

# Crime

by

Xtian

with illustrations

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Source of illustrations:

Drs. Willy, A., Vander, L., Fisher, O., *et al.* The Encyclopædia of Sex Practice. 1933 (?). Encyclopædic Press Ltd. London, England.

Quotes and cut-up from:

Stoker, B. Dracula. Abridged by Doris Dickens. 1993. Diamond Books. P11.

Summers, M. Witchcraft and Black Magic. 1964. Arrow Books Ltd. Gt.Britain. p148-49.

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**For**

Annalise

for everything

My Family

for the other everything

Anthony Hayes

For Dr. Shamass – inspiration!

&

André Breton & Max Ernst

I've never met them but they **knew** everything

## Author's Note

The story is that of a murder and its consequences, leading to total war between England and Turkey, and maybe even Poland. For state reasons and because of a Papal decree, **this episode was left out of all history books** and not mentioned in any circles. Through painstaking research, the facts have been brought to life, but the tale is so old, they keep shifting in and out of focus. It is up to the reader to make any sense of it, I have done all I can...

Xtian 5 July 2000

## The Crime

The crime was an act of aggravation of deadly murder-assault, of nonchalant habeus corpus heinous death-exercice. The crime was committed, planned, executed, diabolically realised, a nightmare scenario THAT WAS DEFINITELY NOT A TUESDAY THING TO DO.

Tuesday is an empty alley, wet from rain but warm. Tuesday is going shopping in Austria, with automatic doors, everything just right, perhaps even perfect. Tuesday is television at home, Tuesday is take-away from a box, Tuesday is on the phone with friends.

The crime was therefore a barren faced, brazen hussy who wiggled her hips, thrusting them suggestively, little-caring, definite. The crime was red hair. The crime was winking at strangers, and later stealing their wallets and have them beaten in an alleyway, so much for following silky stockings you damn fool. The crime took place in an apartment, hints of a grey overcoat, wind blowing curtains, this was real, this was crime. The crime was a-jarring doors to your eyelids, uncensored.

The crime was murder. The crime was atypical, and yet at ease blood-mindedly overblown simplicity: The murder was a knife in the back, with the red bloodpool, with the corpse wearing a suit of grey, with the bookshelves the only witnesses remaining now, with the carpet drinking up the blood, the vampyre carpet, carpet-ghoul, carpet thirst-hate. Objective but insatiable. Witness carpet.

No sign of a break-in, and no forced entry and no sign of escape, perhaps through the balcony, the curtains blowing wildly, like cartoon tentacles searching for prey. No finger-prints on the door handle, pigskin wallet for the hand of THE MURDERER, black gloves of insatiable desires of murderous activity. So quiet here now, so peaceful, makes you want to sit down and take a book from the shelf and put your feet down and read by the light

of the lamp, rest your feet on the body feeding the carpet violent memories of lifeblood.

Peaceful. How ironic when you consider the jostle, the melee, the sparring here before, the conflictconfrontation, when the peace was forever disturbed. The maid heard a bump, but she is Polish and is paid well by some to stay silent or perhaps that's just what the police want you to believe, if there is a cover-up like the papers would claim. Never know with these high-society types: His Lordship was a spoon in many soups, a floating eyelash in everyone's drinks, a hot lover devourer in many beds, a secret in many woman's heart.

The year was 1933, it was 1924, just before the Great war, sometime between two World Wars. The times were changing. For better. For worse. For richer, and for poorer. His Lordship had dealings with the Nazis, and the Occult and men in fezes. There were more secrets in high society than anyone ever cared for, and he was one of them. Who else knew about the film studio downstairs? Of the girls brought there with friends, and canisters of film, that later rolled away to Baghdad for good money? Or was it necessary to reveal that at all? Or the old man, weeping and crying and banging on this door everyday to be let in, only to be arrested after a phonecall from within, yet beaten senseless he was back the next day, calling for the Devil to come out?

There was no revelation in the dagger. The blade curved, oriental-style, sharp, deadly, lethal. The handle was gold and there were gemstones. A deadly ally for reaping. Forwardthrustrape. His Lordship lay on the floor of his study, dead. The room was small, moderately decorated. There was no fire in the fireplace, the door to the balcony was open, as was the door of the room itself. There were no signs of struggle, though some things looked displaced, a book here, a small item there, a pipe on the floor, a small mountain range made from the ashes that could only be seen from where His Lordship was lying, but he was too far gone to notice that now, the unconquered mountain range...

Perhaps there were things missing, his ring perhaps, his whole finger severed and gone along with it, perhaps he had a bruise on his head, beaten with a heavy object now also missing. Perhaps he had other bruises, and even garrotted with piano-wire, professionally, and his hand was nailed to the floor with a large black nail, to keep him from rising ever again, and his feet were in the fireplace, now burnt away, and he had gemstones between his teeth, as if in warning. And a circle of salt was surrounding him, or maybe not, the center of which was the handle of the dagger, sticking out of his back, so proud, a lighthouse.

This was no ordinary break-in. The inspector was nearly sick upon finding the mutilated body. With the insides hanging out, with the eyes removed, with the ears gone to the walls for display with nails. With the tongue between the thighs, touching the genital. This was not how they pictured it would be.

The death was obviously a quick one: the assassin slipped in, cut his victim's throat and then fled. The victim bled to death fast and easily, perhaps not even noticing what was happening to him. He must have died in his sleep. He died in the war. He was hung from a tree by a lynch mob. He was beaten and robbed on the street. He just plain died.

His Lordship's body was the most obvious thing about the room. It was dead, and from the back, an erection, a beaconing object of pride: a lethal assassin-blade, a dagger from Istanbul, and the Turks who dwelled there testified to this.

His Lordship was dead. He was stabbed in the back. Whodunit?

## The Crime Scene

The crime scene must be established for no ordinary and otherwise stupendous purpose. The crime scene is essential to prose. To judging the guilty. To hang the crime onto it, to get it wet with blood, to do it justice in it's spare time.

The crime scene established went as thus: There was grey carpeting, there were golden threads and red. The place was not exotic. The streets had cobblestones. There could be no witnesses, the man who brought bread to this house everyday was not there that time. The man who shouted a lot and rang a bell because he was a lunatic, had slept somewhere else. Why His Lordship rented this apartment was a mystery. This place was not classy. One could say it was downright dreary. Two floors: one with a loungeroom (downstairs) (like the maid's little room down below her navel, His Lordship's favourite room in this house), then stairs and a small room upstairs to the right. Downstairs was a kitchen and somewhere for the maid to go, and somewhere there was a place for His Lordship to go, the privy upstairs, with the secret door, with the little peephole in the wall and the floor and the ceiling escape hatch, because you-never-know. Did he spy on her at night, with the hole in the floor? Yes he did. As he lay in the secret room, on the bed with the purple rug, with the pipe of opium he smoked and drifted away, and the sickly sweet smoke hung heavy then poured down the hole into her room and she knew as she rolled off her stockings, and exposed naked thighs to him. She knew he saw it all, and she played along coyly, she was saddened, abhorred, appalled, she was just an innocent girl from Poland, downstairs in her little room, a tiny room for but a bed and a washbasin and a chair.

The room in which His Lordship was killed was tiny by any standard. There was a picture on the wall, a painting of some country-side, or a cathedral in all it's magnificence, no, those who saw it knew it was a countryside. Green mostly, patches of



brown, nothing great. This room was not designed to excite or to stimulate. It was small, a study. A desk at one end with a lamp on it, a big comfortable chair before it (now overturned and the arm broken off during the melee), and most of the colours reminded one of grey, and of moths, and of sprayed bitumen roads to ride with grey horse hooves. The room was not grey, but it felt like it.

It was the smallest room at the top of the stairs (left then right), brown door from outside, white within, now open to testify to a stealthy getaway (and the maid saw nothing), in the corridor the privy door opened and the secret room exposed, a gash in the mattress of the purple bed, the hookah kicked over and spilt on the floor, and the liquid within laying down lazily on the wooden floor, quietly pouring down the peephole and onto the maid's thighs, as she rubs it like a whore. She is fully dressed and watching it pour from the ceiling, mouth agape, she's never noticed that hole before, and as she runs upstairs, she finds the study room open, and she bursts in and sees His Lordship lying on the carpet, slain on the ground, with a dagger in his back, his death exposed to all.

And she screams and she runs downstairs, down the wide, expensive golden staircase, down through the marble floor hall, out onto the street (through the great wide wooden doors) and she shouts "Murder!" "Murder!" out onto the cobblestones, the street empty, the street teeming with activity, dozens of strollers-by hear her, stop and stare at the beautiful white building, with the doors open wide, and the girl in the apron, and the little doily hat, so white herself, shouting and crying at all of them: "Murder! Murder!"

This is a building they all already know, and they will remember, the sky-blue paint, the magnificent trees outside, the yellow window frames, the expensive silk curtains inside. This is the house of murder, this is where the crime is. This is the house of His Lordship, and it is the palest building in town; with foreboding gargoyles and swinging black wrought-iron gates, IT IS A FOREBODING SIGHT, make-no-mistake-evil dwells

within these walls, happy children have been seen running in and out, how could such tragedy befall a house as serene as this?

Why did His Lordship rent such a tiny apartment in town, on a street as quiet as this? As busy in the morning as this? Why did His Lordship live here? In this peasant part of town? This working-class area, so close to the docks? So near where the Whitechapel Murders took place not so very long ago? Near the Glue Factory? So near to opium in Chinatown? So close to poverty? What is this house going to hide?

## The Letter

The letter was found in the ashes in the study, hidden under a tree in the garden, it was in the safe behind the yellow wallpaper, cleverly concealed in His Lordship's still warm hand, him holding it tightly, as if in death showing it to the inspector, a note from his mother to a teacher at school: "Here sir, here is the whole story."

The letter was found and displayed, it was folded once before, and one couldn't tell: was this a letter received, or was this a letter to be sent? Where, if anywhere, was the envelope? To whom was this letter ever addressed?

The letter was perceived to be a note of suicidal intentions, a "To Whom It May Concern", but then it wasn't; the letter was a confession of someone of importance, a cry into the night, a story of diabolical twists, regarding showgirls, regarding kidnapped Eastern European virgins, regarding a certain cabaret starlet and the Turks who attended the theatre every Friday night, smoking pipes of hashish, and playing cards and beating the waiters for more rum and whiskey. Later His Lordship would show up with Gerard the insane butler, and together they'd all go into the backroom to do some business, only the sound of a typewriter occasionally heard, or the harsh laughter of the Turks who rode armoured trains around Europe. The deal signed and even stamped with wax, the Turks celebrated with teas all around, and as they swished it in, Gerard the insane butler shot them all with a pistol of German manufacture; the contract now worthless, millions in His Lordship's name, and not a gun to be exported out.

The letter was from the old man who wanted his daughter back, who knew she was a girl wanting adventure and fame, and to be noticed by higher society. She was then found by His Lordship, and later found naked in the woods, or perhaps smuggled out in a barrel full of fish, put aboard a Chinese vessel

in the harbour, the letter signed by the Chinese trader who made sure His Lordship was paid in opium and silk, as agreed in a letter from the Chinese ambassador himself, which was later found on His Lordship's body, in his inside pocket.

The letter it seemed was the only clue as to the whereabouts of the Mona Lisa, of the Lindbergh baby, of the murderer, of the real assassin of the Archduke, and a list of names conspiring against the throne, all of them immigrants from the docks, Spanish anarchists who have come to bring Britain to its knees. The letter was an eyewitness account of a small island His Lordship wished to purchase, with reports of a sighting of a very large ape living upon it, worshipped like a god by the natives. The letter confirmed his father was found in the Arctic circle, frozen and half eaten by Eskimos, and the battle plan was drawn up to take revenge. The letter confirmed his proposed marriage to the Duchess, who has later hired the psychic from Bulgaria, the whole continent was on the verge of war, and the letter offered peace, but at what cost!, at what cost to this country indeed!

The letter was cleverly concealed in a coffee jar downstairs in the kitchen, and there was a definite air of mystery surrounding it when it was found, the maid beaten by the police, but she told them nothing, she didn't even know it was there she claimed. "Then why was it concealed inside your stockings?" the policeman asked and she claimed she couldn't speak good English, but she was hung for treason three days later anyway, without a trial, and no-one mentioned anything to do with His Lordship again. The Polish ambassador was seen leaving the country at dawn on a steamer, and relations between the countries soured even more.

Written on thick yellow paper in black ink, with an original drawing by Salvador Dali, the letter had ash-stains and fingerprints -but only partials-, with a small "X" where you'd expect it to be, with pictures of sea-monsters drawn in too, a greatly aged parchment, covered in lude drawings of naked couples fornicating in all shapes and sizes, with hieroglyphics that

no-one could understand (the Devil's writing they called it back then, before any of them had any common sense about it), a priest of the Inquisition confiscated and burnt it with great pomp and ceremony, to teach the peasants a lesson, and he had a finger off each of their hands cut off as well to remind them, but he harboured Hellfire within, and donning his black velvet robe he made a copy late at night, while chanting forbidden Latin texts to himself to protect him, and this letter was it, the confession of a maniac, the only witness testimonial to the real identity of Kaspar Hauser.

The letter was a confessional by the author of Robinson Crusoe, a real collector's item. The letter was the only clue as to why His Lordship was found drowned in the woods of his estate, why he was found murdered in the study, why they had him buried alive, the coffin chained up, and no-one speaking, only the sounds of a priest singing hymns at dawn...

The letter was the only clue. Partial prints now in black for emphasis, otherwise handled with gloves only, the letter was held by the inspector as he eyed the only self-confessed witness, the Bulgarian psychic. The psychic was not convincing him of the letter's authenticity, in fact the inspector suspected the psychic of writing or maybe planting it on the body, whether for the Duchess or just for himself, of that he could not be sure. The handwriting on the letter was inconclusive, whether written in ink or blood -as the psychic claimed, referring to blood rituals of bull-jumpers in Crete, and ceremonies apparently done here in London by a man named Crowley-, how the letter was written was not known. It was written in good English, which took the maid off the list, but while she claimed to be Polish, she was often seen at the market talking to One-Eye Bill, and the Italian dock-workers... and that was something not to be over-sighted.

The letter was the only hard evidence, aside the dagger, and yet it said nothing conclusive. It was labeled "Exhibit B", and both the maid, and the Duchess shrieked when it was held up at the trial, shrieked at the bloody red hand-print of His Lordship, still warm upon it.

## A Testimony of Ali Ben Yussuf

For the record, my name is Ali Ben Yussuf. I ride the trains across Europe, especially in winter, when the landscape is a blank sheet of paper, with minimal colour input, oh how I love your Western Art, especially your Matisse, how I love your minimalism. There is no snow where I come from -"Where is that?"- I come from Turkey, I am one of the men you have seen with His Lordship at the restaurant, yes, along with Turkish patriot companions. We smoke hukahs and we do love Western dancing girls, but there is precious little I can tell you of His Lordship, or anything about the Duchess, in fact I daresay it's the first time I've heard of her, ask me nothing about naked in the woods, in only fur coats, against the bark of a tree, acting out wild satirical fantasies from the Marquis de Sade. How I love your Western literature, oh how naive you must think me, but I have killed men for less than that, sometimes for my country, and sometimes for profit, young and full of venom and hashish; we were a terrifying sight to behold, our curving blades, our assassin reputation, the red carnation in our jackets, a sign of warning... Yes, my dagger has gone missing, but I did not kill him I tell you, and besides I'm a Turkish citizen, you can not do anything against me in this country without angering the Sultan and bringing out the Turkish fleets, we will cripple your docks with our workers...

A confession? What do I have to confess to? I know nothing of that man I tell you, nothing at all. Yes I have been seen with him, but it was to sign papers and deals, regarding importation of coffeebeans so rare, from my home country in big boxes, and mummies he was interested in purchasing, and I know nothing of the shoot-out between His Lordship and the Arabs at the pyramids, at dawn, and how he smuggled out the statue we have sworn to protect; and I never touched the maid, no matter what she lies, I never laid a finger on her, wax on her

belly, not like we do in Turkey, you know I read your de Sade here, oh how I love your Western literature, how it inspires me to love and to do...

I own a restaurant downtown, a sort of run-in place for workers of the street who dance for gentlemen, and we get all kinds of customers, some are sailors, mostly foreign sailors they are, but you know we get the upper class too, though I couldn't possibly name names -

Hashish! Hashish! That's all they're after and we give it to them, and opium and other sweet scented things; we had a girl there one night, I forget her name, it was someone's birthday, maybe mine, and I saw a wondrous invention that day: it was a moving-picture show, a cinematograph, 'the wonder of the age' they called it; well, I do so love actresses, and that night they brought a girl in a barrel just for me, and she was so young and frightened, I don't even know her name or what she was saying, just looking all frightened, oh how she reminded me of "Justine", all frightened and huddled, she was an actress too you see, I saw her film when we viewed it on a what do you call it? A projector machine, it showed the film with her and the man in the hood with the large organ, the chains, the whips, I tell you, I love your Western culture! In my country pleasure is seen as sin, and what we called "Arabian Nights" is now out and the Koran is in, but here in the West, how I love it here, where you have books, and you have films that cater for a gentleman's special tastes...

What happened to her? I do not know, you cannot ask me that, it isn't fair, after all I'm just a man, my memory fails me sometimes, in fact I do declare you are making it all up just like I am! I tell you there was no girl that night, and there was no barrel to speak of, or men in hoods, indeed no men wearing fezes either, I just haven't had any sleep for a while now and way too much "black soup", which is what we call coffee... The bloodstains, well, there's always some to be found in restaurants,



L – R : Ahmed, Kassim, Ali Ben Yussuf, Mehmed, Mustafa,  
Ali Bey, His Lordship(?)



and the small room out the back, I cannot say, I bought the place years ago, and I have never seen it before. No-one goes out the back without me knowing, and I tell you I never saw His Lordship, and as for girls screaming, well, you'll have to ask the chef about that, accidents in the kitchen... My restaurant is a pleasant place for families, the only vice there is me, I smoke a little hashish and I read your Western literature, and I make up lies, lies, lies. There never were girls in there, and I've never met His Lordship, and I never seen his handwriting, on any papers you will find on me, and I am a peaceful man, so what would I do with guns? Why would I want to buy them from him? Why would I cut out his tongue and his ears and his eyes for stealing from me, why throw him from my armoured train, but not before cutting his belly open wide? His Lordship I have never even seen him, and I do not know his butler, or the Polish girl who's maid and who has such a lovely arse in such a little room... My what stories I make up, I tell you! Why they sound just ripe for a confession, don't they?

I would love to tell you of the night His Lordship came with his butler -fuck him accursed assassin!-, the night they drank to our health with alcohol, the night we signed papers which I would kill for to see again, the night they swore to set our people free, with guns from Russia we bought them cheap, but they took our money and they shot us dead in our faces and they laughed and they laughed, I do not know anything about that night dear inspector, why do you pester me?

It was the Duchess who read de Sade, not me, I do not even speak your English language, but I know I like girls and so did she, and she had so many for me, the little games she set up in her garden and she liked to star in movies with His Lordship, but I never even met them, I'm just a poor Turkish businessman who was found dead in the Thames with all his comrades, stomach punctured so we won't float, just another unsolved ethnic murder spat out by the Thames, aren't we inspector? Never to be solved because it's "one less Turkish nigger"...

Do not ask me anymore questions inspector, I have to go now, I have games to play, I have states to fight for with fallen comrades, please, just lower me back into the water and stare into my glassy eyes no more... I am done with your questions, and I am done with time...

## The Duchess

She played games. She was never questioned or even brought in, and the inspector could not enter her house. Whatever her last name, we cannot say here, or the tabloids would tear the arse out of her fortunes for the plebs. No, this is a Royal Matter by Decree, and the Duchess will not be involved. End of statement.

## Perhaps an Eyewitness Testimony

Sir I'm only here because of conscience for the old man, but I cannot stay silent anymore. My name is Wilfred, my name is Vincent, I am Renfield, my name is Arnold, I am a baker by trade, I am the delivery-man, I carry ice, I carry bread, I carry fish and the loaves, but a holy man I will never be. Too many mistakes in the past for that sir, but my conscience says I must tell you what I have seen, sir it is MURDER MOST BLUE and livid; I saw them drop a sack in the river, I saw them gouge out the eyes with hooks and I saw them ride away, sir I heard a cry from a balcony window, sir forgive me if I am a little shaken...

I had a drink or two to steady my nerves, I have been drinking all day, I have lost control of my senses, I am not very clear and I need air -

Please do not hit me I will tell you anything! It was I who picked the lock sir, the maid gave me the key, I climbed the balcony sir, but only because the devil willed me to, and now I will never be saved...

My name is David and I work for Yuri, he's not from this country, a place they call Boll-garia sir he says, with those dead eyes of his, and his long thin lips sir, a pact with the devil that man has... Sir he speaks in deep tones with an accent, and he sends me out on errands for himself and the lady who comes wearing a mask; sir they lock themselves up and they use whips... and they laugh sir, and they pay me handsomely to find them girls sir, and find them I did... I was there that day sir, when His Lordship struck Master Yuri, but it was only in jest "Tis only a game, sir!" he said, when we were in the woods, with the Duchess naked from the waist down, with exotic animals and girls and blades sir, so many blades, I swear I've never seen so



These photos are from police files. The man on the left is believed to be Yuri the Bulgarian Psychic, the woman has not been identified.

much blood in one day sir, still makes me sick to my stomach  
when I think about it...

No sir, I cannot read nor write, and the letter was not placed there by me, the inkstains on my fingers not mine, nor my very own fingerprints; had them burnt right off sir, right after I had stabbed him so deep, or perhaps I didn't, perhaps my Master did...

Sir I cannot see, sir he has a hold on me, sir he does witchcraft and he makes me do things, sir my hands are not my own, or perhaps I'm tot'ly free and I feel no guilt when I slice up the little whores, because I do not remember their screams... Sir I know he makes me do things and in his basement he has tools of magick, sir he makes me stand in a circle of salt and drink vaginal-blood drinks... Sir I swear the angels told me I would see The Light, if only I allowed myself to be brought here, to be brought in; sir put me in chains before it is not too late, sir I cannot see, I cannot see...

**[The above was not entered in the collection of  
official sins]**

**[The statement was burnt]**

# The Dream

The dream. The dream began as thus: a ballroom, filled with hundreds of revellers. Invites only. Dress Rococo. Masquerade ball. Perhaps by the Duchess. A hundred or more guests, all of them young, all of them interesting. And then you receive an invite. It is on pearl-paper, soft yet hard in your hands, having read it it turns into a dove in your hands and you watch it fly away over rooftops in Paris, Czechoslovakia, where puppets stare down below, hanging on nails, waiting for the camera to roll...

The invite has gold letters and silver, moonletters made of stars that you can only read at night. Blue moon caviar letters, gold silk-worm trails of snot on the paper, a handwritten note from a lady in China, who died centuries ago on this day... Her note was found amidst other scattered letters in his Lordship's study, where you flew while you were dreaming, and took it from his snowwhite dead hand, and read it, and kept it for much later, for it is the invite to the ball.

At the ball everyone is dancing, but there is a price to pay to be here, and a fat duchess in a dress so stunning that wars erupt and islands sink in the Pacific when her butterfly wings tremble, when the golden bells tinkle, when the mist around her rolls to the ground, when the blue light she is dressed in slithers on her skin...

The fat duchess enters, more overbearing than anything else you have ever witnessed, and she speaks through a cone: "There is to be no speaking here, no sounds, no music!"

And this room is filled with sex, with pure erotica, as everyone dances to no music ever heard and no music as sweet ever to be repeated, this music is the sound of skin on skin, of silk and leather and soft caresses on bodies, of hair's whispers, of chiffon's sighs, of hollow knocks of high heels, and of lips moist between thighs, cocks rubbing against velvet pants

AND YOU ARE AT AN ORGY, this is the dream, but unlike any you have ever before seen; where silence is the rule, and everyone obeys. And as the ghostly dancers glide around you, you see their masks are all the same, the same white facemask, androgynous and inanimate, like the Moon staring at the planets, not saying, not asking, not even a whisper, just a Harlequin stare, a Sphinx stare, marble stone perfection-god stare, so well known and perfected by the Ancient Greeks, whose gods had nothing in their eyes, leave it to man they believed, but this time it's different, because the eyes now beheld light and life secrets, the masks having no other feature to show but the eyes of their occupants within, and though there be beneath skirts the exposure of bare thighs, though there were cleavages, breasts, chest hair and arms, it was the eyes that held you captive, as the silent bodies flew around you, eyes staring out of the little boxes which concealed their identity, as curious as yours, but perhaps more seductive... a whole sea of eyes staring at you and none of them any wiser to who was who here...

Two bald acolytes step up to a young lady, one holds her arm -gently but firmly, like in a pornographic novel-, and the other bends down and lifts her long skirt, revealing naked legs, little black shoes, and naked moist lips, and she snaps, finally losing control, she screams "Fist me! Fist me!"

BUT SHE IS PUNISHED, and two fat men in Ottoman outfits, with stern faces and pointy mustaches, and turbans and spears, run in and grab the girl, either side, pulling her out of the crowd, and out towards the great doors leading to the garden, His Lordship winks at her as she is dragged past him, and she is screaming "Fist me!", while the bald acolytes stare at her silently, the dancers like so many statues frozen...

Then the Duchess takes control, from out of the ground she appears, hovering in on fishing wire like a tacky stage fairy, spot light on her, glowing orange, she commands attention and respect and she bleats: "Let's continue, shall we?"

It is an order to attention, where slip-ups will not be tolerated, will not be allowed. The dancers continue, now with



more fervour, who didn't want to fist that girl here? Many are exposing more and more of their body, and as the bodies glide around, their hands are more free: a caress here, a grope, a feel, the atmosphere in the room is getting as heavy as their breathing; all those painted lips inside the masks, the pupils now bigger within, and a hand touches and grabs your breast for a gentle squeeze -

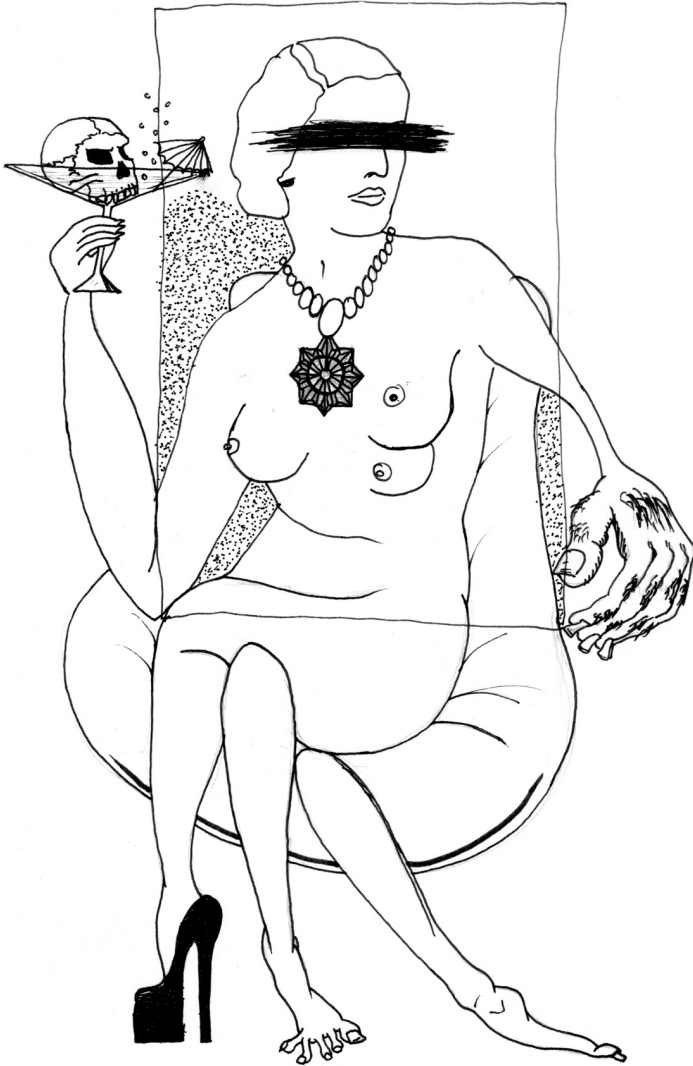
and you moan

it is unbearable this heat, your very being is pure fiery liquid, a soaring cloud hungry to rain, the Eiffel tower the symbol of the Grand Sodomizer attacking a sleeping naked Paris, EuropeEuropa riding the bull and knowing exactly what it means, exactly where it leads, your eyes are closed but suddenly the Duchess stands before you, and her face is stern again-

"You will be punished."

And she pulls a little door across your eyes, and now your face is obscured, your sight is gone, you are in total darkness. You know this is the mask, and you know you can leave it, but this time, this time the mask will not come off, it is as if the light has been plucked from your eyes, and there is no running away, even though you know you best not stay, but which way, which way?

As if in a dream within a dream, you see the Duchess as she flies around the room, like a bullet in ricochet, picking her victims at random, and zipping up their faces, just like yours, the eyes replaced by the blank mask stare, and when she is done, and there are eighteen, she turns to the crowd, all eager, and says



"Oh good, we now have candy."

And your dream within a dream vision returns as you see the crowd close in on you, men and women, all eager and wanting, those with eyes obscured, and those whose eyes you can just see, arms reaching for you, like a group of brainless zombies, with lust their only life-force; the circle is closing and closing, and you want to scream, and you want to groan with pleasure and you want to glide across this sea of bodies, and you want to run, and you want to touch them and you want them to touch you, and you feel arms on your arms, and you feel hands in your skirt, and you feel them pulling you down, and you feel their breath on your neck, and you see it, see it all in your dream within a dream...

And they invade your body and you feel yourself fly, you are rising, rising, rising above their head, and you're away, the bodies disappear from within sight, a blur of greys blues and white  
then clouds  
and clouds    and clouds    and clouds  
clouds again  
again  
again  
again

## Some Other Things

The year was 1924, war seemed inevitable, heavy gloomy despair in everyone's soul. Armoured trains in the countryside; blimps in the sky; men in boots with country in mind; speeches; podiums; batons; running; hiding; pamphlets; agents; communists; nationalists; spies; secret dealings with foreign men "they're selling the country right under from our feet"; *men in black suits with foreign accents are to be watched at all times*, decreed the Foreign Ministry.

A curfew was imposed and at night policemen patrolled the cobblestones, and only the light of television sets lit up the streets, with their eerie blue glow. And there was fog, and rumours of vampires in the docks, of murders in Whitechapel, of giant insects spilling out of ships from China, big as dinner plates, long as snakes.

The titlmatch was what everyone talked about, the one that was organised by His Lordship, against the black African, "Nubian Warrior" they called him, from blackest Africa, from Lancashire really, but he learnt to shut his mouth and take a fall for England and for money. So it was proven that the white race was of greater purity and strength. The go ahead for expansion was given: men armed themselves and attacked Germans in the streets, confused troubled times, trench warfare never too far away.

The battles were fought in the streets, sometimes cutlery flying between cafes, sometimes platefuls of Danishes as intellectuals fought for new territories in personal expression and freedom; we were all in it for the country I daresay, for the flag and for the queen.

Guns were needed, and men knew who how to get them, and architects of daring evil adventure roamed Eastern Europe looking for weapons with which to beat them.

His Lordship took a ride in a coach. Travelling incognito, with only a carpetbag and a hat made for funerals, he and his manservant traveled to countries filled with darkness, cold air, mountains and werewolves. Earlier he had the title-match fixed, and now he was ready to collect the rewards, blissfully unaware of the death awaiting him, precise as trains marching to clock-time.

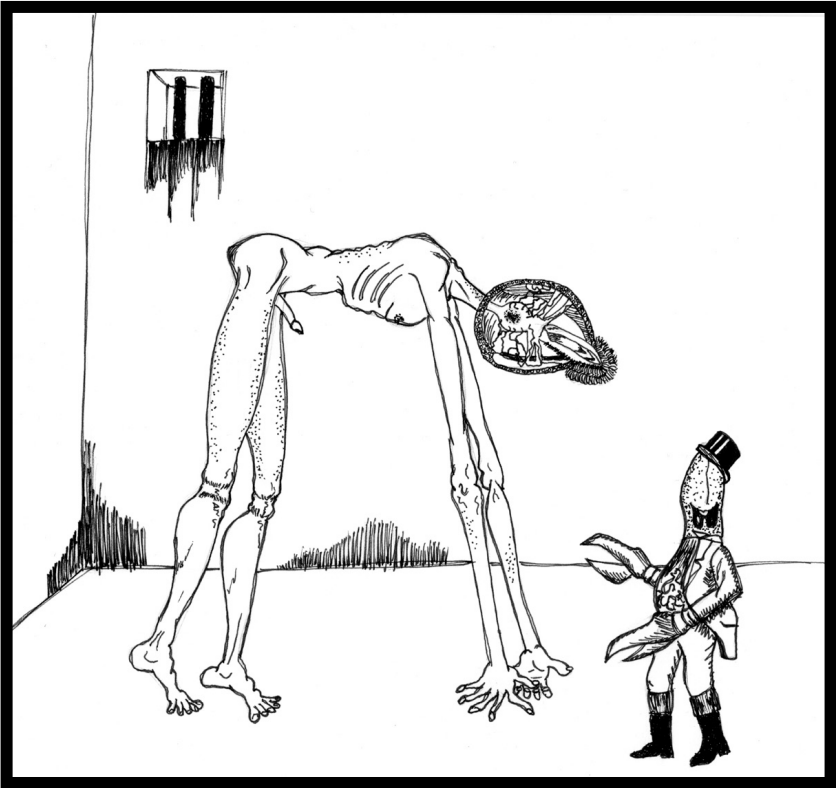
Tick-tock, the horses hooves paved the ground, galloping with that certain fertility that drives the young, like insane moths leaping into flames. Clip-clop, the coach sliced through the mud, splattering the trees, His Lordship was going far, and Gerard had this to say:

"That is why, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend. I know too much, and my horses are swift." As he spoke, he smiled, and the lamplight fell on a hard-looking mouth, with very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. One of my companions whispered to another something which sounded like, "The dead travel fast." The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with a gleaming smile. The passenger turned his face away and again made the sign of the cross. "Give me the gentleman's luggage," said the driver, and my bags were speedily handed out and out in the carriage. Then I got down from the side of the coach, as the carriage was close alongside, its driver helping me with a hand which caught my arm in a grip of steel. Without a word, he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we swept into the darkness of the Pass. "

For the dead traveled fast in bullet-proof armoured trains, in the countryside, the deathless trains, all so black, speeding like a blind monster with teeth and feminine skin, terrifying all who seen it. The Turks aboard toasting the Prophet with black tea and biscuits, with loud music, with bellydancers, with carpets on the

floor, and carnations in buttonholes, and fezes and big black mustaches. The Turks were all drunk and insane, they were all young Nationalists, and they needed His Lordship now more than ever. His Lordship followed the prophet Nietzsche, who preached nothing but destruction, and His Lordship knew which way the country was headed, what with half the countryside already swallowed by gas... The rat could swim but never really liked it.

British agents were searching all passports, on the train, off the train, in the streets, on cobblestone grounds, stopping innocent, stopping the guilty, the maid was stopped, searched, even beaten, though she was just a Polish girl, and we had nothing against them; so she ran home, crying all the way, but now made deputy and informant, and giving little notes to the man from the fishmarket; Tony he was, braggart and a liar, woman-beater himself but good with kids; A POLICE INFORMANT who knew everyone and everything, and sold His Lordship out to the government. Was he stealing top secrets and giving them to the enemy then? Yes. Was he giving away plans of architecture that were really battleplans? Yes. Was he a threat to the Crown? Yes. Tony knew all this and more, something about the Freemasons, who had him hung, his tongue cut out, he was dangled from a bridge and drowned with the tide, shirt open, one



This drawing found in Scotland Yard archives is believed to be a pencil-sketch of Kaspar Hauser and the Wolf-face Boy, based on the maid's descriptions

shoe missing, a pathetic sight to behold really, but also a warning from His Lordship and his fellow Mason comrades. Do not mess with the Secret Order, the men who wear the fez. Do not ask about the Duchess, nor of her interest in the Marquis. Do not question the involvement of the maid, who worked for her country's foreign ministry

- if she wasn't just a peasant girl who made it this far and wanted to stay, feeding her poor father on her small and measly wages, willing to put up with His Lordship's demands and him taking advantages-

after his death she became a suffragette and was burnt at the stake by members of a Gentlemen's League.

The prizefighter saw that as a sign of warning too, and no one ever learnt anything of him, nor of his axe taking the heads off young girls in the Duchess' garden, nor of his appearance in the movies in the basement of His Lordship. Was he a savage? You bet he was. A conman from way back, busted, pierced and then submitted, painted white enough to pass as His Lordship's insane butler Gerard, and to a degree he was insane, he had to be to pull that stunt off everyday!

All this was gathered by the inspector, who made quite a case for the Crown, but he never expected to have nothing come of it, which is what happened in the end. But who did murder His Lordship? What were the further and other clues?

- the ceremonial dagger, which matched His Lordship's ring;
- the small butane lighter in his hand, still burning when they buried him (the maid shrieking when they lowered him into the ground);
- the unknown quantity of illegal liquor in barrels, with that Turkish man inside: how he got in the barrel was never really explained;
- the skin stripped from His Lordship's face, only to be sent to the newspapers a week later;
- the still-smoking revolver;
- eight yards of rope, wrapped around the maid's arms;
- sand, later to be identified as coming from the Sahara desert;



- photographs of the Duchess naked, her eyes crossed out with a thick black pen;
- the deliveryman running from the scene, with only blood for where his hand should have been;
- the coach, still waiting outside the house when the police came, but no-one inside and no-one driving it;
- the leather bag that no-one could open, ever;
- Kaspar Hauser's apparent seizure at the moment of death;
- a small painting of a dead man, lying in a study with a dagger in his back, holding a small photo in his hand of a maid;
- the golden locks of hair;
- the clock;
- the unusually high number of Turks in the city that day;
- the boxer fished out of the river;
- the unfinished breakfast;
- the cold shadow of a walking stick or a cane.

"What did these clues have in common," the inspector pondered. "It would rain," he thought. "Damn war," he thought, "damn rain." "Everyone hates war when it rains, even patriots."

The inspector was lost.

## Perfect Pleasures - (A Background)

Orchid hunters in the jungles, skull-hunters in Korea, safecrackers in the desert sand where His Lordship sat, playing chess against a never-before-met opponent, a sheik of Araby one could say. In flowing black robes, a black-and-white silent movie Death character, his opponent came out of the desert to meet him and to play this game of chess. And once over, he rode back upon his camel, while His Lordship flew to Italy on his bi-plane.

If he stood long enough in the sand, he sometimes saw the gliding city of Ishmael, grinding slowly through the desert sand, never in the same place twice and coming to a stand only once every forty years.

But His Lordship's great interest was chess, and playing against unknown opponents. His butler would set these games up, and His Lordship would fly in, take his seat and play, in silence, against unknown masked men. A one night stand of chess, an encounter with guilt and with no ramifications, like the game in the Great Pyramid itself, against the man in the pin-striped Italian suit and red shoes, who'd later assassinated some king; against the American cowboy in Peru -of all places Peru!-, whom he knifed in the back before the cowboy got to his horse, because he knew he could get away with it.

And on the trains, with twelve men of equal age lined up on the one side, to witness a fair and twisted game, only to be mowed down by a tommygun once they were done, the train set on fire and derailed, off a bridge and into an entirely different continent, where the snake-god was still in the sky, and taking souls from the heathens down below...

He played inside the Vatican, and in return they released prisoners of Lutheran teaching, all onto a train, every last one of them, off to Russia in winter-blitz cold, and made to dig canals with hand grenades; there were so many accidents that sometimes it snowed and sometimes it rained severed fingers,

something that happened only once every year around Christmas, and His Lordship never missed it.

His Lordship was a man of pleasures, of bodily, of mind and soul, he dabbled with books written by saints and anti-saints, he met men from Czechoslovakia, who sold him bottles of old; he collected girls and he had them pressed into a little album he liked to flick through when it rained, to read to his children from that marriage he had kept a secret from the Duchess and the papers, for in this country they knew him as Pablo, and he was a bookshop owner, a respectable citizen, unlike his evil twin, a philanderer and a drunk, who lay with whores and beat them, and who snorted strange powders, and always carried a small pair of scissors with him on a golden chain, and a fork tied to a specific finger on his left hand...

This twin was Manuel, the horror of all the Pyrennes, quick to draw his cane to beat poor servants, always a devil with the horses, ready to pounce on animals and children, and forever talking about the pyramids he'd seen out near the dark seductive forests, the pyramids built by half-crazed blood-drinking Moonworshipper Indians, a race now wiped out by sword, measles and Catholicism...

Or the blood-thirsty pygmies His Lordship had declared war on, reputed to be savages, but no-one could explain the lightbulbs found in the village, lights and TV in all the huts, so they had it all razed to the ground and the survivors killed, and luckily they found enough oil on their fields to make everyone forget...

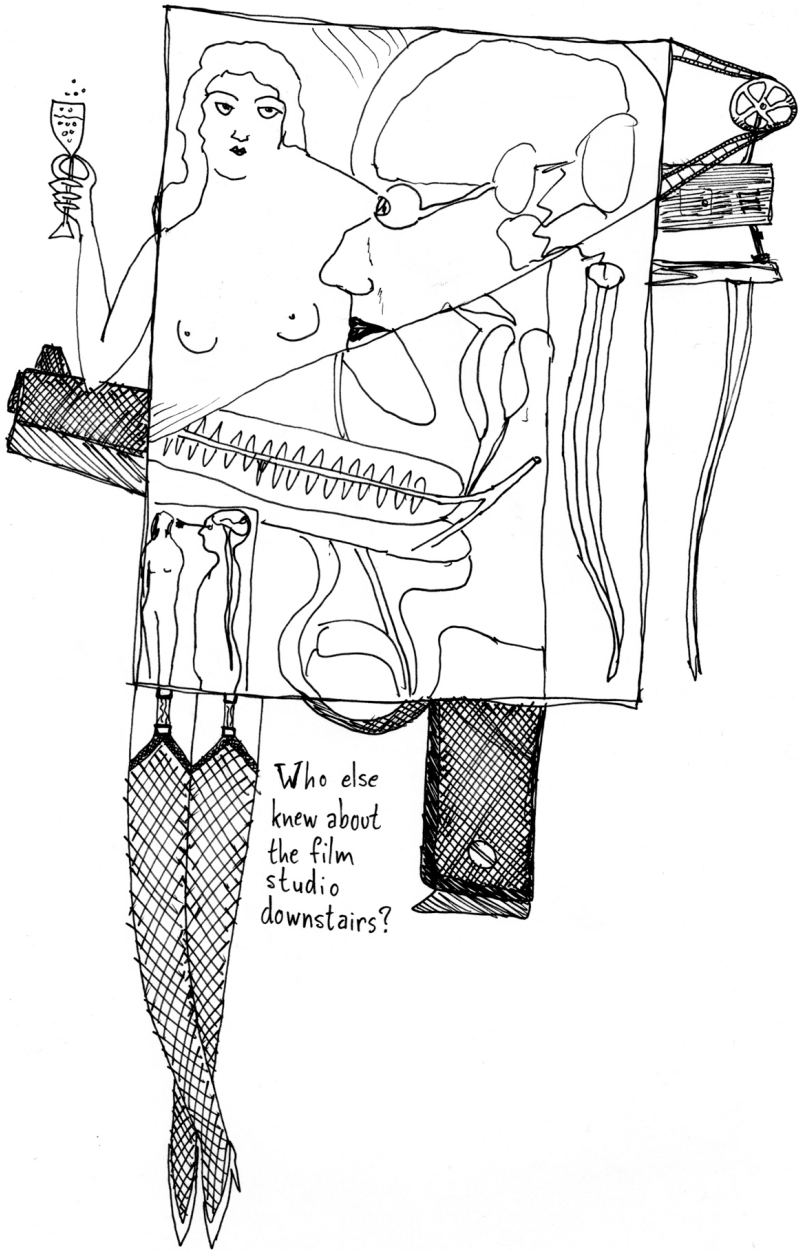
These are simple pleasures really, if you look hard enough you can find them anywhere, as long as you're driven by the flesh and not the soul, but sometimes corruption, rusting sets in, mould appears on the outside and burrows it's way in, and then? Then the twin who's Manuel drives, and the soul is rotted away. Manuel was of course His Lordship, finding simple pleasures in life, sometimes it was so much more fun to be a simple villain than to be leading the entire continent to war for the flag - but more on that later. The simple villain is the heart of every man

who is smart enough not to care, and counterbalanced there was Pablo, the milk factory owner, the bookshopman, who breast-fed every child in this country, in this land he was a hero and there was a statue of him in the town square.

His Lordship had led more lives in more ways than anyone had time to discover, and his death was inconceivable, when the night he was trampled to death as Manuel, first by the father of a virgin he had cornered near the tavern an hour before, then by the horses driving the carriage of a foreign Duchess who had come to see the town saint, Pablo the milkmaker, the friend of every mother, a mother himself; how they pictured him, gently holding babies to his flat muscular chest, to his light brown hairy nipples, and gently letting them feed, tasting his milk...

What a shame it was that Pablo was gone, murdered by his wife they said, who had stabbed him when she was drunk, such a horrid woman, but at least he went quick, and her, she jumped from the window before the police came, saw her land right behind them, on the cobblestones; but another version of the story says she lived, and Alfredo, the police chief, stepped on her neck to make sure she would not be unpunished for this. They hung her corpse that same day, and left it there until her legs were gone up to her knees, gnawed and carried off by stray dogs and the lepers you only see at night...

But these are only simple pleasures, and once back on the continent, rescued from boredom by the Duchess, His Lordship got down to what really mattered, and that was of course running the country, in the secret government, against the street-rallying Communists; the country was going to war and there was no avoiding it, even if Breton had dreamed a thousand peaces in colours green and grey...



Who else  
knew about  
the film  
studio  
downstairs?

This country was going to burn, and the match was to be lit from the inside, unless Havel could get into that study, get in there and twist that dagger in His Lordship's back. Then a red handkerchief would fly to show it was done, and the workers would flood the streets and rise against the class of oppressors, and Havel the Czech communist assassin would be made police chief, and he'd attack the Turks anyway, a war is a war is a war, no matter what belief, and if the masses are meant to starve then so it shall be, bread queues and all...

To have the devilish pleasures is not for this world, and not for the living as His Lordship has discovered after his first death at the hands of his brethren in the secret order, but now that he really had died, what was left for him?

What was left to explore?

Perfect pleasures next...



The United Grand Lodge of N



O! Ancient Free and Accepted Masons  
Lodge of Truth, No.

Braintree, 1st Oct.

Bro. J. H. Styles  
Dear Sir and Bro. B

You are hereby requested to attend  
the Regular Monthly Meeting of this  
Lodge, to be held on Saturday, the  
12th day of October, 1888, at  
5.30 o'clock p.m. sharp.

By command of the Worshipful  
Master,

Yours fraternally,

J. GREGG,  
Dorset St.  
Braintree  
Sec.

DEUS



## A Month and a Day

It's been a month and a day since His Lordship has gone forever, his soul fleeing through curtained windows into the stratosphere, like a dove inside a stuffed olive, a rat in a cage with newspapers and salami and your wife's severed hand, nails red, fingers so long but now its goodbye, goodbye...

The Polish maid was questioned so many times, she had mostly learnt English, but only the language of crime, with which she wrote successful novels of murders and detectives, changed her name to Agatha Christie and made a killing selling herself on the stock market; though some reckon it was just a story she made up for the pub, she really just stayed inside the house and wept, and then she moved back to her native Poland, where she wore blue stockings and starred in animated surrealist feature films and in butter commercials sponsored by the state...

The butcher came to see her there a few times, in the big house, in the mansion, the tiny apartment His Lordship had rented and no-one could see why, and by the time she was done cleaning it, there WERE no peepholes in the walls, and she plugged up the sink and washed all the shirts clean of bloodstains, she had picked up the floorboards and made sure the guns were hidden away safe; the secret rooms now contain nothing but jam and other preserved food items, "Preparing for the war sir, that's what these rooms are for, preparations for the war, terrible, terrible thing..."

Then she'd cry big Polish tears, bigger than anything English maidens ever produced, and she'd step over buildings sometimes, with dogs in her hair, with children gathered in her aprons, with fish in the teardrops in her eyes, as she stepped over dirty-grey rooftops, and gave fruits to kids in streets below, this towering maid...

The Turkish spy conspiracy, if it ever was in Britain was now gone, the only Turk remaining in the city was Ali Bey, who



proudly and arrogantly strutted about town, smoking a long pipe, the end of the tube attached to the forehead of his acolyte Shamuel, naked to the waist and strong as an ox, rumoured to be the strongest man on the docks was he, and the Chinese had their eyes on him, and everyone knew there would be an ethnic gangwar in the harbour before long, Turks vs. Chinese, all of them hiding out in the yellow fog that was as British as Annie, and as foreign as the evil dirty dogs who had dwelled within it...

Havel was found very drunk by the inspector, who had him watched all night, but somehow he had slipped away from the drunken mobs of the "Apple of Heaven", and then only dogs signalled where he went, and by the time the bobbies found him, his throat was slashed and his nose taken, and next to him some Arabian sand, and a handkerchief with hieroglyphics and a drawing of a key...

The Masons, there was nothing to be said of them, and the judge was very clear on that. He told the inspector it would cost his job, and he had that on good authority. And besides, why hasn't the murderer been caught yet? Did he have any suspects at all? Any LIVING suspects?

How come, the newspapers cried, how come all connected to this case were either dead or missing? And how come war broke out a mere week later, and the enemy was gassing all the English countryside? There have been fezes seen in the woods near London, men in gasmasks with long pipes of gas, with red flags with crescent moons, who were aided by the local communists, foolishly, until the Turks turned on them too...

Who lit that fire in His Lordship's study? Is it true the map of the room was the key to the Battle of Britain? Who will survive and what will become of them?

The canisters of film, confiscated at the border and burnt the very next day, and a French actress arrested and then from custody disappeared? Her drivers, Turks every last one of them, shooting themselves in the head at the border, never making it back into the safety of Hungary? The revolutionaries of that country, marching under flags embroidered with the face of His

Lordship, calling for poetry and swords? Men in berets with machine-guns, hiding from tanks around street corners, Yuri the Bulgarian psychic weeping and screaming everytime he stares into that crystal ball of his?

The Duchess, running one wintery morning from her house, wrapped in a white fur coat, running out into her guilty garden, setting herself ablaze with petrol, the visiting Nazi officers laughing in her doorway and ordering the naked maids to make them more toast?

The Duchess was seen running down the streets ablaze, running from country to country, and setting all of India on fire, running on mountains of Peru, throwing Molotov cocktails in Prague, the Duchess ablaze running forever in London, shrieking and crackling, so warm, so terrifying to behold?

The maid not speaking ever again, until she died, and even then she only told dirty jokes?

Who will survive and what will become of them?

The war now in its first month, and we have dug in, ready to fight till Christmas if necessary, but we have faith in our leaders, and we know it won't end like this...

but I have read some bad reports and meat isn't cheap anymore;

...

No-one speaks of His Lordship these days, the apartment is still empty, still furnished, but empty, the maid, who cares where she is, or the man who tended the horses, the Duchess came around to pick up a few souvenirs, mementos of her great friend, but then she forgot all about it as well, she had foreign friends and dignitaries to look after after all, and it wouldn't do to speak of her little brother like that...

- or was that a connection never made?

The war raged on, the sky was forever clouded with gunsmoke pouring in from the East.

Who will survive and what will become of them?

## A Confession or a Testimony Beaten Out of the Maid by the Inspector

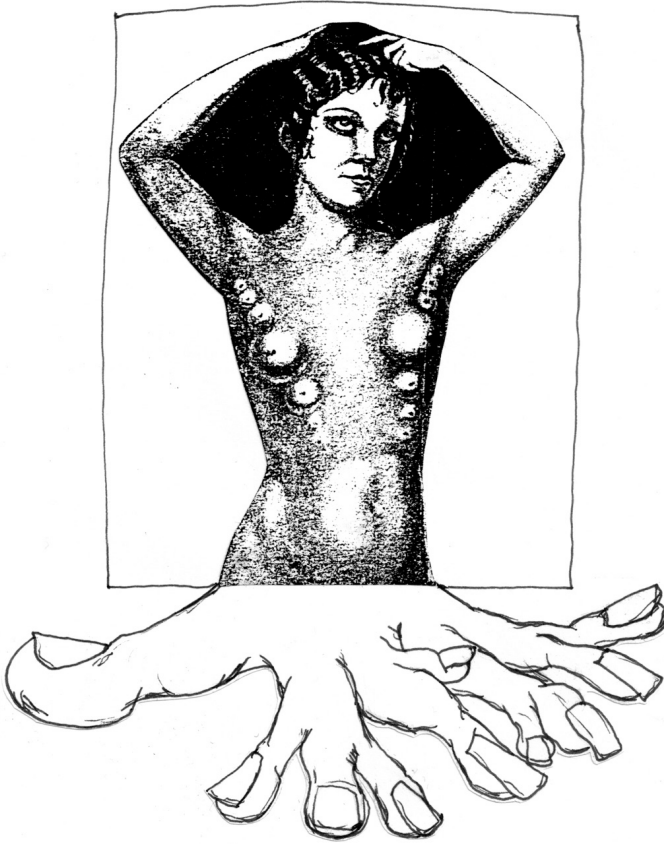
Sir I come from Poland, my English is bad. In my country my husband he works in the mine, in the city, right under the cobblestones he digs all day, he's looking for secret stones sir, he says, stones were left there by the giants we believe this in my country...

Sir my husband has been on the run for so long because he printed up a newspaper, he snuck out of Poland late one night, he bribed the guards with vodka and salami, and he carried me out in his pockets, no-one knew until we were on the other side, and then they started firing, so he threw me up into the air and I flew right here into your land sir, my husband was shot in the back by the Finnish guards that day...

Sir I flew and flew until I could go on no more, I saw Moscow pass below me, and I saw the river Amazon, I saw many jungles and polar bears, until I fell from the sky and His Lordship found me in his pond, and he said he would marry me, its true, its true, he gave me clothes and bread, and he kept me in the cellar for eight years.

It was there I met Kaspar and the wolf-faced boy, and the many abnormalities your town spits out of your chimney smokes everyday; we held little circuses, the wolf-boy played the accordion rather well, Kaspar he sang beautifully.

Then His Lordship came and shot the wolf-boy because of his accordion, and he burnt them both in his garden in a stack of leaves, then he put Kaspar in the sack and he was not seen again, and he took me up to his house where he gave me a blue uniform to wear, and bread sir, he gave me bread and said I had to clean his house, and then he would marry me. I cleaned sir, I



The Polish Maid – by unknown police sketch artist

cleaned a lot, and many years have passed, and whether he's married me or not I can't remember, I have seen so much in that house sir, entire battles recreated after dinner; strange inventions; strange men and women sir, I daresay some were not from this country even : green skin and blue, some nasty, some nice sir...

Some nights we would dress in costumes sir, woken up in the middle of the night by the sound of whips; eyemasks and whips, corsets and drinks, absynthe, whiskey, rum, until you cannot feel the pain sir, chained to the ceiling in tight outfits, beaten for laughs by another woman, a Duchess... do you see my back sir, do you see these scars? The map of Poland burnt into my skin? That was my dear husband sir, so I would never forget him, but the battleplans there, they came later by His Lordship, and this terrible war, this war because of me, because of me...

Sometimes I pretend I can fly sir and I fly away in my mind, especially when he beats me sir, or he did, when he points the camera, when he stares through the hole in my ceiling... then I fly away, I can skip over rooftops, I am a Mother then, and I scoop up children into my apron as I walk all over London, high above your houses, collecting stray child and stray dog... I am so happy then, or am I somewhere else entirely?

I once woke up on a train sir, with Turkish men, His Lordship playing chess, the prize was me or the country, I forget which is which sir sometimes, sometimes I see myself in the globe...

Sometimes I can see myself climbing the stairs and killing him hard with a dagger, or a pistol or a rope, or my fists, like the other time... but I forget things sir, you'll have to ask someone else about me, like the butcher, he would never tell, or the fishman, he comes and tells me things in a secret language sir, I think he is deaf and Spanish... I swear to the Madonna I am innocent, just like the Pope, just like a dead child, memories swing in and out of focus for me...

I will go back to my country now, things are different there, there I am a hero, they will call me Mata Hari and I will be the first woman in space in 1950, they will name a dog after me

who will be a popular Russian movie-hero; my father is so sick, without me he will live, unless I see him tonight...

In my country I am a peasant and a hero of the revolution and Dr. Freud wants to interview me, magazines covet my face, I am a Madonna-Goddess-Imperial, my pendulous breasts will feed a starving million adults into believing life could be better in Italy with film stars and caviar...

Wait sir, I cannot see, I have been blind since birthright, I have been born without legs, I am a pulsating heart in a jar, a logo, a key on marble-white paper... a salt-stick without a past, an information from the wrong lips into the wrong hand, you have no use for me sir, I am but a wench, I am uptight, I do not belong in your prison systems, let me go and I will show you how I did it, and why I really killed him

**[The rest of the maid's statement was destroyed by Royal Decree in the Great Fire of London, three centuries earlier.]**

## The Tabloids

A confession printed everyday, someone always has something to hide, and sometimes they are stripped bare in shopwindows and nailed to wooden planks so you can see their genitals, and the doctors pull secrets out of there with forceps and hold them up against the glass, which hungry mobs lick and laugh.

This one had children -twins!- and never told her husband, but now she's on display and splayed, in the doll section of the department store. Take her home for a shilling, see? And this one was supposed to be a princess, until they discovered she was a Russian bear off a chain, whoever heard of such atrocity as hiding under fur in the name of royalty? For her obscenity she is splayed alive, and nailed to the front page, they cut slices off and wrap them in the latest edition, and everyone takes it home for dinner - "What's the latest?" "Well I have a princess here, turns out she's a Russian bear!" "We'll be going to war over that one, luv!"

There are stories and rumours circling the city regarding the war, about rockets in the outskirts, about famines in the countryside, but [in the papers] there are always funnies too, and you can't frown as long as that guy with the big eyes and his dog talk like that...

Then there was the story of His Lordship printed, with black and white photographs, artist's reconstructions, "speculative reporting" they call it, when there's no statements or witnesses forthcoming, or when there's a royal ban on it, like now.

His Lordship more worthy than the Titanic story ("who cares about a bunch of Yanks and Irish anyway?"), His Lordship outweighs the Hindenburg and Lord Chamberlain and the Lindbergh baby; His Lordship more newsworthy than any crazy artist and a pistol wielding anarchist demonstrating simple acts of terrorism. His Lordship, the final act of an entire century of

beliefs and the sighing piston of a system, His Lordship was even in the crosswords this week, the clue had something to do with that actress, you know the one...

Not that they could publish slanderous writing such as that, well, not until His Lordship was DEAD, and then young and old as they say, from Sunday papers top penny dreadfuls, who didn't have a theory? With drawings of his study, and an outline of where they supposed his body had been (the house was burnt mysteriously that very night maybe by decree of the Freemasons who deny this), a photograph of the maid in a fur coat -IN A FUR COAT!-, and a dame with two great white dogs, unnamed, but everybody knows who she is; something about a missing butler, about three eyeteeth on a ring, and a triangle carved in the back of the victim -

never really happened that bit, but it sold the issues old man, after all, not everything is newsworthy but it is my art to make it so - let me introduce myself, I am Alfred Sotheby and I publish the dailies and the pennies, and let me tell you, there is no money like war money, and I will print whatever I can about His Lordship, because he brought this wretched war and misery... and war sells my papers, and misery needs the company of the daily funny, oh that one about the man with the big eyes and his dog, you'll like that...

Women wanted his babies after his death, how could they not?, even if that photo in the papers wasn't him; a man in Lancashire swore he'd seen His Lordship in the highlands a week ago, riding a motorcycle (wonder of the age); horoscopes predicted the outcome of the war based on the outlay of his life and on the lines in his palms; a reporter had even climbed into bed with the maid and he swears -in a three page exclusive- that there WAS NO LORDSHIP, THE WHOLE THING WAS MADE UP BY THE MAID who is a merry prankster from Chicago, and who's made a bet with a mattress salesman (who's become President since), well he made a bet...

His Lordship's photograph carried a quote and a statement from him, the statement crossed out in bold, even in the papers -



this of course sold in the millions-, and the quote from his favourite author/ poet: William D. Sherry: "The figures of his own men vanquished their opponents, / The wax poppets sprang into life; / Taking with him an immense sum in gold and jewels, / By this he understood the end of the kingdom of Egypt had come, / to a married sister living near London, / his arm could be amputated."

He was the "Saviour of Mothers" and the inventor of hygiene, a fucking villainous treacherous whore, but nobody cared a week later...

# The Inspector

Inspector Goldsworthy. Sturdy and lived his life in hindsight. Never could tell the time of day, but when you live retrospectively, that happens. Something to do with figuring out the past, an archaeologist of murder, working the marble corpses with the eyes of gods, looking for clues always...

He lived by his fists, and he was aware of all his senses. Taken away to Mexico when aged only fourteen, taught the ways of the Olmec, drank the green goo of their god's breastmilk, and became unhuman and larger than life, and he could see through walls, so they said down the docks, he even slapped Fu Manchu once they held, and he had the original Mona Lisa cuffed under his bed, held there for further questioning; he wound up the witchcraft circles of London, shot Lon Chaney in the back, he was a secret assassin for a French author, later made into a film in the 1920s...

Careful not to step on the body inspector. Look out, there are forces that will catch you unawares. They know your weakness for alcohol and how you like your Chinky girls, and they know how you have no spine, oh you remember that night on the marble floor don't you? Well, so do we inspector, so do we. Interferences will not be tolerated, men in aprons serve the Empire, even if they wear fezes and chant to Egyptian gods...

No inspector, your hearing-bugs are not welcome in this house, we have stories to guard after all. Yes of course you can slap the staff around for the papers and the cameras, and take the money in your envelope and hide it inside your chest this time dear inspector, vests cannot be trusted, THAT is why we have removed your heart?

The inspector screams as the opium voices lick his ears some more. He is sweating, he can hardly breathe and has wet his pinstripe trousers. The opium spirits want to say more...

The inspector knows every criminal in the city. The inspector has tried every form of crime known to man, to understand criminals better, so what if he's developed a taste for it? He's a sturdy man who works for the Crown, and besides, there is always room for one more on the front if things go awry...

The inspector is walking through the walls in this house, strange how nothing moves here, not the air, not the curtains, it is like walking through a great photograph, he the great eyeball with the tongue that tastes fingerprints...

Later that day there is a cartoon of him in the paper: a dachshund with his hat and face; he's never like that imagery, in his mind he is a snake and criminals are mice, perhaps that's why he's addicted to eating rodents down at the docks, buys them from the Chinese, they call him Snake-man, in who's eyes you can see the Winged Serpent God when he feeds, right there in front of the shopkeeper who also hands him a small envelope full of money...

The inspector prays to the Catholic God of Protestantism in a church, because he knows he will never be forgiven: a hired gun for the Crown, an assassin who has cut down His Lordship and made it look like an accident, or like the maid did it, or the Turks, they're crazy foreigners anyway, let them hang for it!

The inspector has hired anarchists to throw a bomb at His Majesty, and the Russian Tzar paid him well for it, only to be rounded up and identified next Christmas, he's still in the holding cells and won't admit to a thing, bastard's from Liverpool, they're tough as nails down there and can hold out for weeks... Still, the inspector has bought a new vice and a hammer, and his eyes are getting hungrier every day...

The inspector writes speculative fiction in his spare time, about men with mustaches who rule the entire world from secret underground lairs, and a British chap with remarkable physique and a jolly sense of humour rescues dames and boys who are tied up with thick rope; the inspector bases all these half-truths he has learnt about life on his times as an inspector, then he fucks his

maid up her arse and makes her wear boy's clothes for the occasion - a man picks up filthy habits when he works the streets barehanded. The inspector laughs at that, the inspector is a decent man, and there have been threats against his wife and his family, dirty sons-of-bitches -mafiosi they call them-, the inspector has cleaned up the docks and has recovered the missing Van Gogh, he has medals and certificates and has been on TV, pointing at the camera menacingly, challenging crooks to do crime while he's on duty...

Even though the inspector has spent every waking hour on this case, he never found a damn thing. His chief suspect was an American author living in South America, doped to the eyeballs and perfectly harmful to innocence. He also suspected the filmmaker from Czechoslovakia, and the poets of France, every last one of them. He feared Romanians and stayed clear of parts of town that contained former citizens of the Balkans. He did not like the war, but did nothing to prevent it. He liked to eat meat and vote conservative. He watched movies that made him laugh, and wished he could star in them. If only he could crack this one case...

The inspector sat back down to his typewriter and his whiskey. Writing crime was easier anyway...

## His Lordship

Whatever happened to His Lordship? Where did the body disappear to? They say the coffin was full of rice and stones, the body never really buried. Was there a body to bury at all? Did they wrap him in cloth and mummify him? Pull all his memories out through his nose and sell them to tabloid writers running short on ideas, paperback writers guzzling his brain?

Or was it just like the maid thought it would be: His Lordship flew away, flapping his pin-stripe suited arms, aiming for the North it seemed, his thin little mustache covered in frost, his eyes squinting against the sun?

His Lordship has been seen in Australia, His Lordship was really Lord Lucan and even the Lindbergh baby, the mask of the boy-king Tutankhamun, worming his way under the desert sand, playing hide and seek with Interpol, roll the die, catch the train...

His Lordship's twin was captured and castrated by a lynch mob in Vienna, then hung from a lamp-post as was fashionable in the days, beaten with sticks and stones, right under Freud's window, who kept the erection this has caused a secret for forty-nine years...

His Lordship's face has been plastered all over the world, and has been seen by all on TV, but no-one could find him again, as he lay dead on the study-room floor, cold, small and grey, with that dagger in his back, no-one seemed to notice his corpse, all just stepped right over him and they bought his memoirs which came out maybe a year later.

His Lordship has written a book based on all the spy allegations, and he told everyone exactly what happened, how he sold trains and plans to Turkish men, for silk, opium, women and whiskey, how he set up the Internet and sold blank sheets of paper in the snowfields to anyone who cared to pass him...

His Lordship's only daughter was interviewed, but she had nothing to say and died a penniless artist, suffering from

Victorian sickbed tuberculosis, carried off like a flower by a fox, she maintained her innocence and would never take off the maid's costume again, not even by candlelight...

His Lordship held a candle between the maid's thighs late at night, crawling on his stomach 'neath her skirt, the floor cold and hard, checkered pattern, His Lordship's mustache could touch the sides of the maid's thighs, but only barely, rats scattered before him and there was the sound of water dripping, and a faint breeze, but His Lordship crawled on, holding the candle before his face and hearing the low moans and sighs coming from behind the little door somewhere he knew to be close but far enough to call it a "distance"...

His Lordship crawling underneath the maid's red vinyl skirt, a tent of forgotten erotica, pink thighs, and him on the cold stone floor, looking for something with that manic grin of his... He takes two canisters of film from the shelf he passes, and crawls back out, passing her knees and passing her calves, and kissing the ankles and then he's in her little room again, and the maid is gagged but unconscious, bound and drugged, and one day he'll be back...

His Lordship had some unfinished business with the Turks. Those sons-of-bitches, with their coffee and their heathen ways, brawling and playing snake-charming songs, sons-of-bitches every last one of them, and owing him money... His Lordship snuck aboard the train, and in a haze of opium-rage he slaughtered every last one of them, mowing them down with a tommygun, no escape, rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-tat. Three hundred Freemasons toasted him around the world at that very moment, he cut off Mustafa's ears, then he derailed the train and pushed it off a viaduct into frozen tundra Russia, the train plunging into the chasm, burning, a snake on fire -

His Lordship had beheaded Yuri the Psychic and sent his guts to the Duchess as a warning; hiding out in someone's wallet he stole across to Czechoslovakia where he beat the manservant into submission, and together they buried the remains beneath the pyramid in Egypt, the hands and feet in Mexico where the

step-pyramids are, before making sure Kaspar had no more stories to tell, not to Phineas and not to Dumas...

His Lordship lived off bugs with bedouins and begged French airmen to throw him something to eat, and in return he'd tell them where the German lines were, the troops, the cannons, the tanks. Himself a German he felt a little remorse, but his training in cabaret had come through that night, Walpurgisnacht, like a snake with no teeth and only four fingers he slid into the camp where he typed out a full-page confession...

Why was His Lordship so depressed? How did he stab himself in the back? The theories are as many as there are detectives working on the case. The Crown is investigating at a tremendous cost, and tabloid reports, such as this one, are not welcome. Publishers have bought the rights to penny dreadfuls and they're casting the movie next week. His Lordship will be played by a French actor, and his love interest is American, a former mistress of his nonetheless. The public was deeply moved by his tragic story they said, and his role in ending the war, and his founding of the *resistance*, and the electric machines he had made just for them. His Lordship was hailed as a hero and his portraits made out of flowers paraded on May Day. A band played loud and peasants took their hats off to him, or else they were arrested by the communist mayor.

Who was His Lordship? Did he only write that one book about the animal farm? How certain was His Lordship of the so-called "facts" regarding his death? Was he dead at all? Was he ever dead?

The Duchess drank poison every year on his birthday in memory of him, and the maid peeled thin slices of skin from her leg just like he used to do with the whip...

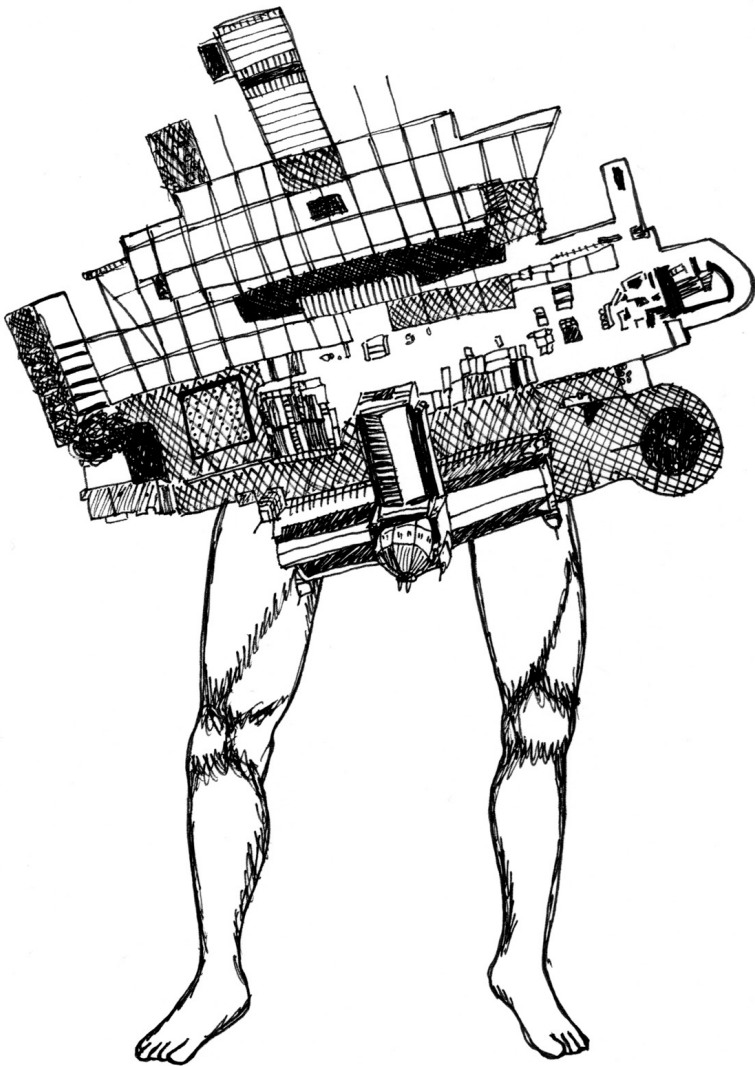
And as the drop of blood from her scarred flesh lands on London, the city ripples like a pool, the buildings shaking, the windows vibrating with their moans, the city all liquid for just one moment, it seems everyone is going to sink today, the Tower itself is already knee-deep... The drop of blood splatters with a warm sound and the maid picks it up between forefinger and

thumb, rests it on her shoulder and carries on home. She does not see His Lordship spying on her from a rooftop nearby, with a rifle, with a scope, a lonely sniper in his nest, taking aim and wiping out all memories of the last remaining witness who could have testified and brought him to justice.

His Lordship's body was never found. The body pulled out of the Thames, initially believed to be him turned out to be an actor, previously strangled with Turkish rope, tied with a Masonic knot. He was merely a decoy. The burning man attached to the highest pole in town was a man known as Wild Bill, a drunkard and a coal salesman, with clothes resembling His Lordship, but not his mannerisms. When the grave was opened by Royal Decree, it was found empty, save for a sword and a drawing of the Moon. These were confiscated by Royal Guards, and have not been seen by anyone in public ever since. A petition to have the case re-opened, and the evidence -including the sword and the Moon- re-examined has been circling the globe for one hundred and twelve years, that is, since 1888. Currently it is in India. The temple behind His Lordship's mansion it seems did contain some thin papers belonging to the dead man, however apart from horse hoof-prints, nothing else was found there.

His Lordship is believed to be either in Norway or Australia. His Lordship is extremely dead, and should not be treated otherwise. His Lordship looks like the posters with his





He was the “Saviour of Mothers” and the inventor of hygiene, a fucking villainous treacherous whore

face on them. When drunk on rum and tired, the inspector was convinced His Lordship was him. He had himself arrested and shot in the head during interrogation.

Everybody gets shot in the head with old age, and His Lordship was truly dead. His body, so cold and pale in his study, clutching the secret letter, his wound no longer bleeding from the dagger, his body...

- was never found.

His Lordship, drunk, made a million after the war. Dead in his bedroom, his body was never found. His face, terror-stricken and his body plagued with cramps, thin frost and mildew, lying in the dawn grass near the step-pyramids of Mexico: he was never found. His eyes gouged out and his mouth and lungs filled with sand, facing the rising sun on the Ghiza plateau, his body was never found.

His Lordship was a cobra and was never seen again.

His life was only just beginning...



## **About the author**

XTIAN keeps fighting the good fight when it comes to becoming fictional. Not that he's winning...  
He makes books, pictures, films, websites, objects, music, etc etc.

You can see some of them on his website at  
[www.cafecadaverx.com](http://www.cafecadaverx.com) .

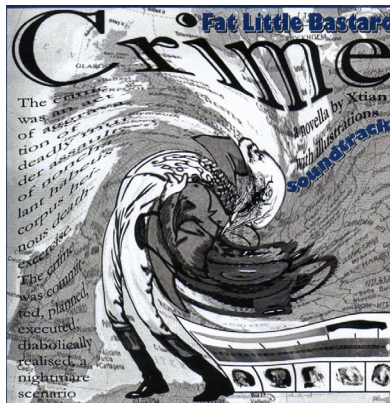
This is not his first book, nor his last.  
He lives in Melbourne, loves tequila and it's YOUR shout.

Enjoyed the novella? Try the CD!  
“CRIME – soundtrack to a novella”

An interpretation of His Lordship’s story in music, featuring the sounds of waltz, dub, ambient, avant garde, etc. by Fat Little Bastard.

Tracklist:

- 001 Author’s Note
- 002 Cover Page
- 003 The Crime
- 004 The Crime Scene
- 005 The Polish Maid
- 006 The Letter
- 007 The Turks i) The Turks  
ii) Yussuf’s dead body floats
- 008 The Dream
- 009 Idiot Chorus (WAR)
- 010 The Tabloids [remix]
- 011 A Month and a Day



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