joyce says

- don't ever mention it -

Crimson, says sharp, the dialog cuts. They fix a sun tan under the palms in the Palace's garden, the marble.

*

- What's left? -

- a visuals of Pushkar, a single great sex, a softness between them. The return of a disaster, Joyce yells for physical sex, failure; hate.

A camel safari -

This girl - Joyce, is nuts; she sits a top of a camel 8 hours in the run and she still did not get enough, moving queenly, the most high up, watching the world and it's all belongings - nature, people, cattle, birds, sand, bushes, palms, stones - from above, participating by joining the movement of an animal. She is nuts. She is certain she could do it for ever, and that's what she wants.

They sleep on the floor in a small doorless windowless "house", it is not locked, it's opposite, it mainly has the openings. The night is very cold, Joyce wakes up early, watches thousands of camels starting up for the road. She watches it until they are particles in the air.

XXXVI

LAST DAYS IN DEHLI. In a same second, attracted by watching me dainty boys, I lean out of the open door of the fast running swell AC train, fainting boiling heat hits me. Sweet smell of the dead comes out of the total darkness. The train rushes straight into a rotten demon ash-ass. The sweetness of the scent increases unbearable tension. Hulled from darkness, biblical images in red, already past but constant - inprinted at the retina, of busy boys, in the particular and no other move, leaning over the torch, the oil lamp or the fire, debating - whose holiness - tears me literary in beats. With eyes adopting - surrounded, framed, plotted into the semi darkness of a greasy, patchy, pain-stained, accumulated slum structure. Virile boys are the only ones who still don't get stuck into hideous, monster like shacks. - Still these homes are the luxuries not for everyone. - Overwhelmed by smell, the stunk of creeping death, I hold my senses wild open, staring into the iris of speed, I follow deeper into the butt, finally spat out to a BLADE RUNNER.

Dehli, the train station is maximally filled, the glorious capitol welcomes us with a maximum of it's steaming stunk of shit, corpse, molding earth and continuously gangrenous wounds. Unbelievably, we are happy to be home. To find a ricksha is a child's job as they are thousands, waiting. The electricity in town is gone. We are right in a Blade Runner, getting into several clashes

and fights. Sinister and still so imaginary future is all ours. Our excitement is at its top.

He was empty as a key hole, anyone, anything could put any key in and turn it. He lacked steady points totally, he had no logic left, his brain, his mind was worn out, burnt out into a pile of ash. Powdered dust flew in his veins, aggressions seldom, but still shifted into spikes of a peaceful sentiment at especially curved turns. By lack and luck of confidence, lack and luck of control, lack and luck of steady will, his soul bumped between the walls of his own vacuum, deserted and lost. It was painful to follow with, painful to hang around, painful to discover I was as much a part of it. The pattern of my love. I was filled up with his emptiness, which made us perfectly suitable for each other in this little case - a paradox box.

Observation -

- now I'm grown up because I'm not afraid anymore to pick flowers in the town's rabbets. -

He was a complete cliché "on man". My visions and dreams, my obsessions. I can almost see how he falls apart time after time. I was a complete cliché "on woman". There was no way out.

On the train from Pushkar to Dehli Crimson and Joyce were in love, 5 hours. At the first cheap hotel they almost fucked, but did not. Crimson got into a hilarious fight with a manager and called the cops, it was all about the lack of towel - the missing towel. The missing link. Event was loud and violent. He was completely out of his mind. If he had any. He shook and Joyce held him in her arms. The following day they took at the expensive hotel down town and paid with Joyce's mother empty credit card. The room was very good, with AC, color TV, room service, extremely soft double bed, neat furniture, neat bathroom, mirrors, a huge window with a great view on the Cannout Place, inside it looked more as a mansard in Paris and Crimson exactly touched the ceiling with his head when he stood up. They did not have a single fuck in this lovely made for love nest. Joyce was crazy, she screamed at Crim almost all the time. Any time she could have turn their Time too great if she accepted the game conditions and she did not. It was her revenge - she thought. At night there was a whole gallery of the sleeping people in the passage visible from their window and at the square

if the weather was good. Crim and Joyce money were finished and they had nothing left for the aims, they were buying delicious ice creams in the fancy store watching burning flies in the "catcher machine" and being watched by beggars kids and merchant kids trying to sell big red balloons. The weather was supposedly still very hot, but they didn't take any notice on it. It was a rain season, but they couldn't say if it rained or not. They were mad at each other, they shouted at each other.

- I don't want you to creep back to me in case of loneliness, hunger, confusion. I wanna see colors of strengths, guts and success. I would easily except your love in full beam but no longer in the beam of decay. Even I do consider it impossible. Why would you need me if you could stand on your own shaft? This is a great cynicism of my heart, but that's the way I feel. Love is a cruel game in our hands, as we have no hearts -

is Joyce's cue

- are this all but a verbal speculations? -

choked with a sarcasm Crim Agr, pointing to her more precisely

- I really don't care as I don't love you and never shall -

her shot

- your short timed beauty, the other women are crazy about ugly men with strong characters not a baby boys; why am I not like these other wise women? Why am I so puffed in my head? -

Joyce face was all red. No answer available.

Crim fixes Kashmir's money back, they have an elegant - not extremely tasty - dinner, twice last day on an empty card - easy done.

They do fly back. With a small afford they do take a bus from the airport without a cash for the tickets.

XXXVII

A HINT

Hint of the loneliness. -

- I have erased Crimson from my life -

Angie Joyce states -

- but not from my retina, not from my spine, not from the surface of my feet, not from my heart -

It's not an experiment. It's a choice. Now, the life is not about living, it's a surviving. Fucking trash! It did not happen over a night, it took the whole 40 days to make a decision. 41 days ago we flew from Delhi back to Stockholm, at the arrival he left me right in the middle of the town with my three big bags, he changed his name to Runner and walked off to Kingsgardens with an arm-bag and a bottle of Indian whisky, an existential romanticism made him do that, the drink was luke warm and he shared it with the bums, the pure romanticism - I had fall 3 times with my fucking bags, pure existence! Of course I scratched my knees. A consequence. I am a grown up woman and the man is not responsible for to bring me home, neither my trash, neither for the debts on a mother's credit card.

- why don't I have my own? -

The trip is so obviously over. Of course he was trashed, dashed and lonesome behind the line, what made him call for my help and certainly I let him come to my lap. Did I cry? I cried at last, we had more nights, dinners, fucks, movies, some lonesome hours, small cracks, some hopes, champagne in the park, a dry argument, my continuity - it seems not to take an end - birthday with and without a fuck, a few beers and no sensations, we took trains, trams and taxis just by means of transportation.

I cry squeezed into the car, squeezed between lots of kids, my kids, my grand kids, my friends' kids - I cry for you, Angel. It is awful, they mustn't notice what I am doing, it is fucking hot, fucking dry in the air, I have my sun glasses on and my tears run like pees. It is still the landscape of an illusion. I can't admit, I lie to myself as I still mingle with hopes. Since, I have been losing everything successively; home, children, or other order, heart, children, home, friends, things, all my stuff being sold by the legal proceedings, personal stuff being melted - letters and photos of the past, all my drawings and paintings, writing, tones of pages and scripts, work of 20 years, all my clothes, books, dry flowers caught a fire, curtains, mirrors, treasures from over seas trips, stones, shells, friends, a dog, you and at last myself. The love. The rest of emotions, whatever they are. It is difficult to get a grip. I'm pale, the beauty runs, my loins fluff, my zombie hair is dry and beastly nails soft, skin raspy, my crazy pussy wet and yelling for both, love and sex, I have none, I have no one. I have no home. I have nothing.

I am free.

It's still the Summer, the days are cloudless and the nights - hot. I am free. The autumn is coming with lips of a grey spread. I am free. I feel unobedient happy, not because of you or you, because of nothing gripable, the strong feeling of happiness is neither inside me neither outside, it is everywhere and seems to last. In my life nothing is as it should. At last I'm utterly HAPPY.

*

THE END

XXXVIII

POST MORTUM

He turns me round and round under his fucking bumping dick, senseless, he have fetched me at the train station with a great yell of l o v e, caught me up in his arms, turned round and shifted up impressed of my new, Marylin's old, hair do, he is completely drunk, his fuck is drunk, extremely chaotic, he is spelling oil into my anus and womb, bumping feverly he can not come. I give myself a pleasure lying on his bed coming with a great flush. His eyes run. He lives in hell. He accompanies me to my mother's place, we sleep in her kitchen under the table, weeks go.

*

without a pain, without an anguish, without a bitterness, without a humiliation; re-scratching a Red Pulp to the very white of a flesh. So called, act of a love, not self-sufficient, because I like when you lay on my side.

As soon - she stacked a small neck, an open throat, larynx of the bottle deep into her throat - she implied her little stiff pink tongue into his soft fluffy anus - fringed with a lace in a tender pale meat.

Perfection was her. If he was a smarty he would have supply her with the liquid all the time or at least at all times his hole was yearning for the lick! O, yeah!

- be easy girl -

*

- Angie, a cascader of love, a stunt man - adiction, she no longer cares for, no longer slaves it! Doubtfull taste of a freedom... A sweetness would have been in place as balsam for the wounds.

The repeating question

- why don't I care for what I want to have and why don't I organise or re-organise my reality - speak easy, speak clear or speak at all, would or wouldn't Be a clew? -

I am as far from an answer as always, as ever. Words are but a polution of my mind. My ego, my gentle ego. - who cares if i don't? -

*

if she wouldn't drink, if it didn't tickle her heart and do no drama - she would have attempt nothing. Everything she wanted was farther and farther away - she opened her eyes shifting sleepy swollen eyelids up. He wasn't even a centimeter away, her face rested on his chest - sex, babies, home - these were a trivial needs - especially in her age -

- I want a cigarette and champagne -

she said

*

He stood over her, their Warsaw's room was small, she was in bed, he was pretty, with a texture of a long blond hair and grey eyes, with a classic perfect move opened the champagne and handed to her. It was fabulous act, still she needed hours of laughs, words, sarcasm, trouble, talks, intellect and all the shit to

get THERE!

He laid in bed - reading? - she mingled with his clothes, particularly with his pants, twisted him, spread his buttocks and danced her wicked willing loving tongue right in. She sucked his beefy dick, striped herself, sat across, a top with her back to him, slid the cock into the pulp of her cunt, danced on it masturbating her big clit.

- vov! it was GOOD! -

she was about to come, she turned back to him

- do you want to fuck me in the ass? -

she laid on the side buttering her anus with oil, stacked in her 3 fingers and turned it - letting him watch.

*

he came swell, hard and fast. Without a regret, lying beside her love and with a face to a pillow, she gave herself an orgasm rasping at her meaty burning pulp

- I love you -

she whispered countless amounts of times. Satisfied, she laid with her round fat butt exposed, he left the room, reentered and fast took her from behind, he came, she did not come, she did enjoy it.

*

- why do I need a drama to get where I want and why do I have to feel smashed to feel complete and full love floating my entire veins? -

they sat across each other at a small Old Town's romantic restaurant, he was hungry, he got angry at her words, swept her face with the palm and with words, he hated her.

- I'm never going to tell you what you want to here -

His face tarantelled, and his fingers zigzagged.

The storm passed, they walked home embraced utterly in a cozy semi dark. The moon was full. Warsaw was acting home for a few days.

- I had these great ambitions when I was still a kid, I was going to be a someone, to study -

concluded Crimson Agr

- look, Crim, a study, a school, it's all just a bullshit, you don't want to be a someone with a straight profession you gain at the University, in your case it would have been exclusively a protection from loneliness, from yourself, a kind of a social structure which would only delay everything, you don't learn about the life, you don't become someone that way -

Joy said

- you are lucky looted Joyce, you have an ideology -

Crimson pointed

- I don't, I utterly have the feelings to fulfill, ideology is just words, the words I can fit to anything, feel the rooms, the casteless, the earth with words; by words, make you happy or make you insane -

Angie knew she was a layer, her cunt sucked like an orange between her legs, especially now. - 9th. Oct. 96 Stockholm

*

Her cunt is pink swell and he is still licking it soft and big, at seconds resting his forehead against it while resting his tongue, she is loosing the cool control. She is placed in the chair, with her ass pushed out and her knees and feet up, his dick performs inside her. Her vagina is toughly squized around it. Their four eyes are maximally black and bottomless sucking each other in. He is on his knees. She is a major breath machine. The time is a perfectly accessible ball. The two lovers continue. The time shifts out. She gives a scream combined with his very last blow. His eyes sink into the lake.

The love is the destination.

*

Joy opens her eyes, Crimson leans deep over her - his Sex Angel, they - his eyes - are green as an endless ocean, into which she sails off, she is still high from the anesthesia drug, she has a hospital's white sterile clothes on and a wires stuck into her veins and nose, band-aid and stiches in the face

- myye bbook, is a a ab outt the ll ov e eee -

she trys to say, still answering the surgeon's question, Crimson is the one to receive it, an answer but can not understand much of it

- be quiet, Angel -

he takes off a surgery hat and strokes her hair and whispers leaning very close, there is no way she could understand one straight meaning, yet

- I love you very much, we haven't been anywhere yet, Suger, I'll take you to NYC, Babe "Angel" -

Doctor Mat Oulss catches the universe's tears to his hat. He washes them at the luxery Sheraton Hotel's lobby. His label is white printed on the back of his black leather suit - The Paradise Town Seminary. He is a magician. His white silk veild palm lines onto a lish's of the huge silent dog in brown dots.

Joyce arrives at Carmen, an absolutely chippest pub hack in South Stockholm in her blue and pink hair-rolls, Crim is having some beers with Tom, she throws her fox collar on the chair, it looks like a dead cat. They have two options for the night, either party in the house on the island either a bar. They are going to buy a hair spry in the night open mal. Joyce fixes her 70ies - Joy's latest fly - hair do in the street mirror. She looks as a celluloid doll.

Crim and Joyce fumble the streets of Stockholm, night, possibly the 12th., October

- we won't go to the party -

points Crim

- I would have to kill Tad, he is such a fuck -

at H. Delii's bar, it's immediately clear they won't be able to drink on the house. Right in the entry they pleasantly clash with Mat, his pal is not let in

- we do not let the dogs in here, that's the role -

says, she - boss, who guards the entrance with her own fancy pointed breasts, however she loves Joyce's hair-do. Mat conjures a brain new whisky bottle out of his hat - the universe's tricks - he hands it to Crim, getting him Porshe's refueled at the very look. Crim unscrews the nut, drinks it all in one gulp, dries his mouth on Joyce's lips and blows some of a motherly spirit into her lungs. Both of them giggling, glance at Mat - the magician, Crimson says

- you deserve the Universe for a very ingredient, Doctor! -

sucking on the very last drops with his head backwards and possibly seeing the stars

- what you doing, Joy? -

asks her Dr. Mat

- just finishing my book -

answers him Joy stretching and protruding her female belongings in a cold air

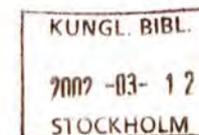
- I want to be in your book -

says Mat and finishes looking at the couple

- so, what are you, two up to? -

Joy x with her mouth and takes a few dancing steps. Crimson leans to dr. Mat ear whispering for a while, Mat rolls his eyes and claps his tummy, the silent dog takes a long green shit.

THE HAPPY END





SCHEISSE ELYSEES

- a life dream, the bestseller, the laugh story....

I have always dreamed to be dead, never had any fixed plans, as to be a photomodel, a movie star, a teacher, a doctor, a wife, a mother.

I hated to eat and my mother always, said

-if you don't eat. You'll die -

- then I'll die -

I would say. My father was a poet and he cried for death, daily. I guess, I thought

- that is that! -

going through the images of my own funerals. If I wanted something very much, I was obsessed, I shouted. I did not speak much. Sung badly, but got applaude

- mirror, mirror, tell me truth, you are my best friend, my best friend -

in the mirror I saw all

- face, eyes, cunt, soul, tears and words. It loved me and I loved it back. -

Mr. Freud, if you are out there

- I'm a pretty clean case -

the deepest, I can get into my own flesh, I sense some life. I guess it would have been better if I was swallowing the swords

- would you love me, then? -

THE EGO TRIP



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